

B L O O D L I N E B O O K: S A M E D I

A Sourcebook for VAMPIRE: The Masquerade

By Joanne FitzRoy (gfitzroy@intranet.ca)

The Gris-Gris Club

*What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry*

-- William Blake, *The Tyger*

*I am the colour of audacity,
Of rhythmic tribal dance, of tropic love;
I am that tint released upon the air
When cymbals kiss, or comets meet alone.*

-- Louisa Fletcher, *Mandarin Red*

Credits

Written by: Jo "Are you giving me attitude" FitzRoy

Developed by: Jo FitzRoy

Edited by: Glenn FitzRoy and Jason C. Marshall

Layout and Typesetting: J. FitzRoy and Jason C. Marshall

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Introduction

They're heeere!
-- Poltergeist

We bother you, don't we? All you pretty Kindred wrapped up in your pretty politics. All nice and clean and secret and perfectly hidden. Well guess what guys...the stiffs are here, and we're not going away.

Face it, guys. Whether you were created last millennium, last century or last week, you're dead. Dead as that cat that you squashed on the highway last week. Dead as the proverbial doornail. Dead as your grandmother you buried when you were six years old. (Or maybe not. Ever wonder why it was a closed coffin? She's really a nice old lady. Hee, hee.) But you try. You still build your ivory towers. Carry on with your business, manipulations and intrigue like it really matters. Like you are still making a difference.

Well guess what? It doesn't matter. None of it matters. We've all got a one way ticket straight to Hell, and it sickens you too much to be reminded of it.

That's what bugs you about our kind. That's why you spread the lies, shrug us off, send Holy Rollers and quest-crazed Neonates out to hunt us down. You want to send us back to the grave, back to Old Mother Earth because we don't fit in with your plan of a beautiful perpetual everlife. Because if you look too long or too hard into our infected eyes, if you scry into our tortured minds, you see each and every one of yourselves. Just a little bit. Way deep down.

Your precious immortality has made you vain and arrogant. You consider yourselves a species above the others, the next step as it were, in evolution. Caine help us all.

If it weren't for the Nosferatu, you know, we'd probably give up on our kind altogether. Yeah, the Sewer Rats make pretty good buddies, but they're always looking over their shoulder. The pretty boy politicians have done a good job psyching them out, making them cower and hide their imperfections in hovels and holes. Whenever we meet, we always remind them that it is on the Nosferatu's backs that most Princes remain strong.

They're always good for a laugh and an exchange of vital info. These guys give good coin for protection and the right lead. Maybe they like us because when we're around, even they look pretty damn good.

Now those European dudes, the Giovanni. Brrrr, don't like to mess with them much. Seems way back they were playing around with the Necromantic fabric of the universe, or some such crap like that, and somebody screwed up. Wham, bam, there we were, and there ain't nothing the Italianos can do about it now. So they packaged us up, shipped us overseas and now if any of them come across one of us, they pay us really good hush money to keep moving. Suits us fine.

You know why they do that? Because in their deepest heart of misplaced hearts, they know we really are all alike. You all know. We're all dead. We're all decaying, rotting, returning to the soil, just as the Ultimate Plan intended. And it frightens you. We frighten you. In our kind, you see that which we must all become. Sooner or later, all our times will come. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, Kindred and Kine alike, we all rot and wither and fade away.

Reality bites, pal, and it carries the Samedi sting.

Chapter One: The Real Scoop

*Welcome to my nightmare,
I think you're gonna like it.
I think you're gonna feel you belong.
-- Alice Cooper, Welcome to my Nightmare*

The Creation

The Samedi bloodline's creation has been blamed both on the Nosferatu and the Giovanni at one time or another. While the Samedi have an affinity for the Nosferatu, it stems purely from a mutual respect for each other's afflictions. For the beginnings of the Samedi Bloodline, we must look into the darker side of the Giovanni.

The bloodline's creation is a very well kept secret of Clan Giovanni. Back about 250 years ago Antonio Giovanni stepped over the line in his Necromantic experiments. In an attempt to capture a human soul at the moment of death and transfer it into the body of a Vampire in torpor which was just about to suffer final death, something went very wrong. For one thing, Antonio's timing was slightly off. Instead of transferring the soul into a Vampire, the Kindred was already experiencing the moments after Final Death. The unnaturally aged body had begun its rapid decomposition. As well, the human victim for the soul transference had been suicidal, so it took precious moments to convince the Giovanni's creation that it should continue to exist.

Rumour has it that the Vampire victim was actually a neonate of the Giovanni who was caught committing the ultimate crime -- creating a childe without the permission of Augustus -- and this experiment was sanctioned by Augustus to be used as a warning to the rest of his clan.

By the time it was realised that the whole exercise was failing, the first Samedi had been created. Antonio tried to keep his mistake from being found out by the Giovanni elders, but his Necromantic curiosity got the better of him, and he couldn't bring himself to destroy this new species of Kindred. He locked his Samedi in a vault, in an attempt to starve it into torpor. Somehow, the Samedi managed to escape and attacked the Giovanni. He drained Antonio, then in a frenzy broke out of his secret chamber and went on a rampage, stopping to find shelter in a mausoleum just before the break of dawn.

This Samedi elder became known only as "Gran'daddy" to the Bloodline members in the Americas, but is spoken of in hushed tones among Clan Giovanni as Paulo. He retained the Giovanni's Necromancy discipline. The Bloodline's obvious affinity with death and decay grew into the Thanatosis discipline, and Obfuscate could have been taught to the Samedi by empathetic Nosferatu.

Paulo kept a low profile in the Mediterranean for the better part of 50 years. He was drawn to victims who had nothing left to live for, or who had a fascination with death and decay. Crackpot occultists were also a favourite target of Paulo and his childer, who fancied themselves the physical embodiment of death incarnate.

Not wanting to leave their Clanmate's mistake alive, Clan Giovanni began to search in earnest for Gran'daddy and his childer. It was at this time that they left the Mediterranean and went into

hiding in the Brazilian jungle. The many slave ships crossing the Atlantic at the time, with their filthy and overcrowded conditions below decks, made passage very safe for the Samedi.

The Nagaraja have also been suggested as the cause of Bloodline Samedi. This is a rumour perpetuated by Clan Giovanni. It is much more believable that their kind could have spawned the Zombies, and the Giovanni are more than willing to do whatever it takes (and costs) to keep the blame shifted from their family.

Choosing a Childe

The selection for a Samedi's childe is careful and well thought out. While these creatures can be coarse and degenerate, they fully understand the cursed existence of their Bloodline, and create only from those that they feel are deserving in their desperation. It was thought at one time that they preyed on just the suicidal and persons involved daily with death and dying -- morticians and coroners. Nothing could be further from the truth. The mortician and coroner myth is a red herring. It helps stop groups that hunt the Samedi and destroy them from finding and protecting a Samedi's potential Childe. Suicides are still often chosen by the Samedi. Bestowing a death without dying gives them perverse pleasure. But a Samedi searching for a truly worthy offspring will stalk the local practitioners of Voodoo.

Sometimes a Samedi will choose a child to embrace. They have several advantages. Their small stature makes them excellent spies. Their wills aren't all that strong, so they can be trained easily.

And finally, the pickings are good. There are many children wandering the streets homeless, depressed and outcast with no prospects for the future. The Samedi that embraces a youth does so not for self-gratification, but because they see that the child's soul is already dead.

The Becoming

The changes the newly created Samedi's body undertakes are as painful psychologically as they are physically. Rather than the body ceasing to age at the moment of the embrace, it dies completely and goes through several hours of rapid decomposition. The internal organs jell and shrink. The flesh becomes very soft and leaks an infectious looking ooze whenever under stress (by vigorous motion or physical contact). The hair becomes brittle and may fall out in clumps. The lips recede from the gums, resulting in a most macabre grin. But nobody generally sticks around these beings long enough to find out what the joke is. Noses always drop off, and the eyes sink deep in the hollow sockets.

Yes, the eyes. These are the most shocking feature of all. Samedi often appear not to be looking at you when confronting you, and if you ever work up the courage to look them in the face, you would notice that their eyes seem to have a will of their own. The degenerated musculature and nerve endings allow them to roll and stare each in their own direction. They appear to look at you, through you and over their own shoulder all at the same time.

The very elder Samedi (around 200 years of age and at least 7th generation) have gone beyond the soft decomposition stage. Their flesh has stiffened and dried out, giving the Vampire a very emaciated, leathery appearance. When these elders feed, their skin will stretch out almost smooth -- like a bladder -- for about the first hour following the feeding.

As if their appearance weren't bad enough, there's the ever-present smell. This bloodline is caught in an eternal state of suspended rapid decay. The stench of the grave permeates any room they enter, and hangs in the air wherever they pass. You really don't want to get one wet.

The exception to this rule is elder Samedi of 6th Generation or older. The more the flesh dries, the less material there is to rot and smell.

Modes of Dress

A Samedi's preference for clothing will generally fall into two or three categories. Many prefer fine clothing. This may seem bizarre, but the Kindred justify their taste. They equate fine clothes with corpses decked out for burial. Being that many live in or near graveyards, especially those with mausoleums, the Samedi frequently see the deceased and their mourners dressed in Sunday best. These Samedi also habitually feed on mourners visiting the grave sites.

Another popular mode of dress is medical clothing. The Samedi bloodline is still drawn by their fascination with death, and many frequent forensics labs and hospital emergency rooms. The feeding here is also abundant, as they can grab blood bags and orderlies with equal ease. Occasionally a Samedi will track a potential childe to Emergency, especially if he has seen (or caused) the victim's accident and the victim is near death. These Kindred often carry their belongings around in a modified body bag.

The final clothing preference is more a matter of honour -- clothing from the grave. When two Samedi meet, one of the topics of conversation will be the history of a special piece of clothing or jewelry that the bearer has robbed from a grave. The more the owner knows about the history of the piece -- be it an heirloom brooch, a Vietnam war veteran's dog tags or a piece of lace from a 200 year old shawl (maybe from the Samedi's own ancestor), the more prestige she can gain in the Bloodline's eyes. Many amazing and almost believable histories can be heard about various items carried by the Samedi at the Rio Candomble each year.

Whatever the Samedi wears, it gives the feeling of wear and decay. If he puts on a brand new suit, within a half hour it is rumpled and musty. If he must attend a Prince's court, he will cover as much of his body as possible with a high-collared or hooded cloak, and will sit quietly in the shadows until called upon. After the audience, he will remove himself from the activity as quickly and quietly as possible.

Making a Living

Despite -- or perhaps because of -- the disadvantage of their appearance, the Samedi are even better information brokers than the Nosferatu. They have infinite patience and once sent on a mission, they will carry on doggedly until its completion. They are very shrewd and wise, seeming to have a knack for finding out the deepest, darkest secrets hidden in a city, a political system or a soul. There is a very basic reason for their working so hard to build a reputation as an indisposable resource -- survival. Their existence offends enough elders that, should the Samedi cease to be such invaluable informants, they would be bloodhunted and destroyed without question. As long as they hold enough dirt on the other clans, they'll be left alone.

The bloodline also spawns some very competent assassins, although they don't have the stoic

finesse of the Assamites. A Samedi is just as likely to take out her victim with an explosive charge as with the clean and quiet stake through the heart.

Their innate Voodoo talents make them excellent bodyguards. As well as the repulsion of their physical presence, the bloodline can work powerful geases, curses and scryings to protect whomever they are paid to keep alive.

Some Samedi have a great affinity for technology, and their havens often boast the best in electronic surveillance equipment, wiretaps, disguise kits for body and voice, computer systems and lots of spare parts. Their resources may appear low, but that's only because banking and investing is difficult. They can't just walk into a bank and open an account. They usually have significant stores of cash or other valuables, received as payment for their various assignments.

In The Company of Others

If a Samedi must make contact with other Vampires, it will be on her terms. Favourite meeting places are graveyards, abandoned buildings and dark alleys, especially around dumpsters. If a meeting must be made in public, the Samedi will go to a shelter for the homeless, where his smell will be less discernible from the rest.

Samedi rarely use ghouls. The nature of their blood means that anyone who drinks of it will take on the decrepit nature and smell of the Kindred. This generally defeats the purpose that ghouls are created for -- to make contact with the human world for the Vampire. If a Samedi craves human contact, he may dress in rags and huddle over a heat grate with the local winos, or comb the trash bins with a bag lady for a couple hours. If the Samedi wants more permanent companionship, she will likely embrace a feral cat or stray dog.

Chapter Two: Getting Social -- Samedi Culture

*Just try to have fun,
Raise hell and then some.
I'm a dirt-talkin', beer drinkin',
Woman chasin' minister's son.
-- Alice Cooper, Alice Cooper Goes to Hell*

The Samedi are completely solitary and unstructured -- at least that's what they want everybody else to believe. It is true that there will be only one Samedi per major city centre (unless there is a childe in training). However, many of the Samedi keep in regular communications with each other. It all goes back to their survival theory -- the more people who know the secrets, the harder it is to bury the secrets. It is rare for these Kindred to meet in groups because the smell would soon attract unwanted attention in developed areas.

There is an exception to this rule. Once a year many of the bloodline gather in the jungles outside Rio de Janeiro for their Voodoo Candomble*. The retreat is generally around Mardi Gras season, when the humans' attention is focused on revels in the city. It is likely that smaller groups of Samedi have gotten together before, to celebrate the particular feast day of their spirit guide of choice, but this is the one time of year when all get together and hold their own festival.

The revels don't last more than 3 or 4 days maximum. This is due partially to the difficulty in keeping a fresh blood supply on hand. As well, many of the Samedi have the affliction Taint of Corruption. The "Rio Candomble" is generally held in an isolated grotto deep in the rainforest. At the conclusion of the event, a 600 square yard patch of blackened, dead undergrowth will have developed, which if seen from the air could draw unwanted visitors. As soon as possible, the host Samedi will set fire to the blighted area, making it look like a slash-and-burn. Certain experienced Vampire hunters know enough lore to search out these sites of decay. Needless to say, the Garou sense the touch of the Wyrms greatly in these blighted areas.

A group of about four Samedi would have been chosen at last year's festivities as this year's hosts. They will attend the site a couple of weeks before the gathering of the Bloodline. With the help of ghouls and locals ensorcelled into believing they are serving their Voodoo deities, they make this season's preparations. The chosen site must have a stream running through it. A structure will be erected to precise specifications as a focus for the activities. It will have a large room for dancers and drummers, at least 60 square feet in size. A path leads directly from the front door to the dance floor. Benches (or logs to sit on) are placed on either side of the room for seating. Men and women are seated on opposite sides of the Candomble site. There should be a window in each of the side walls, and another door to the outdoors leading off the dance floor. The windows and doors are necessary to facilitate the entrance and exit of called spirits. Behind the dance floor area, opposite the front entrance, will be a series of small rooms with white-painted walls. These rooms are used by the Candomble Iya and her assistance to prepare themselves for the formalities.

Of primary importance is the security of the area. Absolutely no one, not even the guests, will know the exact location of the site, except the preparation team. The team knows the date that everything must be in place. Just 24 hours before, when the Bloodline members begin to arrive in Brazil, do they provide directions via their advanced information systems. Some methods include: a phone number for somewhere in Rio, with an encoded message giving directions on an answering machine when it picks up; an address for a secure warehouse where containers with Samedi in them can be dropped off, then transported to the meeting site; and the renting of the local drug cartel's runway where Samedi crates can be parachute-dropped by plane and picked up later.

The Candomble is presided over by the Candomble Iya (Queen). She is generally an Elder Samedi or she is chosen by group assent for some exceptional service she has provided for, or honour she has brought to Bloodline Samedi.

Not all of the North American Samedi can make it to the Rio Candomble every year. They hold their own event in the bayous of Louisiana. It is timed, like the Rio event, to coincide with the New Orleans Mardi Gras. It is less likely that the gathering will be bothered by hunters in Louisiana, but more likely that they will have problems with the Garou and Mokole.

*Candomble: Communal dance, used interchangeably as the name of the event, the revels themselves and the location of the revels.

What the Samedi Think Of...

Brujah: They think they're the tough guys, but they're all fight and no sense. Sure, hangin' in a gang decreases the odds of somebody hitting you, but it doesn't leave much space for free thinking. But then, the toughies don't think much at all before acting, do they?

They're meaner, tougher and uglier than anything else I've ever come across. But the worst part of them is that they're loners. Don't trust nobody that won't run with the pack, that's what I sez.

-- Butch O'Doyle, Brujah anarch leader (Detroit, Michigan)

Gangrel: They roam the wide open spaces and aren't at all comfortable with city ways. Too much like the Puppies for me. Leave the vegetarians to themselves. If you must deal with their kind, use 'em then lose 'em.

They don't bother us, we don't bother them.

-- Logan, Gangrel elder (Tucson, Arizona)

Tremere: They don't like the Giovanni at all. We gotta respect them for that. Don't try to con these guys. Their elders have forgotten more that most clans will ever know. Get cash up front if you deal with them, then get the job done right. They don't like mistakes, but they seem to recognise the value of a good informant.

An interesting creation, indeed. We shall now delve deeper into their creation and examine their makeup. Scalpel, please.

-- Magister Emma Dallon, Istanbul Chantry

Ventrue: Stuffed shirt aristocrats. Their backstabbing little empires are crumbling all around them, and we make a mint telling the Princes how much worse their opponents are doing than they are. And vice versa. Encourage their actions. Their desire to know more than their brethren keeps our kind in business. Always lots of good dirt to trade.

Their appearance offends our proceedings, but their talents afford them some measure of respectability. Get what you can from them, but be careful. They're shrewd dealers, and seldom go away with less than they started with.

-- Armenio, Prince of Martinique

Malkavians: These nutbars know more than they give themselves credit for. If they ever get their act together, we could all be in big trouble. But their inbred neuroses, psychoses and phobias give us more than enough fuel to add to their fire of confusion. When they go off on a tangent, leave 'em there and walk away.

Everybody's beautifuuuul, in their own waaaay....

-- Kyle Scheaffer, Chicago Malkavian

Toreador: Ain't they just the sweetest thangs? If you take these pansies seriously, then you deserve to have your ash pile dissolved in a bucket of water like Freshie. Airheads and dolts right down to the last one. Prank 'em hard and often. Make their little heads reel in disgust. We're what unlfe is all about. They're just faking it.

Those, those THINGS?? (shudder). How anything like that could be allowed to exist truly offends my sensibility. Without wanting to sound melodramatic -- 'Off with their heads!' I say.

-- Rosalind Chisholm, Toreador elder (Augusta, Georgia)

Nosferatu: Good buddies. We get along with these fellas real well. Help watch their backs, and they'll get you through almost any jam. Don't hesitate to ask for their aid, and be eager to reciprocate. Just don't give away any secrets. They like to think they're at the top of the "I know

something you don't know" heap. As long as we help perpetuate the myth, the heat's not on us.

Trust them with your lives, and give them the respect they deserve. These wretches cannot help what they've become. There's an old Clan saying: A Nosferatu with a Samedi bodyguard will live for five centuries.

-- "Nightcrawler", Nosferatu information broker

Giovanni: Well, what can we say about our favourite foreign family? How about avoid 'em, crush 'em, maim and destroy 'em? Not physically, of course. Their dark arts far outshine anything we could throw at 'em. Hit them where they really hurt -- in the corporate pocketbook. Then run like Hell and don't look back. Ever.

They're an embarrassment that we must eliminate. Every moment they exist is a thorn in our family's side.

-- Madeleine "The Dagger", Giovanni enforcer

Ravnos: Great sense of humour and useful as informants. Love that ability to create weapons, items, and almost anything else out of thin air. And get this -- they can make you believe it! Treat them with the respect due any good informant. And bring lots of shiny things for trade.

I'd sure like to know how they can hide so much junk on their person. They're as good at it as we are. Then again, maybe I wouldn't like to know...

-- Pietro, Prince of Sofia

Camarilla: The pay's good, and the work's there if you want it. Somebody in this gang's always wanting to be saved from somebody they ticked off, or they're looking for info to make a corporate raid or somesuch. Protection and information money flows freely with this bunch. And they're relatively stable to boot. Work it while you can.

Their grotesque existence may seem a violation of the Masquerade, but they seem to have a code of honour. I'd rather have them with us than against us.

-- Queen Anne, Prince of London

Sabbat: Can use these boys for income, especially if you've got a juicy tidbit about a Camarilla haven they want to raid. But, don't throw out the baby with the bathwater. This bunch is too fractured to ever get very far in the takeover biz. The Camarilla's income is valuable and plentiful. The Sabbat's best use is to scare a Camarilla Prince into thinking his unlife's in danger from them. Then charge big money to keep him safe.

They scare the bejeebers out of most Kindred they meet. I say make nice with 'em. You don't want to think about the alternative.

-- Mike "the Snake" Mancuso, Sabbat bishop

Inconnu: Tolerable lot. Keep to themselves for the most part, and I can respect that. Someday I might even try to talk to one, see what they are all about. Someday when I no longer want to exist, that is...

My research has not revealed much, but what I have learned frightens me. I fear that they are not just a subspecies of the Nosferatu or Giovanni, but an unwholesome amalgamation of all that is most despicable in the undead.

-- Dondinni, sixth-generation Monitor of Genoa

Mages: Just stay away from this bunch. They know too much. The most dangerous individuals you will ever come across. Deal with a Mage only through an intermediary. Keep your distance, that's the only way to survive an encounter with one.

We have observed their machinations many times. We have even used them as sources of information. They, like all Kindred, have their place and use.

-- Cornelius DeVires, Order of Hermes Tradition

If ever I saw something more deserving of a Good Death, it was a Samedi.

-- Ethan Moore, Euthanatos Tradition

Abominations. The Sleepers will be safer when they are re-buried, permanently.

-- Analyst 10010011, New World Order Convention, Technocracy.

Wheeeeeee!!!! They are so cool!!!

-- X-Ray, Marauder

It is good to see that others are willing to embrace the darkness within and show it to the world.

-- Heinrich, Nephandi

Wraiths: The spooks make good slaves, if you can catch and hold one. They can't do much to us, and many tend to have a bad attitude, but if you can call the right one up, it can provide valuable information. Use them for whatever you can. Their time's up anyway.

They think they know about the dead, but their heavy-handed ways offend us. If we are summoned, we answer. If we don't we'll be wrenched violently from the Shroud. Better we meet them on our terms.

-- Andreas, died 55 BC, through Madame Mia, Spirit Medium

Changelings: Not all of them are annoyingly cute or pretentious. They seem to have a dark and light side, sort of like that Star Wars movie. For us, if we stick to the darker Kith, we're OK. Especially like the ones called Sluagh. They're as sneaky as a Nosferatu. They like the information game just as much as we do. The Redcaps are a little too rambunctious. If they'd curb their appetite they'd be a more stable lot.

Their banality rivals only the Dauntain. Their presence is painful to us. They can damage the Glamour in a freehold just by passing within a block of it.

- Lady Valeria of House Fiona

Garou: Puppies. Furballs. Hack, hack, choke. Their attitude is almost as ugly as their appearance. They seem to hate our kind even more than your average Kindred. We've lost several of the Bloodline to Garou attacks. Avoid at all costs.

These...Wyrms things should all be destroyed. By claw, fang, Klaive and the Will of Gaia, it shall be done.

- Gunter "Seeks the Prey" Schwager, Get of Fenris Ahroun

Ratkin: They're good informants, and tend to hang out in our kind of territory. We've tried to get

to know their kind better, set up some kind of liaison, but they don't seem to want to hang around us for long.

They hang on our turf, and we cross paths occasionally. Can respect their attempts to improve their lot in unlife, but the taint of Wyrms follows them everywhere.

-- Michael "Mazewalker" Smith, Ratkin Shadow Seer

Mokole: Don't piss one off. The crocs can call a beam of daylight down. Sun your buns real good. They really have a problem with us taking over the swamps in the bayous come Mardi Gras time. Something about a Wyrms thing. Still, it's almost worth the effort to take one on, especially if you need a new pair of 'gator skin boots.

If you find one of these Wyrms beasts invading our swamps, kill it, behead it and utterly destroy the body. They have no respect for the natural order.

- Jean-Paul "Lightbringer" Madisson, One of the Shadowless

Other Voodoo Sects

The Serpents of the Light and Followers of Set also follow the paths of Voodoo and Voudoun. The majority of the Serpents and Setites, however, practice the dark arts.

The Samedi come under heavy competition from the Setites in particular. The Haitian region of the Caribbean has for all intents and purposes fallen under the power of the Exus, through the machinations of the Followers of Set. Louisiana and environs, in particular New Orleans, is hotly contested between the Samedi and the Setites. For now, the Samedi are holding their own, mainly due to the strength of the annual Rio Candomble.

It is to the Setites' advantage to perpetuate the myths about the evils of modern-day voodoo. The more bad press they can throw at the Samedi's activities the better. Many of the Camarilla clans still adhere to the mortal idea that anything voodoo is intrinsically evil. Whenever an atrocity can be traced back to voodoo, the fingers will point first at the Samedi. Truth is, it is highly unlikely that a Samedi would want to draw attention to herself. Such an event would be looked upon in the bloodline as severely as a breach of the Masquerade.

Chapter Three: Unique to the Bloodline

*One thing I miss,
Is Cold Ethyl and her skeleton kiss.*

-- Alice Cooper, *Cold Ethyl*

New Bloodline Merits and Flaws

Brittle bones

(2 pt. flaw)

Your bones behave like you have advanced Osteoporosis. Add one to your target number for Soak rolls. This is *not* as serious as the Sons of Samuel Flaw (See Sons of Samuel Flaw Vampiric Bone Disease)

Truly Disgusting

(1 pt. flaw)

You are so horrible that few can stand being around you at all. Others must make a Willpower roll (diff 6 for Nosferatu, 7 for all others, 9 for Toreador) to remain in your presence.

Rotting flesh

(3 pt. flaw)

Bits and pieces of you fall off easily. This can be a great disadvantage, possibly leaving evidence after combat.

Spirit Guide

(1 pt. merit)

A benign spirit has been watching over you since your embrace. You get one extra dice to resist the casting of a curse on you.

Wraith Affinity

(2 pt. merit)

Your knowledge of death draws friendly spirits to you. A successful Perception + Occult roll (diff 8) will allow you to communicate with a Wraith for up to one scene.

Dislocation

(1 pt. merit)

Because your body is in a state of decay, you can squeeze into hard to get at places. Note: Can't take this merit with the Rotting Flesh flaw. You'd leave too many pieces behind.

Removable limbs

(5 pt. merit)

If you spend a point of blood, you can remove an appendage, animate it, and reattach it. ie. you

could remove a hand, send it across the room to retrieve something and bring it back to you. The appendage must remain in your line of sight, or you lose it permanently.

New Bloodline secondary traits for Samedi

International Espionage

You have a working knowledge of spy activity in your homeland And at least one other country.

- * You can find information in a civil service office.
- ** You have the inside scoop on behind-the-scenes wranglings in the city political scene.
- *** You have an informant of significant position at the Federal level (either in your homeland or another country).
- **** You have a foreign government almost in your pocket.
- ***** Bond, James Bond.

Specialities: Wire taps, tailing suspects, making contacts, listening devices.

Camouflage

If anyone needs anything hidden in a hurry, you're the one to do the job.

- * You might find it if you tripped over it
- ** You can camouflage vehicles, or make an effective duck blind
- *** You can hide a cabin from overhead surveillance
- **** You can keep a camp hidden from satellite view
- ***** You could hide the New York Philharmonic in a library

Specialities: Jungle, Arctic, desert, ocean, vehicles, entrances

Voodoo rituals

You have studied the arts from the Old Country and can recognise the rites as prescribed by the elders.

This is just the knowledge, not the powers.

- * You recognise some symbols.
- ** Novice. You can perform a reasonable Tarot card reading.
- *** You know much of the ins and outs of Umbanda and Quimbanda.
- **** You have full understanding of the causes and effects of Voudoun.
- ***** You know exactly what type of voodoo is being practised, and who to send the victim of a

curse to for answers.

Specialities: Curses, cures, tarot cards, potions, rituals, symbols

Bartering

You never take any deal at face value. Half the fun of getting something is wheeling and dealing for it.

- * You'll try one or two counter offers.
- ** You'll play along as long as your customer isn't too shrewd.
- *** You rarely get the poorer part of a deal. Your information sells at good rates.
- **** You'd put an auctioneer to shame.
- ***** A farmer would buy his own manure back from you at \$50 a pound.

Specialities: Auctioneering, stock trading, fast talk, evaluation

Appraisal

You have a talent for knowing the value of things. This could be anything from a piece of antique jewelry to an Old Masters painting. You can spot a forgery.

- * You're still learning the art. You can give ballpark figures for evaluations.
- ** You can pick out glass from real precious stones. Your margin of error on evaluations is 20%.
- *** You can tell the real thing from a fake on close examination. Your margin for error on evaluations is 15%
- **** You can pick out a fake at a glance. Your margin for error is 5-10%
- ***** You can spot a DaVinci in a garage sale. You almost never err on an item's value.

Specialities: estate jewelry, antique furniture, art, comic books, stamps.

Poison Craft

Any assassin is only as good as his arsenal. Yours includes all manner of fast acting, slow and painful and untraceable poisons.

- * You can administer arsenic in tea.
- ** You can make curare blow darts.
- *** You understand how to make and use contact poisons.
- **** You can make and use poisons that will target certain types ie. only Garou, only women.
- ***** You can make poisons that will kill a Kindred in minutes.

Specialities: curare, arsenic, airborne poisons, poisonous plant identification.

Incendiary Devices

You have a grasp of how to make and use the things that go Boom! in the night.

Specialities: Dynamite, thrown devices, electronic devices, homemade explosives, timers, defusing.

New Discipline

Voodoo

Samedi Sub-Group: The Sons of Samuel

Note: This material is an expansion and revision of the original Sons of Samuel by Paul Michael Graham.

A Letter to the Tremere Inner Council from Marcus Cole, Tremere Elder, Baton Rouge

Most respected Circle:

Very recently a bloodline in its infancy has been discovered. The Samedi refer to it as the "Sons of Samuel," but they call themselves the "Sons of Sam." The earliest records we have of these beings seems to point to their creation in the Louisiana or Mississippi State region in 1992.

We have traced the bloodline's beginnings to a Samedi named Dr. Samuel Stankiewicz. Dr. Sam was a particularly wretched example of this bloodline's foulness. He expressed the Nosferatu characteristics of commanding a swarm of flies that constantly buzzed about his person, as well as carrying many large maggots, bloated with the Kindred's own blood.

This repulsive creature was bestowed with a great intelligence. As far as we can trace, he had no formal medical training, rather he practised the Samedi disciplines of Thanatosis and Necromancy, all to aid his intense study of all aspects of death and dying. He was self-taught, and fancied himself a "Mad Doctor," so to speak. He practised his art very much unnoticed by our kind, until one day Dr. Samuel discovered a mixture of medicine and Necromancy. After his experimentation on, and destruction of several mortals and Kindred, he stumbled on something he has dubbed "Necrotomy." We are still attempting to delve into the particulars of this new Discipline. It appears that, now that Dr. Samuel has made this discovery, he has begun to produce progeny of his own. All of them have

the foul discipline Necrotomy.

These progeny seem to be a separate bloodline related to, but not exactly mimicking the Samedi. They have been calling themselves "The Sons of Samuel," or "Sons of Sam." Although still fully Samedi, Dr. Samuel Stankiewicz has assumed the title as one of the bloodline, and is currently its leader. At this time there seems to be only a handful of his progeny that exist, but the "Good Doctor" is seeing to the creation of more childer.

I and the rest of my chantry will continue to monitor the situation. We have not yet discovered how the rest of the Samedi bloodline feel about Dr. Samuel's activities, or for that matter, if they even know or care. One thing we are monitoring closely is the degree of madness in the progeny. If they show any tendencies that will blatantly breach the Masquerade, they must all be bloodhunted.

I would go so far to suggest that Dr. Samuel Stankiewicz be labelled an Anathema, and added to the Red List. Clan Tremere could offer the Trophy, or possibly the Nosferatu could be convinced to offer the reward.

In your kindest regards, I respectfully remain,

Marcus Cole, Baton Rouge Chantry

Quote

"We're baaaack!
-- Gremlins II, The New Batch

Nickname

Quacks

Appearance

Born from foulness both mental and physical, the Sons of Samuel share the horrible countenance of their progenitor. The one advantage in being partially removed from the Samedi is that they don't have the rotting flesh stench associated with that bloodline. Rather, being that they are medically-bent, the scent of formaldehyde, ether and other hospital smells waft around the Sons of Samuel wherever they go.

The Sons make extensive use of masks and prostheses to hide their foul visages. Most of them prefer dress associated with the medical profession.

Havens

Most members of the Sons live in or near areas where they have access to medical facilities. This could be anything from a 24-hour free clinic to a major public hospital. In any case, most own modest homes (with the obligatory secret laboratory on the premises). Some even practise right out of their havens. This could be either New Age healing or an attempt at legitimate medical practises.

Background

Nearly all Samites have at least minimal medical or mortuary training. For a time, all of the bloodline had such professions, but some of the newer members (in the last year) have come from other backgrounds. An edict has come down from Dr. Samuel himself, insisting that Samites shun anyone not involved in medicine or mortuary work when seeking progeny. However, this request cannot be enforced.

Character creation

Primary Attributes for Samites are Mental and Knowledge skills. Additionally, a rating of at least one pip in Medicine is highly recommended. Any Samite character with no Medicine pips will be considered a rogue of the bloodline, and may be shunned and treated as an outcast by the Samites.

Natures and Demeanors vary amongst the bloodline, however Deviants and Caregivers are the most common. Common Backgrounds include Resources and Retainers.

Clan Disciplines

Fortitude, Necrotomy, Thanatosis

Weaknesses

Although possessing the discipline of Fortitude, Samites suffer from a form of vampiric osteoporosis that makes their bones very brittle. They can use Stamina and Fortitude to soak as per normal. However, a wound that cannot be absorbed will be a harder hit. As a result, all wound penalties that normal Kindred suffer are moved up one on the Health Track. Therefore a Samite suffers the following dice penalties to injury: Bruised -1, Hurt -1, Injured -2, Wounded -2, Mauled -5, Crippled -5, Incapacitated. Furthermore, because this Bloodline is in its infancy, characters *must* start at 12th or 13th generation.

Organisation

Samites are generally wrapped up in their personal affairs and do not meet often. Occasionally they come together to discuss items of great importance to their bloodline, or to show off their newest projects. The Bloodline does *not* take part in Samedi activities such as the Rio or New Orleans Candombles. Dr. Samuel Stankiewicz has disassociated himself from his brethren, and his progeny have followed suit.

Gaining Bloodline Prestige

Only through practice and experimentation in one's art can a Son of Samuel expect to gain Bloodline prestige. Developing one's Disciplines can also bring about prestige.

Stereotypes

The Camarilla: Very few of these kindred even know we exist, but the ones who do, stay away. Then again, we aren't looking to win any popularity contests.

-- John "Jekyll" Kyle, Orthopaedic Surgeon

I wasn't sure what they were until I found out who their creator was. Don't let them fool you; they are just as foul as Samuel.

-- Timothy, Nosferatu informant, Chicago

The Sabbat: Camarilla, Sabbat, what's the difference?

-- Ellen Jones, RNA

The what? I think you've been talking to the Malkavians again.

-- Donovan, Sabbat Priscus, New York City

The Samedi: "Poor, stinky, pathetic things. Thank Samuel for proving we're the next step in their evolution. They had nowhere to go but up.

-- Michael Brain, Podiatrist

What the Hell did Sammy Boy think he was doing? Something stinks, and it's not my gangrenous left foot. Watch these half-breeds for a while longer, just so we can be sure we know what we're dealing with when we need to eliminate them.

-- Annabella St. Martin, 9th generation Samedi spirit medium.

Sons of Samuel Endowments

The following list of endowments are special rules, merits and flaws that a Son of Samuel character may use.

Paths: Sons of Sam may purchase the Path of Biothaumaturgic Experimentation without the need to learn Thaumaturgy itself. This path

comes naturally to Sons of Samuel and may be bought at normal Path cost. However, a couple of restrictions apply. The character must first have three pips in Necrotomy and three pips in Medicine, and they must be taught the Path, preferably by another Son of Samuel.

Merits and Flaws

While these Merits and Flaws have been created for use with the Sons of Samuel bloodline, they may be used by other Kindred with permission of the Storyteller.

Regenerative Blood (6 pt Merit): This merit is extremely powerful in the hands of a vampire, and should be allowed only with the permission of the Storyteller. Kindred possessing this merit have blood that is highly regenerative and can be used to heal wounds at twice the normal rate. For example, at the expenditure of one point of blood, the character would heal two wound levels. Any excess healing would be lost, nor would it accumulate. Additionally, this ability may be used to heal aggravated wounds. To do this, the character would spend the normal 5 points of blood per day, but would heal two aggravated wounds.

Medically Inclined (3 pt Merit): Whether or not you have gone to medical school, you have a knack for medicine and its application. Characters who are Medically Inclined may discard a single "one" any time the Medicine Knowledge is rolled. Additionally you know a great deal about the proper care needed to nurse a mortal that has been fed off back to health. You gain a -2 bonus to the target number when treating such a person.

Medical Ties (3 pt Merit): You actually practise(d) medicine or know someone in the medical field either before or after you were Embraced. In any case, you have gained influence in the medical community and can receive large sums of blood, gain autopsy records, and the other perks that go with the profession (Storyteller's discretion). Don't abuse this merit. The more often you use your influence, the less effective it will be.

Medical Facility (2 to 6 pt Merit): You own a part or are the head of a local medical facility. The magnitude of this facility can range from a small private practice or pharmacy (2 - 4 pts) to a blood bank (5 pts) or General Hospital (6 pts). The actual size and value of the facility, and point cost must be agreed upon by both the player and Storyteller.

Controlled Blood Flow (8 pt Merit): Kindred with this merit have a particular ability to control their blood flow throughout their body when they sleep. This means that the Kindred no longer needs to spend a point of blood per day to maintain himself while he sleeps. It also prevents the level two Thaumaturgical power Blood Rage. The Kindred being affected by Blood Rage has to spend a point of blood per round to negate the effect of Blood Rage.

Vampiric Bone Disease (3 pt Flaw): You possess a rare form of bone disease that makes your bones more fragile than most. As a result, you possess the identical Flaw as the Sons of Sam. Note: Sons of Sam cannot take this as a Flaw.

Supernatural Signature (2 pt Flaw): There is something about you that tends to separate you as supernatural from mortals -- even more so than the typical Kindred. As a result, anyone attempting to detect your presence either as a Vampire, or a supernatural creature, gains a -1 bonus to their difficulty to do so. Unlike the Flaw Eerie Presence, you do not make people uncomfortable when around them. You are merely more susceptible to being discovered when supernaturals are being searched for.

Samedi Quirks and Secrets

Giant. No eyes.

-- Gnorm, *A Gnome Named Gnorm*

Bloodline Samedi has developed very close ties with Voodoo practises, but not so much the dark Haitian rites. The income and feeding from Spiritism-style Voodoo is much better. They practise the Brazilian style of Voodoo, a strange amalgam of Voodoo, Christianity and Spiritism. It is divided into dark (Quimbanda) and lighter (Umbanda) rituals. Many humans also adhere to these practises, with the larger cities being centres for Spiritism and the smaller communities in North-eastern Brazil focusing on Umbanda. Whenever two or more Samedi get together to practise Voodoo rituals, it is called a Candomble. The term is attached to all group Voodoo events from a seance with 2 to 6 individuals to the Rio Candomble at which anywhere up to 40 or 50 Samedi will attend. Aside from the major Candombles at Mardi Gras time in Rio and New Orleans, different Samedi will participate in Candombles for special celebrations.

The leader of the celebration is female. She goes by the title Iyu (queen). The Iyu for an Umbanda event will be dressed in flowing white cotton clothing, and be adorned with fetishes, beads and ribbons. The Iyu uses a new outfit everytime she hosts a Candomble event.

Humans are welcome to attend a Candomble, and many do. There are many practitioners of and believers in Voodoo all over the world. The Samedi's inherent smell is somewhat masked in the Candomble dance hall by the burning of much incense. This also helps mesmerise the humans, so if they see anything strange, they can chalk it up to a "religious experience." The Samedi often use these humans as a herd for feeding. They also scout the congregation for potential progeny. The Iyu gets first choice when picking progeny. Other Samedi can only create a childe with her permission.

A female Samedi that wants to become an Iyu has a long path to tread.

Not all female Samedi are chosen to be an Iyu. The Samedi must start out as a novice, apprenticing with an Iyu willing to train her. The candidate must first prove her devotion to the spirit guide of her sponsor. Then she must study and participate in all Candombles her Iyu orders her to. She will be little more than a slave to her Iyu for 20 to 25 years. She must know all the rituals, incantations and drumbeats for the dancing. She will dress in the colour of her sponsor's spirit guide, as only the Iyu herself may wear white.

Unless an ordained Iyu breaks off and starts a Voodoo circle in another community, the novice must wait until the present Iyu dies the Final Death, and even then she cannot be sure the title will be hers, for often the Iyu will leave a testament behind, naming another novice as her successor. The fight upwards is slow and arduous, and only the strongest and most dedicated ever make it. Once they do achieve Iyu status, they garner (and deserve) the greatest respect from the Bloodline.

When one of these powerful Kindred dies, the entire bloodline mourns the loss. Part of the Rio and New Orleans Candomble is set aside to remember any Iyu who may have been lost since last year's event. They beat drums slowly and chant around an empty coffin in the centre of the Candomble dance floor. A grave is dug nearby, and the casket is carried seven times around the hole and raised and lowered three times before it is interred. The mourners then return to the Candomble where the Iyu's will is read, naming her successor. The successor is then welcomed with raucous chanting, dancing and drum beating.

The up-and-coming novice will be subjected to fasts, rituals and blood-sacrifices reminiscent of ancient African rites. She must learn herbalism and the making of potions. If she survives these trials, she is ready for her initiation.

The Samedi initiation ceremony of a novice Iyu is not for the faint of heart. It is attended by both males and females. To the beat of a drum, the novice is led by an aide into the middle of the Candomble dance floor. Her eyes remain closed through the entire ceremony. She will be dressed in the colours of her Iyu's guide.

First, the novice's hair is torn out of her scalp in handfuls by her Iyu. Considering the state of a Samedi's physical being, often chunks of scalp come out as well. Then, three buckets of blood are dumped over the novice's head -- one animal, one human and one Vampire. The vampire blood would have been gathered as voluntary donations from the attending audience, as they entered the Candomble building. The novice remains standing immobile for up to an hour, while everyone else chants, beats drums and dances around her. Then the Iyu rends chunks of flesh from the novice's face and arms.

The Novice is then led into a small antechamber in the back of the Candomble hall where she stays in seclusion for 30 days. She is forbidden to speak to or see anyone during this time. She receives minimal blood --

just enough to prevent frenzy and torpor.

At the end of this period of seclusion, the novice is brought back into the Candomble hall for her "name-giving." This is when her Iyu's spirit guide will either accept or reject her. She will be dressed in her Iyu's guide's appropriate colour. Drums and chanting will begin, and she will shuffle and dance around the dance floor.

If the ceremony is a success, the novice, while in a trance-like state, will begin to shake and convulse uncontrollably. She will then scream out the name of her Iyu's spirit guide. This means that the guide has decided that this novice is worthy of becoming an Iyu in his/her name some day.

Following a successful name-giving, the novice can stay and devote her unlife to her Iyu, in the hopes of being her successor. She can also choose to strike out on her own, seeking a new location to establish an Umbanda centre.

An unsuccessful name-giving is cause for great shame. The shunned novice will be taken to a secluded area, staked and left for the morning sun. Without a guide, the student has no reason to continue existing. Final Death is the only way she can save face with the Bloodline.

Who they Call On

Got a job that needs supernatural assistance? You have to know who to call -- and when. The Samedi believe that all natural and supernatural events are controlled to some degree by their spirit guides.

Following is a list of the more popular guides, their colours, astrological signs and (in some cases) accessories needed to call them. **System:** Roll Perception + Occult (diff 8). The number of successes will dictate the accuracy and amount of information gained. A botch means the guide cannot be contacted for 24 hours. No successes means the guide will appear but give false or no information (Storyteller's discretion). Summonings should be kept to one question directed at one spirit each 24 hours.

Oxala: (Pronounced Ossala) Male spirit -- the most powerful. Followers wear white clothes, a gold ring on the middle left finger, and white beads with three red ones in the set. He will accept novices *only* during the Rio Candomble (never at the New Orleans Candomble). Sign: Leo

Yemanja: Female spirit -- controls the oceans and waterways. Followers wear teal blue or aquamarine, and milky blue or yellow beads. She can be called at high tide. She accepts novices *only* on New Year's Eve. Must have a seashell. Sign: Virgo

Ogun: Male spirit -- controls violent acts (melee). Followers wear dark

green clothes with silver buttons, and a small silver sword on a chain around the neck. Can be called while facing west. Must have a switchblade. Sign: Saggitarius

Oxossi: (Pronounced Ossossi) Male spirit -- controls violent acts (firearms). Followers wear rust-brown and carry a miniature replica of a shotgun. Can be called while facing north. Must have gunpowder. Sign: Taurus

Xango: (Pronounced Zango) Male spirit -- controls knowledge. Followers wear mauve or light blue, and carry a small scroll tied with baby blue ribbon. Is called to remove curses bestowed by Exu of the Closed Paths. Called while facing east. Must have a novel. Sign: Libra

Oxun: (Pronounced Ossun) Female spirit -- controls acts of secrecy. Followers wear navy blue, and three small silver arrows on a charm bracelet charm. Can be called while in the shadows. Must have a magnifying glass. Sign: Pisces

Omulu: Male spirit -- controls bodily functions and decay. Followers wear swampy greens and browns, and either carry a piece of driftwood or use a gnarled wooden walking stick. Can be called on grass, lawn or field. Must have a natural piece of a tree (ie. a stick). Sign: Cancer

In addition to the above, there are a couple of lesser Voodoo spirits that can be called on. The Old Black Slave is a male Negro slave. You must have a cigar to call him. Jurema is a female Amend. You must have six bird feathers to call her. These spirits can both be called on to answer questions. The questioner should find a quiet place and meditate. Rolls are the same as for the above spirit guides.

A Samedi will almost never wear pure black or pure red. These are Quimbanda colours and would easily identify a "black arts" follower to other Samedi. Another definite sign of Quimbanda is a pair of black candles tied with two red and two black ribbons.

More on Quimbanda

The Samedi practitioners of Quimbanda are either very old or very brave. Quimbanda Voodoo is unpredictable at best. The spirits all go by the prefix Exu.

Exu Marabo: Female. Speaks French only. Specialises in the cure and cause of disease. A corpse must be present. Must be called in a mortuary.

Exu Mangueira: Male. Speaks French only. Can cure heart problems or cause heart attacks. Can cause bloodflow problems in Kindred. Must be called in a hospital. Must have a glass of the strongest proof alcohol you can get, and light three white candles.

Exu of the Closed Paths: Female. Causes extreme bad luck. Luck can only be changed with the assistance of an Umbanda Iyu or a novice who can call Xango. Must have chalk and a pot of black ink present. Must be called in a school.

Exu Skull: Male. Can help conquer an enemy. A tombstone at least 50 years old must be present. Must be called upon in a graveyard.

Exu of Hot Ashes: Male. Causes or cures alcoholism or drug addiction (including Kindred addicted to addicts). Must have a full bottle of liquor or syringe present (needle not broken). Must be called in flame (ie. lit fireplace, candle, burning piece of paper).

Exu of the Pitchforks: Female. Makes or breaks relationships (business and personal). Must have a picture of the intended victim(s) present. Must light three black candles to call her.

It is rumoured that there are certain symbols that must be drawn to ensure that the calling of the Exus is heard, and that the request is answered. As the Quimbanda sect is extremely secretive, no one, not even the Umbanda Iyus, have been able to find a symbol left intact.

Whether they are Umbanda or Quimbanda, the spirits' talents are not to be abused. They are fully capable of seeking revenge on a questioner who they feel did not pay the proper respects, or used their knowledge frivolously or for the wrong reasons. And who's to say what these beings consider right and wrong? They will use their particular talents to their best advantage. For example, if a Samedi novice meets with Yemanja's disapproval, her haven may be flooded. Exu of the Pitchforks may cause a business deal to go bad, or even get a bloodhunt called on the victim.

The Place of Men

While they cannot be Iyus, male Samedi occupy positions equally as powerful in the bloodline.

After 20 to 30 years of study and attendance at Candomble, the Samedi male can attempt to call down his own spirit guide. This will not be one of the guides mentioned in Umbanda or Quimbanda. Rather, it will likely be a non-famous person with a particular talent. It may be for medicine, education, espionage, warfare, or any other speciality.

This spirit guide, when called upon, transfers all its' knowledge into the host. Roll Charisma + Occult (diff 8). The number of successes equals the number of hours the spirit guide will be willing to assist the Samedi when it is called. A character may choose one of this type of spirit guide once he has achieved four pips in Occult. The guide should be written up, including abilities and background, and approved by the Storyteller.

For some reason, healing spirit guides are the most common. A famous case in Brazil is Jose Santiago. Santiago is revered among the local poor kine as being able to cure all physical infirmities. Santiago held a fascination with disease, death and decay as do all Samedi. When the time came to call down his spirit guide, he was opened to Dr. Fritz, who enables Santiago to perform "miracle cures" on the local populace.

Minor Effects

Both male and female Samedi have an inherent ability to affect minor charms. Some examples include: curing a toothache, sobering up a drunk, keeping snakes out of your haven, preserving yourself from being struck by lightning, winning at cards, making an unwanted visitor go away. The requirement is twofold: the character must make a Despacho^{*}, and must also make a successful Manipulation + Occult roll (diff 6). The charm and its affect must be OK'd by the Storyteller.

*Despacho: a small leather bag hung from the neck by a thong. Into the bag is placed two or three items to make the charm work ie. different herbs, coloured beads, coins. The Despacho must be worn while the charm is worked.

Chapter Four: Archetypes

The templates presented here are similar to those in Vampire. The Natures and Demeanors given here are samples only. You can easily alter these templates to fit your concept of how you would want to run the character. Some of these Natures and Demeanors are taken from The Vampire Players Guide.

Back-Woodsman

Quote: There's things out there in the middle of them woods that'd make a strong man die of fright.

Prelude: You were born in the Louisiana bayou region. Mama and Papa raised you and your 12 sibilks as best they could, but the Cajun hicks never got the good jobs. You were always underfed, unhealthy and uneducated.

You learned quick that the only way to get along was to do it for yourself. Soon as you could, you grabbed a gun and a hunting knife, and went into the swamps to forage. The trade in 'gator hides was strong, and the swamps were easy to lose the authorities in. You carried on like this for the better part of 10 years, soon gaining the reputation for being the best poacher the Louisiana swamps had ever spawned.

One day you happened on a 'gator that was particularly hard to take down. It almost seemed to have human intelligence. The ensuing battle left you mortally wounded. It seemed you were going to die right here in the land where you were born.

Just then, as you were gasping your last, a hideous form loomed overhead. This thing reminded you of the Legend of Amos Moses -- king of the alligator hunters. Your progenitor said he embraced you to stop you from invading the Mokole's territory and killing any more of their kind. Then he disappeared into the swamp, never to be seen again.

You didn't know that were-alligators existed, but you sure want to find out more about them. They will be very worthwhile trophies. You didn't die from your first encounter with one thanks to your sire, but is this much better?

Concept: You are very private, a loner. You don't want nobody messing around your territory, and you don't want nobody nosing around in your business. You have a single contact on the river front that you trade skins with for supplies. You feed off the swamp creatures, and an occasional lost tourist. Becoming a vampire hasn't really changed your lifestyle much, except that you seem to be better at stalking your prey, and hiding from danger. Your driving goal is to catch the granddaddy of all 'gators. You are still searching for more of these Mokole, but now that you are Kindred you understand that there's more to the were-creatures than meets the eye.

Roleplaying tips: What you don't have in strength you make up for in speed and savvy. There isn't much you don't know about the swamps and the creatures that live here. Along with poaching, you have been known to hide someone who is running from the law, or from the Camarilla. All for a price, of course. Most of the time you just keep to yourself and wonder whatever happened to your kinfolk.

Equipment: Shotgun, axe, hunting knife, raft, camping gear, canoe, flashlight.

Candoble Novice

Quote: You have been put under a curse. I can ask Xango to reverse it and open your paths...for a price.

Prelude: You thought you had it made. A slick little fortune telling operation in the French Quarter kept you fed and clothed. Fleecing the tourists was almost criminal, but it was so much fun.

Of course, you never believed in any of that supernatural mumbo-jumbo. Spiritism, Voodoo, that was all crap you told the kids to keep them from wandering off at night. You'd heard there were some freaks that re-

enacted hokey rituals in the bayous, but you dismissed it as yet another lure for tourists.

You were working late one night. It was near Mardi Gras and business was booming. You were feeling pretty good about yourself. The cards were reading well. You'd just predicted a happy marriage to a handsome lawyer for a slip of a girl whose face -- well, let's just say that if you run across her again, your embrace wouldn't shock her much.

It was almost time to pack it in when a decrepit old woman entered your booth. She must have been one of those inbred Cajun old-timers, you thought, because she reeked of decay like the swamps outside the city. She took her place opposite you at the table, but instead of asking for a reading, she pulled out a well-worn set of tarot cards and began telling your fortune.

What she had to say was very strange, and somehow believable. she told of another life -- the real live of Voodoo. She mentioned something or someone called Samedi. She gave you the impression that she wanted you for this Samedi sect.

You weren't too sure about all this. You dismissed her and ran home quickly as you could. But the next night, just at closing time, she was back. And the next night as well. For reasons you are still not clear on, you agreed to follow this woman to the swamps.

The foulness of the embrace left you in shock and pain for some time. The old swamp woman stayed with you, guiding you and teaching you the ways of the Bloodline. You discovered she was an Iyu of Yemanju, and you followed in her footsteps. You passed your name-giving, and now assist your Iyu and Yemanju.

Concept: You are a Candomble novice, still under the tutelage of your Iyu. You serve the followers of Voodoo, assist your Iyu during rituals and study the ways of the Samedi. Every year you accompany your Iyu to either the Rio or New Orleans Candomble. You are confident that when the time comes, you will take over as Iyu of this region.

Roleplaying tips: Carry yourself with dignity. After all, you are a priestess in training. Mention the name of your spirit guide occasionally in conversation. Always remind those that are with you that the Spirits walk among us, and that there are forces not to be trifled with.

Equipment: New blue dress, different coloured candles, ribbons, bottle of hard liquor, strings of beads and shells, vials of arsenic and strychnine

Crazy Cat Lady

Quote: Here kitty, kitty...

Prelude: Ever since you can remember, you've been around cats. The first picture ever taken of you still hangs in your living room. There you are, three years old, dressed in a pretty pink smock, smiling and holding a tiny black Persian kitten.

Your love of animals in general and felines in particular led you to a job at the local SPCA. You devoted many hours to the care and handling of society's unwanted pets. Your soft spot for kitties meant that several of the animals slated for euthanasia ended up as cherished members of your household. You developed displays on the importance of having your pet inoculated for rabies, and lectured at schools on pet care. You devoted weekends to manning a booth at shopping malls, handing out literature on spaying or neutering your pet, and knocked on many doors fund-raising for the Society.

Eventually, you started to join the night patrol. You answered many calls requesting removal of stray dogs and cats from private property. You even were involved in the rescue of several animals from dangerous situations such as fires and car accidents. You even got Fluffy down from a huge willow tree for old Mrs. McTavish over on 4th Street.

Occasionally while on patrol alone, you'd get the feeling that someone was watching you. You never saw anything, but at times, it felt like someone was just out of sight in the shadows, keeping an eye on your business. The feeling manifested itself especially strong one night when you were checking on the warehouse district. You had gotten a report of a mother cat with kittens that had to be removed from a storage unit. There was little light in the building you were directed to. You entered cautiously, not wanting to terrify the animals. Then you saw it. A gruesome display was illuminated by a moonlit window. A decrepit, skinny figure appeared to be sucking the blood out of a cat!

Revulsion quickly turned to fury as you charged in and jumped the cat killer. But this guy was fast -- as fast as a cat it seemed. He had you pinned before you knew what was going on. Then he began a strange chant. From out of nowhere, cats began pouring into the room. There were cats everywhere, and they all seemed eager for the kill. The last thing you remember before you blacked out was a stench of death and decay, and the hissing and meowing of the cats.

You awoke to the realisation that things would never be the same. Your progenitor embraced you out of hunger and self-preservation, and he had little time for a pathetic neonate. The only thing you had in common was your interest in cats. But now, you could blood bind the cats, make them part of you forever, like children that will never grow old and never grow up.

Concept: You loved cats when you were mortal, and now you've got forever to look after them. You live in a small cottage on the outskirts of town, and the place is full of cats. Some of them are your ghouls, but many are just in need of food and shelter. You keep to yourself mostly.

The cats are your friends. You talk to them, and maybe they even understand you sometimes. Any money you make goes into the care and feeding of your cats.

Roleplaying hints: Your cats are your life. You're always talking to them, stroking them and feeding them. You've developed a cat's lightning reflexes and keen eyesight from living with them for so long. If you see anyone abusing a cat, you will frenzy. If one of your cats goes missing, you will search high and low for it, maybe for days or even weeks, depending on whether or not it's a favourite.

Equipment: Can opener, lots of catfood, heavy purse, cane.

Samite General Practitioner

Quote: The swelling should go down in a couple of days. In the meantime, take two of these and call me in the morning.

Prelude: Your father was a surgeon, and his father was a country doctor. It was preordained that the firstborn son would also be in medicine. It took three tries before you were accepted in medical school. The classes were draining, and the work quickly piled up over your head. Getting three or four hours of sleep per night was a luxury.

But still you toiled on. Failing to become a doctor would be a disgrace to the family. There can't be an end to the tradition of healers. The stress was getting to be more than you could bear. After failing that last kinetics exam, you even contemplated suicide.

Then, a new professor happened on the scene. He took a particular interest in you, always taking time to speak to you on the way out of anatomy class. His offer to tutor you on your weak points didn't come a moment too late. You spent many hours in his private office, poring over causes, cures, procedures and experiments. Sure, he had a few strange quirks. He only conducted meetings and classes after dark, but he'd stay up until almost dawn to help you with your problems. His office always smelled of formaldehyde and ether, and you could never figure out where it came from. His skin was kind of weird, too. It looked almost like it were stretched too tight, like whatever was underneath it was trying to burst its seams.

You really didn't have much time to ponder his uniqueness and besides, he was helping you make the grade. On graduation day, he took you aside and made you an offer. He said that funding had just been put in place for a new branch of medical research. The work was ready to go, and all he needed was an assistant to help him. You eagerly agreed. It was an opportunity you couldn't refuse. Little did you know how things would change.

Concept: Your unique insight has provided you with many hours of study. You carry on a night practice in a portion of your haven, treating the usual gamut of human ailments. It pays the bills. Hidden in the basement is your real love -- a fully functional experimental laboratory. So what if the occasional street punk or hooker goes missing? It keeps your hobby interesting. You know you're getting close. Just a few more months' work and you're sure your old professor will teach you about Biothaumaturgic Experimentation. You've got the lab all set up. All you need is the talent.

Roleplaying tips: Medicine is your life. Your introduction to unlife has renewed your drive. You now have endless amounts of time to learn. Experiments that you used to think were impossible may actually be accomplished. You love to talk to other Samites about new developments in procedures, and to show off your latest project. Right now you're concentrating on building better prostheses. Anything to further the cause of the bloodline.

Equipment: Lab coat, stethoscope, clipboard, doctor's black bag, large filing cabinet stuffed with notes.

Samite Surgical Nurse

Quote: Now just relax. It's only a little pinprick.

Prelude: It wasn't easy getting your degree. You studied hard and spent many long hours poring over lectures, theories and previously completed papers. At first, you thought that medical school was the way to go, but half way through pre-med, you decided that working as a surgeon's assistant was your calling.

You graduated with honours and were snapped up by one of the best hospitals in the city. It was a rush, being involved in life and death situations every day. But before long, your career became just a job. You began to feel that there was more to life than sterilising scalpels after the daily hustle and bustle of OR.

Your request to switch to the night shift was granted. Maybe the increased activity in Emergency would give your career new meaning. That's when you noticed a particular surgeon.

He has to live in the hospital, you thought, because you never saw him leave the building, not even after his shift. A cloud of the typical hospital smells seemed to follow him wherever he went. He must be a bundle of nerves, too, because he never seemed to have much of an appetite.

Funny thing, too, he never seemed to go anywhere without his OR mask. Actually, he never seemed to go anywhere but Emergency and the OR. Wonder what he looks like?

You found out about three months later. It had been a particularly hard night, with several car accidents, a house fire and even a shooting. You were burned out, tired and frustrated. Surely there had to be something better...

That's when your mysterious surgeon made his move. After your embrace, he taught you the specialities only a Samite can bring to the medical profession. Your life has new meaning now, and you can help people in new ways -- whether they need it or not.

Concept: To assist your mentor is your driving goal. His work means everything to you, and you will stop at nothing to further his and your experiments. Your haven is in a forgotten corner of the hospital laundry room. Feeding is no problem -- there is blood in great supply both fresh and stored. You still keep up with your work in the OR. Maybe someday soon you'll be able to acquire a still-breathing victim for the doctor to work with.

Roleplaying tips: You are a professional surgical assistant. There isn't anything you don't know about an operating room. Given the chance, you could even perform some simple surgical procedures. You are meticulous about your surroundings both in private and on the job. You are efficient at what you do, which makes patients more comfortable when you are in charge. Many of the staff surgeons have requested that you be moved to their shift, but you sternly but politely refuse, saying you do your best work at night.

Equipment: Hypodermic needle, scrub clothes, mask, catheter, thermometer, rubbing alcohol.

Street Child

Quote: Nobody loves me,
Everybody hates me,
I'm gonna eat some worms.

Prelude: Growing up in Harlem is a tough life, and you were one of the toughest. You had a Mom, but you never saw her around much. Your Dad never made an appearance after you were conceived.

By the time you were 12 years old you had your own street gang, but instead of looking for rumbles with the local punks, you devoted your talents to drug dealing and developing the best information brokerage on the streets. You stole what you could get your hands on to survive. It started with an occasional apple from a fruit vendor, then you graduated to clothing and finally cash and credit cards. A couple of stints in reform school only helped you hone your skills, learning tricks of the trade from your classmates.

Before too long, you outgrew your reputation. You began hearing about really weird happenings under the streets. One of your lackeys went missing, then another. It was time to find out who was invading your turf.

You followed a tip and ended up deep below the subway lines in a little used series of storm drains. The smell was unbearable. Worse than the usual New York filth. Something really big must have died here. Or maybe two or three somethings. Suddenly there was a movement in the shadows. Your feet were frozen in place, as an animated horror shuffled into view. Your embrace was swift and painful.

Concept: You now roam the sewers and streets in the New York night, along with the rest of the Samedi gang created by your progenitor. He looks after you much like Fagin treated the boys in *Oliver Twist*. Who knows, maybe he was around at that time. Now you trade information for blood, safe havens and hunting rights. You run with the three or four other kids in your gang. After about 25 or 30 years, you figure that you will be pretty damn good at what you're doing. Maybe then you can strike out on your own, embrace a few more brats and expand into other cities. The bigger the network, the better the hold you can have on the Kindred who think they run things. The Embrace has given you opportunities and abilities you could only dream about before, but has it been worth the price? Only time will tell...

Roleplaying Tips: You are sharp and shrewd, and know the value of a juicy tip. You are also the consummate little boy brat. You carry worms, snakes, caterpillars and other critters (some of them ghouls) in flesh pockets all over your body. Nobody tells you what to do -- except for your mentor. He's the father-figure you never had, and all you've got, so you might as well try to get along with him and the other brats in the Samedi gang.

Equipment: Baseball cap, slingshot, bug jar, leather jacket with gang logo on back, ripped, soiled jeans, thrash band T-shirt.

Camarilla Agent

Quote: I prefer my refreshment shaken, not stirred.

Prelude: When you were a little kid, you always played cops and robbers. You wanted to wear the blue uniform, just like Dad. Then the Kennedy assassination happened, and you were hearing all about the FBI and the CIA. Now those guys sounded more like it. That was the kind of life for you. Espionage and under cover work -- that's the way to go.

So you stayed in school and ended up with a diploma in Law and Security. All you could find was a job as night watchman in a community hospital. Big deal. So you answered an ad for a night school course in private investigation. First thing you did when you completed the course

was quit your job.

It didn't turn out to be much better. Sure, you had your own office and you were your own boss, but following cheating husbands to gather evidence in divorce cases was neither exciting nor glamorous. You were on a particularly dull stakeout late one night when you saw movement in the alley. Maybe somebody was getting roughed up. Nothing likely to happen with the stakeout for another hour, so you went to investigate.

You were about halfway down the dark narrow alley when you heard something in the dumpster. You turned and drew your weapon, but it was too late. You were jumped by what seemed to be a mobile corpse. The more you struggled, the worse the stench became. You lost consciousness.

When you awoke, you were reviled and shocked to discover what you had become. It took awhile, but you found that your vampiric talents actually made you a better investigator. In time, you became a competent agent, working for the different Clans. Your efficiency caught the attention of the Prince, who recommended you for undercover jobs. Now you work for her, but you'll consider anybody who can pay the price.

Concept: You're very efficient and secretive. Once it is made, you will do everything possible to fulfil your contract. You have many contacts locally and internationally, some Kindred and many Kine. Your unlife depends on your honour and your reputation, so you don't give away any secrets. You prefer to work alone, but you have been known to bring an assistant along, as long as she proves useful.

Equipment: Maserati (with espionage toys), fingerprint dust, wiretaps, several passports, trenchcoat, .38 special with silencer.

Healer

Quote: Don't thank me, just leave the usual in the cooler by the door.

Prelude: You began life as a simple Christian man. When you started school as a child, you could only attend half days, as you were needed to earn money for your family at home. Life for you was peaceful, but always poor. You had trouble earning money, and never seemed to have enough to get out of debt.

One day you found a despacho alongside the road. You put it in your pocket and didn't really think anything about it. When you got home, it was after dark and there was a little old man -- a complete stranger -- who asked you for shelter. You put him up in the summer kitchen. When you arose the next morning, he was gone. He came back asking for shelter for several nights. His visits were late, and one night you asked if he could come by earlier. "I cannot," he said, "But you can come visit me in the cemetery at this hour every evening."

Why you were compelled to obey, you do not know. but you found yourself at the cemetery at the prescribed hour. It was then that the old man revealed himself to you as one of the Bloodline Samedi, and Embraced you in a mausoleum.

Your progenitor was a healer, and he taught you everything he knew. He showed you how to call your spirit guide, which determined what kind of healing you were talented at. Before too long, you took over the region and became known as a great benefactor. You'd cure anyone for a bit of blood.

Concept: You work alone, from an hour past sunset to an hour before sunrise. Your "clinic" is in the same summer kitchen you first let your progenitor rest in. You have a couple of kitchen chairs, a basin with running water and a wooden dining room table that you use for both examinations and operations. Your tools are rudimentary at best -- kitchen knives, scissors, common pins and the like. These you keep on a sideboard in a tin can. When you perform an examination, you call on your spirit guide (a Frenchman), who possesses you and transfers his talents to you. The guide anaesthetises your patients with a hazy mauve light. Sometimes in the middle of an operation the guide will call out in French for "More mauve light!" You have never spoken or learned a word of French in your life.

Roleplaying tips: You are reserved and quiet when not possessed by your guide. When under his influence, you work with a rapidity and flair that is most unnatural to your true self. You work all night, every night, helping the poor people who need you. All you ask is a donation of blood. Never accept cash for any of your work. You wear a dirty lab coat, and don't keep your office particularly neat or clean.

Equipment: Common kitchen tools, flashlight and extra batteries, rubbing alcohol and swabs.

Demolitions Expert

Quote: Yup. It blowed up real good.

Prelude: You remember it well. It was the time of the California Gold Rush. Everybody had caught gold fever, and you were no exception. You started out as a "Miner 49er", but you never struck it rich. Best you managed to do was scrape together enough nuggets to fund your expedition to the Canadian North.

So you travelled up the coast. It was a long and slow trip, first by steam locomotive then just you and your pack mule. You holed up in Dawson City, Yukon Territory, long enough to get your bearings. Then you headed into the unknown.

Gold fever had gripped the continent. Competition was brutal and justice swift. Claim jumpers were everywhere. You were working deep in a hole you'd hewn out of the granite. You had just set the fuse to blow a particularly stubborn outcropping when you heard a sound behind you.

You turned to look, then turned ghostly white in shock. It must have been one of them bush spirits the locals spoke about. It loomed in between you and the tunnel's exit, blocking your way out. You figured that this was the end, but by God he wasn't going to jump your claim and get away with it. So you lit the fuse and passed out from fright.

When you regained consciousness, you were no longer in the mine. You were also no longer human. Your progenitor was pretty much a loner, and only embraced you because he didn't think your time had come. He taught you the rudimentary basics about Kindred life, then left, never to be seen again.

Concept: Over the years you've honed your skills in blowing things up. Your talents are available for hire to whomever can pay the price. Your contacts can provide you with almost any explosive material and device known to Man. You've even come up with a few original ideas. You're proud of what you do, because it's all you have left from your Kine life. So what if you're missing a few fingers or maybe part of a foot. It's part of the job. And part of being Bloodline Samedi.

Roleplaying tips: The Embrace has made you a survivor. The best way you've figured out to survive in the Vampire world is to be of value to somebody higher up than you. You've been living in the cities for the past 50 years or so, following a brief stint overseas to observe and learn some of the military operations during World War II and the Korean Conflict. You'll talk to anybody that has a job to do and a fistful of cash to back them up. Otherwise, you've got jobs to do.

Equipment: C-4, fuses, batteries, hard hat with lamp on it, TNT, primer cord (lots), string of gold nuggets (sentimental value)

Appendix: Samedi Who's Who

Jose Santiago

Jose Santiago was embraced in a small village in the Brazilian jungle in 1880. Before the embrace, he was married and had two children. He was a stocky man with short black hair, a bristly moustache and swarthy skin. He worked hard as a sharecropper, but never made money. His family was very poor, and the children were always hungry.

Just after the end of World War II, he successfully called a spirit guide -- Dr. Fritz. Dr. Fritz was a "medical researcher" at a Nazi internment camp

during the Second World War. He committed suicide when the Allies liberated the camp. He was a master surgeon.

When possessed by Dr. Fritz, Santiago wears a monocle. He speaks fluent German, even though he's never been taught anything but his native Brazilian Portuguese patois. He uses the crudest of instruments -- a paring knife, nail scissors, a pair of tweezers and an ordinary sewing needle. These he keeps in a rusty tin can in an unsanitary basement office/operating theatre. The condition of his practice (and the smell of the patients) masks his smell fairly effectively, and he wears a mask to hide his features.

Dr. Fritz only physically manifests himself to Santiago. He appears as a middle aged, short, fat, balding German doctor.

The local poor, who cannot afford any other medical attention, flock to Jose Santiago's after-hours clinic. He has never had any surgical or medical training, yet he can remove cataracts, set broken bones, stitch wounds or remove an appendix with no record of anyone ever getting an infection. When under the spell of Dr. Fritz, he slashes, stabs, twists and gouges with incredible, aggressive speed. Many peasants seek his aid every year, providing Santiago with a steady income and blood supply.

He has been studied by a team of Tremere from Vienna, and he has numerous personal gifts from grateful people for services rendered.

He works without assistance. When being operated on, Santiago's patients are conscious, and they assist the surgeon themselves. They will hold a vein, pass him a knife, and never sense pain. When the procedure is over, the only symptom will be that they feel tired. It seems that Dr. Fritz anaesthetizes Santiago's patients with a supernatural green light. Anyone watching Santiago operate may hear him call out in German for "more green light" during the procedure.

Victoria Lebeau

Victoria was a Cajun riverboat captain's daughter in Louisiana. She was 22 in 1894, and had been engaged to an alligator hunter. He was killed fighting "the granddaddy of all 'gators". It was more than Victoria could bear when she found his badly mauled body three weeks later in a bayou. She became suicidal and decided to throw herself to the mercy of the 'gators one night when the moon was full.

Unknown to Victoria, she had been watched closely from the time she wandered into the alligator swamp. Just as the reptiles were gathering for the feast, blood gushing from gaping bite wounds in her thigh and abdomen, a frightening man of the swamp appeared. As the swoon of death closed in on Victoria, the Baron Samedi took her as his child.

Victoria had been beautiful in life with thick, black hair and sharp black eyes. She could speak English, but preferred the language of the river -- Cajun. Her past was meaningless now, as the horror of the Embrace had transformed her into a disgusting monster. A brief glimpse of her reflection in the oily water of the swamp filled her with revulsion. The Baron, Prince of the Bayou (if one can be Prince of a handful of ghouls, zombies and alligators) was patient, but left no room for kindness in his training of Vicki. He taught her that being Kindred was better than death, and that the Bloodline Samedi was often called upon to do the Kindred's dirty work -- both Camarilla and Sabbat. Vicki learned to be beholden to no one, and to give loyalty to whomever could pay the price.

Victoria goes by the name Miss Vicki now. She frequents the bayous and graveyards of New Orleans, and always attends the Mardi Gras Candomble. A few years ago she was almost killed by the Anathema Genina, the child of Brigitte, Baron Samedi's sister. She was intensely jealous of Vicki. With the help of a group of Camarilla Kindred, Genina was tracked to a haven in Tokyo, Japan, and brought back for trophy.

Miss Vicki remains in the New Orleans area. She has been seen being courted by a Malkavian from the Chicago area. His name is Kyle Scheaffer, and he has been seen operating the lights for night games at Wrigley Field.

Baron Samedi

The Baron is definitely the most famous Samedi, and one of the most well-known Kindred in the world today.

Born in Africa, he was captured by slavers and sold in France. It was in Paris where he was embraced by "Gran'daddy". Soon thereafter, he embraced his sister Brigitte.

The Embrace turned Brigitte into a being of pure hate and evil. Her wanton killing sprees were calling attention to the Kindred of Paris. After several attempts on the Baron's unlife, he bought passage on a ship for he and his sister to Haiti.

While in Haiti, the Baron studied the arts of Voodoo from the Kine, the Setites and the Serpents of the Light. Brigitte also studied, and became a very adept Quimbanda Iyu. It was about 150 years ago that the Baron, disappointed in Brigitte and fearing that she would try to end his unlife, immigrated to Louisiana.

The Baron has nurtured the local populace's fears about his bloodline, and his infamy has spread throughout the Kindred and Kine world. He travels around the Umbanda centres of North and South America. He always attends the Rio Candomble, when he catches up on the activities in his old friend Jose Santiago's unlife.

Genina

The African child lived only a few years as Kine. She was captured by Portuguese slavers and transported to Haiti when she was five years old. On Haiti, she heard stories about horrible creatures that sucked the blood of the living.

Her interest in Voodoo grew, and she began secretly attending Voodoo rituals. At one, she saw Brigitte drain a child. Brigitte knew Genina was watching. Before Genina could escape, Brigitte had captured her and given her the Samedi sting.

Brigitte was a cruel and violent sire. Genina's abuse twisted her very soul. She escaped Brigitte shortly before Baron Samedi left Haiti, and struck out on her own, eventually making allegiances with the Ravnos (no one knows how) and the Followers of Set.

Genina hated all Kindred and was a particularly vicious butcher. She travelled from city to city, committing grisly murders. She arranged her kills in such a way as to break the Masquerade, thus hoping to expose the kindred of the city. For this she was branded Anathema, the trophy clan being the Ventrue.

The last city she set up was Chicago. She caught the attention of a group of Camarilla Kindred who, under the direction of Ventrue Prince Lodin, tracked her back to New Orleans. She escaped the country with the Prince of Baton Rouge, whom she used to purchase safe passage from a sect of Japanese Kindred. The Camarilla group tracked her to Tokyo where she was staked and brought back to Clan Ventrue for Trophy.

Isaltina

Isaltina is a well-known Umbanda healer. She is a native of Brazil, born in the city of Natal and embraced when she was about 34 years of age. Her sire drew the Embrace out over a number of days, with Isaltina growing weaker and weaker. Only when she was bedridden did her sire bring her to Bloodline Samedi.

Isaltina was immediately taken in and trained in the ways of Umbanda. She survived her name-giving, following the guide Yemanja. When the Iyu of her Candomble was killed by a hunter on the way to the Rio Candomble, she became Iyu of Natal.

Her speciality is tarot card readings, and indeed when she is not on official business, Isaltina can be found at night in a tent on the outskirts of town, selling readings to Kindred and Kine alike. Her readings are very accurate. It has been said not to go to Isaltina with questions you don't know the answers to, for you may not like what you hear.

Table-rapping is a tool Isaltina loves to delight clients with. It works like this: A group sits around a heavy wooden table, hands placed on it palms down. The individuals then ask the table questions. The table will rap on the floor once for no and twice for yes. If a more detailed answer is sought, the questioner recites the alphabet, and the table will rap once when a letter is reached. The questioner starts over again and again, until the words in the answer are spelled out.

- * You can make a ladyfinger
- ** You can set off dynamite using an electric fuse
- *** You can make plastique bombs with timers
- **** You can make a bomb that very few experts can find or defuse.
- ***** You chatted with the scientists at the Trinity Site about this atomic thing.