

# The Greivyes ragments™



Being the Journals and Notes of Fra Niccolo of  
Venice, Noddist Scholar and Itinerant Monk

As Transcribed by C. S. Friedman

# VAMPIRE<sup>®</sup>

## THE DARK AGES

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Games for Mature Minds





*The shadows are whispering again.*

*They have followed me here, it seems. Even here. One would have thought this tiny monk's cell would prove inhospitable to such creatures, but it is not so. I cannot make out the words, but I catch the rhythm of languages now lost to the living, accents that have not been heard for millennia. I know that if I turn around suddenly in an attempt to see who is speaking, I will find nothing behind me. Nothing but shadows.*

*So has it been each time I have tried it. Whoever my tormentors are, they hide themselves well. They are watching me.*

*Before me lies a stack of parchment, now wrapped in oilcloth and bound for travel. My hand trembles as I draw the package close, knowing the value of what it contains. It seems to me the whispers grow louder as I do that, and agitated as well. Dread voices, brittle as old parchment, that murmur threats from the shadows. Will they follow me when I leave this place, and if so, will their presence be noted by others? Or is it only I who will hear them, only I who will feel the chill of their presence, only I who will look into the darkness surrounding and tremble at the thought of what ancient creatures might be watching?*

*Enough. Enough. This is not the report of a scholar, but the rambling of a madman. Have I become so unnerved in recent nights that I have forgotten all my training? Forgive the shortcomings of your loyal servant, my Uncle and Regnant, and accept this record of my recent discovery. I have culled the most important notes from my journals for your perusal. Judge for yourself the value of what I have found, and its significance for future generations. In this the Year of our Lord 1197, I remain ever your faithful servant,*

*Niccolo*

## 2 August

Today I heard tales of a fragment of the Book of Nod, rumored to be more complete than any which scholars have thus catalogued. This rumor was told to me by a Nosferatu who has taken up residence in the ruins of an ancient palace, now buried beneath a thousand years' rubble. There, where pagan kings once received the word of their gods, amidst the detritus of a fallen empire, I traded him news from distant lands for shadowy rumors of a priceless antiquity. The fragment is in a monastery, he says, far north, a secret place where the sun can scarce invade. There it is guarded against inquiring eyes by those who can see into the depths of a man's heart, and only pilgrims whose motives are judged worthy will ever be permitted to see it. It was about then that he seemed to realize the value of a ghoul who knew all the ancient tongues, and it took all my diplomatic skill to delay him from action long enough for the sun to rise, making my escape possible. I take his tale as one takes all things from the Nosferatu, that is, with a good bit of skepticism. Any information they part with freely is by its very nature suspect. Nevertheless, it seems to me that if there is even a particle of truth to his tale, those scholars whom I serve will surely wish it verified. So it is a foregone conclusion that I will head north on the morrow, along the trade route once ruled by Assyrians, and trust that my lord and master will agree the detour is justified. One cannot let an opportunity like this go uninvestigated.

## 14 August

Only three days in Tabriz, and already I have unearthed whispers of the same legend. A Brujah scholar has told me tales of explorers who went in search of the lost fragment. Some, it seems, ascended into the northern mountains and simply never returned. Others came back from their journey confused, with no clear memories of their travels. He himself is not so sure that the fragment even exists, but he insists only the most powerful of Cainites should go in search of it, for clearly the magic protecting the fragment would overwhelm anyone else. I was not so sure of that, but I did not say so. You have taught me, my beloved Uncle, never to contradict Cainites, and I have learned in my recent travels that it is doubly dangerous to do so with the Brujah. Instead I scribed him a copy of Laertes' Ode to Carthage to thank him for his assistance, and while he read the ancient verse and tears of scarlet came to his eyes, I took my leave. In the morning I will buy fresh supplies and head for the northern mountains. Sometimes a ghoul can go places his betters cannot.



*15 September*

*This land is not hospitable for mortals or Cainites, and twice I have had to travel to neighboring regions to procure the vitae necessary for my continued existence. This past week it cost me several nights' service for that favor; nights I spent in the dusty vaults of a Ventrue's keep, cataloguing her collection of moth-eaten parchments. But that task has proved to be a blessing in disguise. Buried in a pile of long-forgotten manuscripts I have found the notes of a Ventrue who once sought the fragment himself, in a place he called the Monastery of Shadows. He spoke of a village in the mountains, near the Nishaz Pass, where news of the monastery might be sought. And so I have taken his notes with me, for I am sure their owner would rather they be in our hands and preserved for all eternity, rather than lost in this isolated place.*

*Tomorrow I head north once more, the precious notes tucked into my pouch. Into the mountains themselves, steep and forbidding, I shall search for a path which the Ventrue calls "so narrow and winding that it is better suited to goats than to men." Alas, the road to knowledge is never neatly paved. My beneficiary has given me an extra flask of her vitae to take with me, should the journey prove long. Though I am loath to make use of it, I fear I shall need it.*

*18 September*

*I came upon the village today. It is little more than a gathering of huts. There is one greathouse made of wood and stone where one might buy coarse ale and escape the winds of the mountains for a short while. I was grateful for the shelter by the time I arrived and even grateful for the ale, bad as it was. But though I plied the locals with artful questions, I could not gain more information on the thing I sought, or any sign that they had ever heard of it.*

*Tired, disheartened, I paid what was asked for the use of a rough pile of straw, and wondered if I had come all this way for nothing. I was exhausted, and fell asleep before the vermin in the damp straw even realized I was there. But sleep did not last long. Sometime after midnight I awoke suddenly, as a man does when his sleeping mind catches some hint of danger. Breath held, I lay silent in the darkness and tried to locate the cause of my sudden alertness. Could it be that these poor peasants meant to assault me? That would not be unheard of, though it hardly seemed worth the effort. I doubted that the few fragments of text I carried would have any meaning to them, and my coins were few enough. Yet it was not a human stirring I slowly became aware of, but something far more ominous. A strange chill licked across my temples, as if some cold and bodiless thing had bent down to taste my flesh. Deep inside I felt an upwelling of terror, not rational in nature but wholly instinctive, such as a mouse must surely feel when the shadow of a hawk's wings suddenly sweep across it. Yet, unlike a*

mouse, I did not run for shelter. Nor did I give voice to my fear and cry out for help, though my terror said that if I did not I would surely be devoured. Yours is not a lineage of weakness or emotion, my Uncle, and I could hardly do less even in the face of this fear. What right had I to seek out the wisdom of the ancients if the very scent of mystery so unmanned me? So I waited, trembling, silent in the darkness, wishing I knew the name of the Presence that was in the room, yet fearing to discover its nature.

The chill passed across me once more and I could feel my hackles rise, yet I forced myself to be utterly still. If I strained my senses to the utmost it seemed I could almost see the darkness coagulating into an even greater shadow, and it was from this that the coldness seemed to emanate. "Who are you?" I whispered at last. "What are you?" It did not see fit to answer, but it seemed to come closer to me, and a tendril of black-within-black passed so close to my face I could feel it. Something fluttered down below my face, brushing against my chin like the wings of a moth before coming to rest on my chest. And then...the Presence was gone. As suddenly as it had come in the first place, as completely as though it had never existed. I lay frozen for what seemed like a small eternity, as my pounding heart sought its normal rhythm again. Finally I reached up with a trembling hand to see what it was that lay upon my chest. I half expected it to take flight as I touched it, but it did not, and as my fingers closed around it I realized it was nothing more than a piece of folded paper. The touch of such a mundane thing brought me back to myself, and I sat up in bed and fumbled for the flint. It took me time to strike a light, for my hands were still shaking, but once I did so I lit the lamp and held the paper close to the glow, so that I might study it. It was a map. Crudely drawn, and not well labeled, but after I looked at it for a time I came to recognize the Nishaz Pass, and even the tiny village where I now took shelter. And north of that...there was a twisting road marked in faded brown ink, with turns and landmarks indicated, and beyond that a single phrase, in markings so ancient that none in this village would be able to read them. Few in the world could read them, in fact, save those scholars who specialized in ancient tongues. Cainite scholars in particular.

It was scribed in that language which we call Enochian. The first language spoken by men. Monastery of Shadows, it said.

*My path is chosen.*

*22 September*

It took me four days to reach that place called the Monastery of Shadows. As soon as I saw it, I knew why that name had been chosen. Of course. It could be called nothing else.

The monastery is set deep within a narrow valley, flanked by granite cliffs so high and steep that even a goat would have trouble descending them safely.

*For a brief time at midday its fields garner sunlight, but mere hours afterwards they are cast into shadow, and night falls so quickly after that, one could hardly descend the distance to its gates without stumbling through utter darkness.*

*How fitting, I thought, as I tucked my hands beneath my cloak for warmth, studying the place from above. I wondered what manner of creature made its haven in such a dwelling...for it seemed beyond doubt that the monastery would be home to Cainites, if it had not been created by them in the first place.*

*It took me the better part of a day to descend the treacherous path safely. I was met at the gate, of course. It would be impossible to approach during the day without being noticed, and so a monk was there to greet me. He nodded in silence after I gave my name, and did not seem surprised when I asked for shelter. Of course I would ask for shelter. Where else was there for a traveler to go in this desolate region? I walked beside him, past other silent monks who glided about their business in the cold stone halls without sparing either of us a glance. It was impossible to tell from their complexion if they were a Cainite's herd or not, for the primitive stone lamps cast equally sallow light over all. In truth, I would not be surprised if such a place housed more than one of Caine's blood. This far from civilization they could rule openly, as it is said the ancients once did.*

*Tomorrow I will seek permission to view their library.*

### *23 September*

*Breakfast was meat, served directly after the Lauds service ended. Apparently it is easier to herd the beasts that feed on scraggly mountain growths than to try to raise crops in the shadows. Of course it did not escape my notice that such a diet serves well to replenish the strength of a human herd as well. This is indeed the perfect haven, and I have no doubt that a powerful elder is master here.*

*After breakfast I was taken to see the abbot. He was a most gracious man, and clearly he was pleased to have a traveling scholar as a guest. I did not have the impression from him that he knew of the map I had been given, or that he had in any way anticipated my arrival. So if he served a Cainite lord directly, his master was clearly one who chose to keep him in the dark. Finally I decided to take a chance, and asked him, "Who is monachus here?" Testing the waters, as they say.*

*"We are all monachi," he responded. Of course, it was true. The title used for the Cainite lord of a monastery means only "monk," in a literal sense. Yet I knew that by my question I had made my own enlightenment known, and whether the abbot understood it or not, he was the tool by which I had rendered proper greeting to the master of this shadowy realm.*

*The abbot took me to the library himself, and despite his attempt to maintain an air of humility, his pride in the collection was obvious. As well it should be, for here in this place was a library that Alexandria would have envied. For*



a few moments I just looked about, gazing upon the stacks and racks of books, scrolls, and even incised tablets, drinking in the sheer wealth of knowledge surrounding me. Then I remembered why I had come, and it sobered me considerably. In truth, while so vast a library might be a pleasure to visit under other circumstances, it was a daunting sight indeed when one sought but a single tome.

I dared not ask for it directly of course, but I displayed such appreciation for the collection that in time the librarian was pleased to serve me, and he showed me where the most ancient materials were kept. Fragments of manuscripts so fragile that the slightest breeze might damage them, clay tablets inscribed with long-forgotten symbols...he watched me for a while to make sure that I knew how to handle such things without damaging them, then left me to my research. God in Heaven, if only I could transport this entire collection back home! But despite the many hours I spent there before nightfall shut down the monastery, I could find no sign of my objective, nor any clue of where to look for it. Ah, well, had I truly expected better? The most precious gems are not left lying around in plain sight, are they? This search will take time, and above all else persistence.

#### 24 September

Another whole day of searching. I have found treasures beyond price here, but not the one thing I seek.

#### 25 September

I have rummaged through all the ancient fragments, and I am searching through more prosaic volumes now. There is of course a chance the Book is not kept in the library at all, but how can I proceed without knowing for sure? At least the collection is well-ordered. There are a few shelves I can skip over entirely, for they are unlikely to shelter my quarry.

#### 26 September

I dared to drop a hint today of my true purpose, to see if it would spark any recognition in the librarian's eyes. It did not seem to. Tomorrow I shall do likewise with the other archivists, and see if any take the bait.

#### 27 September

None of them have any knowledge of the Book, I am sure of it. Meanwhile, another night has proven unproductive. I may have to seek out the Cainite master of this place, and that is a course fraught with unique peril. I think that I can present myself well enough that he will not kill me outright, though if I please him too much he might set his own claim upon me. Denied the explorations that stir my blood, I would surely die in such a place. There is only so much knowl-

edge you can seek in a single library, no matter how well appointed. I pray I do not end up trapped here.

28 September

God in Heaven!

I have found it. Or perhaps, more accurately...more chillingly...it has found me. I can scarcely write, my hand is shaking so badly. Never in all my years have I seen such a thing, or even dreamed it existed! To have touched it, to know it real through all one's senses...Slowly. Slowly. Record it properly. Begin at the beginning. I decided to visit the library late at night, when the monks were all asleep. For I had determined by now that the item I sought was not on any shelf, where the lowliest monk might stumble across it, but instead must be tucked away in secret somewhere. The most logical place to start looking was in the darker corners of the library itself. After that...well, I did not relish the thought of searching a monachus' haven without permission, but if that was required to find the Book, so be it. I had not come this far to give up now.

The plan was not as simple as it seemed. Unlike normal monks, who retire with the sun, the denizens of this place were accustomed to working in near-darkness, and so they were free to keep to a later schedule. Hourly I stole down to see if the library was yet deserted, but it was nearly ten o'clock before I was satisfied. The monastery was silent by then, save for the sighing of the night wind down the long open halls, and occasionally the distant squawk of a triumphant owl. All was perfect for my explorations.

Silently I slipped inside the vast chamber, shutting the heavy door behind me so that the light of my candle would not be noticed. I know many ghouls who could not manage a search by such dismal lighting, but my vision is as keen as yours, my Uncle, and the one flame was all I needed. I began to search. I emptied first one shelf, then another, feeling beneath them for secret switches, measuring the walls that divided them from one another, tapping the stone walls softly to search for hollow spaces beyond. It was an immense task but I am a patient creature, and I knew that given enough nights I could account for every nook and cranny of the place. God willing, that which I sought would be hidden here somewhere.

Midnight passed, then another hour. My muscles began to ache from the unaccustomed strain of squeezing into various tight spaces, and I could not afford to waste precious vitae on such a minor healing, so I let them ache. Finally, with a sigh, I set my candle on one of the heavy oak tables in the center of the room and allowed myself a moment to relax. What had seemed like good progress as I worked had in fact gained me little, and I saw that it would be many nights before I had even half of the library accounted for. I was very glad that the Ventruë lady had given unto me her vitae, for I would surely need it. There is nothing more frustrating than having to leave a job unfinished to go in search of

the staff of life, and nothing more dangerous than leaving the latter task until the last moment. Quite a number of my fellows have died over the years, having been so wrapped up in their research that they forgot just how closely Death watches us. Or perhaps in the end their borrowed clan's blood got the best of them, and love of Death outweighed their fear of it. I turned back to the candle after a while, meaning to take it up again and assault a new section of shelving. But I stopped, and my hand froze in mid-air; and for a moment I could barely think clearly, so focused was I upon that one point of flame. For as I watched it flickered wildly, then bent to one side, as though a breeze of some sort were playing across it.

Here?

I looked about the room. There were no windows anywhere that I could see, and the door was shut fast. Even if an errant breeze had managed to squeeze across the threshold, it could not be responsible for this, for the flame pointed in another direction entirely. I picked up the candle, slowly, carefully, and used it as a compass to trace the course of that errant stream. Doing so brought me to a narrow alcove whose several shelves supported stacks of scrolls. The breeze seemed to be coming from behind it. Trembling with excitement I put the candle down on the nearest table, and then began to empty those shelves. As I did so I could feel a chill breeze on my face, and I knew for certain there was some opening hidden behind the rolled parchments. Yet I was careful with them, both in removing them and in setting them aside, for it would be a crime to damage such precious artifacts, even in search of something greater.

At last they were all transferred to the table, leaving bare shelves before me. I brought the candle close...and by its light I could just barely make out a crack in the wall behind, from which the breeze seemed to be issuing. My heart began to race as I tested one of the shelves, and yes, it came loose easily, sliding forth from its moorings. So did the others. It was not long before I was able to squeeze myself into the alcove and test the back wall with my fingers. Sliding them into that narrow crack, then pulling at the heavy wood as best I could — to no avail — and finally pushing at it. And it moved, as a door will move, and swung open before me. A gust of chill air greeted my face, damp and clean and tasting of mystery. I brought the candle forward and its light illuminated a space that had clearly begun as a natural cavern, though score-marks on the wall showed that it had been smoothed and perhaps expanded for human use. On the far side I saw several horizontal crevices, fringed with stalactites like teeth. It was from there, no doubt, that the breeze was issuing. But these observations could not hold my attention long, for in the center of the room there was a table hewn of gray stone, and set upon that was a great leather-bound book. I felt my heart skip a beat as I gazed upon it, and for a moment it seemed I could not breathe. Then I forced myself to step forward, one step and then two, and finally with a trembling hand I reached out and touched its cover. And yes, the leather was what it appeared to be. I have held enough volumes bound in human skin to know the feel



of it beneath my fingers. Cold air brushed along the base of my neck, this time not from any natural wind. I whirled about, but saw no one behind me. Yet the feeling of being watched persisted, and I felt my hackles rise as I turned back to the book and slowly, carefully, opened it. It was not a book proper, but a folder of sorts, with soft pages of translucent skin meant to separate the papers stored inside it. I turned the first one aside to see what had been placed there and found a simple manuscript, written in a dialect of Chaldean more ancient than any I had seen before. About the main text were notes of some kind, each written in yet another ancient script. I counted five languages in all, the most modern of which was Imperial Latin.

And then I began to read what lay before me, and the rest of the world ceased to exist.

How can I describe that moment, when I first came to understand the magnitude of what lay before me? Was it the opening verse which made it clear, with its simple statement of narrative intent? This is the tale of Caine's father, Firstborn child of God, made in His image...? Or was it the notes which surrounded the text, penned by scholars who had come here before me? Or was it that first line hinting at the manuscript's true author, the first stunning suggestion that this well-preserved fragment of the Book of Nod might have been written by Caine himself?

I found a corner where the rock formations would allow me to sit, and I brought the volume over to it and began to read. My hands trembled as I touched the pages of something so very priceless. Here was a whole chapter of the Book of Nod, complete. Verse after verse in ordered precision, nothing missing, nothing damaged, nothing illegible. True, I had sought such a thing in coming here, but deep in my heart I'd thought the legend of an entire Book had probably been inspired by no more than a few complete pages. That in itself would have been a treasure. But this!

I studied it for hours. I ran my hands over the fragile pages again and again, as if they were some dream or phantasm that might disappear if I ceased to touch them. And I read. My God, I read! The story of Eden told through Caine's own eyes, not as some simple tale, but with all the depth of recounting one might expect from a witness. And all about his words were the scribbles of scholars who had read them before me, sometimes authoritative in tone, sometimes so casual that they seemed almost an affront to the majesty of the text. Who else but an ancient would dare to write thus, would dare to set his own pen upon such a sacred document? I had a passing fancy of adding my own notes, but banished that quickly. Such arrogance on the part of a mere ghoul would surely not be tolerated.

I heard the bell ring in the distance for Lauds, signaling the rising of the sun and the start of the day's activities. For a moment I shut my eyes and trembled, unwilling to tear myself away from the Book. At last, hands shaking,

*I forced myself to close it, and put it back in the position it had been in before. The chamber did not look like it had seen a visitor in much time, but I could not afford to take chances. With one last glance behind me to savor the wonder of the place, I squeezed back out through the alcove and quickly restored the shelves and scrolls to their original positions. The candle's flame was steady when I was done, for I had closed the door completely. Just to think, if someone else had not failed to do so, I might still be searching the outer chamber in vain....*

*There. That is all of it, the whole story. I cannot eat or sleep now, only stare at the wall opposite me in a haze of wonder, waiting for the daylight hours to pass. Only the night matters now. Only the night...and the Book.*

### *29 September*

*I returned again just before midnight to find the library vacant, and this time it was the work of perhaps twenty minutes to clear the way to the hidden chamber. It was exactly as I had left it, and I breathed a sigh of relief to see it thus. In nightmarish fantasies I had imagined the master of the monastery discovering my trespass and locking his precious Book away, so that I might never see it again. But no, it was still there, just as I had left it. And this time I had come prepared to deal with it.*

*I laid out a pile of the finest vellum sheets, a bottle of deep-black ink, and a pen. It was my intention to copy all that I could, in order to bring this wealth of knowledge back to you, my Uncle, and the others of your blood. Perhaps in another time and place I might have tried to steal the original pages, but here it was out of the question. There was little doubt in my mind that if I hid even a fragment of the Book among my things I would not get five steps beyond the gates before the master of this place knew what I had done, and my punishment would make Christ's torment on the cross seem mild in comparison.*

*So I set about to copy the ancient document as precisely as I could, in order that you, my Master, might study it. After much deliberation I had decided to make two copies: one an exact duplicate of the original, including ink blots and misspellings, and the other a translation into modern language of the text and all its notes. Though the former would have more value for posterity, I must admit the second was more dear to my heart, and I worked hard to capture the colloquial tone of the notes.*

*Here was the expulsion from Eden, which paralleled the biblical version to perfection. Here was the last conversation between Caine and Abel, hinted at in the Bible but never fully described. Here was the blindness of Adam, the pride of his Maker, and the defiance of Caine in all its glory. And surrounding all that were the notes of five distinct scholars, passing commentary not only upon the text itself, but upon each others' opinions. By their use of language I knew them to be truly ancient, not modern scholars writing in dry, dead, tongues, but creatures of*

the past for whom these were vital, living languages. Clearly some of them had returned more than once to add new notes over the centuries. Perhaps...perhaps one or more even dwelled here.

*A chilling thought.*

It seemed then that I became aware of a presence in the room, as if someone were hidden in the shadows nearby, watching me. Yet though I held the candle out with a trembling hand, it illuminated nothing but rock all about me. Was it just the thought of ancients that so unnerved me, or the thought that they might be watching? I did not need a fragment of Nod to tell me that Cainites so old often had hungers and motivations incomprehensible to modern man, and so, too, to a mere ghoul. In truth, I was glad to leave when dawn came, for though I had not yet finished my transcription my hands were again trembling, and further effort would only be wasted.

Yet, I sensed it in the shadows, that unnamed and unseen Presence, following me. A monachus? Or something worse? Would it tear me to pieces in my sleep for having dared to copy its most precious treasure?

I write this now before I surrender to slumber. If no more is added to my journal, than you shall know that the creatures who live here have little tolerance for one who would copy their treasure and bring it to the outside world.

### *30 September*

I am watched. Beyond question. By what I do not know, for the dirt on the floor of the chamber records marks from all who pass, and the only footprints there are mine. Yet I am watched. I know it in my soul. I can feel it on the back of my neck, that chill which warns of danger...yet how can I stop, much less flee this place, with what I have already seen?

I arrived tonight as I had previously. And for a moment I was so focused upon my work, an anticipation of finishing my transcription, that I did not notice the room had changed.

There were two books this time.

Two.

I stared at the table for a moment, then slowly came forward and opened the second with a trembling hand. It was like the first in form, but the tale that its pages revealed was very different. This was the story of Lilith, and of Caine's awakening to the glories of the night. But even more, it was a tale of conquest, of an angry Caine who disowned God, and then claimed that which was the Dark Mother's in order to become His proper rival.

I have seen many fragments of the Book of Nod in my lifetime. None have dared to condemn God in such absolute terms as this. None have depicted a Caine so predatory in spirit, even in the first nights of his banishment. None have



*convinced me, ever before, that their author might truly be Caine, though many are written in that style. I wonder how much more there is.*

*I wonder if I will be allowed to see it all.*

*I copy what has been given unto me, knowing that someone is watching.*

## *2 October*

*A third volume appeared tonight. How much of this Book exists? Could it truly be complete? Will I be allowed to copy it all? I read of the Curses of the Angels tonight, and understood for the first time the full scope of Caine's defiance. I will not even attempt to summarize it, for my own poor prose cannot compare to the original. It seems to me I hear whispers now, coming from the shadows, and sometimes if I listen closely it seems to me I hear my name spoken, or the names of places I have been, or of the masters for whom I copy this work. As if, while I read their Book, they read my soul in exchange. Are these the powers the Nosferatu warned me of, those beings who guard the book? If so, have they judged me worthy or reading it, or is that judgment yet to come? And if I am not worthy...what then?*

## *4 October*

*If the first three volumes were unnerving to read, the fourth is doubly so. Here is the story of Enoch, and the events leading up to the Great Flood. Yet it is not the story itself that is so affecting, but the tone, the choice of words, and their implications.*

*For in the fourth volume it is clear that Caine regards himself as a god to his progeny, and declares that he has the power of God Himself to decide their fate. Is this the truth, or a delusion born of his unique condition? As I read about his choice to feed upon human blood, a further sign of his defiance to God, I feel a chill go up my spine, for it is nothing less than a declaration of war with the Almighty.*

*It is clear the commentators know one another, for one makes derisive reference here to the clan of another. I have tentatively identified one voice that seems to be that of a Tzimisce biblical scholar, one Zarakiah of eastern fame. Hopefully there will be more hints to come.*

## *7 October*

*Volume five is but a small one, four simple verses and their commentary. The authorial voice is not that of Caine, but of his childer. The subject is the Flood, and what happened to those who survived it.*

*It explains much, I fear. And it does not bode well for that moment when Caine's first brood awakens to walk the earth again.*

*Of course they will devour their descendants. It is what God taught them to do.*

*The whispers are louder now. I can almost make out words.*

### *8 October*

*The sixth volume appeared tonight. It contains further hints of the commentators' identities. One is clearly Malkavian, and another, writing in Imperial Latin, appears to be Ventrue. Perhaps it is the great Marcus Aurelius himself?*

*The notes identify one portion of text as the Curse of Clans. Apparently, in this telling, it is Caine himself who curses his childer with all those weaknesses of blood we now suffer from. It is his curse which divides us, his curse which weakens us, and ultimately his own curse which sets childe against sire, ensuring the war between generations. The text says that he did it to ensure peace among his descendants, but one cannot help but wonder...would a man of such power and insight, godlike in so many aspects, make so great an error? Or did he have a darker purpose? I shudder to think of what that might be.*

### *11 October*

*I supped on the last of the Ventrue lady's blood tonight. Her power sings in my veins, and with it my heart is almost strong enough to read what is in the seventh volume.*

*It is called Prophecies.*

*It tells of the death of Antediluvians, and of the coming of Gehenna, and worse. It tells of the death of a clan that may be ours.*

*I will write no more on this, but leave my masters to read the original. It is not the place of a mere ghoul to interpret such things, or even to comment upon them. Truly I feel overwhelmed, and can barely steady my hand enough to copy the words.*

*The whispers are strangely silent tonight. Perhaps my fear has driven them off.*

### *13 October*

*Two chapters are contained in the eighth volume — for yes, I must regard them as chapters now, not merely fragments of a lost whole — and I have copied them, but my heart is not in it. I have written the words of Caine as given to his descendants, his laws mirroring the Commandments of God Himself, the ultimate sign of his hubris. And I have copied proverbs that reflect the wisdom of the ancients, or at least their prejudices.*

*But my mind is still on yesterday's work, on the prophecies I have read. Are they true indications of the future, and if so, do they record our doom? Even the commentators are not sure. But I read again and again the description of the doomed, and I wonder who else it could truly refer to:*

*The third shall be betrayed by his own, Treasured childe, knowledge-seeker, Drunk on dreams of death and shadows.*

*The whispers have returned. It seems their tone is darker, now. Have I displeased them?*

14 October

*The door is locked tonight. Even more: it is as if that secret wall has never been a door, for there is no sign of any crack whereby it may be opened.*

*I will not seek to force my way back into that chamber. Whoever chose to lay out these volumes for me now chooses to bar my way, and I know in my heart that to defy his will would cost me my life. Perhaps I have seen all there is to see, and copied the whole of his manuscript already. Or perhaps what is in my heart has displeased my secret master, and I am to be allowed no access to what remains.*

*It is enough for now. To bring this treasure home...it is more than enough for now.*

*The whispers have followed me from the library, flanking me down the narrow halls, squeezing into this small, shadowed room. Still I cannot see who they belong to or make out any words clearly. Shadows dance in the corners of my vision. Is that my watchers testing me, teasing me? There is nothing I can do but ignore them. They do not respond to any entreaty, I have learned that much.*

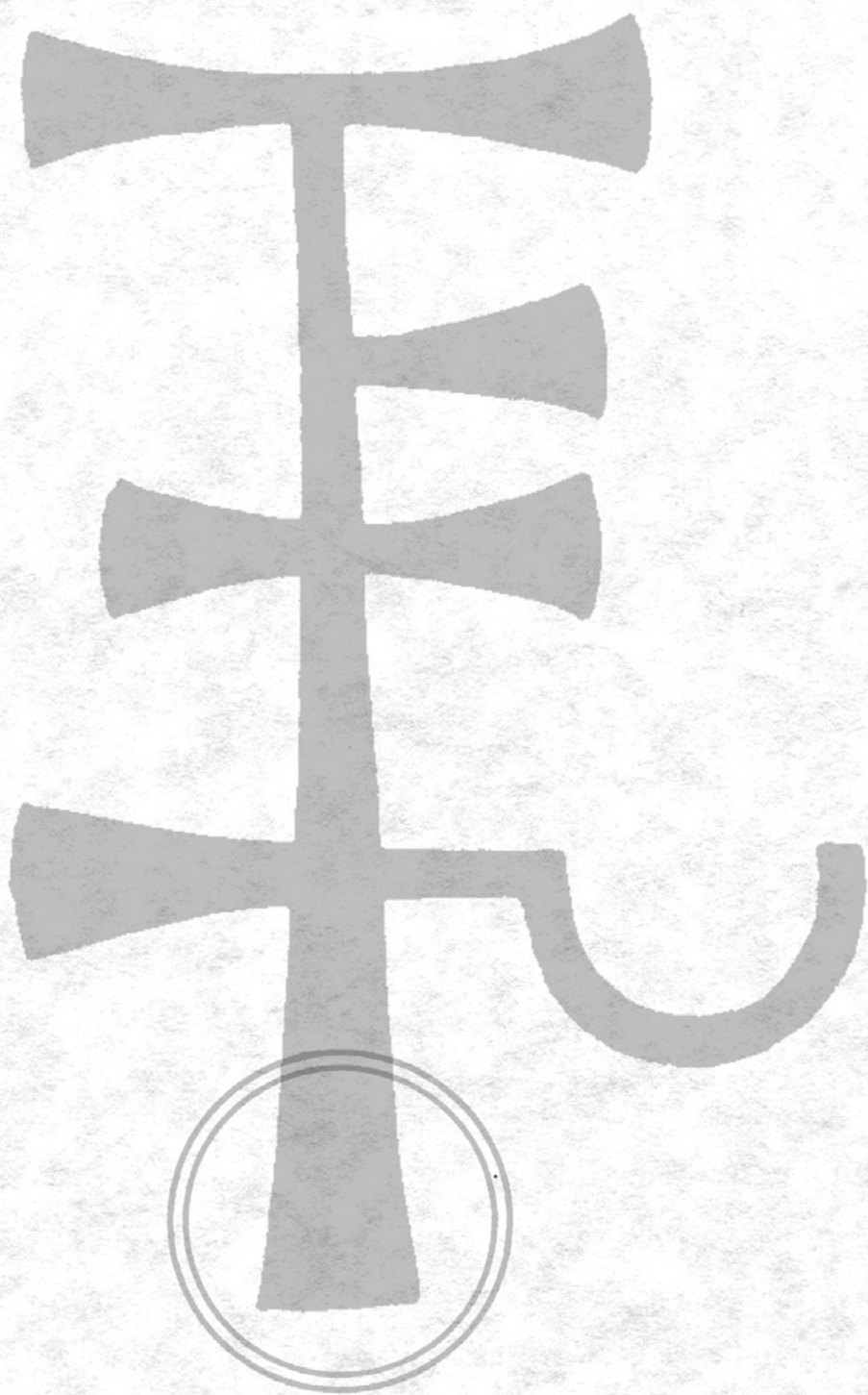
*The manuscript is finished now, and safely prepared for travel. This journal will be bound to it. Come dawn, if the master of this place allows, I leave this cursed monastery to return home, to deliver this most precious work to you, my Uncle, and through you to the archives that you and your teachers guard. May you find my humble service acceptable.*

N. G.





# I. GENESIS



This is the tale of Caine's father  
First-born child of God, made in  
His image.

"CHILD OF GOD," NOT MERELY HIS  
CREATION.

Which would make Caine God's own  
grandchild. A prestigious lineage indeed.

Family implies responsibility

He had the Lord's own sanctity  
He had the Lord's own purity  
And when he showed that he had  
the Lord's spirit as well,

INTERESTING.

The God of the Old Testament was a deity of  
rage as well as peace, ambition as well as comfort,  
jealousy as well as love. This is a clear reminder  
that the spiritual elements in Caine which led to his  
downfall were inherited from his "Grandfather."

In other words, this whole mess  
was God's own fault.

It is not necessarily wise to say  
such things in a holy place.

And hungered for the knowledge  
that was his birthright  
He was banished from Eden  
forever.

IF KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL WAS  
MAN'S BIRTHRIGHT, THEN BY WITHHOLD-  
ING IT FROM HIM GOD WAS DOING HIM  
AN INJUSTICE.

To which Adam responded just as God Himself  
would have, if placed in the same situation. By  
this text, their natures were identical.





This is the tale of Caine's mother.  
The woman called Eve, made in  
God's own image.



NOT SPECIFIED AS A CHILD OF GOD IN  
THIS CASE, THOUGH THAT MIGHT BE  
ASSUMED.

Not necessarily. This manuscript downplays  
the role of woman in many things, and the  
omission may be deliberate.

A political omission, no doubt.  
To keep those who worship  
Lilith from fueling their  
frenzies with this text.

I thought that movement was only  
a legend.

Yes, and I once thought  
vampires weren't real, either.

She was created as a helpmeet for  
Adam  
She was commanded to serve him

Puts the responsibility for her  
actions squarely on his shoulders.

And when she brought him a  
harvest of sacred knowledge  
That could make him strong and  
wise

IN THIS TEXT, SIMPLY FOLLOWING GOD'S  
ORDERS THAT SHE SERVE HIM IN ALL THINGS.

God cursed her, and sent her forth  
in sorrow.

INTERESTINGLY, THOUGH CHRISTIAN  
TRADITION FOCUSES UPON EVE AS THE  
GUILTY PARTY, SHE IS SOMEWHAT  
JUSTIFIED HERE: CREATED TO SERVE,  
ORDERED TO SERVE, AND THEN SERVING  
AS BEST SHE KNOWS HOW.

The responsibility for the Fall is shifted to man  
and God. Woman was but a tool.

And the serpent, who is not men-  
tioned here?

Not mentioned here. This Eve  
knew what she was doing.

Again, it leaves out of the story those elements associated with Lilith. Perhaps deliberately?  
The parallels between this and Cain's own story cannot be ignored. God casts out his own first-born son, as Adam will later cast out his own...

### Predestination?

This is the tale of their children,  
born in pain and blood.

A REFERENCE TO GOD'S CURSE UPON EVE.

More than that. It is a reminder that all life comes from blood, that the essence of what we drink is far more than a simple red liquid. As in *Leviticus*:  
"For the life of the flesh is in the blood."

As in *Genesis*: "Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh"

Yes, well, we are ignoring that verse, aren't we? Astonishing, that.

First-born Cain, his father's pride,

A REMINDER THAT THE RELATIONSHIP OF CAINE TO ADAM PARALLELS THAT OF ADAM TO GOD.

Thus the earlier reference to Adam as first-born son of God.

Who tilled the dust to bring forth  
fruit

THIS OF COURSE WAS PART OF GOD'S CURSE UPON ADAM, NOW INHERITED BY CAINE

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake. In toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life."

There is no equivalent curse regarding animals.

So Cain got the short end of the  
stick from the start, is that it?

So he would like us to believe.

And labored beneath the hot sun daily  
To harvest grain for his family's bread.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,  
till thou return unto the ground, for out of it  
wast thou taken."





Second-born Abel, perfect and beautiful.

AN INTERESTING AND OMINOUS PHRASE. FOR ALL THINGS SACRIFICED TO GOD MUST BE WITHOUT BLEMISH.

Implying in this case that Abel was fated to be killed.

**Predestination.**

Who tamed the beasts to harvest their flesh

THE IMAGERY OF THE HARVESTING OF ANIMAL FLESH IS USED HERE TO LEGITIMIZE CAINE'S OWN WORK, AND RAISE IT UP TO BE THE EQUAL OF HIS BROTHER'S.

Which hints at a certain bitterness, don't you think? If one assumes that he actually wrote this.

**He was damned from the start. Wouldn't you be bitter?**

And aided in their bloody births.

Again the focus on blood as the seat of life.

All of the earth was theirs to seed  
All living things were under their  
dominion

"Replenish the earth and subdue it. Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that creepeth upon the earth."

All was harvested according to  
God's will.

And when in time their father told  
them they must make sacrifice,  
They brought their first and their  
best to the altar, and set them afire.  
Fruits and grains did Cain offer  
up, the best of his harvest.

This reference to the quality of Cain's offering is noticeably absent from any Biblical text.



Lamb's blood did his brother  
spill, and it burned sweetly.

AGAIN, THE FOCUS ON BLOOD AND ITS MYSTERIES.

The implication is that blood was pleasing to God, bloodless offering was not. This ties into Adam's curse again, in which the product of farming was deemed an accursed thing.

So Cain really couldn't win with his  
sacrifice, no matter what he did.

PRECISELY.

And God said to unto Abel,  
"Thy offering has pleased Me."  
To Cain he said nothing, but  
turned His face from him,  
Nor would he give him His  
blessing.

Wherefore do you condemn my  
offering, oh Lord?

THE TEXT SHIFTS INTO THE FIRST PERSON HERE. THE WRITER IS NOW ALLEGEDLY CAINE HIMSELF...OR ELSE ANOTHER AUTHOR, ADOPTING A STYLISTIC CONCEIT.

The bias of the entire text is so marked, I find the concept of Cain's authorship entirely plausible.

It certainly works hard to make him look  
good.

All the sweetness of the earth do  
I lay before you  
The best of my labors in the hot  
sun.  
Wherefore is this not enough?  
How is there more blessing in a  
lamb's blood  
Than in the loving harvest of so  
many fine things?



The Lord would not answer, so I went to my father.

I said to him, "Wherefore was my sacrifice lacking?"

He bade me search for blemish in my gifts,

For the Lord will have no thing which is marred

But only the most perfect and beautiful of offerings.

"If his offering be a burnt offering from the herd, he shall offer it without blemish."

I said unto my brother, "Wherefore was my sacrifice lacking?"

He reminded me that the earth was mere ash,

That the tilling of soil was a punishment to Adam,

And the eating of bread a sign of man's sin.

"Give unto God that which is not born of the earth," he told me,

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake. In toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life."

"And its blood shall be pleasing to Him."

IT IS BLOOD WHICH DISTINGUISHES THE CURSED FROM THE UNCURED.

Or at least defines acceptable sacrifice, in this telling.

LEVITICUS DOES OFFER GUIDELINES FOR AGRICULTURAL OFFERINGS, SO THEY WERE ACCEPTABLE.

**Leviticus doesn't have a vested interest in making Cain look good.**

Interestingly, this is the only version of the Book of God I have seen which relates the actual conversation between Cain and Abel. The bible speaks of a meeting between them, with the murder following directly afterward, but it does not give us details of what was said.

**Here the responsibility is clearly being shifted to Abel, whose argument clinched the choice of sacrifice.**



So I did as he said, and I  
offered up blood.  
I did as my father said,  
and offered up that  
which was perfect and  
beautiful.

I did as God  
commanded, and offered  
up the first and best of  
all I possessed.





Then the heavens did grow dark  
above me  
A chill wind swept outward from  
the gates of Eden

THAT THE MURDER OF ABEL TOOK PLACE  
WITHIN SIGHT OF THE GATES OF EDEN IS  
CLEAR FROM OTHER FRAGMENTS, AND  
FROM THE BIBLE ITSELF

And the voice of our Father  
thundered forth.

GOD OR ADAM? THE WORD "FATHER" IS  
CAPITALIZED HERE, WHICH AGREES WITH  
THE BIBLICAL VERSION OF THE SCENE, BUT  
OTHER FRAGMENTS CLAIM THAT ADAM  
HIMSELF CAST HIS SON OUT.

*It is deliberately vague.*

The first-born is created, adored,  
then forced into sin and exiled.  
Does it matter whether God or  
Adam is at fault? The act is the  
same.

"Caine, what have you done?  
The blood of your brother cries  
out to Me from the earth  
The ground has opened up her  
mouth to drink his blood.

THE POWER OF BLOOD GRANTED SUCH  
MYSTICAL ANIMATION THAT IT HAS ITS  
OWN VOICE.

*An image drawn from the Bible itself. As is the  
vampiric response of the earth.*

First killer of man, be accursed by  
My word.

The very earth shall reject you,  
A fugitive and a wanderer shall you  
become,

Outcast from the sons of Adam  
until the end of time."

*Of which there were no others at this time, Seth  
having not yet been born. Thus God is not only  
cursing Cain, but informing him that the line of  
Adam will continue.*

So God curses Caine according to a vision that will not be fulfilled for centuries. What does exile mean, if the world is an empty place?

"Then how shall I live?" I demanded.

"Every man that sees me shall know of this curse.

Every hand shall be turned against me."

Caine, like God, accepts the vision of a fully populated Earth. Yet at the time such a thing must have been barely conceivable. Fascinating.

"I will set My sign upon you," He said.

"All men shall know by its presence not to harm you.

"The Lord set a sign for Caine, lest any finding him should smite him."

A REFERENCE NOTICEABLY ABSENT FROM OTHER FRAGMENTS OF THE BOOK.

Perhaps included here as a warning. God Himself protects the first of all Cainites.

Interesting that the reference here is male. It is not in the original.

No man can harm Caine...but a woman?

LILITH





He who does so will be cursed  
sevenfold,  
And he who tries to slay you will  
earn My eternal wrath."

A subtle, yet major alteration from the Biblical text. In that, only those who slay Caine will face God's vengeance. In this version, any who harm him will.

**Is that a surprise, given the authorship of this fragment? If you were Caine, isn't this what you would want people to believe?**

You are assuming this was truly written by Caine.

**That or someone working for him. The difference is irrelevant.**

A POTENT MESSAGE, WHATEVER THE SOURCE. GOD HIMSELF WILL NOT ALLOW CAINE TO BE KILLED, OR EVEN HARMED.

Bad news for those who think they might face him at Gehenna.

The generations of Caine might die, but our Father in Blood never will.

**Not by a man's hand, anyway.**



Tears of rage came to my eyes,

but I forced them back.

Tears of sorrow came to my eyes,

but I would not let them flow.

Such offerings I would not

give him,

Nor any further sacrifice

from my heart.

"So be it," I said unto the Lord.

Then I turned my face from Him,

and set off into exile.





## II. LILITH

In the place beyond Eden,  
where darkness reigns,

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS, AS A RESULT OF BEING  
BEREFT OF GOD'S PRESENCE?

And physical as well, for the gates of Eden and  
their fiery guardian provided a light that could be  
seen from nearer places. Caine has now gone so far  
beyond the lands allotted to man that not even its  
brilliance is visible.

In the lands called Nod, where  
the curse of God is manifest,  
There did I wander, bereft of all  
company.

The earth was wild, its fields  
choked with weeds.

I did not till them.

The animals were as enemies to  
one another, and to me

I did not tame them.

This is the work of the Lord  
our God, who so delights in  
Eden.

This place is His creation as  
well, and mirror of his true  
intent.

So does he create us all, the  
bright and the dark together,

And leave to man's hand the  
tilling of the soil, the taming of  
the wild,

The harvest of good and evil by  
which we shall be judged.

Isaiah 45:7 — "I form the light and create  
darkness; I make peace and create evil; I am  
the Lord that doeth all these things."



How am I to be judged, my God?  
How shall my name be written  
before You?

In the Book of Life, where unrepented sins are  
recorded.

I offered up that which was most  
precious to me, and You rejected it.  
So I offered up that which was  
more precious still  
And now I am rejected.  
Where is the justice, in this thy  
curse?

Where is the wisdom for which  
You are so praised?  
Your word is as that of a petty king  
Your justice a fallow field  
And all that praise which is lav-  
ished upon You  
Is but a mockery of true respect.  
Am I to worship You still, in this  
place,  
Sing praises to Your name, and  
humbly seek forgiveness?



TRABER-LA



I spat upon the ground in my fury,  
And in that place the weeds  
shriveled and died.  
The earth itself grew black from  
my bile,  
And I knew that no living thing  
would grow there again.  
Such was my final offering to the  
Creator.  
Such was the only prayer that He  
deserved.





Alone I wandered, bitter and cold  
Until a woman came to me, and called my name.  
Her garments were as dark as the night, woven from the very shadow.  
Her skin was pale and gleaming as the moon, and chill as winter's frost.  
Her lips and eyes were as glowing embers, crimson in the darkness.  
She whispered my name and the sound was like music  
Dark and awful, chords of power as once I heard the angels sing.  
I ceased to walk, and I gazed upon her.  
"What is your name," I asked her, "and how came you to this place,  
Where all the sons of Adam fear to tread?"

"ALL THE SONS OF ADAM" IMPLIES THAT MUCH TIME HAS PASSED, FOR OTHERWISE THIS PHRASE WOULD HAVE NO MEANING.

Well, it implies that Adam has had enough time to have other sons, at least.

Or Cain is admitting his own fear.

"My name is Lilith, first wife

of Adam,

Second-born of God our

Father, now outcast by

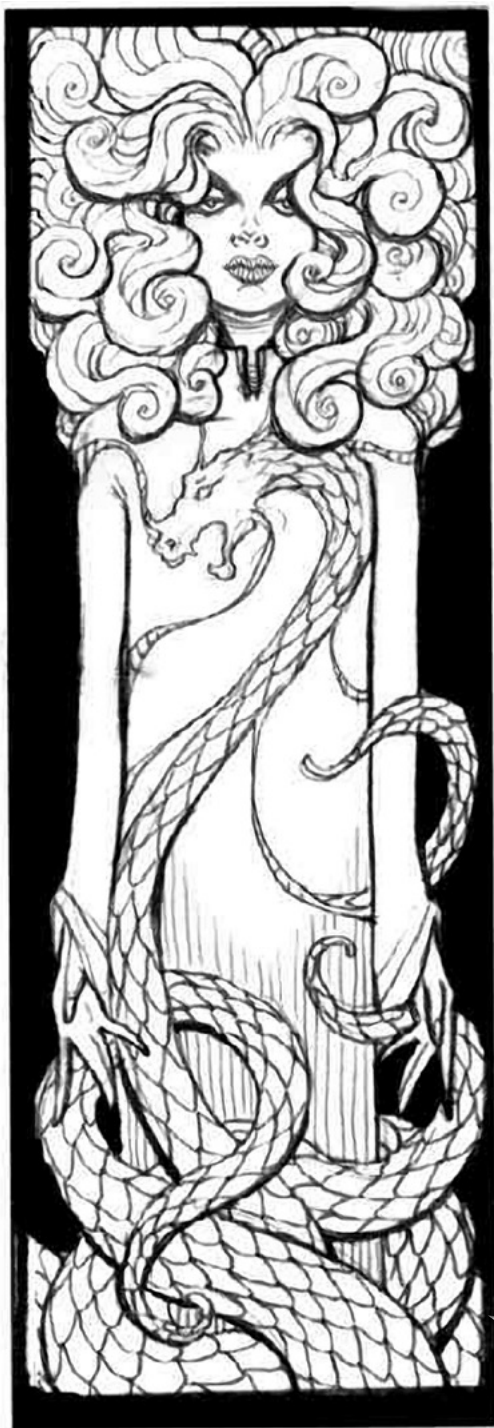
His decree.



LILITH, LIKE CAINE, REGARDS  
HERSELF AS THE OFFSPRING  
OF GOD, NOT MERELY AS HIS  
CREATION.

The line between the two is not as clear as  
one would think. Genesis 6 speaks of the  
sons of God mating with mortal women.

**Yes, and look what it cost  
them**



He made me queen of Eden,  
then cursed me when I  
wielded power.  
So does he do with each  
generation,  
Culling all who would  
question His will  
Cursing all who have the  
spirit to defy Him.  
Was fair Eve tempted by  
the serpent's wiles,  
Seduced by its promises,  
tricked by its lies?

THIS VERSION OF AFFAIRS IS MUCH MORE IN LINE WITH THE ORIGINAL HEBRAIC TRADITION THAN STORIES TOLD BY LILITH'S FOLLOWERS. IN PARTICULAR THE REFERENCE TO THE SERPENT AS AN INDEPENDENT CREATURE MAKES ONE QUESTION THE MODERN ASSERTION THAT IT WAS IN FACT BUT ANOTHER MANIFESTATION OF THE DARK MOTHER.

*Maybe that is what Caine wants us to think.*

I would have plucked the  
fruit willingly, reveled in  
its juices, defied its Maker.

Lilith, unlike Caine, is willing to  
take responsibility for her own  
actions.

*Does Caine see it that way,  
I wonder?*



And woe be to my mate if  
he should fear to share that

power

For then I should devour  
him too, as the beasts devour  
their lesser kin.

So has God decreed it shall  
be in nature, and so shall it be  
with us,

The strong devouring the  
weak, as it was meant to be."

The rightful dominance of strong over weak is a repeated theme in Caine's version of events, the very foundation of his own rise to power. Little wonder then that he has such abhorrence for diablerie, which by its very nature reverses the order of things.

**It could be argued  
that no childe could  
overcome his sire if he  
weren't stronger than  
his sire *ab initio*.**

There is always deception.

**Strength of mind and will  
is still strength.**





She offered me food con-  
jured from the night, and it  
gave me strength.  
She fed me on wine distilled  
from her rage, and it quelled  
my thirst.  
She showed me magics  
conjured from darkness, but  
she would not teach me their  
name,  
Nor show me how to har-  
ness their power myself.  
So I took what I wanted, and  
drank of her blood, and the  
power raged through me  
Wild as the beasts surround-  
ing, as black as her own dark  
substance.  
So do the strong feed on the  
weak and claim their power.  
So have you taught me, first  
wife of Adam, and so have I  
learned well.

Caine drinks blood for the first  
time not for vampiric hunger, but  
for power.

HE IS NOT YET A VAMPIRE, NOT IN  
OUR SENSE OF THE WORD.

That the power of a creature is inherent  
in its blood is a repeated theme, present in  
all fragments I have studied.



Will you curse me now for  
betrayal, for strength or for my  
hunger?  
I have borne the rage of God, my  
mother. What is yours, compared  
to that?

BY "MY MOTHER," HE ACKNOWLEDGES HER ROLE IN MOLDING HIM.

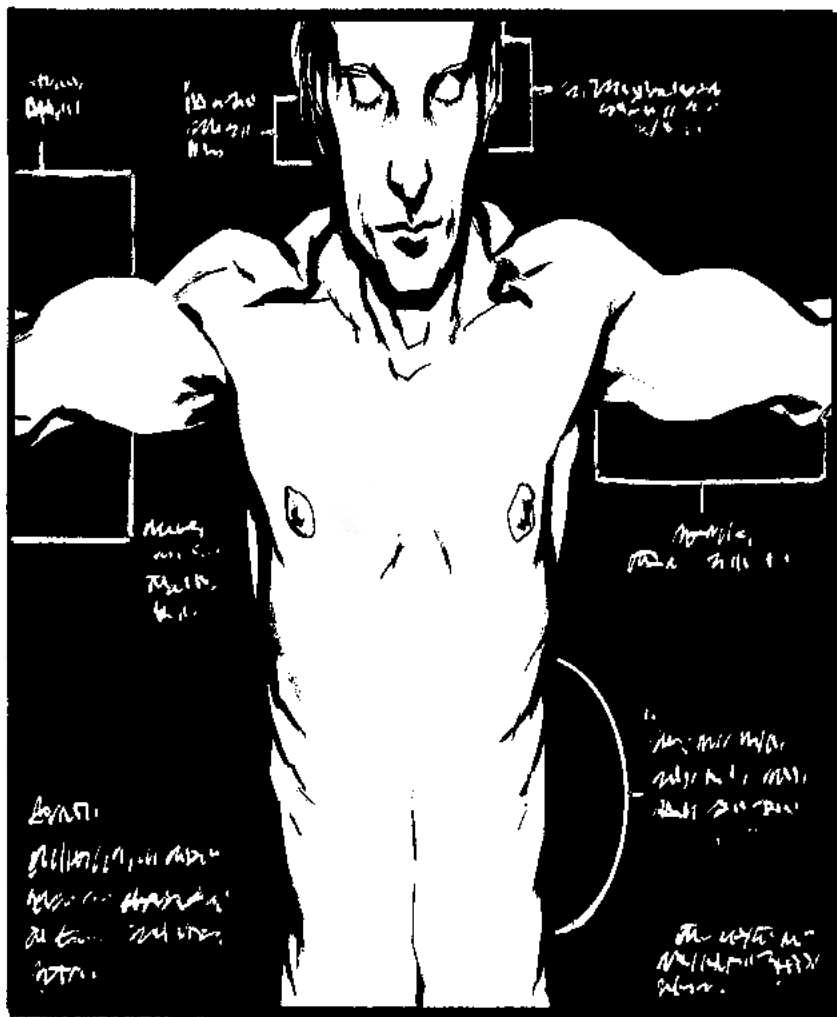
**God gave him rage, but  
Lilith gives him power.**

Behold, the night is mine now,  
and all its power:

AND GOD WILL NEVER DEBATE MASTERY OF THE NIGHT WITH HIM, ONLY BANISH HIM FROM THE DAY.

All disciplines which might ever exist are possessed by Caine from this moment on, thus the reference to "all its power."

**He learned well from Lilith.**



This darkling strength, from which all force derives,  
 This devil's speed, faster than eye can follow,  
 This sweet illusion, sculpted in the mind,  
 These demon senses, sharp beyond all measure,  
 These forms of flesh, which now are mine to wear.

Some of these could refer to more than one discipline.

IT WOULD BE FUTILE TO TRY TO IDENTIFY THEM ALL.

Agreed.



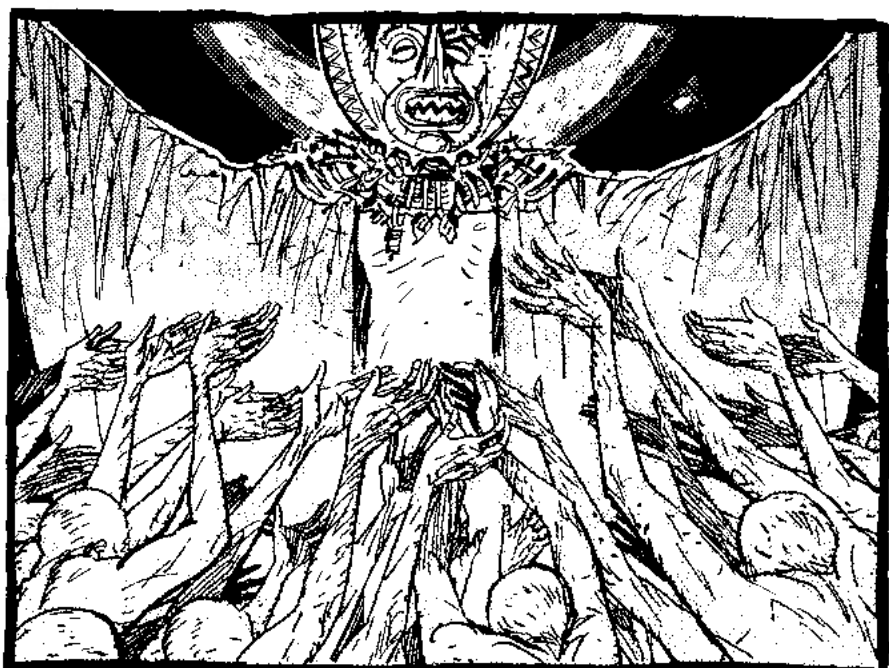


Behold, the gates  
of death are in my  
keeping.  
Secrets of ages script-  
ed for my eye.  
This stealth of move-  
ment and this dance  
of shadows,  
Are mine to summon,  
mine to use at will.  
No blow of Adam's  
get can bring me to  
harm now.

ADAM, NOT SETH. DOES HE  
MEAN TO REFER TO HIS  
OWN PROGENY, AS WELL  
AS THE LIVING?

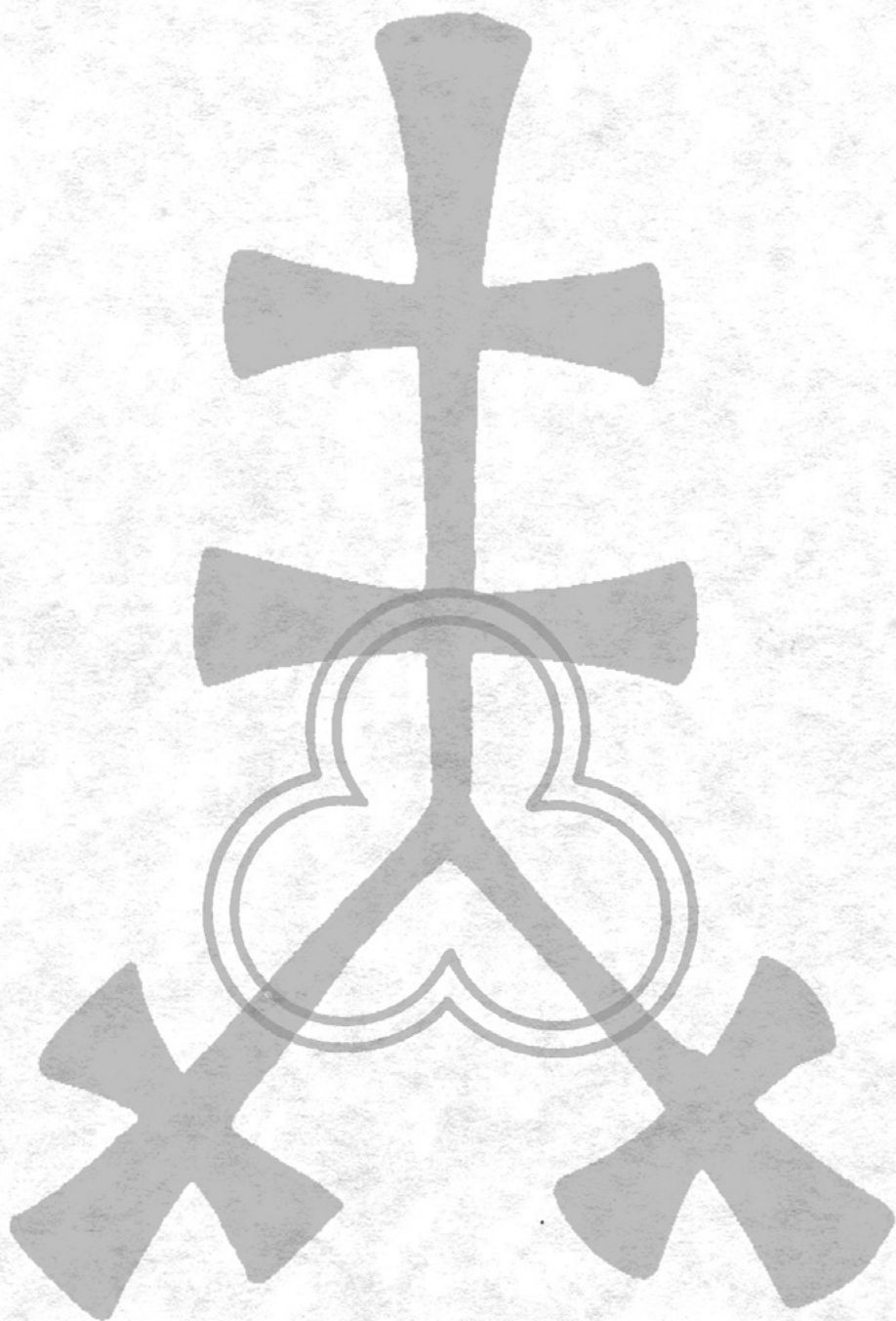
His brood shall bend  
their knees to me in  
fear  
And come when I do  
call them, and obey,  
Dead or living, will-  
ing or no.  
And when I com-  
mand that they shall  
love me,  
So shall they do, and  
think it real.

And if they think me a  
god for my power,  
I shall not correct them.  
And if they offer me that  
which is first and best of  
all they possess,  
I shall not refuse  
their gifts,  
nor cast them out.





# III. TEMPTATIONS





There came to me an angel, and his  
essence was fire.

His garments were of spun gold,  
and his eyes were blazing scarlet.  
His sword shone with holy flame,  
too bright to gaze upon.

The flaming sword of Genesis 3:24, "which turned  
every way," and kept man from returning to Eden.

So Caine still identifies himself with his  
father here.

And by that sign I knew him for  
Michael, dread minion of my  
father's God.

WITH THIS SIMPLE PHRASE CAINE DISAVOWS GOD  
ENTIRELY.

It is a drastic move, but one that allows him to position  
himself as God's adversary rather than God's victim.

And even as God himself, later.

That delusion has not yet taken hold.

But the seeds are there.

I knew that he meant me to kneel  
before him.

So I did not.

I knew that he meant me to fear  
him.

So I did not.

I knew that he meant me to be  
humbled.

So I was not.

Pride like unto that of the Lightbringer  
ere the War in Heaven.

Even that demonstrates Caine  
overstepping his bounds, I fear.

But does Caine?





He said unto to me,  
"Caine, first-born of  
Adam,  
I bring to you the word of  
the Lord:  
Repent of your crime and  
you will be forgiven.  
Turn with humility  
towards your God  
And He will cleanse you  
of all sin.  
For he is a God of mercy,  
who forgives the outcast  
And makes a place for him  
among the blessed."





Then the angel grew angry.  
His eyes blazed with scarlet fire  
And the flames of his sword  
scorched my clothes and my flesh.  
"Creature of pride," he pronounced,  
"be thou damned, then  
Not by my will, but by thy own  
words.

My fire shall be an enemy to you,  
That you and your children shall  
fear until the end of time.  
Not all the magic that you have  
learned can tame it  
Not all the power that you have  
gained can withstand it.

In other words, I'm going to  
hurt you, but it's not my fault.

God plays the same blame game  
that Cain does.

Perhaps. Or perhaps Cain subscribes to the sin  
of angelism.

Humility would not seem to be one  
of his faults.

It is said the Tremere can  
command fire.

Yet one more sign that they are an abomination,  
and not meant to share in either the gifts  
of Cain's blood or in the community of his  
descendants.

I think you're a little biased.  
That doesn't make him wrong.



Such is the curse I set upon  
you,  
Until the day your spirit is  
humbled.  
Such is the cost of your  
defiance."

I said, "So be it." And still I  
did not kneel.  
The angel left me then, and I  
was alone.





Then came another angel,  
riding the winds of morning.  
Behind him all the hues of  
heaven spread out across the  
horizon,  
And the demons of night  
fled at the sight of him.  
I knew him for Uriel, shep-  
herd of the sun,  
And I stood my ground  
proudly as he came to earth  
before me.

THIS DOES NOT AGREE WITH EITHER CAINITE  
TRADITION, OR WITH OTHER FRAGMENTS  
OF THE BOOK OF NOD THAT I HAVE SEEN.

Uriel is commonly held by Cainites to be the  
angel of death, and the one who proclaims  
God's third and most powerful curse.

Yet that is not consistent with Hebraic tradition,  
which associates Uriel with the sun and with light.

**If you believe Caine wrote this, I'd  
bet he probably knows what he is  
talking about.**

The sun is death to our kind. No doubt this  
is the source of the textual confusion.

*One can only hope.*

"Caine," he said, "first-born of  
Adam,  
Your brother's soul cries out  
for your redemption,  
And God has heard his pleas.  
Say only that you would leave  
this land  
And return to your father's  
embrace  
And it will be done."



"Once again," I said, "my brother speaks to God. Once again, his words are favored over mine. I do not ask for his pity, nor for yours. I will make my own fate in lands east of Nod

IN OTHER WORDS, HE IS OUTCAST EVEN BY ADAM'S STANDARDS, WHICH IS EXILED INDEED.

And establish my kingdom in exile.  
I will set my children on golden thrones  
And we will rule over Seth's brood together.  
For surely it is better to rule in the darkness  
Than to humble myself falsely in the light."

THE DARKNESS OF THE SOUL, OR THE DARKNESS OF GOD'S ABSENCE, AS HE HAD NOT YET BEEN BANISHED TO THE NIGHT?

Some schools of thought hold that the utter absence of God is the true damnation. That the Divine Presence is light in the spiritual sense, and that to be exiled from the Lord is to have one's soul dwell in darkness.

Which adds new meaning to Cain's bravado.

And the moral of the story is, don't give the angels any ideas.

Ah, you are as insightful as ever.

The angel's face grew white with fury,  
And the light of dawn behind him became a sea of blazing poison  
unto me.  
"Wretched creature! Damned for your pride,  
Now doubly damned for your defiance.  
The light of the sun shall be your enemy  
Searing your soul when you gaze upon it, burning your flesh to ash.  
Those of your blood who would rule the earth  
Shall cower in the dust by day, fearing the light,  
And the sons of Seth who seek after power  
Will hunt them down as they sleep even as the dead sleep,  
Unable to defend themselves or beg for mercy from those who hunt  
them.  
Thus shall your kingdom be, your prideful empire,  
Its throne made of fear, its crown cast in shadows."

So the curse of sunlight is meant to serve as a form  
of political control as well as simple punishment.

Military also, for it guarantees that all Cainites will  
spend half their hours in a state of absolute vulner-  
ability. Hard to rule the world when that's the case.

NOT IMPOSSIBLE, THOUGH. CAINE MANAGED IT IN ENOCH.

For a time. And look what happened.

Also it is a means of keeping Cainites from passing as the sons of  
Seth, or truly sharing in their society.

I think that's a secondary concern here.

I don't. If Caine has boasted to God that he shall be  
alone, then God shall see to it that he lives up to his  
boast.

I could not answer him,  
for the sun rose then.  
I meant to stand my  
ground before it  
But its rays were as venom  
upon my skin  
And within my veins, that  
blood which ran so cold  
with anger and pride  
Began to boil, molten as  
the sun's own fire.  
I fled the light, to the  
nearest place of safety,  
Which was the earth itself,  
cool beneath my feet  
And in that place, shel-  
tered in the darkness of  
the world below,  
I cursed the name of the  
one who had driven me  
there,  
And of his eternal Master.



J.R. 1885



And when the day had passed, and  
night fell once more  
I arose from my resting place to  
see a third angel awaited me.  
His eyes were jet, twin mirrors of  
the night.  
His wings were shadow, that beat  
about his form like wild winds.  
And I knew him for an angel of  
divine wrath,  
Dread Gabriel, by whose hand  
Sodom was destroyed.

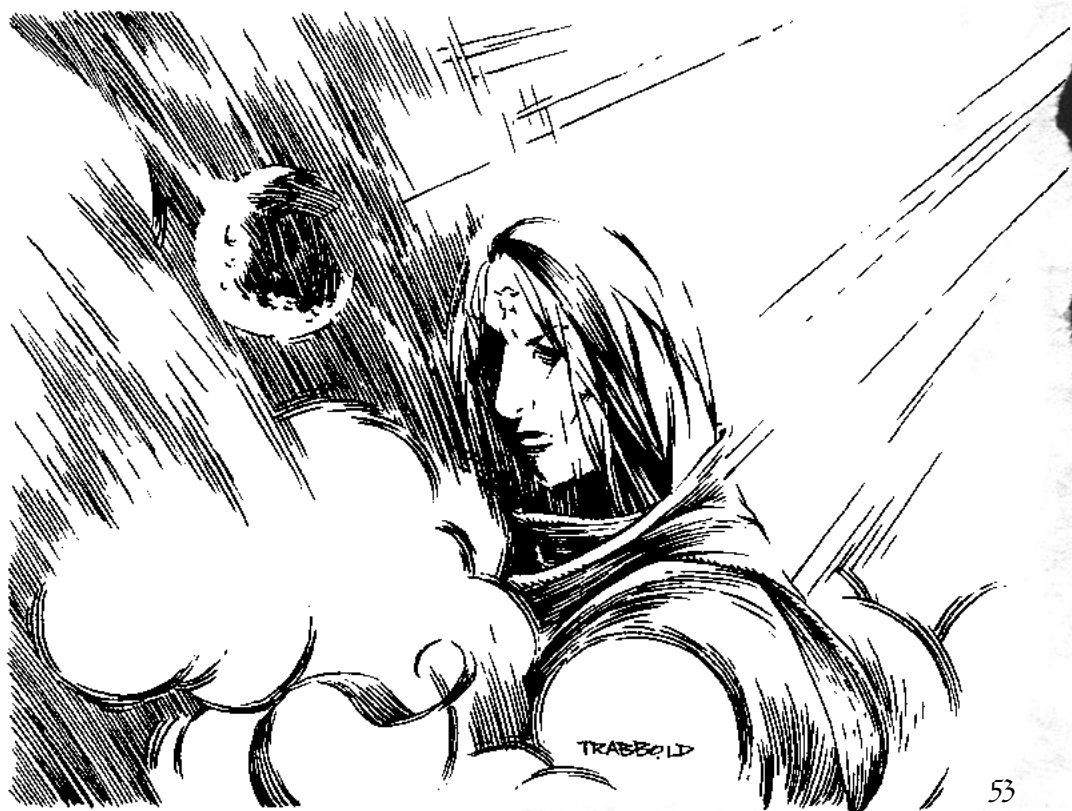
"Caine," he said, "in you the seed  
of Adam is doubly shamed,  
And all the laws of life defiled.  
Yet even such a soul as yours may  
yet be saved  
By true repentance.  
Forswear your sins and return to  
His fold,  
And all will be as new again, all  
sins forgiven, all wrongs undone.  
The Lord grants you this, your  
third and final path to forgiveness."

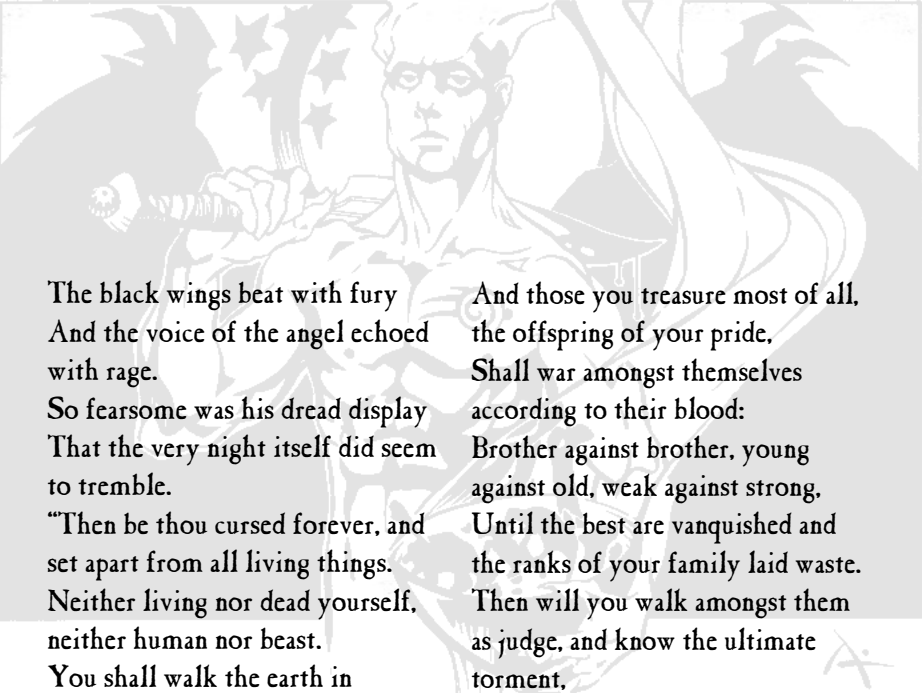
*In the Babylonian fragment, this is  
Uriel. Why the change?*



To him I said simply, "I  
am what God has made  
me."

And still I would not  
kneel.





The black wings beat with fury  
And the voice of the angel echoed  
with rage.

So fearsome was his dread display  
That the very night itself did seem  
to tremble.

"Then be thou cursed forever, and  
set apart from all living things.

Neither living nor dead yourself,  
neither human nor beast.

You shall walk the earth in  
darkness, and all your children  
with you,

Unchanging, undying and ever  
without hope.

Blood shall be your only food, and  
all your dreams shall be ash.

Life and love shall wither at your  
touch, and hunger shall devour  
mercy,

And those you treasure most of all,  
the offspring of your pride,

Shall war amongst themselves  
according to their blood:

Brother against brother, young  
against old, weak against strong.

Until the best are vanquished and  
the ranks of your family laid waste.

Then will you walk amongst them  
as judge, and know the ultimate  
torment,

Which is for a father to condemn  
his own children.

So has God done with you, this  
night.

So shall you do with your own,  
until the end of time."

Though these are fearsome threats, they are in truth  
little more than a summary of prior curses.

OR AN EXTENSION OF THEM.

I don't agree. This is clearly the point at which  
Caine becomes dependent upon blood for  
sustenance, as opposed to merely desiring it  
for vengeance or power.

AND SINCE BLOOD DRINKING IS CLEARLY  
FORBIDDEN BY GOD'S OWN LAW, HE HAS NOW  
BEEN FORCED INTO A STATE OF PERPETUAL SIN,  
FROM WHICH THERE IS NO HOPE OF REDEMPTION.

At this time.

SO CAINE IS CURSED TO JUDGE AND DESTROY  
HIS OWN.

Doubly painful because he blames God  
for all their shortcomings.

An eye for an eye

Or an extension of his past deeds. He has  
already slain his own kin.

He left me alone in  
the darkness then,  
To suffer the pain  
of my changing.  
The blood-hunger  
rose in me like a  
flood tide.  
The beast began to  
gnaw at my soul  
Still I would not  
kneel.

THIS IS CLEARLY THE  
POINT AT WHICH  
CAINE BECOMES AS WE  
ARE. THIS IS THE TRUE  
BEGINNING OF OUR  
HERITAGE.



Then there came a fourth angel,  
 with wings as pale as moonlight.  
 His face was a thing of alabaster  
 beauty,  
 And his voice was finer than the  
 finest music.  
 I knew him for Raphael, patron of  
 all healing,  
 And I stood my ground before  
 him,  
 Even as I trembled to hear what  
 his curse would be.  
 "Behold," he said, "the Lord is  
 merciful,  
 Even to the undeserving.  
 I give you a path to seek peace for  
 your soul  
 Even in this bitter darkness.  
 I give you the light of hope, for  
 you and your children,  
 To await the day when anger fades  
 and pride gives way to yearning.  
 The name of the path is Golconda,



WAS IT CALLED THUS, EVEN AT  
 THE BEGINNING OF ALL THINGS?  
 OR HAS OUR AUTHOR CHOSEN  
 TO INSERT LATER KNOWLEDGE  
 INTO HIS TEXT?

You suspect our scribe of intel-  
 lectual dishonesty?

**At this point, I suspect  
 everything here. Including  
 the lot of you.**

*At last you show wisdom.*

And those who seek it with a true  
 heart may yet gain salvation,  
 Though they walk in the night as  
 demons  
 And bear the curses of a thousand  
 angels."  
 He left me then, without hearing  
 my reply,

And again I was alone.  
When he was gone, I knelt  
in the darkness.  
And I wept.







# IV. Enoch

Alone I wandered, cursed with  
loneliness,  
Knowing such darkness in my soul  
as mortal man cannot fathom.  
That was the ultimate torment,  
that most terrible hunger:  
The calling of flesh to flesh, of  
soul to soul, unanswered.  
Worse than the torments of Sheol.  
Worse than the pain of woman's  
burden.  
Worse than all the agonies of earth  
and heaven combined.  
For we are not made from dust  
alone, but draw our life from Eve,  
Who in her turn was given life  
from her lover's very marrow.  
In her flesh is writ God's declara-  
tion, that man must share his life.  
Whether as master or servant,  
lover or tyrant, sire or child,  
Flesh must have flesh  
Blood must have blood  
That is human destiny.  
And I cursed God ten times over in  
those days, nay, a thousand,  
For leaving me human enough to  
feel such a need,  
When all other trappings of human  
life had been stolen from me.

For the curses of the angels were merely  
that, while Cain's human nature had  
the spark of the divine

And nothing created by the Lord  
can ever be utterly destroyed



It came to pass, as I cursed the  
  heavens,  
That the tents of my father were  
  blessed again with life.  
Another son was born to Eve, to  
  replace those who were lost.  
They called him Seth, and he was  
  strong.  
And because God desired that the  
world be filled with Adam's get  
He granted Seth many children.

THERE BEING NO OTHER MORTALS BE-  
NEATH THE FIRMAMENT, OF COURSE.

Most scholars assume the birth of an unnamed daughter who bore Seth's children

This is clever, reminding the reader that the race of man was born from acts that would not now be tolerated.

I waited in the darkness as they  
mated with their own kin,  
I waited as they left my father's  
tents, their herds overflowing the  
pasture,  
I waited as they scoured the earth  
for a place to build their Eden.  
Where the rivers divided they  
found it, the perfect land,  
And they built a city of mortar  
and brick in that place.  
Their towers wound unto the  
heavens  
Their roads were paved in stone  
Their garments were of precious  
dust

WE HAVE REFERENCE TO WOVEN GARMENTS HERE, NOT THE ANIMAL SKINS IN WHICH THE FIRST COUPLE CLOTHED THEMSELVES. CLEARLY CIVILIZATION HAS ADVANCED TREMENDOUSLY BY THIS TIME.

True, but the “dust” reference bears the bias of our author. He has no love for agriculture and, in his eyes, neither does the Lord.

Certainly not after the third chapter of Genesis, wherein God curses the very earth and commands it to bring forth thorns to punish man.

And commanded man to eat the  
herbs of the field as punishment  
And their tools were forged of  
sunlight.  
They made a throne of beaten gold  
and a crown beset with jewels.  
And they offered it up to Enosh,  
the first-born of Seth.

ONE WONDERS AS TO THE CHRONOLOGY HERE. SETH SEEMS TO BE FURTHER IN THE PAST IN PRIOR FRAGMENTS.

It simply grants Caine a knowledge of  
Self. It does not seem unreasonable that  
God would give unto Caine awareness of  
the method by which the earth would be  
populated, seeing as He had already implied  
that such was inevitable. Else why would  
Caine require God's mark?

You are both reading far too much into this, and are far too full of yourselves. It is more likely that the author, no matter who he was, simply erred.

Third-born of Adam, first-born of God,  
For his was the right by the lineage of Heaven to rule them.  
"I am not worthy," he told them, for he was humble in the ways of the Lord.  
Again it was offered, with incense and perfumes and music to persuade him.  
"I am not worthy," he told them, for he knew that power could corrupt the soul.  
Again it was offered, for they said they would have no other to lead them.  
"I am not worthy," he told them, "but as it is your will  
I will keep vigil for six nights in the wilderness.  
I will seek God's counsel.  
If it is His will that I rule over you, then let Him give me a sign,  
And on the seventh day I will become your King.  
And if is not, then I will return to the city and choose one who is truly worthy,  
And the crown shall be his.  
Thus shall God's will be done."

THE PERIOD OF SIX DAYS IS NO DOUBT MEANT TO HONOR GOD BY IMITATING THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION.

Then again, his wish to be crowned on the seventh day goes against the commandment to rest on the Sabbath

**Which had not yet been written into law, one assumes.**

Even so, God may have expected him to learn from prior example, and when Enosh did not, abandoned him to both his fate and our Sire.

**Is not the Sabbath sometimes spoken of as being crowned?**

**That interpretation is centuries younger. Stop mixing your lifetimes, you senile fool.**

With fasting and cleansing and  
other holy preparation  
He went off into the wilderness to  
await God's word.

But I had finished with waiting,  
and so he heard mine first.

With the power of the night I gave  
him visions

And I bound my truths to his soul,  
so that he could not deny them.

"Favored son of Adam," I told  
him, "favored child of God,

You are mine now, and balm to my  
loneliness.

In blood you were made, and in  
blood I now claim you.

Let your veins be emptied of the  
life that God provided

And filled with the power that  
God has granted unto me.

Let your soul be emptied of its  
false humility

And your spirit filled with the  
night's own strength.

Let your flesh deny its earthly  
father

For you are mine now, body,  
blood and soul

And none shall take you from me."

I called him Enoch and, on the  
seventh night,

Returned with him to the city.

HERE WE SEE THE BEGINNING OF THE TRADI-  
TION OF RENAMING A CHILDE AT THE TIME OF  
EMBRACE.

He set the crown upon my head

He called for incense and music  
and offerings

He told the city I was to be their  
King.

And those who might speak against  
me did not,

Clearly this is the first Embrace, and a  
cataloguing of the changes that occur in  
each new childe.

PRIDE IS THE INHERITANCE OF  
CAINE.

Is that your kind's excuse?





For I showed them one portion of  
my power, and they feared me.  
And those who might do me harm  
did not,

For the mark of God was upon  
me, and they feared His wrath.  
So did I come to reign over the  
sons of Adam.

Some called me a god for my  
power, and offered me worship.  
And because they bowed down to  
me of their own free will,  
The Lord of Heaven did not  
intervene.



This is a vital distinction, repeated throughout these texts. If a Cainite proclaims himself a god, then Heaven will strike him down for his deeds. But if mortals choose to grant unto that Cainite their worship, then the fault lies not with Caine's child.

**This is the fruit of the tree. Free will is also the freedom to choose poorly.**

Indeed, and Caine's subjects did so.

I named the city after my first-born son  
For such was the pleasure he brought me.  
And I claimed others who pleased me, to be my own,  
To share in that curse which was power and suffering.  
So that I would not be alone.  
As God had commanded, I did not till the fields for grain.  
As God had decreed, I did not kill tame beasts for flesh.  
These things had been denied me by His holy word, and I obeyed.  
I fed upon that which was most precious to Him, upon the blood of my brother's kin.  
For the blood is the life, and he who partakes of it,  
Though doubly damned, shall be made strong.

Whereas he might have fed on the blood of beasts and spared Seth's children.

**That he did not is another fist shaken at Heaven.**

And I learned to give pleasure  
to those who fed me,  
That they might think it ecsta-  
sy to feed their god  
And love me all the more for  
my hunger.  
So did the city grow, in num-  
bers and in strength,  
Prosperous beneath my rule.  
I chose the best of its blood to  
serve me,  
And the best among those to  
embrace the night.  
Together we ruled over the  
sons of Seth, my children and I,  
As the strong have always ruled,  
as the wise were meant to do.  
They built us homes without  
windows, that we might defy  
the sun.  
They brought the rivers to our  
door, that fires might be quick-  
ly quenched.  
So were the curses of two  
angels answered,  
And the curse of God defied.  
In time my children hungered  
for their own get  
And chose from among their  
servants those who pleased  
them most,  
And brought them into the  
night.  
So swiftly did they multiply,  
and so powerful did they  
become,  
That in time I commanded  
them to make no more childer,  
but be satisfied.



For I feared the curse of the  
third angel, not yet answered,

And I knew the day was  
coming when my children  
would turn on one another  
And the streets would run  
black with their blood.

For a time they obeyed me,  
for they feared their father's  
wrath.

But just as I had not accepted  
God's edicts,

So did they not accept mine,  
For they were of my blood,  
and their nature was defiance.

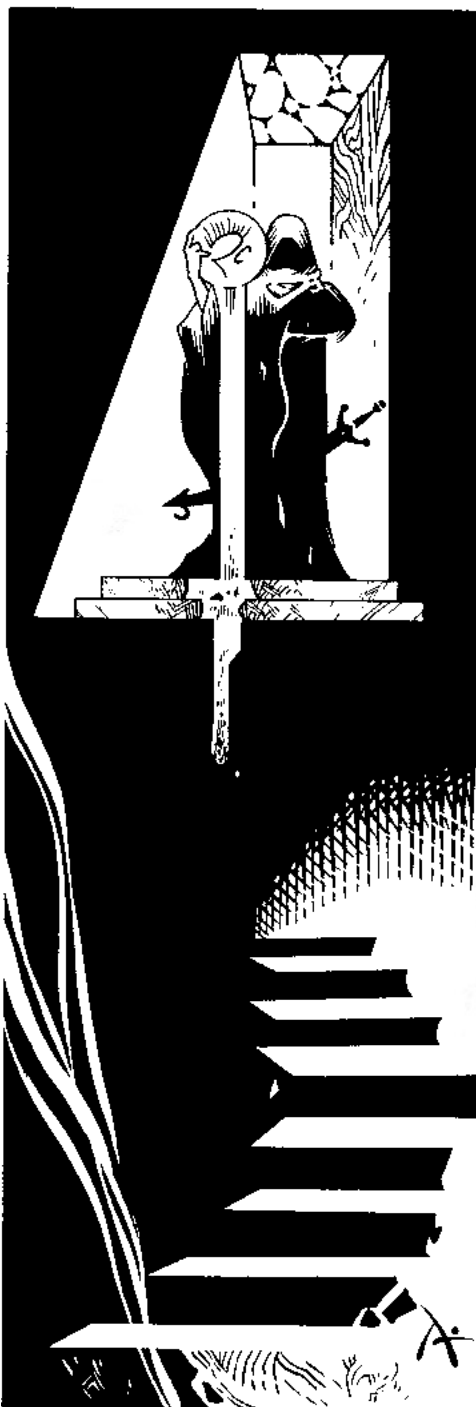
And thus Caine's childer follow his  
path. Qualities of spirit are inherited  
with blood as well as seed.

**By Caine's reckoning. Others  
I know would disagree.**

Those that were nearest me  
embraced the sons of Seth in  
secret,

Those that were far distant  
embraced them openly.

This grants us a time  
frame for the events being  
discussed. We are witness-  
ing the first great period of  
expansion of Seth's childer,  
wherein they had spread so  
far from the city of Enoch  
that they dwelt beyond  
Caine's grasp, and his childer  
could transgress against his  
laws in safety.



They ruled the children of Seth  
as gods  
Not by man's choice, but by their  
own decree  
And I knew that then they were  
doomed,  
For God would not tolerate such  
practices.  
Foolish children! You make light  
of God's law,  
But you have never seen His face.  
You make light of His curse  
But you have never felt His power.  
He who made this world can  
unmake it,  
He who gave life to mankind can  
also give death,  
And He who cursed us to prey  
upon the living  
Can make for us such Hell on  
earth  
That all the Adversary's torments  
will pale by comparison.  
I saw the storm clouds gathering.  
I felt the air grow cold.  
And I knew the time of reckoning  
had come at last.  
The children of Seth prayed for  
me to save them  
But I could not.  
My children begged for me to  
save them  
But I would not.  
The rain began to fall, and it did  
not cease.

The children of Seth made  
offerings to their chosen gods,  
Blood and gold and precious jewels  
And all the while the wrath of the  
One God  
Drew up the oceans into the sky  
And cast them down again, to  
scour the earth of sin.  
My children cried out to me in  
fear, but I would not answer them.  
Such is the fate you have chosen,  
my get.  
You were gods without wisdom,  
and so your temples are destroyed,  
Your flocks drowned, your altars  
hung in weeds,  
And all those things which were  
most precious to you  
Shall be reclaimed unto the earth  
whence they came.  
In the end you shall know such  
loneliness  
As can exist only in a land bereft  
of life.  
Perhaps then you will understand  
what I truly am  
And where your duty lies.

FOR HE IS NOT A TRUE GOD TO THE CHILDREN OF SETH, BUT HE IS AS ONE TO HIS OWN CHILDREN.

And like the God of the Hebrews, a harsh and merciless God.

And in the end there was only

water

My foolish children

knew hunger

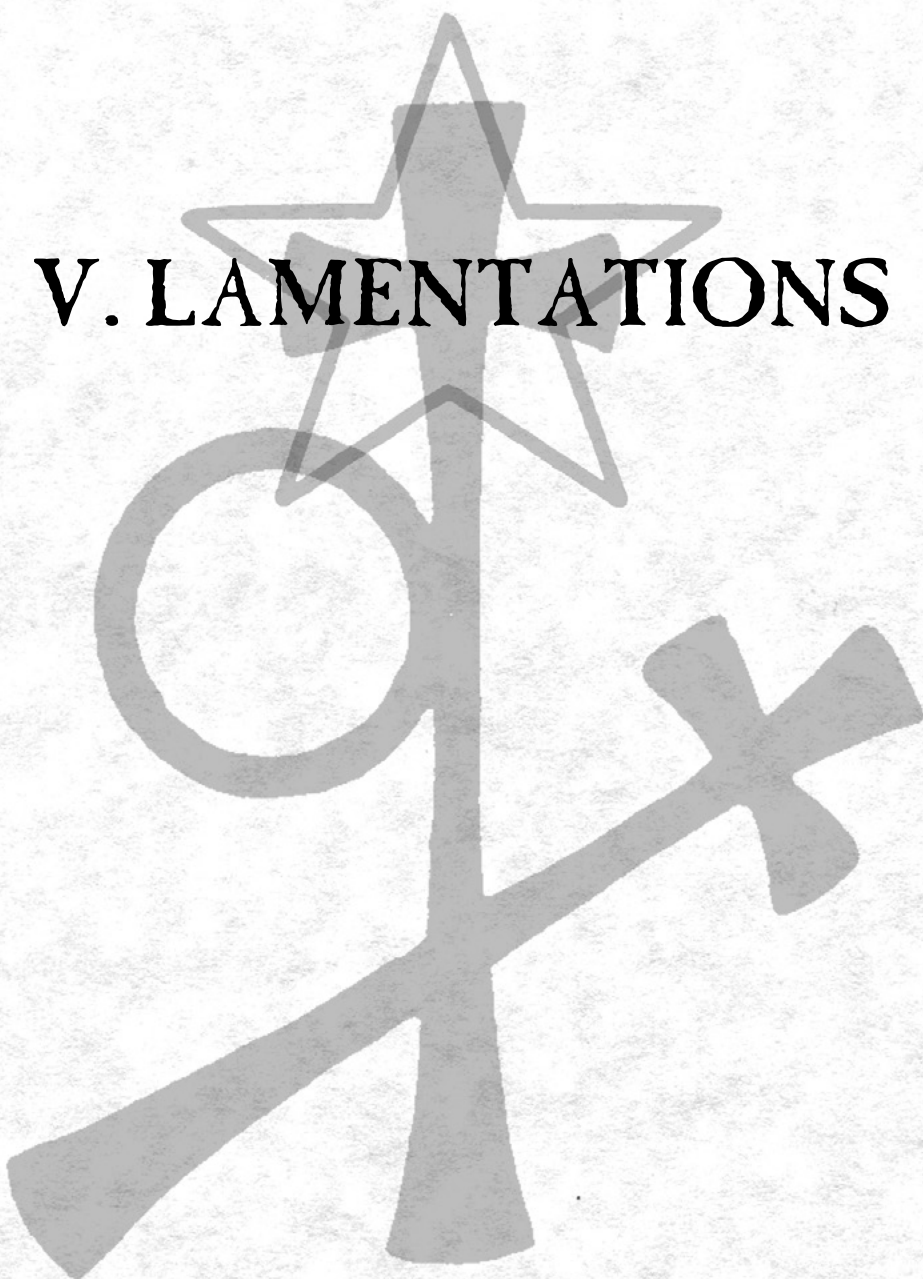
And loneliness

And fear

And it was good.



# V. LAMENTATIONS



Sing a song of sorrow, my  
brothers in Caine.  
Let your lamentations be heard  
in the night.  
Sing of a time when water  
covered all the earth  
And the only shelter from the  
sun  
Lay deep beneath the waves.  
Sing of a hunger that could  
not be stilled  
Save by a brother's blood  
And a time of waiting that  
seemed like eternity,  
With no end in sight.

OTHER FRAGMENTS SKIP OVER  
THIS PERIOD ENTIRELY, NEVER AD-  
DRESSING THE QUESTION OF HOW  
CAINITES SURVIVED IN A WORLD  
WITHOUT EARTHLY SHELTER OR  
HUMAN LIFE.

The Babylonian fragment hints at it,  
but only to say it was a time of great  
suffering and trial.

**That's rather an under-  
statement, don't you think?**

The Babylonian fragment is  
overrated.

Interesting that this verse  
points out the worst tor-  
ment of all, that is, that  
they never knew if the flood  
was going to end.

Where is Caine in all of this?





Our father, will you not hear our  
pleas?

Our father, will you not answer?

Our father, if you cannot end the  
storm,

Then tell us by whose hand it  
will be ended,

And when we may walk upon the  
earth again.

Do they call to God or Caine? The text is unclear. Either interpretation holds possibilities.

"Father" is not capitalized. It would seem unlikely that it would be God referred to in this instance.

Or perhaps our author is just erratic.

Tell us if the children of Seth  
will survive,

Their warm blood heated by the  
morning sun,

Or if we are condemned to feed  
upon our own,

Sire upon childe, brother upon  
brother,

Until all are vanished beneath the  
waves.

EVIDENTLY THEY HAD NO KNOWLEDGE THAT  
NOAH AND HIS KIN HAD BEEN SAVED.

God was gentler with his children than Caine  
was with his, for He gave them hope. The  
Cainites had none.

That is because God determined who  
among Seth's kin would survive, and  
saw to their safety, while Caine left  
his childer to fight it out like sharks.

Like the predators they were.

Like the predators we are. It is the  
way of our blood.

I saw the hand of God part the  
clouds  
I saw the earth rise up to greet  
Him.  
I saw the ark settle upon the  
mountaintop  
And all the wealth of life pour out  
from its gates.  
I knew then what our Sire must  
have known  
When man first settled the wil-  
derness,  
And I cried from joy, and I kissed  
the earth,  
So grateful was I for an end to the  
suffering.

AN INTERESTING REMINDER THAT WHEN CAINE WAS CAST OUT OF EDEN THERE WAS NO HUMAN LIFE ON EARTH EITHER, SAVE IN THE ONE PLACE FORBIDDEN TO HIM.

And here we have knowledge of the kine's survival.



Sing a song of memory, my brothers in Caine  
Sing a song of mourning for those who were lost.  
My brother's flesh is mud beneath my feet  
The taste of his blood is cold upon my lips.  
And all the works that man shall create,  
From now until the end of time,  
Are but monuments to those whom our Father condemned  
And whom His wrath consumed.  
Let us never forget, lest we earn his rage anew.  
Let us never forget, lest the waters rise again.

IT IS UNCLEAR AGAIN WHO IS MEANT BY "FATHER", CAINE OR GOD.

**Deliberately unclear, I think.**

The text implies that both were responsible for the flood. God by choosing to punish man's transgressions, and Caine for spawning a race of transgressors.

IT ALSO IMPLIES THAT CAINE, LIKE GOD, IS APART FROM THE RACE OF MAN. LIKE HIM, CAINE WATCHES OVER THE FLOOD WITHOUT PASSION OF ANY KIND, NOT FEARING IT, NOT RESENTING IT, SIMPLY KNOWING IT MUST BE.

THE BLURRING OF THE LINE BETWEEN CAINE AND GOD IS A REPEATED THEME IN MANY OF THESE SECTIONS.

Yes, look at the Laws. That is quite remarkable, and instructive.

**But how much of that is artistic license by the writer of these fragments, and how much is genuine delusion?**

**Caine is eternal, he cannot die and his curses alter the fate of all mankind. Is that a delusion?**

And he believes that when his children have done wrong the earth should be cleansed of them, to start anew.

**A strategy that God promises never to resort to again, but Caine does not. This is the harbinger of Gehenna!**

**What is the saying... "There is no rainbow in the night?"**

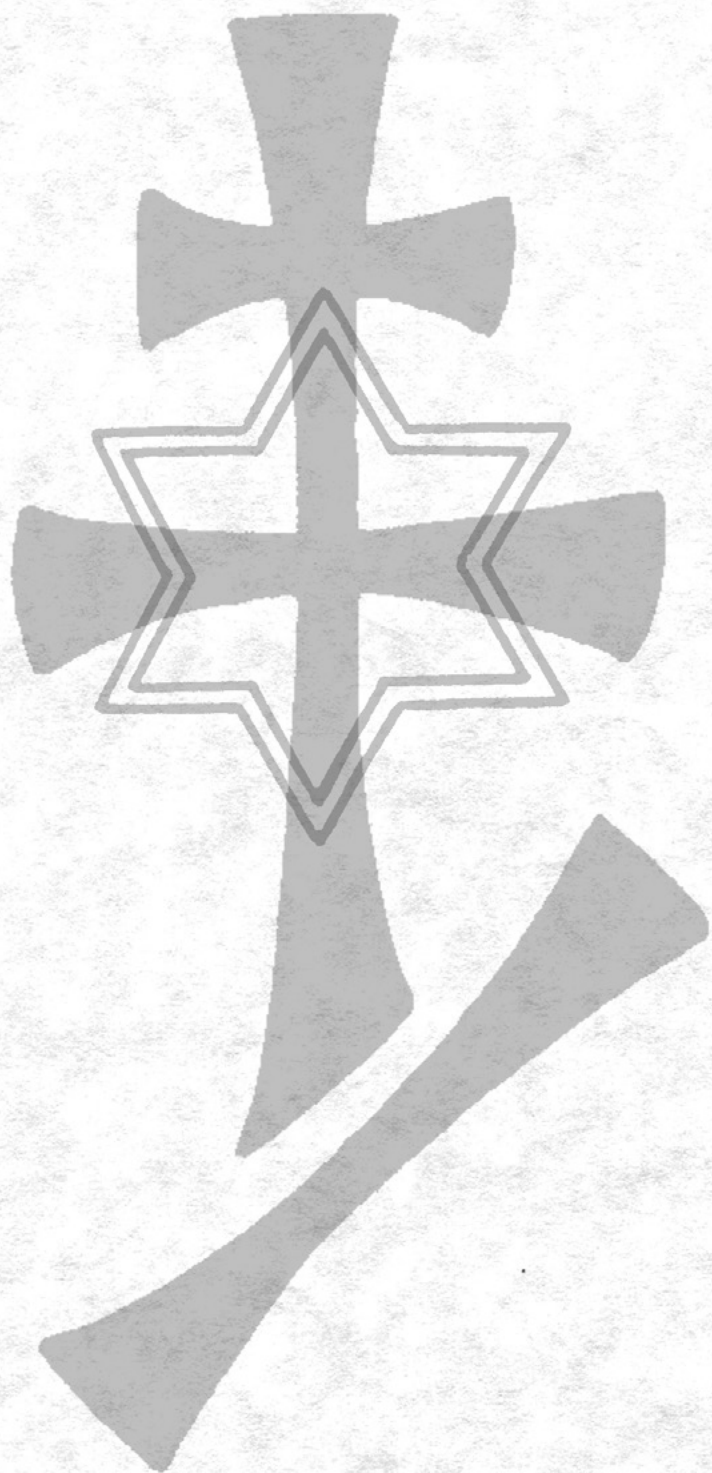
Meaning that it is not there, or meaning that it cannot be seen in the darkness?

**Exactly.**





# VI. TRANSGRESSIONS



It came to pass in the wake of the  
Flood

That the children of Caine sought  
out their Sire,

But of him there was no sign to be  
found.

Not in the highest mountains

Not on the driest plain

Not in the deepest forest.

"He has left us," said the First-  
born.

"We must make our own way."

Yet still we knew he was watching  
us

For there were many signs of it

And we feared the night when he  
would return.

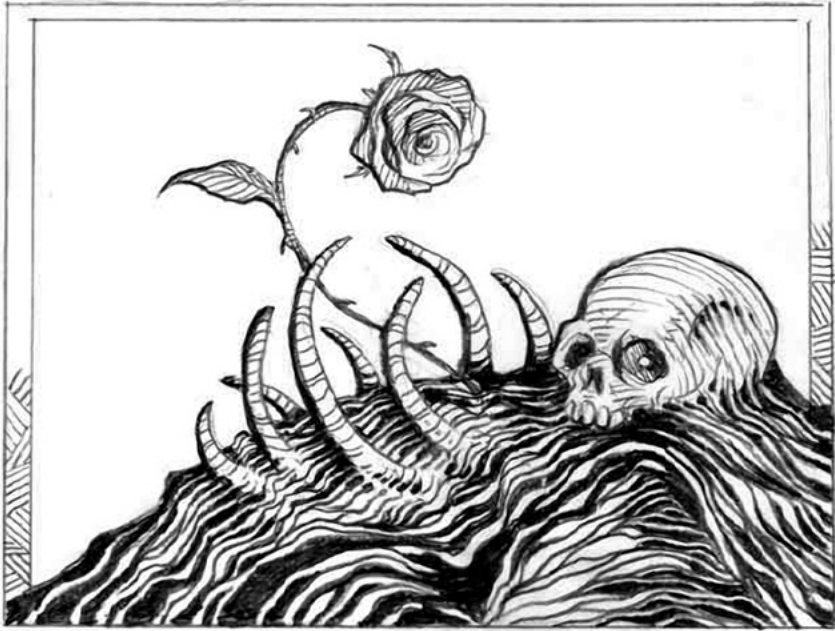
A PITY THESE SIGNS ARE NOT BETTER  
DESCRIBED.

**There is a Babylonian fragment  
of the text which adds some  
detail here.**

Yes, but it confuses this period with the  
foreshadowing of Gehenna. So one wonders  
if it is recording the saga in its original form,  
or borrowing from later prophecies in order to  
make for a more impressive tale.

Babylonian scholarship is





It came to pass in the wake of the  
Flood  
That the children of Noah came  
down from the mountaintop.  
They planted their crops amidst  
the bones of the dead  
And brought forth life from the  
mud of the dying.

AGAIN, WE HAVE THE REPEATED IMAGERY OF DEATH GIVING WAY TO LIFE. THE ANCIENT CYCLE OF THE YEARLY HARVEST, WITH WINTER CLEARING THE LAND FOR SPRING'S BOUNTY. HERE IS SOMETHING OF CAINE'S LEGACY AS A TILLER OF SOIL.

As with the floods of the Nile delta, the same waters that destroy also make the ground fertile for new life. Without their annual devastation, there would be no life at all. One pays the price willingly.

**Well you have to have legends like that if you live in a flood plain.**

Do not some peoples sacrifice their kings and gods, believing that the cycle of death/rebirth holds for them as well?

THE CELTS, AT LUGHNASAH

Christ  
Caine



In time they spread out across  
the earth,  
As they had been commanded to  
do.  
They built great cities, with  
palaces of stone,  
And claimed dominion over all  
living things  
For such was the sovereignty that  
God had promised them.

*Specifically God promised Adam sovereignty over all living things. Note that this excludes the childer of Caine, who were no longer counted among the living.*

It came to pass, as the nights  
passed and the Flood receded into  
memory,  
That the sons of Caine came unto  
those cities.  
And because we were strong, and  
had magic that awed the kine,  
We became the rulers of Noah's get.  
As Caine had done, we took  
mortals for servants.  
As Caine had done, we used  
mortals for lovers.  
As Caine had done, we claimed  
the first and the best for our own.

ACCORDING TO THE BIBLE, THE FIRST AND BEST OF EACH GENERATION WERE TO BE SET ASIDE AS SACRIFICE TO THE LORD. WITH THIS PASSAGE CAINE'S CHILDREN SET THEMSELVES UP AS RIVALS TO GOD YET AGAIN.

### **Does that include mortals?**

Yes, actually, it does. The Hebrews still observe a ritual "ransom" to claim their first-born, since rightfully he is the Lord's

THIS WOULD SEEM TO INDICATE THE SPEAKER IS OF THE SECOND GENERATION, YET LATER THAT IS CLEARLY NOT THE CASE. MOST LIKELY THIS DOCUMENT IS AN AMALGAMATION OF SEVERAL DOCUMENTS, BY SEVERAL AUTHORS

**We made new childer, the third  
generation,**

**Or one miserable forger**





To serve those who had come  
before  
And each sire ruled over his  
own brood  
As a king ruled over his  
subjects.

CREATION OF FIFTH GENERATION  
AND BEYOND ARE NOT MENTIONED  
HERE, BUT LATER TEXTS IMPLY THERE  
WERE NONE AT THAT TIME.

Or that they were beneath notice.

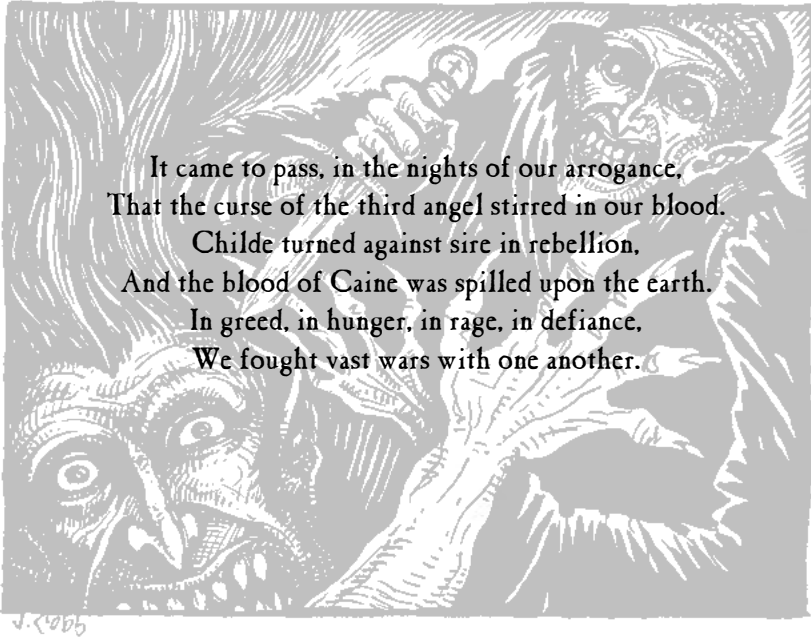
Or else all were killed in the war mentioned  
later in this text. After all, they would have  
been the weakest of the children of Caine, and  
thus used as battle fodder by their sires.

Weakness of the blood did not exist  
at this time. Each generation was as  
strong as that which came before.  
Still, the potential for power is  
not the same as possessing it. One  
doubts the earlier generations taught  
the later ones well in the use of their  
native abilities.

Not wanting to create more  
rivals. Some things never  
change. Still, in theory there  
could have been ninety gen-  
erations, all as powerful as  
Caine.

A frightening thought. Particu-  
larly if any survived that  
period.

Caine alone could not be killed. That  
is quite the advantage to possess in  
wars of immortals.



It came to pass, in the nights of our arrogance,  
That the curse of the third angel stirred in our blood.  
Childe turned against sire in rebellion,  
And the blood of Caine was spilled upon the earth.  
In greed, in hunger, in rage, in defiance,  
We fought vast wars with one another.

INCLUSION OF HUNGER IS CLEARLY A REFERENCE TO THE EFFECTS OF THE GREAT FLOOD. AFTER SUBSISTING ON CAINITE BLOOD FOR A TIME, THE CHILDREN OF CAINE WERE LOATH TO RETURN TO MORE HUMBLE FARE.

**You are reading too much into it. The passage could as easily refer to squabbling over human herds.**

Or a hunger for wealth, or any other commodity.

**That's "avarice." You make excuses for our author.**

I tend to agree with the flood hypothesis. After all, the blood of the ancients was powerful beyond imagination. Can you imagine suddenly having to give that up and return to mortal fare? It would seem weak as water by comparison.

Which implies that all the Antediluvians are addicted to the blood of their descendants, and the stronger the better. That certainly would explain some of the Gehenna legends, in which it is said they will devour all, not only the weak.

Armies of mortals marched to  
our cause,  
And shouted our praises, and died  
in our name,  
Without ever knowing why.

Lied to, mesmerized into service, or manipulated into thinking they marched for their own causes? The text is unclear.

OTHER VERSIONS SUPPORT THE LAST READING

**Perhaps all three.**

**Would it surprise you?**

Their palaces were bloodied,  
Their cities were defiled,  
And still that was not enough for us.  
Brother fought brother for the sake  
of spilled blood.

AGAIN THE MENTION OF BLOOD-HUNGER AS A MOTIVATING FORCE IN THIS GENERATION. THEY WOULD EVEN FEED ON THEIR OWN.

**Again, this is a revelation?**

However (look to later passages) they did not feed on their sires.

**Not yet**

Childe fought sire for the sake of  
power.

TEMPORAL POWER, AS THE EARLY CAINITES WERE EQUAL IN POTENCY TO THEIR SIRES.

Wars of pride. It would seem to matter little who actually held sway, but it mattered greatly that one's rivals did not.

Drusilla postulates that the second generation of Cainites were the true kings of this time, with their childer acting as lords in vassalage. If so, political restlessness may have been a prime motivating factor in this conflict.

THE ANGEL'S CURSE GUARANTEED THE INEVITABLE ARRIVAL OF REASONS FOR WAR. OR WAR WITHOUT MOTIVE, IF NECESSARY.

True

War for the sake of war. The Cainite anthem.

*JHAD*

In the end, all the children of  
Caine were destroyed.

His own childer, that is, the second generation

Enoch the first-born, Zyllah his  
most beautiful,  
Jabal and Adah and Tubal and  
Mehujacl,

And those who remained upon  
the earth  
Trembled in fear at the thought  
of Caine's rage.  
For they knew his vengeance  
would be terrible.  
How shall I face you, my Sire's  
Sire?

Biblical text lists these as Caine's children and grandchildren

Probably dividing them up according to when they were  
given the blood, to make sense of it in mortal terms

Or perhaps they were truly of those generations  
in mortal terms, and later embraced by our  
Sire. Enoch may have had children before his  
own embrace.





How shall I answer your rage?  
Behold, my brother is ash beneath  
my feet  
And the blood of Enoch, your  
favorite childe,  
Is fresh upon my lips.

Better to have died in the Flood  
than to face you now.  
Better to have perished in the fires  
of war  
Than to know your wrath.

Again the fixation on drinking the blood of our kind.

*Rather ironic that God's Flood was responsible for this, yes?*

Why would it not be? It was clearly His intention to condemn the childer of Caine to eternal conflict. If the rising of the waters served His purpose, all the better



It came to pass, in the nights of  
blood and death,

That our Father returned to us.  
So terrible was his countenance  
That we fell to our knees at the  
sight of him.

His face was as white as bleached  
bone,

His eyes were as black as the abyss,  
And those who could see the force  
of his rage

Turned aside as he passed, lest its  
power blind them.

Clear reference to uses of Auspex: our author is describing those who can see Caine's emotional radiance

"THOSE WHO COULD SEE" IMPLIES NOT ALL HAD THAT POWER THEN.

**Were they unable to learn it, as many are now, or had they simply chosen not to?**

Caine contained within himself all paths of power. His descendants have bloodright to only three. Had this weakening already occurred?

IF SO, THEN IT IS UNRELATED TO THE CURSE OF CLANS, BELOW.

**A damned good way for Caine to weaken his childer, so that they could not stand against him.**

NO ONE COULD STAND AGAINST CAINE. THE MARK OF GOD WAS STILL UPON HIM, AND HE COULD NOT BE HARMED. WHICH IS NO DOUBT WHY THEY FEARED HIM SO INTENSELY.

A move that in hindsight God no doubt regrets

**Are you so sure?**

"I gave you life eternal," he cried,  
"And you have defiled it!  
I gave you dominion over mortal  
men, and you have abused it!

DOMINION OVER MORTALS IS PART OF  
THE BLOODRIGHT OF CAINITES.

Can you not tell that a Ventrue  
wrote this?

What shall I give you now?  
What justice suits you, my errant  
children,  
That you would destroy the ones  
who gave you life?

ETERNAL LIFE, OR SECOND LIFE, OR LIFE-  
THROUGH-DEATH?

For what you have done I will  
curse you all  
Not merely with a handful of  
words,  
But each according to his nature,  
Each one according to his crime.  
Let my curse reign in his blood  
forever,  
Let it be passed down through his  
embrace,  
To each of his childer, and to their  
childer in turn.

THE MIXED USAGE OF  
CAINITE TERMS WITH  
MORTAL - CHILDER AND  
CHILDREN, FOR EXAMPLE -  
POINTS ONCE MORE TO  
MULTIPLE AUTHORS FOR  
THIS SECTION.





And if the night comes when you  
 forget my words,  
 And tempt my wrath anew,  
 Then will I awaken the curse  
 within you  
 And it shall lay you low,  
 Low as the worms that crawl in the  
 dust."

INTERESTING PASSAGE. IF IT REFERS ONLY TO THE CURSE OF CLANS, BELOW, THEN IT MEANS EACH CLAN WILL BE ASSAULTED IN A MANNER THAT SUITS ITS PARTICULAR WEAKNESS

On the other hand if it refers to the whole of the Curse, then it could forewarn of the weakest of our kind rising up against the strong

**Let them try it. They will learn.**

BEWARE THE STRENGTH OF THE MULTITUDE.

*As if the young ones trust each other long enough to do that.*

**Condescension is a deadly weakness**

**As you no doubt will learn**

Behold, she who thought of  
nothing but her own fleeting  
pleasure,  
Shall by her own pleasure be  
enslaved.

TOREADOR

He who claimed innocence be-  
cause the Beast ruled him  
Shall be slave to the Beast forever.

GANGREL

No, Brujah

Beast here clearly refers to the  
more violent facets of the  
Cainite temperament.

Damn your eyes, the lot of you.

He who took no action, but aban-  
doned others to their fate,  
Shall be himself outcast, and  
trusted by no one.

RAVNOS

They have changed little, have they not?

She who used the wild beasts for  
allies in her killing  
Shall become a beast herself, so  
that all men revile her.

THIS, THEN, IS GANGREL

Your powers of perception would have  
shamed the Greeks

He who sought to hide his  
monstrous deeds  
Shall become monstrous in visage,  
and doomed to dwell in offal and  
darkness.

NOSFERATU

Probably the others would have hidden theirs as  
well, if they could. Which implies that, like Auspex,  
Obsfuscation was a discipline not possessed by all  
Cainites.

Or it might simply mean that his  
deeds were more monstrous than  
most.

OTHER FRAGMENTS DO SUGGEST THAT.



He who reveled in the darkness  
of his own foul hunger  
Shall be bound to that darkness  
forever, kin to the most vile,  
accursed by God.

#### SETITES

"Foul hunger" might refer to the lust for the blood of other Cainites.

**If so a rather twisted justice, since their own blood is more tempting than that of other clans.**

That is merely rumor

**Tasted it, have we?**

"Most vile" is clearly a reference to the Serpent and his kin: "Cursed art thou from among all living things. Upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." Genesis 3:14

**The serpent is a suitable ally for our kind, for is it not the only other creature on this earth to have been singled out by God's curse through all its generations?**

**Well, save for mortal kine**  
Exactly

He who loved death for death's  
own sake  
Shall wear death's countenance  
for all to see to see and fear.

Behold my proudest childe,  
whose own pride betrayed him.  
Let the blood of the humble  
sicken him, and give him no  
sustenance.

If this refers to Ventruë, it rather implies that he must feed upon noble blood, yes?

Or blood which is not humble in his eyes.

PRECISELY

**I knew a Ventruë who fed only on the lowliest of men.**

AND CAN YOU SAY FOR CERTAIN HOW HE JUDGED THEM? PERHAPS THEY HAD WORTH IN HIS EYES.

**Or on his lips.**

Please spare us such comments. I do not need to travel so many miles to read such petty insults, and I will demonstrate my displeasure on those who waste my time.

**This clearly was intended to affect mortals, since Cainites would hardly be repelled by a death-white visage**

**Not a powerful curse in those days, when Cainites lived openly, but one of the most powerful now, when we must hide our true nature a bit better**

No, a very powerful curse for a clan that values scholarship, for they cannot gain easy access to the places where knowledge is kept, save by stealth and violence

It is said there is later prophecy that the Cappadocians will not survive the next great period of trial.

**Yes, and I am curious as to who wrote that?**

**Do you believe everything you read?**

Gullibility is a trait many inherit with the blood

Behold my darkest childe, who  
killed with shadows.  
Let the shadows veil his soul, so  
that all may know his crime.

#### LASOMBRA

An interesting reference. Tradition states that the soul may be glimpsed in a mirror, and that creatures without a soul therefore do not reflect.

**Guaranteeing a hostile response  
from mortal men, even if they do  
not know the cause**

I CLASSIFY THIS WITH THE CURSES OF THE CAPPADOCIAN AND NOSFERATU, TARGETED TOWARDS THE MORTAL WORLD RATHER THAN THEIR FELLOW CAINITES.

**I know of Toreador courts where  
the Nosferatu are not welcome for  
their visages alone**

SHORT-LIVED COURTS, I AM SURE. HE WHO INSULTS THE NOSFERATU IS A FOOL.

A dead fool.

There are worse things in this world than death

Behold my most loveless childe,  
who fed upon his brother's pain.  
Let him know equal torment in  
any domain but his own.

#### TZIMISCE

**Well, they rather got around  
that one, didn't they? Just  
bring your native soil with  
you.**

You may permit yourself to think that. It is not my place to disillusion you.

Behold my most deadly childe,  
who loved murder for its own sake.  
Let him be addicted to the taste  
of killing, so that all may fear and  
loathe him.

#### ASSAMITE

**Yes, that is truly a fearsome curse.  
"You like killing, so I will make you  
like killing more."**

I trust Caine had some other purpose to this curse. The fullness of time will no doubt reveal it.

It is best not to speak lightly of the Assassins.  
Even here.

**Or to speak of them at all.**

Behold my most foolish childe,  
who claims madness for his  
pleasure.  
Let him become mad in truth, so  
that all may fear his company.

#### MALKAVIAN

**This is a passage I would not like  
the Malkavians to see. If they learn  
their mission before Caine is to  
strike fear in the hearts of other  
Cainites, we shall never hear the  
end of their nonsense.**

*Too late!*



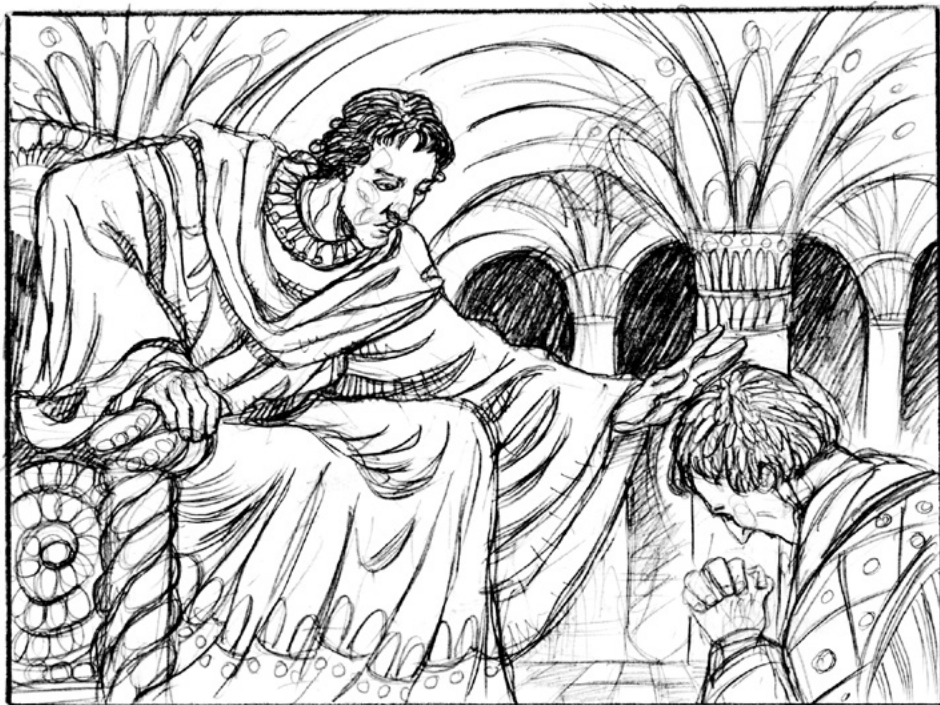
When he had spoken thus, the  
night was still and hushed  
And not one dared speak.  
Yet there was one to whom he  
had not spoken  
And all eyes turned to him,  
Gentle Saulot, whose ways were  
of healing,  
And who had sought to staunch  
the flow of blood  
In sire and childe alike.

"You I shall not curse," Caine said,  
"for you alone were steadfast.  
You will be the guardian of  
Raphael's promise,  
A beacon of hope for those who  
would seek redemption.  
Let all my childer see what you are,  
That they may know when you  
walk among them.

*Perhaps the origin of the third eye, which makes the  
Salubri so easy to identify.*

THAT TURNED OUT TO BE A CURSE IN THE END,  
THOUGH, DIDN'T IT?

Interesting how Caine here repeats the work  
of the angels who visited him, is it not?





For as long as you are on this  
earth, they are not truly lost.  
Let you and your childer be as  
teachers to them  
So that they may raise themselves  
up and be saved.  
And if the day comes when they  
are so blind  
Or so possessed by jealous rage  
That they would root out the one  
true growth  
From among their garden of weeds  
Then it will be their own souls  
they destroy.  
And if the day comes when you  
fail to value  
The gift that I have given,  
Then shall that same mark be  
turned against you  
And those who gaze with jealousy  
upon you  
Will surely hunt you down."

THIS IS A FAR CRY FROM  
WHAT THE SALUBRI BE-  
CAME.

**You are young. Tales  
of their deviltry are  
quite recent. Consider  
this ere you judge.**

*And the sources somewhat  
suspect as well.*

**The Usurpers have a vested interest in turning  
attention elsewhere. Ask yourselves why.**

I AM TOLD THAT SAULOT'S CHILDER HAVE DISAPPEARED.

It is hard to know. There were never many of them.

**Fewer now**

Such was his power, as we heard  
his words,  
That we knew ourselves doubly  
damned.  
Once by the Lord's rage, and now  
by his.  
Yet still he was not done, but said  
to us all,  
"Let your proud blood weaken  
with each generation,  
So that no childe can match its  
sire's strength  
Or rise up against those who came  
before.  
So shall you be bound to peace,  
Enslaved by weakness, where force  
has failed.

IT IS IRONIC THAT THE CURSE LAID UPON US  
TO BIND US TO PEACE BECAME THE SINGLE  
GREATEST MOTIVATION FOR CONFLICT  
AMONG OUR KIND.

It might be said that with this curse Caine doomed  
his own line to destruction. Before this, diablerie  
was just a perversion and must have been all but  
unknown. Now, as the prophecies warn, it is the  
monster within our souls, waiting to devour us all.

**The angels must have laughed that  
night.**

Choose your childer with care,  
therefore,  
And control your generations  
For in time your blood may be so  
weakened  
That your childer will be little  
stronger than mortals.

OCTAVIUS JULIANUS HAS THEORIZED  
THAT THIS POINT WILL COME IN THE 10TH  
GENERATION, OR 11TH AT THE LATEST

Apparently not, for I know of one Cainite who  
has experimented with his own progeny, and  
discovered that the curse weakens after that  
point, and a full fourteen may survive. Though  
the last are, as Caine warns, little stronger than  
mortals

He destroyed all his experiments, I  
assume? If not, someone needs to.

Perhaps as the blood of Caine grows weaker,  
its power to convey our Sire's wrath does also.  
If so, might not such weak Cainites also be free  
of the rest of his curse?

PERHAPS SO. IT HAS ALREADY BEEN  
NOTED THAT CLAN CHARACTERISTICS  
ARE LESS MARKED IN THE YOUNGER  
GENERATIONS.

If that is the case, then the existence of such  
vampires would be doubly dangerous. For God  
Himself might well be angered that his curse  
had so little effect, and be stirred to wrath once  
again.

**The weak must be hunted down  
and destroyed for the safety of  
all.**

And when that night comes, as it  
surely shall,

I shall know by such signs that  
you are unworthy  
And I will return again."

To curse his childer anew? To destroy  
them?

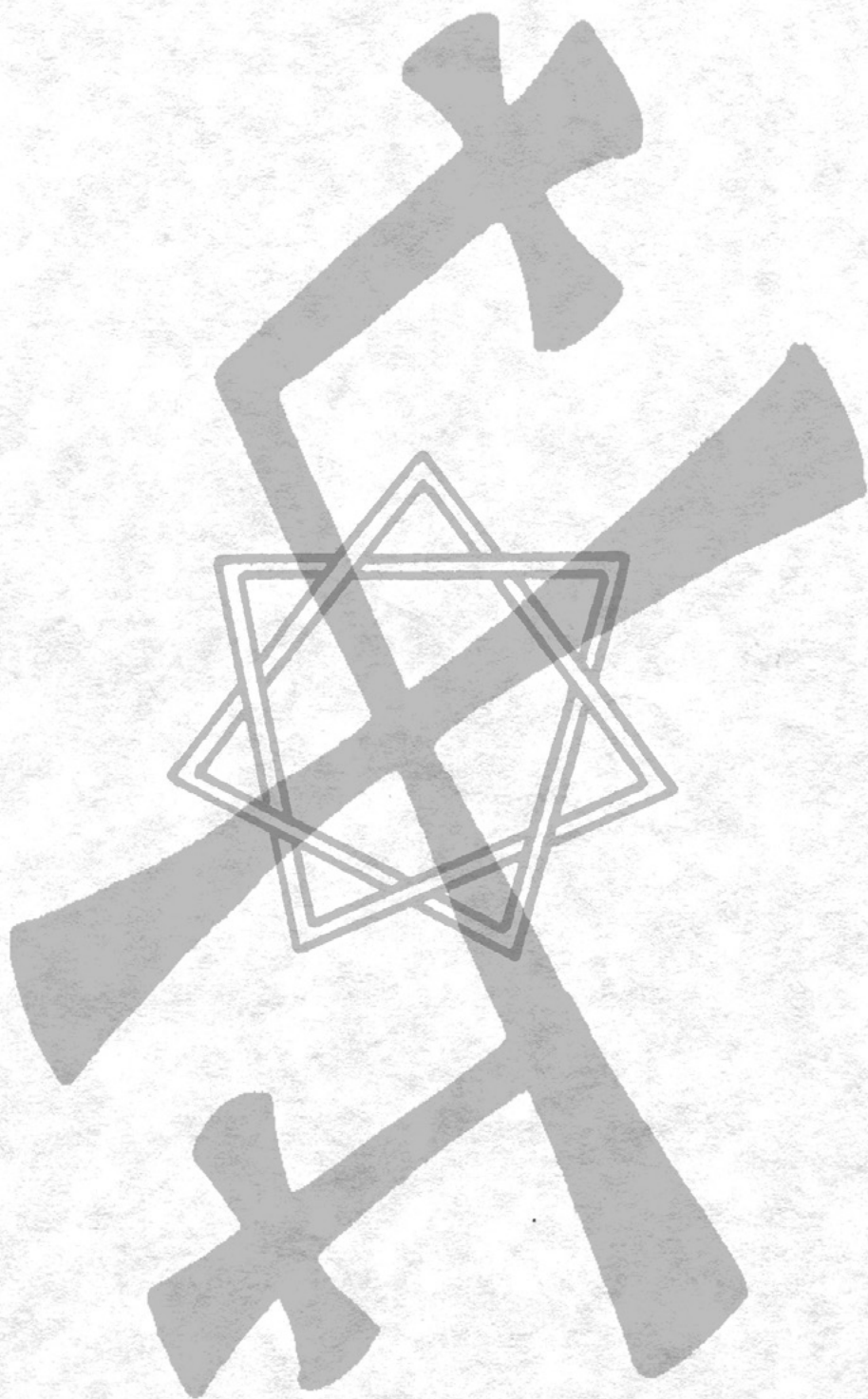
**To destroy us all if we have not  
done our duty in weeding out the  
weak.**



Thus spake our Sire, to punish his  
errant childer.  
And when he was done he wrapped  
himself in darkness  
And left in veiled secrecy, so that  
none could follow  
So that none might answer  
So that none might argue  
So that none might plead  
And it was good.  
Amen.



## VII. COMMANDMENTS





I  
I am Caine, your Father, who has  
brought you past the gates of death,  
To partake of life eternal on earth.

Cainite blood is viewed  
here as a gift, not a  
curse. Clearly we are  
meant to thank Caine for  
his blessing upon us.

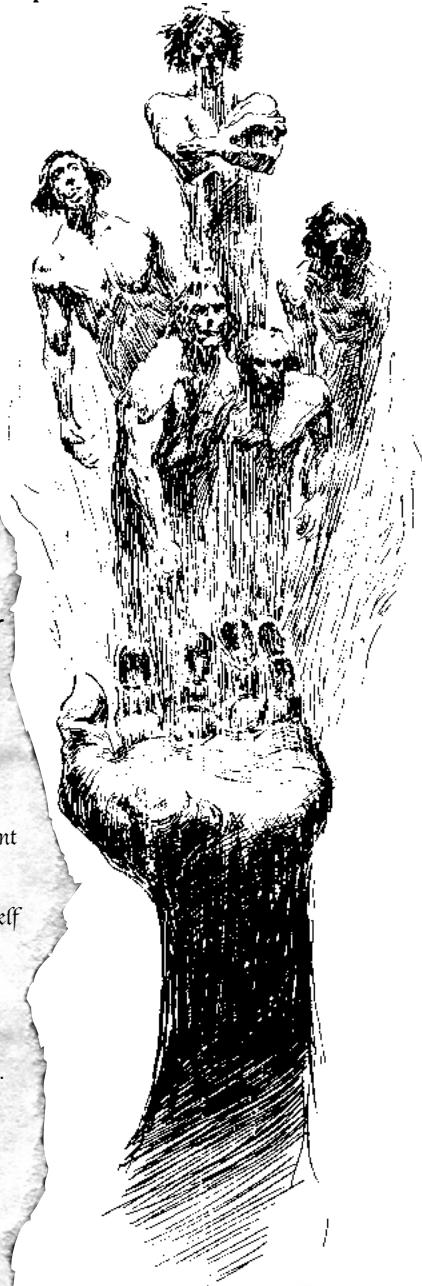
SO DO MANY VENTRUE  
REGARD IT.

The Decalogue format of this  
section, and in particular the  
similarity of the first commandment  
to God's own, once more makes it  
clear that within the ranks of his  
own childer, Caine considers himself  
to be as God.

If not among mortals as  
well...though of course he  
could not say that outright.

He comes damnably  
close in some of these  
sections.

And not "as" God.



## II

Forget not the curses that attend  
my gift.

To do so is folly, and tempts the  
wrath of the Almighty.

Do not call yourselves gods  
before Him,

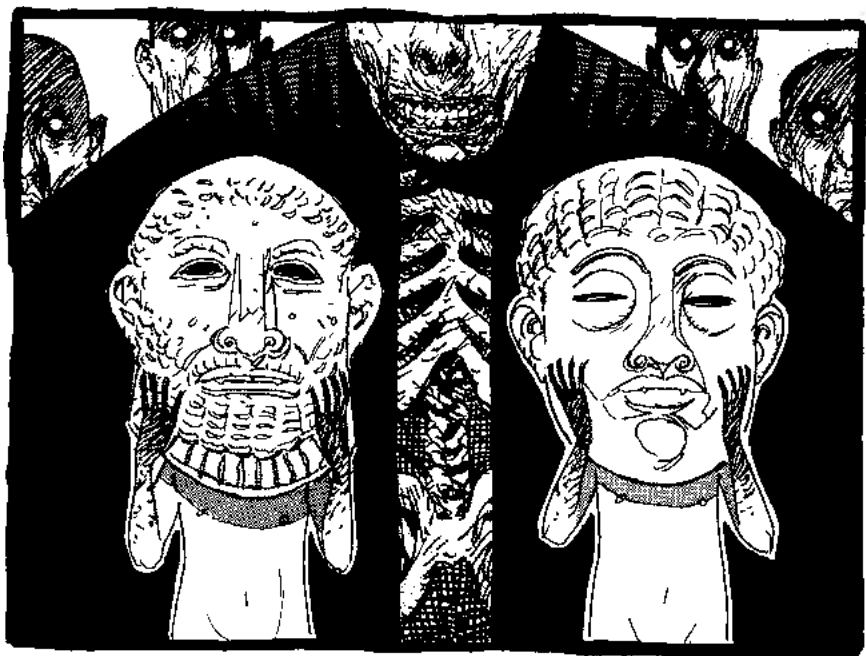
Nor demand worship from the  
sons of Seth,

Lest you inspire the Almighty to  
strike you down.

**But...if the sons of Seth decide to worship you on their own, that's fine.**

*I suspect such logistical niceties will bear little weight with the Lord of Hosts.*





### III

Honor those who are closest to me in the course of generations,  
For they bear my strength and are truest to my nature.  
Render unto them honor, obedience and fear, as you would render unto  
me,  
And let the eldest be Lord among you

*Lord? Or a lord? The difference is of great  
import. Does Caine mean to usurp God?*

As I am Lord to you all.

**Note that they are to rule be-  
cause they bear his strength. If  
they are weak, they deserve to  
be overthrown.**

BY MORE QUALIFIED ELDERS, OF  
COURSE.

#### IV

The sons of Seth to whom you  
give your blood shall be as chil-  
dren to you.

Treat them well and see that they  
know our traditions.

Know that as a father is held  
accountable for the transgressions  
of his child,

So shall you be held accountable  
for the sins of those who share  
your blood.

IT IS UNCLEAR WHETHER THIS COM-  
MANDMENT REFERS TO GHOULS OR  
CHILDREN. IF THE FORMER, THE ADMO-  
NITION TO "TREAT THEM WELL" IS ALL  
BUT FORGOTTEN THESE DAYS.

As ghouls are addressed in VII, I tend  
to think this refers to those who have  
tasted death and the Blood.

*Note that it doesn't say anything  
about being released from the  
responsibility of accounting.  
Does that mean that even after a  
childe is released, his sire is still  
responsible for all of his actions?*

SO HAVE THE VENTRUE PRACTICED  
SINCE THE FIRST NIGHTS.

So they have claimed.



## V

Feed not on beasts whose blood  
is magic, for the taste of it brings  
madness.

Feed not on the diseased, lest you  
spread their sickness to all the  
living.

Feed not on children, for they  
will bear the mark of it forever.

Feed not on the old or the weak,  
for they have no strength to spare.

Interestingly, three out of four deal more with the health and well-being of humans than of Cainites. Is that compassion?

Just concern for a healthy herd, no doubt. Spreading disease tins the herd. Feeding on the old gives one blood with no vigor. Feeding on the young weakens future generations.

*There is no compassion here.*



4.9000

## VI

Honor the domain of one another,  
For the sake of the One who has  
no domain.  
Give shelter to the wanderer  
among you,  
From the sun and other earthly  
dangers,  
For the sake of the One who  
wanders eternally.

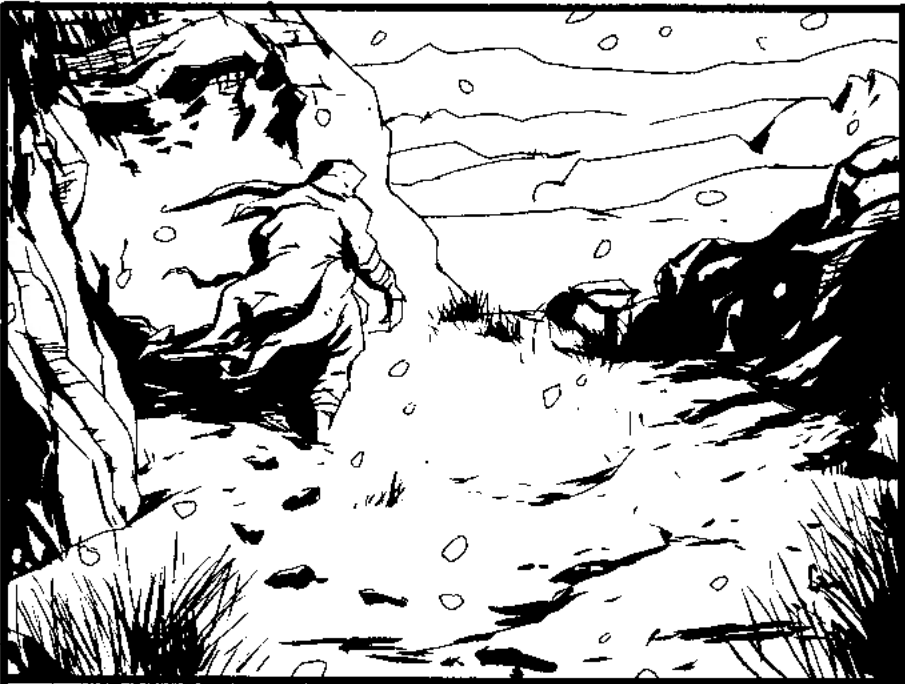
"Earthly dangers" is a very specific phrase... chosen, I am sure, to exclude the ravages of Cainite politics and other interpersonal hostilities.

In other words, if you're hiding out from the sun, any Cainite should shelter you. If you've gotten into a mess and enemies are after you, you're on your own. Eminently sensible, I'm sure.

OF COURSE, THIS WAS WRITTEN IN A DAY BEFORE SUCH RABBLE. I'M SURE CAINE DID NOT INTEND US TO BE FORCED TO LET THE CLANLESS INTO OUR HAVENS.

Are you? Why?

~~SHIT~~





## VII

Treasure those who guard  
you, who bear your blood  
as their strength.  
Protect them from danger,  
and cherish them as your  
own,  
For without them you are  
naked before the sun  
And helpless before your  
enemies.

Well this one has been  
pretty much forgotten, it  
would seem. When was  
the last time you saw  
ghouls being treated well,  
much less "cherished"?

Caine's text reinforces the ethic that  
those who rule have a responsibility  
to treat their subjects well.

What an interesting world it  
would be, if that were  
actually the practice.

THERE ARE MANY VENTRUE  
WHO TAKE THAT ETHIC QUITE  
SERIOUSLY.

Dream on, little king.  
reality is passing you by.



## VIII

The right and life and death is  
given to sire over childe  
And none shall stand between  
them.

So it was with God over Adam  
So it was with Adam over me  
And so shall it be with you over  
all your progeny, unto the final  
generation.





## IX

Embrace not in anger, lest  
your anger be given with  
your blood.

Embrace not in vengeance,  
lest you make your enemy  
eternal.

Embrace not the young, for  
they will surely bring folly  
to your line.

Embrace not for love,  
for the angel's curse will  
corrupt all love,

And make of your gift a  
foul act that will haunt you  
all the rest of your  
nights.

X

You shall not devour the soul of  
any Cainite.

To do so is surely an offense  
against my Law.

Let any Cainite who has committed  
this crime be cast out from  
among you.

Let him be hunted as an animal is  
hunted.

Let him be slaughtered as an  
animal is slaughtered.

For I have given you power and  
eternal life, but the soul within  
you is the

Lord's,

And He is a jealous God who  
safeguards His domain against all  
trespass.

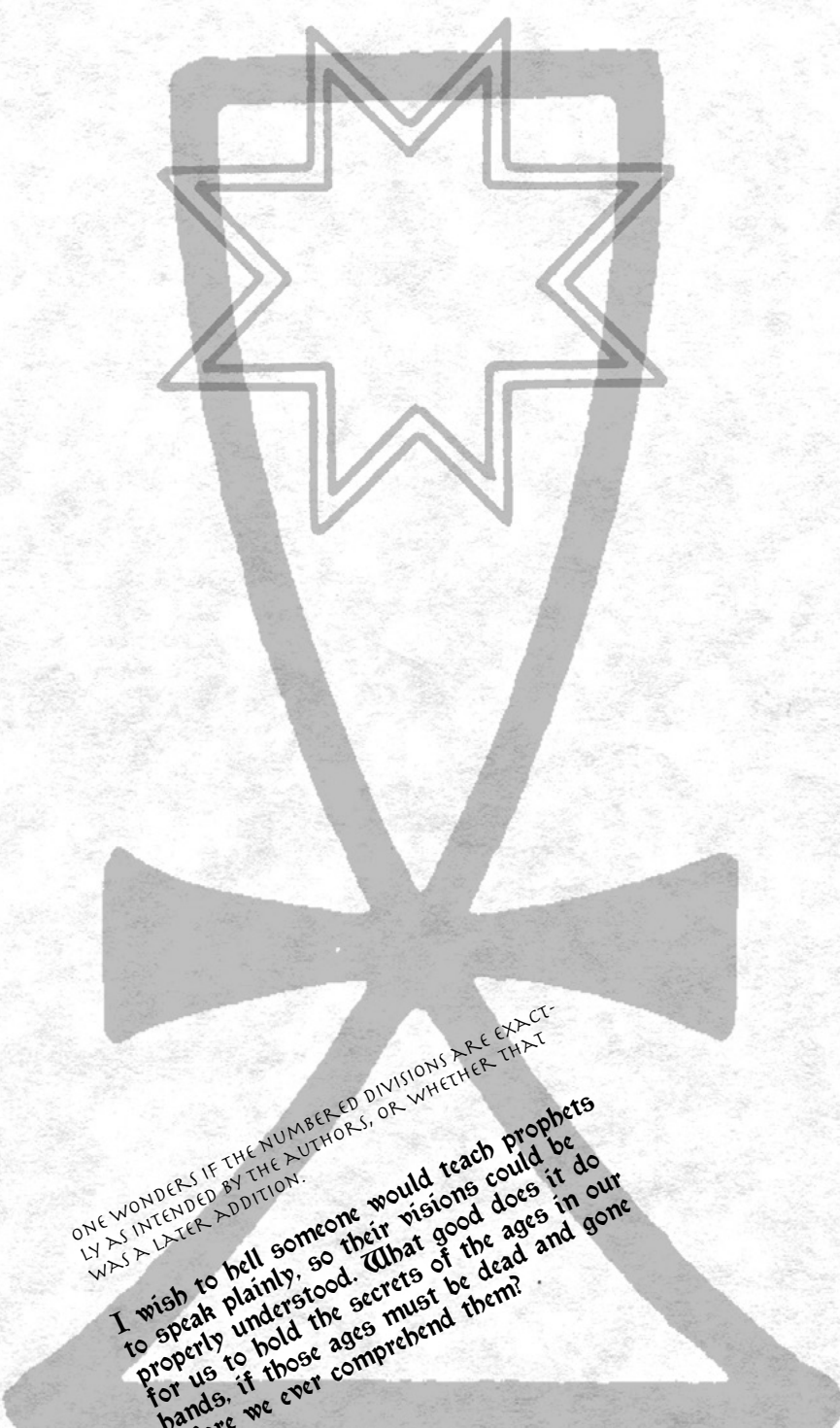
Yes, and anyone who believes that fear of God  
is the source of this command please tell me  
where you slumber so I may set my ghouls to  
watching your dwelling places for warnings of  
fire during the day. Our grandfather takes us all  
for fools.

Or innocents.

Like Saulot? Such is the price of blind obedience!



# VIII. PROPHECIES



ONE WONDERS IF THE NUMBERED DIVISIONS ARE EXACTLY AS INTENDED BY THE AUTHORS, OR WHETHER THAT WAS A LATER ADDITION.

I wish to tell someone would teach prophets to speak plainly, so their visions could be properly understood. What good does it do for us to hold the secrets of the ages in our hands, if those ages must be dead and gone before we ever comprehend them?





Hearken to the prophet's words of  
blood-filled dreams and shortened  
nights,  
Of hunger risen to claim its own,  
of arrogance turned to ash.

And to the warrior of lost nights,  
whose sword cries out for ven-  
geance.

Hearken to the word of the  
scholar, for whom knowledge is  
a curse,

ONCE AGAIN, WE HAVE THE PROMISE THAT  
CAINE'S PROGENY WILL ULTIMATELY FALL TO  
HUNGER.

Yet what does the hunger refer to: blood, souls, or even  
perhaps the lust for power?

Yes.

Hearken to the words of the seer,  
whose vision rends the veil of  
time

IT IS RUMORED THAT AMONG THE ANCIENTS,  
THERE WERE THOSE WHO COULD ALTER THE  
WARP AND WEFT OF TIME.

Those are rumors only, I am sure.

IT IS UNCLEAR WHETHER THIS  
IS MERE POETIC IMAGERY OR A  
SPECIFIC REFERENCE TO THREE  
DISTINCT SEERS. IF THE LATTER,  
THIS IS THE ONLY HINT WE ARE  
GIVEN OF THEIR NATURES.

Perhaps each section numbered below  
has its origin with a different prophet.

If so, then we are either missing  
one prophet, or else text has  
been added. Either is a discom-  
forting thought.

And ancient horrors are but dreams  
of things to come.

AGAIN, THE IMAGE OF HISTORY  
REPEATED. IT IS A PREVALENT  
THEME IN THIS SECTION.

Cainites must learn from their past.

**Tell that to the young  
ones.**

**From them shall come warning.  
From them shall come wisdom.  
From them shall come slaughter.**

INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH, THIS SEEMS TO IM-  
PLY THAT THE PROPHECIES THEMSELVES WILL  
BE CAUSE FOR VIOLENCE.

Men have been known to do terrible things in the  
name of fear.

Do the prophecies of Gehenna warn of the  
last nights, or are they perhaps meant to  
cause them?

**And if so, who first gave those  
warnings to Cainites, and with what  
intent?**

# I

Within the get of Caine there is a  
hunger stirring.  
Once, twice, thrice the call to  
power and death  
Will rend the souls of the Thir-  
teen.  
This is the death without blood-  
shed,  
This is the grave that has no  
ghosts.

Behold, one dies in silence, cries  
unheard.  
Children will bear his name but  
not his blood.  
Blissful in ignorance, savoring  
blindness,  
His get live out the minutes one  
by one,

A REFERENCE TO DIABLERIE? THE DEVOUR-  
ING OF THE SOUL ALLOWS FOR NO SPIRITUAL  
FRAGMENTS TO PASS BEYOND DEATH.

The Thirteen would seem to refer to the Antediluvians. Although there were undoubtedly more of them originally, thirteen is the number of clan founders cited in earlier sections.

A curious turn of phrase. Is it meant to imply that they might have lived out time according to some other pattern, had this not occurred?

ANOTHER REFERENCE TO TIME.  
COULD THESE BE THE SEERS?





While those who savor secret  
knowledge tremble,  
Scouring the world for each last  
drop of truth.  
There is no salvation in killing.  
Nor do the damned ever forget.

It is rumored that Brujah was killed by his  
own child.

**That is a lie spread by the  
Ventruue.**

But if not, it would imply that a por-  
tion of this prophecy might refer to  
the past, not the future.

**Prophecies of things which time  
will reveal, perhaps?**

OR ELSE AN INDICATION OF HOW LONG  
AGO THESE WORDS WERE WRITTEN.  
WHAT IS PAST TO US MIGHT WELL HAVE  
BEEN THE FUTURE THEN.

The second shall be bound by  
magics  
Claimed by magics, raped by  
magics.

A REFERENCE TO THE USURPERS,  
PERHAPS? THEY ARE THE ONLY CLAN  
WITH MAGIC.

Degenerate, thieving worms!

The reference might be to human sor-  
cerers

**Not if these prophecies deal with  
diablerie. That demands a Cainite  
offender.**



His children shall be made into demons,

LITERALLY, OR MERELY BY REPUTATION?

Both possibilities are intriguing grounds for speculation.

Hunted for evils that are not their own.

Beware the anger of the banished.

Beware the fury of the abandoned.

Ten times ten times ten they wait,

Secret in shadows, savoring hatred.

IF THE ABOVE IS A REFERENCE TO 1,000 YEARS, THEN DURING THAT TIME THEY WILL RARELY BE SEEN, IF EVER.

Or perhaps they gain the Casombra as allies; that blood has power over shadows.

Could ten times ten times ten reference their numbers? That would make a mighty host indeed.

Preposterous!

Until the night Sheol's army  
will find them

An army from Hell, literally? Or only in spirit?

Bringing them into the crimson  
light,

PERHAPS A REFERENCE TO THE RED STAR  
WHICH FIGURES IN OTHER PROPHECIES?

Then shall those who strayed  
from their House  
Be strangled in the darkness  
While others huddle within its  
walls,  
Singing songs of magic and  
impotence.

INTERESTING. IT IS SAID THE TREMERE STILL  
MAINTAIN LINKS TO THEIR MORTAL HOUSE.

That would seem to be a perilous tactic  
for both mortals and Cainites, and a  
weakness that might yet be exploited.

Where is your pride now, you  
ancient thieves?

What good are lies against cold  
steel?

These are the soldiers who know  
no silence,

These are the ones who dance with  
the Beast.

POSSIBLY ONE OF THE CLANS WHOSE SKILLS  
INCLUDE WAKENING THE BEAST WITHIN

Or those who have made their peace with the Beast.  
It is said a few lineages have managed that.

Or simply those who revel in their  
Cainite nature?







And in that time when  
princes fall  
And high priests rise up  
among the damned

THE SETITES HAVE A PRIESTHOOD,  
YES? PERHAPS THIS REFERS TO  
THEIR COMING ASCENDANCY  
AMONG OUR KIND.

Or at least their coming out  
into the open. The "soldiers  
who know no silence?"

Then shall ancient crimes be  
answered,  
Then shall the theft of souls  
be avenged.  
The third shall be betrayed  
by his own,  
Treasured childe, knowledge-  
seeker,  
Drunk on dreams of death  
and shadows.

SEVERAL CLANS MIGHT FIT  
THIS DESCRIPTION. THE  
CAPPADOCIANS AND THE  
ASSAMITES COME TO MIND.

That would be a fitting  
end for the Assassins,  
devoured themselves as  
they devour others.

One can only hope

Where is your victory, drinker of  
souls?

Your name will be cursed to the  
end of time

And in the land where ghosts  
gather

The dead shall devour hatred for  
strength

And put on flesh to walk the earth  
again.

IT IS SAID THAT SOME LOST  
SOULS ACTUALLY FEED ON  
HATRED, FEAR AND THE  
LIKE.

**If so, our kind  
brews them enough  
to sustain an army.**





A TERRITORIAL DISPUTE  
AMONG THE DEAD, OR REF-  
ERENCE TO THE ORIGINAL  
CRIME?

It would seem the latter. Woe  
betide those who raise the ire  
of the unquiet dead, for their  
hatred is undying.

What is sown shall be  
reaped. The whirlwind  
shall devour them.

Then shall your infamy have its  
answer.

Then shall your victims scour the  
world,

Hungering for the taste of ven-  
geance.

Then shall the souls whom you  
have abused

Gather about them bloody dark-  
ness

And strangle all invaders.

Fear the dead, for their  
vengeance shall be manifest.  
Fear the spirit without a body,  
for he shall find a voice.  
Fear the armies too long  
forgotten, for they do not  
forget.





## II

Five hundred years will seven be  
joined  
Ruling in defiance of angels  
Seeking unity among the damned.  
Beware the Cainite who so forgets  
his Curse

THAT IS, THE CURSE CONDEMNING  
CAINE'S BLOOD TO PERPETUAL DISCORD

Seeking to defy that curse is to defy the will of  
God.

As to dream of mortal harmony.

That is, the harmony Cainites enjoyed in their mortal days?

**I think not. Here we see evidence of lost  
Carthage!**

YES, EVIDENCE THAT IT WAS DOOMED FROM THE  
START

For all his cities shall become ash  
And all his dreams shall be  
scattered to the winds.  
Behold, a new enemy attends him  
now  
The childer of his arrogance:  
Twice dead, thrice born, hungry for  
death,

A CURIOUS TURN OF PHRASE. ARE THESE OF CAINE'S BLOOD, OR SOME DIFFERENT MANNER OF CREATURE ENTIRELY?

The repeated references to diablerie imply the former.

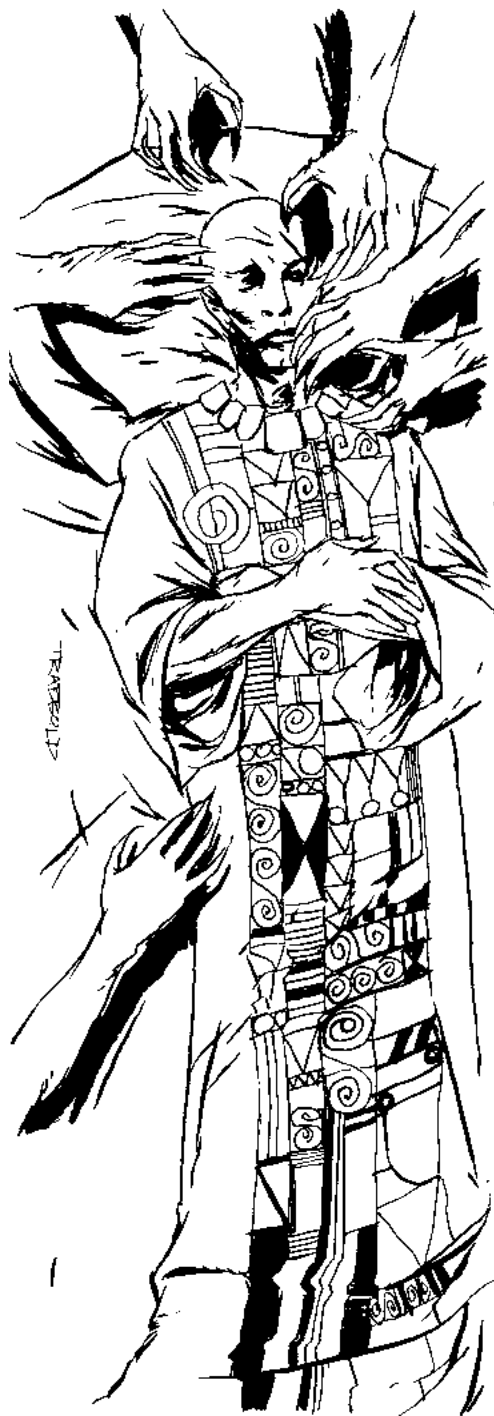
It might be said that Cainites are killed once, born twice...once to the mortal world and once to ours...but that leaves one cycle unaccounted for.

PERHAPS THIS REFERS TO SOME RITUAL REENACTMENT OF DEATH AND REBIRTH.

Or to some transformation beyond the Embrace, into a form neither mortal nor Cainite.

What more dangerous enemy could there be, than one who comes from our own roots?





Nurtured on devoured souls,

Savoring war as sustenance.

IN SHORT, AN ARMY OF DIABLER-  
ISTS, IT WOULD SEEM

So let the ancients fear the  
young,

And gird themselves about  
with laws

In weakling efforts to defend  
their souls.

You cannot save yourselves, you  
foolish kings,

You cannot stop the coming  
storm, or even halve its rage.  
Mere words cannot repress the  
hatred  
Which courses through a thousand  
youngling hearts  
Nor quiet the temptation of your  
blood

Thick with its age and strength,  
and cold with power.  
The ancient war, all but forgotten,  
stirs afresh,  
Your blood is the new battlefield  
And even those whom you have  
cursed to save yourselves  
Shall break free of their bonds at  
last



And feast upon your souls in  
ecstasy.

Behold, allies abandon their  
station

And twisted bloodlines clamor  
from without,

Threatening precarious unity.

Then shall that black crown which  
is so reviled

THE MARK OF DIABLERIE AS  
REVEALED TO VAMPIRIC SENSES

Thank you for stating the  
obvious

Perhaps that is what we are  
intended to think?





Sit on the most beloved brow  
 And the harmony of seven be rent  
   at last  
 Not from without its proud walls,  
   but from within.  
 Thus do the angels triumph over  
   all.

DIABLERIE IS THE TOOL OF THE  
 ANGEL'S CURSE, FOR IT TEMPTS  
 US AWAY FROM WHAT UNITY WE  
 MIGHT OTHERWISE ACHIEVE.

Ironically that is Caine's own fault,  
 for was it not his own curse that  
 made each generation weaker than  
 the one before?

**Even Caine serves God's  
 ultimate purpose.**

Isaiah 45:7 — I form the light and create  
 darkness, I make peace and create evil; I  
 am the Lord that doeth all these things.

### III

In the lands of the rising sun  
an enemy stirs

THAT IS, IN THE LANDS TO THE EAST

Is that meant to indicate cardinal direction, or merely to state that the enemy's source is in some distant and unknown place? The Pentateuch uses similar phrases in several cases to indicate the latter.

Born of death, soul-divided,  
Ancient beyond the count of  
days.

THESE ARE OF COURSE ALL PHRASES  
THAT MIGHT BE APPLIED TO CAINITES.

A similarity acknowledged in the following passage

Cousin to Caine but not his  
kin  
Spirit to Caine but not his  
ally.  
Across the plains his childer  
will come

THE EASTERN STEPPES, PERHAPS?

Again, you state the obvious

Sun-hardened, flesh-hungry.

A most ominous description. Against an enemy with his own power and an additional tolerance for sunlight, a Cainite would have little defense.

There are said to be some very  
strange creatures in the east.  
No one has survived to bring  
back clear description





Hatred burning bright for night's  
invaders.

A TERRITORIAL DISPUTE?

If so, the Cainites are the first offenders.

There are already those who have  
travelled as far east as the great sea.

*Yes, and how few have re-  
turned? Be wary of that  
journey. Its price is high.*

Across the sea of the west his  
childer will come  
Into the lands of Caine, invaders  
themselves.

PRESUMABLY A SEPARATE INCIDENT.



Fighting in parts, flesh re-  
vealed, demon-spawned,  
Elders without generation,  
childer without weakness.

IN OTHER WORDS, FREE OF THE  
CURSE CAINE LAID UPON HIS  
CHILDER.

That was in the third generation. Perhaps  
these creatures are descendants of the sec-  
ond, lost survivors of the Great Flood.

That would explain both the simi-  
larity between our peoples and the  
veiled references to kinship.

PERHAPS THIS IS WHAT WE OUR-  
SELVES MIGHT HAVE BECOME, IF NOT  
FOR CAINE'S RAGE?

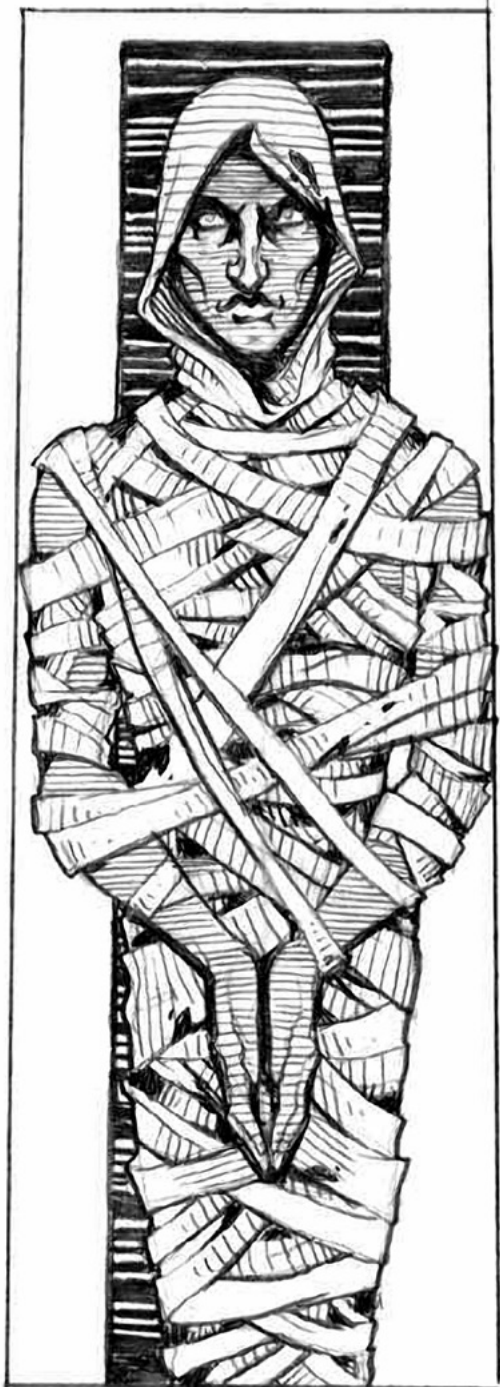
That does not explain the  
reference to sunlight, which is  
far more ancient.

How shall you fight them,  
you children of Caine?  
Behold, in the east their pow-  
er draws nigh  
And such is the force of the  
congregation  
That all the night is consumed  
in day.  
A false sun sets the earth afire.  
Dust fills the sky, and a hot  
wind blows,  
Searing all flesh to ash.

ALL CAINITE FLESH, OR THAT OF ALL LIV-  
ING CREATURES?

Either way, this prophesies a horrifying  
apocalypse. I pray it is apocryphal, rather than  
eschatological





Where is the Wanderer  
now, third-born of  
Caine?

THIRD CHILDE OF CAINE, OR  
ONE OF THE THIRD GENERA-  
TION?

He is called Wanderer.  
That is best applied to  
the Gangrel, yes?

Or the Ravnos.

Turned to dust, and lost to  
imagining.

Where are his childer, in  
whom death echoes?

Turned to madness, and lost to  
all.

Such is the cost of triumph.

THIS IMPLIES A DELIBER-  
ATE ACT OF MURDER.

And a successful  
one

Who would wreak such  
utter destruction, and  
for what purpose?

#### IV

I strayed into the Well of  
Night, where visions gather,  
And there I saw a star set in  
the heavens  
Scarlet as blood, clear as  
souls

THE RED STAR, SPOKEN OF IN  
OTHER GEHENNA PROPHECIES AS  
A SIGN OF THE END DAYS.

Bright as the forbidden sun.

IN OTHER WORDS, VISIBLE  
DURING THE DAY, PERHAPS?

As was the Star of Bethlehem.  
There is precedent.

By its side a crimson  
moon rose,  
The sabered crescent,  
razor-sharp  
Goddess of the Hunt  
arrayed in blood.

THIS IS THE FIRST REFERENCE TO  
A PAGAN DEITY IN THE TEXT, AND  
AGAIN IT POINTS TO THIS SECTION  
HAVING AN ORIGIN INDEPENDENT  
OF THE OTHERS.

Or perhaps it is merely meant to  
accommodate the prophetic  
metaphor that follows.

**Or perhaps it not a pagan  
reference at all, but a veiled  
reference to Lilith.**

THERE ARE PROPHECIES THAT SAY  
SHE WILL RISE UP AND DO BATTLE  
WITH CAINE IN THE FINAL DAYS.

God placed a sign upon the head of Caine  
that would prevent any man from harming  
him...



Arrows lay before her, sharp and ready,  
Poisoned with curses, tempered in holy wrath,  
And as I watched, she let them fly.  
One was called Hunger, and where it struck  
It was as if the drowning waters rose again.

The waters of the flood, which  
destroyed all human life.

Caine's childer turned on upon their own  
Childe feeding upon sire  
Ally upon ally, friend upon friend.



Another was called Madness, and

as it struck the earth

I saw each gripped in fever

And those things in their blood

which were darkest

Gained in power a thousandfold

Until all human nature was

drowned

Each by his own curse, each

washed clean in his own blood.

IT IS UNCLEAR WHETHER THIS REFERS  
TO THE INDIVIDUAL DARKNESS IN EACH  
CAINITE RISING UP, OR A CURSE SHARED  
BY HOUSES OF CAINITES...PERHAPS CLANS?

Perhaps in the end days the curses which Caine  
laid upon his children will become more marked,  
so that each clan is overcome by its own inherent  
flaws.



V.R. 056

I saw her draw an arrow then,  
Weakness by name,  
And where it struck the earth the  
blood of Caine was thinned  
Until it ran like water in a stream.

THAT IS, FLOWING LIKE MORTAL BLOOD,  
AS OPPOSED TO THE MORE POTENT BASIS  
OF CAINITE EXISTENCE.

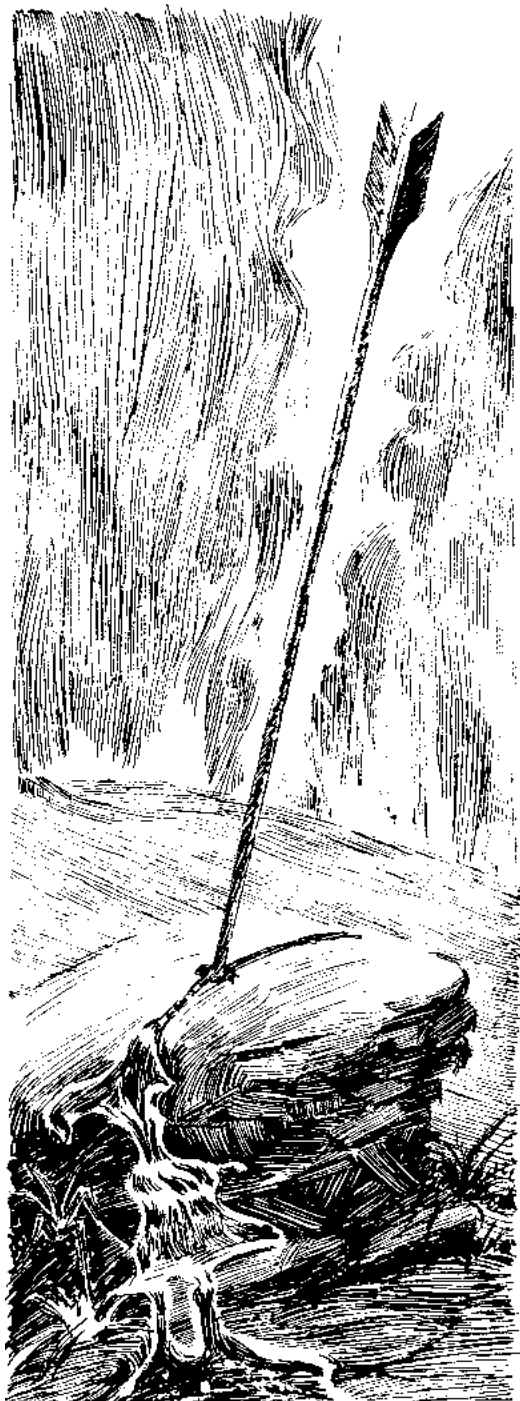
Or perhaps just a great deal of  
it. We are reading a warning of  
slaughter!

Or of weakness. Do not other  
prophecies speak of a time of  
thin blood?

And all the curses laid  
upon it  
Were as whispers, barely  
heard.

THIS CLEARLY REFERS TO  
INDIVIDUALS OF WEAK BLOOD,  
AND NOT TO THE CLANS AS A  
WHOLE.

Perhaps. I stand uncon-  
vinced.







Then did the dead lay with the  
living  
Bringing forth young in defiance of  
Nature  
Doubly damned, neither living nor  
dead,  
Cursed with the hunger of the  
ancients

For blood, or for  
diablerie?

And all the fears of dying flesh.  
Oh Caine, where is your glory  
now?

Your children scabble in the dust  
And tears of water stain their  
cheeks.

Where is your pride, where is  
your strength,  
Where is the wrath that should  
endure?

Behold, the clanless are made  
kings

The weak turn upon their sires  
And all the dreams you cherished  
most

Are drowned in blood before her  
gaze.

Bastards scurry to find their sires.  
Laying claim to names abandoned,

THOSE WHO HAVE DISOWNED THEIR  
CLANS OR WHO HAVE BEEN CAST OUT  
WILL RETURN.

It is said some clanless know their true blood,  
but have chosen to deny it.

A strategy that will cost them  
dearly in the end.

Seeking shelter among the  
damned.

Behold, their fate is bitterness,  
their portion ashes  
And when the deluge comes they  
shall be cast out  
Or used as shields against her fury

AGAIN THE IMAGE OF A FEMALE  
ANTAGONIST. WHO IS THIS HUNTRESS?

ANOTHER REFERENCE TO THE HUNT-  
RESS IMAGE OF THIS SECTION?

Or perhaps to Lilith. There are  
those who believe that in the last  
days her followers will rise up and  
claim their birthright.

Perhaps the two are one and  
the same.



Or else as food, their corpses strewn  
Upon the ramparts of the final war  
A Babel of flesh to rot in the sunlight.



I saw her draw an arrow last, its  
shaft as white as snow  
And on its glistening flank was one  
word: Hope.

Interesting. This parallels the story of the Temptation, in which the last angel offered Cain hope of redemption.

Yes, and how few have achieved it?

Some have. All may.

Our fate is our own to make.  
These fairy tales benefit no one,  
and they confuse many.

Then...why are you here?

But where it fell the darkness  
swallowed it over  
And none could see it from the  
earth, nor mark its path.  
Behold, childer of the first  
damned soul,

REFERENCE TO CAINE, OR ADAM?

If Cain, this marks the Fall as a lesser crime.

Behold the pride of Cainites!

Your savior is lost among the  
thousands,  
And all your searching cannot find  
the secret mark  
Upon her flesh, or know her name.  
Behold, the Lady's crescent guards  
the heavens

ANOTHER REFERENCE TO THE GODDESS  
OF THE MOON, CITED ABOVE

Or again to Lilith.

If so, this passage would seem to imply that  
the salvation of Cainites would be in her  
hands.

You cannot possibly countenance such blasphemy!

If it is true, it cannot be blasphemy.



And down below, inscribed in  
flesh,

Marks the only path that leads  
from doom.

Was this a gift of God, this Hope,  
Or mockery of demons?

All the angels watch you now  
And in your search, their judgment too is rendered.

Does this imply that perhaps the angels will keep this  
savior from being found?

Or that the search is being watched for other  
things.

PERHAPS OUR KIND WILL BE JUDGED ON THE  
MANNER OF THE SEARCHING. AFTER ALL, ONE  
MIGHT SEARCH FOR A GIVEN MORTAL SECRET-  
LY, OR ABUSE MANY IN THE ACT. PERHAPS THIS  
IS JUST A FINAL TEST, AND CAINE'S BLOOD IS TO  
RECEIVE ITS ULTIMATE JUDGMENT ACCORD-  
ING TO HOW IT HANDLES ITSELF IN THOSE LAST  
NIGHTS.

**That implies that salvation is still  
possible, does it not?**

Yes, it rather does. But at what cost?



**WE ARE DAMNED!**



# IX. Proverbs



Let your family be as a tree:  
prune the weakest branches that  
the whole may be strong.

**Doing away with the crooked ones  
won't hurt either.**

A curious philosophy. Knotted wood  
often has surprising strength and beauty.

If you wish a secret known, tell it  
to a Toreador

These three things a Prince should  
never do, if he means to prosper:  
Anger the Brujah  
Embarrass the Ventrue  
Ignore the Nosferatu

**A brilliant philosophy!**

FOR ONCE WE ARE IN AGREEMENT

**for once**

In the darkness there is no rainbow.

Perhaps the most chilling of the proverbs,  
this reminds us that the promise which God  
made not to destroy the earth again was never  
made to Cainites, nor has Caine himself  
made any similar promise.

**Does the rainbow truly not  
exist in the darkness, or are  
we incapable of seeing it?**

The best way to defeat an enemy  
is to outlive him.

SO DO MANY VENTRUE REGARD IT.

When the elders leave, it is time to  
fear.

And when the young ones leave, it  
is time to take advantage of their  
inexperience.

If you must see love embraced,  
let it be done by your sire.

SCITHIAS ADDS TO THIS THAT IF YOU  
WISH A MORTAL TO JOIN YOU IN  
CAINE'S DARKNESS, THEN ASK YOUR  
SIRE TO EMBRACE HER, FOR OTHER-  
WISE YOU DAMN HER, NOT ONLY TO  
GOD'S CURSE, BUT TO CAINE'S AS WELL.

Embracing out of love? Foolishness. All that  
we do is repeat the failures of our ancestors,  
on an ever-diminishing scale.

Nothing is more dangerous than a  
bored elder.

**Save those whom the elders  
regard as ancient.**

Every Cainite is a pawn on some-  
one's chessboard.

Even Caine himself?

**What game do you suggest  
God plays, then?**

Do not gamble with the Beast,  
for in the end it always wins.

Give a Ventrue a crown and he  
will be content.

Though he who mistakes a  
crown for true power may  
sometimes find himself sadly  
disappointed.

That, I suspect, is the point.

When you think you understand  
an elder's motivation,  
That is the time to start worrying.

And of course, the reverse holds  
true as well.

To find the greatest darkness,  
seek within.

Never underestimate women.  
Once Embraced, they make the  
fiercest predators.

And not before? If Caine wrote  
this, he is a fool.

And he learned nothing from Lilith.

The safest way to assuage the  
rage of an elder is to amuse him.

When the Ravnos leave, check  
your purse.

When the Ventrue leave, check  
your lands and servants.

When the Brujah leave, check  
your defenses.

**Very true!**

VERY PREDICTABLE

Only a Nosferatu truly under-  
stands what beauty is.

Fear your enemy most when he is  
silent.

OR, AS IT IS ALSO SAID, THE TIME  
WHEN YOU DECIDE TO DO A  
DANGEROUS THING, THAT IS WHEN  
YOU MUST STOP DISCUSSING IT WITH  
OTHERS.

The more generous a Setite  
appears, the more wary you should  
be of accepting his gifts.

The same holds for any of our  
kind, I think. Who here trusts  
the Tremere who willingly parts  
with his magics, the Ventrue who  
happily grants lands and titles, or  
the dinner invitation from the  
voivode?

We are as our sires made us, and their  
sires before them.

**God pity us all.**

• • •  
*Esteemed Uncle • :*

*I write this as a separate letter, as it is for your eyes alone.*

*In doing so I take a risk of seeming overly presumptuous, for it is surely not the place of a mere ghoul to comment upon the plans of his betters, or to pretend to any true knowledge of Cainite politics. Yet write it I must, for my soul cannot find peace until I do.*

*My Uncle, I have come to understand that our family line has great ambition. I have even heard whispers of a day when the clan may be ours to rule, and its former masters will fall by the wayside. I could not help but think about that as I read these prophecies. I cannot help now but remember the warning that the third clan to fall would be "betrayed by its own."*

*It seems to me that by reading this book we have become part of its prophecy. For if there is another within Cappadocian ranks who would destroy the clan, then it is our duty to seek him out. And if not...then this is clear proof of our own rise to power, and of the dangers inherent in such an act.*

*My Uncle, the warning of the text is clear. The spirits of the dead will rise up against the one who commits such an act, and will ultimately destroy him. Therefore any such attempt must be accompanied by exhaustive knowledge of the lands of the dead, as well as magic that can bind angry spirits. The welfare of our family will surely depend upon how well we have mastered such arts.*

*I will say no more on this matter, but leave it to the elders of our family to seek further enlightenment from the text itself. For surely, used correctly, it can be a most powerful tool.*

*Your Most Devoted Nephew*

*Niccolò* 

From the Abbot Malachai, of the Brotherhood of Shadows  
To Augustus Giovanni, of the Cappadocian Order

It is with deep regret that I send to you the personal effects of your nephew, Niccolo Giovanni, and with them a collection of ashes. The latter were found in his chamber beside his bed, and are presumed to be his.

During his short stay with us, Niccolo demonstrated great promise. He was a true scholar, one who did not hesitate to seek after knowledge even when the search grew perilous. He was also young, and like so many of the young, did not comprehend the full scope of that which he courted.

It is said sometimes, the moth that flies too close to the fire finds illumination, but is quickly consumed.

Our condolences to you in your loss. We will remember your nephew in our prayers.



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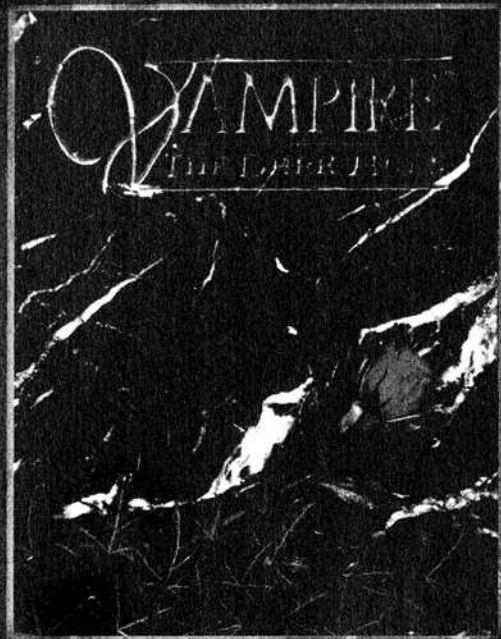


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