

# LASOMBRA

Antitribu

The True Lasombra



By: Brian M. Clough



*Perfection is not something you can strive for,  
it is something that you must be born with.*

We are hunted from all sides.  
Made to endure more than any other  
but what more would you expect  
from those far superior than you.  
Do not be fooled by they who claim to be us  
for they are not.  
While the essence within may hold similarities  
we are two different things.  
We are better

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**To everybody in Shadows on the Mall. Shout out to the Mole People, to the east German Terrorist, to all the ladies who get dressed in frilly underwear, get together and have tickle-fights with one another!**



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Because of the mature themes contained within, Reader discretion is advised.



# Standing Before a Myth



The Lasombra antitribu no longer exist? That is a rather foolish statement as you are standing before one right now. Whose haven did you honestly think you were breaking into? The Ventrue Prince of this city? I've known of your impending felony for over 2 months now...

Whom do you think the mysterious contact was who happened to have the blueprints of the security system for sale? I wanted this opportunity to talk with you so that you can pass along what I'm about to share.

Don't worry...the feeling in your extremities should return soon enough, and I doubt that your paralysis will last much more than an hour or two. Now, where were we...ah yes!

That's right, I don't exist. I'm not surprised that the elders of your side of OUR clan told you such. They have a long and shameful history that they wish to expunge, but much as in the play Hamlet, the blood does not easily come off of one's hands.

I know you have heard the stories of the formation of your illustrious Sabbat. Gratiano slays Lasombra; the anarchs have their bonds broken by the Tzimisce, anarchs and so forth. But let's delve a bit deeper into the little known background of that era, shall we?



Several months prior to Gratiano betraying the clan, Lasombra awakened for what many have thought was the last time to see to several matters. The younger Lasombra of the Castile de Siracusa would never question their founder as to why he arose. To be honest, most Lasombra of that day were concerned more with their own agendas and were tragically shortsighted. Many if not the majority lacked any strength for long term plans. Makes one wonder how your side survived this long doesn't it?

In any event, Lasombra spent close to 4 weeks in silent meditation. He stayed confined to his private wing of the castle. Only twice did he ever request anything. Once was that a ghoul bring him a manuscript from a nearby village. The second was an order for his childe Montano to return to Sicily to advise him. The manuscript was purported to be a tome of prophecies that Malkav himself wrote, just after Caine inflicted his curse.

Lasombra copied the manuscript word for word and set forth to understand just what it was that Malkav wrote of. A few weeks later, as Montano returned from a nearby campaign, he was led into his sire's quarters...where the two of them held council for over 4 days. When Montano left his sire's side...he was visibly angered.

What did they meet about? How should I know...I wasn't in the room! If I were, such would either make me Lasombra or Montano now...wouldn't it! And that would be absurd as neither of them exists!

Now...where was I? Ah yes! So Lasombra, now having met with his childe, and discovering something of keen interest within the mutterings of Malkav, returns to his crypt underneath the castle. This is where the history as you and others who have studied it show that the Anarchs

stormed the Lasombra castle, and their leader, an ambitious Lasombra named Gratiano consumed and destroyed the soul of his own sire, Lasombra.

Now, let's say for fun, you and I, Pequeno Uno, now speak hypothetically. *Cómo se dice*, kick around a few ideas?

Let us suppose that Lasombra knew of Gratiano plans for betrayal before hand. Let us also suppose that Lasombra, the founder of us all, more devious then you or... well you can ever hope to be, saw the plans of Gratiano as an opportunity for something much more greater, as a chance to propel himself above all the other clans.

Let us suppose that Lasombra was never killed.

I'll assume that by the way your eyes are rolling in their sockets that you don't find logic to my statement. Remember that we are speaking Hypothetically. None the less, I will share with you the information that I have pertaining to this.

Lasombra, who knew of his child's impending treachery, knew that Gratiano would take it upon himself to reward the everlasting existence his sire gave him by attempting to murder and steal his very essence. So he laid a trap, a very clever and very cunning trap!

Some of what happened next I'm sure that your elders have already told you. No doubt giving you a very glowing, stunning false account of how they easily stormed Castile de Siracusa, and easily compelled the remaining Lasombra to join with Gratiano and the Sabbat. Such is the stanch egos of those of our kind who were there that day. But allow me to regale you with another version of events that night.

Gratiano and his army amassed along the southern facing of the castle with his troops and stormed it, overcoming it easily with both the Anarchs and those Lasombra who were loyal to him. Once inside he sought out the crypt of his sire and entered.

Now, pay close attention Pequeno Uno, this is where it gets good.

Gratiano enters the crypt of the great Lasombra and finds his sire in torpor. He quickly approaches his sire...and discovers that he is not in torpor at all, in fact that the plotter of plotters, the manipulator of manipulators, knew of his impending betrayal from the start. For who can really out fox he who taught them. Lasombra, angered at his childe's betrayal, kills him on the spot, and takes up the visage of his would be assassin and steps forth upon those outside, proclaiming that he has diablerized his sire, and that all Lasombra are to join with him, or be destroyed.

Most, probably out of fear of their own pathetic existences, or out of cowardice, join him on the spot. Others wait for the opportunity and escape, looking for Montano to guide them, looking for the one who somehow managed to flee the castle unseen despite all present searching for him.

This is the origin of the Lasombra antitribu. Not started out of cowardice, as those of





your sect may have told you. The refusal to join Gratiano and the other Lasombra was not done out of spite, nor jealousy, nor fear, but out of loyalty and honor for what they knew to be right and just. Loyalty to the dark father, Lasombra.

What is that you're thinking? You ask why Lasombra would lead the Sabbat disguised as Gratiano? That is quite simple. Tell me, have you ever read the Bible? I doubt it by the looks of you. Allow me to share with you a parable from its pages. It is a personal favorite of mine, the story of Job. It seems that God and the Devil get together to argue faith. God says that his followers upon earth are loyal to him and know him as the one and only God above. The devil, always defiant and antagonistic tells God that if he inflicts enough suffering and grief upon just one of his followers that even

the strongest of faith would denounce him, and seek other Gods. The two choose a simple farmer...a man by the name of Job.

Over the course of months, God killed his wife, his children, withered his crops, killed his livestock, and inflicted him with painful boils and disease, put him through hardship after hardship. Throughout his ordeal, despite everybody telling him that God had forsaken him, he refused to stop worshiping God and would not allow his faith in the almighty to falter. God tested him and he past the test.



Perhaps, and this is just speculation you understand...that perhaps, if Gratiano is really Lasombra in disguise, that the formation of the Sabbat, the hunting of the Lasombra antitribu, and the wholesale mistreatment of the mortals by the Sabbat is merely a test for his childer. A test to see whom amongst those he sired has the dedication, the loyalty to him to never cross over to the misguided direction that Gratiano was leading them to. A test to see whom amongst his childer is really worthy of the name, Lasombra.

So you see Pequeno Uno, it is best to never trust what you see, or what your elders tell you. I'm going to leave you here...still existing. You should be able to move and speak again just a few hours before sunrise. Enough time to get back to your little pack haven and tell them all about the myth that doesn't exist. Tell them that you talked to that which they told you was not real. But I'll leave you with this final thought...If your elders lied to you that the Lasombra antitribu do not exist...what else could they not be telling you?







# The history of the Del Armago family in America

Began with the arrival of Ramano del Armago to Westchester, NY. Ramano, growing tired with other pursuits, focused his attention on the United States. Taking up residence in Westchester where he stayed relatively low key, forming alliances with several of the local residents including Prince Rhys McTaggart, Robert McGregor and Anna Fabian. After several months Ramano grew tired with the local politics and focused his attention onto the domain of North Virginia,

which seemed to be the hub of Kindred activity along the East Coast. Moving down from New York he established a steady relationship with Uma Nottingham, a Tzimisce who would later aspire to become the prince not only on one occasion, but two. During the early days of Ramano's involvement there, he remained fairly low profile, allowing himself to amass a vast economic empire and learning the behavioral patterns of the local citizenry.

Slowly and methodically he began to make a name for himself, aiding the Camarilla whenever possible and earning the respect of the domain. This was until under the reign of Prince Christopher Matthews when the Primogen council opted to remove voting power from the unaligned kindred of the city, which Ramano was in charge of. In a fit of rage he threatened to blow up the entire council and stormed off of Elysium.

After apologizing later, the domain calmed itself, and slowly, ever so methodically members of the Primogen Council began dying off or disappearing one by one. There was of course...No correlation between the two incidents.

Ramano's interest in the upper tiers of the city politics began during the final days of Absynthia Solouren's reign as Prince. Ramano let it be known that he was interested in the city position of Sheriff to each of the power players in the domain, and that support could be theirs, should they choose their officers carefully.

A Ventrue followed Solouren by the name of Von Bruening who was the "great white hope" for North Virginia. He selected Ramano for his sheriff, as predicted and Ramano served him well,



as predicted and Ramano served him well, till the Ventrue lost his mind and began assassinating members of the Primogen Council. Working with Buck Satan and Chris Matthews, they sought his removal from the throne, and placed Robert MacGregor there.

Ramano, sensing that his continuing rise in power in NVA, coupled with the anarchs forming a domain of their own in southern Baltimore would be more then even he could focus on. He called one of his eldest childer; William Jade to relocate to Southern Maryland to represent the family interests in that area.

Ramano began hearing rumors that the new Prince and his former catorie mate; Robert MacGregor had committed diablerie with the assistance of Rhys McTaggart. Performing some Tremere ritual which resulting in several kindred benefiting from their vitae. These rumors proved to be true, and Robert was forced off the throne. Taking his place was the cities first Malkavian Prince, Brent Albertson. Albertson opted to choose Ramano for the position of Seneschal.

It was here that Ramano began a campaign to bring order and stability to the domain of North Virginia. But content with listlessness and mediocrity North Virginia resisted and continued to push the envelope with the Masquerade almost nightly. During an attempt upon his life by Seth Owens, a local Setite, Ramano's ghoul Hector shows fierce dedication and throws his master to the floor and while protecting them he repelled the would be attackers. Ramano impressed with the loyalty of his ghoul Hector embraces him.



Ramano, now Seneschal of North Virginia, along with Albertson, sent various Kindred to their deaths for transgressions, or cause kindred to simply disappear. This earns Albertson the immediate suspicion of the domain. Sensing that the tides may be quickly becoming hostile and amidst the pressure, Ramano has William send for his only Childe, Santiago de la Cruz to return from Madrid where he himself is Seneschal to negotiate peace within the domain.

Albertson overwhelmed with the position, steps down, appointing Kamaski Valan to replace him. Despite public opinion, she keeps Ramano as her Seneschal. Santiago immediately goes to work in settling the conflicts that the domain is overrun with. Within a few days of his arrival, he manages to bring about a peace between the Brujah and the Gangrel, which threatens to destabilize the region.

Now content with the support that he is receiving, Ramano opts to step down from being the cities Seneschal and focus upon family affairs rather than deal with the Camarilla as one of their citizens, although opting to remain Camarilla himself. During a potentially devastating incident, Angus MacGregor, childe to Robert MacGregor and recent recruit to the Sabbat attacks Edith, and embraces her Brujah. Enraged and near Frenzy, Ramano puts the entirety of his financial might into locating this individual,

and then has members of the city collect him. Angus is brought back to North Virginia and brought before Prince Kamaski Valan. She orders him killed and allows Ramano to deliver the deathblow. He would be the first of many MacGregor's who would fall at the hands of the del Armago brood. The death of Angus visibly upsets Robert. In what has yet to be explained, Toreador Montgomery Frost performs some action or calls in favors unknown and is able to restore Edith's humanity. It is with this unselfish act, that Ramano embraces his final Childe, his long time prize ghoul Edith Blake.

With the del Armago family at his call, the Lasombra made themselves an undeniable presence along the East Coast. Amassing an impressive array of mortal influence and economical power with which they could bring down to bare on any that opposed them.

Robert MacGregor, angered at the recent loss of his childe Angus, attempts to kill Ramano during a gathering upon Elysium. When asked by Prince Valan to explain his actions, he tells her that she is in "his chair". With the bulk of the city and officers attacking him, Robert is subdued and killed by Ramano and Kamaski.

Then at the end of December of 1997, Hector, along with several members of a Catorie he was involved in ventured into Washington DC to scout for North Virginia against the Sabbat of Washington DC. They were discovered as they entered and a Sabbat war party was called in. Hector Anthony, along with the childe of Uma Nottingham, John Hym, A

Tremere named Malachi and the childe of Toreador Montgomery Frost, Arion Zamoria were ambushed at the Foggy Bottom Metro Station in Northwest Washington DC.

While John Hym and Hector started fighting the horde, Malachi and Zamoria ran to save their own existence, sacrificing Hector and Hym to the Sabbat. Hym was killed outright, Hector was torpored after killing half the war party himself, taken to the Archbishop of Washington DC and diablerized.

While Ramano and William wore steady faces, The younger of the Lasombra, Santiago and Edith left the domain for a short time to inform mortal descendants of Hectors "Passing". It was here that Santiago disappeared, only to resurface several weeks later in North Virginia.

At the next gathering of Kindred, Santiago reappeared, intoxicated off of the vitae of drunken individuals and staggered into Elysium, attempting to fight both Zamoria and Malachi. He was quickly subdued by his own family and shown the error of his ways.

This would be the beginning of a grand plot by the Lasombra to over throw the control that the Sabbat had in the domain of Washington DC and claim it for themselves. With the recent death of a good number of North Virginia citizens by the Sabbat, the Camarilla of North Virginia opted for open warfare with the Sabbat in DC. A war effort was started and plans were undertaken (heavily influenced by Lasombra manipulation) to cut off supplies to the city of DC and thereby cripple the Sabbat. The new domain of Suburban Maryland, and loyal kindred in what would be the future domain of Baltimore, effectively blocked all ports of access from the North.

The west was littered with a good number of Garou in the Appalachian Mountains, and such had never been a viable means of ground Transportation. With contacts that he had previously secured, Santiago de la Cruz made a deal with the Queen of the Underworld,







an anarch population of Nosferatu and Setites in Alexandria, to lend support in the war effort, but in secret to assist the Lasombra in the taking of Washington.

The only point of entry for the Sabbat to receive weapons, additional personnel or supplies would be from the south, in specific from the recently Sabbat overrun city of Richmond, Virginia. In a joint mobilization of Kindred forces from Suburban Maryland and Virginia, Citizens of both domain's led by Ramano del Armago and a Brujah, traveled to Richmond and engaged the Sabbat in direct confrontation. When the smoked cleared, the Sabbat stood defeated and scattered; the Camarilla immediately took over the domain of Richmond under a controversial Caitiff Prince.

With the Sabbat now cut off from all sides and no help expected a waiting game began. The Sabbat tried to mass embrace and repopulate their numbers, but every time some unexplained event would occur and their new recruits would fall victim to accidents or to unseen forces.

An opportunity presented itself for a final assault to be carried out on the remaining Sabbat of Washington DC. A Lasombra who claimed to be of the line of Montano, masquerading as a Sabbat pack leader entered the domain of North Virginia and told the city officers that he had tactical information that could end the existence of the remaining Sabbat. Leery, but unable to pass up the chance to rid themselves of long time nuisances planned a scouting



mission.

Ramano, along with Prince Valentine-Smith, the Brujah Primogen, Former Prince Kamaski Valan and her bodyguard Peter Wisdom followed the Lasombra into DC and to a building where he said that comrades that were loyal to his movement would meet him. Ramano, while scouting the exterior of the building noticed several charges that had been attached to the foundation and ready to explode. He escaped the area with only seconds to spare.

Unfortunately, the others were trapped within the rubble. What made it worse was that the Sabbat showed up not long afterwards and begin dowsing the rubble with Gasoline and igniting it. The whole scheme was a plot to kill Ramano, seen by the Sabbat as the mastermind behind the Sabbat's demise in DC. Returning from the site, his being the only surviving member of the scouting party was viewed with

suspicion and contempt. Returning from the site, his being the only surviving member of the scouting party was viewed with suspicion and contempt.

The domain of North Virginia was impacted harshly with the loss of so many of their citizens. However, much as a revolving door effect, new citizens quickly took their place. In particular was a young Tremere Apprentice named Winter Blackheart. During her first nights in the domain of North Virginia, it became obvious to the del Armago brood that she was...familiar in some way.

After initial observations, it was discovered that this woman cast no reflection. When approached she confided that she had once been a Lasombra ghoul, a member of an organization known as "The Talons of Black Rage."

She also was able to control the shadows, similar to the Lasombra's ability. Ramano, content with the explanation but weary, ordered Santiago to keep her under close observation. A relationship began between the two that would become more serious with time.

It was close to this time that forces external to the domain, angry and jealous with the amount of control the Lasombra possessed in the region, plotted against Ramano. Doug Clark, part of a new coterie in Suburban Maryland known as the NWO conceived a plan with which to disgrace Ramano's standing within the Camarilla and to destabilize his power. Kidnapping an operative from the hunter group known as "The Inquisition" he ghouled him and gave his knowledge of individuals within North Virginia and Ramano in particular. He told this ghoul to get close to Ramano and attempt to get him to divulge as much information as he could.

While the ghoul's initial attempts to do such failed, Clark used the popular hatred and distrust that many had for Ramano against him and made claims that he had given the Ghoul a wealth of information, knowing fully his background as a hunter, thereby breaching the masquerade. With no facts in evidence, nor anything to back up these accusations, he brought this information to several Justicars, known to be publicly against any kindred not of the founding 7 clans of the Camarilla.

Despite the fact that they knew of Clark's lie, and that Ramano had done no wrong, they opted to convict him of the charges (ironically in Ramano's absence) during a conclave held in Chicago and declared a global blood hunt upon him.



With obvious dissatisfaction from the majority of Kindred citizens over this ruling, other, more ranking members of the Justicars ordered an investigation to be undertaken in which the true guilt of Ramano del Armago would be established. Justicar Cztarinov of Nosferatu was sent out to question Ramano himself.

Unable to find any hint of deception on Ramano's part, nor able to accept the truth that Ramano was indeed innocent, Cztarinov opted to have him placed under his direct ordeal. He was stripped of all but 1 status and placed under a 3-month ordeal to Justicar Cztarinov.



Angered at the actions of the Camarilla's disregard of his family for no reason other than clan, Santiago was put into near Frenzy for days. This was the beginning of his disgust and contempt for the American Camarilla bastardization.

A close alliance was forged between the Lasombra and the Tremere under the leadership of Winter Blackheart, whom by this time had become a Regent. This alliance frightened many within the domain as they saw it as the two most powerful clans within NVA co-existing. The current Seneschal, Christophe Deveraux made repeated attempts to make Winter forsake the Lasombra. Again and again she would fight with Deveraux in public about her relationship with Santiago. Unbeknownst to him, the two plotted against him and sought his downfall the entire time.

During a trip to Westchester, NY in which Ramano planned to reclaim his belongings left behind when he moved to Virginia, the Lasombra had the opportunity to attend an Elysium held by then Prince Marcus Dawson. Dawson, for reasons still unclear, opted to allow Garou to freely wander his Elysiums despite the First Tradition of the Camarilla. The direct result of such occurred when a young pup named Purest Ice tried to provoke an incident with Seneschal Christophe Deveraux (whom also opted to show up during that Elysium). He directly attacked Deveraux without provocation and was put down by Ramano who used Theft of Vitae upon him.

Due to the impudence of several ungrateful whelps from North Virginia A Gangrel named Montoya and a Caitiff named McClearin who tried to instigate that by saving the existence of Deveraux from a Garou attack, that he had ruined a peace treaty with the Garou.

This led to a minor investigation in which Ramano was acquitted of any wrong doing by the Princes of both domains. With yet another attempt to ruin the Lasombra successfully batted away, the family returned to concerns within the domain of Virginia. Ramano, who had become disillusioned with the treatment he was receiving by "loyal" citizens of the Camarilla, brokered a secret deal with Local Tremere Lord Francisco on behalf of Justicar Malaphar.

Knowing that the Tremere were not pleased with him possessing the knowledge of Thaumaturgy, he made a deal in which he would agree to undergo a ritual. A ritual, which would rid himself of all Thaumaturgy, in exchange he would wish for the Tremere's aide in helping him to fake his death and resurface in Virginia as another clan. The Tremere accepted this deal, and unbeknownst any, even his own family, was "executed" by the Tremere for possessing Thaumaturgy.

Once word of this got out, the Tremere of North Virginia fled the domain for fear of what the remaining Lasombra would do. The only member remaining that evening was Regent Winter Blackheart.

Santiago was confronted with the “truth” of what had happened and why such had occurred. He didn’t say anything, preferring instead to say nothing at all. What was surprising that night, Winter asked Santiago to Marry her. The two began preparing for a wedding in a few months. With the Legion sisters recently having left and the domain in somewhat instability due to the loss of Ramano, this union would be a permanent stabilization of the two clans and a fundamental shift of power.

Two weeks before the wedding, Santiago, who had Winter under constant surveillance for fear of an assassination attempt, was alerted that Winter was called to the residence of Christophe Deveraux. Rushing to the scene and bursting his way through the door, he discovered Winter, dead and a room full of armed men with guns also dead. Christophe Deveraux and two of his ghouls were all that remained alive.

Sensing that such had been an ambush, he attacked Deveraux fiercely, driving past his Majesty and placing him into torpor. It was here that an infernal entity appeared and placed Deveraux into what appeared to be a glass jar. He explained to Santiago that Deveraux was under his control, and that he could not allow his pawn to be harmed. Santiago, being driven away by the demon, and half-crazed by the death of his fiancée, went back to his haven to wait out the day.

The next night, his case was pled to Prince Henry McCoy who, under pressure from Deveraux, refused to hear charges as Santiago was of less status, despite the fact that absolute concrete proof was brought forward that placed the smoking gun in Deveraux’s hands.

Despite the facts of evidence, despite the facts that the majority of the domain knew that he did it, despite the fact that he was infernal, and heavily expected to be a Setite, McCoy refused to even hear of the situation and had Santiago banned for attempting to kill Deveraux.



The next night, Deveraux while in hiding on a small Caribbean island, was surprised by an elite group of Kindred who infiltrated the island. They killed him very swiftly and then disappeared. The following week, with the support of many upon the Primogen Council, Henry McCoy was dethroned as Prince of North Virginia and Lucian Fait proxies the throne. His first order was to rescind the banishment of Santiago de la Cruz.

However, something was not right. Rumors had been spread around the domain for quite some time that Lucian had had infernal dealings himself in the past. Rumors that for the most part had remained unfounded. What complicated matters was the appointment of two of his close associates to city officer positions whom were of questionable background themselves. Thorten Stern, A Gangrel was appointed as the Sheriff to Lucian and a recent Nosferatu newcomer named Joe Trace was appointed to be his Keeper of Elysium.

At a meeting after the removal of Henry McCoy, Santiago set himself on fire before the Primogen Council and the city officers, effectively killing himself. Many assumed that this was done out of the regret that he felt, loosing Winter. What many did not realize was that this had been a plan created month's prior by himself and the other members of the del Armago family. They wanted to go underground and mask



themselves as citizens of other clans. Thereby increasing the sphere of power and influence. In Santiago's own case, he presented this opportunity to the previous city officers, several of them now deceased with the intention of discovering the true extent of infernal infestation within the city limits. With the possibility of the entire city officers being infernal and not privy to the former plans, he enacted them.

Edith on the other hand, gave the impression that she had simply left the city and disguised herself as Mary Harrington, a Ventrué recently awakened out of Torpor. She was easily accepted into the Ventrué clan, which at the time even accepted Caitiff.

While the city believed that Santiago had indeed died, he managed to return within its boundaries as a Brujah named Gabriel Shepard. The cover story that had already been devised for him was that he had worked for several princes throughout the states looking for infernalism. That he was the utmost authority on the subject and would be in the city to refute such claims in NVA.

Lucian allowed him to stay and take up residence. Working with a recent Toreador arrival named Captain Michael O'Donovan, the two were able to expose both Thornton Stern and Joe Trace for having brokered infernal deals in Baltimore and being in direct employ for an infernal entity. Their cover exposed; they were both summarily executed. Despite the fact that two infernal Kindred were exposed and had been destroyed, Santiago remained

underground in order to weed out any additional members. During this time, Santiago came under the employ of an Angel who wished to rid the city of the infernal taint it seemed to always have. He was given several "celestial investments" with which to combat the infernalism.

Meanwhile, Ramano, having infiltrated himself and having become the Primogen of the Malkavians, had established himself as a name within the domain proper. He had started his rise to take the throne of North Virginia, all the time Masquerading as the Malkavian known as John Getti. He only revealed his deception to his family after he was established and in a position of power.

While Santiago was under his own façade, he met Juliana Gambino in Westchester, NY. At a club called "The Blood and Claw". They became fast friends and he even convinced Juliana to relocate to North Virginia and to be with him. The two became inseparable, traveling to various domains including New York, Cleveland, Madrid and Malan.

After returning from a Grand Ball in Cleveland, the domain had gathered and Santiago had learned that in his absence, Archons from Justicar's Cztarinov's office had arrived in North Virginia. They were searching for Ramano, whom they believed had been masquerading as one of the current citizens. Unfortunately, they didn't ask any of the correct questions and failed in their task horribly.



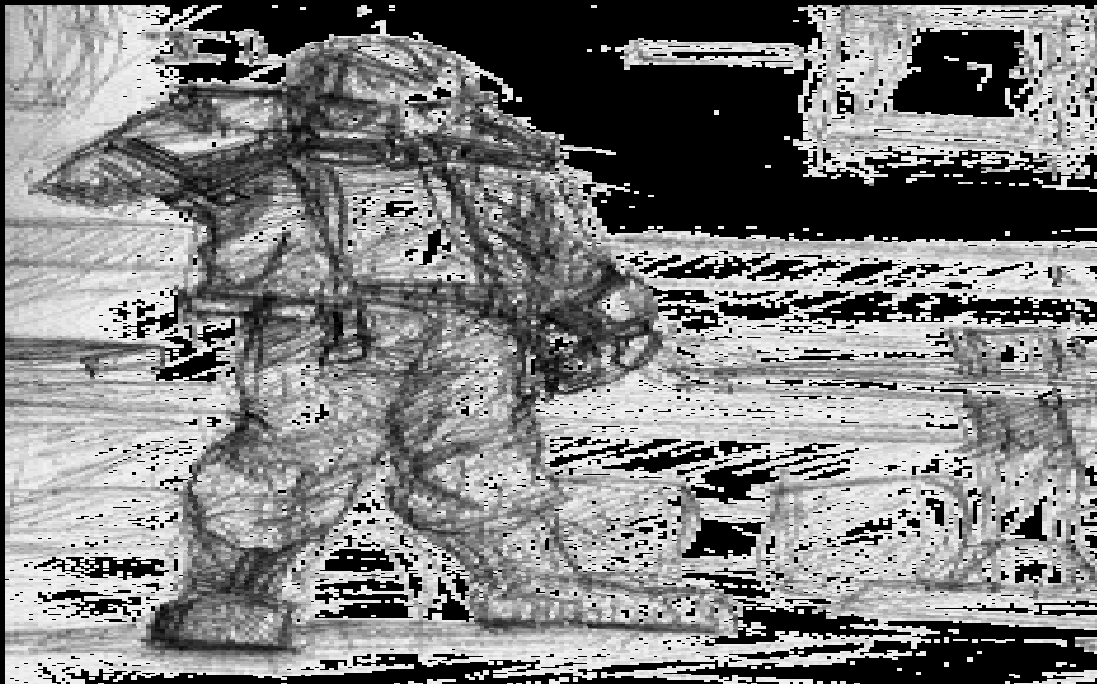
Unhappy with their defeat, Justicar Masako and several of her Archons arrived to continue the investigation, more so to investigate the charges that Tony the Gangrel had written to her about. Issues that included Lucian being infernal, of Toreador awarding Assimites Status, of non-Camarilla citizens holding status and so forth. All of which was occurring in Suburban Maryland.

In her first few moments in Virginia, she removed Lucian from his position as Prince and placed Viviane Satan in his place.

Masako, continuing with wisdom that could rival that of garden tools punished the citizens of North Virginia for Suburban Maryland's mistakes. She announced that no member of a clan who was not originally of the Camarilla could hold status above acknowledge, and that to do so was an affront to the Camarilla proper. This despite the fact that the princes of Cairo, Venice, Rome, Berlin and Vladavodstock are non-original Camarilla members. Guess she had \*Personal Motivations! \*

With the need to remain underground no longer present, Santiago and Edith re-emerged. Ramano, now convinced that some "questionable" methods were used in his discovery as J.P. Getti, sought other avenues to hide amongst.

The del Armago family once again was present in the domain and was instrumental over the next few months in protecting and serving the domain. They were responsible for the removal of diablerist/rapist Silas McRee, they placed Samuel du Pont on the throne, but their biggest plan was just reaching its finale.



With the domain of North focused upon themselves as usual, the Sabbat of Washington DC had become forgotten. In a surgically precise strike, the del Armago family breached the Sabbat's Washington defenses and began removing them systematically. Within a month they had cleared out over 90 percent of the remaining forces and secured the city, not for the Camarilla, for they were the organization that had betrayed them in the past. They secured the city for themselves and founded the Lasombra Freehold of Washington DC. Santiago sets up Shadowlaw Industries, the front company from which they control every aspect of the mortal community with an iron glove.

The del Armago family now controlled the most powerful and influential city in the world. The Nations Capitol.

With the freehold established, Santiago and Edith broke away from the Camarilla officially, renouncing their status and taking a number of citizens from the domain of North Virginia with them. In a bit of humor, Gangrel Sean McHeath manipulated Ventrue Prince Samuel du Pont into removing the acknowledged status of Santiago, Edith and Juliana, 20 minutes after they publicly renounced it. Du Pont, outsmarted and outmatched by the Gangrel, removed the no longer existing status. Ramano seemed amused with this, but secretly, he was anything but!

Ramano soon after left the domain; saying that he had business awaiting him in Europe that couldn't wait any longer. He left North Virginia in the hands of his family while he contended with his own issues.

On their own, the Freehold infrequently visited the domain of North Virginia. William, while a member of the freehold, opted to remain living within North Virginia and wish to associate himself with the citizens of that city. An associate of theirs, Duncan Rodgers of clan Malkavian developed a Kindred bloodborne viral agent which the group planned to use against the remaining Sabbat left in Washington DC.

Once word that such a virus (named sigma 23) even existed, citizens of North Virginia became panicky and feared that the freehold would use such a weapon against them. Du Pont, frightened and once again overwhelmed, contacted the freehold in the attempt to calm his frightened citizens. The Freehold, amused with the skittishness of North Virginia, had a



“negotiation” where they pretended to bargain for things they claimed were important to them. In the end they turned over records of a previous failed experiment, proclaimed it the dreaded Sigma 23 and went on with their own business, which had nothing to do with the domain of Virginia in the first place.

After an incident in North Virginia where members of clan Brujah murder a local Tzimisce Anna Nevermore, a recently embraced Malkavian is placed in the local accounting of Santiago de la Cruz. Having witnessed the attack, Dolby Nevermore her sire, feels that the kindred of North Virginia are too self absorbed and prone to violence to effectively care for his child. He asks Santiago to care for her and he accepts. Anna relocates to Washington DC and is taught the correct ways of the Camarilla and raised to adhere to them.

While attending an Elysium in Southern Maryland which was being thrown as some sort of tribute to Patrick Kennedy, members of the nWo and the First Family attempted to collect some sort of retribution against the Lasombra for words said against Tiffany Mankiller. Despite the collected presence of both of these groups, they could not intimidate, and since no attacks were made, it is presumed that they were unwilling to attempt such. The group stared down the collected might of the nWo and the first family, and they blinked first. Santiago’s wife, Juliana

Gambino-de la Cruz, shaken up by this experience returned to Malan to attend to family business. It was the last time that anybody would ever see her again. Her ghoul, Isabella remained behind and was taken in the employ of Santiago.

It was at this point that Santiago reprised his role as Ambassador to the various domains and started seeking a peace that could last amongst the four cities. Alas such was not possible. Hard-line personalities in the domain of North Virginia would not allow for old prejudices to be put aside. Even though many within North Virginia were not present to see the formation, or knew the history of the nWo, they took up a position against them anyway.

In a move that surprised and still have many confused, The Lasombra withdrew from Washington DC, instead choosing only to claim a small portion of the city as their own. The rest they remanded into the custody of a small group of Kindred, whom they would later reveal had been instrumental in clearing out portions of Washington DC along side them. This group, under the leadership of a Ventrue name Author Worth, claimed Washington DC as a true Camarilla city. Worth declared himself the first



prince of the reclaimed territory.

A good number of people assumed that the Lasombra had begun controlling these new Camarilla citizens and were the true masters of the city. They were proven wrong after Prince Worth made several decisions and stances that directly worked against the interest of the Freehold. The Lasombra, while not happy with the decisions, seemed to accept the prince's stance.

Edith makes a startling announcement that she has embraced her first childe. Victoria Nichols is introduced to members of Washington DC and becomes a recognizable sight at many of their Elysiums. Now with a childe of her own to raise, Edith separates herself from the others of the city. Santiago, not pleased with the service of Isabella Gambino, former ghoul of his wife, Juliana, has her returned to Malan. He continues grooming Flora, his own prized ghoul.

Santiago, along with Edith and Anna, host a multi-domain gathering at Shadowlaw Industries. It is the first time that members of the various East Coast domains may gather in peace without the fear of violence or the oppressive behavior of the Justicars and their loose cannons the Archons. The night is an overwhelming success despite the efforts of naysayers who attempt to cast dispersion on guests from the north.

Edith, now with her childe taking all her time, leaves the East Coast to travel abroad.

Santiago embraces his first childe, Flora and begins to train her alongside of Anna in the proper ways of the Camarilla, and as Lasombra.

and as Lasombra.

With the Sabbat now all but a memory and the childish ways of North Virginia behind them, the Lasombra could now focus upon their own agendas. The del Armago family became a sight at assorted Elysiums across the eastern seaboard. Attending events within Suburban Maryland, Baltimore, and as far west as Columbus.





A Ventrue followed Solouren by the name of Von Bruening who was the “great white hope” for North Virginia. He selected Ramano for his sheriff, as predicted and Ramano served him well, till the Ventrue lost his mind and began assassinating members of the Primogen Council. Working with Buck Satan and Chris Matthews, they sought his removal from the throne, and placed Robert MacGregor there.

Ramano, sensing that his continuing rise in power in NVA, coupled with the anarchs forming a domain of their own in southern Baltimore would be more than even he could focus on. He called one of his eldest childer; William Jade to relocate to Southern Maryland to represent the family interests in that area.

Ramano began hearing rumors that the new Prince and his former catorie mate; Robert MacGregor had committed diablerie with the assistance of Rhys McTaggart. Performing some Tremere ritual which resulting in several kindred benefiting from their vitae. These rumors proved to be true, and Robert was forced off the throne. Taking his place was the cities first Malkavian Prince, Brent Albertson. Albertson opted to choose Ramano for the position of Seneschal.

It was here that Ramano began a campaign to bring order and stability to the domain of North Virginia. But content with listlessness and mediocrity, North Virginia resisted and continued to push the envelope with the Masquerade almost nightly. During an attempt upon his life by Seth Owens, a local Setite, Ramano’s ghoul Hector shows fierce dedication and throws his master to the floor and while protecting them he repelled the would be attackers. Ramano impressed with the loyalty of his ghoul Hector embraces him.



# Teachings of Don Chavez Juan Guavares

Since I have deemed you worthy of embrace, you may assume that I have found you to have the potential to strive and achieve even further levels of perfection. This is your first true night of perfection. Consider yourself extremely fortunate. What you are most Kindred...or better put...vampires can only dream of. While their limitations are easily definable, you have none. Quite simply stated, next to the almighty himself, you are the most perfect being ever created.

**WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR FACE!**

The line between perfection and arrogance is very thin. If you are to make anything of yourself from here on out, you'd be wise to remember 3 things. Observe, remember, and anticipate. Master that and you'll do well. Now, as my sire did with me, and his sire him, I shall impart onto you the simple facts of our existence.



## IN THE BEGINNING

We are Lasombra. It is more than just a name, more than a clan of Kindred, more than any description. It is a mindset, a way of thinking, a state of being. To be Lasombra is to be as near perfection as any can be. This is the way that we were made. The first of our kind, and our founder is whom we are all named after, Lasombra.

He was the master of all things dark.  
Nobel, Just, Wise....

Yes, I did say "was". Lasombra is no more.  
Good, you do listen. Now shut up and let me continue.

Lasombra was one of several of his kind in those days. I imagine back then, before the days of Christ that the total number of Kindred never even peaked over a hundred. Lasombra was one of the earliest. The Grandchild of Caine. Caine who slew his brother in the Book of Genesis, cursed by God, damned to live forever, I shall explain to you more regarding that in the night ahead.

As the centuries went on, Lasombra felt the need to create those who would be like him. He wished for children. But unlike those who were his peers at the time, he would not simply create with no thoughts to consequence. He wished for children who would have undying loyalty to him. Children so perfect of thought and perfect of intention that their loyalty would never fall under question. For thousands of years he searched. Created children, finding them to be unworthy, and killing them.

He searched Asia, Europe, and finally descended into the wilds of the Dark Continent.

It was here that he found a village that was fabled to have had a infant who was born atop a mountain during a lightning storm. During that storm his mother was hit by a bolt of lightning and killed. Yet this infant had managed to survive. Not even a day old, not even having been





born, this child had the determination, the will, and the perfect... what have you...to survive. Perhaps our founder felt that it was the hand of God himself who touched this infant and presented him as a gift, perhaps it was only the child who had within him the will to live, I will not guess at what our founder thought, only recount the events, as they have been passed down to me.

Lasombra took this infant child and commanded that he be raised to be the perfect creation, and that he would return in years to come once the child had reached adulthood so that he might claim him for his own. For over twenty years Lasombra did not see the child, whom had come to be named Ontai.

He was shocked to discover that Ontai had been raised incorrectly. He knew nothing of honor, or responsibility, or leadership, but had become a spoiled man-child who was pampered and soft. Lasombra flew into a fit of utter rage and killed many within the village. He stated that the village would produce for him a perfect child or he would lay them all to waste. As mortals usually do, they took that badly.

The mortals rose up against the creature and a war started. While lasting only one evening, Lasombra killed half the villagers who hunted him and was only subdued with the rising of the sun. He fled to seek shelter, promising to return the next evening to complete his slaughter



The villagers, now in mortal danger, gathered their remaining warriors and planned to track and finish this creature off. They were approached by Ontai, the man whom they had watch grow into a spoiled sloth who stated that he alone would go find the stranger and appease him.

Why or how Ontai was able to convince the warriors still remains a mystery. But when Lasombra awoke the next evening, he found Ontai sitting near him. Ontai told Lasombra that he would give himself over to Lasombra to become as he was. Intrigued, Lasombra embraced him, and to test his loyalty, commanded him to eradicate the rest of the village. Without thought, he began killing the villagers he had lived amongst for the past 2 decades.

Lasombra was impressed with the loyalty that his new childe displayed. He stopped him from destroying the rest of the village, and took him back to Europe. He was giving the name Montano and was the first childe Lasombra ever saw as worthy enough to allow to exist.

## THE DARK AGES

For us, these were the nights were the height of the Lasombra's power over the world was most apparent. . We commanded legions of mortals who would live and die based upon our will. From the vast majority of Europe, to parts of Asia, to North Africa we commanded an empire that made clans nations fear us. Not one of the major developments of that day were we not either controlling or in some way manipulating. The Lasombra were the undisputed clan of power and leadership for all Kindred.

During those times, Lasombra made his home in Sicily, in a castle known as Castlile de Siracusa. By this point in our History, Our By this point in our history, our founder was exceeding ancient and his blood had become unable to sustain him on a daily basis. He spent weeks at a time in torpor, allowing his childe to control his affairs while he slept. Lasombra who were exceedingly loyal to our founder stayed within the confines of the Castlile to ensure





his safety.

Montano, who after 2 thousand years of continued loyalty was Lasombra's most trusted childe, was often times out amongst the country seeing to his father's affairs. He was well known in all of the courts throughout Europe and was often sent on missions abroad, had he had been during several of the crusades.

During the Crusades, Montano formed his own group of Lasombra whom he called the Victory Corps. They were comprised of those few Lasombra whom he considered to be the most loyal to Lasombra and who followed his teachings. Most were comprised of his own childe, while a small few were those of other noble lines.

Late in the 12<sup>th</sup> Century, Lasombra had heard murmuring of a young Italian nobleman who was in the courts of his Roman Empire seeking autonomy for his homelands. While only having been in Germany for a few years, he had quickly grown to admire and emulate many of their ways and customs and was secretly manipulating a way to betray them and gain power in the Roman courts.

Lasombra saw the extent of the power that this young nobleman was striving towards and was impressed at the resolve of this young mortal. So much did he want Roman power that he was willing to betray his own family and homeland to attain it. Lasombra arranged to have him captured by Italian forces upon one of his returns and had him imprisoned.

A few nights before his execution, Lasombra appeared to this individual and offered to turn him. The man had the audacity to tray and barter over the terms of his own embrace and even went so far as to suggest that he could get out of his own demise without the assistance of the elder kindred. Lasombra was able to convince the young noblemen that only through his gift, could he further his pursuit of power.

He begrudgingly agreed and was embraced that evening. Thus was Gratiano, the great betrayer created. Montano immediately hated him and was able to see past the false façade that the young Nobel put on while amongst his sire. In return Gratiano hated Montano for already having amassed status and great power amongst the kindred of that day.

For Gratiano the issue was about instant gratification and instant result. He was jealous of the power and the status, which Montano had spent centuries gathering. He did not comprehend that to equal the accomplishments of his brother, it would take an equal if not longer amount of time. Whenever Lasombra was around, Gratiano would put on the facade of being a compliant childe. When he was not around, Gratiano would openly challenges the decisions of his father. Montano knew that this newest childe of his sire's, would be a continuing problem.





### THE GREAT BETRAYAL

Play close attention to this part little one, for it shows the extent of what just one Lasombra can do when they forsake what their sires have taught and when their hearts know nothing but betrayal.

Late in the 15th Century an anarch movement began moving all throughout Europe. You may know these occurrences as their mortal names such as the days of the Inquisition. The anarchs were not

pleased with the power that the elder kindred had amassed for themselves, nor were they happy with the laws that they were being made to observe.

Little by little, no doubts fueled by the Tzmiscice from the depths of Eastern Europe, the anarchs swarmed across the aging empire and started to spark cords of descent amongst the local citizens and local kindred. Amongst their most favorite targets to try and corrupt were



the Lasombra.

Montano, fully aware of the danger such a unstable element could pose, led his Victory Corps against the anarchs on dozens of occasions, winning every encounter which they fought. For nearly 2 decades the anarchs were unable to corrupt any of the members or true power within the Lasombra courts. For every action they would make to blackmail, bribe or to physically remove an obstacle, Montano and his forces would be present and would drive them back, if not kill them outright. Until they discovered Lasombra's newest childe, Gratiano.

Knowing that the young Lasombra was very prideful and resented the control that his sire held over him, members of the Anarch movement slowly started to work at swaying him over. They approached Gratiano and told him that they had developed a method that would allow him to destroy the bond with his sire and allow him the freedom to make his own decisions and unfetter the link with his sire.

Intrigued, Gratiano agreed to their offer and consumed the combined blood of 10 other anarchs. His bond with his sire was destroyed and for the first time in centuries, he was able to think completely for himself.

Gratiano began to devise a plan which would both grant him a large increase in power, as well as to discredit his older sibling.

For a matter of years, Gratiano began to secretly aide the anarchs and made minute tactical errors which, while having the appearances of martial victory, secretly was allowing the anarchs to advance and establish small cells of power in key locations all throughout Europe. They were funded by various false mercantile organizations that Gratiano had devised and from extortion





money taken from mainly Portuguese sailors and nobility. Once this Anarch movement had settled into a comfortable position, Gratiano began the final stage of his plan.

He commanded that a small and expendable cell of Anarchs be brought to him, where over the course of several nights to implanted false memories in them. He told them how they could best infiltrate the castle of Lasombra himself and made them to believe that Montano was aiding them.

The next night, the Anarchs were indeed captured as they breached the outer walls of Castille de Siracusa. Easily captured they were interrogated and recounted their fable of how they were aided by Montano. This threw the Lasombra court into a fury of arguments. Some called for the immediate destruction of Montano. Others refused to believe that such was the truth, rather seeing it as a weak trick. For the first time the courts were in a utter state of chaos.

Gratiano used this confusion to stage an attack upon the Lasombra castle. With the anarchs to back him for support, they stormed the castle and fought their way into Lasombra's crypt.

According to Gratiano, he was able to overpower his creator and diablerized him, thereby making himself the eldest Lasombra in existence. He immediately proclaimed himself the new master of the castle and gave the others the choice of joining him or to face destruction. Many unworthy Lasombra traded their loyalty that night and joined with the betrayer.

Montano, along with a small handful of his childer and others loyal to him, escaped the castle, and went into hiding, plotting and waiting for some unknown time to strike.

## THE SECT WARS

The now infamous battle that the Sabbat and the Camarilla wage against one another. The Sabbat wish to rule over the mortals as God's. The Camarilla wish to protect humanity and to remain in hiding. Our role in there little conflict is extremely complicated.

Many amongst us have found it necessary to seek solace in the arms of the Camarilla, where they exist in mediocrity. They are always viewed as second class citizens and never allowed to obtain any real position or power.

Of course we side with the Camarilla in their sect war. To hope the Sabbat to win over them is to bring about our own demise. My advice is to watch the Camarilla from afar. Help them when such benefits you. Go to them when you have a Sabbat pack on your tail. Otherwise, stay out of their conflicts. We have much more important business to concern ourselves with.

## LES AMIS NOIR

The famous high court of the Sabbat Lasombra, the *Crème de la crème* of our counterparts. Les Amis is currently run by the eldest of those who were themselves neonates at the time of the great betrayal. All are traitors to Lasombra and unworthy of such distinction. This however, was not always the case. In the nights of long ago, before the great betrayal, only the most noble of Lasombra had chairs amongst Les Amis Noir. While they did have their occasional members who favored bribery and deceit more then valor, the vast majority of Lasombra who held position were of good stock. Les Amis Noir set the standard for Lasombra back then. They were the ones who decided how mortal history would be decided. It was once said that no great moment of history before then had been decided without their approval.

Now they are a mockery of those proud nights.

## GHOULS

It is difficult to keep many of these creatures, but alas such is necessary. It is a simple fact that we cannot see ourselves in mirrors. Having them around allows us to look our best and to not have to worry about if the part in our hair is straight. Never get use to having ghouls around. They may pledge undying loyalty, but even the most devout ghoul can have moments of doubt and during which they allow mistakes to occur. Simply kill them and find another. I find it best to have at least 2 to 3 ghouls around at all times. This allows you several advantages. You can take the time to investigate candidate worthy of a Lasombra embrace, in the process

have them compete for such an honor. Not only do you have them fawning all over you, but also you get to weed out the failures in the process.

Many will tell you that ghouls are more a chore than they are a necessity. In my experience they are a necessary chore, but in the long run, a commodity none the less.



## ON MATTERS DIABLERIE

No clan is more horrified by the prospect of diablerie than ours is. After the destruction of Lasombra, Montano made it abundantly clear what his views regarding the consuming of souls would be. I feel that the best way to clarify this for you would be to put it into terms, exactly as my sire did with me.

If you ever commit the act of diablerie upon kindred, you shall receive no assistance from me in the hiding of your shame. Should elders clamor for your blood over the act, you will receive no shelter, nor aid, nor assistance from me in defending your actions. We DO NOT commit such vile acts. We accept that if we do, our own elders may kill us if it is their will.

If you ever commit the act of diablerie upon a Lasombra, I will end your existence myself.

## ON MATTERS MORTAL

Mortals are a commodity, not unlike financial bonds or natural resources. While it goes without saying that we should take every measure to ensure their ignorance of our existence, we should equally ensure that we control the ebb and tide of those mortals who we deem it necessary to control. Mortals provide us with much more than vitae. They are our pawns, our workers, our soldiers and our cogs in the vast machine. Indeed some believe that the control of human history and the mortals are just the first step in the Jihad. A training simulation if you will that teaches kindred how to prepare those whom are worthy enough for one day controlling the lives of Kindred. A skill that we Lasombra mastered many hundreds of years ago.



## ON MATTERS INEFERNAL

In the years to come, you may have chance to happen upon kindred, or other beings who have made deals with the devil. These creatures are absolute evil and that which many of us fight against. You may hear stories contained within Lasombra chronicles of entire armies of Montano's Victory Corps who would drive these tainted fiends back to hell.

In these modern nights, the infestation is not as common as it once was, but does still exist none the less. The agents of Lucifer will try their utmost to tempt and corrupt you as you represent perfection and pure good. Be wary and ready to strike first.

## ON MATTERS CAMARILLA

Ah the proud Camarilla! They whom we once ruled over without question, before the dark times, before the great betrayal. Now they are the driving force for vampires, the organization that fawns all over itself. They were created in fear after they accepted the rumor of Lasombra's demise as pure fact as opposed to the fiction that it is. They are children and have no idea of the world around them. They have no idea of what is really going on in our world. Many of us choose to grace them with our presence, and are accorded great respect...to a point. Many within the Camarilla can remember the nights when they paid homage to us upon bended knee, and are too proud to admit that they could only flourish under our rule. Allow them the folly of their ways little one. Allow them to make mistake after mistake and when they seek you out for council, fix their problems for them, and make sure they never forget it.

## ON MATTERS SABBAT

Unfortunately you will have run ins with the Sabbat from time to time. More then not it will be because of our lineage, and due to the fact that the Sabbat Lasombra continue to try and hide their shame of the Great Betrayal. Always have your source looking and listening for any activity that may have Sabbat undertones. Always suspect that every meeting you attend is a trap set by our Sabbat counterparts. That is how you stay in existence. When confronted by the Sabbat, kill them. Make sure they know that to come for you means their demise. The only exception to this rule are for the Sabbat Lasombra themselves. Should you encounter one who comes for you, do not kill them. Do all you can to incapacitate them, and tell them the true story behind the great betrayal. Once they have heard the story as I have told you, release them. This is to honor the promise Montano made to Lasombra at the time of his embrace.





## ON MATTERS PENNACOSTAL

The church weighs just as heavy now, as it did in the Dark Ages for us. More then not our numbers find sanctuary in the many cathedrals and mosques of the world. In fact we are some of the very few Kindred who feel at home within these holy places of worship. Where other kindred seem to be unable to enter freely, we have no such restrictions. The church is always a place where you may find safety. Those of the Sabbat who can still enter such dwellings, will not take any hostile actions against you out of respect for the church, but will have no issues with attempting to dominate or persuade you to leave on your own.

More then just a place to hide, the church means a great deal to those of us still in existence. For whatever reason those of us who are chosen for perfection have strong ties to the church in our mortal days. While not necessarily by design, one cannot ignore the fact that this seems to be a constant amongst our numbers. Have many amongst the church within the mortal influences, which you control. Care for them better then you would care for any other.



## Assamite

They are Assassins and killers. To see them is to be closer to death than you will ever get. Never trust any of them, and NEVER stand in their way, even if you think that what you are doing is correct. To interfere with just one of them, is to risk the wrath of ALL of them. Unless your elders instruct you otherwise, have nothing to do with them.

## Brujah

They are rather hot tempered and what you would know as “rebels”. They have violent tempers and firm ideas of how the world should be. They are dedicated to their cause with a passion and a persistence that even we can admire. But what most (not all) have in passion, they lack in intelligence. They are often times used as foot soldiers and combatants. Allow them to serve as thusly.

## Gangrel

They are close to the animal population of the Earth. Environmentalist, tree-huggers, they embrace the single cause of protecting nature around them and the creatures that inhabit within. They are not worthy of our time, and will never aspire to become anything other than they are.

## Giovanni

Despicable creatures of unimaginable evil. Common rumor has it that these individuals have familiar relations with dead bodies to assist their end goals. Have nothing to do with them. They are vile.



## Sabbat Lasombra

The elders of our sect who still follow Gratiano's ways are the ones whom we must fear the most. It is they who try to cover up their shame at assisting, or turning away when our founder was killed. They now hunt us to cover up their shame, as we are reminders of their betrayal. The younger Lasombra of the Sabbat should be taken, and the truth made to be revealed. Most will not want to believe, but a small few have left the Sabbat when shown the evidence.

## Malkavian

Insanity is the curse that all of their clan has had to bear with. Almost all of them are "touched" in one way or another. They are pranksters and mischief-makers. This is known and excepted with the vampiric community. While some are worthless for their insanity allows them no moments of clarity, there are some who have used their madness to see things that the rest of us are unable to. It is that "type" of Malkavian that I respect.

## Nosferatu

They are hideous and ugly beasts. Caine cursed them for their vanity many thousands of years ago. Now they appear disfigured and look to be the monsters of young children's nightmares. They fancy themselves to be information brokers and masters of all secrets. In reality they couldn't hide a rock amongst a sea of boulders. We pity them and loath them at the same time.

## Setites

They are vile corrupters. Their history goes back to ancient Egypt where they worship the Egyptian god of set. Indeed, their official names are the Followers of Set. "Setite" is a rather new term created by the eastern culture. They will take every opportunity to attempt to seduce you and to bend your will so that they can use you. Do not allow them to, and keep your guard up while amongst them.







## Caitiff

In every society there are the down trodden, the meek, they whom are always looked down upon. That is glamorous compared to what the Caitiff are. If you do not know of your history, how can you take pride in your accomplishments? They are beneath contempt.

## Camarilla

The are a necessary evil for some of us. Others are content to go it alone, free from either of the sects. The Camarilla, while the lesser of the two evils, is populated with "holier than thou" Vampires who think they are the end all and be all of existence. They are gravely mistaken. Use them for whatever you will, but rest assured that they will never appreciate you nor give you the recognition you deserve.

## Sabbat

Ah the Sabbat. They are the creation of Gratiano, the great betrayer. They are a mockery of what the Lasombra once were. True they command a modicum of power, but without Honor, loyalty, insight, or courage...they are only a fraction of what they potentially could become. Kill any of their soldiers on sight. Spare the Lasombra amongst and reveal to them what their elders most fear. The truth.

## Inconnu

Elder kindred who do not interfere in the politics of the Camarilla nor the Sabbat. I've met a couple myself who while they of coursed denied all affiliation with such an organization, their aura's told a quite different story. They are respected for their power and their restraint, but at the same time I am weary of their true motivation.

## Changelings

They have some amusement value. Beyond that, they serve no purpose.

## Garou

Foul beasts that have no place amongst our ranks. They are a lower creature then even the simian's who comprise the majority of the Camarilla and the Sabbat. Some young neonates think it a novel concept to have them openly walking around our gatherings. They do such at the risk of their existence, either from the hulking brutes themselves, or from the Justicars when they discover that the young ones are disregarding the Masquerade. Avoid any contact with these animals. They have nothing to offer us.





## Ravnos

Loud mouth braggarts who think themselves the romantic clan amongst the kindred. In reality they are petty thieves who are unto like a cancer. Hold onto your wallet while they are in town and lock up the good china.

## Salubri

Almost nothing is known about them. Their race died off several millennium ago.

## Tremere

They command a freighting power known as Thaumaturgy. It is a type of magic that can do various things. Their clan is based upon a hierarchy of command, which they call “the Tremere pyramid”. They are very reserved is what they tell others of their own inner workings. Never trust one of these creatures in any way. Whatever they might tell you is a lie or a half-truth. NEVER give any of your blood to them.

## Toreador

They are the artist and sculptors. They concern themselves with the beauty in the world, more then the facts or the politics. While not necessarily bad, they can often times become quite distracted. Amongst their kind, many are our friends.

## Tzimisce

They are twisted, horrible kindred. They have the ability to twist and contort flesh and bone. That power in time becomes madness within them. Some are good and some are evil. It is the ability to tell the difference between the two that will serve you well.

## Ventrue

They fancy themselves to be businessmen, politicians, and kindred of the highest caliber. What they forget is that we, the Lasombra have already established

ourselves as such. In this country, I have found only a select few who are worthy of our time.

## Hunters

A bane of our existence. These mortals who have passing knowledge of the kindred hunt us for a variety of reasons. Revenge, knowledge, spiritual divinity, scientific. Avoid them if possible, subdue one if confronted and arrange to have their minds wiped. However, no matter what you do, never kill one. Their deaths would either make them a martyr or would trip too many red flags. Take any threat of hunters seriously.

## Mages

Humans who have harnessed some power which they insist upon calling "magic". They wish no interactions with us, and we are more than happy to return the favor.

## Wraiths

They're dead. A dead asset can provide no wealth.





# The 10 Laws of Montano

**No Lasombra of my line can ever kill another.**

After the betrayal of our founder by Gratiano, this is the first law that I have taught my childer, and you in turn are to teach your childer. Hundreds of years ago, a promise was made to Lasombra by myself that I would never betray him. As my blood runs through your veins, so does my promise hold true upon you. This law shall be final and without exception, except for the childe who sides against us and resides with Gratiano's brood.

**Nothing ever comes before family.**

The Lasombra of your line are the only ones whom you can ever fully trust. When needed you can call on them and vice versa. No member of a family will ever betray another over land, wealth, power, livestock or position.

**Never do the dirty work yourselves when you can have lesser kindred do it for you.**

Sometimes in the pursuit of your goals, you may be called upon to do something dangerous or something that threatens to bring shame to your family. In cases such as these, and whenever possible use expendable assets that cannot be traced back to you. Should the worse happen you could claim ignorance and leave the lessors to take the blame.

**Everything is a test.**

It is the custom of our elders to constantly put us through tests to see where our progress is as Kindred. These tests are never announced and many times the childe will never know that the test even occurred or how they faired. It is safest to assume that your elders are always watching what you do, so make sure you always do everything well.

**Assumption is the sure way to be defeated.**

There is nothing more dangerous then to go into a situation without knowledge. There is nothing more ignorant then to go into that same situation with a preset notion of how things will happen. In our existence's we must constantly be thinking and act in an instant to the unknown, coming up with contingencies for every possible situation. That is how you continue to survive.





- 6) Covert power is always preferable over overt power.  
Only a select few of us have embraced the Camarilla as our new homes. For those who have it is always better to not hold the offices that they offer, rather to control the people sitting in those chairs. Other kindred will always be envious of what they don't have. If you hold an office you just make yourself the target of the envious. If you control the chair from the shadows, you can always disappear when the chair is taken over, and again resume control.
- 7) Patience can be the difference between success and failure.  
The best-laid plans through out history have taken centuries to implement. When factoring in possible situations you must account for every possibility. It takes time and patience for a plan or scheme to be executed perfectly and without any repercussions. Take your time and be through. The reward of a flawlessly executed plan can be worth that of priceless treasures.
- 8) Never threaten your intended target.  
When you have been betrayed or you have reason to remove an obstacle in your way, it is always better that the target be unaware that you are coming. Never give an opponent time to plan for your wrath. Instead make them your new best friend. They won't be expecting an attack to come from their ally.
- 9) Don't brag about what you can do or what wealth you have.  
By doing so you succeed in making yourself a target to those who would be jealous of your accomplishments. Be modest and simply hint around at what exactly you can do and what power you command. By being vague your enemy will grossly overestimate your ability and think twice about confronting you. While he is thinking twice you can remove him.
- 10) Always remember that no clan in existence is better then the Lasombra.  
It is rumored that the first childe that Caine sired was the basis for all Lasombra. While strictly a rumor, the statement above is indeed true. Of all Kindred in existence, we are the ones worthiest of the title "Kindred", as we have never strayed from the laws that Caine set up in the first city. We are masters at everything we do and everything we do is done with perfection. We are what other kindred aspire to become. Take pride in that and remember that whatever you do is a reflection upon the rest of the Lasombra.



# Daddy's Girl

**Quote:** "Do you know who I am? Do you know what my sire will do to you when he finds out what you just tried?"

**Prelude:** You were born a spoiled little brat to a very politically and financially influential family. Brought up in the lap of luxury you were taught that those beneath your station were little more than contemptible mongrels that had no other use than servants and had to be at your beck and call. You were given everything your heart would desire. When you graduated from your private school, daddy sent you to a very prestigious Ivy League collage. Not interested in books or studying any longer, you decided to start sampling the local nightlife and living up your young years.

One night while at a nightclub a handsome young man approached and asked to dance with you. He looked like he was fairly wealthy, and was devastatingly cute, so you danced with him. In fact, you danced all night. As the club was closing he offered to drive you home, saying that he'd like to spend more time with you. Over the next few months he talked of fantastic wealth and exotic places daddy promised he'd send you to one day. You had already tested his claims of wealth by asking for expensive items, making sure he wasn't just a cute poor boy playing at being rich. It was only natural that after daddy was getting upset at your failing grades and your new boyfriend promised to take you away that you said yes. He arrived at your dorm room that night, somehow getting past security and told you that he had decided to have you join him for eternity. You soon found out that there was more to all over



him then he was letting on. You were soon the spoiled brat again. The only difference now was that you could play with entire companies as opposed to small time credit cards. All you had to do was to keep on being pretty for your new daddy.

**Concept:** You have to have everything your way and you'll do whatever it takes to make sure you do. You know that men can't resist your appearance and you'll use that to manipulate them into giving you your hearts desire. Just make sure that your sire never stops thinking of you as his little girl.

**Role Playing Tips:** The world is now your playground. There isn't anything that you can't buy or have bought for you. The last thing you will ever accept is somebody telling you "no." Only your sire can do that, and it's your job to figure out how to do it regardless!

**Equipment:** Purse full of makeup, credit cards, nail file, closets full of expensive designer clothes, digital phone, black Ferrari.



# Lasombra

## Antitribu



**NAME:**  
**PLAYER:**  
**CHRONICLE:**

**NATURE:** Child  
**DEMEANOR:** Brat  
**CONCEPT:** Daddy's Girl

**CLAN:** Lasombra Antitribu  
**GENERATION:** 10th  
**HAVEN:** With her sire

### Attributes

#### PHYSICAL

Strength          
Dexterity          
Stamina

#### SOCIAL

Charisma          
Manipulation          
Appearance

#### MENTAL

Perception          
Intelligence          
Wits

### Abilities

Acting          
Alertness          
Athletics          
Brawl          
Dodge          
Empathy          
Intimidation          
Leadership          
Streetwise          
Subterfuge

Animal Ken          
Drive          
Etiquette          
Firearms          
Melee          
Music          
Repair          
Security          
Stealth          
Survival

Bribery          
Computer          
Finance          
Investigation          
Law          
Linguistics          
Medicine          
Occult          
Politics          
Science

### Advantages

#### DISCIPLINES

Dominate          
Obtenebation          
Potence          
\_\_\_\_\_         
\_\_\_\_\_         
\_\_\_\_\_

#### BACKGROUNDS

**Mentor**          
**Influence**          
**Herd**          
\_\_\_\_\_         
\_\_\_\_\_         
\_\_\_\_\_

#### VIRTUES

Conscience          
Self Control          
Courage

#### OTHER TRAITS

\_\_\_\_\_         
\_\_\_\_\_         
\_\_\_\_\_         
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#### PATH OF

*Humanity*

#### WILLPOWER

#### BLOOD POOL

#### HEALTH

BRUISED  
HURT -1  
INJURED -1  
WOUNDED -2  
MAULED -2  
CRIPPELED -5  
INCAPACITATED

#### WEAKNESS

*"Cannot be seen in mirrors or other reflective surfaces"*

## Paranoid Neonate

**Quote:** *"Who'd you say you were man? I mean, I know most everybody around here, and you don't look like any of them. Why did you come up to me anyway? You could have picked any number of people here, but YOU choose ME for some particular reason, what was it?"*

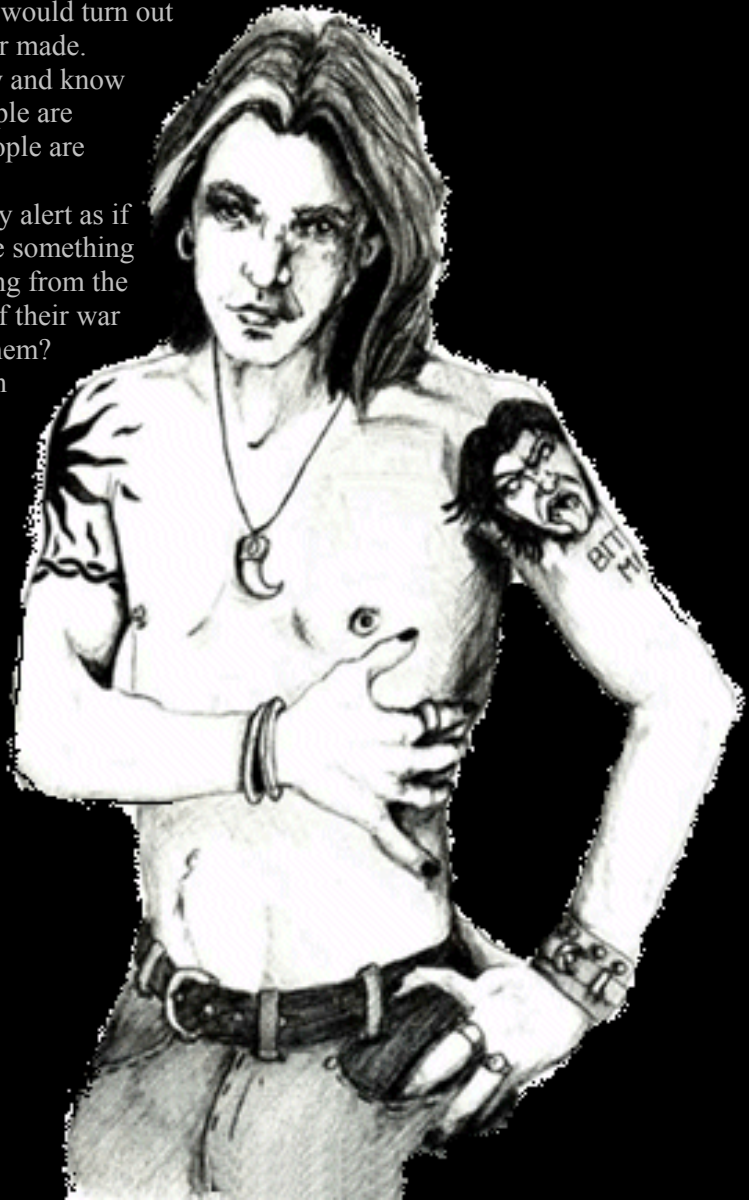
**Prelude:** From an early age you hated attention. You hated being watched and wanted nothing more than to go about your business unnoticed. Through school and in the work force you were always "just there". Then while employed by a local computer company you discovered the internet, the perfect way to interact with people and still maintain your anonymity. Before long you had mastered the technology and found that you could do much more with this machine than just chatting with strangers. Quickly you began to transfer bank funds and assets into hidden accounts that you maintained. Within a few years you had easily netted over 3 million dollars which would be waiting for you when you retired.

Things were going great, until one night when several men in black tried to break into your apartment. Quickly setting off the magnesium flares to destroy any evidence you escaped and made plans to leave the country, positive that you had been discovered. This went on for almost a month, playing cat and mouse with these unknown government agents until you made a mistake. Trying to get out through Canada, you were pulled over on a highway and taken into custody. You were brought to a manor home, where you were positive that you'd be executed, but were instead given a proposition that would turn out to be one of the best moves you have ever made.

**Concept:** You are well versed in security and know how to hide, know how to tell when people are looking for you, and you KNOW that people are always trying to look for you!

**Role Playing Tips:** You must always stay alert as if you ever let your guard down, you're sure something bad will happen. You're a master at hiding from the Sabbat and have eluded no less than 24 of their war parties....or were you allowed to elude them?

**Equipment:** Decker's laptop with high speed wireless modem, Sig Sauer P224, Digital wireless phone with encryption Options, several safe havens, 500 dollars in cash, passport, several fake I.D.'s.



# Holier then Thou Independent

**Quote:** *"No no, I'll clean up the little mess you just made of the Masquerade, you go...hit something. That is what you simians do with one another no?"*

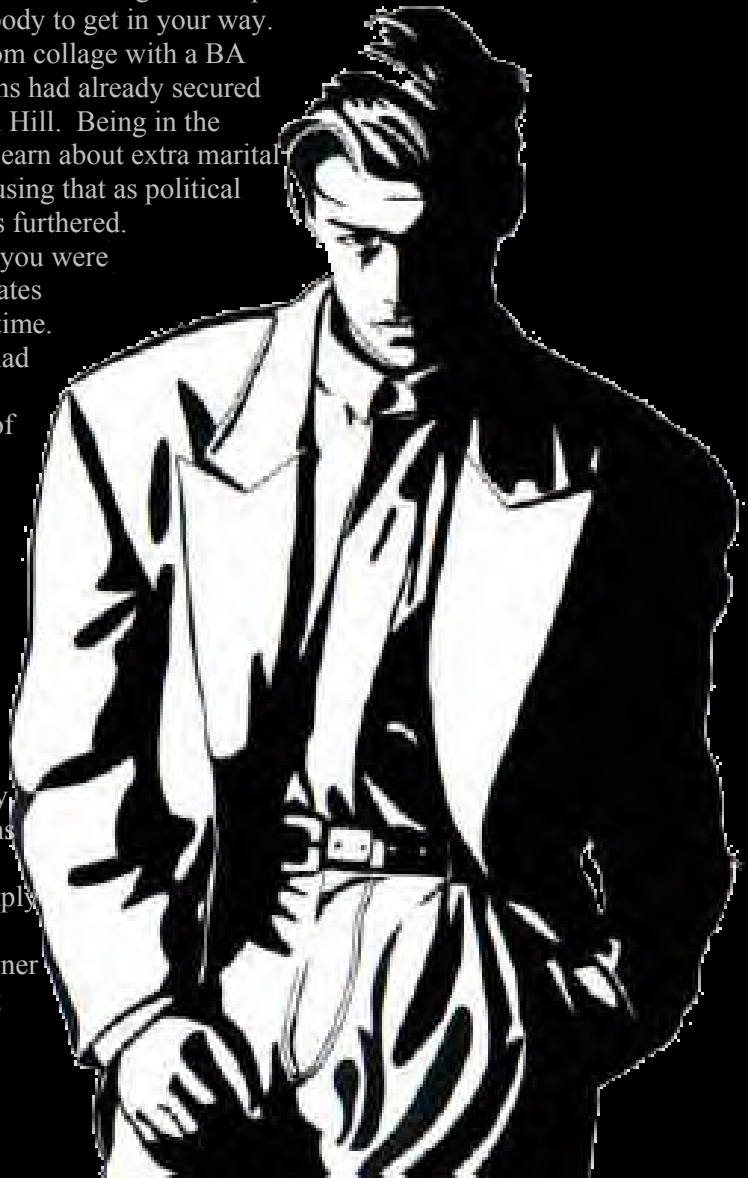
**Prelude:** You were born of nobility and told that you were to follow in the family business of politics. From an early age you were taught to keep your eye on the prize and allow nothing and nobody to get in your way. By the time you were 21 you were graduated from collage with a BA Political Sciences and through family connections had already secured a position within the senatorial office on Capitol Hill. Being in the forefront of the political process, it was easy to learn about extra marital Affairs that the other senators were having and using that as political leverage to have yourself and your own agenda's furthered.

Late one evening upon returning home, you were confronted by a strange man with several associates who said they had been watching you for some time. They explained that your determination to win had been the final selling point for them. You were "brought aboard" as a ghoul and after a decade of faultless service, you were embraced Lasombra.

**Concept:** As a Lasombra, you are better then everybody else around you and you have no problem reminding them of such. You reside within a Camarilla city only because it is good for business and if you can continue to increase your portfolio, then having to suffer the behavior of immature children is worth it.

**Role Playing Hints:** You have an air of Superiority around you at all times that threatens some, and anger others, but you simply don't care about that or them. They are our pawns and the world around you a chess game. If they get in your way, you'll arrange to have them simply "disappear".

**Equipment:** Black Acura, ultra expensive designer European 3 piece suits, various pieces of cutting Edge "gadgets", clove cigarettes, large estate, multiple bank accounts.





## Business Powerplayer

**Quote:** *"Yeah, I can put you on the throne, but it's gonna cost you in the long run...No I said sell at 140 and trade the technology stocks, if he puts up a fight, blackmail him with the proof that he killed his own Primogen.... Sorry, now where were we? Right, you want to be the Prince!"*

**Prelude:** Ever since you were little you were "making deals". In grade school you would manage to trade up a single Twinkie into a full home made lunch. In high school you were running the test answers to those needy students who could afford to pay or trade for other valuable commodities. It was a skill that not only landed you in top rate collage, but also provided you with a job at one of the top stock brokerage firms on Wall Street.

You very quickly learned the ins and outs of the financial world. How it worked on paper and how it worked in reality. Within a year you were providing your "special" clients with a 300% turnaround on all of their investments (minus a modest 10% handlers fee), arranging for your own promotion to Vice President, and redirecting millions of dollars subtly through dozens of foreign accounts.

You quickly found no less then 2 dozen "accounts" which looked suspicious. You flagged them and arranged to meet with the individuals who held them, expecting nobody to turn up.

You were surprised late one night when a beautiful dark haired woman showed up claiming to be the account holder for all 2 dozen accounts. Explaining that you were fully aware of her laundering funds through these accounts, an offer was extended in which you would show her how to hide these better, arrange to have her profits increase gradually, and all for 5% of her earnings and dinner.

She seemed to be impressed. She took you up on your offer and made one of her own, namely that of being her childe.

**Concept:** You play it fast and loose. You don't have time for whiners or sob stories. Your time is money and every minute you listen to blubbing and crying is money out of your pocket. You're more then happy to make special "arrangements" for those who need your help securing those hard to get items, but it had best be worth your wild.

**Role Playing Tips:** You're the best at what you do and so much above the common trappings of Kindred. You are out for you and you alone. Make deals only when you need to and only when they are profitable.

**Equipment:** Laptop computer, .45 revolver, digital phone  
Expensive car and liquid cash, several slush funds,  
Hired thugs.



# Street Savvy Mastermind

**Quote:** *"You don't honestly think you're going to intimidate anybody with that .28 do you kid? Here, try this H&K .345, you have more stopping power and can fry most lupines in their tracks."*

**Prelude:** From an early age you were running the streets. Everybody knew you were in charge and anybody who needed a reminder got one. Nothing occurred without your say so or direct hand in. As you grew older, so did the severity of the crime committed. What were once simple intimidation, extortion and drug selling became larceny, racketeering and murder. You knew that your days on the street were numbered and that it was just a matter of time before some new young punk was able to draw down on you faster, but until that day, you would be in charge.

One night while you were hanging out you saw something that would change your life forever. 4 or 5 guys were chasing some young kid. They cornered him in an alley and a fight broke out. They all were fast, REALLY fast, and several of them were punching holes in the brick walls. The fight ended fairly quickly with the young kid beating the holy crud out of the 5 guys. As he was walking out of the alley he spotted you and seemed nervous. You told him that you didn't want trouble, and offered him a place to hide out for a while. He was impressed with the amount of control and respect you had on the street and how easy you were able to get people to do things for you. So impressed that he embraced you after a few months.

**Concept:** You don't take shit from anybody. Some mutherfucker starts talking shit and making you look bad, you remove him, or simply make him "disappear". Everybody knows who you are and either respect that or fear that. You don't care which.

**Role Playing Tips:** You don't talk a lot because that wastes time. If somebody needs something; protection, help removing an obstacle, additional firepower, you can get it for them, but they now owe you a favor which they WILL pay back when you request it.



## Devout follower of Montano

**Quote:** *"According to the early chronicles, Montano was nothing, if not cautious of those professing to align themselves with the Lasombra cause. I suggest that we take the same course of action."*

**Prelude:** Ever since your embrace, you have been taught all about the early nights of Lasombra, before the great betrayal. You have studied every account, every fable and every chronicle that lists even a mention of your founder. Montano's existence has been the focus of your nights for as long as you can remember and you do your best to live as he did.

While not having been present at the great betrayal, your sire was and his early tales of deceit and betrayal have led you to create your own brood and instruct them in the proper ways of Lasombra and how to lead those under you. There are no doubts in your own mind that Montano is still out there, somewhere. There are even fewer doubts that other members of your line are preparing for something big. You have your own thoughts as to what that is, but won't say anything. Not yet anyway.

**Concept:** Originally embraced for your ability to recall events in perfect clarity, your sire was pleased when he discovered that you also possessed a keen ability to correctly predict the actions of those around you based upon your observations of them. An ability which is highly prized amongst the Lasombra. You now serve as an instructor to the young Lasombra who are being created, training them in the laws of Montano and how to survive existing amongst the Camarilla or better put, on their own.



### **Role Playing Tips:**

Everything that you do is by design. Every movement Concise, every speech meticulous in it's pronunciation and delivery. You are very controlled in public and demand the exact same from those whom are your progeny.

**Equipment:** Various old chronicles, maps and documents, several old estates, large corporate empires, a limo, several well trusted retainers.

# Noteworthy Lasombra Antitribu

## Montano

Born in Africa thousands of years ago, Montano is the only child of legions embraced by Lasombra who was deemed worthy enough to allow existing. Raised by villagers with the intent to be embraced by Lasombra, he saved his village from extinction after they attempted to battle the ancient Kindred. Montano is devoutly loyal to his sire, a devotion that has no limits. After the great betrayal, Montano was considered the new leader of the Lasombra who refused to follow the traitor Gratiano. As they were in the minority to the rest of the Lasombra who sided with Gratiano, they were labeled the Antitribu and Montano

became the Sabbat Lasombra's greatest enemy. He now is rumored to be working with the Camarilla in an unknown capacity.

## Don Quinten De saad