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A SOLEMN REMEMBRANCE

New York by Night was never intended to be a "high-powered" setting. You'll see as you read through it that its focus is on the nightly struggle in the unives of young Kindred. It's not the playground of ancient elders, moving pawns across the chessboard of the Jyhad. You'll notice a lack of "power players," both in the characters and in the environment itself. There's no hidden vampire conspiracy revealed to be in the UN, no continent-spanning vendetta waiting to be settled by a Methuselah who dismantles the Statue of Liberty with her own talons.

Such being the case, we've continued with this book's printing schedule despite the events of (as of this writing) Tuesday. For those of you not writing at this desk with me, that's Tuesday, 11 September 2001, when the United States was made the victim of terror.

None of the content in this book has been changed. There's no cabal of supernatural creatures behind the events of that wretched day. Handling it at all in the context of the game would be the height of insensitivity, especially so closely to the time that these wounds were made. By not including those events, we are not denigrating the situation through omission, we are merely maintaining a respectful silence.

To everyone who lost loved ones or, worse, their own lives, you are in our thoughts and prayers.

— Justin Achilli

14 September 2001



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NEW YORK BY NIGHT

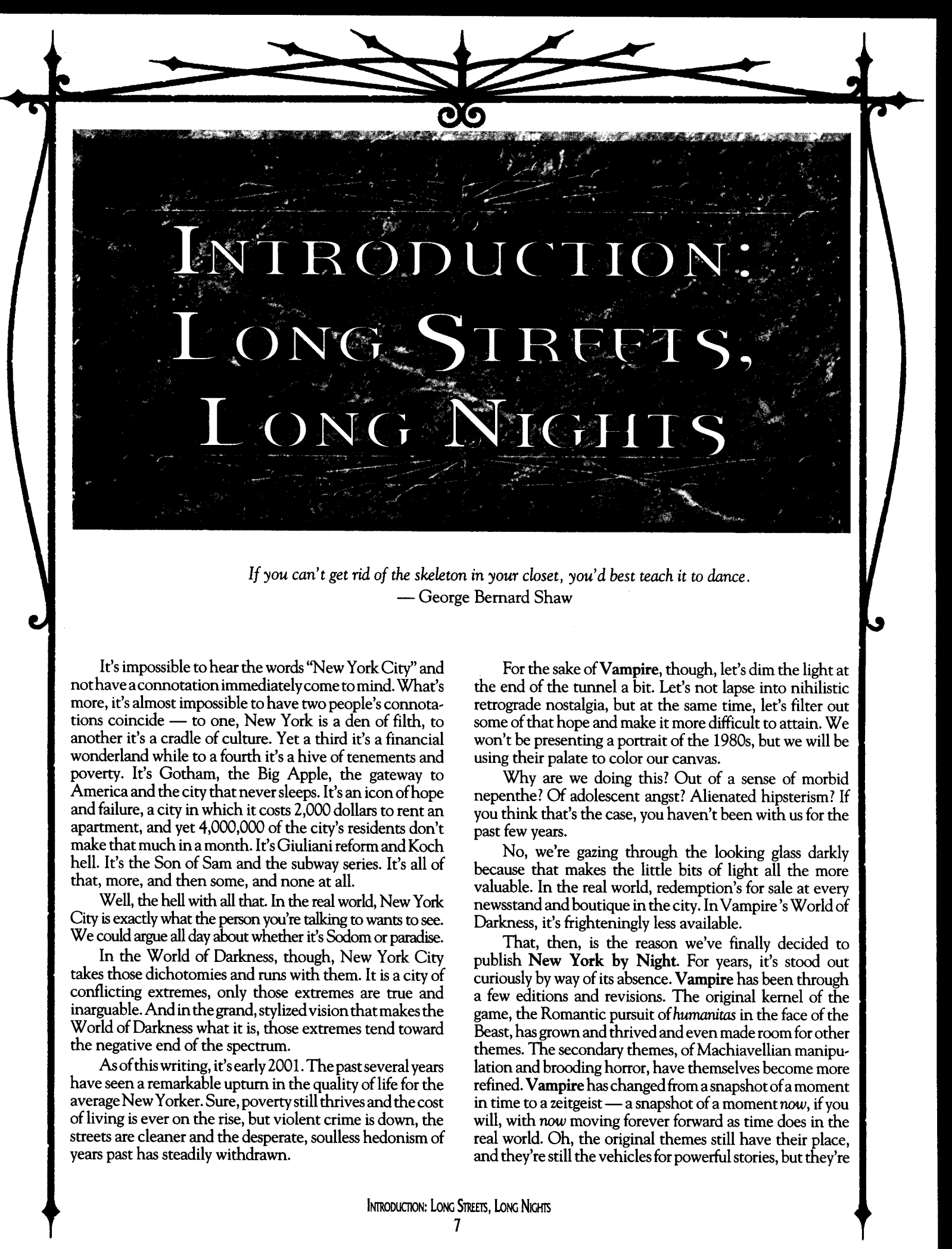


CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION: LONG STREETS, LONG NIGHTS	6
CHAPTER ONE: THE CITY NEVER SLEEPS	12
CHAPTER TWO: THE FACE OF THE CITY	40
CHAPTER THREE: ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MONSTERS	58
CHAPTER FOUR: CONSPIRACIES	112
CHAPTER FIVE: TELLING THE TALE	126







INTRODUCTION: LONG STREETS, LONG NIGHTS

If you can't get rid of the skeleton in your closet, you'd best teach it to dance.
— George Bernard Shaw

It's impossible to hear the words "New York City" and not have a connotation immediately come to mind. What's more, it's almost impossible to have two people's connotations coincide — to one, New York is a den of filth, to another it's a cradle of culture. Yet a third it's a financial wonderland while to a fourth it's a hive of tenements and poverty. It's Gotham, the Big Apple, the gateway to America and the city that never sleeps. It's an icon of hope and failure, a city in which it costs 2,000 dollars to rent an apartment, and yet 4,000,000 of the city's residents don't make that much in a month. It's Giuliani reform and Koch hell. It's the Son of Sam and the subway series. It's all of that, more, and then some, and none at all.

Well, the hell with all that. In the real world, New York City is exactly what the person you're talking to wants to see. We could argue all day about whether it's Sodom or paradise.

In the World of Darkness, though, New York City takes those dichotomies and runs with them. It is a city of conflicting extremes, only those extremes are true and inarguable. And in the grand, stylized vision that makes the World of Darkness what it is, those extremes tend toward the negative end of the spectrum.

As of this writing, it's early 2001. The past several years have seen a remarkable upturn in the quality of life for the average New Yorker. Sure, poverty still thrives and the cost of living is ever on the rise, but violent crime is down, the streets are cleaner and the desperate, soulless hedonism of years past has steadily withdrawn.

For the sake of **Vampire**, though, let's dim the light at the end of the tunnel a bit. Let's not lapse into nihilistic retrograde nostalgia, but at the same time, let's filter out some of that hope and make it more difficult to attain. We won't be presenting a portrait of the 1980s, but we will be using their palate to color our canvas.

Why are we doing this? Out of a sense of morbid nepenthe? Of adolescent angst? Alienated hipsterism? If you think that's the case, you haven't been with us for the past few years.

No, we're gazing through the looking glass darkly because that makes the little bits of light all the more valuable. In the real world, redemption's for sale at every newsstand and boutique in the city. In **Vampire's World of Darkness**, it's frighteningly less available.

That, then, is the reason we've finally decided to publish **New York by Night**. For years, it's stood out curiously by way of its absence. **Vampire** has been through a few editions and revisions. The original kernel of the game, the Romantic pursuit of *humanitas* in the face of the Beast, has grown and thrived and even made room for other themes. The secondary themes, of Machiavellian manipulation and brooding horror, have themselves become more refined. **Vampire** has changed from a snapshot of a moment in time to a *zeitgeist* — a snapshot of a moment *now*, if you will, with *now* moving forever forward as time does in the real world. Oh, the original themes still have their place, and they're still the vehicles for powerful stories, but they're

no longer the only kind of stories the game's good for telling. And New York, then, is the perfect city in which to do it.

Things could have been different. We could have done a revised edition of the "signature" Kindred city, Chicago. We didn't want to do that, though. As a credit to the previous writers and developers, we didn't think it could be done any better than it already had been. Even if we brought it up to date and opened it up to more thematic story options, all we would have done was put a fresh coat of paint on an already exemplary work. What's the use in that?

As the author sits in his rented room, on the 12th floor of a hotel at the intersection of Seventh Avenue and 35th Street, it's raining and snowing. He stepped outside earlier for lunch, and was assailed by wet and cold. But now, as the rain and snow continues, the author watches the sun go down. It's beginning to darken; it will get much darker before light comes again. That's the mood *New York by Night* intends to capture. It's a new night for the Damned — what does the new night hold?

Here's to horror — personal and situational. Here's to the thrill of a doomed Gothic romance, the ache of which lets us know that we're not yet dead. Here's to the faith that sustains us and those empty, desperate times when we know it's gone and we look to find it wherever we can. Here's to waking up on the bathroom floor, sick with the last night's debauch. Here's to swearing you'll never do it again — whatever "it" is — and knowing that you're going to do it again tonight. The characters in this book will do just that. They will undo themselves with their own conscious choices. They are addicts, rising each night to consume blood, and even the most rational among them will ultimately have to give in to his irrational side. That is the price of addiction, the price of Damnation. That is the *very least* that the new night holds. Do we settle for that? Or do we try to make something more?

Is the author being florid? Hell, yes — he's calling himself "the author," for fuck's sake. In *Vampire*, though, there's a place for that. It's an inwardly focused genre, in which one's own crises are the most important in the world. It's a lurid, purple medium.

But you can tell damn good stories with it.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Like other books in the *by Night* series, this title presents a city and its undead denizens, waiting for an enterprising Storyteller and her troupe to make their fortunes among the street lamps, nightclubs and old-money estates. *New York by Night* breaks a bit from the previous model, however (as will *Cairo by Night* and *Mexico City by Night*), in that it presents only the fundamental structure of the city. Quite frankly, a book that covered all of New York, its metropolitan area, and

every Cainite who made her home therein would be over a thousand pages long.

It's not our intent to force troupes into using the White Wolf mandate — consider this book a toolbox for building your own New York. You could easily pick up this supplement, read it once, and begin your chronicle with nothing more than these printed words, but that would give you only a thematic survey. Honestly, this book is just one resource in the probable stack of book's you'll accumulate while planning a New York chronicle.

What this means is that you're probably going to have to do some homework. With almost 20,000,000 residents in the city and metro area, New York can host as many as 200 Kindred — or more, if each is willing to stretch the Masquerade a bit. There's no way we'd inflict 200 characters worth of dogma on you, though. By the same token, this book assumes an in medias res approach to the city. It has no prince, the temporary claimant to the domain having just stepped down. It has no primogen, though some Kindred have lined up and are licking their chops for a chance to claim those titles. The Sabbat has been beaten but not destroyed, and you'd better believe it wants its city back. Hunters have caught on to the conflict and have been drawn to New York like moths to flame, as the old simile goes. These hunters, however, have the same problems as the Kindred — disorganization — and some might even end up facing off with each other, much as their Kindred prey fight among themselves.

You'll find, Storytellers, that most of the characters herein are on the low end of the power scale. Oh, New York certainly harbors a few exceptions, but for the most part, New York is a city of young Kindred, as those are the most suited toward keeping up with the single most rapidly changing center for mortal trends in the United States. While old money has its place, the defining characteristic of this dawning millennium isn't hope, it's change — for the better or for the worse. That's the reason so many titles have been left unfilled and so many elders have chosen not to flock to this greatest of prizes.

Think, momentarily, as an elder would. Most elders have already built places for themselves in their own cities — why throw that away to risk success in a new domain, and one that's known for its ever-changing market conditions and cultural trends? The prestige is great, the possible rewards more so, but the gamble is what keeps most elders safe at their havens. Note also that influence in New York is available without presence. Consider how many of the undead would have vocal shares of stock in Citigroup or Pricewaterhouse Coopers — they don't have to actually be in New York to put that stock to work for them. It offers many of its assets remotely, but without any of the risks of actually being there. To the elders, this is a great boon, akin to having one's cake and eating it away from the brutal, hungry fangs of the coarse childer of others.

In the end, *New York by Night* is set up with the intent to give troupes the chance to put one of their own in a position to claim the principedom. That doesn't mean Storytellers should just hand over the keys to the domain. Nor does it mean that the character who claims the title should become an unchallenged tyrant. What it does aim to do, however, is make relatively low-powered characters able to play a high-stakes game of politics. And politics need not even be construed as a realm for only pinstripesuited Ventrue — New York is just as amenable to a savvy Brujah who speaks with the support of the Kindred of the streets as it is to a Toreador darling of high society. While the character who claims the principedom might not be the most physically, mentally or socially apt of all the Kindred, what really matters is how she treats her domain — and how she claims it as her domain in the first place.

Use this book as a going-forth point. Begin your chronicle, allow the troupe to achieve its characters' goals, and then see those goals through. Coteries that stick together, even after one of them becomes prince, can face challenges to keep their prince in power. Players who enjoy intra-coterie conflict might conspire to bring their fellow down. The stage is set for this to happen any number of ways, whether it involves hunters, the Sabbat, anarch insurrection, eldritch entities that make their havens in New York or even good, old-fashioned Camarilla intrigue. Don't restrict the troupe to one goal. Rather, once they achieve a certain desire, refocus them on a new direction for the story.

Chapter One recounts the Kindred history of New York, from the nights before its establishment as Dutch New Amsterdam to the fall of the Sabbat in the city and beyond.

Chapter Two covers the geography of New York, with a focus on the Five Boroughs and lesser attention on the metropolitan area.

The Kindred make their appearance in **Chapter Three**, including breakdowns of coteries and examinations of less formally aligned Licks.

Chapter Four explores the relationships of the Kindred to the different plot points in the city. This is a good place for Storytellers to begin planning their chronicles, deciding upon which aspect of New York unlife they'd like to focus.

Further advice for storytelling awaits you in **Chapter Five**, taking into account larger thematic concerns and handling the unique story results that players are bound to spring on an unsuspecting Storyteller.

THEME AND MOOD

Behind the glitter and glitz, beneath the grime and soot, every story has its focus. While it's easy to make New York a pit of sleaze and violence, that's only scratching the surface. Storytellers who look a bit deeper will find an ethic that might not be the first thing that comes to mind when one imagines New York, but that nonetheless fits the developments of the Kindred world.

THEME

The theme of *New York by Night* is a worldly rebirth and renewal. The city is as close to a clean slate as it can be, and it merely awaits the Kindred bold or powerful enough to turn its undead assets to their advantage. Without potent elders to stand in their way, even the rankest fledglings among the Kindred have a chance at proving themselves and making a place among the society of the undead.

Note also that this is a temporal renewal. With so much power up for grabs, certain Kindred will no doubt have to temper their desires for physical importance with their own spiritual and moral inclinations. Will characters resort to slander? Lies? Betrayal? Murder? Characters with disposable morals will probably have an easier time ascending the hierarchy, but at what cost? Will that hierarchy support monstrous fiends? Few of the characters included in this book would want to see a weak or indulgent prince claim the city as his domain — what would have been the point of ousting the Sabbat if a nominally Camarilla terror abuses his position? At the same time, the Kindred cannot deny their predatory or parasitical nature. When the sun sets, a vampire shall be prince of the city, and a vampire's basic needs transcend sect, clan and other political concerns. Whether one pledges support to the Camarilla or Sabbat, one must still drink vitae to survive.

MOOD

The mood in New York is one of cynical optimism. While that may seem an oxymoron at first, consider the roles of the city's Kindred. The Sabbat has been brought low, but it knows that, given enough opportunity, it could claim New York again. The Camarilla has a fresh prize, but the Kindred who have already made their havens there know how bad it can be, while most of the Kindred new to the city have come for *some* reason, and it's probably not because the elders in their former cities liked them so much. New York's undead pray for the best while preparing for the worst.

Consider also the position of the city's almost 20,000,000 mortal residents. So some secret vampiric power tide has shifted — so what? Just as the average New Yorker's life doesn't change radically when Salomon Smith Barney appoints a new vice president, neither does the average New Yorker's life change when a new Lick seizes power in that realm. This isn't to say that mortals are irrelevant. Quite the contrary: More than most other cities, the line distinguishing the Kindred from the kine is more pronounced here. Consider those moral questions above, this time with mortal involvement. What's the extinguishing of one mortal life to a would-be prince maddened by power? Indeed, it could be the one act of atrocity that sends her to wassail.

Beneath all of this, as well, an ancient evil rots. New York City is the resting place of what many assume to be the Tzimisce Antediluvian. While a precious few of the Kindred making their havens in the city have any inkling that such a horror festers below the streets, its insidious presence should make appearances in stories that do not even focus upon that aspect of the plot. Here and there strange patches of "mold" grow, their fronds waving in drafts. The "body" of

REAL-WORLD ACCURACY: THE BANE OF SOURCEBOOKS

Every effort has been made to keep the details of this book as true to real life as they can be. In some cases, this is easy — Smith & Wollensky is still at 49th and Third — but in other cases, we've cheated for the sake of the story. Even these have been kept mercifully few, however.

Unfortunately, this book is fated to have its greatest sin be omission. New York is just too damn big to cover completely — and detail its Kindred residents and their escapades — in 160 pages.

To that end, it is the author's intent to err on the side of mood and theme. This book is merely a building block for a New York chronicle, not an exhaustive treatment of New York City.

this horrid thing has spread to permeate New York, with small colonies of its intelligence manifesting wherever the Storyteller sees fit to cultivate them. While the Ancient isn't truly everywhere, the Storyteller is encouraged to make characters feel that way, with palpable examples of its presence hidden where the savvy think to look... or where the unwary stumble across them.

RESOURCES

The following books, movies and other media should provide you with prime source material, whether as factual information or inspiration. Note that we've listed only a few for each section. You'll no doubt have others to add to this list.

BOOKS

Reading is fundamental.

Fodor's New York City, edited by Karen Cure (2001 ed.). This should be the first stop for anyone wanting more maps and hyperattentive detail than we give here. As the Fodor's books are by nature, this is very touristy, but it does dig below the surface with regard to the social settings that the vampires make a part of their world. The Fodor's guides are also updated annually, so you can always be sure that you have current names and cutting-edge locales for the Kindred to make their haunts.

The Encyclopedia of New York City, edited by Kenneth T. Jackson. This one will cost you, but for those Storytellers who enjoy building layer upon layer of backstory into their chronicles, you have no greater single alternative. Including everything from two-hundred-year-old social rolls to a list of the city's Catholic officials of the New York Archdiocese from 1808, this book is a wealth of supportive detail. It runs the spectrum from the broad to the minute (with entries for such things as "sports" and "Lincoln Kirstein"), and should contain ample historical information for a



Vampire chronicle set in New York City. Note that the entries are accurate up to 1995.

The Bonfire of the Vanities, by Tom Wolfe. A clash between the haves and the have-nots results in some serious questioning about what it is that makes the haves so damned enviable in the first place. If you have any interest at all in the Camarilla, read this book, as it's rife with the sorts of treachery, lying, sacrifice (both noble and false) and social constructs that embody the Ivory Tower.

The Waterworks, by E.L. Doctorow. While this novel's events take place in the late nineteenth century, the book is an excellent resource for visual setting. While parts of New York are hypermodern, others still have at their foundation the American Gothic that the city defined for the rest of the country. The book itself is a macabre blend of turn-of-the-century science fiction and honest-to-goodness horror.

The Alienist, by Caleb Carr. Another nineteenth-century New York period piece, this time rich in gothic tone and rife with the unpleasant underbelly of the city. The story features brutal street gangs, cocaine-addicted teenage prostitutes, the dubious acceptance of psychology in the contemporary American mindset. Oh, and murder. It's a bit revisionist, but who cares; it's fiction.

American Psycho, by Bret Easton Ellis. When the Kindred's morality and sanity erode, this is what happens to them.

MUSIC

How the Storyteller chooses to use music is up to her, but here are a few suggestions for specific artists and songs.

Tical 2000: Judgement Day by Method Man. The actual physical conflicts of the Camarilla-Sabbat conflict in New York no doubt played out to this album. The skits are a little silly, but the songs themselves are lyrically bleak and musically spooky. An excellent mood-setting resource.

Velvet Underground and Nico by the Velvet Underground. If you ever liked anything punk, new wave, gothic, avant-garde or "independent" and you don't have this album, go buy it now. Yeah, it's the one with the Andy Warhol banana on the cover. This is the seminal album by the New York band, and it is a metaphor for everything vampiric in this game, from the desolation of the lyrics to the hanging out with famous artists to being a slave to blood, er, heroin.

The *Global Underground* series by various artists, mixed by various DJs. For a collection of up-to-the-minute sounds of the New York club scene, look no further than this series. Some of the DJs' sets are more appropriate than others for the somber feel of **Vampire**, such as Dave Seaman, Nick Warren, Sasha and John Digweed, but the whole line is done with high quality. Particularly strong collections are Nick Warren's Budapest set and Sasha's Ibiza set. Paul Oakenfold also has a set performed in New York, but his own *Perfecto Presents Another World* is a darker mix of music.

The music of Frank Sinatra is also appropriate, even if he was from Hoboken. Old Blue Eyes' standards evoke the

romance of decades past, of less complicated times when morality wasn't so gray. Of particular value are Sinatra's Capitol Records recordings, when he focused on standards and before he became cranky.

Soundtracks also have much to offer in a chronicle set in New York. Downtempo scores to include are Vangelis' *Blade Runner*, the somewhat dated-sounding Giorgio Moroder score from *Scarface* and the very moody, quirkily neo-classical *A Clockwork Orange*. Go ahead and dust off that soundtrack from *The Crow*, and you may as well put that *The Matrix* soundtrack in the rotation, too. You know you're going to anyway.

FILM, VIDEO AND TELEVISION

As visual media, these forms of entertainment are excellent resources for illustrating or describing to players what their characters see. As one of modern popular culture's most readily consumable resources, they also offer a great deal of common ground. Note also that by any standard, this list is going to be woefully inadequate. It can't possibly name every good New York movie, but isn't that the same of all these recommendations?

Goodfellas. Make the mobsters vampires and you're golden. Yes, right down to the fact that they're willing to fuck each other over for their own best interests.

Batman and *Batman Returns*. The films' highly stylized Gotham shows a fantastic take on what a Gothic-Punk New York might look like. Avoid the Day-Glo-streaked drag parades of *Batman Forever* and *Batman & Robin*.

Law & Order. One of the best shows on television today, you could do a lot worse than taking notes on their plots and adapting their more Byzantine elements for your own. The show also has a great range of diversity, from street-level hooliganism to high-profile, white-collar crime.

The Sopranos. Smart television for discerning audiences. Sure, they all live in Jersey, but Jersey's just a Holland Tunnel away from Manhattan, or you can easily change that to Belmont in the Bronx... or any other neighborhood, for that matter. What you're really watching *The Sopranos* for is the characters' reconciliation of their lives with what they do — morality is as central to this show as it is to a good **Vampire** chronicle.

Gangs of New York. Okay, so it hasn't been released yet, but we'll go out on a limb and suggest you see this Martin Scorsese film about criminal organizations in New York nonetheless.

Men of Respect. *Macbeth* reinterpreted as a gangster story. This satisfies **Vampire**'s high-art side at the same time it represents the street grime of the World of Darkness.

The Godfather and *The Godfather Part II*. Skip the third one. These movies have excellent plots that revolve around secret organizations and the treacheries they commit to remain on top. They're also very strong character studies, proving that you don't have to be irredeemable to be a criminal. Extrapolate that for vampires and you have a strong moral undercurrent ready to be used in a chronicle.





CHAPTER ONE: THE CITY NEVER SLEEPS

*It is ridiculous to set a detective story in New York City.
New York City is itself a detective story.*
— Agatha Christie

What a damnable job you've set me to, Mr. Pieterzoon.

Digging the Kindred history of New York from the miasma of lies that occlude it is like digging one specific *Blattella germanica* from the hive of a Nosferatu. With this body of work, I consider our boon equal and therefore erased. You will also note that I have used no euphemistic language herein. I am not a writer of propaganda. Where I found facts, I recorded them duly. Where I found clues, I presented the most probable outcome. Where I found lies, I noted them as such. I have no doubt that you can tell lies from truth — which I mean in the most functional of connotations — but thought it would be best to make it plain that I'm not attempting to confound you.

The document I've assembled comes from a variety of sources, primary when I could find them and secondary when I could not. I attribute each authority with his proper contribution, and in most cases have transcribed from recorded tapes or written correspondence.

— John Hanneman
Childe of Marshall Bilton
Childe of Julius Abrogard

A NOTE TO STORYTELLERS

The history chapter of *New York by Night* is a bit different from other *Night* books, in that it is largely “water under the bridge.” Because of the turnover of New York from the Sabbat to the Camarilla, some would think that the Sabbat’s history is irrelevant since they no longer have the overwhelming influence they once had over undead concerns in the city.

To a small degree, this is true. Sabbat concerns have all been uprooted, eliminated or simply left by the wayside for the purposes of mere survival. As you read ahead, however, you will understand that not all of the city’s Kindred history should be disregarded so cavalierly. The city’s backstory colors not only the personality of the sect that once held it, it also has bearing on what the vampires who have moved into its domain expect from it in nights to come.

Storytellers, it’s your choice. If you choose to incorporate the treachery and intrigue the city has inherited, more power to you. If you choose to work New York City into your chronicle with a clean slate, that’s fine, too. So long as you suit your own tastes and those of the troupe, well, no harm, no foul.

BEFORE THE “NEW WORLD”

As told by Melissa Sturges, deceased, Mohegan historian and ductus of the Sky Night Blue pack, late 1997

Before the Sabbat — before the Europeans — what is called New York existed. Near the Atlantic, the Mahican and Munsee tribes were strong, while further inland the tribes that would make up the Iroquois Confederacy were more prevalent: the Mohawks, Seneca, Oneida, Onondaga and Cayuga. This was in the late sixteenth century; the Iroquois Confederacy formed around 1570, supposedly with the decision of Hiawatha to abandon cannibalism after being convinced by Dekanawidah.

Before the Europeans came, Cainites were few and far between in North America. The Lupines were more prominent then, with many hailing from the native tribes of “Indians,” as you would refer to them. But while the Lupines were not the same sort of blight as Cainites, they brought with them their own problems. They are a stupid, savage race, prone to more violence than even the most barbaric of the native tribes. I have spoken with elders who knew them, and they were almost always described as half man and half beast, rather than men who take the form of beasts.

When the first few Cainites surfaced in America, wise members of the tribes thought them to be spirits in flesh bodies, or warriors of the past returned from the afterlife. A few suspected that they were soldiers who were left behind by their fellows and left to starve, which was why they returned to feed upon blood. Make no mistake — these first Cainites were of the native stock, but not even the elders could remember an appearance of such creatures before the turn of the seventeenth century. I don’t mean to suggest that they were everywhere, but most of the moieties had seen or heard of one by then, though few had dealt with them personally.

Like the Lupines, these Cainites were hungry and brutal, not sophisticated like the Cainites of tonight. They were always mad with bloodlust, and their rage made them great foes. As many as a dozen men would have to work together to bring one down. A few of the wiser clans could trick these *orenda* into fights with the Lupines, hoping to escape from the fray because the Cainites and the Lupines even back then were grave enemies. Few of the Iroquois had enough experience with the Cainites or knowledge of or access to the Lupines to resort to this, and tales of these haunts traveled as the tribes did.

The Cainites of that time hunted their former tribes as the tribes hunted the rabbit and beaver. Remember that the Iroquois were mostly sedentary — they practiced agriculture and sheltered themselves in longhouses. These were not nomadic Indians, like one would see roving the plains in a cowboy movie. That made dealing with Cainites especially hard for them. They couldn’t simply leave, as they had too much invested in their communities. Many members of afflicted tribal communities even tried to placate the Cainites, leaving meat outside the longhouse entrances and posting a guard to listen for the sounds of feeding while the rest of the housemates slept. In this, I believe more than a few of the stories of Cainites passed down are little more than legends. It is far more likely that a wolf or fox or other animal would have come to eat these offerings than a Cainite in animal form. Still, we are not an ignorant people, and the ways of animals are different from men — and the undead.

The first Cainites anyone remembers by name came not from the local area, but as wanderers from another tribe. Most assume that they came from the Sauk or Fox tribes, which were located near what are tonight Wisconsin and the shores of the northern Mississippi River. They bore names like Shining Deer, Clear Bear, and the preeminent among them, Pale Wolf. While the Iroquois recognized these Cainites for what they were, they were surprised by how relatively calmly they acted. These were nothing at all like the ravaging night-fiends who haunted their settlements. Rather, they were the same sort of creature, but of a different mindset. These Cainites explained the differences between themselves and the



Beast-driven monsters who sometimes tormented them. They taught certain natives about the nature of Cainites, about the balance of Man and Beast and the struggle between them that happened nightly.

For this reason, I suspect that these Cainites might have fled the formation of your Camarilla in Europe before it became a very solid entity — this sort of explanation is certainly not in keeping with even the early Sabbat beliefs, but neither do they seem concerned about Traditions or similar rules. Either that, or they were members of the whispered Inconnu. Perhaps they were simply uncomplicated by the concerns of sects.

The result, of course, was the exposure of the indigenous people to the Curse of Caine. While the shadow history of Europe is rife with the Damned, North America remained free from the passage of Cainites until, at the very earliest, the end of the sixteenth century. And while I cannot claim with certainty that the undead came from somewhere else, I can support it with details. Pale Wolf, for example: He is regarded in numerous stories as the leader, the elder, or the one to whom other Cainites deferred. While I have no details about his appearance, his name suggests that he was among the undead before he made his appearance to the native folk. If the Cainite condition is not a curse from the Christian God, it certainly did not originate among the Iroquois. There have not always been Cainites in the region of New York. The Cainites came here from somewhere else.

THE COMING OF THE EUROPEANS

Commentary From Hanneman

Early histories of the European settlement as it relates to the Kindred are as scarce as one might think. I have found a few scraps here and there, but these are obviously biased by the writers. While I'm inclined to forgive much of Ms. Sturges' generality as folklore, I am not so open-minded here. Please see my notations.

FORT ORANGE AND NEW AMSTERDAM

From the journal of Frits Kuyper

New York did not begin as an English colony, as many lax individuals might believe. It was originally a Dutch outpost known as Fort Orange, which later grew into Albany. About a year after the Fort Orange settlement was established, the Dutch traders who had financed the colonization built a new settlement — New Amsterdam — at the very tip of Manhattan Island. The whole matter was put to rest with the “purchase” of the New Amsterdam site from the local savages at a cost of 60 guilders. Settling apparently became the vogue of the time, as the industrious Dutch established several other settlements along the Hudson River.

Of course, the Dutch, driven by the financial well-being of their motherland, had no real impetus to make any long-term investments in this "New World." Their motives with the Hudson settlements were commercial as opposed to agricultural. As a result, settlement was broad but not deep.

I trust that any student of the Cainite condition will immediately recognize these circumstances as ideal. Certainly, no Cainites traveled with Captain Hudson on his journey for the Dutch East India Company in 1609, but they were almost without question aware of his explorations. Indeed, when our ambitious Hudson sailed forth from discovering the river that bears his name, he stopped at Dartmouth, England on the return to Holland. There, the English government warned him and the English crewmen aboard his ship that it would be wise to refrain from future expeditions in the name of countries other than their own.

This certainly comes as no surprise, especially when one understands that wealth served so popularly as motive during the Age of Exploration. One need look only a brief distance beneath the surface to find evidence of the Children of Caine making Mr. Hudson's acquaintance. On the follow-up journey, which established the presence of the Hudson Strait, Hudson sailed with the financial aid of five noblemen, 13 independent merchants (among them a Tremere) and the estimable Muscovy Company and Dutch East India Company.

Commentary From Hanneman

While I dispute the validity of one of the 13 merchants being Tremere (finding no record of such and raising an eyebrow at the convenience of the number 13), I would draw Mr. Pieterzoon's attentions to the Muscovy Company. A coalition of English merchants created by the explorer Sebastian Cabot, the Muscovy Company was a joint-stock company (until 1630, according to record) that was granted monopoly over commerce with Russia. No doubt the company financed Hudson's voyage as they had in the past, in the interest of finding a more expeditious route to Russia. Among the stockholders in this venture were two Russian Brujah, two English Ventrue, an English Tremere, an Irish Toreador, and one Hardestadt the Younger or Elder; I cannot be certain which.

Bravo, Mr. Pieterzoon. Were this not a project of such broad scale, I would almost think you were trying to impress me with the achievements of your lineage.

Accuse me of keeping you humble if you must, but I note that later trade and exploration voyages that record financial aid by this Hardestadt were also used for the purposes of smuggling Kindred who had aroused the ire of various elders in the Old World. I wouldn't suggest that Mr. Hardestadt was providing enterprising Sabbat passage to the New World quietly while he blustered for the Camarilla at greater volume in the Old World. I will suggest, however, that your sire or grandsire was probably

trading favors for his fellows, shipping their unruly childer overseas in exchange for considerations the likes of which I can only speculate.

Perhaps you should look more closely at the principals of the Dutch East India Company as well, a great historian.

I would also note that Kuyper's journal makes reference to a Nosferatu by the name of Nostoket who claimed to be Prince of Fort Orange. The duration of this claim to domain remains uncommented upon, except for a note that this Nostoket is noticeably not renowned as the Prince of Albany, meaning the domain probably passed to another by the time Fort Orange became Rensselaerswyk or, later, Albany.

Parenthetically, 60 guilders is somewhere in the vicinity of 26 dollars.

"WHERE IT BELONGS"

From a letter to William Wolcott, great-grandchild of Prince Mithras of London, dated 1664

A masterstroke!

Upon this writing I have learned that Governor Stuyvesant has surrendered without a fight to the English fleet in the harbor. I have always felt, pardon my frankness, that you Ventrue were overestimated. It would seem quite the contrary. Whomsoever it was who put the devil on the shoulder of the admiral who makes these decisions is to be commended.

Needless to say, I am enthused. New Amsterdam is now where it belongs — under English rule. To whom shall the domain of prince fall? Or would you prefer to let that be a matter decided by we colonials ourselves?

Forgive me, I am being droll. I shall quiet this excitement.

With Regards,

Heyn

Commentary From Hanneman

The signatory, Heyn, is Bernhard Heyn, an exiled Toreador from Munster. It appears that Heyn was subject to a blood hunt for his anarch sympathies, but context prevents me from determining whether this means anarch in its modern context, or if he was one of the howling mob who formed the Sabbat in its early incarnation. He seems eloquent enough, if a bit effete. In any event, I suspect it is no matter: Read on.

From a letter to Bernhard Heyn, dated 1669

Bernhard,

I understand the Walloons have had a bit of trouble accepting their new masters. How fare your concerns in New York? The duke will be king in just a few short years...

Your concerns regarding the Bishop of New York echo all the more gravely here. London is home to the

Camarilla, and so shall be the colonies. I understand that ever more of this loathsome Sabbat encroaches upon the king's soil. I appreciate your efforts to keep me apprised and I assure you that you will be rewarded handsomely in the end. Prince Heyn... it has a pleasant sound to it. Very traditional.

For the time being, keep your wits about you. I have done a bit of research on this Ecaterina and it turns out that she is quite old and potent. You have done well in not exposing yourself to her, but the road to taking that burgeoning gem from her is playing the Jyhad more masterfully than she does. This should be accomplished with greater ease than I initially suspected, but not if she becomes aware of your desires. Ecaterina is an expatriate herself, driven from Bulgaria or Romania or some such barbarian land because of her participation in the Anarch Revolt. She is that old.

Sincerely,
Wolcott

Commentary From Hanneman

I have no date on the arrival of this Ecaterina (her sobriquet: the Wise), but she could not have been present for too long before 1664, the date of Heyn's original letter, or he would have mentioned her then, I presume. It's possible that Heyn overlooked her earlier, but he's vain, not foolhardy.

The Duke of York, James, ascended to the English throne to become James II in 1685. Note also that London burned almost to its last timber in 1666.

From a letter to William Wolcott, dated 1671

Times have turned grim, friend.

Ecaterina has the support of veritable throngs of Kindred — or, I should say, Cainites, for her Sabbat is an overwhelming foe indeed. Still, I have remained in the shadows. At times I wonder how long it shall take for this ruse to play itself out, but then I bite my tongue, knowing that we have forever.

I hesitate to bring this up to you, but my accounts are in arrears. Months ago I corresponded with Oxford, who claimed new money would be transferred to the account but that has yet to happen. Would you kindly put a word in his ear?

With Regards,
Heyn

Commentary From Hanneman

Here, it grows a bit confusing. It appears that the English Ventrue have written off New York, or at least made it less of a priority. While they no doubt suspected the sheer volume of Sabbat traveling to the New World, they maintained a political edge in almost every settlement in the American colonies. The reference to Oxford, I took to mean a Toreador seneschal of the time, though a Gangrel named Joseph of Oxford remains an unlikely possibility.

Given these assumptions, it appears that Wolcott and his cabal had hung Heyn out to dry. They no doubt considered him a puppet beforehand, fit to claim domain in a colony while they pulled his strings, but the obvious supremacy of Ecaterina probably convinced them not to devote any more resources to the city. They had nothing to lose — Heyn had already been exiled from his own home, and it's obvious that none of this was happening with any visibility. The dark horse who would be prince simply couldn't go the distance, and his allies abandoned him. Until...

From a letter to Bernhard Heyn, dated 1673

William Wolcott is dede [sic] and so are you!

Commentary From Hanneman

Instead of a signature, this letter bears a smudged and stylized black handprint, about the size of a child's. This symbol has been associated with the *camorra* criminal organization of Italy, but the group isn't known to have been formally in Italy until the nineteenth century. Still, the *camorra* is assumed to have originated in Spain as early as the fifteenth century. A possible connection between this criminal organization and the ghost of Cromwell's anti-royalists cannot be ruled out; political assassination is a hallmark of the mortal world far more than the undead.

Infinitely more probable, however, is that the would-be political alliance between the lesser "nobles" of Mithras' domain were exposed and addressed by the Sabbat, whose moniker "the Black Hand" is not unknown to you. I have heard a Lasombra historian claim that a member of his clan "cemented" the supremacy of the Sabbat at this pivotal point in history, but I cannot know whether or not he referred to this event, some bolstering of Ecaterina's position, or providing a route for Sabbat reinforcements to arrive (see below).

This is the last we hear of Heyn. Whether he went underground or was destroyed, staked, driven from New York or any number of other possibilities is unknown.

Also in 1673, a Dutch fleet attacked New York, bringing with it an appreciable number of Sabbat Cainites fleeing to the New World. While the Dutch of New York welcomed the fleet with open arms, the Sabbat no doubt welcomed the reinforcements, fairly firmly securing the city as a Sabbat domain with sheer numbers. For 15 months, New York tried to reestablish itself as New Netherland, but that once again ended in a bloodless turnover of power to the English. By this point, however, with regard to the Kindred, the damage had been done.

I have also procured a few peripheral documents from Camarilla members in New York at the time, but none of them indicate affairs that would affect the political climate of the city. I can provide these to you for your edification, should you so wish.

At this time, I would estimate the number of Kindred in New York at the end of the seventeenth century to be around 20. The city had maybe 10,000 residents at

that time. Communication and secularism being less then than they are now, I believe this to be too many Kindred to be easily sustainable, but not so many as to be absurd. I also suspect that the Bishop of New York had some sort of understood dominion over those Kindred dwelling among the Indian tribes as well as those of nearby but smaller communities.

THE OTHER SIDE

Commentary From Hanneman

It pains me to say this, but primary sources on the Sabbat side of things are frightening rare for this period. Part of me is compelled to make jeers — that the Sabbat wasn't literate enough to record its own history, that it set them on fire in a fit of pique, that such records were diablerized by their later documents — but I shall resist the urge. To do so would smack of hubris, and I trust the object lesson presented by Mist'ers Heyn and Wolcott illustrates the perils of that.

Regretfully, then, I have had to resort to secondary opinions and collected oral accounts, none of which are very trustworthy because of the inevitable "Chinese Telephone" nature of Kindred relations. Take this with several grains of salt. I have included only the accounts that agree on broader points, in hopes that the most commonly related tale is the truth, or as close to it as I have been able to find.

BISHOPS

As told by Fat Pete, deceased, ductus of the Fuck You Jersey pack, late 1998

Ecaterina's been the bishop since before we needed one, man. Yeah, a bunch of other bishops came in later — and some archbishops — but none of them were as old as her. I heard she's been here since before there was a New York.

But then she went down, probably not 10 years after I became one of the Cainites. I was at the *Palla Grande* when she bit it. Man, that was some fucked-up shit. Pack of killers comes out of nowhere. I thought to myself, no way could these amateurs have done her in, but where is she now? That's two, maybe three hundred years of being a bishop, all shot to shit.

As told by Eddie the Cheater, deceased, priest of the Fuck You Jersey pack, late 1998

Ecaterina was once a prince in the Old World — in Prague, I believe — before the Anarch Revolt happened and she made her way over here to escape the repression of the forming Camarilla. She was the first bishop of New York, preceding Polonia by a hundred years or so. Last I heard, there were some lesser bishops in there, but none who ever made as much difference as Ecaterina. She's not some hell-raiser like a lot of the younger bishops are; she's one of the old-guard political ones.

I wasn't around, but I remember some of the names of those other bishops from a few *ritae* we did with the elders.

I think there was one named Radu, who was another of the Old Worlders, but he was promoted or moved back there or something. No, wait; he was a cardinal who served here awhile as bishop for maybe 10 years before taking off. That was before Polonia and before the Purchase Pact, if I'm remembering correctly. Yeah, now it's coming back. Once Radu left, Polonia came in, probably as part of the accord Radu was putting together. The whole deal with the Purchase Pact was that it was supposed to end conflict internally with the Sabbat. Radu traveled all over the states, stopping here and there for a while to observe what we were up to, and it was a mess. Yeah, he settled here long enough to calm things down, then left after installing Polonia to keep order while he pushed for what became the Purchase Pact.

I don't know how Ecaterina took that, what with Polonia being named archbishop above her and not bishop equal to her. There were other bishops before Radu, too, and probably while he was there. Van Cortlandt, I think one's name was... one of the Dutch Lasombra. Otahyoni was one of the Cayuga Indians. Tzimisce, I think, but she was only around for a few years after Ecaterina was formally recognized as bishop. She was gone before Radu ever came in.

As told by Jennifer Bradford, deceased, member of the Bloody Grin pack, late 1998

New York's always been a political rugby match. You have people like Polonia and Turlev calling shots for as long as they can before someone knocks them off their pedestal and takes over. Hell, even my grandsire was a bishop once. Jonas Van Cortlandt. He managed to piss off one of the other bishops, who pulled some string or another and had him packed off to the frontier [in] 1862 or something. I never met the guy, but he was apparently quite a big shot back in his best nights. [My sire] Landau was always talking about him. He was pretty old-school — had a few friends in high places who were trying to make it a law that you had to be fluent in Dutch as well as English to vote.

Overheard from Anthony Ruiz, deceased, member of the Love's Easy Tears pack, mid-1991

New York's bishops have always been Lasombra. And they always will be. The Tzimisce mind their own business and no one else has the numbers to mean fuck-all in the political arena.

Commentary From Hanneman

A few notations here:

New York's bishops (and, presumably by extension, archbishops) have *not* always been Lasombra, as evidenced by the longest standing one of their number, Ecaterina the Wise. Mr. Ruiz may have been overstating his case here, or it could have simply been assumed that Ecaterina was indeed one of the Keepers. While I have found no evidence corroborating the theory that she is popularly believed to be such, I have noticed a curious lack of references to her clan from my sources among the Sabbat. Of course, in a sect of



such mongrel lineage, I am not surprised to find that they have even less knowledge of clan membership than the least concerned members of our own sect do. The esteemed Mr. Pieterzoon and his noble line are, of course, excepted from my gross generality.

Another of New York's non-Lasombra bishops is the Tzimisce Otahyoni, which seems to be the Cayuga word for "Wolf." Of course it is. Her tenure was brief and uneventful, other than populating the sect with numerous Kindred drawn from the local tribes of the Iroquois Confederacy. You're surely familiar with the aspect of the Sabbat that identifies with Indian rites and practices. This is very much an incarnation of the Sabbat in the New World — they don't do it in the Old World. While most of these ideals and practices have been homogenized, or at least romanticized by the cinema and popular culture, no small amount of the sect's native-influenced practices had their origins among Embraces like these. It's been suggested that most of these practices are the result of frontier-era Embraces in the American West, but the roots of these rituals are more closely linked to Eastern American tribes. Many of Otahyoni's packs and their own childer seemed to have been secessionist members of the sect, or at least segregationist, and Ecaterina is understood to have had some form of grudge with the Tzimisce. I'm inclined to believe that both claimed the title of bishop concurrently but failed to work together, each attempting to establish herself as

sole claimant to the domain. How this struggle ended is unknown, but Otahyoni hasn't been heard from since her disappearance in the very late seventeenth century.

The Van Cortlandts were actually a fairly powerful political family in New York up until the end of the nineteenth century. They still have a golf course named after them, on land they donated to the city. At one time, their name was spoken as reverently as the Vanderbilts, Stuyvesants and even Roosevelts. It's the legacy of the Dutch foundation — I actually found a draft of the 1846 state constitution that proposed English-Dutch bilingualism in order to register to vote. It speaks volumes about the Sabbat that they were so intertwined with the mortal social and political order. The child of Jonas Van Cortlandt, Landau by name, stayed in New York after his sire's apparent exile to become a templar for three decades in the late nineteenth century under Polonia.

The origins of Turlev have been a little harder to come by. While the name sounds initially Eastern European, genealogical research has indicated that Turlev isn't a real surname, at least in the sense that anyone uses it in the modern idiom. Preeminent among the New World Lasombra, Turlev was assigned to the bishopric by then-regent of the sect Gorchist and Radu. Further research on this Cainite indicates that he was once the Bishop of Buffalo as well — his appointment to Bishop of New York City was an attempt to consolidate the New

York domains under a central collective of bishops and perhaps archbishops. Shortly thereafter, Buffalo fell into contention. Buffalo remains an isolated center for Sabbat activity, but it has only the weakest of claimants to any domain. As you also know, Buffalo is home to several Camarilla Kindred, none of whom wish to be prince. The situation there is a stalemate of sectarianism. To turn our attention back to Turlev, the consolidation, supported by Gorchist and Radu, was an idea put forth by Polonia, who was even then planning to promote himself from "mere" archbishop to the title I have heard he holds tonight: cardinal. Turlev once served Polonia as a templar, and was probably himself guilty of riding political coattails to prominence.

Another bishop who was probably guilty of political nepotism is the latest addition to the roster, Símon Orozco. Orozco has been a bishop only since 1993, and few of the Sabbat with whom I had spoken had anything noteworthy to say about him. I don't take this to mean that he's an actively poor or exceptionally inept bishop. Rather, he was probably promoted from among the ranks of Polonia's supporters to handle the petty affairs that Polonia doesn't want to bother with. Bishop Orozco is of the Lasombra lineage, of course, and apparently served as liaison to the regent of the sect, as he traveled to Mexico City at least once every two months. Various sources, when reminded of him, remarked that he was a "lackey" to Polonia. More favorable but nonetheless blasé descriptions identify him as Polonia's right-hand man and his favored lieutenant. Orozco has seemingly never made any decision that greatly affected Sabbat policy in New York, though he has certainly conferred with Polonia on matters of his own confidence.

PRISCI AND PRIESTS

Commentary From Hanneman

Sabbat power does not take place in a linear declension as does the Camarilla system of princes, primogen, whips, sheriffs, scourges and the rest.

If you're being deliberately naïve, Hanneman, you can stop now. You are surely familiar with those cities in which the prince's claim to domain exists solely at the discretion of empowered primogen, or those harpies who have cast aspersions on the most stolid of sheriffs.

Rather, the Sabbat system is more like a web, expanding downward from the regent. Below the regent sit the prisci of the consistory and the cardinals. Of these, the cardinals seem to have true power, while the prisci are valued advisors. The closest model I have been able to assemble is that of a split military theocracy. While the prisci have no formal authority, they are often accommo-

dated out of deference to their great status. The cardinals (and, on down the line to the archbishops, bishops and ducti) are heeded because they are acknowledged leaders. Priests are like lesser prisci, sought for their advice and insight. To that end, cardinals, archbishops, bishops and ducti are the military-style leaders, while the priests and prisci are the spiritual guides.

As told by Eddie the Cheater, deceased, priest of the Fuck You Jersey pack, late 1998

New York's also had two resident prisci here, though at different times. Radu had Livia Czerny come in to advise Ecaterina before he made his own visit to the city. She stayed here while he was on his Purchase Pact mission, too, but I don't think she ever really wanted to become a part of New York's Cainite scene. She was always aloof, never really mingled with the other Cainites. She presided over most of the citywide *ritae*, but that was about it. I mean, I'm sure she kept company with the bishops and all that, but if you didn't know she was here already, you wouldn't have noticed anything change when she was gone.

The other priscus was a bit different, though. His name was Blaise Carême, a French Tzimisce brought in at the turn of the twentieth century to curb the unchallenged Lasombra power monopoly. Don't get me wrong — the balance of power has always favored the Lasombra in the Sabbat — but the Tzimisce have always been a very close second. In New York, it was different, though, because of the city's Dutch roots and the prevalence of Dutch Lasombra fleeing the Old World and the Ventrue-Toreador-Tremere hegemony there. The Tzimisce have always been powerful in New York, as well, owing to the fact that New York was the port that everyone sailed into when they came to America and that's where they settled with their broods and ghoulish families. If you look at the power structure, most of the Tzimisce contributions were transient or minor. Otahyoni's packs died off relatively quickly and she disappeared herself not too long after Ecaterina became bishop. Radu's term as bishop was brief and really only a "train-stop" during his campaign to accumulate backers for the Purchase Pact. Ecaterina herself, though the longest standing bishop in the city and possibly the New World, lacked the support that the larger clans enjoy. Witness the fact that she's been bishop since the city was a city, and still Polonia rolls in and claims ultimate domain over the place.

Carême, though, was a stopgap measure. I believe he was one of the lesser French nobility at one point, but since his Embrace studied philosophy and sect history in the East with his Tzimisce ancestry. While the Lasombra flexed their temporal muscles, Carême quietly rallied the disenfranchised intellectuals to his banner. Naturally, the Tzimisce were among these, but also flocking to this charismatic leader were Serpents of the Light, Toreador *antitribu*, the Sabbat Tremere and even a few Ventrue of the sect.

Let me take a break here. This wasn't a question of support or factionalism, really. When the Tzimisce brought in Carême, they did so with the intent of giving themselves a greater voice, not splitting the sect. I'm not knocking Carême's contribution to sect politics. I'm just saying it was too little, too late. I know it sounds like sides are being chosen for an impending war, but I honestly think that Carême's legacy strengthened the Sabbat. While not everything he did was flawless [See below. — H.], he did an admirable job of playing Devil's Advocate. With Polonia unchecked as archbishop, the Sabbat was restless, always looking for a fight. When it couldn't find one, it fought with itself just to let off steam. With Carême as priscus, the priests of the packs had an authority with whom they could lend strength to their purpose. By the 1920s, many Sabbat had turned successfully from waning *humanitas* to one of the more suitable Paths of Enlightenment. It's still hard to do, but most Sabbat in New York in the modern nights haven't had the spiritual teachers to guide them onto those paths — most still observe the ethic of *humanitas* because they haven't been taught otherwise.

And I don't need to tell you that their *humanitas* erodes each passing night. As a priest myself, it's all I can do to keep the rowdy elements of my pack from bashing Fat Pete's head in and claiming that they now lead the pack as the result of some bullshit Monomacy. I don't have any time to strip away their flagging mortal morality and bring them over to the Path of Honorable Accord.

Archbishop Polonia, of course, wasn't really willing to turn any of his war machine over to some limp-wristed French Fiend of half his age who someone called in on a favor. He listened to Carême's advice, all right, but he usually ended up doing what he wanted to do in the first place anyway. Blaise Carême's strength wasn't in his duties as a priscus; it was in his ability to stir the spirit of the Sabbat and unite the disparate elements of the sect who felt they had no voice against Polonia.

In Carême's presence, the Tzimisce managed to procure several domains for themselves in the late [19]20s and early '30s, while before they had been forced to use "common" feeding grounds by Lasombra conservatism. While this never really helped anyone but those Tzimisce, it showed everyone in New York that this was no longer solely the Lasombra's ball game. The Tremere were allowed to establish their own chantry, the Serpents of the Light had their temple, and so on and so on, no longer feeling as if they did what they did only with the acceptance of the Lasombra. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but that's the purpose of the Sabbat, if anything is.

Ecaterina played moderate between Polonia and Carême for the first half of the twentieth century. This was probably the height of her power since Polonia's ascension, as she had the luxury of being the "swing vote," with the priscus and archbishop courting her favor for support. More often than not, those Cainites support-

ing her also believed in Carême's "spiritual reform," as he put it. Ecaterina played the game wisely, favoring the Lasombra Status Quo unless the loyal opposition threatened to drive the sect to schism. She favored keeping the Giovanni who had crept into the city at arm's length, she supported the purges of Setites Polonia proposed in the '40s and '60s and she acquiesced to Polonia's approval of templars and paladins, no matter who recommended them for those titles.

On the other hand, she participated in Carême's spiritual reform, she pushed for domain redistribution, she lent equal ear to priests *and* ducti when packs reported to her and she extended her hospitality to the Sabbat Inquisition on the two times during the '40s when New York came to its attention.

As told by Little Caine, deceased, member of the Thirst for Blood pack, late 1998

The Fiend was gone by the time I was Embraced. I remember his childe, though. What a fucking maniac he was. The Rasputin of the Cainites. What was his name again? Ladislav? Me and the crew called him Ladyshave. Well, not to his face, we didn't, but that's only because we're not idiots. Spoiled on inherited power, that one was. Tried to make every fucking Lick in the city drink his blood as part of some "Grand Vaulderie." I halfway think Polonia kept him around just to see how much crazy shit we'd do when someone in charge told us to do it.

One time he claimed all the Cainites in New York were part of his church. Then he openly threw in with the Brujah *antitribu* in their coup — the one that started the Third Civil War. *Then* when they tried to reconcile, he pushed the 'Quo to declare them all heretics and burn them at the stake.

During the civil war that followed that affair, he tried to bring the anarchs into the fold. I never could figure it out — Carême's supposed to be this brilliant hero of the Sword of Caine, and his childe's a psychotic. I half wonder if the priscus left his brat here to make up for all the bullshit he dealt with at the hands of Polonia.

In the end, though, the bishop and archbishop got sick of him. I think it was '77. Some templar drove a railroad spike through Carême's head while the pack sent to help him staked his ass immobile. Where is he now? Fuck if I know. And I hope he stays gone.

Commentary From Hanneman

Blaise Carême left New York in 1953, seemingly of his own choice. He resigned the title of priscus, but reclaimed it 10 years later while studying under one Velya the Vivisectionist after returning to the Old World. My sources indicate that Velya keeps his protégé's counsel to this night.

Ladislav Ciorbea was Carême's only childe (to my knowledge and that of my sources), journeying to be in his sire's domain after the priscus arrived in New York. After Carême's departure, Ladislav bucked for an appointment to the position of bishop.

Two things conspired to prevent him from attaining that position. First, Archbishop Polonia had more than enough of “the reformer” Carême’s tenure, and had zero desire to grandfather his childe into a station of power. Second, Ladislav had grown progressively more degenerate during Carême’s stay as priscus. Where Carême tended to the spiritual needs of his “flock,” it seems that he neglected the worsening madness of his own childe. A few of the sources I had contacted suspected that Ladislav was weak, and fell to temptations his sire’s esteem provided him. Others suggest that his own study of Vicissitude debased him. How, exactly, this would occur I can claim no idea, as it is my experience that even among the Malkavians, their Kindred powers do not warp them, but it is rather by dint of their Embrace that they are deranged. Still a third theory suggests that Ladislav was syphilitic before his Embrace, and the transition to undeath preserved that condition in his affected mind.

Tales of this Kindred’s debauches are impressive, to say the least. He held his own parties, at which the venerated Sabbat tradition of the Blood Feast was celebrated. He is said to have Embraced children — not childer, but mortal children — and eaten flesh and stripped the muscle from his bones in order to disquiet others. Apparently, he pursued some sort of relationship with the Lupines known to roam Central Park, and I have heard two separate stories of his death at the claws of the beasts.

The most noteworthy of Carême’s escapades, however, was his attempt to proclaim himself priscus. Needless to say, no one acknowledged this claim (with the exception of a few loyalists, who soon grew frustrated with their leader’s progeny and abandoned him). In the wake of that disaster, he proclaimed himself priest of the pack of New York. That is, he appointed himself the spiritual advisor of every Kindred in New York City, and in one of his episodes, tried to make the Sabbat — convened at one of their rituals — partake of his vitae.

I do not believe the story of his death by Lupine involvement. I believe that Polonia and Turlev simply had enough of the rogue and laid waste to him.

It’s also possible that the departed priscus left his addled childe behind as an agent provocateur. This concept arises below.

THE ISLAND WITH THE IVORY TOWER

As told by Hellene Panhard, survivor of the Battle of New York, late 2000

Ah, the Camarilla in New York. It seems that those of you outside the city hear one tale of our besiegement after another. These tales are true, I’m afraid — while Manhattan may technically have been claimed as the

domain of a Camarilla prince, that prince upheld her title only at the cost of constant test and struggle. Even that statement is a bit inaccurate, as the Camarilla domain of Manhattan probably had more members of the Sabbat in it than it did its own membership.

The Camarilla had three bastions of power. These arose when a Ventrue named Michaela noticed that the Sabbat — who had made the city their haven, out of disdain for the kine — had left several bounties of kine wealth and influence unexploited. Wall Street, in particular, was remarkably free from Kindred influence. This surprised her, so she dug a bit deeper — and still found nothing. Don’t misunderstand me; many of the companies traded on the floor of Wall Street had Sabbat Kindred somewhere among their shareholders, but the brokerages that actually moved those shares about had been left to their own devices.

So Michaela took a risk. Rather, she took many risks at once. Following the collapse of the American stock market in 1929, she left her old domain in Pennsylvania to establish a new one in New York City. Of course, everyone thought she was insane, tying herself to a dead economy and spending her days in the middle of Sabbat territory, but she knew what she was doing. The Sabbat, for its part, only enjoyed Black Thursday and the Depression thereafter, as it practically set a banquet table for them. As they had traditionally ignored Wall Street, they never noticed this daring Ventrue’s move.

By the end of the Depression, Michaela was a billionaire several times over, having bought enough corporate stock at deflated prices. Once they returned to their actual value, anyone investing in them had turned a small fortune into a vast one.

Seeing that it could be done, a few other Camarilla Kindred relocated themselves to New York. The Tremere also bought into the Wall Street phenomenon, using its profits to finance their study and chantries. The Nosferatu found New York quite hospitable, as they could practically walk out on the streets unhidden and no one would challenge them. Even a few Toreador and Brujah settled in, inspired by the Harlem Renaissance, the beat community of Greenwich Village, the high-society and artistic scenes, the academia, and the inevitable social movements that begin here and spread outward to the rest of the world. By the time the Sabbat noticed the Camarilla, it was too late for them to turn the “interlopers” out.

Not that they didn’t try. It became obvious that the Sabbat was the numerically dominant sect in the city. For its own protection, the Camarilla abandoned domains in the outer boroughs and withdrew to Manhattan, where it could watch its enemies gather around it and respond to them if need be.

Needless to say, the Kindred population became a problem. At one point, over 100 of the Damned made their havens in Manhattan. The city was too great a prize to lose to the Sabbat, but because it was so valuable, no

AN ACCOUNTING

For ease of comparison, here's a list of the Sabbat power hierarchy, including who held what title and when. This is fairly thorough — I'm going from a historical record I found among debris in one of Polonia's hidden Brooklyn havens. It was a bit lackluster on very early history, but I've filled that in from the other anecdotes I've heard.

Figure and Title	Claim
Ecaterina the Wise (bishop)	1661 (?) - 1969
Otahyoni (bishop)	(?) - 1679 (?)
Livia Czerny (priscus)	1774 - 1817
Radu Bistri (bishop)	1792 - 1801
Jonas Van Cortlandt (bishop)	1804 - 1862
Francisco Domingo de Polonia (archbishop)	1761 - 1998
Turlev (bishop)	1866 - 1990
Blaise Carême (priscus)	1902 - 1953
Simon Orozco (bishop)	1993 - 1999

one dwelling there was willing to give up the money and prestige. By 1980, the sect had turned upon itself, with childer striking down sires, elders diablerizing upstart fledglings, and vendettas settled in havens, boardrooms, salons and alleyways. Michaela, in an effort to stabilize the Camarilla presence, proclaimed herself prince — before Michaela, a succession of petty princes had claimed the title almost nightly, it seemed. Of these, none could be considered elders even by New World standards, and most were dead within a few years of claiming the title.

Initially, Michaela's claim worsened the antipathy between the warring factions and broods, which assumed she was making her own bid for power. In some context, she was, because in order to hold back the Sabbat tide pressing in on all sides, she was forced to Embrace loosely and without much moral judgment standing behind her. In short, she Embraced fodder to throw at the Sabbat — or rivals — who threatened her. That is how I was Embraced, and only by my wits did I manage to survive the atmosphere of treachery.

The Sabbat chose to act upon the strife plaguing its enemy. Archbishop Polonia and Bishop Turlev turned their attentions to this would-be prince, hoping to pluck her from her seat of power, if not to place themselves in it. They realized then what they had given up in Manhattan.

But Michaela was as resolved to keep her position as she had been to carve it out in the first place. She pleaded her case before the Camarilla council, which also perceived New York as an asset to the sect. Instead of condemning her fodder Embraces — which were described as "the actions of the Black Hand" by one disapproving rival — the council supported her any-means-necessary tactic, so long as she never threatened the Masquerade by doing it. The Tremere also supported Michaela, as their local chantries made great advance-

ments in their mystical arts (and provided a direct link to the financial centers that allowed the Warlocks the latitude to pursue those arts elsewhere). Realizing that its way of unlife was threatened from without, the Camarilla Kindred galvanized — and turned back the Sabbat.

Thereafter, unlife was a constant vigil for Michaela. The Black Hand tested the strength of her domain's borders nightly, and her own brood (once estimated as a full third of the Manhattan Kindred population) tested her wits. They wanted her protection but were loath to extend her the respect of leaving her investments alone; they were greedy and crass, often. It does not make me sad to know that many of them died during the Camarilla's war against the Sabbat. Surely they would say the same of me, were they in my position.

THE THREE LINCHPINS

As told by Hellene Panhard, survivor of the Battle of New York, late 2000

New York will always be a Ventrué city, because before all of the style and grace and wisdom it also offers, one must have money to conduct oneself in that manner to begin with. Still, the contributions of the other clans under the petty principedoms and Michaela's claim made it possible for the city to withstand the Sabbat, and even rise above it, ultimately.

Now that the Sabbat has been evicted from New York, these bailiwicks are eroding. What with the influx of other clans and ability of the sect to spread itself throughout all five boroughs, such rigid centralization no longer serves much purpose other than to agitate hostilities along clan lines. Still, old habits linger among the Kindred, and one can still see at least minor evidence of their former existences to this night.

WALL STREET

As told by Hellene Panhard, survivor of the Battle of New York, late 2000

Predominantly a money and influence machine for the Ventrué (and slightly behind them, the Toreador and Tremere, in that order), Wall Street is a bastion of worldwide economy. The Kindred who make it here may well find their efforts paid off a millionfold. Almost without a doubt, the next Prince of New York will own the wealth of Wall Street.

THE CHANTRY OF THE FIVE BOROUGHS

As told by Hellene Panhard, survivor of the Battle of New York, late 2000

Despite this chantry's ugly history, it is indisputably one of the most valuable stores of occult knowledge the Tremere have. The chantry is actually a collection of smaller chantries scattered throughout the city, with the central house (known simply as the Chantry of the Five Boroughs or the Five Boroughs Chantry), located at Barnard College, headed by High Regent Aisling Sturbridge. The subsidiary chantries change in location and charter ap-

proximately once every seven years. This is a holdover from when the Camarilla presence was threatened by Sabbat, but one that serves the Tremere functionally. Most of the Tremere who are part of the subhouses of the chantry remain in New York even after their location and purpose changes, though some move on to other chantries or cities. (See Chapter Two for information on the current satellites of the Chantry of the Five Boroughs.)

Prior to High Regent Sturbridge's promotion to that position, her sire was the high regent of the chantry. This Kindred was ambushed, staked and chopped to bits before being dumped into Sheepshead Bay. While some accuse Sturbridge herself of this deed, she's not the most likely culprit, as she has always been largely apolitical. More sensible candidates include jealous underlings at the subordinate chantries, as well as agents of the Sabbat, who may well have made the high regent's murder part of a campaign of destabilization when Michaela was prince.

SCHRECKNET AND THE CLOISTERS

As told by Manny, "The Internet of Nosferatus [sic]," early 2000, through a Nosferatu confederate

The SchreckNET transcends sects, you dig? It is not a physical place, my man, but rather a subnetwork accessible via Internet that is maintained by the Nosferatus and, here and there, our *antitribu*. SchreckNET is a repository of information and articles — a virtual rumor mill that us Sewer Rats use to spread... well, whatever it is that we think needs spreading. You know, I'm surprised that the Sabbat Nosferatu didn't see the Camarilla assault coming. I seen how conversation circulates in those chat rooms and on those message boards, and it's amazing to me that some loudmouth fool didn't expose the whole plan.

SchreckNET is maintained by an itinerant Nosferatu named Gerard Rafin, who goes by the nickname Uncle Smelly. It was formerly housed at Cooper Union, but has since been relocated to an excavated anteroom beneath the Cloisters Museum in Fort Tryon Park.

Routing a bootleg VPN beneath a medieval museum? That was a bitch.

The Cloisters became the seat of Nosferatu activity right before the Battle of New York. It's rumored to also be a faction of the local Nosferatu, who were unhappy first with Prince Calebros' statement of the "brevity" of his domain, and later with the policies of the prince himself. Probably lies, man. Us Nosferatu, you see, have built multiple sub-levels of the Cloisters Museum to house the SchreckNET servers as well as providing havens for ourselves.

Overheard from Gerard Rafin, root administrator of SchreckNET, early 2000

When we moved the SchreckNET, you should have heard them scream when we got it back up. Why? To not have this Internet, it is not the end of the world? You use this for free and then you complain very loud when it is not there for you to use — for one night? I hate this Internet. It is a shame I have to use it often. It makes people stupid and crass.



LIGHTNING STRIKES BEFORE THE STORM

As told by Hester Reed, ductus of the Love's Easy Tears pack, late 1998

Michaela? Don't worry about her anymore. Polonia took off her head. It was a beautiful thing. I was there with the pack—we're Polonia's templars right now. We literally walked into her haven. He killed her right then and there. It was supposed to be a diplomacy talk. You know, just sitting at the table and trying to work out our differences. Hello, bitch? Do you think we're some kind of New Age therapy fanclub?

Yeah, after we killed their prince, the Camarilla got a pretty good idea of Sabbat diplomacy. They scattered like hookers from a cop car. The witches stayed for a while, but I don't think we have anything to fear from them. At least, not for a while.

THE THIRD CIVIL WAR

As told by Scorchio, deceased, ductus of the Vengeance Aights pack, late 1994

Oh, man, that has to be up there among the top 10 worst ideas of all time. I remember that like it was last night, and I couldn't believe what the Brutes were trying to do.

I know that there were a few among them who were more together than the rest of them would have you believe. Still, there's what, maybe 300 Cainites in New York? Of them, half have got to be Lasombra and Tzimisce, right? Even if the rest of the lines were equal in members—and they're not, let me tell you—the Brujah were going to set themselves up with 10-to-1 odds or something. Bad odds.

The sentiment at the time, and this was back in '57 or '58, was that the Sabbat and Tzimisce were resting on their laurels and allowing the Camarilla to pin the Sabbat against the East Coast, cutting it off from allies further down the coastline and the strongholds in Detroit and Canada—like Montreal. Most of these Keepers and Fiends were part of the Status Quo, and they wanted to bide their time and strike while the iron was hot. Most of the Brujah *antitribu* and their supporters were Loyalists and didn't give a damn about the iron because they wanted a crusade right then. I don't know that it was so much a campaign of conquest they wanted as it was a sense of doing something besides getting rich off the local mortal institutions and pushing around the politically impotent smaller clans.

I think the whole thing could have been averted if the Brujah pitched their plan to the SQers. The Lasombra probably would have turned them loose on Boston or Jersey or Baltimore—they could have even sicced the Brutes on certain parts of Michaela's Manhattan. But you know how those Status Quo guys are. They think that if you think you're playing them that you'll keep

trying to play them and they don't want to bother with plans that aren't theirs to begin with because they don't want to split the profits. So they stand firm against a new crusade at the moment. I think I remember Turlev's comment... "It's not the time to chase glory."

So this formal and public denial of Loyalist will sends the Brujah *antitribu* into a rage. By this time, they've even got packs in Albany and Philly agreeing with them, and if they back down, they look like they're the lap dogs of the real power. Of course, that's what they are, but you'll never hear them admit it.

And that's the beginning of the coup. A ragtag bunch of Loyalists, predominantly Brujah, march up to the bishops and archbishop and state that they're calling the shots. Polonia and Turlev just laugh at them, but Ecaterina hears them out.

Commentary From Hanneman

I know it's terribly rude to interrupt, but allow me to set the scene for a more conspiratorial explanation of this event.

In the opinion of some Sabbat with whom I discussed this situation, the whole affair was borne of Carême's frustrations in dealing with Polonia. As you know, Carême left in 1953, while the Third Civil War happened in 1957. So the theory goes, Carême put a bug in the ear of the "lesser" Sabbat clans prior to his travel to the Old World, encouraging them to continue agitating for their rights and the like. This philosophy caught on most strongly with the Loyalist faction of the Sabbat, many of whom were Brujah *antitribu*. In order to keep the pressure on the Lasombra hierarchy, Carême left behind his childe Ladislav, hoping that his discord would divert the power structure's attention from the almost classist confrontation on the horizon. While he probably had no idea that a civil war would erupt, the priscus set the wheels of revolt in motion.

I include this only as a curiosity. The time frame surely fits, and one in my position quickly learns to raise an eyebrow at the very idea of coincidence.

Continued, as told by Scorchio, deceased, ductus of the Vengeance Aights pack, late 1994

In the end, it came to nothing. How could it have, really? It's not as if the Lasombra were going to turn over the keys to the kingdom after an uninterrupted 300-year claim of domain. Even Ecaterina acknowledges at the end that it's a pretty whacked idea.

Commentary From Hanneman

Again, pardon the intrusion, but please do take note: The speaker includes Ecaterina among the Lasombra, unless this is merely lazy speech.

Continued, as told by Scorchio, deceased, ductus of the Vengeance Aights pack, late 1994

Being dismissed again doesn't sit too well with the Brujah, though, and it all goes to hell from there. The night after their forcible takeover was turned back by overwhelming numbers, the Brujah decide to make the coup happen,

guerrilla-style. With recruits from other nearby cities, they take out a templar here, an SQ-sympathetic priest there, a Lasombra crony around the corner.

The Lasombra and Tzimisce, being smarter than a post, know immediately that vendetta is the order of the night. What they didn't count on, though, was the degree to which other clans underrepresented in the power tree supported the Brujah's bid, if not their claim to the domain. In a matter of nights, the whole thing turns from hits in the alleys to just short of open warfare. I'm serious. I was part of the King's Blades then, and Fergal's Irish ran Mariel down in a stolen Packard, in plain view of everybody. They killed her outright, but if they hadn't, it would have been a lot uglier. I'm sure I wasn't the only Lick to have such luck during that winter.

The thing runs for maybe three months, and packs on both sides of the issue are taking a beating. The Status Quo is borrowing V's from Montreal, the underdogs are calling in favors from Philly, both sides are buying from the Giovanni, and it's just sick. I mean, it's *bad*. There were maybe 150, 160 Cainites in New York City before it all went down, but by the end of the hundred nights, there's probably 80 of us left, with a good quarter of those being Licks from other cities and another dozen as part of the indies, like the Giovanni and Setites.

By the end of the year, the Tzimisce and Lasombra realize that practically anyone could just walk into the city and claim it as their own domain and the Sabbat

would pound itself into red pulp so they wouldn't have to. They ask for a sit-down with whoever it was who was calling the shots for the "rebels" at that point, and God damn them if they didn't silver-tongue their way out of the whole thing.

See, at the sit-down, they say that in the interests of bringing the sect back together, they'll make some concessions. When the Brujah hear this, they think they've got the powers that be on the ropes. After a few botched attempts at coming to the table (the Brujah wouldn't, for example, agree to meet at the spot the Tzimisce wanted the first time, and the whole assembly scattered the second time when "shots were fired," is all I can say), everybody starts pleading their case.

The Brujah delegation, representing the "minority clans," is upset that it doesn't have a loud enough voice in sect. The Lasombra and Tzimisce counter with the argument that half of the damn sect comes from their two clans and, representationally, that makes for the majority satisfied by the continuation of the status quo (lowercase there). Okay, say the Brujah, we'll keep killing you until the numbers are more favorable for us. No, that's no good, the Fiends and Keepers say, how about we — as a sect, mind you — agree to recognize another distinction among the less numerous clans.

See, for a while, the clanless among the Sabbat usually just fell in with a pack and no one really gave a damn about what clan they really were. These Caitiff weren't too



numerous — a couple here, a couple there — but the Lasombra and Tzimisce made it clear that they were offering recognition for these guys. The clanless would be afforded their own clan. The Brujah hastily agreed and shook hands on the matter. In months to come, the Caitiff decided to call themselves the Panders, named after Joe Pander. Pander, ironically, had killed the first Lasombra to die in the Brujah-caused conflict, and had been waging his own private war against the Moderates of the Sabbat for years. With his band of clanless, he wandered into the Third Civil War in time to make himself famous.

Half of the lesser clans — the not-so-smart half — celebrated the “victory.” The wiser bunch just rolled their eyes. In recognizing the Panders as a singular faction, what the Lasombra and Tzimisce had managed to do was split the already factionalized minority clans down into *another* faction, which would only destabilize matters even more for those minorities now that they suddenly had another voice to consider among their own. I think they were just glad to see the war come to an end, too, being able to get off with such favorable terms, which is to say, terms that didn’t result in their own Final Deaths as traitors.

From there, the concept of Panders spread, with the less sophisticated Cainites thinking they were getting away with something and the more conservative clans knowing they did.

AN INCESTUOUS DEN: THE GIOVANNI

As told by Talmadge Milliner, early 2000

Some people will tell you that competition is good for business. They’re fools. When you have competition, you have to share proceeds with those competitors. What’s truly good for business is monopoly.

For us Giovanni, having the Sabbat in town was a blessing. For the most part, the Sabbat is self-contained, policing its own and killing obstreperous parts of itself when it grows listless. We have little in common with the clans known as the *antitribu*, so we rarely find them underfoot. Even the “noble” Lasombra clashed with us only on matters of the Church, what with both of us being good Catholics, and even those few confrontations ended bloodlessly. And the Tzimisce are too insular to cross paths with most Giovanni. The result of that equation was that the Giovanni were largely given free reign in their own favored spheres of influence by the Sabbat, who took only the smallest of kickbacks.

It’s important to note, though, that we watch ourselves, always standing at the point where we’re not obtrusive, but taking as much as we can from that position. It’s been a long-standing tradition that no more than six Giovanni can make their havens here in New York City. That’s practicality. That’s restraint. That’s a commitment to the end result that other clans can’t seem to muster. More than six would

not only arouse notice, it would make us seem like a threat. As it stands, some of the Sabbat’s anti-clans didn’t even have six members, and to have more clout than a part of the sect that “owned” the city — well, we would rather not have dealt with that. It would have affected the bottom line.

FROM THE TOP

As told by Donatello Giovanni, early 2000

The Giovanni made it to the New World a little later than the Camarilla and the Sabbat. While those two were at each other’s throats for maybe two centuries, the Giovanni crept quietly into Ellis Island around the nineteenth century. Those initial forays were small, but they let the rest of the clan know what the New World had to offer. In fact, I’d say that most of the Giovanni who came to the New World from the Old probably came through New York, at least for the nineteenth and the first half of the twentieth centuries.

The key to survival is making oneself useful to potential rivals, and that’s what the Giovanni set out to do. Diego Giovanni’s men secured an arrangement of noncompetition with one of the Lasombra bishops at that time, one of the Van Cortlandts. In exchange for “cooking the books” in the Lasombra’s favor, the Sabbat would leave the Giovanni to their own affairs. It was a pretty simple agreement — anywhere Sabbat interests overlapped with Giovanni interests in New York, the Sabbat held the trump card, but anything else was free for exploitation. That agreement stood until the Black Hand was ousted from the city. I probably don’t have to tell you that no such agreement has been reached with the Camarilla Kindred now sneaking inside.

It is unsurprising, then, that the Giovanni followed their mortal culture, setting up most strongly in Little Italy. That neighborhood didn’t really come to be until the 1850s, but up until then, the few Giovanni in the city observed the old tradition of setting themselves up as patrons of their ghetto neighborhoods — the less progressive would call them “godfathers.” As Little Italy came to be, it was due in no small amount to the efforts of the Italians to establish a Catholic parish for themselves. With the aid of Giovanni money, the Church of St. Anthony of Padua was built, and by the 1890s, the Zion Episcopal Church had been Catholicized into the Church of the Transfiguration (it’s been mostly Chinese since the 1950s, but obviously, the Italians were there first). From this ethnic seat, the Giovanni plied their trades, taking their kickbacks in *pizzu*, providing protection, vouching for immigrants new to the neighborhoods and even availing themselves of the legitimate business opportunities that came their way. Neighborhood *grosserias* were always good for cash flow, and the import/export business boomed. The savvy Giovanni grew this import/export business into the multimillion-dollar enterprise it is tonight.

Of course, along with doing millions of dollars worth of business at the airport and docks comes a certain bit of

sway in those neighborhoods; the Hudson may as well have belonged to the Giovanni if you tried to ship anything up it from the 1870s onward, and, since 1962, the same goes for Idlewild airport (renamed for John F. Kennedy in 1963). Well, maybe that's a bit dramatic to say, but well-paid dispatch officers, customs officials and ground and dock crew keep the Giovanni apprised of noteworthy items or people who that arrive. In fact, the Giovanni made a killing during the sect war by smuggling in Camarilla Kindred and then lying to the Sabbat about it. Wait; I don't mean "lying," I mean, "observing the terms of the noncompetition agreement." The Necromancers are still the biggest Kindred power players there to this night.

Of course, no mention of the Giovanni would be complete without reference to the Mafia. I would huff about indignantly, but in New York, the stereotype is true. While the five families of La Cosa Nostra have lost significant power in the modern nights, the money is still there to be made. At risk of exposing a family secret, I readily admit that the Giovanni have ties to the Gambino family. This relationship goes back as far as 1921, when the Giovanni obligingly provided Joe Masseria with fresh talent in exchange for a cut of his racket. The relationship changed under Salvatore Maranzano and the Mangano brothers, as a few members of the Giovanni family bought into the Mob's structure turned the money-maker into a full-time affair. Albert Anastasia tried to cut the connection with the family, believing the Giovanni were costing him money and attracting unwanted attention. Now, I'm not going to claim that the Giovanni arranged for Carlo Gambino to remove Anastasia from the picture, but I will concede that relations between our family and theirs improved once again after the Gambinos became self-sufficient in 1957.

The other four families have had their own brushes with the undead as a whole and the Giovanni on a smaller scale, but all remain independent — just like other business, the Mafia dances on no one's puppet strings but its own. The recent death of the clan's liaison to the Gambinos, Francis Albert Giovanni, has left a vacuum in that particular avenue of Giovanni interest, but it would seem that the Gambinos have their own problems, what with the "Teflon Don" John Gotti in jail and diagnosed with throat cancer while his incompetent son has seemingly taken over the reins as head of the family. Hand in hand with this criminal tie, since 1953 and the presidency of Dave Beck, came union influence under the banner of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

The remaining third of Giovanni interest in New York — shipping and organized crime being the other two — is finance. The Giovanni family has interests in the Bank of New York Company, Citibank (now Citigroup), the Standard Oil Company of New York (now Mobil) and the Jersey branch that became Exxon, in addition to as many as 500

other interests. Also, in 1875, New York State took over the responsibility of auditing savings and loan company performance. A few words put in the right ear earned the Giovanni seats on the audit board, which they filled with mortal relatives who were in the unique position to turn up S&L losses... and then "lose" those funds in a different direction. Those seats have been hereditarily filled — the ultimate "old boy's club" — and remain a steady source of profit tonight.

Commentary From Hanneman

What the Giovanni have told me suggests that they do not necessarily welcome the Camarilla with open arms, despite the veneer of civility the Necromancers construct to liken themselves to us. Indeed, it appears that the Giovanni perceive Camarilla interests to coincide with their own, at least in the realms of the favored tactics of certain clans. While Camarilla Kindred have numerical superiority and the arguable allegiance that sharing a sect provides, the Giovanni have been entrenched in the local shadow economies for two centuries. Dislodging them will prove hard but ultimately possible. Working around the Giovanni may be more difficult at first, but probably more stable if somewhat less profitable. New York is a big city, and those who don't wish to share will easily find other tables at which to dine.

Still, the nature of the future relationship between the Giovanni and the Camarilla new blood remains to be seen. Call me cynical if you will, but I believe it will become much less pleasant before things improve.

THE HARVEST OF SOULS

As told by Bartolomeo Giovanni, early 2001

Despite what the majority of my clan's New York residents would have you believe, money isn't the sole reason for Giovanni presence in New York. Here, the dead come cheap. Murder victims, the drained vessels of Kindred, participants in street violence or even those claimed by the reaper after full lives, souls veritably exit their hosts bodies and wave us down to be taken.

The only problem we face is the will of the *anziani* elders — no more than six Giovanni can make their havens in New York at any time. Technical exceptions to this rule are no exceptions at all. Dwelling in Jersey City seems to fall under these auspices. In their efforts to avoid the ire of the other Kindred, our elders limit the potential of their own progeny.

To that end, the rule of six is heeded rather loosely at times. I have several hiding places in the city where I could take my rest... temporarily of course. I know other students of the Dark Art do the same. In this, we are utterly alone. Our clan expects us to harvest those souls that we need to make real Augustus' dream, yet they refuse us access to the fields where they may be reaped. But there are those of us who persist. The end is our justification for the means.

THE SERPENT'S LAIR: THE SETITES

As told by Schuyler Kincaid, deceased, member of the Double Edges pack, late 1998

Setites? Morningside Park, without a doubt. Harlem. Parts of Brooklyn — like Bed-Stuy — belong to them, too, and so does a big part of South Bronx, though they share this with some of the Sabbath packs that have been too tough to chase out. It's an ugly scene, all immigrants fresh off the boat, trying to take advantage of the land of opportunity and winding up working 16 jobs just to pay the rent or fall in with the posses and gangs. Morningside's mostly Jamaicans, Haitians — boat people. Setites like it like that. Hell, if I was them, I'd probably like it too. The cops pretty much write off all of it because none of them want to get killed by some West Indian Johnny who has something to prove. They're not always the kings of the streets, but they usually know the local big shots. More likely, they provide them with crack. And that's just the dumb ones. I've heard tell of a Setite temple where the head priest has turned completely into a snake — thick as a man, 20 feet long. Sounds like bullshit, but I don't want to find out.

The thing is, we usually leave each other alone, the Sabbath and the Setites. Everybody's got their own domain. That doesn't mean I trust them — I guarantee you they're smuggling in Camarilla Licks — but you can at least expect them not to mess with you directly. Bother them, though, and they'll bring a mob to your front door.

I don't know how many Serpents of the Light we have here, but even they know to leave the Setites to themselves. It's probably just a matter of numbers. I do remember a while back, there was this Cobra named Paul who had an axe to grind with them. He said that they were unclean, debased, bringing a poison to the earth or something like that. Everyone else said, "No shit." Paul got maybe one or two of the other Cobras and went to have a chat with one of their voodoo guys. Never heard from them again. Doc says that they ended up falling in with the Setites. Something about rejoining the fold; says he saw two of them over at Yankee Stadium. Sounds like the cult everyone accuses the Setites of being.

IN THE SERPENT'S NEST

As told by Elie Sansaricq, priest of Damballah's Hidden Temple in Harlem, mid-1998

Listen to what the Sabbath says. Do you enjoy their lies? Then why have you sought me out for the other side of the story? No doubt they portray us as ignorant, as predators not only of people but of the community; drug-pushing scum who chop our rivals to pieces and smoke ganja and angel dust.

Listen to me: The Setites have been in New York for almost as long as the Sabbath. Before the Serpents of the Light decided to become heretics, the Setites of Haiti

were powerful there. At the end of the eighteenth century, several of them followed Haitian immigrants to New York. At that time, few Haitians had any money other than what they used to buy their tickets to New York. They hoped to make fortunes in America and then return to Haiti to claim what they had left behind. Haitians started shipping companies and established boarding houses. They worked honest, if not glamorous, jobs as manservants and maids. Several even came with French entrepreneurs who had fled the revolution in the Old World.

Egyptians also flocked to New York, maybe 50 years after the Haitians arrived on its shores. These numbers were small — less than 30 per year, due to Ottoman emigration restrictions in the latter 1800s — but at least two connected Setites were certainly among them. Setites also accompanied the later migrations of Jamaicans to the city. In the first 25 years of this century alone, almost 50,000 Jamaicans arrived here.

It was then that the understanding that Harlem was Setite domain first occurred to the Sabbath. Although we have never been a numerous presence, we have been a territorial one, and by the time it mattered we were committed to defending our domains. When the Sabbath finally noticed that more than a half-dozen Setites had made their havens in New York, it was too late for them to remove us without significant cost to themselves. Few of them wanted our neighborhood anyway. The closest any of them came was their great leader Polonia himself, who kept a haven that overlooked Harlem.

We understood the value of coexistence and for a long time actively worked with the Sabbath or ignored it, never coming to any great disagreements. We even had a few feeding grounds that respectfully overlapped, such as the Arab neighborhood on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn. And when we felt bold, we would sneak into lower Manhattan — we did what we wanted but were wise enough to observe moderation. We supported Marcus Garvey's "back to Africa" movement, finding among it easy vessels as well as erudite people of our own descent. It has been a balance we have played for all these many years, taking at one point and giving back at another. We have temples that we use for worship and temples that we use to give others what they want. Who are we to impose our sense of right and wrong over another's desire?

Times change, though. More than ever, the Sabbath is turbulent, eating itself at its end. The grudging respect awarded to us by Bishop Turlev and the ghost Carême are gone now. The Sabbath here looks as if it is preparing for war. Few of us are interested in war. Oh, we will choose a side. But I can make no promises that we will support those who consider themselves magnanimous for "tolerating" us these many years. Like every aid we provide, support comes with a price.

Commentary From Hanneman

Sansaricq was most certainly not a 20-foot-long snake as wide as a man. While he did have an aura of the

mystical about him, I did not observe him to actively use any untoward effects in my presence.

As told by Steven Clarke, presumed deceased, boss of the East Flatbush Dominions posse, late 1998

Not everybody wants to leave well enough alone when it comes to the Sabbat. Even those who say they do are probably covering something. The Dominions have been fighting the Black Hand of the Prophet's Word pack since 1987 and some dirty Italians since before that.

Sansaricq told you that our help comes with a price? That means he's planning something.

Commentary From Hanneman

Taken in context, this last statement leads me to believe that in New York, we will not be dealing with "the Setites," but rather various cults, gangs and factions set up by individual Setites. Elie Sansaricq, I believe, tried to initiate a "Setite railroad" or the like by which he and clanmates could commonly resist the Sabbat without acknowledging the dominance of the Camarilla in the aftermath. You no doubt know more about this specific case than I do, but the pretenses any such agreement may have been established under are almost certainly wrong. Sansaricq is not the Setite primogen or any other convenient political figurehead. He is simply the most accomplished Serpent in the city, with other Setites filling the positions of gang-barons or cult leaders as the case may be. New York's Setites are solitary and factionalized, philosophical ties between them notwithstanding. I estimate 10 or fewer in the city, but these are confined to uncomfortably small domains, and they probably run afoul of each other frequently. Surely some must be in league, or at least on better terms with certain members of the clan than others, but even this is likely a matter of convenience. Luckily for those of us who would root them out, they seem to have splintered while watching over their shoulders for the Sword of Caine.

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

You're not really going to make me tell this story, are you? Jesus. Alright, well, turn on your little tape recorder.

PRELUDE TO A MASSACRE

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

The most important thing to keep in mind is that cities don't fall overnight. The first part of 1999 was spent putting decades worth of research to the test. While there had always been some Camarilla presence in New York — Manhattan, mostly, under Prince Michaela and her brood — moving people in and out was a big pain in the ass. When the coup was put together, it required

the aid of Kindred who were already there, and you've probably already guessed that the Sabbat wasn't going to give us the rope we were going to use to hang them. We had to go to the independent clans.

BUT FIRST, CLAN VENTRUE

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

Shit, I'm already getting ahead of myself. Before we even go that far, let me give credit where credit is due. Almost all of the planning for the New York operation was done by the Ventrue. Some of the biggest names in the clan lent their aid to pulling the rug out from under the city's Sabbat, and most of them aren't even from around here. The Ventrue clan hierarchy, such as it is, is a sort of fusion of neofeudal obligation and ultramodern corporate raiding. When you're Embraced, you're somewhat beholden to everyone who came before you up your sire's line — they place a great deal of stock in dignity and the sins of the fathers and some of them even see it as a form of primogeniture or divine right. Anyway, these power structures convene and compare notes. Not every Ventrue in the whole world, of course, but several of the important minds and their entourages. They're smart enough to know we can't just throw a bunch of Brujah at New York until the Sabbat gets sick of them and skips out like a tenant from a roach-filled apartment. No, it takes some intelligence, recon, spying, sneaking, and misdirection before you turn the asskickers loose.

Queen Anne Bowesley, the Prince of London, put up the lion's share of the money we used to finance the whole thing. When I say lion's share, I mean it, too. This thing cost about a billion dollars in US currency all told, plus the unlives of Kindred that were lost. I'm not sure about the going rate of those, so I list them separately. Queen Anne's interest is that New York and London have always been very closely tied financially, and any ground she can earn in New York is an investment not only in her own future, but in the future of Kindred affairs in London under her domain. She also came up with a foreign-currency scheme with a few Roman Nosferatu and Italian Ventrue to shake up the value of the lira. This becomes important later, when those independents I was talking about come into the picture — if it weren't for the destabilization of their home economy, the Giovanni might not have bought in to the racket.

Also contributing huge money is Fabrizio Ulfila, and if that name doesn't scare the hell out of you, it should. From where I sit, the guy is thousands (emphasis on the plural) of years old; a veritable Methuselah, assuming such a thing is real. He's buried so deep in the Catholic Church's inner workings that every time he blinks, another hundred souls are saved. His contribution is, like I said, another huge chunk of money and the orchestration of a plan involving several key dioceses in New York City. You might have heard of the Society of Leopold? It's the modern-night term for what the Inquisition

became. Ulfila puts word in his people's ears that vampire activity is on the rise in New York, and as a result the Inquisition and a sister group known as the Arcanum (I'm not exactly sure of the distinction between the two) send some extra holy water and crucifixes to the city to help their witch-hunters there. While the Inquisition didn't do the majority of the vampire killing, what it did do was destabilize a lot of the Sabbat packs by taking out key members and generally driving them into hiding for fear of a face-full of Jesus-fist. It puts them on edge and gets them looking in the other direction so they won't see the Camarilla come riding in on its white horses. You know, I bet a few of those Society of Leopold guys are still here tonight.

Putting things together on the frontlines is Jan Pieterzoon. He acts as the go-between with the Giovanni to sneak Kindred into the city, he handles arrangements with Michaela to prepare the enfilade so that Camarilla outside New York hits at the same time as the Camarilla inside New York, and he brokers a deal with the Setites to move blood rumored to be from a Methuselah to those Sabbat interested in it. Now that I mention it, I don't know what ever became of that blood. I mean, I don't know if it was really Methuselah blood, just regular old vitae, or some trick worked by, oh, let's say the Tremere. There's a guy who plays his cards pretty close to his chest, that Pieterzoon. He's also the guy who urged me to step in as temporary prince, so if you ever see him, tell him fuck you very much for me. He also works to get all of the different Ventrue directorates in punctual communication with each other, so that all the details are worked out beforehand and we're not waiting, 15 minutes before charging into town, on aid from someone who thought our little party was supposed to take place *next* week.

The Ventrue Justicar, Lucinde, did almost all of the tactical-level work. She coordinated things with the other participating justicar, Cock Robin, as well as figuring out troop movements with the nominal field marshal, Theo Bell. I hate to say "troop movements," because we had, maybe, 300 Kindred on each side, but if you know what prima donna sons of bitches Licks can be, you'll understand just how much work had to go into it.

That's just the big names. All of these Kindred had others below them, and seeing as how they're Ventrue, they probably had mostly other Ventrue helping with the work, too. I mean, it's not as if Queen Anne whips out her magic eight ball and says, "Drop, lira, drop!" All of the logistics, communication and implementation required addition work in the field.

THE PLAN IN MOTION

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

If you think coordinating the actions of a few hundred Kindred is hard, try putting together a program for twice again as many ghouls, contacts, allies, lickspittles, cronies and oblivious catspaws. You know how the

movies have those private eyes who dig through people's garbage and cops who go through stacks of evidence reports and criminal records? We did all of that, too, only we filtered it through mortal agents and ghoulish go-betweens. I mean, we had *everyone* acting as our eyes and ears whether they knew it or not.

Polonia's primary haven was staked out for a while, so we could learn the comings and goings of the people who visited him. Of course, the cops and DEA guys doing the stakeouts thought they were watching a Colombian cartel's boss. From these guys, we got a good mental picture of who came to see him and when. What we found out was that he was keeping the counsel of a bishop who had left before (Turlev, I believe the name was), dealing here and there with Cardinal Radu, and meeting various prisci at times that we could find no discernable pattern for. A pack of templars also attended him, and he frequently met with key pack leaders at regular intervals, almost like a doctor sees his patients.

Sanitation engineers combed over trash collected from certain locations in town, turning up letters between Sabbat Cainites, printed maps and e-mails noting locations used in certain sect functions, and in one case, what we assumed were "lost" keys to an apartment that was used as a lay-low flat for one of the local packs. I wish I could have been there to see those Licks' faces when they came home to find Theo Bell in their apartment, watching *Miami Vice* reruns and cleaning a shotgun.

Financial accounts were a more difficult matter to learn about, but they gave us critical information. What we had to do was dig up portfolios on our end and check investor statuses. This is one of those places where those "nameless" Ventrue came into play — enough of them have investments in various New York companies to turn up stockholder rosters, and what they did from there was check them against certain Lasombra and Tzimisce (and the rare few other clans) aliases. With that information in hand, it was a simple matter for those Camarilla investors — I say Ventrue, but there were Kindred of all clans among them — to sell their interests and spike those company trends downward. A few deft moves and a few points down on the Dow left the Sabbat hundreds of thousands of dollars short on yield, and that's when they could touch the money at all — many of those companies established a moratorium on trades.

Other civil servants did their share, too. We mapped the Nosferatu *antitribu's* sewer kingdom by putting together notes from equipment evaluations. We obtained lease copies and deed transfers from the public record. We bought cops to arrest Sabbat confederates and judges to put them out of commission for a while. Those trafficking in contraband without the benefit of a middleman had their goods seized at the airports or in the harbor, through Giovanni allies or newly vigilant (that is, tipped-off) customs officials. Contacts in the IRS sent us copies of audits or began new procedures that limited the funds available to

entrepreneurial ventures tied to Sabbat Licks. Hell, even OSHA limited access to certain Kindred's havens or outright condemned them. It was like a surprise party at the Black Hand's house and everyone it didn't like was invited.

THE HIRED HELP

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

That's where the independent clans' aid made a difference.

Around the end of 1998, Pieterzoon's Ventrue flooded the New York Kindred market with "Methuselah blood," but they had the Setites do all the distribution. Everyone knows better than to ask a Setite where his wares came from, and this time, that "I don't want to know" factor worked out in our favor. For their part, the Setites didn't ask any questions: They took a 70 percent chop from the price of whatever blood they sold — hell, they could have kept all of it; I don't care — and politely didn't ask where their Ventrue contact came up with it. Sabbat Kindred, especially young ones, jumped at the chance to partake of the venerable vitae. Within a few months, all of the blood had been bought. Sure, they were leery of the latest Setite ruse to addict everyone to a commodity only they could provide, but the temptation proved too great for their common sense, at least for the most part.

Oh, did I mention that the blood was radioactive? That's right: Put a ghoul in a helicopter with a Geiger counter and you know exactly who it was who bought the blood. By the time we launched the first offensive, we knew approximately two-thirds of the Sabbat's New York membership. All we had to do was have some toady follow whatever poor slob bought the blood to meetings with his pack and take a few pictures. In addition to the information the Setites gave us openly in exchange for the "Christmas gift" we gave them in the form of the blood, we had some significant intelligence on the forces the sect would be able to muster.

Those Giovanni on good terms with the Sabbat dropped those terms in favor of considerations and cash once we made our plans clear to them. This was probably the riskiest part of the pre-game show, and you *know* I'm serious when I say that I trusted the Setites more than I trusted somebody else. I know the Giovanni weren't happy about having to work with us, but they could read the writing on the wall. That, and the trick that Queen Anne and her cohorts pulled on the Italian economy let the Necromancers know that we weren't idly screwing around. From them, we gained even more information about certain Sabbat Kindred. More importantly, they shut their mouths and looked the other way when we started shipping archons and coteries through Kennedy Airport and up the Hudson River. Sure, they had their hands out, but it was worth the price.

See, Polonia had a fairly tight safeguard set up — he had people watching the inbound thoroughfares. When we began the process of buyouts and headquartering, we did it all through legal, mortal proxies. We made sure

that the usual here-and-there saboteurs and spies kept heading into New York, whom he caught with his usual efficiency. It's not like they could have checked on every apartment being rented in the city to see if the Camarilla was behind it; they can't monitor every new building or Wall Street stock trade to make sure no sneaky old Cammies are part of it. As long as we made it look like business as usual or didn't tip them off to the involvement of any Kindred at all, they were none the wiser. When it finally came down to the wire and we had to collectively cross our fingers and hope the Giovanni wouldn't leave us out in the open, they came through. The first waves of Kindred hit the city about a week before all hell was carefully scheduled to break loose. With anchors in place so that we could provide for our needs, the main act was underway.

Even the damn Ravnos got in on the deal — one of them decided to invoke "The Treatment" six weeks before our project started full-swing. I've only heard stories about this, but apparently, a Ravnos who gets pissed at some high-and-mighty Kindred invokes the time honored tradition of screwing with that Kindred every way he can. I don't know how many other Ravnos were around or involved, but it served as another timely diversion. Polonia and his people were so busy whacking Ravnos and cleaning up after the messes they made and locating the shit they absconded with that their attentions were again focused elsewhere. Another Ravnos contribution was the presence of a touring band named Spirit Creek. While I had originally thought this was an all-Deceiver outfit, it turns out that they're only fronted by a Ravnos. One of those ubiquitous Ventrue is a part of it, as is a rogue Giovanni. With the information they trickled back through their respective outlets, we were better able to place "unassigned" Sabbat into packs. Once we learned that they were there, we also had them smuggle smaller quantities of our "marked" vitae into the city, so that we could keep the information we had gathered earlier up to date.

Think about this, next time you hear someone blowing the Camarilla's horn. *We could not* have done this without the aid of the independent Giovanni and Setites and the unpredictably helpful Ravnos.

COUP D'ÉTAT

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

After we had everything in place, it was time to throw the switch. We had spent so much time building our strength invisibly in New York, it was almost unthinkable that only six nights would determine whether or not it had all been a success.

Kindred were lined up to take their bite out of the Big Apple. Some coteries had personal grudges against the Sabbat, such as Michaela's brood, a few of the Jersey crews and even some Kindred who had traveled from as far away as Texas, California and London to exact

vengeance for slights visited upon them in the past. Others anticipated the rewards that would follow a successful campaign and joined up in hopes of claiming a title for themselves in the aftermath. Some of us poor fools were roped into it by knowing to many of the right people. In the end, nobody's motivation mattered. The fact was that almost 400 angry, righteous supporters of the Ivory Tower were ready to pull the fangs from the Sword of Caine in the middle of its own den.

It's important to bear in mind that, just as subtlety had been our *modus operandi* this far into the effort, it would have to remain so for the duration of the struggle. We had people in the media on all three levels: those subject to the blood bond, those who knew what we were doing but weren't part of the process, and those who had no idea what was going on but followed orders issued by those who did or "just happened" to have their story preempted by other events of import. Ventrue and Toreador money bought criminal aid from abroad or sprung it from local jails in time to keep police busy. More important than taking back the city was keeping the Masquerade in place. Whether the coup succeeded or collapsed wouldn't matter if it revealed to the world at large that the Kindred are out here. We didn't have the option of hauling ass around town with preternatural speed, using demonic strength to hurl cars at each other while the kine looked on, or invoking bolts of lightning to strike down the archbishop. If anyone was seen feeding — and a lot of feeding would have to happen, because we would be using so many of our supernatural gifts — we would be up a shit creek by way of *CNN Headline News*. The secret war had to continue; the Jyhad was to be played as surreptitiously as ever.

Even spectacular mundane means were out of the question. If some high-strung Kindred planted a bomb to clean out a Sabbat haven and it took out the entire floor of an apartment building, we were screwed. If some hyperactive coterie broke into an armory and started tossing military-grade ordinance around the streets, we were screwed. If some flailing neonate poisoned an entire city block and the only people left unharmed were Sabbat, we were screwed. We had to take the fight to the Sabbat and make sure it stayed there.

I'm not saying spectacular shit didn't happen. I remember throwing one of my Sabbat counterparts through a bricked-over drainage tunnel, and I saw Theo deliver more than one execution-style shotgun-to-the-head removal from this immortal coil, but they all happened out of sight. That was the key. And while the Sabbat was wondering just who this invisible enemy was that was thinning out its ranks by inconceivable numbers every night, we were making sure the press was covering weekend movie grosses and cases of physician malpractice on the evening news.

DAY ONE

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

There's an aphorism to describe the tactic we employed for the start of the battle proper. It states that "shit happens," and it surely does. We hid the first strike under a rash of accidents during the daylight hours of the first day of the campaign.

The best weapon against a Kindred is sunlight. The second-best weapon is fire. Put those two together and I don't think Caine himself could stand up to the challenge. So that's what we did: We lit a few matches. Buying off Fire Department inspectors was all part of the slush fund, so arson never entered the picture. The havens of large Sabbat packs went up in flame at varying times, between eight in the morning and one in the afternoon. As the packs woke to find their precious homes on fire, those few who survived the flames escaped into the warm and lovely rays of the sun. This was probably the sketchiest tactic we used, but we trusted that anyone seeing a guy on fire running out of a building on fire wouldn't think twice about seeing him burn to ashes before their eyes. Not pleasant, surely, but form follows function. To make sure those fires burned long enough, "stalled" cars blocked roads to the buildings (we used American cars, so no one would doubt the possibility of the fact that they weren't working), delivery trucks lingered in the way and key streets had begun construction just a few days before. Fire trucks had difficulty reaching the flaming buildings and when they did, all of the important work had already been done. We probably wiped out a good tenth of the local Sabbat with this method alone. Let that be a lesson to you: Sleep alone.

Account research turned up the fact that a controlling interest in a local chemical concern was jointly held by a Lasombra and a Tzimisce. Imagine, then, the horrible consequences of one of their leased tanker trucks spilling 900 gallons of acid onto the streets of New York. This trick was one of my favorites — it's a double play. First, the truck dumps the juice everywhere, which floods the sewers. Oh, and a Nosferatu *antitribu* warren just happened to be at that location... how fortuitous! Anybody who fled deeper would keep running afoul of the acid as it flowed downward; anybody who climbed upward met the sun. Even if people saw them, they attributed their Nosferatu hideousness to the corrosiveness of the acid (which, frankly, probably tore them up worse than they already looked).

Part two comes as a result of the fact that this is America. I'm estimating that it took about a quarter of a second after that acid hit the street that the first lawsuit was registered. By the end of the third day Laverne and Tzshirley Acid Corporation was deluged under more lawsuits that it could ever pay off in profits. Good-bye, income source, hello liability. Even if the Lasombra and Tzimisce survived the attack, their unlives wouldn't be worth an ounce of the district court judge's piss. And to top it all off, I hear the city is suing whatever remains of the chemical concern or its holding company. Acid spillage is such sweet, sweet sorrow.



Speaking of *Nosferatu*'*antitribu*, a series of burst gas mains converted another nest from undead scavengers into stinking ashes. That's the best way to use fire as a weapon. Don't even be there when it works its cleansing magic. Even better, New Yorkers are so inured to exploding gas lines that half of them don't even care when it happens anymore.

Hand in hand with accidents goes legal trouble. Now, the Sabbat doesn't use many ghouls — most of its members are too caught up in their "we're an evolutionary step above the kine!" shtick to even consider turning one of the "lesser race" to their own purposes. Elders and leaders have been known to employ ghouls, though — so we arrested them. Camarilla sympathizers and agents among the police either made up charges for known ghouls to get warrants or dug up enough legitimate dirt to have an officer bring them in. After all, it wouldn't do to have Archbishop Polonia awake and know what was going on after being informed by a savvy ghoul. And whatever those ghouls were doing for those elders in the first place... well, they'd have a tough time doing it from the Ninth Precinct lockup with Officer Flynn glaring at them.

The shortest distance between two points is a straight line, and the shortest distance between having Sabbat around and not having Sabbat around is kicking the shit out of them. Part three of Operation Holy Crap They're Doing This During Daytime was to have ghouls loyal to Camarilla domitors deliver a little of that Ivory Tower

righteousness while the Sabbat were still asleep. For the most part, this worked only against small and inexperienced packs. Packs that were too big were too great a risk — if our ghouls exposed themselves by making mistakes, we'd lose a lot of the first-night element of surprise. The same goes with experienced packs. Any group with an ounce of sense would have its haven fireproofed, as Polonia had been urging them to do since they were made packs to begin with. Likewise, they're not going to go to sleep without some security measure, and it's better to knock off the weak packs than to reveal ourselves to the smart, strong ones. Even still, most of these ghouls met their ends, but not before taking a few Cainites with them. The daylight factor played a role again, and several neonates ran from their havens, fearing the witch-hunters that had been plaguing them this far or the fury of one of the malevolent Ravnos, and ran directly into the sunlit world outside.

Flawlessly executed — without a single Kindred raising a stake, we must have offed a good fifth of the Sabbat in town.

And then the nighttime came. The frontline, Kindred-fighting-Kindred forces rose for the evening, prepared to go not so gently into that good night. The main fighting body had been divided into three groups. Cock Robin led a group of *Nosferatu*, *Gangrel*, *Brujah* and *Malkavians* from the water system's Tunnel One. These stayed mostly underground the first night, seeing to it that the sewer-dwelling

Cainites of the Sabbat were truly dead and gone, rounding up those who weren't for elimination, and also keeping in contact with the other groups to make sure that anyone who tried to take haven in a Nosferatu contact's warren would meet with a nasty surprise once he got down there. I was with this first group, and I have to say, we ran all over the place that night, chasing down a few Licks who thought they could escape by the same route we came in. On two separate occasions, we happened to be down the tunnel when some would-be deserter hopped down a manhole and looked up from landing, seeing about a dozen faces, all with nasty smiles on them.

The second force was Justicar Pascek's, but he remained at one of Pieterzoon's headquarters, keeping in touch with all three groups and making sure that we had as few holes between us as possible. I'm sure some Cainites made it through our dragnet, but that's inevitable. With Pascek and Pieterzoon overseeing things, Theo Bell led the surface forces, which was the largest group of Kindred assembled for the battle. I'm told he extended pardons to anyone who might have happened to return from the fight with black veins in their aura. I'm still amazed that this group managed to succeed as well as it did, because it was not quiet about things. Chalk it up to Pieterzoon's sway in the media, but the stories I've heard come from veterans of this detachment would make Vietnam look like a daisy-picking expedition. Apart from the two gunfights in the street that we heard about via secure signal, a car accident on the Brooklyn Bridge killed two Sabbat on impact and sent two more into the East River. Automatic gunfire was reported from Prospect Park that night, where Bell had stationed a small group. One of the Kindred in Theo's first-night troop now wears a necklace with eight fangs adorning it. Somebody mentioned something about Lupines, but from what I've heard after the fact, the dog-boys were more than happy to sit back and smoke a bowl while we killed each other.

The third force was a coordinated air-land effort led by Lucinde. A small grouping of helicopters scoured the skies, equipped with infrared floods and IR-goggled Kindred reporting what they saw to support teams on the ground

DATE AND TIME

For the sake of individual troupes' stories, we're not setting an actual date and time on the Battle of New York. This is to allow Storytellers greater leeway in fitting the fall of the city into their chronicles. Some chronicles might begin just as the battle is winding down, others might begin just as the battle kicks into high gear, and still others might begin with the clandestine operations preceding the whole affair. While *New York by Night* assumes the fight is over and done with by a matter of months, there's no need for that to be the case in your chronicle

below. Of the relatively powerful Licks who died that night, this group has the distinction of killing the most. The helicopters and support forces targeted havens known to belong to strong pack leaders and cells of the sect's elite fighting force, the Black Hand. Lucinde knew that she'd have to focus on these while we had the advantage of surprise, because they'd be hell to deal with if they were prepared. One confrontation with a cell of Black Hand assassins took place by the Garibaldi-Meucci Museum, which ended with snipers pinning down the Sabbat while the ground forces surrounded them.

By the end of the night, the Sabbat's body count had risen to damn near half by my estimate. In comparison, we lost a few ghouls and maybe a double handful of neonates. Call me callous, but I'll take those odds anytime. Nobody volunteers to fight a war without expecting the worst of all outcomes, anyway, so nobody promised these whelps a domain and a parade.

As told by Lithrac, archon, early 2000

Ah, Calebros. Always eager to give credit where the lapdog's superiors would use it to polish their brass buttons.

Would the Giovanni work for mere money? Are citizens' band radios and infrared searchlights incontrovertible trump cards of the modern war effort?

Souls. We collected souls. Souls of the departed — we bound them to us. We gave some to the Giovanni in return for their aid and we coaxed memories of their undead existences out of others. Radioactive blood, Calebros says. Tell me, prince, which is more reliable: the word of a Cainite who had once spent time in the haven you seek to find, or an irritating click on a Geiger counter?

DAY TWO

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

The second night was mostly a game of cat and mouse. The Sabbat was still figuring out just what our positions were, how many of them we had already sent to the big ash heap in the sky. Their tactic after our big hit was to go to ground and hope that we'd overlook them, allowing them to escape and regroup outside the city.

That would have been really stupid for us to do. So we didn't do it.

The first tactic we used this night was a street-sweep led by Cock Robin, Theo Bell and the helicopter crews. It was less dramatically successful on the second night because the Sabbat knew we had its number. Still, habits die hard among the Kindred and several returned to their havens, hoping the previous night's rampage had been a fluke. Still other Kindred, to be honest, aren't the sharpest knives in the drawer. Many Cainites too foolish or set in their ways to come up with alternatives met their ends that night.

We also had the benefit of Tremere magic helping us. With the Five Boroughs Chantry, the sorcerers had an opportunity to pool their magical might. Any scraps of

information we gleaned from the night before (or any time prior, really) that came from a Kindred, those diligent Tremere used to pin down their location. It's one of their magic rites — if you have something that belonged to a Kindred, you can use it to find him. The round-up team, led by Lucinde and a Tremere archon, used scrambled cell phones to keep in contact with each other. As soon as the chantry had successfully divined the location of another Kindred, they called it in to the death squad. Another score or so of Sabbat died at their hands, including Polonia's right-hand man, Simon Orozco. That was a sneering coup de grace for the Tremere and Ventrue: One of the Ventrue got some hair off Orozco's suits... *because they used the same dry cleaner*. Priceless. The Tremere used the hair to do their rite and found the guy at Grand Central Station. From what I hear, the guy never had a chance, as Lucinde's crew threw him under a train bound for Hartford. Nothing left to clean up but ashes, and those trains' brakes do that just fine.

The smart Sabbat were rallying under Polonia while on the run. They mostly scattered to the outer boroughs, and we managed to pick up a few of their plans via cell-phone eavesdropping, but not enough to make much difference. That was fine; we were ahead of schedule, as it were, and our listening-in allowed us to have a coterie or two waiting for the rendezvous. Two more packs biting the dust is fine with me.

DAY THREE

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

After two nights of guerrilla terror, the Sabbat was finally able to get some degree of its act together. Truth be told, this night went poorly for us, but we expected some losses. Without a doubt, the Sabbat was eager to give them to us.

From monitoring the previous night's cell-phone conversations, we learned that Polonia was gathering those packs that survived to him in the Bronx, and that they anticipated the help of one of their powerful elders. As an aside, hearing Polonia say the words "powerful elder" is probably the last thing in the world you want to do.

Our plan was to send the bulk of our force to the Bronx to meet the assembling Sabbat and put a skeleton crew on simultaneous perimeter watch, because we knew that some of the surviving Black Hand Kindred were going to turn tail and run.

What can I say? It was ugly. If there is such a thing as a pitched battle among Kindred in the modern nights, this was it. Their special guest star was none other than Lambach Ruthven, who, despite having a reputation as a coward, is nonetheless a coward of about a thousand years in age and a mere five or six steps removed from Caine. Polonia himself was an absolute terror. Between the two of them alone, we lost two dozen Kindred and an archon. They fought like dervishes, Polonia's sword taking off heads whenever it left its scabbard and Ruthven sinking into the ground before you only to appear behind

you with his fangs in your spine. To be honest, I suspect we would have lost *more* Kindred to them but for the fact that the conflict spilled out away from the central point where everyone had gathered, and only the most confident or overconfident (or dutiful, I suppose it could be said for the now-torpid Archon diPadua) followed these two and their templars. In the end, only a handful of Sabbat survived, but they certainly did their job. We had our asses handed to us. Polonia and Ruthven escaped, as did their entourage and a few broken packs. If you were keeping score, the Sabbat won this one with their ratio of manpower to body count. Still, it was Pyrrhic for them at best, as we had reduced their numbers down to probably a quarter of their original strength.

By Camarilla estimates, though, we still had several hard parts left to do. A few Nosferatu *antitribu* were outstanding, as we had yet to discover their hives. Polonia was still at large — we could write off Ruthven, who had no long-term interest in New York, it seemed, but the archbishop was bound to be quite pissed off at not only having his city taken from him but being driven from his haven as well. We'd have to post a perimeter for years to come, knowing that while the Sabbat was doing fairly well for itself elsewhere along the East Coast, it would surely want to avenge its loss of New York.

DAY FOUR

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

The counterpart to the apex of the battle, the fourth night marked the Sabbat's final acceptance that we were there for good, or at least until they returned with the teeming hordes and put us to the test in response.

Those missing Nosferatu showed up in two places. Cock Robin and his crew took to the sewers, burning some of the *antitribu* and letting others keep their unives in exchange for information and getting the hell out. I was part of this detachment, and at risk of jeopardizing any of the respect you might have for me, I was scared. The whole night felt humid and hazy, as if by descending into those sewers we were becoming a part of something else — like we left one world behind and were swallowed by another. I could see the *antitribu* felt it, too, when we uncovered their lairs

That was the second place where these Sabbat Nosferatu were — they had become part of this distinct subterranean world. Parts of their breeding pits were spangled with their own twisted corpses. Others had become no more than barking heads, dangling upside-down from the ceiling, or they had become part of the giant, seething *thing* that had eclipsed their warrens. These Nosferatu didn't fear *us*. If anything, we gave them final rest after having to cope with it for so long. They feared whatever it was that had made this lair its own world. A few of them even laughed as we burnt them to death, almost as if to say, "You can have it."

I won't speak any more on it. It's a Nosferatu problem and one we're dealing with.

On a less surreal front, the ground forces above had staked out Polonia's emergency haven in a Bronx factory and warehouse district. It was like walking into a death-trap. Row after row of those giant metal storage boxes, some stacked as high as seven stories, surrounded the place. The building complex itself had long been abandoned, purchased some years ago by a Lasombra front and never developed into anything. The purchase had puzzled our thinkers during the intelligence-gathering phase of the conflict, and it all became painfully obvious that night.

Thankfully, we had ruined so much of the Sabbat presence in the previous nights that they had only the barest group assembled for the final conflict. It was brutal and bloody; as the whole place was largely removed from mortal eyes, all bets were off. Kindred pummeled other kindred to death with their bare fists. Again, Polonia separated heads from shoulders. Licks used anything they could find as weapons, staking each other with broken shipping pallets, hanging Sabbat from the loading hooks that dangled from the ceiling, diablerizing fallen Cainites and hurling the remains into giant vats that must once have held boiling water. It was a night when vampires murdered each other in a fervor, with the gifts of Caine used as wildly as one might want, with no one to see or complain about a broken Masquerade. Ruthven had gone. Polonia's shattered force finally fled into the night, no more than a dozen screaming members.

As told by Gerard Rafin, root administrator of SchrekNET, early 2000

Ruthven had gone? Oh, that is simply not true. He had been devoured by the beast beneath the streets. Don't bother yourself about it. Calebros said it was a Nosferatu problem, and it is. Every now and then, though, it eats bothersome little childer who poke their noses into the affairs of others. Stay out of the sewers.

DAYS FIVE AND SIX

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

Minor squabbles characterized these last nights — it was largely a cleanup effort undertaken by the justicars, archons and their coteries. Some "urban warfare" was reported in Brooklyn, Harlem, Greenwich Village and isolated spots in Manhattan, but even those conflicts were waged by Sabbat who knew they were defeated and only fought when cornered.

All the Sabbat put to death on the last two nights of the battle had the option of escaping Final Death by telling us what they knew. Even though it was obvious we had won, our victory wasn't without certain conditions. Polonia had escaped again, we knew we couldn't possibly have found every pack in the city in so few nights, and we were unsure whether or not the contested domain of Buffalo would be sending reinforcements. To their credit, most of the Sabbat

chose to keep quiet rather than turning sect's witness. Even those who turned didn't give us anything of real value.

DAY SEVEN

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

Payday, for all those involved. Useful ghouls were "rewarded" with the Embrace, learning exactly how back-handed loyalty to the Kindred can be. The financiers coughed up their balances to the Giovanni and Setites. The provisional council put itself together, which included Pieterzoon, Lucinde, Bell, Cock Robin, and a few other Kindred who had no intention of staying in New York but wanted to make sure that the effort wasn't for naught.

This should serve as a bit of an object lesson in Kindred politics: I was named *dux bellorum*, the leader of the Kindred war effort, after the fact. Me: the guy who had staked a couple of angry Brujah and put some of the *antitribu* to the torch. As a result of my valor and the desire to actually make my new haven in New York, my title of *dux bellorum* preceded my being named to the principdom by about eight minutes.

Of course, this had all been worked out in advance. Of the Kindred who would remain in New York, I was the most sensible of them. I wasn't some glory-hungry knucklehead or some diablerie-crazed neonate still high on the remnants of his mortal adrenaline. Lucinde, Cock Robin and I had discussed a pro tem claim of domain until the city calmed down enough afterward to put forth a real prince. Oh, don't get me wrong; several Kindred who had been lured to the battle with promises of titles howled for nights on end. Many felt that this had simply been another elder trick to get them to do the dirty work. At my first designated Elysium — a conference box at Madison Square Garden on the last day of the month with no events scheduled — I made it clear that I would be prince for two years and no more. I would name no primogen; I would observe only the most necessary of offices. This was not a coup-after-the-coup for me. This was a period of stabilization.

After their howls of rage subsided and the real generals of the war had departed (some to return to their own domains, others to plan the next Grand Conclave), things settled down. For about three months.

FAITH AND INCREDULITY

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

The whole thing left me with a lot of questions.

I don't know why the big shots got it into their head to do it when they did. I've got a couple theories. Vengeance for Michaela is a pretty simple one. If the council's support-inger and she vanished, it could have easily been vengeance or the council trying to stop a nightmare before it began.

Another one's pressure from elders. I don't believe in this one, but a lot of the elders have been worked up about the End Times for a while now. The *Book of Nod* and all that — but isn't that heresy for Camarilla Licks? Gotta ask Pieterzoon about that one. Anyway, it could be that the elders wanted a place to ship off their brats to after they got sick of them. Kill a few in a battle, give them domains somewhere else, that whole thing. Another one is bigotry. *Somebody* out there knows about the Nosferatu problem I mentioned earlier and may have wanted to turn it loose on us. That's the one that scares me the most. It's possible that this is just another move in the Jyhad to put us Sewer Rats closer to where our progenitor wants us: dead. Hell, maybe it's not even our progenitor. Maybe it's someone else's. Oh, shit, I forgot; that's more heresy. Let's talk about something else, before this pretty, pretty prince finds his bones carved into some Ventrue's new backscratcher.

A PETTY LOT

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

I've had my hands full with this city. On one side, I have a small group of "elders," probably not any older than myself, clamoring that they must be allowed to take their due. On the other side, I have rowdy neonates, fresh from the Embrace, who just happened to survive the Battle of New York and think that entitles them to have their way with the city and the Traditions. It's like walking a tight-rope, being prince. It's appeasement, high politics, low politics, and the ability to put your foot down when some

BEACON OF THE SELF (LEVEL THREE THAUMATURGY RITUAL)

While Calebros ascribes a great deal of power to this ritual, it is not so potent as he believes it to be. In fact, the ritual itself is quite rare, owing to many Tremere elders harboring some degree of paranoia. While the rituals does indeed locate Kindred with ease, few of those elders want themselves so effortlessly found, and guard the secrets of its performance. This ritual reveals the location of a specific Kindred to the caster, so long as she is within a night's travel of the caster's current location. The caster receives a dream-like but identifiable mental image of the subject's current location. This ritual requires some portion of the subject's body, however small: a hair, a severed finger, a fang, a thumbnail.

System: The thaumaturge performs the ritual as normal, which destroys the subject's left-behind matter in a whiff of yellow smoke. The caster inhales the smoke, which creates the vision in her mind. If the ritual fails, or if the subject is out of range ("within a night's travel" seems to be an arcane measurement, equal to the distance the caster could travel on foot in one night), it provides no image at all, though it does destroy the tissue sample.

Lick thinks he can take you to task just because you're a lot uglier than he is.

To make the domain run more smoothly, I've codified New York policy, at least under my claim to the domain. When I step down in the middle of 2001, I'm going to make it clear that even though I'm no longer prince, these tenets will apply until a new prince comes in and explicitly negates them. Of course, I can't see any prince in her right mind canceling some of these, but at least it'll be off my shoulders. I want to sleep. That, and I have real work to do.

Know the Traditions; They Are as Valid Here as Anywhere Else

This is my catch-all, to cover my ass and to cover everyone else's. Those six Traditions are all good ideas. They're here to protect the Kindred as a race. When somebody goes on a wild tear and throws the traditions to the wind, the rest of the Kindred suffer once he's finally brought down. This city's Masquerade is already tested to the limit, even a year and a half after the Sabbat was run out on a rail. We don't have any room for mavericks.

A Unilateral Moratorium on the Embrace: None Shall Create Childer

Don't even ask. The answer is no. I know that Kindred populations are down, and I know that the Sabbat had many more Kindred in the city than we do. So what? If the Sabbat jumped off a bridge, would you do it too? The reasons no new Embraces are allowed are that, first, nobody even has an accurate accounting of the Kindred who are here legitimately, as not everyone has presented themselves, and second, we don't need the attention more Licks would attract right now. Not presenting yourself: That I can understand. Many Kindred don't yet know if they want to remain here, and if they don't, I can respect their privacy. I doubt the new prince will be so liberal, but she'll be the permanent prince. The other side of the coin is that, again, the Masquerade is stretched pretty thin right now. People inevitably saw parts of our secret war. They're on their toes. I know some of the witch-hunters have remained in town, which tells me that somebody's onto us. The answer is to lay low, not Embrace your stupid girlfriend. If your stupid girlfriend knows you're Kindred, you've already broken one of the Traditions anyway.

For the record, I know that Kindred break this one all the time. It's why I've had to remark on the next aspect of the code.

The Scourge Performs His Duties With the Authority of the Prince.

Even if there is no prince. As much as it sickened me to do it, I had to appoint a few scourges. There's the simple matter of too many Kindred being Embraced without permission. Ignoring the prince's words undermines that prince's authority, and that's not something the council put me here to do.

If you can keep a secret, I'll tell you another reason involving the council: They're scared. I've appointed scourges not only to destroy illicitly sired childer, but also

to cull the thin-blooded population. They're all over the place here. Despite all their grandstanding that the *Book of Nod* is a parable and not a history, and that the story of Caine and the Antediluvians is a creation myth, the elders deeply fear the "Time of Thin Blood" as the harbinger of Gehenna. They figure, what with all the young Kindred here and their less-than-rigorous observance of the Tradition of Get Permission, killing thin-bloods here is insurance against the coming end of the world. I don't know if I believe that or not, but they put me here, and I have to keep them satisfied, too.

The Sheriff Performs His Duties With the Authority of the Prince.

This is my "overflow" clause. I fully intend for the sheriff to continue his duties even after I abdicate, hopefully until the next prince comes along and decides to keep him or appoint her own. The sheriff watches for breaches of this code and the traditions and he has *carte blanche* when it comes to dealing with transgressors. The benefit I have here is that I completely trust Qadir to fulfill his responsibilities. The next prince might not be so enamored of him — but by then this code will be in need of revision.

The Sabbat Remains the Enemy

We didn't bust our asses to liberate this city from those fiends just to turn it back over to them. You find Sabbat, you kill them. If you're in doubt, get a second opinion or do some homework. This isn't a license to murder people you don't like and then claim they were Sabbat after the fact — enough of the Kindred know each other here to vouch for one another. Still, I'll be damned again if I'm going to let all our hard work wash down the drain because someone was making too much money with a Sabbat partner to take him out of the picture.

Oh, yes; I know about nonsectarian relationships. For some elders, sect is an afterthought, since they may have been around before the sects were formed. Luckily, I don't

have any of those here. What I do have is greedy mavericks who would gladly put their own success before the good of the race of Caine and that's what I'm here to stop.

I haven't figured out yet the role that the independent clans will play in this. Obviously, they're not Sabbat, but if their actions threaten the Masquerade — hell, or any of the Traditions — they're going to garner some close scrutiny, too. They might be exempt from my code, but I can only hope they're smart enough to keep their own.

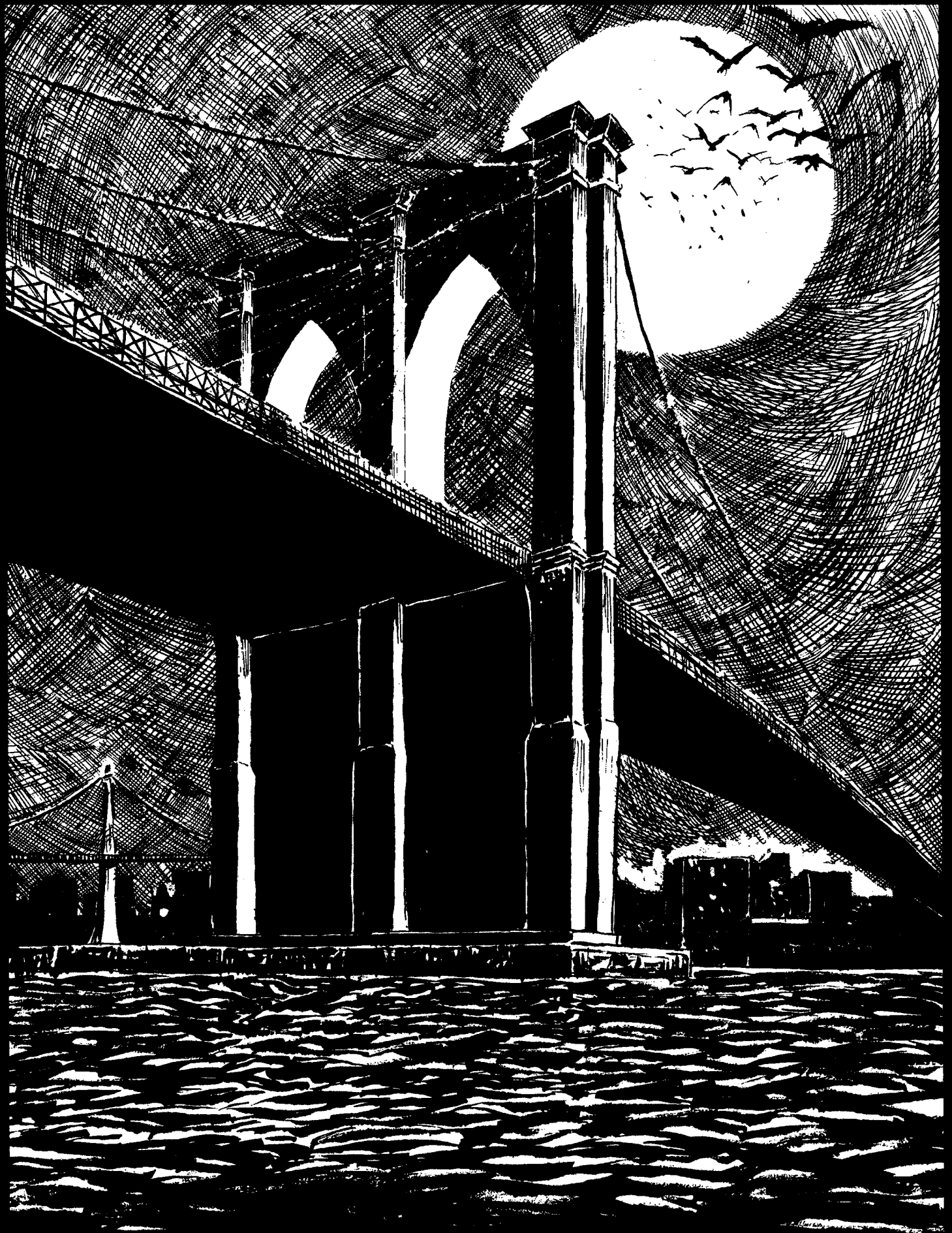
TOUGH BUT FAIR

As told by Calebros, Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, early 2000

It's a lot to handle, being prince, especially when you don't really want the job. So this is my advice to the new prince: Don't take it personally. It's the only way you'll be able to hang onto that *humanitas*.

The most serious trouble a just prince will have is that matter of right. As prince, what gives you the *right* to do what you're doing? Even in the case of my own code, I've had moral qualms. For example, a coterie recently went out of its way to dig a Sabbat pack from its haven, but along the way, they were seen by police... while they were using their supernatural powers to aid them. How can I praise them for one act but punish them for the other without being a hypocrite? What gives me the right to decide which transgression was more grave, or would have been had the situation been reversed? It is not something that allows a Kindred to sleep well. Perhaps I'm being too humble — maybe I'm not morally bankrupt enough to be a good prince. But even then, who's to say that moral bankruptcy is the only way to sustain a domain?

As you can see, my head is heavy with these questions. I wish I could just go back to being Damned again. But I never will be able to do that. I've stained my hands with too much blood. I hope that my successor does not.



CHAPTER TWO: THE FACE OF THE CITY

Well, there are certain sections of New York, Major, that I wouldn't advise you to try to invade.

— Rick Blaine, *Casablanca*

The geography of New York is not so easy to pin down, especially for a book like this. The city sprawls and overlaps in so many directions that generalities become misleading or inaccurate. It is divided into five boroughs — Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island — which are themselves further subdivided into neighborhoods. Each has its own distinct character, from Manhattan's reputation as the place the world comes to be seen to the Bronx's legacy of violence and failed urban renewal. As always, *New York by Night* plays more to these ideas than the real world sometimes bears out.

The Camarilla has been aggressive in its repopulation of the city in the aftermath of the Sabbat's eviction. While certain territories are understood to be the domains of independent Kindred, even these suffer encroachment by enterprising neonates and ancillae. Indeed, because of this, the next few years to come will probably be characterized by tension between domains, not unlike the occasional outbursts of tension between the boroughs. Domains may blur, one extending so far into another while on a third side, the disputed territory borders independent turf. In most cases, these issues are semantic — if a vampire never knows his rival's been hunting in his domain, it's obviously not that big of an issue. Disputes have grown violent in the past, however, and conflicts will no doubt grow physical in the future as well.

In the meantime, New York's Kindred scramble for domains in a modern, vampiric version of America's land

rush during the Westward Movement of the mid-nineteenth century. All a Kindred truly has to do to claim a domain of her own is to make a statement to that effect and protect it to such a degree that other Kindred recognize it. Still, formal and informal acknowledgements of domain exist on all scales — Morningside Park belongs to the Setites, the East Village is Mazz's stomping ground, anarch territory is reluctantly limited to Staten Island, Wall Street and West 57th belong to various Ventrué, etc. But even these claims can lapse given enough social force behind them. As the anarchs press forward, their reform threatens the core Camarilla practices upheld in the other boroughs. Elders who rest on their laurels may find their domains and influences usurped by younger, more adaptable Kindred. Even among the remaining Sabbat, Monomacy may turn leadership of certain packs over to other Cainites with more proactive tendencies than former ducti.

This chapter serves as an introduction to key domains, those claimed by certain Kindred or those that remain curiously free from Kindred activity. But this isn't a complete examination of all of New York's neighborhoods or landmarks. It's a starting point, suitable for building a chronicle, but ambitious Storytellers will no doubt want to add, subtract or modify domains to round out their chronicles. Use these locales as a base and build from there. Note also that these aren't even all of the existing domains of New York City. They're the most prominent, the most noteworthy or otherwise important locations.

THE FIVE BOROUGHS

New York City is home to roughly 12 million residents (though some estimates run as high as 20 million if the outlying suburbs are included), but the Kindred population is a bit higher here than one might suspect, owing to the ease with which the boroughs can be traveled. In fact, Kindred population ratios reflect the whole metropolitan population better than they do the borough population breakdowns.

Manhattan	1.5 million
Bronx	1.2 million
Brooklyn	2.3 million
Queens	2 million
Staten Island	500,000

MANHATTAN

Depending upon the source, “Manhattan” is a Munsee word for the “place where timber is gathered for bows and arrows” (*manahatouh*), an “island” (*menatay*) or a “place of general inebriation” (*manahactanienk*). Any of these may have been originally true, but in the modern nights, Manhattan is the area most people think of when they imagine New York. It is the most famous borough, a region of cultural importance, the center of East Coast finance, a haven for entertainment and art, and all manner of other epithets. If something’s happening in New York, it’s probably happening in Manhattan.

For this reason, Manhattan is a prestigious place to claim a domain. Most of the young Licks flocking to the city at least attempt to set themselves up here first, though circumstances sometimes cause them to reconsider. It’s expensive to live in Manhattan, and certainly no less expensive for the undead to maintain a haven.

THE CLOISTERS

Fort Tryon Park, at the northern end of Fort Washington Avenue

The greatest threat to the New York wasn’t the Sabbath or the witch hunters who gravitated toward the city. No, the Nosferatu faced a problem of their own: a legendary hunter of their own, charged by the progenitor of their line to hunt down its hideous spawn and deliver the Final Death to them. The Nosferatu Gerard Rafin first discovered that this “Nictuku” haunted the tunnels beneath the city, and he later convinced then-Prince Calebros of its presence. This information was partially responsible for Calebros’ abdication — he felt a sense of duty to his fellow Sewer Rats (though many of them believe his own self-interest played no small part).

In many cities, the Nosferatu traditionally make their havens among abandoned subway tunnels and sewer lines. This is true to some degree in New York, but only for those

who have recently come to the city... or those who have met their ends in those subterranean locations. Rafin and his coterie have fled the tunnels, placing various traps, explosives and pitfalls in the forsaken Nosferatu Kingdom in hopes of catching or at least deterring the Nictuku.

In rigging their erstwhile havens as traps, Rafin’s group has relocated its haven (and with it the servers of the SchreckNET Nosferatu information network) to a location isolated from the sewer tunnels. Their new haven is the Cloisters, a former monastery turned medieval history museum in Fort Tryon Park in northern Manhattan. While the neighborhood still has sewers, of course, and is accessible by subway, the Nosferatu’s new warren itself is not a part of these larger catacombs, being instead a hollowed-out chamber beneath the museum.

It is worth noting that Rafin’s warren, shared by the Nosferatu Krid and Gemini, is the haven of the Nosferatu conspirator faction determined to do better for themselves than former prince Calebros allowed. These three Nosferatu form the core of the conspirators (though more may join them at the Storyteller’s discretion), and also the core of the resistance to the Nictuku. They consider it their duty to warn young Sewer Rats about the threat, possibly turning neonates and newcomers to their side politically with this information.

The haven itself is a ratty nest, with the one relatively clean area being the cluster of computers that runs SchreckNET. The chamber is roughly elliptical, about 40 feet wide at its widest and perhaps 100 feet long, with cheaply reinforced walls hastily erected to afford some degree of protection. It is accessible through a false storm drain at street level and through a hidden access tunnel in the museum itself. Mechanical wooden-stake traps guard these entrances, though, so anyone attempting to intrude may well find themselves torpid and left in the sewers to appease the Nictuku. The haven has a tiny, aborted fountain that serves as a spawning pool as well.

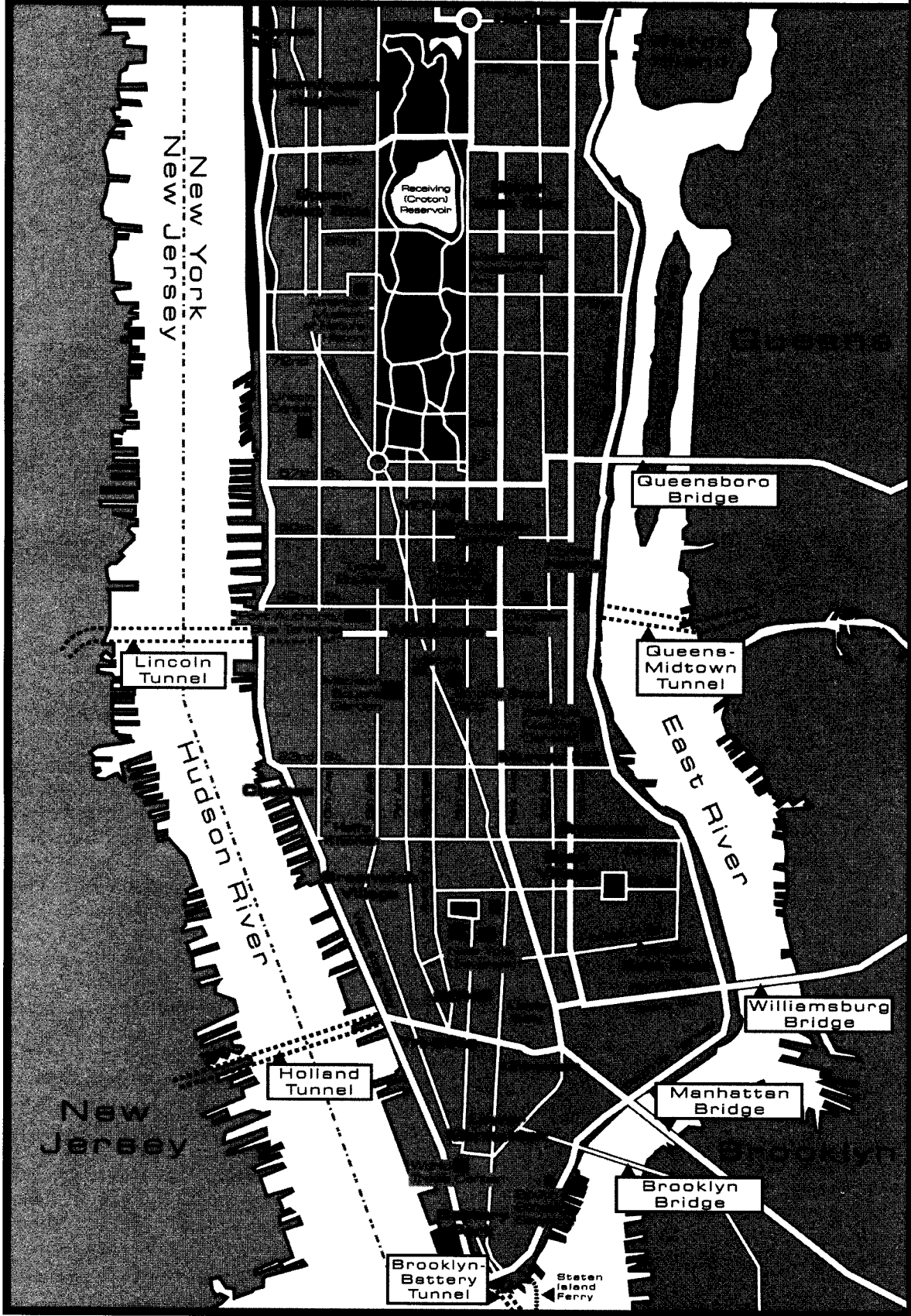
This Nosferatu-made cavern serves as the haven to the conspirator Sewer Rats, as well as a meeting place for those who support the group. Rafin, of typical Nosferatu temperament, goes to great lengths to keep the warren secret from non-Nosferatu Kindred. Those who find out about it have a lot of explaining to do, and Rafin would probably consider the secret of the nest compromised, and immediately look to relocate — which would be a tremendous hassle, but painfully necessary in his opinion.

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE GATE

Perry Street in Greenwich Village

A pair of glass towers designed by architect Richard Meier went under construction in 2000. Built on opposite sides of Perry Street, thus forming a “gateway” into Greenwich Village, each 15-story tower offers 14 stories of residential space (with a gym and restaurant on the ground floors of the north and south buildings, respectively), fetching prices up to \$1,000 per square foot. Of course, Meier is the architect. A member of his firm, Richard Meier

MANHATTAN



& Partners, serves as the night site manager and design consultant. That consulting architect is the Toreador Thomas Arturo.

Arturo has laid his claim to the area surrounding the building and has even established a temporary haven for himself there. When the building finishes completion, he will probably move to a different location and claim a different domain for the time being.

At \$1,000 a square foot, though, Meier's tower is affordable only to the immensely wealthy. Hand in hand with wealth — in both the worlds of the kine and the Kindred — goes prestige, and Arturo has wisely set aside one of the residences for future use — he plans on selling it to the highest-bidding Kindred. This is an uncommon arrangement for Kindred society, as along with the apartment, Arturo plans to offer the domain, as he's vacating both.

Needless to say, the offer has driven the upper echelons of the New York Kindred into a frenzy of prestation offers, promising Arturo favors, money, their own domains, etc., and it's done wonders for Arturo's power as a harpy (see Chapter Three). With rumored tenants of the building to include Calvin Klein, Leonardo DiCaprio, Courtney Love, Donald Sutherland, Claudia Schiffer and an unnamed Red Hot Chili Pepper, any of the Kindred would love to get their clutches on its prime property. Arturo knows, however, to bide his time. Who knows... perhaps he'll never actually let the haven change hands, and instead hold the place over the Kindred's heads forever.

During his time as prince, Calebros formally acknowledged Arturo's claim of domain over the area in return for the Toreador's support in establishing a stable new order for the city. To his credit, Arturo kept Calebros largely uninformed about the upcoming development, and at the time the domain was recognized, the space where the towers would stand was nothing more than a pair of parking garages. Still, Calebros wasn't surprised when something came of it, and what Arturo had done was nothing more than real-estate speculation. In the end, whoever ends up owning the place is going to have to back up that transferred claim of domain, and more than a few Licks will probably be resentful of the situation, from all levels of Kindred society.

THE MIDTOWN-TURTLE BAY DOMAIN

Park Avenue to Second Avenue and 49th Street to 54th Street

The domain of the Ventrue Valentine includes several blocks of prime Midtown territory, including more than a few cultural and financial keystones of the city. While this is mainly a claim made for appearances' sake, Valentine protects the physical boundaries of the domain with vigor.

In some cases, preventing Kindred presence is impossible. Citicorp Center lies within the domain, and while few vampires ever go there physically, keeping those Kindred with financial interests in the company out would be an impossible task. Additionally, the domain is in the heart of the city. Telling Kindred to stay off Park Avenue would be

an exercise in futility. All Valentine asks is that Kindred observe not only the Traditions but a sense of decorum while visiting his domain as well. In many senses, Valentine's domain is an expression of his power and influence. It includes not only the Citicorp Center, but also the Seagram Building (designed by famed architect Mies van der Rohe); St. Bartholomew's Church, anomalous among the skyscrapers with its low, Byzantine design; and the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, where Valentine keeps a block of four luxury suites as one of his havens and can gladly offer hospitality for Kindred in his good favor. Horace Greeley and Edgar Allen Poe also lived in Turtle Bay, lending an air of gravity and Gothic grandeur to the domain. Tonight, Turtle Bay is an affluent residential neighborhood of brownstones and luxury apartments, further adding to its poise with residents such as Katharine Hepburn and Steven Sondheim.

One of Valentine's favorite haunts lies just beyond the formal borders of his domain, the 21 Club, on 52nd Street, just east of Sixth Avenue. The 21 Club was a speakeasy during the years of Prohibition (and was then known as Jack and Charlie's, after owners Jack Kreindler and Charles Berns), and in later years attracted its share of socialites and celebrities. Tonight, the 21 Club is a legitimate restaurant of the very expensive, jacket-and-tie, no-reservation-notable variety. Valentine has been known to meet with Kindred here, over "dinner" and "drinks" to discuss various matters of the city's concern.

MADISON SQUARE AND MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

The area between Madison Avenue and Fifth Avenue and 23rd Street and 26th Street (Madison Square); Seventh Avenue between 31st and 33rd Streets (Madison Square Garden)

Madison Square and Madison Square Garden are not domains. They are considered to be Elysium. All of the standard traditions of Elysium are observed in both places, punishable by action from the prince, or, in his absence, the sheriff.

Originally, Prince Calebros had declared only the smallest portion of Madison Square Garden as Elysium: a conference box. Elysium was observed on the last day of every month that had no major events scheduled at the facility. This was expanded to include the whole of the garden not six months afterward, as a Brujah and a Gangrel took their differences to the floor of the venue and proceeded to get physical. This, technically, broke no rules (other than threatening the Masquerade, though no real breach occurred), but Calebros had no desire to risk it again.

Soon after the expansion of Elysium to include the whole of Madison Square Garden, word circulated that the prince had expanded Elysium to include "all of Madison Square as well as the Garden." Rather than fight the rumor, Calebros did indeed make Madison Square Elysium as well as Madison Square Garden, even though the two are two streets over and five streets up from each other.

Both the square and the garden remain Elysium to this night.

GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL

Park Avenue, between 42nd and 46th Streets

The former domain and haven of Prince Calebros now lies abandoned, left behind as the prince abdicated his title. The room where Calebros listened to the Kindred's concerns remains intact, however, if unused.

As such, Grand Central Terminal is now an open hunting ground. Calebros has not claimed any other domain in the wake of his stepping down, as he is unsure whether he will remain in New York. He feels confident that the next prince will recognize his contributions and acknowledge any domain he chooses to claim should he establish a permanent haven in New York City. For the time being, he resides at the Chelsea Hotel on West 23rd Street.

What Calebros wryly referred to as his "throne room" still exists beneath Grand Central, however. If a Kindred takes the entrance ramp to the tracks of the trains departing for New Haven, Connecticut and looks for the electrical room with the door plaque missing its second "e", that Kindred will find the door unlocked. Beyond the door lies no electrical room, but rather several short flights of stairs that lead an uncomfortable distance below ground. These stairs terminate at another gray door, which leads to a disused subway tunnel. The tunnel itself is a round brick affair, redolent of the old "pneumatic tunnel" transit system of the late nineteenth century. Indeed, following the tunnel northeast leads to a junction chamber with a buttressed switch plaza, wherein one of the flagstones bears the date 1879. Traveling southwest in the tunnel, however, Kindred find the masonry decayed and decrepit. The tunnel ends by abruptly merging into a broader sewer byway that also features turn-of-the-century architecture. It travels an unknown distance in either direction, and is approximately 30 feet wide, with a quick-moving volume of water running through the center. Walking further south, Kindred will find that the tunnel merges (after miles) with the second tunnel of the public water system. Going north, the walkway ends. A single grime-tarnished brass chime and sewer miasma hangs on the brick wall that ends the walkway.

Ring the chime calls the Charioteer, Calebros' pet name for the enormous albino alligator who ferries visitors to and from his old sanctum. The alligator is quite docile, and the rude compartment on its back will hold four normal-sized riders. The Charioteer then swims slowly north, on an ambling, half-hour ride up the tunnel. At the end of the trip, the Charioteer "docks" on the left side, where a small landing allows passengers to disembark. The landing has only one feature: a rusted gray doorjamb that looks like the door once occupying it has long since been kicked out from the inside.

Calebros' "throne room" is nothing but a dingy brick room beyond this last door. Just inside the room, the floor becomes a sticky, almost fleshy mass of refuse, abandoned trash and sewage detritus. A single, cheap, cherry wood chair sits at the center of the room.

At times, Calebros still comes here, mainly for the solitude it provides but also because he knows that if anyone seeks his counsel and has been here before, they might try to do it again. It's obviously not a pleasant place, and he takes a minor, twisted satisfaction at forcing them to come here if they want his ear or opinion.

THE CHANTRY OF THE FIVE BOROUGHS

Numerous locations; satellites change location and focus every seven years

While the Kindred of New York City might be familiar with the name of the Chantry of the Five Boroughs, few outside the Tremere know it for what it truly is: a collection of smaller chantries that answers to one central location. In the past, it has been several things — a bastion against the Sabbat, a hotbed of intrigue, the site of an assassination. For a while, the chantry served as a base from which attacks were launched against the Sabbat, while it more recently functioned as a "deprogramming center" for Sabbat Cainites rounded up from the city's streets. In the modern nights, headed by High Regent Aisling Sturbridge, the chantry has once again rededicated itself to studying Thaumaturgical knowledge.

In the early nights of the chantry, it was merely one location, hidden within the halls of Barnard College. When the chantry settled itself amid the chaotic Sabbat of the city, it grew slowly. The high regent at the time, de Maupassant, decided that in order to keep from becoming too large and thus attracting the attention of the Black Hand, the chantry would branch out, opening subsidiary chantries that could support their members' studies without necessitating a visible amount of space. That practice continues to this night, as satellites switch location, goals and sometimes members.

Each of the chantries are indubitably Tremere domains, as are the minimally extended neighborhoods surrounding them. The more politically oriented Warlocks plan to push the new prince for greater domains, citing the clan's significant aid during the Battle of New York.

Barnard College, Central Chantry of the Five Boroughs (Broadway and 120th Street) — The central chantry for the Tremere is located at the prestigious women's college, Barnard College, which is itself an affiliate of Columbia University. The high regent of the chantry has always been centered at this location; while the satellite

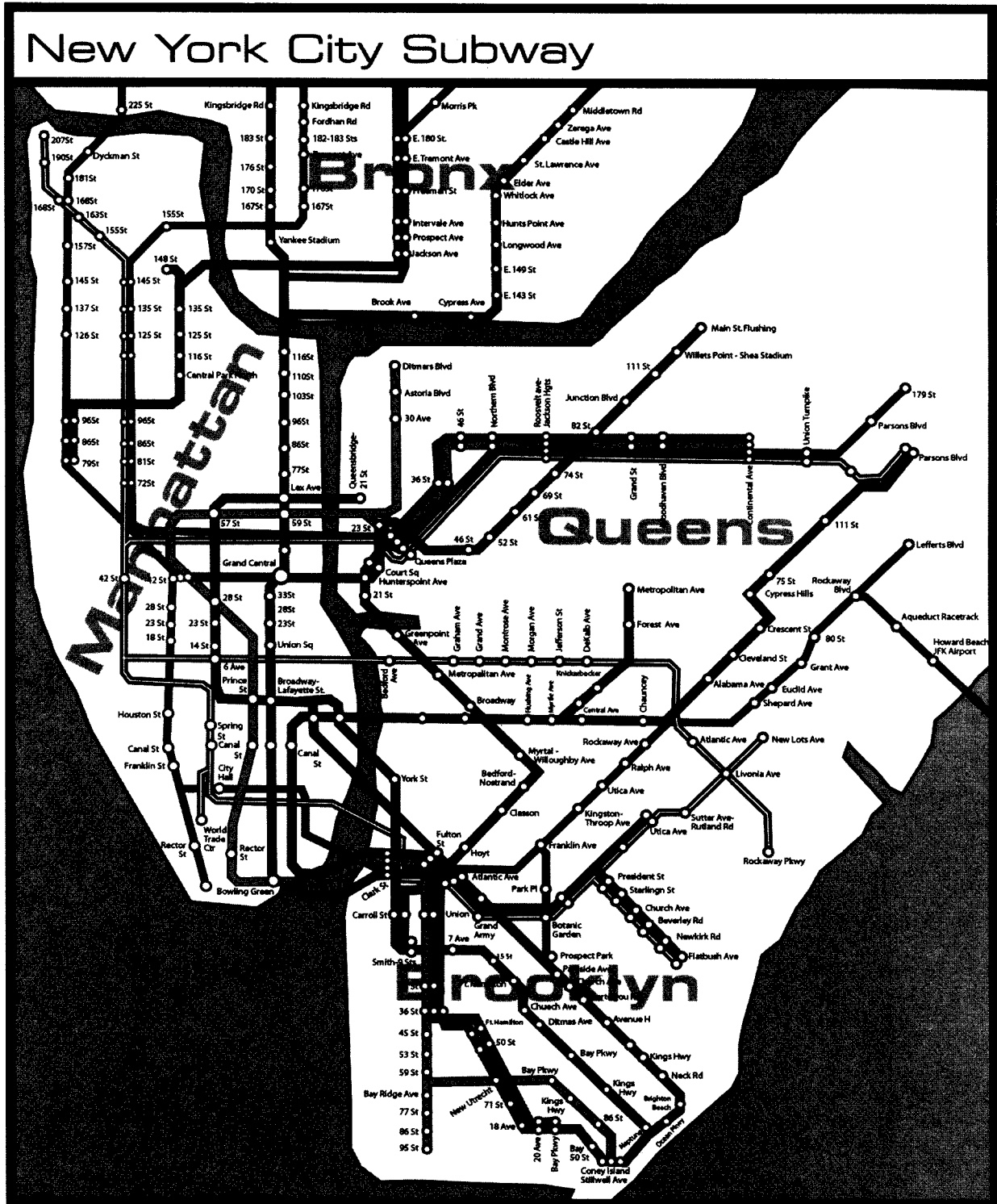
KILL IT!

Anyone wanting to kill the Charioteer is welcome to do so: It almost welcomes the attack as an escape from the ghoulish condition it's in. It's not easy, however; the thing's skin is so thick that only the strongest of Kindred has a hope of harming it. We're not going to bother listing Traits for the albino alligator. It's your call, Storytellers. We recommend having the thing swim away dejectedly if it becomes obvious that the characters don't have a chance of ending its torment.

chantries move and change, the hub of the New York Tremere chantry network always remains the same.

Of all the chantries, the hub is perhaps the only one known to those outside the Tremere aside from the “social chantry” known as the Maupassant Room, and its location gives many of these Kindred reason for pause. Barnard College is located in Morningside Heights, bordered on the east by the notoriously Setite domain of Morningside Park.

This causes no end of rumors to circulate about town — the Tremere are all in thrall to the Setites, a league of Warlocks and Serpents holds the true power in New York, the Tremere are more loyal to their Setite neighbors than they are to the Camarilla. For her part, High Regent Sturbridge lends these rumors little ear, preferring instead to continue her own Thaumaturgical research and let the actions of the Tremere speak for themselves. After all, second only to the Ventrue

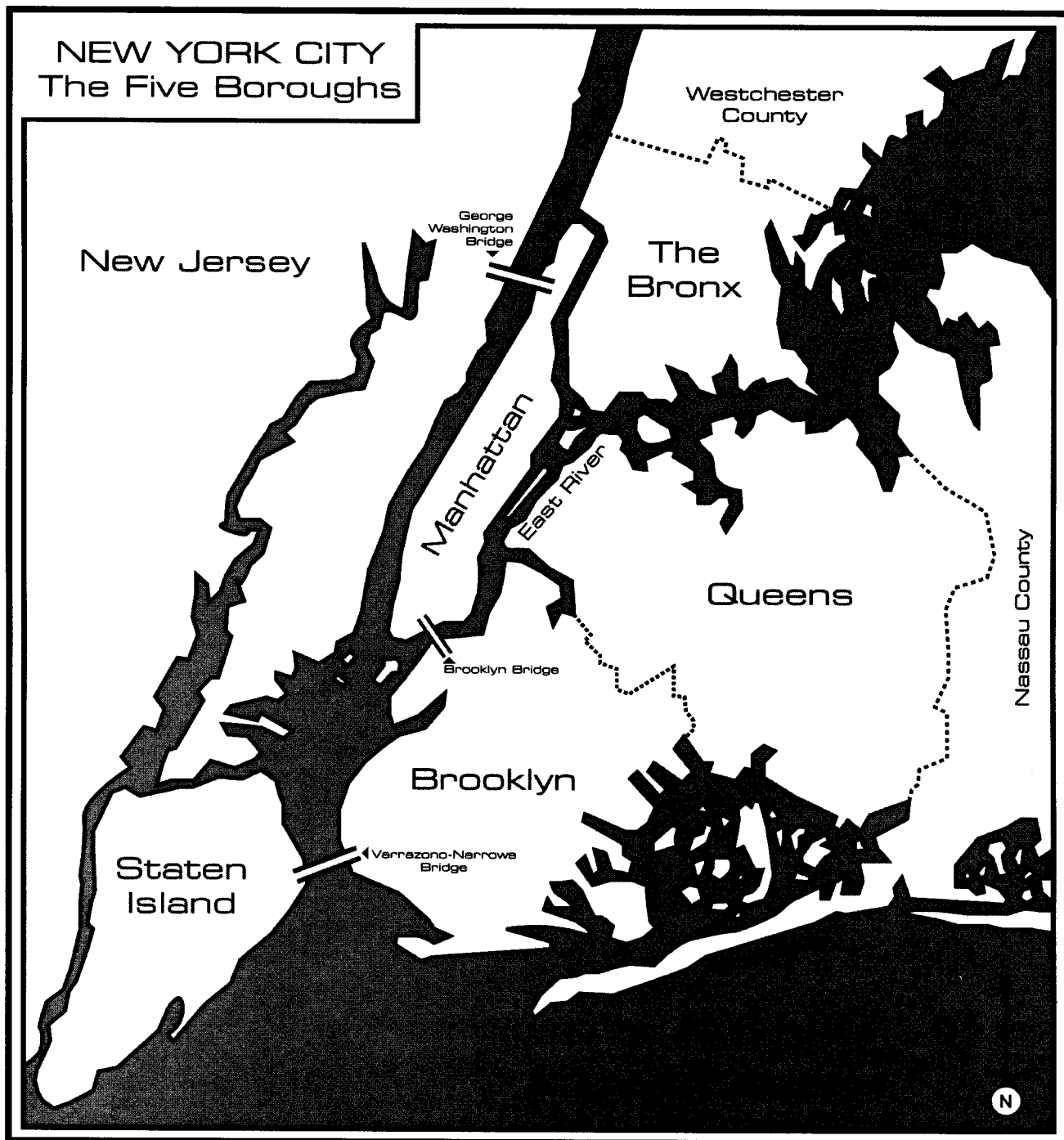


who financed the operation, which clan's members made the greatest contribution to the Battle of New York?

For the most part, the Barnard College chantry is the most concerned with administration. While each of its resident Tremere has her own blood-magic side projects and the site hosts the largest occult library of any of the chantries, the Tremere at Barnard College most often serve as liaisons to Vienna and as a communications network between the satellites. Assemblies of Tremere often meet at this location for convocations, social events, statements of

progress and even to compare notes with less than trustworthy fellows on neutral ground.

The Maupassant Room (Madison Avenue and 77th Street) — While Barnard College serves as the Tremere's internal center of communications, the Maupassant Room chantry is where the Tremere meet with Kindred from other clans. While little actual Thaumaturgical work goes on here, this small facility does include one Hermetic laboratory, largely for the purposes of demonstrating rituals or presenting results to those unfamiliar with the technical aspects of blood magic.



NEW THAMATURGY RITUALS

Many of the Kenilworth Tremere have been working on various rituals that allow information to be manipulated for the purposes of strengthening the Masquerade. Especially after the Kindred's violent conflict with the Sabbat, vampires need to take special care to hide themselves from mortal eyes in New York. What follows is a collection of new rituals created by the Kenilworth thaumaturges for just such a purpose.

BLOOD INTO WATER (LEVEL ONE RITUAL)

All spilled blood within this ritual's reach transmutes to water. This is most frequently used to remove bloodstains, whether as a result of foul play or rites that involve blood to mark or otherwise designate effects. The thaumaturge pours a cup of purified water through the fingers of his outstretched hand while casting this ritual.

System: The ritual requires the standard five minutes and affects a radius equal to as far as the ritualist can spit, but will cleanse the area of blood thoroughly. Blood in containers and living things will not be affected, only spilt blood.

Note that certain rituals and powers require blood markings or require blood to be applied to an object (such as a Ward Versus Ghouls or Impassable Trail). This power has no effect on blood used to create active or dormant Discipline effects — it could not be used to remove a Ward Versus Ghouls, though it could be used to clean up a blood circle drawn on the ground used to bind a demon, so long as that binding is done and over with.

LUMINOUS VITAE (LEVEL ONE RITUAL)

This ritual duplicates the effects of alternate light sources on vitae, causing blood to glow in the caster's

sight. This is most often used to make sure an area has been cleaned sufficiently in a chantry laboratory, but it has a number of useful applications outside the chantry as well. The caster looks through the eye of a needle when using this ritual.

System: This power lasts for one scene, during which blood on a surface, no matter how small an area or how faint, glows an iridescent purple. From the oldest bloody fingerprint on a desk drawer to a pool of blood gathering beneath a murder victim's corpse, it all becomes visible.

This power has no effect on blood inside a person or container. If the thaumaturge opens a vessel containing blood, he will see the vitae in the usual purple color, but this ritual does not allow him to see through other objects.

OBSCURE THE MALICE (LEVEL TWO RITUAL)

In this ritual, the caster pours her own vitae into a corpse's wound. The blood scabs over and the wound "heals" during the course of the ritual. This ritual can not be used to heal the living or undead, though it can conceal evidence of feeding or other physical violence on a corpse.

System: The player's successes on the activation roll determine the visibility of the scar. One success indicates a very visible wound (that nonetheless must have healed before the victim suffered whatever trauma killed him. . .) while five successes heals the wound flawlessly postmortem. This ritual works only for wounds — poisons, drowning, etc. will still be evident with a full autopsy, though such results may prove misleading without other telltale marks.

The Maupassant Room is the smallest of all the chantries, having grown from the private quarters of the previous high regent in a 12th-floor office space. It is appointed richly, intended to show the power and value of Clan Tremere. While it has only two resident Kindred, Regent Eugenio Estevez and his assistant, it is without a doubt one of the most active chantries in the city. A few of the conservative Tremere look forward to the next few years, when the Maupassant Room closes or is rededicated, as they find the "whoring out" of their sorcery in exchange for political leverage distasteful. Estevez argues that it's no different than the clan's history, when Tremere served as advisors and chamberlains to princes and sometimes even mortal rulers.

When the Tremere host guests, they almost always do so in conjunction with this chantry. Estevez maintains a healthy business relationship with the prestigious Mark and Carlyle Hotels, both of which are no more than a street away. Additionally, Estevez has discovered that a few occultists number among the buyers for the esteemed

Florian Papp, DeLorenzo and Malmaison antique stores. From them, he procures new furniture for the chantry, but he also trades mystic secrets and conducts brisk business in occult artifacts.

The Annex at the Kenilworth (Central Park West and 75th Street) — The Kenilworth is a 13-story apartment building in the French Second-Empire style and was recently purchased by a pair of developers with contacts among the Tremere. The Kenilworth is without a doubt the largest chantry of the New York network. The building itself has 42 "apartments," variously converted into sunproofed havens, libraries, lounges, laboratories and rooms in which to entertain those rare visitors who find themselves at this facility. The High Regent of Kenilworth Chantry is Lord Ephraim Wainwright, who takes a no-nonsense approach to the study of blood magic that he sees himself as being put in place to guide. Traditional Hermetic sorcery is the focus of the Kenilworth chantry, and Wainwright brooks no deviance from these lines — merely being accused of studying Necromancy or a non-Western blood magic is enough to receive censure from the high regent. Over the past several

THE FIFTH CHANTRY

New York's last chantry is left deliberately open. Storytellers, feel free to create a chantry that suits the needs of your chronicle. Perhaps the players' characters form the chantry themselves, or perhaps you have a need for a specific mystical element in your New York that can be filled by a specially dedicated chantry. As the satellite chantries only turned over at the end of 1999 when the Camarilla emerged victorious, repurposed houses of Tremere could be up to anything, and they aren't yet so rooted that you will have to create daunting bits of backstory to work them in. The last chantry doesn't even have to be in Manhattan....

months, the chantry's attentions have been devoted to thaumaturgies that protect or preserve the Masquerade, to better help the Kindred stabilize their presence without alerting mortals to their presence. Of course, this all comes for a price....

Perhaps the most physically attractive chantry, the Kenilworth overlooks Central Park. The nearby Gryphon bookstore provides occasional rare books and esoteric tomes. The chantry's proximity to the American Museum of Natural History and the New York Historical Society also yields interesting artifacts from time to time, and the more socially graceful among the Kenilworth Tremere maintain contact with representatives of these organizations.

Still, the Kenilworth embodies the stodginess and xenophobia for which the Tremere are usually known. Irreverent Warlocks from other chantries sometimes refer to the Kenilworth as West Side Chantry and to its regent as Imp (after his physical condition — see Chapter Three). Needless to say, the parlors of the chantry are rarely used, as the regent and his lieutenants are oppressively suspicious of outside "visitors" to their repository of eldritch lore.

The Jewish Museum (5th Avenue at 92nd Street) — The building that now houses the Jewish Museum is a turn-of-the-century Gothic mansion built for financier Felix Warburg. While the original Jewish Museum was established in 1904 with a grant of books and ceremonial artifacts by Judge Meyer Sulzberger, it moved to the Warburg mansion in 1947. The museum annexed an adjacent building in 1963 and renovated the entirety of its facilities in 1993.

The gathered Judaica serves as a focus for the Jewish Tremere of New York City, and the chantry adjoined to the museum studies numerology and Kabbalah. It is also the center of House Hashem, one of the many internal factions of the Tremere. The Jewish Museum chantry hosts an all-male membership, though not every member is Jewish (included among the ranks are a few righteous gentiles).

Eugenio Estevez once served as this chantry's regent, but the recent vacuum in the city's political structure catapulted him into the limelight, following which, High Regent Sturbridge transferred him to the Maupassant

chantry. In many ways, this is for the best, as Estevez was a bit too liberal for the conservative Jewish Museum chantry, and those below him in the hierarchy often rankled at his regency, owing to the fact that most of the membership was more proficient with Thaumaturgy than he was. With their new regent — one promoted from within the chantry — the Tremere of the Jewish Museum have had a chance to redirect their attention to their studies rather than a delicate unhappiness with the chantry's leadership.

WALL STREET

At the southern tip of Manhattan, north-northwest of Battery Park

As would be suspected of a financial district, Wall Street has traditionally been the domain of the Ventrue. Wall Street was the heart of Prince Michaela's domain, and in the wake of her Final Death, the surviving members of her brood have been loath to share the benefits of what they see as their legacy. This has caused a bit of a schism among the New York Ventrue, with newcomers citing various traditions of the clan being violated by Michaela's jealous childer and Michaela's childer defending their position by declaring that no Ventrue tradition insists that Blue Bloods must share resources.

Of course, no one has any idea how many Kindred, whether in New York or otherwise, are part of the Wall Street machine. As is the case with finance, investments can be made from anywhere. Because of this, and because of the Ventrue factionalization, other Kindred are quietly picking up what Michaela's brood lets slip through its talons.

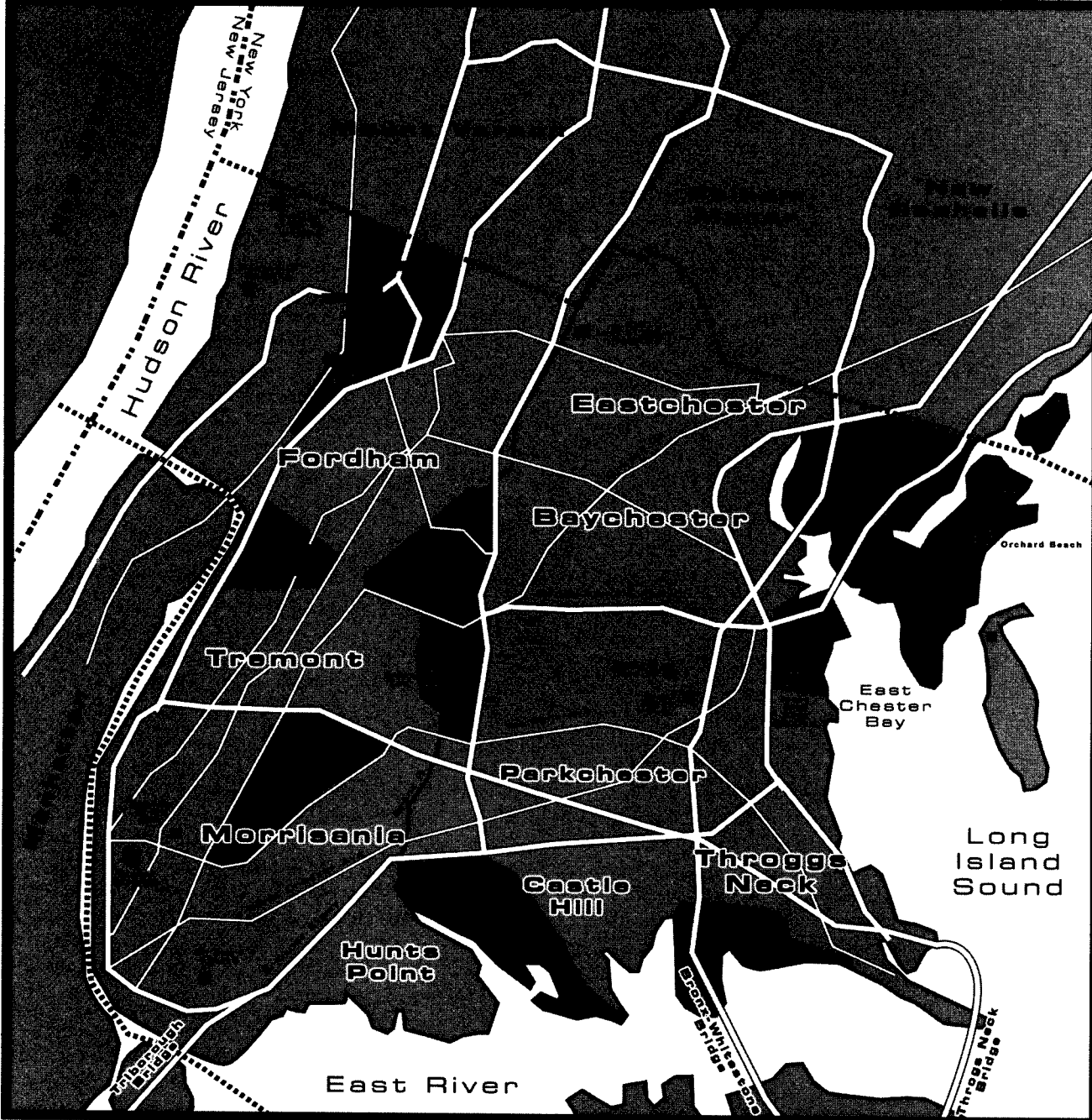
THE BRONX

The Bronx is known for several popular landmarks: Yankee Stadium, the New York Botanical Garden, the world-famous Bronx Zoo. It is also, however, a national symbol of urban decay, a reputation that eclipses its component neighborhoods and contributions. Like the other outer boroughs, Bronx grew populous first as a collection of ethnic neighborhoods and then as a result of extremely high rents in Manhattan. As a result, the Bronx is a patchwork of ethnic divides, low-income housing projects, collapsing tenements and, amid them, a few shining examples of the potential the borough once had.

MUNSEE-HUDSON EXPEDITING AND STORAGE
Henry Hudson Parkway and 254th Street

A queer companion to Calebros' vacated Grand Central sanctum in Manhattan, the offices of the Munsee-Hudson Expediting and Storage Company served as the last stand for the organized forces of the Sabbat. Owned by a consortium of Lasombra and used as a haven and weapons cache by Archbishop Polonia, the small complex stands abandoned tonight. The central building that once housed the offices of the shipping company has been ransacked innumerable times by gangs of both Kindred and kine, and graffiti adorns many of the walls. The

Bronx



grounds themselves are littered with rectangular metal storage containers, some stacked high off the ground, others arranged haphazardly. Here and there, piles of greasy ash may be found, eternal testaments to the secret war that occurred here, far from mortal eyes, during one of the most decisive conflicts of the battle.

Munsee-Hudson has a reputation for being haunted, though by what, exactly, tales rarely agree. Some speculate that it's still a hideout for Sabbat resistance fighters, or that they meet there to conduct rites of loyalty. Others say that the ghosts of those Sabbat Kindred killed on the fourth

night of the battle plague the place. While none of these are true, the rumors serve to keep curious Kindred away from the site.

Of course, the complex's scorned reputation makes it a perfect place for an enterprising group of young Kindred to make their own haven. It would be suitable for Nosferatu who eschew the sewers due to the presence of the monstrosity that infests them, or it would be a perfect place for a criminal coterie to set up shop, whatever their "industry" might be.

Interested Kindred who want to establish a haven there might have a bit of competition, however. The anarch presence of New York, brusquely swept to Staten Island in the wake of Camarilla victory, has also been searching for a way to establish itself in the central part of the city. A few of the anarchists probably participated in some aspect of the Battle of New York (either as anarchists or prior to joining them) and may well remember the fight at the storage yard and recommend it to leaders among the faction.

Add to the possibility of contention the fact that Polonia and his sectmates constructed numerous traps throughout the facility's grounds. Several of these might remain in operating condition. Hazards such as storage containers rigged to topple; rude shrapnel bombs containing broken glass, rusty nails and other debris set to invisible tripwires; even dens of hungry or rabid dogs: All of these and more might await a coterie or pack scouting this potential haven.

BELMONT

Bordered by Fordham University to the north, the Bronx Zoo to the east and Tremont to the south

While most divisions of Kindred happen along clan lines, sometimes they occur in other distinctions. The neighborhood of Belmont is one of these domains. Known as the "Little Italy of the Bronx," Belmont is home to a few Italian and Italian-American Kindred, mostly from Clans Brujah and Ventruue. While the population of Belmont is too small to support the feeding habits of these Kindred (perhaps 60,000 people), they have little problems going elsewhere in the city to fulfill those needs. In fact, Belmont is as much like a "Kindred neighborhood" as the undead observe, with havens being well kept and largely indistinguishable from the other homes of the neighborhood. While simply being neighbors hasn't made the Belmont Kindred into the best of friends, it at least encourages them to resolve the differences that do arise.

Note that despite the Italian ethnicity of Belmont, no Giovanni make their havens here. Whether this is because of a Kindred issue or a cultural one is unknown, but little love seems to be lost between the Necromancers and the vampires of this neighborhood.

SOUTH BRONX

Mott Haven, Hunts Point and Castle Hill neighborhoods

Much like Morningside Park in Manhattan, South Bronx has always belonged to the Setites. The neighborhoods are predominantly black and Puerto Rican in the modern nights, and the low-income housing projects in these neighborhoods provide no small amount of black-market income to the Serpents. Between Hunts Point and Castle Hill, the Setites also have an appreciable domain over the Bronx-side East River. They've extended the use of this domain to others before, particularly a few Sabbat who wanted to escape the wrath of the Camarilla and a handful of criminally aligned Camarilla Kindred who don't want to offer the Giovanni part of their profits. If anyone

wants to get in or out of New York without being seen, dealing with Bronx Setite posses is a fine way to do it, as they don't have the growing relationship with the Camarilla that the Giovanni do, and they're not claimed as domain by Camarilla vampires themselves.

Mott Haven is characterized by rows of high- and low-rise public housing, and the several of the Setite-dominated gangs and posses make their homes here. While poverty, ethnic ghettos and drug traffic are still the norm here for the Setite gangs, the neighborhood has recently become a "Renaissance neighborhood," with an increasing number of middle-class black families buying row houses and renovating them, driving the property values (and thus the rents) up. It would seem that the Setites are of divided opinions on this — some have taken the opportunity to invest themselves while others see the reclamation of the neighborhood as a threat to their tried and true streams of influence and resources.

The Hunts Point neighborhood has been predominantly black and Puerto Rican since the populations of those ethnicities surpassed the numbers of the previously numerically superior Jews (with enclaves of Germans, Irish and Italians). Another district of tenements and projects, Hunts Point was originally known for its high-quality apartments, but by the 1960s, even these had begun to deteriorate. Hunts Point has a juvenile prison, which Setites occasionally frequent for vitae, and an industrial sector, through which shipments of contraband are sometimes received. The Hunts Point Market, which sits on a piece of land extending into the East River, is one of the largest markets of its kind in the world, selling over a billion dollars a year in produce. This includes the terminal market's sales of fruits, vegetables and meats, as well as the meat market cooperative and the various food warehouses that distribute some 60 percent of the food consumed by the entire metropolitan area. When the wholesale merchants who ran the market acquired it from the city in 1986, many Setites saw a chance to buy in and did so, supplementing their illicit gains with legitimate profits garnered by affiliated vendors.

Housing projects built on empty lots appeared during the 1960s in the Castle Hill neighborhood. The Setites followed this wave of housing construction over from their other neighborhoods, which went largely unchecked by the Sabbat, as South Bronx had traditionally been Setite domain.

RIKERS ISLAND

Off the southeastern tip of the Bronx, in the East River

It may seem that a prison island would have little to offer the Kindred. In cases of desperation, the opposite is true. The Malkavian Carter Vanderweyden has numerous contacts at the island, obtained through his past profession as a lawyer. Carter has arranged a system of bribery and blackmail with several of the Rikers guards and officials. Almost any time he needs entrance, he can obtain it, or extend it to a "representative" of his. As such, Kindred who need blood but have been forced to lie low have occasionally gone to Carter,

trading prestation for vitae. Additionally, prisoners who know too much about the Kindred can usually be silenced. Agents of Kindred opposed to Vanderweyden (or his allies... or anyone who extends him a boon, really) can also be dealt with herein.

VAN CORTLANDT PARK

North Bronx, bordered on the north by the border of the borough itself

During the Sabbat's tenancy in New York, Van Cortlandt Park was an indisputably Lasombra domain, extending back to at least the middle of the nineteenth century. Originally part of the Philipse family's estate, the huge portion of land (1,122 acres) was presented as a dowry to the Van Cortlandt family at the end of the seventeenth century. When members of the Van Cortlandts were Embraced into the Sabbat, they brought part of their mortal properties with them as domain.

In the modern nights, however, after the fall of the Sabbat, the park went briefly unclaimed before being bestowed somewhat reluctantly to "the Gangrel." This, one of Calebros' less popular policies, drew the Nosferatu much fire. Opponents claimed that with the Gangrel's abandonment of the Camarilla, only those domains that others recognized could be upheld — the Camarilla made no provisions for formally acknowledging domains of Kindred who did not belong to the sect. Others saw it as a concession, by which the prince recognized the efforts of the mercenary Gangrel or those still loyal to the Camarilla who helped in the Battle of New York. Still others saw it as a hedge — among them, the Nosferatu conspirators — who believed it to be a method by which Calebros could obtain favors from some "muscle," should he need to call upon the Outlanders at a later time for business unsanctioned by the sect.

In any event, the gesture was a backhanded one and ultimately failed. The Gangrel had departed the Camarilla for reasons such as these, and as independents, they claimed the right to make domains wherever the hell they wanted to. Still, spite carries a great deal of weight, and any Kindred found up to no good in the vicinity of Van Cortlandt Park without the acknowledgement of a Gangrel who can vouch for her may be in for a bloody end. As such, the Van Cortlandt Park domain is an exercise in diplomacy and the perils of its failure, as the Kindred to whom it was given don't want it — unless someone else expresses an interest in it.

QUEENS

All of the outer boroughs have their ethnic elements, but Queens is the most diverse of all of them. With neighborhoods like Astoria (Greek and Italian), Sunnyside (Turkish and Romanian), Jackson Heights (Hispanic and Indian) and countless others, Queens is the quiet borough "for everyone else." It's not as glamorous as Manhattan or as brutal as the Bronx or as populous as Brooklyn, but its character comes from its unique cultural blend. In the nights to come, many Kindred will probably find themselves establishing havens in Queens, whether out of

affordability or a chance to claim some of the overlooked but worthwhile domains in the borough.

FLUSHING

Bordered by Bayside Avenue to the north, the Flushing Meadows-Corona Park to the west and Union Turnpike to the south

Even during the Sabbat's dominance of New York City, Flushing had slowly but surely exhibited the same cultural gravitation as so many other neighborhoods. By the end of the 1980s, Flushing was mostly Asian, with a good 20 percent of its population hailing from Korea and another 20 percent immigrating from China (Taiwan). While this served as a core for many of the Asian gangs that were part of the Sabbat, the Camarilla has been slow to exploit the territory to the same degree the Black Hand did.

A few independent Assamites have established minor domains in Flushing, waiting on the word of Wise Frog to come forth. A small enclave of Asian Malkavians is rumored to have made Flushing its haven, but little more has happened. In the nights to come, if the anarchs don't push north into the Bronx, they may well move northeast into Queens, drawing new revolutionaries from the residents of Flushing.

JOHN F. KENNEDY AIRPORT

In southeastern Queens, on Jamaica Bay

While the airport itself is considered to be open to all Kindred, the place abounds with Giovanni contacts, spies and even family members behind the gates. To date, the Giovanni have avoided making any grand claim of domain over the airport, but anything out of the ordinary going on there eventually makes it back to their ears through their network of agents. While this normally doesn't make much difference, it can be a tremendous asset to the Necromancers. For instance, if a shipment of contraband goes through JFK, the Giovanni would be more than likely to ask for a share, lest news of the information make it to a vigilant customs official's voice mail.

The Giovanni are very careful with Kennedy Airport not to bite off more than they can chew. Most of the time they work through proxies, ghouls and mortals, "losing" a cargo shipment for a Kindred who refuses to pay tribute or arranging a flight delay for a truculent Kindred so that his plane would land during daylight hours.

If a dedicated group of Kindred attempted to wrest the airport from the Giovanni's sphere of influence, it would be possible due to the restricted manpower of the Necromancers, but they might find themselves running afoul of problems elsewhere. Were the Giovanni to lose their influence at JFK, their power would be significantly inhibited. Their resources are already stretched to the limit, and by the time they were able to cultivate Newark or La Guardia, another Kindred or a consortium of vampires would likely already be there. Of course, that same principle applies to Kindred attempting to usurp Kennedy Airport from the Giovanni — unless they

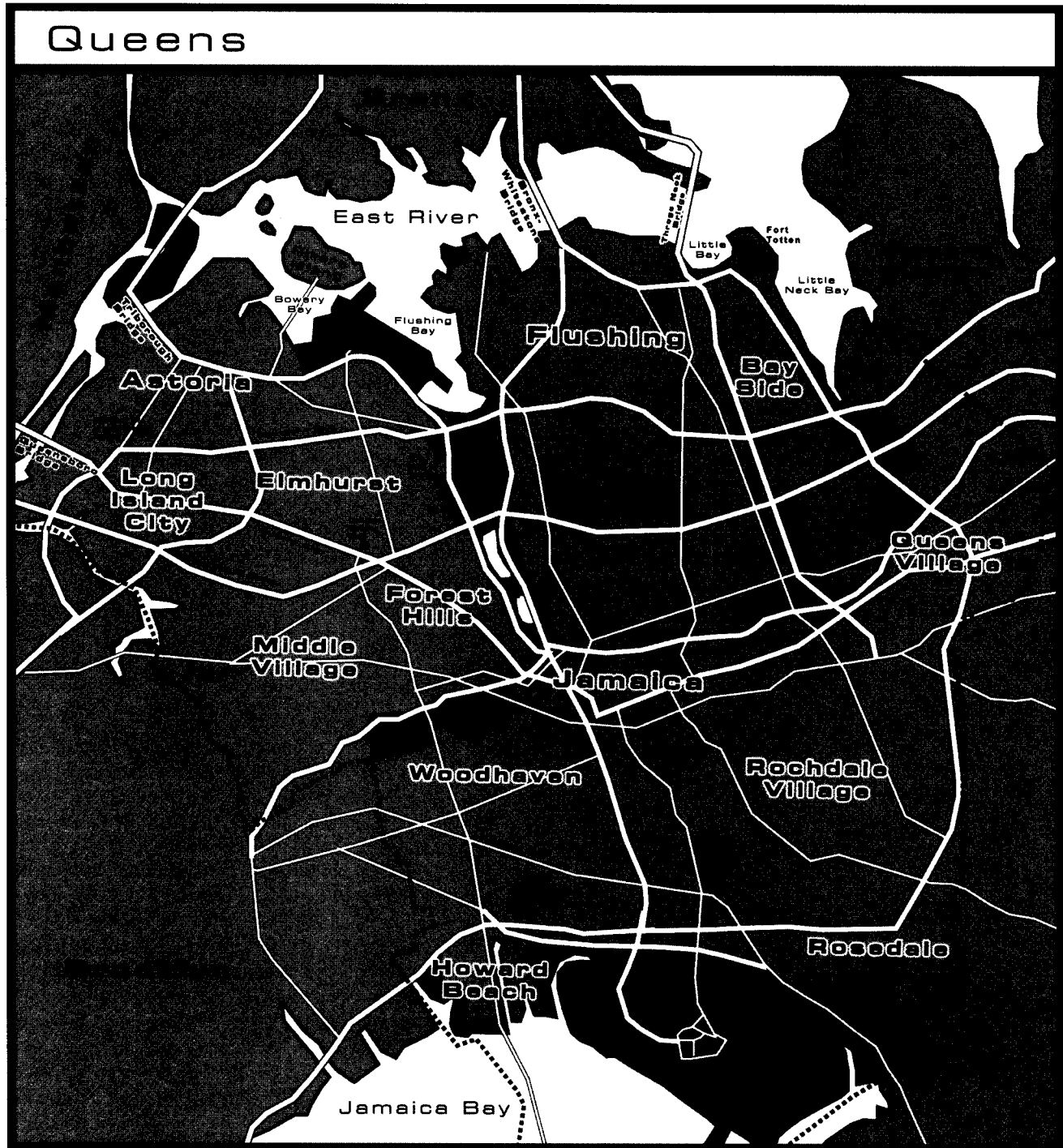
know that the Necromancers have put all their eggs in one basket and are attempting to cripple the Necromancers, they'd probably face less opposition by pursuing influence at one of the other airports.

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
Jackson Avenue and 46th Avenue

While the relatively sedate borough of Queens doesn't immediately lend itself to the high-society atmosphere usually associated with the Toreador, the Degenerates nonetheless have a stake in the borough's affairs. P.S. 1 is

a former public school converted into an art gallery, performance venue and studio space. During the summer, P.S. 1 hosts live music performances, DJs, festivals and other events designed to involve the community in the realm of artistic expression. The museum is also affiliated with the Museum of Modern Art (just two stops away by subway).

Toreador interest in the P.S. 1 Museum focuses mainly on the community involvement aspect of the art center's mission. While a few effete Toreador embody the worst stereotypes of the clan, harping on this art darling or that



socialite's obnoxious refusal to attend some show or another, those on the forefront of the Camarilla's stabilization effort have a different reason for patronizing the arts. Quite simply, as the ebb and flow of mortal trends are vital to the Toreador unlife, the Degenerates in New York have bought into these mortal institutions from the ground floor. While individual Toreador may have their own personal agendas, most of them agree that political power rests with those who have the greatest collective power — a sort of Kindred version of the popular vote, by which a vocal contingent of undead can affect policy with sheer numbers. While the Toreador aren't the most numerous clan in New York, they can certainly be the most vociferous.

For this reason, the Toreador have made P.S. 1 the epicenter of their cultural power base. Everyone has left their understood bailiwicks (such as the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art) alone and expects them to focus on high-glamour Manhattan. By starting with the outer borough and moving into Manhattan, the Toreador may well stand unresisted, possibly assuming the greatest bloc of power in the whole city... if they can hold themselves together long enough to use it aptly.

BROOKLYN

The most popular of the outer boroughs, Brooklyn is also the most diverse when it comes to Kindred matters. It seems that Brooklyn has something that appeals to Kindred from all walks, from the easy feeding in its less savory neighborhoods, to rising property values for those with havens or investment on their minds, to the presence of numerous cultural landmarks such as the Brooklyn Academy of Music and the Brooklyn Public Library. Virtually any Kindred could find something of interest in Brooklyn — as the rapidly vanishing domains represent.

CONEY ISLAND

At the southeastern tip of the Brooklyn borough

Originally named Konijn Island after the Dutch word for the wild rabbits that lived there, Coney Island was for a long time synonymous with resort and amusement culture. In the modern nights, that reputation is a thing of the past, and Coney Island's boardwalks suggest decrepitude more than grandeur and depression rather than wonder. Still, the amusement attractions on the island trudge along, from one of the oldest Ferris Wheels in the country to the crumbling "seaside resorts" renting no-questions-asked rooms for a few dollars per night.

Coney Island is predominantly Brujah territory, with an appreciable demographic of Malkavians and Toreador as well. The Brujah are largely ethnic here, with Russians hailing from neighborhoods like Little Odessa. Indeed, under the Sabbat, Little Odessa was considered the domain of Oleg Selivanov, a Tzimisce with connections to the Russian Mob. When the Camarilla swept in, Selivanov found himself displaced by the Brujah, who threatened to

sell him to his rival in Philadelphia if he ever showed his face in the erstwhile Brighton Beach again.

One of the abandoned amusement park attractions, the Parachute Jump, serves as a haven to a particularly territorial Brujah. The tower itself resembles a space needle (not entirely unlike the one in Seattle), and the Kindred claims the whole area around it as her domain. Whether she's rabidly hiding a secret or is merely resentful of other Kindred's intrusions is unknown, but her hostility extends even to the ethnic members of her clan in the same neighborhood.

THE RAVINE

At the center of Prospect Park

While the Gangrel had nominally been "given" Van Cortlandt Park in Manhattan, few of them actually avail themselves of the domain. Most simply make their domain where they choose to, and the Ravine is an example of this "where I hang my hat" haven philosophy. The Gangrel Jezebelle and her small brood make their haven at the densely wooded center of Prospect Park.

The Park itself is one of the most beautiful in the city, having been designed by the same planners who designed Central Park. It's a much more organic creation, untarnished by skyscrapers and unmarred by streets. The park includes rolling hills, winding walkways and expanding meadows that seem to emerge from nowhere. Prospect Park is also a bit more appealing to the Kindred because it's not infested with Lupines, as Central Park is rumored to be. At its center is a copse of trees, which currently lie behind fences erected for the renewal project currently underway. Here, the Gangrel make their havens, hiding in undeveloped parts of the wood during the day or simply sinking into the ground when they can't be sure their daily rest will go unmolested.

COBBLE HILL

Bordered on the north by Atlantic Avenue, on the east by Court Street and on the west by the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway

Cobble Hill was originally an upper-middle class neighborhood in northwestern Brooklyn, composed of Romanesque brownstones, erected during the late nineteenth century. A few housing projects grew up around that time as well, much to the dismay of the more affluent residents. Urban renewalists enamored of the brownstone designs moved in and "reclaimed" the neighborhood from the lower-income families, organizing an effective resistance against the public housing effort by having the neighborhood declared a historic district in 1969. Since that time, property values have increased. Once again, Cobble Hill is an upper middle-class neighborhood, bordering on the affluent.

As a result of renewal projects and rising property values, Cobble Hill is the domain of a small group of Ventrue and Toreador. As with other neighborhoods, the population can't sustain the Kindred who dwell there, but they have no problems feeding elsewhere and returning at the end of the night to their pleasant havens.

BEDFORD-STUYVESANT

Bordered on the north by Flushing Avenue, on the east by Broadway and Saratoga Avenue and on the south by Atlantic Avenue

New York's largest black neighborhood, "Bed-Stuy" has a reputation it doesn't deserve. While poverty does exist and some of the public housing is deteriorating, many of the neighborhood's brownstone homes are in fine repair and owned by middle-class families. Despite this, Bed-Stuy's notoriety as a slum persists. The neighborhood is

about 85 percent black, with ethnic populations from Jamaica, Trinidad and Haiti. A significant minority of the neighborhood is Latin American.

The complications of Bed-Stuy's reputation have influenced the neighborhood's status as domain, as one might suspect. A small group of Setites claims that it has always been there, though during the Sabbath occupation of the city, Bed-Stuy was "shared" by a Lasombra and a Tzimisce. Several Brujah feel a connection to the neighborhood, as do a few Toreador, due to its rich ethnic and cultural



heritage, as embodied by such places as the Billie Holliday Theater and Boys High School (attended by Isaac Asimov and Norman Mailer). Ventrue and Tremere investors see long-term potential in the neighborhood, especially with the continuance of the Society for the Preservation of Weeksville and Bedford-Stuyvesant History, and the Bedford Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation. To that end, while everyone has some interest in the neighborhood, no one has been able to make a claim of domain that the others dignify with recognition.

STATEN ISLAND

Often referred to as the “forgotten borough,” Staten Island is the least populous of all the boroughs. Popular sentiment on the island runs toward the territorial — Staten Island has been vocal in the past about wanting to secede from New York City proper; every now and then, the issue arises again. Staten Island has a far more provincial feel than the other boroughs, with neighborhoods like Snug Harbor and Richmondtown exemplifying the “village” feel, being a restored sailor’s neighborhood and country seat, respectively. Aside from these, Staten Island is known for its enormous garbage dump — hardly prime property for domain, especially for status-conscious Camarilla up-and-comers.

To this end, the anarch presence has been largely scoured from the other boroughs (with small pockets and spies scattered about) and “corralled” on Staten Island. This causes no end of agitation for the anarchs, some of whom had domains in other boroughs while the Sabbat was still the dominant sect. The more radical elements among the anarchs propose a violent act of defiance to express their discontent, hoping to strike down the Camarilla old guard before it has a chance to entrench itself. Other, more moderate voices suggest playing the Camarilla’s game against it, slowly consolidating influence and then bringing it to bear before an incredulous Ivory Tower, shocked to find that its foundation belongs to reformationists. As such, Staten Island remains a loose collective of anarch domains and a hotbed of political seesawing. While the anarchs have yet to bring any open and violent rebellion to the other boroughs, a few of its champions are not far from that point. As it stands, a night in Staten Island for the Kindred probably entails a great deal of fist-shaking and debate, with a possible intermingling of the two.

THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY

Travels from the southern tip of Manhattan at Whitehall Terminal to St. George

A perennial favorite of tourists, both because of its astounding view of the Statue of Liberty and its free fare, the Staten Island Ferry has a less jovial cast for the Kindred. Boss Callihan, in a display of anarch bravado, claimed that the ferry itself was anarch domain. Any Kindred riding the ferry without the acknowledgement of the anarchs would be seen as openly professing disdain for anarch domain.

While this was initially met by Camarilla Kindred with a rolling of the eyes, it took only one challenge to the claim for them to realize that the anarchs were serious. When a Malkavian visitor of Adelaide Davis took the ferry to visit her (as she makes her haven in Snug Harbor), a pack of anarchs who happened to be watching the terminal for just such “abuses” absconded with the Kindred, pilloried him in Richmondtown and proceeded to kick him into a torpor. The body was sent back, staked and torpid, to Prince Calebros along with a terse letter from Callihan.

The anarchs purpose in declaring the ferry their domain isn’t to deny access to Staten Island. Anyone who wants to go there can easily take the Verrazano Narrows Bridge from Brooklyn or the Bayonne Bridge from New Jersey without any repercussions. Callihan’s intent is to show that the anarchs are determined to be taken seriously and will do whatever it takes to force the Camarilla Kindred to recognize their autonomy and their grievances with the sect. While the domain is observed more in the breach than with regularity — it’s not like the anarchs have Kindred positioned to scour every ferry for undead — it is something the anarchs take very seriously. Indeed, because the ferry runs until only 7:30 in the evening, the ferry is usable by Kindred only during the winter months, as it’s still light out at that time during the summer.

GARIBALDI-MEUCCI MUSEUM

Tompkins Avenue and Chestnut Avenue

This museum has been converted from the house of Antonio Meucci (who originally invented the telephone, prior to Alexander Graham Bell) into a museum. Meucci’s friend Giuseppe Garibaldi, leader of the Italian “red shirt” patriots, sent him letters, and the museum displays not only Meucci’s telephone designs and documentation but also letters and photos of Garibaldi.

The anarchs, seeing themselves as Kindred patriots in the same spirit as the revolutionary Garibaldi, have declared the museum “anarch Elysium,” which they describe as a variation of the standard Kindred Elysium. At anarch Elysium, the standard Elysium rules apply, but only to anarchs. That is, any anarchs can meet here on neutral ground, but other Kindred might leave with their fangs pulled, should they offend the anarchs.

The museum is a popular place for the more intellectual anarchs to discuss their philosophies and for the iconoclastic anarchs to plan their next reign of terror. The museum is open only until five from Tuesday through Sunday, so by the time it’s dark, the anarchs usually have the run of the place, through a covert agreement made with the curator.

LA TOURETTE PARK

Bordered on the north by Rockland Avenue and to the south by Arthur Kill Road

While the Garibaldi-Meucci museum is the anarchs’ place for reasoned debate, La Tourette Park is where they run wild. While they certainly don’t flout their Kindred

natures in front of people, every vampire needs to let off a little steam now and then, and rowdy brawls sometimes take place here, as do anarch rallies and even impromptu parties every now and then. A pack of anarchs even

managed to bring down a Lupine here once, and it's rumored that the beast's head is on display as a trophy in one of the park's disused storage sheds that occasionally serves as a haven.





CHAPTER THREE: ALL THE BEAUTIFUL MONSTERS

Perhaps more so than any other city in the world, New York represents the modern nights and all its problems and characteristics. It is a young Kindred's city, largely left to itself by elders for any number of reasons (see Chapter Four). New York City carries many connotations, from its "big apple, rotten" reputation that characterized the dominance of the Sabbat to its clean-up and relative gentrification during the Camarilla's ascent in the modern nights. On any given street in New York, a savvy Kindred can come across the spirit of undead defiance against the coming Gehenna, the fatalistic acceptance of the world's end and concomitant hedonism, and everything in between. The streets still throng with angry Sabbat packs, the skyscrapers still house bold Camarilla entrepreneurs — and vice versa.

Indeed, New York is a city for vampires, whether of the cunning plotter ilk or the streetwise rogue archetype. This chapter presents far fewer than half, perhaps as little as one-fifth, of the Kindred and Cainites making their havens in New York — as many as 200 Kindred may dwell in the city and its metropolitan area. Storytellers may bring any of these characters into existing New York chronicles with a minimum of extra work — simply ignore or adapt the Kindred whose power structures you have already populated and go! And by leaving many Kindred unnamed and unknown, we allow Storytellers creating new chronicles set in New York to people the ranks of undead society with exactly whom they wish. If your troupe's story focuses upon the exploits of a coterie of veterans who helped the Camarilla usurp New York from the Sabbat, you'll likely encounter different Kindred than a coterie of Nosferatu examining the mystery of the horror

that seethes below the city. Think of this book, and this chapter in particular, as a tool or a starting point from which to launch your chronicle, not a set of boundaries.

We've hesitated to name many specific characters of specific titles because they may well be you're troupe's characters themselves. More than any other book in the *by Night* series, *New York by Night* allows the players' characters to become the movers and shakers in their city, not the pawns of other elders (at least, not obvious pawns, should that be the direction your chronicle takes). Finally, detailing 200 characters would leave little room for the rest of the book's content.

FORMATTING

This chapter is set up a little differently from character chapters in many other books. It is divided into four sections: Camarilla, Sabbat, independents and others. The Camarilla, Sabbat and independent sections are further divided into singular characters and coterie or packs. Note that this doesn't mean the singular characters are alone or without connections to other Kindred in the city. Quite the opposite is true, as a matter of fact. At the very basest level, every Kindred is part of the fundamental struggle between sects. Even further than that, most characters relate to at least two of the subplots of *New York by Night*, which makes it easy for players to involve themselves in multiple tiers of intrigue and easy for Storytellers to expose their players to as many levels of said intrigue as they wish. The Kindred are rash, passionate creatures; who's to assume a coterie talking to Calebros is discussing the horror beneath the streets and not their own favored candidate for prince!

MORE, MORE, MORE!

It was mentioned above, but bears repeating: *These are not the only Kindred in New York City.* Storytellers are heartily encouraged to create their own characters to interact with the players' characters. The history of the city and the backstories of many characters suggest groups of Kindred of various sizes moving behind the scenes. By all means, Storytellers, flesh out these factions. While space limitations prevent us from detailing the Traits of every character in the city, you should take the characters who are involved with the plots you want to use as the focus of your chronicle and populate their spheres of contact with other characters who support those story arcs.

We've chosen not to provide generic templates for characters. While that does require a little extra work on the part of the Storyteller, in the long run, it will make for better stories. Not only do you have the opportunity to tailor the supporting cast to your needs, you illustrate firsthand that every Kindred is an individual. Your players will glean much more from a story that pits them against a rival coterie or pack than they would from anonymous encounters with faceless Kindred who have no motives or stories of their own to tell.

Storytellers, pay particular attention to the needs of your story when determining the additional roles you must furnish. Because the scope of this book is so broad, only a few of the individual characters lend themselves to more than passing depth for any specific story. In other words, unless you plan on telling a "shotgun" or "survey" chronicle of New York City, attending to only the surface of each subplot, *you are going to have to create characters of your own as part of the supporting cast.* Decide which of the plots will be your chronicle's focus, determine where you plan to place the characters from this chapter in relation to that plot, and devise additional characters to increase the complexity of the story. Not only will the result be a customized chronicle that meets the desires of your own troupe, you will have a cast of characters far more focused to your own needs than a citybook resource aimed at thousands of players could ever hope to accomplish.

SUGGESTED REALMS FOR FURTHER POPULATION

A few of the titles and responsibilities bestowed during Calebros' tenure as prince pro tempore are still observed by the Kindred who held them then. It's not unreasonable that Calebros may have appointed a few more, who also still observe the duties they accepted at that point.

Primogen

While Calebros refused to name primogen in the interests of keeping the Kindred's attention on the conflict at hand, some of the Damned may have set their sights on such titles and claimed them. Unless anyone actively opposes such a claim, well, that's the case. Whether or not anyone acknowledges the validity of these self-styled appointments is another matter, but it's definitely not beyond the hubris of the undead to do such things. Although it's

not unheard-of to have multiple Kindred of the same clan in positions of primogen, such an arrangement is rarely comfortable and usually serves only to foment clan-based schisms. Whether you as Storyteller choose to limit primogen to one per clan is up to you, but you may wish to establish certain forerunners for the title beforehand.

Tremere

With five chantries in New York City and only a handful of Tremere included in this book, if you intend to use the clan in any more than a passing fashion, you'll probably want to populate their ranks a bit. This is especially true since, along with the Ventrue, the Tremere were one of the most stalwart Camarilla clans present prior to the Battle of New York.

Scourges

With only David as scourge, the city is bound to need some additional help. Part of Calebros' concessions to the "elders" of New York City was a rather aggressive pogrom of thin-blooded Kindred, both to stem surprisingly Noddist fears of "the Time of Thin Blood" as well as the more mundane threats to the Masquerade that inexperienced thin-blooded Kindred sometimes present.

Thin-Blooded Kindred

Stands to reason, doesn't it? With the influx of young Kindred to New York after the ousting of the Sabbat, more than a few indiscretions have occurred. And it's probable that Camarilla Kindred turned a hypocritically blind eye to the process of siring during the siege of New York itself, which may have resulted in high-generation fodder surviving in spite of themselves. Of course, anyone suggesting that this tactic is unpleasantly similar to the Sabbat mass Embrace, well... say, childe, how is it that you know so much about mass Embraces? Regardless, more than a few of these pitiable wretches certainly stalk the night.

Sabbat Packs

By all means, create a few more. This book contains only two packs, one of which is a remnant of its former self. A Storyteller seeking to use the Sabbat as a prime antagonist or even as a lingering threat may want to diversify the sect's presence.

Anarchs

The same applies to the anarchs, who are almost certainly more numerous than the Sabbat. Anarchs, however, are almost universally young and inexperienced, as opposed to those Sabbat who are veterans of the conflict or far older than that.

VAE VICTIS— THE CAMARILLA OF NEW YORK

Flush with its success at rousting the vipers from their nests, the Camarilla exists in a state of renaissance. In fact, New York has become a sort of rallying point to vampires

of other cities. It represents that war with the Sabbat need not always be a matter of defense. But few Camarilla Kindred making their havens in New York harbor any illusions as to the precarious nature of "their" city. Until the last Sabbat Cainite is chased out of town or burned to ash in his tenement, the Black Hand poses a very real threat.

KATHERINE WIESE

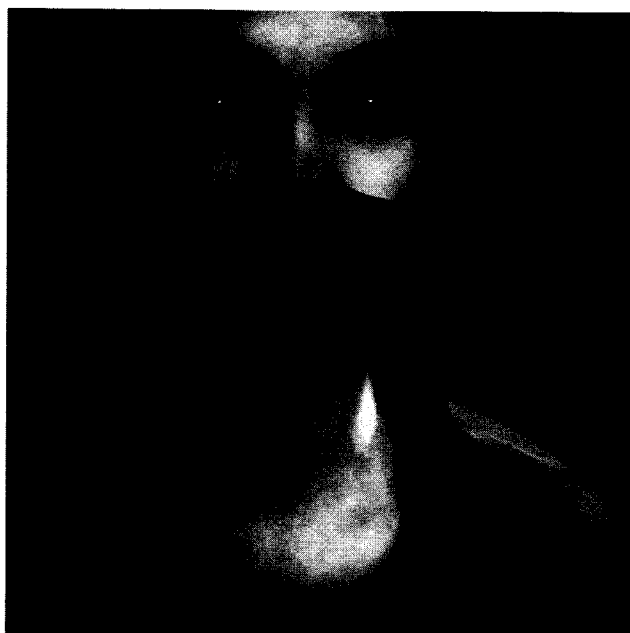
Background: Katherine is a profoundly potent Cainite for someone no other Kindred has ever heard of before. And that's how she prefers it. In fact, should no one ever learn the true extent of her personal prowess, so much the better.

Over eight centuries ago, a young woman named Ecaterina was Embraced in Prague following her near-rape at the hands of a pair of Ventrue-paid mercenaries. The mercenaries both met their just ends, but not before shattering Ecaterina's jaw as she tried to resist them. Ecaterina's Brujah sire did what he could to repair the damage, but medicine at the time was spotty at best.

Despite her physical shortcoming, however, Ecaterina rose to a prominent position among the Kindred. Her native origin, as well as her Brujah powers of charisma, made her something of a local hero to the Kindred of Prague's Old Town, much to the frustration of the city's Ventrue prince. The prince himself had lied to the city's mortal rulers about the source of money used to make developments — or so goes Ecaterina's claim — of which she informed the leaders of the dynasty. Her ruse to depose the hated Ventrue failed, however, as the mortal rulers saw in the prince a convenient ally, while all Ecaterina represented was a firebrand. Finding unlife increasingly unpleasant in Prague, Ecaterina eventually fled, aligning herself with the nascent Anarch Revolt. Marauding with the anarch "sabbats" across the Old World countryside, Ecaterina turned her back on the unwholesomely artificial "society" the Kindred had built for themselves, instead preferring the honesty and freedom the anarchs offered.

Her allegiances with the anarchs lasted for perhaps two centuries until the Convention of Thorns. As the anarchs bowed down to the "Camarilla" that had suddenly proclaimed itself lord over all Cainites, and even her fellow Brujah heeled at their Ventrue and Toreador masters' feet, Ecaterina went berserk upon hearing the news. She formally pledged herself to the cause of the anarchs-cum-Sabbat, rising to become a significant member over the centuries.

Europe slowly but inexorably became Camarilla domain as time passed, however, despite the fervor of the Sabbat. As the Old World became more and more hostile to the presence of the Black Hand, Ecaterina was among the first of the immigrant Kindred to the New World. She stayed in New York City, helping to establish the growing community as a haven for Sabbat strength. Elders of the sect recognized her contributions as well as her long-time service to the Sword of Caine and made her a bishop of the city. In the nights of centuries to come, she would share that title with other luminaries of the Sabbat cause, including Archbishop Polonia himself.



To Ecaterina's growing disappointment, the Sabbat seemed to be changing its face over the years. The sect suffered internal dissent, culminating in three civil wars and costing untold unives. It appeared that the Old World cause to which she had rallied vanished in the presence of New World lawlessness. Tzimisce and Lasombra dominated the sect numerically, making it more of a vehicle for clan politics than ideological revolution, and too often the ages-old foe of elder oppression fell by the wayside for the sect's elders to push their own agendas.

Ecaterina's ultimate disillusionment with the sect came at the latter half of the twentieth century. A raw fledgling, only nights since becoming True Sabbat, challenged her for the title of bishop at the *Palla Grande*. At first, Ecaterina simply sneered at the neonate, knowing that with a flash of her talons she could end his unlife. The Cainites of New York had grown jaded, however, and many jeered her for refusing a foolish Monomacy that she had every right to deny. She looked to her fellow Sabbat prodigy, Polonia, who could only shrug and give a disconsolate look. She shook her head and accepted, hurling the stupid Cainite from an overpass to the howls of the assembled mob. After defeating the challenger, she turned to face the crowd and addressed them. "Is this all that remains of the Great Jihad? Are we so sluggish and contented that instead of fighting our holy cause, we fight each other? You are jackals! You are beasts and spoiled fledglings and abortive failures. How any of you can call yourselves True Sabbat and not end your unives with purifying flame, I don't know."

Then the Black Hand struck. A pack of Assamite *antitribu*, led by a Lasombra, poured out of the shadows behind Ecaterina and struck her down with darkness, poisoned vitae and brutish Roman swords. In the chaos — the fall of a bishop! — scores of Cainites fled every which way, separating the assassins from their trophy. Ecaterina's

body — or her ashes, assuming she had met the Final Death — were nowhere to be found.

When Ecaterina rose, almost 30 years had passed. She awoke in a cold concrete cell, a disused electrical room in a subway tunnel. By her side lay an empty leather-bound book, the sort of thing one keeps a diary in.

Returning to the surface world, Ecaterina remained incognito. She recognized none of the Cainite faces she saw in 1996 New York. That she had somehow survived was a miracle — and she also owed her unlife to whomever had dragged her to torpid safety, though she had no idea who that was, the book being her only clue. Such being the case, she couldn't reasonably present herself to Polonia, assuming he was still bishop, because the assassination attempt might have been his.

So it was that a broken, empty Ecaterina seized upon news of recent clashes with the Camarilla in New York City to reinvent herself as Katherine Wiese and pose as a member-in-exile of the Ivory Tower come to help the cause and reclaim her lost status. Carefully avoiding the archbishop she found to still possess his unlife, she crept quietly into a position of prominence with a few meager victories over the Sabbat to her (new) name. Many Kindred assume her to be an ancilla with prodigious luck. Only one knows her to be the Cainite she truly is, but if he hasn't met his own Final Death, he has yet to expose himself.

Tonight, Katherine has become a moderate voice among the Damned, very active in the politics of the undead. She keeps her strengths to herself, knowing that a powerful Caini—er, Kindred who exposes herself merely places herself in the line of fire. She is a skilled player at the Jyhad, now willing to sacrifice pawns in her ruses much as the leaders of the Sabbat sacrificed her own hopes. To Katherine, however, the end of the Jyhad is not winning, but surviving, and she will throw whomever she must into the fangs of the Anted—elders, that is, to ensure her own success. Also, she intends to find out to whom she owes this “boon,” as it's called here in the Camarilla and negate that debt as soon as possible by the most expeditious means. Finally, she must resolve the issue of Polonia. While she was bishop, she respected his means if not his ends, but she has no idea whether or not it was he who ordered her eliminated. At the same time, she must maintain enough cover for herself not to expose her survival to him before she determines his guilt or innocence.

Katherine's success is too recent for other Kindred to know just how mercenary she is. While they know that she is of some means and reputation, her cutthroat ways have not yet become so commonplace that her fellows distrust her immediately.

Image: Katherine wears her chestnut hair long and loose, which frames an unsettling green-eyed gaze. Embraced with the still-developing body of a late adolescent, Katherine carries herself with a grace that belies her initially gangly appearance. Almost without exception, Katherine shrouds the bottom half of her face with a

fashionable scarf or veil, so as to hide the scarred and shattered remains of her jaw.

Roleplaying Hints: Unlife is not so much for petty games as it is for survival. Sect means nothing — you carefully weigh the odds of a given situation and align yourself with the winning side. Every now and then you feel a pang of guilt for this craven existence you've adopted in the Final Nights, for you were once a zealous follower of the old Brujah ways of progress. In response to this guilt, you sometimes fly into bloody rages or despair, depending upon your environment.

Clan: Brujah

Sire: Marhuel

Nature: Rogue

Demeanor: Conniver

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1150

Apparent Age: mid-teens

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3 (1 if face is wholly visible)

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Intimidation 3, Intrigue 3, Leadership 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Etiquette 2, Herbalism 3, Melee 3, Performance 4, Ride 2, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Academics 5, City Secrets 4, Finance 1, Investigation 2, Law 2, Linguistics 4, Medicine 1, Occult 3, Politics 2, Science 2

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 4, Dominate 2, Fortitude 4, Obfuscate 3, Obtenebration 3, Potence 4, Presence 6, Vicissitude 2

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 2, Contacts 4, Influence 3, Resources 3, Status 1

Virtues: Conviction 2, Instinct 2, Courage 4

Morality: Path of Power and the Inner Voice 3

Willpower: 7

THEO BELL

Background: As the Camarilla's first line of defense in times of crisis, those Kindred appointed to the post of archon have a deserved reputation for cruelty and mercilessness. And among the currently active archons, few inspire such dread in foes as does Theo Bell, childe of the mighty Don Cerro. In his tenure as archon, Bell has won the Inner Circle's personal accolades no fewer than seven times, an unprecedented feat in the sect's history. Even the war packs walk warily when Bell is near, and the anarchs of a hundred cities curse the name of the “Killa-B.”

Ironic, then, that this avenging demon should arise from such humble origins, and that the Camarilla's master jailer should be so intimate with shackles. Born into a family of slaves on an antebellum plantation in the nascent state of Mississippi, young Theophilus (as a slave, he had no last name) worked with his father, mother and

many siblings in the cotton fields. Although the work was grueling and the overseer brutal, Theophilus had as happy a childhood as could be expected under the circumstances. His father, in particular — a huge and gentle man whose laughter was like distant thunder — saw to it that evenings in their tiny shack were peaceable and provided what sparse amenities he could.

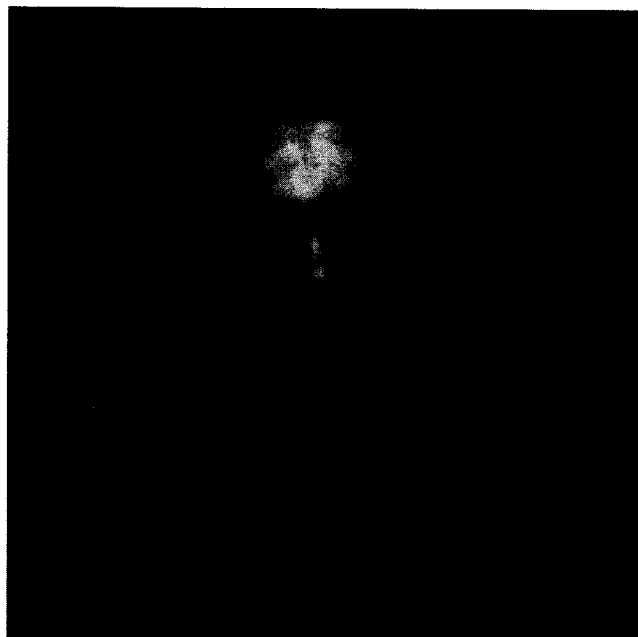
Thus, it was a cruel blow to Theophilus when, soon after his fifth birthday, the family was split up. About half the clan, including his father, remained with the original master, while the remainder, including Theo and his mother, were sold to the distant Bell plantation. Theo was already strong for his age, and it took a grown man to pry the child from around his father's legs. It was, Theo believes, the last time he ever cried, and the first time his father wept. That tear-stained image is his last memory of his father.

Theo's mother was still a handsome woman in spite of her many hardships, and his remaining sisters grew up strong and tall. Their appearance did not go unnoticed by Master Bell, who occasionally descended by night upon the slave quarters, that he might "better the line by pumping some white blood" into as many of Theo's female relatives as he could. The separation from his father and his impotence in the face of his family's violation killed something in Theo. He also grew up strong and tall, and soon enough gained his father's height and impressive build, but never found his father's laugh or smile. A sullen field hand, young Theo often tasted the overseer's whip, and his fingers sometimes twitched atop his pallet as he strangled Master Bell in his dreams.

Theo had an even stronger dream than murder, though, and upon his mother's untimely death from illness (given to her, Theo believed, by the master), he implemented it. His sisters had been bent into docile house slaves; he was sorry for them, but they would hinder him. "Following the drinking gourd" of the Big Dipper, Theo slipped from the Bell plantation by night, striking down an overseer who sought to stop him, and ran for the North.

The way was long and perilous, but Theo was crafty and strong enough to strangle, single-handed, one of the bloodhounds sent after him. Some months later, Theo found himself in Ohio as a member of the Underground Railroad. During the next several years, Theo made many trips into the Deep South to rescue such slaves as he deemed worth saving, and posters throughout Dixie trumpeted a reward for the renegade's death or capture.

Theo never found his father, but he was otherwise very successful in his endeavors. However, his caution waned as his zeal increased. One night, Theo lay panting in a pine forest. He was wounded and facing capture after a failed mission. As the dogs howled in the distance, Theo bent to drink from a stream — and, when he looked up, saw a grinning stranger not three feet from him. Seeing that the stranger was white, and obviously composed, Theo made a desperate lunge at the man. To Theo's



dismay, the stranger sidestepped his attack, then plucked him from the air in a grasp that proved inescapable.

Holding Theo immobile, the stranger bade him be at peace. He was not one of Theo's hunters, nor was he there to enslave him once more — at least not to any master Theo might recognize, the stranger added. His name, he said, was Don Cerro, and he had been watching Theo's exploits for years. Theo had impressed him as a man, and now, Cerro continued, he wished to make Theo into something more.

Theo felt the stranger's icy flesh against his own, and half-remembered snatches of old slave tales pierced his brain like freezing talons. But these tales were dispersed by a vision, an image of his family's violator bent and broken at Theo's hands. Theo relaxed, Cerro smiled, and a bargain was made. One condition only did Theo ask — that he be allowed to return to the Bell plantation.

So Theo gave up the sun and learned of the gifts of his kind, and of the great thirst. This thirst drove him inexorably toward the Bell estate. One moonless night, he crept into the master's house, a strange excitement upon him and a great blacksnake whip in his hand. He stood over the bed where fat old Bell lay, and he brought the whip up and down, up and down, harder than any mortal could crack it, and then there was only Bell's screaming, and his bulging eyes, and a pounding in Theo's skull that grew louder and louder and...

There was red everywhere, and then he realized that the master's house was aflame, and he was in a ruin that had been the slave quarters. Bodies — some white, most black — lay scattered across the grounds, limbs contorted like storm-tossed willows. Familiar faces — including his younger brother's and three of his sisters' — were among the corpses. Theo sank to his knees, but he was dead and could not weep. But, as he ran from that place, he

determined that he would take the surname of his erstwhile master, to remind himself that though he now had the power of the overseer, the yoke of the slave would forever burden in his lifeless heart.

During the following years and through the Civil War, Don Cerro took it upon himself to educate his progeny, instructing the newly dubbed Theo Bell in letters, history and philosophy, as well as matters exclusive to the Kindred. Theo proved an apt pupil — the embodiment of the warrior-scholar the old Idealist wanted — but additionally honed his Kindred gifts through emancipatory missions and, later, raids on Confederate supply depots, all in frantic efforts to erase the memory of his murdered family.

After the war's end, sire and childe embarked on a tour of Europe, during which an entire nocturnal world opened itself to the fledgling's eyes. The princes and primogen, for their part, enjoyed a patronizing titillation at the idea of "Cerro's colored progeny" — precious few black Kindred existed among the Camarilla vampires of those generations still active in politicking, and nearly none had been Embraced from the New World slave populace. Indeed, Bell was a prodigy. Status-conscious harpies tripped over themselves to invite the taciturn Brujah to soirees, and several attempted to entice Bell into illicit blood-drinking liaisons ("Is it true what they say about *Negro vitae*?"). Bell, for his part, quickly grew disgusted with the decadence and debauchery of Europe's Elysiums — all too similar to Master Bell's indolent parties — but he soaked in the culture and customs of the mortals around him. He and Cerro became close — as close as father and son — and as Cerro's sway in the sect rose, Bell was reluctantly carried along with it, shouldering burdensome responsibilities for his sire's sake.

The twentieth century was as turbulent for the Kindred as it was for the kine. Back in America, Bell was dismayed at Reconstruction's failure, though his mortal cares grew increasingly distant to him. In Harlem during the Jazz Age, Bell found himself and his mortal kin at the center of a Sabbat riptide; additionally, he made frequent trips to his old Southern haunts, doing what (little) he could to stem the tide of Jim Crow. In the '50s, seeing a useful pawn to infiltrate civil-rights circles and confront anarchists on their own turf, the Inner Circle appointed Cerro justicar, knowing that Bell would become archon. Bell, for his part, was well aware, and resentful, of the politics behind his appointment; he harbored no small amount of sympathy for the anarchists. His feelings did not stop him from performing his duties to the letter, and by the '90s Bell was the most respected — and feared — archon in the United States. Such was his renown that the newly appointed justicar, Jaroslav Pascek, retained Bell in his subordinate post, even though the two Kindred despised each other.

In these nights, Theo Bell may well prove to be a cornerstone of the besieged Camarilla. He has traveled much more extensively than most Kindred; even werewolves give him little pause, and he knows most cities

in North America and many in Europe. Over the years, Bell has painstakingly tracked down what members of his father's family he could; he watches his kin from afar or occasionally intervenes on their behalf. As such, he has more contact with the sunlit world than most Kindred his age, a trait that serves him well in his duties.

After New York fell out of Sabbat talons and into the domain of the Camarilla, Theo has been present only infrequently, attending to his archon's duties, and even that minor bit has been more than he's comfortable with. He feels that New York's promise is held back by the inevitable backstabbing and other all-too-common Kindred "diplomacies." When he does visit New York, it's with a nostalgia for the fight itself, when the city was all potential. Now, as would-be princes curry favor and forge empty alliances, Theo hunts Sabbat as time allows. He is a part of the local power structure in spite of himself. With any luck, a visionary young prince will rise from the city's ashes. More likely, however, Theo will have to lend his support to just another tyrant with delusions of grandeur. As long as the city stabilizes and he can leave it for good, that's all it'll take.

Image: Tall, dark and, yeah, handsome, Bell cuts a dashing, albeit forbidding, figure. Scars across his shoulders and back, souvenirs from the overseer's lash, are the only legacies of his slave days. Typically sporting a neatly trimmed mustache (and sometimes a bit of beard), Bell dresses well when at peace and efficiently when doing battle. A New York Yankees baseball cap, reflective police-style sunglasses and a merciless shotgun are Bell's trademarks; anarchists and Sabbat alike know his visage and fear it. As an ironic mockery of his unliving condition, Bell occasionally plasters a Breathe-Rite™ strip across his nose, particularly on missions of war.

Roleplaying Hints: On the surface, you are the stoic, emotionless authority figure, efficiently polite to all and close to none. This is, of course, a mask for the indecision that grips you nightly. You watch the masters of the Camarilla administer their mortal plantation, cracking the whip of government and media to make the kine go this way and that, and the sight makes you shake with fury. Yet you can't condone the capricious shortsightedness of the anarchists, and you've seen too much of the Sabbat to harbor any romantic illusions about its agenda. Nor can you go autarkis without bringing shame on the head of the only father you've truly known; the Embrace is a hard thing, but Cerro gave you a way out of your helplessness, and for that you are bound to him with your unlife. Perhaps, then, despite all your power and all your years, you are a slave still and forever. That being the case, you reckon, you might as well be a "good" one for now, until you can decide how to get free once and for all.

Part of the burden of your unique slavery is your tie to the powers that be — and the powers that *would* be. You see it as your duty to back the best prince possible, which

is all but certain to come down to the lesser of however many selfish evils want the title for their own.

Clan: Brujah

Sire: Don Cerro

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Judge

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1857

Apparent Age: early 30s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Empathy 1, Expression 2, Intimidation 5, Leadership 4, Streetwise 4

Skills: Crafts (mechanics) 1, Demolitions 3, Drive 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms (shotguns) 5, Melee 5, Performance 2, Stealth 5, Survival 4

Knowledges: Academics 2, Finance 1, Investigation 4, Law 3, Linguistics 2, Occult 3, Politics 3, Science 1

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 4, Dominate 3, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 2, Potence 4, Presence 4

Backgrounds: Allies 5 (mortal family), Contacts 5, Mentor 4, Resources 3, Status 4

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

Morality: Humanity 6

Derangements: Berserk

Willpower: 10

ELIZABETH HORSMANDEN, "MARLENA"

Background: People like Marlana don't become vampires. They live charmed lives, surrounded by comfort (but not too much), friends (but not too close) and happiness (but not too genuine). Fate sets aside a path for people like this — the Kindred never enter their lives. They are neither the top of the social structure nor the bottom; they are the forgettable chattel in between, the faceless masses Kindred refer to when they use the word "kine" in a derogatory fashion.

Elizabeth was an athletic woman, healthy and strong, before becoming one of the Damned. She held numerous jobs, never really settling on anything she found as her calling. She was a cheerleader for a professional football team, a fitness instructor at a gym, a physical education coordinator at a high school... the list goes on.

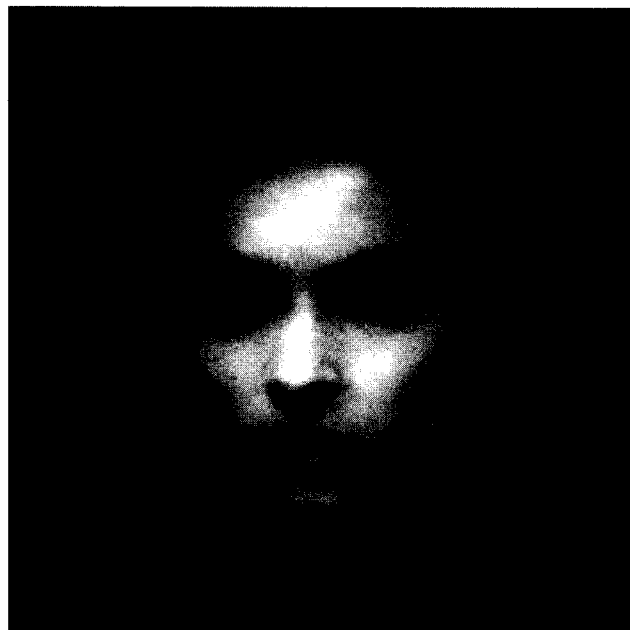
Consider Elizabeth's surprise, then, when a man she met at a nightclub professed to be a vampire. At first she thought it ridiculous, but over the months they saw each other, she felt herself falling more and more under his thrall. When the truth revealed itself to her as the last of her blood flowed from her veins one fateful night, that incredulity turned to horror. As she struggled against him ever more feebly, her attacker suffered one of those strange fits of remorse that sometimes afflict the Kindred, and he Embraced her to prevent himself from taking her life.

To her surprise, Elizabeth was fascinated by the hidden world to which her sire introduced her. It was amazing: layer upon layer of intrigue and suspense, with ancient vendettas and fresh conspiracies arising each night. It was like being let in on a grand secret. When she had finally learned enough of the Kindred's ways to make it on her own (in her opinion), she bid her sire farewell, changed her name in order to "start over," and left for New York, which she had heard was in the midst of a sectarian transition.

Since arriving in New York, Marlana (as Elizabeth renamed herself, in order to sever ties to her embarrassingly pedestrian past) has made the acquaintance of as many Kindred as she can. To her, Kindred society is a wellspring of potential, limited only by the ends to which one will go. Prince, primogen, rebel — who knows? All of these are possible to a Lick with enough ambition. And if there's one thing Marlana's learned since the Embrace, it's that ambition is the Kindred's stock in trade.

Image: The only thing preventing Marlana from being truly beautiful is the corneal infection that afflicted her right eye just before she became Kindred. Tonight, she covers that eye with a patch, but she sometimes goes without it if she's feeling particularly belligerent. Embraced in her late 20s, Marlana had begun to show the world-weariness she felt, at it now remains with her for the entirety of her unlife. She has thick black hair that she wears in a short style that makes her athletic body look almost childlike. Marlana never wears makeup anymore, considering it a vanity in general and a hallmark of her own misspent past. Her clothing varies from the elegant to the functional, depending on what she needs to do that night — she's equally comfortable at a formal reception or an unruly rant.

Roleplaying Hints: You know you have what it takes to be a leader. Your difficulty just seems to be convincing other people of it. While the other Kindred accept you,



many of them resent you because you've accomplished so much in such a short time. Becoming primogen isn't outside the realm of possibility for you, and you've even considered the position of prince more than once. Beneath all the politics, however, you're a realist, and you understand that few of the New York Kindred would want such a young prince. Instead of seizing power in this city, you know you have to convince others to let you have it. Limits exist to be tested, alliances to be strained and rules to be broken.

Clan: Brujah

Sire: Edgar Paulson

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Competitor

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1991

Apparent Age: late 20s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Athletics 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Leadership 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Performance 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 1, Investigation 1, Politics 3

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Potence 3, Presence 1

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 4, Influence 1, Mentor 2, Resources 2, Retainers 2, Status 1

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 7

Note: Marlana's mentor is actually her sire's sire, whom she never met with proper introductions. He met her when she arrived in New York and never revealed the tie between them. For this Kindred, his grandchilde is little more than a tool with which to play the Jihad. It is under his suggestion that Marlana has considered attempting to become prince, and it is with his guidance that she has begun laying the groundwork. Characters dealing with Marlana might note that she seems affable enough, only to perform some act of treachery or atrocity and never give it a second thought. To Marlana, none of it is personal. It's all part of the "ends justify the means" philosophy with which her mentor instructs her.

TAYSHAWN KEARNS

Background: There's a reason the Kindred choose not Embrace too young. Childer who haven't yet matured as mortals inevitably have difficulty facing the vagaries of the Embrace. Tayshawn Kearns is an example of this.

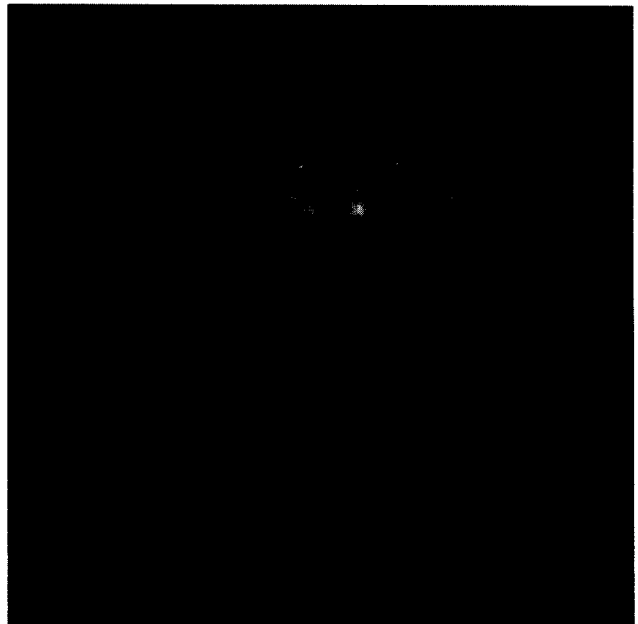
Soon after Marlana arrived in New York, she decided to make a childe of her own, free as she was from the supervision of her own sire. With her desire to make a

name for herself, she thought she could use a lackey of sorts. While prowling the streets of Brooklyn one night, she spotted a lone boy running down the street toward the corner grocer. Her mind immediately conjured a romantic notion of the youth, dutifully running to the store for his parents, both of whom had just completed their shifts at their third jobs, and she thought such a loyal son would make an excellent fledgling.

As it turns out, Tayshawn *was* running to the store for his father, but only to buy the old man a quart of Miller High Life. Before he knew what was going on, his sire-to-be snatched him off the street, Embraced him in an alley, and the two fled into the night. When they rose the next evening, Tayshawn's mind buzzed with events of the previous night. Confused, he knew something was horribly wrong, but he felt immediately drawn toward Marlana. She told him that she was now his master, and that if he served her faithfully, she would turn him loose, so that he might be a master of his own childe.

Since then, Tayshawn has slowly learned more about Kindred society, realizing Marlana's claim of dominance over him for the lie that it is. Still, he has no one else to turn to in his state — his friends wouldn't believe him and his father would probably beat him for being gone so long (years now, as a matter of fact), and that's assuming the old man's still alive. For the time being, he allows Marlana's whims to give him purpose, trying to find something to smile about under it all. As the nights wear on, Marlana's wants become more and more complicated, though, and Tayshawn's responsibility for them has frayed him at the edges a bit.

Image: As a relatively young Kindred, Tayshawn still has the wide-eyed awe of Kindred society that affects many fledglings. He is tall and thin, and wears clothes that make this all the more noticeable, such as basketball jerseys, long shorts and big sport shoes when dressed casually, and



tapered pants and two-button jackets when dressed for societal affairs. His hair is short, though he sometimes shaves it bald when rising for the night, more out of surprise that it grows back so quickly than any fashion statement. Tayshawn has a gold tooth with a Mercedes logo sculpted into it, worn prominently in the front.

Roleplaying Hints: Being dragged into this world of blood and treachery is a punishment for *something* you've done, but you don't yet know what. When you do find out, you can hopefully gain release from it. In the meantime, it doesn't all have to be as serious as the other Kindred make it. There's still plenty to laugh at — you just have to look harder for it. Even when Marlana sends you out to do something you don't want to do, you try to make it as light-hearted as you can, and make whoever goes along with you laugh.

Clan: Brujah

Sire: Marlana

Nature: Penitent

Demeanor: Trickster

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1999

Apparent Age: late teens

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 3

Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Melee 1, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Academics 1, Area Knowledge (Brooklyn) 1, City Secrets 1, Linguistics (Spanish) 1, Politics 1, Science 1

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Potence 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Herd 1, Mentor 1, Resources 1

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Derangements: Schizophrenia (Whenever Tayshawn's derangement manifests, he acts utterly inappropriately toward whatever situation has stimulated him, often regarding dire situations as comical. The derangement surfaced after Tayshawn accidentally killed a vessel upon whom he had fed. He broke out in fits of laughter, as his demeanor would suggest, leaving his sire shocked with what she thought she had Embraced.)

Willpower: 4

Note: Tayshawn's mentor is the same Kindred as Marlana's, though Tayshawn doesn't know how to call on him. Every now and then, the mentor intervenes on Tayshawn's behalf, but only at his own discretion.

JEZEBELLE, THE FORGOTTEN HERO

Background: While Catholics may place a good deal of stock in the sins of the father, Kindred society puts significant onus on heritage as far as bloodlines are concerned. Jezebel's sire was an archon. Her grandsire led a coterie of Lupine hunters to protect the boundaries of Milwaukee and

recently became prince of that city. It would seem that by dint of her Embrace, Jezebel was destined for great things — or that they were expected of her.

And then Xavier pulled his little stunt, dragging those fawning Outlanders who idolized him with him. Jezebel and her Kindred ancestors merely shook their heads, ashamed at the grandstanding that Xavier had so vehemently opposed and then succumbed to at the end. Perhaps his hands were tied; no one will ever know.

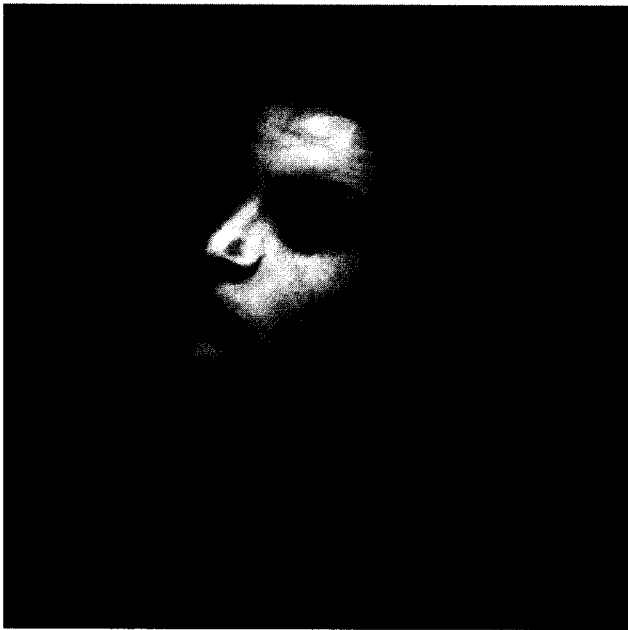
The exodus of the Gangrel from the Camarilla left those few who remained a part of it under a great deal of suspicion, however. While her sire's duties as archon confirmed his commitment to the sect and her grandsire's claim of domain left no doubt as to his, Jezebel had yet to prove herself. She had been Kindred for almost a century — she was an ancillae by age but not distinction. With the anticipating eyes of her sire upon her, Jezebel cast about for some conflict by which to prove herself, some crucible in which she could forge a commitment to the Camarilla and its just cause.

So it was that Jezebel almost exhaled a sigh of relief as news of the impending crusade for New York reached her ears. She had run with her sire's coterie before, but this was a chance for her to step out from under his shadow. Leading a small but ferocious pack of blitzkrieg Kindred, Jezebel tore out the throats of more Sabbat than some Kindred saw over the course of the battle. She was instrumental in a few of Theo Bell's strategies, leading Sabbat packs into ambush or attacking them from their flanks as other Kindred played at being bait. Jezebel participated in the Bronx raid on the defending Sabbat and the final conflict in Polonia's stronghold. Drenched in blood and warmed by glory, Jezebel made sure that her name was on the lips of every elder under whom she'd served.

Unfortunately, few of those elders remained in New York. The only people who knew of her exploits were Kindred who returned to their domains elsewhere and a handful of neonates — who weren't particularly interested in honoring a Gangrel "hero" if it meant exalting her reputation before theirs. While a few key Kindred recall her exploits, such as Theo Bell and (hopefully) Aisling Sturbridge, such recognition did little good in the grand scheme of things, as none of the Kindred who remembered Jezebel had much interest in the city's political aftermath. Even Calebro, who honored Jezebel at the conclave after the battle, has stepped down from his position of prestige.

As a result, Jezebel's valor and sacrifice have left her as little more than a footnote in the history of New York's Kindred. With so few who remember her, even if she does recite her honors, if no one can verify them, she's just another boastful Kindred trying to ride false success to future status.

Embittered by how events have worked out, Jezebel retired to her own haven, where she Embraced a few childer in hopes of finding new purpose in them. She



hasn't grown disillusioned with the Camarilla, but with its members. She chalks it up to experience, however, and sees a new opportunity coming soon. After all, the city needs a prince, and though she doesn't want the title for herself, Jezebelle knows that a prince is only as strong as other's respect for him makes him — and she can procure a lot of respect, if left to her own methods.

Image: Years of fights and frenzy have taken their toll on Jezebelle, who used to be an average-looking woman. In light of her feral nature, however, she has acquired several of the characteristics of a weasel. Her fingers are long and look as if they have an extra knuckle in them. Her nose is short and blunt but very acute, and her eyes have the red glint of a predator under certain conditions. Jezebelle's teeth are sharp, even in the rear of her mouth. Her left ear is pointed, but she lost most of right in one squabble or another. Tufts of fur sprout in certain portions of her anatomy. Jezebelle has even become a bit taller than she was previously, now standing at just over six feet. Her clothes are a mismatched mess of denim, cheap leather and T-shirts, none of which last very long in her possession.

Roleplaying Hints: Same shit, different night. If it wasn't for the responsibility you had toward your sire and his sire, you'd write this whole thing off and join the independent Gangrel hiring themselves out to either sect all up and down the East Coast. Well, be true to yourself; you probably wouldn't. Despite everything that's wrong with the Camarilla, it's at least trying to do the right thing — not like those Sabbat shitbags you gutted to make a name for yourself. You know you're not much of a political powerhouse, but your Gangrel brood respects you, and if might can somehow make right, you may consider coming out of your self-imposed exile and convincing your coterie to back a good prince — or at least hunting the remaining pockets of Sabbat who stubbornly refuse to leave.

Clan: Gangrel
Sire: Kristof Oldenbourg
Nature: Caregiver
Demeanor: Curmudgeon
Generation: 11th
Embrace: 1923
Apparent Age: arguably late 20s
Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5
Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Leadership 2, Search 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 1
Skills: Animal Ken 4, Melee 1, Stealth 4, Survival 3
Knowledges: Investigation 3, Occult 2, Politics 2
Disciplines: Animalism 4, Fortitude 4, Obfuscate 2, Protean 4
Backgrounds: Mentor 2, Resources 1, Status 1
Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 3, Courage 4
Morality: Humanity 5
Willpower: 6

DAVID MORGAN, THE SCOURGE

Background: Things took a turn for the different when David became one of the undead. In life, he could focus on frivolity — drinking with friends, hanging out at clubs, working out at the gym. The Embrace had left David with a feeling of having even less meaning than he had before. Upon becoming Kindred, he had to leave his mortal wife behind, a fact that still causes him to feel guilt to this night. Of course, he had no choice — he didn't have the requisite permission to Embrace her, and he'd have to kill her to protect the Masquerade if she found out about his secret. After traveling with his coterie to New York, though, things ironically became far more purposeful. In many ways, this pleased him: It gave him a direction he never had in life. Now, by his own actions, David's somewhat responsible for the well-being of the rest of the Kindred. That's what the Traditions are for, after all. Once you move past all the self-important attitude, even the Camarilla's a decent enough society, and it appreciates the diligence with which he fulfills his duties.

David Morgan was a member of one of the coteries who heeded the justicars' call to New York, hoping he could find in the fight a purpose for himself. As a matter of fact, he did — David emerged from the conflict as one of the "veterans," practically walking into the title Prince Calebros gave to him after things had settled somewhat.

Becoming scourge was a great step for David. It not only gave him a bit of clout among his fellow Kindred, but it also introduced him to the hypocrisy that goes hand in hand with being one of the Damned. During his nights as a soldier for the Camarilla, he fought the Sabbat because they were a malignant, satanic rabble. Upon receiving his new commission, however, he saw that the Camarilla, for all its strength, feared the same things the Sabbat did, only

it wouldn't admit that to itself. Calebros needed a scourge to appease the clamoring of elders and ancillae who feared the "Time of Thin Blood" as mentioned in the *Book of Nod* — which was itself supposedly heretical among Kindred of the Camarilla. What they feared was the same end of the world they disdained the Sabbat for fearing. Yet, most of the Camarilla Kindred feared it for a different reason. They weren't fervent, like the Sabbat. They were greedy, unwilling to pay the Biblical price for their Damned natures, loath to lose their domains and their creature comforts.

The motives of other Kindred didn't matter to David, though, so he brushed his judgments of them aside. Being scourge gave him goals and power — and the hypocrisy of his own situation wasn't lost on him. He merely chose to ignore it.

Still, being a Kindred is a lonely affair, and he can't help but feel sorry for some of those thin-blooded wretches he brings to Final Death. He had to leave his own wife, and he tries not to think about the sacrifices the vampires he hunts may have made, or the fact that they are made in vain once he extinguishes their unlives. After all, they can prove themselves and achieve like he has done, and if they don't bother, well, perhaps they *are* part of the impending end of the — no, that can't be true. It's just a job. The delusion is everyone else's. Not his.

Image: David's not a big man, but he carries a good deal of bulk on his average-sized frame. Having grown up amid countercultures all his life, he adopts new fashions and habits easily. Before he was Embraced, however, his sire had him tattooed — here and there on his body appear symbols, designs and small pieces of art. Almost none of this is visible, though, unless David removes articles of clothing. His current look involves baggy pants and tight shirts, but he favors darker colors than the more psychedelic clubgoers.



Roleplaying Hints: It's become hard to balance the responsibility of being Kindred with the fact that your new purpose is to deny others that chance. It's not that you hate thin-blooded Kindred, but you sometimes wonder if the Kindred aren't supposed to meet their fate with dignity, after all. You wrestle with this question almost nightly — hardly an evening goes by that it wouldn't be easier to leave your scourge's title behind and become your own man, your own *Kindred*. Still, you're not quite ready to face New York alone. Are you?

Clan: Malkavian

Sire: Ramie Ramiro

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1997

Apparent Age: mid-20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 3, Firearms 2, Melee 3, Security 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Academics 1, Computer 1, Investigation 3, Politics 2

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 1, Obfuscate 1, Potence 2

Backgrounds: Mentor 1, Resources 2, Status 2

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

Morality: Humanity 6

Derangements: Antisocial (The Storyteller or player portraying David must spend a Willpower point if he wishes to make a Conscience roll on David's behalf. If David's player elects not to spend the Willpower point, assume David failed the roll.)

Willpower: 5

Note: David possesses an antique pocket watch given to him by Aisling Sturbridge to help him in his duties as scourge. A film of blood washes over the inside face of the pocket watch when the bearer opens it in the presence of a thin-blooded vampire. This artifact is effective if the user is within a few yards of the Kindred in question. The pocket watch does not accurately tell time, and forever reads 1:11, even if wound.

CARTER VANDERWEYDEN

Background: One of the original Dutch merchant families to settle in the New York region, the Vanderweydens are all but extinct in the New World of the modern nights, with only a few scions of the family still living (or unliving, as is the case with Carter) in isolated pockets around the United States. It is partially this legacy that makes Carter Vanderweyden so determined to make himself the Prince of New York; he considers it a return home or a claim to his birthright.

The line that would be Carter's family left New York around the middle of the nineteenth century, settling in the Piedmont region of the United States, the foothills also known as the South. They remained well-to-do as the northern branch of the family prospered, with several members of the family finding work as merchants, lawyers, even local politicians. Carter's own father was first a district prosecutor and later a circuit judge, and Carter inherited the family practice from him. Under Carter's guidance, the firm flourished for a bit at first, but then flourished with a series of high-profile cases.

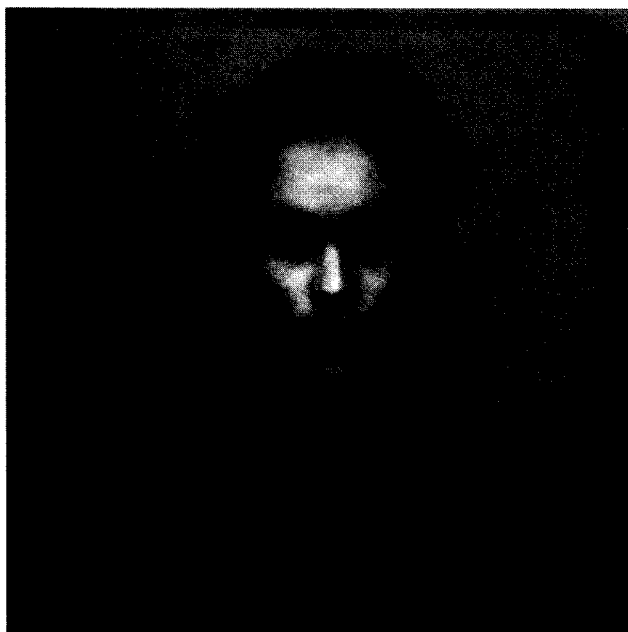
The last of these high-profile cases changed Carter's life forever. His sire, unbeknownst to Carter and the community, was a Kindred who had made an enemy of the Ventrue prince of Carter's home city. Julius Abrogard had long been dead, but here he had found himself summoned to the courts, accused of a crime he could not possibly have committed, as he had been out of the country at the time. This was the prince's intent — to have Abrogard found guilty and in contempt of court for failing to heed the summons.

Carter managed to have the case delayed for a time, until his client, who had retained him sight unseen, could return to the country. At that point, they faced another problem, what with Abrogard being Kindred and unable to attend a daytime trial. Since Carter's client had been accused, he was protected from taking the stand, should he wish, so the two came up with a ruse that, while wholly illegal, nonetheless protected an innocent man (or Kindred, as the case may be). Julius' rival was powerless to prevent the "stand-in" Abrogard from attending the trial, lest he jeopardize his own secrecy as a Kindred.

Thus was Carter's introduction to the world of the Damned. Prior to the trial, he had asked no hard questions of his client. He simply did what he had to do when presented with Julius' limitations. Abrogard was so impressed with Carter's discretion and commitment to his client that he Embraced him on the spot. Of course, this presented a whole new realm of difficulties for Carter, and the young lawyer announced to his family that he was leaving the practice to his brother and starting a new one.

Since that time, Carter learned the ins and outs of Kindred society from his sire. When the opportunity came to forge his own destiny in New York, Carter bid his sire farewell and made the journey north. During the Battle of New York, he acted as an ambassador to those Sabbat who preferred to quietly leave the city rather than face Final Death, and he also consulted with the Kindred in charge of administration after the dust settled. He garnered a reputation for fairness in the letter of the Traditions, and Calebros occasionally kept his counsel on more delicate matters between Kindred that could use the former lawyer's insight.

Tonight, Carter is thrilled that Calebros has chosen to step down, not so much because he disliked the prince but because it allows him to make his own bid for principedom. While he is a very strong candidate for prince, those who would support him have a few concerns. First, his



strong suit is frankness, not compassion — in a worst-case scenario, Carter could become a tyrant of the Tradition-bound variety. Second, Carter is prone to blackouts, during which he acts normally (to everyone else's memory, at least) but cannot remember what he said or did later. For some, this "absent-minded would-be prince" is amusing, while others consider the situation much more dire. What does Carter do when he has his blackouts away from other Kindred? What does he say or reveal? To whom?

Image: A few who have dealt with Carter describe him as having an "untarnished" countenance, as if he isn't bothered in the slightest by anything that comes his way. By less poetical accounts, Carter is a calm Kindred, with an intelligent face whose eyes take in everything. His past in the legal profession has carried over in undeath with its habits; even when dressed casually, Carter obviously spends some amount of time considering his wardrobe. He has wavy, dirty blonde hair worn tousled on top and short in the back.

Roleplaying Hints: Unlike other Kindred in the city, you view the principedom as a duty to be fulfilled rather than a glory for the taking. Take this tack when you look for support. Even when not petitioning other Kindred for their help, you are a very conservative Kindred, a strong believer in the Traditions and the proponent of a stalwart Camarilla. Were the principedom to somehow elude your attainment, you would likely push for a place among the city's leaders, whether that is as seneschal, sheriff, primogen or whip. Indeed, you feel that by being a Kindred, you have a responsibility to the other Kindred in town. In this, you are as much a philosopher and social critic as you are a politico.

Clan: Malkavian

Sire: Julius Abrogard

Nature: Autocrat

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 9th (black veins in his aura indicate diablerie, though he maintains that it happened during the battle proper, and was sanctioned in the field)

Embrace: 1951

Apparent Age: early 30s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Diplomacy 2, Empathy 4, Expression 4, Grace 3, Intimidation 1, Intuition 2, Leadership 3, Masquerade 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Performance 4

Knowledges: Academics 3, Bureaucracy 2, Camarilla Lore 2, Computer 2, Finance 3, Investigation 2, Law (civil, Kindred Traditions) 5, Linguistics (Dutch, French, Latin, Spanish) 3, Politics 4, Research 2

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Dementation 2, Dominate 2, Obfuscate 1, Serpents 1

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Fame 1, Herd 2, Influence 1, Resources 4, Retainers 1

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Derangements: Fugue

Willpower: 7

ADELAIDE DAVIS, THE CURSE OF SNUG HARBOR

Background: When two boys turned up at the bottom of Snug Harbor in 1841, their pupils blown and rocks in their pockets, the quiet sailor's community knew it had a problem. Things seemed tense for the fall, and then, in the winter, the Blakely boys disappeared. Everyone assumed that the Blakely boys had killed the original two and their consciences had finally gotten the better of them, urging them to leave. When both of the Blakelys were discovered the following spring in the same part of Snug Harbor, with the same head injuries and the same types of stones weighing them down, the residents were once again up in arms. It would seem they had a child-killer on their hands.

As summer came around and school let out, it was not without some sense of trepidation that parents let their children play outside. As if to confirm their fears, Tom Hawkins was found at the foot of a tree, his head viciously bludgeoned with a rock. Tom was older than the other boys, however, and it seemed he had been too heavy for his attacker to drag to the creek. Rushed to the hospital, Tom was given around-the-clock care in hopes of nursing him back to health — and to identify his attacker.

When Tom came to, he named Adelaide Davis, the daughter of a widowed sailor. At age 12, she "had had a lot of boyfriends," most of whom ended up dead. After a much publicized (and not wholly fair, even if Adelaide did confess) trial, Adelaide was remanded to the custody of the state. Sent to the Blackwell's Island lunatic asylum,

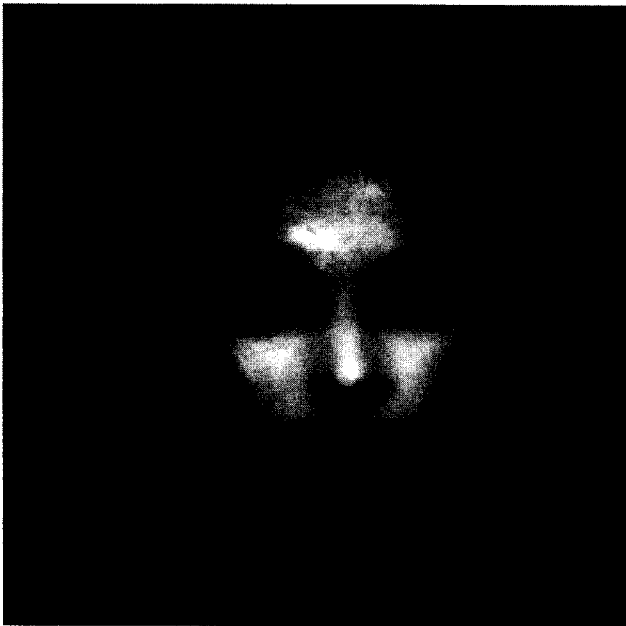
she spent 10 years in a hopeless dementia. A Malkavian "nurse," traveling from asylum to asylum, had read about Adelaide's story and arranged paperwork for her to be freed from the asylum. With her father dead and a dubiously clean bill of mental health, Adelaide was released. She returned with her patron to Snug Harbor, Staten Island, staying in Adelaide's father's house, which had been abandoned. Within a few years, their relationship had blossomed, and Adelaide was Embraced.

Adelaide kept a low profile after her sire ran afoul of the local Sabbat. She fed mostly from sailors, making a few contacts among the Cainites of the city, but she kept largely to herself. When pressed, she made nominal statements of allegiance to the Sabbat but never paid them much attention. So it went for almost a century, with Adelaide hiding from the sect that held the city, every now and then indulging her jealousy of "other" children — but these times she was careful enough to do it away from her home.

Then the tides turned — the Camarilla swept in and displaced the Sabbat. For Adelaide, this was fine. She had heard about the Ivory Tower from her sire, and it seemed to be a much less domineering group of Kindred (or Cainites, or whatever this particular faction chose to call itself). Although she hadn't participated in the Battle of New York, largely out of apathy to the Sabbat cause, she thought that this new power might prove more to her liking. To that end, she sought out others of her kind. While the Malkavian presence turned out to be spotty and disorganized, other Kindred proved to be much more focused. Adelaide could appreciate that; she could understand a purpose. Making the acquaintance of the Toreador Thomas Arturo, Adelaide procured for herself a minor place among the social elite of this new Camarilla.

Over the past two years, she has grown boundlessly enamored of the Toreador, to the point where she would do anything for him... and she has. Arturo is no fool, and after learning a bit of Adelaide's history, read up on her. He knows her penchant for killing children, and fully intends to use it at some point in the future. Adelaide will be only too happy to oblige for her part. She sees the relationship as much more personable than it truly is.

Image: Lissome and twitchy, Adelaide always seems on the verge of nervous collapse. That is, when she's not facedown in a near-torpid sleep, she's frenetic. Adelaide wears the clothing of a shut-in, weird garments that might have once been stylish, or may have always seemed as bizarre as they do now. Lace, heavy brocades, gingham — it depends on the season, but Adelaide has more clothes than she knows what to do with. If she'd pay some attention to herself, she'd probably be pretty, but as it stands, she's only a few steps removed from being a veritable bag lady in appearance. Her face is young; beneath the smear of lipstick and frightening application of rouge lie genuinely appealing features. Oh, and that *hair*....



Roleplaying Hints: It's all a game and you're glad you can play. Being in torpor is such an unpleasant sleep, after all, with the nightmares pounding inside your head and the voices of your fallen vessels clamoring for their sweet release. They're like children. In fact, that's why you put children to rest — each one is a nightmare given physical form. Yes, that's a reasonable, rational answer. That'll do nicely.

When you meet someone, trust your instincts; they're never wrong. Thereafter, grow more and more extreme in your attitude toward that person. Attraction becomes love, mistrust becomes paranoia, amicability becomes devotion and dislike becomes hatred. Not that these are based on any real stimuli other than your first impression, but it's that first impression that counts.

Clan: Malkavian

Sire: Loretta Millhaven

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Celebrant

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1867

Apparent Age: an unkempt late 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Brawl 2, Empathy 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Crafts 3, Etiquette 2, Performance 2, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Academics 1, Finance 2, Investigation 1, Law 1, Linguistics (Dutch) 1, Medicine 3, Politics 1

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Dementation 2, Dominate 1, Obfuscate 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 1, Fame 1, Herd 1, Resources 4, Retainers 1

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

Morality: Humanity 4

Derangements: Manic-depression, sanguinary animism

Willpower: 4

Note: Adelaide has blood bound a number of anarchs to her, as they believe the Lunatic to be a harmless, well, lunatic, and they savor the rich taste of Kindred vitae. While she has no real influence among the anarchs, many of them might well find themselves rushing to her aid, should any trouble befall her.

CALEBROS, THE ERSTWHILE PRINCE

Background: The most influential Nosferatu in New York for the past 50 years since his sire disappeared, Calebros is remarkably anonymous beyond his clan, and that's the way he prefers it. He maintains order in his warren beneath Manhattan while also coordinating plans and information for his brethren across the Americas and parts of Europe. As the reluctant, temporary (and now former) Prince of New York, Calebros hasn't slept well since putting those duties behind him.

Calebros remembers little of his mortal life. As a child, he was snatched away by the Nosferatu and held in prolonged captivity before his Embrace. To his thinking, he has always been Nosferatu, and the indistinct nature of his days as a kine precludes notions of existential angst. He exists as the quintessential Kindred, and his efforts have been rewarded by his steadily increasing status among his clanmates and Damned peers.

In being Prince Pro Tempore of New York City, Calebros did what he felt like he had to do — he acted as a wartime figurehead for a siege effort that needed one. He harbors no illusions about this; he knows that he held the title only to give the Camarilla effort a common cause to rally behind and to give the Sabbat an enemy upon whom to focus. Some would consider this meteoric "rise to power" unheard-of in Kindred circles. Calebros and his fellow Nosferatu, however, understand it for what it was. The Nosferatu consulted with archons and justicars, met with coterie of future sect heroes, schemed with the Tremere and Venture and acted as a liaison to the Followers of Set and Giovanni who also call New York their home.

It was with great relief, then, that Calebros abdicated as prince of the domain. He never really wanted the position. He found himself thrust into it by Camarilla powers who wanted a prince weak enough to acquiesce to their tactical needs but believable enough to give the siege effort a sense of credibility (and give the Sabbat a figure to hate while the true architects of the retaking planned behind the scenes).

Calebros knew all along that his tenure would be a short one, but his abandonment of the prince's duties has caused a division among the city's Nosferatu. Several members of the clan understand Calebros' stance and empathize with his decision to leave the principedom. A more radical half, however, resents the Camarilla for its action, claiming that Calebros was used (or allowed himself to be used) as a patsy. This more radical element

wishes to place another Nosferatu in a position to claim the domain, citing the artificially short tenure as a mandate for one of their own to prove himself or herself worthy of the status.

Calebros is tired of the whole affair, of course. He still plays the game as much as is expected of him, speaking with various Kindred who may find themselves among the primogen once a viable prince does emerge, but he longs for the nights when he can put the whole political circus behind him and return to his warren beneath the streets. The matter of the principedom, at least as far as the Nosferatu are concerned, should be secondary at best in Calebros' opinion. Over the course of his stay in New York, he has uncovered traces of what he believes to be a Nictuku, one of the legendary vehicles of the Nosferatu Antediluvian's vengeance upon his loathsome issue. So long as something threatens the entirety of his clan, he has grave concerns with those who would push their own survival aside for temporal power games.

That said, Calebros still carries a great deal of influence among the Kindred of New York City. He is seen by many as a champion of the Camarilla cause, even by those who have their own grievances with the sect. Most of New York's knowledgeable undead believe that no prince will claim the domain without Calebros' approval — if he believes a candidate to be undesirable, he could potentially turn the majority of local Kindred against the claimant with but a word. While Calebros remains characteristically quiet on the issue, it is potentially true. He will support a candidate he doesn't like personally, if such seems to be the best for the welfare of the domain. He will not support a prince he does not believe has the city's best interests in mind. This isn't to say that he's naïve or foolish — Calebros has enough experience with Kindred politics and elder Jyhads to know that no Kindred is likely to take the position wholly altruistically. He understands the

Cainite condition fairly well, however, resigning himself to accepting the lesser of so many evils.

Image: Calebros seldom mixes with kine or Kindred beyond his warren, so there is little need for him to assume a visage other than that of his curse: pasty, bald head; wide, deep-set eyes accustomed to near or total darkness; mouth full of jagged fangs that rub his gums raw and bloody; hunched back; permanently taloned fingers that, nonetheless, do not interfere with his work at his Smith-Corona typewriter. Calebros' twisted spine and arthritic joints cause him an inordinate amount of pain nightly, whether he is active or, more usual, at his desk. He is capable, however, of speed and decisive violence if pressed.

Roleplaying Hints: Some of your clanmates call you a packrat, but you know that each of the countless reports, photographs, and newspaper clippings crammed into your grotto office is a piece of the large puzzle — and solving that puzzle may mean the survival of your clan. Other Kindred take you for granted, and that's just as well, because ever more terrible things are taking place in the world. Safeguarding your brethren against them is your eternal work. It feels as though you've merely exchanged one unavoidable responsibility for another, and it would be an unparalleled relief to have your unlife to yourself again.

Clan: Nosferatu

Sire: Augustin

Nature: Martyr (sometimes Penitent)

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1780

Apparent Age: indeterminate

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Intimidation 3, Leadership 3, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Crafts 1, Drive 2, Melee 1, Performance 2, Security 2, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Academics 4, Camarilla Lore 2, Computer 1, Finance 3, Investigation 5, Linguistics (Greek, Latin, Russian, Spanish) 3, Occult 3, Politics 4, Sabbat Lore 1, Science 2, Sewer Lore 3

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Auspex 1, Celerity 1, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 5, Potence 3, Protean 2

Backgrounds: Clan Prestige 2, Contacts 5, Herd 3, Influence 3, Mentor 5, Resources 4, Status 4

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

Morality: Humanity 5

Willpower: 7

Note: Calebros' Mentor Background reflects several Kindred of varying authority among the upper echelons of the Camarilla. Yes, they used him, but he's aware of it and a mutual respect has grown between Calebros and his mentors, both sides accepting that the other had the

wherewithal to do what needed to be done at the time to oust the Sabbat.

GERARD RAFIN, "UNCLE SMELLY"

Background: Ellis Island was the gateway to the Americas — between 1892 and 1924, 71 percent of all immigrants to the United States were processed there. Among them was a French tinker named Gerard Rafin, a moderately skilled laborer who took up residence on the Lower East Side. His skill with crafts and devices brought him to the attention of the Nosferatu, and before long he had been "recruited" into the leagues of the Sewer Rats. The Sabbat was still the prominent sect in the city, and Rafin made no few contacts among that group as well. The Nosferatu have long been on at least civil terms with their *antitribu*, and Rafin felt no real sectarian struggle demanding his loyalties.

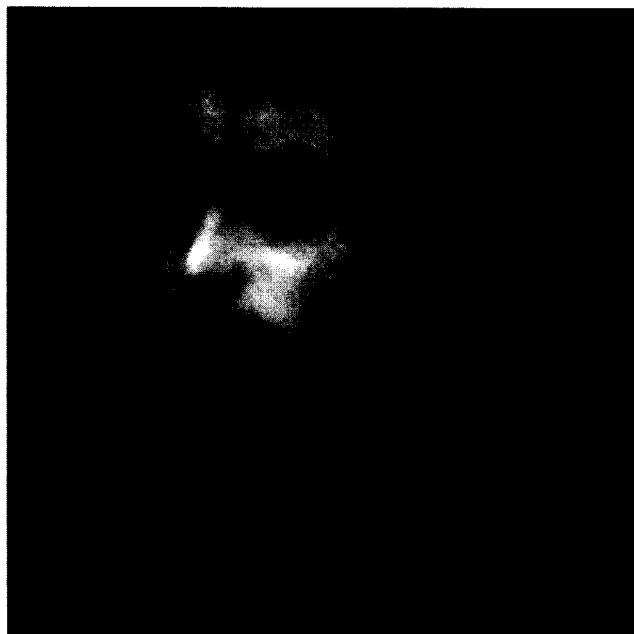
As time moved forward, so did technology, and Rafin became fascinated by it. His warren was always littered with copies of *Popular Science*, the *Physical Review* and other technology periodicals. While the Sabbat ranted and raged aboveground, Rafin slowly brought, in his words, "technological snuff" to various Nosferatu dens — adding safeguards, communication networks and electricity.

As his Americanization in the company of the New York Nosferatu and *antitribu* continued, Rafin heard tales of the Nictuku and other apocryphal horrors. These occupied his curiosity as much as technology did, and he became a sort of de facto expert on the subject. After a while, the two interests blended, with Rafin developing security devices to protect the Nosferatu Kingdom from horrors below as well as above, and various traps designed for the purpose of trapping the Nosferatu's ancient predator.

By the 1970s, Rafin had created a computer network that "sat atop" the military's ArpaNet, through which local Nosferatu could communicate more securely than by telephone. With comrades and progeny, Rafin traveled the country, establishing other nodes for this "SchreckNET." With a backpack full of breadboards, jumper switches and copper wire, Rafin and his crew expanded the Nosferatu's information network nationwide. Tonight it exists as a subnet of the Internet, and as such covers conceivably the whole world.

During his travels, Rafin concocted a "stage personality" that could precede him. Sure, Rafin was known for his technical prowess, but the larger-than-unlife character of Uncle Smelly embodied everything the Nosferatu were reputed for. In this guise, Rafin could travel with wide berth, other Kindred forgiving him for his Nosferatu proclivities and the Sewer Rats themselves welcoming him for his tales and technology. The fact that those who got in his way were often whipped within an inch of their unlives (including a few sheriffs) gave Uncle Smelly even more room to do his work.

As the Camarilla moved into New York, Rafin has settled a bit, refocusing his efforts locally. Unhappy with the apparent direction of the Nosferatu's fate in new York and more than a bit resentful of the stopgap efforts of Calebros,



Rafin has become something of a Nosferatu activist, pushing a clan agenda with a few of his cronies and turning the Nosferatu into a recognizable political entity. His concerns over the Nictuku also persevere, and any given night might find Rafin pursuing one or both of these goals.

Rafin has all but dropped the Uncle Smelly routine among local Nosferatu, reserving it (with more than minor disdain) for the other Kindred. He is renowned among the Camarilla as Uncle Smelly, however, and when he wants to take advantage of that status, his lingering French accent disappears and his heightened Nosferatu mannerisms come to the fore.

Image: With oversized ears and a head that looks like it has been shrunk by savages, Gerard has truly suffered the effects of the Nosferatu Embrace. He has an extremely weak chin, punctured by a few wiry hairs. Patches of mildewed hair thatch his head, but only in the few places not obstructed by eruptions of boils. When affecting his "Uncle Smelly" persona, Rafin looks quite like a dirty old man, wearing a filthy raincoat and a beaten fedora. He even keeps a few candies in his pocket, "the better to tempt the children with."

Roleplaying Hints: Your "Uncle Smelly" shtick is an overblown Nosferatu caricature intended to divert people's attention from the man beneath. All of Uncle Smelly's antics are exaggerated — candy in the pockets of an overcoat to lure children, affected amounts of filth hidden in his clothing, spitting and coughing that no Kindred truly needs to perform — it's all an act to incite disgust. That way, they'll leave you alone, or maybe even grant you some concession or another as long as you'll go away.

As Gerard Rafin, however, you take matters very seriously. Between the dual threats of social policy that will relegate the Nosferatu to their standard outcast status and the cannibalistic monster prowling the Sewer Rats'

traditional havens, the Nosferatu are all but screwed. You want to do something about that. You're tired of halfway gestures and "Uncle Tom" Nosferatu. Calebros in particular arouses your ire. He was used or he let himself be used, and it didn't do the Nosferatu any good. The time for waiting for things to get better is over. Now it's time to *make* them better.

Clan: Nosferatu

Sire: Radcliffe With Teeth (deceased)

Nature: Pedagogue

Demeanor: Fanatic

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1905

Apparent Age: indeterminate, though gray hair suggests middle age at least

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 2

Talents: Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 2, Leadership 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Crafts (repair) 4, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Melee 4, Security 4, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Academics 1, Area Knowledge (Manhattan, Lower East Side) 4, Camarilla Lore 2, City Secrets 1, Computer 5, Computer Hacking 4, Enigmas 1, Investigation 2, Linguistics (English, Spanish) 2, Occult 3, Politics 2, Research 4, Sabbat Lore 2, Science 2, Sewer Lore 4

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Fortitude 3, Obfuscate 4, Potence 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Resources 4, Status 2

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

Morality: Humanity 6

Willpower: 5

GEMINI

Background: Embraced into the Sabbat to be nothing more than fodder, Gemini distinguished herself by having a strong sense of tactics. Using the Discipline of Obfuscate, Gemini would sneak around her potential victims and then appear before them, distracting them while the rest of her pack mauled the unfortunate victims from behind. It didn't take her long to become True Sabbat, but neither did it take her long to grow tired of the sect's brutal, selfish philosophy.

Thus, Gemini was one of the first defectors to the Camarilla when the Battle of New York began. Using her old tactics, Gemini led many Sabbat to their Final Deaths at the hands of Camarilla crusaders.

During her time in New York, she had dealt with Gerard Rafin before and found herself sympathizing with his new cause once the dust from the sectarian struggle had settled. In a time when she thought she may have made the wrong choice — the Camarilla seemed to be just as petty and greedy as the Sabbat — Rafin was there to give

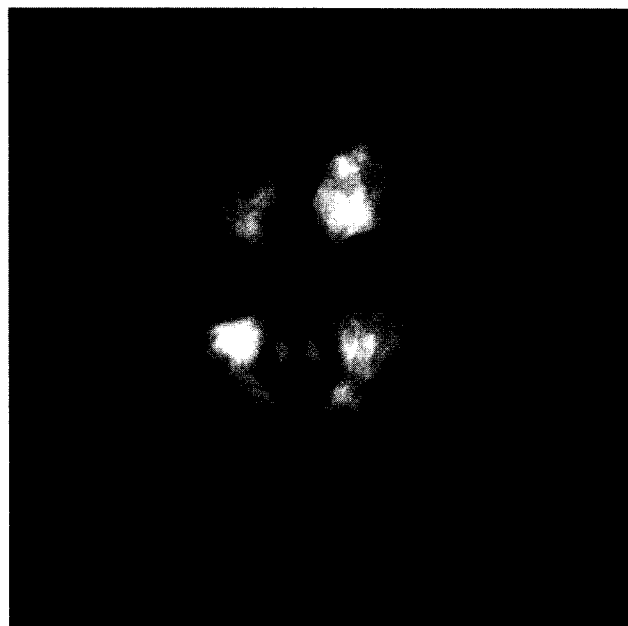
Gemini a sense of belonging and an understanding that a Kindred is defined by far more than just her sect.

While she doesn't idolize him, Gemini strongly believes in Rafin and the Nosferatu conspirator cause. She's taken it upon herself to be the eyes and ears of the group, using her powers to hide herself and become the proverbial "fly on the wall" if she can manage to find out where Kindred are going to be and arrive there before them.

Part of Gemini's conflicted sympathies becomes evident in her refusal to hunt down rogue Sabbat still subsisting in New York. In her estimation, it's not her place, and she's already proven herself during the battle itself. It's not that she feels any loyalty to the sect (she harbors no regret for turning Sabbat over to Camarilla Kindred), but she's just not cut out for that kind of work. This attitude worries Rafin a bit, and he has secret doubts about Gemini's loyalties. She's responsible for much of the conspirators' cases against certain candidates for prince, and if Gemini is as mercenary as her disposition suggests (which isn't, Rafin notes, without its own ironies), he may have to replace her or at least find a suitable partner for her, to make sure he at least has some information if she decides to skip out on the faction.

Image: This blighted conspirator takes her name from the two faces the Nosferatu Embrace rent her features into. Her head looks like someone divided the front of it — fiercely — with a hatchet, splitting it down the center from between the eyes downward. From there, it rudely "healed," with scar tissue lining the unpleasant insides of the cleft. This has left Gemini with the ability to move either of her mouths, wrinkle both her noses, and other unpleasant effects. She typically wears clothes she steals from Laundromats, giving her a dirty, patchwork look.

Roleplaying Hints: You are the character assassin by which the Nosferatu conspirator political entity will make itself known. For now, you quietly do your duty, collecting



secrets and other people's dirty laundry, in preparation for the night when a potential prince needs to be brought low. You do your duty with glee, as your miserable condition has made you more than a little bitter at the rest of the Kindred who would see you forever sealed in your filthy tunnels. They'll get theirs in the end... you'll make sure of that.

Clan: Nosferatu (*antitribu* by Embrace, though sectarian allegiance is nominally with the Camarilla)

Sire: Radcliffe Without Teeth

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Curmudgeon

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1964

Apparent Age: impossible to tell

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Intimidation 1, Intrigue 2, Scrounging 3, Search 3, Streetwise 2

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Firearms 1, Performance 1, Security 4, Stealth 5, Survival 4

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Manhattan, Queens, Bronx, Brooklyn) 4, City Secrets 2, Computer 2, Investigation 3, Occult 2, Politics 2, Sewer Lore 2

Disciplines: Potence 1, Obfuscate 5, Obtenebration 1

Backgrounds: Clan Prestige 1

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

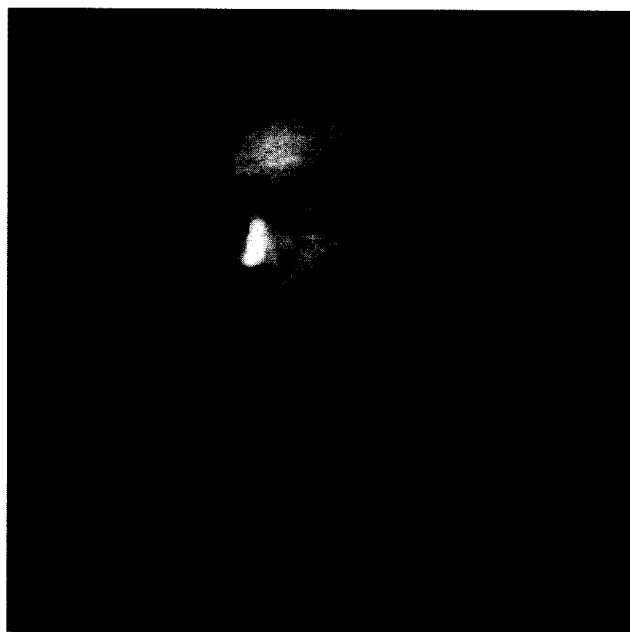
Morality: Humanity 5

Willpower: 4

KRID

Background: West Side and South Bronx had been Freddy Paz's stomping grounds. Consider what a surprise it was for him, then, to learn that something else made West Side its turf, something not quite alive. "Conscripted" into a conflict between some faction of Kindred and another, Freddy had to learn the ropes quickly. Luckily for himself, desperate times called for desperate measures, and the Camarilla — his faction — needed Kindred to serve as runners, keeping in touch with Licks in the field when they couldn't be sure their telephones were secure. Freddy — "Krid," after the first "word" his sire could think of to describe him after the Embrace — was one of these runners, hustling back and forth between the captains of the Battle of New York and the soldiers.

Eventually, of course, the battle ended. Krid's sire didn't really care much for him and returned to his own haven, hundred of miles away. West Side and the Bronx had always been home to Freddy, so that's where Krid decided to stay. He had additional advantages that other Nosferatu didn't, as well: He could pass for human (if ugly), he had made contacts among those who would rise to power during the battle, and for the most part, he had a reputation of trustworthiness.



But unlife for any Kindred is never easy, and the Nosferatu have it worst out of all of them. As a fellow Sewer Rat, Gerard Rafin, told him, New York was a wretched place for Nosferatu, not only because the politics would inevitably work against them, but because the ground beneath their feet harbored an ancient menace that preyed on them. Still possessing some degree of the revolutionary spirit borne out of the battle, Krid fell in with Rafin and his conspirators, who disapproved of the Nosferatu Calebros' position.

Krid found that he didn't buy the whole situation, though. Calebros wasn't trying to shaft the Nosferatu, he was just misled. The Nictuku weren't anyone's fault, they were just the Nosferatu's responsibility. That remains his mindset tonight — he believes in the goals of the Nosferatu conspirators, but not necessarily their reasoning. As such, Krid can possibly be convinced to take another side, so long as the Nosferatu are fairly treated by that side. As it stands, he serves as a messenger between the Nosferatu and the more presentable world, reprising the role he played during the battle. It's one he does well, and one that his heart is truly in.

Image: As the Nosferatu's emissary to the world from which they must forever hide, Krid has suffered only minor deformities by comparison to his comrades. He can pass for human, assuming that one can forgive a creature in such a sorry state. He looks atavistic, with a low forehead marked by a single bushy eyebrow, a severe and splay-toothed underbite and a hulking body. He lopes a bit, but whether from some hidden abnormality or for effect none can say. Krid wears T-shirts and jeans, suspiciously clean for one of the sewer-dwelling Nosferatu, but none outside the clan have seen his haven, and are therefore unsure if he's just meticulous or doesn't dwell in filth.

Roleplaying Hints: You're still rough around the edges, but you have to admit a little pride for how quickly you've learned to be some degree of a diplomat. Granted, you're no silver-tongued Toreador, but you have something they don't: forthrightness. Sure, you have to hide some of the details, but your diplomacy is frank and you state your positions plainly. This is part of your master plan; you want the Kindred to trust you and your faction, and you want to come through on promises you make. That way, the Kindred will know that whomever the conspirators have chosen to support, she is a just prince. And then you always have the option of exercising treachery later, should it come to that.

Clan: Nosferatu

Sire: Hunchback Mulligan

Nature: Competitor

Demeanor: Architect

Generation: 13th

Embrace: 1999

Apparent Age: arguably late 20s to early 30s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Brawl 2, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 3, Etiquette 2, Performance 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Academics 1, Area Knowledge 1, Computer 1, Occult 1, Politics 3

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

Backgrounds: Resources 2

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 4

QADIR AL-ASMAI, THE SHERIFF

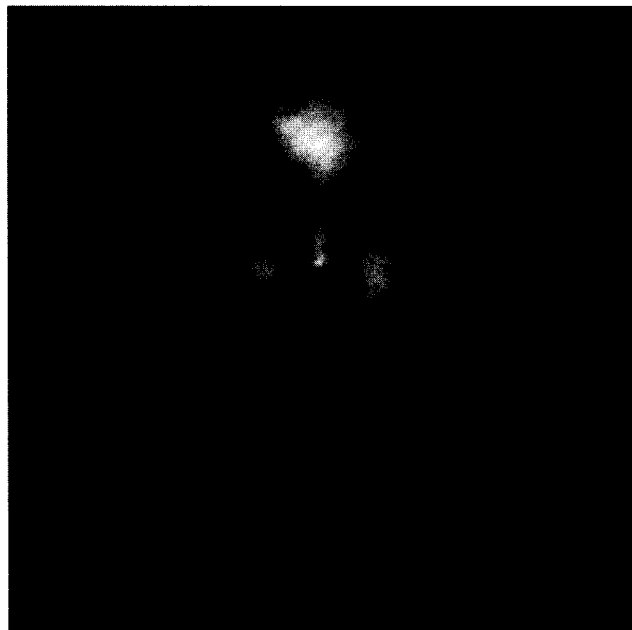
Background: As a loyal subject of the British Empire during his mortal life, Qadir was raised in Lucknow, India in a servant family that dwelt in relative comfort. The British Ventrue and Toreador had strong interests in the empire, and more than a few of their emissaries Embraced locals to better serve the colonial efforts. Qadir's family served a lord with contacts to these Kindred, and the boy soon found a nighttime mentor in one of the local Toreador.

Qadir served this Toreador and others in the province as a ghoul for decades before finally "earning" the Embrace after a successful diplomacy effort with nearby rebels. Not long after his Embrace, however, the Sepoy Rebellion began, and Qadir was put in a position where he had to fight his own people. Although the decision caused turmoil within him, the artificial sense of duty instilled by his Kindred nature won out over his ethnic heritage. Hindu, Brujah, mortal, Kindred — none of

these considerations mattered in light of the supremacy he had been intended to enforce.

After the rebellion died down, Qadir's sire granted him his freedom, encouraging him to travel to the home of the empire and giving him a letter of recommendation to Prince Mithras there. Unfortunately, Qadir found London not to his tastes and decided to leave after only a decade there. He didn't want to return to India, however, as he had become aware of a painful sense of regret that holding down the rebellion had instilled in him. It wasn't so much that he sympathized with the rebels — quite plainly, he didn't — but the fact that it had to come to bloodshed caused him grief that he was only now able to acknowledge. Before leaving London, he met with the Brujah Justicar Don Cerro. Cerro explained that he bore Qadir no ill will over the rebellion, that it didn't matter that there was Brujah support behind the rebels. The problem was the rebellion itself, and that was what Qadir had acted against. This conversation proved quite insightful to Qadir, who realized the same things about the issues that had been bothering him. That it was fellow Indians wasn't the key to the situation — after all, who else would have been there to rebel in Lucknow? Realizing this, he thanked Don Cerro, serving briefly as an archon to him before emigrating to the New World to "start anew."

Since that conversation, Qadir has been a paragon of duty. Recognizing this, the Camarilla hasn't hesitated to saddle him with distasteful duties in return for granting him status and title. These aren't degrading so much as they are ethically problematic, involving "silencing" troublesome Kindred, warring with the Sabbat, and serving as scourge and sheriff on more than one occasion. When he heard about the war effort coming to New York, he volunteered, hoping to use it as one last tour of duty for the Camarilla before retiring his titles and establishing his own permanent domain. His *humanitas* had eroded over



his years of service to the sect, and he wanted to finally procure some time for himself.

As the Battle of New York wound down, however, Qadir was once again approached by Camarilla luminaries, this time to help them keep the social order until the city had settled itself. Reluctantly, Qadir contacted Calebros to agree to the deal. He was as shocked as anyone else when he heard of Calebros' decision to step down from the principedom. In his mind, this was a prime example of what separated committed Kindred like him from those of weaker caliber. While he doesn't begrudge Calebros his decision, he thinks the Nosferatu walked away from his duties too early. If he had groomed a successor, the city wouldn't be in the tumultuous state it's in right now.

By way of satisfying his duty, however, Qadir continues to uphold the responsibilities of his sheriff's commission. He watches nightly as what was left of compassion and the Man slowly crumbles away, leaving only the Beast.

It was his private, desperate hope that something would allow him to salvage what remained of himself before his successor would have to hunt him down. That opportunity came to him when one of the war heroes, Don Cerro's own progeny Theo Bell, suggested that he turn his experienced attentions over to the prince's domain. It would enable him to still uphold the Camarilla but take him away from the dehumanizing aspects of being a sheriff. While Bell's enthusiasm for Qadir as prince has cooled a bit of late, it's a decision that Qadir has made for himself. If he fails to become prince, even that is no matter, as he could simply resign as sheriff and retire, as originally planned, to his own private domain.

Or can he?

Image: Qadir looks like he might easily be a Middle Eastern sultan, so striking is his appearance. His hair is wavy and black, just above his shoulders, and a trimmed goatee adorns his face below his sharp nose. He has a wide, cruel mouth and looks at everyone with an air of suspicion the first time they meet. Qadir wears expensive suits and a fine Swiss watch, even when performing the more physical of his duties.

Roleplaying Hints: Disorder will invite the Sabbat to topple the precarious Camarilla domain, and it's your duty to prevent that from happening. You take that duty very seriously. Instead of blustering and bullying, however, you impress upon the Kindred the importance of the Camarilla social contract. If all else fails, you'll get physical, but never without ensuring that the advantage is yours. Granted, some of your duties are ugly, but it's just the sort of commitment to fulfilling them that proves you're devoted and gives others an example to look to.

Clan: Toreador

Sire: Nasr Ramanathan

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Judge

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1853

Apparent Age: late 30s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 5, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Grace 2, Interrogation 4, Intimidation 3, Intuition 2, Leadership 1, Search 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Camouflage 1, Drive 3, Etiquette 2, Firearms 2, Melee 4, Security 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Academics 3, Camarilla Lore 3, Finance 1, Investigation 4, Law 3, Linguistics (Cantonese, English, Korean, Spanish) 3, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Politics 2, Sabbat Lore 1, Science 1

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Fortitude 3, Obfuscate 1, Necromancy 1, Presence 4

Necromantic Paths: Sepulchre Path 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Herd 1, Resources 3, Status 3

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 4, Courage 5

Morality: Humanity 4

Willpower: 7

YVETTE, THE HOPELESS

Background: When the semifamous Toreador violinist Tamoszius first came to the New World, he stopped briefly in New York. Before following many of his fellow Lithuanians to Chicago (and fleeing the horrid presence of the Sabbat), Tamoszius briefly entertained the idea of staying in New York. Only a year after arriving, he Embraced Yvette, a fellow violinist to whom he had been listening through the windows of her family's Brooklyn brownstone since entering the city. New York proved not to be to Tamoszius' liking, however, and he fled the city, leaving his bewildered progeny behind.

Aggrieved at what she had become, Yvette vanished as well, leaving her distraught family thinking that she had been murdered or kidnapped or had otherwise the victim of foul play. In truth, Yvette fled to Manhattan, where she spent her nights evading Sabbat vampires and practicing her instrument, the only aspect of her mortal life that she'd been able to keep hold of.

Being Kindred proved to be too much for Yvette, however, and the toll it placed on her emotionally sent her into frequent torpors, from which she would rise, confused, before wandering the streets and succumbing to the cold sleep again.

Kindred have come and gone through Yvette's unlife. She's met a few here and there, and most of them seem to enjoy her playing, but neither they nor their society held much allure for her. She faced every night alone, even when she had taken lovers, and it wouldn't be long before she slipped into torpor again.

Then she saw Leonard. While stalking Grand Central Terminal one night for sustenance, Yvette watched, captivated, as a man left the train that had arrived from some northern location. She immediately fell in love with

him; her soul rejoiced that what she had so long been waiting for had finally arrived. With a smile upon her face for the first time in over a century, she ran over to introduce herself, but stopped herself short. This was insane! How could she, a Kindred, just accost some poor man at the train station and profess her love for him?

Yvette quickly formulated a plan. Passing the man by, she entered the promenade, where he was sure to pass through. There, she took out her violin and began to play the most passionate concerto that had ever traveled through her bow. When the man heard it, he would be drawn to her, and they could spend their time together in love.

But as the man walked by, it was obvious that he couldn't hear her playing. Maybe it was the din of the trains, or the voice of the crowd — and then she saw the small chalkboard dangling from his neck. The man was deaf. Crushed — left without a method by which to express herself to the one person who suddenly mattered, Yvette returned to her haven, where she sank into another torpor.

She arose recently, after the city had shifted from Sabbat to Camarilla dominance (not that she's noticed). Following visions she received in her slumber, she traced her paramour's movements to a run-down apartment in Queens. After a little research, she found out his name was Leonard, but she remains at a loss for how to approach him. She's considered simply running into him and introducing herself, then later contriving events so that she meets him again, but nothing she'd be able to do would adequately express how she feels. How can she let him know she's there?

Image: Even after the Embrace, Yvette maintains the dusky skin of her family, though she's not sure about their origins. Her hair is curly to the point of frizzing, and if she doesn't tend to it regularly, it becomes quite a tangle. Her large, brown eyes are the most striking features of her face, and she has a sad mouth and slightly hooked nose as well. Yvette is most often dressed in slouchy clothes such as oversized



cardigans and work pants. When she performs for an audience, though, she spends a great deal of time on her appearance, almost as if she wishes to compensate in advance for any mistakes she may make (even if she rarely does).

Roleplaying Hints: There's not much point in getting up night by night, but you do it anyway out of habit. Here and there you rise with an uncommon glimmer of hope — sometimes waking from a dream in which Leonard can hear, other times without thinking about it — but this enthusiasm soon fades as reality intrudes. Even other Kindred find it hard to be around you, as you are morose to the point of bringing them down as well. That's not your intent; you don't do it on purpose. You're just not sure how much longer you're cut out for this unlife.

Clan: Toreador

Sire: Tamoszius Kuzleika (deceased)

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Loner

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1891

Apparent Age: late teens

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Empathy 1, Expression 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Etiquette 1, Firearms 1, Performance (violin) 4, Survival (urban) 4

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Linguistics (Lithuanian) 1, Occult 2

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 2

Backgrounds: Fame 1, Resources 1, Status 1

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

Morality: Humanity 4

Derangements: Depression (as with manic-depression on p. 224 of *Vampire: The Masquerade*, but only the rules for the depressive state apply)

Willpower: 3

Note: Yvette is the Kindred who rescued Ecaterina from destruction during the chaos of the Black Hand's assassination attempt on her unlife. She had followed a group of Cainites to their *Palla Grande* and watched as events unfolded, rushing in to drag the fallen bishop to safety. She doesn't know why she did this, but she suspects it was to spare the Cainite (whose name she didn't even know, let alone that she was a bishop) from an unpleasant end, a surprising act of empathy on Yvette's part. Only Yvette's disassociation with Kindred society keeps her from being anywhere that she might recognize Katherine as Ecaterina, but she would certainly remember the face were she to see it.

AISLING STURBRIDGE, HIGH REGENT OF THE CHANTRY OF THE FIVE BOROUGHS

Background: Aisling was born in 1890 in upstate New York to a banker and his wife. Her mother died when Aisling was two, and her father chose to let his daughter

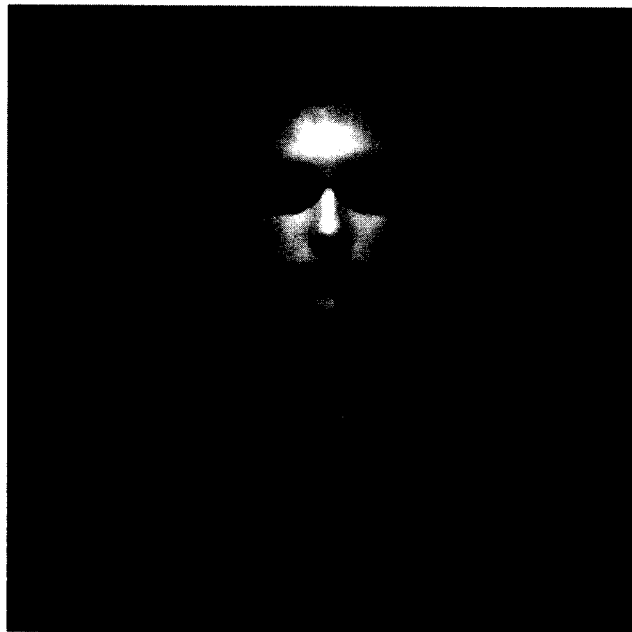
run wild like a hoyden with her brothers rather than endure his wife's meddling relations' attempts to raise her. During this long period of freedom, Aisling gravitated toward mysticism through her Catholic upbringing and studied whatever she believed would be necessary to learn more. She taught herself Latin and Greek to read occult texts from the church library (she persuaded her elder brother to borrow books for her). Aside from reading, she attended seances and corresponded with a number of occultists, many of whom had little idea they were communicating with a teenage girl. When her mother's family finally got wind that Aisling was accepting an invitation into an "Enlightened Society" or somesuch, they put their collective foot down and ordered her to finishing school. Aisling instead took her trust fund and abandoned Victorian America for the decadence of London.

In turn-of-the-century London, Aisling inserted herself into the occult scene, and her remarkable scholarship drew many eyes, including those of Aleister Crowley. Her brilliance did not go unnoticed by others; her sire-to-be, Lucien de Maupassant, met her during a *séance salon*, and the two became close confidants. In 1910, Crowley, apparently embittered that a girl so many years his junior was outstripping him in the Hermetic mysteries and attracting far more attention by her scholarship, requested that Aisling become his next Scarlet Woman. In essence, it was a demand that she submit to rape. Lucien, already considering Aisling as potential progeny, took her away from London and Crowley's grasp, and on an extended tour of Europe and the Middle East to secretly test her fitness as a Tremere. When he was satisfied, he brought her to Vienna for the Embrace and to meet the rest of the clan.

For the next 30 years or so, the pair served as free agents, delivering messages between chantries, building chantry libraries and investigating on Inner Council orders. World War II separated them for long periods as Aisling tended the chantries in Nuremberg, Warsaw, Krakow and Dresden. Her friends in high places often could not decide what to do with her; on one hand, her questioning of the Tremere's role with the Nazi regime was intolerable to her superiors, but on the other, her work during air raids to preserve the treasures of embattled chantries was faultless.

In 1948, her sire and longtime companion abruptly went missing during an assignment supposedly given him by the Inner Council. According to certain upper-level gossips, it was Meerlinda who turned the young woman's talents to America, with hopes that it might distract her. Aisling's commentaries on the McCarthy hearings and the Age of Aquarius remain among the definitive studies on the periods, both in and out of the clan. Certain that she would have felt or heard of Lucien's destruction, she continues to search for word of him even now.

Aisling's last city of residence was Atlanta, where she served the regent as his assistant before she was abruptly called to New York. She was field-promoted to her current position after someone spread her predecessor's ashes



across Sheepshead Bay (see **A World of Darkness Second Edition**). As lieutenant, and by popular accord, she ascended to the Regency in November 1996.

Aisling is eminently qualified to serve in New York for a number of reasons. Her intense study of the Tzimisce, time spent in Eastern Europe, and fluent command of Hungarian make her an excellent foil against the Fiends. Her years in Europe during WW II proved that she can handle herself under fire and that she is resourceful. She is young enough to be expendable to the upper echelons but old enough to be taken seriously by the rank and file. Unlike most of her contemporaries, she does not mindlessly despise the Sabbat; she has a specific list of crimes that she holds against them and fights them for. She is well aware of the old saw that persons who hate their enemies without reason become like their enemies, and she watches herself carefully to avoid that path.

Recently, some of the higher ranks have begun to watch her with growing concern. She is one of the most dynamic and popular regents, and she has a number of high-placed friends in and out of the clan. She has shown no qualms about making deals with other Kindred for assistance, eschewing much of the traditional Tremere insularity. Aisling herself attributes some of the success of the Battle of New York to this diversity—Thaumaturgical aids to the physical efforts of other clans made several key assassinations and captures possible. And so far, she has managed to avoid becoming completely blood bound to the Council (some fear that her early Embrace ties have seriously atrophied due to her long time as a free agent).

Reviewing all of this success in a darker cast, however, are several of the powers that be among the highest ranks of the Tremere. In the opinions of several of the old guard, Aisling is a loose cannon, as evidenced by her own desires not to be prince. While the Tremere do have another strong candidate, the fact that Aisling would let the

sweetest plum go unpicked causes alarm in some elders. Others cite her willingness to work with other clans as abandonment of the Tremere cause. One thing is certain in nights to come: Aisling's loyalty will indeed be tested. Whether from within the Chantry of the Five Boroughs or as a result of an outsider's influence, the Tremere may well have to make an example of one who insists upon going her own way.

Image: Aisling often downplays the femininity of her features, especially when in the field. She prefers severe suits when expecting to meet with contacts, and comfortable clothes when ensconced in her chantry. She tends to wear gloves while away from her own sanctum — beneath her left glove is an antique gold band with the word "Faith" on her ring finger. Aisling wears her dark brown hair away from her face and occasionally dons a pair of glasses.

Roleplaying Hints: Assume nothing. You have others you trust, but you trust them only so far. You wield an inquisitive mind that takes nothing for granted, even the "truth" given to you by your superiors. You work any task you set yourself until it is done to *your* satisfaction, by whatever means necessary. You take something from *every* task you have, be it information, an out-of-clan alliance or simply experience. You are well aware that others who fear your methods are watching you, and you're always ready with justification. Every barrier you encounter to your work is either something to be hammered at or sneaked around, never a deterrent. Pursue any word about Lucien to its end.

Clan: Tremere

Sire: Lucien de Maupassant

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1911

Apparent Age: mid-20s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Dodge 5, Empathy 2, Intimidation 2, Leadership 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Disguise 3, Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Security 1, Stealth 3, Survival 1

Knowledges: Academics 4, Bureaucracy 2, Camarilla Lore 3, Clan Knowledge (Tremere) 3, Computer 1, History 3, Investigation 4, Law 1, Linguistics (Arabic, Cantonese, Dutch, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Hungarian, Japanese, Latin, Mandarin, Portuguese, Romyany, Sanskrit, Spanish, Yiddish) 5, Occult 5, Politics 2, Sabbat Lore 3, Science 2

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Celerity 2, Dominate 3, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 2, Thaumaturgy 5

Thaumaturgical Paths: Path of Blood 5, Movement of the Mind 5, Lure of Flames 4, Elemental Mastery 3, Countermagic 2, Spirit Manipulation 2, Technomancy 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Clan Prestige 2, Contacts 2, Influence 3, Mentor 5, Resources 4, Status 2

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 9

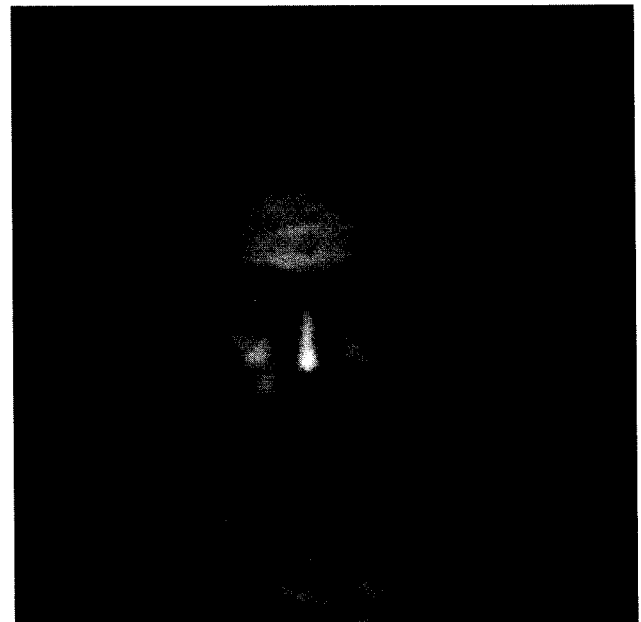
Merits/Flaws: Time Sense, Natural Linguist

EUGENIO ESTEVEZ, "GENIE"

Background: On his eighth birthday, Eugenio Estevez's parents gave him to the witch who kept a castle just a few miles from their humble farm in rural Spain. Such was the practice with this old witch — he would take a child from the nearby villages every few years to serve as his housekeeper, and eventually the poor child would never be heard from again. No one wanted to risk the wrath of the witch, however, so they complied with his chilling demands.

In Eugenio, though, the witch had more than he bargained for. Precocious for his age, the boy was always asking questions, learning much about the philosophies of Thaumaturgy while he cleaned up after the witch's nightly studies. He read books the old Kindred kept on his shelves and studied formulae he found written in the laboratory. As he grew older, he followed the old scholar down the road of the Jewish faith. By the time he was at the age of majority, Eugenio had shaped up to be quite a protégé. Instead of devouring his blood, the old witch kept him on as an apprentice and Embraced him.

Eugenio's rise through the Tremere hierarchy was just as prodigal. At first, he accompanied his sire to convocations at other chantries, where he met other members of the pyramid. Bidding his sire farewell, he traveled to a chantry in Toledo, where he studied the ways of binding spirits (and earned his nickname). His skill with Thaumaturgy earned him quick promotions there. He was soon elevated to the status of regent.



His superiors watched his progress, and Eugenio was granted permission to start his own chantry. For a few years, he traveled the world, looking for a place to establish this new occult sanctum, but he never found a place that truly spoke to him. He returned to Spain and rejoined his old chantry, publishing a collection of letters between himself and his sire on the subject of spirit Thaumaturgy.

Eugenio's interest was piqued with the Camarilla's plans for New York, however, and he used the opportunity to start his new chantry there. Working with Aisling Sturbridge, Genie developed the concept of satellite chantries that coordinated their efforts with a central one. Bringing this plan to fruition changed his outlook dramatically, and he left his Thaumaturgical studies by the wayside as he dove into the politics of the city in the wake of the Camarilla's victory. While he once acted as regent for the chantry at the Jewish Museum, he relocated in less than a year to the Maupassant Room, where he could focus on matters of political concern to the Tremere. Even that shortly grew unfulfilling, and he became more enamored of the act of politicking itself and less with the aims of Clan Tremere.

Tonight, Eugenio has made many contacts, but his reputation within his clan slowly degrades. The apprentices and lesser regents at the Jewish Museum have written him off entirely and Regent Wainwright of the Kenilworth chantry has no small degree of enmity for him. Genie has allowed his relationships with other Tremere to atrophy, though he appears outwardly to represent them well, as the insular Tremere still prefer to present a unified front to the other clans. Exactly how long Eugenio can maintain his current situation is unknown, but even High Regent Sturbridge, a staunch ally in the past, has her doubts about him.

Image: A mortal life of toil gave Genie the hearty physique he has to this night; he is broad-shouldered and muscled impressively. While he usually prefers the staid garb so common among the Tremere, whenever he finds himself doing hands-on work, he tends to wear loose, casual clothes like jeans and pullovers. Genie is fairly tall at almost six feet in height. He has short, black hair and brown eyes, and he usually wears a mustache.

Roleplaying Hints: Politics has surpassed your one-time passion of blood magic. What the other Tremere say is true: You've turned your back on the clan. Of course, you guard this secret very close to your heart, and it's not so lurid as they would have it seem. You and the Tremere have simply diverged, outgrown each other. You get a sense that this is how other clans operate, but you have to be careful in your sympathies because if you don't, you'll certainly earn an entire host of enemies. That, of course, would be a supreme detriment to your princely desires. Oh, but you'll settle for not being prince as long as you're a recognized part of the machine somehow. Primogen. Seneschal. Those sound nice, too.

Clan: Tremere

Sire: Octavio Korrol

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Architect

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1876

Apparent Age: early 40s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Athletics 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 1, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Performance 2, Security 1, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Academics 4, Computer 1, Finance 4, Law 1, Linguistics (Arabic, English, French, German, Greek, Latin, Mandarin, Turkish) 4, Occult 5, Politics 3, Science 1

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Dominate 2, Fortitude 3, Thaumaturgy 5

Thaumaturgical Paths: Path of Blood 5, Spirit Manipulation 5, Focused Mind 4, Path of Transmutation 4, Lure of Flames 3, Countermagic 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Clan Prestige 2, Contacts 4, Influence 1, Mentor 1, Resources 4, Retainers 1, Status 2

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Morality: Humanity 6

Willpower: 6

LORD EPHRAIM WAINWRIGHT, "IMP"

Background: Without his Embrace into Clan Tremere, Ephraim Wainwright would have probably suffered the same fate as other dwarfs in nineteenth-century England. He may have ended up either penniless or as part of an itinerant freakshow. A visiting Irish dignitary of the Tremere felt an uncharacteristic compassion for the man, however, and made him his ghoul. The ghouldom grew into a twisted apprenticeship — many of Lyle's acquaintances mocked his homely "homunculus" and Ephraim routinely handled unsavory duties at Lyle's requests.

As a child of hardship, Ephraim realized that the rude training he was receiving was his way to a better life. After demonstrating his mastery of several of Lyle's pet theories, Ephraim received the Embrace. His Thaumaturgical insights proved his salvation, and he found himself elevated from unsightly dogsbody to promising protégé.

Before long, Ephraim completed his apprenticeship and returned to England, making his haven in London. There he purchased an estate, where he continued to study and advance his knowledge of blood magic. After a while, his book studies encouraged him to travel abroad. In the modern nights, he's known as quite a jetsetter, having visited six of the seven continents, with plans to visit that seventh sometime soon.

Ephraim Wainwright is a scholar's scholar, constantly searching for the next breakthrough or putting some mystic principle to the test. He sees omens and divinations everywhere, which he diligently records in a black journal. His last work, *Songs of the Eve of Gehenna*, has been decried by both the Camarilla and traditional Tremere elders as inflammatory and apocalyptic. Regardless, his insights into the Hermetic arts are



nothing short of phenomenal. After relocating his chantry to the United States, he was promptly promoted to a higher circle of mystery. When an invitation came from Vienna for Regent Wainwright to head a new and prestigious chantry in New York City, he accepted.

Since accepting that invitation, Regent Wainwright has been the master of the Kenilworth chantry, the largest of the Tremere houses of study under the Chantry of the Five Boroughs banner. It hasn't been a smooth transition, however. Political tensions in the city have conspired to place two Kindred for whom Wainwright holds little esteem (Sturbridge and Estevez) technically above him. Indeed, Wainwright answers to Sturbridge as she is the high regent of the chantry, and public opinion of the Tremere is guided by the sybarite scoundrel Estevez. Even within his own chantry, sympathies for other Tremere threaten to split the clan's vaunted unity. Upstarts practice "technomancies" and other bastard sorceries, while even some of the lesser regents and advanced apprentices openly advocate the liberal policies of Estevez and Sturbridge.

To that end, Wainwright has a purpose to which he's been quietly requested by Vienna. He's to slowly engineer the fall of Aisling Sturbridge, for which his reward will be the High Regency of the Chantry of the Five Boroughs. Estevez doesn't fit into Vienna's concerns, but the way Wainwright sees it, well, if Sturbridge isn't following the Tremere's code of ethics, she may have tempted a few others into her scurrilous ways.

Image: Born with the condition of dwarfism, Imp is about half the height of other Kindred. He has a snubbed, ugly face the he hides behind a Victorian gentleman's glasses. Imp prefers to wear formal clothing and has recently fallen into the habit of wearing the evening's formal tails even to sleep. He wears a stovepipe hat even in the heat of summer, inside which he has been known to carry arcane components for his rituals.

Roleplaying Hints: You tolerate no dissent from those below you in rank and expect equal treatment from your peers. Treachery is for the vulgar — what you're doing is excising treachery, not committing it yourself. What rankles you most about your situation in New York isn't just that these rogues would defy their house and clan, but that they're *younger* than you as well. That shows poor instruction on the part of their sires — childer of these modern nights are spoiled and powerhungry, and they don't mind bucking the old ways to satisfy their own desires.

Clan: Tremere

Sire: Aidan Lyle

Nature: Curmudgeon

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1821

Apparent Age: mid-40s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Instruction 3, Intimidation 3, Leadership (browbeating) 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Crafts 3, Etiquette 4, Firearms 1, Herbalism 3, Meditation 3, Melee 1, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Academics 4, Bureaucracy 3, Camarilla Lore 1, Clan Knowledge (Tremere) 4, Computer 1, Enigmas 3, History 3, Linguistics (a combination of spoken traveling languages and dead historical languages) 4, Occult 5, Politics 3, Research 4, Science 3

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Dominate 4, Fortitude 3, Thaumaturgy 5

Thaumaturgical Paths: Path of Blood 5, Alchemy 5, Lure of Flames 5, Movement of the Mind 5, Path of Conjuring 5, Countermagic 4, The Hearth Path 4, Elemental Mastery 3, Spirit Manipulation 3, Focused Mind 2

Backgrounds: Clan Prestige 2, Mentor 5, Resources 4, Status 1

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

Morality: Humanity 5

Willpower: 7

MASIKA ST. JOHN, THE CAMNET INNOVATOR

Background: Increasingly modernized apprentices have grown estranged from the elders, who often don't comprehend the tools that a young neonate takes for granted. Nearly every Kindred Embraced in the last decade knows about computers, uses telephones and has (or had) a driver's license or I.D. card. For elders who simply can't keep up, this leads to frustration, suppressed fear of the power that neonates have due to these tools and a concomitant backlash. For their part, neonates who chafe at the oppressiveness of the ages-old Camarilla structure find outlets by playing up their own modern talents to establish niches in areas that elders would never think to

exploit, like Internet communications, space research or high-end biotech. Masika was just another one of the disenfranchised few, an embittered apprentice in Madagascar with limited opportunities for advancement, a background in computer science instruction and a regent who despised her easy ability with modern technology yet also required her assistance to keep pace with the rest of the world.

Matters changed abruptly in 1998, when Masika disseminated some theories to a few apprentices who communicated via an Internet backbone that she'd established. Using the principles of Contagion and Identity, Masika theorized that a computer operated as a mental extension of the user, a tool that expanded mental properties, and thus was susceptible to thaumaturgical manipulation. In only a few months, she'd worked out the rudiments of the new Path of Technomancy and outlined the principles to several other apprentices before her regent (and theirs) discovered her actions.

At first, Masika's regent was tempted to do away with the young rebel, but he recognized that her path could have potential and waited to see how the pontifices and councilors would react. Much to the surprise of conservative Tremere elements, the path was entered into files in Fortschritt and approved as a useful tool, though individual lords or regents still sometimes frowned upon and forbade this extension of Thaumaturgy into areas they couldn't comprehend. Masika became something of a celebrity among other apprentices; she'd managed to develop a completely new path in a direction different from any other line of research, a feat that hadn't been done by an apprentice in a century. She was duly promoted within the hierarchy, but her regent continues to watch carefully for signs of rebelliousness — what he can't understand, he fears, and Masika now has allies and sycophants who think that her innovation will quickly reap her more position and standing.



For her part, Masika continues to organize other young Kindred on the Internet, chatting with Tremere apprentices and swapping MP3s as often as thaumaturgical rituals. She's found herself thrust into the limelight, and many elders use her as a focal point for blame or guilt that they feel over their inability to adapt to the modern world — she's a figurehead of all the things that modern neonates can do but that elders don't understand. This also means that she can't be easily dismissed. Only now is she beginning to realize that this gives her a sort of clout, and in the next few years Masika may seek additional allies to form a more radical faction pressing for advancement of neonates like herself. Then again, she may decide that bucking the hierarchy is impossible and settle into a more conservative image. (In fact, the players' characters could be involved in such deliberations, and Masika could be a useful contact but also a magnet for trouble from elders.)

Thaumaturgical innovators in the Tremere clan note that the development of new forms of Thaumaturgy often requires years, if not decades, of trial and development. Masika may simply be naturally talented, but conspiratorially minded Kindred argue that perhaps her discovery was helped along by some outside influence, perhaps even one of which she was unaware. Certainly her regent didn't have the skills to develop Technomancy, but perhaps some Methuselah catalyzed her own computer skills with his own thaumaturgical knowledge — or maybe she really is that talented.

Speaking of that regent, he'd had enough of Masika, as her discovery of technomancy threatened to eclipse the accolades he earned from his own studies. Through an arrangement with an old contact of his, he had the young Kindred reassigned to the Kenilworth chantry in New York City. It was blatant politicking, to be sure, but she wasn't in a position to do anything about it. Her new regent, Ephraim Wainwright, is every bit as powermad and brutal as she had heard he would be, but with the companionship of a few other young Tremere, Masika can withstand his bluster and prejudice.

For now.

Image: Frequently found in knockabout clothing, Masika is a small, bookish woman with nervous eyes. When keeping the company of Tremere superiors or those outside the clan, however, she favors the austere "grayface" look that stereotypes the Tremere: dark suits, hair tied back in a bun and an impenetrable expression.

Roleplaying Hints: Mostly, you just want to keep doing the same things you've always done: teach evening classes in computer science, surf the 'Net, chat up weird ideas, maintain a comfortable existence. Now you're at the center of attention, and you're not sure how to handle it. Some other Kindred have decided to "use" you, but you aren't going to make any revolutionary speeches on someone else's behalf, nor do you intend to decry your own innovations.

Sire: Anton Devereaux

Nature: Innovator

Demeanor: Traditionalist
Generation: 13th
Embrace: 1985
Apparent Age: Late 20s
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 1
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Instruction 2, Intimidation 1, Leadership 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2
Skills: Crafts 3, Drive 2, Etiquette 2
Knowledges: Academics 3, Computer (programming) 5, Occult (technomancy) 4, Science (conduction) 4
Disciplines: Auspex 1, Dominate 1, Thaumaturgy 5
Thaumaturgy Paths: Path of Blood 5, Path of Technomancy 5
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 4, Resources 4, Retainers 1
Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 7
Willpower: 4

VERBRUCH

Background: Created in the laboratories of a neglected Tremere chantry somewhere in the Carpathian Mountains, Verbruch knows typically little of his life or unlife before becoming a Gargoyle. He remembers fearing the strange castle on the rock, but he doesn't know any of the specifics regarding it.

Verbruch was created for the purposes of fighting the Tzimisce, part of an undying, provincial war between the Tremere and the Fiends that has been all but forgotten by the rest of the world. When the Tremere were planning their contribution to the Battle of New York, they specifically requisitioned Verbruch from Transylvania for his experience with the Tzimisce. The Gargoyle didn't perform as well as expected, which insightful Tremere attribute to the differences in landscape and tactics between New York and the Old World, but numerous Fiends fell before his stony claws.

Tonight, Verbruch has been forgotten himself, an overlooked resource left unaccounted for in the political scrambling that characterizes New York. Only one Tremere even recalls that Verbruch is still in the city and hasn't been shipped back to the Carpathians — a quartermaster at the Jewish Museum chantry. This Tremere has given Verbruch orders to watch the Maupassant Room and to keep detailed descriptions of the guests it receives. Obviously, this quartermaster doesn't trust Estevez and wants to keep a record of exactly whom the Kindred is consorting with.

Image: Seemingly carved from mottled stone, Verbruch looks every bit the hideous monster he is intended to be. His — and it is only with regard to his past that a gendered pronoun is used at all — body is angular even among Gargoyles. While most are somewhat smooth, Verbruch's is a rough collection of bulging planes and



sharp edges. His eyes are darkened pits. Horns like a ram's protrude from the crest of his head, tapering to points beneath his stony jaw.

Roleplaying Hints: Following the commands of the Tremere is a purposeful existence, but not a fulfilling one. They direct you with notions you do not understand — “treachery,” “concern,” “possible malfeasance” — but that nonetheless cause you a tingle somewhere in the back of your mind. It is possible that you knew these ideas once, but for now they are no more than words. Perhaps the Tremere cut out these parts when they made you. That would have been wise.

Clan: Gargoyle

Sire: none (created)

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Conformist

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1941

Apparent Age: indeterminate

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 2

Talents: Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3

Skills: Melee 4, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Linguistics (English) 1, Occult 1

Disciplines: Flight 1, Fortitude 5, Potence 4, Visceratika 1

Backgrounds: Herd 2

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

Morality: Humanity 3

Willpower: 5

Note: Verbruch has Embraced two childer, whom he has instructed to remain hidden in Van Cortlandt Park. He occasionally forgets about his progeny, having Embraced them in a passing term of autonomy. When the Storyteller

uses Verbruch, he should make a Willpower roll (difficulty 9) at the beginning of the night. If Verbruch yields at least three successes, he effectively has free will for the night, and will certainly remember his progeny. Otherwise, Verbruch continues his duties as assigned by his Tremere master, and the Storyteller may roll again for the next night to see if Verbruch may act independently.

VALENTINE

Background: An uneasy *entente cordiale* of French Ventrue and Toreador marked the Embrace of Edouard Clause. With both parties observing a quiet cold war of prominence in late nineteenth-century France, the Kindred of both clans exceeded themselves at times, Embracing childer out of vanity or simply to one-up their rival Damned. Many of these may have made fine candidates for the Embrace at a later point in their lives or with better sponsorship by their sires, but most were simply left to languish or do as they would, unliving symbols of affluence in the time of the waning grandeur of the Third Republic. Edouard was Embraced from the family of a cabinet member, remarkable for his charms and his skill with the rapier.

The impending World War marked an end to the precarious calm, however, and with millions of their countrymen headed off to war, France found itself with a surplus of undead. Many neonates and even a few ancillae were offered a choice: Flee France or take their chances with the war. With blood a precious resource in times of relative underpopulation, few established Kindred wanted to share vitae with the spoiled fledglings of a bygone era of prosperity.

Of course, more than a few of these fledglings were resentful of their new place in Kindred society. Many went anarch, hoping to redistribute the resources of the few wealthy Kindred more equitably among the undead as a whole. Edouard Clause was among these, murdering his sire in a grand statement of allegiance with the anarch

cause and troubling the bloated ticks of the Camarilla whenever the opportunity presented itself.

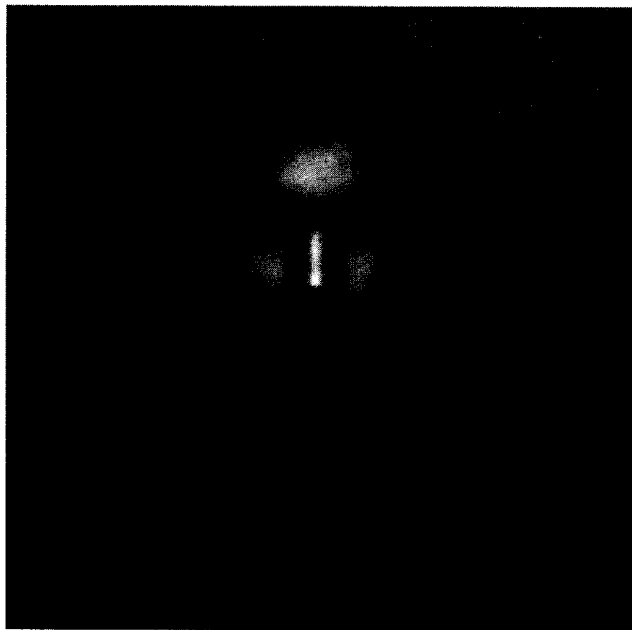
This minor anarch rebellion was short-lived, however, as the elders saw the need to act decisively. With war looming at the borders, they had little patience with the whims of whelps. Over a two-month period, numerous French elders culled the ranks of the Kindred, sending the wise packing if they could escape before meeting Final Death. Knowing that his sire's murder placed him at the top of many lists of examples to be made, Edouard stole away quietly when word of the elders' ire first hit the streets.

Inventing a noble background for himself and taking the rake's name of Valentine, Edouard fled to the United States. He feared it as a barbaric place, however, and chose to remain in New York, the port of his arrival, so that he wouldn't have to travel the maverick country and meet his end by some ignominious cause. Assuming that the city must be a Camarilla stronghold, he introduced himself to Prince Michaela, citing a false lineage, and she granted him permission to stay in her domain.

When the Sabbat-infested nature of New York became apparent to him, though, Valentine laid low. To "defect" would earn him the vengeance of Michaela and the mistrust of the Sabbat until he could prove himself — which he had no intention of doing, as he found the Black Hand repulsive. As time wore on, he outgrew his cowardice and stood against the Sabbat on several occasions. Valentine breathed an artificial sigh of genuine relief when the city was retaken by the Camarilla, noting to those who would listen that no small efforts of his own contributed to that struggle's success. This is more than mere boast; Valentine's contacts and wealth aided a half-dozen ruses that ultimately ended in the Final Death of several Sabbat. He is even rumored to possess the cut-out heart of a fallen Lasombra who met her end in a duel with him.

Since the repulsion of the Sabbat, Valentine has become a significant figure among the New York Kindred. His wealth, masked by import and investment companies, has earned him a place among the city's numerous layers of social elite, which have yielded him corresponding reputation and acquaintances. Valentine can serve as the perfect introduction to high society, or bar an awkward or potentially bothersome Kindred from it. While he isn't the most powerful or well-connected Kindred in town, he is probably the most accessible of those who are. This isn't out of any sense of favor he offers to those new to the area. Rather, Valentine likes to be the one everyone's indebted to, or the first one to show new Kindred the ropes.

Image: A rake and a gallant, Valentine always dresses to the hilt, an epitome of the latest fashion sensibilities. His sire Embraced him with long hair, but in the modern nights, Valentine has his servant cut it short each night. He's exceedingly grateful for this — as hairstyles go in and out of fashion, he'll always have enough to work with and never be left behind the times. Valentine is slight of build, with sharp features and reddish brown hair.



Roleplaying Hints: Do it all with a flourish. Despite being dead, you have a *joie de vivre* unmatched by any of the other Kindred in the city, even those who dare to compare themselves to you by calling themselves socialites. You behave like an amalgam of "aristocratic" stereotypes, but never to the point of caricature. You wish to keep your true past a secret, relying instead upon the reputation of the person you've become instead of the ignoble origin of Edouard Clause.

Clan: Ventruë

Sire: Elizabeth Pfaff (presumed diablerized)

Nature: Gallant

Demeanor: Celebrant

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1894

Apparent Age: early 30s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Expression 5, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Firearms 1, Melee (fencing) 4

Knowledges: Academics 3, Computer 1, Finance 3, Linguistics (French, Spanish) 2, Politics 3

Disciplines: Auspex 1, Celerity 1, Dominate 3, Fortitude 2, Presence 4

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Clan Prestige 2, Contacts 2, Fame 2, Herd 3, Resources 4, Retainers 1, Status 2

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

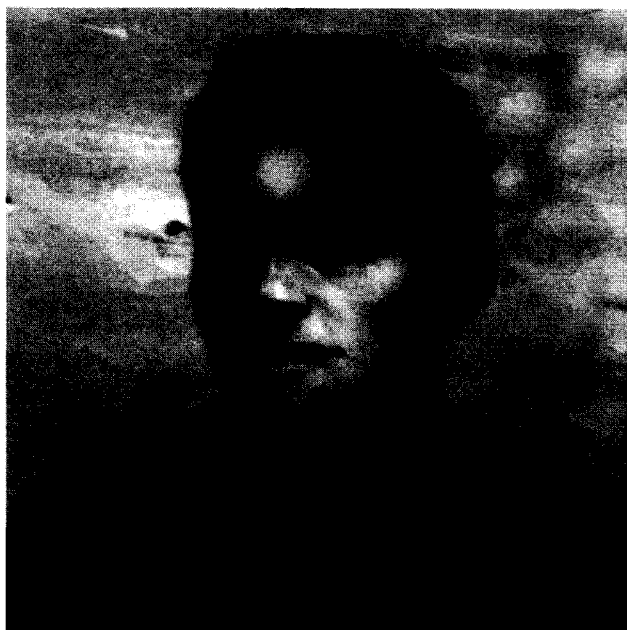
Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 6

DIANA VICK, "NICKY THE CHOP"

Background: What would cause a widowed outer-borough housekeeper surreptitiously turned into a Kindred to abandon the comforts of her previous lifestyle and adopt the smoking, cursing, poker-playing habits of a backroom cardsharp? In a word, thrill.

Diana Vick should never have become a Kindred, but a less-than-stable sire Embraced her after breaking into her Queens home and killing her husband while feeding on him. To Diana Vick, it was a blessing in disguise. Sure, she would rather Pete not have had to be killed, but it was a loveless marriage anyway, and she really had little sense of herself. After the Embrace, she confided in her brother what she had become, and the two decided to use Diana's newfound powers to their best advantage. Jimmy, her brother, knew a few of the local smalltime gangsters in his Brooklyn neighborhood were into poker, but the police had just shut down the game they had been playing. With their contacts and Diana's new prowess, they opened a new game. The only problem was with the hostess: Nobody wanted to play cards in the living room of a widowed Queens woman.



To that end, Diana invented a blue-collar persona, "Nicky the Chop," and rented a Brooklyn auto shop at which to hold card games on Friday and Saturday nights. "Nicky," as the house, earns "his" chop from every game that takes place under his roof, and can take home as much as \$2,000 in a single night. Nicky's also not above using a Discipline discreetly here and there to supplement those winnings. Sure, Jimmy gets his share, but he's really only in it for whiskey and cigarettes.

A few Kindred know about Nicky's game, but not about the person behind it. In fact, those Kindred who come to play cards consider Nicky's a sort of Elysium, where Licks can just come to play cards and leave politics at the door. The reality of the situation is a bit more complicated, as a disproportionate number of anarchs have begun playing on Friday nights, and Nicky's a little worried that he might be seen as an anarch sympathizer. Still, no one's mentioned anything yet, and it's still a good cover for grins and profits.

Diana has appeared both as herself and as Nicky the Chop before the Kindred of New York, though one never mentions the other — and why would they? To date, no one suspects anything. Things could change soon, however, as the card-house Elysium is a meeting place for Kindred, and invariably "shop talk" makes its way from table to table. Nicky also expects to come to the attention of local organized crime soon, who may want a chop of their own. What that means for the game, for Nicky and for the Kindred who play remains to be seen.

Image: In her female persona, Diana is an unassuming woman of middling years with a demeanor not unlike a doting mother's. She smiles curiously frequently for one of the undead, though her eyes are tired and droop a bit. When she adopts Nicky the Chop's personality, however, she becomes gruff and coarse, cursing with the best of

them. Here, her slightly heavy body becomes warehouse bulk. She wears heavy pants and blue-collar work shirts with the name "Nick" embroidered on them. In this guise, she also brushes ash on her face, giving the illusion of a troublesome beard just growing in at the end of the day. She affects the squint of a barroom smoker rather than the look of an exhausted woman.

Roleplaying Hints: What began as a lark is becoming your dominant personality. In fact, some nights go by in which the only time you spend as Diana is the time preparing to be Nicky. In protecting your secret, you've become more than a little nervous, but you're not exactly sure why. After all, the worst that could happen if you're found out is embarrassment. Then again, with some of the talk you've heard over poker games, you're kidding yourself if you think it's all an innocent ruse. It's surprising: The longer this goes on, the higher the stakes have become. That philosophy has colored your outlook in other Kindred matters as well, and you rarely remain part of any one venture for too long, at risk of blowing your cover or being dragged into something that's more involved than you want to be.

Clan: Ventrue (*antitribu* by Embrace, though sectarian allegiance is with the Camarilla)

Sire: Richard Provost

Nature: Rogue

Demeanor: Thrill-Seeker (Conniver as Nicky)

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1987

Apparent Age: mid-30s (early 30s as Nicky)

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 2, Hobby Talent (poker) 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Performance 3, Security 1, Sleight of Hand 2

Knowledges: Academics 1, Computer 1, Finance 2, Linguistics (Spanish) 1, Science 1

Disciplines: Dominate 2, Fortitude 1, Presence 1

Backgrounds: Allies 1 (3), (Contacts 4), (Fame 1), Resources 3

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 4

Note: Backgrounds in parenthesis apply only to Nicky's persona.

THE HARPIES

While this group of Kindred isn't a coterie in the traditional sense, it is nonetheless united in purpose. As one might expect, the group is often fractured due to its own infighting, games of brinkmanship and feats of status acrobatics. The harpies love a common enemy, however, and

rarely hesitate to humiliate a Kindred outside their circle before turning their attentions back upon each other.

The harpies wield a great deal of social influence in New York City, as it's a very high-style environment. Young Kindred in particular hang upon their words and verdicts, as, in the absence of a prince, the harpies very much represent the pecking order that others will eventually have to buy in to if they want to make a place for themselves. Of course, this is the coin of the harpies' realm, and the fact that others buy into their self-mandated cultural superiority makes the prophecy self-fulfilling.

Any number of political situations may arise that "require" the harpies' input. It is unlikely that a would-be prince who does not meet their approval may claim the title for any length of time — they'll simply sneer at the poor fool and laugh him out of the domain. Of course, that doesn't necessarily mean they want an unimpeachable tyrant to claim the title, as such would limit the boundaries of their own power. By the same token, it's not unthinkable that more harpies might arise from the influx of Kindred to New York City, but whether they appropriate some of the social gravity of this faction or join with them cannot yet be said.

MAZZ

Background: Stephen Patrick Maslowe was Embraced over a century ago, and some of the habits of the time have died hard. As an English immigrant to the United States, he fulfilled his own Manifest Destiny and moved West, where he was Embraced after a brief affair with a woman who turned out to be a Kindred. Shortly thereafter, he sank into torpor after a clash with his sire over who would be the sole Kindred in town.

When he rose from his long sleep, Mazz didn't miss a beat. In fact, aside from the obvious technological advances, he doesn't think the world is too much different — the police are all mavericks or morons; anyone with enough sense can stay ahead of the law and get rich doing it. The society of Kindred hasn't changed much since then, either. This time, though, he's not going to be the one sent to torpor.

With that frame of mind, Mazz caught a train to New York, where he had heard things weren't too different from the frontier, in terms of Kindred matters. The city was a virgin territory, waiting to be exploited by somebody who knew how to do it. Mazz started small, running a numbers racket in the East Village, but he expanded into minor extortion and protection. He co-opted a gang of Irish toughs, which helped him not only extend his sphere of influence but also bought him into the underworld scene — he wasn't a cowboy anymore, he was part of organized crime.

That's when things got weird. As part of the love affair New York has with its quirky criminals, Mazz found himself in the tabloids and society pages here and there. Owing to the fact that he wasn't exceptionally violent and didn't traffic in drugs, the local media had created a

mystique around the genteel “gentleman boss.” After a while, the paparazzi even took to following him around when bigger celebrities couldn’t be found. By default, Mazz became one of New York’s highest-profile Kindred.

Mazz doesn’t squander his roots on his reputation, however. He still runs numbers, still maintains protection rackets and counts himself as a “partner” in several East Village eateries and bars — that’s why the locals love him. They know he’s a criminal, but no one’s ever been found overdosed or cut up in his wake. He’s a quaint, old-style gangster with whom the locals empathize for making his own way in a city that tried to tell him he couldn’t. That’s not to say Mazz is soft; he’s quick to deal a drubbing if he suspects someone’s holding out on him or doesn’t give him the proper respect. But he’s no murderous drug fiend, like too many of the modern criminals who have no idea what the romance of the lifestyle means.

The local press had always represented Mazz as an eccentric, which bought him a little leeway regarding his “rough sex fetish” that sometimes left his partners bruised, bloodied and a little woozy. It also bought him fame and accolades among the Kindred, who admired that one of their own, through charisma rather than skullduggery, had acquired a social prominence in the city. As such, many look to him for advice on behavior and decorum, and his opinion carries great weight among the young Kindred especially.

For his part, Mazz treats his harpy status with an amused appreciation. He likes the power it gives him, but he realizes that such things are fleeting — should some other, more “serious” harpy come along, he wouldn’t be surprised if his own position lost some of its gravity. Still, that wouldn’t bother him too much. As much as he enjoys being a harpy, leaving the responsibilities of that title behind would mean he could refocus on his rackets, which are currently handled by his right-hand man, Brian Rents.

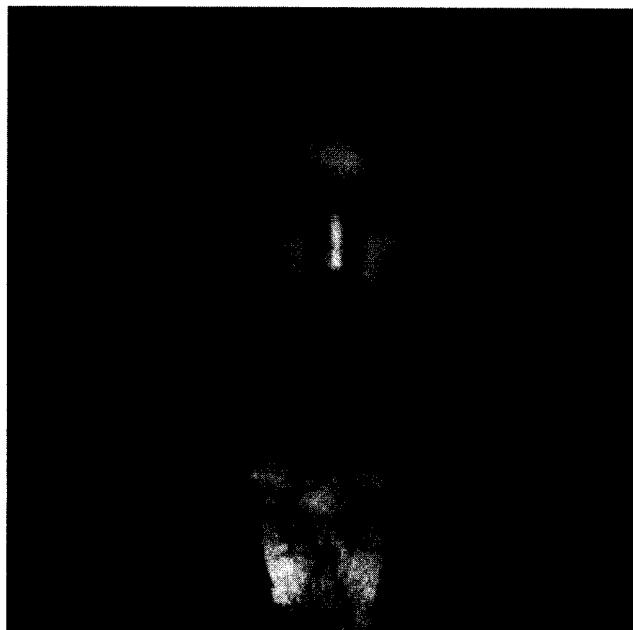


Image: One part hooligan, one part glam and one part dandy — that’s Mazz. Dressed as a sometimes-foppish anachronism, Mazz has made much of his reputation by being “that guy,” as in, “Look at *that guy* — what’s his deal?” Mazz stands just under six feet tall with a sallow complexion and hair that becomes unruly if he doesn’t attend to it. He stands out, but in a way that says he’s eccentric rather than out of touch. Mazz still carries the old revolver he had during the nights of the Wild West.

Roleplaying Hints: This frilly society lark is nothing so much as a tool to help you get what you want — money, in your current frame of mind. You’d certainly go out of your way to help any of your fellows, but that’s not out of love for them so much as it is that you don’t want to lose anything useful. You don’t let much stand in between what you want and obtaining it — a fact that has begun to cause you some amount of concern in your more rational moments.

Clan: Brujah

Sire: Jeanine Calloway

Nature: Rogue

Demeanor: Architect

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1854

Apparent Age: early 30s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Dodge 2,

Empathy 1, Intimidation 2 Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 2, Melee 1, Ride 2, Stealth 1, Survival 1

Knowledges: Academics 1, Finance 2, Law 2, Linguistics (Spanish) 1, Medicine 3, Politics 2, Science 1

Disciplines: Celerity 1, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Fame 2, Herd 2, Resources 3, Retainers 1, Status 1

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

Morality: Humanity 5

Willpower: 5

THOMAS ARTURO

Background: Thomas’s introduction to the world of the Kindred coincided with his professional life as an assistant to the prestigious architecture firm of Richard Meier & Partners. Arturo had been working on a design for an exceptionally wealthy client, who decided at the project’s completion that she’d like to preserve the talents of the person creating her haven. Although dubious at first of his client’s bizarre form of payment — he almost greeted the sunrise out of despair during his early unlife — Thomas grew to understand that along with its drawbacks, unlife had many benefits. In fact, he retains a few professional contacts with Meier & Partners to this night, many of whom joke that he hasn’t aged a day since they met him. While a mythical “day job” keeps Arturo from meeting

with his associates during the daylight hours, he's perfectly able to "freelance" for them at night.

As Meier & Partners' fame grew in the mortal world, it did as well in the Kindred world, and Arturo rode along with it. As one of the few Kindred who made his haven in New York before it was liberated from the Sabbat by the Camarilla, Thomas has been a part of the social elite from the moment he completed his sire's haven. He's done designs for mortals (the musician Moby is rumored to be among them), Kindred of Manhattan, and even Cainites of the Sabbat who knew of his reputation when they were the prominent sect in the city. It is a sign of great prestige to live (or otherwise) in a Thomas Arturo design, and that prestige is even more quantifiable among Kindred.

This prestige paved the way for Thomas to become one of the harpies after the Camarilla's victory over the Sabbat. As the undead would do almost anything to have Arturo design their havens, he acquired a caliber of social gravity usually reserved for primogen and other policymakers. In the absence of such a body, Arturo became one of the harpies, whose opinions could make or break a Kindred. While he has yet to snub a Kindred so badly that it's better for the poor Lick to leave town, Arturo has reserved his favor for those in the traditional power bloc of undead society: the Ventrue, Toreador and (albeit grudgingly) Tremere. Some of his more recent projects include the guest library and sitting room of the Tremere's Maupassant chantry, the penthouse haven of his fellow harpy Hellene Panhard and an ambitious gallery/haven for a wealthy Toreador in TriBeCa. Arturo hasn't made many amicable contacts among the Brujah, Malkavians or Nosferatu, though he does have a respect for Calebros that the Nosferatu seems to reciprocate.

When working for Kindred, Arturo is known to accept almost any kind of payment that suits his fancy at the time. He's designed havens for no recompense other

than prestation, accepted cash or stock options, and even taken a blood bond. While he does little design on less than the million-dollar scale, he has been known to redecorate interiors for significantly less money (or whatever form of payment he chooses to accept). Many of the candidates for the principdom plan to tap Arturo for designs in locations they wish to designate as Elysium if their claims to the domain are successful.

Image: Working as a consultant and the attendant meetings keep Thomas dressed in tasteful business suits that he accents with ties and shirts of subtle color. Even if he didn't have to keep a professional image, he probably would, as even on nights when he's not working, he still wears suits. Fortunate to have been Embraced on a night when he shaved, Thomas always looks as precise as one of the buildings he designs. His hair is light brown and short. Thomas wears glasses for cosmetic purposes, as the Embrace corrected the flawed vision for which he wore them before.

Roleplaying Hints: The world of the Kindred is hypercapitalist, a social structure that has evolved beyond all government and thrives on the relationships between its members. Unfortunately, most of it is petty and treacherous, with currency being replaced by promises and favors, any of which can be reneged upon at any point. Luckily for you, you're one of the talented ones—you can provide services to other Kindred for which they will gladly meet whatever price you ask. While your position is somewhat precarious, as trends come and go, at least the Kindred are slower to move away from trends than mortals over time, which means that since the Damned love your architecture now, they'll probably love it for many years to come. And you have no problem taking advantage of that.

Clan: Toreador

Sire: Charlotte Hansard (deceased)

Nature: Conniver (after Embrace — Perfectionist beforehand)

Demeanor: Visionary

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1978

Apparent Age: mid-30s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Empathy 2, Expression 2, Grace 2, Hobby Talent (interior design) 4, Leadership 1, Style 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Crafts 2, Demolitions 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Professional Skill (architecture) 4

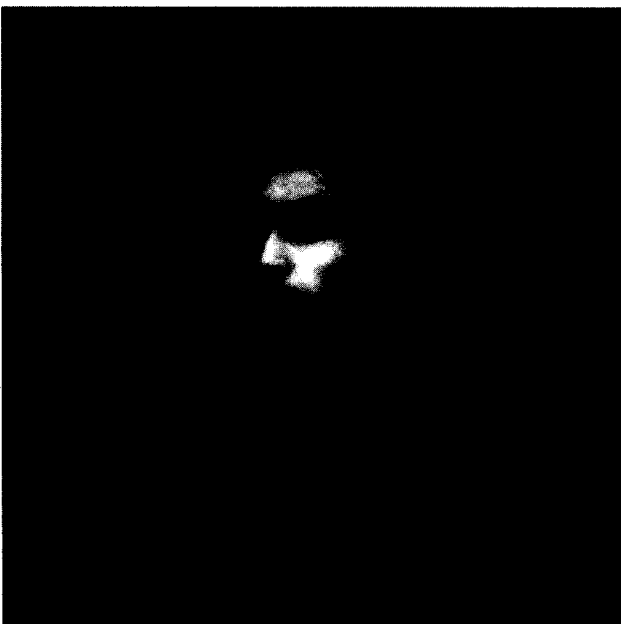
Knowledges: Academics 3, Area Knowledge (Manhattan) 2, Bureaucracy 2, Computer 2, Finance 3, Law 1, Politics 2, Science 2

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Fame 2, Herd 2, Influence 1, Resources 4, Status 2

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

Morality: Humanity 7



Willpower: 4

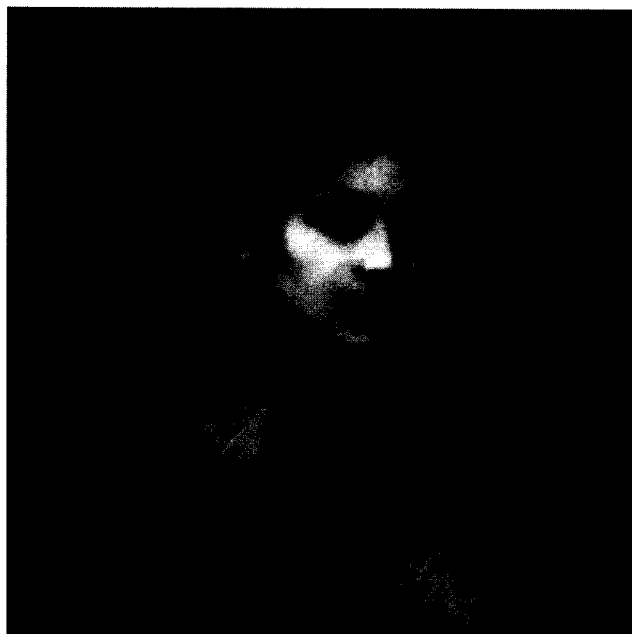
Notes: Characters who have havens designed or decorated by Thomas Arturo may increase their Fame or Status (their choice) by one. Note that this simply reflects esteem for ownership — a buffoon with an Arturo condominium is still a buffoon, but it might be worthwhile to be seen with him. Also, both Eugenio Estevez and Hellene Panhard are two-thirds of the way to a complete blood bond to Arturo by way of payment for his work on their chantry and haven, respectively. This could be politically disastrous for Estevez (both as a matter of local affairs and clan agenda) and embarrassing enough for Panhard to strip her of her harpy status, let alone cripple her bid for principedom. Arturo plans to somehow complete the blood bonds and cement his influence over these Kindred, but the matter is very delicate, as both are more than sufficiently wary of their conditions.

HELLENE PANHARD

Background: Unlife is never easy for one thrust into the limelight by a respected sire. Michaela, the Prince of New York, Embraced much like the Sabbat did, throwing hastily turned soldiers against enemy forces. Her detractors brought this accusation against her, only to have her shrug her shoulders in response. For those who managed to survive Sabbat attacks and distinguish themselves, the situation became doubly difficult: They shouldn't have been Embraced in the first place, and when they survived, they inherited the prestige and power that goes with being the prince's progeny. To anyone not Embraced with a silver spoon in their mouths, these childer were the ultimate representation of princes' abuse of power.

For Hellene, her combination stigma and status was something to be satisfied and overcome. She was Embraced from the ranks of a semiprominent banking family and had spent much of her mortal life learning the business from her father and uncles. Capital from her investments helped finance the Camarilla war effort. Contacts she made during her years in New York before the Sabbat were ousted played key roles in uncovering Sabbat havens. Her intrigues compromised Sabbat leaders; her drivers smuggled Kindred into the city. Through it all, Hellene remained quiet.

From the beginning, Hellene resented some of her blood-siblings, who were indeed wastes of the Embrace. Surely Michaela knew this, Embracing them to die, but a few had the temerity to survive. Greedy and jealous, they had little more to do with their unlives than to take what others provided. They abused their position as the prince's childer, usurping domains and feeding without respect for the established grounds. When most of them died off during the Battle of New York or before it at the hands of Black Hand assassins, Hellene shed no tears. She merely redoubled her efforts. As the provisional prince stepped in, she pledged her aid to him, and her support helped hold the city's Kindred together. They saw that this once-privileged childe had made her own sacrifices, and it was the least they could do to act in kind.



Times have changed, however, and Hellene has been slow to keep up with them. Maybe New York doesn't *want* that stability. The Kindred may want a little more freedom than the traditional Ventrue claims to domain allow for those outside the power structure. Hellene rankles under this roguish vision of New York. Having been able to parlay her efforts in the battle and her seniority into the only sort of socially directing role she could — a harpy — she wants to refocus herself once again, this time on the principedom. Simultaneously liberal (for a Ventrue) and conservative (*because* she's a Ventrue, at least in the minds of the Kindred as a whole), Michaela favors a policy of reconstruction before restriction. Her own experiences under Michaela's domain have set the tone — she wants to allow Kindred to build domains and become stable. From there, she wants to impose an order on the rapid growth that has already occurred. While she has garnered support from elders, it is those elders who have already taken the opportunity to grow their domains while younger Kindred still feel like they have to test the waters to see what they can get away with.

In the end, Hellene feels that she's owed the principedom, even though she's loath to express it in that manner. She's no stranger to hard work, however, and her greatest task may still be ahead of her, in that she must convince others to come around to her way of thinking.

Image: Hellene was Embraced before plastic surgery became widely available, and if she had her way tonight, she'd be much more beautiful. Her looks are best described as plain, or even a bit homely, and she is especially sensitive about being unable to do anything about it. She has considered talking to one of the Tzimisce who must still be skulking about town, but her status as a harpy would no doubt come into question if anyone found out, so she's held off — for now. She carries herself and her just-more-than-her's-comfortable-with weight in a matronly manner, and a few of the anarchs have taken to calling her Queen Heavy.

Roleplaying Hints: It's all within grasp, but you must be careful with how you make your bids for power. Alienating the Kindred for the sake of power would be a bitter fare, as you would have once had the power but lost it. The other side of the coin is that power does no good if you spend it all on appeasement. Therefore, the best way to conduct yourself is to make others see the wisdom of your own preferences. You honestly want the principedom for the good of all Kindred, but those Kindred might not know what's best for them. In this sense, you are almost of motherly disposition. Your manner is almost anachronistic, as you have had to mature politically and as a Kindred in the absence of your sire. Before she died, however, your sire instilled in you that it's best to clothe the iron hand in a velvet glove... eventually.

Clan: Ventrue

Sire: Michaela (deceased)

Nature: Autocrat

Demeanor: Architect

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1938

Apparent Age: early 40s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Diplomacy 4, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Grace 3, Intimidation 2, Intrigue 3, Intuition 4, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Crafts 1, Etiquette 4, Performance 2

Knowledges: Academics 2, Area Knowledge (Manhattan) 1, Bureaucracy 3, Camarilla Lore 3, City Secrets 1, Finance 4, History 2, Law 2, Politics 3

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Dominate 4, Fortitude 2, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 4, Herd 3, Influence 2, Resources 4, Retainers 3, Status 3

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

Morality: Humanity 6

Willpower: 6

Notes: Hellene has subjected the anarch leader Boss Callihan to a blood bond in exchange for keeping news of his failed coup quiet. She is also two-thirds of the way to a blood bond to Thomas Arturo.

THE MIDNIGHTERS

Not every coterie comes together out of political necessity or for numerical protection. In a fashionable city like New York, some coterie have little more in common than the unlifestyle they maintain. The Midnighters are one such small coterie. United by their common interest in street racing, the Midnighters have built a small confederation around a herd of disaffected kids who get their kicks by modifying their cars and racing them illegally in the streets. While the scene itself isn't confined to the hours after dark, that's when most of the action happens

— and it has the least opportunity for repercussions, as police are often too busy elsewhere to bother with teenagers out for joyrides. Not unlike mortal gangs with Kindred members, the name Midnighters actually refers to one specific group of car racers, and the vampires among them have adopted the name as their own.

The Midnighters aren't immune to the occasional bust, but they have taken the opportunity to grow their contacts with the police. Their circuit is a bit wider than that of the average outer-borough teenager, meaning that they have more contact with the police than one might suspect. These tend to be beat and traffic cops — the Midnighters aren't usually involved in anything that would attract detectives. Still, even a Kindred has to pay his rent, and the coterie has trafficked in narcotics, painkillers and ecstasy in order to make money.

For the most part, the Midnighters are apolitical, concerned more with their races and "hanging out." In this, they are very much adolescent analogs to mortal teenagers, neonates who have enjoyed the decentralized New York that allows them to do what they want. When the Sabbat was prominent, it expected all Cainites to rally to its cause. With the introduction of the Camarilla, the Midnighters are free to follow their own course but have given up the general sense of common protection around which the Sabbat rallied.

NICHOLAS CHANG

Background: In the nights of rampant Sabbat presence in New York City, some Cainites chose who they wanted for the Embrace and asked questions later. Nicholas' sire chose him out of boredom and because she thought his lifestyle would be a pleasant diversion. Soon after his Embrace, Nicholas' sire in turn grew bored with *him* and left him to his own devices. He chose not to follow his pack, instead keeping the company of the mortal racers with whom he had more in common than the debauched Sabbat.

Until his Embrace, Nicholas had been a warehouse worker, loading and unloading trucks for a food service company. He lived at home and devoted his paychecks to modifying his Honda Civic with Jackson Racing aftermarket parts. After his Embrace, the only things that have changed are his diet, his car and his occupation. Nicholas now runs an after-hours garage at the edge of Brooklyn that specializes in Hondas. He drives an Acura Integra Type R.

Like most of the Midnighters, Nicholas loves to race, and he has since he was 13 years old. He is the nominal leader of the Midnighters Kindred, but only because the others are younger and look to his experience. Nicholas has dealt with other Kindred before — at one point he even ran tainted Setite blood across all five boroughs for the Ventrue (without meeting his true employers, of course) and carried the last surviving member of the Five Dragons pack of Sabbat to a hidden haven. As a whole, he finds the Kindred interesting as individuals but doesn't have much use for their politics. He's worried that in the



nights to come, he'll have to choose one side over the other. This doesn't bother him as a matter of politics, because he knows several Kindred who claim their "alliances" and do what they would have anyway, but he's afraid that certain things will be expected of him that will take him away from his passion for racing.

For the time being, Nicholas makes his money from the garage and for working "no questions asked" for Kindred who have courier duties they need undertaken anonymously.

Image: Nicholas is of average height and build, with a slightly darker complexion than is common among Asian-Americans. He wears his hair in a stylish shag, just a bit shorter than shoulder-length. His features are broad and alert, and he moves quickly in response to things taking place around him. While he's no fashion plate, he's the best dressed of the Midnighters and is rarely seen in the same outfit twice when it comes to casual encounters with him.

Roleplaying Hints: You thrive on excitement and on the making of the deal. The race is every bit as important as the prize. Whether you're racing for cash, pills or title for title, you have a sense of how it's going to go down, and that analytical outlook carries over into other dealings with people. The change in the Cainite political climate of the city doesn't mean that much to you — but it *can*. You've got no qualms about throwing in with this new organization so long as it's worth the time.

For you, it's driving, but everyone has something they do well. Now that all these new Kindred are coming to town and they're not foaming-at-the-mouth religious freaks like those Sabbat, it's good to have a chance to see what these others can do besides make threats. You're not completely averse to this Camarilla situation, but it's going to have to be worth your while. Otherwise, what's the point? You do fine as it is and are looking to the

Camarilla to help you be more comfortable, otherwise you're not interested.

Clan: Toreador (*antitribu* by Embrace, but politically neutral)

Sire: Lisa Greer

Nature: Capitalist

Demeanor: Thrill-Seeker

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1993

Apparent Age: early 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 2, Leadership 2, Streetwise 4

Skills: Crafts 3, Drive 4, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Academics 1, Area Knowledge (Brooklyn, Manhattan) 2, Computer 1, Law 2, Linguistics (Korean) 1, Medicine 1

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 1

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Herd 1, Resources 2

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 5

DINO CERUTTI

Background: Dino Cerutti's family had enough money to get by, but not so much that they spoiled their children in any sense of the word. In high school, Dino and his younger brother Vince took jobs as pizza delivery boys, hoping to save enough money to buy a car and get them into the underground racing scene. Between the two, they put away enough to buy a used 300ZX, which they spent their time and money modifying and racing for extra cash on the weekends.

Dino was in the wrong place at the wrong time, however, and found himself Embraced as cannon fodder for the Sabbat during the short-lived siege of New York. After calling him to deliver a pizza, the Seventh Hydra pack dragged him into their temporary haven, turned him and forced him to drink their blood. Bound to the pack, Dino accompanied them for two nights, only to wake on the third to the sounds of gunfire. A group of Camarilla ghouls had found the pack's haven and torn into it, staking most of its members before rousing the last two. Dino's sire fought a doomed struggle against the ghouls. Dino panicked and fled into the night.

Dino called his brother from a street-corner pay phone. His brother met him at Grand Central Station. Dino revealed what he had become and Embraced his brother as well, hoping for aid in the fight that he had been dragged into. Before they knew it, the conflict was over, and since no one had known Dino long enough to believe him a member of the Sabbat, the new wave of Kindred assumed that he was just another fresh face ready to make his place in the city.



Dino feels no loyalty to the Sabbat, having known it for only two nights before the destruction of his pack. He doesn't care one way or the other about the Camarilla, seeing it much like he saw government in his breathing days — there and functioning, but not part of his nightly unlife. Were he to be pressured into one side or the other, he'd likely side with the Camarilla, based upon his limited exposure to both sides, but it's not something he wants to do. At this point, his Vinculi have faded and he feels no real loss for his erstwhile packmates.

As the grease-monkey of the Midnighters Kindred, Dino's more comfortable under the hood than behind the wheel. At present, he works in Nicholas Chang's garage and looks to Nicholas for advice in the Kindred matters to which he's still unaccustomed. He and his brother still have their street-legal 300ZX, for which Dino is responsible. It's the faster car of the Cerutti brothers' and Nicholas', but Chang's outmaneuvers it. Dino has worked on cars for other Kindred customers as well, including one other racer (who's not part of the Midnighters' coterie) and a few young vampires who prefer dealing with one of their own. In addition, he does repairs for fellow (non-Kindred) Midnighters at reduced rates. He also knows a Cuban who runs a chop-shop out by the docks, who can procure parts or make them disappear — and he's always looking for new goods to move.

Image: Tall and slim, Dino can usually be found in oily chinos and a tank top or a frayed coverall. He still has remarkably swarthy skin for a vampire, owing to his Italian ancestry. His hands are larger than one would expect for his thin body, largely due to the use of tools. While he's not conventionally handsome, he has an honest face, which he has been known to use to his advantage.

Roleplaying Hints: You're not quiet, but you don't often open your mouth when you don't understand what's being talked about. You can be a hard-ass when you need

to, though you prefer to come to a direct understanding before resorting to threats. Leave the delicate political matters to others and let them leave the delicate mechanical matters to you. Sabbat, Camarilla, it doesn't really matter so long as they leave you to do what you want. In talking with other Kindred, you've found that most of them support the Camarilla, so it's probably easiest to go with the flow. It's not like they're going to force you to fight some religious war or whatever.

Clan: Lasombra

Sire: Demetrius Banks

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1999

Apparent Age: early 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Intimidation 1, Leadership 1, Streetwise 2

Skills: Crafts (engine repair) 4, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Security 2

Knowledges: Academics 1, Area Knowledge (Astoria, Manhattan) 2, Investigation 1, Law 1, Linguistics (Spanish) 1, Science 3

Disciplines: Dominate 2, Potence 2

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Contacts 4, Herd 1, Resources 2

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 2

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 4

VINCE CERUTTI

Background: Pulled partially unwillingly into the world of the Damned by his brother, Vince is the one of the pair who has changed the most since becoming Kindred. While before he was a bit disaffected, taking pleasure in the thrill of illicit racing, Vince has since become enamored of anarch politics. While the anarch presence in New York City isn't very strong, those few who do make their havens there see the encroachment of the Camarilla as a threat to their unlife.

Vince still enjoys midnight racing, but the anarch cause is what truly arouses his passion tonight. He sees himself as an up-and-comer in the political climate of New York City, which is probably a bit premature. The local anarchs know of him and are certainly glad to have him among them, but these are often the same anarchs who eked out their unlives during the Sabbat occupation of the city. To them, Vince hasn't yet paid his dues, knowing unlife only during the relative calm of the current power vacuum. As such, he's usually treated like a little brother by established anarchs.

The ties Vince maintains to the anarchs remain a secret from his brother and Nicholas, which is somewhat of a bone of contention for him right now. He knows that

both of their sympathies lie with the Camarilla out of convenience, but he believes that they're selling themselves short. While the other two Midnighters regard the Kindred condition as a curse, Vince prefers to look for its potential. He's a bit tenuous about revealing the anarch viewpoint to them, but in the end it's what he'll probably have to do.

Among the anarchs, Vince has become a protégé to Boss Callihan, who appreciates the young Lick's enthusiasm and sees his lack of experience as the perfect opportunity to cultivate another loyal supporter. For this reason, Vince sometimes overestimates his importance to the anarch cause. Where he sees himself as the favored scion of a progressive leader, the other anarchs—Callihan included—see a passionate but expendable soldier in the fight.

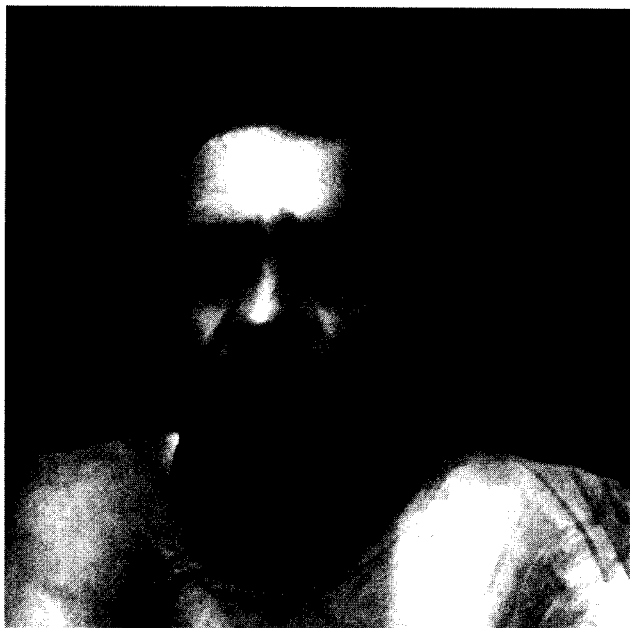
Image: Vince is heavier and more muscled than his brother, but they're both about the same height. He has a cruel smile that always makes him look as if he's enjoying a laugh at someone else's expense. Vince favors athletic clothes, mostly jerseys from local sports teams, worn with baggy khakis and tennis shoes or hiking boots.

Roleplaying Hints: It's all about proving yourself—that's how you bring people to you. The better you are at what you choose to do, the more people respect you. If you had it your way, it would all come down to a race. At least, it would right now. While your brother and Nicholas would rather stay out of the political problem right now, you know that nobody ever got what they wanted by sitting around and waiting for it to come to them. That said, despite being the youngest and least experienced of the group, you're the most motivated to make a political decision and run with it.

Clan: Lasombra

Sire: Dino Cerutti

Nature: Autocrat



Demeanor: Competitor

Generation: 13th

Embrace: 1999

Apparent Age: late teens

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

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

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Crafts 2, Drive 4, Firearms 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Academics 1, Law 1, Occult 1, Politics 1, Science 1

Disciplines: Dominate 1, Obtenebration 2, Potence 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 1, Herd 1, Mentor 1, Resources 1, Retainers 1

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 3, Courage 4

Morality: Humanity 5

Willpower: 5

LOYAL OPPOSITION: THE ANARCHS

While still members of the Camarilla, New York's anarchs are very much second-class citizens among the undead. Pushed into domains in "forgotten" Staten Island, the anarchs' radical power-redistribution philosophies rub many Kindred the wrong way. While they're not "the enemy" on the order of the Sabbat, few of the even nominally Camarilla Kindred wish to consort with the anarchs. After all, the Camarilla retook the city, and few of the veterans of the battle would have the spoils handed over to the undeserving anarchs.

A quiet, if bloody, coup almost took place as the Camarilla was still wobbling in the weeks immediately after the battle. Boss Callihan, the leader of the strongest and most moderate coalition of anarchs, had retained an Assamite to remove ascending Prince Calebros from the picture. His plan was to place anarchs in domains claimed by other Kindred after the battle, and with no prince to lend strength to those Kindred's claims of domain, the territories would be contested. Sure, he'd lose some of those domains (and some of those anarchs), but as a whole, the Camarilla's elder-favoring power network would have been crippled before it had a chance to be set in place.

Unfortunately for Callihan, one of the harpy Hellene Panhard's import-company contacts caught on to the fact that the anarch boss was shipping something undeclared up the East River. Upon closer inspection, the contact learned that it was a Kindred. Panhard "collected" the assassin, questioned him as to his goals in town, and turned him away. Instead of exposing Callihan (which she thought would cause the precariously perched Camarilla to look disorganized and jeopardize its safety), Panhard went straight to the boss. In exchange for her silence, Callihan paid with a blood bond to her.

The Anarch Movement still has force behind it, but the political situation is currently too delicate for those Kindred to

make any move — they would face opposition from the Camarilla and likely from a resurgent Sabbat. So for now, they play a waiting game, growing in strength and number, and soon hope to move beyond their domain of Staten Island.

BOSS CALLIHAN

Background: The excesses of Tammany Hall during the nineteenth century made many people very comfortable—especially Boss William Marcy Tweed’s Democratic Party cronies, who successfully bilked New York City out of as much as \$200,000,000. While Tweed himself was eventually arrested, prosecuted and imprisoned (from which he fled to Cuba), one of his associates, Douglas Callihan, one-upped the old boss. He took his money and bought his way into one of the other shadow societies of New York—the Kindred. Embraced by a Sabbat Ventrue, Callihan laid low and laundered his money through the Cainites of his new peerage.

Callihan quickly grew disillusioned with the Sabbat, however, as few of its members had the sort of refinement and decorum that he was used to. Those few who did snubbed him because of his lineage — had he known beforehand about clan sentiments, he would have tried to convince a Lasombra to Embrace him. As feelings between the sect and Callihan soured, he took up with a group of reformers calling themselves anarchs. With his money, his skill at manipulating people and events, and his notoriety in the mortal world, the anarchs welcomed him.

Callihan rose quickly through the anarchs’ ranks, becoming a boss in his own right. While the faction didn’t truly appeal to him any more than the Sabbat, he had managed to acquire some degree of power and influence within it. And it was just that possession of power that kept him where he was, a lion among the jackals, or so he saw it.

Over the years, he grew familiar with the Sabbat’s enemy, the Camarilla, and chose to keep himself and his anarchs out of the Battle of New York, hoping to steal a place for himself while the sects were distracted fighting each other. The Camarilla proved too swift, however, and the anarchs were caught off guard as the sect swept in and claimed all the old Sabbat domains for itself. Callihan was incensed, but the opportunity still existed. The Camarilla played on terms much more like his own than the turgid Sabbat, so he figured that he could adapt to their ways and finally take the socially prominent place that was his due.

It was primarily young Kindred who had made their permanent havens in the city, however—the few “elders” who were around were no older than himself and seemed to largely want to place themselves behind the scenes for their own protection. Callihan chafed under these circumstances, and before he knew it, his anarchs had been relegated to Staten Island domains.

It’s time to fix all that, at least in Callihan’s mind. He can take or leave the anarch cause, but all this skulking and political fence-sitting is past its prime. How he will fare specifically, he doesn’t know, but one thing is certain: Boss Callihan is ready for the recognition the Kindred world owes him.



Image: As a nominal elder, at least in the American sense, Callihan has succumbed to one of the most perilous habits of the Kindred: He hasn’t kept up with the times. He wears a full and bushy beard, and the elaborate garb of a nineteenth-century alderman. In some ways, he’s lucky — he deals mostly with Kindred, who can accept such anachronism, and the few mortals with whom he conducts affairs think him a harmless old eccentric. If they saw him when he grew angry, however, with his stern eyes, flaring nostrils and bristling red-gray mustache, they would likely think very differently.

Roleplaying Hints: Being an anarch is secondary to your real desire: power for yourself. The anarchs have merely displayed the willingness to be led along by the nose, and to that end you’ve been able to tell them what they want to hear in exchange for them serving as your personal army. Granted, if the anarch cause succeeds here, you’ll probably uphold some degree of it. After all, you’ll be at the forefront and able to take what you want. Obviously, you keep these secrets to yourself, but if something else came along that would serve as a better tool, you might be tempted to run with it. Support the anarchs so long as it helps you, but if it becomes a detriment, drop the whole affair and go with the sure thing.

Clan: Ventrue (*antitribu* by Embrace, though sectarian allegiance is with the anarchs, and therefore, arguably, the Camarilla)

Sire: Thomas Albee

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Judge

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1860

Apparent Age: late 50s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2
Talents: Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Leadership 4, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 2, Security 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2
Knowledges: Academics 3, Bureaucracy 4, Finance 4, History 4, Law 2, Politics 4
Disciplines: Dominate 3, Fortitude 3, Obfuscate 2, Presence 4, Protean 1
Backgrounds: Allies 1, Contacts 3, Influence 1, Resources 4, Retainers 5, Status 1
Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 5
Willpower: 5

DOWN BUT NOT OUT— THE SABBAT

In its fervor, arrogance and impatience, the Sabbat lost its foothold in New York City as a result of numerical successes in other cities along the East Coast of the United States. While the Camarilla has proven itself a wiliest opponent than many among the Sword of Caine would have thought, so has the Sabbat proved to be a more tenacious foe than the Camarilla may have first estimated. Yes, most Sabbat in New York City have been reduced to ash or chased elsewhere, but that only attests to the skill and prowess of those who do remain. For the time, the Sabbat licks its wounds and looks balefully on as the Camarilla exults in its former domain. No Sabbat, however, wants to remain under the shadow of the Ivory Tower for long.

FRANCISCO DOMINGO DE POLONIA

Background: Born in Spain but eager for adventure (and profit), Polonia volunteered for military duty in the New World. The only son of a minor—and impoverished—noble family, Francisco spent the last of his inheritance to secure an officer's commission before boarding ship, and he arrived in Mexico a captain.

While Mexico itself didn't offer much in the way of opportunity for an ambitious young man, the various expeditions heading north to find treasure and territory did. Polonia attached himself to de Onate's expedition, which had as its goal the foundation of a permanent outpost in what is now New Mexico. The expedition was a failure, but one officer in particular distinguished himself by his conduct: Polonia. Such bravery and competence drew attention from several of the Lasombra elders already established on the continent, and the young captain was rewarded for his efforts with the Embrace—and a new assignment.

Officially, Polonia's orders were to march north again with de Peralta in an attempt to succeed where de Onate failed. Unofficially, Polonia was to serve as a stalking

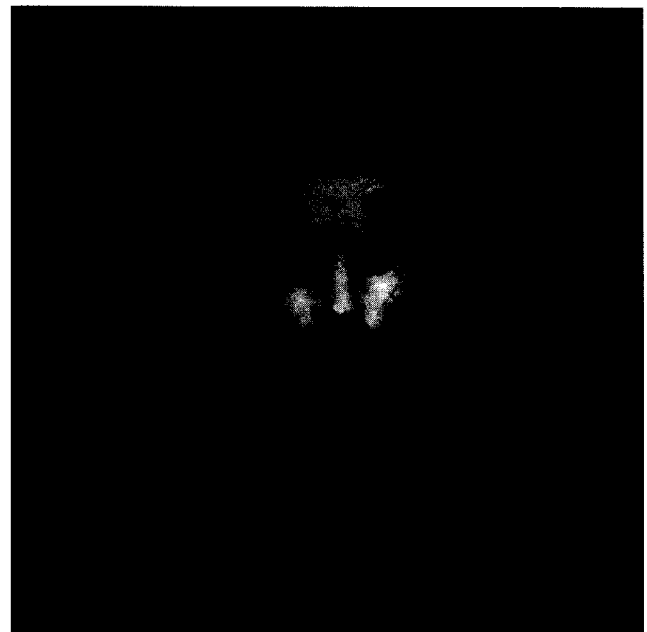
horse. His presence in the unspoiled lands to the north would be sure to draw whatever enemies lurked there—particularly the region's savage Lupines—into the open. Polonia himself probably wouldn't survive the assault. Then again, he wasn't supposed to.

It took until 1680 for Francisco to accomplish what he unwittingly set out to do. In that year, the local werewolves and their Pueblo kinfolk burned de Peralta's settlement of Santa Fe to the ground. Polonia was one of the few survivors, and he made his way back south with a full report of enemy strength, tactics and resources. Salvaging such useful information from utter defeat impressed even more of Polonia's superiors, and they took an interest in training him properly for use in the long nights ahead.

The next three centuries were a whirlwind of espionage, murder and subversion. Under the tutelage of no less a personage than the legendary Medina, Polonia learned tactics and strategies, then put them to use in the field. He operated primarily on the North American continent and went whither his superiors ordered him to work their will with impressive efficiency.

As the centuries have passed, he has risen in both rank and generation—through merit in the former instance and through skillful application of the Lasombra Courts of Blood in the latter. At this point, Polonia has earned command over all of the Sabbat's operations on the East Coast. Of course, success only rarely meets with approval, while failure earns vast attention; the loss of New York City to the Camarilla's desperate counteroffensive tends to overshadow the fact that Polonia has managed to acquire control over Atlanta, northern Florida, the Carolinas and indeed, most of the Mid-Atlantic seaboard. Still, New York is the richest prize of all, and until Polonia can retake it—assuming he is allowed time and resources with which to do so—there will be whispers in the shadows about him.

Image: Polonia is exceedingly tall for a Cainite of his years. He stands more than six feet in height, with ramrod-



straight carriage and large hands that look equally at home grasping a sword or a firearm. He has a black, neatly trimmed beard that matches his short black hair and dark eyes. Perhaps for the sake of contrast, Polonia often dresses in white or gray, though in the field he's more comfortable in fatigues. Unlike many of his venerable peers, Polonia's personal style has adapted to the times. His one concession to his age is a silver crucifix necklace that he has worn unceasingly for over three centuries. It was given to Polonia by his mother, and he treasures it above all things. The only flaw in Polonia's image as the perfect soldier is a cosmetic, yet maddeningly embarrassing, one: He was Embraced while suffering from a severe sunburn. While Polonia keeps a rigid rein on his temper at most times, commenting on his reddened countenance or even staring at it is the one surefire way to break this iron control.

Roleplaying Hints: Always keep your calm; it's the key to victory. Analyze situations before acting; take advice into account but don't follow it slavishly. Your own instincts and talents have gotten you this far, and it would be foolish to stop trusting them now. Most successes and defeats roll off you like water from a duck's back; it's always on to the next objective. The loss of New York rankles badly, however, and you are painfully aware of the second-guessers who are attempting to remove you from your power. You prefer, however, to cut the ground from beneath those jackals by succeeding, rather than wasting your energy dealing with them one by one.

Clan: Lasombra

Sire: Antón de Concepción

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Survivor

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1600

Apparent Age: early 30s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 6, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 6, Appearance 4 (when groomed; 2 when his affliction is obvious)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 6

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 6, Empathy 2, Interrogation 3, Intimidation 4, Leadership 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Firearms 5, Melee 5, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 1, Finance 3, Linguistics (Arabic, English, French, German, Greek, Italian, Latin, Portuguese) 4, Occult 1, Politics 4

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 2, Celerity 2, Dominate 5, Fortitude 1, Obtenebration 6, Potence 5, Presence 5, Protean 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Herd 3, Influence 4, Resources 5, Sabbat Status 4

Virtues: Conviction 5, Instinct 4, Courage 4

Morality: Path of Power and the Inner Voice 7

Willpower: 8

LOVE'S EASY TEARS

Packs like Love's Easy Tears embody the modern Sabbat. With its young members and whole-hearted acceptance of Sabbat dogma, it might seem surprising that the Black Hand has lost so much ground recently, or that its successful crusades have fallen apart after the fact. Looking deeper into the issue, however, reveals the truth: Often, packs of the Sabbat are unready or untested. Their fervor is artificial — they act in the Sabbat's interests because they are told to, or because they are threatened, or because they believe in the ideology and think it's the correct thing to do. Rarely do the packs of the Sabbat entirely *want* to carry on the crusade, but they always do for another reason.

This isn't to say the Sabbat isn't thrilled to have the chance to do what it's doing. Quite the opposite; the fact that they have any fervor at all puts them in some cases above and beyond the jaded elders of the Camarilla who rise each night not to see what the new night has to offer but only because they always have. Propelled by inertia and ennui, the Kindred of the Camarilla conduct the affairs of their unives out of greed, paranoia or spite. Not facing the new night would mean losing some asset or another to the selfish plots of one of the young coteries. With the Sabbat it's not so simple or mundane — it's a religious issue, or one of utter philosophical hatred for the Ivory Tower.

Motivation cannot make up for inexperience, though, and Love's Easy Tears embodies this problem as well. As a prominent pack during the Sabbat's dominance of New York, Love's Easy Tears was on the tongue of every savvy Sabbat elder and aspiring ductus in the city. Even though the pack's own ductus had been a Cainite for only two decades and its members had relatively uninspired introductions to the world of the Damned, they excelled at their tasks. Perhaps it was because they saw the opportunities that becoming Cainites provided. Perhaps it was because the Sabbat filled a place missing in their mortal lives. Perhaps becoming undead simply gave the members of the pack a new sense of purpose. Whatever their individual motivations, the Cainites of Love's Easy Tears threw themselves into the Sabbat cause with reckless abandon, and their enthusiasm yielded results.

HESTER REED

Background: The Sabbat of New York were without a doubt the dominant sect in the city all throughout the late '70s and early '80s. As punk crawled from the fetid corpse of the disco era, the sect embraced the ethic with wanton abandon. The two seemed destined to go hand in hand — both were violent rebellions against the status quo, both were brash and young, both were ready to take on the world. Like many other Sabbat Embraced at the time, Hester is a product of this singular alignment of mortal trends and undead politics.

As part of the burgeoning punk nightlife weaned on stage acts at CBGB's and heroin binges at the Chelsea

Hotel, Hester would have died as unremarkably as she had lived if fate hadn't intervened. A Lasombra who had become part of the underground took quite a shine to Hester, and also to ingesting the blood of smack junkies. As part of her "duty" to this Lasombra, Hester would cook up, shoot up and let him drink from her so that he could share the rush. On a particularly active weekend, Hester shot so much heroin and lost so much of her blood to her "boyfriend" that she overdosed, poisoned by the sheer volume of drugs in her veins. There, amid the dirty windowsills and scag-vomit of his Chelsea room, Hester's sire Embraced her for the sole purpose of not having to hide the body or explain why a dead junkie had been found in a room with his name on the ledger.

After her inauspicious induction into the sect, though, Hester distinguished herself as a bravo and, eventually, the center of an ever-growing network of contacts. Not a decade following her Embrace, Hester had become the ductus of Love's Easy Tears and generally acknowledged as an up-an-comer in the hierarchy of Sabbat neonates. She briefly served as a templar to Archbishop Polonia on a few occasions and often led her pack on patrols and skirmishes with Camarilla scouts, thin-blooded vagabonds, and even rival Sabbat packs that refused to understand the concept of territory.

Hester led her pack during the doomed six-night stand against the Camarilla when it swept into New York in 1999. During that time, most of the pack met Final Death, largely owing to Hester's inexperience with openly fighting the Camarilla on its own terms. In the fighting, Love's Easy Tears ran afoul of the Nosferatu Justicar Cock Robin. Hester called for the pack to withdraw, later falling back to assist Polonia and a strangely disturbed Lambach Ruthven. The tattered remains of Love's Easy Tears helped force open an avenue of escape for fleeing Cainites, making a stand against archon Federico di Padua before Polonia sent him to a bloody torpor.

At that point, Hester decided to keep the pack in New York City. She still remains in occasional contact with Polonia, who considers her pack one of the foremost tools the Sabbat has to retake the city. Hester has dedicated herself to this cause — she guides the pack as an agent provocateur against the rapidly steadying Camarilla presence. Of late, she has taken to ambushing individual Kindred and small coteries, but she knows these terror tactics only serve to slow the Camarilla influx, not overturn it. She and the two remaining members of the pack are currently seeking new converts for Love's Easy Tears. Whether they Embrace them anew or indoctrinate disillusioned members of the Camarilla doesn't matter to her. Hester simply wants to be in charge of a pack that matters again and to once more see it on top.

Image: Hester is one of the early punks, not yet so jaded with the scene at the time of her Embrace that her appearance is completely outlandish. Her hair is blonde and layered, which she sometimes ties back into a ponytail



if she plans on any physical violence. She wears tight leather clothing in dated styles, her tastes never quite keeping pace with the years that have passed since becoming a Cainite.

Roleplaying Hints: More than anything else, you are resentful. When the Sabbat was the dominant sect in New York, you were on top of the world, doing what you wanted, taking blood whenever you grew thirsty and generally enjoying the power that undeath gave you over the pathetic juicebags who scrambled to make ends meet in their short lives. Now you're the one skulking around just to see each new night, and that, honestly, is complete bullshit. The sooner you drive the Camarilla and its stooges back to wherever the hell they came from, the sooner you can have your old unlife back. Anyone standing in your way gets the beatdown, and anyone not expressly fighting the Camarilla may as well be standing in your way.

Clan: Lasombra

Sire: Anthony Ruiz

Nature: Curmudgeon

Demeanor: Perfectionist

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1981

Apparent Age: mid-20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Interrogation 3, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Scrounging 1, Streetwise 2

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 2, Fire Dancing 1, Melee 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Law 1, Medicine 1, Politics 1

Disciplines: Dominate 1, Obtenebration 1, Potence 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 4, Sabbat Status 2
Virtues: Conviction 3, Instinct 3, Courage 3
Morality: Path of Night 5
Willpower: 5

RURIK RAKOCZY

Background: Little did the Rakoczy family know, so many years ago when it departed the Old Country, that it would be running right into the tentacles of the very Fiends it had fled. Around the turn of the twentieth century, Ladislav Rakoczy and his family, tired of quivering beneath the Lord on the Mountain, quietly packed their bags and stole away on a train to Durrés, in Albania. From there they caught a slow ship to Ellis Island, disembarking and making a home for themselves in the Romanian enclave of Sunnyside.

The trip had not been entirely successful, however, for an even greater terror from the Old World had preceded the Rakoczy's and found its way into the ground beneath the city of New York. Treachery from Romania followed, too, as the uncle who had accompanied the family on its trip carried inside him the twisted seed of one of the descendants of the Eldest. For a few years, the Rakoczy's lived a quiet, new life. But then, Ludmijla was born, and with her came all of the nightmarish reminders of what they had fled.

Ludmijla spoke with the spirits of the land, even so many miles from where they made their homes, and their tales drove her mad. Her crippled body confined her to bed, yet somehow an entire brood of children grew in her belly — and only the more secular of the Romanian community suspected that leering uncle. Before long, despite its distance from the bloodthirsty lords of the Old World, the Rakoczy family was once again the thrall of eldritch powers.

Rurik was born into this warped clan. Transplanted revenants of the Obertus family, the lineage bore the taint of their Tzimisce masters even after choosing to leave them behind. Thus, Rurik grew up in a reluctant but newly resolute community of New World Obertus, never knowing the ignorant security of life untouched by the Damned. As proof of his devotion, Rurik killed his sister at the request of the debased Tzimisce Ludmijla, who turned her remains into a skin-mask that adorns her abandoned haven to this night. Demonstrating such commitment in spite of the cowardice of his family, Rurik was drawn into the ranks of the Sabbat.

Tonight, Ludmijla remains the matriarch of the Rakoczy family, attended by ghouls and miserable Cainites who helped move her bloated bulk to New Jersey after the Camarilla sacked the Sabbat in New York. Rurik remains in contact with her, poring over the cryptic messages she sends him that claim some legacy or another of the sect slumbers beneath the filthy streets of the city. While she cannot risk her own unlife to make her haven there or risk the family's existence, he tracks down this mystery for her.



She has told him of Istvan Zantosa, of the Nosferatu warrens that confuse the Tzimisce legacy with some horror of their own, and of the veritable miles of subterranean passage she has dreamed of that lead to a chamber of transcendent illumination.

More and more, Rurik has had to withdraw from his duties to the remains of Love's Easy Tears. This has put him at increasing odds with Hester and Rashid, both of whom suspect him of growing soft or abandoning his duty to the sect. He wants to tell them what he's been up to, but this is a matter for the Tzimisce first and then, perhaps later, the rest of the Sabbat second.

Image: Rurik has fine, Eastern European features made all the more noticeable by his gaunt body and wan complexion. A series of three metal piercings adorns the bridge of his nose and he typically keeps his fangs distended, even when not feeding. As for his wardrobe, he affects a shabby collection of punk-era leather for its protective qualities and for its intimidation value. Rurik is uncommonly tall — about six and a half feet — and thin, with sunken eyes and hair shaved close to the scalp.

Roleplaying Hints: At one time you were the spiritual leader of the Love's Easy Tears pack, assigned to it by a Tzimisce bishop because of its wayward direction. Then, all at once, the pack fell apart, the sect was turned out from its stronghold and Ludmijla's dreams became your responsibility. Now you pay a nervous lip service to your allegiance to the pack, despite the nauseating tug of your Vinculi. With great discomfort, you feel that you are the tool of something particularly foul, but you know that in the eyes of others you have been chosen for greatness, so you heed Ludmijla's prophecies with a queasy resolve.

Clan: Tzimisce

Sire: Ludmijla Rakoczy

Nature: Pedagogue

Demeanor: Architect
Generation: 10th
Embrace: 1979
Apparent Age: late 20s
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Animal Ken 1, Body Crafts 3, Crafts 3, Herbalism 2, Melee 3
Knowledges: Academics 2, Area Knowledge 1, City Secrets 2, Clan Knowledge (Tzimisce) 3, Enigmas 3, Medicine 1, Occult 4, Research 3
Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 1, Vicissitude 4
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Clan Prestige 1, Herd 1, Mentor 2, Resources 1, Retainers 2
Virtues: Conviction 4, Self-Control 3, Courage 2
Morality: Path of Death and the Soul 7
Derangements: Sanguinary Animism
Willpower: 5

RASHID STOCKTON

Background: Fifth Ward to South Bronx — that was the move Rashid Stockton's mother made and it doomed him. Young Rashid never had a chance. His life was the time between hustles. All around him the brick walls depicted ghetto art commemorating one dead street hero or another. That's how Rashid came to view life. It was the quest to have as many people know your name as you possibly could before you died in a hail of bullets and some graffiti tagger sprayed your face up as a monument on the side of a liquor store.

Rashid never would have been one of those community heroes, however. Mistaking infamy for reverence, he began early on the career of a small-time pimp and pusher. While he may have died with the requisite car chase and gunplay, no one would have missed him. By 11, he was running crack to the crackheads on government disability who couldn't leave their projects. By 16, he was practically the godfather of his Hunts Point housing project, pistol-whipping would-be toughs twice his age. He surrounded himself with vicious lieutenants, all of whom acknowledged that he was even nastier than they could summon the nerve to be. Rashid moved out of his mother's apartment when he was 18. He didn't last a year on his own before coming to the attention of the Sabbat.

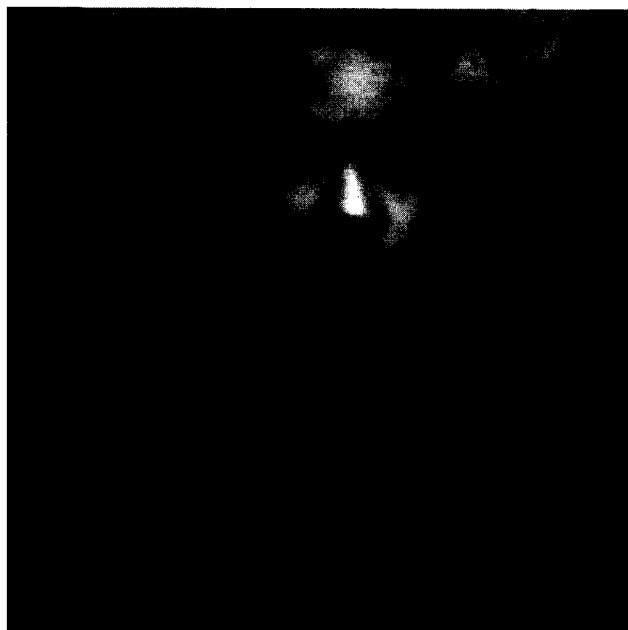
Rashid's sire Embraced him during a minor crusade of his own — one that ended in his Final Death. After a skirmish with police over a drug deal gone awry, Jeffrey Mullins found himself on the run from a dozen police cruisers and an APB. Mullins took refuge in the basement of Rashid's apartment building during the day, planning to head out of town and lie low the next night. Rashid and a few of his boys went into that basement to cut cocaine, and when Mullins rose, he found his temporary haven full

of dope dealers hard at work. Laughing at his "good fortune," Mullins killed all of them except Rashid, whom he Embraced with the intention of forcing to sell the coke and then taking the cash for his own. Rashid calmly listened to what he was told to do, finished cutting the coke, beat Mullins into paste with a length of pipe, and sold the cocaine as a Cainite. Without a mentor to explain his condition to him, Rashid attracted curious Sabbat in a few nights.

His mercenary nature and brutal personality earned him a bishop's recommendation to the Black Hand. Rashid acclimated slowly to the assassins' society, not being used to taking orders or killing without some financial need. Before too long, though, the sect managed to overwhelm him with its propaganda. Rashid had never had too much mental fortitude, relying on viciousness instead. Given purpose, Rashid became an ardent supporter of the Sabbat. His superiors in the Black Hand placed him in the Love's Easy Tears pack because of its own rising political visibility. The pack had already yielded a templar and garnered numerous accolades fighting against the Ventrue Michaela's fledgling coterie; it seemed to be a rising star to which the Black Hand could attach their own figurehead and acquire status.

Not a year after Rashid joined the pack, though, the Camarilla made its move into New York. To his credit, Rashid survived better than several of his packmates. To the pack's detriment, however, it wasn't enough, and Love's Easy Tears had to content itself knowing only that it had helped a few prominent Cainites escape to plan a fight for another night.

Such has been Rashid's purpose since the fall of the city. He strongly supports Hester's urge to rebuild the pack and use it to establish the Sabbat once again as the dominant sect in New York. Where he disagrees with her, however, is in tactics. While Hester watches the Camarilla



Kindred and cripples them as they rise to power, Rashid would prefer to wage the holy war on all of them and kill them as they turn up. He and Hester argue frequently about plans; he claims that the sooner they act, the sooner the city returns to the Sabbat, and she claims that if all they do is kill every Cainite they find, they'll never actually stop the influx of new vampires into the city. For the time being, they compromise, with the members of the pack zealously murdering one "Kindred" and then reporting back to Polonia with the status of another. The whole affair frustrates Rashid, who's voiced his desire to start a pack of his own, in league with Hester's reformed Love's Easy Tears but independent of it.

Image: Rashid has a bulky frame for his short size. He is compact and powerful. He has wide, alert eyes but a casual posture that sometimes leads other to underestimate his physical prowess and capacity for violence. Since his Embrace, Rashid hasn't kept up his appearance as well as he used to. His clothes are often dirty or soiled with blood, once-decent clothing quickly becoming little more than rags.

Roleplaying Hints: Everyone else moves too slowly. These are the Final Nights. These are the End Times. Why even Polonia seems satisfied to just watch as the Camarilla makes a place for itself, you don't understand. You're not a mindless killer — far from it. No, you believe in systematically removing threats to the Sabbat's way of unlife. You're not in favor of killing everyone, just those who would threaten the Great Jyhad for their own immediate comfort. From what you've seen, the Camarilla thinks of itself as some sort of great manipulator. While that may work in the elder saloons and in the halls of the Antediluvians' havens, real vampires don't fall over each other to impress tired old elders. It's about action and doing, and too much of the Camarilla's efforts are wasted on congratulating itself. They're too satisfied with themselves to know they're bringing about the end of the world with their greed and apathy.

Clan: City Gangrel *antitribu*

Sire: Jeffrey Mullins

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Competitor

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1998

Apparent Age: late teens

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 2, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Law 2, Linguistics 1, Medicine 2

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Obfuscate 3

Backgrounds: Black Hand Membership 2, Contacts 3, Fame 1, Resources 2, Sabbat Status 1

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

Morality: Humanity 4

Willpower: 5

NUMBER-ONE HEARTTHROB

The greatest asset the Sabbat commands is not its rabid members or its devotion to the cause or even its willingness to die as long as it hurts the enemy in some way. No, the Sabbat's best weapon is the very propaganda the Camarilla spreads about it. To Camarilla neonates, the Sabbat is a tornado of fangs, fire, Satanism and explosions, leaving a tide of dried blood and burnt flesh in its wake. True, many Sabbat packs are that very thing, but definitely not all. It is just this misconception that makes the more refined packs of the Sword of Caine so very good at what they do... and so hard to pull out by the roots once someone suspects that they *are* there.

Number-One Heartthrob is one such pack. Tied inextricably to New York's art-glamour scene, the pack is indistinguishable to misinformed members of the Ivory Tower from a coterie of their own. Only by peeling back the skin and revealing the pack as the malicious thing that it is can the Camarilla even hope to remove its cancerous influence from their prized city. And if Number-One Heartthrob has managed to hide for so long, how many other similar packs must be out there?

The pack's purpose is to glorify its debased unlife. Made up of models and socialites, Number-One Heartthrob often found itself written up in the Style and Society pages of the New York Times. It is nothing less than the ideal of "the beautiful people" made real. They are trendsetters, A-list partygoers and other incarnations of absolute fabulousness. In the end, when the mortals stagger home from a night on the town, they retire just a little more desensitized to the depredations of the Cainites. When one has spent a night dancing in a delirium, snorting OxyContin or bumping ketamine, licking or sucking or fucking a score of minor celebrities — but celebrities nonetheless! — what's blood-drinking but another kink of the fantastically jaded elite? For packs like this, they have the perverse pleasure of exposing their vampiric dependencies for the world to see and desire to emulate. For the less-glamorous packs in Sabbat cities, indifference to such wanton salaciousness is a saving grace. After all, what's more believable: That God-cursed vampires stalk the night and prey upon innocent people, or a handful of overzealous hedonists are copying what they saw in some glam-fetish magazine?

KANDY KAINE

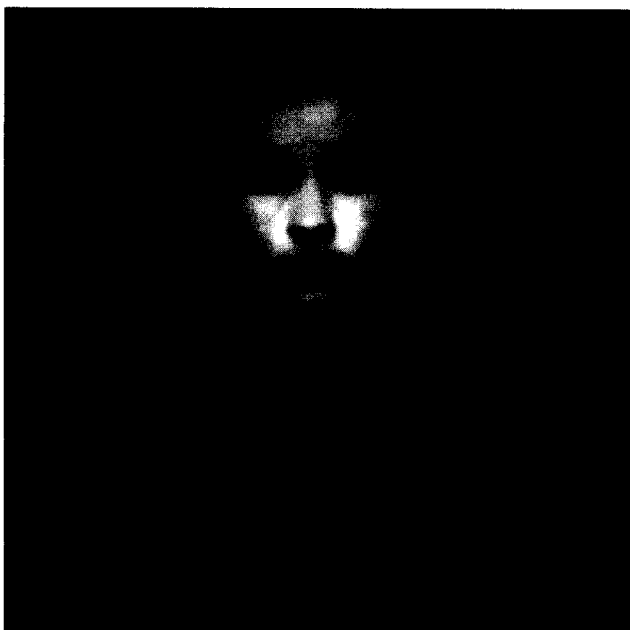
Background: What a difference being dead makes. One night, Candace Craine was a common street prostitute. One year later, she was a glamour-scene model and club kid extraordinaire. Her Embrace into the Sabbat came at a time when the sect had reached its height of supremacy. Although it had always been dominant in

New York City, the modern nights signified the city's passage from example into legend. These were the nights of pleasure unrestricted! An era of plenty, when mortals would freely give their blood to you as long as you showed them your tits! Modern Babylon! Modern Sodom!

Kandy's sire had a thing for prostitutes, possibly having been one herself at one point. That possibility was a thing of the far past, however, and by the night of Kandy's Embrace, Paulette had already charmed her way into Bishop Turlev's entourage. Her childe enjoyed that prestige as well, following her sire down the Path of Cathari. From a Tzimisce lover, Kandy learned the secrets of the pack priest, becoming one for her own pack. When Polonia decided to form a pack of socialites to set the tone for "relations" with New York's mortal population, Kandy volunteered and was named ductus.

Then the shit hit the fan. In came wave after wave of Camarilla Licks. The only thing preventing the Number-One Heartthrob pack from being destroyed was its social savvy — none of the Camarilla scouts ever discovered their haven (behind the Twilo nightclub on the West Side of Manhattan) and whenever they were encountered, it was always among the kine, around whom the Camarilla Cainites wouldn't risk exposing their undead natures. While the pack lost one member, it still survives to this night, led by Kandy.

Tonight, Number-One Heartthrob serves as a quiet spy for archbishop Polonia. Kandy keeps herself and Jonathan on the A-list, especially at all of the popular clubs. There, she watches the movements of the young Camarilla, most of whom don't know her or have any reason to suspect she's Sabbat. It's her intent to keep Polonia apprised of the situation in New York and pave the way for the sect's inevitable return. When the Sabbat



does rise to prominence again, Kandy's certain that the cardinal will reward her efforts well.

Image: The Embrace removed the imperfections from Kandy's body right before the drugs and malnutrition sent her into decline. She was Embraced at the greatest popularity of heroin chic and remains an exemplar of that ethic, though she has taken to wearing more *outré* makeup since then. Her clothing is appropriate to the clubs more often than not, and when she's not wearing that, even her casual clothes are by designer only.

Roleplaying Hints: No one gets it. You *know* how vapid and empty your unlife is, but that doesn't matter. What matters is that you can do whatever you want. Put yourself side-by-side with anyone else and have you both bite the neck of some random passerby — the fool next to you will be arrested and you'll be caught in the act by a dozen paparazzi, touted amid the celebrity sightings. You've gladly given up searching for meaning so long as it means you answer to no one.

Clan: Lasombra

Sire: Paulette Strohmer

Nature: Masochist

Demeanor: Deviant

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1989

Apparent Age: mid-20s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Leadership 1, Streetwise 4, Style 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 1, Melee 1, Performance 3, Security 1

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Law 1, Linguistics (Spanish) 1, Occult 3

Disciplines: Dominate 2, Obtenebration 1, Potence 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 4, Fame 1, Herd 4, Resources 2, Rituals 2, Sabbat Status 1

Virtues: Conviction 2, Instinct 2, Courage 3

Morality: Path of Cathari 4

Willpower: 4

JONATHAN GURSEL

Background: Raised in the Astoria neighborhood of Queens, Jonathan learned during his teenage years about the joys of sneaking into Manhattan, hitting the clubs, partying all night and creeping home just in time to go to school in the morning. By the time he had graduated and attended a city college, of course, he no longer had to hide it, but his nightlife continued. Thus it was that he met his sire, one of the provisional members of the Number-One Heartthrob pack. She Embraced him after a night of debauchery, and he turned his back forever on school and the mortal world.

The problem was, however, that Jonathan had no interest in the Sabbat. While the sect was the prominent one in the city, it didn't matter, but when the battle began, Jonathan felt no desire to lay his unlife on the line. New York was what was important to him, not the Black Hand.

Jonathan was smart enough to know to keep his mouth shut about that, however, just as he was smart enough not to reveal that the pack's Vaulderies didn't have the same effect on him as they did upon the other members of the pack. When two other Cainites from the pack died during the nights of conflict, Jonathan didn't bat an eye. Since then, he's had to fill in for them, mostly at Kandy's request, and he's the priest in a pack of two. Tonight, Jonathan's primary hopes are that Kandy will meet her end and he'll be allowed to drop the siege mentality and resume his nightlife as normal.

Image: What many clubgoers want — to be young forever — Jonathan Gursel has. Embraced just a few nights after his 21st birthday, Jonathan will remain forever a youthful-looking Kindred. As long as he lasts, that is, and with the nights of the Sabbat's and Number-One Heartthrob's supremacy past, that might not be long. Jonathan's Turkish heritage manifests in his olive complexion. He shaves his head bald and occasionally wears a soul patch on his lower lip. Jonathan's tongue is pierced and he often wears other adornments, if the night's party calls for it. Despite leading a nocturnal unlife, he almost always wears a pair of sunglasses from his vast collection.

Roleplaying Hints: You can read the writing on the wall — the game's over. While Kandy thinks that she can turn things around for the Sabbat, it's just not going to happen. You can tell because every time the two of you go out, it seems that those vees are everywhere. The city's overrun with them. Your choices now are limited, being either "throw in with the Camarilla" or "get the hell out of New York." Let the others delude themselves, but you're practical above all else. You've got to hide your lack of faith in the Sabbat from Kandy, but only until you decide what you want to do. Until then, play the role of the loyal Lick and see what becomes your best course of action.

Clan: Toreador *antitribu*

Sire: Miss Ashram

Nature: Rogue

Demeanor: Gallant

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1994

Apparent Age: early 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

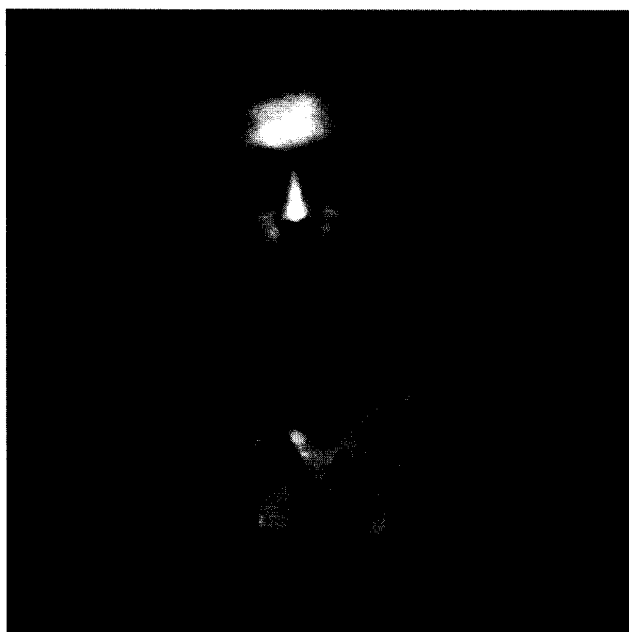
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 4, Style 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 2, Performance 1, Security 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 1, Medicine 2, Politics 1



Disciplines: Auspex 2, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Fame 1, Herd 2, Resources 3, Rituals 1, Sabbat Status 1

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

Morality: Humanity 4

Willpower: 4

Merits/Flaws: Unbondable

OTHERS

Some of the important figures in New York aren't part of the sectarian conflict that colors so much of undead society. Whether outside the sect by choice, Embrace or simple apathy, some Kindred conduct their unlives without regard to sect allegiance. Indeed, some of the personalities that influence the night aren't Kindred at all. Still, the mortal world exists with or without the childer of Caine — but the opposite could not be true — and those mortals inevitably leave their mark on the world of the Damned.

STEVEN CLARKE

Background: The Setite presence in New York City was never one that adhered to a strict hierarchy. A few small Setite coterie plied their trade in Morningside Park, Brooklyn, Harlem and Lower Manhattan while others fought for their own places amid the established Sabbat territories or skulked within the tenuous Camarilla domain.

Steven Clarke led one of these latter coterie, the East Flatbush Dominions. Their turf overlapped with one of the more powerful Sabbat packs, a Black Hand pack known as the Prophet's Word. While Clarke used the Sabbat's own tactics against the pack, Embracing members into his own gang with more need than discretion, the Prophet's Word generally came out on top of the conflict. The Dominions scraped by, making money on numbers rackets and a small-scale black market and drug network.

Things changed for the Dominions in late 1998. The territory had been part of an Italian gang's turf before the Cainites made it their warzone, but the Italians had never taken much interest in it. Steven saw that he had little choice and made a deal with the Italians: He'd have the Dominions work their territory for them in exchange for manpower to use against the Prophet's Word. The terms were steep — the Italians wanted half — but the way Steven saw it, the Dominions were losing more than half to the Prophet's Word. He agreed and set things up with his coterie.

The next day, footsoldiers for the Italian gang broke into the Prophet's Word's haven and murdered them while they slept. Clarke had orchestrated the move carefully — the Italians simply thought the Prophet's Word gang had been partying all night and was sleeping it off by day. That night, Clarke and the Dominions shook down all of the peripheral thugs who had sympathies with the Prophet's Word. The Dominions became the new bosses, and if anyone didn't like it, they'd end up like the Prophets' pack: dead.

Things went well for a while until, just before the Camarilla swept into town, the Setite Elie Sansaricq caught wind of the deal Steven had made with the Italians. He summoned Clarke to a meeting, where the two discussed what Sansaricq perceived as the folly of the Dominions' actions. Sansaricq thought the issue of domain was a Kindred matter and that Clarke should have come to him for help instead of the Italians. Clarke dissented, claiming that he had only been looking out for his own and that the Setites had never been so cloistered. Sansaricq informed him that that's how it was going to be in the future; all Setite activity would be an extension of the central temple he planned to head — owing the Italians wasn't how the temple would be profitable.

Disgusted, Steven stood to leave. Before he could go, however, Sansaricq plunged an envenomed dagger into Clarke's back. He dispatched cronies of his own to eliminate the body, which he thought would reach Final Death as the poison worked its way through Clarke's cold veins. His lackeys buried Clarke beneath a bodega that was being leveled and rebuilt as condominiums.

The venom hadn't been as potent as Sansaricq suspected, however, and Steven Clarke arose just under a year later from an agonizing torpor. Since that time, Sansaricq's plans have moved steadily toward their culmination, but he hasn't quite brought the younger members of the clan to heel yet. Now he knows the depths of Sansaricq's lust for power, and he plans to use this information to keep the Setites out of Sansaricq's grasp. It's for his own sake as much as anyone else's, of course — Clarke knows too much to be an altruist. Still, if he can keep the temple decentralized, he can at least allow individual Setites to choose their debts rather than be Embraced into them. That is, if he can keep his head on his shoulders and Sansaricq at bay.

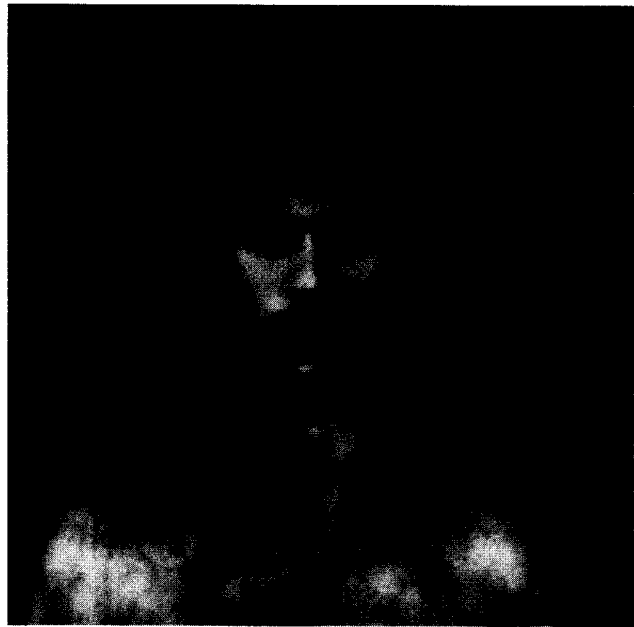


Image: In nights of better fortune, Steven Clarke looks like a robust man of Caribbean descent. His hair would be nappy, his smile bright and broad, and his eyes active as his mind takes in his environment. Since being driven into torpor and emerging painfully, though, he looks far worse for the wear. Clarke's hair is limp and dirty and his skin is drawn tightly over his long body. Since succumbing to the cold sleep, he has acquired a furtive demeanor as well, his spirits having been crushed along with his body.

Roleplaying Hints: The only thing on your mind more often than vengeance is survival itself. You've heard a few things through the grapevine since you've returned to the conscious world — that Sansaricq is setting himself up as a veritable king among the local Setites, but you still believe it's not supposed to be that way. Draw the Kindred close to you, make them your allies, and show Sansaricq that the Followers of Set exist to serve the will of the dead god, not a petty priest who makes his haven in Morningside Park. That is, bide your time and regain your strength, both politically and physically. The Camarilla has no love for the Serpents, but they'd almost certainly prefer them to work with them instead of against them.

Clan: Followers of Set

Sire: Ras Michael

Nature: Rogue

Demeanor: Architect

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1962

Apparent Age: early 30s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2 (3), Stamina 1 (3)

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2 (3), Appearance 1 (2)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2 (3), Wits 2 (4)

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 2 (4), Dodge 2 (4), Empathy 2 (3), Expression 4, Intimidation 2, Leadership 2, Streetwise 1 (3), Subterfuge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Crafts 1, Drive 2, Melee 2 (3), Security 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Academics 1, Finance 1, Law 2, Linguistics (Spanish) 1, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Politics 1

Disciplines: Celerity 1, Obfuscate 2, Presence 2, Serpentis 2

Backgrounds: Allies 0 (2), Contacts 0 (4), Resources 1 (2), Retainers 1

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

Morality: Humanity 5

Willpower: 5

Note: Steven's Traits currently suffer due to his grogginess and physical depletion after being sent to torpor. When he finally convalesces enough to return to his old capacities, use the numbers in parentheses after his Traits.

SUN YANG, "WISE FROG"

Background: The border of the Middle Kingdom has always been a hotspot for trouble between the Kindred and the Kuei-jin. With the Ravnos waging their own war on the Demon People and sharing borders with the ancestral lands of the Assamites as well, the unlife of the Damned was exciting to say the least. The autonomous Chinese region of Sinkiang, in particular, faced troubles wrought by supernatural forces from both sides of the border. Local Cainites clashed with their Eastern kindred, as Assamites and Ravnos from India and Pakistan warred with the Black Tortoise and White Tiger Courts.

The Assamites dragged the disciple Wise Frog into this chaos not long before the Western World threatened to engulf the globe in fire. Embraced for his ability to move among the local people without arousing suspicion, Wise Frog quickly outgrew his simple assassin's purpose to become a diplomat between the conflicting factions. He sent orchid petals to the White Tiger *wus*, burnt incense for the champions of the Black Tortoise Court and sent dutiful, calming reports back to his fated masters at the far-off stronghold of Alamut. Where murder would have reigned, Wise Frog cooled the tempers of the blood-drinkers.

Being the pawn of three sides left Wise Frog weary, however, and he considered his options. Due to his contamination with the blood of the Kin-jin, the vampire courts of his homeland would never accept him. He petitioned the elders for whom he had faithfully negotiated to remove him from the warzone, and reluctantly they agreed.

Thus, Wise Frog fled China just before Sinkiang fell under communist rule in 1949, a neonate as experienced as any ancilla. He relocated briefly to Turkey, but the elders saw too much value in Wise Frog's field exploits to keep him so close to home. With the blessings (actually orders) of the elders of Alamut, Wise Frog finally settled in New York City.

Wise Frog arrived just as the events of the Sabbat's Third Civil War were drawing to a close, and he hid himself in the Chinese ghettos of Queens' Flushing neighborhood, and later in Manhattan's Chinatown, while the Sword of Caine raged against itself. This new duty was much less an act of diplomacy than his old responsibilities in China. Here, there was no active war to soothe; here, the elders of Alamut wanted only to be kept apprised. In later years, Wise Frog would come to understand that they watched their disloyal *antitribu* for signs of contrition or heresy. For nearly 40 years, Wise Frog liaised for the Children of Haqim, reporting to them on the actions of their disloyal childer.

Then he joined the disloyal himself. As the Sabbat members of his clan died, fled or took the heads of their enemies in the Battle of New York, Wise Frog withdrew from contact with them. He devoted himself that year toward learning what his clan's intentions were, and why he was simply to watch and report. He learned that a terrible elder had risen from its resting place and destroyed many Children of Haqim. At this, Wise Frog grew dismayed. He had served as peacekeeper for almost a century, only to have the value of his efforts negated by a blood-thirsty avatar of Haqim. As Wise Frog's studies has informed him about the existence of the schismatics, he made contact with members of that fledgling group. Thrilled to find an ally in territory newly claimed by the sect with which they sympathized, they asked for copies of all Wise Frog's reports. He complied.

Now, the time for watching is almost over. Soon, Wise Frog will petition on behalf of his fractured clan for acceptance in this new domain. As soon as the dust settles from the Camarilla's stabilizing efforts, Wise Frog will attempt to make a place for the Children of Haqim in their domain.

Image: While he strives to maintain an air of impassivity to those who would embroil him in their games of politics, Wise Frog is almost a doting grandfather or uncle to the Asian community of Chinatown. Among his own people, Sun Yang smiles, laughs and tells tales, but when it comes down to business, his face becomes a model of concern. His eyes perpetually squint, probably from the smoke and night air, and his gray hair had just begun to recede when Wise Frog received the Embrace. His skin is a bit darker than that of many Chinese, which he ascribes to an unspecified diet.

Roleplaying Hints: You must always remember to remain an observer, not a participant, in these affairs occurring in New York. Since your faction of the Children of Haqim has tentatively sided with the Camarilla, your duty is to scout New York for its suitability for others of the clan. If you make enemies, you have already predisposed others against you and inspired their prejudices. As such, you have cultivated your reputation as a scholar and student of the world, and share your ideas with whomever asks for them — excepting the Sabbat, of course.

Clan: Assamite



Sire: Chang-Lin Kwan

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Pedagogue

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1927

Apparent Age: mid-50s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Diplomacy 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Hobby Talent (go) 3, Instruction 3, Intuition 2, Leadership 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Crafts 2, Etiquette 2, Martial Arts 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Academics 4, Enigmas 3, Investigation 3, Linguistics (Arabic, English, Mandarin, Japanese) 3, Occult 2, Politics 3, Science 3

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 2, Celerity 2, Obfuscate 3, Quietus 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Clan Prestige 1, Contacts 4, Fame 1, Herd 1, Mentor 1, Resources 1

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

Morality: Humanity 6

Willpower: 7

DONATELLO GIOVANNI

Background: As far back as he can remember, Donatello Giovanni recalls being the bearer of privilege. As a child, his family was the wealthiest and most powerful in their village in northern Italy. When he was a young scholar at medical school, he never had to live in poverty as did the other students. Even after he had been Embraced, when he volunteered to establish a base of operations for the Giovanni, he had "explained things" to

the Sabbat and hadn't bothered at all to speak with the beleaguered Camarilla prince, Michaela.

So it continues to this night. Donatello is known around Little Italy and NoLita as the neighborhood's patron saint. While he accepts that the Camarilla is now the prime mover and shaker in the city, he has informed its figureheads that certain Giovanni domains are sacrosanct. With his fingers in a dozen legitimate operations and three times as many illegal concerns (particularly with the Gambino crime family), Donatello is everything an organized crime enthusiast could want in a "Godfather." And it's still not enough.

Donatello is responsible for negotiating with the Ventrue coalition that paid to sneak Camarilla Kindred into the city. He exerts direct influence over the Giovanni whose domain includes JFK airport. Even Kindred of other clans kick back a share of their profits to him, from the Setite gangs in Brooklyn to the Ventrue *mafiosi* in Manhattan and Brujah toughs in the Bronx. The anarchists respect Donatello's ability to thrive while independent, but they have no love for the man.

Still, for a Kindred besieged on all sides by hungry neonates and jealous elders, Donatello makes sure the Giovanni can hold their own. Should this powerful Kindred somehow be removed from the picture, it might well spark a gang war that casts ripples through the Kindred community.

Image: Stout and possessed of slow, deliberate movements, Donatello Giovanni is a man who knows what he enjoys and takes it as he will. In his best moods, Donatello is jovial, almost avuncular, but his scowl alone can wipe a capricious grin from a neonate's face. He has a full head of hair and a thick beard, worn shorter in the front than on the sides, both of which were just going to gray from their lustrous brown upon Donatello's Embrace. His nose even betrays a few gin blossoms, attesting to one of his vices in mortal life. He has been described as leonine in the past, by the Toreador novelist Tania Trepsa.

Roleplaying Hints: While the sects play their games of cat and mouse, the Giovanni grow rich. While the Sabbat scheme to take back "their" city, the Giovanni grow rich. While the Camarilla skulks about and stabs itself in the back over issues of princedom and domain, the Giovanni grow rich. It's your duty to ensure that the Giovanni continue to grow rich, and anyone else can do whatever they want, so long as they don't threaten your success or trespass on Giovanni interests. If that becomes the case, retribution will be swift and decisive.

Clan: Giovanni

Sire: Bruno Mazzio

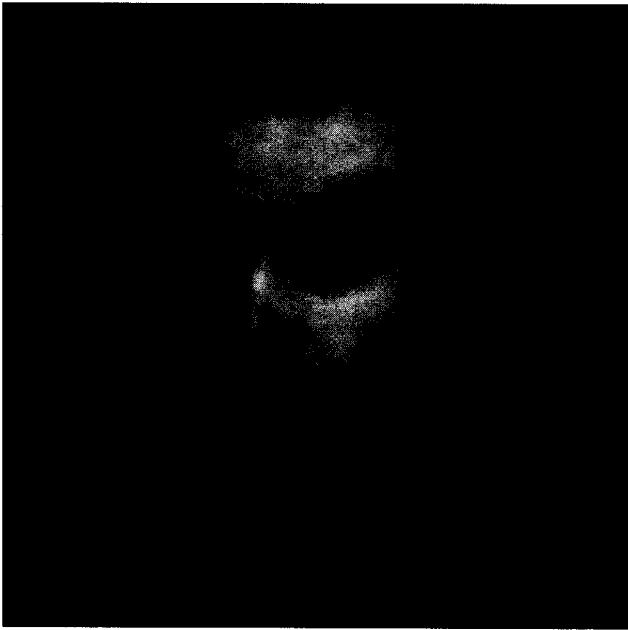
Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1821

Apparent Age: early 50s



Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 2
Talents: Diplomacy 2, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 3, Leadership 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 3, Firearms 1
Knowledges: Academics 2, Areas Knowledge (Manhattan) 2, Finance 4, Investigation 1, Law 3, Linguistics (English, French, German, Latin) 3, Medicine 3, Politics 3, Sewer Lore 1, Underworld Lore 3
Disciplines: Auspex 1, Dominate 4, Potence 2, Presence 2
Backgrounds: Allies 5, Clan Prestige 2, Contacts 2, Herd 2, Influence 3, Resources 5, Retainers 2
Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 5, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 4
Willpower: 6

BEZ DUNSIRN

Background: Bez never should have been a Kindred, but now that he is, the deed is done and the family has to work with it. An undistinguished hoodlum, Bez's young life was punctuated by arrests, beer drinking, soccer riots and bar brawls. His sire turned him one night some muscle was needed during a deal with a Lasombra expected to go sour, and Bez was never supposed to have survived. He was just too mean to die, however, and ended up killing the Lasombra — and his sire. When he returned to the family's house in Aberdeen, he told them what he had done. Virginia Dunsirn smiled. It would seem that Alec Dunsirn had been marked for replacement anyway.

Thus began an unlife of subservience. Bez was assigned here and there, on loan to one Giovanni or another as backup, but he had a propensity for flying off the handle. When Virginia finally tired of him, she shipped him off to America — they could use a bruiser like him in New York

to fight back the Sabbat, and if he died somewhere along the way, so be it.

When Bez arrived, he worked under Donatello Giovanni, breaking legs and snarling as various responsibilities required. Although he's dull, Bez recognizes his "reassignment" for what it is, the packing off of a bad seed. Realizing that he was probably close to old Alec's fate, he's been very careful to stay in line. Donatello believes him to be generally incompetent, but useful for those simple tasks that don't exceed his capacity. In that sense he's probably right, but that dark, animal side of Bez constantly threatens to put that philosophy to the test.

Image: What troubles many people about Bez isn't his brutish demeanor or his pronounced stench. It's that he always seems to have something in his teeth. Bez crops his black hair close to his head, and through it one can see a thin keloid scar that runs from the middle of his skull to the base of his neck. He wears clothes handed down through his branch of the Dunsirn family, usually a size too big or a size too small. His eyes are close and piggish, and his squat body hunches a bit whenever he's at rest.

Roleplaying Hints: Don't ask any questions. You're here to follow orders from Donatello, not to be a loose cannon. This is probably your last chance — if you bollix this one, you're going back to Aberdeen, and not for an early retirement. Just calm down, keep a level head, and do what you're told. *Exactly* what you're told. No improvising.

Clan: Giovanni

Sire: Alec Dunsirn

Nature: Bravo

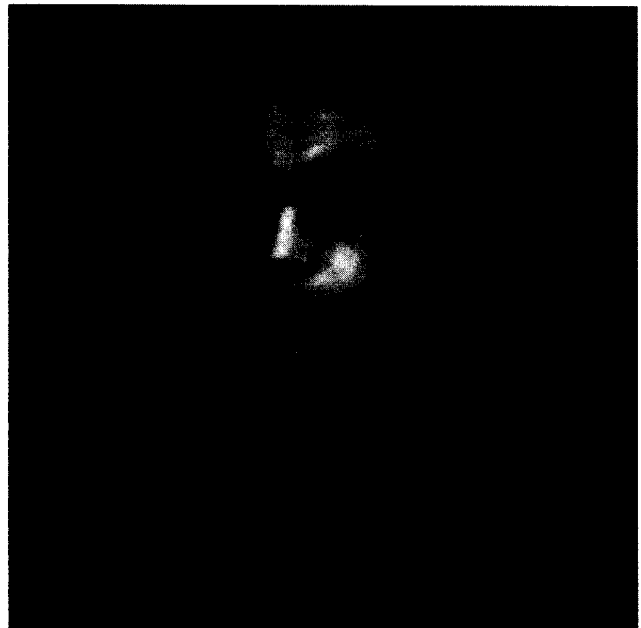
Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 13th

Embrace: 1991

Apparent Age: mid-20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4



Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 1, Wits 2
Talents: Brawl 4, Dodge 1, Interrogation 2, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2
Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 3, Firearms 3, Melee 1, Security 2
Knowledges: Law 1, Underworld Lore 1
Disciplines: Potence 4
Backgrounds: Mentor 2, Resources 2
Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 2, Courage 4
Morality: Humanity 4
Willpower: 5

MICHAEL NEVELSON

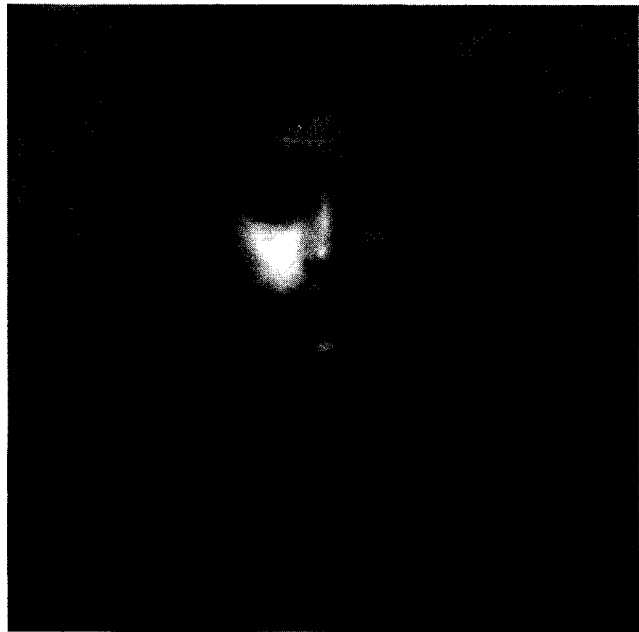
Background: Brighton Beach may have been named after an English resort, but it certainly didn't look like one in the early 1980s. Michael was born to Russian immigrants making their home in the collapsing Brooklyn neighborhood, and it's largely because of the cloistered nature of the ethnic neighborhood that he feels he's never been able to get ahead. The neighborhood always seemed to exist under a shroud of misfortune — which turned out to be the shadow of the vampire Oleg Selivanov.

The Brighton Beach boardwalk was always a string of businesses cloaked in mystery. Some were Russian nightclubs, some were restaurants, some were tchotchke stores set up as fronts for the *mafija*. Almost all of them were run by sad-eyed men who moved furtively and who brought the fear of the *vampyr* with them from the Old World. Michael's father was one of these men, and in addition to the rent and utilities, he paid his tribute to the undead. After seeing how hard his father worked and how much he had to give away, Michael vowed never to be in that position himself. In his 16th year, he had had enough, and carried a stolen pistol with him one night, fully intending to kill the man Selivanov sent to collect his money. The agent turned out to be a vampire, and handily defeated the boy.

In repayment for Michael's actions, the Cainites killed his parents, leaving him and his sister alive as a reminder not to cross them again. Their tactic had the opposite effect, however, and in a rage, Michael drove a broken broomstick through the heart of the vampire who came to laugh at the boy's misfortune.

Hostilities between the Camarilla and Sabbat came to a head before Selivanov was able to settle the score, and in the intervening years, Michael has learned that vampires are practically everywhere in the city. He sees his suffering as a test placed before him by God, who needed to be sure of the boy's strength of will before setting him free to do His work. With the fire of righteousness, Michael hunts Kindred, returning to the abandoned Bronx tenement he and his sister have holed up in at the end of the night to take care of her.

Image: Michael has an extremely boyish look about him, despite being well on his way to manhood. His eyes are bright, though some would describe them as scared.



Michael has a gangly physique, and he moves awkwardly, as if he were someone trapped in a body not his own.

Roleplaying Hints: You have only recently learned to speak English (and have since changed your name to appear more American). You still have difficulty with certain turns of phrase and idiom, but that doesn't deter you from enacting God's will. Vampires are scourges on the earth, and the only thing that you hate more than them is people who would prevent you from doing your duty — people like Bobby Pride.

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Masochist

Apparent Age: late teens

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Streetwise 4

Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Melee 3, Security 2, Stealth 1, Survival 4

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Manhattan, Bronx) 2, Investigation 2, Law 1, Linguistics (English) 1, Medicine 1, Occult 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 2

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 2, Courage 4

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 6

ZHANNA NEVELSKY

Background: For a brief time, Zhanna helped her brother Michael fight the vampires who treated the city as their own private feeding grounds. A fateful confrontation with a hellishly powerful creature of the night left her paralyzed, however. The creature broke her back just as



Michael had run it through with one of the long, fire-hardened stakes he fashioned from broom and mop handles.

As for her life now, most of it is spent propped up on a mattress in an unused Bronx apartment building, watching daytime television and eating whatever Michael can bring her. Secretly, she blames him for her condition — quite justifiably — but she knows how much it means to him to be fighting these minions of the Devil in the name of the Lord. Thus, she suffers quietly while Michael wrestles with his own problems.

Image: Since Zhanna's confrontation with the vampire, she has been paralyzed from the waist down and thus confined to a wheelchair. This, combined with her black hair and green eyes, gives her a bit of an occult look. Even after the conflict, she has remained slim. Zhanna commonly dresses like a much older woman, wrapping herself in shawls and blankets and buying secondhand dresses, usually from decades long out of fashion.

Roleplaying Hints: Your English is broken and heavily accented, and you prefer to speak in your native Russian. You never quite recovered emotionally from your conflict with the vampire, let alone physically, and the Kindred put you in fear for your life. You hope Michael doesn't bring one back with him accidentally one of these nights.

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Caregiver

Apparent Age: late teens

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 1, Stamina 1

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Empathy 3, Expression 2

Skills: Crafts 2, Performance 1, Survival 2

Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Brooklyn, Bronx) 2, Occult 1

Backgrounds: none

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 2

BOBBY PRIDE

Background: The fact that monsters were real hit Bobby Pride when he was working a night-security job at a storage facility in St. Louis. One night, while Bobby was sitting at his desk, a girl walked in, followed by a man — and the man contorted, in Bobby's visions, to a pale and wretched thing with a mouth full of fangs. Stunned, Bobby just sat there and watched as the guy and girl went about whatever business they had at their storage unit. Two days later, the girl turned up dead, drained of blood. Well, the newspapers said that it was anemia or hemophilia or something, but with hindsight, Bobby knew just how connected and influential these things can be.

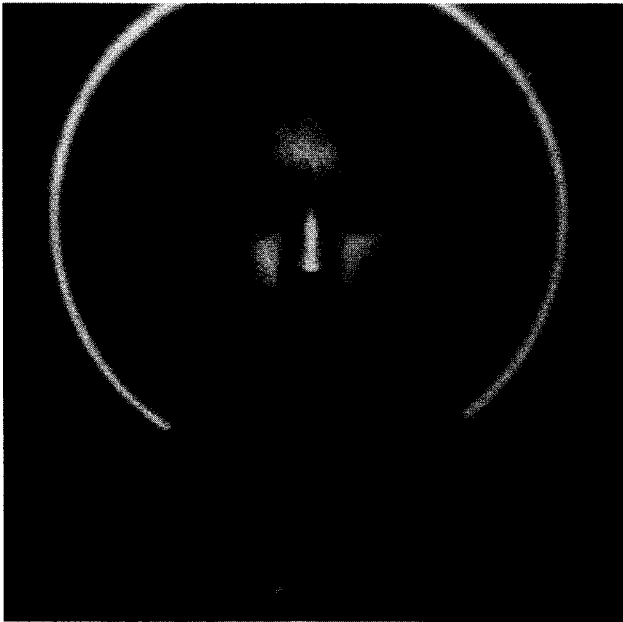
After he heard about the woman's death, he dug up what little occult information he could, not being well schooled in methods of research. He stumbled across a Web community of like-minded "informed" who actively hunted the horrors that Bobby now new existed. After a few of them mentioned something about a "vampire war" in New York, Bobby felt the calling. He packed what few things he had, tendered his resignation from the storage facility and came to the big city.

It was as awful as he suspected. Since he knew what to look for, he saw vampires everywhere — over *two dozen* according to the journal he keeps at his squalid Bronx apartment. Where were all these other monster-killers he had read about on the Internet? To date, he had only seen one — some crazy kid Bobby has to keep from hurting himself whenever the two cross paths. The idiot won't leave the work to the ones who know what they're doing.

Those are long odds: at least 24 vampires and only one Bobby to bring them all down. Add the babysitting duty to the list, and it's a significant pain in the ass. Lucky for the world, Bobby's up to the challenge.

Image: A Midwestern upbringing says much about Bobby's features and build. He's a hale, hearty man with broad features and a ruddy complexion. Bobby often wears a stubble on his face, even on the days when he shaves. His clothes are army surplus or other work gear, usually picked up on the cheap at a discount store. Since moving to New York, he hasn't had time for a haircut and looks quite shaggy. An altercation with one of the Kindred left Bobby with a scar that runs from the underside of his nose to his lip, where the vampire punched him so hard it split his skin.

Roleplaying Hints: As if it's not bad enough that you're one of the only ones in on the secret that the damn leeches exist. No, you have to rid the world of them at the same time you've got this damn fool foreign kid who keeps getting in your way. You can't just kill him — that'd make



you as bad as the vampires — but from the way you've seen him throw himself at the walking dead, you halfway get the idea that he *wants* to die, so long as he can take one of the buggers with him. When he's not talking about killing "vam-peers," he's talking about God this and God that, and you wish the little pest would just leave it all to the

experts. That said, you feel you've been given a new purpose, with this mystical "selection" for monster-hunting replacing what would have otherwise been a life of, oh, truck driving or something. It's your passion; it's your work. It's your calling.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Director

Apparent Age: late 30s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 1, Melee 4, Security 3, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Academics 1, Occult 2

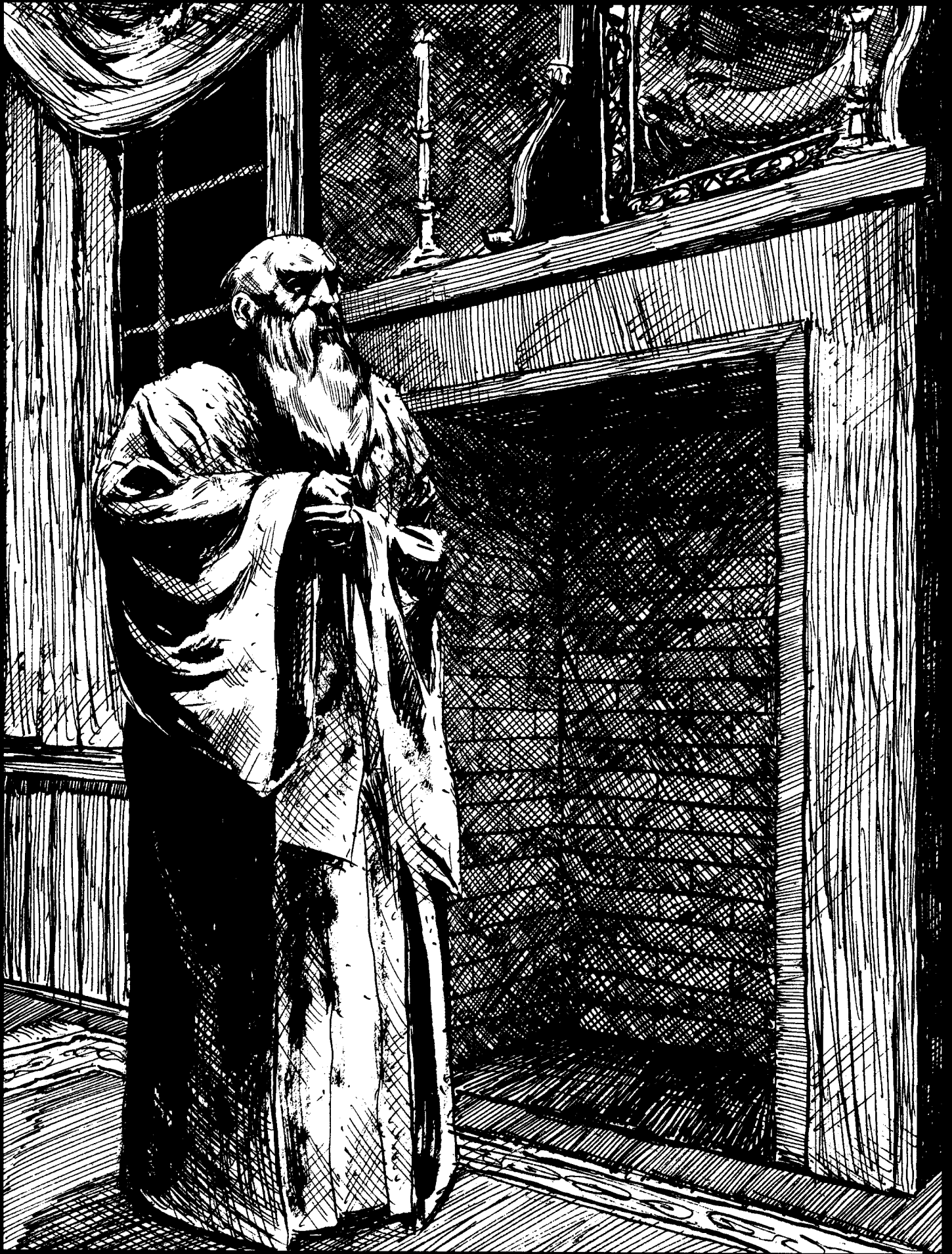
Backgrounds: Resources 1

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

Morality: Humanity 6

Willpower: 5

Note: Bobby has a mystical power that allows him to "charge" a melee weapon with energy. That weapon then does aggravated damage to vampires (and only vampires) for the rest of the scene, glowing with power when Bobby wields it. It costs Bobby one Willpower point to use this power.



CHAPTER FOUR: CONSPIRACIES

The life of the city! There's a cure for any ill! The panoply of life, undiluted!
— David Holland, Murcheston: *The Wolf's Tale*

This chapter discusses some of the plots in which coteries and individual Kindred have involved themselves in New York. Any of them are suitable for the troupe's involvement. Some of them, in fact, practically require the troupe's presence to resolve, while others probably won't play out in the foreseeable future but might involve the players' characters in the short or long term unwittingly or otherwise.

Storytellers should decide which of these plots to incorporate into the troupe's personal dramas when planning the chronicle. Too many of the city's greater plots will muddle the chronicle and distract from its focus, while using only one may make the chronicle linear and restrictive. It's probably best for most chronicles to involve two or three, and to use them as anchors for the characters' own wants and desires. For example, a heavily political chronicle might pit the characters against rivals for the titles of prince and primogen, while providing an opportunity for characters to involve themselves with mortal hunters (and possibly eliminate a few nemeses or have to escape such tactics themselves). Characters who become scourges will more than likely find themselves facing the isolated Sabbat cells at one point or another, and might even find themselves dragged into the Ancient's lair as a result. A truly epic tale (or one helmed by an especially devious Storyteller) might travel through any number of these plot points, guided by its own theme. Consider a story about clan loyalty that not

only pursues the artifact in David's possession, but also meanders through the appointment of a Tremere prince and culminates in the horrifying revelation of what lies beneath the city after a stand against a Sabbat rally opposing the Camarilla. At what point does clan loyalty become suicide — or redemption? As always, it's up to the Storyteller to create the optimal balance of plot and theme elements to satisfy her troupe. More advice on the craft of Storytelling can be found in Chapter Five; this chapter concentrates solely on the specific plot points themselves.

PRINCE OF THE CITY

In which the titles and positions held estimable by the Camarilla come to be populated.

The Nosferatu Calebros has recently stepped down from the position of Prince Pro Tempore of New York. This has earned him more than a little disapproval in the eyes of the Camarilla, but he insists that he has done it to urge a new and committed prince to claim the title for herself.

Additionally, because Calebros was a wartime prince, his claim to the title observed no primogen — though he consulted with a team of advisors, the Camarilla's imposed "martial law" among the Kindred made provisions for no formal council. Since Calebros' stepping down, the next prince will no doubt wish to recognize a body of primogen,

which means that enterprising Kindred may wish to make themselves prime candidates for that esteemed group.

As anyone might expect, in a rich domain such as New York City, competition for these posts will be fierce. Clan Tremere has already made much noise about its contribution to the effort of ousting the Sabbat and has made no secret of its desire to have one of its own at the head of the city's undead society. Members of the Toreador and Ventrue won't even dignify the Tremere's remarks with response — how could the most important cultural, economic and social center of the world possibly have one of the graceless, oblivious Warlocks at the head of its Kindred interests? Political Nosferatu agitate for one of their own to be prince, citing Calebros' effective governance of Kindred matters as precedent. The Brujah hold Theo Bell forth as their example, and seem to want their own prince, even though Bell has no desire to tie himself to New York City.

It is almost certain that whoever becomes prince will do so with the support of powerful allies. Whether those allies are veterans of the New York war effort or part of the city's influx of new blood remains to be seen. As any wise coterie knows, influence in New York is ready for harvest, and a network of favors and contacts will mean more to maintaining a claim to principedom than any amount of threats and grandstanding. New York will not have another wartime prince — or if it does, that prince will likely meet a bloody end.

Of course, a prince is, in reality, nothing more than the Kindred who steps forth to claim the city as his domain and has that claim acknowledged by the majority of other vampires in that city. The elder powers in New York, having seen centuries of the Jyhad, are no strangers to the game. Most would prefer to be kingmakers rather than kings themselves, as it's always the prince who troublesome elements come gunning for first. This isn't to say that the Prince of New York will be a puppet, but that a young claimant to the title would be wise to accept the advice of those who, in extreme cases, may suffer him only so far.

One possible outcome, and a situation that few Camarilla Kindred have considered at all, is that the Sabbat has a prime opportunity to sweep back into New York during the power vacuum and push the Camarilla out. While the remnants of the sect in New York are far too fractious to place one of their own in power, an ambitious bishop-to-be or well-connected ductus might have the ability to trick the Camarilla into weakening itself with squabble while he quietly claims the domain as his own. This is unlikely, to be sure, but as the Sabbat watches more and more of its East Coast campaign of crusades crumble in the aftermath, it may wish to rally and reconsolidate in its original stronghold.

CRITICAL PERSONALITIES

In the political climate of New York, the few elders and ancillae who make their havens in the city hold several of the keys to power. Many of them wield a disproportionate amount of influence among the Kindred, owing to an uncharacteristically long period of dwelling in the city (as with Katherine and Valentine), a role of importance in freeing the city from the Sabbat (as with Theo and Calebros), or some other unique characteristic.

However, few of these de facto elders want the position of prince for themselves, for various reasons. Valentine and Katherine have secrets of their own and would prefer to avoid the spotlight while remaining true powers behind the throne. Theo has no desire to stay in New York for any length of time, in addition to his archon's duties that keep him traveling. Calebros, quite simply, has had enough. He held the position temporarily only to create a bulwark for the Camarilla's presence in the city, not because he has any desire to stay in the political arena. Still, a clever candidate would do well not to discount the power and contacts wielded by these older Kindred. While no single one is likely to make or break a potential prince's claim of domain, neither are they likely to support a boorish or buffoonish prince, and such assistance may prove invaluable in the long run.

THOSE WHO WOULD BE PRINCE

Of course, if this plot is the central focus of your chronicle, we're going to assume that your troupe's characters are part of the action. As to whether or not they'll be able to succeed is up to their ingenuity and your ability to handle the story. Even if none of them want to be prince, they can make a hell of a place for themselves by backing the contender who does end up laying claim to the domain. See "Resolution," below.

Of the Brujah, Marlena is the most likely candidate for prince, but this is a longshot. Her claim to the domain would be a largely laissez-faire one, more like a prince's claim during the nights before the sects than the machinations of heavy-handed modern princes like Marcus Vitel or Lodin. If Marlena becomes prince, she will simply wish to become the predominant Kindred in the domain, trusting in the support of those who would appreciate her hands-off policy to maintain her claim. While she might recognize a few primogen, there's no guarantee that she'd allow one from every present clan, and she'd probably stock the council with those loyal to her, or at least neutral. Marlena is also a wild card, however, in that she would not hesitate to enlist the aid of the anarchs. This can take numerous forms: She may set up a gambit by which the anarchs "revolt," whereby she steps in as a mediator, resolves the dispute, and claims the principedom by bringing the anarchs



“back into the fold” (mostly by allowing them to do what they want and cultivate the influences and resources they desire without interference). She may lead them as a physical force, rallying them again to her *laissez-faire* politics but claiming the principedom through an exercise of force. Finally, Marlana might lead the anarchs and supportive Camarilla Kindred against the remaining Sabbat, trying to make a name for herself as a crusader with the city’s best interests in mind. After all, it worked to keep Calebros in the principedom.

Carter Vanderweyden’s bid for principedom would focus upon his legal mortal life and continued association with the law since his Embrace. His tactic is an utterly fair and just claim of the domain, with each Kindred entitled to fair representation in the domain whether elder or fledgling. What he does not support, however, is redistribution of power — those Kindred who have made their place should continue to enjoy the fruits of their labors. His take on the Traditions is very conservative, and he insists upon the title of prince being the ultimate arbiter of questions regarding them. His policy boils down to a stern but fair principedom, with most of the power held by the prince and the primogen serving in “their intended capacity of counsel.” In short, he would be an enlightened despot, keen on centralizing the powers of the prince, but not extending (obvious) favor outside of that role.

Vanderweyden would face serious opposition from Callihan and his anarchs, as well as those Kindred who see the title of prince as a social contract and not a matter of governance — that is, most Kindred. Still, Vanderweyden’s not the least likely candidate, as conservative voices among the Kindred would gladly see a powerful prince in place to further strengthen the sect’s domain against the Sabbat.

Eugenio Estevez finds himself within reach of the prince’s title because of the strength of the Tremere, not only numerically, but by the strength of their contribution toward freeing the city from the Sabbat. Aisling’s duties as High Regent of the Chantry of the Five Boroughs precludes her from making any serious attempt to claim the title of prince — and it’s not in her personal interests to be prince, anyway. While he’s not wholly dishonest, Genie would certainly favor the Tremere and their desires as prince, and he’d likely try to keep the traditional balance of power upheld firmly by the Tremere-Toreador-Ventrue hegemony. Obviously, he’s another of the conservative prince-contenders, but without such a focus on centralization of power as Vanderweyden. He does have experience as a leader of Kindred, as he has overseen a chantry for several decades, but intrinsic distrust of the Tremere, as well as the clans who would be marginalized by another Tremere-Toreador-Ventrue coup will likely keep Genie out of the claim to domain.

Of the Toreador, Qadir al-Asmai has the greatest likelihood of obtaining the principedom. While he is feared by the right element and respected by the right element as sheriff, he has made few enemies in his tenure as the enforcer of the Traditions — a statement few sheriffs elsewhere could make. Qadir's most significant problem, however, is that he is not *liked* by many Kindred. Those who respect him respect the office of the sheriff and the fairness with which he has fulfilled his duties; they don't much warm to the Kindred himself. While Qadir certainly has the charisma and poise to pull off claiming the principedom, it would be with only grudging support, and always accompanied by mutterings about who the Kindred in his domain would *really* have preferred to be prince. While Qadir does have the support of relevant elders, including Theo and the shrugged acknowledgment of Calebros, he definitely has little favor among young Kindred, and in New York it may well prove to be that their will is superior to the elders'. Qadir's domain would likely be characterized by stern adherence to the Traditions with no tolerance for excess and an empowered primogen.

One of the harpies plans to make a bid for the principedom herself. Hellene Panhard, childe of the former Prince of New York, Michaela, is probably the most likely candidate to claim the domain, as she has the backing of numerous elders, the lineage to satisfy Camarilla traditionalists, and the experience of seeing a domain run under her sire. Because she's so conservative, however, most Kindred assume (probably correctly, in the long run) that under Hellene's principedom, the Tremere-Toreador-Ventruue entente will continue to pull the strings. Further casting her methods into doubt is the fact that she claims being part of Michaela's domain prepared her for principedom herself — but Michaela's domain was surrounded by a hostile sect and challenged nightly, whereas the Camarilla is now the dominant sect in the city. Almost none of the Kindred in New York would stand for a wartime prince, and those who would want one probably wouldn't want it to be a Ventruue or Hellene. Hellene argues to the contrary: that her claim to the domain will not be a wartime martial law, that rebuilding is necessary before restriction, that the primogen will not be a puppet council. Hellene seems almost too liberal for most Kindred's experience with the Ventruue, particularly her statement about rebuilding before restriction. While she's made it evident that she won't sacrifice the Traditions for the sake of allowing Kindred in her domain to establish their own bases of power, she plans to relax Calebros' moratorium on Embraces, foster relationships with the independent clans, pursue the remaining Sabbat until they're driven from the city and restrict no one from garnering wealth and influence wherever they choose to. Many Kindred *want* to believe Hellene, but in reality, few have had experience with elders that has been of such altruistic nature. These sound like the same promises other Kindred

make in bids for domain, and they rarely ever turn out to be true. This Hellene understands, and while she has no intention of being steamrolled as prince, she does intend to mark her ascension to the principedom with a "period of growth," which would allow other Kindred to claim their own domains under hers.

Katherine Wiese quietly supports Hellene, and Theo Bell could become a supporter if Hellene could convince him that she's being truthful in her campaign. Thomas Arturo also wants to lend his support to Hellene, but such would be seen as a political alliance between harpies. The other side of this is that the "period of growth" would mean a boom in business for Arturo, and that he's simply choosing the candidate whose wishes are most in line with his. Still, if another candidate came around that suits them better, any of these elders could conceivably withdraw from their stance favoring Hellene and throw in with a new candidate.

Boss Callihan isn't to be overlooked in this spectrum either, despite the fact that he'd be positioned to become an anarch baron rather than a prince. While Callihan has the support of none of the Camarilla Kindred, he does have a committed, if small, force of anarchs behind him. Add to this the fact that certain Camarilla Kindred might prefer a short period of anarch supremacy to the stasis of Tremere, Toreador or Ventruue domain, and some of the more liberal or radical Kindred might secretly align with Callihan in hopes of overturning him later, after a time of benefit. Callihan is no fool, however, and will watch alliances unfold and vendettas develop. He won't make a bid for power unless he's absolutely certain he can seize it. After all, he is undead — he can wait forever to make his play.

THE LAY OF THE LAND

Calebros favors a prince who will be just, but would just as soon lend his support to a tyrant. He has his own concerns at the moment, what with joining the local coterie of Nosferatu to whom he hasn't exactly endeared himself during his own occupation of the principedom. As long as a contender seems like the type to leave the Nosferatu alone, recognize a Sewer Rat claim to petty domain, and allow them reasonable hunting grounds, he will support that Kindred. This fairly well aligns him against some of the high-society contenders, who make it reasonably clear that they want the Nosferatu stuffed back in the sewers "where they belong," but Calebros' power will wane if the struggle for principedom goes on very long. After all, despite holding the city together in the aftermath of the Battle of New York, Calebros stepped down. As time wears on, if no prince rises to power, others in the city will see Calebros as having abandoned the domain for his own goals, which will seriously undermine his credibility. In this situation, Calebros will scale back in his personal desires, putting his support

behind whichever contender is least antagonistic to the Nosferatu. In a very long political stalemate, Calebros will no doubt end up with the worst of the deal, having alienated the city with his personal politics (or abstinence from them), and having alienated his clan with his refusal to leave those politics behind and attend to the "Nictuku."

The Nosferatu conspirator faction, led by Gerard Rafin, wants what Calebros wants for the most part, but they're willing to throw Calebros to the wolves to get it. What this means is that they won't necessarily lend their support to Calebros' favored candidate — if they believe someone else is more trustworthy, offers better concessions, or even has a better chance of remaining prince than Calebros' choice, they won't hesitate to follow him. Gemini and Krid aren't wise enough to form opinions on the matter themselves; they largely trust Rafin and throw in with him out of their own sense of self-preservation. Additionally, the conspirators won't hesitate to remove Calebros from the picture if need be. If Calebros' support goes behind a candidate of whom they do not approve and it appears that his candidate will emerge as prince, they will attempt to "withdraw" Calebros' support by whatever means necessary. In their minds, it's a question of survival, and if the survival of many means the sacrifice of a few (read: Calebros and those loyal

REGARDLESS

In the end, whomever claims the domain of New York will have a potential ally or rival waiting in the wings immediately upon assuming the principdom. After carefully orchestrating the coup of New York, the Ventrue faction, represented by Jan Pieterzoon, will state plainly that in becoming prince, that character owes the Ventrue a boon.

Sensible characters will probably chafe at this. Pieterzoon will argue (in whatever form you use him, whether by written correspondence, in person, or however you choose to conduct it) that his efforts enabled a Ventrue-led coalition to rout the Sabbat from New York City. A similar, much smaller effort will have no trouble overturning some fledgling prince. Since Pieterzoon's efforts made it possible for the character to be prince, she owes him.

This can set the stage for any number of future power seizures and conflicts, even if none of the players' characters become prince. They can choose loyalty to the prince, to Pieterzoon, play the middle or stay neutral. The outcome of this subplot isn't covered here, but with a free boon floating around and the possibility of political subversion to play with, a clever Storyteller shouldn't have any problem plotting future parts of the chronicle.

to him), so be it. Whether this means enlisting additional political aid, foul murder, or anything in between, the conspirators will do it.

Tremere support is split. Aisling favors Eugenio, mostly because she wants to maintain a comfortable place in the pecking order but can't afford the time for the additional responsibility herself. Imp favors anyone *but* Eugenio, seeing the regent as having slighted him and the rest of the Tremere for overlooking his own brilliance in favor of a smoother but less capable political figurehead. While he won't do anything rash like openly support Callihan's potential anarch coup, he would certainly hide behind an anarch coup to keep Estevez out of the picture. Politically, he favors Vanderweyden, but he has yet to pledge any formal support to the Malkavian. Wainwright feels that for all his outward shows of strength, Vanderweyden could easily be convinced to see the merit of his own desires. If Vanderweyden becomes prince, Wainwright would almost certainly become Tremere primogen over Estevez, which would surprise many of the local Kindred.

The harpies will play a prominent role in the political drama by approving of or disavowing a prince. While their support carries only the weight others give it, several of the others do indeed afford the harpies' opinions some gravity. Fortunately for a would-be prince, the harpies don't have as much cohesion as other harpies' coterie do in other Camarilla cities. A candidate probably needs to convince only one or two of the harpies to recognize his claim to encourage others to follow suit. In that context, the harpies represent "blocks" of support, but that support can be withdrawn en masse at any time the harpy feels like backing another contender, or simply withdrawing her favor plain and simple. Of course, a very persuasive prince might not have to bother with the harpies at all. If someone manages to swing many of the local Kindred to his cause, he will have cut out the middlemen and achieved the direct support of those who would be in *his* domain.

Katherine Wiese supports Hellene Panhard initially, but only because she seems to be the path of least resistance. Panhard is the frontrunner, which means that Katherine remains relatively invisible during the initial run, which she can then parlay into a possible primogen's position, or at least a favorable position with the prince should her Sabbat past somehow surface. Katherine's past is the key to her loyalties, however. Should someone become aware of her hatred for the Ventrue clan, her support of Hellene could be undermined or coaxed away by a clever coterie. Additionally, should her prominence in the Sabbat be unearthed, she could be blackmailed in exchange for silence. In this latter scenario, Katherine will make a relentless rival, knowing that until whomever holds her secret is silenced permanently, he will forever be able to

hold it over her. Likewise, if Katherine ever feels like she is being manipulated, as with clumsy attempts to stoke her Ventrue hatred, she will also become a bitter foe, though more on the scale of vendetta than outright violence.

Theo Bell currently favors Qadir, owing largely to the Toreador's devotion to his sheriff's duties and the contributions he made to the war effort. As much as anything can, these have provided concrete proof to Theo that Qadir takes the Traditions seriously and would excel as a prince. However, he also admires Hellene's professed dedication to enabling young Kindred to make a place for themselves without resorting to anarch radicalism. It's unlikely that Theo would lend his support to anyone unproven, such as players' characters, but if they have worked with him in the past (see *Nights of Prophecy*), or early parts of the story have seen the characters aiding the Camarilla effort in the Battle of New York, he may have as much respect for them as he has for Qadir.

Valentine prefers Vanderweyden's politics but just can't bring himself to put a Malkavian at the head of a domain. He believes Hellene Panhard to be a bit soft and motherly, though he suspects that she might be playing that aspect up for sympathy support and doesn't wholly trust her. Under Hellene, though, Valentine could probably finagle a primogen's position, ensuring at least favorable Ventrue conditions if not conditions favorable to him personally. Qadir seems like a solid choice, but the Lick is too dour to make for anything but an agonized prince racked by Sturm und Drang with the gravity of the domain. Estevez would swing power unfavorably into the hands of the dubious Tremere. As for Marlana — don't be absurd. If Valentine could find a suitable newcomer, however, and groom him for the position, that would be perfect — it would make him a power behind the throne, almost certainly earn him a primogen's seat ahead of Hellene, and provide him with a convenient patsy to pin things on if events took a turn for the worse.

RESOLUTION

This is the place for good, old-fashioned Vampire politicking. Few of New York's Kindred want to be prince themselves, and would prefer to have whomever ends up in that position indebted to them for helping to place her there. Those few who do want to be prince have several assets in place that can help them attain the title, but it will certainly be a close race, as the other candidates for prince tend to have equal amounts of benefits to aid them as well. As to how the players' characters fit into this, well, that's anyone's guess.

PRINCE...

It's certainly a viable option to have one of the players' characters become the Prince of New York, but remember to take several things into consideration.

POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Note that the candidates for principedom and the most visible supporters leave several of New York's Kindred unaccounted for. This is for two reasons.

First, this section accounts for only the most likely candidates for prince and most powerful, influential, or critical support personalities. Certainly, every Kindred in the city has some position on who should be prince, but not every Kindred is in the position to do as much about it as these Kindred are. Harpies, scourges, elders: These are the Camites who wield the most power, whether from a social, temporal or political standpoint. Because Kindred society is not a democracy (or even a government), Kindred have no inalienable right to "vote" for their prince. A Kindred's opinion is worth only so much gravity as others among her society give it. Note that the same is true of a prince; if a prince becomes so unpopular or unheeded that no one bothers to follow policies she establishes, well, she's only a prince in her own mind, if even that.

Second, we've left several blanks to allow you to tailor the events in New York to your specific story. As always, feel free to change what's printed here, but above and beyond that, we've left you a great deal of room with which to define the direction of your own chronicle. In your game, Marlana might be a frontrunner instead of a dark horse, or Qadir might have it all sewn up but for the intrusions of the players' characters. Who knows — maybe there is a democratic vote for the principedom in your chronicle.

As presented, this supplementary material only creates a base for you to work from. Take the tools provided and build on top of this foundation. Or, if you choose, use the tools to completely take that foundation apart and start anew. You're limited only by the tastes of your troupe and your own imagination.

Unless the characters are far more potent than most of New York's Kindred (see Chapter Five), the road to the title should be long and hard. Characters will face opposition from the other contenders, and that should be the crux of the chronicle's conflict. The most satisfying way to do this is to have the characters engage in a race for superiority with their rivals. As one character acquires Status, another acquires Resources, while the rival focuses on Influence. At the next opportunity, the coterie focuses on Allies and Contacts while the rival increases his Clan Prestige.

This works because it's an abstract representation of achievements the characters make. Players can't buy Back-

grounds with experience points; they must increase them through wise decisions, negotiation, clever timing, etc. This way, it's not really a "quest for dots," but a realistic growth of one's assets.

Of course, in between all those acquisitions of tangible things comes politicking and favor swapping. "I'll allow the Nosferatu prime feeding grounds in exchange for support in my bid for princedom," is the coin of the realm here, whether in luxurious salons, dripping alleyways, chantry laboratories or forgotten warehouses. Characters barter what they have for what they want, extending favors, making promises, renegeing on deals — all's fair in love and war, and becoming the prince of a city is a balance of both.

Other characters are very important, too. After the coterie decides which of its own to put up as prince (which probably won't be any picnic), the other characters contribute in their own unique ways. Perhaps the Brujah crime boss turns the rival's domain into a haven for thieves, which wouldn't speak to well of that candidate's ability to keep things under control. Maybe the Ventrue entrepreneur leverages the rival out of shares of stock, leaving that rival penniless. Who wants a pauper prince?

This is the benefit of working as a coterie: The characters can combine their actions for maximum effect. Of course, a wise prince will reward his allies once the domain is his — but who's to say that domain will be his forever, or even a whole night?

...PRINCEMAKER

The other side of the coin is for the characters to choose to be those courted by would-be princes. Here, they're on the side giving concessions, but they could stand to gain a great deal more. After all, the first person Kindred come gunning for is the prince. Wouldn't it be better to be an invisible power, gleaming all of the benefits without any of the risks?

STEP BY STEP

To further complicate matters, no one ever said becoming prince happens all at once. Players want to feel as if they've earned their successes; just handing them victories won't make a compelling story. Storytellers, break the characters' quest for princedom (or power) into more manageable segments. This can take the form of a candidates' race, with contenders dropping off or withdrawing from the challenge at key times. It can also become ugly, with assassinations, betrayals and other unpleasant but very real pitfalls. Even the princedom itself might be the ultimate conflict, with two Kindred claiming the domain simultaneously, trying to force the other to back down first.

THE HORROR BELOW

In which the Ancient that makes its home beneath the city is exposed.



Beneath the streets of New York City, an ancient, dead heart lay unbeating — until one night, the tiniest pulse ran through that dead organ. The supposed Antediluvian of the Tzimisce clan had made its way to the New World perhaps centuries ago and lay dormant. As the city of New York rapidly expanded above the caverns of its nightmarish slumber, the wicked thing dreamed and grew and roiled forth, like a patch of fungus or a tide of disease. Tonight, the Antediluvian has burst forth from the tiny hollow where it had originally hidden its torpid form. Tendrils of its... flesh?... have wound their way into disused subway tunnels; pools of its ichor have dripped into basements. Spores of its flaking body circulate through the air on windy nights and fine meshes of its unknown fibers bristle, glistening, in parking garages, sanitation shafts and forgotten vaults. In its presence, the very air is evil, palpably heavy with the presence of a thing cursed by God himself.

Presumably, the Tzimisce Antediluvian was mortal at some point, or else a creature similar enough to mortal that it could receive the Embrace. Over the millennia, however, the thing has distorted itself so that all vestiges of a possibly human origin have vanished. The Ancient is now a vast, sprawling, dead organism; an enormous forest of moist flesh, spontaneously created limbs and appendages and less recognizable organs. The whole pulpy mass lies across various acreages of New York, here a bulbous tumor the size of an office-building floor, there nothing more than a dewy puddle, and in a third location a vast and spongy mold, etched with human faces, all connected by extremities of the greater body, hair-thin between some outcroppings of the thing and as thick as an elephant in others. The exact size of the Ancient is impossible to say, as is its exact incarnation in any given location.

This is one of the original Kindred, from whom the various clans, according to legend, diverged. This is a hellish avatar, a wicked demigod given body in the world.

CRITICAL PERSONALITIES

The presence of what may well be one of the original Thirteen is a secret known only to a few. Even the knowledgeable Nosferatu of New York City (both the ousted *antitribu* and otherwise) know only what they've seen and not the larger significance of it. Of these, many Sewer Rats assume that what they face is a Nictuku, a legendary slayer of their own bloodline. A few Tzimisce know that part of their legacy lies beneath New York, but not precisely in what context. The only souls who know undoubtedly what festers in the tunnels are the Ancient's caretaker Istvan Zantosa, a few of Istvan's attendants and the active Methuselah Lambach Ruthven. Ruthven, having been exposed to the Ancient before the Camarilla swept in and made the city its own domain, has since fled



to parts unknown, trying hopelessly to forget its plaintive and chthonic cry in his mind, "Join me."

Among those few who are aware of the secret, rumor is rampant as to the Antediluvian's goals in the modern nights. Istvan Zantosa maintains, in his own uncomprehending way, that the Ancient has achieved the exalted state of Metamorphosis. The reason Zantosa's view is uncomprehending is that he doesn't understand what Metamorphosis is — he has simply observed alien changes over the past decade and is wise enough to know that the thing in his care is different. Lambach, were he to be found or corresponded with, might suggest Metamorphosis as a possibility, but would more likely suggest the thing's insanity, citing the subterranean garden of luminescent horrors that it presented to him before he fled. In his estimation, the thing simply *grew* with chaotic abandon, extending tendrils here and caressing him with slimed pseudopods elsewhere in its tunnels. Zantosa's aides have little cogent opinion on the matter. To them, the thing simply is.

Adding to the mystique of the Ancient's state are those who suspect something unwholesome taking place, but are unable to pinpoint just what. The Nosferatu who are aware of the "Nictuku" have reached a fever pitch of paranoia, scuttling about their lairs in hopes of hiding or, if found, shoving their clanmates into the thing's path and escaping before it has a chance to eat them. Indeed, a few desiccated corpses of young Nosferatu and the presumed ashen remains of older Sewer Rats have been found in the city's underground, often in proximity to the protruding mass of the Ancient. The thing has fed on these Nosferatu, but only because they were the ones it encountered. Of course, the fearful Nosferatu take into account only the deaths of their fellows when considering that their kinslayer prowls the night.

Rurik Rakoczy, as well as others attached to the Obertus brood centered around Ludmijla in New Jersey, deal with the Ancient in a less hands-on manner. To them, particularly Ludmijla and Rurik, the thing comes to them in terrifying dreams. They interpret some of these dreams as bloody prophecy, while others they take as mandate. Ludmijla all but worships the dream-creature — she does not know its true nature but has more than enough reason to suspect its power and bows to its will accordingly. Rurik has a much more nihilistic point of view: He sees whatever the thing is as a symbol of the End Times, come to erase his family and clan by subsuming the Tzimisce and anything associated with them into its tumescent mass. That's the reason he's so dour. He won't rebel against fate, even though he suspects it will mean his own end.

A few of the Tremere, particularly the more powerful occult ones and those with technological acumen, also suspect the presence of a vast source of eldritch power

beneath the city. What most of them suspect is a magical artifact, given the ambition of the Tremere as an entity and their excitement at finding a resource that everyone else appears to have overlooked. The matter is currently of secondary importance to local members of the clan as a whole, though certain members devote much of their attention to it. As the Tremere reason, no one else has the sense of such things to even be aware that it's there, so they can attend to matters of politics that are more pressing and come back and handle the dormant artifact (or whatever it is) at their leisure. Naturally, they remain guarded about the anomaly, interested enough to keep others' attention diverted from it, and they would probably step up their efforts to find and put it to their use if they suspected anyone else of being on the trail.

TREMERE THEORIES

None of the Tremere have encountered any but the most insignificant aspects of the Ancient, such as cloying mist in a cellar here or there, or a curious reading on some magic-sensing device near one of the thing's manifestations. As such, speculation is the order of the night at the Chantry of the Five Boroughs. What follows are a few of the hypotheses proposed by Warlocks working on the "dormant artifact development."

The Catalog of Souls: The anomaly is a repository of spirits devoted to maintaining some unknown or forgotten information. It is a spiritual "filing cabinet," with each spirit within serving the purpose of holding a specific piece of information that contributes to the whole of what knowledge the catalog contains. It is as if each spirit is a page, the collective of which outlines something tremendous.

Resonance of the Library of Alexandria: An unknown scribe managed to collect the information at the Library of Alexandria before Emperor Aurelian sacked it in the third century AD. That information, preserved magically, exists either in original or "backup" form beneath New York City. This is one of the less credible theories, as the logic of why, specifically, this would be the Library of Alexandria remains unanswered, other than a few vague citations of Egyptian symbols divined and motifs seen in dreams. It could just as easily be any other Egyptian repository of information, but once rumor begins to spread, well....

"Pandora's Box": The reason that even the Tremere, the masters of matters occult, haven't been able to pin down the source of such significant magical energy somewhere in the city is a secondary effect of that source's design. Whatever it is, it's designed to keep something *in*, and a function of that design is keeping entities on the outside away from it. Whatever it is, to be warded so strongly, it must be something very valuable — er, terrible. Stay away!

Note that it's not impossible for the Ancient to be hidden beneath the city *and* have one of these Tremere theories be true, if unrelated.

RESOLUTION

Of all of the storylines, this is the one we're going to leave most open, because different games rely upon different uses for the Antediluvians. For some Storytellers, simply knowing that the Antediluvian is here is enough to arouse their distaste; for others, the fact that we're not providing the Antediluvian's Traits is going to be disappointing. In the end, Storytellers, decide what you want from this story arc and decide what will give your players both horror and enjoyment of the game.

This is one of the harder storylines for a Storyteller to handle well, even though it is very easily introduced into an ongoing chronicle. Quite simply, there's very little way the characters could physically overcome the foe, short of leveling the city and dropping it a few hundred feet into the ground — which is neither a very realistic story nor guaranteed to work. The victories a coterie achieves under this subplot should be subtle and Lovecraftian. The goal here is not to beat down the enemy, because such might not even be possible. Rather, an achievable goal here might be to foil one of the Ancient's plans, should a plan even become intelligible, or to convince a powerful elder of the presence of the malignant thing in hopes of spreading awareness of it or putting other powerful forces in motion against it. Players' characters might even end up in thrall to the horrible thing, which would provide an excellent opportunity for them to watch their morality decay at its behest and hopefully fight to regain their free will. "Success" in a storyline like this might be mere survival, which isn't to every troupe's tastes.

METAMORPHOSIS

The concept of Metamorphosis is discussed in the Appendix of *Vampire: The Masquerade*.

If you decide that the Ancient has achieved Metamorphosis, you will have established a singular and powerful rival for the characters — and that goes beyond the fact that we're talking about an Antediluvian to begin with. If this Cainite (and is the word even appropriate anymore?) has achieved Metamorphosis, then it's quite possible that the traditional banes of the Kindred will have no effect upon it. Not that a coterie of characters should have been able to harm the thing to begin with outside of excising some of the more remote protuberances. If this is the situation, the characters are dealing with something that is no longer a vampire at all, or perhaps something that has become more primal than the Kindred. The difference between that and an Antediluvian is academic or semantic

at best, as the powers of the progenitor Kindred are nigh godlike themselves, but if this is the case, the Storyteller should strive to impart that this is something altogether other. The Kindred are already alien from the mortal world around them, and a creature of Metamorphosis is further alien from that. Given what your interpretation of the Metamorphosis might be, that may well mean the thing is *alive* again.

PARTHENOGENESIS

According to varying sources of Kindred history and prehistory, the Antediluvians had "true mastery over life and death" and could "be destroyed only if they so choose or if one of equal power bests them" (*Vampire: The Masquerade*, p. 56). While we can hope that none of your players' characters are of the Third Generation, those other two apocryphal references provide an interesting turn, for this Antediluvian in particular.

If, for whatever reason, your troupe's characters end up destroying the Antediluvian — an unlikely feat, to be sure, but supposedly packs of anarchs succeeded in doing this very thing before the sects had even formed — what of it? It's quite possible that the Antediluvian merely allowed its body to be destroyed in order to take another one, unsatisfied with the bilious mountain of flesh it had become. This is the sort of thing one might want to discuss with that character's player, because it will almost certainly preclude that player from portraying that character any longer, but it could certainly provide motility to a formerly sessile entity. Or perhaps the Antediluvian shares its consciousness with its would-be diablerist, as has happened in the past. Indeed, a whole coterie of Kindred weaker than itself could serve as excellent "eyes and hands" for the Ancient, assuming it hasn't found one already.

Additionally, with its possible "mastery over life," the Antediluvian could indeed be creating living entities from its own dead flesh. An example of this appears in *Nights of Prophecy* on pages 18-19, but Ruthven turned down the offer. If the Tzimisce Antediluvian is capable of creating life, who knows what its limitations would be? Would such spawn be sentient? Would they have souls? Would they be "born" as Cainites? Could a Kindred who ate the bounty of [Tzimisce's] flesh become mortal again? While this last would be something to be handled very delicately, what would be the price of God allowing His curse to be overturned? And what would be the Antediluvian's for delivering the miracle? Use of this aspect of the Antediluvian can be as simple as providing crawling beasties for a combat-hungry coterie to best to creating an ethical Gordian knot. Should the coterie suffer the Ancient's spawn to "live"? If not, how could they possibly stop it from generating new broods?

SICKNESS BEYOND DEATH

The *Guide to the Sabbat* presents the option of using Vicissitude as a disease instead of a more conventional Discipline. If you're using this option or would like to entertain the notion of doing it in the case of the Ancient, a few considerations arise.

With its body obviously riddled with Vicissitude, the Antediluvian might no longer have any control over itself, which would certainly explain its physical condition to more human minds. If this is the case, the Antediluvian has probably degenerated completely with regard to morality — it undertakes certain actions but no longer has any control of them. In this situation, the creature is entirely in the thrall of the Beast, acting only to preserve itself and to satisfy the monstrous urge to kill. While the horror here is undeniable and borders on terror — it's all but impossible to stop the thing — Storytellers who use this option should be careful not to overdo it. An unbeatable killing machine has the potential for serious abuse at the hands of a Storyteller who sees himself as an adversary for the characters. A better incarnation for a zero-morality Tzimisce Antediluvian is to make its Beast cunning and crafty instead of inchoate and frenzied. It exists not so much as a foe to be burned to Final Death but more as a nemesis with its own methods that have grown increasingly inscrutable to more conventional thinkers. Again, we invoke Lovecraft — Nyarlathotep works as a prime model for this sort of incarnation, as does Azathoth.

Another option is the possibility that [Tzimisce] itself might have met the Final Death and all that remains to animate the tortured corpse it left behind is the ravaging pit of Vicissitude it has become. In this case, no consciousness exists at all; the Antediluvian has given way to something more primordial, its sense of self withering beneath the force of nature. It's an ignoble end for one of the terrible Antediluvians, to be certain, but one that also fits the current state of the Ancient's clan. The Storyteller should also consider that not all events in the World of Darkness need to end with a bang — and this in one case in which a whimper might be more suitable. While this makes the "foe" to be met far more faceless, it also makes that foe far more inhuman. A clever Storyteller might even be able to get away without answering the question directly, sowing seeds of uncertainty among the players. Since those players will probably never see your notes, unless you want closure to the situation, never let them know for sure what the result was. To them, it may seem as if the Ancient had achieved Metamorphosis. To loyal members of the servant families or faithful followers of the Eldest Fiend, it may have placed itself beyond the concerns of the world. Only when the diseased pulp finally shudders its last nervous convulsion and crumbles to a dusty gray husk will the answer be known — and who will be present for that?

THE HUNT IS ON

In which vampire-hunters try to take back the night.

Characters: Michael Nevelson, Zhanna Nevelsky, Bobby Pride

Savvy vampire hunters have watched the undead and their actions in New York for as long as the Kindred have been there. Even less informed hunters sometimes travel to New York, figuring that a city so big and sinful must host its fair share of the Damned. Others have spent their entire lives in the city, having been exposed at some point to the depredations of the Cainites and deciding to oppose them.

The core theme behind the hunters' plot is the clash of faith. The vampire-hunters covered in Chapter Three are very different in their ways and their outlooks, but their ends are the same. Having crossed each other's paths in the past, each is familiar with the other, but because of their differing viewpoints, they are more like rivals than confederates and should be represented as such. Stories using the hunters should emphasize the philosophical rift between them. Players' Kindred characters might even find themselves ostensibly "saved" from one hunter (at least temporarily) by the arrival of the other.

The hunters are deliberately weak, and should pose no challenge to most Kindred physically. Even Bobby, who's in good health and has some supernatural acumen, doesn't have the breadth of advantages that a player's character will. By all means, require degeneration checks from characters who kill the hunters, even if it's a question of their own unlife or Final Death. Killing is never easy, and it may prove to be the turning point in a character's unlife as she's unable to rationalize her murder of the man who was just trying to protect the world from her own evil.

CRITICAL PERSONALITIES

Bobby Pride is a hunter given supernatural edges by an unknown higher power to help him in his crusade against the undead. Michael Nevelson doesn't have the power, experience or skill that Pride does, but his own faith is much stronger and has seen him through trouble in the past. Zhanna Nevelsky once hunted the Damned with her brother but found herself permanently crippled after one failed attempt to destroy a Kindred.

Bobby's position is that of the knowledgeable mentor, though he's more of a curmudgeon than a teacher. To Bobby, only those who have honed their abilities are fit to hunt the Damned. Everyone else is going to be vampire chow sooner or later, and by that point, they'll have given the undead some precious experience in dealing with hunters. Oblivious to the fact that he's been chosen by a higher power to fight the Damned, Bobby has a very Darwinian outlook concerning his duty. He doesn't know

how he did it, but he consciously cultivated his supernatural abilities in order to fight the undead.

Michael, on the other hand, feels that he has the power of God behind him, though he doesn't have the preternatural gifts Bobby possesses. In his mind, those are just tricks and mystic techniques, and they don't do too much to distance Bobby from his prey. Michael does God's work in his own estimation, and the fact that he's responsible for his sister further proves that fact, as it's the sacrifice he makes to serve his lord.

Of course, both Bobby's and Michael's motivations are revenge, and both of their goals are the destruction of Kindred. Where they differ is in the implementation. That's what puts them in constant conflict with each other.

The hunters can theoretically go after any vampire in a chronicle, which makes this plot flexible enough to be used as a major, minor or even trivial addition to a story. While they probably won't be going after any of the particularly powerful Kindred, they can certainly make unlife quite unpleasant for many of the young Licks. If you wish, as Storyteller, you may choose to have them on the trail of one of the powerful Kindred, but when doing so, be sure to have them face reasonable losses and consequences. If these relatively low-powered antagonists can seriously hinder a centuries-old Cainite, players might have difficulty seeing that Cainite as a threat. It's perfectly fine to have said powerful Cainite in a bind caused by the hunters, but don't undermine either the threat mortal hunters pose or the prowess of an important rival for the coterie.

RESOLUTION

Not every story involving hunters needs to be a guns-ablaze duel to the death. Like Kindred, hunters are people first and have their own wants and needs that exist independently of their nature or chosen conviction. Hunters aren't stupid by nature. The Kindred may find themselves captured by one intent on learning their secrets. Hunters might masquerade as ghouls or oblivious mortals loyal to a Kindred in hopes of getting close enough to strike that Cainite down. Literally anyone can be a hunter, from a hotel doorman to a wealthy socialite.

The troupe might even be a coterie of hunters themselves.

KEY SCENES

The fact that the characters can face multiple different hunters allows for a great deal of surprise factor on behalf of the Storyteller. Characters who have learned the ways of one hunter might suddenly find themselves caught unaware by another. The characters might even do away with a hunter, only to learn that another righteous pursuer dogs their footsteps.

Most important to this subplot, however, is the clash between the hunters themselves. Optimally, the characters will be placed in a position in which they're driven to ground by Michael or Bobby — only to have the other hunter show up and jeopardize the kill. This situation demands that the players appreciate the differences between the hunters. Bobby's the one whose aura glows gold, but Michael's the one who's talking about God choosing him to do His work on Earth. An immature group will probably miss the conflict of faiths utterly (and probably slaughter both hunters in the process), but an insightful troupe will see the obvious trouble between the two. It's clear that something's going on between these hunters — will the characters try to understand it? Those tending to their Humanity might help one (or both) of the hunters, trying to turn them away in the process. Less moral characters might look for a way to turn these two to their own ends, pointing out their enemies in exchange for "sparing" their own unlives.

Another critical scene is allowing the Kindred to hunt the hunters, by which Michael unknowingly leads them back to his own hideaway. If they burst into the building or observe him, they'll see him caring for his paralyzed sister. At this point, the characters face another moral struggle: By eliminating Michael, they remove a threat to themselves, but they also destroy an additional, innocent life. Storytellers, don't even bother breaking out the dice for this one. Anyone callous enough to murder the sole provider for a dependent in their own meager home pretty much deserves to lose a point of Humanity (and maybe even Conscience) whether or not she manages to rationalize it to herself.

OTHER STORIES

In which the Storyteller takes an idea and runs with it.

New York by Night is a setting first and foremost, and you don't have to use the main plots of the book to create a compelling chronicle for your troupe. If you feel so inclined, throw out the theme and mood, and rebuild them from the ground up to suit your own chronicle. Take a throwaway reference or a peripheral plot and make it central to your story. A few suggestions for doing this follow, but don't limit yourself to even these.

THE ANARCH CAUSE

Just because the Camarilla has ousted the Sabbat from New York City doesn't mean the Ivory Tower owns it. Although the anarchs are in the minority numerically, if they act quickly, this may be their time to shine. Since the city has no prince at present and only a few title-claiming Kindred locally, now is the perfect time to build the city's Kindred society upon the anarch model instead of the Camarilla model.

At least, that's the theory. Uniting the anarchs and putting them in a position to defend their utopian domain from Kindred who would say otherwise is a perfect basis for a long-lasting chronicle. The anarchs already present in the city would probably have to be convinced or coerced (or killed) to follow a leader, but such is the stuff of stories.

Storytellers will have to create additional anarch characters to round out the ranks, as well as turn the attentions of the Camarilla and Sabbat characters to them. Additionally, the Storyteller will have to come up with new plot points and challenges, as *New York by Night* is currently set up for the Camarilla's rise to prominence while hindered by the Sabbat and anarchs. Still, the sense of accomplishment that players would take from turning the city into an anarch domain after "allowing" the Camarilla to do the hard work of liberating it from the Sabbat would be tremendous.

OH, YEAH! THE SABBAT!

While the Sabbat may have lost the battle, it has not given up on the war by any means. A Storyteller wishing to focus on the Sabbat side of things has several options available to him.

Polonia remains proximate to New York City. Despite his gaining a promotion from his Sabbat superiors in the wake of losing the city, it remains his White Whale. He's definitely gathering forces for a renewed assault, but it's a race against time. The Camarilla is insidious — if he allows the sect too much time to insinuate itself into mortal institutions, the Camarilla will be impossible to drive out.

That said, Polonia plays a dangerous game. How long can he wait to gather a crusade that has a hope of driving the Camarilla out without exposing himself to the Kindred or allowing them to gain an insurmountable advantage?

Another choice would be to play the Sabbat under the gun. The troupe portrays a pack whose goal every night is survival first and maybe some scouting as a distant second. They can be in contact with the present packs, or they can be wholly on their own. This option spawns a myriad of other details as well: What are they doing there? Scouting for Polonia? Are they Tzimisce and hangers-on, drawn to the place by the Ancient? Are they vengeful after the loss of a haven or other assets? Are they just biding their time until everything returns to normal again? Do they — gasp — want to join the Camarilla?

PLAYING TO AN ICON

New York has a mystique all its own, conjuring certain connotations with the mere mention of the name. Storytellers might wish to take advantage of this, building chronicles around certain monuments or other aspects of the city.

A "below-street level" chronicle could take place amid the subway tunnels and sewers of New York. This need not be an all-Nosferatu chronicle: Certain pariah Gangrel might have reason to flee the surface world, and surely some Giovanni storehouses are below ground level. A pack of anarchs might take refuge in the sewers, as might a Malkavian fleeing her fears (into another one, unfortunately...) or a Brujah hunted by vengeful luminaries of the city's power structure.

The boroughs themselves make for interesting cultural divides, with rivalries between the districts making a fine basis for establishing conflict. With each borough housing as many people as are in most smaller cities, the boroughs might become quite political, possibly even with a prince representing each borough instead of a more conventional one-prince-several-primogen hierarchy. Non-Camarilla clans such as the Giovanni or Setites might even dominate politics in those boroughs, resulting in a delicate recognition of domains.

The Statue of Liberty (or another landmark, such as St. Patrick's Cathedral, the United Nations or 57th Street) might "anchor" the chronicle, placing characters in constant proximity to one of New York's defining features. These sorts of chronicles restrict the types of characters suitable for use in stories, but the cohesion they give to the coterie can more than compensate for limitations they impose.

CHARACTER STUDIES

Not every story needs to be driven by plot. Particularly with a troupe of mature players, a Storyteller may set the events of one character's unlife as pivotal to the conflict. While such stories are probably better suited to short chronicles or even one-shot stories, the players' portrayals of the characters are the reward here, not any specific goal as set by a traditional narrative. In this context, all a Storyteller needs to do is a bit of "set construction," providing the sensory stimuli for the players, and allow them to run with it.

David's doomed marriage to Samantha and Yvette's inability to express her love to Leonard make for suitable gothic romances, while the Midnighters' disparate political sympathies may ruin their companionship and the Cerutti family. Surely the deepest desires of the troupe's own characters can create suitable circumstances as well. By elevating the characters' personalities almost to the level of melodrama, plot can easily take an acceptable back seat to an exploration of the characters themselves.

Use this option carefully, however. For some players, dealing so primarily with characters' personalities is uncomfortable, or reminds them too much of "amateur thespianism." Tableaux like these aren't to everyone's tastes, so bring them into play only with the consent of the troupe.





CHAPTER FIVE: TELLING THE TALE

This is New York. Where hello means goodbye.
— June Goth, *Deadline at Dawn*

The Storyteller of a New York chronicle has a formidable task before him. He has research to do, plot to structure, players' desires to take into consideration, additional characters to create and story arcs to weave together. It's daunting, but not at all unrewarding. In fact, with the way *New York by Night* is set up, a good Storyteller can enjoy the achievements of the players' characters vicariously, feeling their sense of accomplishment with a rival overcome and experiencing their catharsis in the characters' emotional lows.

Still, we wouldn't want to send Storytellers unprepared into their duty. This chapter discusses the "middle tier" of storytelling devices. While the "bottom tier" is covered in the core rulebook (and probably comes as second nature to experienced Storytellers) and the "top tier" accounts for the tastes of one's own troupe, New York's "middle tier" consists of elements and techniques that aren't necessarily universal to all chronicles. Take the advice below and use it to round out the rudiments of the storytelling urge, and then use it as a base for tailoring the chronicle to your players' preferences.

POWER SCALE

As mentioned before, *New York by Night* characters typically fit on the low end of the power scale, at least with regard to other characters that appear in published White Wolf books. The reasons for this are numerous. First, the

setting assumes that established vampires don't want to leave their bases of power to gamble on success somewhere else. Second, this book is written to allow characters the chance to hold titles among Camarilla luminaries, which is difficult to do if the rivals who stand in the way are far more experienced than the players' characters. Third, New York is a big city, iconic among vampires and mortals worldwide. We wanted to create a setting that was both compelling and accessible to new players as well as more experienced players portraying young characters.

What that means, however, is that experienced *characters* will probably be able to overwhelm many of the Storyteller characters herein. Whether physically, with regard to Disciplines, or in any other situation in which time and experience matter more than other considerations, most of New York's Storyteller characters are at a decided disadvantage.

As a Storyteller, however, you can even out the playing field. The easiest way — which is also the most artificial way — is to rework the characters herein to be more consistent with the potential of the players' characters. While this might be to the tastes of some troupes and Storytellers (and more power to you, if this describes your troupe), it negates the concept of New York being a haven for young Kindred fleeing the dominance of their elders in order to make their own fortunes.

Another way to handle powerful characters is to go ahead and allow those characters to seize the early advantage. That's fine; if characters never achieve their desires, the game becomes moot. However, Storytellers, you should challenge those players' characters with young up-and-comers, against whom they'll have to defend their domains, their reputations and, if need be, their titles. Remember also that experienced characters transplanted to New York will be giving up much of their own influence. In a way, they may actually have liabilities that less established characters don't, as they once had certain advantages and may no longer have the capacity to function without them. This is why elders from other cities haven't thronged to New York. It does no good to have favors due or contacts in place in Seattle when one has relocated to New York.

The most important thing to bear in mind when sliding the power scale, though, is that *characters are more than dots*. A lackluster player whose character can physically overpower any of the characters herein will be in for a nasty shock when one of those characters does something outside of what's listed in the character descriptions. Take a look at Qadir, the sheriff. He's no slouch, but neither is he a contest for anyone who devoted his experience points to Strength and Potence. Qadir is clever, though, and would never consciously place himself in a losing position if he knew the foe would handily defeat him. Instead, Qadir might call in a favor from the police to have the character arrested (though even this might not give a true combat-gummy player a moment of pause) or trick the hunters in New York into thinking a foe's haven is his own. Vampires come to blows only in the most dire of circumstances or as a result of not being able to think around a problem in any other way. These latter, stupid Kindred rarely survive long and in situations like the former... well, look at the history of the city itself. Storytellers, you must do your best to present a challenge to the players. Otherwise, there's no real conflict in the story and no sense of achievement to be gained. Think as a given character would; think creatively, proactively and with the character's preservation in mind. Storyteller characters are not "little brothers" to be bullied into submission by brutish characters (or players...). And yes, some of the Storyteller characters are louts who would bully their way about, but these will remain forever in their current positions, die as a result of violence they invited upon themselves, or, if they do manage to achieve some success, quickly be ousted by Kindred who don't want to spend their unives looking over their shoulders for thug-gish princes.

In the end, as violent as New York is (see below), it's neither a Third World city nor a city in the throes of war or revolution. While a bellicose Kindred may end up somewhere among the hierarchy of power, he's going to be the exception rather than the rule. The goal of this sourcebook isn't to have a coterie brawl its way to the top, it's to have a coterie politic, scheme, forge relationships and maybe bust a few heads along the way on their quest

to take what power they want for themselves. While experience and formidable dice-rolling can be an edge, it shouldn't make for the be-all and end-all of claiming a domain. Most characters in here are intentionally low-powered to prevent a sense of cinematic special-effects duels determining the powers to be.

CHARACTER CREATION

To truly take advantage of the versatility of the New York setting, some Storytellers might wish to adjust the mix of characters in a coterie at the beginning of a chronicle. A game with four players might do well to have one of those players portray a ghoul or a mortal confederate who is aware of the secret world of the Kindred. A game with six players might have two such characters. Simply create the characters as you would a normal Kindred, but disallow non-ghoul mortals access to Disciplines, perhaps rounding them out with an extra dot or three of Backgrounds.

Bringing non-Kindred into a coterie is a great way for that coterie to take advantage of New York's unclaimed influences. While other young Kindred might not even have a coterie to depend upon, the players' coterie can function by day as well as by night. Handle this carefully — even a ghoul has to sleep sometime — but confederates who can walk about by day give a tremendous edge to the Kindred who depend on them.

Additionally, if the players' characters accumulate enough power and status to claim a title, this chronicle option comes with built-in challenges that can make for great stories. A ghoul can be kidnapped or, better yet, suborned by a different Kindred and secretly plot the downfall of the coterie to which he was originally loyal. Embracing a loyal ghoul or mortal can make for a very personal episode, requiring the sire-to-be to not only kill the prospective childe (make a Humanity check!), but to consciously drag her into the world of the Damned (make another Humanity check, you sadist!). Many Kindred view ghouls and clued-in mortals alike as threats to the Masquerade; interpreting the First Tradition literally means that *any* non-Kindred who knows about the race of Caine is a threat. If the characters position themselves as leaders or title claimants, how can they do so without being utter hypocrites if they have mortal and ghoul retainers? They're knowingly, consciously and *consistently* breaching the Masquerade they supposedly uphold as leaders. If your chronicle acknowledges the abuses of power the elders make for their own sake, it may draw some interesting parallels between characters in places of power and those without that power. Even if the characters aren't elders, the point is still valid. And didn't the young Kindred flock to New York to escape elder treachery and hypocrisy in the first place? This makes for a strong political chronicle as well as an insightful personal one as well, with the characters forced to reconcile their behavior with their changing beliefs. Elders aren't just born elders, after all....

VIOLENCE

Even in the real world, New York is a violent city. Although violent crime has been on the wane for the past several years, violence is part of the city's mystique, which makes little accounting for how things really are. In a city teeming with as many as 20,000,000 residents metro, proximity is going to create tension, and that tension can erupt into conflict. Add to this the diversity of New York — and the fact that ethnic difference is a common catalyst for hostility — and more violence dwells on the horizon.

But random violence lacks impact. The key to making violence a *contributing* part of the story requires the Storyteller to use it sensibly.

IMPORTANCE DOES NOT MEAN FREQUENCY

Combat need not occur in every story session to have value. Some stories might not have any combat at all, while a single, momentous duel might be the climax of another story. Too much combat in a game makes it difficult to suspend disbelief — the game comes to feel like an exercise in “point-and-click,” in which players merely show up to roll dice, not portray characters.

MAKE IT COUNT

In the real world, combat doesn't “just happen.” Even drunken bar brawls occur as a result of personal slights or other issues. Gangs don't hang out, firing pistols at anyone who attempts to get in their car. Combat, realistically, is always a last resort, because, frankly, it hurts to get beat on. Because of that, characters who pursue combat as an option should have to *really* want what they're fighting for. In that context, combat is the last resort of the desperate — once everything else fails, maybe you can kick your opponent's ass and send him away to lick his wounds. Add in Disciplines, firearms, melee weapons and you've entered a whole new realm: Not only is pain a probable outcome, so is Final Death. While combat is the crux of many roleplaying games, and death is often considered cavalierly, that cheapens its impact in a game that purports to be similar to our own world. Characters who enter combat without some degree of trepidation are little more than monsters, waiting to be whacked by whatever generic slayer runs across them. For violence to have any value, it must have consequences for failure and rewards for success.

THE BAD AND THE UGLY

Remember, also, that assault of any form is illegal. Characters who pound the bejeezus out of rivals, vessels or, well, anything, really, can expect to be arrested and indicted. Characters who fight get hurt and show scars. Characters with reputations as brawlers aren't invited to social affairs — and being ostracized in New York is a sure way to make sure you're stuck at the bottom of the power hierarchy forever.

FIND THE BALANCE; ACCOMMODATE TASTES

All of this isn't to say that combat in a story is *bad*. It's just saying that combat becomes just another unimportant event unless it's handled reasonably. A story that focused on exposing Sabbat and delivering them their just desserts would be pretty empty without combat, as would a story about the violent struggle for power in a domain claimed by multiple Kindred. The combat, however, should *serve* the story, not replace it. Don't just throw enemies at the players' coterie in place of plot. Integrate physical conflict with the plot — just as you would with any other type of conflict.

GREED

Storytellers should have an easy time incorporating greed into a New York chronicle. The most likely motivator for many of the characters is their own personal success, whether that be in the arena of wealth, power, fame — whatever they want. Once they have a small taste of that success, they are likely to want more. The Kindred thirst is insatiable, after all, and what is greed but an overabundance of ambition?

By their nature, Kindred are selfish creatures, and Kindred society reflects this. Altruism is rare among the Damned, and often viewed suspiciously when it does arise. The fact that everyone is out for himself can make a powerful statement in the undercurrent of a New York chronicle. Indeed, many Kindred view “liberated” New York as a gold rush of sorts, a race by which those who can attain what they want grab up as much of it as they can as quickly as they can. What sets this apart from other cities is that the whole city is veritably up for grabs. Neonates need not argue for scraps at the foot of their elders' table, they can make a bid for prime domains, influences and territories.

SINGULAR GREED

The players' characters in New York chronicle will probably have an edge that many other characters do not: Unless you're telling a story that features treachery inside the coterie, the coterie will probably be able to trust its members, at least to a certain degree.

Most of the Storyteller characters have their own desires placed first and foremost. While they may know many, *many* Kindred in the city, they probably don't have the rapport with other vampires that the players' characters do. This shouldn't mean that they're alone. They will probably accumulate boons and prestaton before very long if they haven't already, and many have Allies, Contacts, Influence and Retainers to call upon as well.

Where this comes into play with regard to the characters is in their relations. Solitary characters motivated by greed will often look to the bottom line first. Selfish characters among the primogen, for example, probably don't do the best job representing the interests of others of their clan. They probably abuse the prestige of the position. They may grant favors or help a coterie... but why? What's in it for them?

GREED BY FACTION

Certain groups of the Kindred have united to pursue common goals, reasoning that with more vampires to do the work, they will not only achieve their objectives more easily, but they will also be better positioned to defend those achievements from the grasping talons of others. Storytellers should use this to its utmost: If a faction has claimed a domain or influence as its own, it should be very difficult for a lone competitor to wrest it from them.

Greedy factions are good for building conflict in a story as well, because in some cases, that greed may be the only thing that unites the members of the group. If each of the Kindred in a rival coterie trusts its members only so far as they are useful, that may provide the group's undoing, allowing the players' coterie a chance to sweep in and usurp their assets.

Greedy factions aren't by nature buffoonish, so be wary of creating factions that tear each other apart at the seams without just provocation. Likewise, factions need believable, attainable goals to be valid rivals, foils or supporters. A cult dedicated to revering the Ancient beneath the streets is a sensible faction; a cackling horde assembled to "spread evil" isn't.

GREED WITHIN THE COTERIE

Not all conflict needs to arise from without. A tastefully created conflict within the coterie can test the characters' commitments to each other and to group goals. It's perfectly acceptable to have characters acknowledge their greed — we're talking about vampires, after all, and wanting more of something isn't going to be their only crime.

Don't turn your players against each other, but it's fine drama to give a coterie something that only part of its members can use or enjoy. An obvious example here is introducing something that will significantly increase a character's Resources, Influence or Status, but make it unique so that not everyone gains the benefit, such as a title or a business interest.

PACING

As mentioned in the introduction, New York City is a place of dichotomy. Rich and poor, new and old, gothic and punk, success and failure, hope and despair are all part of the city's dualities. To reflect this in the story, Storytellers may choose to invoke sudden shifts in the story's pace.

The foremost thing to consider when changing the pace is to do it only when it serves the story. Don't just "throw a combat" in a civilized salon. If anarchs or Sabbat storm a salon while headhunting, that's great; that's all part of the story. But if random vampires merely start brawling with no purpose in mind, well, that's a bit foolish.

Sudden changes in pace should also thrill, much like scenes of tense suspense in a horror movie. It's not the change itself that invokes that nail-biting, spine-tingling feeling, it's that up until moments ago, things were normal until *something* imposed its dreadful presence. Coming

home to find the door to one's haven ajar, for example, suddenly shifts the scene into high gear. To accomplish this, describe not only the open door, but the relatively mundane return to the haven to begin with. That is, slow the pace to an almost comfortable speed and then *spring* the surprise on the players. Don't slow things too much, as unnecessary detail can bog the story down rather than build the desired anticipation. Give just enough description, linger over just enough of the environment, and then turn up the tension with one sudden turn of phrase, pitching things up thereafter until whatever it is has resolved.

Pacing can also be "staggered" in this manner, with small increases in the tension eventually leading to a moment of almost tangible pressure, which explodes free upon the resolution of the situation. To go back to the example of the haven, assume the Storyteller describes the trip back to the character's dwelling. When she arrives there, she finds the door to the haven open a slight bit: pacing increase number one. She pushes the door open tentatively, but doesn't see anything out of order. When she searches the main room more thoroughly, she finds her journal missing: pacing increase number two. This wasn't a simple burglary, as the thief obviously knew what he was looking for. She nervously searches the rest of the haven — when she discovers the window open in her bedroom: pacing increase number three. By now the player's heart is beating faster and faster. Her haven's been invaded. Whom ever did the deed knew *precisely what he wanted*. And since the window's open *he probably had to make a quick retreat, possibly even while she was entering the building*. He might have seen her coming! The Storyteller smiles and allows the player to calm down. While the character turns to go to the phone and contact other members of the coterie *a figure bursts out of the closet and bolts for the window, diving out to the fire escape and scrambling madly away!* Does the character follow? Does she try to get a better look at the interloper? Did he have her journal?

At this point, Storytellers, don't give the players time to carefully consider their actions. Time is of the essence! You may wish to give waffling players a count of three to decide upon a course of action (not all of us are as quick-witted as our characters are supposed to be), but don't let all that precious tension drain away while a player strategizes. Remember, she'll have plenty of time to think it all over when every second isn't so important. And maybe then it'll strike her as odd that the window *and* the door were open....

ELEMENTS OF PACING

The events with which you punctuate your pacing changes don't always have to be combat. In fact, they often shouldn't be, unless you're playing a very cinematic game. What these events should do, though, is create a sense of danger for the characters they affect. If the characters don't fear for their safety they won't always feel as if the pressure is rising.

Likewise, changes in pacing don't always have to be of the same degree. Assume the character whose haven door was ajar didn't find anything out of ordinary inside. She merely has that one little "spike" of the unknown fueling her fear. It's another thing altogether to have the exsanguinated body of her mortal sister to fall out of the shower and into her arms.

Examples to use for changes in pace include car chases or crashes, dramatic social snubbing (whereby a character immediately finds all his old contacts and allies have vanished), the introduction of a new Storyteller character who will have significant bearing on the story, periods when the Beast is in charge of a given Kindred, or when a significant clue makes it into the coterie's clutches. In truth, any situation that will have some effect on the coterie's (or even an individual's) plans or future can be "sped up" to accelerate the scene's value.

Beware of overusing dramatic pacing changes. Just as a roller coaster isn't *all* enormous hills and loops, neither should a chronicle rely on jarring the troupe with pace shifts. A little goes a long way, and the periods when the players' necks aren't whipped backward by a sudden acceleration makes it more valuable and unpredictable when they are. Life and unlife in New York aren't in constant chaos, which makes it more significant when that chaos arrives.

SWITCHING GEARS

Pacing can also work well in reverse, with momentous buildup... only to leave the characters' emotions stuck on the high wire. This style of pacing is very hard to work with and should also be used only rarely. It's all too easy for the Storyteller to think she's creating a dramatic cliffhanger when she's really just being anticlimactic. Likewise, if this technique comes into play too often, players can quickly become desensitized to the emotional direction of the story if they don't feel that they're experiencing a cathartic or vicarious release.

The aforementioned cliffhanger, of course, is the best use of this "anti-pacing." Cliffhangers can lull the troupe into a false sense of security before you switch gears *again* and the story returns to its high velocity. It can also serve to subtly underscore the value of a certain story element—imagine a coterie running for all its worth through subway tunnels to meet some nefarious horror, dodging trains, outrunning rivals and leaping slime-laden Nosferatu breeding pits, and when they reach their objective... it's a soothing subterranean grotto, faintly lit by patches of softly glowing iridescent fungus. Of course, that quiet grotto is really a manifestation of the Tzimisce Ancient, but the characters don't know that. Yet.

SYMBOLS

A chronicle set in New York should abound with symbols—the city itself is a symbol of Camarilla perseverance, Sabbat defiance and independent tenacity. Symbols

need not be used with a heavy hand. In fact, the more subtle the symbol used in storytelling, the better, otherwise people think you're trying to overwhelm them with your literary cleverness. The following section explores some of the symbols a Storyteller can use to punctuate the themes of the chronicle.

THE OUROBOROS

The image of the serpent swallowing its own tale is the hallmark of the Tzimisce clan, and can be used to great effect in stories that deal with the Ancient beneath the streets. The ouroboros need not even be directly connected to the Tzimisce, so long as the story acknowledges the Antediluvian's presence. It might show up on a billboard advertisement; it might be the logo for a taxi company whose cars the characters call upon. The serpent may appear on a brooch worn by a socialite or the crest of an influential family the characters might be trying to woo. It may be something as simple as a maintenance man's extension cord, plugged into itself for ease of carrying. Imagine a cryptic note written by a Tremere (or even a Setite, to combine motifs...) that the characters receive, written on a Möbius strip. A character's bracelet may even be a literal depiction of this symbol—not that she's necessarily a Tzimisce, but it serves to illustrate the pervasiveness of the slumbering Fiend. Characters searching through a construction site might find a hose or duct work that doubles back upon itself.

SOMETHING NEW FROM SOMETHING LOST

Illustrating the renewal of the city is one of New York by Night's core themes. Remember that this isn't necessarily for the better. The Camarilla is more genteel than the Sabbat—at least on the surface—but it is still a society of undead predators who subsist on mortal blood. A dying plant might become vital once again, a character's relationship that had gone stale renews, or a burned haven reveals a hidden chamber used to hide a valuable secret. This can also be used as part of the setting, by starting the chronicle at the end of winter with the spring only a few weeks away. A pleasant daybreak after a long night of hell, for example, would be a great way to end a session, as would the opposite—a serene night punctuated by a particularly garish sunrise. Rain also works well for this, with storms coming and going to presage the tone a given story will take.

THE WILD WEST

As mentioned before, New York is in the midst of its own "gold rush," with Kindred scrambling to stake their own claim in the wide-open resources of the city. It is a boomtown right before the peak, not unlike Tombstone, Arizona and Dodge City, Kansas were in their heyday. As such, a little American West imagery would be wholly appropriate. Use as much or as little of this as you like. Stylize with reckless abandon, or not at all. Perhaps the police use revolvers instead of the more common automatics. A character's first bit of influence might be an interest in an underground poker game, or he may own part of a bar with a western-sounding name. Beware of



stereotyping, but local Sabbat might hail from Native American stock or have adopted some of their customs. One of the characters, Mazz the harpy, even spent some time in the West, so you might wish to use him in some capacity. Don't go so far as to make this symbol campy (unless that's your intent), and don't relegate it to a paler country & western motif, but use it so that it adds detail to the story. In fact, when creating the plot for your chronicle, you might wish to adapt a western story or movie to this different genre. *Star Wars* is a western, after all, and if it can be done as a science-fiction story, there's no reason it can't be adapted to the horror genre.

FIRE

Fire has always symbolized the Sabbat, and that sect has certainly left an indelible impression on the city. A story that makes use of the Sabbat's tenacity might involve scenes with fire that depict the strength of the sect's presence based on the size of the flame. For example, at the beginning of the story we might see a trash fire set in an old oil drum, around which huddle several homeless men, trying to stay warm; at the story's beginning the Sabbat is weak and disorganized in New York. Later, the Kindred witness a book burning held by a mortal activist's group — by this time, the Sabbat may be multiplying or rallying themselves for a renewed attack on the Camarilla domain. At the chronicle's climax, the characters might be trapped in a burning building, the vast fire symbolizing the ascent

of the Black Hand, who might have set the blaze themselves. This tactic also works in the opposite direction, of course. A chronicle focusing on hunting down the last vestiges of the Sabbat might be marked with the periodic occurrence or smaller and smaller fires, indicating that the coterie has made some serious headway. The culmination of the story might be with a mere match, blown out in the wind, signifying triumph over the Sword of Caine.

RELIGIOUS SYMBOLS

Faith is a strong theme in the plot involving the witch-hunters who have made their way to New York. Even for hunters who don't believe in a higher power per se, a clever Storyteller might work the symbols into the environment as a comment on the strength of the higher power, regardless of whether its agents know they enforce its will. Vampire characters might notice religious trappings just before being threatened by a hunter: say, a neon cross lighting an all-night ministry and shelter or a rosary dangling from a cab's rear-view mirror. A climactic fight might take place in an abandoned church, only to have hunters emerge after the fight and destroy the downed Kindred, allowing the characters to escape in the process. While most of these symbols are Christian, due to the setting and characters represented by them, there's nothing prohibiting other faiths from playing a role as well, such as among devout Setites, religious communities of mortal residents, or hunters of other faiths.