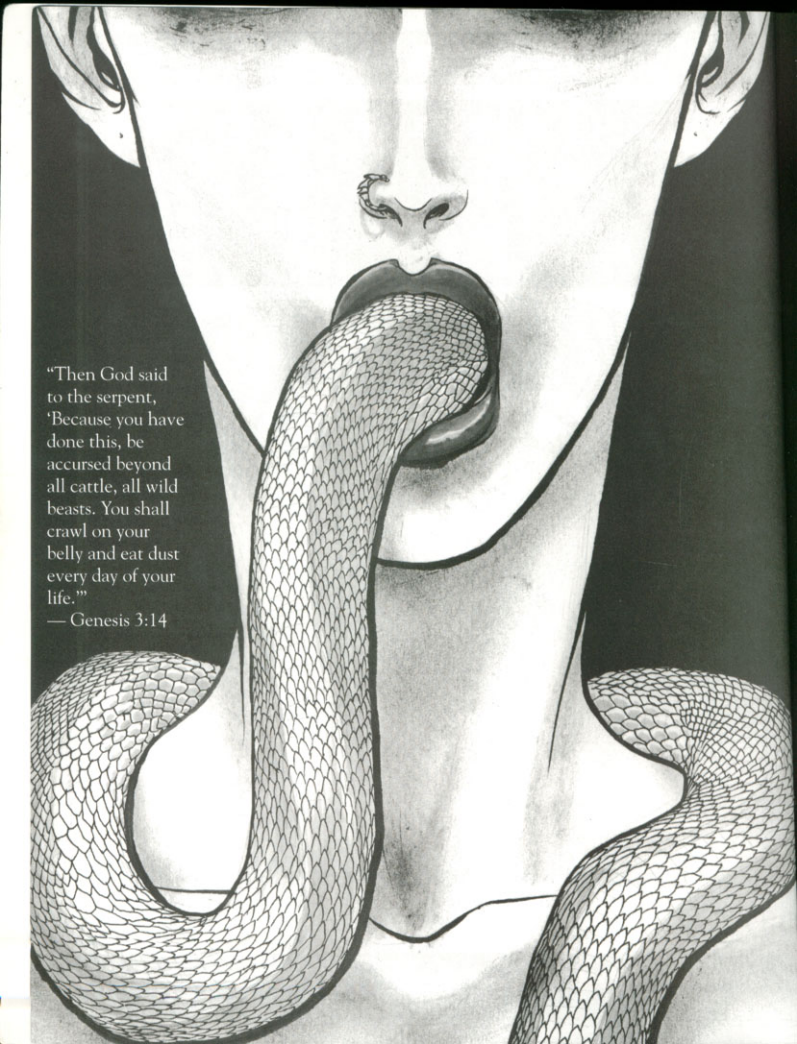


C L A N B O O K :

SE T I T E S



A Sourcebook for VAMPIRE: The Masquerade™

A black and white illustration of a woman's face, focusing on her mouth and nose. A snake is coiled around her mouth, with its head entering her open lips. The snake's body is covered in a detailed, cross-hatched pattern representing scales. The woman's eyes are partially visible at the top corners of the frame. The overall style is graphic and somewhat somber.

"Then God said
to the serpent,
'Because you have
done this, be
accursed beyond
all cattle, all wild
beasts. You shall
crawl on your
belly and eat dust
every day of your
life.'"

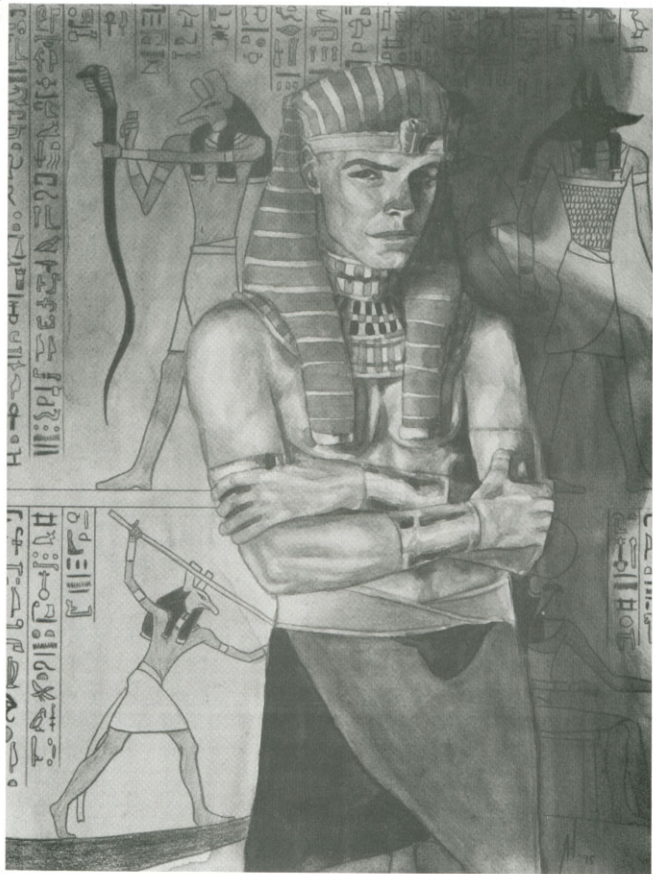
— Genesis 3:14

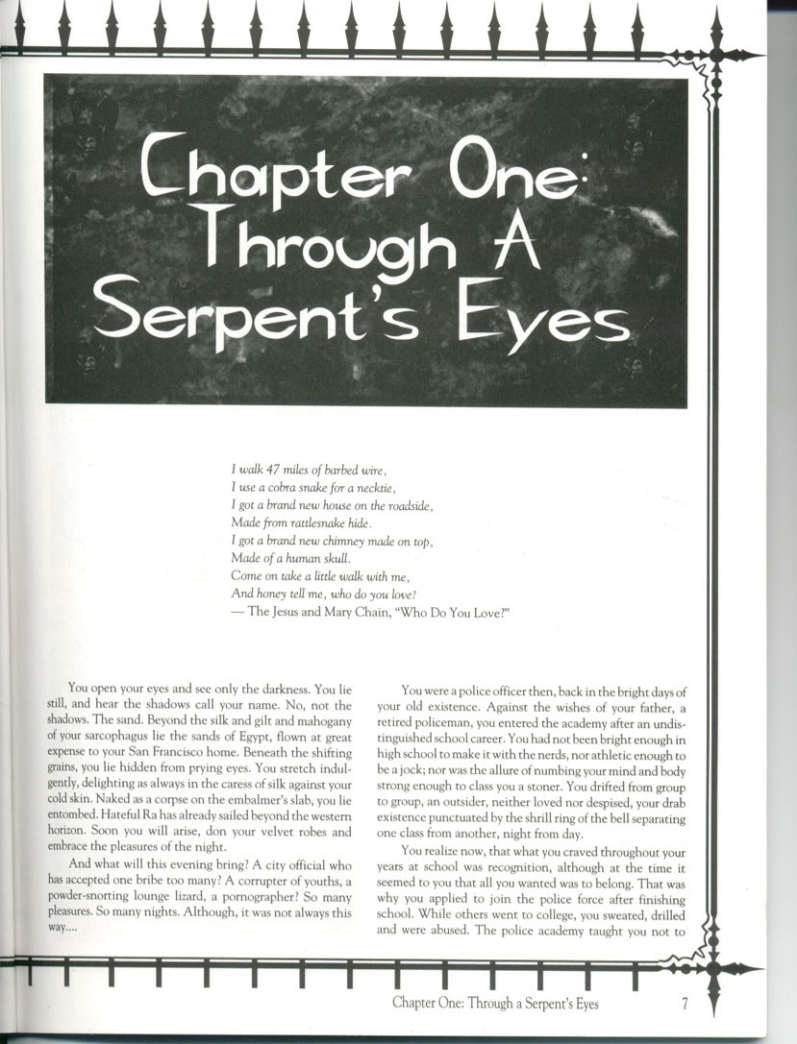
They are everywhere, worming their way into every heart. They hear your curses, your sobs and your despair. They offer to ease your pain in return for a small favor. Only when you are in their debt will you will discover the terrible price you have paid.

C L A N B O O K :

SETITES

Chapter One: Through a Serpent's Eyes	7
Chapter Two: Hissing in the Dark	11
Chapter Three: Children of the Dark God	23
Chapter Four: Templates	41
Appendix One: Setites of Note	63
Appendix Two: Last Supper Errata	67





Chapter One: Through A Serpent's Eyes

*I walk 47 miles of barbed wire,
I use a cobra snake for a necktie,
I got a brand new house on the roadside,
Made from rattlesnake hide.
I got a brand new chimney made on top,
Made of a human skull.
Come on take a little walk with me,
And honey tell me, who do you love?
— The Jesus and Mary Chain, "Who Do You Love?"*

You open your eyes and see only the darkness. You lie still, and hear the shadows call your name. No, not the shadows. The sand. Beyond the silk and gilt and mahogany of your sarcophagus lie the sands of Egypt, flown at great expense to your San Francisco home. Beneath the shifting grains, you lie hidden from prying eyes. You stretch indulgently, delighting as always in the caress of silk against your cold skin. Naked as a corpse on the embalmer's slab, you lie entombed. Hateful Ra has already sailed beyond the western horizon. Soon you will arise, don your velvet robes and embrace the pleasures of the night.

And what will this evening bring? A city official who has accepted one bribe too many? A corrupter of youths, a powder-snorting lounge lizard, a pornographer? So many pleasures. So many nights. Although, it was not always this way....

You were a police officer then, back in the bright days of your old existence. Against the wishes of your father, a retired policeman, you entered the academy after an undistinguished school career. You had not been bright enough in high school to make it with the nerds, nor athletic enough to be a jock; nor was the allure of numbing your mind and body strong enough to class you a stoner. You drifted from group to group, an outsider, neither loved nor despised, your drab existence punctuated by the shrill ring of the bell separating one class from another, night from day.

You realize now, that what you craved throughout your years at school was recognition, although at the time it seemed to you that all you wanted was to belong. That was why you applied to join the police force after finishing school. While others went to college, you sweated, drilled and were abused. The police academy taught you not to

belong, but to conform. Not respect for authority, but disregard. The academy taught you to despise those weaker than yourself. Most importantly, it taught you the lesson of brutality.

You believed then that wearing the uniform of a policeman would give you the recognition you craved, and it did, in a way. When they recognized your uniform, it bought you their fear. Swaggering down the street, eyes hidden behind sunglasses, hand resting oh-so-casually on the holster of your gun, you came to savor the fear that your presence brought. Sure, uptown you were a symbol of law and order, you were part of the thin blue line separating society from anarchy. But downtown, it was another matter. Downtown was another world. The gangs, the pimps, the whores, the losers: they soon learned to respect you. And if they didn't respect you, well, fear and hate in equal measure was a fine substitute, as far as you were concerned.

You came to know your power intimately, just as you came to know the preening women in stilettos and fishnets who would kneel before you in an alleyway, servicing you free of charge, lest you drag them kicking and screaming before the duty sergeant to face a charge of soliciting. You came to savor the kick of crack as you inhaled, lighter-flame dancing before your bloodshot eyes. You came to depend upon the money you took in return for looking the other way.

You never thought of yourself as the bad guy, much less "evil." Hell, you never even thought of yourself as corrupt. From the talk around the station, you knew that sooner or later, every cop bent a little in the wind... bent or broke. You lived in that kind of world.

Corruption was the farthest thing from your mind the night she took you. It was a night like any other; your partner beside you telling you about the girl he'd had on the weekend, nothing but another statistic to him, and another routine story to you. The smog was sharp at the back of your throat as you breathed in the smell of sweat, donuts, Chinese takeout and trash. You swaggered, head held high, thinking about the new girl down the block who hadn't paid you yet, and how you'd make her pay. One hand on your gun, knowing when to agree with your partner and when to stay silent, never listening to his words, having heard them all before from other men on other nights. You were thinking about the girl with the slim hips and the frightened smile. Couldn't be a day over 15, but you'd show her the world.

Headlights blinked at you, cars snarled, a newspaper crawled down the street before flapping off in the humid summer breeze. The stars hid behind clouds the color of a smoker's lungs. From the corner of your eye you saw a wino slumped in the doorway of a pawn shop, brown paper bag covering a bottle clutched in one gnarled hand, and you thought about running him in just for the hell of it. But you passed him by, wanting to get to the girl, led onward by your urgent need.



And beside you your partner droned on as you turned down the alley, his voice echoing off the grime-slicked walls, and you didn't even register his voice stop until his words were a wet red scream, soft as the mew of a drowning kitten, until his blood splashed your shoulder and you turned to see him lying among the dirt on the alley floor, a second mouth slashed open beneath his chin.

It was just him and you. No one stood in the alley, no hood with a knife, but your partner wasn't standing, he was thrashing like that mugger you shot in the gut, and you were trying to scream while one hand went to your mouth to hold back the vomit and the other hand went for your gun. You crouched, not wanting to touch him, knowing it was too late to check for a pulse because you could see the fading of his heartbeat with every fountain of scarlet spraying from his neck, and before your eyes his jaw went slack and his bowels let go and his feet danced on the pavement one last desperate time and he was dead.

Your donuts joined his blood on the pavement. Retching and shaking, you crawled to your feet, dropped your heavy service revolver, swore as if the profanity could keep the horror away, picked up the gun, slippery with blood and bile. You turned, reached for the radio at your belt with one shaking hand, had to call this in, and another hand, strong as hate, cold as fear, grasped your wrist and held you tight. A second hand, nails sharp as razors soaked in blood, your



You no longer wear a uniform. You no longer carry a gun. You no longer need any authority save that you carry in your mouth and eyes. Now you have recognition. Now you belong. Now you are a shadow, a threat, a nightmare. Now you are a Follower of Set.

It is time to rise. You toss your reverie aside as easily as shedding your skin, and with a word and a thought reshape your body to one more supple and serpentine. Flicking your forked tongue to taste the air, you assure yourself that none have penetrated your haven as you slept through the day, then slide out of your sarcophagus and up through the loose sand. Head raised, you scan the room with unblinking eyes, glancing at the palm trees set amidst the shifting grains, the hieroglyphs and paintings of pyramids, cattle and kings adorning the alabaster walls. Content, you shift again, stand on two legs and walk towards the door, slide back the heavy bolts, punch a code into the electronic alarm, and swing open the door of your sanctum.

partner's blood, grasped your jaw, forced your head up, forcing you to look into eyes like black holes and a grin more savage than a great white shark's. All you saw was the teeth, and those eyes, and the teeth, closing in, drifting as delicately as snow towards your thickly-muscled neck as, choking, you tried to scream.

And now you were thrashing like a fish on a hook, the teeth sunk into your neck, an ecstatic, agonizing kiss. You felt yourself shaking, gasping, feet lifted a foot off the ground as your blood pumped, pumped, pumped into the mouth of the woman who crushed you to her chest. You saw the world receding, heard your heartbeat slowing, felt yourself dropped in slow motion, floating to the alley floor. Faintly you heard the wet tearing sound you now know so well, the patter of spring rain on parched soil, and then mother's milk flowing down your throat, burning you, searing lips and tongue, and the taste of it, hot and pulsing, better than crack, better than sex, better than dying.

Even as you grasped at the source of this nectar the wrist at your mouth was drawn away, and cold strong hands helped you stand and a voice was whispering in your ear about pain and power and death and darkness and suffering but all you wanted was to drink again until you burst. You threw yourself on your partner's cooling body and lapped the blood from the ragged lips of his torn throat, and you heard the woman laughing...

The apartment is in darkness, curtains drawn. Unerringly you glide towards the shower, and after luxuriating beneath the scalding spray, briskly towel yourself dry before donning your robes of velvet and satin. You cinch the sash about your slender waist, smooth one hand over the embroidery, and smile. Already you feel hunger stirring within you. You walk to the windows of your apartment, draw back the curtains, look down on the glittering web of streetlights strung on the necklace of the night, and smile. It is not a pleasant smile. San Francisco lies spread out before you. A plethora of pleasures awaits your tender ministrations, an eternity of evil. Your laughter rings about the apartment as you walk towards the door.



Chapter Two: Hissing In The Dark

*Well you know the story of the viper,
It's long and lean with a poison tooth.*

— Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, "Jack the Ripper"

The Tale of Set

as told by Sir Marriot D'Urban.

You are awake. Good. Soon you shall drink again. I see from your eyes that you remember the last time you drank. You did well, downing the full goblet of vitae so quickly. Not even a shudder. I liked that. And I see also that you remember the flames, the pain we put you through, the trials and torments of your initiation. That pain was necessary. It proved to us that your devotion to the sect was more than skin-deep.

The burns you suffered last night? They are no more. Your blood has healed them. Yes, it is miraculous, is it not? But many things that seem miraculous to you now, you will soon consider common occurrences. Still, there is one thing you must never forget: flames, firelight, especially the light of the sun, you must avoid all these if you value your existence. Even a spotlight can hurt your eyes. Were you to expose yourself to the sun, it would surely slay you. The sun has always been crueller to our clan than it is to others among the Kindred.

Who are the Kindred? They are your brothers and sisters, the children of Caine. They are vampires. Like us, they are descended from the ancients. Unlike us, however, the lesser clans of the Kindred are descended from only a mortal, while we are the children of a god.

Lie still, child. Listen to my words. This is your sacred history. You must know it in order to know yourself, and to know what it is you have become. I tell it to you now as I heard it from my sire, as she heard it from her sire before her.

You are descended, in direct lineage, from Set Himself, the warrior-god of ancient Egypt. Like yourself, Set was once a mortal man, born by the shores of the bountiful river Nile almost 7,000 years ago. Set was a great hunter and warrior, His only rival His elder brother Osiris. Both Set and Osiris were the grandchildren of Ra, a mighty chieftain under whose leadership the primitive peoples of the Nile conquered and united Upper and Lower Egypt. It was largely due to Set's skill at arms that the tyrant Ra consolidated his kingdom.



Ra was a jealous ruler. It was only by trickery that his children, Geb and Nut, had borne children of their own. Ra had commanded them to bear no heirs, fearing that such offspring might covet his power. Ra was ever fearful, and as Set and Osiris grew to manhood, he became more and more suspicious of them. Like Geb, their father, the two young men married their sisters, Isis and Nephthys, Osiris and Isis fathering Horus. Set and Nephthys produced no offspring.

As Ra grew feeble with age, his mind decayed. He ordered the deaths of Geb and Nut for siring children and betraying him. Geb was buried alive, and Nut, after she had been killed, was dismembered, her flesh fed to the vultures. In later years, following the arising of the Cult of Osiris, the martyred brother and sister were worshipped as gods. Geb was revered as Lord of the Earth, and Nut as Goddess of the Sky, the memory of their murder excised by the passage of time, and only the nature of their deaths recalled. Great-hearted Set cried out against His parents' murder, and fought Ra, whom He now hated. As punishment for His loyalty to His parents, Set was exiled to the deserts which flanked the thin strips of fertile land on either side of the Nile.

Treachorous Osiris remained silent, prostrating himself before Ra like the cur that he was. Osiris declared himself loyal to the slayer of his mother and father. Ra rewarded him, declaring the traitor his heir. With Ra's death, Osiris was anointed King of Upper and Lower Egypt. Obsequious to the end, Osiris declared his late grandfather divine. And so the worship of Ra the Sun God became established throughout the lands of the Nile.

Set, having heard in exile of Ra's death, returned to Egypt. Here He discovered that His sister-wife Nephthys had forsaken Him, sleeping in His brother's bed and giving Osiris another son, Anubis. Set did not remonstrate with His wife, being ever tolerant, but asked of Osiris, as was only fair, that as brothers they should divide the Kingdom equally between them. Set requested that He be made Lord of Upper Egypt, which was largely desert, and that Osiris retain the throne of Lower Egypt, which was made fertile by the Nile Delta. Osiris refused Set, and in the manner of his grandfather, banished Set to the desert, saying unto Him, "Go, and let the sands give you comfort, and serpents and scorpions be your only companions."

In sorrow and rage Set departed Egypt, travelling north, to the land of Assyria, where He lived for a time under the name Sutekh. It was in this doleful exile that Set was discovered by His sire, just as I discovered you all those months ago. Like myself, Set's sire was a vampire, a drinker of blood. For millenia have we lurked unseen and unnoticed in humanity's shadows. Set's sire was the Childe of Caine; we would call her one of the Second Generation. Caine was the first vampire, the First Generation. I myself am of the 11th Generation.

Set and His sire journeyed thence to the Second City, where the Second Generation and their childer dwelled in darkness. Here Set met His brothers and sisters of the Third Generation, of whom many were unkind to Set, as elder siblings will be to those younger than themselves. To Set, the vampires of the Third Generation were deceitful and unkind. He tried to have little to do with them, and instead sought to better Himself, as He always had, by being a warrior.



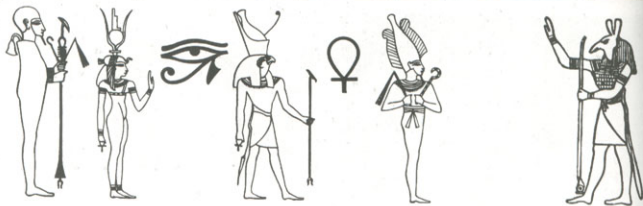


Set learned much concerning the Kindred in those early years. Sunlight was hateful to all the Children of Caine, but Set discovered light, any kind of light, bothered Him unduly, more than it did any others among the Damned. Sunlight, especially, caused Set terrible wounds. Set believed that this was because the Sun-God, Ra, was His foe, and who are we to doubt Great Set's words? We share Set's curse, and this is why the sun is hateful to us still.

Much of His learning took Set away from the Second City. It was while Set was absent on one such journey that the Third Generation rose up and slew their sires. News of this foul deed made its way to Set where He wandered alone in the wilderness. Set swore vengeance upon the Third Generation, who had murdered His sire together with their own. Set's promise to revenge His sire's murder marked the beginning of the great struggle between all Kindred which today we call the Jihad. Most vampires have forgotten the origins of the Jihad, but we remember, and we know that it is a just and holy war, and one that we continue in Set's name.

Set knew that He would need a mighty army at His command if He were to fulfil His oath. There was but one land whose warriors were capable of such a task, Set knew. So He returned at last to Egypt. By chance, or perhaps by a trick of the ancients, Osiris had been Embraced in Set's absence, having through his tyrannical reign over Egypt attracted the attentions of another vampire. Great was the struggle between Set and Osiris, but ultimately Set was triumphant. He cleaved His brother's corpse into fourteen pieces, scattering the remains across Egypt. Set also slew Anubis and Horus, Osiris's sons, but in his mercy let both Isis and Nephthys live.





It was His mercy that almost proved Set's downfall. Unknown to Him, Isis had grown to be a powerful sorceress in His absence. She retrieved the body of Horus, restoring him to life as the first mummy. Having proved to herself the efficacy of her evil magic, Isis gathered up the pieces of her brother's body, all save his penis, which had been eaten by a crab, and with blood and magic resurrected the vampire Osiris. Even as she did, Set arrived to do battle with the forces marshalled against Him. Once again Osiris was slain. Isis was also killed, and Horus badly maimed.

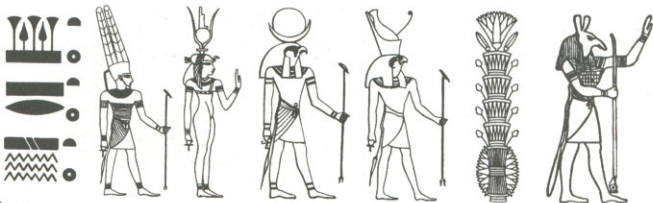
Upon awakening, many centuries later, from the torpor into which He had fallen after the battle, Set discovered that the worship of Ra, now called Amon-Ra, had spread throughout Egypt. Much of the sun-god-cult's power was due to the machinations of the mummy Horus, Set's immortal and despised nephew. Betrayed by His family, Set swore to destroy the cults of Amon-Ra and Isis, although such vengeance was only secondary to the Jihad Set fought against the Third Generation.

For 2000 years Set's power grew, until the very Pharaohs of Egypt were pawns in His struggle. Set became worshipped by those mortals He guided against the false gods of Isis and Amon-Ra. Egypt's very capital moved from Memphis, where Amon-Ra's worship was greatest, to the city of Tanis, where Set's temple stood. Pharaohs named themselves Seti in His honor. The Cult of Isis, Set's enemies, led by His immortal and evil nephew Horus, was greatly weakened. Horus himself had been slain again, his eternal spirit banished to the Underworld.

Not even the murderous struggles of the Third Generation, and the Childer they sired to fight against Him, could tarnish Set's glory. Even constant unprovoked attacks by Lupines could only weaken Set, not destroy Him.

While Set sought to heal the damage inflicted upon His kingdom by the Lupines, Horus was reborn. Taking advantage of Egypt's weakened state, the evil mummy betrayed his homeland, leading a Libyan army to invade and conquer the country. Set escaped to the desert at the last minute, only when it was clear to Him that all was lost. Horus established himself as Egypt's ruler, showing a vicious disdain for mortal life. Under the mummy's harsh rule, Thebes became the new Egyptian capital. Amon-Ra's worship was re-established, and the depraved, death-worshipping Cult of Isis was revived.

Banished to the desert, Set swore to become as deadly as the sands which sheltered Him. Just as His enemies had betrayed Set, so He promised to wield treachery and corruption against them. As did the Third Generation whom He fought, Set created Childer to serve Him. Pity Him, this great hero who is the father of us all, abandoned and betrayed on every side. Weep for Him, weep tears of blood, and swear to continue His struggle against his enemies...



Voices from the Shadows

To: Comte Jules Lehmann de Marigny, Paris Chapter House

From: Edwarde Hagger, Vienna Chapter House

Date: 12th March 1995

The following inscription was translated from a papyrus, originally unearthed by Howard Carter in 1923, and only lately rediscovered in the Cairo Museum where it had languished for many years. The hieratic script employed would date it from the 19th Dynasty, circa 1320-1200 BC, although a carbon-dating test carried out on the papyrus suggests it was written as recently as the 16th century AD.

The possibility of a scholar fluent in New Kingdom hieratic living during the Renaissance is unsettling, to say the least, while the contents of the document chill my very soul. What further nightmares are hidden in Egypt's tombs, of which this scroll is the merest intimation, I shudder to think.

I urge you, Jules, as head of the Paris Chapter House, to turn the considerable powers at the Arcanum's disposal to deciphering this papyrus, and the threat it poses.

Your friend,

E. Hagger

We are the Children of Darkness. We are the Followers of Set, Beloved of the Serpent Apep who swallows the Sun. Where there is evil, we are; where the sweet taint of corruption hangs heavy in the air, so too are we found. We follow in our Father's footsteps; exiled into the darkness, we make the darkness supreme. From Egypt to England, Granada to Cathay, our coils slowly strangle the world.

Set was born between earth and sky and was raised on blood and sand. His enemies are our enemies: Amon-Ra the Sun God, Horus One-Eye, all who uphold faith, hope, purity. We seduce them, we corrupt them, we destroy them. Sabbat and Camarilla matter not to us, for all are as one, to be shown the power of the darkness, then devoured. The Camarilla grasp at the straw of humanity while drowning in a tide of blood. The Sabbat fear Gehenna, not seeing that it is the liberation all Cainites crave. Given time, we shall open the eyes of all, and all will be blinded by the shadows.

These are our strengths: corruption, degradation and fear. Through corruption we gain power, bringing the good closer to us, and the weak under our control. Degradation is a tool to destroy the proud and strengthen the impure; by degrading the pure soul we honor Set, by revelling in degradation we increase our understanding of decay. Fear is our most potent weapon. Through fear of death, we spur mortals on to further excess; through fear of undying, we torment the Kindred with that which is denied them.

We are the agents of despair. Hope is a lie. Salvation is a fool's dream. In the end, there is naught but darkness and nightmare. By submitting to the darkness we increase its power, ensuring that all the sooner the world will be swallowed by shadow. Entropy is inescapable, claiming all, from the proudest Kindred to the lowliest kine. By our deeds we remind all of entropy. We serve as living testament to entropy, as agents of decay. We are the hiss of the serpent, the inexorable weight of night. Through us works the will of our Lord, through us speaks the void. As Set slew Osiris, we slay the world, even as we whisper sweet words of corruption in its ear. We are death. We are night unending. We are the Followers of Set.



History of the Followers of Set

More lies and calumnies have been spread by the enemies of Set, who are truly multiple, than any other clan. So many lies are a sign that the clan's foes fear the Followers of Set, and rightly so. The Setites are an implacable force, and one that has not swayed from fighting their God-King's sacred war, his Jihad, against both Horus and the Third Generation down the weary centuries.

Genesis and Loss

When the mummy Horus led invaders to conquer Egypt, destroying Set's power over the priesthood and nobility, the Antediluvian created the Setites to be his disciples. Having conceived of betrayal and corruption as his tools, and with it discredited the priests of Amon-Ra by leading them to love materialism and decadence more than their god, Set taught his Followers this dark path to power.

It was during these early years that the Followers of Set initially battled the Silent Striders, an unyieldingly savage tribe of Lupines. The Lupines attacked Set where he labored over the creation of mummies to fight those of Horus and the Cult of Isis, having cunningly stolen the necessary ritual. Soon it became apparent that Set had been deceived; the mummies he made were twisted and bestial things. Nonetheless, the Setites have employed these Bane Mummies at Set's

command for many millenia now. As when the Bane Mummies' souls were first dragged out of the Underworld, every time their souls return to their bodies, the Silent Striders, scavenging along the edges of the Underworld as is their wont, learn of the event and attack. The Antediluvian beat them off when they first dared to attack him, and has commanded his Followers to harry the Silent Striders at every possible occasion thereafter.

The first act of the newly Embraced Followers of Set was to engineer the downfall of Horus, and regain the lost territories which were rightfully Set's. Setites travelled to Nubia and Assyria, and with wise words convinced the kings of these nations to send armies to invade and conquer Egypt. Set and his Followers thus regained control over their own lands, for the invading armies were under Set's command before the foreign soldiers had placed sandaled feet upon Egyptian soil.

Aware of the growing dominance of Rome, Set and his Followers took steps to ensure its destruction, lest the steadily spreading Roman Empire threaten Egypt. With some difficulty, the Followers of Set turned Rome against the Brujah city of Carthage, in the hope that the two naval powers would destroy one another. Developing a lust for conquest, Roman legions, urged on by the greedy Malkavians and Ventruue of Rome, turned against Egypt soon after Carthage was destroyed.

By this time Set had re-entered torpor, exhausted by his long and bloody struggles against his foes. The Followers of Set became disordered without his guidance. A Setite ghoul and agent, Cleopatras, was sent unsuccessfully to Rome to

gain influence over the Senate and Julius Caesar. She succeeded in seducing Mark Antony, Caesar's general, but even his revolt did not halt Rome's advances. Egypt became a Roman province in 30 BC. Cleopatra committed suicide, submitting to an asp's fangs rather than to imperial Rome.

Triumph

With Egypt's glory a thing of the past, the Setites worked to destroy that which had destroyed their own land. The excesses of Rome's emperors were not entirely attributable to the Followers of Set, but assuredly they made a major contribution in encouraging the decadence of such men as Tiberius and Caligula, as always using the tools of Set's enemies against them. Setites also exacerbated tensions between the Roman Empire's eastern, Greek-speaking provinces, and the Latin-speaking West, tensions which saw the Empire tear itself apart in the 3rd century AD.

Even with Rome defeated, the Followers of Set did not consider their revenge against Europe's Kindred complete. The bubonic plague, which decimated Europe, slaying more than a quarter of the mortal population, has been claimed by certain fanatical Followers of Set as the triumph of their revenge against the European Kindred who dared conquer Egypt. Most Setites deny this claim. The sudden, dramatic thinning of kine caused by the plague left many Kindred exposed where previously they had been hidden by the mortal population, vulnerable to the horrors soon to come.

The Inquisition and the Anarch Revolt

The Setites were instrumental in the foundation of the Inquisition. Taking advantage of the Kindreds' mass exposure, the Followers of Set went among the surviving mortals and spread dissent. They knew that once prodded into action, the kine would rise up and slay their vampiric overlords. It was the Setites' hope that the ensuing slaughter would leave them the world's major Cainite power. Few Kindred are aware of the role the Followers of Set played in the Inquisition's birth, which like most, was bloody in the extreme. Many Methuselahs died as a result of the Setites' activities, and those vampires who survived were forced underground. Thus began the Masquerade.

Taking advantage of the turmoil of the Inquisition, the Neonates and Ancillae of the Tzimisce clan launched the Anarch Revolt. Many Kindred flocked to their cause, casting off the yoke of the Blood Bond and slaying their elders. The Setites gleefully encouraged this practice, but also took steps to ensure that they were seen to support the elders of the clans, backing the winners either way. As seemingly neutral parties, the Followers of Set were called upon by the Ventrue to join the newly emergent Camarilla, but declined, to the relief of the majority of Kindred.



New Worlds

By the Age of Exploration, so practiced were the Setites with the weapons of Set's foes, that guile, corruption and betrayal were second nature to the clan. Followers of Set took ship to the New World, there continuing their battle against the Third generation and their childer, following the settlement of the Americas. Many Native Americans were slain by the agents of the Antediluvians, much to the Followers' anger. To them, the Spanish slaughter of the Aztecs and Incas was proof of the perfidy of the Third Generation against whom they fought. The Setites' resolve to fight on in Set's name was strengthened by such atrocities.

By 1560, the Spanish and Portuguese had claimed much of South and Central America. Kindred flocked to the New World, the Setites amongst them. In the jungles and deserts of South America numerous temples to Set were established, several of which are still active today, supporting and controlling, among other things, the drug cartels of Bolivia. North America proved a greater obstacle to the Followers of Set, due to its savage Lupine tribes, and the influx of Sabbat vampires fleeing Europe. Even so, the Setites made substantial inroads in America's early years. The cities of the South were most favored by the Setites, as were the deserts of the Southwest.

As the United States grew, the Setites were active elsewhere about the globe. They infiltrated the spreading British Empire, establishing themselves in Africa, Asia, India, and Australia, whose vast deserts proved familiar territory to those of the clan Embraced in Egypt. In Africa, Setites battled empire-makers driven by Cainite domination. Followers of Set, strong upon the continent since their earliest days, did their best to fight the slave trade which was led by certain bufnut-out and hedonistic Toreador, but with little success. It was at this time that the first Follower of Set infiltrated Haiti, worming his way into the isle's newly emergent voodoo cults. Others followed, and today Haiti is wracked by the power struggles of these Setites. Like their master, they have declared themselves gods, and created a network of worshippers through which they work.

The Modern Age

Once only at war with the other clans of the Kindred, the Followers of Set today perceive all the world as their enemy, for so much of it is controlled by their foes. The minions of the Antediluvians, and of the despised Horus, who is active to this day, are everywhere. By whatever means necessary, the Setites will battle their influence, and if their clan becomes increasingly wealthy and powerful as a result of that struggle, it can only aid Set's cause.

Where some clans, noticeably the Toreador, have become stagnant since the Industrial Revolution, the Setites have eagerly embraced the modern world and all it has to offer. One of their most successful, and least known con-

quests of recent years was the Setite exploitation of the mass media, through which they have exposed the corruption of numerous politicians and spiritual leaders to the world at large. This has shattered religious faith in many (thus strengthening the Masquerade), and spread among millions disillusionment in political leaders. The mortals targeted for Setite corruption are invariably pawns of the Jihad. By destroying their operational effectiveness, the Followers of Set strike at the soulless ancients who control them.

With Prohibition's introduction in the USA in 1919, the Followers of Set were quick to take advantage of the sale of illegal alcohol. Creating their own criminal army, the Setites stalled investigations and actions by the Antediluvian-controlled police and government. Quick to realize what an effective weapon organized crime made in the Jihad, Setites increased the scope of their activities, gaining control of much of the world's drug trade. Today they have consolidated control over many other areas of criminal activity, including extortion, gambling and the white slave trade. Their criminal contacts, and the human worshippers they have built up around them, make the Followers of Set a powerful factor in vampire politics. The Setites are also one of the most widespread clans in the world today, although lacking the numbers of the Brujah and Caitiff.

Setites Around the World

Africa

The Followers of Set have been powerful in Africa since the 13th millennium BC, although their strength periodically ebbs across the centuries. When Horus and his followers drove them out of Egypt, Setite temples spread south across the continent. Many Followers of Set now congregate in Cape Town and Johannesburg, South Africa, where they have pawns in the ANC government, as well as in the arms industry. Here they war against the European Toreador, Ventrué and Brujah who have exploited the African continent.

Further north, Somalia and Ethiopia are heavily influenced by Setites. Tangiers, on the Mediterranean coast, is a Setite stronghold, although the clan's influence has waned since the late 1950s. The influence of the Followers of Set in Cassablanca, similarly, has waned since World War Two, due chiefly to ferocious and constant Lupine attacks. In Egypt, their homeland, the Followers of Set work as they have always done from behind the scenes, manipulating this President and that religious leader in their lord's holy war against his enemies, among them several powerful and decadent Toreador, who established themselves in Cairo and Alexandria when Napoleon invaded Egypt in 1798.

Asia

The mysterious vampires of the East spurn the Followers of Set as they do all Western vampires. Setites have made some inroads in China, Hong Kong and Japan, although their major contacts in Asia remain among the vampires of Bangkok, Singapore and Jakarta. Here the Followers of Set, using their traditional methods, slowly gain the trust and skills of certain Eastern vampires. Such contacts, made gradually and individually, have allowed Set's followers to gain influence over the opium and heroin trade. Japan has proved frustrating for the Followers of Set, although certain Technomantic mages in Tokyo have proved open to the clan's suggestions. Similarly, individual Setites are courting the favor of Nipponese Kindred, Cats and Gaki, with some success.

Australia

The Setites, like most Kindred, are relatively recent arrivals in Australia. The first Follower of Set to arrive in Australia did so in 1789, a year after the British convict fleet had settled Sydney Cove. Today Sydney is ruled by the broad-minded Prince Sarrasine of Clan Toreador. Many Kindred believe Sarrasine is really a Caitiff. His relaxed rule is kind to the Followers of Set, and several of the clan congregate at his liberal court. Large numbers of Caitiff, and many other vampires exiled from the Camarilla, also make Sydney their home. Elsewhere in Australia, traditional prejudices against the Setites are strong. Those few Followers of Set dwelling in Australia's other cities maintain a low profile. While the Outback remains largely unpopulated by the Kindred, it should be noted that Australia is home to 14 of the world's 15 most deadly snakes. Combined with Australia's arid deserts, this fact may help to make the great southern land an increasingly attractive home for Setites in the future.

Central and South America

Throughout South America, Setites war with members of Clan Toreador, who arrived with the Spanish and Portuguese conquistadors. Clan Gangrel and their Lupine allies have also proved a threat to Setite interests in South America in the past, but of late they seem more concerned with the fate of rainforest than the Setites. The mortal governments of Bolivia, Chile and Columbia are all influenced by the Followers of Set, via the drug cartels the Setites control directly. The heavily armed drug gangs provide the Setites with a considerable edge in South America's Jyhad. The clan has also recruited Indians and other oppressed peoples as Jyhad fodder through the propagation of blood cults, similar to those of Haiti.





Central America is a war zone between the Sabbat and the Followers of Set. Although Mexico City is a Sabbat stronghold, certain brave and adventurous Setites have established temples in the city. Recent Indian revolts against the Mexican government reflect the struggle in Mexico between the elders of the Followers of Set and the Sabbat.

The islands of the West Indies, in the Caribbean Sea, have proved fertile ground for the Setite cause. To ensure that Haiti's people are not swayed by the false cult of Isis into rising against the Setites, the people's loyalty is ensured through voodoo cults, which worship the Followers of Set as gods. Perhaps justly punished by Set for their arrogance, the leaders of these cults are often at war with one another as they compete for followers.

Europe

For many centuries Europe has been both battleground and playground to the Followers of Set. In Paris the Setites encouraged the French Revolution when it seemed mortal anger might be enough to destroy even the slumbering Antediluvians. The Followers of Set back many antidrug organizations in Europe, as the illegal drug trade is a large part of their livelihood. Amsterdam, with its progressive drug policies, is anathema to them. Throughout Europe the Followers of Set support and advise the leaders of many political parties, at both ends of the political spectrum. Far right and left groups are all employed by the Setites in their wars. The clan's ancient foe, Horus, is said to maintain his fortress in the Swiss Alps. Much of the Setites energies in Europe are focused on destroying him and the Sect of Isis, which he leads.

Eastern Europe

The Followers of Set have been unable to determine what events are unfolding in the Commonwealth of Independent States. Previously the Setites had battled the Brujah Council to a stalemate. The Setites had also succeeded in weakening the Soviet Union's Methuselahs by spreading distrust and fear of mortal authorities on a grand scale. No Follower of Set survived Baba Yaga's awakening, nor have any of the clan been able to infiltrate the Shadow Curtain surrounding the Commonwealth of Independent States. In Eastern Europe the Inconnu are strong, and although the Setites have tried to persuade these elders into joining their holy war, they have not yet met with much success. Here too, the Followers of Set must battle certain well-entrenched ancients of Clan Tzimisce.

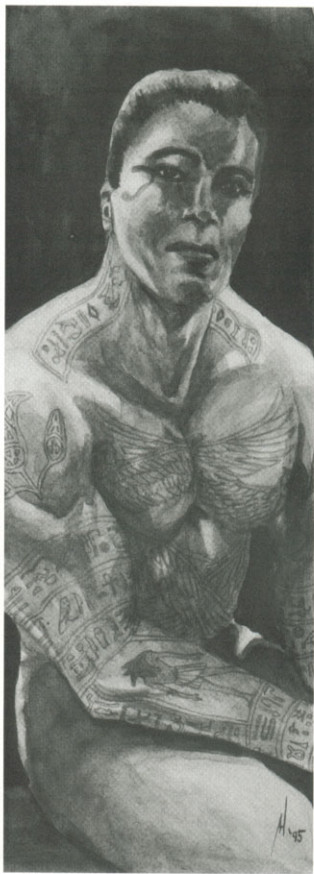
Middle East

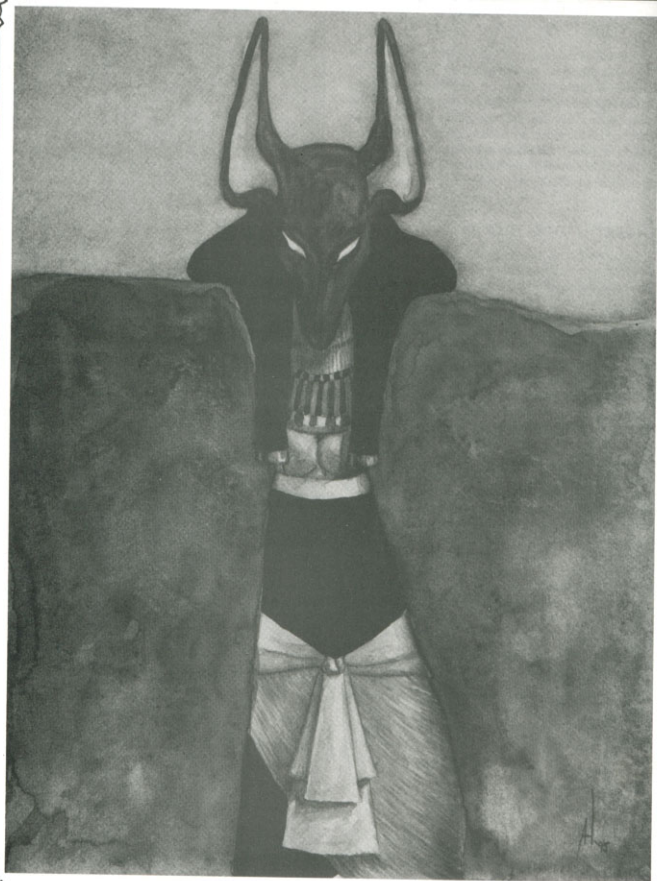
Since the terrible night when the other vampires of the Third Generation rose up and slew their sires, Set and his Followers have warred against the Antediluvians throughout the Middle East. Many of the Arab states are under the control of the Assamites, although the Setites are not without their own influence, particularly among certain fanatic terrorist and fundamentalist organisations. Relations between the Assamites and the Followers of Set are strained, although certain Setite elders are attempting to ease the situation.

North America

Like many clans, the Setites are busily engaged in the affairs of the United States. They are strongest in the South. The largest Temple of Set in North America is located in the Louisiana bayou, where the clan have allied themselves with the area's Black Spiral Dancers. New Orleans, the cradle of American voodoo, is a target of the Followers of Set, and through its wharfs the Setites smuggle drugs, weapons and Cainites into the nation. The southwest deserts are also home to several influential Setites, where they are soothed by a landscape reminiscent of lost Egypt.

As elsewhere in the world, the clan draws much of its support from the underclass. They bring order to the strife-torn inner cities by means of blood cults and Set worship, offering hope where before there was none. Many gangs, large and small, as well as devout cultists, supply the Setites with shocktroops for the Jyhad. Clan Brujah and the anarchists are the main foes of the Setites in the USA, with the Sabbat a close second. Perceiving the Followers of Set as the lesser evil, many Ventrue and Tremere in the USA are willing to ally with Setites in order to quash the Anarch Free States. What price the Followers of Set will demand for their assistance remains to be seen.





Chapter Three: Children of the Dark God

*We are special,
We are perfect,
We were born in the sight of God,
Our suffering bodies will suffer no more,
Our suffering bodies will suffer no more.
We are children.
Children of God.
— Swans, "Children of God"*

Ever since the slaying of the Second Generation, when Set abandoned his cannibalistic peers, declaring war against them, Cainites have feared and hated Set and his Followers. This chapter discusses the attitude of the Setites towards the other clans, as well as that of their dedicated foes, the Serpents of the Light. Information concerning the unique Traits and Disciplines practiced by the Followers of Set is also included in this chapter, as well as details on the clan's methods and motivations.

Coteries

Followers of Set join coteries comprising vampires of other clans for many reasons. One prime reason Setites do such a thing is to gain converts to their master's cause. Many Setites believe that other vampires can be made to see the error of their ways, to perceive that Set's war against the Antediluvians is a just one, fought not only to avenge Set's Second Generation sire, but for the good of all Kindred. All it will take is a little persuasion.

Missionary zeal aside, Followers of Set also know that there is safety in numbers. If surrounded by a protective coterie of friendly vampires, they are less likely to be attacked by Lupines or mummies. Being an independent clan means that they can approach other vampires with relative ease, once the prejudiced views held by many vampires have been confronted and revealed as the hateful slurs they are.

Stereotypes

Assamites

Eagles brooding on a rock, but they can be called down. Snare the eagle, and turn it loose upon your enemies, and revel in the destruction it causes. The most effective lure where this clan is concerned is the blood of other Assamites, for ancient spells cast by Tremere prevent them from drinking the vitae of other clans. If you would do injury to an Assamite, then trick them into drinking your own blood, or that of any other Cainite; to them it is a virulent poison. If you would weaken the clan, know that its members can sometimes be persuaded



to cheat upon the blood-tithe they pay their elders, or withhold it all together. Nothing so unsettles the Assamites as the thought of a rebellion within their own ranks.

Bane Mummies

These dangerous entities are the result of Set's explorations of mummification, after he stole a bastardized version of the ritual for their creation from the Cult of Isis hundreds of centuries ago. There are seven Bane Mummies in existence: Tutu the Doubly Evil One, Hemhenti the Roarer, Amam the Devourer, Qetu the Evil Doer, Hau-hra of the Backward Face, Saateet-ta, Darkener of the Earth, and Kharebutu the Fourfold Fiend. (Qetu and Saateet-ta are women; the remaining Bane Mummies are, or at least were, male.)

The ritual which Set worked to raise these creatures from the dead corrupted and distorted their bodies, so that they became truly monstrous. Like those of all mummies, the Bane Mummies' spirits are undying. When their bodies are slain, their spirits journey to the Underworld, where they suffer unspeakable torments until being reborn. This cycle of agony has caused them to become psychopathically insane. Trusted agents of Set may be accompanied by one of these creatures on occasion, should the Follower's task warrant such powerful accomplices. Under no circumstances should any of us ever trust a Bane Mummy; they are influenced by dark powers, and may attempt to subvert whatever commands they are given for their own malevolent purpose.

Brujah

When their destructiveness is guided to where it can do the most damage, these violent little fools can be quite entertaining. By encouraging them to fight amongst themselves, or convincing them that it is the Ventrue, the Caitiff, or any other clan other than ourselves who are their enemy, we can gain much from their struggles. Often members of this hot-headed clan need weapons which only we can supply. Consider favors owed a leash whereby individual Brujah may be controlled. Additionally, their little tantrums deflect attention away from us to where it can do less damage, and so the various causes which the Brujah take to heart should always be encouraged.

Caitiff

More than one Follower of Set has masqueraded as a Caitiff in order to seem harmless in another Kindred's eyes. The results of such actions have hardened the Caitiffs' hearts against us. Even so, the apparent sympathy which we show them has caused many among the clanless to look upon us kindly. Encourage them to think of us as their equals, for are we not, like them, despised and distrusted by every other clan? Uphold their suffering as noble, decry those who treat them as outcast and untouchable, and watch their sentimental hearts warm towards us.

Children of Osiris

This minor bloodline and their pathetic Discipline of Bardo were destroyed by Set long ago. None of their unhappy clan exist to further trouble the world, despite the transparent lies of our enemies to the contrary.

Gangrel

Never forget that these bumpkins and scarecrows have Lupine allies. A Gangrel befriended is one who can steer werewolves away from your temple. They can also tell you much about Lupines and their weaknesses (although such information must usually be extracted from the Gangrel subtly). To befriend a Gangrel, understand his need to travel, often swiftly and untroubled. With our web of smugglers criss-crossing the globe, transport with no questions asked, it is easy for us to ensnare a Gangrel in our web. A simple way of eliminating any threat a Gangrel presents you is by encouraging their frenzy. Gangrel fall victim to the Beast with ease: alert a Gangrel to a plot to flood her favourite wilderness, or cull her adopted wolf pack, and watch reason be replaced by the rampages of the Beast. Mindless opponents are much easier to manipulate. Lastly, consider the paranoia Gangrel have of being manipulated; their resulting panic, once you have alerted them to their manipulation, will invariably render the Gangrel in question — or the vampire allegedly using them — ineffective.

Giovanni

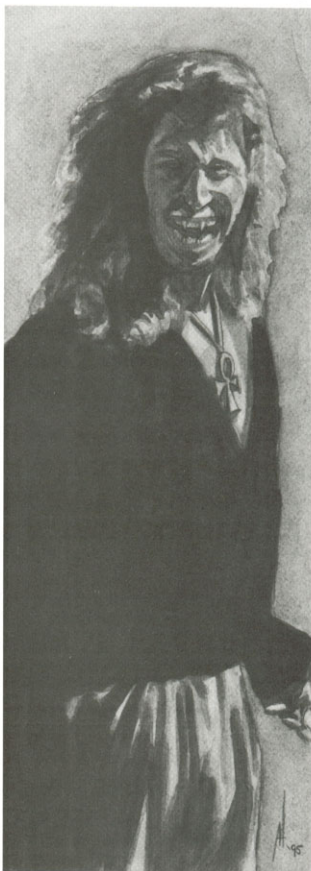
The Giovanni stand aloof from the squabbles of the Camarilla as do we; they also avoid our clan. We do not need to corrupt them to bring them under our control; the Giovanni do a fine job of corrupting themselves. To gain influence over a Giovanni, feed him misinformation through any of the Restless Dead you may be allied with. Information is power, while misinformation brings power over others.

Malkavian

Corrupting a Malkavian is never as easy as it seems. Do not make the mistake of underestimating the childer of Malkav as do other clans. Remember their role in Rome's subjugation of Egypt, and when you can, take revenge. Their weakness, their insanity, is also their strength. The arts we employ against ordinary minds are often useless against the insane. Often the only way to delude a Malkavian is to either tell him the truth and hope he thinks it a lie; or claim the most unbelievable fancies to be concrete fact, and pray to Set that he believes you.

Nosferatu

Be scrupulous in your dealings with the Nosferatu. Their information network is second to none. The most potent weapon we have against the Nosferatu is their fear of us. They claim that we are the demonic descendants of the founder of their clan. "Niktuku," they call us, and shudder. Exploit their terror of us, and exploit too the martyrdom their hideous



appearance bestows upon them. Treat them with sympathy and understanding, and you will gain their trust in return. The Nosferatu are most useful to us when they consider us friends.

Ravnos

Untrustworthy, enigmatic and dangerous. Never trust a Ravnos, and never turn your back upon one, not if you wish to continue your existence. The best weapon against them is exploitation of their pathological mania for crime. By exposing the Ravnos to every possible opportunity for theft or deception, you ensure that they are so busy working against others that they cannot work against you; additionally, you ensure that the Camarilla will focus its anger against the Ravnos, and not us. Alternatively, making a fool out of a Ravnos is another way to gain their services; a Ravnos will do anything to keep news of their humiliation from others of their clan. Be warned that they will also do anything to gain revenge.

Toreador

Despicable fools who consider themselves superior to other vampires because of their art. Their addictions and obsessions often overlap with our own; throughout history these fools have often been our foes. Many Toreador appear to live on art alone; it, rather than blood, would seem to provide their sustenance. In Toreador of this nature, the most successful weapon against them is to destroy their art, thus destroying their desire for existence. Better, encourage a Ravnos to replace their precious art collection with forgeries. Another weapon of use against Toreador would be the strong passions which exist between the peers of this clan. Encourage one Toreador to humiliate another, and half your work is already done; the wounded party is likely to make any deal in order to gain satisfaction. Simply turning up at a Toreador's party and being friendly to her can spread more dissent than a year of covert campaigning.

Tremere

The Tremere are so obsessed with gaining power that they often make bargains with us unheeding of the consequences. Exploit their lust for power, flatter them, and the Tremere become your tool, to use as you see fit. By corrupting a Tremere situated high in their hierarchy, one can spread shockwaves rippling above and below them through their laughably flimsy pyramid of power. Conversely, a low-placed Tremere, once he is under your sway, can spread fear throughout the upper echelons of their clan by the simple fact of his rebellious existence.

Ventruue

The Ventruue are our true enemies. Had they not turned Rome against us, Egypt would still stand. Like the Tremere, their weakness lies in their lust for power. They are blinded by it. To gain advantage over the Ventruue is easy. One must merely play upon their love of pomp and grandeur, of the

trappings of power. Soon they will be so obsessed with appearance that the real power can be diverted away from them to where it will be more useful. And when they are weak, the Ventruue can be destroyed. Their other weakness lies in their rarefied tastes; eliminating a Ventruue's only blood supply save for that which you control, or addicting them to a drug at your disposal by first addicting their vessels, can be a key to considerable power.

Camarilla

What is there to be said of this organization of fools? Simply that their Masquerade serves to conceal us, and our actions, from the mortal world as well as from the Damned. They are so busy bickering among themselves that they do not notice us as we glide through the shadows, slowly undermining everything they believe in and stand for. Never forget that the Camarilla is a tool of the Antediluvians, our master's sworn foes, and our own. We refused to join the Camarilla when it was formed for fear that doing so would strengthen our enemies. It is now plain that every setback suffered by the Camarilla harms the Third Generation. We shall continue to secretly harry the Camarilla until both it and the ancients who manipulate it are dust and forgotten.

Anarchs

Like the Brujah, who compose the majority of this rabble's ranks, the anarchs are no true danger to us, and can indeed make superb, if witless allies. Although they fear us, they are more inclined to trust us, or at least parley with us, than vampires of other clans, because we stay separate from the Camarilla. Our Jyhah stands much to gain from their bloody rebellion.

Sabbat

Many Sabbat foolishly insist that Set is as much their enemy as are the Antediluvians. Sabbat vampires who speak such blasphemies must be destroyed. The remaining Sabbat are of little concern to us, save in that they make fine foes of the Camarilla. Our plans take root in the rubble they leave behind, and their chaos only furthers our goals. It is easy to gain control of the Sabbat by turning them one against the other. Secrets fester with the Sabbat, and corruption eats its way towards the sect's heart.

Inconnu

Failures and losers who grasp at the straw of their lost humanity while drowning in a sea of blood. The Inconnu are no threat to Set. They are below contempt. Weakness, failure and fear have eaten away their hearts and any real power they may once have had. Best of all, their leaders have already succumbed to the Darkness — how can they not all soon follow?



Lupines

Simple-minded beasts, but no less dangerous for that, the Lupines hate Set and our clan with all their hearts. Never hesitate to destroy a Lupine, but do not seek them out, lest your zeal places you in unwitting danger. All too often, they will be drawn to you. Silver is their weakness, while their lust for destruction can often be used to lead them into a trap. Lupines can also be used to destroy other vampires, for they seem to treat all the Damned as equals, despising us all with a fierce passion.

Magi

Most mages can be easily corrupted despite their powers. Their weaknesses are all too human. The path towards enlightenment is long and hard; by offering them rest and recreation along the way, we can bring mages under our control.

Wraiths

The Restless Dead crave emotional satisfaction and physical experience, and we are often in a position to offer them the chance to fulfil their needs. Give a wraith a soulless body to possess, or allow them to feed upon the hate and fear which are released at your temple during cult rituals, and you will gain a wraith's gratitude, and eventually, it will be obligated to you.

Changelings

Unguessable motives and alien minds make changelings and the fay unpopular and untrustworthy. They are better ignored than parleyed with, and better yet destroyed.

Serpents of the Light: the Sabbat *antitribu*

Although few Followers of Set have been Embraced by the Sabbat, those few who have are a danger and a menace to everything we stand for. Like all the Sabbat, the Serpents of the Light are vigorously opposed to the Antediluvians. Unlike ourselves, these traitors would extend that battle to destroy Set himself.

Their clan and our own are endlessly opposed. Some Sabbat scholars, particularly the Noddists, see this struggle as a modern reflection of the primal sibling rivalry which cursed Caine. In the battle between Setites and Serpents, they believe, might lie omens predicting the destiny of vampires as a whole. Such considerations are essentially lies, serving only to glorify a struggle which in truth is brutal in the extreme.

Serpents of the Light fight against the infernal corruption which permeates the Sabbat just as they war against the corruption spread by our clan. Many Serpents of the Light join the Sabbat Inquisition, and are its most faithful servants. Conversely, many more of them have been corrupted by the diabolists, and work to destroy the Sabbat from within. Like us, the Serpents of the Light are hated and feared more by their own kind than by their enemies. Only through their faithfulness and devotion to the sect, can the Cobras seek to win the Sabbat's full trust and approval. That goal we can never allow them.



Unlifestyles

*As the books burn
And a peculiar kind of darkness falls
Clutching men's hearts, consuming bones
As a frozen star beckons
A crumbling of idols
Beyond a cold sanctuary
of fire and of ice
Deep in the bedrock
Already here I come.
— Lustmord, "Heresy"*

Followers of Set, as their name suggests, follow the teachings and tenets of their dark god obsessively and fanatically. Their clan was created by Set to assist him in the Jyhad. Setites claim that they were the first vampires created solely to war against other Cainites. That has been the purpose of the clan since their inception, and they have never forgotten it. By targeting already existing situations and exploiting them to the clan's benefit, Setites grow ever stronger.

As the Third Generation spawned more childer, and gradually moved into the background of the Jyhad, Followers of Set have sought to widen the range of their war. Now all vampires are their targets, for, so the Setites say, all vampires serve the masters of the Jyhad, wittingly or not. For this reason Setites have no qualms about manipulating or even killing their fellow Kindred whenever it becomes necessary.

Most Kindred are unaware of the motives and goals of the Followers of Set, perceiving them by and large as corrupt but essentially harmless religious fanatics. Few Kindred realize that the Setites have been deceiving them, and even fewer realize the depths of the clan's perversity.

The Embrace

Followers of Set tend to Embrace only those mortals who they think are corrupt enough and strong enough to flourish in undeath. Many such converts are criminals, often chosen from among a Setite's herd, although they tend to steer away from the more brutal types. Followers of Set need wits as much as they do a willingness to break the laws of kine and Cainites, and so those Embraced are often well educated, or at the very least intelligent. Mindless thugs the Followers are not—such potential childer are left for the Brujah.

Red hair is prized among Setites, as legend tells that Set's own hair was of this color. Setite candidates are often redheads. By and large Setites are unconcerned with the physical appearance of their fledglings-to-be, and will happily Embrace models and monsters alike, provided that they meet the criterion of inner corruption.

The Embrace is never lightly given, and a Follower of Set will watch and study a candidate for months, even years, before deciding that he or she is worthy of the gift of blood. Such individuals as drug smugglers and dealers, blackmailers, illegal arms manufacturers, pornographers, corrupt politicians, gangsters and other unsavory members of society are preferred as candidates, although almost anyone, provided that they show a quick wits and a lack of morals, may receive the Embrace from a Follower of Set. Childer are usually drawn from among the mortals composing a Setite's blood cult. Potential Setites can thus be watched and tested in the course of the cult's nightly activities, as well as set tasks to determine their suitability and dedication.

Immediately following the Embrace, sometimes even prior to the event, the fledgling Setite is taken to their local temple. The initiate takes part in a long and terrible ritual, during which they are tortured with fire and sword, before being administered their sire's blood and ushered into the healing darkness. This teaches them to fear the light, a primal lesson few Followers of Set are likely to forget. After the Embrace any bright light, even spotlights, are enough to make a Setite uncomfortable, while direct sunlight causes double normal damage. Followers of Set hold this up as proof of their supernatural origin, using their light sensitivity as the basis for an almost religious hate of Amon-Ra, the Egyptian sun god.

Setites traditionally choose their ghouls, and thus the areas of mortal life which they control, from among the underground and those who deal with them. Criminals, secretive cults and societies; their opposition, police, lawyers and judges; religious institutions; these make the best picking grounds. Followers of Set love nothing more than corrupting a law-abiding figure and bringing him under their sway; criminals are much more easily converted, and thus are little challenge.

The Art of Corruption

I can resist anything, except temptation.

— Oscar Wilde, "Lady Windemere's Fan"

For many Followers of Set, spreading corruption is a sacred task, and one they undertake with fervor. Power, addictions and sexual fetishes are the best baits Followers of Set can offer those they wish to corrupt, be they kine or Cainites. Free drugs, until the user is addicted and the supply suddenly dries up; compromising photographs of a reckless night of passion; obligations in receipt of favors done; and simply holding the individual to a promise they would be unwise to break are all means by which the Setites bring someone under their control.

With a network of ghouls in low to medium levels in the police and judiciary, and high ranking ghouls among an area's criminal elements, Setites are free to exploit all areas of criminal activity. Drug and weapons importation, forging bank notes and artworks (an entire French Setite temple is





said to be dedicated to forging the collections of influential Toreador, stealing the original and selling copies to rivals in order to spread chaos and disharmony through the already strife-torn clan), blackmail, extortion, bribery, prostitution and murder are all areas in which the Followers of Set become involved. In some cities the Setites encounter difficulty and opposition from local crimelords such as Chicago's Al Capone. In such cases the rival is targeted for immediate corruption and scandal. In serious cases the Followers of Set dispatch the murderous Bane Mummies to slay the troublemaker, should their own attempts fail.

Shameless acts of hypocritical piety while secretly maintaining mistresses, accepting bribes and laundering funds, and secret deals which support terrorists and import drugs while officially denying and condemning such actions by Setite-controlled mortals, all further the goals of the Followers of Set. On the surface this would appear to be fighting the influence of the Antediluvians. Certain influential Setites know that the chaos they spread is for a much darker cause.

Followers of Set who follow the Path of Typhon (see Paths of Enlightenment elsewhere in this chapter) take special delight in corrupting their fellow Setites. To corrupt one of her own clan shows a Follower of Set in adulation from her peers. Such a deed is the ultimate test of an individual Setite's devotion to the founder of her clan, keeping as it does the clan's members capable and alert, and honing their skills to perfection.

Clan Structure

Followers of Set are not communal creatures, preferring the adulation of their mortal disciples to the reptilian respect of their peers. Although they believe in safety in numbers, they only ever trust their fellows to support them against other clans. No Setite ever personally trusts another member of her own clan. Gaining prestige among their clan as they do from the importance and social prominence of the kine and Cainites they corrupt, and from the downfall of victims enslaved through their own weaknesses, Setites of course hold regular meetings. Such gatherings serve primarily for egotistical purposes, satisfying a Setite's occasional need to be flattered by her peers.

Practitioners of the Path of Typhon are the leaders of their clan. While lesser temples may be run by individual Setites following the Paths of Ecstasy or the Warrior, any temple with more than two Setites present will be controlled by a Typhonist. All Setite temples hold gatherings monthly, at the dark of the moon. When a temple is the haven of only a single Setite, he will usually journey to the nearest large temple for a monthly meeting. Such gatherings are not compulsory, although Followers of Set often flock from miles around to take part in the rituals held on such occasions, and to boast of their latest activities.



Smaller gatherings, but no less important considering their size, are held on the night preceding a total eclipse of the sun at the Grand Temple of Set in Uganda. Only the leaders of the clan attend these rare meetings. At such gatherings Setites discuss the progress of the Jihad, and the secret cause of the Followers of Set, and plan future strategies. Only Typhonists attend such meetings, and it is rare for them to disclose everything that occurs to practitioners of the Paths of Ecstasy and the Warrior.

The Cult of Sekhmet

Believed to have been wiped out by the Camarilla, this "progressive" movement within the Followers of Set is rumored to be making a comeback at the end of the 20th century. Fueled by the recent "New Age" movement, the Cult's guise is that of a radical feminist pseudo-religion stressing empowerment of women. In fact, it is a ritualistic blood cult promoting violence, debauchery and the destruction of the Camarilla from within.

Sekhmet is an Egyptian goddess, a protector of souls and a healer, who was later absorbed as an aspect of the goddess Isis. The modern day Cult, however, has twisted the original image of the goddess, and now stresses her role as a strong female figure, and emphasizes fertility and power. The exotic elements of the religion appeal to many disenfranchised mortals, who look to the Cult for strength in their daily lives.

The leaders of the Cult are all female Setites, who offer assistance and support to other female Kindred without letting them know the true nature of the organization. By stressing the empowerment and community of women vampires, they have managed to undermine the existing political structure in many Camarilla cities, as the majority of Princes are male.

Within the clan, the Cult of Sekhmet is viewed with more than a little suspicion, as many believe it promotes disunity among the clan. Still, no one can dispute the progress of the Cult, and until the gender polarization becomes a problem within the clan, more conservative members are not likely to interfere.



Setite Secrets

*I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
That the bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Sunung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
Morn came and went — and came and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.*
— George Gordon, Lord Byron, "Darkness"

When first Initiated (as many Setite elders still term the Embrace) into the immortal ranks of the Followers of Set, the new vampire learns much concerning the glorious lineage of their clan (or learns more, if they were already a member of a Setite cult as a mortal). Their primary lesson is the Holy War in which they fight: Set's struggle for vengeance against the Third Generation and his rebellious, treacherous family. This holy war is the backbone belief of the Followers of Set. Wielding their arts of corruption and treachery with deadly efficiency, the Followers of Set are principal players in the Jyhad.

Few Kindred from other clans ever learn how deep the Setites' involvement in the machinations of the Jyhad go. Those that do seldom live to tell the tale. Since the earliest days of their existence in ancient Egypt, the elders of the clan have waged their hidden war against their Set's Antediluvian brethren. The corruption, degradation and control of opponents' pawns, mortal and Cainite, forms a primary role in their Jyhad strategy.

During the long centuries of struggle, Set's war against the mummies of the Cult of Isis and his Third Generation peers has spread around the globe. Few Followers of Set realize how strong the forces of corruption have grown within their own clan during this time, or that Set himself has not been immune to corruption's influence.

Once Set's ambitions were small: the complete and utter destruction of his enemies, and his rightful dominion over the Kingdoms of Egypt. He Embraced his Followers in order to nurture his plans and see them to fruition. Over the millenia of his existence Set's desires have grown in correspondence with his power. He realized long ago that the Antediluvians would never leave him in peace to rule if they were defeated. They would have to be exterminated utterly, as would their agents, if he were ever to know peace. As the Antediluvians' agents permeated every city in the world, Set realized he would have to rule the world in order to ensure peace for him and his Followers. More recently, Set has decided that he may never win the Jyhad. Rather than face defeat alone, Set has vowed to drag his enemies down with him, destroying the entire world if that is what is necessary to defeat the Third Generation.

Such drastic steps as global domination or destruction are not Set's only strategies. The Antediluvian has hated and feared the sun since his Embrace. Its light threatens him with extinction, and its purifying fire is identified with his hated grandfather Amon-Ra. Set has come to worship Apep the Destroyer, the great serpent of Egyptian mythology which desires to swallow the sun. Such is the bile Set bears towards Ra that it has long been his plan, and that of his Followers, to blot out the sun, a secret known only amongst powerful Setites of the Path of Typhon (see **The Vampire Players' Guide**). This is the secret goal Typhonist elders, and dreaming Set himself, spend their unives working towards.

In Europe's frozen north lives the Finnish sorceress Louhi, with whose aid, and with the subtle alliance of the area's Sabbat, the Followers of Set hope to achieve their ultimate goal. Elsewhere, others aid the Setites, often unknowingly. Factories pump out foul vapors into the atmosphere, and thousands of scuttling cars add their own smoke to the stinking clouds which slowly occlude the sun. If they cannot achieve their goal by sorcery, the Followers of Set are equally happy to reach it via Technomantic means.

Hand in claw with this physical darkening of the light goes the soiling of humanity's collective soul, all part of the Setites' terrible plan. By spreading despair, war, disease and hopelessness throughout mortal and immortal society, those Setites who practice the teachings of the Path of Typhon, as founded by Set himself, hope to destroy all opposition when their master finally wakes. The physical war fought by the rank and file of the clan, and the dark secrets of their elders, are an attempt to prepare the planet for Set's awakening and final battle against the Third Generation. Whether any other Kindred would survive such a battle save the Followers of Set, who are actively promoting it, remains a mystery. The Typhonists, and many others among the Followers of Set, are the only vampire clan specifically attempting to trigger Gehenna.

New Knowledge Trait: Setite Lore

You know information available only to Followers of Set. Kindred from other clans who learn such information often become Setite targets if they make their knowledge known. You know Setite history, legends, strategies and secrets.

- **Student:** What any Setite fledgling, or a mortal cultist priest knows: you are fighting Set's holy war.
- **Colleague:** what most ancillae know: that Set's enemies are the Third Generation and mummies.
- **Masters:** what most elders know: the mummy Horus lives in Switzerland, while the agents of the Third Generation are everywhere.
- **Doctorate:** what most Methuselahn and Typhonists know: the Followers of Set are striving to trigger Gehenna, for total victory can only be gained through total destruction.
- **Scholar:** what only Set knows, conveyed in dreams to the putrescent high priests of the Path of Typhon: Set's plans for the world once he rules it.



Character Creation

Though some Followers of Set adhere to Paths of Enlightenment, all Setite characters have the virtues of Conscience, Self-Control and Courage rather than their Sabbat counterparts, and begin with 7 dots in Virtues. Most Setites will have very low scores in Conscience, and it is rare for Setites not following a Path of Enlightenment to have Humanity ratings higher than five.

Paths of Enlightenment

*So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign...*
— Milton, "Paradise Lost"

Like the Sabbat, many among the Followers of Set have abandoned their Humanity. Although not all have done so, many Setites conceive of Humanity as an unnecessary weight dragging them down towards the Beast. Adherence to a strict philosophical code enables the Setites to slow and halt the inexorable slide into bestial oblivion. More details concerning Paths of Enlightenment, and specifically that path founded by Set himself, the Path of Typhon can be found in **The Vampire Players Guide**. While Typhonists, like Set, worship Apep the Serpent, other, less vile Setite paths exist. Two of them are explored below.

The Path of Ecstasy

Practitioners of this path revel in luxury instead of degradation. They sate the Beast by glutting its appetite. Although akin to the Path of Typhon in some ways, practitioners of this path reject the base cruelties of the Typhonists. Rather than celebrate misery, they glorify pleasure, revelling in the most decadent extremes of vampiric sensation. Members of this path often especially despise the Kindred of Clan Toreador, and take every chance to humiliate and distress them.



Ethics

- Pursuit of pleasure is a spiritual obligation. Those who spurn luxury and hedonism seek to befoul the spirit with grossness, and are misguided.
- Vampires are the children of Caine's sin. Thus we should practice, and spread the practice of, sin.
- To resist temptation is a great wrong.
- It is not a crime to kill, as long as the killing is committed beautifully.
- Existence serves no purpose save to entertain.

History

This path was founded by Followers of Set dwelling in Constantinople after the fall of Egypt. Surrounded by the Golden Horn's Byzantine splendor, and associating with the city's debauched Toreador, the path's founders gradually determined their philosophy of decadence. Setites who follow this path pride themselves on the materialism of the modern world, and boast that it is a direct result of their actions and existence.

Hierarchy of Sins

- 10 Allowing someone innocent to survive.
- 9 Not wallowing in absolute luxury.
- 8 Allowing someone ugly to survive.
- 7 Allowing an infector of impurity (i.e. priest, nun, etc.) to live without good reason.
- 6 Rejecting wealth unnecessarily.
- 5 Not attempting to corrupt an innocent.
- 4 Not taking at least one drug regularly.
- 3 Restraining your natural impulses unnecessarily.
- 2 Failing to accept a gift.
- 1 Destroying something of beauty.

The Path of the Warrior

This Path has grown in popularity in recent decades, with many young Setites attracted to its philosophies. Just as Set was once a hunter and warrior, so too are adherents of this path. These Setites pride themselves upon their physical and martial prowess. Many who follow the Path of the Warrior are masochists and fanatics. They believe that the Beast is a creation of the mind, and that by training the body until it is stronger than the mind, the Beast can be controlled.

Setites who follow the Path of the Warrior are among the most dangerous opponents any Cainite can encounter. They are Set's shock troops in the Jihad. Lupines, demons, kine and Kindred all form their prey. It is the common ambition of adherents of the path to hone themselves until they have become the ultimate urban predators. When Set arises, those of the Path of the Warrior believe they will sweep all opponents away before them.

Ethics

- The mind is subservient to the body, and so is the Beast. Although the body is bestial in nature, it can be refined. The Embrace begins this process of transmogrification but even afterwards the Beast can still reign, unless it is beaten down through exercise and struggle.
- You are a killer. Do not hesitate to kill.
- The body is bestial, and must be punished. Scourge yourself, hurt yourself, push yourself to your limits, and know that by doing so, you hurt the Beast.
- Every possible moment must be spent honing the powers of the body. Your vampiric Disciplines are a function of your body, and they too, must be trained.
- The True Death is better than failure and weakness. Like Set, we must be implacable and unyielding in the Jihad waged against his enemies.

History

This Path evolved after the Roman Empire crushed Egypt. Believing that the personal weakness of the Typhonian priests was the direct cause of Egypt's downfall, certain Followers of Set determined never to falter from forging themselves into perfect vampiric killers. Since that time, the Path of the Warrior has slowly gained adherents, although it is still the least followed of the three Setite Paths of Enlightenment.

Hierarchy of Sins

- 10 Not subjecting yourself to the most painful tortures.
- 9 Failing any test set you, physical or mental.
- 8 Not developing your body to its fullest potential.
- 7 Spending Blood Points to heal your wounds the same night they are inflicted.
- 6 Not developing your Disciplines to their fullest potential.
- 5 Killing swiftly and mercifully.
- 4 Showing any sign of pain.
- 3 Not exercising every night.
- 2 Thinking too long before acting.
- 1 Refusing a physical challenge.



Temples of Set

*To thee, o Satan, glory be, and praise,
In Heaven, once thy kingdom, the abyss
Of Hell, where now, thy dreamest silently!
Grant that my soul, one day, beneath the Tree
Of Knowledge, may rest near thee, when o'erhead,
Like a new Temple, its wide branches spread!*
— Charles Baudelaire, "Prayer"

Setites call their havens temples, and treat them with the reverence associated with mortal churches. If the Setite leads a blood cult (see below), the haven becomes a temple indeed, with deluded mortals aping the Follower of Set's dark rituals within the temple's outer rooms. Here the area's Setites and followers conduct their own rites, honoring Set, and sometimes the sun-devouring serpent Apep.

A typical Temple of Set is located in a desolate area such as an industrial wasteland, an abandoned warehouse by the docks, a subterranean bunker, a desert, or an inaccessible mountain peak. The ill-repute of such polluted or otherwise inhospitable surroundings helps keep the temple's actual location hidden from enemies. Setites take scrupulous care when establishing a temple to be sure that the area chosen is not already the haven of a Nosferatu nor under their surveillance.

Such unsavory and inhospitable surroundings as favored by the Followers of Set replicate, as far as is possible, the location of the first temple, founded by Set himself in the desert sands of Egypt. This original fane of darkness is lost, although would-be Setite pilgrims have more than once made it their personal quest to find the chapel, and reopen it as a sacred site of their unwholesome clan.

No natural light is allowed to shine in a temple of Set. The rays of the sun, moon and stars are never allowed to penetrate the temple walls. Dim torches flicker from brackets in the walls (electricity is acceptable, although real torches are traditional), and myrrh and aloe incense sweetens the air (although in some Typhonist temples the only incense is that of decay).

Traditionally Setite temples are divided into two areas, representing the two kingdoms of Egypt over which Set once ruled. Upon entering, the acolyte finds herself within the Outer Sanctum, where whitewashed walls depict scenes from Lower Egypt: duck-hunting amidst the papyrus reeds of the Nile, sly crocodiles lying in wait; herds of chained and shackled slaves marched to execution; Set the Triumphant dismembering Osiris's corpse. Such artwork may vary upon the location and wealth of its Setites, from illegally exported antique Egyptian tomb paintings, to poorly-executed modern compositions aping the Egyptian style, or in the poorest temples, even torn-out National Geographic pages taped to the haven walls.

Double doors lead from the outer sanctum into a short hall with another set of doors at its end, a "light-lock," preventing the light from the outer chamber from reaching the inner sanctum. Followers of Set with insufficient funds and small temples may be forced simply to drape a blanket across a room, dividing it in two and conducting their worship in the semi-darkness beyond.

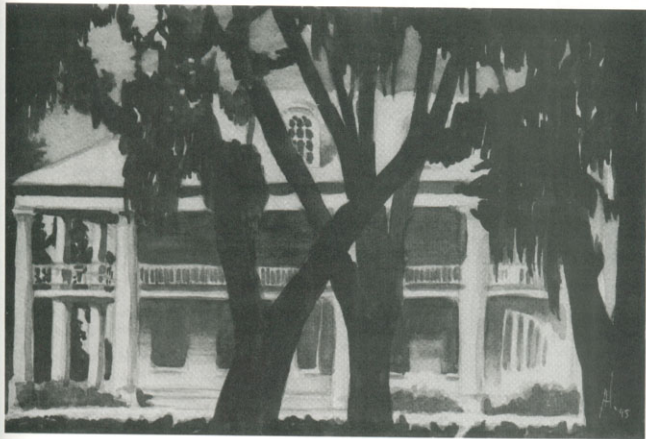
The inner sanctum's walls are traditionally lined with heavy cloth of black wool, muffling all sounds. Floors are scattered with sand, and the only light comes from a dimly glowing brazier of coals kept burning before the looming statue of Set, upon which incense is tossed, and blood poured in libation. Set is depicted as the Typhonian Beast, the animal-headed god of Egypt. In more down-at-the-heels temples, such a statue may be a small statuette, or even a painting, and the coals replaced with an electric heater. The walls of poorer temples may be painted black instead of hung with black cloth, in the poorest of cases even left plain.

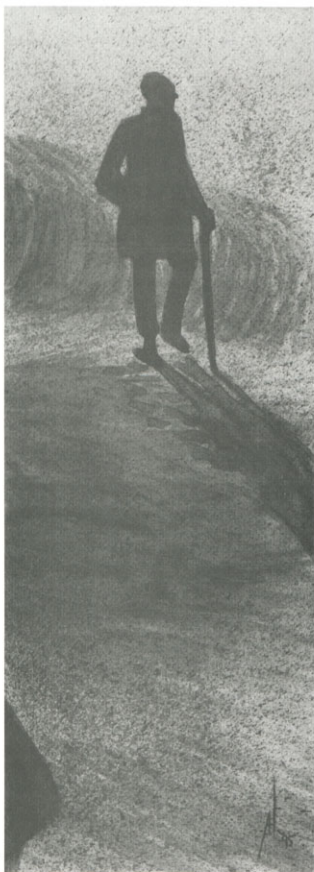
The grand temple stands on the shore of Lake Victoria, in Uganda, where blood from a thousand sacrifices is poured into the headwaters of the Nile from an temple built of obsidian and ivory. Other important Setite temples can be found in the abandoned docklands of London; in the catacombs beneath Rome, where Christians once met to worship the Light, which now echo with hissing litanies conducted to honor the Darkness; in New York's sewers,

where a Setite temple even now recruits worshippers from among the ranks of the Abyss Leapers Black Spiral pack; in the dripping, decay-rich swamps beyond New Orleans; and in Death Valley, California.

In all these temples can be found the wailing, rotting High Priests of Typhon, the transcendent individuals who have pursued the Path of Typhon to its foulest limits. These creatures are believed by many to be the eyes and mouths of sleeping Set, and their ghostly ululations and insane pronouncements are eagerly attended by the faithful, and examined for prophecies and omens. It is these high-priests of corruption who lead the Path of Typhon on towards its insane goal. Whether their plans are truly Set's own, communicated to them in dreams by the Sleeping God, or whether they embark upon a journey of their own choosing, none can truly say.

Minor temples to Set, far more than imagined by even the most paranoid Tremere or Ventrua, can be located across the globe, in every city where the Dark God's followers have established themselves. In large cities, and where their numbers are concentrated, many Setites will dwell within the temple, like the Sabbat finding safety in the company of their fellow Damned. Elsewhere smaller temples exist, and are the norm. Even in large cities, Setites will maintain their own private temples as well as participating in rituals at the temple shared by them all.





Secretive blood cults, similar in some ways to the Voodoo rites practiced in Haiti, are fostered by the Followers of Set in many temples around the world. Worshipping Set as the personification of darkness (rather than its agent), in many instances the mortal cultists have infiltrated and merged with Satanic churches and similar sects. In Mexico City and New York City, both strongholds of the Sabbat, and Los Angeles in the Anarch Free States, the Followers of Set maintain fanatical cults of mortal worshippers, who through a combination of religious awe, fear, vampiric Disciplines and Blood Bonding (when Setite vitae is ceremoniously drunk at rituals, thus creating an army of ghouls) are completely faithful to their Setite masters. Often such cultists are sent to infiltrate organizations, and bribe or murder officials, instead of their Setite master.

Setite Endowments

Corruption and power are closest to a Follower of Set's heart, even if she has removed it from her body. The following Disciplines, Merits and Flaws reflect these essential Setite Traits. If the Storyteller is willing, exceptional vampires of other clans may also possess them.

Disciplines

Thaumaturgy

Followers of Set practice the Path of Corruption more than any other clan. Indeed, it is rumored that Set himself founded the path, and that Tremere stole its secrets during the late Middle Ages. This path is readily taught to fledgling Followers of Set by elders of the clan. Setite characters can learn the Path of Corruption without previously knowing the Discipline of Thaumaturgy. They are able to use the Path in its original Egyptian form, free of the ceremonial trappings the Tremere find necessary. A Setite can purchase the Path of Corruption at the normal experience cost for a new path by. The character does not have to purchase points in Thaumaturgy in order to use the Path of Corruption. They may not take the Path of Corruption during generation.

Merits and Flaws

Drug Resistance (2 pt Merit)

You are unusually resistant to drugs. Alcohol, narcotics and similar addictive substances have little or no effect upon you. You can drink from wines with impunity, or pretend to be far drunker than you are in order to take advantage of an opponent.

Poisonous Bite (2 pt Merit)

You have developed poison glands in the roof of your mouth. The poison is virulent, although Kindred and other supernatural creatures are unaffected by it. You, of course, are immune. When you bite, you always inject this poison, usually killing your human victims. You must learn to feed in other ways, perhaps drawing the blood you need with a syringe or razor, if you do not wish to kill every time you feed.

Addictive Blood (3 pt Merit)

Your blood is especially delicious to others, Kindred or Kine, containing a substance they find physically addictive. Once they have drunk it, they must drink again, or spent a Willpower point at inconvenient moments to avoid the pangs of craving. Setites with this Merit find it much easier to Blood Bond an opponent, as once they have tasted the tainted vitae, they will do almost anything to drink it again.

Scales (1-3 pt Flaw)

During your Embrace, a portion of your skin became scales. If only a small area, one easily hidden, such as a patch of skin on your shoulder, this is only a one-point Flaw. Having an entire limb affected, such as an arm, forcing you to wear long gloves at all times, is a two-point Flaw, while having a scaled, lipless face is a three-point Flaw.

Forked Tongue (2 pt Flaw)

Your tongue is forked and flickering, like that of a snake. You speak with a hiss. Upholding the Masquerade becomes difficult for you. Note that this tongue does not inflict aggravated damage, nor draw blood.

Heartless (4 pt Flaw)

Having removed your heart via the fifth level of Serpents, you have lost it. The heart might be in the possession of a foe, or simply missing. If it is possessed by some other Cainite, (perhaps a Setite elder, or your sire) you must obey their every command. If it is lost, the anxiety this causes you interferes with your nightly existence.

Aura of the Wyrm (5 pt Flaw)

You radiate corruption to such a degree that any Garou in the locale are drawn towards you. This is a serious Flaw, as your unlife is constantly threatened by frenzied attacks directed against you by enraged werewolves.



Sister Sin

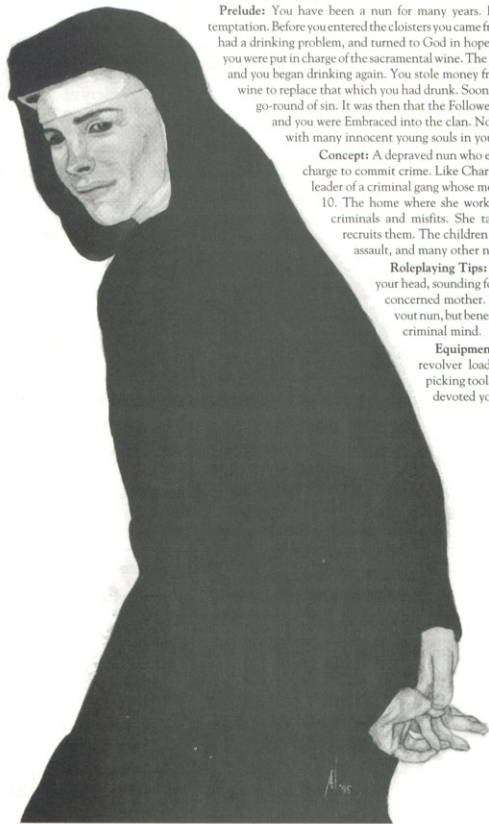
Quote: *My boys. My boys.*

Prelude: You have been a nun for many years. Every day you wrestled with temptation. Before you entered the cloisters you came from a criminal family. You also had a drinking problem, and turned to God in hope of salvation. In the convent, you were put in charge of the sacramental wine. The temptation became too much, and you began drinking again. You stole money from the poor box to buy more wine to replace that which you had drunk. Soon you were trapped on a merry-go-round of sin. It was then that the Followers of Set appeared before you, and you were Embraced into the clan. Now you work in an orphanage, with many innocent young souls in your care.

Concept: A depraved nun who encourages the children in her charge to commit crime. Like Charles Dickens's Fagin, she is the leader of a criminal gang whose members have an average age of 10. The home where she works is populated with orphans, criminals and misfits. She takes the worst of these, and recruits them. The children tutored by her learn burglary, assault, and many other nefarious skills.

Roleplaying Tips: Cluck your tongue and shake your head, sounding for all the world like someone's concerned mother. You cultivate the air of a devout nun, but beneath your facade hides a brilliant criminal mind.

Equipment: Nun's habit and wimple, revolver loaded with silver bullets, lock-picking tools, blackboard and chalk, bible, devoted young charges.



SETITES™

VAMPIRE: The Masquerade®

Name:

Nature: PEDAGOGUE

Sire:

Player:

Demeanor: CONNIVER

Generation: 13th

Chronicle:

Concept: SISTER SIN

Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●○○○○○○
Dexterity ●●○○○○○○
Stamina ●●○○○○○○

Social

Charisma ●●○○○○○○
Manipulation ●●○○○○○○
Appearance ●●○○○○○○

Mental

Perception ●●○○○○○○
Intelligence ●●○○○○○○
Wits ●●○○○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Acting ○○○○○○○○
Alertness ○○○○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○○○○
Brawl ○○○○○○○○
Dodge ○○○○○○○○
Empathy ●○○○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○○○○
Leadership ●●○○○○○○
Streetwise ●●○○○○○○
Subterfuge ○○○○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○
Drive ○○○○○○○○
Etiquette ○○○○○○○○
Firearms ○○○○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○○○○
Music ○○○○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○○○○
Security ●○○○○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○○○○

Knowledges

Bureaucracy ○○○○○○○○
Computer ○○○○○○○○
Finance ○○○○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○○○○
Law ○○○○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○○○○
Medicine ●○○○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○○○○
Science ○○○○○○○○

Advantages

Disciplines

Obscure ●○○○○○○○
Presence ●●○○○○○○
Serpentis ●○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○

Backgrounds

ALLIES ●○○○○○○○
HERD ●●●○○○○○
RETAINERS ●●●○○○○○
○○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○

Virtues

Conscience ●●○○○○
Self-Control ●●●○○○
Courage ●●●●●

Other Traits

BRIBERY ●●○○○○○○
FORGERY ●●○○○○○○
INSTRUCTION ●●○○○○○○
LOCKPICKING ●●○○○○○○
PICKPOCKET ●●○○○○○○
THEOLOGY ●●○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○

Humanity/Path

●●●●●○○○○○

Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Blood Pool

□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□

Health

Bruised
Hurt -1
Injured -1
Wounded -2
Mauled -2
Crippled -5
Incapacitated

Weakness

DOUBLE DAMAGE FROM SUNLIGHT.
-1 TO DICE POOLS
IN ANY BRIGHT LIGHT

Attributes: 7/5/3 Abilities: 13/9/5 Disciplines: 3 Backgrounds: 5 Virtues: 7 Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/2/1)



Appendix One Setites of Note

*And some of us were human once, and some
Have never heard the name of Earth,
Abominations of a monstrous birth
Out of the womb of nightmare...*
— Lin Carter, "The Million Favored Ones"

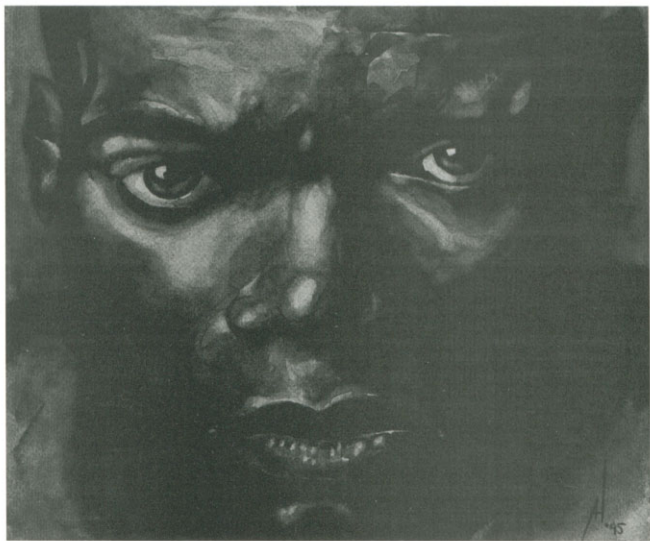
Below are some of the figures of legend within the Setite clan. While some are undoubtedly actual Kindred who may yet exist in the modern world, others have origins shrouded in mystery, and may be only myths.

Augusta Holford

Embraced in 1305, Augusta was the youngest daughter of an English nobleman from Kent. She is a charming woman, and appears to be in her early twenties, with long flowing chestnut hair and bewitching hazel eyes.

Augusta holds with the theory that each man's destruction lies in giving him exactly what he wants, in abundance. Through her network of contacts and ghouls, she is able to procure rare and illegal goods at prices well below that charged to others, and manages to make a tidy profit while still undercutting the competition in most markets.

Known throughout Kindred society as a great philanthropist, Augusta has helped to fund projects ranging from countless Toreador exhibits to lethal Brujah gang wars. Of course, she is among the first to mourn when her Toreador protégés greet the sunrise after realizing that they will never be able to perfectly represent their subject on canvas. Most assume her to be Ventruë, but she dismisses any discussion with a wave of the hand and a smile, sighing, "Really, politics have no place in business, dear." More than one Prince has fallen under her sway after receiving a drug-laced Blood Doll as a "token of friendship," and scandalous information obtained by her network has been the cause of several Blood Hunts in recent years. While she travels throughout the world frequently, of late she is said to be spending a great deal of her time in Seattle, Washington. Augusta is rumored to have agents in every corner of the world, and given the ease with which she is able to procure things, this may not be far from the truth.



Ghede

The venerable Follower of Set known as Ghede was the first of his clan to infiltrate the Caribbean island of Haiti. Ghede, African by birth, had sent ghouls to Haiti as early as 1700, where they infiltrated the island's voodoo cults and prepared the way for their master's arrival. Once Ghede was established, he summoned his neonate Ezuli to Haiti, where she set up the island's first Setite temple, and prepared the way for the arrival of many other Followers of Set. While Ghede posed as the god of death, Ezuli masqueraded as a goddess of love and the moon. Over the years, she amassed many more worshippers than her sire. Seeing Ezuli steal his worshippers enraged Ghede, and the two powerful Setites have not spoken since 1805, save in anger.

Ghede is a vampire of the 6th generation. He was Embraced in Rome, circa 100 BC. An Ethiopian gladiator, his flair for killing opponents in the arena was what first attracted the Followers of Set to him. His movements are

supple and catlike, his skin of darkest ebony, and his head shaved. Numerous scars from his mortal days crisscross Ghede's lithe, muscular body. He favors simple, bright clothing, and resembles a barbaric African king more than a god. In Haiti, his power is almost limitless, although his position has many times been assailed by younger Setites.

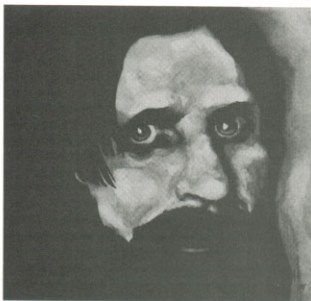
Other than his own get, Ghede's worst enemy is the Serpent of the Light who calls himself Legba, a Haitian-born antitribu operating out of Port-au-Prince. This rogue's followers do their best to disrupt Ghede's network of assassins, houngans and initiates, who for many years have controlled the turbulent island, even its rulers. The ensuing battle has stricken the mortal populace of Haiti with terror, and even those innocent of the true power struggle being fought during the tropical nights are aware that something is very wrong in their small island, and as a result are fleeing the country in great numbers.

Sir Marriot D'Urban

As a mortal knight, Sir Marriot D'Urban served under England's King Richard I, the Lionheart, in the Crusades. Sir Marriot never set eyes on Jerusalem. He was captured by Saracens, and held captive for many years. His faith already tested by the atrocities he had witnessed his fellow knights commit in God's name, Sir Marriot soon renounced Christianity. His jailer was a kind man, and many discussions ensued between them. Despite his captor's hopes, Sir Marriot did not convert to Islam. He spent much of his captivity studying theology, astronomy, and many other arts practiced by the Saracens but unknown in England.

By the time of his release, Sir Marriot had become a scholar of considerable erudition. Rather than return to England once he was free, Sir Marriot spent several years travelling the Middle East, eventually arriving in Egypt. He took up residence in Alexandria, where his wisdom attracted the interests of the Followers of Set. They sought influence in the courts of England and France; Sir Marriot's Embrace was not long in coming. He left Egypt for England with some reservations, but forgot his cares once he became preoccupied with the intrigues and intricate histories of the Jyhad.

Sir Marriot D'Urban is one of the most widely travelled Setites active in the world today. He has not abandoned his love of learning despite the passing centuries; indeed, the many years have only added to his vast store of knowledge. Much of his time is spent researching the history of his clan, and he employs a network of agents specifically for this purpose. When not immersing himself in history, Sir Marriot can be found journeying between Setite temples, educating the neonates of his clan in their heritage.



Rasputin

The "mad monk," as he is known, was seduced by the Followers of Set soon after his arrival at the Russian Czar's court. The Followers of Set used Rasputin's legendary libido to corrupt him away from the Orthodox Church, and make him their pawn. They were quickly able to efficiently employ his powers of persuasion, and soon Rasputin, through his influence over the Czarina and her hemophiliac son, was a major player in the Russian Jyhad.

Clan Brujah (who had recently struggled against the Russian Ventrue and Toreador for dominance, and triumphed) rightfully perceived Rasputin and the Followers of Set as significant enemies in their struggle for control over the Russian court. Rasputin, being mortal, was targeted for assassination. Luckily for Rasputin, already a Setite ghoul, the immortal blood flowing through his veins allowed him to survive the poison, bullets and icy river with which the Brujah's mortal pawns tried to end his life.

Rasputin was fished from the frozen river by the Followers of Set, and swiftly Embraced. Although the mortal lord believed him dead, Rasputin long continued to be a powerful player in the Jyhad. Since the Bolshevik Revolution, Rasputin has been a thorn in the side of first the Brujah Council, and now the re-awakened Baba Yaga. He is one of the few Kindred active beyond the spiritual curtain which today isolates the Commonwealth of Independent States.

Appendix Two: The Last Supper Errata

"Oops."

Marchettus the Bold

Clan: Brujah

Embraced: 1234 A.D.

Generation: 6th

Apparent Age: 36

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

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

Talents: Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 2, Intimidation 4, Throwing 4.

Skills: Blind Fighting 3, Etiquette 2, Fast Draw 4, Melee 4, Ride 5, Stealth 3, Torture 4, Traps 3

Knowledges: Clan Knowledge 3, Kindred Lore 2, Military Science 5

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Dominate 3, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 3, Presence 3, Potence 3

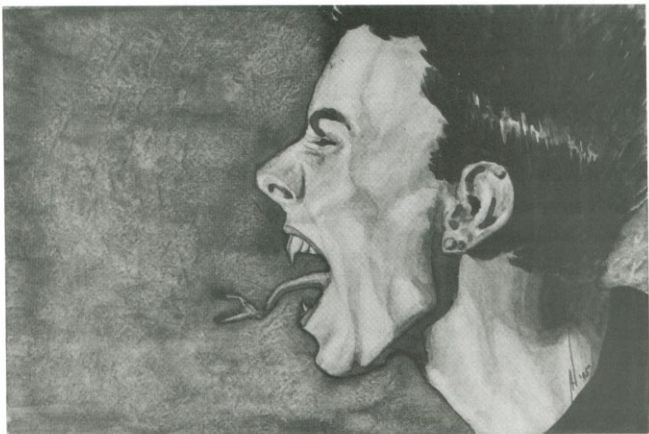
Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Elder Status 1, Herd 4, Resources 4

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 7

Image: A tall, broad-shouldered man with a thick red beard wearing battered, but well-oiled, leather armor.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a volatile revolutionary who declaims the status quo continually, and with amazing vigor. Your descriptive turns of phrase when describing kings and other leaders is legendary. You do nothing with subtlety or ceremony.



Lady Dimitra

Clan: Gangrel

Embraced: 1173 A.D.

Generation: 6th

Apparent Age: 34

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 5, Courage 4

Talents: Alertness 6, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Mimicry 3, Scan 3, Search 4

Skills: Camouflage 4, Etiquette 1, Herbalism 3, Melee 4,

Stealth 5, Tracking 4, Traps 2

Knowledge: Area Knowledge 1, Gypsy Lore 3, Kindred

Lore 2, Lupine Lore 3

Disciplines: Animalism 6, Celerity 2, Fortitude 2, Protean 4

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Elder Status 1, Herd 3

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 9

Notes: Her extra level of Animalism makes her extremely attractive to animals.

Image: A tall, sinewy woman wearing a traveling cloak and man's breeches.

Roleplaying Hints: Like most Gangrel, you adore fresh air and loathe the squalid buildings most people insist on spending time within. You talk rapturously of the joys of the kill, tracking, herbalism, and other such matters, but you have no patience with any subject not relating to the wilds. You often growl, purr, and interject other animal noises into your conversation.

Sharper than a Serpent's Tooth...

"We are the small voice that whispers to you in the lonely hours of the night. We call to the darkness within all of you. We came from the dark, and to the dark we shall all return..."