

NEW WAVE REQUIEM

The World of Darkness

Vampire
THE REQUIEM



NIGHTLIFE OF THE LIVING DEAD

It's cold out, that damnable cold that treats the thickest wool like tissue paper. My legs, exposed to the chill night air, aren't numb exactly, but they're getting clumsy, unwieldy. I wonder if they're freezing solid. The neon glow from the window of Lucy's seems like it should provide some warmth, but that's the thing about advertisement: it reels you in with that glow, only to leave you stranded in the chill with watered-down beer. I *will* the stolen blood inside me to move, to circulate, and am rewarded with a little comfort in my legs and a growing hunger in my stomach.

I sigh (one of my favorite affectations), which makes me feel slightly better, and am considering going back inside when Harold finally pulls up in his ancient truck. One of the headlights is out, and I take a second to appreciate that as a metaphor for the man's entire worldview. Even though he's half an hour late, he honks his obnoxious fucking horn, and it takes everything I've learned from the Dragons not to lose it and kick out the other light with one of my snow boots.

The door opens as I reach for it, and Springsteen's new single is on the radio. Harold's already picked up Darryl (probably why he's late), and the latter's sitting bitch. He smiles at me, that irritatingly ingratiating smile full of promises — you know, that guy who always smiles like he gets you, like he *knows what it's like, man*. I get in beside him, hauling my backpack into my lap before pulling the door closed.

"Nice place," he says with a smirk as his bright white eyes appraise Lucy's. Harold spins the wheels on the parking lot slush when he slams it into reverse, just before the truck lurches backwards. The truck's a standard transmission, with one of those shifters that rises from the floor. Darryl has to sit with his legs spread, one foot on either side of the axel well, and Harold's calloused hand rests lightly on the shaft that protrudes from between them. I smirk, glad for the small blessing of being the last in.

"Thanks," I answer dryly. He glances at me, and he knows what I'm thanking him for. He *gets it*.



We meet up with Robyn under the El station at Madison and Wabash, just south of that stretch of Wabash called Jeweler's Row. It's late on a Sunday, so all that shit's closed, but the bright white neon remains, illuminating the street, promising diamonds, rings, necklaces, the usual. One of the trains rumbles overhead, sending a cascade of icy water down from the rusty buttresses.

Robyn descends from the station like a goddess, frightened pigeons scurrying before her, an avian honor-guard. Must be something she's exuding, because I feel it, a tight knot in my useless stomach. She's wearing this white jacket with shoulder pads to make the Bears proud, over a top as black as night. The whole thing serves to highlight every angle of her features. She's a born predator, an art deco snow leopard. Darryl takes a step back from her, so I know he feels it, too. Only Harold seems unperturbed. Power of faith and all that shit, I guess.

"Knock it off," Darryl grunts. Robyn smiles demurely, that false "Who? Me?" innocence, and that riles me up again... the monster inside me, I mean. I take a moment, close my eyes and chastise the unreasoning Beast until it calms. I realize I'm on edge tonight. There's a tension hanging in the air like snow, barely registering to my senses. My companions are blind to this, of course. They're blind to a great deal.

"Showing off ain't getting it done," Harold mutters in his hick drawl. He follows it up with something he must have heard in church: "One can exult in the monster without exalting it." I wonder who told him that. Those words seem ill-fitted to his rustic tongue. Robyn catches it, too.

"Oh, Harold," she purrs. "If you'd stop listening to the blather of old dead men and give an ear to your soul for once, you might find what you're really looking for." Harold shrugs.

"He's a jealous God, and there ain't no gods before him," he answers, pushing his aviator frame glasses up his narrow nose before brushing snow slush from his moustache.

"We're Damned, right?" she answers with a question. "Damned from birth? Why not enjoy it?"

"It's too cold and too early for argument," Darryl cuts in, always the mediator. He glances at his watch. "Do you think it would kill him to be on time for once?" he says, expertly transforming Harold and Robyn's rivalry towards one another into annoyance with the errant member of our little coterie. I watch one of the pigeons take flight for an iron perch slung under the tracks.

"If Kenneth had an appointment with the dawn, he would still manage to be ten minutes late," Robyn intones, imbuing her words with the heavy weight of ritual or prophecy, like Kenneth's incessant tardiness should be the focus of a koan or something. I glance at her, meeting her eyes just as they finish giving my wardrobe a quick once over. She smirks slightly in disapproval of my heavy coat and Wednesday Addams dress. "We all have our place in this, right Molly?"

"One man in his time plays many parts," I answer in Shakespeare without much enthusiasm, then nod towards Kenneth's approaching limo. "We have our exits. And our entrances." The car stops beside the three of us, allowing us a moment to commune with our blurred reflections in the polished paint before the doors unlock with a resounding click.



Kenneth's a bit of an asshole, and he reminds me of that fact as we make the three-block drive to the front entrance of the Art Institute, the Matriarch's favored Elysium, in his stretch Lincoln. The car is immaculate, the wood accents polished to a shine, the leather seats cushioned precisely enough. He's somehow even managed to make it *smell* like a brand new vehicle. Or maybe it *is* brand new. Maybe he goes out and buys one of these every month. I don't *think* he's that rich, but with those Invictus you never know. Of course, the whole illusion of wealth and power is broken every time he opens his mouth.

"We wouldn't have to trot out this dog and pony show every month if you kids would grow up and get real jobs. It's all about money, guys, and money's about thinking outside the box." I'm not sure what this means. Kenneth has a tendency to speak in buzzwords and high-priced corporate jargon. He looks at Harold. "It's about showing up in a real car, not a rusted-out P.O.S."

"This your *real* car?" Harold almost growls the question. "Good luck hauling a damn *canoe* in this." I rub the bridge of my nose, surprised for a moment when my fingers bump into my glasses. I don't need them, not since the change; I only wear them for gatherings. Arthur, my sire, says they make me look smart. Even among the dead, appearances matter.

"It's not meaningless ritual," Darryl interjects before the talk can devolve into a fight about whose car is bigger than whose. "It's about solidarity. It's about appearances."

"Solidarity? What the fuck is solidarity, anyway?" Kenneth asks. "We're dead, D. I'm not running the fucking vampire Salvation Army out of my fucking limo. Or is this more Commie shit?" He smirks, flashing a little fang. "Hey, tell me. Your blood as red as your politics?"

Darryl rolls his eyes. "Consider it enlightened self-interest, Ken," he replies. "That's a concept you can respect, right?"

"How precisely is it in my best interests to give you four a ride to the big party?"

"We arrive together and we're sending a message. We're saying that we're a coterie. That you fuck with one of us, you fuck with all of us." Darryl spreads his hands to indicate all four of our little group and gets this earnest tone in his voice.

"No, I get that, man. And I get how you hanging out in my shadow makes you look all cool. I get that. What I'm trying to figure out, and maybe you can help me here, is what's in it for me."

"Not everyone respects the all-mighty dollar, Kenneth darling," Robyn answers, "or even that you're the prim's kid." Kenneth's expression sours, which brings the slightest smile to my own lips. His sire is a bit of a sensitive spot for him. "But even they'll think twice about harming you to get back at your sire when they remember that you've got Harold backing you up, or that you know a blood witch like me. Or like Molly, of course."

I shoot her a strained smile. Blood witch indeed. Robyn thinks that the Dragons stole some defiled version of the magic that her own religion practices. She doesn't get that there's nothing magical about what we do. But vampires take even more time to adopt the new than does the mortal herd. When you live for centuries, it can take a little time to adapt.

I've tuned out Kenneth's response. Just as well... we're at Elysium.



I'm fond of the Art Institute. Especially tonight, with the light snow dancing about the still, silent lions that stand sentinel at the entrance. One of Shark Bostow's boys is at the door, checking us for Beasts and reminding us of the rules of Elysium: no weapons, no blood tricks. We pass the inspection easily; none of us have learned to mask our inner predators yet. The rules, though — I shake my head as Kenneth hands over a set of knives, Robyn surrenders a curved ritual blade and Darryl produces a .38 special from his waistband. The hound tags each and hands them over to a breather to be taken to the coat check.

"Better safe than sorry's all I'm saying, toots," Kenneth whispers in my ear as we move deeper into the museum, past the marble stairs that lead up into the second-floor galleries. I shy away from Ken. He either fed on his way or is wasting blood, because his breath is warm on my ear. Fucking creep.

Lillian, Mistress of Elysium, greets us in Gunsaulus Hall, which connects the two halves of the museum and spans the rail tracks that run between Michigan and Columbus. The hall also houses the museum's collection of European arms and armor. She's like those weapons, really: beautiful, deadly and incredibly old. She smiles, her fangs slightly extended, and I briefly consider fleeing for my life. Instead, I offer my own stiff smile as Robyn bows to her.

“Good evening, priestess,” Robyn says in quiet reverence. Kenneth rolls his eyes. I’m tempted to do so as well, if only due to the massive snake Lillian wears draped over her shoulders like a feather boa. I can’t shake the feeling that it’s looking at me. Its tongue flickers out, and I take a step back.

“Greetings, Kindred,” Lillian replies, sparing me a slight smile. “The festivities are being held in the garden tonight. It seemed too fair a night to do anything other. There you will find comfort in both Vitae and society.”

“That sounds absolutely lovely,” Robyn answers. “Thank you for your hospitality.” Right, lovely. I’ve heard enough about the Circle’s philosophy of pain to know that she’s set us out in the open garden specifically because of the chill. At least the high walls should shield us from the worst of the wind coming off of Lake Michigan. We had seen that darkened abyss on the drive up, its surface frozen with ice, slowly undulating and pulsing as if alive.

I shake the image from my mind as we enter the next hall, the one that circumscribes the garden and offers a view of the Kindred below. Only the light from the upper halls and a few widely spaced lamps illuminate the bizarre menagerie of the ages. The young Kindred, our so-called contemporaries, have brought out their best Nehru jackets, polyester suits, new wave ruffles and leathers. The elders, unmovable stones and logs jutting from the swirling stream of neophytes, display fashions from every decade of this century and the last. Stranger forms move among the crowd, Kindred dressed in costumed garb ranging from the almost non-existent to the utterly absurd. One Kindred, wearing a gold Speedo and a pair of wings, speaks to a woman whose red spandex bodysuit and white plastic accents grant her the appearance of a gaudy piece of futurist furniture. They don’t hide it, how far they’re willing to go to keep up, to get noticed, all for a brief moment of attention from monsters who were old before our parents were born. As we gaze down on them, I feel the anger and fear within me fight one another, encouraging me to either flee or kick in the window and fall on the other vampires in Beast-fueled wrath. I take a step back from the glass, drawing the eyes of my coterie.

“You okay?” Harold asks, and I spare only an instant to fantasize about tearing those pitiful eyes from their sockets before nodding.

“Yeah. Just. You know. Unnerved.” I shrug. Kenneth laughs lightly and turns on his heel, leading the way towards tonight’s convocation of the Damned.



NEW WAVE REQUIEM

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CONTENTS

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD	03
INTRODUCTION	10
DECADE OF EXCESS	12
THE NIGHTS OF MODERN KINDRED	20
LEAN AND HUNGRY TYPES	24
TELLING STORIES OF SIN	38
A GOOD MAN BAD	44
APPENDIX	66

INTRODUcTION

This is a historical book for **Vampire**, set in the 1980s. At first blush, the idea seems ludicrous. “The 80s in a *historical* book? It wasn’t that long ago! And wasn’t the 80s full of neon spandex, goofy characters and feel-good movies?” But as you dig in, you find a strange and turbulent time. Old trends seem strange and bizarre in the light of the 21st century. It was a time of peppy optimism, but it was also a time of insider trading, hate groups and a race to Armageddon. It was a time when unknown diseases were killing us while computers took our jobs and the Japanese were ready to buy all of our land. It’s a place very much like our world, but a little different. Just like the World of Darkness.

New Wave Requiem portrays a very specific view of the 1980s. More specifically, it’s an unabashedly American view of the 80s, spun through a dark lens. It’s not just about Raybans and big hair and Members Only jackets. It’s about a generation that’s been told that greed is good. It’s about over-the-top fashion worn by bands that want to be rebellious but still make it on MTV. It’s about Russia still trying to be The Enemy in the middle of perestroika and Chernobyl. It’s about the fear of AIDS invading our bodies and the technology invading our homes. The zeitgeist is very playful and energetic, but this is still the World of Darkness. The idea isn’t to play in a radically different setting, but to show how even three decades can impact vampires more than they care to admit.

THEME: SPEED OF HISTORY

At what point does yesterday become yesteryear? When do your memories move from “just the other day” to “history”? Mortals have a tough enough time when the fate of a company or a country can change in just one day. How do eternal creatures like vampires handle a society that’s moving ever faster, turning yesterday into history with more and more frequency?

Vampire stories frequently address the conflict between the static nature of the Kindred with the reality of a changing world. **New Wave Requiem** takes this conflict and kicks it into overdrive. Fast-paced neonates use tools that older vampires don’t even know exist, let alone understand. On the other hand, these newcomers are so focused on the now that they don’t even glance back to see what’s coming up behind them. In many respects, it’s the conflict between young and old vampires writ large, on a chaotic stage where no one can possibly anticipate what’s going to happen next.

MOOD: SIMILAR BUT DIFFERENT

The 1980s are close enough to the modern day to make the setting feel similar, but as you look at it further there are

enough differences to make it feel alien and foreign. There’s a similar mood in vampire society, that feeling that it’s *close* to what vampires have understood for ages, but it’s also just a little different than they understand it to be. **New Wave Requiem** doesn’t take vampires into a wildly dissimilar locale like ancient Rome or the Dark Ages, but to a place just different enough that the details stand out more. It’s just alien enough that you feel a little off-kilter all the time, trying to remember how things got done without cell phones and the Internet. It’s the details of the setting that really sell the story, and by placing a different emphasis on various parts of the **Vampire: The Requiem** setting, a new world emerges, one where the bright neon glow makes the shadows appear all the darker.

How to Use This Book

Chapter One: Decade of Excess is a quick and stylistic breakdown of the culture of the 1980s in the United States. It’s light on historical accuracy and heavy on aspects useful and dramatic for a **Vampire** chronicle — just enough to give those who never experienced the 80s a sense of how things were, and to provide a refresher for readers who only hazily remember how things were twenty to thirty years ago.

Chapter Two: The Nights of Modern Kindred changes gears and breaks down the culture of the time from a Kindred perspective. What’s it like to be a vampire at this time, or a neonate recently Embraced into the Danse Macabre of the 80s? This chapter also gives hints and suggestions on some of the problems that 80s Kindred specifically have to deal with during this decade, from internal schisms to an increasingly fragile Masquerade.

Chapter Three: Lean and Hungry Types goes even further, exploring how each of the clans and covenants looks at this time in history, and how the clans have adapted. Individual characters may not conform to these stereotypes, but it gives broad strokes as to how each faction is dealing with such a rapidly-changing world. It also shows some of the conflicts unique to each group, the tools that they have developed to deal with them, and how some of the bloodlines and covenant factions are fairing during this time.

Chapter Four: Telling Stories of Sin is a chapter of Storyteller advice for **New Wave Requiem**. It covers techniques and obstacles to make your chronicle feel uniquely 80s, some optional rules to drive home various themes and moods, and a slew of story seeds to give you ideas on how to put together your own chronicle. It also points out potential pitfalls that can result from a **New Wave Requiem** chronicle, and how to work around them.

Chapter Five: A Good Man Bad is a story set in 1983 Chicago to help you kick off your chronicle, or just as a one-shot story between sessions of your current chronicle. It's set in our Storytelling Adventure System format, which not only gives you advice for setting up and running the story, but also easy ability to move scenes around as needed. It's designed to work with **World of Darkness: Chicago**, but that book isn't required to use this story.

The **appendix** provides a complete five-character coterie for the 80s, ready for players to use at the gaming table, or to utilize as inspiration for their own creations. There are also sidebars provided to make the starting characters a little more powerful and well-rounded, if you want to start the chronicle off at a later point in their collective Requiems.

INSPIRATIONS

Movies

- *American Psycho*
- *Salem's Lot*
- *The Breakfast Club*
- *Wall Street*
- *Near Dark*
- *Scarface*
- *The Lost Boys*

Musical Bands

We could list hundreds of these and still not scratch the surface of 80s music, so here are just a few random references to get your brain spinning. We've also provided a "mix tape" of inspirational music in the sidebar.

- 7 Seconds
- Adam Ant
- Beastie Boys
- Bon Jovi
- Culture Club
- Depeche Mode
- Eazy-E
- Foreigner
- Guns 'N Roses
- Megadeth
- Ministry
- NWA
- Pet Shop Boys
- Queensryche
- Sisters of Mercy
- The Police
- AC/DC
- Anthrax
- Black Flag
- Circle Jerks
- Dead Kennedys
- Dio
- Falco
- George Michael
- Madonna
- Michael Jackson
- Misfits
- Oingo Boingo
- Public Enemy
- Run-D.M.C.
- Talking Heads
- XTC

Mix Tape

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>A "The Ubiquitous Mr. Lovegrove" by Dead Can Dance</p> <p>"Love Will Tear Us Apart" by Joy Division</p> <p>"Nature of Love" by Ministry</p> <p>"Swamp Thing" by the Chameleons UK</p> <p>"Blue Monday" by New Order</p> <p>"Desire" by Gene Loves Jezebel</p> <p>"Ashes to Ashes" by David Bowie</p> <p>"She's In Parties" by Bauhaus</p> | <p>B "There Is a Light that Never Goes Out" by the Smiths</p> <p>"Situation" by Yaz</p> <p>"Die, Die My Darling" by the Misfits</p> <p>"Smash It Up" by the Damned</p> <p>"Ace of Spades" by Motorhead</p> <p>"The Last Beat of My Heart" by Siouxsie & the Banshees</p> <p>"Clear" by Cybotron</p> <p>"Fight the Power" by Public Enemy</p> |
|---|---|

Television

- *Dallas*
- *Miami Vice*
- *Hill Street Blues*

Video Games

- *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City*



Decade of Excess

These days they call it the “decade of excess,” but at the time it was just how things were done. We were vampires for fuck’s sake, and whatever we wanted, we took. It was the land of the greedy and the home of the strongest, and every second you had to be the biggest bastard, because there was always another bastard waiting to take your spot.

– Lord Kenneth Bryce, Invictus

For most of you this is a familiar time. Video has killed the radio star. Wall Street boils over with the feeding frenzies of stock market sharks, and neon gives the nights a new and lurid glow. This is the “me” decade, a celebration of selfishness and greed. It is the heyday of overwrought hair metal and the goth subculture.

And it is a confusing time for the Kindred, who are so used to stasis. The 80s were a decade of unprecedented and radical change. Epochs seem to flash by at breakneck speed, and watershed moments are so common as to seem mundane. Even ageless creatures, who have seen history repeat itself time and again, find themselves defeated by the paradigm shifts that threaten to overwhelm the entire world and leave the Kindred utterly adrift.

THE AMERICAN LANDSCAPE


The United States of America is a lumbering, decadent juggernaut, and its citizens know it. Half of the populace rebels against the excesses of the last decade, while the other half tries to find ways to reach greater extremes. The country is under the stewardship of Ronald Reagan for most of the decade, as he presides over the end of the Cold War and the beginning of the first war on a concept, the “war on drugs.” It is a transitional time for the American people, as well as the Kindred. The American Dream lays battered and savaged on the altar of Vietnam and it isn’t about simply making it, anymore. One percent of the population holds ninety-nine percent of the wealth and power in the country, and that means that to make it, you have to *take* it. In other words, American society is catching up to (or regressing to) the level of Kindred society.

The United States is a huge country. It is difficult for residents to truly grasp the sheer scale of the nation. For the Kindred, it is even moreso. In many ways, the Kindred society of the larger cities resembles the walled keeps of medieval society, serving as bastions against the wilderness and the terrible things that lurk in the dark. Even as humanity gathered by the campfires in its youth, vampiric society gathers around the urban cores. Travel between the cities is even more fraught with peril in the 80s than in modern times. Miles of farmland and forest separate the cities with long and winding highways. Large swaths of land still stand uninhabited, or



That's Not How I Remember It!

This book is not about the 1980s. It's about the *feel* of the 80s. More specifically, it's about the feel of the United States during the 80s. This is a cinematic treatment of the time period, not a textbook. Some things will be omitted while others will be warped by poetic license. This isn't intended to belittle any particular aspect of the decade, but the World of Darkness is not our world, for all its resemblance. If the choice must be made between realism and an awesome story element, err on the side of awesome.



worse, are populated by creatures disinclined to be friendly to a stranded or lost vampire. The wild is being subsumed and covered under a layer of concrete, but such sprawling annexation has only begun. The vast stretches between the cities are still feral and terrifying places for the Kindred. Small towns where everyone knows everyone else are common outside the large metropolises, and the xenophobia is tangible. Strange rules and superstitions govern these small town mentalities, despite the more rational mindset of the urban centers.

CHICAGO

This is the worst of it. The south side of Chicago, like Detroit and Miami, is a battleground. Many people consider low-income neighborhoods like the infamous Cabrini-Green Housing Projects to be beyond salvation. The police are afraid to go there without SWAT backup, and criminals rule their territory by fear and oppression. In Cabrini-Green, hope is flickering out and the curtain that divides Kindred and kine is tattered. A coterie of ruthless, sadistic vampires hunt for sport in the graffiti-lined, dilapidated buildings, tearing doors off their hinges and leaving their victims scattered through the halls. And still, the tenants see nothing. They know nothing. Averting their eyes, they don't even have the energy to pray that they won't be next.

Only miles away, downtown Chicago is becoming a hotspot as a location for filming and tourism. Ironically, it's also quite safe, as long as you stay within the Loop. As the 80s begins, Chicago becomes the first city to elect an African-American to the office of mayor, and a long process of taking back the south side is started... though real progress doesn't become apparent until the next decade.

DETROIT

In Detroit, the steelworkers mourn the loss of their jobs when U.S. automakers abdicate their thrones to foreign imports. As the years pass, the metropolis itself becomes a ruin rivaling post-war European cities, as scores of citizens

move into the suburbs leaving thousands of buildings crumbling and unoccupied. Riots and violence haunt the city, which competes with Miami for the title of "murder capital of the United States" for much of the decade. These are the killing streets, home to the rawest of the raw. The reborn American punk scene resurges in clubs like the Hungry Brain, transient venues that pop up for a few months and disappear, leaving a disproportionately influential legacy. Vampires haunt the abandoned buildings, making their deals in dilapidated rooms torn apart by scavengers who make extra money by ripping out bricks and selling them to construction companies. The Nosferatu are ascendant in the vagrant city, while the Ventrue scatter to the winds, heading for more densely populated climes like Chicago. The power structure of Detroit's vampiric court is fractured by the mass exodus, leaving large holes for Kindred with an eye towards the long term to step into. The Prince likens his title to being the lord of Dresden after the bombs, and yet he remains, clinging.

LOS ANGELES

The glamour of Hollywood is still strong, but this is the decade of the rock star. Musicians make more and more elaborate music videos, and their names are easily as recognizable as the monikers of the movie stars. Outside of Beverly Hills, West Hollywood is hit hard by the AIDS epidemic, and East L.A. is an endless turf war between the various street gangs. Grauman's Chinese Theater doesn't seem like a big draw for the Kindred, but the sheer power focused in Los Angeles is a siren call that few Invictus can resist. To mortals, the power lies in the megawatt smiles of the superstars on the silver screen, but the Kindred focus on the producers and dealmakers, the real players of the game.

Many Kindred see themselves reflected in the debauched lives of the movie stars and musicians. The downward spiral from stardom to has-been to addict reminds them of the futile struggle they endure nightly. The Prince of the City of Angels has a strict rule against feeding from or embracing celebrities. Behind the scenes, though, the vampires of Los Angeles play a dangerous game. They hunt precisely the people who could expose their secret to the world. So far, their exploits have only become fodder for the mountain of corny vampire films produced throughout the decade.

MIAMI

The "Magic City" is possibly the second most powerful metropolis in the stew of American culture, behind New York. Miami in the 80s evokes images of cigar boats and sports coats over pastel shirts. But it is also one of the central hot spots in the War on Drugs, as a major entry point for Colombian smugglers and their cocaine. It is the location of the Mariel Boatlift, where a vast number of Cuban undesirables were dumped on American shores after Fidel Castro emptied the prisons and asylums of Cuba, loaded the inmates into boats and sent them to America. Police liken the influx to an invading army raping, pillaging and burning its way through the city. The drug wars are reality to the residents of Miami, where Colombians are known to modify vans into

“war wagons” — with pop-out gun ports and reinforced steel sides — for use in their attacks on Cuban drug dealers. Police corruption is at an all-time high, as background checks and requirements are waived simply to fill uniforms. For a large part of the decade it is inadvisable to go anywhere in Miami-Dade without a firearm. The contrast of Miami’s sun and fun tourist-trap reputation with the skyrocketing violence makes the city a perfect place for the Kindred to simply let loose. So many people are murdered in the city that the coroner’s office has to borrow refrigerated trucks from a local fast-food chain to store the overflowing bodies. A vampire’s victims are likely to simply get lost in the shuffle, and many Kindred are only too willing to take advantage of the city’s distraction.

NEW ORLEANS

The Crescent City remains stable in the 23rd decade of Augusto Vidal’s rule. The 70s and the 80s are a time of distinct and heavy oppression in the city, as Vidal continues his feud with the Circle of the Crone. The city itself remains in the strange limbo between faith and decadence that has always defined its existence. Catholicism vies with Vodoun and other alternative religions for the hearts and souls of the city’s inhabitants, while endless parades sway down the streets of the French quarter, celebrating everything from Easter to Fat Tuesday.

In 1984, New Orleans hosts the Louisiana World Exposition, the second World’s Fair in the city’s history. The fair itself is a flop, garnering the distinction of being the only World’s Fair in history to declare bankruptcy during its run. Some pundits blame the low attendance on the Summer Olympics, hosted in Los Angeles at the same time, but others refer to the destruction of a large chunk of the city’s business district. They say the planners unearthed something in the demolition that even willfully ignorant mortals could feel, something that told them to stay away. Within the Kindred community, Vidal banned hunting at the fairgrounds, but that didn’t stop a few Mekhet from disappearing through the Expo’s gates, never to return.

NEW YORK

During the 80s, as ever, New York is the vital beating heart of the country... but the blood that runs through it is cold and predatory. This is the age of Wall Street. Vicious young men in pinstripe suits batter each other on the trading floors every day, caught in a cycle of buy or sell and shifting alliances that even a harpy would have difficulty keeping track of. The Invictus watch the carnage, rewarding the survivors with initiation into an even more elite group of bloodsuckers. New York City is mecca to the Invictus, a golden city of opportunity for the brightest and best. In reality, it is a vicious gauntlet, ready to tear the weak apart and leave them mewing on the floor, begging to be shipped home to whatever small-town court they came from. But nothing can stop the Invictus who has convinced himself that Manhattan is the place for him.

New York is no stranger to drug wars and mob killings, and vampires feel right at home in the city that never sleeps. The

nightclub scene is peopled with oddities who make the most eccentric Kindred look nearly mundane. The Limelight is the place to be seen among the nascent club kids movement, though with all the press coverage and flashing cameras it is not without risk. The club kid politics are an amusing sideline for many Kindred, a breath of fresh air from the life-and-death repartee of the Manhattan salons.

POLITICS AND CURRENT EVENTS

Across the country, it is clear that traditional values are slipping. Something must be done. The yuppies look at the shambles of their country, the legacy bequeathed on them by their hippie parents, and they rebel. Conservative politics and a religious revival rule the day. Divorce is on the rise while promiscuity and drug use are tearing America down around its citizens’ ears. The country’s spiritual leaders are tanned and perfectly coifed men in tailored suits admonishing against sin while they fill their coffers. Reagan’s policies make existence both easier and more difficult for the Kindred. His laissez-faire economic policies make many vampires extremely comfortable, while his war on drugs destroys others’ livelihoods.

THE COLD WAR

In a perfect example of how Americans in the 80s deal with their problems, the president has built up satellite weapons (part of the Star Wars system) to protect against the enemies of democracy. What was a slow-burning propaganda war is suddenly waiting for a flashpoint that could come at any time. An underlying current of paranoia and fear rests at the heart of the 80s. Even the Kindred exist in the tense shadow of nuclear threat. Theirs is no true immortality, and global thermonuclear war would almost certainly be the extinction of both Kindred and kine.

But the Kindred are nothing if not contentious, and even they take sides in the conflict between mortal ideologies. Communist Kindred face off against champions of democracy in Elysia as well as other, less diplomatic encounters.

THE BLOOD SCARE

For the first time in all but the oldest of active Kindred’s memories, vampires have been confronted by a worldwide plague that is borne in the central facet of their existence. HIV (Human Immunodeficiency Virus), AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) or GRID (the Gay-related Immune Deficiency) — depending on the part of the decade — has the potential to change everything for vampire society, and is a hot-button topic in courts all over the world. What does a blood-drinker do when blood suddenly becomes a toxic substance? AIDS is largely ignored by the administration for the first half of the decade, and is viewed as a problem of homosexual society. Research is stifled by lack of funding, and little is understood about this virulent new disease. Rumors spread like wildfire through the Kindred community. Some Sanctified glory in this new plague and use it to proselytize. A sure sign, they say, of God’s wrath, a plague directly out of Revelations, sent to destroy humanity

for their sins. Others whisper about the Morbus bloodline, and particularly paranoid Kindred wonder if they might indeed be responsible.

AIDS changes the game. Where feeding was once fairly straightforward as long as the Kindred remained discreet, there is a new uncertainty. Is the well tainted? To some, every mortal's face now looks gaunt and flush with fever. Unsurprisingly then, some Kindred anonymously fund research centers looking into the AIDS epidemic.

THE IRAN-CONTRA AFFAIR

For a period in the middle of the decade, it is almost impossible to turn on a television or radio without being bombarded with the latest on the Oliver North trial. Iranian moderates approached the United States looking to buy weapons, but the embargo against that made it nearly impossible for the American government to give assistance while keeping campaign promises and the moral high-ground. In a move intended to remove the Ayatollah Khomeini from power and improve Iranian-U.S. relations, members of the United States government made a deal wherein the Israelis would provide arms to moderate Iranian insurgents trying to overthrow the Ayatollah, and the United States would pay the Israelis for their purchases. In return, the insurgents would do everything in their power to free American hostages held by Iranian terrorists in Lebanon. But out of the 30 million dollars that were earmarked for this purpose, only 12 million actually went into buying arms for the Iranians. Three hostages were released and three more were taken, turning the deal into a vicious cycle of, essentially, trading materiel that could be used to take more hostages, *for* the hostages that were taken. Secretary of State George Shultz called it a "hostage bazaar."

In addition, the missing funds were diverted to help back Nicaraguan guerrilla contras against Cuban-backed Sandinistas. Multiple investigations found no evidence that Reagan himself was involved, but eleven high-ranking officials were convicted, though they were later pardoned by Vice-President George H.W. Bush. Khomeini remained in power until his death in 1989.

To the Kindred, the entire affair feels like *déjà vu*. The double- and triple-blind layered conspiracy that finally crumbled under the weight of too many conspirators is par for the course in vampire society, but to see it so blatantly mirrored in human society is a new experience. Many Kindred spend their Requiems trying to reflect humanity, and suddenly humanity is reflecting the Kindred.

A FAIRY TALE WEDDING

It seems odd that the American people would fixate so heavily on a wedding among Great Britain's nobility, but a strange blend of cynicism and innocent optimism pervades the "me" decade. The world has reached a fever pitch. Any moment might bring the final countdown to nuclear armageddon. The Cold War has kept the populace wound tight for almost forty years. The American people need a ray of hope, and Diana Spencer and Prince Charles provide

a perfect focus for their escape. From the moment of their engagement, Diana is everywhere. 750 million people witness the wedding ceremony.

Most Kindred find the entire affair hollow, but in a wistful way. The rest of the world is caught up in the romance of the thing; the very possibility of it somehow makes their dreams more obtainable. But the vampires are separate. They cannot feel the wonder or experience the beauty of the event, and it drives home the extent of their disconnection from the mortal world. In many cities, the Daeva throw enormous fetes, grand guignols including gruesome, blood-soaked parodies of the wedding in "honor" of the royal family. The entertainments at these parties range from absurd farces satirizing the current events of the local Kindred society to bloody, explicit renditions of "Like a Virgin" to vicious and extreme explorations of horror and the depths to which mortals will sink. It is not uncommon for two mortals, dressed in wedding attire, to be tempted into fighting to the death for the offer of their dearest wishes or simply to earn large sums of money.

POPULAR CULTURE AND TECHNOLOGY

The 80s are a time of new trends driven largely by emerging technologies. New ways to consume popular entertainments introduce more and more people to the shared experiences of hit movies and music. A paradox exists at the crux of the 80s experience: anything one might dream of can be had... for a price. Everything is for sale, but the *appearance* of conformity is extraordinarily important. Acceptance is largely based on the clothes you wear, the places you are seen and the company you keep. Brand becomes king, whether it's IZOD, Polo, Calvin Klein or Z. Cavaricci. And where mortal society goes, the Kindred are forced to follow. As quickly as things move, it is difficult for elder Kindred to adapt to the shifting trends. In the long run, it doesn't mean much. But now, night-to-night, neonate vampires are gaining the advantage simply because they remain in touch with mortal society. Those neonates who can also comprehend the massive shifts in technology are armed with weapons that their elders have never even dreamt of.

JAPANESE INFLUENCE

Most of the biggest technological advances come from Japan. In a very real way, the Japanese control the direction of the United States from an economic standpoint. Japanese products aren't just the best; they're also the coolest status symbols. One of the biggest advances are Walkmans, which untether music from the stereo and make it possible to sequester oneself away from the world, no matter where you are. Products from Sony and Yamaha make life more convenient and complicated at the same time. In the rapidly increasing speed of nightly existence, there is always a new gadget just around the corner, the next big thing.

But it isn't all sleek black boxes and circuitry. One other Japanese import captures the hearts and minds of America: ninjas. Ninjas are everywhere. Martial arts movies flood the theaters and the nascent video rental

industry. Dojos spring up across the country, and nearly everyone brags at one point or another that they know karate. The new focus on all things Asian stirs up a bit of a hornet's nest in Kindred society, as vampires following the trends and chattel slip into the Chinatowns and little Tokyos of the bigger cities, disturbing small family groups of Asian vampires from unfamiliar bloodlines — such as the Burakumin — and igniting turf disputes with Kindred who don't even recognize the city's Prince. It is unclear whether these Eastern vampires are recent transplants or if they have lived in obscurity for nights untold. Their insular nature and largely alien outlook makes it difficult for Western Kindred, especially those schooled in Asian culture by Bruce Lee films, to make diplomatic inroads. As far as the Princes are concerned, the real issue remains troubling: if *they* could go unnoticed for this long, what else could be lurking in the depths of the Eastern neighborhoods?

VIDEOTAPE

Video cassette recorders and, more frightening from a Kindred perspective, cheap and easy home video cameras open the door to vast new horizons of blackmail material and Masquerade breaches. It isn't simply the fear that some amateur might record a specific vampire in the midst of some horrific act. Any recording of a vampire, even a fuzzy video of one walking down the street, has the potential to pull back the curtain and shatter the Masquerade. It is a dangerous new angle that the Kindred must learn and quickly attempt to internalize to the point of instinct. Conversely, video cameras give the Kindred a new tool to use to exert their poisonous influence over mortals or even other vampires. Often, a video of an illicit liaison is just as effective as Majesty or Dominate at getting a local politician to pledge his loyalty, and requires much less maintenance.

TELEPHONES

Telephones are a novelty for many Kindred. The preferred means of communication for most vampires in the 80s is still the letter. Of course, vampiric paranoia being what it is, many elders choose to send their messages from city to city via ghoul or vampiric courier. It is not uncommon for messages to disappear in transit, with no sign of the foolhardy vampires who thought they were cunning or tough enough to survive the nomadic trek.

Telephones are still mostly tethered by cords. Cordless phones are expensive and poorly made. Mobile phones exist barely, and only in bulky car phone models. Beepers are a brand new technology, and, along with mobile phones, are only found among the richest of the rich. Doctors, executives and drug dealers are the primary consumers of mobile communications. Payphones are still the most ubiquitous way of communicating quickly, no matter where you are. Some enterprising souls, called "phone phreaks," have turned to methods ranging from laughably simple (Captain Crunch whistles) to highly sophisticated (devices that piggyback on service that belongs to other people) in order to steal phone service.

THE COMPUTER REVOLUTION

Personal computers are barely out of diapers; Apple is still the dominant platform, and the groundbreaking "1984" commercial doesn't air until nearly halfway through the decade. Computers exist, in many ways, merely as potential in the 80s. The Internet is still mostly in academic use at this point, and the World Wide Web is a decade away. Despite that, many people (and many newly-embraced Kindred) are obsessed with the digital frontier. The Daeva and Carthians are among the first to exploit computers in order to create and distribute pamphlets and small independent magazines, but they are hardly the only Kindred to adopt the new technology.

This is not to say that computers aren't in wide use. They are, but most take up huge rooms filled with reel-to-reel tape systems and punch cards. Still, the 80s are the first time that computers have left the office and come home.

BULLETIN BOARD SYSTEMS

Computerized bulletin board systems and networks are tiny, loosely affiliated enclaves of computer users dialing into a central computer via modems. On a BBS, users can chat, exchange messages, download and upload files, and even play rudimentary games. Bulletin board systems tend to have a very local appeal, since one must pay long-distance charges to call a BBS in another area code. Among the Kindred, as among mortals, bulletin boards are almost universally unknown. But there are a few newly-embraced vampires (primarily Carthians) who have set up their own private boards.

There is an underground vampire-only BBS in Detroit called Digital Elysium that is used as an informal and ongoing Carthian moot. The system operator (or SysOp) is a Daeva phone phreak who goes by the handle Null. Null uses stringent measures to ensure that the only users who gain access to his system are Kindred he has invited, but if the Prince ever discovers (and more importantly, grasps) the implications of the BBS, Null will have much to answer for. Until then, the Carthians have a relatively free hand to agitate against the Prince's rule in a way that he and his cronies neither understand nor suspect.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Police investigative techniques are in the realm of footwork and contacts. Forensics is still a relatively new field, and fingerprints are state-of-the-art. DNA evidence, computer-aided ballistics modeling and other tricks are still a dream of the far-flung future. Even AFIS, the Automated Fingerprint Identification System, takes an inordinate amount of time and requires resources out of the reach of many smaller police departments.

The biggest threat to the Kindred, from a legal standpoint, is the well-connected and tenacious detective willing to do the footwork. Unwilling or unable to let an investigation drop, and positioned so that he can't just be eliminated, this sort of cop requires finesse or brute force political clout. Luckily, neither option is in short supply to 80s Kindred.

THE DEMOCRATIZATION OF MEDIA

With the sudden democratization of the printing press via word processors and copy machines, amateur magazines (or “zines”) begin to appear in most of the larger cities across the country. The contents of these zines span the full range of human (and Kindred) interests. The Carthian movement, the Daeva and even the Lancea Sanctum make broad use of these modern folios to disseminate information and win converts. The availability of amateur radio equipment and a little ingenuity sets the stage for an explosion of “pirate” radio stations, unlicensed short-range transmissions that give their DJs a new and powerful, if transient, soapbox to stand on. One example is Midnight Radio, a once per week station that can only be picked up in certain areas of Chicago. The show is hosted by a mysterious DJ known only as Thorn. He broadcasts a kind of gossip column, airing dirty laundry he should have no way of knowing. His real identity remains unknown, but Thorn has created many enemies who would never suspect the obsequious and scrawny Nosferatu, Harold Farley, nor forgive him if they found out.

Public broadcast television stations give mortals another method to say almost anything they want, and tend to become a nest of preachers standing shoulder to shoulder with political extremists and pornographers. It is difficult for a vampire to directly appear on public access television, but in many markets, puppet ghouls host late-night talk shows full of coded messages from one coterie to another. On the flip-side, a few Kindred have noticed that the crazed ramblings of some mortal hosts come dangerously close to breaching the Masquerade, as they exhort their fellow mortals to rise up and destroy the menace of the walking dead.

SATANISM

Thanks partly to the power of the conservative Christian backlash against the hedonism of the 60s and 70s and partly because of the lurid, ratings-grabbing nature of the subject, Satanism is a hot topic. In 1980, the book *Michelle Remembers*, by a psychiatrist named Lawrence Pazder, details a series of hypnotherapy sessions with his wife. Over the course of those sessions, she reveals suppressed memories of being molested and abused by a satanic cult as a child. The book spawns a decade of similar “confessions” from adult survivors of ritual abuse before it is debunked in the 90s.

Musicians are accused of hiding infernal messages in their records to train sleeper agents via subliminal conditioning. These instructions are only decipherable by playing the LP backwards. Role-playing games and fantasy fiction are likewise targeted as a recruiting ground for cultists. These theories are all propagated by occult experts who make their livings as witnesses in trials across the country, blaming everything from vandalism to murder on an apparently vast conspiracy of cultists worshipping Satan.

The FBI created an Occult Crimes division to investigate incidents of cult activity, and many vampires find themselves under suspicion of Satanic involvement thanks to their

Fingerprints and the Kindred

There are two types of fingerprints – latent and patent – that can be recovered by a trained investigator. Latent prints are invisible until developed by a technician using one of a number of powders. They are left by secreted oils transferred from the skin onto the surface. Patent or visible prints, on the other hand, can be left in soft surfaces like clay, or be evident in the congealing bloody handprint left by a careless vampire.

One often-overlooked benefit of the vampiric condition is that Kindred generally do not excrete the oils necessary to leave latent fingerprints. However, through normal interaction with mortals, it is easy for them to pick up trace oils from the kine they move through. Attempts to gather fingerprints left by a vampire suffer a penalty of -3 dice. Kindred who have spent Vitae to activate the Blush of Health (**Vampire: the Requiem**, p. 156) do excrete a pale imitation of the necessary oils, lowering the penalty to only -1, but such are the compromises one must make to appear human.

necessarily strange and unusual habits. Meanwhile, Kindred society is itself caught in a sort of Satanic witch hunt thanks to the resurgence of the Lancea Sanctum and the rising visibility of Belial's Brood. Rumors persist of a coterie of Brood wandering the highways in a mobile home, kidnapping latch-key kids, embracing them and dropping them, starving and in frenzy, in the middle of shopping malls and schools. Certainly no Kindred has ever witnessed such a thing, but still the rumor retains its power.

MUSIC IN THE 80s

It is impossible to ignore the music of the 80s. More than anything else, it plays a central role in the culture of the decade. Musicians, the true stars of the “me” decade, drive everything from films to novels to fashion.

The 70s witnessed the demise of the peace and love generation. Glam rock gave way to the beginnings of metal, Motown and disco, and towards the end of the decade, music turned hard and angry, and exploded into punk. The punk mentality attracted many young anarchistic Kindred, particularly the Carthians, but anything that burns with the intensity of the original punk movement is doomed to fade, and by the 80s mohawks and safety pins have already been relegated to the realm of parody and irony. However, punk itself did not die. Instead, it has shed the skin of the Sex Pistols and has been reborn in California, in the East Bay Hardcore scene.

In the urban centers, teens find a new alternative to the terrible violence of the gangs and drug culture. Artists like Jean-Michel Basquiat (as SAMO) turn tagging and graffiti into an art form, while musicians explore the growing range of the nascent hip-hop movement. Originally built out of an accretion of break beats and music loops, turntable wizards take pre-existing music and create new songs that speak to a new generation. Rhythmic chanting that echoes beat poetry, laid over the tracks creates the new and potent style of music known as rap. Run-DMC, LL Cool J, the Fat Boys and Public Enemy promote messages ranging from light-hearted fun to political diatribes in the burgeoning form.

Mainstream music is full of superstars, from Michael Jackson and Madonna, the reigning king and queen of pop music, to “hair” rockers like Van Halen, Bon Jovi and Def Leppard. New Wave acts like Depeche Mode, A Flock of Seagulls, Eurythmics and Culture Club defy the prevailing machismo of the decade and lend an air of androgyny to the proceedings as spiritual descendants of David Bowie... who is still making music and children’s movies.

The end of the 70s gave birth to a new group of bands such as Joy Division, Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Cure and Bauhaus, groups that took the frenetic energy of punk and turned it morose and moody. The subculture that grows up around these bands is called “Goth.” Velvet, lace and kohl eyeliner are *de rigueur* for both genders. Hair is, of course, huge. In the United States, the Goth scene tends more toward a darker version of the punk do-it-yourself aesthetic, with fishnets on their arms, teased mohawks and elaborate makeup on their ghostly faces.

These bands and their followers amuse and offend the Kindred in equal measure. Their pale skin and androgynous styles make them seem like it would be perfect for real vampires to hide and hunt among them, but only the youngest and most foolhardy of Kindred actually do so. The Goth scene is full of people claiming to be vampires, and their word is thrown around with a bit too much freedom for most Kindred to ever feel truly comfortable. Couple that with the fact that Goths tend to stand out, and it becomes clear why Princes typically discourage fraternization.



The Nights of Modern Kindred

Immorality was rampant during those nights. It was everywhere, from the casual sex and drugs to the open worship of Satan. Even the Kindred were dragged down into the filth, chucking the wisdom of Longinus handed down to us for centuries to wallow in their basest instincts. Even a Savage could see that something had to change.

– Rev. Harold Reynolds, Gangrel

The 1980s began nearly thirty years ago. For humans, thirty years is a significant time span; three decades is the difference between infancy and adulthood, between adolescence and middle-age. Even with the ever-expanding life expectancy rate, this length of time is not only sizeable, but significant.

And yet, for a vampire, that span is minor at best. Thirty years doesn't even distinguish between a neonate and an ancillae. The Fog of Eternity is barely forming an opalescent haze that tears at the fringes of the Kindred memory. Especially for the older vampires, why would the 1980s be any more significant in their unlives than any other decade? How can a recent time period impact their Danse Macabre when they just began the next turn in the melody?

All in all, the 80s is actually a good damned time to be a vampire. Kindred are shameless and more direct. They're casually cruel, even the so-called "well-adjusted" ones, as mortal society gives them less opportunities to deny what they really are. What was once restricted to haven basements and private rooms bleeds out onto nightclub floors and self-help support groups as both mortals and Kindred explore their moral and physical limits. Everything feels a little different, like something is about to break, and this not only has a subtle but meaningful impact on vampire culture of the time, but it leaves an indelible stamp on neonates embraced in the 80s, marking them as noticeably different. It wasn't the hairstyle or fashion that set them apart, but their sheer intensity and comfort with rapid change that makes older Kindred nervous around their new progeny.

FAST TIMES

For people of the 80s time is short, and life moves fast. The unlife has just started to pick up as well, a common complaint among elder vampires. Both mortal and Kindred society are evolving at alarming rates compared to centuries (and even decades!) prior. Each new day offers a new world, strange and alien to yesterday. Mortals are slowly learning to adapt to this situation, but it is anathema to vampires.

Kindred fear and hate change, or at least sudden change. They are creatures of habit and patience, predators who wait for the precise moment to strike. Their schemes and machinations take years or even decades to come to fruition, yet they are now stuck in a world of instant gratification and constant distraction. The Danse Macabre is difficult when the floor beneath your feet keeps shifting and the rhythm sounds more like a fast guitar lick than a slow waltz.

As a result, the foundation of Kindred society is becoming unstable. Constant change brings new opportunities for some, but requires more improvisation and recalibration for others. Elder vampires, long stuck in their traditions and customs, find it even more difficult to fit into their surroundings, forced to choose between the shadows they know – where the longer they stay, the more out-of-touch they become – and the evolving world that does not belong to them. Neonates have an easier time adjusting, but at some point they will be no better off than their elders, their blood's patient lull enticing them into a slower tempo, despite the rhythm of the music.

In the 1980s, it does not matter who you might be or what you are doing at this very moment, but rather where you are going and when you will get there. The present does not exist anymore; neither does the past. Instead, the future is all the matters. To some extent, this is exactly the Kindred condition: the Danse always moves and never ends. Ambitious vampires understand this and always have their deals and plots prepared. But vampires are rooted in the present and the past, and age and experience are the bases for power and might. The older you are, the more respect you earn (or take) and the more potent your blood. Not so anymore. Throughout the decade, youth is key and vibrancy is vital. Neonates of the 80s are ready for the action *now*, elder vampires be damned.

One aspect of this rapidity is the sudden growth of the Cacophony, a proliferation of media addressed to Kindred concerns and situations. Personal computers and photocopiers make desktop publication of 'zines more prevalent, while computer bulletin board systems and local access cable channels allow everyone to get their message out. Mass media is moving into the hands of the average person, and some vampires are quick to use these new tools to communicate about their Requiems, with varying degrees of subtlety. Some Kindred consider the entire Cacophony to be nothing more than a complete disregard of the Masquerade, while others believe that the only way vampires are going to be able to stay ahead of the expanding mortal population is to start using their own tools against them. Regardless, Kindred messages are popping up everywhere, from blurry fliers in select record stores to specific graffiti tags on the backs of popular nightclubs to barely-coherent rants on pirate radio stations. Vampires who use the technology to communicate quickly to their peers across the city certainly have an advantage over their more reluctant rivals.

GREED IS GOOD

The 1980s, unlike many other decades of the twentieth century, is noted as a time of extravagant greed... materialism without remorse. Even when you have enough, it's not enough. A lot of young people in the 80s are hungry, as if they never get their fill, and that's doubly true if they're vampires. Status in a city is increasingly measured not only by influence in the political structure, but by ownership and property. The Kindred who can gain entrance to the most exclusive clubs, the richest social groups or largest celebrity

entourage is the talk of the town. Potent blood is now not the only path to power.

And no one can really respect your power unless you flaunt it, and flaunt it better than the next guy. Big cars, big appetites and big attitudes are just as important in a Prince's court as they are in the mortal world (even if some more conservative elders consider it *gauche*). The vampire with the largest herd, the more gorgeous Licks and the coolest car is a force to be reckoned with more than, say, the vampire with the most rituals. So why drive a compact car when you can drive a luxury car? Why kill a guy with a knife in a dark alley when you can use a chainsaw? Why get a guy fired when you can ruin his entire company? Everything is excessive, from the schemes to the violence, and that comes across in the nightly Danse Macabre.

Of course, with excess comes vice. It's not just Daeva who are motivated by vice – every time a vampire feeds, he's stealing from someone for his own personal gain... but now it's *rewarded*. With money comes sex, drugs and power, and while a vampire might not crave the first two like mortals do, they need blood just as much as a john or a coke head needs their fix. Everyone's looking to score, and the one who can provide what you need has the power over you, simple as that. Sure, some vampires spend long nights arguing the relative merits of a feudal system over communist regimes, or the religious implications of Longinian faith versus worship of the Crone, but in the end they're all blood junkies, no better than a trembling crack head in a filthy alley begging for his next hit. Find the right vice, control the right lusts, and the world is yours for as long as you can hold it.

With all of this vice and excess around, self-interest is uncommonly high, but loyalty to someone else is still important, even if it's just a way for a person to ride the coattails of someone else's success. However, society puts both of those ideas into direct conflict. On the one hand, everything is screaming at you that you should worry about *your* money, *your* house, *your* sex life, *your* clothes, *your* world. On the other hand, everyone else wants you to be loyal to them, to know that they can count on you... and after all, you can't promote yourself in the world without the help of others. So at what point do you screw over someone loyal to you to help yourself? Will it be before they do the same to you? Coteries are constantly plagued with this question, and more than one promising group of neonates ended up dissolving at a key point when one of their members sold the rest of the group out for a fleeting glimpse of greatness. Some coteries buck the trend and work together toward a common goal, but more often than not a vampire's inherently self-interested core comes to the fore, and the Lick strikes out on his own, past loyalties be damned.

OPTIMISM AND HATE

Even through such rampant greed, there's a strange undercurrent of optimism and fairness. Sure, greed is king, but *anyone* who is smart or ruthless enough can be on top. Right now it's the older and more powerful vampires, but tomorrow it might be their childer. The days of waiting for decades and centuries for a chance at the brass ring are gone – all it takes is a plan and enough guts to see it through, and fortunes can be made overnight. Many of the clans and covenants (see Chapter Three) sense new opportunities in this environment, and every vampire has the potential to be the one who changes the world.

But everything a vampire touches gets corrupted. Even within the mortal populace, there's a lot of hate underneath

all the optimism. As different races and genders move closer to equality, casual racial slurs and sexism are still common in many parts of the culture. Celebrities who heap abuse on their peers or their fans become more and more popular in a society that idolizes hate. All of this is even more true for vampires — if everyone has an equal chance at being top dog, then that means that the guy across the room who symbolizes everything you stand against has just as much potential as you do, and how can *that* be true? As Americans turn a blind eye toward the abuse heaped upon women, homosexuals and minorities, Kindred quietly excuse themselves when they see the conflicts between coteries, broods and covenants turn more heated and irrational. Greed may be king, but his heir is certainly Wrath.

This doesn't mean that Elysia around the United States have turned into chaotic bloodbaths. Kindred are still creatures of stealth and guile, and a cultural laxity of rules doesn't mean that there are no rules at all. Instead, the hatred is more subtle — Princes happen to rule more harshly on political opponents, ghouls of the "wrong" color or sexual orientation end up getting abused more during court, or coteries take extra measures to subdue rivals in back alleys just on the outskirts of a Regent's domain. Harpies might note a particularly colorful or explosive scandal, but most Kindred just shake their heads and move on. There's no time to reflect on such things like you could in the old days. Now, vampires are like sharks — they have to keep moving or they'll die.

THE MASQUERADE REMADE

For the first time in centuries, vampires are popular. Not just popular, but *celebrated*. Vampires are everywhere in the culture, from books and movies to comics and music. They are not the stodgy archetypes seen previously in trashy flicks or dime novels. Nor are they stuck in the realm of folklore, backwoods tales of draugrs and demons, anti-Christ's and apostates. Instead, the vampire is chic and sleek, nouveau and avant-garde. They rule the night, the streets of the city, and the Kine seem comfortable with that.

This enthusiasm, however, is not necessarily a good thing. Sudden popularity can be unsettling for creatures normally reserved to lurking and hiding. Having the spotlight thrust upon you after millennia spent avoiding it is a jarring experience. Do you embrace the sudden interest with open arms (and exposed fangs)? Do you retreat back into the shadows, searching for the last remaining bits of darkness? Or do you ride it out, waiting for the fickle minds of the mortal herd to change again, anticipating the return to normalcy?

There are as many different reactions to the situation as there are Kindred, but a few rough trends have emerged.

Disaster. Some traditional elements in Kindred society consider this nothing more than a total collapse of the Masquerade. Now that mortals believe in vampires, they will attempt to destroy individual Kindred (as well as the whole of vampire society). Even worshipful mortals have families and friends who won't be so enamored, and eventually someone's going to come after the vampire with fire and sword. Some domains have instituted harsher penalties for Masquerade violations, even going as far as to destroy Kindred who talk about vampire terms in public on the off chance that they might be overheard by an obsessive mortal. A few enterprising Kindred have taken advantage of this harsh stance, framing political rivals for Masquerade violations to open up their own paths to power.

Moderation. More moderate elements merely advise caution in each Kindred's nightly dealings. The goal of the Masquerade, to many vampires, is to prevent humans from learning of their existence — lest the Kine try to destroy all Kindred out of fear. But now, it seems that mortals are almost *reverent* about vampires. Of course, as the more conservative Kindred point out, some humans might see through the erotic archetypes and try to destroy what the more ignorant mortals revere, so keeping the details of Kindred existence away from the humans is still very important... but Kindred have had little problem with manipulating individual mortals for millennia, and surely this new-found popularity simply makes some of that manipulation easier? Younger Kindred point out that many of these moderates aren't taking into account the effects of mass media, but these warnings are often dismissed as a fad, not a real concern.

Let It Out. Nowadays, mortals are more overt about their wants and needs. If they want to have sex with you, they'll say so. If they're going to take over your company and sell it off to the highest bidder, you'll know. Why should vampires be any different? There are dozens of vampire movies, comics and novels available from this decade — probably the highest awareness of vampirism in the history of the world. Why should some ancient vampire dogma tell a neonate how to spend his Requiem, when it's clearly no longer relevant? Any vampire who claims to be afraid of a few humans clearly isn't strong or smart enough to take what he needs, so let him burn while the *real* vampires get things done. Vampires are powerful, and humans *should* worship them like gods. The other factions are quick to try and bludgeon this perception down wherever it can be found, but the idea of discarding the Masquerade completely is growing in courts all over the United States.





Lean and Hungry Types

Don't get me wrong, man. I learned a lot from that time, but I'm not that nostalgic about the 80s. Things were really tense back then, you know? It was like everything was just a little off. Of course, at the time, I thought that how things were. Some days I feel like the 21st century is what's weird and foreign. Man, I hope things don't get any crazier in the coming decades. I don't know how elders cope with it.

– Darryl Lawrence, Ventrue

The Kindred like to tell themselves that a span of time as short as a decade does not affect their perspective. But neonates and, to a lesser extent, ancillae still exist within human timeframes and have not fully come to terms with the true scale of the Requiem. That said, all but the truly ancient Kindred still make an effort to fit in with mortal society, the better to maintain the Masquerade and get close to prey if nothing else. For all their posturing, even the elders are affected by the sweeping changes of mortal society, and the 80s are a time of virtually constant change. All Kindred must make their own way through the decade, though their social environment inevitably colors their perspectives. The clans and covenants are a vampire's primary means of interaction with his peers, influencing all of his opinions and even values.

CLANS

Daeva

To many, the 80s rest firmly in the hands of right-wing conservative values. Religious fervor and family values are taking a leading role in shaping the United States; but under that shining veneer, decadence and debauchery rage unabated. Everything can be had for a price, every dream fulfilled and fantasy experienced. By any measure, the Daeva are in tune with the heart and soul of the decade, dancing to its beat with wild abandon.

Red Light

Sin is reflected in every neon sign, a tattoo on the streets of every city. It's almost too much for the Daeva to contain. The innocent naiveté inherent in the hippy movement didn't really attract the Succubi, but the 80s have a completely different edge. Fear and paranoia are everywhere, lurking just under the surface of the gaudy hot-pink paint. Yuppies crowd the flashy shallow nightclubs looking for a connection in a world on the brink of destruction. Appearance is everything, and everyone wants to be one of the beautiful people.

The Daeva can immerse themselves in the nightly passion plays in a way that no other vampire can, and they revel in the desperate dalliances of the Kine. Lonely people risk everything in a game of Russian Roulette every time they indulge in a one-night stand. The Succubi are there for the lost, ready to take them beyond the bottom of below. Some of them even return.

The Daeva themselves are not immune to the desperate frenzy of the decade's nightlife. On the contrary, many of them are caught in the fever of it, spun around and worked up by the sheer lack of limitations. They hold court in the smoky corners of goth clubs, do the robot with throngs of yuppies in elite cocktail bars and lose themselves in the crushing throngs of hardcore shows. A number of Daeva have even found themselves drawn to the burgeoning hip-hop culture and the violent and graceful art of breakdancing.

Kindred Society

The Daeva, along with the Ventrue, remain the most potent players of the political games that occupy the Kindreds' endless nights. Their innate understanding of humanity, and their ability to manipulate it so thoroughly, keeps them well equipped to retain the existence they've become accustomed to — even in the face of the new technological and social changes brought about during the 80s. For Kindred, they hardly seem to suffer from the inertia that blinds the other clans to the progress of the *avant-garde* fringes of Kine society.

Peeking From Behind the Curtain

The Masquerade is still the most potent of the Traditions. Without question, it is still vital to the continued existence of all vampires that mankind never discover that they exist. But who doesn't play fast and loose with the rules in the 80s? In the rapidly shifting lights, chaos and confusion of your average nightclub, who's going to notice your reflection isn't quite right? On the darker side, how many mortals are

already claiming to be a vampire just to get laid? How much more successful would one be if one could actually back up that claim? And who's going to miss another lonely yuppie, much less remember her?

The Daeva run a fine line at the best of times, hiding in plain sight. They try to conceal what they are from the masses around them, heady from the scent of all that Vitae pulsing to the rhythm of the heart. During the 80s, that line's just a little closer to the edge. Many neonates take chances that their sires would never have allowed just scant years before. Correspondingly, the rate of attrition is high among Daeva neonates, and the Invictus spend a lot of time cleaning up after them, as they tend to burn out spectacularly rather than simply fading away.

'Zines

The Daeva know that the only thing worse than being talked about is *not* being talked about. They are perfectly aware that a deed or event might as well have not even happened if nobody gossips about it. Before the Internet, the easiest way to spread the word is through small-run, cheaply assembled magazines called 'zines, often photocopied and hand-stapled. Some of the 'zines are as straightforward as a society column for the damned, full of barbed and accurate gossip about the players in the local court. Like many of the writers who serve as inspiration, names are rarely, if ever, mentioned. Only the details matter, and are only recognizable to those who know the scene. Other 'zines are pure expression — philosophy and fiction that can only be truly appreciated by other participants in the Danse Macabre. Some of the circulated 'zines are even journals for artists who can no longer show in just any gallery, due to being dead or because their medium has evolved into something that makes Maplethorpe's scandals look tame in comparison.

The Toreador



In the warehouse galleries of New York City or Chicago, the Patrons (see **Vampire: The Requiem**, p. 246) slink and primp, watching out for the Next Big Thing that will make their reputation. The world is moving faster and faster, and fashion is moving even more quickly. *Depeche mode* is a truism, not simply a band. The Toreador are intimately aware that the tide can turn and their wonderful, brilliant protégé can become yesterday's news overnight. So they slowly spread their nets wide, ready to create the next star as soon as the last one dims. They leech off of the brilliance found in the bohemian quarters of every major metropolis, sucking artists dry figuratively, if not literally, before moving on. Considering the rapid rise and decline of artists in the time of Warhol's fifteen minutes of fame, discussion of the lost and failed usually boils down to "remember so-and-so?" and "oh yes... well, you know how it goes. Shame."

Glass and Chrome

During this decade, the hold of the Masquerade on the Daeva loosens slightly. The effect of the Lost Visage (**Vampire: The Requiem**, p. 75) on reflective surfaces, like a chrome bar rail or glass coffee table, can be suppressed for the scene with a successful Manipulation + Socialize roll. The effect does not extend to actual mirrors, merely to surfaces that do not blatantly call attention to the fact that something is *supposed* to reflect in them.

Gangrel

The Savages are not quite so affected by the changes of this new decade. They have ever been distant towards the world of the Kine, severing their mortal ties and sloughing off the shackles of society in favor of their affinity for beasts and back country. Even those Gangrel who choose to remain in the limits of the urban sprawl feel very little kinship with the blind sheep around them. The difference to the Gangrel is simple: They are aware that the city limits are just that. They can touch the natural world in a way that no other vampire or mortal can approach. To many of the Savages, their new existence is freedom from the increasing noise in the signal of daily life. Brand names and ludicrous, vapid entertainments choke the meaning out of life, drain the purpose from humanity and render mortals into little more than sheep. And the Savages are no longer sheep; they are attuned to the world in ways they couldn't be if they were still worrying about their VCRs and their Jazzercise. They are wolves.

The Growing Beast

The Gangrel of the 80s are victims of their own inner, base urges. Every drive can be broken down by rational logic and turned into something that can be controlled, even the wild, feral impulses of the Beast within. A surprising number of Savage neonates attempt to drown their demons in the burgeoning self-help industry or turn to more mystical covenants for answers, while others embrace the survivalist movement and forsake society entirely while it is still possible to do so.

Whether abandoning society or seeking redemption from it, every Gangrel must still wrestle with their lust for the blood of living things. Many Savages struggle to keep their Blood Potency low so that they can still sup on animals, but that only satisfies for so long. More than one tiny village has disappeared due to a Gangrel coterie's loss of control.

Messengers in the Barrens

The world is still a wild place. Cities slowly grow towards one another, and the rural gulf between one fief and another is still too large and dangerous for most vampires to navigate reliably. Communications between elders in different cities rely only on messengers. Most of these couriers are ghouls, but sometimes a package must be delivered by a Kindred for one reason or another, and as far as the other clans are concerned, the barren spaces are still the domain of the Savages.

However, trusting anyone who isn't under thrall to deliver private communications does not come easily to most Kindred. The Gangrel messengers are perfectly aware of their employers' distaste, and they're only too happy to take advantage of their *bettors'* desperation. After all, who else can they depend on?

Devotion: Unspoken Missive (Animalism •••, Protean •)

Some Gangrel prefer to send their messages in ways that are even more secure than delivering them by hand. After all, the barrens are a dangerous place, even for the Savages. With this power, the Gangrel can encode a simple message within an animal's physical characteristics or mannerisms. Scent, body language and vocalizations may hide an encrypted message that can only be deciphered by a recipient also versed in Animalism.

The message can be intercepted only by another Kindred knowledgeable in Animalism who is aware that the creature is carrying a message and knows where to waylay it.

This power costs 12 experience points to learn.

Cost: 1 Vitae + 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Animal Ken + Animalism – animal's Composure.

Action: Instant. Note that though this is an instant action, it takes more than just a fleeting glance to encode the message. A character must commune with the creature for a number of turns equal to the message's complexity, at the Storyteller's discretion, though only a single, immediate roll is necessary to determine if the message has been successfully encoded.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character is unaware that the encoding was unsuccessful, and sends a garbled or misleading message.

Failure: The message is not encoded.

Success: The message is encoded correctly, and may be delivered to the recipient.

Exceptional Success: The message is encoded as described. Further, the create has a vague sense of who the intended recipient is; anyone else has a -2 penalty to try and decode the message.

Unfortunate Sons

A significant portion of Gangrel in America are drawn from the ranks of Vietnam veterans. The wounds of the conflict are still fresh and raw, and many are drowning in

bitterness. First their country abandoned them, then their community, then their friends and families, and finally God himself left them, forsaken and damned. It would be a simple matter to relinquish Humanity and lose oneself in the ravening fury of the Beast, and certainly many do. But just as many simply hunker down and move on, coming to terms with the horrors they saw in their living years as well as during their Requiems. They learned self-reliance in the jungle, and though they might want to *be* needed, they don't need anyone.

Annexing and Gentrification

The sprawl is encroaching on wild habitats on an ever-increasing basis. It isn't uncommon for residents in the newly built suburbs to find pumas sleeping next to their recently installed swimming pools. Family pets disappear and turn up eviscerated by wolves or coyotes. Man is paving the forests and building convenience stores in their place, and many creatures simply have nowhere else to go. The Gangrel who choose to turn their back on society know that their territory is shrinking. Their hiding places are slowly but surely becoming car parks and multiplex theaters.

MEKHET

Surely, the other Kindred say, the Mekhet are suffering in this rational era. The occult has been tainted by the media's Satanic mania as well as trivialized by its ridiculous portrayal in films and television. To the mortals, the Age of Aquarius is over. Free love and open minds have been replaced by a cold rational appeal to the bottom line. What other Kindred are forgetting, however, is that this is the beginning of the Information Age. All else being equal, this time suits the Mekhet just fine. Information, *data*, is a commodity they are uniquely suited to gather and trade in; it comes as naturally to them as breath to a mortal.

THE DECLINE OF THE OCCULT

That isn't to say that the Mekhet ignore their mystical proclivities throughout the 80s. Some would argue that it's easier to see the signs and portents now, without the ridiculous glut of kitschy "magic" introducing a large amount of static into an already weak signal. Occult does mean "hidden," and the Shadows are anything but comfortable when their goals stand in the light of mortal scrutiny. They prefer to pour over books in the crepuscular alcoves of ancient libraries, to uncover secrets and twist them to their benefit. The very idea of the occult being trendy robs the power from the knowledge, and knowledge loses potency as it becomes attenuated, *common*. It has value only so long as it remains tightly held. Once something is widely known, it ceases to be knowledge and becomes simply trivia.

Environmental groups often find themselves with hidden and unknown allies in their fight against the problems of sprawl and wholesale development. Granted, the Gangrel have their own solutions to the lobbyists and corporations, the contractors and realtors. Sometimes the environmentalists get blamed, but construction stops, or at least slows down for a time, and that's what really matters, isn't it? The Savages aren't naive enough to think their efforts can ever turn the tide of humanity's spread. But they are territorial creatures, and they aren't giving up their homes without a fight.



The Bruja

The Filhos des Bruja (see **Vampire: the Requiem**, p. 235) motorcycle gang roars along the highways of the southwestern United States, under the relatively restrained leadership of the bloodline's founder Carlos "Bruja" Saavedra. The gang is riding high, running drugs from Mexico through California. They leave a trail of destruction in their wake wherever they go, and more than one splinter group of rough and ready Gangrel terrorize the small ocean-side towns along their route.

ESPIONAGE

The Cold War has many advantages and opportunities for the Mekhet. Espionage, both international and industrial, is big business. In Kindred society, the services of an enterprising Mekhet will never be squandered; but now, in the 80s, there hasn't been a better chance for them to make use of their talents in service of mortal institutions since the last World War. Whether they are listening into private conversations in the Soviet embassy or stealing plans for a new private jet, many Shadows are finding the new decade to be quite lucrative.

Carthian Mekhet come down on both sides of the Iron Curtain, trying to give their respective ideologies the edge they'll need to win, but the stage is already set for the end of the Cold War, one way or the other. *Glasnost* and the escalating buildup of arms on either side, as well as the introduction of Reagan's Star Wars program, all create a momentum and inertia that cannot be stopped. No single creature can change the course of history, nor can all the Kindred together meaningfully alter humanity's path.

THE COMPUTER REVOLUTION

A new frontier is forming, and the digital age is being birthed right before the world's collective eyes. Computers are creating a new medium for communication and research at a breathtaking pace. It is no surprise that some of the earliest adopters of the new technologies, among the Kindred, are Mekhet. After all, the entirety of the burgeoning sphere can be distilled into information. Hacking a computer can lay bare

Dead End: Playback (Auspex ...)

With the advent of videocassette recording and the potential for ubiquitous and persistent memory on magnetic tape, some Mekhet have discovered that their heightened senses and ability to translate mental impressions and subtle sensations into comprehensible imagery can connect with this new technology. This is an alternate Auspex ... power that replaces The Spirit's Touch. The two are mutually exclusive — a player must choose one when purchasing Auspex ..., and cannot subsequently buy the other. Use of Playback requires physical contact with a tape or floppy disk. With the current primacy of compact discs, DVDs, flash drives and optical data storage, few 21st century Kindred display mastery of it.

Cost: —

Dice Pool: Intelligence + Science + Auspex

Action: Instant

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The information on the cassette or disk becomes corrupted, as though a magnet has passed over it. The data is completely lost.

Failure: No information, imagery or data can be gleaned from the object through the use of Playback, though it can still be gained through normal methods.

Success: The vampire gains comprehension of the information contained in the medium. She can hear the music, see the events or read the text contained in a file. (As the vampire brain is not a computer, programs do not run and viruses cannot be spread.) The experience ordinarily proceeds from start to finish in an uninterrupted but continuous loop. Finding a particular moment or bit of information requires a Wits + Science roll.

Exceptional Success: The vampire has perfect access to all the information contained in the medium, as though she possessed the Eidetic Memory merit (*World of Darkness*, p. 108) regarding it.

Suggested Modifiers

Modifier	Situation
+2	The user has Computer ... or more.
+1	The user has physical contact with the magnetic medium itself, rather than just the housing.
+1	The user possesses Computer • or ••.
+1	The user possesses the Meditative Mind merit.
—	The information has been protected, secured or otherwise restricted from normal access.
-1	The image or voice of another vampire has been recorded upon the medium.
-2	The cassette or disk is dirty, damaged or has been exposed to magnetism.

secrets and, more importantly, new patterns and prophecies that the world has never seen before. New languages are being born with which to communicate intent. Highly ritualized and formalized, these languages have esoteric names like Fortran, COBOL, Assembly and the enigmatically named C.

There is a school of thought within the Mekhet of the Ordo Dracul, which posits that new methods of expression unlock thought patterns that have remained dormant and untapped until now. These new patterns can be harnessed to see the world in new ways and, when properly focused, create new

forms and contexts that have the potential to completely change reality.

20TH CENTURY DIVINATION

The Mekhet of the 80s are just as prone to visionary divination as those in other eras. Some of them are fond of card decks, either Tarot or ordinary playing cards, while others read tea leaves. But one cannot ignore the portents, regardless if they are delivered by traditional means or (like many things in the

80s) they come from a completely novel source. Depending on the Mekhet, anything might communicate a message. The medium of the message varies and is deeply personal, regardless of the content. Any other individual, Mekhet or not, has almost no chance to glean meaning from the same string of items or events. One Mekhet might find portents in the switching of television channels, while another might hear snippets of the future in the pounding bass of an Eazy-E song.

Nearly every Shadow finds herself drawn to some form of divination, particularly those with a talent for Auspex. Interestingly, this eccentricity does not necessarily extend to those outside the clan who learn the secrets of the discipline. This ability is uncontrollable and unpredictable. Simply attempting to use their preferred method of divination does not mean that it will reveal anything, or that what it reveals is a true example of the ability. When one seeks a sign, one often sees exactly what one desires to see. It is not full-blown precognition, nor is it guaranteed to be clear. Often, these flashes are couched in the imagery of

NOSFERATU

Tattered, shattered monsters don't really fit into the style-over-substance, superficial world of mortals in the "me" decade, but really, when have they? The Haunts have ever been outside of society, gnawing at the fringes and reminding Kindred and Kine alike that something goes bump in the night.

TWO TRIBES

The 80s is a time of great wealth, exotic foreign cars and expensive suits — for about one percent of the population. In many places, the streets are becoming more and more crowded. As foreign companies gain ground in the economy of the United States and those exotic cars drive American auto manufacturers out of business, an unprecedented number of citizens find themselves homeless, ragged and alone. Governmental budget cuts crack open mental hospitals and spill their mentally ill refuse back onto the street, unable to fend for themselves. For every well-coifed stockbroker, there are ten vagabonds struggling to find their way in the world. Nobody notices another ruined life shuffling past them. Even the most deformed Haunt can move almost unseen, protected by the willful ignorance of the masses who pretend that the homeless problem does not exist.

MASTERS OF FEAR

In the darkness below the cities, in the shadows where even the neon beer signs don't glow, nightmares dwell. Many Nosferatu react to the growing superficiality of the decade by exploring the trauma and horror of the world. They revel in the swollen paranoia of the 80s, the Cold War tension waiting to detonate in a radioactive cloud. The Haunts know a terrible secret: Fear drives the decade — desperation and terror and the frantic need to escape the reality of mankind's

the time. A looming threat might manifest as an image of a nuclear explosion, for example.



THE MORBUS

A new plague is spreading through the mortal world. Whether one calls it HIV or GRIDS, it must be admitted that it makes existence easier for the Carriers (see **Vampire: the Requiem**, p. 244). But everything isn't blood and roses for the afflicted. Shameful to their parent clan and suspicious to all of the Kindred, they must still hide their peculiarities lest they be accused of spreading or even *creating* the barely-understood virus. It doesn't help that Morbus tend to flock to viral "hot spots" like San Francisco to make finding sustenance an easier task. For many Kindred, the very nature of this new blood-borne disease is enough to set their paranoid, atrophied hearts aflutter, and the Morbus have the awkward distinction of being a very large elephant in a very small room.

impending doom, whether it comes from the book of Revelations, the bloody plague threatening to wipe us all out or two men pushing the red button in a missile silo. Nobody wants to think about it, so they focus on the things that don't matter. They create fears that are easily banished. Horror movie fears they can get up and walk away from rather than the omnipresent anxieties of everyday life. And the Nosferatu are there to remind them that something *does* go bump in the night.

SKIN-DEEP FRUSTRATION

The perpetual and shallow emphasis on physical appearance in the 80s cannot be avoided. Exercise and fitness explode into a craze, backed up by everything from Olivia Newton John singing "Let's Get Physical" to the martial arts boom happening across the United States. Perhaps shockingly, a number of Nosferatu fall into the self-improvement fad. The Haunts drift through a world inundated by exhortations to improve, to beautify oneself at any cost. Some try cosmetic surgery in dingy alleyway "clinics," only to watch their efforts slough away the next evening. Others try makeup that only succeeds in accentuating the horror that their faces have become. More than a few Nosferatu join the Ordo Dracul simply to search for a Coil that might allow them to find and quell their blood's twisted nature. None have succeeded in subduing the nightmare inside them.

AS ABOVE, SO BELOW

In executive washrooms and five-star hotels, powder gathers in drifts while the poor content themselves with gutter-slush. A new and cheap form of cocaine called "crack" spreads quickly on the streets, creating contemporary opium dens in dilapidated houses in the ghetto. More than a few Nosferatu take advantage of the occupants' altered states to feed without fear, and even more cultivate herds of the addled addicts. Quite a few Haunts build up strange and

disheveled kingdoms in the rotting projects of their cities. Other vampires may look down on the so-called slumlords, but none of them dare to cross them in their territory. In Chicago's Cabrini Green projects, the Rat King's subjects provide better security than many of the most powerful Ventrue's posh mansions.



White Lines and Glass Pipes

Mortal characters using cocaine (and Kindred feeding off of them) gain a single bonus die in Strength- or Stamina-based rolls. The drug makes them paranoid and nervous, however, causing social situations to be more awkward (-1 to Social rolls).

The effects of crack are similar, but more intense. The character gains two bonus dice in Strength- or Stamina-based rolls and loses two dice from all Social rolls. Both flavors of the drug are highly addictive. For more information on drugs and their effects, see **The World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 176.



URBAN LEGENDS

Whatever confluence of events inspires the trend, the 80s are a hotbed of urban legends that sound suspiciously to the other clans like Nosferatu activity. Stories of mutant, overgrown alligators living in the New York sewers spawn movies and news reports, and more than one Haunt takes credit as the creature behind the legend. In some cases, they actually are simply the pet ghouls of a Nosferatu or an entire coterie of

Haunts. But in the darkness of the sewers, when the other clans are gone, there are whispers of worse things below the surface of New York than vampires — maddening things best left to lay forgotten in the muck. Others tell stories of silent processions of mortals slinking into the depths to genuflect at the feet of things that even the Haunts fear.

MIRROR COURTS

Always outcasts, the Nosferatu find themselves largely ignored in the “me” decade. In many courts, they are marginalized in much the same way that one does not mention one's retarded cousin in polite company. Unable to find satisfaction socializing with the other Kindred, and completely incapable of being part of Kine society, coterie of Nosferatu begin to trend towards xenophobia and insularity. The Haunts retreat into crumbling basements and abandoned warehouses to create their own dark reflections of the shadow-society of the Kindred. A few cities even have two vampires claiming the title of Prince: One regent receiving the fealty of the “pretty people,” the other reigning over the ignored Haunts living below the radar, just the way they like it.



THE BURAKUMIN

The Unclean (see **Vampire: the Requiem**, p. 238) have slipped by mostly unnoticed in the Asian neighborhoods of America, until now. Many of the Burakumin came to the West to seek their own moonlit version of the American Dream. As they are drawn into local Kindred society, many childer find themselves confronted by Western concepts of equality completely at odds with their traditional place in Eastern society. It is a time of great flux within the bloodline, particularly as they return home and take Western and Carthian philosophies back to their downtrodden brethren in the Far East.

VENTRUE

In the Lords' view, the night has always belonged to them, and the elders see no reason that this new decade should be any different. Whatever earth-shattering, Requiem-redefining changes the neonates babble about tonight mean very little to a creature with decades, if not centuries of perspective. They say that this too shall pass, likely with little more than a pale and attenuated effect on Kindred society. If anything, things are slipping back into a mode that makes *more* sense to them, not less. Societal mores are becoming more conservative and traditional; the wild days of the 60s and 70s are past, at least on the surface of things.

NEW WORLD, NEW TOOLS

To the neonates, this is their time and their chance. How galling it is to be destined to rule, to be a leader among

monsters as well as men, when the line of succession is completely stagnant! At least mortal kings have the courtesy to die and give their children a chance to make their mark. This is an exciting time, full of technological and societal advances that the elders do not fathom and have no desire to understand. Ventrue neonates have new tools in their war chests, new angles of attack and new niches to infiltrate.

On the West Coast, the nascent personal computer industry is growing, and young and visionary Ventrue are sinking their teeth into the potential. Computers and computerized devices are beginning to infiltrate every aspect of human life. Digital clocks, cordless telephones and other convenient and ubiquitous advances seem trivial to those using them, but someone, somewhere, is becoming immensely rich.

If the Daeva have the lock on “what it means to be a vampire” in the 1980s, the Ventrue have the mortal world sewn up. The era of the CEO as a cultural icon has just begun — luminaries like Lee Iacocca, Leona Helmsley and Donald Trump make

themselves into celebrity spokesmen for the idea of capitalism and Reaganomics. The top-down management styles and strict hierarchies of the monolithic mega-corporations are well-suited to the skills of the Ventrue. A well-positioned retainer can exercise a great degree of influence with little chance of being exposed or removed.

Of course, money has always been a road to power, but that truth is center stage in the 80s. Money *is* power in a country where capitalism has become not just morally right, but a fully-realized moral imperative.

CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION

For those with money, there are no limits. For the right price, anything can be procured. The elite exist in an environment of nearly unrivaled license and privilege. Behind closed doors, the Ventrue are nearly as debauched and decadent as the Daeva. But not *with* the Daeva, oh no. Being associated with that sort of crowd would never do. Better to remain a respectable monster and indulge with discretion and well-paid clean-up crews.

While one might be discreet with certain aspects of nightly existence, it would never do to be seen as one of the rabble.



Devotion: Dress to Impress (Dominate ••, Majesty •)

Those Ventrue who can afford the best are even more dazzling. The combination of ostentatious displays of wealth and their inborn abilities makes them a force to be reckoned with.

This Devotion costs 10 experience points to learn.

Cost: 1 Willpower

Dice Pool: This power requires no roll.

Action: Reflexive

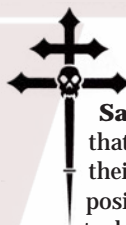
The character adds their Resources rating to all Social rolls for the duration of the scene. This ability does not affect interactions where the other party cannot see signs of the Kindred's wealth, such as during a telephone conversation. It would, however, work if the vampire was sitting in the shadows of a sleek limousine.



The 80s are the pinnacle of conspicuous consumption. It is not enough simply to have money and power — that money and power must be exercised in highly visible ways. One car is not enough; fifteen is more appropriate. One house? Patrick has three in town and one in the Hamptons. Dinner is necessary, even for the jet-setting Kindred, but eating isn't the point. Being *seen* in the most exclusive restaurants in town is worth the inconvenience food causes the Kindred.

A Ventrue neonate has to have all the best toys. The nicest suits (Armani or Brooks Brothers), the nicest watch (if it isn't a Rolex, hide it under fifteen-hundred dollar cufflinks) and the most expensive shoes. It doesn't matter if he can't afford it. Perception is everything, and it's better to fake it 'till you make it than to be guaranteed loser status for all time. And for the mortals, at least, there's the trophy wife. Spending more than your peers isn't getting bilked, it's the only way to know you're ahead.

Within Kindred society, this kind of ostentatious display is expressed in different ways. Hosting the most elaborate salon is a sure way to keep the Harpies talking, particularly one that raises the bar in ways that will be difficult for the next host to beat. Everything must be done with style, or barring that, expense. If you can't be the slickest creature, at least be the one who spent the most on your outfit. Keeping a beautiful ghoul in thrall is nice, but having five gorgeous ghouls following you wherever you go is priceless. Quantity is at least as important as quality, because it shows how much you have — or want others to *think* you have — to spare.



THE ICARIANS

The Dynasts (for more information, see **Lancea Sanctum**, p. 167) believe that they serve to rule, that their years of servitude will be rewarded when their master falls into torpor. This isn't a popular position during the 80s, at least not among the young turks bragging to each other in the small hours. In reality, most of the young Ventrue act very similarly to the Icarians. They serve happily, obsequiously in their master's or sire's moonlit offices and plot his downfall behind closed doors. Interestingly, this gives the Icarians an advantage in the decade. After all, their kind has been perfecting this art since the 14th century. They must have learned *something* in all their time serving the bishops and archbishops of the Lancea Sanctum or helping their Sires retain primacy despite their own ambitions. The balance they try to maintain, that all Ventrue must maintain, is simple: Show enough ambition to remain promising, but not so much that you become a threat. Protégés are groomed and encouraged. Threats are simply dealt with.

COVENANTS

CARTHIAN

The communist threat is still a shadow across the United States, a country simultaneously at its height as the shining guardian of the Free World and falling into shadow as its economy crumbles. Democracy is the golden child of the world, and that gives some of the advocates of the Carthian movement something to hope for. For the proponents of communism, the crumbling edifice of the Soviet Union is yet another example of the destruction of their ideal society and a discouraging symbol of the tendency for stasis and corruption in a world that needs change.

As followers of the two systems clash, they threaten to upset the momentum of the young movement; Carthian “parties” emerge, creating factional divisiveness when they could be taking advantage of the confusion many elder Kindred are feeling. The 80s are a powerful opportunity for the Carthian Movement, but infighting and fractured loyalties threaten to squander any gains the Turks might otherwise make.

But democracy is not the true victor of the Cold War. Capitalism is more accurately responsible for the coming of *glasnost*, despite the platitudes given lip service by American politicians. Many Carthians find themselves at a rare point of confluence, agreeing with the younger members of the Invictus. Capitalist society would, to many of the Turks, actually bring about the meritocracy that they long for. On its surface, it would level the playing field; those with the most money call the shots, and anyone, given the proper opportunities, can make money. The American dream’s current incarnation is, in many ways, the Carthian dream.

In American culture conservative philosophy is ascendant, but a vocal and growing core of malcontents shrug off the shackles of the past and refuse to fit in. The Carthians see this rebellious streak in American society and rejoice, regardless of their leanings. Even the most zealous extremist within the covenant realizes that change itself is the engine of life. The Carthians’ burning need for change drives them to adopt new platforms and technology that can help them spread their word and give voice to their oppressed brethren. Desktop publishing developments cause an explosion of underground broadsheet newspapers and ‘zines espousing the often wildly divergent political views of Carthian coterie. It is also quite common for Carthian leaders (or aspiring leaders) to record speeches and manifestos on audio cassettes, allowing their followers to listen to impassioned screeds on their Walkmans no matter where they are.

Small coffee shops and universities are still the preferred hangouts of the Carthian Movement, though a number of Turks find a place in the digital confines of the burgeoning online communities. In fact, quite a few vampires find social interaction *easier* online, where the Beast feels no need to exert superiority or nudge the Kindred towards devouring their companions. Unfortunately, at least one Carthian has accidentally betrayed himself by entering into an e-mail

debate with what he thought was another Carthian but ended up being the Prince’s Hound. Online, as with everywhere else, it is advisable to know your audience.

Punk is extremely popular within the Carthian Movement. As the genre matures, bands are making thoughtful, political statements with their music. The rabid “rebel who doesn’t give a fuck about a cause” attitude has been replaced with a fierce need for change. The angry, progressive music is a perfect counterpoint for the angry, progressive movement.

INDIVIDUALISTS

The 80s are defined by individualism, but only a certain brand. Selfish “what’s in it for me” attitudes are welcomed, even encouraged in the cutthroat environment of competition that has grown up in all quarters of American life. Achievers are lauded, regardless of what it took for them to succeed. This does not fit into the Individualist attitude of desiring “the freedom to do my own thing, as long as I respect others doing their own things.” But even the individualists have to admit, the 80s philosophy is a tempting option considering the way they are treated by other Kindred.

Of course, the solo attitude only works as well as a Kindred can be self-reliant. In the 80s, with the overwhelming majority out to get theirs no matter what the price, it is more important than ever to have a support system of followers and friends to watch each other’s backs. The majority of the staunchest Individualists act like sovereign nations. They negotiate pacts of non-aggression and mutual cooperation with other Kindred, perpetuating a labyrinth of favors and promises to keep themselves safe, trading true freedom to act for security. Just as often, they find themselves investigating their allies for a little bit of added collateral, just in case these supposed friends try to renege on their agreements.

COLLECTIVISTS

In theory, the Collectivists should be strengthened by their united resources. They would clearly be capable of feats that lone Kindred could never begin to approach. And they are... as long as nobody gets greedy.

To adapt from Hobbes, the nature of the vampire is nasty, brutish and solitary. Even the kindest vampires are feral creatures that, underneath their polish and charisma, want to tear out the throats of everyone they meet. It is, essentially, a direct contradiction of every instinctual pull a Kindred experiences to exist in a communal, collective state. But the Collectivists argue that the very ability to go against their instincts is what separates them from animals in the first place.

It is a hallmark of the Carthian mindset, as well as a testament to the odd philosophies of the decade, that even when their group projects fall apart due to internal strife or betrayal, they pick up the pieces, dust them off and join another group. Optimism and hope for the best do not come easily to the Kindred, but when a group of like-minded Carthians *do* find each other and the Collectivist philosophy works, they are a force to be reckoned with.

CIRCLE OF THE CRONE

Fallen from the heights of the 60s and 70s, the Crone suffer under the conservative-religious backlash of the 80s. While mysticism is still practiced, it is quickly being buried under a tide of feel-good, inoffensive pap that threatens to destroy much of what the Circle has worked for in the last two decades. The bloody rituals of the Crone hold little resemblance to the shiny New Age ceremonies that (according to the Acolytes) have more in common with Cyndi Lauper than with any ancient religion. Members of the Circle who had become lax about hiding their occult predilections are suddenly finding themselves investigated by new federal "cult-buster" law enforcement groups, putting the entire Masquerade at risk.

The Acolytes also suffer in Kindred society, thanks to the ascendancy of the Sanctified and their Invictus allies. Followers of the Crone find themselves marginalized or hounded, even persecuted as demon worshippers and charged with collusion with Belial's Brood in some domains. In others they are completely ostracized or evicted. There are few places in America where the Circle is treated with indifference or with what passes for kindness in Kindred society.

Many Acolytes withdraw from their fellow vampires, laying low and keeping their heads down. They look back on the hippies wistfully and nod to each other. In the face of suspicion and adversity, they simply move "underground." Covens claim domain over small towns, exerting their power to fortify their position and keep the odd nomadic Kindred who comes through their territory from discovering them, or even leaving with his existence intact. Acolytes play at being Invictus or simply unaligned, keeping their midnight gatherings secret for fear of being accused by the Lancea Sanctum of devil worship and, by extension, violating the Masquerade.

Invictus

Money is *everything* in the status-obsessed, macho 80s. Power brings wealth and, for the younger members of the Invictus, the reverse is also true. Unlike the Carthians, the Invictus don't care about bringing sweeping social change to the economy; they just want to make sure they get theirs.

The 80s are an Invictus playground. From the killing fields of Wall Street to the drug-fueled economy of southern Florida, the Invictus are in hog heaven. Or rather, they should be. Many Invictus are used to the self-serving brutal politics of the Kindred, but they are thrown off-balance by the bald, bold strokes of the same attitude that suddenly come to the fore in mortals. Many neonates come from the ambitious ranks of the trading floors, the real estate barons or the vicious and powerful drug cartels. To these Kindred, the path to power passes directly through the Invictus. Never mind

Some covens resist marginalization, forcing their way into Kindred society, not allowing themselves to be ignored. They stalk the salons resplendent in their pagan garb, daring the Sanctified to challenge their place. Heresy, they say, should mean very little to the Damned. Others take a more radical stance, actively fighting back against their oppressors, using a variety of Crúac rituals and other resources at their disposal to wage religious, mystical brush wars against the Spear and their Invictus allies. Behind the glitz and neon of the 80s lies many a bloody conflict. In some domains, the Crone finds allies within the Carthian Movement, whether in defense of American ideals or merely because the enemy of their enemies is a good distraction.

Still other Circle members stand proud and unwavering, depending on their place in the local hierarchy to keep them safe from Sanctified yearnings to destroy the heretics or from Invictus who simply see a chance for advancement. They shore up their defenses in their own way, calling in favors or finding blackmail to hang over their enemies' heads. In other words, they go about their nightly existence without worrying about the ridiculous claims of the Spear. Religious intolerance is nothing new to the Circle's elders.

In the shadows, the Circle continues its rituals and observances, ignoring decrees and bans regarding "demon worship". The very criteria by which the Sanctified judge the Acolytes means absolutely nothing to the covenants' members. Their entire belief structure lies outside Judeo-Christian dogma. Satanism, some say, requires a belief in the antagonist himself. The Spear counters that God works in mysterious ways, and so too must his great enemy. Ignorance is no defense against the coming of His wrath.

The threat of some sort of inquisition to wipe out the Acolytes remains that in almost all domains — just a threat. The tension never explodes into a new burning time, it simply fades over the course of the decade until by the 90s, Kindred and Kine societies have moved on to other bogeymen. It is a safe bet, however, that reactionary Kindred destroy many more Acolytes than members of Belial's Brood.

that many of them are quickly disillusioned or crushed by the overwhelming weight of the gerontocratic feudal system. Just as many of them are cunning and ruthless enough to advance quickly through the ranks, not because they play the game better than their elders, but because they are more capable of utilizing the latest technologies available in their bids for power.

Across the country, the Invictus find themselves walking in new corridors of authority. The youngest and the most cunning among them find new avenues opening to their rightful domination. In some cities, like Miami, the streets already flow with blood, and members of the First Estate are there to lap it up. They build drug cartels and gangs, provide security for smugglers and pay off the dock inspectors. They build armies of illegal aliens and downtrodden cannon fodder. These drug lords of the night hide behind their own puppet dictators, controlling entire syndicates that are organized in almost every way like corporations.

With the rising power of capitalism, the First Estate finds itself sometimes capable of making plays without the backing of their longtime allies in the Lancea Sanctum. To many Kindred of Quality, what was once a mutually beneficial relationship has become extremely one-sided over the past few decades. The power of religion in the world is guttering, as science – and, more importantly, finance – gains prominence. It is well past time, they argue, to leave the Sanctified to their pretty stories and anachronistic beliefs so that the Invictus might embrace the future.

The 80s are a wonderful decade for the privileged. Trust fund babies grow up with silver spoons in their mouths to create an eccentric elite of jet-setting hedonists who spend their days sleeping and their nights partying in exclusive night clubs, while their funds are replenished by their parents' companies. A truly vast amount of cocaine is partaken over the course of the decade, not to mention other narcotics and illicit substances. But in the 80s, "illicit" rarely has any meaning to the elite, because money can buy anything, even (some would say *especially*) freedom. These spoiled brats are always ready to explore a novel situation, because really, what's the worst that can happen? *Vitae* brings with it a high that makes the frenetic rush of mere coke seem blasé. They have also been so sheltered by their parents and nannies and personal staff that they truly believe they are immortal.

It is a small matter for Kindred of the First Estate to correct that notion. The debasement of the wealthy elite into shattered and begging blood dolls is shockingly simple, but it

does have the side-effect of giving the Kindred influence over an awe-inspiring amount of capital and power. For many Invictus, the 80s are an endless string of neon-bathed nights caught up in the swirl of the pursuit of anything that these unimaginably rich kids want to do. It's a glamorous life, but the demands of the crowd quickly spiral out of control, and the worst thing that can happen is to have the trendy and capricious little snobs decide that you are boring or gauche.

On the other hand, mortal society seems intent on vexing the Invictus in their self-assigned role as guardians of the Masquerade. For whatever reason, vampires have suddenly achieved an awkward amount of attention in popular culture. Once relegated to the Saturday matinees, the flat and ridiculous monsters of childish horror were no threat because they were simply too absurd to be real. Suddenly, vampires seem to be everywhere, in films and novels that are starting to get uncomfortably close to the nightly existence of the Kindred. By taking vampires out of the windswept Gothic moors and styrofoam-stone castles and putting them in normal clothing and modern cities, they are suddenly not so farfetched. Whether writers are actually knowingly interacting with Kindred or just extrapolating, they are getting to the point where the right person might put two and two together. The Invictus are dealing with a world on the verge of discovering the existence of the Kindred. To many of the First Estate, the surge in vampire-related entertainment constitutes nothing less than a global breach of the Masquerade.

Lancea Sanctum

The Sanctified in America have watched their country turn into a modern Sodom for the last decade, and now the worm has turned. A religious revival is sweeping the country, led by a charismatic new kind of preacher, the televangelist. These slick creatures hawking a kind of financial salvation with the looks of a movie star and the finesse of a politician bring a smile to the lips of even the most jaded monsters. The greedy ones are amusing, with their beautiful cars, beautiful houses and beautiful wives. They embody sin, the wolf in sheep's clothing, almost as well as the monsters of the Lance themselves. But it is the ones who truly believe in their mission, the preachers who have been drawn into the vicious and narcissistic world of television, beset on all sides by the very sin they minister against, *those* are the ones who draw the Lancea Sanctum like flies.

Some Sanctified say that it is even more important to do the work God has set for them, to be the nightmares and atrocities of the human imagination, when mankind no longer believes. They point to the fading sanctity of marriage, the adulterers and divorcees as one sign that faith is fading. Science and the abominable evolutionists are indoctrinating children to turn their backs on the Lord. It falls to the Spear, then, to visit God's wrath upon this absurd and "rational" country. They must show them that for all their vaunted machinery, their satellites and spy planes, they have forgotten that the real

danger lies in the darkness. Humanity has become so pre-occupied with destroying itself that mortals are forgetting about the creatures God set upon them, and that, the Sanctified insist, will simply *not* do.

Religion exists in limbo as rationalism and capitalism drive the Kine to focus on more worldly matters. And yet, religion is big business in the 80s. People find their jobs and their money do nothing to alleviate their fear of World War III. They need comfort and escape, reassurance that no matter what happens, they will be safe. But they don't have time to devote to going to church every week. So they send money, they attend spectacular stadium revivals with all the glitz and glamour of a Van Halen concert, and they listen to anyone who tells them how easy it will be to get into heaven – as long as they don't have to *do* anything.

So the Sanctified change their game. They find new, suave ways to sell the wrath of God and gain followers, with gleaming neon churches and perfect, beautiful acolytes. They smile sadly and sympathize over jobs lost to foreign labor and children lost to the homosexual menace, and they whisper that it's time to get right with God, because at any moment the call could come down, the keys could be turned and the buttons pushed. Because if there's one thing mankind can *always* be sold, it's fear.

In smaller towns, it is not unheard of for a Sanctified puppet to take to the airwaves, preaching over a pirate radio band or taking up residence on one of the many burgeoning

public access television stations across the country. These puppets preach a carefully edited and watered-down version of the Testament, and draw equally careful scrutiny from the Princes of their domains.

The Invictus are falling to the temptation of a new God, offering them immeasurable power: capitalism. The Sanctified feel their alliance slipping, and fear that the First Estate no longer has any need for the spiritual power and guidance of the Lancea Sanctum, so they latch onto the fear pervading the mortal world. Belial's Brood is everywhere, they say, threatening to destroy what the Invictus might build. They are cunning and insidious, and without the Lance you'll never root them out. Fear can be sold to Kindred, too.

The Neo-Reformists

This is the decade of the Neo-Reformists. Their members tart up the Testament of Longinus in tailored suits and lacquered hair, smiling their perfect, gleaming smiles as they preach from the pulpit, while acolytes prepare a sacrament of living flesh and blood on the altar behind them. These predatory preachers have no qualms about selling their gospel to Kindred and Kine alike. Sanctified "faith healers" cure their mortal followers by giving them the "blood of Christ," inspiring a divine loyalty in their brethren. The Testament itself is considered by many Sanctified to be too

archaic and stilted to really connect to younger members of Kindred society. To that end, the Neo-Reformists collate and create a new distillation of the Sanctified dogma, simply titled "Catechism." This short pamphlet summary of the Testament of Longinus is one of the most far-reaching effects of the desktop publishing revolution upon Kindred society. Some Neo-Reformists have even gone so far as to illustrate Chick-style pamphlets in hopes of making the religion more approachable to overwhelmed neonates.

The Tollison Creed

On the other hand, the followers of the Tollison Creed are likewise ascendant. In rebellion against the neon and chrome style-over-substance of the decade, entire southern towns become the demesne of the White Sunday movement. Towns are small and far enough apart that a congregation of Sanctified can still rule a community simply by enthraling the city council and "educating" them in the ways of the Spear. The plain clothing and puritanical lifestyle of the Creed fits well into towns that ban everything from alcohol to dancing, even without the influence of vampiric religious fanatics.

Sanctified tent revivals are not an uncommon sight, though many mortals mistake them as Pentecostals. The White Sunday congregates are only too happy to provide any actual Pentecostals with venomous snakes to help them test their faith.

ORDO DRACUL

The Dragons slither over the obstacles of the new decade, adjusting and adapting to the vagaries of fate. While many of the order still prefer the tried and true methods of recording and disseminating information, some Dragons are embracing the capabilities of the new personal computers and happily investigating novel methods of scientific experimentation, data collation, local computerized Bulletin Board Systems and even the nascent networks such as the WELL or CompuServe. Of all the covenants, the Dragons are perhaps the least affected by the changes wrought by the 80s, in large part because they teach that each new discovery should be evaluated and adopted to the extent that it can be made useful. Equilibrium is a goal of the Dragons that the others have never really grasped.

In one way, though, the 80s are a brilliant time for the Dragons. Scientific and technological progress moves at such a rapid pace that the Dragons are hardly seen as eccentric. Weird science — albeit in a ridiculous and absurd form — is portrayed in movies so often that even mortals might take a Dragon experiment as rote, simply accepting research at a dragon nest or the clearing out of the wing of a house for investigations into a particularly active haunting. The frontiers of science are ever-fluctuating, and something the Dragons consider completely *avant garde* one day might suddenly be old hat the next.

Some members of the order take advantage of the decade's strange mix of attitudes towards the occult and navigate between the fear, fascination and ridicule of the subject in order to explore and perform experiments. More than one Dragon bill themselves as paranormal researchers, while others assuage rationalist and religious fears alike by portraying themselves as skeptics whose only interest is proving the absurdity of belief in ghosts and vampires. In Miami, the police department's primary consultant on cult-related affairs is a card-carrying member of the Ordo Dracul who works with the Prince to smooth over any wrinkles in the Masquerade.

Other members haven't even noticed the shifts in the mortal world, so intent are they on their personal transformations. It would not be unfair to say that there are active Dragons who completely miss the 80s altogether. Oh, they interact with mortals and other vampires, but only insofar as they must to advance their learning or satisfy their imperatives for blood. These Dragons are in the world, but not of it, and they don't miss it at all. Certainly, mastery of the Coils is far more important than who starred in the latest box-office blockbuster this summer or whether Oliver North is guilty. The quest for knowledge can consume everything else and, ironically, stunt intellectual development and provide a myopic and inhuman worldview. Pursuit of the Coils is the goal for these Dragons, not the means to reach their goal, and they, more than most, need to be forced to experience the world around them.

Belial's Brood

The Foresworn are, if not a larger threat in the 80s, at least a more visible one. The overwhelming Christian revivalist movement in the United States and the accompanying rise in Sanctified power, along with the mortal hysteria surrounding Satanism, pushes the Brood into a position of power they are far too fractious to have achieved on their own. The Brood is the bogeyman, responsible for every ill that befalls Kindred society over the course of the decade. Those groups like the Circle of the Crone or the Morbus, which have fallen out of favor, are suspected of being Foresworn in disguise.

The Brood are, essentially, the “Red Scare” of Kindred society. They are an ominous, monolithic threat that is everywhere and nowhere, a vast conspiracy that somehow includes both the political enemies of the Invictus and the theological enemies of the Lancea Sanctum at the same time. Many so-called cases of Brood encounters have the taste of urban legend. The friend-of-a-friend pedigree and the shifting details make it hard to pin down exactly where the Brood has *actually* been sighted and where someone's overactive imagination has created a phantom threat. Did a satanic biker gang of vampires really terrorize a small Californian town? Maybe, but the name of that town changes in every telling, and the method by which they were overcome likewise shifts depending on the storyteller.

That said, the Brood *are* extremely active for a group that is, essentially, a collection of smaller groups under a generalized and not entirely accurate umbrella. The aforementioned Satanist scare in mortal society means that a larger proportion of neonates are predisposed to believe in the Foresworn party line. It isn't a vast leap from a mortal life in which everything from role-playing games to the music on the radio is a hidden recruiting tactic of Satanic cults to a belief that you are the corpse-vessel possessed by some demonic host. The Brood tends to attract flamboyant Kindred who burn out quickly — in some cases, literally.

In the mortal world, worshipping Satan is well on its way to becoming a popular method of rebellion against middle-class mom and dad. Teenagers wear silver pentagrams and listen to musicians who bite the heads off of bats onstage. They write “hail Satan” on their notebooks at school and happily face suspension or expulsion for their exuberant and loud fashion statements. These same teenagers are a perfect distraction for Belial's Brood and other truly dangerous cultists. For every group of screaming and laughing hair-rockers pumping their fists and throwing up the horns, shouting their devotion to the “dark lord,” a quiet coven of outcasts silently makes the necessary sacrifices to bring malicious and terrible spirits to this world.



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Telling Stories of SIN

What's the big deal? It was a decade that was different from any decade before or since. But isn't every decade like that? We'll never see the 1880s again, either. Maybe we're already becoming like our elders, bemoaning a time that will never come again. I prefer to look ahead, instead of looking back.

– Journeyman Molly Wright, Mekhet

UNIQUELY 80s HORROR

Take a moment and envision the spirit of the 80s. Search your memory for the stories told, the popular fare, the zeitgeist. Even if you don't remember the 80s very well or weren't around for that decade, odds are good that you still know the period; it's ingrained in our cultural psyche. Like a cicada, the tropes of this decade have burrowed into our society, to lay dormant for years and emerge again with much noise and clatter.

We remember a decade that was spirited, poppy and happy. We remember *Transformers* and *Risky Business* and *Top Gun*, a decade of camp, kitsch and fun, where everything was good and safe and every story finished with a happy ending. But **Vampire: The Requiem** is not a game of such rosy endings; it is modern gothic horror. Where's the horror in the era of big hair, heavy metal, neon everything and parachute pants? How do you, as Storyteller, set your chronicle in this time period while still making it a **Vampire** game?

The answer is not as hard as one might think. Despite the nostalgia associated with the 80s, the era was actually a very scary period covered under a fragile veneer of bubblegum pop culture that barely held the base horrors festering beneath the surface at bay. The movies, television, cartoons and music might shine with careless joy, but the decade was more dark and cynical than previous times. A **New Wave Requiem** chronicle has its own themes and mood inspired by what we remember, without becoming campy and losing that core of personal horror that is important in a **Vampire** chronicle.

INTENSITY AND SPEED

One of the strongest elements of the 80s zeitgeist is its intensity. It's not brightly colored, it's *neon*. It's not music, it's *heavy metal*. It's not business, it's *war*. When putting together a **New Wave Requiem** chronicle, feel free to ramp up the intensity. Everything from the plots you weave with the players to the descriptions of the characters they meet should

be just a little *more* than usual. Don't confuse this with "over the top" — we're not talking camp here. It's just that everything is more intense than normal, and getting that across to players (especially veteran **Vampire** players) will help them understand that they're dealing with something different from the World of Darkness of the 21st century.

Another aspect of this intensity is speed. Things are evolving at a much more rapid pace than in previous decades. Fortunes are won and lost overnight. Feuds are ended with a shotgun blast and a spray of blood. Countries change allegiances, governments or even borders between newspaper releases. The World of Darkness in the 80s is similarly frenetic, even in the generally stolid world of the Kindred. Stories can be faster-paced, with the coterie feeling like they have to struggle just to keep up, causing them to always look for the short-cut that will put them ahead of the game instead of straggling behind.

One way to bring this intensity and speed to your chronicle is to think of the Danse Macabre not as a dirge or a waltz, but as a power ballad. The power ballad is a unique phenomenon to the decade's musical heritage. It includes the longing gushers like Poison's "Every Rose Has Its Thorn" and Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive," but it can also be used to describe Metallica's "Fade to Black," Slayer's "Seasons in the Abyss" and Iron Maiden's "Hallowed Be Thy Name." They have intense, pounding beats while the singer belts out emotional intensity with the elegance of a sledgehammer.

By switching the beat, all of Kindred society dances to a new tune. Domain conflicts turn into full-blown turf wars, each block won by blood. Political rivalries become emotional clashes as each faction throws chairs and points fingers in screaming matches. Misguided Kindred become a Satanic menace lurking in every shadow, while any misstep in the Danse is part of some rival's play to destroy you. Elders scramble to adapt their long-term schemes to short-term payoffs, but sometimes even they are forced to resort to brute-force methods of keeping a hold on their powerbase for another night.

When writing up your setting for a **New Wave Requiem** chronicle, feel free to make the pace and scale of the local Kindred politics larger than normal. This not only reflects the feel of the 80s presented in this book, but it also puts the coterie of player characters more quickly into the action. The rewards are higher than in a traditional **Vampire** chronicle, but they come with higher risks. Fortunes might change on a single Discipline roll, and the power structure of your city might look completely different after only a few stories.

One word of caution, however, when switching your Danse to a power ballad. Throughout this book we've mentioned that elder and ancillae vampires have difficulty keeping up with the pace and changes in the 80s. This doesn't, however, make them stupid or incompetent. These vampires have been playing the game for far longer than their newly-Embraced counterparts, and while they might not be able to play the stock market or score the good-quality coke for their herd, they certainly know how to acquire and apply power... or else they wouldn't be in the positions they're in. The big difference in the 80s is that the neonates have tools and a kind of cultural savvy that makes them bigger threats to established Kindred right out of the gate, and it gives them an inflated bravado that can cause them to underestimate their older rivals. Some ancient vampires will fall a step or two behind, making way for their younger peers, but those who can adapt or negate the neonate's tools will be all the deadlier as they approach the turn of the century.

THE PRICE OF GREED

On the flip side of the siren song of vice and greed in Chapter Two (p. 22), all good things come with a price, a hard crash at the end of the wild ride. With financial greed comes insider trading and junk bond scandal. With rampant sexuality comes AIDS. With excessive drug use comes increased drug legislation and organized crime. With blatant self-interest comes betrayal. Everything has its price, and in the 80s the fall is even faster than the rise — it's just a matter of how long you can hang on before it all goes away, and what you're willing to sacrifice to keep it a little longer.

Keep this in mind as you run your chronicle. As the player characters sacrifice more and more to ride the high and live the good life, one day the bubble will burst, the bill will come due, and it will all come crashing down. And just as the intensity of the highs are ramped up in the 80s, so too are the lows. You don't just lose a few cars and some paintings; you lose everything you own. You don't just lose your job; you lose your entire company with no one else willing to hire you. You don't just lose some Status in Kindred society; you get a five-second head start before the Hounds come after you.

Don't feel that you have to slaughter the player characters just to make a point, though — the idea isn't to frustrate the *players* but to hammer on the *characters*. Think of it as a chance to move a chronicle quickly between the glories of a high-rise penthouse and the grit and grime of a burned-out crackhouse, telling a wide variety of stories within the scope of the same decade. Talking with the players about the hard rise and fall and the increasing stakes in your chronicle ahead of time can also help to reduce the feeling that the Storyteller is punishing the players for their success... rather than telling a story of gain and loss in a turbulent time period.

TAINTED BLOOD

The AIDS epidemic was as underlying fear for much of the decade, destroying the last vestiges of the Love Generation. While the previous age group espoused free love and the universal spirit, the emergence of AIDS turned that ideal on its head, equating sexual freedom with Russian roulette. However, mortal society is always devoted to pernicious habits, and two decades of open sexuality cannot be erased quickly, despite the dangers posed by the new disease. In this decade, sex is just another commodity to be hoarded, a material object that serves as a status symbol to be earned through promiscuity, aggressiveness and tenacity. But excess has a price, and AIDS is one of the checks against overindulgence.

AIDS is a natural and immediate problem for the Kindred of the decade. While vampires are personally unaffected by AIDS, a vampire's Kiss could lead to infection, and the most difficult aspect is the uncertainty that accompanies the transmission. Any Kine on the streets could be infected with AIDS, and even aside from the physical threat of this incurable disease, there is the social fear that people will think the victim is homosexual (and some hate groups might not let the illness run its course before they deal with the "threat" the carrier poses). The mere presence of AIDS is enough to put a vampire's entire herd on edge, and thus far there's no way for a vampire to tell if they are a carrier until one of their blood dolls falls ill (although the Morbus claim they know). Many vampires wince every time someone they feed from coughs, and more than a few have killed their victims "just to be sure," leading to a further stretching of an already taut Masquerade.



Storytelling AIDS

AIDS is a complicated disease that is barely understood in the 80s. In a **New Wave Requiem** chronicle, the spread of AIDS is best used as a mysterious Storytelling tool instead of something that might be contracted by a bad roll of the dice. The disease has no effects on a Kindred's Vitae — at most, vampires have a chance to become carriers and spread it to those mortals who they feed from. A mortal affected with AIDS will slowly lose Stamina dots at a Storyteller-determined rate until she has none left, at which point the character cannot make any resistance rolls against disease nor heal any Health boxes lost to illness.



Unfortunately, vampires have their own version of the AIDS epidemic, one that very closely mirrors the early history of that disease. Malkavia (see **Lords of the Night: Ventrue**, pp. 95-100) is a mystical affliction that is treated by the Kindred in much the same way that AIDS was initially viewed by mortals: as an affliction specific to a certain subsection of society, serious in its symptoms and to be feared and avoided at all costs. Its relation to the AIDS virus is murky at best — most Kindred don't seriously believe that the two diseases are related, but nevertheless they instinctively shy away from vampires they know have transmitted AIDS to their herds. More than one infected Kindred has demonstrated a pattern of infection, of either AIDS or Malkavia, that has lead other Kindred to uproot and eliminate them (often with accusations of being a Morbus or one of Belial's Brood).

A KNIFE IN THE BACK

As part of the ethos of the “me” generation, it's entirely possible that a player will want his character to betray or turn on the other members of her coterie in order to gain some benefit. There's a couple of different ways you can deal with it. The first and easiest method is to simply disallow it — for some reason, this coterie bucks the trend of self-interest and greed rampant in the culture at this time. This is best suited for a chronicle in which the characters are trying to work against the common trends in the culture and in which the players want their characters to be able to trust each other, but it can feel a little artificial or contrived for some troupes. Still, this is the easiest method to keep chronicle cohesion (which is important in any Storytelling game), and should be seriously considered if it fits the play-style and interests of your group.

The second method is to allow it, within certain limits. These parameters are up to each troupe, but should take into consideration logistical concerns as well as stylistic ones. For example, one character might betray the coterie to gain standing and power within his covenant. While this makes perfect sense in the selfish 80s, it also means that the Storyteller is functionally running two games — one for the traitor, and one for the rest of the coterie (which likely will want revenge). If the troupe is okay

with this kind of separation, feel free to explore it, but it can be lonely for the player of the character who broke off ties.

Such betrayals can be temporary, though, whether in intent or in duration. If the traitor betrays the coterie as a deception to get closer to a rival, then the game play continues as normal, as it is assumed the character will eventually return to the fold, even if it's in the form of clandestine meetings to discuss what the “traitor” has uncovered. Alternatively, the group that the traitor sold the coterie out to might in return reject or sell out the traitor, leaving that individual out in the cold. This can prompt the traitor to try to patch things up with his former friends, which can be an exciting story and one that gets the group talking to each other again (even if it's yelling and screaming).

The betrayal, however, might be permanent. The player of the character who has turned traitor can make up a new character who has recently joined the coterie, relegating the traitor to use as a Storyteller antagonist in future stories. Alternatively, the rest of the players might play characters related to the traitor's new faction, and stories might alternate between the two groups, showing different perspectives of the Danse Macabre. Finally, either side might simply dissolve or fade away, leaving the other to remain the focus of the chronicle.

Regardless of the methods you pursue as Storyteller to handle such betrayals, it's best to discuss them with the rest of the troupe ahead of time, even if you need to put the current chapter on hold while you all talk over the ramifications of the betrayal. It can help ease out-of-game tensions toward the players of potential traitors, and it can turn a logistical problem into a new and exciting way to tell stories in your **New Wave Requiem** chronicle.

THE HAPPY ENDING

A staple of 80s fiction is the happy ending. With rare exceptions, the good guys won, the bad guys lost, and everyone lived happily ever after. Even horror movies and novels often involved defeating (or at least escaping from) the creatures of the night. On the surface, this seems to work against the concept of a game of personal horror — if the player characters win all the time, they'll feel invulnerable and take bigger and more ludicrous risks, knowing that it will all work out in the end.

So let's take a step back. In **New Wave Requiem**, you should feel just fine about creating stories where the good guys triumph or the bad guys only win if they go through a trial of redemption. But here's the big key: *vampires are the bad guys*. It's still a world where good defeats evil; vampires are just on the wrong side. It's all about telling stories of sin and darkness, where vampires are the avatars of such darkness, not vindicating heroes.

There are two different scales you can look at in terms of endings: stories and chronicles. If you want to have each story be relatively self-contained (or if you're running a one-shot story, such as the one included in Chapter Five), then you should think about if you want to consider a happy ending, either for or against the characters. More often, though, stories tend to blur together, growing and evolving organically, and the real ending occurs at the wrap-up of the chronicle.

So if the vampires are the bad guys, does that mean they should always lose? That's up to the preferences of your troupe. There's certainly a compelling story to be told where the bad guys learn the error of their ways and work toward more noble goals, as

well as one where everything the characters work for eventually gets undone (perhaps in a final shootout where the coterie gets ripped apart and left for the sun). However, the happy ending works better as a conceptual tool rather than a literal one. Trying to craft a specific ending for a story or chronicle may leave some troupes feeling like they have little say in how the story unfolds, made to ride the rails toward a pre-determined conclusion. However, it does work as a good plotting device to help you get a sense of where the players trend toward.

For example, let's say you're running a chronicle based around the coterie provided in the appendix (pp. 65-79). Given how the characters are currently written, they can probably gain some early success in the *Danse Macabre*, but will likely fall apart as their personal differences become more and more intense, and when they crash they will crash hard. That doesn't mean that *will* happen, though. Through the course of the chronicle, the coterie may learn tolerance for each other's flaws, or realize that focusing on long-term gains instead of short-term ones will benefit them all. They aren't locked into a scripted end — they are just likely to fail unless something changes. At some point, however, they might redeem themselves in various ways, allowing the coterie to reclaim a happy ending for themselves in a society that stacks all the cards against them.

So, when planning your story or chronicle, consider if there's a happy ending for your troupe, and keep your mind open for story opportunities where that ending might get changed.

THE MONTAGE

Every student of 80s cinema knows of the montage. A staple of dramatic fare and sports-hero movies, the montage was prevalent throughout the decade, almost to the point of overkill. While the style has been satirized and ridiculed in recent times, the montage sequence was an effective storytelling device of the 80s. Essentially, the montage is a series of shots in which multiple story lines progress through short scenes played back to back, usually without dialogue and cast to a specific song or musical number. Montages are stylized shortcuts, edited highlights for stories with elaborate plots and multiple protagonists. The montage sequence is usually utilized in order to fill in gaps within narratives that, while important, can be effectively whittled down to their core.

Storytellers can make active use of the montage sequence in their chronicles. Especially for groups with large coteries or particularly convoluted schemes, the montage can move a story at a steady pace without emphasizing one character too much or bogging the story down into minutiae. As a decidedly 80s cinematic touch, the montage can fit in perfectly for a chronicle set during this time period. There are a few different ways to use montages in a **New Wave Requiem** session.

At their core, montages are a way of compressing time. In most Storytelling games, such “downtime” is usually just glossed over: “Okay, you’ve spent the last few weeks building a cult of eight loyal worshippers.” With a time-lapse montage, however, you can show little bits of the story while still cutting through chunks of undramatic time. You can describe a series of iconic events from the time cut — a series of roadside incidents during a long travel sequence, a collection of short interactions while getting information or even a series of martial arts fights as the character works his way up a tournament ladder. You can also encourage players to throw out their own short scenes during

the montage, perhaps going around the table and allowing each person to script one. Each scene in a montage shouldn't be more than a sentence or two, such as “We see Darryl in his gang colors elaborately shaking hands with another gang member” or “There's a quick image of Robyn digging a stiletto heel into a well-dressed man's back as he tries to lick her other boot.”

Another common method of compressing time is showing a series of conflicts that are important as obstacles, but the details aren't vital to the story. If there are a lot of conflicts that you want to play through quickly, you can boil them down to one contested roll of each player character's appropriate pool against an appropriate number of dice for a typical opponent. For example, in the situation where various characters are trying to get information on the street, the roll might be Manipulation + Streetwise against a rough average of the informant's Resolve + Composure (say, 2 or 3 dice). The martial arts tournament might be a Stamina + Brawl roll (since being able to do lots of fights in a row is more important than being particularly strong or fast in an individual battle) versus the average opponent's Stamina + Brawl. You can read the dice roll as normal to get a sense of how well the character does in the conflict. Further, you can rule that each success a player gets allows that person to provide one scene in the montage, while each success in the Storyteller's roll allows you to dictate a scene.

Finally, a frequent use of a montage is when a character is learning an important skill during the course of a story. This is just like a time-lapse montage, except that Storytellers can use this as a justification to allow players to spend experience points *during* a chapter, instead of between chapters. Some common examples are shooting a variety of targets at a firing range (Firearms), sparring against a variety of opponents (Brawl) or trying out a new power in a number of situations (Disciplines).

OPTIONAL RULES

There are some specific rules adaptations that you can implement to give a specific feel to your **New Wave Requiem** chronicles.

ADAPT OR DIE

In a culture where everything changes quickly, the guy who stays on the leading edge has an advantage, as long as he can continue to perform. To reflect this mechanically, you can award an additional experience point to characters who either come up with a radical new solution to a problem, or to those who use modern thinking or technology to their benefit during the story. This can be balanced by an experience point *penalty* if such solutions end up causing more serious problems than a more traditional solution would have provided — even modernity has to prove its utility in the “adapt or die” culture of the high-paced 80s, and what you learned before might become worthless tomorrow.

GREED AND WRATH

To better reflect the spirit of the times, you may allow a player character to take Greed or Wrath as her Virtue. Let the morals of the time be the sole arbiter of morality. If the Kine are invested in one-upping each other in backroom deals, hostile takeovers, nuclear weapon stockpiling and mindless brutality, how is this attitude bad for vampires? When the character indulges in the greed or hatred of the times, she reclaims all of her Willpower

at the end of that story; Daeva characters, in particular, are not affected if they pass up opportunities to be greedy or wrathful during the course of the story (although they are affected normally by whatever Vice you *do* choose). You can also rule that Charity and Temperance are considered Vices, and reclaim Willpower in the fashion of Vices (once per act) instead of in the normal method.

(Note: the characters provided in Chapter Five and in the Appendix don't use this optional rule — if you want to utilize it, simply modify the characters accordingly.)

THINNER MASQUERADE

Between vampire popularity in the media and the current general laxity of Kindred society, you can rule that Kindred are easier to detect in the 80s. Feel free to award +1 or +2 dice for any attempt to determine if a character is a vampire. This doesn't affect *The Lost Visage* mentioned in **Vampire: The Requiem** on pp. 75-76, although there are exceptions (see Chapter Three, p. 26).

STORY SEEDS

There are a lot of ways you can kick off a **New Wave Requiem** chronicle. You can begin with the story "A Good Man Bad" detailed in Chapter Five, using the pre-generated coterie listed in the appendix. If you want to start your chronicle differently, however, or if you want ideas on what to run after "A Good Man Bad," here is a list of story seeds to help kick-start your imagination.

- A newly Embraced vampire can't control his powers, and doesn't know anything about vampire society. He starts asking around to various occult practitioners in the area, as well as various medical facilities, and he's started collecting a small crowd of mortal groupies who all want to be just like him. He doesn't know how the Embrace works yet, but he's attracting a lot of unwanted attention to vampires in general. The city might be on the verge of a full-blown vampire infestation.

- A young coterie of vampires starts Embracing mortals for kicks (perhaps even the newly Embraced vampire in the previous seed). They could be unreleased childer who don't understand the need for the Masquerade, a powerful elder infected with Malkavia or perhaps a legitimate gang of Belial's Brood preparing for an assault on the local court. The coterie is told to look into the mass Embraces, put a stop to them and do something with the fledgling vampires.

- The local media report a staggering increase in AIDS cases among members of the city council. Most of the recently infected are known to hang out in a nightclub owned by the city's Prince. Worried ancillae demand an investigation into the outbreak, but the Prince staunchly denies the request, claiming that he has heard word that some of the more radical newspapers are ready to brand him a homosexual in the press,

which would lead to a breakdown of the Masquerade. A small coterie of political rivals to the Prince has decided to take matters into their own hands, enlisting the player characters to help investigate (or agitate) the matter.

- The Cacophony reports a rash of murders in the area. The attacks are random and violent, and suspected to be caused by bands of bored teenagers. Later reports indicate subtle hints of vampirism, or at least the veneer of it, but the majority of these murders occur during the daytime. Investigation into the homicides leads to a group of teenage Goths who are steeped in the lore of the Kindred. When confronted, the teenagers exhibit some mystical powers, and are seemingly ghouls. Their leader claims to be a real vampire, however, and a powerful one to boot. Where did they get their powers from?

- A young Invictus and a Carthian have decided to pool their resources and covertly acquire a company using their sire's money and resources. They flood the market with investment tips and artificially inflate the stock. Then they sell all their stock just before investors get a subpoena for an investigation into insider training — which directly involves the neonates' sires (who are political rivals). Each sire is now accusing the other of setting him up, and the neonates come to the coterie to help them get out of the situation with their money (and their necks) intact.

- A small group of club-going vampires have been giving their herd increasing amounts of cocaine so they can get the rush through their blood. However, their blood dolls have started dying off, and the drug-related crimes are drawing police attention. The vampires are willing to point the police at their drug connection, one of the city's primogen. The coterie can keep the partiers quiet, misdirect the police, help them take down the primogen, or even move to take over the entire operation themselves.

- An unknown Kindred arrives at the Prince's court. He claims to be a political refugee from Moscow, and demands asylum on American soil before the vampires in his home court track him down and kill him. The Russian Kindred, a communist Carthian, refuses to give up his political ideology, and starts trying to recruit others to his cause. Is this political refugee just a political firebrand, or is he a patriot trying to infiltrate and destabilize the American Kindred?

- The amount of pagan mortal activity has been increasing in the past few months. The media (and the Lancea Sanctum) have branded the practices as "satanic," and pressure is being placed on the local Circle of the Crone to provide the names of any contacts they may have in Belial's Brood. A Crone sire of one member of the coterie forces the group to find some way to remove this pressure, whether it's to find proof of the Circle's innocence, removing the key Sanctified member who's pushing the issue, or manufacturing a false Brood presence to direct attention away from the worshippers of the Crone.





A Good Man Bad

The Movement's been lying to us, to themselves. Their whole damn system, their damn ideals, all of it is a crock of shit. Altruism doesn't exist in the Requiem. When they say all Kindred are created equal, what they mean is the blood denigrates even the best mortal man, transforming him into a thief, a murderer and a rapist.

– Billy Black, Lancea Sanctum Firebrand and Student of Solomon Birch

INTRODUCTION

“A Good Man Bad” is a self-contained story that introduces the characters to the Chicago of the World of Darkness, as it appeared in 1983. We intend this chapter primarily for Storytellers. If you plan to play a character through the story that follows, you may wish to stop reading here to better enjoy the surprises and twists this story details.

Charged with uncovering a gang's source of illicit firearms, the characters wheel, deal, bribe and steal their way up a gangland ladder that reaches to the very top of Kindred society and to a secret that undermines the ideals the city's government is founded on. Along the way they have the opportunity to establish new connections and allies or draw the attention of new enemies.

TREATMENT

Over the last year, crime in the upper South Side of Chicago has skyrocketed. Two gangs, the Reds and the Knives, clash continuously in the streets, leading to myriad deaths of both criminals and bystanders. Unknown to the city at large, an investigation on the part of the Lancea Sanctum has revealed that a high-ranking Carthian, Sheriff and Primogen Shark Bostow, funneled guns to the Knives in an attempt to destroy the Reds, who served as a base of influence for a small contingent of communist Carthians. The Prince of the city, the Matriarch, ordered an end to the trafficking. Bostow claims to have complied, yet the Knives continue to sport new firearms.

Enter the characters. At the behest of Sheriff Maggie Archer, the coterie investigates the Knives and their suppliers, moving up the ladder by making deals or cracking skulls, until they discover a conspiracy between Bostow and the vicious elder unbound pimp Old John. Bostow is assisting Old John in the sale of human slavery in exchange for money that is funneled to a supplier, who provides the money back to Old John for guns. The guns then go to the Knives. Bostow's need to destroy the communists in his midst has led him to trade human lives for a reliable way of putting guns in gang members' hands without getting his own hands too dirty. The characters uncover this foul plot by the end of the story — what do they do next?



About the Storytelling Adventure System

If this is your first Storytelling Adventure System (SAS) product, you've chosen a fine place to start. To keep this story kit lean and focused, though, we haven't included a lot of the core premises and Storyteller suggestions that are at the heart of the SAS. Whether you're a new Storyteller or an old hand, be sure to read the *free SAS Guide*, found at the SAS website:

www.white-wolf.com/sas



THEME AND MOOD

The theme of the story is *selfishness*. Each character the players interact with acts in his own interest first and foremost. Avarice runs rampant in Chicago, and when a voice rises to counter it in the form of the communist Carthian Cold Charlotte, forces move to stomp it out. The characters are no exception to the rule. By selling out their enemies and the target of their investigation, they can make quite the profit.

The mood is *abandon*. Things happen fast. A successful deal vanishes in a blood-red haze and the staccato report of gunfire. Fortunes rise quickly, the characters discover, but from those dizzying heights the fall can be deadly.

STORYTELLER ADVICE

This story serves as a launching point for a chronicle that spans the 80s. As such, it needs to snap with details and the strange, frantic energy of the decade. Before running this story, a Storyteller might benefit by renting a few films from the period, picking specific details to bring to the table. Read up on the decade online and search for images of the fashions and hairstyles. Utilize the rest of this book in the endeavor to capture the decade's essence. In short, make it 80s!

Part of making it 80s is keeping the speed up. The entire decade seemed to flash frenetically by, fortunes being made in a month only to be blown on coke and whores that night. The characters witness a blood doll snorting cocaine at the beginning of the story. Use that as a springboard; — from there things get faster, characters change sides at the sign of a better deal and each conversation turns out more tense than the last.

Americans suffer from a peculiar form of paranoia: they assume that their ostensibly-democratic government looks out for a few individuals at the expense of the many, lies incessantly and involves itself in numerous dark conspiracies and experiments. Chicago, on the other hand, has been openly corrupt for so long that few of its residents blink when the media breaks the newest controversy. This story combines these two aspects. On one hand, the Carthian Prince of Chicago claims to

be forthright and to support the populace. On the other, can any government by the Kindred and for the Kindred truly amount to anything save a conspiracy of monsters? While the story engenders this kind of thinking, the Storyteller is encouraged to further the paranoia by suggesting that the Prince, the characters' sires and mentors, or the leaders of the covenants are somehow involved in what is going on. Red herrings, properly used, can provoke a sense of pervasive paranoia.

One final note: this story emphasizes the importance of the coterie. Young Kindred band together because there's no other way to overcome (or even match) the power of decades-old monsters. Most of the actions below can benefit from the teamwork rules. Try to inspire the characters to work closely together. They'll be more successful and feel more accomplished if they do.

A CHAPTER IN YOUR CHRONICLE


This story assumes that the characters are young, without strong ties to any one group and without the massive influence that partaking in the Requiem can result in. More experienced groups may find this chronicle remarkably easy unless the level of difficulty is turned up a bit. Make the vampires the characters meet more dangerous. These characters will expect more from established Kindred than they do from rank neonates.

This story occurs at (and takes advantage of) a specific point in space and time. Changing either of these factors requires thought and preparation prior to the beginning of the game. This story assumes that the events takes place in Chicago and utilizes real world locales of that city, as well as information established in **World of Darkness: Chicago**. That said, feel free to change it around. Set this story wherever you will. Use the information provided in Chapter Three to adjust the covenants to your liking, and Chapters Two and Four to make your Kindred's concerns local both to



Visual Aides

Storytellers interested in the Chicago of the Damned are encouraged to check out **World of Darkness: Chicago**. Those desiring a more real-world look at the Chicago of the 80s should rent *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, a love letter to the city. Its Art Institute sequence, set to a cover of The Smiths' anthem of desperation "Please Please Please, Let Me Get What I Want," perfectly captures the need the living (and dead) have to connect with their culture and the profound effect art can have on the viewer. The films *The Blues Brothers* and *Flatliners* capture Chicago as it existed at the beginning and end of the decade, and the latter might even inspire a **Vampire** story all your own.



your chosen setting and to the 80s. Much of the information above can be transplanted to any major city in America, and names can be changed to protect the guilty.

With more extensive changes, you can even displace this story in time. Many of the concerns of the Kindred remain the same from decade to decade, even if the methods might shift. Go ahead and change whatever you want to make this story yours.

A STORY BY ITSELF

The following functions excellently as a one-time story, and a great deal of preparation time can be saved on the part of both players and the Storyteller by utilizing the sample coterie presented in the appendix. Because we designed the story as a starting point for an 80s chronicle, it is set early in the decade, but using it as a story by itself allows the Storyteller to shift it in time a year or two in either direction with few changes needed.

The story ends on an open-ended note, however, presenting the characters with a conundrum with no easy answers that they must solve for themselves. If running this as a story by itself, a Storyteller should provide a capping scene, allowing the characters to make their decision and portraying the immediate ramifications thereof to bring the story to closure.

BACKGROUND AND SET-UP

Storytellers should read the following background information, as well as the scenes themselves, before attempting to run this story. The background will allow you to immediately portray the complex politics of Kindred Chicago, while knowing what the story has in store allows you to improvise around the players' actions and decisions.

CITY POLITICS

Richard J. Daley is dead. Mortals flee Chicago as lawlessness increases, especially in the hellish ganglands of the south side. Daley's son, Richard M., attempted to take up his father's legacy by squaring off against incumbent Jane Byrne (the city's first female mayor) and succeeded only in splitting the white vote during the recent primary. As a result, Harold Washington seized the nomination. The general election that followed was marked with racist rhetoric as white leaders within both parties lined up behind the Republican nominee. Despite strong opposition, Washington ascended to the position of mayor, the first African-American to hold that honor.

A corrupt and racist city council, however, plagues Washington even after he was sworn in earlier this year. They ally against him, blocking his initiatives. Chicago's problems continue to grow, and despite his oaths to serve the city and further the cause of minorities, Washington's government stands frustratingly still.

THE KINDRED TAKE

The Carthian Movement has long been the major power in Chicago, vying on occasion with the equally numerous Circle

of the Crone. The most recent challenge to Carthian rule in Chicago came from the Invictus, a surprise coup by black horse contender Maxwell Clarke in 1965. He expertly utilized his connections among the Civil Rights Movement to out-politick the Carthians even while ostensibly assisting them in keeping Lillian, an Acolyte contender, off of the throne. Maxwell's treachery undermined his attempt to govern, however, and his reign collapsed in less than five years.

In 1969, Jaqueline Edens harnessed the release of tension inspired by the Summer of Love, channeling it to shatter the fragile neo-feudal society established by Maxwell. The revolution was hardly bloodless, but Maxwell had few close allies willing to support him against Edens's coup. The true power player in Edens's ascension, however, was Old John. The Cicero pimp, who had sworn to stay out of politics, gradually placed assassins within striking distance of Maxwell; they acted as one, wounding him grievously before his companion, the Invictus Knight McLean, drove them away. McLean announced the following evening that Maxwell had fallen into torpor, and that he himself had no designs on Maxwell's throne.

Since 1969, Edens has guided the reigns of power in Chicago with a motherly hand, typically stern but often just as willing to allow Kindred to make (and learn from) their own mistakes; appropriately she has refused the title of Prince, preferring instead to be called Matriarch. She maintains few laws, which she calls her Liberties. Liberties are written in such a way that each protects the Kindred of the city, while establishing their freedoms. Many, however, serve as implicit instructions regarding what is forbidden. For example, one Liberty reads "All Kindred of Chicago shall be free of the danger inherent in discovery by the herd," a clearly stated message to the Kindred in support of the Tradition of Masquerade. Breaches of city law are tried before the Carthian Myrmidon. The Matriarch's Liberty of Affiliation allows covenants to try their own members for violation of their own laws, with punishments as harsh as final death, but ensures that members of one covenant can never be tried for crimes against the laws of another.

The Advisory Council: What would be called a council of the primogen in any other domain, Edens keeps a group of Kindred to advise her on matters of state and spirit. Each advisor represents one of the city's covenants, and Edens handpicked each herself, with the exception of the Carthian advisor (who is elected from among that covenant's number). The advisory council includes Solomon Birch (a priest and extraordinarily popular member of the Lancea Sanctum with ties to Cicero), Norris Kleinspigel (a Dragon whose ability to gather and sort intelligence has earned him a position at the Matriarch's side as her Regent of the Masquerade), Susan "Triban" Johnston (an Acolyte whose African heritage heavily informs her approach to Crúac) and Aaron Fitzpatrick (a youthful Invictus hot-shot willing to do almost anything to get ahead). The duly elected Carthian advisor, Shark Bostow, also holds one of several sheriff positions.

The Court: The Matriarch formally abolished the positions of seneschal, herald and harpy, claiming that they were relics of the Kindred past with no place in the future.

Instead, the functions of those positions generally fall to other Kindred. Caroline Mathers, a Haunt and current Myrmidon of the Carthian Movement, performs most of the traditional duties of a seneschal. Walt Barowski, the Matriarch's child and long-time Prefect (he has won every election for the position since 1968), acts as her voice among the Kindred.

While no official harpies exist, several Kindred are respected and adored enough to be able to shape with their words the opinions of large swaths of the Kindred of Chicago. Justine Lasky, a vibrant advocate of the First Estate, may be the most popular, embodying in many ways the milieu of the decade. Ironically, neither of the other two informal harpies claims a covenant. Max Maurey, the Priscus of Clan Ventrue and Regent of the Undercity, sways opinion due to his timeless classiness and ability to appeal to elder Kindred and unbound neonates alike. Old John, on the other hand, ranks as one of the eldest Kindred in the city. The iron-fisted terror with which he controls Cicero, his willingness to flout the Liberties and rumors of his involvement with Al Capone combine to ensure that no Kindred dismisses his words. Luckily for the Matriarch, each of the informal harpies vocally supports her reign.

The Matriarch has established several locales as Elysium within the city, and she appoints a different Master of Elysium to each. The most prominent of these, the Art Institute of Chicago, remains open to the Kindred on Sunday nights and serves as *the* place to meet and greet among the vampires. Lillian, a popular figure among the Circle of the Crone, acts as the Institute's Mistress of Elysium.

COVENANTS OF 1983 CHICAGO

The Carthian Movement: A deep schism exists between elders of the Carthian Movement, who proclaim that the underworld serves as the best vehicle for the Movement's ambitions, and those who support the legal unions as the means of establishing a truly equitable Carthian state. The only Kindred seemingly able to bridge this gap is Prefect Barowski, who supports both sides evenly and makes pleas for an end to the partisan rivalry. A more insidious threat also faces the Carthians: While the Movement in Chicago has long been driven by the ideals of American democratic freedom, a growing concern both within and outside of the covenant has begun to associate the American Movement with its Soviet brothers overseas. As the Carthians work to root out hotbeds of socialism among its own ranks, members of the other covenants begin to wonder if the entire Carthian experiment isn't rooted in the writings of Marx.

The Circle of the Crone: While vocal priestess Bella Dravnie claims that a recent surge in membership among the Circle of the Crone of Chicago proves the Crone's blessing on the city, the reality is that she has been making the same claims since the late sixties. While the Circle boasts the largest population within Chicago and increasing numbers of open-minded mortals have been brought into the Requiem to swell the covenant's ranks over the last few decades, the 80s have not been particularly kind to the Circle. While fewer fledglings possess an interest in religion, some established neonates have left the unorganized Crone and its claims

of spiritual enlightenment for the very real benefits of the Invictus, Carthian Movement and Ordo Dracul. Rowen, the Hierophant and one of the eldest and most potent Kindred of the city, seems unconcerned, and makes no effort to further the drive for membership. Even time is cyclic, she reminds her followers, and time will once again come to favor the Circle.

The Invictus: The Invictus has always had to fight tooth and nail for power in Chicago, but recent years have been beneficial to the First Estate. Mortals have embraced greed as a virtue, leaving them particularly open to the Estate's favored form of manipulation. Invictus interests are finally slipping into the cracks of the Carthian infrastructure, siphoning influence from the schismatic covenant. Furthermore, a new generation of young, competent neonates has joined the Estate, gifting it with a sense of purpose and applicable knowledge in the dog-eat-dog world of 1980s America.

While Invictus power and influence are growing, the paralyzed Inner Council, an old white men's club, seems possessed of no ideas of how to utilize the growth. Harrison Wilson, elder and longtime ostensible leader of the Estate's efforts, retains control (if only barely) of the covenant from the ambitious neophytes biting at his heels. The return of the elder Invictus knights Maxwell and McLean may only muddy the covenant's already confused hierarchy. For a group founded on organization, this bodes ill.

The Lancea Sanctum: Bishop Ian Thompson cleaved to the Protestant faith in life, and his interpretation of the Lancea Sanctum is appropriately bare bones. Ritual remains important, but he trims extraneous decorations mercilessly. Despite the widespread atheism and agnosticism seeping into mortal society, Thompson's Lancea Sanctum flourishes. This is in part due to the strong faith of Mid-Western America, but is also largely a result of Thompson's expert ability to exploit the burgeoning culture war among mortals.

Unfortunately, Thompson's tendency to draw his covenant's membership from the fanatics among both Kindred and kine has established a contingent of fundamentalist Sanctified led by the charismatic priest Solomon Birch. So long as Thompson holds the reigns of the church, he keeps the fundamentalists in check; the Bishop is an elder, however, and it is only a matter of time before he must seek the cold comfort of torpor.

The Ordo Dracul: The other covenants discount internal Dragon politics, in part because they are almost wholly inscrutable, but largely because the Dragons simply don't matter much to the city's political landscape. The Order has never boasted the numbers necessary to make it a major player, and the covenant's general apathy towards the machinations of the Carthians and Invictus leaves it on the sidelines. The Order, for its part, is perfectly comfortable as the outsider covenant; its members have far too much to do to be bothered with politics.

For those few Kindred outside the Order who *do* pay attention, the internal movements of the Ordo Dracul may inspire dread. Those familiar with the Ordo Dracul know that it has considered itself to be in a time of external crisis since the mid-seventies. Thus it acts as a covenant at

war, and the Order's military arm, the Sworn of the Axe, lead the Dragons' efforts. None outside the Order and few among even the young members of the covenant know what precisely has raised the hackles of the Sworn, though some particularly cosmopolitan Kindred attribute the Dragons' wariness to sharply escalating occurrences of supernatural strangeness throughout the city. 1976 witnessed the Sworn of the Mysteries willingly turn over power to Adept Calvin Goodson, Grandmaster of the Axe. Since that time, Goodson has maneuvered his charges carefully, placing his pieces like a chess master, awaiting the explosive crisis point the entire Order seems to expect is in the making.

The Unaligned: The unbound of Chicago have little in the way of a cultural identity. The Matriarch's laws allow a great deal of freedom, so the unaligned have little to set themselves in opposition to. They are, however, bound to the mandates of the law, and unbound unwilling to respect the Liberties find themselves driven from the city. Some alight in Cicero, the domain of a dangerous elder, the unbound pimp Old John. Others sink into the Undercity, a series of sewers and tunnels lorded over by the elder Ventrue Priscus Max Maurey, though the Liberties apply in those depths, as well. If anything binds the unbound, it is a tendency to attract the criminal element. The unaligned have a reputation, fairly earned or not, for breaking the laws of both Kindred and kine.

THE CAST

SCRATCH, UNDEAD RACKETEER

Quote: "Come on, friends. I don't know a leech alive who couldn't use a little scratch."

Virtue: Hope. Despite (or perhaps because of) his macabre attitude, Scratch constantly sees the silver lining. He knows that there's always a way to bounce back from adversity, always a new mark to fleece. He won't let others forget it, either.

Vice: Gluttony. To Scratch, there's no such thing as too much money, too many drugs, too much blood or too many neonates doing his will.

Description: With slate-gray skin, sunken, sallow features and an almost comically long, hooked nose, Scratch's very appearance threatens the Masquerade. Luckily, he has long mastered the power of moving unseen among the masses. This freedom from mortal mores of fashion or decency allows him to affect the fashions of his own time. He usually wears an old, worn zoot suit, including pointed shoes and a wide-brimmed hat replete with a sagging old feather. The occasional roach or centipede escapes from the folds of the suit, only to vanish again into the loose sleeves or collar.

Background: A gangster in life, Scratch transitioned into the undead state with minimal difficulty. Scratch prospered during the Roaring 20s, but he also developed a dark thirst for the souls of other Kindred. He ran afoul of one of the elders of the day and was beaten into a torpor that he didn't wake from

for almost half a century. But now he's back, rebuilding his criminal machine and looking for bright, ambitious young blood to oil the gears.

Storytelling Hints: While Scratch acquits himself with aplomb when taken by surprise, anything that he has time to ruminate on may get under his skin, unnerving him. Thus, when he meets the characters, he's already a little worried about what their presence implies. He acts smooth and cool, and given the competence of the characters, he's sure he could use them in his operation. They have to survive first, though, and he's not sure they will, given that he's decided the safest way to handle the group is to send them to the elder monster Old John. And if they attack him? Well, like he always says, "give them a distraction, then make your escape." No sense in dying.

Clan: Nosferatu

Covenant: Ordo Dracul

Attributes: Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4; Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Presence 3, Manipulation 3, Composure 4

Skills: Academics 1, Investigation 2, Occult 1, Politics 2; Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Larceny (Unlawful Entry) 3, Stealth 3, Weaponry 2; Animal Ken 2, Intimidation (Perverse Humor) 3, Persuasion (Perverse Humor) 3, Socialize 1, Streetwise 3

Merits: Clan Status (Nosferatu) 1, Contacts 4, Covenant Status (Ordo Dracul) 1, Haven (Security 3), Resources 3

Health: 8

Willpower: 8

Humanity: 4 (Suspicion)

Size: 5

Speed: 11

Defense: 3

Initiative: 7

Armor: 0

Blood Potency: 4

Disciplines: Nightmare 3, Obfuscate 4, Vigor 1, Coil of the Beast 1

Vitae/per turn: 13/2

Attacks:

Type	Dmg	Size	Special	Dice Pool
Brutal Left Hook	0B	—	—	6 (7 with Vigor)
Metal Walking Stick	3B	2	—	7 (8 with Vigor)
Monstrous Shove	—	—	Pushes subject back, costs 2 Vitae	10 (11 with Vigor)

MAGGIE ARCHER, SOUTH SIDE SHERIFF

Quote: “This city provides a lot for you. It’s time for you to give a little back.”

Virtue: Fortitude. Archer considers her own struggle akin to that of Sisyphus. Yet despite nigh-constant setbacks, she soldiers on, sure that her efforts will one day make a difference.

Vice: Sloth. Sometimes it gets to be too much. There’s something to be said for lounging about the haven for a night, enjoying a pack of clove cigarettes. Especially if someone else is doing her work for her.

Description: A late bloomer who never got the chance to fully develop, Maggie combines the thin, boyish physique of an adolescent with the cold eyes of an experienced politico. Fiery red hair frames her long face in a flapper bob, and her fashion sense tends towards the beat poet era. Her dark clothing and sharp movements give her the impression of being a flickering shadow.

Background: Maggie grew up during the fight for Suffrage, a battle that her mother devoted her life (and lost her husband) to. Maggie stalked the picket lines as soon as she was able, and was rewarded on her nineteenth birthday with the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment. She attended nearby University of Chicago in the early twenties, intending to enter politics. She never finished school, plucked from life and dropped into the Requiem at 21. Since then she has watched Englewood, the neighborhood of her birth, fall into absolute decay. As a vassal to the Matriarch she gained feudal rights over Englewood, Washington Park and part of Hyde Park, and as a sheriff she has legal jurisdiction over much of the South Side. Neither aspect has made her unlife particularly pleasant; she takes what help she can get, sometimes using those who haven in her domain to perform the work she can’t.

Storytelling Hints: Maggie sets the characters on the path and can act as an occasional guide, but will get frustrated quickly if they come to her more than once. An incredibly busy woman, she feels she has no time for nonsense. She speaks quickly and succinctly, with little patience for those who would waste her time (or question her liberal democratic politics, which she views as self-evident truths).

Abilities

Persuading the Unwilling (dice pool 6): *She smiles sadly. “Look, I like you guys, but if you’re not willing to do the city the smallest favor, I can’t let you continue to haven in my domain.”* Despite her ideals, Maggie has experienced the mad politics of Chicago for almost a century. She knows how to win an argument, and she knows how to use what other people value to get what she wants.

Putting Together the Pieces (dice pool 7): *“It looks like someone isn’t happy about you sticking your nose into this. Probably means you’re on the right track. Call me back when you reach the end of it.”* Not only is Maggie smart, she has an avid interest in criminology and psychology. With a few minutes of thought she can sometimes deduce the next

step one might take in an investigation from the evidence at hand.

Reading Auras (dice pool 10): *Her eyes narrow, the dark brown irises seeming to vanish into her black pupils. Her frown deepens, and you get the disquieting feeling that she’s undressing your soul.* Maggie’s Mekhet blood aids her in the work of sheriff and with her political ambitions alike. She uses Auspex in most of her interactions, perhaps relying on it a little too much.

COLD CHARLOTTE, IDEALISTIC FIREBRAND

Quote: “Sure she’s changed the names, but that’s about it. There ain’t no seneschal or herald, now. No, she’s just got titled Carthians doin’ the same shit.”

Virtue: Justice. Charlotte works to right the wrongs of a feudal-system turned capitalist. She struggles incessantly to overthrow the outdated system of the Kindred while teaching her mortal followers to rise up against the evils of the drug trade, which she sees as capitalism in its basest form.

Vice: Pride. Unfortunately, her efforts are undercut by her unwillingness to work within the system or even with those who she feels represent the system.

Description: A short woman with skin the color of coffee and the physique and lithe musculature of a bullwhip, Charlotte affects a gangland guerilla fashion. Camouflage fatigues end in black boots, and a red beret rests atop a closely-shaven head. Her movements are sharp and sudden, as if driven by the anger that simmers behind her eyes.

Background: Born in the South before the Jim Crow Laws fell, Charlotte witnessed the civil rights movement firsthand. She watched as white America murdered her heroes. She mourned the collapse of the Black Panthers. Yet she still saw enough of the good in white Americans (and the abuse that they experienced under the system as well) to blame the society rather than the race. A misguidedly violent attempt at protest left her practically beaten to death in a back alley of Chicago. Her sire ensured that she’d haunt those streets for decades to come.

Storytelling Hints: Charlotte acts as a counterpoint to the rampant greed and materialism in the story. She would never give up a supporter or backer (not that she has any), and she regularly puts herself on the line not just for her Carthian ideals, but for the mortals who share her neighborhood. She is quick to call out the characters on their own avaricious ways, and is disinclined to trust anyone wearing nicer clothes than her own.

Abilities

Calling on the Reds (dice pool 11): *“Give me a minute. I’ve got to make a few calls.”* Charlotte’s a leader and an inspiration. In the hard world of Chicago’s south side, that means she has people willing to die for her. Assume she can get four gangbangers to help her out on short notice.

Inspiring the Masses (dice pool 7): *She smiles, her teeth shining between her dark lips. “And that’s why this city needs you.”* Those who agree with Cold Charlotte find

her words invigorating. She possesses the Inspiring Merit (p. 115, **World of Darkness Rulebook**).

Kicking Ass (dice pool 5): *Her right fist lashes out like a serpent, stinging you across the side of your jaw. Her left hand goes for the nearest pool cue.* Charlotte's pretty good in a fight. She also possesses Celerity 2, Resilience 2, Vigor 3 and Defense 3.

CHUCK FISHER, THE GUN RUNNER

Quote: *"Yeah, yeah, I can make that happen for you, no problem."*

Virtue: Prudence. Chuck is a careful man. He's seen too many people die on the street to make rash decisions.

Vice: Greed. Money is money, and sometimes his baser instincts get the best of him.

Description: Everything about Fisher reminds one of a bottle of booze hidden away in a wrinkled paper bag. He sports a fedora and an oversized brown coat that has seen better days. His skin is the translucent brown of the dregs at the bottom of a pot of coffee at a cheap diner. His dog, Missy, is a boxer with floppy, spittle-flecked jowls and wide round eyes. Her toned muscles are clearly visible under her flat fur. It seems he takes better care of her than he does himself.

Background: Chuck grew up in the South Side, and he'll die in the South Side. The difference between him and his friends who have already bought the farm is brains. So long as he stays a step ahead of the game, he figures, he'll keep alive (and maybe make a few bucks to boot).

Storytelling Hints: Chuck thinks that there's little safer than the gun trafficking operation he's handling for Scratch. He's essentially a glorified deliveryman; hell, he doesn't even have to pick up money from the gangbangers. Part of him is worried that it's too good to be true, but it's that quiet bit of common sense that he's managed to keep silent until the characters come calling. Chuck wants to come out of this alive, but he knows he can't burn his professional bridges either.

Abilities

Resisting Interrogation (dice pool 5): *He winces in pain. "Look, man, I done told you. I don't know shit about shit. I'm just a delivery boy!"* Chuck has witnessed and experienced a lot of pain in his time. While he has no interest in experiencing more, he can hold his own against strong-arm tactics, at least for a little while.

Lying (dice pool 6): *"Naw man. I hear stuff about the Reds, man. See, I hear they're all into some brutal shit. Like killing pregnant women and shit to prove they badass. I say anything they get, they got coming."* In a pinch, Chuck becomes a creative storyteller, spinning whatever lies he feels will most likely get him off the hook.

Commanding Missy (dice pool 6): *He points at your genitals. "Get him, girl! Go for the nuts!"* If things get too bad, Chuck will sic Missy on the characters. He may love that dog, but he *did* bring her along for protection.

OLD JOHN, THE PIMP OF CICERO

Quote: *"There's two ways this thing can go down, gentlemen. The easy way, where we all come out smelling like roses, and the hard, where you don't come out at all."*

Virtue: Justice. The elder has an odd sense of justice that has been twisted and suborned over two centuries of unlife, but it still drives him. What was once a hatred for the wealthy aristocrats of Europe has hardened into a loathing for anyone who has garnered wealth and power without effort.

Vice: Gluttony. And Old John is willing to put in the effort. He's been doing it for so long that it's almost habit. But then, nothing is ever enough for Old John.

Description: This small man's modest clothing and simple appearance belies the lethal monstrous strength obvious in his graceful movements. Dark, simple slacks sheath his legs, his waistband held up by a pair of suspenders over a white collared shirt. His graying hair is slightly wild, as if he just interrupted a session of wild sex to speak with you, and his rough stubble seems to attest to his embrace in a bygone age. His eyes, inky pools of darkness, reflect nothing save this monster's infinite hunger.

Background: They called him Old John even before the fire swept through the city. They say that when the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad first connected the town with Chicago in 1848, he was already there, ruling from the shadows. They say a lot of things, but Old John is, without a doubt, one of the (if not *the*) eldest Kindred in the area. Like all independent vampires that manage to garner so much power that the great covenants have to consider them equals, Old John serves as the subject of so many stories and urban legends that no one knows which are true and which are fictitious. These tales are so many and so varied, that even were only a fraction of them true, he would still cut a terrifying figure.

Storytelling Hints: Old John personifies mystery, fear and timeless excess (which contrasts with the very 80s excess displayed earlier in the story). The characters don't know his true agenda, his abilities or even his real name. Like a force of nature he can only be avoided or very carefully navigated. He moves slowly and methodically, with the feral grace of a wolf on the prowl. Take your time responding to the characters, addressing only the points they bring up that interest you — and disregard the rest. Old John may act polite and dignified, but the civility only serves as a varnish over his disregard for them.

Abilities

Haggling (dice pool 8): *"You see, gentlemen, I am in possession of something that only I can provide. Ambitious neophytes, on the other hand, are a dime for a dozen."* Old John rarely bargains, instead setting a price and expecting others to comply. He is willing to entertain the attempt, however, and over the course of such a discussion, the characters have the opportunity to change his mind.

Elder Stare (dice pool 9): *He frowns slightly, a movement that sends an instinctual shiver of dread down*

your spine. John knows his reputation and is more than willing to utilize it to scare the hell out of those who show up at his haven to throw their weight around.

Hiding his True Intentions (dice pool 10): *"Of course," he says lightly. "I have no reason to harm you. You're free to leave Cicero, provided you do so immediately."* Half of surviving two or more centuries of the Requiem is knowing when to pick your battles and how to manipulate others into your own traps. If Old John decides he wants the characters dead, he'll politely send them from his haven, only to have them murdered in the streets.

FRANK "THE SHARK" BOSTOW, THE ARCHITECT

Quote: *"Chicago's a hard town, but a good town. But there're Kindred out there who would destroy everything we hold dear."*

Virtue: Faith. Whether in America, the Movement or himself, the Shark has faith that the good things in the world will endure in the face of evil.

Vice: Wrath. When evil becomes too prevalent (and, sometimes, before it can) it must be uprooted and put to the fire.

Description: Shark Bostow hasn't quite escaped the seventies. If anyone's told him that disco is dead, he missed the memo. An older man with a shining bald pate half-circumscribed with long, stringy hair, Bostow barely fits into flared polyester bell-bottoms or his wide-collared shirt. A gold medallion around his neck prominently features an M, presumably short for "Movement." His smile seems omnipresent, his too-white teeth shining over his compatriots and enemies alike.

Background: Bostow commanded a unit during the Great War and has had a rather untoward relationship with the communists ever since. Embraced during the first years of McCarthyism, the paranoia of the period seems to have settled into his very blood. The Vitae of Clan Gangrel revitalized his aging body, and Bostow served as a hound under Prince Maxwell's predecessor and then as sheriff under the Matriarch. His popularity spans the Carthian Movement, so few were surprised when his covenant elected him to serve as their representative among the Matriarch's advisors.

Storytelling Hints: Bostow bleeds red, white and blue; as a true patriot, he feels it his duty to ensure America wins the Cold War. The Carthian Movement is about personal democratic freedoms, he believes, and communism is in every way utterly antithetical to that. His fanaticism in this regard sets this story in motion, poisoning an otherwise popular figure. He is a good man turned to mad tactics by the pressures of the Requiem. Ultimately he cuts a tragic figure, but one that likely needs to be stopped (or at least taken advantage of).

Abilities

Working the Crowd (dice pool 6): *"We're one society. One family. I am your Kindred, and I can proudly claim you as my Kin."* As a true believer in the Movement, Bostow can funnel his passion into his words. His popularity largely results from this ability.

Subtle Threats (dice pool 6): *When his smile vanishes, it's as if the moon has vanished behind a swollen thunderhead. Whatever he says or does next is bound to be unpleasant.* On the other hand, Bostow didn't earn his nickname by being the nicest Kindred on the block. When it comes time to kick ass and take names, he's ready and willing, a fact he makes sure is well known among the criminal elements.

Other Patrons

For Storytellers who don't wish to use Maggie for whatever reason, a few other possible patrons include:

Bishop Ian Thompson: This apparently middle-aged elder matches the kind demeanor of a preacher with the strict demand for discipline of an overbearing father. The Lancea Sanctum knows that the Knives are still getting guns. Since the Matriarch hasn't put a stop to it, they'll have to do it themselves.

Invictus Councilor Harrison Wilson: This older man lost several fortunes on Black Tuesday and has earned them back since. Yet the power he covets, the throne, remains outside of his grasp. First he needs to discredit the Matriarch and her damnable covenant. The characters may be just the tools he needs to make that happen.

Sheriff Shark Bostow: For a twist, consider having Bostow set the characters on the investigation in an attempt to frame John and exonerate himself. How will he react when his plan backfires?

Ordo Grandmaster Calvin Goodson: The violence in the South Side affects far more than the Sanctified's blood supply. Anger and rage have begun to poison the city's ley lines, making advancement in the Coils of the Dragon far more difficult. Goodson needs a strong team of Kindred able to unearth and put an end to this conspiracy.

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG (AND SO AM I)

MENTAL ♦♦ PHYSICAL — SOCIAL ♦♦

OVERVIEW

The story, which takes place on a Sunday night in early winter, 1983, begins at a gathering of vampires at Chicago's famous Art Institute of Chicago. Because the Matriarch has declared the AIC Elysium, the Kindred tolerate no violence (or use of Disciplines) on the museum's grounds. The characters may be low on Vitae at the beginning of the story, and may want to hunt prior to the meeting. Allow them to do so, taking advantage of their plots to attain sustenance as a means to introduce them to 1980s Chicago from the mortal perspective, before diving into the politics of the Kindred.

Eventually the characters make for Elysium, where they have an opportunity to hobnob with sires, mentors, covenant leaders and even the occasional elder. When things start to get slow, their landlord, Maggie Archer, takes them aside and asks the characters to investigate the escalation of gun violence in the upper South Side.

DESCRIPTION

Heavy clouds hang low over Michigan Avenue, glowing a pale orange with the reflected illumination of the city. Accent lights are scattered throughout the Art Institute, a massive edifice of stone faced with columns like a Roman temple and flanked by small hedge gardens. Behind you, taxis and limos border the largely empty street, disgorging other Kindred and their beautiful, blood-addicted guests. As you approach a set of wide stairs ascending to a pair of wooden double doors, and flanked by two large bronze lions, you feel the disquieting presence of other predators stirring in your soul.

One of the city's law enforcers, a Hound, greets the characters at the door, insuring that they are Kindred and informing them that they must check any weapons along with their outer garments at the coat check. He also helpfully informs them that the vampires are gathering in the small garden in the back of the AIC. On their way, they meet Lillian, the Mistress of Elysium, who politely welcomes them and offers her hospitality.

The long hall that bridges the railroad tracks and connects the two sections of the Art Institute contains numerous pieces of armor and weapons from across the centuries. A figure examines them appraisingly. Though her form matches the pieces on display in beauty, the knot of fear you feel upon seeing her reminds you that she, too, is a relic of the ages. Lillian, Mistress of Elysium and Priestess of the Crone, turns towards you. She is dressed every bit the 1920s flapper with a blonde bob and long, sleek dress. The six-foot boa constrictor draped languidly about her shoulders compliments her predatory features.

After exchanging pleasantries with the characters, Lillian directs them towards the gathering. Their point of approach allows them to see down into the garden through windows from above, giving them a bird's eye view of the proceedings before they descend. It also provides an opportunity to steel their Beasts against the presence of unfamiliar Kindred. Two groups seem to dominate the room: The first, the young, move and speak quickly in the slang of the era, wearing the sharp, bright clothing of the 80s. The second, the elders, break the movement of the neonates like stones jutting from a quick-moving stream. These creatures adopt styles that range the decades since their various embraces, though none save a few staunch Invictus are so gauche as to wear pre-1900 attire. Allow the characters to mingle, but describe the city's key players (refer to the cast section above), including Shark Bostow. Old John, Scratch and Cold Charlotte are not in attendance. When things begin to slow down, Maggie Archer approaches one or more of the characters. She asks that individual to gather the rest of the coterie for a meeting in the women's bathroom in fifteen minutes.

When you enter the restroom, you see a woman bent over the sink, her skirt hiked up over her ass by a Kindred dressed in a business suit who has his fangs in her hindquarters. His eyes roll back in his head as he suckles from the woman, who gasps in pleasure, even as she inhales a line of white powder from the countertop.

If the characters don't shoo the vampire and blood doll from the bathroom, Archer does so when she arrives. She checks the bathroom stalls before closing the door and locking it.

"That will give us a few minutes of privacy," Maggie says. "I need you to do some work for me. Do it well, and we'll consider the next years' rent paid. But understand, this requires absolute discretion. Everything we discuss here is between you and I, understand?"

Assuming the characters agree, she continues. If they don't, she works to convince them, threatening to evict them from their territory if all else fails.

"For the last six months gang violence in the upper South Side has been escalating beyond acceptable levels. Two gangs are involved. One, the Reds, is known to be under the thumb of a communist Carthian cell. The other, the Knives, seems to be operating on its own. It's Carthian territory, but it borders the Sanctified parish, so the church is getting up in arms about it. Birch found out that one of the elder Carthians was supplying illegal guns to the Knives, trying to keep the communists from growing their base of power, and so the Matriarch put a stop to it. Yet the Knives are still getting guns. I need you to find out how, and I need to know as soon as possible."

That's a lot of information, so let the characters ask questions and feel free to clarify anything that needs it.

Maggie doesn't offer the name of the elder Carthian who supplied guns in the past, even if asked for it. She *can* provide general locations for both gangs' territories, as well as where the majority of the violence has taken place. Furthermore, she suggests they try the club Funk Tangent, a known Knives hangout. When the players have what they need, interrupt the discussion by having someone bang on the bathroom door. The characters can then return to the party or start pounding the pavement for clues.

STORYTELLER GOALS

Establish the milieu of 1980s Chicago, including the absolute frenetic pace that even the (young) Kindred exist at. Set the

characters upon the mystery. Take an opportunity to seed the human slavery ring, that Bostow and John are operating, by having one of the court mention to the characters a number of recent disappearances — all women of little means.

CHARACTER GOALS

Hobnob and mingle. Begin investigation into the gun problem.

CONSEQUENCES

The characters begin their investigation. Maggie has pointed them towards the areas frequented by both gangs. If they go for the Knives, move to "A Club if You'd Like to Go." If the Reds, "You Have to Fight to be Free."

A CLUB IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO

MENTAL • PHYSICAL ••• SOCIAL •••

OVERVIEW

The characters dive into dangerous gangland Chicago, a city infamous for a brutal underworld culture. Their first stop: Funk Tangent, a gritty dance club in the upper South Side. There they meet with Freddy Four-Fingers, leader of the Knives, and can pump him for information. Through Freddy, the characters can find their way to Chuck Fisher.

DESCRIPTION

The dark, narrow street gives way to the light from the building, a wide, low affair of red brick. Perhaps a cafeteria in a former life, the building boasts tall windows across the front of its façade, windows that have been painted an opaque black. The loud thump of bass spills from within, but a large bouncer with dark skin and a painted-on T-shirt stands guard at the door.

Getting past the bouncer should be a relatively simple affair, though the Barfly Merit only helps African-American characters in this scene. Judicious use of Majesty, Dominate or Nightmare can quickly overcome his resistance, but if the characters insist on fighting him, he has the traits listed for a gangbanger on p. 205 of **The World of Darkness Rulebook**.

Inside the club, indistinct bodies writhe through a thick haze of cigarette and marijuana smoke as yellow, orange and purple light attempts to punch its way through the darkness. The electric funk beat of The Time pounds through your chests, not quite reminding you of what it was like to have a beating heart.

Freddy and five of his closest friends sit in a booth in the back of the club. Each is clearly armed, the handle of his gun jutting provocatively from the waistband of his pants. These characters use the traits for a gangbanger (**World of Darkness Rulebook**, p. 205).

STORYTELLER GOALS

Establish thick and rising tension, especially between the gangsters and members of other races. Provide the next clue in the search for the source of the guns.

CHARACTER GOALS

Question the Knives to find out where they're getting their guns. Get out with your neck intact.

ACTIONS

While the gangsters may seem (and are) dangerous, they're only human and therefore extremely vulnerable to the mental powers of the Kindred. Additionally, the characters can probably take the six Knives in a fight and interrogate the survivors. Some characters, however, may attempt to win the Knives over through sheer social savvy.

MAKING FRIENDS AND INFLUENCING GANGSTERS

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Persuasion or Subterfuge (players') vs. Wits + Streetwise (Freddy's, 4) or Charisma + Socialize (players') vs. Resolve + Composure (Freddy's, 4)

Action: Extended and contested (4 successes necessary for either participant. Each roll represents five minutes of banter). Characters may utilize the teamwork rules for this action.

Hindrances: Characters behave rudely or aggressively (-2), characters are white (-3), characters buy the gangbangers drinks (-1 for Freddy per drink consumed).

Help: Characters have Status or Allies in the gangs (+ number of dots), characters use Disciplines (variable, see specific Disciplines).

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: Talks break down as one of the characters makes a major faux pas. Combat ensues. The Knives begin the fight with just their fists, but will escalate to guns if the characters counter with lethal force.

Failure: The character makes no progress towards winning over the gangbangers.

Success: The character gains or loses some trust with Freddy. If the characters reach the target number first, Freddy becomes friendly with them, acting more amenable to deals and granting the characters a +3 bonus to further social rolls with him. He also provides Chuck's name. If Freddy wins, he becomes obstinate and attempts to end the conversation as quickly as possible, inflicting against the characters a -3 penalty to further social rolls with him.

Exceptional Success: If the characters exceed the target number by 5 successes, the Knives take a pronounced liking to them, immediately providing Chuck's name. If Freddy exceeds the target number by 5 successes, he sees through the characters' scheme and refuses to provide information without compensation (or being physically coerced).

CONSEQUENCES

The characters should get Chuck's name and number through one course of action or another, leading to "Sunday, Bloody Sunday." While they can simply beat the information out of the gangbangers, characters who make friends or business contacts with the Knives will have that card in their pocket later, possibly even leading to a purchase of Allies, Contacts, Retainers or even Resources.

YOU HAVE TO FIGHT TO BE FREE

MENTAL • PHYSICAL ••• SOCIAL •••

OVERVIEW

The characters may choose to investigate the Reds as well as the Knives. "A Club if You'd Like to Go" can be used as inspiration for a scene involving the Reds, though while the Knives act out of a sense of self-interest, the Reds follow a philosophical creed that works towards the betterment of the ghetto through forced redistribution of wealth (similar to Robin Hood). Investigating the Reds will inevitably lead the characters to the gang's leader, Cold Charlotte. Furthermore, a Carthian character might know of Charlotte with a successful Intelligence + Politics roll (grant an equipment bonus equal to the character's Covenant Status). Even if the characters don't check up on the Reds, Charlotte may become aware of their snooping and send a messenger to ask them for a meeting. Use this scene if the characters have the opportunity to speak with Cold Charlotte.

The troupe meets her at a bar in the upper South Side. She tends towards standoffishness, and she will warn any characters whose philosophies she finds repulsive (namely those who strongly support capitalism or libertarianism) to stay out of her territory. If the characters claim to be sympathetic to her plight, she informs them that she believes money is being funneled to the Knives by an elder at the very top of the Carthian government. She'll accuse everyone from the Matriarch and her child to Maggie Archer. She's clearly a bit of a paranoid and may finger practically any individual, including those related to the characters (such as sires or mentors).

DESCRIPTION

The Old Dog's New Trick is a long, narrow bar near the rail tracks. The gas fires of the refineries cast a flickering glow over the front of the storefront. The moment you step in

from the light snow, every sullen face in the establishment turns towards you. These men and women wear faded, grime-stained denim and sit hunched over their warm, thick beers. The smell of sweat and fatigue permeates the air, and you can feel their judgmental eyes on you saying "you don't belong." Yet those dozens of staring eyes fade from your perception when you see her. Standing behind the pool table at the far end of the bar, her body perfectly still, she watches your approach with the illumination from the bar-light glinting off of her dead eyes and small fangs.

At this point the characters should roll Resolve + Composure for the Predator's Taint. Cold Charlotte's Blood Potency is only 1, so any character who fails the roll will feel compelled to attack her. Characters who fail the Predator's Taint roll may expend a Willpower to flee the scene. Once outside they may roll Resolve + Composure again to regain control of themselves. If they fail a second time, they assault the nearest target, battering the victim into unconsciousness (and possibly death).

Once any matters of predatory dominance have been resolved, Charlotte invites the characters to play a game of pool, keeping the pool table between her and them as they discuss business. Charlotte is a true believer, but her philosophy of choice is decidedly unpopular in the Americas. She quotes Marx with ease and can provide examples of Carthian domains that she has heard tell of that have successfully adopted a communist model. She claims (honestly) that her people haven't been antagonizing the Knives, and that the latter gang has been fighting a war of all-out aggression with almost overwhelming force. If questioned extensively, she may admit that the only thing keeping her followers on an even footing is doses of her own Vitae, but reminds them that she has been pressed into the corner by the Knives and their elder backer.

Charlotte points the characters towards the Knives and their suppliers, pushing them towards the events detailed in “A Club if You’d Like to Go.” If the characters have already been through that scene, she’ll encourage them to meet with Chuck in “Sunday, Bloody Sunday.”

STORYTELLER GOALS

Provide the characters an intellectual counterpoint to the materialistic 80s. Establish a tense scene with a Kindred who is an outsider and a relative unknown. Foster paranoia regarding the characters’ patrons.

CHARACTER GOALS

Uncover Charlotte’s part in the growing debacle.

ACTIONS

Cold Charlotte only attacks if one of the characters does so first, and the pair fight fist and nail for dominance.

Charlotte attempts to immobilize her opponent (driving his face into the pool table or floor), which requires first a successful grapple (her Strength + Brawl – the character’s Defense) followed by an overpower maneuver (her Strength + Brawl – the character’s Strength). If she successfully immobilizes her opponent, she tells him to back down. If he does so, her dominance is assured and the frenzied Beasts fall dormant. If the attacking character uses lethal force, she will answer with lethal force (in the form of a bowie knife).

CONSEQUENCES

This scene provides the characters with an opportunity to make yet another ally or enemy in their investigation. If the characters shut down Bostow’s operation, they may find a staunch ally in Charlotte for future stories. If they further his goals, the converse is true. Yet they may want to keep their distance from her, lest they be labeled communist sympathizers.

SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY

MENTAL ♦♦ PHYSICAL ♦♦ SOCIAL ♦♦

OVERVIEW

The characters contact the gun dealer Chuck Fisher and can arrange a meeting with him in an open, public area (he insists on a street corner). They arrive to find him and his dog, Missy, who doesn’t care for the characters. Chuck’s a middleman and doesn’t know much about what’s going on. He simply gets money from his client and provides product (weapons) to the Knives.

He advises the characters to drop their investigation, but, if pressed, will tell them that they can meet his client at the Pulaski El station around midnight. While the Storyteller can adjust this time as necessary (if, for example, the characters meet Chuck after midnight), Chuck will not change the meeting time after he’s given it. He contacted Scratch between talking to the characters and arriving at the meeting, and Scratch told him to try to dissuade them, and, if he can’t, to send them to him. Since Chuck can’t call Scratch then and there, the time and place are set in stone. Chuck won’t volunteer this information unless interrogated.

The characters’ discussion with Chuck gets cut violently short by a sudden drive-by shooting. The attack leaves the characters with a wounded mortal on their hands, and they are possibly injured themselves. The violence was orchestrated by Old John at Shark Bostow’s behest.

DESCRIPTION

The African-American man standing at the corner has long, fallow features. He is wearing a bulky overcoat against

the snow, which now salts the air and dots the sidewalk and dark street. His right hand is thrust deep into his coat pocket, and his left, shrouded in a thick glove, is wrapped tightly about a leash that terminates in a large bulldog. As you near, the dog’s ears fall to the side of its head. Its lips curl back from yellowed teeth and it issues a low growl.

Missy’s reaction confirms for Chuck that the characters are not human; though he knows almost nothing about vampires, he is familiar enough to realize that they are trouble. The characters can ply him for information (see “Interrogating Chuck” below), but he has little to offer; an old man called Scratch is running the operation, providing weapons directly to the gangs (the characters may recognize the name as that of an elder Nosferatu of the Ordo Dracul). Chuck gets a nice slice of the pie to keep quiet about it and keep the gang in the dark as to the nature of their mysterious patron. Before the characters get everything they want out of Chuck, read the following:

In the first instant it seems nothing more than a particularly loud series of backfires from one of the slow-moving cars nearby. Only as the concrete about you explodes, sending bits and pieces cascading across your skin and clothes do you realize that you’re being shot at. A red mist spreads through the air around you and time seems to slow to a crawl as Chuck cries out in pain.

Two shooters are firing from the passenger side of a bright red American muscle car. Each uses the gangbanger template on p. 205 of the **World of Darkness Rulebook**, save that they have Firearms 3 and are armed with .45 ACP sub-machine

guns (a third gangbanger drives the car). Each shooter fires at full auto, targeting the player characters and Chuck. Their dice pool to hit each character is 12 – total number of targets, rolled once for each of the two shooters. Kindred characters suffer only bashing damage, but Chuck takes lethal. The attack may do heavy damage to a character, but probably won't put any into torpor. Chuck, on the other hand, is likely severely hurt if not killed by the strike. Characters who think to hit the deck penalize the shooters' pools by 2. Players may also activate Celerity to avoid being shot.

The car immediately pulls away at full acceleration. Characters with Celerity 2 or greater can catch up on foot, provided they use Celerity to do so immediately after the attack. Otherwise, the car likely makes a getaway before the characters can secure a vehicle and pursue their attackers. If the characters do manage to engage the gang members, the gangsters will probably die fighting.

STORYTELLER GOALS

Provide the characters with the next link in the story: Scratch. Punctuate the investigation story with a moment of sudden, extreme violence.

CHARACTER GOALS

Find out who Chuck is getting his guns from. Save Chuck's life or chase down the attackers.

ACTIONS

The characters find Chuck surprisingly willing to arrange a meeting for them with Scratch. Being Kindred, though, they may suspect that he's hiding something and feel inclined to interrogate him anyway.

INTERROGATING CHUCK

Dice Pool: Wits + Interrogation (characters) vs. Stamina + Resolve (Chuck's, 5 dice)

Action: Extended and contested (each roll represents five minutes of interrogation). Other characters may assist the primary actor as a teamwork action, using Manipulation, Wits or Strength + Intimidation.

Hindrances: Characters remain in a public location (-4), characters move to a semi-private location (-2), Missy harmed (-3, Chuck).

Help: Use of weapons or tools (+2, characters), use of drugs or appropriate Disciplines (+3, characters), Missy the Dog (+3, Chuck).

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: If the characters roll a dramatic failure, they reinforce Chuck's resolve and he cannot be broken during this scene. If Chuck rolls a dramatic failure, he immediately caves and tells what little he knows.

Failure: The characters fail to make headway in the interrogation.

Success: Each success the characters get, in excess of Chuck's, nets them a single piece of the following information.

- Chuck's been providing guns to the Knives for a while. He used to get paid by an old guy whose name he never knew. Now he gets paid by Scratch. He doesn't have any useful info about the old guy, save that he wasn't a vampire to his knowledge. (He was, in fact, one of Shark Bostow's ghouls.)

- He doesn't know the specifics of Scratch's arrangement with the Knives.

- He knows the characters aren't human, but little beyond that. He doesn't seem inclined to ask questions.

- Scratch runs a sprawling illegal operation called The Machine.

- The Machine is into drugs, prostitution, racketeering, protection, weapons, theft and any other illegal way one can make a buck.

Exceptional Success: If either party rolls five successes on a single roll, treat as if the opponent had rolled a dramatic failure, above.

CONSEQUENCES

The characters know their next destination — go to "The Man in the Shadows." Unfortunately, they also know that someone is gunning for them, and they may have a dead or dying man on their hands. A few traits of Vitae from one of the characters will heal Chuck (and enthrall him), but otherwise the characters will have to make some quick Medicine rolls to stop his bleeding (and without Vitae, he needs a trip to the hospital). If Chuck survives, he can become a Contact, Ally or Retainer for the characters in the future.

The troupe can turn away from the investigation now, but characters with the Fortitude Virtue will regain all spent Willpower for soldiering on. The characters might even decide that the action is too hot and report to Maggie that Scratch is behind the guns, a possibility that will bring this story to a premature close but open up several possible plotlines that are beyond the scope of this book.

If the characters kill the gangbangers, they will notice prominent red bandanas on their persons, which may lead them towards Cold Charlotte and "You've Got to Fight to Be Free." Conversely, if they capture one of the gangbangers alive, they find that he's a member of a Hispanic gang in Cicero and he's simply following his boss's orders. If the characters pursue this lead, they may find themselves in another tense meeting with violent gang members reminiscent of "A Club if You'd Like to Go." Such an encounter is far more likely to end in violence (-5 to all social rolls for the characters due to standing orders to kill them), but they may eventually discover that Old John put the hit on them.

THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS

MENTAL ♦♦ PHYSICAL ♦♦ SOCIAL ♦♦♦

OVERVIEW

The characters meet Scratch, a local elder, at the Polaski El station. He speaks with the group, and they have the opportunity to either buy the information they need off of him or make a powerful enemy.

DESCRIPTION

A light snow fills the air, but the metal canopy that spans the long, narrow concrete El station ensures that the snow falls only on the interstate that the El tracks run between. Shortly after midnight, the inbound train stops long enough to disgorge a single weary traveler. As that individual walks towards the station house, you hear a man clear his throat behind you.

Scratch uses Obfuscate to approach and examine the characters before making his presence known. He allows the characters to lead the conversation in order to gauge their interests. If accused of furthering gang violence in downtown Chicago, he seems largely apathetic to their plight. ("Business is business, kiddos.") If the characters intimate that the Kindred government is looking into the matter, Scratch will offer to help them along their way — for a price. The cost is left up to the Storyteller (so that she can establish her own hook for a future story), but almost certainly involves roping the entire coterie into a scheme as part of Scratch's Machine. On the upside, as Scratch points out, any agreement they come to is likely to be very profitable for both parties. If Chuck survived "Sunday, Bloody Sunday," he becomes a go-between for Scratch and the coterie.

If the characters antagonize or blatantly insult Scratch, he uses Obfuscate to vanish from the platform, leaving them to pursue other avenues of investigation. If they attack him, he shoves one of them onto the El tracks before vanishing. Roll Scratch's Strength + Brawl – the target's Defense. Successes cause no damage but knock the target onto the tracks, which inflict 10 points of bashing damage each turn. Otherwise, Scratch points the characters towards his own boss, a Kindred he is not willing to stick his neck out for, Old John (though a successful Wits + Empathy roll reveals that Old John scares Scratch).

It is possible, though highly unlikely, that the characters can manage to subdue and interrogate Scratch. If they successfully do so, he reveals not only that Old John provides the guns, but that Shark Bostow pays for them. Scratch knows nothing about the drive-by.

STORYTELLER GOALS

Emphasize how deep the characters are getting. This scene should almost seem too easy; it is. Scratch passes the

characters on to Old John under the assumption that he can take care of them.

CHARACTER GOALS

Uncover Scratch's part in the plot and find out where he's getting his money.

ACTIONS

Over the course of a chronicle set in Chicago, a character will quite likely end up being thrown on the El tracks.

ESCAPING THE EL

Dice Pool: Strength

Action: Reflexive (The roll can only be made once per turn. Characters can only perform other actions during the turn if they succeed on the roll.) Other characters can assist as a teamwork action.

Hindrances: Oncoming train (-1), wet tracks (-1).

Help: Thick, heavy clothing (+1), gloves (+1).

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: The character remains on the tracks and is stunned by the electricity. He suffers 10 bashing damage and may not attempt to free himself the next turn.

Failure: The character remains on the tracks and suffers 10 bashing damage. This can quickly render a Kindred torpid. If the character remains on the rail when an incoming train arrives, however, she is guaranteed to suffer Final Death.

Success: The character frees herself from the electrified rail as a reflexive action.

Exceptional Success: As success, above.

CONSEQUENCES

The characters begin to understand how deep this conspiracy goes and just how easy it is to slip into the illegal world when one joins the Requiem. Establishing a working relationship with Scratch might pave the way for future purchases of Allies, Contacts, Status and Resources, and puts the characters on the track towards the answers they seek. Denying him might net Willpower for characters with the Virtue of Justice, Temperance or Prudence, but will earn Scratch's ire and force the characters to take a different route in their investigation. Now that the characters have Old John's name, and can seek him out in Cicero, "A Dead Man's Town."

A DEAD MAN'S TOWN

MENTAL ♦♦ PHYSICAL ♦♦♦ SOCIAL ♦♦♦

OVERVIEW

Cicero is a smaller city on the western border of Chicago. Among the Kindred, it's known for the population of unaligned vampires who haven and feed there and the centuries-old undead pimp who calls it his domain. The characters can enter Cicero on foot, which might inspire a fight with some of the unbound locals (if the Storyteller feels the story needs some extra action), or they can drive directly to Old John's brothel.

Once there, the characters meet with Old John. The pimp is impressed with the characters' abilities and more than willing to sell out Bostow to bring them into his orbit. If they prove unwilling, Old John lets them leave with the information they need — only to order them killed as they leave Cicero.

DESCRIPTION

The bordello is an old Victorian affair, three stories of faded white siding crowned by sun-bleached gray shingles. A faint illumination spills through the lights of the round towers, flashing on the flurrying snow. A few snow-topped cars are parked within the wrought iron-bordered yard. A flagstone walk leads to the front porch, which, while damp, is mercifully free of snow due to the overhang.

The most straightforward method of entry is the front door. If the characters attempt to break in, they find it incredibly difficult to do so (-5 to all rolls); the brothel is extremely secure. Patient characters might spy on Old John's brothel or people, but it will take several nights for them to make the connection between John and Bostow, time in which more people are dying in the streets.

If the characters knock on the door, a male ghoul dressed in a smoking jacket and precious little else answers. He reacts to the characters with immediate nervous fear (he possesses Protean 1, and can recognize Kindred), and will ask what the characters want. He'll rebuff most false attempts to get in, but if the characters are forthright about wanting to speak to Old John, he notes that the characters don't have an appointment and asks them to stay outside while he speaks to his master. He locks the door (with several deadbolts). A few minutes later, the ghoul reappears and invites the characters in.

Despite your undead state, the gentle warmth of the brothel is a welcome reprieve from the harsh Chicago chill. The space is well appointed though not gaudy, and entering feels not unlike stepping back in time to the twenties. Plush carpets draped across the hardwood floors muffle your footfalls, and a broad stair ascends to a second floor. The smell of old blood and the sounds of sex only faintly register to your senses.

The ghoul takes the characters into a sitting room and asks them to have a seat before offering refreshment. If the characters assent, the ghoul leaves and a prostitute enters a few minutes later dressed only in lingerie. She is obviously afraid, and her pale skin attests to her regular use as a blood doll. Taking more than two traits of Vitae might well kill her, something the characters will have to deal with if they get greedy. After the characters have had time to make decisions regarding the blood doll, their host arrives.

Before he even arrives, you feel his presence fall over you like a chill shadow. The man who enters the room is short, with carefully styled salt-and-pepper hair atop long, sharp features that terminate in rough stubble. He holds a lit cigarette between his fingers, apparently unfazed by the warm flame. He moves into the room, smoke trailing behind him, before taking a seat. "Good evening, guests," he says, his voice languid and rustic, as if bubbling forth from another era.

Like Scratch, Old John allows the characters to lead the conversation. He has a strong idea of why they've come to him, however, and doesn't tolerate much in the way of dissembling. Ultimately the characters need to make him an acceptable deal or he offers one of his own: the characters start working for him (and take a step towards vinculum by sipping his blood), and he provides them the information they desire and the proof to back it up. Old John, of course, requires that his own involvement in the conspiracy be left conveniently unmentioned. The elder vampire knows which way the wind's blowing and would much rather Bostow take the heat for the entire situation, but the characters need to offer something of value to Old John or he merely sends them off with their accusations. He makes it clear that refusal to cooperate may have adverse effects on the characters' health.

If the characters convince Old John to provide the information, he informs them that in the past Bostow was buying guns from Chuck to give directly to the Knives. When the Matriarch put an end to it, Bostow felt he could get around the problem by providing women to John, who compensated him for his assistance. That money went directly to Scratch (rather than Bostow), who paid Chuck for guns that then went straight to the Knives. If the characters don't want to help John and look like they might get combative, John may provide some of this information just to get them to leave.

If the characters ask about the drive-by, Old John admits that it was meant as a warning, but that he wasn't the one who initiated it. If the characters make an enemy of Old John, he has them assaulted on their way out of Cicero (use the Belial's Brood Fanatic's traits on p. 228 of **Vampire: The Requiem**; John sends one unbound thug per player character). If the

characters attack Old John, he fights viciously and carefully, focusing his assault on one character at a time (for John, use the combat traits provided for Philip Maldonato on p. 288 of **Vampire: The Requiem**). If a fight breaks out in the brothel, two unbound thugs (using the Belial's Brood Fanatic traits) enter the fray on the second turn in defense of Old John.

STORYTELLER GOALS

Introduce the primary villain of the story, but undercut his villainy with the revelation that the instigator is a sheriff and member of the primogen council. Keep things incredibly tense. Offer the characters a choice: work with the conspiracy or fight it.

One thing should be clear in all of this — Old John is making the characters an “offer they can’t refuse.” They can either join the conspiracy or try to survive its wrath long enough to air what they know. Either path has its advantages, but the easier (turning a blind eye towards Old John) involves working for the morally bankrupt Cicero pimp.

CHARACTER GOALS

Survive an encounter with the eldest Kindred in Chicago while uncovering the truth of what they’ve begun to explore.

ACTIONS

In this scene, the characters find themselves offered what they’ve been searching for: but the price may be too steep. They may enter into Old John’s service, or they may blow him off, hoping to survive whatever he throws at them. Some characters might even try to cut a deal with Old John or haggle regarding the offer he makes them.

HAGGLING THE PIMP OF CICERO

Dice Pool: Manipulation + Persuasion (both parties)

Action: Extended and contested. (Each roll represents five minutes of discussion. The characters’ goal is 8 successes. Old John only needs to exceed the primary actor’s Willpower.) This action can benefit from teamwork rules.

Hindrances: Characters haven’t come close to piecing together what is going on (-1, characters), characters offer far less than the information is worth (-3, characters), characters refused to work for Scratch (-3, Old John).

Help: Characters emphasize their role in service to the city (+1, characters), characters have City Status or Daeva Status (+1 per dot, characters), characters have several pertinent details about the operation already (+2), characters suspect Bostow (+3). A well-roleplayed argument should garner a bonus of 1 to 3 dice.

Roll Results

Dramatic Failure: If the characters roll a dramatic failure, they accidentally agree to provide some service beyond what was initially asked. If Old John does so, he immediately agrees to the characters’ offer.

Failure: No progress is made.

Success: If the characters accumulate the necessary number of successes first, they convince Old John to take their offer. If Old John does so, he refuses the characters’ offer with a well-reasoned argument. The characters will have to take a different tact.

Exceptional Success: If either participant surpasses the target number by more than 5 successes, not only is the action resolved in his favor, but he also gains a +2 on further social rolls during the scene with the opponent due to his obvious competence.

CONSEQUENCES

The characters confront Old John with what they know, either garnering the name of the architect behind the conspiracy or earning John’s ire and possibly facing Final Death.

AFTERMATH

The characters either survive their harrowing investigation with the information they sought or have been destroyed, ground into ash by the gears of the Kindred political machine. Over the course of the story they have made allies and enemies who will continue to help, hinder or otherwise haunt their Requiems in the nights to come. Whoever the characters determine to be at the center of the trafficking, they must decide how to use that information. What do they tell Maggie in order to fulfill their obligation to her?

Here are a few possibilities:

- The characters agree to work for Old John. He provides them damning evidence on Bostow (that ignores Old John and Scratch’s involvement) that they can hand over to Archer. Archer has little choice but to bring charges against Bostow, even though doing so will damage the Carthian Movement and the Matriarch’s regime. (If Archer decides to hide the info, she’ll have to buy off the characters, possibly by granting them better feeding rights or letting them continue to hunt in her regency rent-free.) Meanwhile, the characters find themselves faced with having agreed to do the dirty work of an amoral monster.

Ironically, this choice nets the characters the best chance at improving their overall standing in the city, as they successfully brought their investigation to its conclusion. Bostow will cast aspersions on the characters; while most will be disregarded as slander against those who rooted out his misdeeds, the characters’ ostensible connection to Old John may haunt their future interactions.

- The characters refuse Old John’s offer and instead resolve to survive his violent response long enough to provide the info to Archer. Without proof, Archer can’t bring much of a case against Bostow. With Old John and Bostow as enemies, and Archer as a reluctant ally at best, the characters must tread yet more carefully in their nightly Requiems.

- Whether or not the characters sign on with Old John, they may choose to blackmail Shark Bostow with what they’ve uncovered. Bostow is willing to pay off the characters, so long as the price isn’t too high and they don’t interfere with his plots. Otherwise, he might try to arrange for their

destruction. If the characters agree to keep things quiet for Bostow, what do they tell Maggie? Worse yet, what do they do when the truth about Bostow inevitably comes out?

- If things go badly for the characters, they might try to seek out shelter from the higher powers. The Matriarch and Prefect Barowski would both be interested in the info on Bostow, as would the Invictus or Lancea Sanctum. These groups might extend their protection to the characters, but such protection doesn't come cheap. What the elders require of the characters may make them wish they'd signed on with Old John.

- If the characters try to lay the blame on Scratch, they earn his ire. Scratch will work with Old John to sell out Bostow. When the truth comes out, the characters end up looking incompetent. Not that that does anything to assuage Scratch's anger; the Haunt had to sell himself even further to Old John to escape incrimination. The characters have made a powerful enemy and face years of condescension for flubbing this task. On the other hand, being underestimated can have its advantages.

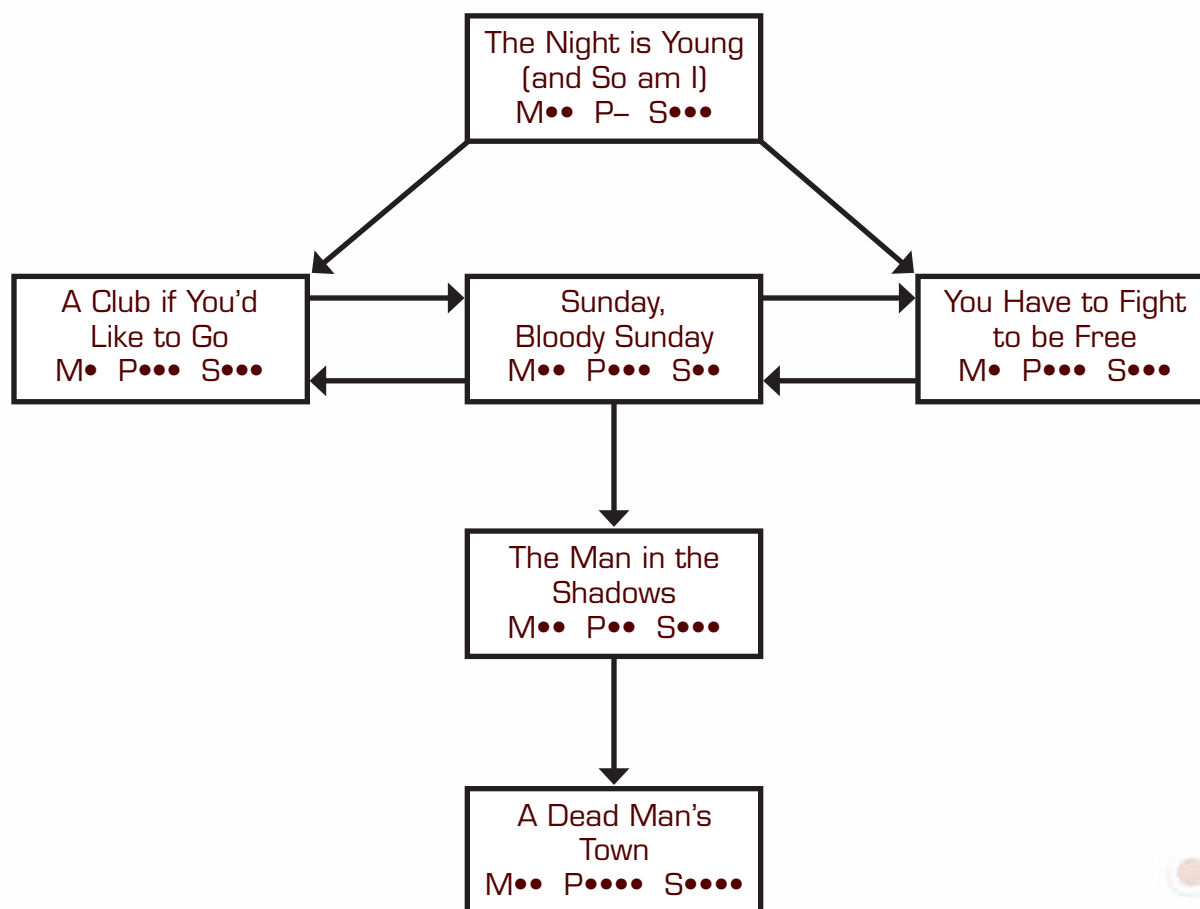
- Bostow or Old John may try to lay the blame at Cold Charlotte's feet. If the characters are allied with either, he'll ask them to play along. If not, the characters may be the few Kindred who know that Charlotte is innocent. Do

the characters help her or do they sell her out? Giving her assistance carries the additional stigma of being associated with a communist, a stigma that will haunt the characters through the remainder of the decade and beyond.

EXPERIENCE

Characters should be awarded 2 to 3 experience points per session of play. Additionally, characters who survive the story gain a base 2 experience points for their participation and an additional 1 if they exhibited good roleplaying. You may grant 1 additional point for characters who did the following:

- Cut profitable deals with Charlotte, Scratch, Old John or even Bostow. Grant one point for each deal made, perhaps earmarking them to be used on appropriate Merits only.
- Tracked and defeated the gunmen from "Sunday, Bloody Sunday."
- Saved Chuck's life. This point may be earmarked towards purchase of a Merit appropriate to the character's relationship with the gun trafficker.
- Used the information they gathered to better their position in the city beyond simply fulfilling Maggie's request. For example: publicly outing Bostow in a bid to gain the title of hound.



SCENE: THE NIGHT IS YOUNG (AND SO AM I)

MENTAL **

PHYSICAL –

SOCIAL ***

HINDRANCES

HELP

OTHER

Investigation:
The characters query
Mentors, Allies or Contacts
for information (+1 per dot).

STs

Establish 1980's Chicago. Set the characters upon the mystery.

PCs

Hobnob and mingle. Begin investigation into the gun problem.

SCENE: A CLUB IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO

MENTAL •

PHYSICAL ***

SOCIAL ***

HINDRANCES

HELP

OTHER

Carousing: Characters
behave rudely or
aggressively (-2).
Characters are white
(-3). Characters buy the
gangbangers drinks (-1
for Freddy per drink
consumed).

Carousing: Characters
have Status or Allies in the
Gangs (+ number of dots).
Characters use Disciplines
(variable, see specific
Disciplines). Characters
may utilize the teamwork
rules for this action.

STs

Establish thick and rising tension. Provide next clue.

PCs

Question the Knives. Get out alive.

SCENE: YOU HAVE TO FIGHT TO BE FREE		
MENTAL •	PHYSICAL ***	SOCIAL ***
HINDRANCES	HELP	OTHER
Playing Pool: Unfamiliar environment and loud music (-1, player characters only).	Playing Pool: Chalk (+1). Characters who aren't playing can offer advice. Treat as a teamwork action.	
<div> <div>STs</div> <div>Provide philosophical counterpoint to avarice. Build paranoia.</div> </div> <div> <div>PCs</div> <div>Uncover Charlotte's part in the plot.</div> </div>		

SCENE: SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY		
MENTAL **	PHYSICAL ***	SOCIAL **
HINDRANCES	HELP	OTHER
Interrogation: Characters remain in a public location (-4). Characters move to a semi-private location (-2). Missy harmed (-3, Chuck).	Interrogation: Other characters may assist the primary actor as a teamwork action. They may roll Manipulation, Wits or Strength + Intimidation to do so. Use of weapons or tools (+2, characters). Use of drugs or appropriate Disciplines (+3, characters). Missy the Dog (+3, Chuck).	
<div> <div>STs</div> <div>Provide the next clue and punctuate the story with violence.</div> </div> <div> <div>PCs</div> <div>Get info from Chuck. Save his life. Pursue the shooters.</div> </div>		

SCENE: THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS

MENTAL **

PHYSICAL **

SOCIAL ***

HINDRANCES

Escaping the El: Oncoming train (-1). Wet tracks (-1).

HELP

Escaping the El: Thick, heavy clothing (+1). Gloves (+1). Other characters can assist as a teamwork action.

OTHER

STs

Emphasize how deep the characters are getting. This scene should almost seem too easy.

PCs

Question Scratch. Find out who's supplying his money.

SCENE: A DEAD MAN'S TOWN

MENTAL **

PHYSICAL ****

SOCIAL ****

HINDRANCES

Haggling: Characters haven't come close to piecing together what is going on (-1, characters). Characters offer far less than the information is worth (-3, characters). Characters refused to work for Scratch (-3, Old John).

HELP

Haggling: Characters emphasize their role in service to the city (+1, characters). Characters have City Status or Daeva Status (+1 per dot, characters). Characters know several pertinent details about the operation already (+2). Characters suspect Bostow (+3). A well-roleplayed argument should garner a bonus of 1 to 3 dice. This action can benefit from teamwork rules.

OTHER

STs

Scare the hell out of the characters. Make the big reveal. Offer the characters the choice.

PCs

Survive the encounter and uncover the truth. Pick a side.

Appendix

SAMPLE COTERIE

This section introduces an example coterie of characters, embraced in the early 80s, to be used either by a Storyteller or group of players. Each has ties to the University of Chicago or Hyde Park, and each knew the others (if only peripherally) in life, creating a bond between them that conflicting covenant affiliations have yet to overcome.

The characters were designed at starting level, but each section also includes a sidebar giving guidance to those who want their vampires to begin play with a bit more punch or a slightly different spread of traits than the other characters. Harold, the outsider of the group, is provided with a haven that can act as a central meeting location for the characters.

This section offers a portrait of these new Kindred in Chicago in 1983 (the locale and setting of the sample story in Chapter Five). Storytellers interested in using these characters in other settings are encouraged to make whatever changes they feel necessary to do so.

DARRYL LAWRENCE

Quote: *"This shit is not what I signed up for!"*

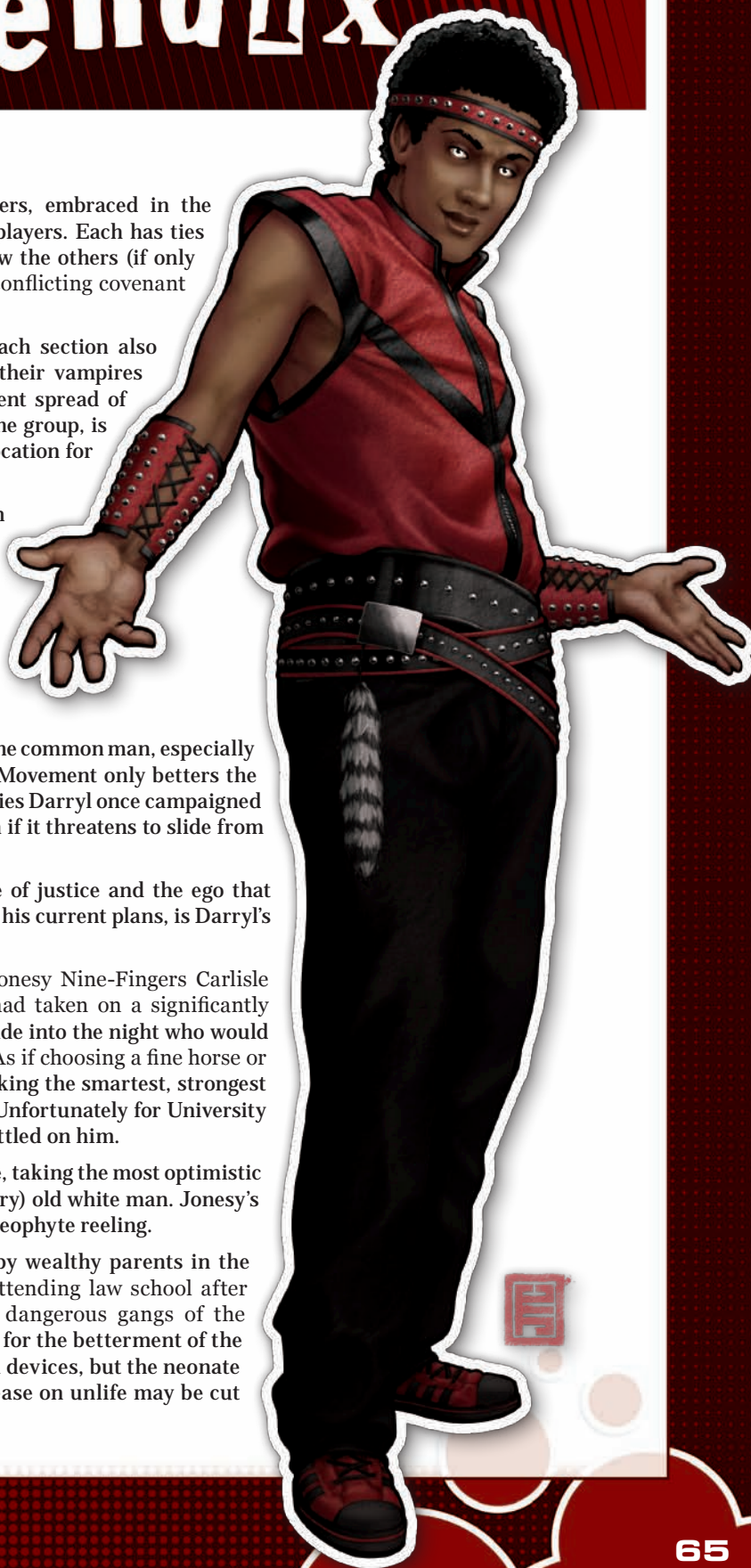
Virtue: Darryl maintains his sense of personal duty to the common man, especially the common black man. Unfortunately, his work for the Movement only betters the state of vampires, often at the cost of the mortal communities Darryl once campaigned to save. Yet Darryl holds tight to his sense of *Justice*, even if it threatens to slide from him nightly.

Vice: Darryl's sire feels he should put aside his sense of justice and the ego that reinforces it. *Pride*, both in his past accomplishments and his current plans, is Darryl's primary shortcoming.

Background: When elder Carthian mafia kingpin Jonesy Nine-Fingers Carlisle recognized that the changing face of organized crime had taken on a significantly darker hue than he was used to, he decided to bring a childe into the night who would act as his hands and ears among the gangs on the street. As if choosing a fine horse or show dog, he canvassed the many schools of Chicago, seeking the smartest, strongest and most attractive African-American to join the Lords. Unfortunately for University of Chicago student Darryl Lawrence, Jonesy eventually settled on him.

Lawrence took the transformation into vampire in stride, taking the most optimistic view possible of being hauled into the night by a racist (very) old white man. Jonesy's reasons for Embracing Lawrence, however, have left the neophyte reeling.

The elder monster wants Lawrence, who was raised by wealthy parents in the affluent northern suburbs and had every intention of attending law school after finishing his political science degree, to infiltrate the dangerous gangs of the south side and become their master, leading their efforts for the betterment of the Carthian agenda. He has left Lawrence largely to his own devices, but the neonate knows that if he doesn't produce results soon, his new lease on unlife may be cut prematurely short.



Description: A short, thin man with high cheek bones, full lips and narrow eyes, he seems to take in everything around him while remaining confident and relaxed. His skin was a rich caramel in life, but has taken on a darker hue with a waxy sheen since his entrance into Kindred society. Darryl considers himself a fashion chameleon, equally at home in the white suits he wears in Kindred society and the bright gang fashions he affects among his living contacts.

Darryl projects a constant mien of relaxed affability that serves him well in erudite social circles and on the mean streets of the south side. It may be the only thing keeping him from Final Death.

Roleplaying Hints: Ironically, you don't feel at all out of place among the so-called Lords of the Damned; instead, the very mortals your sire encourages you to associate with are as alien to you as they are to the hoary old man who sired you. You feel like you've been dropped in over your head, and you're struggling to figure out how to deal with the contradictory loyalties to race and blood that are threatening to rend your Requiem asunder. Until you do, you'll play everything cool, always careful and always confident, lest the others sense your weakness and move in for the kill.

The Others: Your appreciation for Kenneth vacillates nightly; sometimes you think he's the only Kindred who understands you, but the rest of the time he ranges from unpleasant to outright scary. Yet your abilities compliment each other, even as the two of you subtly vie for leadership of the group. You like Robyn and Harold as individuals, but put them together and their squabbling could drive a Kindred to coke. Molly sometimes feels like the kid sister you've never had, but you worry that you trust her too much.

Favorite Song: "The Message," Grandmaster Flash and the Furious 5



We Weren't Embraced Yesterday!

To enhance Darryl before play, add the following to his sheet:

- Manipulation 3
- Brawl 1
- Expression 1
- Haven (Security 3, Size 2)
- Animalism 1



HAROLD REYNOLDS

Quote: “God divided the light from the darkness. Hell knows I ain’t the light.”

Virtue: First and foremost, Harold is a prude. His *Prudence* led to his Embrace and shaped his decision to enter the Lancea Sanctum.

Vice: Yet a part of him has always been a creature of the earth and of the wild. There’s a *Lust* within him that goes beyond the thirst for blood. He wants to possess others sexually, dominating them utterly.

Background: Both the den mother and youngest sibling of the coterie, Harold has the distinction of being the most-recently embraced and the eldest at the time of his Embrace. Unlike the others, he never attended the University of Chicago (or any other college), but instead drew the attention of his sire just over a year ago when visiting the city to protest the release of the film *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, a repulsive piece of teen cinema filth that glorified all that is wrong in America.

Since then, he has haunted the theatres of Chicago, hunting those who would provide more money to the bloated, sinful machine devoted to sending everyone in America to hell — the so-called tinsel town. Harold’s farm-raised conservative mid-western values made him a strong fit for the Lancea Sanctum, though his blue-collar background aligns him against the wealthier members of that faction.

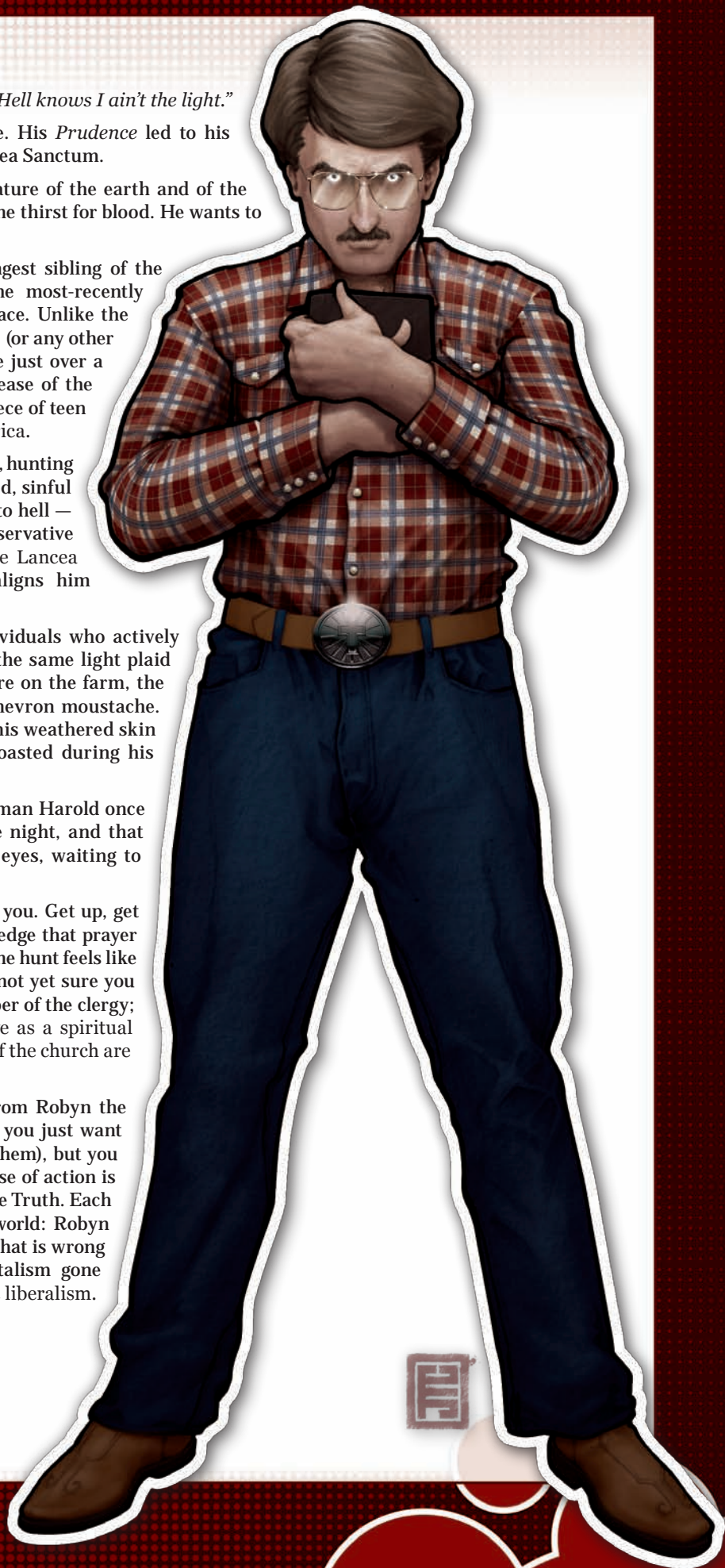
Description: Harold’s one of those rare individuals who actively aspires to look exactly like his father. He wears the same light plaid shirts (always tucked in) and jeans his father wore on the farm, the same aviator frame glasses and even the same chevron moustache. His dark hair is carefully parted to the right and his weathered skin even retains some of the deep farmer’s tan it boasted during his living years.

But all of that is no more than the mask of the man Harold once was. He has become the predator, a beast of the night, and that feral ferocity seems always just behind his cold eyes, waiting to shine through.

Roleplaying Hints: The blood always calls to you. Get up, get out, *do something*. You’re torn between the knowledge that prayer won’t bring you blood and the fact that exalting in the hunt feels like a sin. You’re still a lay member of your covenant, not yet sure you want to take the full plunge into becoming a member of the clergy; you often feel too filled with sinful urges to serve as a spiritual guide to others. Yet if you ever find that the elders of the church are corrupt, you may become a new voice of reform.

The Others: You’re surrounded by sinners, from Robyn the Satanist to the greed-fueled Kenneth. Sometimes you just want to beat the hell out of them (and the heaven into them), but you understand the Beast and know that the best course of action is prudent patience and slow, careful conversion to the Truth. Each seems to represent one of the great evils of the world: Robyn is moral relativism; Darryl represents everything that is wrong with the Democrats; Kenneth is rapacious capitalism gone wild; Molly is the corrupting influence of academic liberalism. Yet you can change them. You *must*.

Favorite Song: “The River,” Bruce Springsteen



We Weren't Embraced Yesterday!

To enhance Harold before play, add the following to his sheet:

- Composure 3 (Increases Willpower and Initiative by 1)
 - Animal Ken Specialty: (Farm Animals)
 - Fast Reflexes 2 (Increases Initiative by 1)
 - Haven Security 2
 - Direction Sense
 - Fleet of Foot 1 (Increases Speed by 1)
 - Additional Protean 2 Ability: (Haven of Processed Stone)
-



KENNETH BRYCE

Quote: “No, of course I can get that done for you. The question, though, is what do you have to offer me?”

Virtue: Bryce knows what he wants and will take almost any action to get it. His focused, single-minded *Fortitude* allows him to overcome most obstacles, and he takes a deep pleasure in beating the odds.

Vice: Similarly, Bryce feels nothing but contempt for those who fail to achieve his level of success. In life, he often lashed out at those worthy of his scorn, often verbally but sometimes with physical abuse as well. His *Wrath* has only intensified through contact with the Beast, and now he struggles to restrain his bloodlust.

Background: Bryce is the member of the coterie most likely to be drinking from a supermodel as she snorts coke in the bathroom of a high-priced club. Embraced during his final year at University of Chicago’s law school, Bryce’s absolute willingness to do whatever was necessary to succeed attracted the eye of his sire, Aaron Fitzpatrick, a young hotshot *Invictus* who had already earned a seat on the primogen council. Aaron sought a *wunderkind* who would rapidly repeat his own success, furthering *Invictus* interests and his own. What he got in Bryce was a backbiting social climber willing to stomp on Aaron in his rise to the top.

Bryce’s parents taught him through example that respect could only be gained through power, power came primarily from money, and money must be taken from those too stupid or weak to deserve it. He internalized their hungry philosophy, and he almost considers the transition to *Kindred* the next logical step in his development. (He’s only slightly surprised at just how *intense* his anger has become as a result.) Bryce still maintains a distanced relationship with his mortal family so that they won’t cut off his money; he’s also considering putting his father (who runs an investment firm) under the *vinculum* to gain access to his wealth and power.

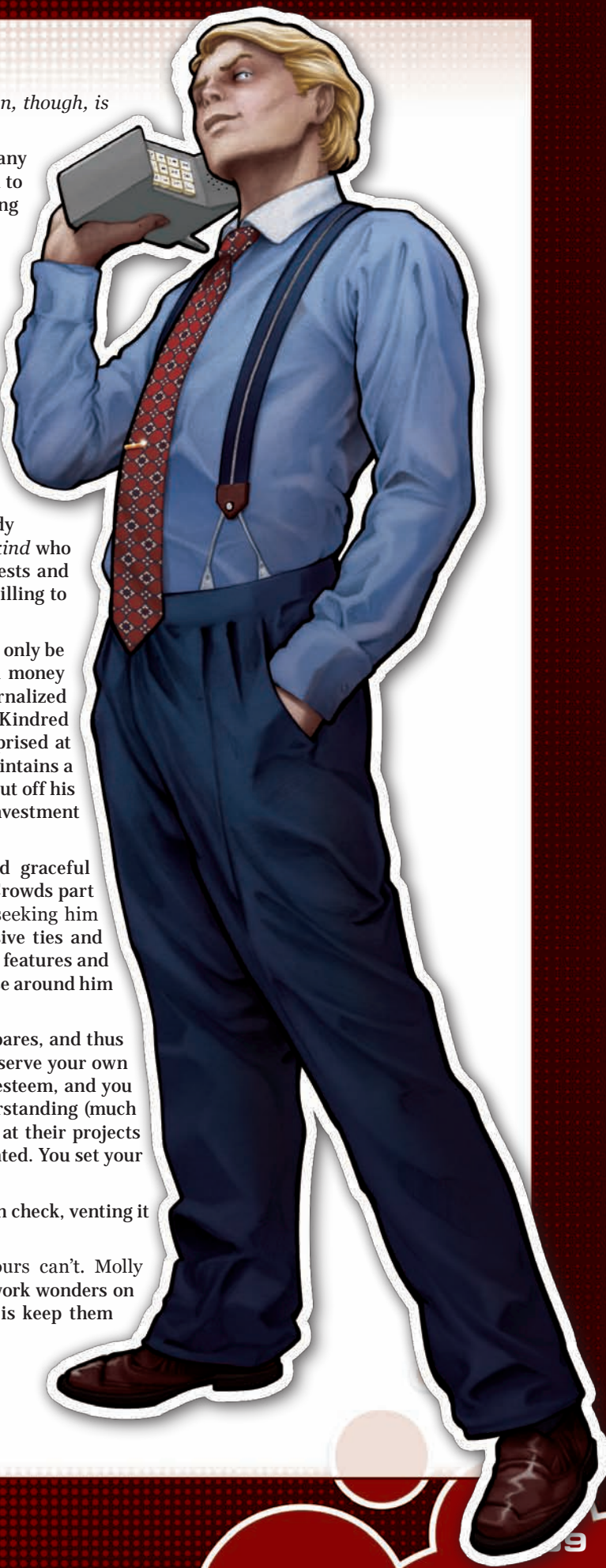
Description: Kenneth Bryce combines the sleek lines and graceful movements of a cheetah with the dead, hungry eyes of a shark. Crowds part around him like schools of fish, their barely disguised glances seeking him out, enviously or hungrily examining his tailored suits, expensive ties and professionally understated glasses. Perfect hair crowns his sharp features and high cheekbones, and his piercing blue eyes constantly probe those around him for weakness.

Roleplaying Hints: You are the best. No one else even compares, and thus they don’t matter. They either stand in your way as obstacles or serve your own needs as tools. Your coterie occupies the latter position in your esteem, and you consider yourself their leader. None of them are capable of understanding (much less playing) *Kindred* politics at the city level. They titter away at their projects while you take command. It must be because you’re so goal-oriented. You set your sights on something, get it done, then repeat.

You are always trying to fight down the rage. You *must* keep it in check, venting it only when it won’t damage your standing amongst the vampires.

The Others: Useful tools. Darryl’s fingers reach where yours can’t. Molly possesses an uncanny nose for liars. Robyn’s mystical abilities work wonders on stubborn breathers. Harold is your muscle. All you have to do is keep them thinking that what they’re doing is in their own best interests.

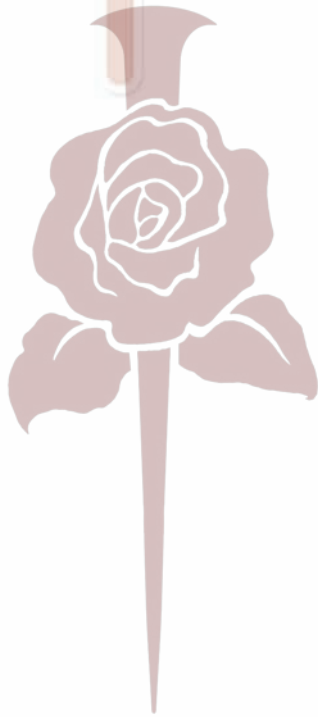
Favorite Song: “Werewolves of London,” Warren Zevon



We Weren't Embraced Yesterday!

To enhance Kenneth before play, add the following to his sheet:

- Persuasion 3
 - Allies (Chicago Stock Exchange) 2
 - Barfly
 - Resources 4
 - Retainer (Ghoul Stock Broker) 3
 - Herd (Blood Dolls) 2
 - Haven (Location 1, Security 1, Size 2)
 - Majesty 1
 - Lower Humanity to 5
 - Gain Fixation Derangement
-



MOLLY WRIGHT

Quote: “He’s lying. He knows he’s lying. He knows I know he’s lying. And now he knows I know he’s scared.”

Virtue: Molly sees the darkness inherent in the Requiem, the hopeless bacchanal that results in this age of paranoia and fear, but retains *Hope* and feels that through the work of the Order the curses of the Kindred state can be overcome.

Vice: Molly may not admit it to herself, but she’s always been jealous of the cool kids. Now everyone’s cooler than her, from her betters among the Order to the city elders. Even some of her coterie mates have a better sense of style or have joined covenants that focus on wealth and power rather than bettering the world. She keeps her bitter *Envy* in check most of the time, though.

Background: Molly grew up in a sleepy New England town, where she festered in quiet frustration towards the morally lax and self-obsessed behavior of her parents. She threw herself into her studies and excelled in school, transforming her scholarship to the University of Chicago into an escape vessel from a life of silent stagnation.

The college experience awakened her, exposing her to a new life of the mind invested in politics, literature and philosophical theories that combined both. She drew positive attention from her professors even as a freshman, and several began to groom her for graduate school. Unfortunately, one of those professors was a slave in service to a darker fraternity, and he introduced Molly to the man who would become first her patron, then her sire.

Molly has the utmost respect for her sire and Mentor, Arthur Longshanks. He taught her much of what she knows, both about the Kindred condition and the kine, but her Embrace robbed her of something that she has yet to find a way to replace. Longshanks diverts her questing attentions into the Great Work of the Order, but she may still turn against him with time. Until then, he remains Castellan, a position that puts him in charge of the upkeep of the Order’s libraries and laboratories, and she remains his Clerk and willing assistant.

Description: Tall, thin and lanky, Molly would seem the scarecrow were it not for her tendency to wear bulky clothing, especially during the winter months. Her style owes a little to the goth subculture, as she combines black denim jeans with a black t-shirt emblazoned with an image of The Smiths or The Cure. Over that she wears a thick, heavy coat of dull brown with a tall collar she often wears flipped up against the sides of her pale neck. Snow boots, gloves and a ratty old scarf complete the ensemble, ensuring that the bare minimum of her physical form is visible to those she comes in contact with.

Molly has long, wavy hair of a dark auburn, and her pale green irises are ringed with brown. She wore glasses before the Embrace, and occasionally affects them when interacting with her peers among the Order of the Dragon. They tend to take her more seriously when she wears them, even if the prescription lenses have been replaced with regular plastic.

Roleplaying Hints: You tend towards a taciturn contemplativeness when faced with a problem to puzzle out; given the active state of your mind, you often lapse into this silence. When you make up your mind to pursue a course of action, however, you become more resolute and demanding. Neither attitude ingratiates you to others, so many people find you unpleasant, especially upon first meeting you. Your sire has pointed out your inadequacies in this regard and encourages you to play to your strengths, which, he assures you, include a certain penchant for manipulating others.

The Others: You suspect that the others will spend eternity chasing their own tails, unwilling to take that small step necessary to become something *more*. Yet they undeniably make your life better. Harold provides a place to sleep (and an endless parade of sermons), Robyn a sympathetic ear and Darryl a mind almost as sharp as your own to bounce ideas off of. You find Kenneth unpleasant in the extreme, but his backing gets you into clubs and backrooms you simply wouldn’t have access to otherwise.

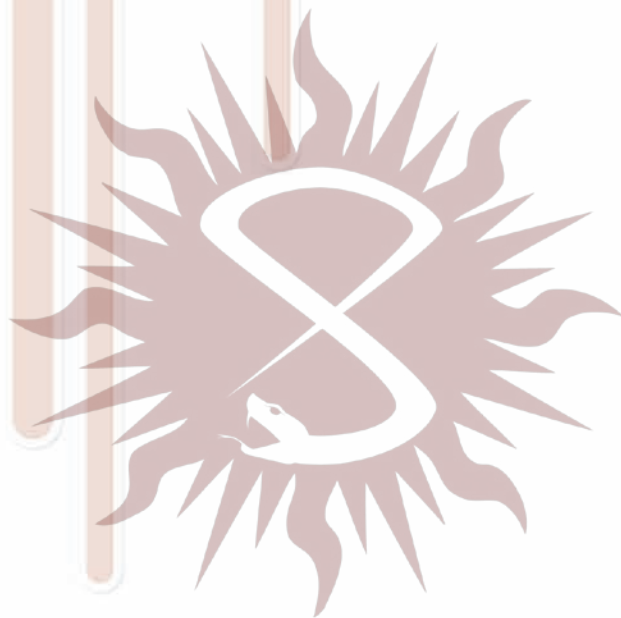
Favorite Song: “Love Will Tear Us Apart,” Joy Division



We Weren't Embraced Yesterday!

To enhance Molly before play, add the following to her sheet:

- Presence 2
 - Science 1
 - Empathy 2
 - Persuasion 1
 - Larceny 1
 - Subterfuge Specialty: (Hiding Emotions)
 - Resources 1
 - Obfuscate 1
-



ROBYN SLOANE

Quote: “This’ll hurt you more than it hurts me, but you’ll enjoy it more, too.”

Virtue: Nothing brings Robyn more pleasure than giving to others. She gives a great deal of herself, sometimes in the form of material goods, but just as often in deeds, pleasure or pain. If her *Charity* harms her in some way, so much the better. After all, Tribulation brings Enlightenment.

Vice: *Gluttony.* Despite her new state, Robyn remains a glutton for sexual punishment, often feeding while abusing a lover (or being abused in return).

Background: Robyn’s parents were hippies who never quite left the sixties behind. Robyn never bought the pacifistic angles of the free love philosophy, instead seeking pleasure where she could. As her parents fell into abject poverty, eventually earning a prolonged sentence for drug possession during her first year of college, Robyn found that the greatest pleasures were often derived from pain. A scholarship took her to Chicago, and she followed up a lackluster year at the School of the Art Institute with a transfer into the religious studies department at the University of Chicago.

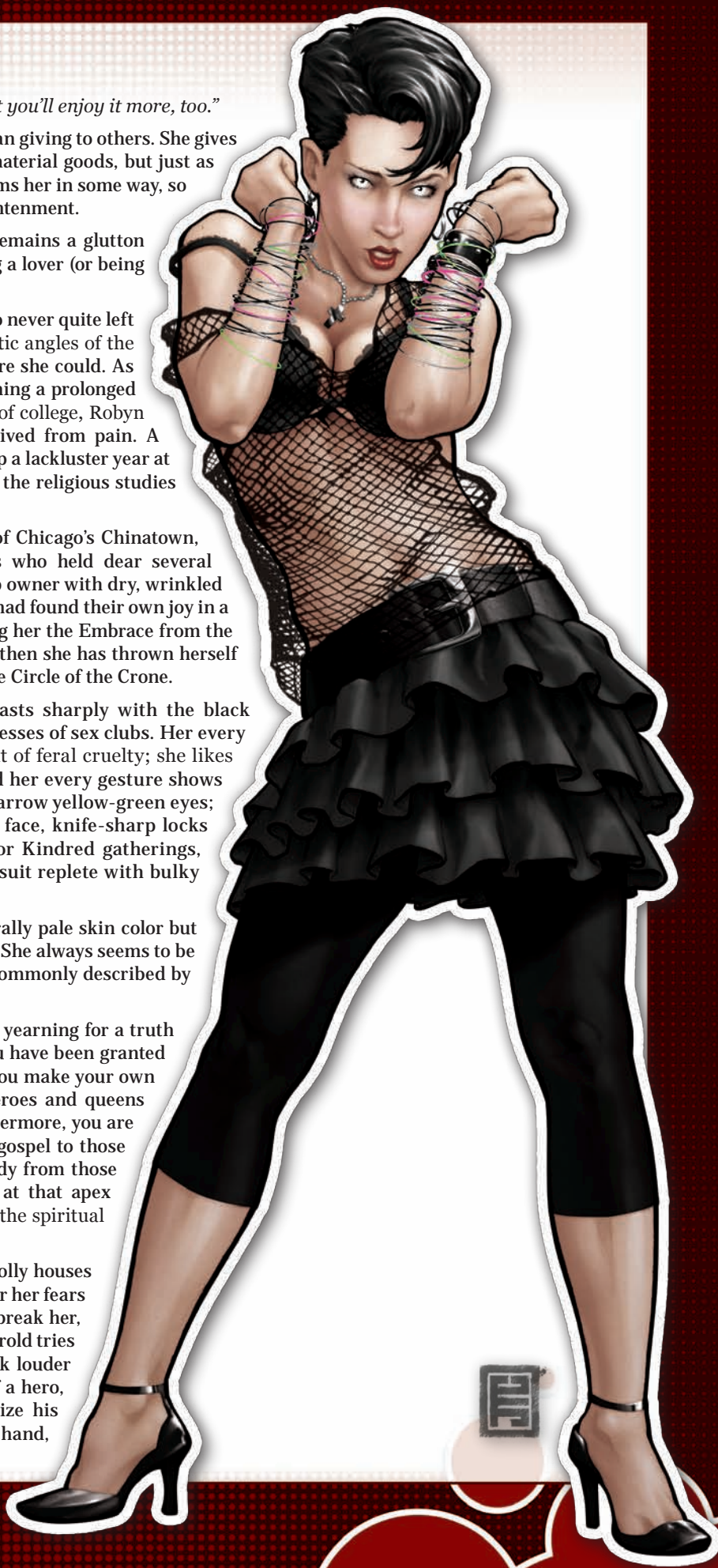
A research project took Robyn into the depths of Chicago’s Chinatown, where she interacted with numerous individuals who held dear several different religions. One, an apparently ancient shop owner with dry, wrinkled skin, brought her into a night cult of monsters who had found their own joy in a dark world. Robyn never recoiled in horror, earning her the Embrace from the old Haunt just before he slipped into torpor. Since then she has thrown herself fully into both her Requiem and the teachings of the Circle of the Crone.

Description: Robyn’s paper pale skin contrasts sharply with the black leathers she wears on the street or in the dark recesses of sex clubs. Her every move displays a defined determination and a hint of feral cruelty; she likes to play with her food before she consumes it, and her every gesture shows it. Her features, long, angular and sharp, frame narrow yellow-green eyes; her carefully styled short, black hair crowns her face, knife-sharp locks falling across her forehead. Robyn dresses up for Kindred gatherings, adopting a loose bright shirt under a cream pantsuit replete with bulky shoulder pads.

Robyn’s curse manifests not only in her unnaturally pale skin color but also in a tendency towards discomforting intensity. She always seems to be working too much to get others to like her, and is commonly described by other Kindred as “trying too hard.”

Roleplaying Hints: You believe. After a life of yearning for a truth beyond the hollow desperation of the seventies, you have been granted a role in the higher reality of gods and monsters. You make your own myth now, learning all you can of the tales of heroes and queens past, that you might emulate their greatness. Furthermore, you are an evangelist, willing to spread your own form of gospel to those around you, regardless of the risk to your own body from those who don’t understand your enlightenment. Only at that apex where pleasure and pain become one can you find the spiritual underpinnings of the world.

The Others: Your coterie isn’t quite ripe yet. Molly houses a deep and abiding pain; for now, you let her whisper her fears to you and you offer comfort, but in time you will break her, and the betrayal will be that much more intense. Harold tries so hard, but doesn’t understand that actions speak louder than words. Teach him. Darryl has the makings of a hero, a philosopher-king like Odysseus. Help him realize his potential by trying his soul. Kenneth, on the other hand,



could become like Achilles. Yet his cruelty gives you pause, and you doubt you can help him unless he reclaims his own soul from the Beast within.

Favorite Song: "Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)," The Eurythmics

We Weren't Embraced Yesterday!

To enhance Robyn before play, add the following to her sheet:

- Larceny 1
 - Politics 1
 - Contacts (Club Culture, S&M Culture) 3
 - Holistic Awareness
 - Retainer (Submissive Gimp) 1
 - Obfuscate 1
 - Vigor 1
 - Reduce Humanity to 6
-



New Wave Requiem

NAME: Harold Reynolds

PLAYER:

CHRONICLE:

CONCEPT: Moralist among Monsters

VIRTUE: Prudence

VICE: Lust

CLAN: Gangrel

COVENANT: Lancea Sanctum

COTERIE:

ATTRIBUTES

power

INTELLIGENCE ●●●●●

STRENGTH ●●●●●

PRESENCE ●●●●●

finesse

WITS ●●●●●

DEXTERITY ●●●●●

MANIPULATION ●●●●●

resistance

RESOLVE ●●●●●

STAMINA ●●●●●

COMPOSURE ●●●●●

SKILLS

MENTAL

(-3 unskilled)

Academics ●●●●●
Computer 00000
Crafts Woodworking ●●●●●
Investigation 00000
Medicine 00000
Occult 00000
Politics ●●●●●
Science ●●●●●

PHYSICAL

(-1 unskilled)

Athletics ●●●●●
Brawl ●●●●●
Drive ●●●●●
Firearms ●●●●●
Larceny Lock Picking ●●●●●
Stealth ●●●●●
Survival ●●●●●
Weaponry 00000

SOCIAL

(-1 unskilled)

Animal Ken ●●●●●
Empathy ●●●●●
Expression ●●●●●
Intimidation Fire & Brimstone ●●●●●
Persuasion ●●●●●
Socialize 00000
Streetwise 00000
Subterfuge ●●●●●

OTHER TRAITS

MERITS

Contacts (Church) ●●●●●
Fast Reflexes ●●●●●
Haven (Size) ●●●●●
Iron Stamina ●●●●●
Meditative Mind ●●●●●
00000
00000
00000

FLAWS

DISCIPLINES

Animalism ●●●●●
Protean ●●●●●
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Size 5 (5 for adult human-sized kindred)
Defense 3 (lowest of dexterity or wits)
Initiative Mod 6 (dexterity+composure)
Speed 10 (strength+dexterity+5)
Experience
Armor 1/0 (Reinforced Clothing)

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

VITAE

□□□□□□□□□□
■●■●■●■●■●■●

Vitae/per turn 10/1

BLOOD POTENCY

●00000000000

HUMANITY

10 _____ 0
9 _____ 0
8 _____ 0
7 _____ ●
6 _____ ●
5 _____ ●
4 _____ ●
3 _____ ●
2 _____ ●
1 _____ ●

EQUIPMENT

Mustard Yellow Ford F-150 (Handling 0), Crucifix (+1 bonus
to social rolls w/ believers, -1 penalty rolls w/ non-believers),
Double-Barrell Shotgun (+4L, 9-Again, rarely carried w/ him)

Attributes 5/4/3 • Skills 11/7/4 (+3 Specialties) • Clan (+1 bonus Attribute; see p. 92) • Covenant • Blood Potency 1 (May be increased with Merit points) • Disciplines 3 (Two dots must be in-clan) • Merits 7 • (Buying the fifth dot in Attributes, Skills or Merits costs two points) • Health = Stamina + Size • Willpower = Resolve + Composure • Size = 5 for adult human-sized Kindred • Defense = Lowest of Dexterity or Wits • Initiative Mod = Dexterity + Composure • Speed = Strength + Dexterity + 5 • Starting Humanity = 7 • Vitae = d10 roll

New Wave Requiem

NAME: Kenneth Bryce

PLAYER:

CHRONICLE:

CONCEPT: Hungry Hotshot

VIRTUE: Fortitude

VICE: Wrath

CLAN: Daeva

COVENANT: Invictus

COTERIE:

ATTRIBUTES

power

INTELLIGENCE ●●●●●

STRENGTH ●●●●●

PRESENCE ●●●●●

finesse

WITS ●●●●●

DEXTERITY ●●●●●

MANIPULATION ●●●●●

resistance

RESOLVE ●●●●●

STAMINA ●●●●●

COMPOSURE ●●●●●

SKILLS

MENTAL

(-3 unskilled)

Academics ●●●●●
Computer 00000
Crafts 00000
Investigation Financial ●●●●●
Medicine 00000
Occult 00000
Politics ●●●●●
Science ●●●●●

PHYSICAL

(-1 unskilled)

Athletics ●●●●●
Brawl 00000
Drive 00000
Firearms 00000
Larceny 00000
Stealth 00000
Survival 00000
Weaponry Knives ●●●●●

SOCIAL

(-1 unskilled)

Animal Ken 00000
Empathy ●●●●●
Expression ●●●●●
Intimidation ●●●●●
Persuasion ●●●●●
Socialize ●●●●●
Streetwise ●●●●●
Subterfuge Lying ●●●●●

OTHER TRAITS

MERITS

City Status ●●●●●
Covenant Status (Invictus) ●●●●●
Resources ●●●●●
Striking Looks ●●●●●
00000
00000
00000
00000

FLAWS

DISCIPLINES

Celerity ●●●●●
Vigor ●●●●●
00000
00000
00000
00000
00000
00000
00000
00000
Size 5 (5 for adult human-sized kindred)
Defense 3 (5 w/ Celerity) of dexterity or wits
Initiative Mod 5 (7 w/ Celerity) of composure
Speed 10 (30 w/ Celerity) of strength + dexterity + 5
Experience
Armor 0

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

VITAE

□□□□□□□□□□
●●●●●●●●●●●●

Vitae/per turn 10/1

BLOOD POTENCY

●●●●●●●●●●●●

HUMANITY

10 0
9 0
8 0
7 ●
6 ●
5 ●
4 ●
3 ●
2 ●
1 ●

EQUIPMENT

Expensive suits (+2), Chauffer, Hyde Park Apt.,
Numerous Knives (ranging from -1L to +1L)

Attributes 5/4/3 • Skills 11/7/4 (+3 Specialties) • Clan (+1 bonus Attribute; see p. 92) • Covenant • Blood Potency 1 (May be increased with Merit points) • Disciplines 3 (Two dots must be in-clan) • Merits 7 • (Buying the fifth dot in Attributes, Skills or Merits costs two points) • Health = Stamina + Size • Willpower = Resolve + Composure • Size = 5 for adult human-sized Kindred • Defense = Lowest of Dexterity or Wits • Initiative Mod = Dexterity + Composure • Speed = Strength + Dexterity + 5 • Starting Humanity = 7 • Vitae = d10 roll

New Wave Requiem

NAME: Robyn Sloan

PLAYER:

CHRONICLE:

CONCEPT: Priestess of Pain

VIRTUE: Charity

VICE: Gluttony

CLAN: Nosferatu

COVENANT: Circle of the Crone

COTERIE:

ATTRIBUTES

power

INTELLIGENCE ●●●●●

STRENGTH ●●●●●

PRESENCE ●●●●●

finesse

WITS ●●●●●

DEXTERITY ●●●●●

MANIPULATION ●●●●●

resistance

RESOLVE ●●●●●

STAMINA ●●●●●

COMPOSURE ●●●●●

SKILLS

MENTAL

(-3 unskilled)

Academics History ●●●●●

Computer ●●●●●

Crafts ●●●●●

Investigation ●●●●●

Medicine ●●●●●

Occult ●●●●●

Politics ●●●●●

Science ●●●●●

PHYSICAL

(-1 unskilled)

Athletics ●●●●●

Brawl ●●●●●

Drive ●●●●●

Firearms ●●●●●

Larceny ●●●●●

Stealth ●●●●●

Survival ●●●●●

Weaponry ●●●●●

SOCIAL

(-1 unskilled)

Animal Ken ●●●●●

Empathy ●●●●●

Expression ●●●●●

Intimidation Veiled Threats ●●●●●

Persuasion Seduction ●●●●●

Socialize ●●●●●

Streetwise ●●●●●

Subterfuge ●●●●●

OTHER TRAITS

MERITS

Barfly ●●●●●

Contacts (High Society) ●●●●●

Covenant Status (Circle of the Crone) ●●●●●

Herd ●●●●●

Resources ●●●●●

Striking Looks ●●●●●

 ●●●●●

 ●●●●●

FLAWS

DISCIPLINES

Crúac (Pangs of Proserpina) ●●●●●

Nightmare ●●●●●

 ●●●●●

 ●●●●●

 ●●●●●

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 ●●●●●

 ●●●●●

 ●●●●●

Size 5 (5 for adult human-sized kindred)

Defense 2 (lowest of dexterity or wits)

Initiative Mod 5 (dexterity+composure)

Speed 10 (strength+dexterity+5)

Experience

Armor 1/0 (in Leathers Only)

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

VITAE

□□□□□□□□□□
■□■□■□■□■□■□

Vitae/per turn 10/1

BLOOD POTENCY

●●●●●●●●●●

HUMANITY

10 0
9 0
8 0
7 ●
6 ●
5 ●
4 ●
3 ●
2 ●
1 ●

EQUIPMENT

Ritual Knife (+1L), Whip (+1B), Leather Jacket
and Pants, PANTSUIT

Attributes 5/4/3 • Skills 11/7/4 (+3 Specialties) • Clan (+1 bonus Attribute; see p. 92) • Covenant • Blood Potency 1 (May be increased with Merit points) • Disciplines 3 (Two dots must be in-clan) • Merits 7 • (Buying the fifth dot in Attributes, Skills or Merits costs two points) • Health = Stamina + Size • Willpower = Resolve + Composure • Size = 5 for adult human-sized Kindred • Defense = Lowest of Dexterity or Wits • Initiative Mod = Dexterity + Composure • Speed = Strength + Dexterity +5 • Starting Humanity = 7 • Vitae = d10 roll

New Wave Requiem

NAME:
PLAYER:
CHRONICLE:

CONCEPT:
VIRTUE:
VICE:

CLAN:
COVENANT:
COTERIE:

ATTRIBUTES

power	INTELLIGENCE	00000	STRENGTH	00000	PRESENCE	00000
finesse	WITS	00000	DEXTERITY	00000	MANIPULATION	00000
resistance	RESOLVE	00000	STAMINA	00000	COMPOSURE	00000

SKILLS

MENTAL

(-3 unskilled)

Academics	00000
Computer	00000
Crafts	00000
Investigation	00000
Medicine	00000
Occult	00000
Politics	00000
Science	00000

PHYSICAL

(-1 unskilled)

Athletics	00000
Brawl	00000
Drive	00000
Firearms	00000
Larceny	00000
Stealth	00000
Survival	00000
Weaponry	00000

SOCIAL

(-1 unskilled)

Animal Ken	00000
Empathy	00000
Expression	00000
Intimidation	00000
Persuasion	00000
Socialize	00000
Streetwise	00000
Subterfuge	00000

OTHER TRAITS

MERITS

_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000

FLAWS

DISCIPLINES

_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000

Size _____ (5 for adult human-sized kindred)
 Defense _____ (lowest of dexterity or wits)
 Initiative Mod _____ (dexterity+composure)
 Speed _____ (strength+dexterity+5)
 Experience _____
 Armor _____

HEALTH

00000000000000
00000000000000

WILLPOWER

000000000000
000000000000

VITAE

000000000000
000000000000

Vitae/per turn _____

BLOOD POTENCY

000000000000

HUMANITY

10	_____	0
9	_____	0
8	_____	0
7	_____	0
6	_____	0
5	_____	0
4	_____	0
3	_____	0
2	_____	0
1	_____	0

EQUIPMENT

Attributes 5/4/3 • Skills 11/7/4 (+3 Specialties) • Clan (+1 bonus Attribute; see p. 92) • Covenant • Blood Potency 1 (May be increased with Merit points) • Disciplines 3 (Two dots must be in-clan) • Merits 7 • (Buying the fifth dot in Attributes, Skills or Merits costs two points) • Health = Stamina + Size • Willpower = Resolve + Composure • Size = 5 for adult human-sized Kindred • Defense = Lowest of Dexterity or Wits • Initiative Mod = Dexterity + Composure • Speed = Strength + Dexterity + 5 • Starting Humanity = 7 • Vitae = d10 roll

