

One World by Night Genre Resource Guide

CLAN BRUJAH



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FOREWORD:

A Note from the Brujah Coordinator:

This genre resource guide is meant to compliment the binding genre packet as well as supplement the tabletop source material found in *Clanbook Brujah: Revised for Vampire: The Masquerade* by White Wolf Publishing. The purpose of this packet is to present a resource that covers those areas specific to OWbN, or where OWbN genre varies from canon White Wolf genre.

This resource guide is intended as a non-binding document. The information contained within is suggested to be used by Storytellers at their own discretion. They may incorporate it into their chronicle as they feel offers the most benefit for their game and players.

Though there are parts of this document that contain In Character (IC) information, all information in this resource is considered Out of Character, and is meant to assist the players and STs of OWbN. For those characters with high enough lore, certain information can be taken IC with ST approval, and we leave it to the STs to exercise prudence in these cases.

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Last and certainly not least...Caine...who made all of this possible and Troile...who made us all so very, very angry...about just about everything.

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INTRODUCTION

"Greetings, childe. I am Jordanus of Gaul. I am certain that you have many questions, but first, allow me to guide you on your journey to self-discovery, and impart upon you the tenets of what it is you have become."

"Should any questions remain after I finish, you may ask, but I make no guarantee to answer. You are still heady from the Embrace, your Passion brimming, and we both know you won't listen. Besides, many lessons are best learned first hand. They stick better that way."

"Do not fear falling, childe. We all fall, especially we Brujah. Our Passions pull us in unforeseen directions and sometimes blinds our judgment. The measure of a man, however, is not how many times he falls, but how quickly he stands back up, and how much resolve he gains from the experience."

--Jordanus

WHAT MAKES A BRUJAH A BRUJAH?

“First, what is a Brujah? If you ask, you will hear many responses. Warriors, Philosophers, Rabble, Agents of Change, Agents of Progress, Agents of Chaos, Hotheads, Rabble... oh, I said that one already? Good, I meant to. I was testing you. Anyway, you will hear many words ascribed to us, and truth be told, they can, any or all, be true for a Brujah.”

“Now, let us discuss the oft-debated question amongst the Brujah. What makes one a Brujah? Is it a matter of Blood? Of Lineage? Of Passion? Of Disciplines? The definition is different for each of us, and rather than giving you a single answer, I will present you with a few, and let you decide for yourself.”

-- Jordanus

- *So, you want to know what it means to be a Brujah eh? Well I'd guess at least part of it is asking this fucking question because I've never met a little twit in my life who was a Brujah who hasn't asked me this question at some fucking time and I guess I'm no exception. I'll tell ya though. Before you can answer this question you've got to understand who and what the fuck you are. Let's get this straight: you're a blood-sucking-top-of-the-food-chain predator. Period. Don't think for a minute you're not. Forget this bull shit about being "better" than it or having "risen above." There's a beast inside of you and its hungry, and it will win. It's not a question of if, it's a question of when and how hard.*

Beyond that? Being a Brujah mostly means you're cranky and you always think you're right. You should be pretty good at makin' people pay attention to ya though, and if you can't get people to like you much, you might work on it. It'll help offset that god damn temper. Now pay the fuck attention, damn it, I'm talkin' to you and this is not a two way conversation.

Keep this in mind too, this isn't a fucking club. There is no god-damned fraternity either. There isn't no fucking hand shake and there isn't going to be one either, got it!

Beyond that it means there's other Brujah who will usually hear you out and give you at least the benefit of the doubt when you're in town. It also means you gotta do the same likewise. It means that maybe, just maybe, if you really need some help that if you look around you won't be alone. But don't forget that it's the same for any of the clans. We're really not so different.

What we are though is different. We've got the fire in our belly. We still feel the passion that others have forgotten. And maybe most notably we have a rich

history. We're one of the high clans whelp. Do honor to those that came before you and act like it. Learn where you come from and know who you are.

Just keep in mind while you're doin' it that you can apply this definition to about 20 different things. We're not so different.

But we are brothers.

Now get the fuck outta here, I got shit to do...and hey...do me a favor...can you pass this shit on...I'm so fuckin' tired of going over this time and fucking again

– Kreiger Klein

- *"As a Clan, our single greatest strength will forever be our greatest weakness. We are united in our desire to be individuals. We all agree that we can, and often do, disagree on just about everything. It is because of this that we will forever be the strongest Clan that could potentially shake the foundations of society and reshape the world...were it not for the prevailing fact that we could never organize to do so.*

Fundamentally, we only ever agree to organize in singular moments and these, like many things, are fleeting. As individuals, our greatest strength is also our greatest weakness: Passion. Some Clans refer to it as "rage," other as "temper," some even—though in hushed tones—as" that Clan is fucking unstable." They are all wrong and could never truly appreciate our depths. We are creatures of passion. True, each Clan seems to have its driving purpose as the Toreador with art, the Ventrue with money and power, and even the Tremere with their pursuit of the esoteric. These are obsessions, goals, and pastimes.

The Brujah have Passion...with a big "P." Every Brujah, from the greatest Elder to the lowliest Neonate has a cause that will, whether constant or immediate, ignite a fire within their soul and give them cause and purpose. This fire is always there and burns deeply within each Brujah causing their fuses to be a bit more short than most and their tempers to slide just beneath even the calmest of exteriors, but it is always present. It is their Passion that drives them, but at a hefty cost.

All in all, the Brujah, the Warrior-Scholars, are the greatest Clan. Neither simply the greatest of the past, nor simply one of the greatest...but the greatest. The difference is...while some Clans choose to declare it, some may flaunt it, and others manipulate to present it as truth; with the Brujah the proof is in the action. Were we able to defy the Masquerade and list the Clan in a Dictionary it would be not be listed as others would...Brujah would be listed as a verb."

– Saul Good

- *“You've probably asked your sire what it means to "be a Brujah" and his response was "you gotta find that out on your own." Yeah, I know, dick head response, but he's partially right. Without going into a history lesson that I'm sure will bore you to tears, you have the ability and the knowledge to shape civilizations, political trends, hell even history itself. Bolshevik Revolution? French Revolution? That was us. I know. I was there. Now, there are the obvious abilities. We hit harder than the Ventrue, move faster than the Gangrel, and are a damn sight more likable than the Malkavians. But that's just the tip. Beneath that, the thing that makes you strong, that really drives you, is your heart. Your passion, kid. A political view, an idea, a faith, a cause. These are what drive us to be better and stronger than the other guy standing next to us. "Front Line Fighters," they like to call us. "Rabble," too. That another good one. "Scholar/Warriors" was always my favorite. Let them call us whatever the hell they want, because they don't understand. They don't understand the Passion that courses through our blood and they never will. Go find something worth fighting for and turn it into something worth dying for.”*

– Jean Lucas

- *“The one thing all of us have in common is what I like to call the cathartic state of fuck you. I've observed this phenomenon in nearly every Brujah I know. There exists within each of us a stubborn, recalcitrant, oppositional personality that comes to the forefront whenever we've had our fill of the world's bullshit. The cause for such a state varies from Brujah to Brujah. For some, it's the violation of a cherished belief, or perhaps a disdain for hypocrisy. For others, it might be a desire for social equality, a sense of loyalty to one's friends, or intolerance for the world's injustices.*

But whatever the stimulus, a Brujah in this state will act. We are not a passive clan. Our reactions may be in the form of violence, an impassioned speech, or protest. Regardless of the means, the Brujah will set himself to the task with a passion and zeal unmatched by any other clan. When the world rubs a Brujah the wrong way, it's not uncommon for the world to come out on the losing side of the fight. Unfortunately, it's also not uncommon for the Brujah to die in the effort, having taken on a challenge too insurmountable for himself.

Every Brujah understands the cathartic state of fuck you, at least on a subconscious level. Everyone has their point where they just won't take it anymore, and they're going to do something about it. We can readily identify one who has achieved such a state, and we often find ourselves predisposed to act favorably towards him. That why when one of us who's truly in needs puts out the Call to Arms, the rest of us put aside our differences and answer. That's what makes us who we are. No other clan does that.”

– Paul Walker

- *“So what does it mean to be Brujah? Well now, Johnny didn’t go through no normal accounting like lap-dog Camarilla Brujah, so Johnny’s answer is gonna be kinda different.*

Let’s get a couple of things right out and taken care of. This warrior-philosopher bullshit? Exactly that: bullshit. There’s too many wannabe philosopher’s runnin’ around claimin’ to know the secrets of Carthage or whatever. In the end, all they end up doin’ is running their mouths and flappin’ their gums and get jack and shit done. That’s the worst part, they don’t get anything done.

On the other side is those damn leather-jacket wearing stereotypes of rage. Dumbasses that can only think of destroying things, never mind what it is. The kind of stereotype that the Venture and Toreas use to make fun of us and keep us down. Their worst thing is that their rage isn’t directed, it’s just a wildfire burning out of control.

So what the hell are we? Johnny figures we are somewhere in the middle. We are engines of destruction to be used brutally against injustice. We are all about The Cause, all about fighting for something we believe in. When we get lazy, when the cause we are fighting for is just our comfort or our own material possessions, that’s when we are just Ventrue with cooler clothes. A real Brujah fights for a Cause. Maybe that’s why so many of us are Anarchs, why Johnny is an Anarch. Because fighting for The Movement means Johnny is fighting for something outside of Johnny, bigger than Johnny, that could last longer and do more than Johnny could ever do alone. But if you are Tower, then goddamnit, believe in it. Fight for it, not just against the shovelheads. Fight for your Prince, not just against us Anarchs. Believe in what you are fighting for. Don’t puss out and just fight against something, but fight FOR something.

That’s what a real Brujah is. Yeah, there’s that stuff about brotherhood and shit, and it’s important, but for Johnny, it all comes down to the fire in our souls and figuring out how to control that fire for your Cause.

– Johnny “Muthafuckin’” Chang

- *You wouldn’t be here, talking to me, if you weren’t already in a heap of trouble. I realize that you’ve got this whole rebel without an attitude thing going and somewhere, someone told you that being a Brujah means saying fuck a lot and spitting in the eye of anyone that tells you to do something.*

They lied to you. Being a Brujah means having something so important to you, a passion, a belief, anger that you need to express, defend, explain, guard, enforce. You stand up for what you believe is right and you get back up when

they knock you down. You get under somebody's skin if they're doing it wrong, you get in their face if they're hypocritical about it, and you risk everything because to do any less is to not be a Brujah.

That doesn't mean you just walk in some place and shoot your mouth off and think you're being so much more clever or real than anyone else there. You take time to learn the situation, learn what's going on locally, figure out who's playing for keeps and who'll get your back. Don't do that, and you find out you are not as smart as you think you are, you are not cleverer than anyone else and your cunning plan wasn't that cunning.

So you take the comments and the snide the remarks. You take being dismissed because they think they're smarter than you, cleverer than you and more cunning than you instead of being scared of you. They should fear what you represent, fear what your purpose is, and when the time is right, you be righteous, and you take them down.

You want to know what happened to you? I did. Not because I'm smarter, or cleverer, or more cunning, but because I know I'm righteous. That's being the Brujah. Stop getting it wrong.

– Jack Sebastien

*“Now that you have heard other schools of thought, I will tell you mine: **Potential**. A Brujah's passion drives him. It makes him crave change. It makes him resistant to the complacency into which the other clans fall.*

I believe that is why your Sire chose you; he saw potential in you. Make of it what you will.”

– **Jordanus**

IDEOLOGIES: AN OWBN PERSPECTIVE

●*Note: We are not here to tell you how to play your Brujah. These are merely suggestions that we hope will help.*

Iconoclast

Per White Wolf, Iconoclasts are by far the most numerous of the Brujah ideologies. You'll quickly find that in OWbN, they are by far to be the least popular. Why and why? In White Wolf terms, the Brujah is a fallen clan. Their history of being philosophers as well as warriors has been tainted as more and more Brujah have been embraced for their physical gifts than their social awareness. Combine the lack of direction and vision with the passionate blood of Brujah and add in fighting prowess and you get Iconoclasts. They tear down, maybe because they can, maybe because they don't have the vision to build but do have it in their blood to rail against unfair authority. Whatever the reason, this is what Clan Brujah has become. And with more punks, thugs, and gang members being brought into the clan, it's not likely to change anytime soon.

In OWbN this doesn't work as well for any number of reasons. The most prominent is that if you come crashing into a domain wanting to beat things up and tear down the man, your brand new character's life expectancy is not good. Brujah or not, a "7/5/3" is gonna get tooled by a character who's been around for six months or a year. The second is that if your character is antagonistic to everyone, no one's going to want to play with you. The kindred won't want to deal with you unless there's something to be beaten up and the players of the kindred won't want to play with your character because everything is either a fight or an argument. Then there are other concerns like the safety of the Masquerade in regards to such characters as they continue to ramp up their physical disciplines and arsenal of destructive toys. Or just the matter that playing the Camarilla game is political... how the hell are you going to build your character politically when you're constantly tearing at the system?

But really, there ARE ways to make Iconoclasts work in OWbN and make them more than beat-sticks. Here are some suggestions you may want to think about if you want to play an Iconoclast.

"Yes, and..." – An old tenet of improvisational theater is that rather than dismissing or tearing down what another actor has added, react to it to move forward in the scene. Iconoclasts can be over-the-top, and nowhere does it say they need to be inflexible and never give in to anything. If your Brujah sister says, "We must take down the Nosferatu Primogen," rather than resisting, asking why, bitching and/or moaning, try upping the ante instead. "Hell yeah. He hasn't done anything to me, but I'm down with that. And then you can help me kill the Sheriff's childe. He pissed me off earlier." You're continuing the flow of the scene rather than getting bogged with continuous resistance.

Play the Status and Prestation Game Differently – The natural, logical, linear way to deal with prestation is to want to build more. For an Iconoclast, think of it in terms of a tool to allow you to do what you want and have an ace in the hole to keep you alive when, inevitably, things go wrong and you get caught doing something bad. Help your Prince and your Primogen so you can get an extra status so WHEN you lose it, you still can't be killed as unacknowledged. Become a Deputy, a Sheriff, a Whip, or any other position you can grab because it's another way to get more leeway to do what you want. Get boons to help bail you out when you need them. Give boons out so you will be useful to others. Yes, owing boons can be helpful. You're now an investment, and it's natural to protect investments. Now you're playing the status game; it's just a little different for you.

Fun Isn't Winning – When it comes down to it, remember that the game isn't about winning and losing, it's about us, the players, having a good time. So it's okay that you're going to get beaten up sometimes. Others get to play their Machiavellian checker game; you get to flip the table over on occasion. Maybe you'll take your lumps for it, but you can always say, "Remember that time when..."

Don't Die – Yeah, you're brash and you want others to think you throw caution to the wind. But you're still kindred. And one of the almost-universal things about kindred is that they don't want to die. If you want to play a time-bomb kindred, what good does it serve? Sure, some may be self-destructive. But at the end of the night, do what has to be done to keep your neck off the chopping block.

Idealist

Sometimes ideals get lost when you create an Idealist. Since they are the most agreeable of the Brujah ideologies, it's easy to see why they are the most common choice for players. But there's more to it. The ideology is about vision and ideals and not backing down from them. This path is archaic, noble, challenging, tragic, hopeful, engaging, and impassioned. Before you tuck all your points into your death machine or social animal, take a while to figure out your character's ideals.

Often "The Camarilla" is the de facto preferred ideal. But really, the Camarilla in general is not an ideal. It represents different things to different characters. What about the Camarilla is important to your character? Is it a dedication to maintaining Humanity, a belief in the integrity of the Status/Prestation system, devotion to the spirit of the Traditions as defined by the character, or any other number of things? Any two Brujah committed to the ideal of the Camarilla likely will view it from different – maybe even opposing – standpoints.

The Idealist is an ever-dwindling commodity in the clan of warrior-philosophers. With that in mind, it might be worth exploring why your character walks the path. It could be that he or

she is just old. The older the character is, the more likely he'd be an Idealist, though the less believable he or she becomes as a starting character, too. He or she could be the logical choice as a child of an established Idealist. For this option, it might be fun to have a PC sire. Playing a convert would explain it as well: your character could have been a cutthroat Iconoclast who's had an experience that made him or her a believer in something. Or there's always the "aberration" option; the Idealist is the exception in the modern times among the Brujah.

At the end of the day, the Idealist is easy to gravitate to because, besides fitting in, the Idealist is a romantic figure. It allows you to play a character who is noble in that he or she is willing to do whatever it takes in the name of an ideal. The flip side of the coin is just as attractive in a dark way. The personal tragedy and horror of Vampire: The Masquerade can reverberate more in characters as they get worn away from their beliefs or worn down as they get repeatedly challenged.

Individualist

Somewhere in that far-reaching distance between the camps of the idealists and that of the iconoclasts, the individualist can be found lurking, waiting, ranting, raving, or whatever else he feels like doing. An Individualist might find this attempt at nomenclature laughable, as it is an attempt by others to lump him in a group almost de facto. While idealist is off doing his "good works" and the iconoclast is railing against his latest target, the individualist is free to take or leave those arguments and do as he willst. However, they are not the anarchistic wild card, the Individualist is simply the pilot of his own vessel, his own cause, his own un-life.

Some have taken for granted that this is simply a quirk of personality and not a paradigm, that it is simply a default for those who fall in neither of the two main camps. Such is not the case. The Individualist chooses to be an *individual* not an *individual-ist*...it's a label they just don't use on themselves...it's how they are identified by others...not that they give a flying fuck.

RANTS & RAVES

“There are clan meetings, and then there are Rants. Do not confuse them, for they are very different. Raves are entirely different altogether; an interesting concoction developed by you younger Brujah.”

“A clan meeting is a meeting that involves numerous Brujah to discuss recent events, and need not be private. When you think of a meeting, you likely think of a speaker providing information, or perhaps presenting propositions while raising your hand yay or nay.”

“A Rant is a... spectacle. When you think of a Rant, think of an impassioned evangelist, Hitler giving a speech to his troops, or Patrick Henry shouting “Give me liberty or give me death!” The Rant is a place to air your passions, aggressions, and concerns. All Brujah are equal in the Rant, and only Brujah are invited to a Rant. They exist for you to debate your argument and fight for your beliefs, for you to present and persuade!

There are multiple types of Rants you should know:

- A “typical” (I use that word loosely as no Rant is typical) Rant is to debate and discuss important topics to you and/or the clan.
- A Spite Rant is for airing grievances against a clanmate and calling them on perceived acts of wrong-doing. Think of it as an impassioned trial with the clan as the Jury. Often a Spite Rant will end with either the accuser, or the accused, walking the Gauntlet.
- A Prestige Rant is used to tell stories of deeds and accomplishments. In those areas where Clan Prestige is still used, they are used to award prestige to an individual, or take it away, and explain why. In areas where Prestige is not used, a Prestige Rant can still be called to tell stories, spread the clan’s legacy, and inspire others.”

“A Rave is a decadent party filled with violence and bloodletting, and it is open to all who are brave enough to come. Mortals are invited and provided with narcotics and alcohol, and then used for sustenance by those in attendance. Often such parties risk the Masquerade and cause the death of many mortals, and have caused the destruction of more than a handful of Kindred. They are revelries in excess, and not for the faint of heart.”

—Jordanus

A RANT STORY

Leave it to an Idealist to spoil a rant. I suppose that's the only reason they come to these things, which is a shame, because up until now, my night had been pretty good.

The babble coming from the gray haired man standing on the stage was sobering enough to cut through all the hash laced vitae coursing through my veins courtesy of a few locals. The source of my buzz-kill, our 'host,' stood before us, wringing his hands pensively, droning about how it's better to work within the system, rather than seek to destroy it.

* * *

Like the thousands of other people, I was in town for the Democratic Convention. Unlike those other people, I wasn't here to support the party. Since my arrival, I'd been all over town, attending various rallies, and hobnobbing with the locals. Just last night, I was introduced to Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin by a yuppie friend of mine. Those guys are crazy. They told me they were actually running a pig for president. The irony of it definitely appealed to me; a pig to lead the other pigs.

I suppose we all have our different ways of expressing ourselves. As for me, I like hitting people and blowing things up to protest the government. I've met a lot of other Brujah who share similar pastimes, and that's why I wasn't too surprised when I started running into old acquaintances.

Some I knew from the movement, and most had heard of my sire. With so many of us in town, some of the locals had a rant planned, and I was looking forward to seeing first-hand how the Chicago boys did things.

As I was saying, things got off to a bad start. Good rant etiquette says every Brujah is invited. Unfortunately, that included the current speaker, the gray haired man whose emphatic dogma of passive resistance was seriously starting to get to get on my nerves. Martin Luther King was dead, and so was Robert Kennedy, both killed earlier this year. Kids continued to die every day in Vietnam, solely to further the government's agenda, yet this guy was still up there, spouting his crap about the Rule of Law and passive resistance. What a fucking idiot, this guy. I can't imagine the last time I've heard the word "passive" at a rant.

* * *

"I think you should hit him," says a voice. I wonder for a second if it's my conscience, perhaps given voice by my narcotic induced state. "It's the right thing to do, after all," added the voice, which now seemed to belong to the person standing to my right.

I turned to see a grinning figure in his early twenties wearing a full suit and tie, displaying a button with the words 'Stop the War' printed in big red letters. My first thought was that this man didn't look a thing like my conscience. In fact, I didn't like the way he looked at all. His suit was new and recently pressed. He wore his button very properly on his lapel, perhaps sending a message to a room full of people its wearer shared some of their views, and shouldn't be mistaken

for the enemy. This guy looked like some kid whose rich father had paid to keep him kid out of the draft, and then got embraced by his liberal arts professor. Judging by his smile, he probably he obviously saw the look of boiling discontent on my face and mistook it as an invitation to start up a conversation.

“Shut the fuck up, sell-out,” I told him, indignant that my little reverie had been disturbed, “besides, I wouldn’t want to ruin the party. Your suit might get ruffled”.

His smile widened as he stood there unfazed. “I can take care of myself, thank you. But if you don’t like what he has to say, why not do something? Quite honestly, I had a rather biting retort prepared, but something on your face told me that you might beat me to the punch, as it were.”

This guy’s witticisms only served to further upset me. I didn’t need help from some lick in a suit giving my advice on how to express myself. In fact, fuck this guy for trying to help me. Fuck his sense of charity, and fuck his witty little remarks.

Before I could even form a sentence, the word ‘Carthage’ caught my attention, amidst the droning rhetoric emanating from the grey haired man from onstage, a clear sign that our rant was about to turn into a history lesson. With the sheer force of the banality of that word, the last of my high had been eradicated, and this rant was getting worse by the minute.

* * *

Ignoring the speaker momentarily, I snapped back at the lick in the suit: “Isn’t that what people like you would call ‘inappropriate’? Besides, I don’t want any trouble with the Prince once one of his buddies goes tattling.”

My response only seemed to delight him.

“Oh no, don’t worry about that. It’s tradition. Besides, he’ll get over it, and it will probably do him some good,” he added with a smile.

He was definitely appealing to me at this point. It is my solemn view that there are people put upon this earth so profoundly stupid that acts of violence carried out against them only serve to help them. It’s like some unwritten law of the cosmos, or something. But how could this guy know that? Maybe he wasn’t so bad after all.

Aside from that, he was right; it was tradition. I never really knew why a clan whose elders billed themselves as philosophers supported violence as a means of expression. Back home, we’d beat on a guy if we didn’t like him, or just as often, if we did. It made for a much better rant. If there was someone we didn’t like, we’d dedicate a portion of time specifically to them. If someone had fucked up, we heard their side of things, and dealt out whatever punishment we felt was necessary. Because those aren’t the sorts of thing you do around non-family, we were very particular about letting non-Brujah attend.

* * *

However agreeable I found his take on Rant violence, I remained a little skeptical of his viewpoint, so I decided to play the devil’s advocate.

“Why do you suppose that is, anyway? What good does it really do him? And aren’t you in favor of free expression, and all that crap?”

“Yes and no. He’s free to say whatever he likes. However, he’s engaging in the art of persuasive speech. Judging by your expression, and the attitude of the crowd, he’s not very successful. In fact, if you don’t hit him first, I imagine someone else will.”

He was right. A glance around the room revealed that about half the crowd wasn't paying attention. Many who were didn't look to happy with what they were hearing.

"If everyone sits here quietly, and nobody interrupts," he continued, "what good does that do? He makes an ineffective speech with an unappealing point of view, and everyone leaves unenlightened and bored. And what if someone else has something better to say? The element of violence demands much more on the part of the speaker, forcing him to improve, and allows for audience participation."

It all made perfect sense at that point.

"So you're telling me if I hit him, I'm doing everyone here a favor? I don't think he'd see it that way."

"Well," said my new friend, "like I said, he'll get over it."

* * *

And that was all the reasoning I needed. Faster than most people can think, I darted through the crowd and was onstage. Those scarce few who weren't yet asleep realized what was going on, and I heard a few scattered cheers from across the room as I pulled back my fist. Seemingly oblivious, the old man continued his lecture. In fact, I thought I heard something about 'Hannibal', which was funny, because I was about to hit him with enough strength to daze an elephant.

The old man, though, must have learned a thing or two in his old age. Microseconds before my fist was about to connect with his jaw, he grabbed me by the wrist, twisted, and broke my arm in at least two places. Someone, evidently, had taught this fossil how to fight.

What was almost as aggravating as the pain, however, was the realization that I had barely broken his flow. Despite my assault, he scarcely missed a beat in his lecture.

Turning to face the audience once again, he continued, "...and as long as we continue to fight amongst ourselves, my friends, we will surely fail. It is only when we work together..."

Once again lost in the reverie of his own rhetoric, the old man failed to notice my friend from the crowd make his way to the front, and slide a folding chair in my direction. It was probably pushing the boundaries of rant etiquette, but I didn't care at that point. Willing blood into my injuries, I raised the chair with both hands, and bent it over grandpa's head from behind. Another shot to the knees bent him over, and the kick I followed that up with sent him off the stage, and into the crowd, now on its feet.

* * *

"How's that for working together, you boring old fuck?" I inquired of his now prone form, yelling over the throng of people. As I looked across the room, smiling, expectant faces stared back at me, eager to hear my words of wisdom. I wasn't about to disappoint.

* * *

"...and fuck this guy, fuck the man, the war, the pigs, the politicians, and the Ventrue!"

Granted, it wasn't the best speech ever given; it was off the cuff but it was from the heart. The crowd didn't seem to mind, as they cheered in support. Man, it felt good to let it all out. And I was quite sincere; I really did hate those fucking Ventrue.

A random voice from the crowd cut through the din: "Yeah," it said, "and I don't like the

government!”

I think it was safe to say that nobody there really liked the government, but that made the voice no less profound in the eyes of the crowd.

With the apparent intention of speaking his mind, my friend from earlier joined me onstage, his suit still pristine, and his smile broad. In a full-bodied voice, he addressed the crowd: “Do you know what I really hate?” he asked casually.

Perhaps due to the inherent power of his rhetorical question, I found myself right there with the crowd, waiting for him to finish his sentence, to clue us in as to the object of his disdain. That’s probably why his punch to my stomach caught me off guard and sank me to my knees so effectively. As his swift kick dislocated my jaw, and sent me to the floor, I found myself lying on the stage looking up, but still awaiting his answer.

“...I fucking hate hippies,” he said with a smile in my direction.

His well coordinated act of violence and self-expression had drawn laughter from the crowd, which reverberated throughout the room as I set my jaw back into place.

SUGGESTED RULES & REGULATIONS

The Call to Arms

*“One more goddamn day when I know what I want
And my want will be considered tonight, considered tonight
Just another day when all that I want
Will mark me as a sinner tonight, I'm a sinner tonight, yeah*

*People can no longer cover their eyes
If this disturbs you then walk away
You will remember the night you were struck by the sight of
Ten Thousand fists in the air*

*Power un-restrained dead on the mark
Is what we will deliver tonight, deliver tonight
Pleasure fused with pain this triumph of the soul
will make you shiver tonight, will make you shiver tonight, yeah”*

-- Disturbed, 10,000 Fists in the Air

The Call to Arms is the Brujah clan advantage and the method by which the Brujah calls upon his clan for assistance. Calls to Arms are issued to handle problems that transcend personal or sect politics, and are used to deal with an offense against, or defense of, the Brujah in an area.

The Call is the decision of a local Rant, and all local Brujah are expected to answer the Call whether they disagree with it or not. Disagreements over a Call are addressed in a Rant after the issue of the Call is handled, and if a Call is deemed invalid, the Caller can be forced to run a Gauntlet. Anyone who refuses to aid can be forced to run a Gauntlet as well.

BRUJAH COMBINATION DISCIPLINES

These are suggested mechanics and combination powers for inclusion, exclusion, or modification by each Chronicles' Storytellers at their discretion. We hope that they are helpful and that each Chronicle can use their own judgment to determine what is best for their own Chronicle.

STs are encouraged to require intensive RP through PC or NPC mentors to earn the right to learn these powers, especially in the case of The Iron Glare, which is a power reserved for Brujah Primogen who are "true Primogen" in the sense that they are elders of their clan and have the power to claim that they alone can speak for all of the Brujah in their area.

While Brujah can teach these powers to outsiders, it should be with great discretion, and STs are asked to restrict such actions with an equal or greater amount of discretion.

**Those Combination Disciplines followed by "DA" require Coordinator approval, as listed in the Brujah Genre Packet.*

Iron Heart – Per Revised Brujah Clan book page 66

Pulse of Undeath – Per Revised Brujah Clan book page 66

Burning Wrath – Per Revised Brujah Clan book page 66

The Iron Glare - Counsel of Primogen pg 101. Conversion to MET below

Scourge of Alecto - 2nd Edition Brujah Clanbook, pg 31. Conversion to MET below

Command the Wary Steed (DA) - Libellus Sanguinis II pg 102. Conversion to MET below

Esprit de Corps (DA) - Libellus Sanguinis II pg 102. Conversion to MET rules below

Quicksilver Contemplation (DA) - Guide to the High Clans pg 169. Conversion to MET below

The Iron Glare *(Potence 3, Presence 3)*

The look on the Brujah Primogen's face usually sways the vote in his favor. Make a powerful display of strength and make a social challenge vs. all opponents you wish to effect. Any kindred who lost the social challenge against you is down two traits against you in any social challenge for the rest of the scene. In addition, the Brujah is up two traits on any intimidation challenge for the remainder of the scene.

The power loses efficacy when overused. If the power is used on the same target within a month, the effect is only one trait, rather than two. If used a third time against the same target within a month, this power is forever nullified against that target.

Cost: 9 XP

Scourge of Alecto (Celerity 2, Presence 4)

“By spending a willpower and concentrating on a foe for a turn, the Brujah can turn his own Beast loose inside his foe and watch it claw out.”

(2nd Edition Brujah Clanbook, pg 31)

Using Scourge of Alecto requires the Brujah to spend one full round concentrating on his/her target. The Brujah then spends a social trait to activate this discipline and makes a social challenge against the target, retesting with *Empathy*. If successful, the target suffers 1 level of lethal damage.

Additionally, if the target is a vampire, werewolf, or other creature prone to a bestial rage, the target must succeed in a self-control challenge, at a difficulty of 3 traits, or frenzy.

Cost: 9 XP

Command the Wary Steed (Presence 3, Animalism 2) DA

“Through the use of this power, the Cainite can cause his enemies’ mounts to rear and bolt, singly or en masse, by the strength of his gaze alone. The [Brujah] can also elect to bolster his allies’ steeds.”

(Libellus Sanguinis II pg 102)

The Brujah who uses this power spends a Willpower to activate it. For the scene or an hour, all enemy mounts become terrified and are difficult to control, and ally mounts become more pliant and calm. Enemies attempting to ride them must make a ride check (difficulty 7 traits) every round to be able to control their mount, and if performing any ride action that would require a ride test, this test is at a +3 trait difficulty. Allies attempting to ride need not make any ride checks to control their mount, and if performing a ride action that would require a ride test, this test is at a -2 trait difficulty.

Cost: 8 XP

Esprit de Corps (Potence 5, Presence 5) DA

“A Brujah with this power can stir the hearts of his allies, granting them courage and strength in the cause for which they fight.”

(Libellus Sanguinis II pg 102)

The Brujah using this power spends a willpower to activate this power, which lasts for a scene or an hour, whichever ends first. Immediately upon activating this power, the Brujah then

spends a social (up to 5) for each ally he wishes to use this power on. Each ally affected by this power gains +2 traits on any test against a power meant to instill fear or otherwise prevent the ally from fighting. Additionally, the Brujah using this power may spend an additional social (up to 5 more) to bestow one level of Potence per social trait to all allies affected by this power, be they mortal, ghoul, or Kindred. Levels of Potence granted in this manner stack on top of any existing levels (ex: three granted levels to a character that possessed Might would grant that character Puissance for the scene). Recipients of Potence granted by this power cannot exceed that possessed by the Brujah using this power.

Cost: 20 XP

Quicksilver Contemplation (Auspex 2, Temporis 3) DA

With this power a True Brujah may take his mind out of time for up to half an hour to deliberate a given situation.

By spending a blood, the True Brujah using this power shifts his mind (and only his mind) out of phase with normal time, essentially freezing time completely to his perceptions, and allows him to assess a situation more thoroughly. He may spend what he perceives to be 30 minutes to ponder his current circumstances, though only a second passes in real time. This extra thought allows him +3 traits on his first action after time “restarts” to his mind. However, some events are simply unavoidable (such as “pausing” time to contemplate a grenade currently exploding at your feet. Whether the user of this discipline gains the bonus for his situation is at ST discretion.

Cost: 10 XP

BRUJAH LORE

Brujah Lore can be used for the following purposes:

1) A level of lore can be burned for a static test to determine if you have heard of a Brujah "through the grapevine". (This does not mean if you haven't heard of them that they aren't a Brujah, simply that you haven't heard their name spoken of. The difficulty should be determined per the ST's judgment.)

2) It can be used to determine your character's knowledge regarding the clan, as per the list below.

Lore Level 1

- ▶ You have heard of rants and understand how they work, but not well enough to call one properly
- ▶ You know that elders of the clan are very different than the neonates
- ▶ You have heard of the clan concepts iconoclasts, individualists and idealists
- ▶ You know what a call to arms is, but not all the ins and outs of it
- ▶ You know who the older Brujah are in your local town
- ▶ You know who the Brujah Justicar is

Lore Level 2

- ▶ You have probably heard someone rant about Carthage before but know little about it
- ▶ You know that no one is hated among the Brujah more than traitors and cowards
- ▶ You know how to call a rant and when not to call one
- ▶ You know the difference between a rant and a rave
- ▶ You know details about the different ideologies and which one you are
- ▶ You know how to run a gauntlet and other forms of punishment.
- ▶ You have heard of the elder Brujah in your local areas and ways to contact them
- ▶ You can give a "what it is to be a Brujah" speech
- ▶ You can spout names of some of the more famous Brujah
- ▶ You have heard of the castle system
- ▶ You have heard rumors of Brujah combo disciplines, you would know they exist, not what they do or how to learn them.

Lore Level 3

- ▶ You know that caitiff can not be adopted as Brujah
- ▶ You know how to hold the less common forms of rants
- ▶ You know how to properly call a debate forum
- ▶ You could pull off an angry rant about Carthage if you wanted to. It would be mostly made

up, but you have heard them enough times to pull one off.

- ▶ You know of the Elders in your region as well as their reputations and temperaments.
- ▶ You have heard general information about Brujah combo disciplines, though you don't know exactly how they work.
- ▶ You have heard of areas in the world that are traditionally controlled by Brujah.
- ▶ You know where the castles are
- ▶ You have heard there is an offshoot bloodline of Brujah out there
- ▶ You have heard of most Brujah families and societies

Lore Level 4

(Requirement: Notification to Brujah Coordinator)

- ▶ You have heard Troile and Brujah stories though they seem more myth than factual.
 - ▶ You are intimately aware of Brujah families and societies.
 - ▶ You are aware of paths and philosophies predominately followed by Brujah
 - ▶ You have heard some credible stories on Carthage and about the involvement of the Ventrue and Toreador
- Note: This level of knowledge requires talking to multiple Elders of the clan and getting many stories that can be pieced together into a greater truth.

Lore Level 5

(Requirement: Brujah Coordinator Approval)

- ▶ You have heard first hand tales of Carthage and its rise and fall, though they are biased to the views of the teller
 - ▶ You know most of the Brujah elders, and their reputations, worldwide
 - ▶ You have heard the story of Troile's betrayal of Brujah
 - ▶ You have heard credible stories of the Brujah bloodline that call themselves "True Brujah," but likely haven't met one or know much about them.
- ST discretion on any additional information you know, but it is recommended that **NO** PC or chronicle-level NPC know everything there is to know about the Brujah.
 - Note: This level of knowledge cannot be obtained through word of mouth alone. In addition to talking to numerous clan Elders, it requires years of painstaking personal research and use of documentation dating back millennia.

AFTERWORD

Jack and the Box

A Cautionary Tale

Jack turns the overhead light on and walks into the basement. He looks at the steel container in the middle of the room, welded shut and still wrapped in chains. He drags a stool across the floor and sits down, leaning forward staring at the small window on the side of the container at the gaunt face inside.

"Sorry. I know it's been a while. I won't lie to you. I forget you're even here. I keep meaning to contact Kurlien so we can start processing you and I think I know why I haven't yet, I think I know why I don't think about you. It's what you did, and I don't want to know why you did it.

"I've think I've even forgotten your name. That's sad isn't it? You, an elder, you've been around so long, and I've forgotten your name. I think most of the Brujah who knew you have even moved on and forgotten you. But I've met my share of elders and childer who play at being an elder, I've met my share of Brujah who took the easy way out. Who betrayed what the clan was supposed to be about. Brujah who died for stupid reasons or because they were stupid or in the wrong place or just dumb luck or screwed over or weren't as smart as they thought they were.

"And that's the thing. They are never as smart as they thought they were. I once yelled at a rant that I was tired of hearing about dead Brujah. That I was tired of memorials and remembrances and mourning. When Petronius said I died, you know what they did? A month of mourning.

"Fuck. Stupid fucking rabble.

"There are those that like to play up the intellectual side of the clan. They like to talk about how we were this great fucking clan of learned enlightened vampires, and you know what? I bet those bastards weren't as smart as they thought they were.

"We're not individuals, not idealists, not iconoclasts, not intellectuals; we're supposed to be passionate angry loud agents of change. Instead, we're a bunch of whiners bitching about how we should be taken seriously and crying over the fallen until someone brings up fantasy football or the Simpsons or Monty Python or Carthage or some bullshit, and then it's forgotten, like you. And then the next one dies. And it's moaning and wailing and gnashing of teeth and then the weekend hits, and most everyone has moved on.

"Unless of course, someone was fucking the Brujah and it was a chick, and then it's fucking Hatfields and McCoys and the Camarilla can fuck right off out the window until the petty bullshit egos are appeased, and even then they'll still fucking whine because that's more important, but that's another rant, and I'll spare you that one, except to say, we're good at fighting each other, and that's about all we have left.

"The Iconoclasts get a hard time of it. They shouldn't care, but they do. Because their the only ones that will keep the clan honest, and then they fail at that. MacGilroy was awesome. I miss the hell out of Kenneth, but he let the Setite cunt take out his heart, so he betrayed even that. Iconoclasts mean those who destroy religious icons. They disliked the idolatry of the Roman Catholic Church, and sought to destroy those icons to liberate people. And he goes and gives his heart to a fucking clan that is based on iconography to a fucked up fake god. Most of them don't know what the work even means, they just think rowdy biker that says fuck a lot and doesn't listen to authority, and that's depressing. They do listen to authority, they listen to see if the figure has become an icon or not and if they should tear it down.

"Why am I explaining Iconoclast theory to you? You're an elder, you should know what the word means right? Oh wait, I forgot, you're an 'elder.' Just like all the other 'elders' that think because they say they're old means they're smarter. I've seen 4 year old neonates talk circles around elders. I've talked circles around elders. You're just a desiccated corpse in a box that I talk too because I have no one else.

"And that to me is Brujah. That loneliness. That isolation. To believe in something, so passionately that you can't shake it. You can't ignore it.

"And I'd love to ignore it. I'd love to be like any number of other arrogant fucks. I'd love to just be corrupt and follow some Sabbat belief system and try and pass it off as a pre-Camarilla elder Scientology bullshit. It would be so much easier to just diablerize you, to learn the disciplines of the enemy clans, to just do things and pass it off with well, I'm a monster, that's what we do like the Shades or his apologists. But I can't. Because if I can't destroy the system, then by the god I don't believe in and curse for letting Kindred exist, I'll kick the shit out of the system to make it work.

"Because that's what it means to be a Brujah. That's what it means to be a Brujah to me. To see an injustice or an abuse of the system that some lick is callously trying to get away with because that's what's fun for him, that's what being a good vampire is all about and to say something about it. To call it out. And if they come for me, it just means I'm right and they don't have the balls to look at themselves honestly and accept their bullshit hypocrisy.

"Fucking Petronius apologized. I knew what I was doing. I put my fucking unlife on the line. I accepted the risks because that FUCK CZARINOV was wrong and I wanted him to admit it. What a coup for an Iconoclast that would be. To get one of the most corrupt pillars of the Camarilla to admit he fucked up, to admit that he was using his position to protect a lying piece of shit! I turned down the deals he offered, I knew I could get a bribe and get my status and be like Dean, but that would be sacrificing what I believed in, and I couldn't because that's not Brujah. Deals and compromises and sucking a cock to keep things quiet, that's Ventrue

shit. That's what I expect from Lasombra who manipulate in shadows, if the Emperor isn't wearing clothes you fucking say he's naked! FUCK!

"And Petronius steps in, and says he killed me when he took my city to hand more of it over to that whore Keui-jin BITCH and I've made a fucking cause celebre about holding the fucking Justicars accountable and what do they do? Do the Brujah step and say "what the fuck?" NO! THEY FUCKING MOURN!"

Jack gets up.

"And that's what it means to be a Brujah in North America these nights. It means to fight amongst themselves, to mourn dead clan mates, and be afraid to challenge anyone stronger than themselves. And that's why I stepped away. Sure, I'll say it's to make sure I'm never put in a position where I would compromise the clan, but honestly? It's the only thing I can do, and still call myself a Brujah. To step away and be the Brujah that I want to be, to question, to comment, to attack, to keep things honest, and not lie to myself about it. I know I've done some shady shit, but I've never justified it by saying I'm a monster. I will fight that monster with the same passion that I fight to make the Camarilla something worthy of being a part of.

"And Petronius apologized. Said he was wrong. Gave me status. And took away the chance the Brujah had to be that force of change, the force for justice in the Cam.

"The Assamites are going to get in, and they'll take our place as the generals against the Sabbat. The Gangrel are going to be allowed back in, and they'll take our place as the defenders of the Sect. And we'll be able to do what we do best, fight amongst each other and cry when some one dies because they weren't as clever as they thought they were."

Jack gets up to leave.

"And that's why you're still here. Rotting slowly in torpor. To remind me that I'm never as clever as I think I am, and that way, maybe I'll stay alive a little longer to keep the fight going."