

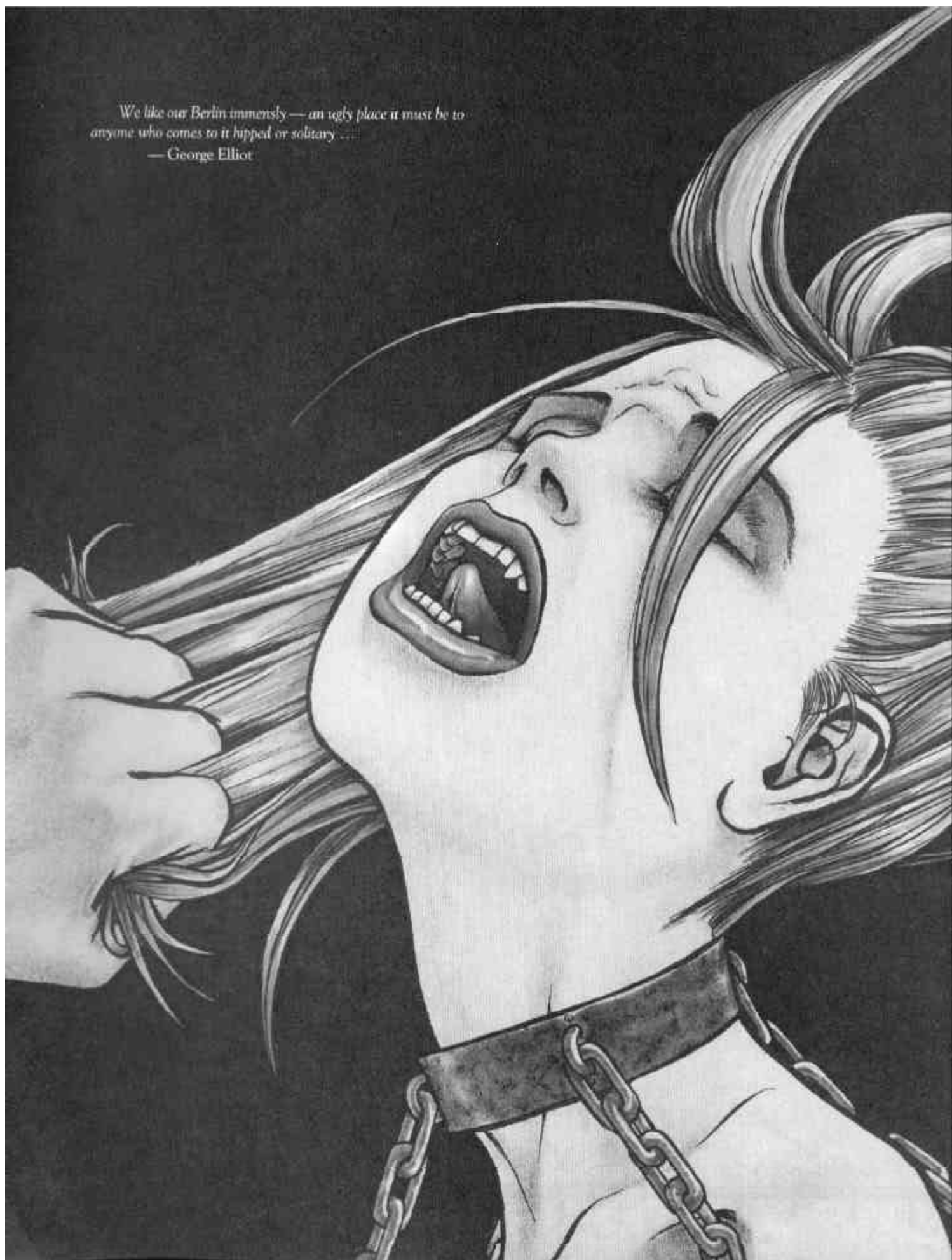
BERLINTM by night

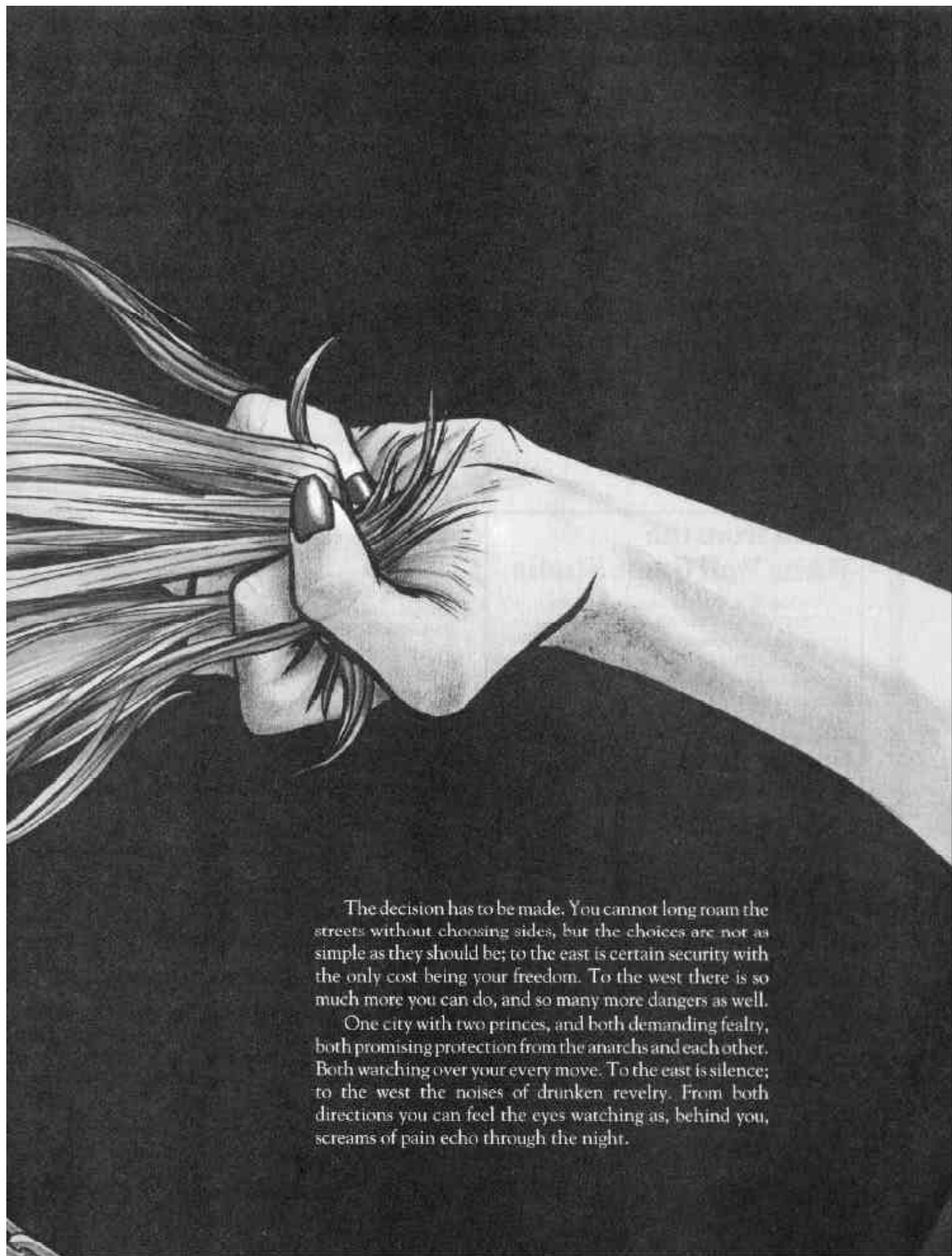
A City Sourcebook for VAMPIRE: The MasqueradeTM



By James A. Moore
The Divided Heart

We like our Berlin immensely — an ugly place it must be to
anyone who comes to it hipped or solitary ...
— George Elliot





The decision has to be made. You cannot long roam the streets without choosing sides, but the choices are not as simple as they should be; to the east is certain security with the only cost being your freedom. To the west there is so much more you can do, and so many more dangers as well.

One city with two princes, and both demanding fealty, both promising protection from the anarchs and each other. Both watching over your every move. To the east is silence; to the west the noises of drunken revelry. From both directions you can feel the eyes watching as, behind you, screams of pain echo through the night.

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Word from the White Wolf Game Studio

We hope that all of you have had a chance to look at **GURPS Vampire: The Masquerade**, but to answer the question we have been getting here: no, the GURPS setting is not consistent with the White Wolf version, nor should it be. **Vampire** and the entire Storytelling line is open to whatever interpretations anyone may have of it, and we welcome different looks at them. Storytellers should feel free to pick and choose whatever they like best to add to their chronicles. Hopefully, this will give you more options than you would have had before.

Special Thanks to:

Wes "Questionable Intent" Harris, for promising Josh a special present.

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Danny "Mailing" Landers, for amusing the retailers just in time for Christmas.

Michael "Newbie" Krause, for not knowing what he was getting into. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

Dedication

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Due to the mature themes presented within, reader discretion is advised.

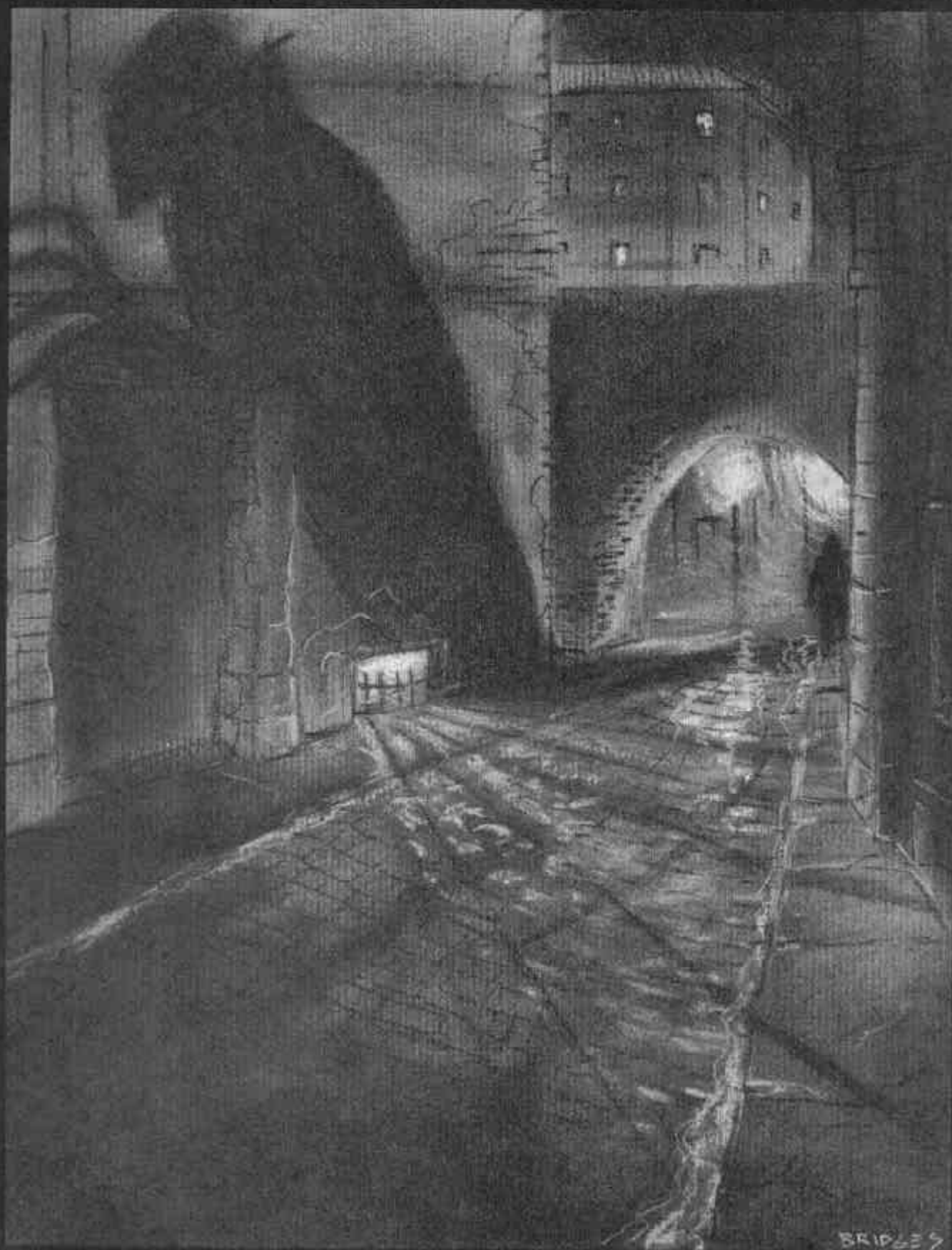


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BRIDGE 9

Chapter One: Introduction

The kine have their eyes on all Europe, but perhaps nowhere as strongly as they do Germany. The Camanilla cannot permit this endless squabbling between the Eastern and Western factions to continue. The fools endanger both the Masquerade and the peace the Camanilla embodies. If East and West cannot live in peace, if they cannot settle their disputes promptly and quietly, then we must settle their affairs for them. One almost expects such foolishness in the new world, but we cannot allow anarchy to reign in any part of our own continent. If necessary, we must choose their ruler for them and destroy any who would oppose us.

— Karl Schrekr, Justicar of Clan Tremere

Berlin prospered for centuries under the rule of Gustav, a harsh and strict prince who tolerated no disobedience. For centuries the city had a small but powerful Kindred population which ruled over all mortal matters of importance without fear of retribution; Gustav upheld the Masquerade and none dared defy him.

Then came the end of the Second World War. The vast majority of the city's Kindred met Final Death during the bombings, destroyed by the savage explosions that rocked the entire city to its foundations. The city of Berlin was divided by the humans of other countries and, for the first time in more than 600 years, Gustav lost the iron rule of his domain, forced by the Canaille to stay in the eastern part of his city.

Its builders did not design the Berlin Wall to stop Kindred, but Wilhelm, usurper to Gustav's throne in the west, convinced the Tremere to create a mystical barrier strong enough to stop the passage of all but the most

powerful or crafty Kindred. Now the Wall has come down; Brujah no longer rule over the Eastern Bloc of Europe and many of its elders have disappeared.

The magical barrier has been weakened as well, damaged as revelers dismantled the wall. Gustav is ready to take back what is rightfully his, using any means necessary. Wilhelm, once Gustav's trusted aide, now prince of the western half of the city, has other ideas. Wilhelm has changed the rules in Berlin, allowing the creation of progeny, unrestricted travel by Kindred from other domains, and the growth in both numbers and power of the anarchs.

During Wilhelm's rule, West Berlin has become a metropolis and a thriving convention city, hosting well over 1,000 conventions annually. He has no intention of surrendering his domain to the prince of the East, for the city has prospered under his rule, both for Kindred and kine alike.

And so it is war. The East Berliners fight to regain what was once theirs and the West Berliners fight to keep the power they have gained for themselves. Berlin continues to co-exist by day, slowly adjusting to a situation much changed by the reunion of its divided halves. While the people of Berlin—of all Germany—have greeted long-lost relatives with open arms and begun forging a greater nation, the struggle is not over. Now that the first glow has faded, everyone must deal with two generations of different laws and lifestyles that have left an indelible mark on both halves.

By night Berlin is a political hotbed of intrigue and violence. Kindred guard borders that no longer exist for humans; vampires fight amongst themselves, deciding where they will hunt, where they will sleep and which prince is the true leader of Berlin. So far the damage has been minor, but that is bound to change. Neither prince will yield in this bitter dispute and neither will surrender a meter of territory; both remain unsatisfied with only half of the city.

New faces appear nightly. Anarchs run freely through the western part of town, giving grudging respect to Wilhelm's laws but threatening to bring the turbulent situation to the notice of the Camarilla. Choices must be made; a final decision of who will be prince is all that will keep the Camarilla and its Justicars from crushing this growing freedom. Who will you follow, who will you defy? How can you truly be certain which prince is the right one, when the loser will almost certainly forfeit his immortal life?

Now trapped in the East, Gustav ruled Berlin for more than 600 years. During his reign none dared break the laws. The Camarilla had no reason to examine Berlin.

In the West, Wilhelm is a kinder prince, but anarchists are showing what too much Kindred freedom can do. The Camarilla carefully watches for any signs of serious trouble.

Individual Kindred have already decided who they want to rule in Berlin, but they do not talk of these things. They simply wait for your decision to be made. Will they welcome the characters or will they destroy them? There can be no election, but every Kindred's opinion matters for more important issues than just who will rule. Every Kindred's opinion could well determine who lives another night.

All of Berlin's Kindred watch the character's every move; all the Kindred await their decision. Which way will they turn? Who will be their prince ... or will they even allow a prince to rule them?

German Names

Male: Albert, Andreas, August, Dieter, Dietrich, Franz, Friedrich, Hagen, Hans, Horst, Johannes, Klaus, Kuno, Kurt, Otto, Rainer, Rolf, Siegfried

Female: Angela, Anna, Charlene, Doris, Franziska, Gisela, Heidi, Helga, Henriette, Isle, Ingrid, Kurigunde, Lotti, Marie, Rica, Sabine, Siegrid, Valena



How to Use This Book

Either the Berliner has solved the great problem of modern life, how to do without sleep, or ... he must be looking forward to eternity.

—Jerome K. Jerome, *Three Men on the Bummel*

This book is designed to allow Storytellers to run a complete chronicle in Berlin or set a single story there. It details major moments in the vampire history of Berlin, along with information about other forces holding power in the city.

Space limitations make it impossible to cover every aspect of Berlin's 950-year history. This book covers critical events in greater detail than it does those with little impact on the Kindred society. Storytellers may wish to do extra research on the city's history if they feel they need more background.

Berlin by Night is divided into two sections. The first describes Berlin, as well as its history and its vampires. The second is a story designed to introduce characters to the city, but can also be used, with minor changes, in any city.

Storytellers should use this book any way they see fit. Nothing on the following pages should be considered law. Indeed, this information is best used as a frame on which Storytellers can weave their own stories. If a Storyteller feels changes should be made to suit her chronicle, then she should make the changes without hesitation. The more a Storyteller changes Berlin, the more the city will become hers and the more her troupe will enjoy the chronicle.

References

This book includes everything a Storyteller needs to set a chronicle in Berlin, but those with a penchant for detail can take advantage of the following sources. This list is by no means complete and the need for any of these items is entirely a personal decision, but any or all of the following reference sources could well add new dimensions to stories in Berlin.

Reference Books

Storytellers may want to choose books written both before and after the fall of the Berlin Wall.

Baedeker's Berlin

Frommer's Berlin

Night, Ellie Wiesel

Mein Kampf, Adolf Hitler

Shoah, Claude Lanzman

The Spy Who Came in From the Cold, John Le Carré

Time Life Books on the Second World War

Movies and Video

The Tin Drum (for its powerful portrayal of Berlin before the Second World War)

Both versions of *Nosferatu* (for the proper feel and atmosphere, and 'cause their really neat!)

Cabaret (pre-World War II Berlin)

The Package (Gene Hackman and Tommy Lee Jones take a look at the Cold War)

Company Business (Gene Hackman and Mikhail Baryshnikov take a look at the Cold War)

Wings of Desire (this is not *It's a Wonderful Life*)

Gigolo (starring David Bowie in a powerful portrayal of Berlin after WWII)

Saturday Night Live's "Sprockets" (just to show you how much life in Germany has changed since the last World War)

MTV's recent Rockumentaries on *Racism in Music* (just to look at how nasty the situation really is in Berlin)

The countless documentaries on World War II (for the historical background on Himmler and Göring)

The collected works of Bertholt Brecht, in particular *Christiane F.* (which shows some truly fabulous footage of Berlin)

Triumph of the Will (ignore the politics and enjoy the visuals of this '36 documentary)

Theme

The theme of **Berlin by Night** is fear of the unknown, for Berlin is heading into the darkness of chaos. The city has never suffered the throes of anarchy prevalent to so many cities in the Gothic-Punk world of **Vampire**. For most of its history, Berlin has been ruled by only one prince who had more than enough power to rule his domain his way. Now, with the reunification of Germany, the Kindred must decide which of two princes they wish to follow, or even if they will try to create another Anarch Freestate.

To add to the dilemma, the Camarilla has made noises about making the decision itself and perhaps elevating a new prince to take the place of the two now in power. The city is preparing for a monumental transition, but no one can tell what it will be.

Map Of Europe



Mood

The mood in Berlin is one of constant paranoia. Just who is following whom? Even for the city's elders, the answer is a matter of life and death. Each clan has its own beliefs about who should rule, and each clan has dissension in the ranks. Even without the princes to choose among, which clan elder should be obeyed? Or do you run with the anarchs and make your own decisions? How can you be certain which is the right choice, when no one can tell you what to believe?

Choices must be made constantly, and everyone makes demands of the characters. All the while, the Kindred of Berlin listen eagerly for what any of the neonates have to say, looking desperately for insight into how they may choose. None of the Kindred are above this paranoia—not when so much depends upon a quick resolution to the troubles at hand.

Travel In Berlin

Berlin, unlike many cities, has few traffic problems in the heart of its business districts. The roads, built primarily in the latter part of the 1940s, were designed with population increases in mind. Even before the introduction of the automobile, extremely wide roads were the norm in Berlin.

Even with more than 750,000 registered vehicles and 5,000 taxis, commuters have little difficulty. Of course, there are exceptions.

Part of the reason for this lack of traffic are the U-Bahn (Bon) and S-Bahn Subways. Prior to World War II, Berlin was the center of railroad transportation in Germany. After the war, East Germany placed severe restrictions on travel to and from West Berlin, but former rail worker put their experience and knowledge to good use in expanding the already existing subway systems. Virtually any location in West Berlin can be reached by subway. The subways also carry a moderate amount of traffic from East Berlin.

East Berlin uses a combination of tram-cars and double-decker buses to handle most of its excess traffic. East Berlin had little heavy traffic until very recently, as the average citizen could not afford the cost of personal transportation. East Berlin also has two separate long distance rail systems for travel into the eastern sections of Germany.

For river transport, Berlin sports two ports, one on the east side and one on the west. The two ports are used primarily for the import of raw materials and export of manufactured goods.

Finally, Berlin has three airports: the Tegel (Teh-gel) and the Tempelhof (tem-pel-HOFF) on the western half of the city, and Schönefeld in the eastern half. The Tempelhof is primarily used by U.S. military forces stationed in West Berlin.





Chapter Two: History

Berlin — I hate you.

Berlin — I need you.

Berlin — I love you.

Berlin ...

— Nina Hagen, "Berlin"

Humans, led by Albrecht (al-Brecht) the Bear, first settled the area now called Berlin in A.D. 1134. Albrecht became markgraf (count) of the area, then known as the Northern March, or Nordmark.

The region's Kindred made their presence known within three years. The area was still thinly populated, but Erik Eigermann (I-gerr-mon) became careless in his hunting. The first known Kindred of the region was hunted down and killed by Karl Schtekt (shrekt), a self-proclaimed demon-hunter from Vienna. The wandering demon-hunter left the area immediately after, riding away with only his weapons and the clothes on his back.

In A.D. 1244, a little more than 100 years after Erik's death, the next vampire came from nearby Belitz to settle. Ilse Reinegger proved far more cunning than her predecessor. Having fled Belitz after a feeding frenzy sent the town into chaos, she created rules for herself and her Get before the Masquerade even existed.

By the time Berlin and its closest neighbor, Colln (Koh-len), built their joint town hall in 1307, Ilse was the acknowledged leader (or, at least, the most prominent) of all Kindred in Upper Saxony. Her reign was strict and her vengeance fierce when any in northeastern Germany disobeyed. Ilse made examples of those who broke her rules, but at least one of her followers did not take these lessons to heart.

Gustav's Reign

Ilse met her death when the fires of the Inquisition reached Germany, betrayed and Diabolized by one of her own children, Gustav Breidenstein (GOOSH-ToffBRI-den-shine). Gustav, along with the few remaining Kindred in the area, joined the Camarilla as soon the opportunity arose, and he now claims to have cast the deciding vote which led his clan to join the sect at its first formal meeting.

Life under Ilse's rule had been harsh but fair. Life under Gustav's rule was a great deal harsher and a lot less fair. Gustav alone held the right to sire and always created his children from his personal ghoulish bodyguards, assuring that they would be Blood Bound to him.

Any Kindred who visited Berlin without presenting themselves to Gustav promptly learned the error of their ways. He gave them the night to ponder their mistake while waiting for the dawn's first rays to touch their staked bodies. In 1575, this practice caused the first major problems among the Kindred in Berlin when a visiting Tremere was killed for his tardiness in introducing himself to Gustav.

The Tremere retribution came in the form of a plague and a note delivered by the Tremere Justicar, Karl Schrekt, warning against any future mistreatment of the clan. Whether or not the Tremere really sent the plague has been a point



of some dispute, but the clan certainly was willing to take the credit for the mass destruction in Berlin. The plague did no harm to the Kindred themselves, but severely depleted the herds available in the small but rapidly growing town. The plague and the attitude of the Tremere did nothing to alleviate Gustav's strict rules. Instead he simply started using his abilities to make a stronger Berlin.

He did, however, send a formal apology to the Tremere Council in Vienna. The apology took the form of a note, tied to a stake that had been pounded into the Tremere Justicar's heart and delivered by three of Gustav's most trusted Retainers.

In Gustav's eyes, the deliberate insult of delivering the staked Schreckt and the continued existence of the Justicar were to be a sign of his power over the Kindred in his city. The Prince of Berlin felt that risking all of Berlin to make a point to the Tremere proved how severe a punishment Gustav was willing to mete out; thus, in his eyes, his followers should fear and respect him even more. To the Kindred of Berlin under Gustav's rule, this simply proved the suspicion that Gustav was mad, but still too powerful to remove from power. Since that time, relations between Gustav and the Tremere have remained strained, at best.

The Thirty Years War (1618-1648)

The Thirty Years War devastated Germany as no other war has since, but it allowed Gustav to achieve power of which he had only dreamed. First of all, it caused the Ventrue and Tremere to put aside their differences as they battled a host of enemies, including Brujah, Toreador and Sabbat. Secondly, many of Germany's Cainites met their final deaths in the horrible war, leaving a power vacuum for enterprising Kindred to fill. While Berlin itself was laid waste, Gustav looked out at a bright future shaped solely by his own efforts.

The only barrier he saw was the Tremere, who he blamed, rightly or wrongly, for much of the damage Berlin suffered during the war. He blamed the clan for not providing promised support, for betraying him and for a host of other ills, real and imagined. When the war ended, Gustav prepared for more conflict.

He moved quickly, becoming one of the Kindred behind the Elector George William, the mortal leader of Brandenburg, who made Berlin his capital. With the Elector's unsuspecting aid, Gustav turned Berlin into one of Europe's leading cities.

For 300 years, from the mid-17th century until the mid-20th, Gustav used his powerful influence to build Berlin's size and power. His plans began to come to fruition when the

electorate of Brandenburg became the Kingdom of Prussia. While Gustav was not the only power behind the early kings, he was certainly one of the most influential. Partially due to his efforts, Prussia instituted compulsory education, increased its trade and industry, and created one of the strongest armies on the continent. Gustav felt ready to look outward — and for revenge.

The War of Austrian Succession (1740-1748)

Prussian armies crossed into Austrian territory on December 23, 1740. Continually victorious under the leadership of Frederick the Great, the armies failed to seize Vienna, due mainly to Toreador demands upon their Bavarian allies. Of course, Gustav again blamed the Tremere for denying him his rightful revenge.

Frustrated by the war but happy with Berlin's growing prosperity, Gustav temporarily suppressed thoughts of further revenge. Realizing that the city's growth largely depended on outside influences, Gustav gradually permitted select members of clans other than Ventrue to live in Berlin. By the time Frederick the Great died in 1786, Berlin had become a heavily industrialized and very important part of Europe.

One side effect of Gustav's industrialization plans was to drive away the Lupines who had populated the forests around Berlin for so long. Gustav assigned many Kindred (generally those he suspected of some kind of treachery) the dubious honor of hunting down and killing the Lupines. By 1786, most of the Lupines had been driven away, and those who stayed were mercilessly destroyed. Many Lupine pelts adorn the havens of the Berlin's Ventrue elders.

War With the Toreador

Gustav's dislike of other clans caused further problems when the Toreador retaliated against the staking and destruction of three clan members. Gustav felt justified in these executions, having taken great insult at their critiques of his attempts at painting; despite years and years of trying, Gustav severely lacked in the art of oil painting. The Toreadors' formal letters of outrage were sent back to Paris, unopened or with vicious remarks about the Toreador ability to appreciate art written on them.

Berlin, then the third-largest city in Europe (behind London and Paris), soon felt the full penalty for Gustav's pride and ego. On October 27, 1806, Napoleon marched his troops into Berlin. France's Toreador helped ensure that he held the city for several years, during which time they plundered many of Berlin's artistic treasures.

Shortly before Napoleon's march on Russia, the Toreador of Paris decided to accept Gustav Breidenstein's many formal apologies. In front of an assembly of powerful Cainites, the Prince of Berlin sacrificed three of his own Get and

promised to allow the Toreador to come and go as they pleased, providing they made their presence known to him immediately.

French occupation of Berlin taught Gustav the importance of planning for the future and the art of subterfuge. This held true not only for the building of his domain, but in the ways of the Jihad as well. Gustav swore to his most trusted allies that his revenge would be unheard of in magnitude. No one who knew him well considered laughing at the idea.

Gustav was more angered than humbled by the Parisian invasion, and slowly plotted his revenge. He took some consolation in Napoleon's later defeats, but realized that this did little to France's Toreador.

The rapidly growing population of Berlin caused a natural increase in the number of Kindred in the city. Gustav's laws strictly forbade the siring of Get in his domain, and most Kindred followed this rule. The increase came from wandering Kindred seeking new opportunities in Berlin, tired of their places of origin or banished by their previous princes.

Working as Gustav's right hand, Wilhelm Wackburg (Wilhelm Vald-boorg), the first of Gustav's brood, observed everything and learned first hand the ways of power. Despite a great, secret passion for the domain Gustav had built, Wilhelm gave sound advice to his leader, earning his sire's trust. Wilhelm had his own plans for Berlin, and Gustav played no part in them.

Over the course of the next century, almost every clan on the continent of Europe established havens in Berlin. While Gustav brooded and ruled with an iron fist, Wilhelm came to know the most powerful members of the various clans. He gained their trust and, simultaneously, bolstered Gustav's respect for his diplomatic abilities. He proved especially valuable in stopping anarchy and Sabbat schemes in 1848. Gustav became so confident in Wilhelm's talents that he took his eyes off of what was going on in his own city and began concentrating on his revenge.

Plans for Vengeance

Using his influence with the other Germanic princes, Gustav helped mastermind the unification of the Germanic States, turning them into one large empire. He used their common fear of both Tremere and Toreador manipulations to unite them against France and, aided by mistakes made by members of the two rival clans, convinced the other princes that the Ventrue needed a larger area of power — a united country rather than a dozen city-states.

Both the Austrian-Prussian War of 1866 and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871 drove this point home. In both cases, Gustav and his Ventrue allies managed to defeat apparent threats by their rival clans — first the Tremere and then the Toreador. When reunification became a fact

rather than a dream, the Ventrue had become the dominant clan in the Camarilla, and Gustav stood forth as one of the leaders of his clan.

Despite his claims that he was the sole impetus for this change, Gustav had the assistance of many fellow Ventrue in this reformation. Others also saw the guiding hands of even older Cainites behind the events, and began to fear the next step in the Jihad. Those who felt Gustav had become nothing more than a pawn of the Methuselahs soon had more evidence to bolster their claim.

World War I

Following unification, Gustav rewarded the most influential of his pawns, Otto von Bismarck, with an offer of eternal life. Appalled, Bismarck declined. His refusal outraged Gustav, who Dominated Bismarck into forgetting the offer and then had him dismissed from his position as the first Chancellor of the German Empire.

Wilhelm made certain that the man's political destruction at Gustav's hands became widely known to the more influential Cainites of Berlin, and began the wheels turning in his own play for power. The first underground line of the city's subway system opened in 1902, an event that Gustav entirely ignored. Wilhelm was well on the way to making his move.

With the addition of a subway to the sewer systems, Wilhelm's personal information network, the Nosferatu, gained another way to glean information from the kine of Berlin. Careful attention to detail and the ability to determine the truth in what was spoken, led Ellison Humboldt (El-es-sahn Hum-BOldt), Berlin's Nosferatu elder, to gain greater power and respect.

For the right sum of money, or for the promise of future favors, Ellison would pass information to the highest bidder. The primary source of income for the Nosferatu was, not surprisingly, Wilhelm. The information he gathered, as well as the false information he paid the Nosferatu to spread, slowly and methodically gained him the respect of Kindred throughout the city.

Having learned well from his sire's errors, Wilhelm waited, knowing his time would come. In 1914, the German Empire earned the enmity of the world at large when Gustav's manipulations reached fruition. Between increasing tensions among several of the clans and growing convictions that most of the clans did not hold to the Camarilla's laws as strongly as the Ventrue, Gustav and his allies convinced the Ventrue princes that the time had come to prove the power of the Ventrue once and for all.

Although tensions among the kine countries was already strong, Gustav and his cohorts felt that the time was ripe to show the Toreador clan for what it was — usurpers and pretenders to the power that belonged to the strongest children of Cain.

Through years of careful planning and manipulation, the Ventrue and several powerful Tremere figures forced the First World War into motion, certain that their pawns and armies could easily defeat the rest of the world. Surprisingly, the British Ventrue broke with their German Kindred, apparently worried that the German princes had become too powerful.

Only Gustav himself could hope to understand his reasons for causing war on such a massive scale, but he was known to scream on more than one occasion that the world would learn never to cross him again. As in all things, Gustav overlooked the assistance he had received and was soon claiming all the credit for the destruction surrounding Berlin.

Wilhelm remained loyal to him throughout the campaign, following orders to the letter. All the while he feared the eventual destruction of Germany as a whole and Berlin in particular. Wilhelm was closer to being accurate than he had dreamed.

In 1917, the United States entered the war, having lost dozens of ships to the German navy's U-Boats. Among the American losses was the *Lusitania*, a cruise ship carrying a full crew and guests on its way to England in 1915. Two American Cainites, on their way to Venice via England, were lost in the explosion. The Ravens and Brujah rage was epic in proportion, and both clans helped push the United States into the war.

The war ended little more than a year later, and the German Empire and its capital were financially devastated. Brujah from around Germany made another attempt at gaining power in Berlin within the year (the first had been in 1848). The attempt, despite initial support from the Brujah who had seized power in the Soviet Union, was premature. Gustav used all his forces to suppress it as brutally as possible. Wilhelm, however, saw the writing on the wall, and convinced Gustav that Germany needed change.

Less than a year after the war ended, Germany established a republican form of government; a government that was, nonetheless, financially powerless as a result of reparation payments forced on the country after World War I. Though Gustav did not fully realize it, his power in the city was destroyed. Many of his allies outside the city now turned against him. Those inside the city had turned against him long ago. While Gustav still ruled in name, Wilhelm held the true power in Berlin.

Wilhelm's establishment of a primogen after the war assured that, barring incident, he would hold power for as long as he desired. The power struggle was virtually nonexistent as Gustav lacked any support at all and was smart enough to realize that his reign had ended — for now.

The former prince still held the official title in Berlin, but was nothing more than a puppet. Any decisions of importance to the city were approved by Wilhelm; punish-

ments for breaking the laws of Berlin were still stiff, but not nearly as severe as they had been when Gustav meted them out.

Gustav still had influence with Berlin's kine, however, and he did not hesitate to start planning again, preparing for the time when he could seize the power that was rightfully his. His wait was not as long as he had expected.

Hitler

On January 30, 1933 Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. On March 23, he and his Nazi Party seized power in Berlin and Germany, promising to end the appalling poverty and living conditions that had choked the German people since the end of World War I. Heinrich Himmler, one of his close compatriots and the man who would later command the Gestapo, Hitler's Secret Service, was also Gustav Breidenstein's ghoul. Unknown to Gustav, Himmler remained his own man, for he was unbondable.

The seizure of power was again almost bloodless. It caught Wilhelm off guard, for Gustav had managed to plant his followers in the right places with an amazing degree of secrecy. Germany's economic depression had already weakened Wilhelm's reign, and most of Berlin's Kindred supported Gustav's return. Wilhelm barely escaped with his unlife, and Gustav forced the Primogen to back down.

Gustav spent the next several years tightening the screws on his rule and by 1940 was ready to look outward again. World War II was a year old when Hitler first met with Gustav, whose need for vengeance had not been sated by the First World War. Gustav began meeting with Hitler, and Kindred around the world knew terror as never before when German armed forces seized lands and conquered areas untouched by the previous war.

Gustav knew his control of Hitler was weak, at best. The Fuehrer often acted contrary to the Prince's attempts to Dominate him, and soon Gustav suspected everyone from mages to demons of interfering with his control. Once confident in Germany's chances, he became more and more worried as the years passed and Germany began losing.

Many feel that magical powers were used to stop Hitler when mages decided to retaliate against the damage he had wreaked on their homes. Hitler's raids on the troves of lore held throughout Europe have been the source of many a book and movie.

As Germany's power waned, the Lupines returned to Berlin. With so many Kindred in torpor or destroyed, the Garou of the Get of Fenris along with a powerful Berlin Gangrel, demanded that the Grunewald forest be left to them alone. The Kindred of Berlin attempted to stop the Lupines, only to die swiftly as the Garou retaliated. Too many Kindred were involved in the war itself for the vampires to provide effective resistance.





Project: Werewolf

Rumors started to spread among the Kindred that the most powerful German leaders knew about the Kindred and were capturing them for experimentation. While there has never been any solid proof of such experiments, it is known that many Cainites disappeared from all parts of Europe at that time, never to be seen again. More than one Nosferatu in Berlin has claimed to hear unholy wailings coming from the area known as Teufelsberg, the Devil's Hill — the sounds seem to come from far beneath the hill, beneath even the sewers....

In truth, many vampires were captured by Hitler's Gestapo, along with Lupines and even a few Faerie. They became the subjects for Project: Werewolf, a top-secret operation started in Berlin and run by Heinrich Himmler and Hermann Göring, under orders from Hitler.

The same people responsible for Auschwitz and the other concentration camps studied the captured creatures and experimented on them. Many of the Lupines who were experimented on died, while a number more lived in an altered state. All the Faerie the scientists examined and altered died. All the Kindred used in Nazi experiments survived the process.

The remarkable healing powers of the Kindred and Lupines stopped most mundane forms of transformation from having a permanent effect. But with the use of magick, radiation and certain chemicals, hideous mutations occurred — mutations of a more permanent nature.

At the end of the war, Wilhelm Waldburg found the twisted remains of Project: Werewolf. Of those who had survived the experiments, all but two were in a state of torpor. Wilhelm had the two conscious survivors questioned and then destroyed as an act of mercy. The torporic remainders of the rest were buried in the construction of Teufelsberg.

Daryl Lutz, the afore-mentioned Gangrel, promised peace between Kindred and Lupine for as long as the Lupines and Grunewald were left alone. To this day the laws of West Berlin are strict: leave the Grunewald in peace. To do otherwise is certain death. If the Garou do not kill the responsible vampire, the prince and his primogen will.

By the time the war ended, several major changes had come about in Berlin. Heinrich Himmler had disappeared, faking his death before a number of kine. The captured SS leader chewed a cyanide capsule in the presence of Field Marshall Michael Murphy and a doctor. Having been Embraced by a Tremere several months before the end of the war, he had no problem convincing the witnesses that he was dead — he already was.

Berlin was in chaos, and finding another body with a similar appearance took little time or effort. Heinrich Himmler left Berlin for the United States within a week of his "death."

Massive destruction during the last days of the war killed many of the Kindred as they slept, and sent many others into torpor. Through the trying times Gustav held solitary control, but this ended when the allies split the city into quarters. Germany was no longer a free country and Berlin, broken into sub-divisions by the Allied Forces, was no longer a free city.

The Cold War Begins

On June 16, 1948, the Brujah-controlled Soviet representatives separated themselves from the Allied Forces controlling Berlin. Ten days later, the Soviet blockade of the other Allied sectors caused the United States to air lift food and vital supplies into the city. During the next 11 months, the Allies delivered almost 2,000,000 tons of coal, food and other necessities to Berlin.

The Allies radically reshaped Germany, turning it into two separate countries, and Berlin shared that fate. On October 9, 1949, the German Democratic Republic was publicly formed, and the boundary line between the two separate countries was drawn.

Berlin, the former capital of Germany, was divided as well. Gustav found himself in the eastern half of Berlin with a barrier of land guarded by both sides' troops between him and the western half of his domain. Gustav's one attempt to cross the border ended with more than 100 rounds of ammunition tearing into his body, and would certainly have caused his Final Death had it not been for Friedrich Kraus of Clan Brujah. Kraus managed to force a cease fire and pulled the injured prince back to the eastern sector.

The separation of Berlin into two separate cities, and of Germany into two separate countries, became official on November 30, 1948, thanks to the clans which had united to defeat Germany in World War II. The Brujah leaders of the USSR found themselves in complete agreement that Germany should be given the Gift of Communism. The Ventrue, who held Germany as one of their primary places of power, disagreed.

Sporadic fighting broke out along each of the sections. The Ventrue of Germany, England and the United States, aided by the Tremere and France's Toreador, managed to stop the Brujah conquest of Germany, but they lost parts of the country, including sections of Berlin. Gangrel and Malkavians fought on both sides, but played only a minor role in the conflict.

The actual fighting only lasted a few nights, but the effects have lasted to this night. Gustav, owing a life boon to the Brujah, allied with them only to see his allies defeated. Ever since he has ruled only a small section, where he sits and seethes in anger.

For at least one of Berlin's Brujah and many of the other newly created Kindred, Germany's division was not acceptable. Dieter Kotlar, Embraced even as World War II blossomed, knew that Adolf Hitler's dreams of Racial Purity and his attempts to create a perfect country were too important to be ignored. Kotlar proposed a Fourth Reich to the Kindred of Berlin, who laughed at his ignorance. Dieter was still new to the world of the Kindred, still new to the Masquerade, and many of the Kindred looked upon him as a child who should be scolded, if not punished, for his insolence.

Kotlar publicly backed down, but privately began to plan. So many of the older Kindred in Berlin were destroyed or in torpor that he knew he could not be alone in his feelings. Many of his contemporary Kindred had been embraced during the World War II. Given time to realize how "right" he was, the younger Kindred would come to him. As the Berlin Wall grew, so did the machinations of Dieter Kotlar. In time, the elders of the West Berlin Primogen came to know of Kotlar as the elder amongst the West Berlin Brujah (most of that clan stayed in the east); the younger Kindred came to know him as the leader of the anarchs and the founder of the Final Reich.

Kotlar promised that when the time was right, the princes would fall and a new Fuehrer would take their places. Hitler's dreams would come to pass, and the glory that was the Second City would be known again. Through the years, the Final Reich has grown in power, and the anarchs are feared in West Berlin.

Despite Kotlar's strength, there are many anarchs in Berlin who do not see him as the only alternative. Primary among his unofficial competition is Heinrich Himmler, now returned to Berlin and manipulating the Hunting Party as yet another faction in a rapidly escalating war between Berlin's political factions.

A Battle of Two Princes

The Brujah had plans for East Berlin and Eastern Germany, and one of those plans involved the Prince of Berlin. They needed a figure head, a ruler known for his ability to rule with authority and an iron fist. In Gustav they found exactly what they needed. Three days after his rescue, East Berlin's most powerful Brujah had Blood Bound Gustav. Together, the Brujah and their Ventrue prince began plans to seize power in West Berlin as well.

Crucial to these plans is Dieter Kotlar. He has been instrumental in maintaining contact between the Brujah of the east and the Brujah of the west, and has done much to keep both sides cooperating.

In the western half of the city, Wilhelm took little time in seizing power in Gustav's absence. Wilhelm crept back into the city at the beginning of the war and remained hidden with Berlin's Nosferatu, who saw him as an ally and a friend. He had always treated them with respect and kindness, and the favor was returned.



During World War II, he caused difficulties for Gustav on more than one occasion. Rumor has it that his Domination of Hitler helped contribute to the Fuehrer's spiral into insanity during the last days of the Third Reich.

The new Prince did not hesitate to make his presence known among the other Kindred, and the primogen supported him once more. Believing in a powerful union of Kindred and the philosophies of the Camarilla, Wilhelm promoted the city's growth and opened its doors to Kindred from far and wide. While the number of vampires allowed to live permanently in the city was, and still is, limited, Wilhelm encouraged visits by Kindred everywhere. Wilhelm Waldburg is also considered one of the Camarilla's strongest supporters in Europe.

Gustav's reaction to the discovery that his old enemy held power in West Berlin was immediate, and only the advance warnings of the Nosferatu kept Wilhelm alive through several assassination attempts. Aside from these personal squabbles, however, there was little interaction between the two states. Attempts by many of the kine in East Berlin to defect to the western section were the most visible signs of the schism that rocked Berlin.

In 1961, the Brujah and their Ventrue prince began the construction of the Berlin Wall, a solid barrier to stop the interference from West Berlin and (theoretically) to keep the Nosferatu from gleaning information to give to Wilhelm. Wilhelm took the matter one step further and asked the Tremere to place powerful wards on the newly built wall. These wards were designed to alert the West Berlin Primogen of infiltration attempts from the east. Ironically, due to what the Tremere blame on unknown interference, these wards have worked in both directions, allowing the eastern prince to know of like attempts even as they occurred.

The kine world maintains the strong belief that the only reason for the Wall was to make a solid barrier between the two countries. Indeed, more than 200,000 kine had already defected to West Berlin in an effort to escape the radical changes being promoted by the Communist party. More had been killed or captured trying to do the same.

The Nosferatu continued to find ways through, however, and were eventually accepted by both princes as the best source of information available. Nosferatu have a stronger level of acceptance in Berlin than in almost any other part of Europe as a result of their usefulness. For the better part of three decades, the Kindred of East Berlin were undisturbed by the Kindred of West Berlin. Both felt it easy to forget the existence of the other side with a solid physical barrier between them. Both princes ruled their separate domains and lived their separate lives, rarely acting against, but always thinking of, the other.

A New Era

These two fiefdoms chose to ignore one another in an official way, but the rest of the world had other plans. In 1990, Baba Yaga roused herself from torpor and started a careful plan to bring the lands back under her control. Long before she pulled herself from her resting place, she began preparing the way for her arrival in the world of the kine.

In Berlin, the Nosferatu started feeding Gustav more false information, and, through their own influence with the kine, fanned the fires of dissent. Events swept an unaware Gustav along with them, and even he was surprised when the German Democratic Republic opened the crossing points from East to West Berlin on November 9, 1989.

Determined to understand what was going on, and hoping for the chance to regain his lost lands, Gustav allowed demolition of the Berlin Wall to begin on June 13, 1990.

The effects of Baba Yaga's awakening continue to be felt in Berlin. Sporadic attempts by the Communist Party to take back what they held for so long do occur, but these attempt normally fail at the expense of human lives.

Many of the Brujah who ruled Eastern Europe have disappeared, and Gustav knows he cannot look to them for help anymore. Free to make his own plans, he lays the groundwork for regaining his power. One day all of Germany will again feel his might.

Many of Germany's Kindred have forgotten him, but for the vampires of Berlin, reunification and the threat of Gustav's return have been turning points of unparalleled significance. There is but one Berlin, a city with a population of over four million living souls; but this great city now has two princes. The two princes have a great hatred for each other, and neither is willing to yield one inch; neither will simply step down.

Berlin suffers from their conflict, for with two princes come two primogens, and two populations of Kindred who have grown accustomed to their own ways of unlife. The chaos that ensnares Berlin is subtle, played by certain rules that ensure the safety of the Masquerade, but it is chaos just the same.

Crime in Berlin is up by some 200 percent since 1990. Since the fall of the Berlin Wall the level of drug trafficking and bodies being found weighted down by concrete and dropped into the lakes of Brandenburg has been on the rise, with no end in sight. The primary cause of this increase would appear to be the "Russian Mafia;" organized crime cartels led from the East. Gustav claims no responsibility for these acts and even goes so far as to call them barbaric, but does little to stop them.

In recent months, the troubles Berlin suffers have come to the attention of the Camarilla. It is certain that if the city continues this endless struggle with itself, the Camarilla will make moves to ensure an end to this chaos. Even the princes, Gustav and Wilhelm, realize the implications of so drastic a move.

Berlin is a dangerous town to live in for Kindred. One wrong step is all it takes to earn the enmity of one side or the other in the ongoing war. One step too many could bring down the wrath of the Justicars, and that is not a good thing in anyone's eyes.

The legacy of Adolf Hitler

Although few Kindred believe Adolf Hitler remains alive, the influence of the man's twisted beliefs still can be felt in Berlin, among the Kindred and the kine alike.

Regular protests against the increasing numbers of foreign residents in Berlin fuel fires once thought to be extinguished, and among the Kindred of Berlin, the Final Reich waits to seize power and drive the Pakistani and Turkish immigrants out of the city. The Final Reich has made claims to several of the terrorist acts that have occurred in Berlin of late, claiming that the time has come for a new Fuehrer, dissolution of the old princes and a Germany that is racially pure.

Gustav believes that he has influence over the Final Reich, as does Heinrich Himmler. But it is hard to say for certain just who has true control over these anarchs. Some claim that Hitler is still alive, and that he is the true power of the Final Reich. Most scoff at this idea, but a few have made it a point to keep their eyes open, looking for the specter of a man who once terrified the world.





Chapter Three: Geography

All in all it was all just bricks in the Wall.
— Pink Floyd, "The Wall"

Berlin has 20 districts — 12 on the western side and eight on the eastern. Each of these separate sectors has effectively become a smaller city, unofficially ruled by one Kindred or another for as long as these "rulers" do not break any laws of the prince to whom they owe fealty. A number of these elders rule more than one area, and some have used this to build a hefty power base.

None of these districts have any official separation from the city of Berlin; all Kindred residing within these districts must still obey the rules of their respective prince above any others. The rulers of these separate districts have come to be called the burgomeisters (burg-Oh-MY-stirs), more as a tongue-in-cheek joke than out of any true sense of power.

The burgomeisters, however, are also normally the elders of one clan or another, and playing nicely when visiting from one district to the next is still strongly advised.

East Berlin's Districts

Friedrichshain (Frl-Drrik-ShAYn)

The Friedrichshain district is one of the three central districts at the heart of East Berlin. More people live here and, as a result, the area has become a favorite place for

visiting Kindred to meet and decide where they will go next. Although there are no major landmarks or schools in this area, there are a good number of restaurants and bars to attract Kindred.

Stefan Rutigar, the Brujah elder of East Berlin, rules in Friedrichshain. Stefan is in the early stages of a plan to establish a stronghold here and then sire a large number of Brujah to help him take over Berlin. As a result, Stefan watches over this area very carefully and does his best to make certain that no Nosferatu become too comfortable in Friedrichshain.

Since the mortal laws in East Berlin have changed and individuals can now purchase land, Stefan has spent a large amount of money buying warehouses and apartment buildings in the area. He has created several "youth hostels," from which he intends to pick and choose from visiting kine to create his army of Brujah.

Lichtenberg (Lik-Ten-Berrg)

Lichtenberg District is Edward Hyde's main stomping ground and, like Weisensee, is almost entirely ignored by the Kindred of Berlin. It was, however, a strong area for East Berlin's black market. Strong suspicions exist that Hyde kept himself occupied with these black-market imports and exports. Ellison strongly believes that enough illegal firearms to bring down all of Berlin are carefully hidden in the area, should Hyde opt to use them.

Kopenick (KO-Peh-Nikt)

Heinrich Himmler handles most of the Kindred activities in the Kopenick District. The area is one of the less industrialized in East Berlin, and is home also to the Kopenick Palace and the Museum Of Applied Arts, housed in a former palace. Many of the Toreador in Berlin make frequent visits to the area to see the museum.

The Kopenick Palace was once home to princes of Germany and other countries, and now holds the torpor-locked body of Johann, who led Berlin's Toreador before World War II. Most of the time, Johann does nothing about the Kindred who walk above him, but he has occasionally called unsuspecting Toreador down to his hidden lair and compelled them to feed from him, ensuring a measure of control over the clan. Johann has recently felt the compelling urge to awaken; some time soon, that urge will win over his desire to sleep. When he does rise, a major shift in Toreador influence is bound to occur.

On rare occasions, several of the Gangrel wandering around Germany have been known to gather in this district, at the Müggelsee (MOO-Gehl-zee), the largest lake in Berlin and a popular park for East Germans when the country was still separated. The hills surrounding this area make it much easier for the Gangrel to hide in the daytime, and in more than one case, to hide their presence from the Kindred as a whole. There has been some concern that the wandering Gangrel might decide to settle in this area and take up residence, a thought that gives Gustav an unpleasant day's rest.

Mitte (Mit-Eh)

Mitte is the true center of East Berlin, an especially appropriate fact since Mitte means "center." During the separation of East and West Berlin, the communist government refurbished Mitte more than any other part of East Berlin, proudly displaying the virtues of Communism for all to see. Here as nowhere else in the East, the Kindred of East Berlin enjoyed the best of both worlds. Mitte was and is held by Gustav, and the prince enforces his rules here more vigorously than anywhere else.

The Unter den Linden, a long stretch of popular tourist sights and the location of most of East Berlin's major universities and libraries, begins at the Brandenburg (Brahn-dehn-Berg) Gate, once the primary stop between East and West Berlin. The main government buildings for what was East Germany are also along this strip, in addition to embassies for the most prestigious Communist Bloc countries.

Kindred interested in the arts or German history flock to Unter den Linden. The National Library, Humboldt University, The Arsenal (The Museum of German History) and even Gustav's Haven in the Berlin Palace all sit along the Unter den Linden. Theaters, opera houses, and even two cathedrals make this road an inspiring sight.

There has been speculation as to why Gustav stays in the Berlin Palace. Most educated Kindred accept that from this auspicious Haven, the Prince of East Berlin could be closer to the center of all Berlin, allowing himself to believe that the entire city is still his.

Gustav has declared a number of sites in Mitte as Elysium. These include the Tierpark (tE-er-park) Zoo, a fine example of European zoos, with over 500 animals; the Town Hall, the original Town Hall for Berlin, and a location of sentimental importance to Kindred and Kine alike; St. Nicholas's Church; and the Pergamon Museum.

The church is considered off limits at least in part due to suspicions that St. Nicholas's serves as a headquarters for the Inquisition. No proof has been found, but the infrequent examinations of the building by knowledgeable Kindred have shown signs that the Society of Leopold may well be actively using the building.

The Pergamon Museum is one of the oldest museums dedicated to architecture. Kindred, many of whom have traveled the world countless times, can often be found here reminiscing about ages long past.

Mitte was also the home of Bertholt Brecht until his death in 1956. Brecht was one of the few East German playwrights to ever win the respect of the West Berlin Toreador, and his influence was so strong that he was allowed back into East Berlin after World War II, despite his vocal political views. His house is now a museum near the Berliner Ensemble, which Brecht founded. Even today his plays are performed there.

The Arsenal

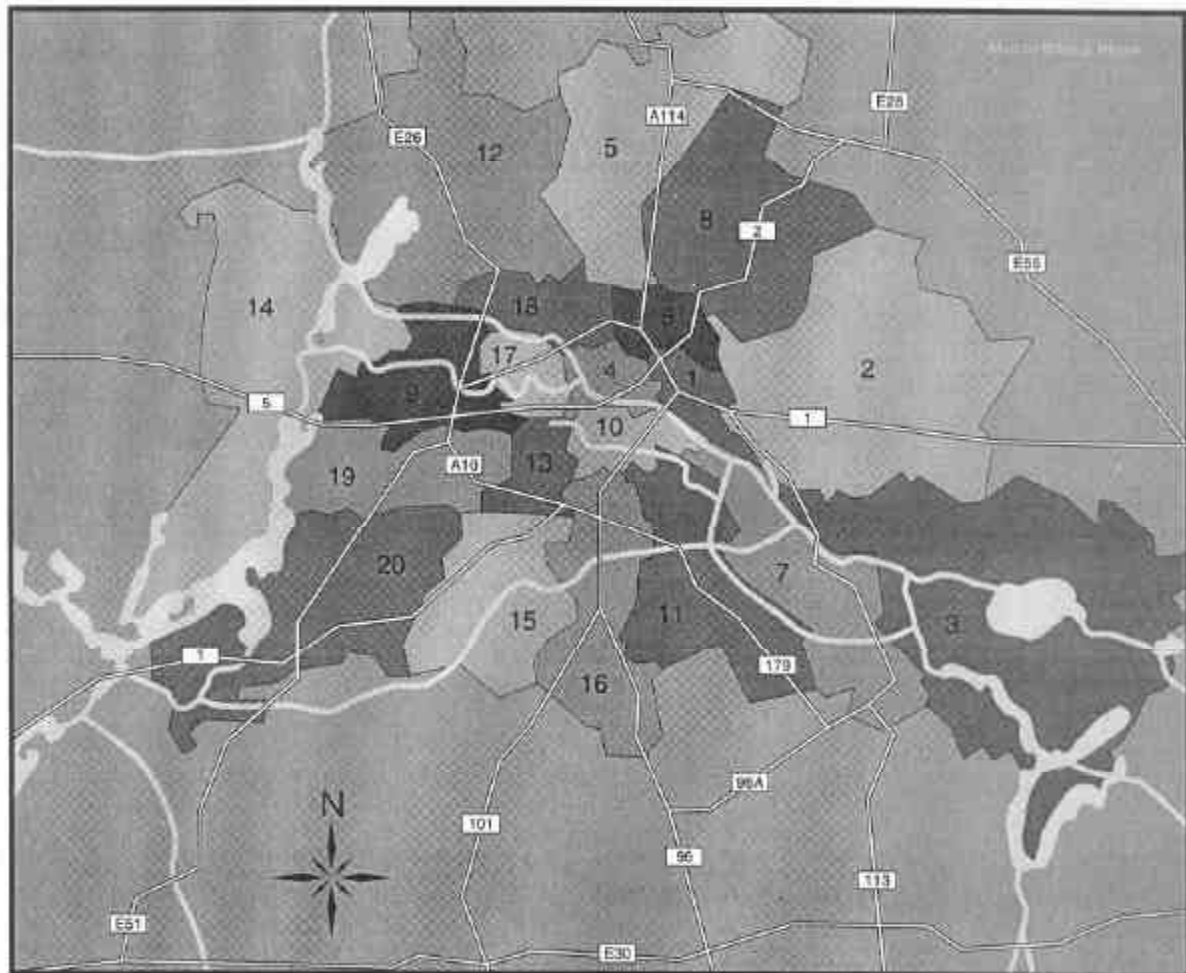
Germany built the Arsenal in the early 1800s to store weapons seized from foreign armies, and it later became a military history museum. The museum has been the East Berlin Museum of German History for the last few decades. Its main emphasis is the history of the German Democratic Republic and the history of communism. The museum is a popular meeting place for Brujah.

Berlin Palace

The Berlin Palace was built during the late 17th century as the crown prince's palace. During the next two centuries it was enlarged and redesigned, allowing several generations of Germany's royal families to reside in the sprawling palace.

The bombing of Berlin during World War II saw the palace destroyed, but in the 1960s Gustav had it rebuilt to his own specifications. The palace now stands as an art center, but is also Gustav's haven and the primary meeting place of the East Berlin Primogen.

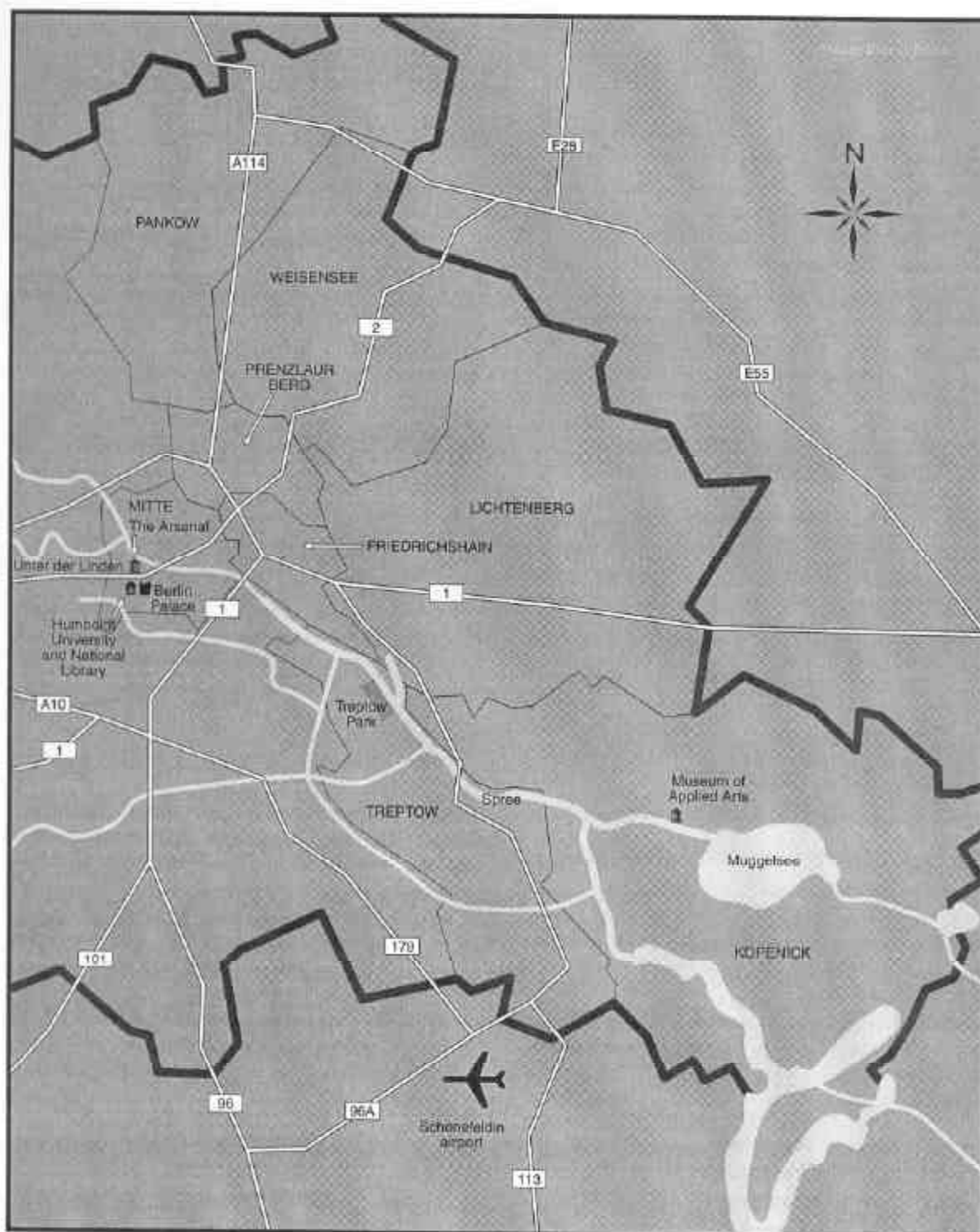
BERLIN



THE NEIGHBORHOODS

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Friedrichshain | 11. Neukölln |
| 2. Lichtenberg | 12. Reinickendorf |
| 3. Kopenich | 13. Schöneberg |
| 4. Mitte | 14. Spandau |
| 5. Pankow | 15. Steglitz |
| 6. Prenzlauer Berg | 16. Tempelhof |
| 7. Treptow | 17. Tiergarten |
| 8. Weissensee | 18. Wedding |
| 9. Charlottenburg | 19. Wilmersdorf |
| 10. Kreuzberg | 20. Zehlendorf |

EAST BERLIN



Humboldt University and the National Library

Since its creation in 1766, Humboldt University has always had a distinguished record as a place of higher learning, with the exception of a brief stint as yet another palatial home for Germany's royal family. Scholars have long considered Humboldt University one of the finer institutions in Europe, and statues in its gardens represent several of its distinguished students and teachers, including Albert Einstein and the Brothers Grimm.

Due to its very nature as a fine university, it and the adjoining National Library are part of East Berlin's Elysium. The Ventrue would have it no other way.

The Neue Wache (New Vak-eh) - New Guardhouse

Built in the early part of the 19th century, the Neue Wache became a memorial following World War II. Near the Arsenal, the Memorial to the Victims of Fascism and Militarism, as the building is now called by the kine, holds the cremated remains of unknown resistance fighters and the Crypt of the Unknown Soldier. Both Himmler and Göring have been known to spend many a night on the premises. Himmler stares and scowls, and Göring cries silent bloody tears.

The Opera House

East Berlin's Opera House has been destroyed twice since its original creation, only to be rebuilt each time. For those who love classical music, opera and ballet, few buildings can compare with the Opera House as an appropriate setting for such arts.

Pankow (Pahn-Kow)

The Pankow district is one of the most industrial sections of East Berlin. Among the kine, the area is best known for standardized living areas and for the factories mass producing arms and industrial necessities.

Only one vampire actually spends much time in this area. The Toreador Thomas De Lutius finds most of his inspiration in the desolate and bleak atmosphere which seems to hang over the area. In recent years, however, he has found the entire area less pleasing to his eyes. As West Berlin companies slowly make their presence known, and the standard of living slowly rises above the poverty level, Pankow is gradually losing its air of desperation. To Thomas, this is tantamount to a cardinal sin.

As Burgomeister of Pankow, Thomas allows anyone to come to his area, allowing even the lower-generation Kindred from the west to come and go as they please — as long as they have stopped and gotten permission from Gustav. As in several other parts of East Berlin, rubble was left where it fell at the end of the war and either built around or entirely



ignored, presumably with the hopes that reconstruction could begin once the great Brujah experiment known as communism was flourishing.

The Pankow district holds an odd fascination for the Giovanni, and members of this clan visit several times a year, and always with formal permission from Gustav. A small delegation from the Giovanni clan has even made arrangements to move into the area, though they still seem to live elsewhere. It is no coincidence that the moans and screams reported in the area become more noticeable to the ears of sensitive Kindred and kine alike during these visits.

Thomas, like many Kindred and all but the most sensitive kine, believes the sounds that come through the rubble are only the wind. Despite inexplicable disappearances in the area and odd lights and figures that have been seen in the piles of rubble, Thomas refuses to believe rumors that ghosts haunt the area, searching for lost items and lost lives among the worldly remains of what were once their homes.

As with several areas of Berlin, Nosferatu deliberately avoid the Pankow District.

Prenzlaur Berg (Pen-Zlow-err Berrg)

Katarina Kornfeld, the Ventrue Elder in East Berlin, controls the Prenzlaur Berg District, and with Mitte, makes up East Berlin's most prominent area for sophisticated dining and evening entertainment. Katarina has recently been using her influence to turn the area into a cosmopolitan center.

Katarina hopes to create a new, elite area for East Berlin's wealthier mortals, and as a result, to substantially increase her own Herd. So far Gustav has not objected. New cabarets and theatres have sprung up in the area, and the anarchists of the western half have started looking towards Prenzlaur Berg as a likely site for making trouble.

Katarina seems completely unaware of the attention that other Kindred have started paying to the area. Ellison and other Nosferatu, along with several Ventrue, have all noticed her attempts to entice the wealthier West Berliners over to what was once East Berlin.

Gustav and Wilhelm also watch with great interest. On several occasions, Wilhelm has tried, unsuccessfully, to convince Katarina to change sides. Since phone calls and intermediaries have met with no success, the Prince of West Berlin may turn to more drastic measures should Katarina continue succeeding.

Treptow (Trep-Tow)

The Treptow District also holds a great fascination for several of the older Kindred in Berlin, especially those with an occult bent. The Archenhold Observatory, established in 1896, houses a massive 69-foot-long telescope. The

telescope, along with the observatory and planetarium, have been the focal points of several meetings between Ellison, Maxwell Ldescu (Mahx-Vehl Le-Desk-YU) and even the estranged Ger of Ldescu, Heinrich Himmler. None of the three have spoken to anyone about just what fascinates them so, but the fact that all respect astrology could mean that something significant is soon to occur.

Treptow is also home to the Treptow Park and Soviet Memorial, a favored meeting place of visiting Brujah and of those Brujah that still live in Berlin. Unknown to most, Isabella Correlli, a powerful Brujah severely injured during the bombing of Berlin in World War II, rests in torpor under the statue of Mother Homeland in Memorial Park. This majestic and extremely heavy statue of a woman, carved from a single piece of granite, weighs just under 50 tons.

The entrance ways to the Memorial Park are all covered with stone gateways and, to visiting Brujah, are a sign of glories passing from their world. The legend "Eternal Glory to the heroes who fell for the freedom and independence of the Socialist Homeland," has become a bitter reminder of their losses when the USSR fell from their hands.

Some Kindred have seen Ellison and his knowing eyes in this area, and almost every visiting Brujah has had the misfortune of running across the Nosferatu Rasputin here. Rasputin has actually been known to laugh directly in the faces of these Brujah, after sarcastically wishing them luck with the "great communist experiment." Of course, this has won him no favor from Gustav.

For many Germans, both Kindred and kine, the last sad aspect of this area is the memorial itself: a huge mausoleum topped by the figure of a Soviet soldier. The soldier carries a child in one arm, and a sword in the other. This symbol of the Soviet occupation holds strong memories for all Germans.

To the Malkavians who visit the area, the statue has become the brunt of many a cruel joke and even some minor vandalism. These jokes are never told in East Berlin, but held until returning to the west; Malkavians are crazy, not stupid.

Weisensee (Vi-Zahn-see)

The Nosferatu Ellison is most familiar with the Weisensee District. As with several of the districts in East Berlin, the area has been left untouched except for the addition of new industrial complexes. The main industry is clothing and textiles. While many of the companies use equipment considered ancient by United States' standards, this area was, until very recently, responsible for the vast majority of clothing made in East Germany.

Many of the factory workers also live in this district, and some have been adopted as a herd by the Nosferatu on their visits to the eastern half of Berlin. Being the farthest



reaching sector of East Berlin, the Weisensee District has also become popular with the various Kindred who come from all points east to visit Berlin.

Rumors exist that the Nosferatu search for some object or objects in this area, but no conclusive evidence has been found. It is possible that they search for Hitler's fabled occult library, or for the remains of Ellison's sire and lover, Melitta Wallenberg. For the most part, the entire area is ignored by the Kindred of Berlin as useless.

It is possible that the mage who lives in this part of East Berlin could be responsible for that belief. The Nosferatu elder and the mage have come to an uneasy peace over the decades, and Ellison, along with the others of his clan, keep the mage's existence a strict secret. Heinrich Himmler has made several forays into the area, curious as to what keeps attracting the Nosferatu, but to date has had no luck in finding anything of import.

West Berlin's Districts

Charlottenburg (Shar-loht-ehn-berrg)

If West Berlin has a true heart, then that heart is Charlottenburg. The primary center of commerce for both Berlin and Germany, Charlottenburg is a teeming, cluttered area best compared to Manhattan, with a twist of Washington D.C. on the side. From here Wilhelm rules his Kindred, and from here the kine rule the industries that have made Berlin the city it is today.

Museums, night clubs, hotels and schools fill Charlottenburg. Unlike many parts of Germany, Charlottenburg never sleeps. It is the very heart of Berlin, and the very heart of Ventrue dominance over other Kindred.

Charlottenburg also has an international reputation for its number of exceptional museums, and is loved by the Toreador as a center of culture in Europe. Wilhelm has declared most of the museums to be Elysium.

Kurfurstendamm (Ker-Ferr-shterr-dahm)

Kurfurstendamm, or Ku'damm as it is often called, is West Berlin's best-known strip for shopping and entertainment. The area runs from Charlottenburg all the way to Wilmersdorf, and pulses with a life all its own. The Ku'damm is also the one part of Charlottenburg that the Ventrue simply cannot control.

Riots break out here with surprising regularity, and generally take the form of racial protests against "impurities" brought by the foreign population in Berlin. Protests,

both formal and spontaneous, erupt in this area virtually every weekend. To some Berliners, these protests provide an excuse to blow off tensions built during a hectic week, but the protests have recently grown more violent in nature and more vicious in spirit. From his relative safety in the crowd, Dieter Kotlar watches in amusement. As often as not, his Final Reich joins in the resulting protests and violence.

Brohan (Brr0-Hahn) Museum

The Bröhan deals exclusively with the arts once owned by Karl H. Bröhan, and later donated to the city. These works cover the latter part of the 19th and early 20th centuries. The museum focuses on Art Deco and Art Nouveau, covering everything in these areas from furniture to sculpture.

Egyptian Museum

One of the best known museums in Berlin is the Egyptian Museum facing the Charlottenburg Palace. The Egyptian Museum is a 17-room building specializing in the history of Egypt from around 5,000 B.C. to A.D. 300. The Kalabasha Gate, a massive stone sculpture once endangered by modernization in Egypt, is among its more striking exhibits. The West Germans received it as thanks for their help in preserving both the gate and the archaeological treasures it once protected. Along with a bust of Queen Nefertiti, it is one of the most prized possessions on display.

Museum of Antiquities

Adjoining the Egyptian Museum is the Museum of Antiquities, built to hold part of the collection of historical documents and properties from East Berlin's Bode Museum. The allies separated the collection at the end of World War II. The most prized possessions in this museum date back to the time of Augustus Caesar.

The Radio Museum

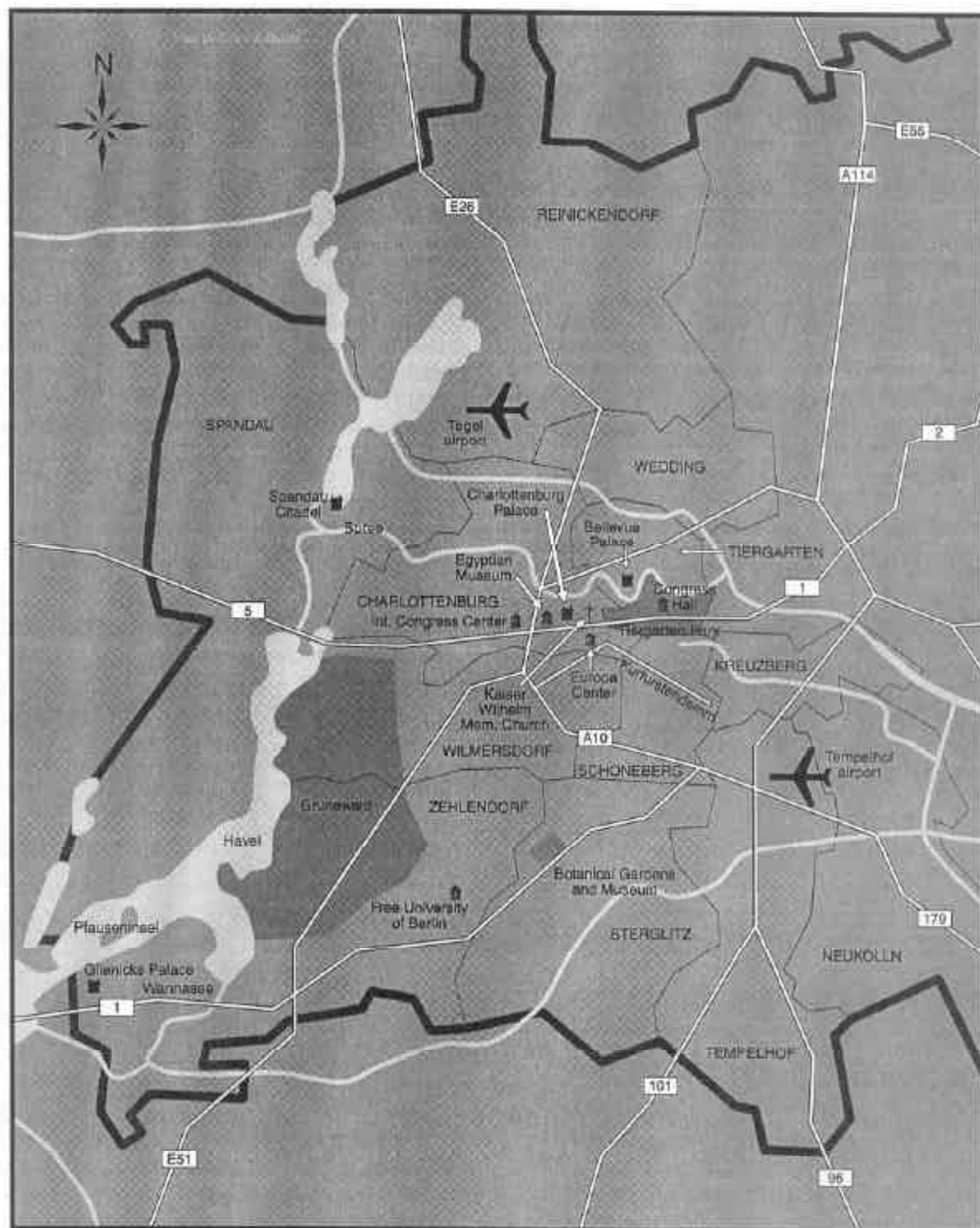
The Radio Museum is dedicated to the history of radio broadcasting in Germany and centers on a reproduction of the first German Radio broadcasting studio. The Toreador long ago lost interest in this museum, but other Kindred sneak in when they have the time and desire to remember a past when life in Berlin seemed much easier. They dream of nights when one prince ruled and anarchs existed only in other cities.

Gropiusstadt (Grr0-PE-us-Shtahdt) - Gropius City

Gropius City, designed to handle Berlin's increasing population problems, is one of the largest residential areas in the city. With more than 18,000 residential dwellings, the area is almost a city within a city.



WEST BERLIN



Several years ago, an unknown Kindred arrived within this sub-city, promising to rule fairly and allow free voting should the Kindred of the area agree to separate themselves from the city of Berlin proper. The first Kindred he met were all Malkavians. As is their wont, the Kooks drew straws to decide what to do. After deciding, J. Oswald Hyde-White called on the Final Reich's Hunting Party and politely invited them over for a bite to eat. The last they saw of the would-be-prince was his screaming form begging for mercy as the Hunting Party settled in for dinner.

A splinter group of the Malkavians calling themselves the "Straight Jacket Dancing Club of West Berlin" has recently become fond of the area. To date, the Dancing Club seems primarily interested in visiting the small clubs in the area, and dancing the night away in their fashionable (!) tie-dyed straight jackets. Most Kindred have started avoiding this area of town.

Grunewald (Gr00-Neh-Valdt)

Grunewald forest lies east of the Havel River, and is forbidden to all Kindred. Any Kindred caught in the area may never be seen again, hunted down and slain by the Lupines who rule the forest. Wilhelm severely punished the few Kindred who actually entered Grunewald and survived to brag of it.

Those with Lupine Lore may know that a Lupine caern rests here, and that the Lupines would eagerly die one and all to protect it. The caern has a Moon Bridge to the Black Forest, and moots are frequently held here by the Ger of Fenris.

Ironically, Grunewald also contains a place terrifying to both Kindred and Lupine — Teufelsberg (Too-Felz-Berg), the Devil's Mountain. On any given night, shrieks and wails of pain from beneath the man-made mountain fill the air around Teufelsberg; the more sensitive avoid the area, and even kine who are not perceptive about the supernatural find themselves uncomfortable if they stay in the area too long after sunset.

Berliners built Teufelsberg out of the huge piles of rubble left over from World War II. More than 33 million cubic yards of debris were used in the construction of this mountain, which rises 377 feet above the surrounding area.

Kine consider this area a fine region for skiing in the winter and hiking in the summer, but to the Kindred, psychically aware humans and the Lupine, the almost inaudible sounds erupting from the depths of the mountain are a constant cause of worry. Nosferatu say the Devil's Mountain is the final resting place of the Kindred once used by the Nazis in genetic experiments. The Lupine say it is the prison that holds the mockeries belonging to Project: Werewolf. No one is certain, and not even the Malkavians have been crazy enough to start digging for clues.

The one part of Grunewald open to the Kindred of Berlin is the one part that the more sensitive do their best to avoid. Even some of Berlin's kine have commented about

the sense of foreboding evil that covers Teufelsberg, and the Nosferatu normally avoid getting too close. Of all the creatures that inhabit the city of Berlin, whatever rests at the bottom of the Teufelsberg, while never seen, is considered to be the most hideous. The barely perceptible aroma of freshly spilled blood fills the air here and entices hungry Kindred. Difficulties to resist frenzies here are increased by one.

Rasputin has given serious consideration to examining the Devil's Mountain, but has yet to do so. Most vampires simply avoid the area, though more than one of the city's elders have made the suggestion, only half-jokingly, that they would pay well to know the answer to this riddle.

Kreuzberg (Kr00Z-Berrg)

Kreuzberg stands out among Kindred for two reasons. The first is the Berlin Museum, dedicated to the city's history. It contains scale model landscapes of Berlin as it looked from the 16th century to present times and is one of the most protected parts of the Elysium. No Kindred would dare assault this building for fear of retribution from virtually every other vampire in the city. The Kindred of Berlin hold their city in great esteem, and this monument is akin to sacred ground in the eyes of most.

The other reason for Kreuzberg's importance is that it is the only section of Berlin without a formal Burgomeister. Frankly, few Kindred want to make their homes in the smallest and most heavily populated section of Berlin, though they enjoy feeding here and visiting the museum — or just making trouble.

Additionally, anarchists and the Final Reich occasionally come here to bash some heads. Kreuzberg enjoyed a heavy influx of foreigners, with Turks making up more than one-fifth of the population. Substantial numbers of other foreign families also live in the area. The district has become known as a place for just about every type of person to hang out. Anyone from the rich and famous to the poor and infamous can be found here.

The Final Reich has rolled through this section on several occasions, hell-bent on driving the entire foreign population away. Police have had to break up riotous fights and combat the cases of arson that break out whenever the Reich makes its presence known. White Supremacists have killed more than 200 people here in their attempts to drive all foreigners from Berlin.

Wilhelm's best attempts to stop the Reich have met with failure and frustration as Dieter Kotlar smiles, shrugs and explains that "the population has to be controlled. Since Wilhelm seems unable to control the influx of foreigners, somebody has to carry his slack." Kotlar publicly condemns the vandalism, even though he has been spotted at the center of such activities on several occasions.

In spite of his smugness, Dieter Kotlar has not discovered the slow influx of Setites and Assamites into this area. Wilhelm has grown tired of the civic unrest, and is tolerating their increase, though Ellison has protested this policy. The Nosferatu fears that an increase in non-Camarilla clans could lead to even greater troubles. Wilhelm seems to feel that when the Final Reich is out of the picture, all will be well.

Neukölln (New-KO-Len)

Neukölln can only be described as sparsely populated, especially when compared to the rest of Berlin. Visiting Gangrel often stay here, for its main claim to fame is the Hasenheide (Hey-Zen-Hide) Park, a 138-acre park open to the public. The Hasenheide attracts visits by Lupine, but they are almost certainly not the same Lupines that roam freely in Grunewald.

Faeries may also reside here. Ravens and Malkavians in a more peaceful state of mind are also known to frequent Neukölln.

Pfaueninsel (Fo-Zen-eh-zel) - Peacock Island

Natural growth once covered Peacock Island, but that changed in the latter part of the 18th century when the Kaiser had it turned into a playground for his favored few. Now the kine have turned the island into a park. To the

Kindred, however, the island represents both finer times now past and a victory over the Lupines who once inhabited the island.

A museum which used to be a castle and several smaller buildings rest on the island, designed to show modern-day kine what was once the glory of Berlin.

Reinickendorf (Ri-Nikt-en-dorf)

Reinickendorf houses possibly the most terrifying threat to the Kindred of Berlin—Tegel Airport. The main airport for anyone coming to Berlin, for years Tegel provided the only means of entering or leaving West Berlin, and it is still considered part of Elysium.

Wilhelm and his ghouls watch Tegel Airport carefully, monitoring all Kindred who pass through its gates. Wilhelm knows this is the most likely way the Camarilla's Justicars and Archons would arrive in the city. As with the Tempelhoff Airport, here the only punishment for violating the Camarilla's laws is Final Death.

Primarily a residential area, Reinickendorf houses the Brandenburg Quarter—possibly the worst attempt by the allied forces to modernize Berlin after World War II. Looking more like an attempt to mimic a Midwestern American town, strife and violence fill the Brandenburg Quarter. The builders set the apartments in high-rises and blocks, and



families with more than two members are too big for the apartments. Berliners hold the entire area in disdain, and while many live here, most would desperately like to be somewhere else.

Part of the problem plaguing Brandenburg Quarter could be the odd aura coming from Lübars (Loo-hahrs). Lübars dates back to the earliest part of 13th century, and has long been deserted. There is no proof to Kindred rumors that the Camarilla destroyed a group of Baali here, but the odd sensations arising from the seemingly tranquil National Landmark have been known to send Kindred and sensitive kine into frenzies of unholy fear.

If the Baali were indeed here at one time, then the rituals performed by the diabolical bloodline must have been powerful for the effects to have lasted for more than 600 years.

While Lübars is a solid tourist attraction and safe for those who visit, no Kindred come here. No Garou have ever been seen in the region, and no practitioners of magic have ever felt comfortable enough in the region to settle down. Were it not for the Tegel Airport, the Kindred of Berlin would stay away from Reinickendorf altogether.

Schöneberg (ShO-Neh-Berrg)

Most Berliners think of Schöneberg as an upper-middle class district, featuring spacious homes and several shopping centers. With the exception of the Ventrue, Berlin's Kindred find the entire district boring. The Ventrue, however, enjoy the area and frequently visit the Schöneberg Town Hall, now the House of Representatives for all Berlin and the seat of power for the Mayor's offices.

The Final Reich has made more than a dozen threats to destroy the building and everyone in it if Wilhelm does not step down from his position. As always, Kotlar claims no knowledge of such threats, and as always, Wilhelm has yet to take the threat very seriously.

Spandau (Shpahn-dow)

Spandau is located on the far west side of West Berlin, and is primarily a residential area. While a few Kindred have havens here, vampires mostly ignore the area as being too far away from where the action is. However, across the Havel River, is the Spandau Citadel.

Originally built in the latter part of the 1500s, Spandau Citadel has stood as a testament against destruction through the turbulent decades and centuries that have passed. Now it is the meeting place for Berlin's Sabbat, secluded enough to allow them to perform their rituals and make their plans without difficulty. Any Kindred who agrees to join the Sabbat is initiated in this area, normally buried in the grounds of the small Jewish cemetery that predates the

Citadel itself. Himmler finds a strange irony in burying the new Sabbat in this graveyard, but never tells anyone just why.

Unknown to all, Berlin's very first vampire, Erik Eigermann, rests here in torpor. Erik knows of the Sabbat influence in Berlin, but has not taken any action against them. So far he does not know if they pose a threat to his own agenda. Erik has grown frustrated with the petty squabbling amongst the Kindred of Berlin and, as he slowly rises from the depths of torpor, ponders which prince he will support. So far he is leaning strongly towards Gustav.

Sterglitz (Shterr-Glitz)

The Ventrue control Sterglitz, one of Berlin's most expensive areas. Houses in this district are better described as mansions and normally have enormous gardens and lawns surrounding them. Here, as in no other part of Berlin, the elite meet to mingle and scheme. The Ventrue like to think of Sterglitz as a private oasis away from the grief and hassle of the rest of the city, but all Kindred are welcome here.

Kindred who do visit must follow a special set of laws. Anarchs who value their unives know better than to disrupt the tranquillity in Sterglitz and are advised to remain in other sections of Berlin where freedom of speech and action is acceptable. These suggestions are not made by the Ventrue, but rather by the few who have experienced the force of the Ventrue wrath.

A number of Toreador and almost every Ventrue in Berlin have havens in this area, and many claim that there are forces at work to aid in Sterglitz's tranquillity. Most would be exceptionally surprised to discover that faeries are partially responsible.

The truth of the matter rests in Sterglitz's Botanical Gardens and Botanical Museum. Faeries have carefully hidden havens of their own in the gardens, and as long as they are left in peace by the Kindred, they return the favor. The Faerie are also quite determined to protect their territory from any other influences that could possibly cause them grief.

No vampire seems to know what they are defending, and the few who know of them debate whether the faeries guard a doorway to Arcadia, a faerie lord or something far worse. Still, no place in Berlin is as safe from trouble as Sterglitz. Faerie magics calm anyone who stays in the district for more than a few minutes. Even the Brujah who have visited the area seem less inclined towards frenzy. Storytellers should reduce the difficulties of all rolls to resist frenzies by one here.

The Botanical Gardens cover more than 100 acres and contain over 18,000 different varieties of plants and trees. Here, as in few other places in the world, the forces of Nature seem at peace with man. One section of special note is the



one set aside for the study of medicinal plants and herbs, a frequent stop for Maxwell Ldescu of the Tremere and Henry Jekyll of the Malkavians.

The Botanical Museum is renowned for its herbarium, which has more than 1.5 million plant species from around the world, including many that are virtually extinct. Rumors of mages and Kindred coming from around the world are abundant. Both the Gardens and the Museum are considered to be a part of Elysium by the Kindred of Berlin.

Tempelhof (Tem-Pel-Hov)

The Ventrue patrol and maintain Tempelhof, for they consider it one of the most important sectors of Berlin. The primary reason for its importance is Tempelhof Airport, West Berlin's secondary airport. The Ventrue have Retainers and paid watchers constantly on the lookout for the first sign of trouble or Justicars and Archons, and are usually aware of visitors long before the visitors have the chance to formally present themselves.

Security at the Tempelhof airport is strict at the best of times, and importing firearms is forbidden. Despite (or perhaps because of) the United States' use of Tempelhof Airport for military purposes, the Ventrue manage to keep a close watch over the area. Much of the surrounding area is leased to the United States, and technically off limits to the citizens of Berlin without a special pass.

Wilhelm's rules are especially lenient here, and barring gross violations of the Camarilla's laws, few are punished with Final Death. Wilhelm does insist on enforcing the Masquerade here, however, as he is convinced that the U.S. government knows, or at least suspects, of the existence of vampires.

Much to Wilhelm's disgust, he cannot find out just who is in control of the Tempelhof Airport, for the Nosferatu warn him that someone else runs the place. He has heard alternating reports that a mage runs the airport, Lupines control the workings within and a large business conglomerate has control over the outside area. None of these prospects bother him as much as the latest rumors of a small military lab specifically set up to study the Kindred.

Tiergarten (Teer-Gart-en)

Tiergarten is one of the busiest sections of Berlin, and Toreador especially favor it. The clan holds meetings here, and the Toreador elder Antoinette serves as the area's burgomeister. The clan usually holds meeting at the Academy of Arts, though these are more social gatherings than formal meetings.

With the separation of Berlin into two separate sections, the West Berlin Government created a separate Academy of the Arts. Like its predecessor, it was originally meant to be an institute of higher learning for those who already had artistic training. Several of the instructors are actually Retainers to different Toreador, and as such always manage to set aside rooms for Toreador meetings, usually held monthly.

Tierpark

The East Berlin Zoo is also in this district. This zoo gained renown as one of the most diverse in the Eastern Block, containing animals from virtually every part of the world. A number of strange Gangrel have been spotted here.

Bellevue (Bell-Vew) Palace

Bellevue Palace, the primary office for the prime minister of united Germany, is not always open to the public, but several of the craftier Nosferatu have made it a regular haunting ground. As with so many buildings in Berlin, the Bellevue Palace needed a lot of rebuilding after WWII, and some think Ellison made it a secondary haven. If the rumors of Ellison's hidden passageways are true, then they have either never been found or the guards are well paid to ignore them.

Congress Hall

Congress Hall was the United States' contribution to the International Building Festival held in 1957, and later became a target for the Final Reich. While most kind believe the elaborate and decorative roof collapsed due to poor architectural structuring, the West Berlin Primogen and Wilhelm consider the building's problems as the Final Reich's first attack.

The effects have been long lasting. Repairs have gone poorly, as have Wilhelm's attempts to maintain strict order without having to resort to the same drastic measures Gustav uses to this day. Gustav was the first to point out that anarchs have a great deal of difficulty causing such destruction in East Berlin. He was also the first to note that a good number of the younger Kindred in the West consider Wilhelm to be nothing but a puppet of the West Berlin Primogen.

The Hanseatic (Hohn-ZE-Ahtic) Quarter

World War II almost completely destroyed one of the larger sections of Tiergarten, and it took a massive collaborative effort to rebuild the Hanseatic Quarter in the late 1950s. Entirely residential, it also has a small scattering of churches and schools as well as apartment buildings and free-standing homes. Some Toreador marvel at the meshed styles of architecture and landscaping, and enjoy pointing out the masonry on this building or the statuary in that little park to their next meals.

The Musical Instrument Museum

Another favorite of the Toreador, the museum holds an enormous collection of musical instruments from around the world, a large library on the history of music and a remarkable collection of recordings. The Toreador use the museum as an alternate meeting place.

The Tiergarten Park

The Tiergarten Park is a large open area, originally used as a hunting preserve and later rebuilt by Frederick III as a park. The Tiergarten Park was destroyed in World War II and had to be rescaped for a second time. The Toreador meet here on occasion, and the Tiergarten has become a non-formal part of Elysium. Memorial statues scattered throughout the Tiergarten commemorate the lives of various members of Germany's royal families and several of Berlin's more renowned artists.

The Tiergarten also contains the Victory Column. Moved from East Berlin towards the end of World War II, the Victory Column celebrates German victories in several smaller wars. Standing 220 feet tall, many of West Berlin's Kindred see the column as a symbol of the freedom that came to all when Wilhelm usurped Gustav's power. The Final Reich is still working out the finer details of a plan to destroy the Victory Column.

Wannasee (Vahn-ah-zE)

Wannasee is not only one of the most prominent neighborhoods in Berlin but is also the name of a large recreational park bordered on one side by the Grunewald and on the other by the Havel river. Along with the Grunewald, the Wannasee is one of the two natural habitats in Berlin. These days the Wannasee resembles an amusement park, with a large number of cafe's and restaurants, as well as a large beach along the Havel.

To the Kindred, Wannasee provides great opportunities for hunting and feeding. The Lupine despise the district as a blight on the Earth, and several are considering forays into the area.

Wedding (Ved-Ding)

Anarchs seem to favor Wedding, perhaps due to the scarcity of Elysium areas in this part of Berlin's downtown. Second only to Tiergarten in the number of bars and dance halls, anarchists also find the Anti-Kriegs (Anti-War) Museum especially amusing. Large and illegal protest marches against the influx of foreigners into Berlin regularly happen here.

As often as not, the Final Reich endorses and funds these rallies. Despite the Prince's rules on Elysium, vandals have struck at the Anti-Kriegs Museum and it has been the target of several bomb threats. Dieter Kotlar rules as the



Burgomeister of Wedding, and vehemently refuses to acknowledge that he or the Final Reich have had any part of the protests and defacements in this area.

Wilmerdorf (Vil-Merrs-Dorf)

Wilmerdorf, while considered a separate part of Berlin by the kine, is simply an extension of Charlottenburg for all intents and purposes. The Kindred of Berlin long ago acknowledged this and almost entirely forget that Wilmerdorf is a district. The same can be said for most modern-day Berliners.

Nestled between Charlottenburg and Zehlendorf, the small district holds sections of the Grunewald forest and part of the Kurfurstendamm. Financially and socially one of the better areas of Berlin, the residents of Wilmerdorf hold no special secrets save that, like so many others, they fear for Berlin's future.

A recent spate of drive-by shootings has occurred in the sections of the Ku'damm crossing through Wilmerdorf. While it has not been verified, many believe the shootings are the work of the Strait-Jacket Dancing Club or the Final Reich. Another theory making the rounds is that the Lupines of Grunewald have been doing the shootings. Some Kindred have made a habit of carrying firearms loaded with silver bullets, just in case.

Zehlendorf (Zeh-Lehn-Dorf)

A heavily populated region of Berlin, Zehlendorf is one of the rare areas not controlled by any one clan. Except for sections of Grunewald, the area is open to one and all.

National Archives

The National Archives store more than 100,000 volumes on the history of Prussia, Berlin and Germany. Though the Archives close by 7 p.m., the guards are well paid to ignore Kindred who they know. The documents enclosed within the building date back to the Holy Roman Empire, and contain historical facts of all sorts.

The archives rarely lend out the documents, but a studious Kindred could learn much of what has happened in Berlin by studying the papers here. If rumors can be believed, a very sizable collection of papers written about the founding of the Camarilla, as well as magical studies, could be located with careful research and time to study the clues inside the building.

Maxwell Idescu, Heinrich Himmler and Ellison visit here more than any other vampires. The National Archives are also considered part of Berlin's Elysium.

The Free University of Berlin

When the separation of the city took Humboldt University's facilities away from West Berlin, the kine quickly rectified the situation by creating the Free University. The university has expanded steadily over the decades and now handles more than 50,000 students a year. The university is a favored area for the Final Reich, and they often use it as a recruiting center.

Several clans, primarily the Brujah and the Ventrué, keep a constant watch over this area. They select future Retainers and make certain that if any trouble erupts, it is the kind of trouble they want. Like many large universities, the Free University of Berlin is filled with many different mortals from many different areas, and has the potential to become a serious trouble spot. The University's main campus is considered to be a part of West Berlin's Elysium.

Glienicke(Gil-Nik-Eh) Palace

Glienicke Palace was originally a summer home for Prince Carl of Prussia, who built it in the late 18th century. Today the building is simply another tourist attraction to Berlin's kine, but to the Kindred this location means much more. This castle, along with the Glienicke Park and Peacock Island, runs across the borders of both East and West Berlin. On those occasions when the princes have to talk, this small castle has the dubious honor of being their meeting place.

It is considered Elysium in both East and West Berlin. Rumors of an important meeting between both princes' primogens have started spreading in the city as fear of Camarilla intervention grows stronger. Equally strong rumors of anarch intervention have been spreading. The Nosferatu have reported anarch threats to bomb the area should such a meeting take place.

The adjoining park is 287 acres, and the Havel river separates it from Peacock Island.

The Border

Where a wall once ran through the city there is now open land—at least as far as the kine are concerned. To the Kindred, the wall might just as well have never come down. Many of Berlin's vampires refuse to cross the line without going immediately to the prince of the East or West and announcing themselves. That is the wisest choice to make.

The Brandenburg Gate, once the primary checkpoint between the two cities, is now open and unguarded; it is not unwatched. Wherever the Berlin Wall once stood, the mystical wards of the Tremere can still alert the princes and their primogens of invading Kindred. The Berlin Wall served as the central focus of the Tremere Rituals, but as long as any stone from the wall stands, the wards placed by the Tremere still work, albeit not as well as they once did.

At the most common places where vampires sneak across, both princes have Retainers on patrol. The Retainers do not attack; they simply report. If the visiting Kindred does not present herself in a reasonable amount of time, punishment is sure to follow.

Places of Note

Berlin has many points of interest to Kindred from around the world. West Berlin always welcome visitors—provided they follow Prince Wilhelm's laws. Wilhelm's open door policy has been considered radical and dangerous by certain factions of the Camarilla, leading to criticism and, occasionally, carefully concealed acts of terrorism on the part of the growing anarch faction in West Berlin.

Like many of its European and North American counterparts, Berlin is a city that never truly sleeps. Between the bars, nightclubs, cabarets and theatres, the city has a rich variety of night life to suit virtually any Kindred's desires. Listed below are just a sampling of the possibilities for a night's adventure.

The number of bars, nightclubs and discotheques in Berlin is rivaled only by the variety of these clubs that exist. From beer-houses and nightclubs to cabarets, transvestite bars and casinos, the city is alive with easy prey for any Kindred.

Museums

Berlin has a surprising number of museums that stay open past dark, and Kindred can visit without the necessity of Dominating or bribing a guard for the privilege. While most still close by six p.m., a number of Toreador favorites have certain nights when they remain open well beyond sunset.

For example, the Berlin Film Museum is open on Wednesdays and Saturdays until 11 p.m. for the express purpose of showing historic films, and the Berlin National Art Gallery remains open until 10 p.m. every night. For obvious reasons, the Prince of West Berlin insists on a strict rule of Elysium in these museums and, at the insistence of the Toreador elder, has included all other museums as well. The Toreador normally spend a good deal of their time in the museums and will enforce the Elysium at any cost.

The only way to gain entrance to other museums after dark is to Dominate or bribe the guards that work there; most of the Kindred simply do not believe that the reward gained in these circumstances is worth the effort involved. The Toreador have managed to gain access to all of the museums in Berlin, and as often as not have havens inside them in case of emergencies. The one possible exception to this rule is the Egyptian Museum, detailed in Book Two.

While East Berlin also has a number of museums, these are not as strongly protected for the simple reason that there are no Toreador save Thomas De Lutrius in the eastern half

of the city. Gustav's long-lasting grudge against the clan has kept them from repopulating the city since World War II, and Gustav has almost always found a way to either exile visiting Toreador or gather evidence to support having them killed.

The one museum excepted from this, and which Toreador from around the Eastern Block used to visit, is the Otto-Nagel Haus, a "proletarian revolutionary art museum" open on Wednesdays until 10 p.m. Wednesday is the one night of the week in which a Toreador may walk through East Berlin without fear of molestation, provided she has already presented herself to the prince.

The Amerika Gedenkbibliothek (ged-ehnk-bil-ce-oo-tek)

Also of interest to many of the Kindred is the Amerika Gedenkbibliothek or The American Memorial Library, a massive library in West Berlin which stays open until 8:00 p.m. This massive library was built in the later part of the 20th Century to honor the Berlin airlift, and contains more than 700,000 books and newspapers from around the world.

Sources found here has proven vital to more than one vampire when it came to locating information on any number of missing Kindred. One simply needs to know what to read and how to read between the lines in order to find what he is looking for. The library is one of the most likely locations to run across members of the Tremere clan in Berlin, as they continue to look for the alleged Library of Hitler. For this reason, the Library has also become a *de facto* part of the Elysium (albeit unofficially), and is a regular meeting place for the Tremere.

The Botanical Gardens and Museum

Although the Botanical Gardens and Museum are supposed to close at 7 p.m. nightly, Berlin's few Gangrel like to roam there after dark. The gardens cover more than 100 acres, and a careful vampire can roam at leisure as long as she does no damage to the plants.

The few guards on duty during the night are all part of the Gangrel Herd in Berlin, and are hesitant to offend Kindred. They will, however, defend the gardens as they feel necessary and will inform their masters should any harm be done by a Cainite. The Gangrels, though few, are not to be taken lightly by visitors to Berlin.

The Palaces

Charlottenburg Palace is the haven of Prince Wilhelm, a fact known to all Kindred in Berlin. The palace has been Wilhelm's haven since the end of World War II, and Gustav used it as one of his several havens before the Wall divided the city.



The Berlin Castle in East Berlin is Prince Gustav's haven. Gustav has declared the castle Elysium, and receives visitors and handles business from within the castle walls.

One substantial problem has arisen within the last three decades in Berlin, primarily on the western half. The Final Reich has moved into the area of terrorist activity, causing mindless destruction and vandalism in several of the museums and even setting bombs in the Bode (bOd) Museum in Mitte and Charlottenburg Castle. Police disarmed the bombs in both cases, but they had been set to explode at noon, giving them a better chance to destroy any Kindred residing within the walls and to ensure damage to the many visiting kine.

Guards in both of the buildings discovered the crude explosive devices long before they would have detonated. Wilhelm has offered a substantial reward for information leading to the capture of the individuals responsible for the attempts, and Thomas De Lutrius, the Toreador elder of East Berlin, is doing his best to gather information on the attempts as well.

The Political Elysiums

Due to its role as the main center for the German government, several buildings are also considered part of the Elysium for political reasons instead of artistic ones. Aside from the various embassies in Charlottenburg, several important locations are listed here.

International Congress Center

Berlin's largest post-war building, the International Congress Center took nine years to build. From the first, most of Berlin opposed such a monolithic structure, but the money the ICC has brought into Berlin has been astounding. Designed specifically for use in business conventions and to house the West German Stock Exchange, the building held over 2000 congresses, with in excess of 2,000,000 visitors in its first five years. Not surprisingly, the entire building is riddled with suspiciously large crawl spaces and even spare havens for several of West Berlin's elders.

The Ventrue and Nosferatu enforce the rules of Elysium here. Ellison and Wilhelm have both made substantial amounts of money from the trade secrets gathered and sold in the ICC.

Europa Center

The Europa Center, also referred to as "Pepper's Manhattan" after the architect who designed the 22-story shopping center, is a sprawling combination of hotel, congress center, shopping mall, and nightclub strip. Inside, several bars, a casino, one cabaret, a first-run cinema and a hotel are scattered among the shops and boutiques. The



casino and bars stay open until early in the morning, giving Kindred a place where they can mingle with and feed on Berliners and tourists.

The Europa Center is one of the most solidly established areas of political neutrality in the city. Most Kindred gladly follow these rules, as the Europa Center also contains the only Kindred bar in town. Das Fleidermaus (Dahz Flay-derr-mouz), or "The Bat," is carefully hidden away from most of the people who come to Europa Center, built into the sub-basements of the massive complex.

It permits admission to only those kine jaded enough to be bored by all of the giant mall's attractions. Kindred are always allowed. Many visiting Kindred have stayed within the Europa Center, never leaving its confines until their business grew too pressing. The center plays haven to many of the Kindred who visit, allowing them to feel secure in the knowledge that the Elysium will most likely not be broken.

Unknown to most, Europa Center is also home to Ellison, the Nosferatu elder of Berlin. Ellison discovered ancient sewer lines running beneath the building, and established his haven in these lines. Along with the tightest security in the city, he also has immediate access to some of the most privileged information. Much of the Europa Center's security is Blood Bound to Ellison, and he has one of the finest furnished havens ever to belong to a Nosferatu.

Charlottenburg Palace

In the center of Charlottenburg is the Charlottenburg Palace. A combination park, museum and tourist attraction, the Palace is also haven to Wilhelm, Prince of West Berlin. Devastated by the Berlin bombing of November 23, 1943, after the war it was restored with great attention to detail.

The reconstruction also allowed Wilhelm to arrange several hidden rooms within the palace, including a large underground conference hall used as the primary meeting place of the West Berlin Primogen until the ICC was completed. Kindred guests to Berlin who Wilhelm deems important enough may stay in the hidden suites of the palace, but this mainly allows Wilhelm to know where they are.

Kaiser (Kl-zer) Wilhelm Memorial Church

The most popular of all the churches for Kindred to meet in is the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedachtniskirche (Ged-AHN-nesk-kursh-sheh), adjoining the Emperor William Memorial Church, in Hansaviertel (The Hanseatic Quarter). The two churches are actually considered to be only one house of God, with the Emperor Friedrich being the only section used by kine. The Kaiser Friedrich, built between 1892 and 1895, was destroyed during the bombings at the end of WWII.

Devastated by the idea of tearing down the skeletal remains, the Toreador used their influence to have another church built around the original ruins. The result is a unique mixture of ancient brick and stone with aluminum and stained glass. The Toreador consider the building one of their finest achievements, and both Kindred and kine are fascinated by the finished product.

Kindred can often be seen late at night inside the gutted remains of the original church, either in formal gatherings or in casual discussion. The kine of Berlin have recently made progress in refurbishing the interior of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church, and the building is now used as a church rather than simply as a monument. Kindred influence remains strong, however, and the church is used during the night as a Kindred meeting place. Due to the nature of the meetings that often take place, the Tremere cloaked it with a ritual that makes people ignore the frequent gatherings of Kindred within the rebuilt interior.

The church is only one street away from the Kurfurstendamm strip, notorious for political protests and the occasional riot that breaks out. The area is a favorite for Malkavian and Brujah alike, and has been used by the Hunting Party on more than one occasion to avoid being spotted in their attacks on other Kindred. Prince Wilhelm finds the political rallies an endless source of grief and aggravation, but, like the kine who live in and rule West Berlin, has not yet devised a means to stop the protests.



Chapter Four: The Kindred

Berlin's princes constantly struggle against each other and the rapid changes in the world around them. The city has grown at an alarming rate since reunification, and what used to be East Berlin has drawn more than 200,000 new inhabitants each year.

The police, once firmly under the princes' control, have proved unable to cope with the transformation. Wilhelm has had better success keeping the police under his control than has Gustav, but that can change at a moment's notice.

Berlin's Kindred have also had to adapt to Wilhelm's open door policy, which allows a constant flow of visiting Kindred. Even though he had this policy before reunification, far fewer Kindred took advantage of it while East Germany surrounded the city.

While Gustav frowns on the policy, even he has less control over Kindred visitors than he once had. Though both princes have strong support in their separate sections of the city, the continuing population growth among both Kindred and kine has led to difficulties in watching their fiefdoms and maintaining order. For the present, both princes have forbidden the creation of new progeny.

The laws of both East and West Berlin are similar, and following the Traditions is first and foremost in the rules

that must be followed. The primary difference between Gustav and Wilhelm's reigns comes in the punishments. In West Berlin, Blood Bonds and banishment make up the most common penalties. In the east, Gustav has already Blood Bound many of the Kindred, and the normal punishment for any infraction is Final Death.

Unlike many European cities, Berlin's elders are relatively young, since most of the city's true elders disappeared during World War II. Youth however, has not removed any of their abilities as low-generation Kindred. Neither has youth changed the strong beliefs each of them holds.

Most of the Kindred oppose having the prince of the region they do not call home take control of the city. Most are proud and arrogant almost to a fault. Whatever their personal beliefs, they will stand by those beliefs proudly, and with great conviction. There are exceptions, however, as this chapter makes clear.

This section details less than half of Berlin's Kindred; Book Two describes some more but the rest are left for the Storyteller to devise. These can be members of the Final Reich, anarchists who oppose the Reich and the princes, Toreador Poseurs, or anything else the Storyteller desires. The most recent census of the city placed its permanent Kindred population at 49, but no one believes this figure.

Brujah

Confusion in her eyes, it says it all:

She's lost control.

—Joy Division, "She's Lost Control"

Very few Brujah remain in Berlin, for most have gone to investigate the disappearance of clan members in what used to be the Soviet Union. Most who left have not been heard from since. The few who remain, however, do not hesitate in making their presence known.

All the remaining members of this clan in Berlin have their primary havens on the west side of the city, where they stayed to gather information for clan elders. They have opted to wait until receiving further word from one of their superiors on what to do next, but their masters to the east no longer respond. To date, they have had no luck in discovering what has happened.

For the most part, the Brujah run with the city's younger anarchists, finding them easy to associate with. The Brujah still support Gustav, a fact which often confuses anarchists from other cities. The clan uses its association with the anarchists to fuel discontent in West Berlin; it does nothing to stop rumors of its involvement with the growing chaos, but will deny everything if confronted by anyone in authority.

Dieter Kotlar (DEE-Terr K0t-Larr) — Kreiger (KrEE-gerr)

I was born during the last days of the First World War and raised hungry for food and affection; neither was abundant in my life. At that time, all Germans had difficulty finding food, and my widowed mother simply didn't have any affection left in her.

I learned to fend for myself at an early age. Someone had to make a living for my family. Dealing in the black market of food and weapons proved the only way to sustain myself and my useless mother. By the time I turned 15, I had grown taller than my full-grown neighbors and became a master at "protecting" others from the criminals in the city, provided they could pay my price. This normally came in the form of flesh and food rather than the useless paper money we Germans learned to despise.

When I turned 20, however, things began to change. A new order rose in Germany, and I was quick to join it—the Nazi Party. Our leader, Adolf Hitler, knew how to return our country to its prior status, and I knew his words were true. Mine was one of the first bodies to strike out on the streets, calling others to join the party of the future.

I must have been good, for my passion attracted both new members and the attention of a Brujah who had recently made Berlin her home. Isabella Correlli was a dark-haired beauty with a mind and will of her own. Isabella listened to my impassioned speech on the street corner and found herself enraptured by my energy and enthusiasm.

She said it took but a moment to decide to make me like her. My Embrace was brutal and she tore out my throat while I fought desperately against her. Laughing and calling me weak, she mocked the way I fought her. My helplessness enraged me and, unlike others she had tested this way, Isabella decided to let me live.

We stayed together until we invaded Poland in 1939, when she returned to Italy, and I opted to serve my country in the best way that I could. Many kine died with terror in their eyes as a young member of the Death's Head Order came upon them in the night.

When the war ended, with Germany again defeated, I returned to Berlin, vowing to keep alive the ways of the Third Reich. The Jihad has trapped other vampires in its vicious clutches, but I have made my own way, and use the Final Reich to keep alive my promise to Germany.

I found a kindred soul in Gustav; I even agree with most of his philosophies, and I aid him when called. Gustav, after all, was a major power in the Second World War and a strong supporter of Hitler's beliefs. Another member of the Final Reich once told me Gustav provides the loyalty and affection I have craved for so long; I do not know if this is true, but I know how to take care of the hunger myself.

Sire: Isabella Correlli

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1931

Apparent Age: 19

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Intimidation 6, Leadership 3, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3



Skills: Firearms 2, Melee 4, Stealth 3, Survival 3
Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Linguistics 1, Occult 1, Politics 2
Disciplines: Celerity 4, Dominate 2, Fortitude 2, Potence 5, Presence 4
Background: Allies 6, Influence 3, Mentor 2, Retainers 4, Resources 2, Status 2
Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 3, Courage 4
Humanity: 1
Willpower: 8

Notes: Dieter has developed an especially effective combat technique. When in hand-to-hand combat, his body will flush all over, and any attacks he makes cause aggravated wounds. This costs him a Blood Point each turn, but if the target fails a Willpower roll, pain incapacitates her for the next turn.

Image: Dieter is a powerfully built blond giant with cold, blue eyes. He is quick with a smile for friends or strangers and is twice as fast with a snarl if anyone crosses his path. He normally wears tight dark leathers and, depending on his mood, may even sport swastika armbands.

Roleplaying Hints: Think politician. You smile and wave to anyone who looks your way, and you always do your best to slide in a line or two of propaganda. You know that the Final Reich holds the truth about life as it should and could be, and you are quick to anger should anyone mock it. In a battle of insults you are deadly; in a battle of fists you are even deadlier. Don't walk — swagger.

Haven: Dieter has havens scattered throughout West Berlin and even some in the east for emergencies. Most are in poorly kept buildings requiring minimal upkeep.

Influence: As the leader of the Final Reich, Dieter likes to believe that he has great power. Sadly for him, Malkavians make up the majority of the Reich. If called upon, most will respond, but just how they will respond is anyone's guess. The Reich's mortal counterparts see Dieter as a source of information and a potential tool, but are careful not to cross his path.

Erika Geiger (GUY-Gerr) - The Fanatic

Until I met Dieter, my life was a constant argument with everyone. We met at a protest rally, both of us agreeing that the Pakistani and the rest of the trash moving into Germany had no right to be there. When the protest started to get a little rough — some of the Paki's had the nerve to talk back to us — Dieter got me away from the police who came to arrest us as if we were the ones who started the violence.



Dieter told me about the Final Reich, giving me stunning insights into the truth about Berlin and the scum the city allowed in. I listened to him for most of the night, and by the time we left to go home, I was in love; here was someone who understood the ways in which the world really ran. With the Amerikaners controlling the rest of the world with money and threats, how could I not love him?

Within the week we started making love, and only a few days after that he Embraced me, giving me a chance to live forever at his side. I fed from him nightly, and he fed from me, thus ensuring that our love would last forever. Never could I have imagined the beauty of the night or the true thrill of the hunt. One by one, the two of us track down the foreigners who have invaded our homeland. One by one we feed on them until they are dead; one can always find a place to hide the bodies.

Together, with time and patience, we shall teach the rest of the city the error of its ways. Berlin is for Germans, and all others must be removed.

Sire: Dieter Kotlar

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Rebel

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1969

Apparent Age: 23

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3

Skills: Drive 4, Melee 3, Security 4, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Linguistics 2, Politics 4

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Potence 4, Presence 2

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Influence 1, Mentor 1

Humanity: 1

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 2, Courage 5
Willpower: 6

Image: Erika has spiked blond hair that remains the same bleached color as when she was Embraced. Her eyes are dark brown, as are her eyebrows. She normally wears blue jeans and loose fitting T-shirts with various obscene slogans. She is attractive, but when she is in one of her moods, her sneer changes her appearance for the worse.

Roleplaying Hints: If the characters are Caucasian, treat them well, if they speak German, they are true friends. If they only speak English, look down your nose at them. You are quietly arrogant, but never hesitate to be snide. When speaking of Dieter, do so with a reverence that is clear and powerful.

Haven: Wherever Dieter stays.

Influence: Erika has a great deal of influence over Dieter, but opts to use that influence in small ways.

Stefan Rutigar (Shtef-Ahn R00-Ti-gahrr) - The Fist

I moved to Berlin in a effort to gain a better job than I could find at home, in Hamburg. Such was not my luck, I had only been here for a few hours before I was assaulted by my sire, a woman who's name I still do not know. Sometimes I wonder if I should hate her or love her for what she did to me. Embraced on the east side of the Wall, I had to run as swiftly as possible to the west once the prince learned of my existence.

My sire's only warning was to leave the East as quickly as possible and never to return. I was a fool, for I never even imagined that there was more than one prince. After the fifth night in West Berlin, I ran across other Kindred, ones who had never seen me, ones who saw me kill a man and leave his body in an alley with the wounds unlicked and the gash in his throat still bleeding.

Within the hour they had dragged me before Prince Wilhelm. His fury was terrifying to behold, and I knew he would destroy me. Instead he forced himself to calm down and told me the laws of his fiefdom. For the next three nights I was left in his haven, given his blood to drink and told the ways of the Kindred and the Camarilla. None of this changed my mind about the man. I knew in my heart that he was weak, unable to control the city that he ruled. I felt contempt for Wilhelm, and realized he needed my aid to continue his rule.

When he released me from my captivity, I wandered through the city for a time, trying to learn of the other Kindred, until I met Dieter and Erika. We talked, and as time passed we became friends. Their opinions and attitudes lead to my decision to join them, for they are the ones with the power to keep Gustav from destroying Wilhelm. Also, Erika is everything I ever wanted in a woman. She is with Dieter now, but circumstances can change.

I became Kindred only four years ago, but the life I had is more a dream than a reality for me. Make no mistake, my time is coming soon, and I know the way to the future of Berlin. Gustav will die when the time is right and, if necessary, so will Dieter. Soon both Wilhelm and Erika will belong to me.

Sire: Ilse Baensch

Nature: Plotter

Demeanor: Survivor

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1988

Apparent age: 17

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 2,

Empathy 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 1, Melee 3, Survival 4

Knowledges: Politics 3

Disciplines: Celerity 1, Potence 2, Presence 3

Background: Herd 3, Retainers 2

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

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 7

Image: Stefan's auburn hair curls tightly around his skull, just under shoulder length. He normally wears blue jeans and a heavy metal T-shirt along with his scuffed, calf-length boots. Stefan always smiles, but the smile is sarcastic, almost cruel. He is of average height and has a lean build.

Roleplaying Hints: Always seem friendly, but with an edge of danger. Smile every time you look at the characters, but challenge them with your eyes. Flirt



with female characters and never hesitate to make your words to male characters a hidden threat.

Haven: Stefan has no stable haven, and he normally sleeps in one of his Retainers' homes.

Influence: Gustav believes he understands how Stefan works, and finds him to be a more useful tool than Dieter is. Stefan is quieter and more deadly. In East Berlin Stefan's influence is strong, but on the west side he remains quiet and subservient to Dieter. Stefan is also the penultimate spy for Wilhelm, and Wilhelm takes full advantage of the bond that links Stefan to him. Stefan believes that he has free will, and he does save when Wilhelm calls.

Caitiff

A Berlin mindset is of greater value than a nice area.

— G. W. F. Hegel

Only a few of the Kindred who have come to Berlin have been foolish enough to admit to being Caitiff. These unfortunates have seldom lived long enough to regret their stupidity. There are no Caitiff in Berlin at this time — or at least none who will admit to being of thin blood.

The Kindred of Berlin hold that allowing the weaker Caitiff to live is one of the main causes of the chaos in the United States and the rest of the New World. Some believe Malkavians harbor several mongrels in their midst, but no one has been able to prove it.

Gangrel

Berliners appreciate nature, because so many pubs are located there.

— Marc Chagall

Berlin has even fewer permanent Gangrel than it does Brujah. Most decided to leave the area when West Berlin suffered its first heavy influx of Kindred some time ago. The clan members still in town, however, are powerful enough to hold their own and smart enough to remain mostly neutral in the war between the east and the west. While most have their havens on the western side of the city, all are allowed to visit the Eastern half at will — provided they present themselves to Gustav when they cross over.

Daryl Lutz (L00tz) – Feral

I had heard of the Kindred long before I ever met one. You see, my brother was Garou, and he told me much about the agents of the Wyrm. Fritz believed the Kindred all served to destroy the world in a effort to kill the great Earth Spirit Gaia. I never once doubted his word.

Then I met Ralf Keller, who came and camped with me in the woods one night as I waited for Fritz. We sat for some time, talking of nothing special, and simply killing time

while I waited. Almost an hour had passed and I was starting to relax when Ralf attacked me. The Embrace was incredible, and my becoming was like a dream, unreal in every way.

When I recovered, Ralf was gone and Lupines surrounded me. The one I recognized as Fritz was trying to convince the others of his pack that I was not like the other Kindred, for I was his brother. They would not listen. Fritz fended his pack off and told me to run. I never thought I would see him again.

Still, Fritz has managed to meet with me from time to time, teaching me the ways of the Garou and, especially, of the Gier of Ferris. As time passed, I became friends with the Garou of the Black Forest, and we came to understand each other. We work together, avoiding the other Kindred who would destroy Gaia.

When their last hunting grounds became threatened, I found them a new home in Grunewald. Ideal for the Garou, these woods near the Havel river span more than 12 square miles. The land is a preserve, untouched by humanity's need to build and protected by laws — laws I helped create. I do my best to ensure this protection, and the Garou hold their own form of Masquerade, leaving when they must and returning when all is safe again.

I am what I am as a result of fate. I may be an agent of the Wyrm, but I take comfort in knowing that I help the Lupine, so much more human than myself. All who would come to Grunewald to cause harm beware, for this is my domain. More than one has learned this the hard way, even sending Assassins who never return, or sending retainers in the daylight hours and having them come back empty handed. I walk among the Damned, but I shall never join the others who carry my curse.

Sire: Ralf Keller

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Loner



Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1910

Apparent Age: 40

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 5, Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Intimidation 3

Skills: Animal Ken 5, Melee 5, Stealth 3, Survival 4

Knowledge: Linguistics 3, Lupine Lore 5

Disciplines: Animalism 5, Celerity 3, Fortitude 4, Obfuscate 2, Potence 4, Protean 5

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Retainers 5, Status 3

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 2, Courage 5

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 8

Image: Daryl is a brutal-looking man, with a face made more for snarling than for smiling. While powerfully built, he is also only 5' 7". His hair is wild and resembles a mane, and he has a mutton chop mustache. Both the mustache and mane are flecked with gray. He normally wears loose fitting dark clothes. He looks as if he is on the edge of a Frenzy, and most of the time, he is. If the Storyteller uses *Werewolf*, note that Daryl does not register against the Sense Wyrn gift.

Roleplaying Hints: You hate Kindred, for they are all you wish you weren't. You do not destroy them on sight, but you will warn them away from your territory. Your voice is a low rumble; storm clouds gather in the distance with the echoes of thunder in your words. Your strongest desire is to protect your domain, your Retainers and your Herd. More than anything else you want to be a Garou, and you have a strong bond with the Garou leaders of the Grunewald Sept.

Haven: All of Grunewald.

Influence: The Lupine of Grunewald are Daryl's allies and family. The five eldest of these Lupine are his ghouls, and are Blood Bound to him. At the same time, the Lupine serve as his Herd, and he will protect them with his own life.

Malkavian

When der Fuehrer says we is der master race

We heil pppt, heil pppt, right in der Fuehrer's face!

— Spike Jones and the City Slickers, "Der Fuehrer's Face"

The Malkavian clan makes up the second largest coterie in the city, after the Ventrue. The members of this clan, often referred to as *Flaidermaus* (Bats), are all active in the political battle raging between east and west.

Once a week the entire clan gathers to draw straws. The Malkavian who draws the shortest straw decides which side of the battle they will join for the week. Theoretically, any vampire in town can attend and draw a straw, but most refuse to appear at these "Political Rallies." Most don't know what happens at these meetings, and the remainder fear being branded as traitors should the outcome go against their side.

From time to time, the Malkavians also join the Final Reich in its protests through town, feeling that no one should be left out of the fun that can be had. As a general rule, the clan treats everyone equally — as if they were slightly stupid and therefore deserving of Malkavian pity.

Berlin Kindred have learned not to take the insane members of this clan lightly, for the Malkavians have called their own Blood Hunts on people who offended them. Both Gustav and Wilhelm look upon the Malkavian clan as a blight that must be tolerated in Berlin. If Gustav should win the political battle, however, he will do his best to immediately remove the blight.

J. Oswald Hyde-White - Ozzy

The man told me he was none other than the original Henry Jekyll, of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Naturally, I laughed in his face. He didn't take it well.

I'm getting ahead of myself again, a nasty tendency that I just can't shake. I was in London doing a story on the Royal Family for the Tribune. The story failed to materialize for me, except as a lead on one of the many cults swimming through Britain at the time. This one had a strong difference, reportedly being run by a dead man — one Aleister Crowley.

Well, never let it be said that I was willing to let a juicy morsel like this slip away. I gave my source half of the money I had promised for good information, promised the other half upon verification, and went to the ramshackle home where he said I could find this legendary figure.

Looking around the deserted building, I finally realized someone was watching me. That someone was the man claiming to be Stevenson's character. We talked about Crowley's alleged cult, and I learned many things from the good Doctor Jekyll. Yes, there really was a cult; no, he would not tell me what the cult was called, and yes, Aleister

Crowley truly did run it. The man actually went so far as to hand me several pamphlets and a leather-bound book he claimed was one of Crowley's journals.

What I read in the pamphlets was pure hype; what I read in the journal was enough to chill my blood. The journal mentioned several hideous rituals to gods no longer worshipped in this world, and it mentioned several of the participants. One of those participants was Edward Hyde, the legendary counterpart of the man sitting across from me in the derelict house.

Jekyll pleaded with me to pass the information along to the proper authorities, explaining that he couldn't trust himself to do it, for HE might come around to stop him. Somehow, I doubted he was talking about Crowley. As if to prove me correct, Jekyll changed before my eyes. In a matter of seconds, he had become a brutal-looking man who demanded I hand the book and pamphlets back over to him.

A minute before, I had learned that Jekyll and Hyde were real people. In the next minute, I learned that vampires were real as well. Hyde attacked me, tearing at my throat with his teeth and drawing the blood from my struggling body. The feeling was indescribable — one part terror and five parts ecstasy, with a mingling of unholy rage.

I felt my life fading away. I knew I would never write my Pulitzer Prize story. Then Jekyll returned. He licked the wounds on my throat and Embraced me, giving just enough blood to bring me back from death. Even as he attempted to apologize, explaining that he just hadn't been himself, the Thirst raged up through my body. Before my sire could react, I tore into Jekyll with a vengeance, draining his body of all blood and then of his very life force. My first kill was my sire.

I panicked. I knew just as quickly as it happened that it would change my life forever. I would never be permitted to live, not if there were other Kindred here. Someone called for Hyde from another room, and images of Aleister Crowley

in all his undead glory came to my mind. I ran, for it was the only thing I could do. I fell into what I can only call a fugue state. I remember nothing of that night or of the following two nights. I only remember waking in Berlin, almost a full week later.

I know the truth now. I didn't truly kill my sires. They are here with me, occasionally allowing me to see the world in which I live. Sometimes they let me stay around for a few hours before forcing me back into the deepest recesses of my mind. At least they are polite about it, after a fashion. They always leave me letters, telling me what I have been up to in my absence. Jekyll and I correspond quite a bit these days. Hyde just lets me know who he has killed and who he has Embraced. He loves to feel my suffering.

Sire: Henry Jekyll/Edward Hyde

Nature: Martyr/ Penitent/ Bravo

Demeanor: Jester

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1965

Apparent Age: 25

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 6, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 1, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 4, Firearms 1, Melee 3, Stealth 5

Knowledges: Alchemy 4, Berlin Knowledge 2, Bureaucracy 2, Investigation 5, Linguistics 4, Occult 3, Science 2

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Dominate 3, Fortitude 5, Obfuscate 4, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 5

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 2, Courage 3

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 7

Derangement: Multiple personalities (Oswald "Ozzy" White, Jekyll, Hyde)

Image: Ozzy is a lean man in his mid-20s, with shoulder-length hair and sharp, hawkish features. He normally smiles amiably and dresses in any type of clothes that could be found in garbage heap. He always wears an opera cloak and top hat over these; and he carries an antique cane — a large silver-headed stick with a solid-lead center. He is thin and wiry, and can normally be found in any seedy part of town.

When Hyde is the dominant personality, Ozzy's Obfuscate increases his size by a solid 60 pounds of muscle. Hyde is brutal both in appearance and action. When Jekyll is the dominant personality, Ozzy's Obfuscate makes him appear slightly older and better dressed.

Roleplaying Hints: Always smile, for you have nothing in the world to fear from anyone. You are kind and considerate and always willing to lend a hand, so long



as there is no violence involved. Never hesitate to insult anyone, but always smile when you do so. Your insults should seem like the friendly banter between you and someone who has been your friend for life.

When Hyde is present, however, your insults are brutal and cut like a knife. You take flack from no one and give insults generously. Hyde smiles too, but it is the smile of a wolf in combat.

Haven: A small inn that he owns. It is run by a family he has Dominated into ignoring his existence.

Influence: Ozzy is the unofficial head of Berlin's Malkavian coterie. While he really has no influence over the clan, he does have a vote in the primogen of the west side. Ozzy normally follows the Toreador lead when it comes to voting, leaving him on good terms with the entire clan.

Persia - The Beautiful Statue

I don't remember my sire. I don't remember my life before I became what I am now. Not that it matters. Someday I will wake up from this nightmare and all of you will disappear. I will be happy again. Not that it really matters.

Sire: Thaddeus

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Child

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1944

Apparent Age: 15

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Dodge 5, Empathy 3, Streerwise 4

Skills: Etiquette 5, Stealth 4, Survival 3



Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Linguistics 5, Medicine 3

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Dominate 4, Obfuscate 3

Backgrounds: Resources 5, Retainers 1

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

Humanity: 8

Willpower: 5

Derangement: Persia lives in a fantasy world, one in which she is all alone save for the voices in her head. The voices are actually those of anyone around her.

Image: Persia is a stunningly beautiful young lady. Her auburn hair is always impeccably styled, the dark color of her skin is presumably where her name comes from and her light make-up is always flawless. She dresses in the very finest clothing and always in the latest fashions. She normally stands perfectly still for long spans of time, with her eyes focused on a distant place only she can see. As often as not, she will speak out about any subject the characters are discussing, only to ignore them if they try to speak directly to her.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a very secretive person, but you know everything that is going on in town. You never smile and you never frown. You speak in a monotone.

Haven: Ancestral home in Charlottenburg.

Influence: None, though other Malkavians look out for her, especially when she attends the "Political Rallies."

Hermann Goring - Whispers in the Night

I am Hermann Goring. No, I don't care that he is supposed to be dead. I really am Hermann Goring. Listen, I know things. I know that Hitler is still alive. I know the truth about Project Werewolf. I know that being a vampire destroyed my life.

No one asked me, you know. They just attacked me and drank me and raped me with their blood. There were three of them, laughing and carrying on as if they could possibly understand what I was about. They called me a baby killer and worse.

Before they sucked the life away from me, they carved things into my very flesh — obscene things that draw the tortured souls out of the air around me and haunt me all the time. You don't believe me. I can tell by the way you stare.

I have to leave. They still want to carve more spells into my flesh. Promise me, you must promise me that you will not tell Heinrich I am here. He knows it was I who hid the Magisches Erbe, the true magic that Adolf stole from the world. If he finds me, he'll kill me. He knows I know where Adolf is ... I must go now.

Sire: The Malkavian Coterie of Berlin.

Nature: Masochist

Demeanor: Martyr



Generation: 8th
Embrace: 1946
Apparent Age: 52
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2
Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 4, Leadership 4
Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Survival 2
Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Finance 2, Law 4, Occult 4, Politics 3
Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 1, Dominate 5, Obfuscate 3, Presence 3
Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 3, Courage 4
Humanity: 1
Willpower: 4

Derangements: Paranoia, Delusions of Grandeur, certain that all of the ghosts of all of the dead from the Second World War haunt him.

Image: Hermann is a fairly tall man with about 30 extra pounds on his frame. His age shows in his gray hair and receding hairline as well as the crow's feet around his eyes. He dresses in thread-bare, soiled, Third Reich era clothes desperately needing replacement. Physically he bears only minimal resemblance to the historical Hermann Göring. Few doubt that he is someone other than who he claims to be.

Roleplaying Hints: You are filled with nervous energy, always walking about or chewing your nails or wagging your foot. You constantly look for signs of your enemies, certain that they will destroy you if given the chance. You often try to block the accusing voices from your head by covering your ears, but to no avail.

Haven: The Devil's Mound.

Influence: In moments of lucidity, Hermann can gain great control over the Final Reich, mainly as a result of who he claims to be.

Nosferatu

*Every move you make
 Every smile you fake
 Every step you take
 I'll be watching you*

— The Police, "Every Breath You Take"

Berlin's princes hold the Nosferatu in high regard for the information they can give and for the lies they can tell the other side. Ellison, the city's Nosferatu elder, walks the dark alley with impunity, safe in the knowledge that no vampire would dare harm him. The princes would destroy anyone who removed their primary source of information. Berlin accepts the Nosferatu like no other European city does. The Kindred have no choice in the matter.

This acceptance is tenuous at best, however. Ellison and his brood realize that their influence and freedom depends on their continued ability to provide necessary information. Should a sole prince seize power, they will lose much of their stature; the clan does its very best to ensure that the cold war between the east and the west continues for as long as possible.

Ellison - The Truth in the Walls

I was born a freak in Weishaden, a small town far to the east of Berlin. Despite having one arm too short and one leg too long, I had friends and loved ones willing to overlook my deformities, but I knew no lover. Who would want to be intimate with a freak?

That all changed when Melitta Wallenberg came to my town. I only ever saw her at night — a minor inconvenience in comparison to having one so beautiful to speak with. She was a lovely woman, tall and lean and as pale as the full moon. Often we would speak for hours about the world she had seen, a world full of magic and beauty.

One night, when the moon was only a splinter in the sky, she came to my house and roused me from my sleep. Her eyes glittered with red tears and she demanded to know if I loved her. Naturally, my answer was a most emphatic yes. She asked if I would still love her if she were not as beautiful, and I immediately said yes.

With that she dropped her illusions of beauty and showed me her true face, a face worn by years of grief and pain. Part of me wanted to recoil in terror, for her skin was blue and warty and the hair on her head was as sparse as the shadowy growth of lichen in a cave of ice. But her eyes, oh her eyes, were as filled with love and sorrow as they ever had been.

Thinking of my own malformed flesh and the palsied growth fate had given me as a left arm, I reached out and held her clammy flesh close to my own. We made love as man and woman that night, and then we made love as sire and Get. She told me the truth about her, our existence, and explained that I was now one of the Damned. Better to be damned with Melitta at my side than to be assured of Heaven on my own.

The pain of transformation was excruciating, like a thousand broken bones being ground together by sadistic fiends. Melitta's love was the only thing that saved me. We left town a short time later, and I learned the truth of being Damned. Even other Kindred scorned us, certain that we were a thousand times more evil than they could ever be. What a sad and pathetic joke.

We traveled from city to city, finding adventure and danger everywhere we went, not finding a place we wanted to stay until we came to Berlin. We asked Gustav if we could remain, and he would have denied us this had it not been for Wilhelm.

Wilhelm pulled the prince aside after Gustav had laughed in our faces, and whispered lengthily in the his ear. I will never forget that kindness, whatever the hidden reason. During World War II, collapsing sewers crushed my beloved, and she has lain in torpor ever since. Someday she will awaken, and we will be together again. I know this to be true, for if she had met Final Death, I would have no reason to live.

Sire: Melitta Wallenberg

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Plotter

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1532

Apparent Age: 30

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 7



Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 7, Intelligence 5, Wits 6

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 5, Empathy 3, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 7, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Diplomacy 2, Etiquette 4, Repair 3, Security 4, Stealth 7, Survival 3

Knowledges: Berlin Knowledge 6, Bureaucracy 4, Investigation 5, Linguistics 7, Medicine 3, Occult 4, Politics 3, Sewer Lore 5

Disciplines: Animalism 5, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 6, Potence 5, Presence 5, Protean 3, Thaumaturgy 2 (Movement of the Mind 2, Weather Control 1)

Background: Retainers 3, Resources 4, Status 5

Humanity: 6

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 1, Courage 2

Willpower: 8

Image: Ellison stands well over six feet in height, with dark blue skin and warts that grow together over all of his body. His eyes seem to look in two different directions at once. His left arm is malformed, looking almost as if it were wax melted under a strong flame. His legs are also of two separate lengths, giving the illusion that he is crippled. His ears are ridiculously large and torn in several places.

Roleplaying Hints: You never speak above a whisper, constantly making people strain to hear you. You have what they want, and you will make them work for it. If insulted, you will explain the horrid mistake that the speaker has just made by ripping fingers off of their hand. You always seem calm, but full of menace. In your eyes, you are the most important figure in this town.

Haven: Berlin's sewers

Influence: Ellison has more power than even the princes realize; he has been giving accurate information to both of them for so long that they have little reason to doubt his word. Should he so desire, he could end the war with but a well-placed word in the right ear. Ellison knows practically everything that goes on in Berlin, and will tell anyone what they want to know if they can meet his price.

The Nosferatu of Berlin look to Ellison for guidance in all things, even those who run with the Final Reich.

Rasputin - The Unstoppable Fury

Yes, I am the one they have called the Mad Monk; I am the one who they swore could not die. I ruled all of Russia in my time, working through those who believed themselves in charge.

If the truth must be told, I too was but a pawn to my great mother, Baba Yaga. When she decided to sleep, I had to continue on, even without the blood she had given me to make me her ghoul. I survived for centuries, always serving her will. I even ruled the country during the last days of



World War I, before the Czar and his fools tried to kill me. They poisoned, shot, stabbed, trampled, burned and drowned me; they never had a chance.

Perhaps they would have succeeded had it not been for the aid of another of my great mother's loyal assistants, Darvlanov. Even in torpor, great Baba Yaga had influence. She ordered me saved and sired. Darvlanov and I had known each other for years, and she assisted me in creating a new identity. The time had come for me to leave Mother Russia and my great master behind.

I made my way to Germany, eventually reaching Berlin, and here I listen to the words of Ellison and obey — for now. Soon great Baba Yaga will call me, and I will go to her with all the information she requires. She has promised me great rewards for my patience, and I am certain I will be granted all that I deserve. I have but to wait.

Sire: Darvlanov

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Conformist

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1917

Apparent Age: 50

Physicals: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 1, Intimidation 3, Leadership 4, Streetwise 2

Skills: Etiquette 1, Firearms 2, Melee 5, Survival 4

Knowledge: Alchemy 3, Bureaucracy 3, Linguistics 4, Occult 4, Politics 3

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Dominate 2, Fortitude 5, Obfuscate 3, Potence 5, Presence 3, Thaumaturgy 3, (Path of Corruption 3, Spirit Thaumaturgy 2)

Background: Contacts 4, Status 3, Fame 4, Mentor 5

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

Humanity: 3

Willpower: 8

Image: Despite his Nosferatu heritage, his blue skin, his wrinkled, warty flesh, his mouth full of twisted fangs and the hideous scars that run like a map across his entire body, there is something almost magnetically appealing about Rasputin. He carries the promise of power and pleasure as if it were a nobleman's cloak. He is seductive and charismatic, though he still bears portions of his once long hair and his once magnificent beard, now long strands drooping across his chin.

Roleplaying Hints: You are of noble blood, and carry yourself as a nobleman should. Never hesitate to compliment a lady on her beauty or a gentleman on his bearing. The only obvious dislike for Kindred that you have comes from the way in which you treat the ruler Brujah. After all, look at what they did to the Motherland. You never lose your temper over the small things, and your eyes should look at every person as if they were the latest potential object of your legendary lusts.

Haven: East Berlin's sewers.

Influence: Rasputin is the only Kindred Ellison will go to for advice. As a result of careful manipulations, Rasputin holds the power to turn Ellison away from what he doesn't want discovered to what he feels should be announced. Ellison considers him a trusted ally.

Amelia – The Blood Red Tears

When I grew up in Russia, God chose those who would rule us. I served Rasputin, he who aided the Cezars in their holy mission. Then the devil spoke to the nobles, and Rasputin and I fled. I didn't question that we only traveled by night, or that I always ate alone; there was no reason for such insolence. It should have been an easy life, away from the revolutionaries and their perversion of our country's way of life.

Some things never turn out as planned. We had traveled for several weeks before the Lupines came upon us. Rasputin was fearsome and he managed to drive them away, but not before they had savaged me. He was saddened, almost certain that he was making a mistake, but he Embraced me just the same. Such passion! I had not thought it possible. He was good to me in the weeks that followed, teaching me all there was to know about my new life and helping me hunt for food.

In time we grew to be lovers as he reciprocated the love I had always felt for him. When we came to Berlin, Ellison had already made the way easier for our kind. Wilhelm, then the prince of all the city, welcomed us as friends of Ellison.

There is no beauty in Germany or Berlin. These people have never known the magnificence of my motherland. There is no true beauty in Rasputin, either, and he has all but ignored me since we arrived here. Mostly, there is no



beauty in me. All that I once was is gone, replaced by a mockery as twisted as that which destroyed Russia. Rasputin chides me, telling me to look to the future, but all I see is the past.

Sire: Rasputin

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Conformist

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1918

Apparent Age: 22

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0

Mentals: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Acting 1, Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Streetwise 2

Skills: Animal Ken 5, Etiquette 3, Stealth 4, Survival 1

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 1, Investigation 4, Linguistics 2, Medicine 2

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Obfuscate 2, Potence 4

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 4

Images: Despite Rasputin's best efforts, Amelia still bears the scars of her devastation at the claws of the Lupines. Several of her bones were shattered during the attack, and Rasputin did not have the strength to properly mend them. As a result, her bones twist at odd angles. She walks only with intense pain. Rasputin constantly gives her fine clothes and jewelry, whether as a joke or out of continued regret is known only to him. She wears expensive and beautiful evening gowns wherever she goes.

Roleplaying Hints: You carry yourself with as much dignity as your malformed body permits, and always curtsy when introduced. You never speak unless spoken to, and then only after checking with one of your other clan members. However, you are not as much timid as you are manic depressive. You are more likely to cry tears of blood than to attack another if they cause offense, but that is all right. Rasputin still watches over you, even if he has changed in recent years. Rasputin always exacts revenge for the insults tossed your way.

Haven: Anywhere that people are not.

Influence: None save the ability to call on Rasputin for defense.

Wolfgang (V00lv-Gahng) - The Maddening Laughter

You do understand, don't you? It's all a sick joke, a mockery of what life is supposed to be and what it was before the Embrace. I know Amelia only meant to comfort me when she took me, but she should have just left me to die. I suppose it never occurred to her that the freakish little dwarf had jumped down to the U-bahn's (subway's) tracks, not fallen or been pushed. It's just the way she is. She is an angel forced to bear the face of a demon from Hell.

I, on the other hand, am truly a demon. It has only been three years since she Embraced me, and already I have caused more deaths than she ever did. Ellison keeps trying to tell me I shouldn't take it all so personally. What a laugh! It's all the fault of my father's preoccupation with drugs. I'm convinced of that. Always a new experience, always a new way to expand his mind's horizons, until he had no mind left.

I know the asylum in which he lays, where they keep the giggling wreck of a man. I may let him know what it is like to have to fight the bullies every day of your life, being



pushed and kicked and beaten for being a freak. Perhaps, on a night when the mood suits me, I shall teach him what it is like to be the child of a twisted sire. Time will tell and I have all the time in the world.

I've learned the U-bahn tracks and tunnels in ways no one else has ever known them. May the Lord look out for the fools who stumble drunkenly into my territory. I might be hungry when they come, or I might just feel like hearing them scream. The others may keep their city and their sewers — the subways are mine.

Sire: Amelia

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Curmudgeon

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1990

Apparent Age: 57

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Streetwise 5

Skills: Firearms 3, Melee 4, Security 3, Stealth 3, Survival 1

Knowledges: Investigation 4, Occult 3

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Fortitude 3, Obfuscate 3, Potence 3

Virtues: Callousness 3, Instincts 3, Moral 4

Path of Power and the Inner Voice: 4

Willpower: 6

Image: Wolfgang is a short man, only a little over four feet in height, and almost as wide. His eyes never rest in one spot for more than a second, and his mouth is locked in a sneer of contempt. He wears the same clothes he wore when he was Embraced, never having bothered to change them. They are starting to fall into pieces and his shoes are long gone. What little hair there is on Wolfgang's head is stark white. The smell off his body is enough to make even other Nosferatu hold their breath.

Roleplaying Hints: You hate everyone, but you will tolerate others as long as they are courteous or have money. You have no intention of ever being picked on again, and will attempt to kill anyone who would dare try. You smile all the time, but the smile is a warning of anger, not an invitation to talk. Always leer at the women, knowing that you are the best they could hope for, always sneer at the men, knowing that they are weaker than you. The only exceptions are the elder Nosferatu and the primogen at large. You couldn't care less about the princes, for they are both weak.

Toreador

Berlin might be the only city where a genius is not regarded as a fool.

— Clemens Brentano

The Toreador of Berlin are divided in their opinions as to who should control of the city, though most lean towards Wilhelm. A few Toreador live in the eastern half of the city, where they have put up with Gustav's strict rule for a long time, convinced that the harsh environment and harsher rules they followed created the necessary anguish for their art.

The Toreador in the west also believe that their environment has led to a vast increase in their creative abilities. The clan suffers from a minor power struggle of its own which, ironically, many of them believe helps their ability to create art. For this reason above all others, the Toreador remain neutral in the battle between the princes.

As often as not, the members of this clan can be found at any of the numerous museums in the city, arguing over the diverse artistic styles that have grown and changed since the end of World War II.

Berlin's Toreador are notorious for the gossip they spread, which normally has nothing to do with the truth. The Nosferatu of Berlin have long since concluded that the Toreador, having nothing better to do during their times of "artistic block," have made gossiping their real art.

Anntoinette – She Who Watches

I have been a great fan of cinematic art since I first saw *Metropolis* when I was seven. I ran across the "man" who would become my sire at several different movie premiers. He was handsome — make no mistake of that — and he was refreshing in his opinions about the cinema.



We spent many a night discussing the nuances of the cinema and of his own sculptures while the world fell apart around us. The end of the Third Reich was upon us, but no one truly believed it could end. It was while we discussed the signs of the Reich's fall that he decided I should join him in immortality. Oh, we had discussed his vampirism on many occasions, for we had no secrets from each other. The Embrace was magical, passionate in ways that a mortal could never hope to understand. I felt that we would last forever.

The Witch-Hunters felt otherwise. One night after my Embrace, I found my beloved dead against the wall of his studio, his burnt remains still smoldering in the early evening's pale darkness. Oh, the tears I cried that night were red indeed, but not as red as what I left of the fiends who had taken my sire from me. I did not drink their vitae, for I am certain it would have tasted foul to my tortured spirit.

Of course, I made a movie of the entire event. I keep it in my private video library. It is the only film I will not watch with others.

Sire: Jacques

Nature: Perfectionist

Demeanor: Praise-Seeker

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1943

Apparent Age: 28

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 5, Alertness 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Leadership 3

Skills: Etiquette 4, Music 4, Photography 5, Repair 2, Security 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Computer 3, Finance 4, Linguistics 4, Politics 3, Science 3

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Celerity 3, Obfuscate 3, Presence 4

Background: Allies 4, Fame 2, Resources 5, Retainers 4, Herd 5, Status 4

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 9

Image: Anntoinette is beautiful and aloof. The original Ice Maiden, her hair is golden and lustrous, her figure is perfect, and her smile could stop a truck. She is charming and friendly to anyone she knows or likes or thinks might be important. Anntoinette always wears the most expensive clothes, though she sometimes goes for the "casual look" by wearing men's silk suits.

Roleplaying Hints: You never cause a guest offense, even if they were not invited. You enjoy the approval others give you, and will go to lengths to get it—unless, of course, they are being particularly annoying. When

it comes to the question of who should be the prince, the answer is obviously Wilhelm. After all, you have been lovers for the last decade.

Haven: Berlin Film Museum (Grossbeerenstrasse)

Influence: Anntoinette is the Toreador elder in West Berlin and has a seat on the Primogen. She wields a great deal of influence over Wilhelm.

Hans Vroenik (Hahnz Ver-O-Nik) - Maestro

I led the Symphony Orchestra in Berlin before the war came. After the Nazi pigs took control of the country, I fled for my life. I was Jewish, both in nationality and in belief. I still am, but no longer devoutly.

When the war ended, I came back to what had once been a fine city, only to find everything in ruins. My heart was broken, for all that had been my home was long gone. The only thing I had left to my name was my father's violin. The moment was all too beautiful, all too painful. Filled with sorrow I started to play. For three long hours I played, only stopping when the cramps in my hands forced me to do so.

To my surprise, I had gathered a crowd, and soldiers, citizens, the lost and the destitute stood around me in awe. It was the finest moment of my natural life. Unbeknownst to me, I had also attracted the attention of Anntoinette. She had heard me play from the beginning, and had listened until the very end. She almost died, you know. The sun rose only minutes after I finished my performance.

The next night she came to visit in the same area where I had played the night before, hoping to find me and convince me to join her in immortality. She didn't have to ask. I was lying near the same spot where I had played, where I had spent most of the day after I was robbed of my precious



stradivarius and left to slowly die from the knife wounds in my belly. Anntoinette carried me like a child all the way to her haven, and there she gave me her own vitae to drink.

I wept at the beauty of the moment; Antoinette wept with me. Two hour later, I had my stradivarius in my hands once again, and the blood of the swine who had taken it from me filled my body. I never have been good with words, and so I never told my sire how much she had done for me. Instead I have composed a hundred works to her glory; none of them can compare to that one Embrace, the one that lets me live to this day.

Sire: Antoinette

Nature: Perfectionist

Demeanor: Sycophant

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1947

Apparent Age: 53

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 1, Alertness 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 2

Skills: Etiquette 4, Music 5, Repair 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Finance 3, Linguistics 4, Politics 2

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 3, Presence 2

Background: Allies 2, Mentor 3, Resources 3, Retainers 3, Status 4

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 4, Courage 2

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 6

Image: Hans is a thin, sharp featured man in his early 50s with a silvery mane of hair. His brown eyes always seem to be slightly sad, even when he is smiling broadly.

Roleplaying Hints: Music is your life, and the only passion you have. If the discussion revolves around music, you are magnetic. If the subject involves art, you are interested and if it is any other subject, with the exception of Anntoinette, you couldn't really care less.

Haven: Penthouse apartment near the Berlin Symphony

Influence: Aside from Anntoinette, Hans is the leading force in how the Toreador Clan reacts to any given situation. In the world of the kine, he has a great deal of influence in Berlin's burgeoning music industry.

Thomas De Lutrius (LOO-tree-us) - The Painter in Pain

I came to Germany from New York by way of the United States Army. I was one of the lucky ones, I guess, for I never had to see the violence of the war. I only had to see the aftermath. I loved the sights I saw, and they showed me the darker side of man's world—the suffering, the anguish, the evil hidden under a friendly veneer.



When I arrived, the Wall was still years away, and the city had not yet been divided by the conquering forces. It was against regulations to do anything on guard duty but stand and look at the sights, but I had never allowed silly things like rules to stop me from doing as I pleased.

I took a small sketch pad and charcoal with me on duty whenever I had the graveyard shift. No one ever caught me. I was far too good at hiding my tools. Actually, I should say that no one human ever caught me. One of the Kindred did. He was hungry, and his attack was savage. I never had a chance.

When he was finished with me, he looked upon the work I had been sketching and I heard his voice call out in sorrow. The sweet, life-giving blood that flowed past my lips was so powerful it burned. Moments later, he ran away. I probably would have died in ignorance, if it had not been for Gustav. He dragged my weak body away from the post, ignoring my feeble pleas. Two nights later I read of my "death" in the newspapers. Apparently I had been savagely murdered and some fiend had cut off my head, hands and feet. Gustav kept me confined for several nights, feeding me his own vitae and telling me the laws that I would have to obey. He was my savior, and I have no complaints.

Sire: Johann

Nature: Avant-Garde

Demeanor: Competitor

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1947

Apparent Age: 19

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 3

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Music 2, Painting 4, Survival 3

Knowledge: Bureaucracy 2, Computer 4, Politics 2

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 2, Fortitude 2, Potence 2, Presence 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Mentor 5, Resources 2

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

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 6

Image: Thomas looks like the all-American boy he once was, with light brown hair, blue eyes, and the physique of a man just out of rigorous basic training. He normally dresses in black, reflecting his belief that all Kindred and kine are inherently evil, an argument he will immediately break into whenever possible. No matter where he is, he always carries a sketch pad and charcoal.

Roleplaying Hints: You are quiet and intense, the original "angry young man." Always let your opinion be known, and if someone should disagree, tell her in no uncertain way that she is wrong. You normally look for a good argument, but you never look for a good fight; its not that you are afraid as much as that you hate to dirty your clothes.

Haven: Thomas lives in a very nice apartment in what was East Berlin.

Influence: Thomas is the number one cause of dissension among the Toreador. He holds sway with Gustav in much the same way Anntoinette holds sway with Wilhelm, and would definitely like to see his Regnant win out. Thomas is on the East Berlin Primogen.

Tremere

*Before you judge me take a look at you
can't you find something better to do
point the finger, slow to understand
arrogance and ignorance go hand in hand*
— Metallica, "Holler Than Thou"

The Tremere have far more influence in Berlin than their limited number would indicate. Like the Nosferatu, they have access to information no one else can or will give. The Tremere also have their own goals, not the least of which is finding the hidden hoard of magical knowledge and artifacts rumored to lie buried somewhere in the city.

The Tremere remain quiet on who they want to win the battle for the fiefdom of Berlin, changing the subject if the questions get too close. Just what they feel should be done is a secret, one that they will share with only another of their clan.

Maxwell Ldescu (Mahx-Vehl Le-Desk-YU) - The Magus

I was a young boy in Vienna when my master joined other magi intent on ruling the lands now called Hungary. Fools that they were, they attempted to remove the Tremere from power, unseating them before they could gain too strong a grip on the lands. I think that I have never seen a greater mistake.

It may have been Tremere himself who led the Kindred force that savaged my master's covenant. None of the magi survived. All the apprentices, however, were taken to be thralls. I served as Retainer to one of the lesser Kindred in the clan. He was not patient, nor was he kind; he simply seemed so after the master I had previously served.

I served him faithfully and loyally for almost five centuries before I was rewarded with the Embrace. In the decades that followed, I studied the arts of Thaumaturgy, never hesitating when called to work a mission for my masters. I live to serve; I serve to live. Berlin is my reward for patience and servitude; here I have been granted ultimate power over the others of my clan who come to the city, with obvious exceptions. If all goes as planned, I shall someday rule the fiefdom as prince.

Sire: Karl Schrekt

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1882

Apparent Age: 25

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 6, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 6, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Leadership 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4



Skills: Etiquette 3, Melee 4, Security 4

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Finance 4, Law 3, Occult 5, Medicine 2, Tremere Knowledge 4

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Dominate 5, Fortitude 3, Potence 2, Thaumaturgy 6 (Lure of Flames 5, Movement of Mind 5, Spirit Thaumaturgy 3, Weather Control 3)

Rituals: Defense of Sacred Haven, Deflection of Wooden Doom, Engaging the Vessel of Transference, Blood Walk, Eyes of the Past, Shaft of Belated Quiescence, Geas, plus any others the Storyteller desires.

Background: Allies 4, Herd 4, Mentor 5, Remainers 2, Resources 4, Status 3

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

Humanity: 3

Willpower: 8

Image: Maxwell stands just under six feet in height, and is fairly average in build. Character lines that show how often he is lost in thought cover his face. His hair is dark red and his eyes are hazel. He normally wears casual clothing, and he favors blue jeans and polo shirts. He always seems very relaxed and at ease no matter who he is around.

Roleplaying Hints: You are easy going and friendly until someone noses around where they don't belong — for instance, in any of your affairs. When angered, grow cold and quiet, leaving those who have offended you knowing that they are close to certain death.

Haven: Maxwell has established carefully concealed and well-defended havens throughout both East and West Berlin. The Chantry itself is in West Berlin.

Influence: Both of princes treat Maxwell warily, but both want to please him, knowing that it may well come down to his vote one way or the other if the Primogen of West Berlin decides it is time to take matters into its own hands.

Maxwell Ldescu has taken it upon himself to watch the Final Reich. Maxwell dislikes the very idea of anarchy and anarchy, and has actually been instrumental in stopping several of the Reich's more violent demonstrations from actually breaking the Masquerade.

Heinrich Himmler – Der Fuehrer

You know most of my history if you have ever looked into a history book. I shall not bore you with all of the details. Suffice to say that I was the right hand of Adolf Hitler, and the leader of the Gestapo and the Order of the Death's Head.

Yes, I freely admit that a great number of the atrocities committed during the war were mine, but there were things I needed to learn, secrets to power I had to know. Being Prince Gustav's ghoul and the second-in-command of a powerful nation might be enough for some, but never for me.



In time I will be second to none. The fool who sired me thought he had made a great acquisition in the name of the Tremere, but that was under the belief that a Blood Bond would have any effect on me. I am unbondable. None may control my destiny but me.

I have been labeled as an anarch since I returned from my travels of the world. What a foolish concept. I am no mere anarchy, scheming to control a small group of children with delusions of grandeur. I am a beast, I am Sabbat. Or, if you prefer the formal title: I am *anitribu* Tremere.

New York proved fascinating, a world of sensory delights unknown to the fools of the Camarilla, a world where the beast roams without fear and humanity is simply another word for cattle. The Sabbat have shown me great wisdom in their ways and I have shown them a trick or two as well. With great care I shall weed out those who are useless to us, and I shall start an avalanche of conversions to the Sabbat.

Already my experiments show great progress. The Final Reich holds substantial power in the city, power that grows by the hour. The fool who claims to be Göring runs from me; terrified of what I shall do to him and terrified of what I am. I shall soon teach him what terror is, and if I should find that he truly is Göring, I may keep him as a slave. I shall give him back the glory that was once the Third Reich.

Sire: Maxwell Ldescu

Generation: 8th

Nature: Plotter

Demeanor: Conformist

Embrace: 1945

Apparent Age: 45

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 5, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 4
Skills: Drive 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Melee 2, Music 1, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Computer 3, Finance 2, Investigation 2, Law 3, Linguistics 3, Medicine 4, Occult 5, Politics 3

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Dominate 3, Presence 5, Thaumaturgy 5 (Gift of Morpheus 5, Summons of the Spirit Servitor 4, Movement of the Mind 3, Verdant Favor 3, Lure of Flames 2, Path of Torture 1), Vicissitude 3

Rituals: Principle Focus of Vitae Infusion, Defense of Sacred Haven, Cloak of Blood, Ritual of Darkness, Ward Versus Lupine, Haunted House, Noncorporeal Passage, Power of the Invisible Flame, Recure of the Homeland, Summon Guardian Spirit, A Touch of Nightshade

Background: Allies 1, Herd 1, Resources 3, Mentor 4

Virtues: Callousness 5, Instincts 3, Morale 4

Path of Death and the Soul: 8

Willpower: 10

Notes: Himmeler's powers and abilities are among the most diverse of any ancilla, and there are few limits to what he can do ... but he knows better than to use them. Most of these powers are unique to the Sabbat, and both princes would hunt him down if they thought he had joined this sect.

Image: If anyone is lucky—or foolish—enough to see Himmeler, he is an unremarkable man in his mid-40s with graying hair and light brown eyes. His stance and his presence are all that will alert people to how dangerous he is. Himmeler almost never smiles; and when he does, it is a challenge. Being an accomplished actor, he has little or no difficulty in hiding his true feelings, and if he deems it necessary, he can be a charming man. To anyone he doesn't know, he introduces himself as Frederick Werther.

Roleplaying Hints: Normally quiet, but if engaged in conversation your comments are short and succinct. You defer in all ways to Edescu, pretending to be paying penance for having run away after the Embrace.

Influence: Through Dieter Kotlar, Himmeler has control over the Final Reich. He is also the leader of the Sabbat in Berlin. Himmeler is completely unbondable, and even the Vaulderie of the Sabbat has had no effect on him. Due to this fact, the symbol that normally appears on the brow of Tremere *antiviribus* is not present on Himmeler. No other Tremere have reason to suspect that he is of the Sabbat.

Ventrue

*And all I gave her was everything
I know she gave me all that she was
And now my bitter hands
shake beneath the clouds
Of what was everything*

— Pearl Jam, "Black"

The Ventrue involve themselves in every political battle raging in Berlin, fighting amongst themselves over who would truly be the best prince for the city. Each Ventrue is under the secret belief that he could rule best.

The clan has come to thrive on the cloak and dagger war that runs through the city. Most live on the western side, but have strong memories of Gustav as a powerful leader who never allowed the riffraff of other, lesser clans into Berlin.

Sadly, they also realize that a great deal of the financial success of the city is due in no small part to Wilhelm's more radical beliefs in modernization. The largest problem facing the clan is what to do about this rift in the city's security. Most believe, wrongly, that if the situation is ended they could petition for the meetings of the Camarilla to be held in Berlin. This would end the perceived problems arising from having the Inner Circle meet in Venice, the home of the Giovanni.

The Ventrue remain torn as to who is the rightful prince, but are growing more desperate to end the conflict. Their greatest fear is that a Justicar might come to town and call a conclave; what if the Justicar should open the vote to the Kindred populace at large rather than just to the Primogen? With the strong number of Malkavians in town, the very real threat of an insane prince hangs over all their heads. More likely, the Justicar would bring in a new prince who would prove unacceptable to everyone.

Gustav Breidenstein – The Iron Fist

My Sire was wise in her ways, swift in punishment and reward alike. Still, she failed to see the future of the Germanic States in the proper light. Anyone with vision could see that this land should be the center of civilization.

Naturally I could see that changes had to be made if Berlin was going to be the future seat of power. Prussia was small, and by itself weak, but a unified Germany with Berlin as its brain ... ah, that would be a fine sight indeed. Most Ventrue, in my experience, have a tendency to discuss every single aspect of a plan until they can no longer see the forest for the trees. My sire had that problem; I did not. So I killed her.

No one could ever prove that I caused her demise. Anyone foolish enough to exclaim about such an atrocity was, of course, punished severely. I always felt that that

preening fool Wilhelm suspected the truth. If so, he was wise enough not to say anything. My trials and tribulations have been many, but I prevailed just the same. Has any other prince controlled a Domain for as long or as well as I? I think not. I am stronger of will and harsher in discipline than most, and this is a necessity.

I unified Germany and made the country great through my ministrations. Berlin became the seat of power for the country, just as I had always planned. Other princes have proved themselves to be weak, lacking in the discipline necessary to control the larger populations of Kindred that come with the larger populations of kine. While other Domains suffered from sporadic chaos, Berlin was ruled under the strictest of laws.

I never felt I was too harsh in my judgments. Present yourself to the prince when you come to town; I rewarded those who failed with Final Death. Honor Elysium; again, the punishment for failing in this simple task was Final Death. Keep the Masquerade or suffer the same penalty. Seldom were any foolish enough to ignore my laws. Minor infractions were not so heavily penalized; a simple Blood Bond was all the punishment required.

It was the upstart, Wilhelm, who caused my reign to end. He felt I was too harsh, that my rules were unkind. So what if I refused to let the members of other clans live in my city? They are chaotic and weak, and should not be allowed to exist in the first place. I should never have listened to the fool when he finally convinced me to allow the other clans access to my city. He would never have wrested power from me had I continued to ignore his pleas. Times have been harsh in the last century. My Berlin has been halved and crushed. But that is over now, for there is only one city and it will be mine.



I built this city from a hovel in the woods into the metropolis it is now. I built this city with my planning and careful manipulation of the kine. In a very real way, I am Berlin.

Sire: Ilse Reinegger

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Architect

Generation: 5th

Embrace: 1220

Apparent Age: 28

Physical: Strength 8, Dexterity 6, Stamina 7

Social: Charisma 6, Manipulation 7, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 6, Wits 6

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 4, Brawl 6, Dodge 3, Intimidation 8, Leadership 6, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 4, Firearms 2, Melee 6, Music 1, Security 5

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Finance 2, Investigation 2, Law 4, Linguistics 3, Politics 5, Science 1

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 3, Dominate 7, Fortitude 6, Obfuscate 3, Potence 4, Presence 6

Background: Allies 4, Influence 4, Resources 5, Retainers 7, Status 5

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

Humanity: 2

Willpower: 9

Notes: Gustav's two extra levels of Dominate allow him to Dominate people with a touch and to Dominate more than one person at a time. His extra level of Presence lets him instill his targets with a sense of purpose and duty; as long as they follow his wishes, they find many difficulties (especially for Röttschreck) reduced.

Image: A stocky man in his late 20s, Gustav's life prior to the Embrace was harsh, and he looks much older, closer to 40 than 30. His hair and his eyes are both the same steely gray. His brutish features reveal nothing that is vaguely friendly to any but his closest associates or the people he feels could be useful. Still, his smile is contagious when he deems to use it. Additionally, the stains of diablerie no longer mar his aura.

Roleplaying Hints: You never give anything away about how you really feel. The only time you smile is when it would be in your best interest to do so. Do your best to intimidate anyone who tries to question you. You are the best thing that ever happened to Berlin and the world at large, and you know it.

Haven: Berlin Palace

Influence: East Berlin contains no Kindred who are not completely loyal to Gustav... at least publicly. Any Kindred Gustav perceived as being less than loyal are Blood Bound to him, in exile or dead. Naturally, the average East Berlin vampire agrees with Gustav in all

things — at least publicly. West Berlin still has many who recall the lesser chaos of Gustav's reign, and toy with supporting him in his personal Jihad against Wilhelm. All the Brujah in Berlin support Gustav.

Wilhelm Waldburg – The Prussian

I still don't think most Kindred understand: I love Gustav as a father and a friend. I just don't believe he is fit to rule Berlin. He has lost his ability to rule effectively.

It is true that Gustav sired me, and it is true that we once shared a Blood Bond. But those days are long past. Gustav's continuing manipulations of the Germanic states caused more death and destruction in these parts than could be tolerated. You have no idea how difficult it was for me to remove him from office — not because he is more powerful than I, which he is, but because his "abdication" caused him great pain and I suffered his loss as my own.

His anger at my betrayal has caused me endless nights of grief. It is not easy to betray one's own sire, but I had to for the benefit of the city. Berlin has prospered under my rule. I have watched the city grow in stature and in strength until it is barely recognizable as the city it was a mere five decades ago. I take pride in the accomplishments I and the Primogen have brought to Berlin. Who wouldn't?

It was as much of a surprise to me as it was to anyone that the Wall came down, and I've heard many a rumor as to the truth about why it occurred. Personally, I've little desire to discover if the rumors are indeed fact. I will leave that task to the Brujah. Whatever the reason, I simply cannot allow Gustav to be the prince on a unified Berlin; he would bring us to another World War if he had his way. His ability to hold a grudge is legendary, and the proof is there for all to see.

Gustav is a mad man. He claims to have his own primogen that elected him into office. If so, I have yet to see its members. Perhaps they were among the Brujah who never returned from their trip to Russia. This city is mine, and I intend to see that it stays that way.

Sire: Gustav Breidenstein

Nature: Mediator

Demeanor: Judge

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1440

Apparent Age: 32

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 7, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Empathy 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Intimidation 3, Leadership 5, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Drive 5, Etiquette 5, Firearms 4, Melee 4, Music 4, Survival 4

Knowledge: Bureaucracy 5, Computer 3, Finance 5, Investigation 1, Law 5, Linguistics 6, Politics 3, Science 2

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 2, Chimerstry 3, Dominate 5, Fortitude 6, Obfuscate 2, Potence 3, Presence 6, Protean 3

Background: Allies 6, Influence 5, Resources 5, Retainers 4, Status 5

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

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 9

Notes: Wilhelm's extra level of Presence allows him to diffuse any hostility those around him may feel. Anyone taking aggressive actions while Wilhelm uses these powers must spend Willpower and deal with higher difficulties. They also feel an amazing sense of peace.

Image: The perfect Ventrue, Wilhelm has bright blue eyes in a slightly round face that smiles easily and dazzles all who see it. He is strong in feature and handsome to the eye. He dresses in the finest clothing, and never is a crease out of place.

Roleplaying Hints: You always smile. You could discuss the most atrocious of crimes with a Nosferatu fresh out of his sewer haven, and you would never lose your grin. As far as you are concerned, personal feelings don't matter in the least — this is politics.

You treat everyone as a long lost friend and show passionate interest in everything they have to say. You try to be everyone's best friend. You never insult anyone publicly or privately, for the world has too many ears.

Haven: Charlottenburg Castle

Influence: Wilhelm maintains at least friendly terms with every Kindred he encounters, and has no hesitation to actually step into the sewers to chat with a Nosferatu or two. With the exception of East Berlin, his influence is astonishing. While most of the clans have



remained neutral in the Berlin cold war, many will confide among friends that they support Wilhelm to win.

Nichole - Passion's Kiss

I was born in Berlin at the end of World War II, carved from the cooling flesh of a mother killed by Russian bullets. The orphanage named me after the man who saved me. Sergeant Nicholas Sothorby of the British Army. It really isn't very surprising that there was no one to adopt a child in those days, even one as lovely as I.

By the time I was 15, I no longer wanted to remain at the orphanage; the custodians had started looking at me in ways that made me uncomfortable. I ran away, straight out into the streets and straight into the hands of Rutgar Loder. Rutgar was a handsome man, well educated and wealthy beyond my wildest dreams. He was also a procurer of attractive young ladies: a pimp. He ran a respectable business, and our customers were normally kind and caring, if a little crude in technique. Rutgar taught me what to be wary of and how to handle myself.

From time to time I had seen Rutgar with several people to whom he showed complete deference, and I wondered about them. One fine young man who never seemed to age during the seven years I worked for Rutgar stood out. I found him enchanting, a delight to see and a pleasure to speak with. His name was Wilhelm Waldburg, and I found out only much later that he was the Prince of West Berlin.

By the time I was 22, he and I had become occasional lovers, loving in the way of Kindred and Retainer. Never was there a finer lover in all of Berlin. I would have been content to serve him for all time simply as a Retainer, but the world seldom allows us to have satisfaction for very long.

A Malkavian attacked me one night as I was returning to my apartment. He was a terrifying sight and a beast in his actions. With no hesitation at all, he tore my throat from me and gobbled eagerly at my blood. I would have died, had it not been for a visiting American Kindred.

Perfectly calm and cool, she lifted my dying form from the ground and licked the blood away from my throat. She stared at the surrounding crowd of people, made smaller by the few who gave chase to the Malkavian, and calmly explained that all had been done for the creation of a movie in America. Some of the crowd did not believe her, and as I was dying, she saw no alternative. She quickly slit her own wrist and forced blood into my throat.

The sensation was a thousand times more intense than the blood given me by the Prince. Take it from one who knows, the Embrace makes simple Retainership seem a hollow promise. Had I been anyone but the Prince's part-time lover, had the circumstances been more public and my sire not able to explain away this violation of the Masquerade, I believe that she and I would certainly have been destroyed.

Wilhelm understood immediately that what she had done was necessary, and he spared her life. He permitted me to live only because of our past relationship. My time as his Retainer had assured a solid bond between us, and my sire acknowledged my desire to stay in Berlin, realizing that in her position as an Archon, she would likely have been punished severely for bringing me with her when she left.

We still write, telling each other of all that has passed, and occasionally we talk on the phone. She is my finest friend, Prince Wilhelm my finest lover, and Rutgar never has complaints from my clients.

Call me a member of the Damned if you must, but my life is wonderful, even after my death.

Sire: Jessica Morrow

Nature: Bon Vivant

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1991

Apparent Age: 22

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Streetwise 4

Skills: Diplomacy 2, Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Seduction 4

Knowledges: Berlin Knowledge 3, Bureaucracy 3, Finance 2, Law 1, Medicine 3

Disciplines: Dominate 2, Potence 1, Presence 2

Backgrounds: Mentor 3, Contacts 3, Resources 3

Virtues: Conscience 5, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Humanity: 8

Willpower: 6



Images: Nichole always dresses to kill in the very latest fashions. Her thick black hair and blue eyes assure her all the attention she could ever want. While outgoing and friendly, Nichole never forces attention on herself and will normally ignore crude suggestions from characters.

Roleplaying Hints: You love the unlife you live, free from the worries of growing old and free from the worries of abusive clients. You would never tell someone that you are a cull girl, but you would take any serious offer of monetary compensation under consideration. You love, above all else, to flirt incessantly with anyone who looks like they could enjoy the flirtation; yes, even Nosferatu.

Haven: Penthouse apartment in West Berlin

Influence: Minor in Berlin, but being the friend of an Archon has its advantages. Because of the circumstances of her Embrace, she has less influence with Wilhelm than one might think.

Peter Kleist (Kilist) - The Protector

I was born in Berlin, long before the Great Wars and the multiple unifications of Germany. My ancestors came to this area from the Hamburg region years before I was born, and soon grew to prominence as tailors to the wealthy.

In time, my family grew rich enough to associate with those whom it once merely served. One of my dearest friends when I was growing up was my father's best friend, Gustav Breidenstein. I remember being bounced on the man's knee as a child, and I remember his presence at my wedding.

That he never seemed to age was of no consequence. Many were stout and sturdy in that day, unlike myself. I was always sick and weak.

I had only been among the kine for 25 years when Gustav Embraced me. He had no need of more Kindred. Certainly not. Rather, I was Embraced as a favor to my father. I took offense at what a young soldier had to say about my fiancée, and I challenged the man to a formal duel. Foolishly, I believed that the man would act honorably, simply because he was a soldier. I should have known better, for the man was positively Brujah in his attitudes.

It is true that I was always frail, but that did not hinder my abilities as a swordsman, and my father had spared no expense in getting me the finest tutors. This corporal in the Royal Army had no true skill, and I believe he may even have been surprised to find himself losing to me. He took losing poorly, and used a tactic more becoming a peasant than a soldier; he threw dirt in my eyes.

While I was still wiping away the grit, he opened my throat with his sword. Revenge came no sooner to me than death; his own commander separated his head from his neck for showing such appalling manners.

My father was one of the few among the kine to know the truth of Gustav's nature. Upon seeing me so dishonored, he dragged my body into the back of the family carriage and presented me to Gustav, begging like a pauper, asking that he spare my life.

Gustav was in rare form on that night, and eagerly agreed to Embrace me. All it cost my father was the hand of my beloved sister, Willamina. My father did not hesitate, and my sister was sworn to a man she had never liked and certainly never loved. The day before the wedding, when she discovered his true nature, she killed herself. Being Kindred, and by that time Blood Bound to Gustav as were all of his Get, I was made to extract the revenge Gustav demanded.

I was made to kill my own family before his eyes. The power Gustav held over me, through the power of his own mind and of the Blood Bond, was all the prince needed to make me do his bidding.

I have never forgiven him. The day will come when Gustav will know my wrath. Should he become Prince of all Berlin, then it will be my pleasure to do the honorable thing and call him for a formal Blood-Duel. Should he fail in his attempts to wrest the city from Wilhelm, so much the better. I shall personally drive the stake that holds his writhing form in place. I shall hold his ashes in a golden urn, and I shall hide that urn where it most belongs — in a chamber pot, with the other refuse. For my pledge of support, Wilhelm has promised me that it will be so.

I trust Wilhelm; he is my Prince.

Sire: Gustav Breidenstein

Nature: Honest Abe

Demeanor: Caregiver

Generation: 6th

Embraced: 1757

Apparent Age: 30



Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Athletics 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 2, Streetwise 3
Skills: Drive 4, Etiquette 3, Firearms 4, Melee 7, Repair 2, Security 5, Survival 4
Knowledges: Berlin Knowledge 4, Bureaucracy 3, Law 4, Politics 4, Linguistics 5
Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Herd 3, Mentor 4, Resources 4, Retainers 2, Status 3
Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Dominate 1, Fortitude 4, Potence 3, Presence 3, Protean 2
Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 3
Humanity: 4
Willpower: 7

Notes: Peter carries a heavy pistol for use on anyone who might try to trouble the prince or his guests. He also carries a Flare gun for the same reason.

Flare Gun: Difficulty 8, Damage 2 (Aggravated), Rate 1, Clip 1, Conceal P

Image: Peter is a fairly short man with a pale face and a bounce in his step. His hair and eyes are both dark brown. Peter's stylish clothing always seems to suit him, and he always gives a firm hand shake to anyone he meets.

Roleplaying Hints: Smile a lot. You're here to show these strangers what a great town Berlin is and what a great person Wilhelm is. You never have a bad thing to say about anyone in the west, but the Kindred of East Berlin are fair game. You never use bad language, for fear of offending one of the Prince's guests. Still, you have a hot temper and, as a result, have spent a good deal of time in torpor. When it comes to Wilhelm and his safety, you are fanatical.

Influence: Peter Kleist is the right hand of Wilhelm and, as such, has a great deal of influence. Peter has never abused this position, but the temptation is always there. Peter is the interpreter and liaison for the Prince of West Berlin, as well as his main bodyguard. Peter makes a point of seeing that all guests to the West are treated very well. If a stranger in town asks a favor of Wilhelm, and if Wilhelm decides to grant that favor, it is Peter who makes all necessary arrangements.

Katarina Kornfeld (Kaht-ar-REEN-ah) – The Sentinel of the East

During the final days of the hated Inquisition, I was born the bastard child of one of the very priests who so desired the end of the Kindred. My mother was to be one of Gustav's servants in that time, and a servant she did indeed become, but only after I was born. In those days, Gustav was constantly on the move, constantly leaving for other parts as the Camarilla came into existence. He often boasted of



how powerful the Camarilla would be and how they would one day crush the Inquisition and the Church, gathering revenge for all that the upstart kine had destroyed.

Throughout my mortal life I heard stories of the retribution to come; and as was my nature, I asked questions of the man I knew only as Gustav. To his credit, the Prince of Berlin answered my questions about Kindred life truthfully and enthusiastically.

It was on my 21st birthday that I learned the reasons for his honesty with me; he offered me the opportunity to join him in the life of the Kindred. I accepted immediately. My Embrace was delirious; passions rose in waves through my body and seemed to last for an eternity. I had never experienced such pleasures; I know I shall never experience them again.

The one thorn in my side was Wilhelm Waldburg. The right hand of Gustav seemed to loathe my existence, claiming that I was a mockery of what a true Ventrue should be. Gustav ignored his obnoxious remarks, but I could not.

After long centuries of the same abusive remarks, I swore that I would gain my vengeance. I saw my chance when the overthrow of Gustav became a reality. Like so many, I had long had a bond with Gustav. Unlike the others, I used the bond to my advantage. As Gustav roamed the continent, looking for allies in his attempts to regain Berlin, I remained in the city and communicated with my sire whenever it was safe, letting him know what was happening and when it would be safe to return.

With the rise of the Nazi party, I used the kine over whom I had influence to assist me in bringing back the only true Prince of Berlin. Gustav was grateful for my loyalty; he promised me the head of Waldburg to do with as I would. I know that, in time, that promise shall be kept.

Sire: Gustav

Nature: Plotter

Demeanor: Competitor

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1507

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physicals: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 7

Social: Charisma 6, Manipulation 6, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 6

Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 6, Leadership 2, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 3, Etiquette 6, Firearms 5, Melee 4, Music 3, Riding 4, Seduction 6

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Finance 2, Law 4, Linguistics 5, Politics 5

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Celerity 1, Dominate 4, Fortitude 6, Obfuscate 3, Presence 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Herd 7, Influence 3, Resources 5, Retainers 4, Status 4

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 8

Image: Katarina is a short brunette with a lean and underdeveloped body. Her face is unremarkable, or would be if she had not become adept in the use of cosmetics years ago. As often as not, she can be found wearing a tailored business suit.

Haven: Berlin Palace

Roleplaying Notes: Never has a Kindred existed who was quite as proficient at being friendly to everyone. You never have anything bad to say about any Kindred or kine. You also never forgive any slights. You simply wait for the proper time to handle the revenge, even if it takes centuries.

Influence: Gustav protects her, but downplays much of her abilities. Katarina ignores his obvious sexism, and has set about making herself influential with East Berlin's old leaders and rising business class.

The Sabbat

Berlin is not a city at all. It is only a place where some people, many of them inspired, meet, who do not care about the place.

— Heinrich Heine

Other than Heinrich Himmler (Tremere) and Wolfgang (Nosferatu), both of whom masquerade as Camarilla Kindred, there are presently six Sabbat in Berlin. This group is actively looking for recruits.

Beauregard Krueller (Kru-Lerr) - Heckler

I am a native German, and lived here until I turned five. That was when the mess started in Berlin, when Hitler and the rest of his filth came to power. My parents decided leaving the country would be a good idea.

Oh, we had a grand time, fleeing through Europe and making our way to America. By the time the war ended, I had decided that I would be like Jack Benny or Bob Hope. I decided that I would be a comedian. The only barrier to my plans was the fact that I was not funny.

I went to every night club I could find in the Big Apple, and I listened to every comedian in the city, waiting for the inspiration that would elevate me to a level of mastery that would have them all laughing when I went on stage. And when I knew I was ready, I attempted to keep the audience laughing. I failed. Not only once or twice, but for the next three years, on countless stages and with countless audiences.

Then I found a way to make the audiences laugh. I stayed in the darkness, I stayed in the crowds, and I tossed insults at the people so much funnier than myself. As often as not, the crowds laughed with me, not with the comic on stage. It was exhilarating. It was all I had ever hoped for.



It was also what made my sire decide I deserved the Embrace. One night, after devastating the crowd with my wit, after heckling my way through a dozen or more amateur comedians, a beautiful woman approached me. She said she could appreciate true art, and that what I could do was just that.

When she said she wanted me to come to bed with her, I did. I'm no fool. We made love for hours — well, it certainly seemed that way at least — and I went to sleep in her arms. When next I awoke, I was in a dark, confined area. At first I panicked, afraid to be where I was. Then I was just hungry. I pushed for a long time at the darkness, and then the darkness poured in on me. It took me a while to figure out I was in a coffin now filled with dirt.

When I finally got out of the hole, there was my new sweetheart. In her arms were my parents. There were a lot of other people around too, but they weren't important. Well, to make a long story short (I know, I know, too late!) I fed on my parents, and got to know all about the Sabbat. My sire (I would tell you her name if I could remember it) explained that my art should never be allowed to die, and with the Sabbat it would never have to.

Ain't life grand? Why am I back in Germany? Well, because Heiney — that's Heinrich — asked me to come with him!

Sire: Mary "The Mad Chainsaw Momma" Blake

Clan: Malkavian *antitribu*

Generation: 11th

Nature: Jester

Demeanor: Jester

Embrace: 1962

Apparent Age: 30

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 5, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Melee 2, Music 1, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Computer 3, Finance 2, Investigation 2, Law 3, Linguistics 3, Medicine 4, Occult 5, Politics 3

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 2, Dementation 4, Obfuscate 3, Vicissitude 1

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Mentor 2

Virtues: Callousness 3, Instincts 2, Morale 4

Path of Harmony: 4

Willpower: 7

Image: Just your average looking bum — hair too long, clothes too ratty and pockets too empty. His unkempt long hair is red, his eyes are brown, and his freckles stand out against his horribly pale skin. Beauregard never stops smiling.

Roleplaying Hints: Always remember that it is all a joke. Nothing in this world should be taken seriously, unless of course it's a joke. Because jokes are no joking matter.

Influence: None

Frank Litzpar — (Litz-Parr)

There are some mistakes that are unforgivable. For me that means some things should be punishable by death. That is why I killed my sire. Making me into what I am now was his last mistake.

Indigo believed there should be peace among the races, that there should be no prejudice. I believed as I have always believed: the Aryan race is superior, and all others should be subservient or dead.

There was a riot along the Ku'damm, and all was going as it should. We had people joining our forces, foreigners running in fear and some even trying to fight back. We were winning and the feeling was glorious. Then I hit one of the Paki's hard enough to make her fall to the ground, hard enough to crack her thick skull like an egg.

The girl I killed had a friend named Indigo. Indigo pulled me off the streets and into the sewers before I could even scream. Indigo thought he was something special. He showed me his real face and told me that the sow I had killed was his lover. How anyone could love something that ugly is beyond me. I told Indigo how I felt, in no uncertain terms.

Indigo Embraced me to show me the "error of my ways." I never told Indigo that Erika Geiger was my Mentor. He never expected that I already knew about the Kindred. Erika told me to always be prepared for Kindred interference. She said that as one of her Retainers I had to be armed for combat and ready to defend her. So I just pulled the stake from my jacket and rammed it through the blue bastard's heart. Then I fed.



I didn't know then that I was being watched. The sound of clapping surprised me. Another of the blue freaks was standing in the sewer and applauding what I had done. Wolfgang forced me to go with him, and there was nothing I could do. He never said a word until we were both in the presence of Heinrich Himmler, and even then he said very little.

He let the Fuehrer do all the talking. Now I know the truth; I know the lies Erika taught me. I know the lies her sire taught her. She suffers the Blood Bond, but I know a way to fix that. Soon Erika will be with me.

I can hide the way I look, and she need never know that I am Nosferatu. I think Erika will join me when she knows the truth about great Himmler. She will like the Sabbat.

Sire: Indigo

Clan: Nosferatu *antitribu*

Generation: 10th

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Survivor

Embrace: 1992

Apparent Age: 17

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 1

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 1, Melee 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Occult 1, Investigation 2, Politics 3

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 3, Potence 2

Background: Allies 3, Mentor 2

Virtues: Callousness 4, Instincts 5, Morale 3

Path of Cathari: 2

Willpower: 6

Image: Frank Litzbar is lean and well muscled under the layers of dark-blue hide. He has never had much by way of hair, and what little is left has gone stark white. Frank wears the same sort of skinhead-favored clothes he wore when he was just a retainer in the Final Reich, and is careful to leave the large swastika tattoos on both of his arms uncovered.

Roleplaying Hints: Scowl a lot, listen carefully, and if anyone disagrees with the Final Reich's philosophies, argue with him or kill him.

Influence: Frank is rapidly developing a following among the younger Nosferatu and among the Brujah. He is also among Dieter Kotlar's favored Kindred, and Dieter is secretly awed by Frank's fervor.

Tonio Borrelli

I hate Italy. I was born there and I was sired there as well—in Venice, of all places—but I never liked the area or the people. So, when Heinrich Himmler asked me if I would come to Germany, to the area where he would someday rule, I said yes. My sire met his final death during World War II, but before he died, he told me the truth about the Nazi party, told me how it was going to change the world.

I understand just how risky what we're doing is, but it's something that has to be done. The Kindred must come away from the influence of the Antediluvians if we are going to rule the cattle of this planet. I will help my Kindred learn the way.

Sire: Pietro Costanza

Clan: Brujah *antitribu*

Generation: 12th

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Confidant

Embrace: 1943

Apparent Age: 21

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Virtues: Callousness 4, Instincts 2, Morale 2

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Intimidation 3, Leadership 1, Subterfuge 1, Streetwise 2

Skills: Firearms 3, Melee 3, Survival 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Linguistics 3, Politics 3

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

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Mentor 2

Path of Caine: 4

Willpower: 6



Image: Tonio tries to fit in a little too hard. He wears the clothes of a skinhead and an anarchy, but he wears them with obvious discomfort. His skin is fairly light, and he has brown hair and eyes.

Roleplaying Hints: Work hard to make everyone understand that you are their friend, even if you hate them. The simple fact is that they just don't realize the error of their ways. They must come to understand that the Camarilla is a ruse.

Influence: None

Bloodfeud

I don't think the time is right for taking over the city, but it's getting closer. I wouldn't miss this for the world. When Heckler approached me about joining the Sabbat in Berlin, I jumped at the chance. Just like when he Embraced me. So much blood, and all of it will be mine to shed before this is over.

Sire: Heckler

Clan: Malkavian *antitribu*

Generation: 12th

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Deviant

Embrace: 1993

Apparent Age: 37

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 1, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 1, Melee 2, Survival 4, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Linguistics 1

Disciplines: Dementation 1, Obfuscate 2, Protean 2

Background: Allies 3, Mentor 2



Virtues: Callousness 5, Instincts 4, Morale 2

Path of Power and the Inner Voice: 1

Willpower: 9

Image: Just picture your average homicidal maniac, complete with glazed eyes and busted straight jacket. Bloodfeud appears to be a really nice guy — until he looks at you. Bloodfeud is gaunt to the point of emaciation, and slightly shorter than average.

Roleplaying Hints: You want to kill, kill, kill! But you understand the need to wait. Normally you should seem on the edge of a frenzy.

Influence: None

Illyana Dmitju – Witch (Illyana De-meet-Ju)

I am of the Rom, and until last year I could not walk Berlin without fear. The skinheads made that impossible. Oh, I could handle myself well enough, for I was a ghoul and that allows a certain amount of protection. But I certainly was not accepted. Now I have friends and I can move around without fear of being killed by the racist pigs. Now I can kill them if they bother me.

I had just fed on my master's vitae when the skinheads attacked. They were in a riot of anger and they stabbed me until I was close to death. I can only guess that my master's blood was enough to keep me alive. My master is gone now, for he was only passing through Berlin on his way to our home in the Balkans. I don't know why the Sabbat chose to take me in after I dug my way out of the grave, but they did, and I will run with my pack when they need me.

Sire: Bardto Cermak

Clan: Trzimisce

Generation: 10th

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Caregiver

Embrace: 1992

Apparent Age: 18

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Athletics 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 4

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Melee 1, Music 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Finance 2, Investigation 2, Law 1, Linguistics 4, Medicine 2, Occult 3, Politics 2

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 2, Potence 1, Vicissitude 2

Background: Allies 1, Mentor 2

Virtues: Callousness 2, Instincts 4, Morale 3

Path of Caine: 3

Willpower: 6



Image: Illyana is a very attractive young girl, and usually dresses in typical middle-class clothing. She has a great fondness for blue jeans and men's button-up shirts.

Roleplaying Hints: You are quiet and pleasant, but you really don't like very many people. You acknowledge that some of your pack members are skinheads — the very type of racists that brought about your death — but as long as they do not cause you too much grief, you won't pull their faces off of their skulls.

Influence: None

Charice Fontaigne

I am from Paris, and the Toreador of Paris are not as calm as they are here in Berlin. My haven and my pack were destroyed last year. I was fortunate to be out of town on



business when the attack occurred. Paris was no longer safe for me. I had left too much information at my haven, information that would have led to my destruction at the hands of Francois Villon and his ilk.

Almost anything is possible when one has enough money. It was a simple matter to create a new identity among the mortals, and it was even easier to lie about my name and sire to the Kindred here. I simply said that I was from America, and the rest was easy. No one in Europe cares much for the weaker Kindred of the United States, unless they are planning to visit there themselves.

Sire: De Sade

Clan: Ventrue *antimbu*

Generation: 9th

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Embrace: 1804

Apparent Age: 32

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Intimidation 5, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 5, Firearms 2, Melee 1, Music 4, Survival 5

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Computer 2, Finance 5, Investigation 3, Law 5, Linguistics 5, Medicine 2, Politics 3

Disciplines: Dominate 5, Fortitude 4, Presence 5, Potence 3

Background: Allies 3, Mentor 2, Resources 5

Virtues: Callousness 5, Instincts 4, Morale 5

Path of Power and the Inner Voice: 8

Willpower: 9

Image: Charice is a stunning redhead, very petite and always impeccably dressed in a business suit. If she must "slum it" with the rest of the pack, she dresses in designer jeans. Charice still affects false birthmarks as a sign of beauty.

Roleplaying Hints: You may be Sabbat, but first and foremost you are Ventrue. Never hesitate to let someone know when they have offended you. Frankly, half of the people you know offend you simply by existing.

Influence: She is slowly gaining amongst the younger Ventrue in Berlin, making Himmler suspicious.

Others

How close are some of the dead to us. How dead are so many alive.

— Wolf Biermann, *Der Hugenottenfriedhof*

Berlin has a few oddities who make themselves known from time to time. Setites, Assamites, Giovanni, Daughters of Cacophony—all have appeared in the city. Most notable among these unique visitors are the creatures that call themselves the Brothers Grimm.

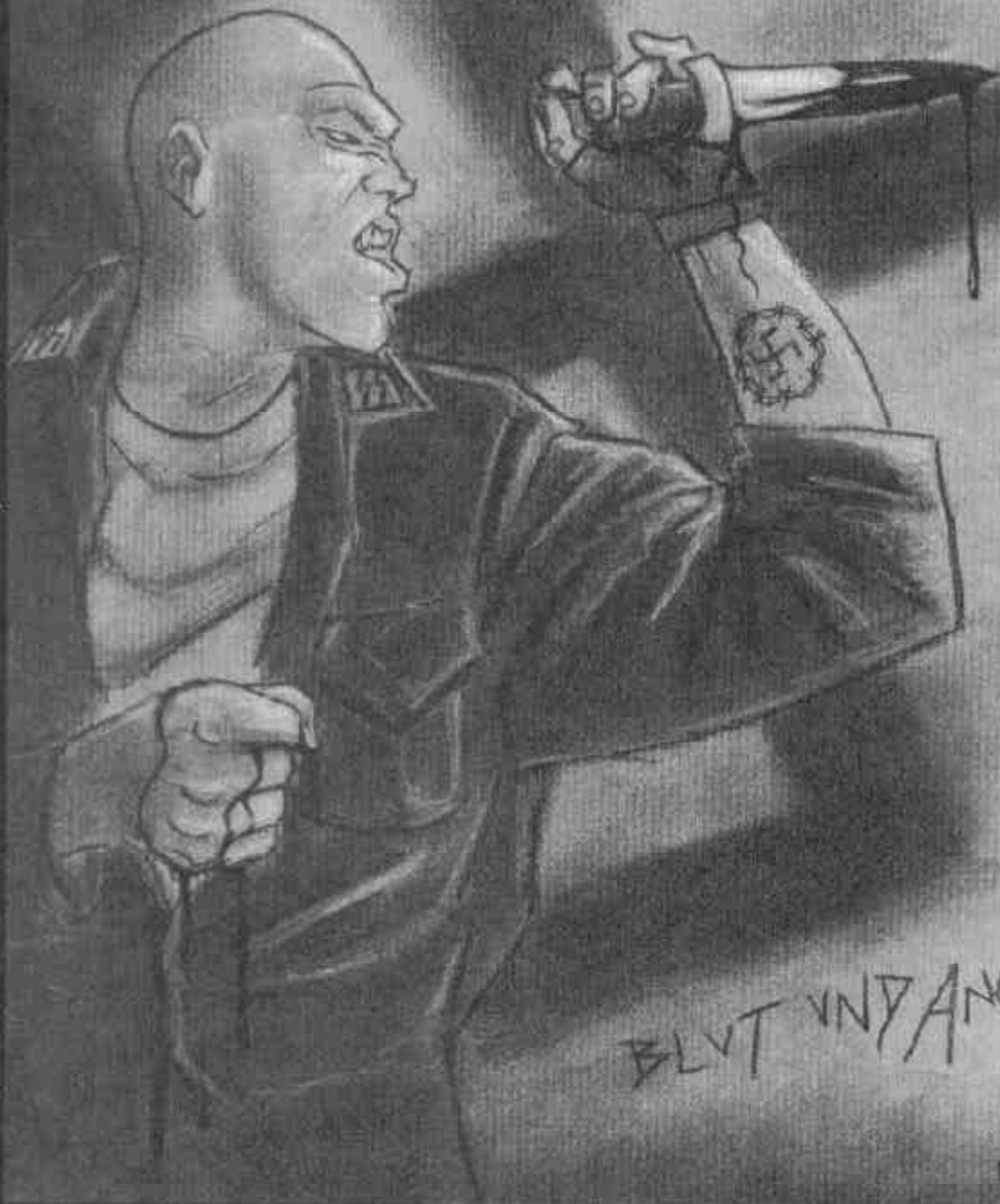
The Brothers have been seen around Berlin, both in the east and in the west, since the time of the actual deaths of Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm. No one can say what these creatures are, and no one can even agree on what they look like. The most common rumor is that they are faerie who have decided to impersonate the famous storytellers as a way of showing their appreciation for the legends that the Grimm Brothers kept alive.

Others claim that the Brothers Grimm are mages, watching Berlin and secretly plotting against the Kindred. Still others claim that the shape-changing figures are actually the ghosts of the storytellers, observing the Kindred and writing new tales to be told at another time or to another audience.



Whatever the case, the Brothers Grimm have been in Berlin for a long time, watching, occasionally talking with Kindred and kine alike, and disappearing whenever anyone gets close enough to touch them.

DEUTSCHLAND
VBER
ALLES



BLUT UND ANGST

BRIDGES
93

Chapter Five: Coteries

Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is: brethren, to dwell together in unity.

— *The Book of Common Prayer*

Berlin suffers as few cities have ever suffered before. Not only do two princes duel for supremacy, but also two primogens fight as well. Berlin's only saving grace is the growing fear that the Camarilla's Inner Council will send Justiciars to decide once and for all who should rule, possibly replacing the evils of both princes with a new and unknown factor.

Still, even this fear has not proved enough to halt the bloody Jyhad driving Berlin toward total anarchy. Fear of intervention has, however, covered even the most vicious battles with a thin veneer of civilized behavior. Both princes move their pawns in a circle of intrigue while others players move of their own accord or even manipulate the princes and primogens. The chaos in Berlin has reached such heights that even the most powerful players cannot be certain of just who is fighting on what side of the battle, and sometimes they are not even certain what battle is being fought.

In truth, only a handful of Kindred could begin to fathom the levels of intrigue in Berlin. Only a tiny number realize the city's politics have become so complex that no one individual or group in the city can succeed on its own. These few understand just how many Kindred are jockeying for power in the city, and how many from outside have their eyes focused on Berlin.

The Nosferatu Ellison comes closest to seeing the whole truth, and even he does not see the true depths of power in the city. Even Ellison is only a pawn to powers greater than he can acknowledge.

World War II worsened the growing chaos, since so many powerful Kindred in Berlin were reduced to ash in the flames that devoured the city. Younger Kindred, often mere childer, have come to power, believing change would be as easy as a vote during the infrequent meetings of the primogen. They never suspected the interference of the true powers in Berlin.

Dieter Kotlar, existing in the world of the Kindred for less time than many kine live, has control of one of the most powerful groups in Berlin, and uses that control to spread chaos to the west side of town. He is not alone, and only a small number of the elders in town are truly elder. Even by the standards of the New World, these Kindred are but children, yet they often have the power of life or death over fellow Kindred. This, as much as any other factor, has captured the attention of the Camarilla.

With the folly of youth, these "elders" change their allegiance as others would change their clothes, manipulated with ease by the more experienced princes and a few other shrewd leaders. Still, even in this chaos there seem to be a few strong alliances that have formed in Berlin — powerful coteries that maintain feuds, truces and similar goals for their own reasons.

Here Berlin's politics can be understood, at least to a limited extent. The coterie of Berlin are presented to allow the Storyteller to see behind the masks worn for the eyes of other Kindred, along with the ways they wish to be perceived by the Kindred at large. In some rare cases, the purposes seen by the Kindred at large are the actual purposes of the coterie. Even then the levels of truth take a great deal of probing to discover.

The East Berlin Primogen

Members: Ellison, Thomas De Lutrius, Heinrich Himmler, Stefan Rutigar, Edward Hyde, Katarina Kornfeld

Meeting Place: Berlin Castle

Perceived Goal: Assisting and overseeing the city for the benefit of the Camarilla and the Traditions.

True Goal: Ensuring that Gustav attains full power over Berlin and making certain that the Camarilla does not interfere with their business.

The East Berlin Primogen is a charade, for none of its members have any true power in East Berlin. Most of the members have long since been Blood Bound to Gustav, and those who have not, like Ellison and Heinrich Himmler, pretend to be Blood Bound to him. The only true power in East Berlin is Gustav, who has maintained the perception of a primogen simply to satisfy the Camarilla and to ensure that no one coming to visit from its Inner Circle would have any reason to believe that Gustav is too powerful in his domain.

In recent months, Gustav has even considered siring another child to place on the primogen, simply for the sake of appearances. Much to his dismay, Katarina dotes too obviously on his every word. He has also considered destroying Himmler, for he fears that Himmler has too much power within the Primogen. So far, however, he has left Himmler alive because of his usefulness.

As the only Brujah left in East Berlin, Stefan has no fear of his place on the council. He completely agrees with everything Gustav says, knowing Gustav will reward him for his loyalty when east and west are once again united.

Thomas De Lutrius is the eldest of the East Berlin Toreador, and as such believes he speaks for them all. He is sadly mistaken, and it is only a matter of time before one of his own Get decides to do away with him, if the Toreador of

the West do not beat them to it. It is not so much that he agrees with Gustav's ideas on how the East should be run; it is much more that he disagrees with how the West is being run, and he believes that he can make a strong difference no matter who wins the war. Thomas believes he looks out only for himself, unaware of just how strong his Blood Bond to Gustav is, and unaware of the ways in which Gustav uses his Dominate to influence him.

Heinrich Himmler is using his abilities and the power he holds on the East Berlin Coterie to serve the purposes of his masters in the Sabbat. He serves the Sabbat with the same zeal he once used to serve Adolf Hitler, and he has reason to be secretive about his doings. So far he has spent most of his free time trying to keep the peace between both cities, but that too will soon change. Gustav is under the belief that Himmler is merely a pawn to his desires, albeit a sharp one who can offer suggestions for keeping the Camarilla out of Berlin. Gustav has never realized that Himmler is completely unbondable, and has never been under his control.

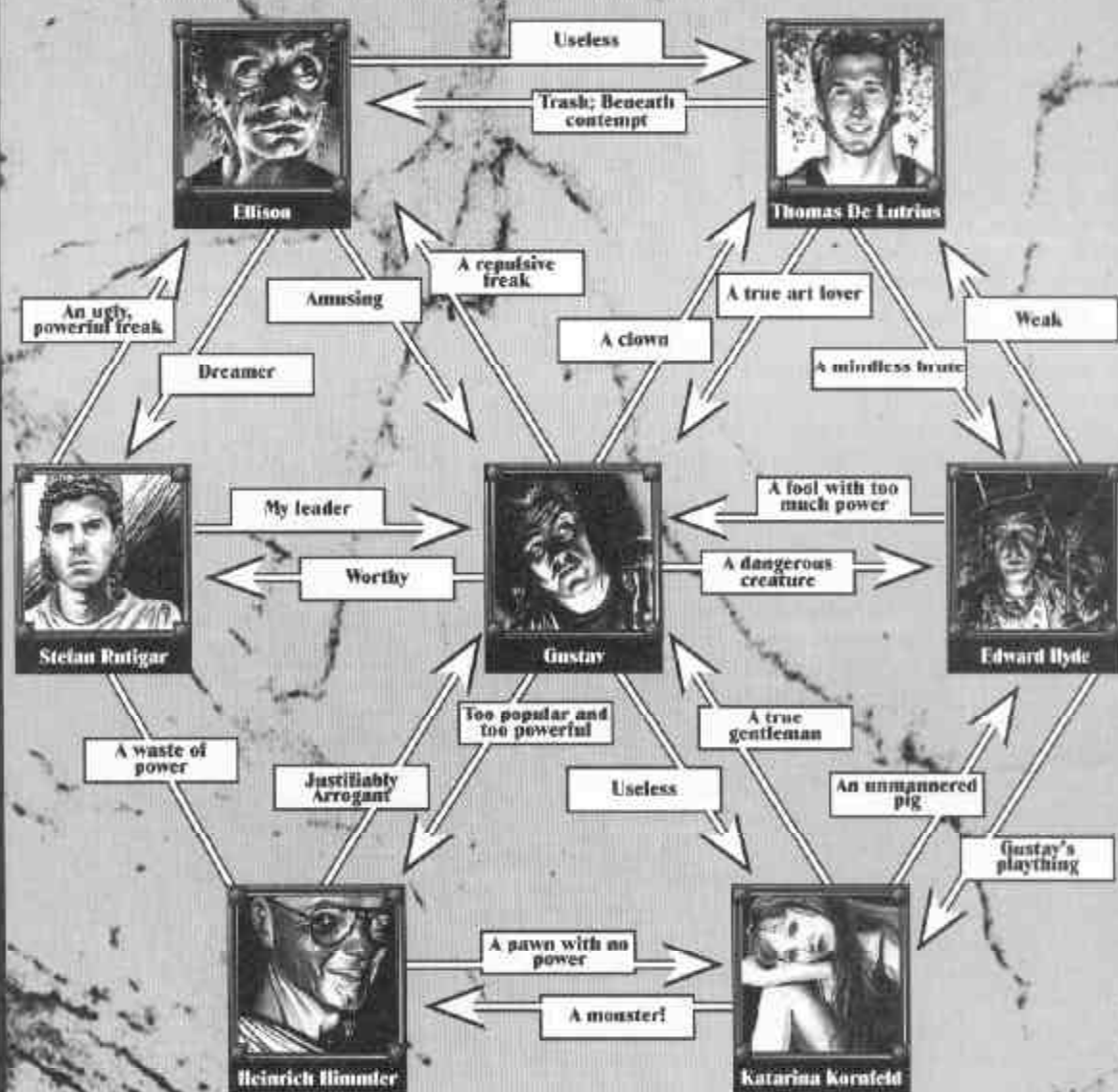
Edward Hyde makes it a rule to do the opposite of what Henry Jekyll does, and as he is privy to all of Jekyll's secrets, up to and including Jekyll's being on the Primogen of the West, Hyde has joined the Primogen of the East. Hyde has many secrets, not the least of which is that he and Jekyll are one and the same. He has also gained the grudging respect of Gustav for his vicious suggestions on combating the West and for his ability to glean information from the West without ever being seen there.

To date, Hyde has not been able to gather all of the information that Ellison can, but it is a close race. His smirking face can often be seen near Gustav, whispering secrets and making suggestions on what to do next.

Ellison normally has little to say and simply watches. To date he has gone along with all of the votes, wisely listening to the prince and answering his questions with some degree of truthfulness. The other members of the Primogen do not know that he is so strong a source of information for both princes, and he seldom allows himself to be seen at the primogen meetings when Hyde is there.

Ellison knows the truth about Hyde, and realizes that Jekyll, Hyde and Oswald White are all one and the same. Like all Berlin's Nosferatu, Ellison spends a great deal of time simply listening and collecting information.

EAST BERLIN PRIMOGEN



The West Berlin Primogen

Members: Maxwell Ldescu, Henry Jekyll, Anntoinette, Dieter Kotlar, Ellison, and Nichole

Meeting Place: International Congress Center

Perceived Goal: To protect the Traditions and to maintain order and peace in all Berlin.

Real Goal: To establish solid seats of power on both the eastern and western parts of Berlin.

The West Berlin Primogen has one primary goal above all others: The utter destruction of Gustav's continued influence in Berlin. For the most part, the Primogen sees Gustav as a serious threat to the continued existence of Berlin as a city free from heavy Camarilla influence. The West Berlin Primogen also sees Wilhelm as the only person steady enough to rule Berlin.

Naturally, there are exceptions to this rule. The first of these is most decidedly Dieter. Dieter sees the simple fact that Wilhelm has allowed foreigners into the city as bad enough, but that he allows foreign Kindred into the city and even onto the Primogen is an absolute atrocity.

Dieter has made no secret of his hatred for the West's Malkavian elder, Henry Jekyll. He finds the man weak and useless, simpering constantly about the need for a peaceful resolution to all of the problems between the East and the West. Dieter's worship of Himmler in the East has not added to his popularity in the West, and as often as not he will vote against any items that would directly harm Gustav or Himmler.

Nichole, on the opposite side of the spectrum, finds Dieter vulgar and generally offensive. Nichole tolerates his presence in the primogen only because the prince and her sire asked her to watch him carefully. She suspects he was behind several of riots that broke out in Berlin recently, but has no proof — yet. The hope remains that he will reveal himself. Until that time, she watches and waits and votes in accordance with Wilhelm's wishes.

Henry Jekyll has no idea that Edward Hyde is on the eastern primogen. He remains blissfully ignorant that every vote he makes is being recorded for the East to hear about later. Henry believes that his vote is of great importance, and will eventually lead to the dissolution of the battle lines drawn across Berlin.

While his vote does carry power, it is not as strong as he would like to believe. There are many meetings of the Primogen where he is "accidentally" excluded, and that is just as Wilhelm would like to see it remain. Like many of the West Berlin Primogen, Wilhelm has read the book by Robert Louis Stevenson and knows of the Malkavian's derangement. So far, Jekyll and Hyde have proven to be useful pawns in the quiet war of misinformation to the East.

Anntoinette believes that the West Berlin Prince is the only proper leader in the city and makes her point as loudly and as often as possible. Anntoinette desperately wants to see Gustav removed from his seat of power and is secretly trying to convince individual members of the primogen to help her bring in outsider help to resolve the problem. In truth, the argument against Gustav again stems from artistic differences with Thomas De Luttrius, who has stated more than once that he does not consider film to be a true form of art.

For Anntoinette, the Primogen is simply a way of removing a blight from the face of the earth. If Gustav should happen to be destroyed in the process, that would be no great loss. Wilhelm long ago won her loyalty by assisting in the building of West Berlin's Cinematic Museum.

Maxwell Ldescu is doing his very best to avoid the necessity of having the Camarilla send a Justicar to handle the problems in Berlin, primarily because he knows his own sire has been pushing for that solution.

Karl Schreckt and Gustav Breidenstein have a long and bloody history in Berlin, and Maxwell knows that the history will only grow bloodier should Schreckt come to Berlin in an official capacity. With the power of the Camarilla behind him, Schreckt would be certain to decimate Gustav and likely leave Wilhelm in control of Berlin. Unlike most of the West's Primogen, Ldescu believes that Wilhelm would not be able to control the rising numbers of Kindred.

Ldescu has stopped several riotous demonstrations from growing out of hand and breaking the Masquerade. It is Ldescu who has seen the ways in which the Final Reich has manipulated the Prince of the West into slowly surrendering more and more power to the younger Kindred, allowing them to act in ways that are simply not acceptable in other European cities.

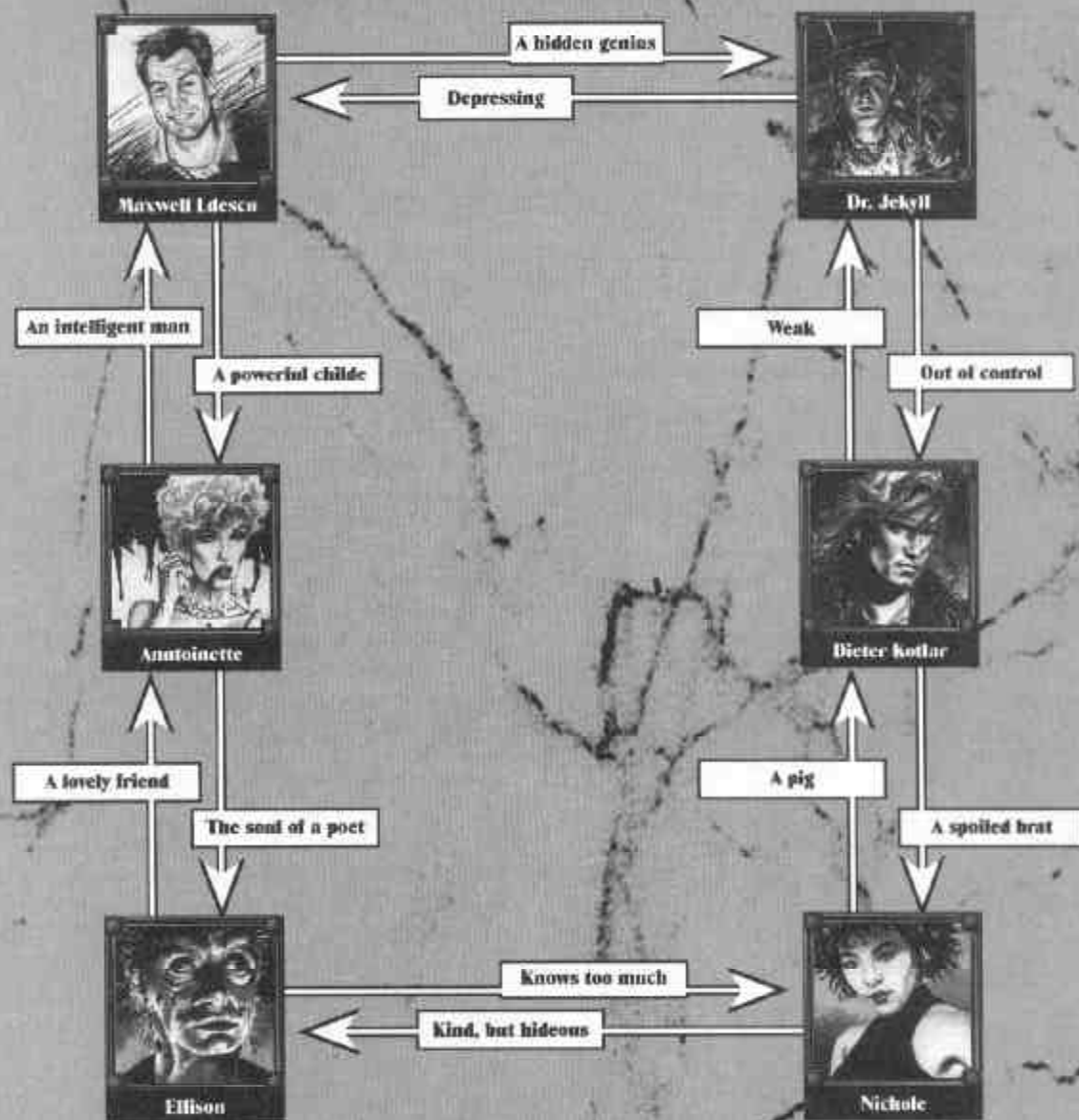
Ldescu's greatest fear is that the youths, the anarchists of Berlin, will finally become a solid power. Nobody else can truly see as he sees, for most of the West Berlin primogen have not been around long enough to understand the fear of the Inquisition's fires.

Ldescu works overtime to try and stop the anarchists' slow ascent to power, putting out the fires of youthful outrage with brute force. He appears to not realize that his number one confidant, Dieter Kotlar, is one of the main causes of his troubles.

Ellison handles his duties on the West Berlin Primogen with a small amount more passion than when he is at a meeting of the East Berlin Primogen. He tells what he knows with a greater degree of accuracy. He believes that he follows his own feelings in being more honest with the Primogen of the West than he is with the Primogen of the East, never realizing that he is being manipulated by his sire, Melitta, who lies hidden away in the sewers.

Ellison does not know that his sire is capable of thought in her torporic state, or that she, in turn, is being controlled by Baba Yaga, who wishes to see all Berlin's leaders de-

WEST BERLIN PRIMOGEN



stroyed once and for all. While Ellison convinces himself that he is neutral in the ongoing Jihad, he has been doing all he can to extend the hostilities while ensuring that Wilhelm wins in the end. So commands his sire, and so commands Baba Yaga.

The True Primogen

Members: Ellison, Rasputin, Oswald Hyde-White

Perceived Goal: None; no one knows about them.

Actual Goal: Maintaining the balance of power in Berlin and gaining a great deal of profit and influence in the process. Continuing to build a stronger relationship with the other clans, thus assuring that when the Jihad has ended, they will still be accepted in the city.

Of all the Kindred in Berlin, these three have the most to lose from any sudden changes in the power structure. The Malkavian and Nosferatu elders have joined together to maintain Berlin's present power structure. If the situation changed too drastically, both of their clans would be looked upon as being less important and more expendable.

None of the three opposes change, so long as that change goes according to their own plans. Their final goal is to see Wilhelm in power and so dependent on them that he is simply a pawn to maneuver when necessary.

Berlin is one of only a very few cities in Europe where a Nosferatu can walk the streets (disguised, of course) without fear of being accosted. All of the Kindred realize just how important the Nosferatu are to the princes and, as a result, just how angry the princes would become if one was injured.

Ozzy believes the Nosferatu have a solid point about how a sudden power shift could cause trouble, and so he works with Ellison and Rasputin, trying his best to make certain that if there is a winner, it will be Wilhelm. In Ozzy's mind, there is no doubt that Gustav would kill all of the Malkavians in order to assure the strict levels of obedience he demands.

As the eyes and ears of the city, this group carefully selects which information should be leaked and to whom. The tides of popular opinion are slowly turning towards Wilhelm, just as they have planned. Perhaps the greatest secret the three share is Wolfgang.

The mad Diabolist of Berlin is free to do as he pleases in the city, free from persecution for as long as he assists in the disposal of anyone the trio feels is too dangerous. They have considered using him against Gustav, but they believe East Berlin's Prince is too formidable for Wolfgang to take, even by surprise.

The Final Reich

Members: Himmler, Dieter Kotlar, Erika Geiger, Wolfgang, Edward Hyde, Persia, Herman Göring

Perceived Goal: To better the standards of living for all Kindred and to assure equality for all Generations of Kindred.

Actual Goal: To increase the influence of the Sabbat in Berlin, and from there the rest of Europe. To increase the level of chaos in Berlin until it is necessary for the Camarilla to remove the central figures of power, allowing Himmler to gain power or become prince. To spread a wave of repression through all of Europe.

The Final Reich, also known as the Fourth Reich, is the only acknowledged source of anarchy interference in Berlin, but is far from being the only true source of trouble. To the majority of Kindred in Berlin, it is simply a group of annoying Malkavians; harmless, but annoying. The truth of the matter is that the Final Reich belongs to Himmler. Himmler uses the Reich to slowly expand his and the Sabbat's influence in Berlin and in Europe as a whole.

Himmler finds the Final Reich a useful tool, but not a necessary one. Plans are in the works which will allow all of Himmler's schemes to reach fruition.

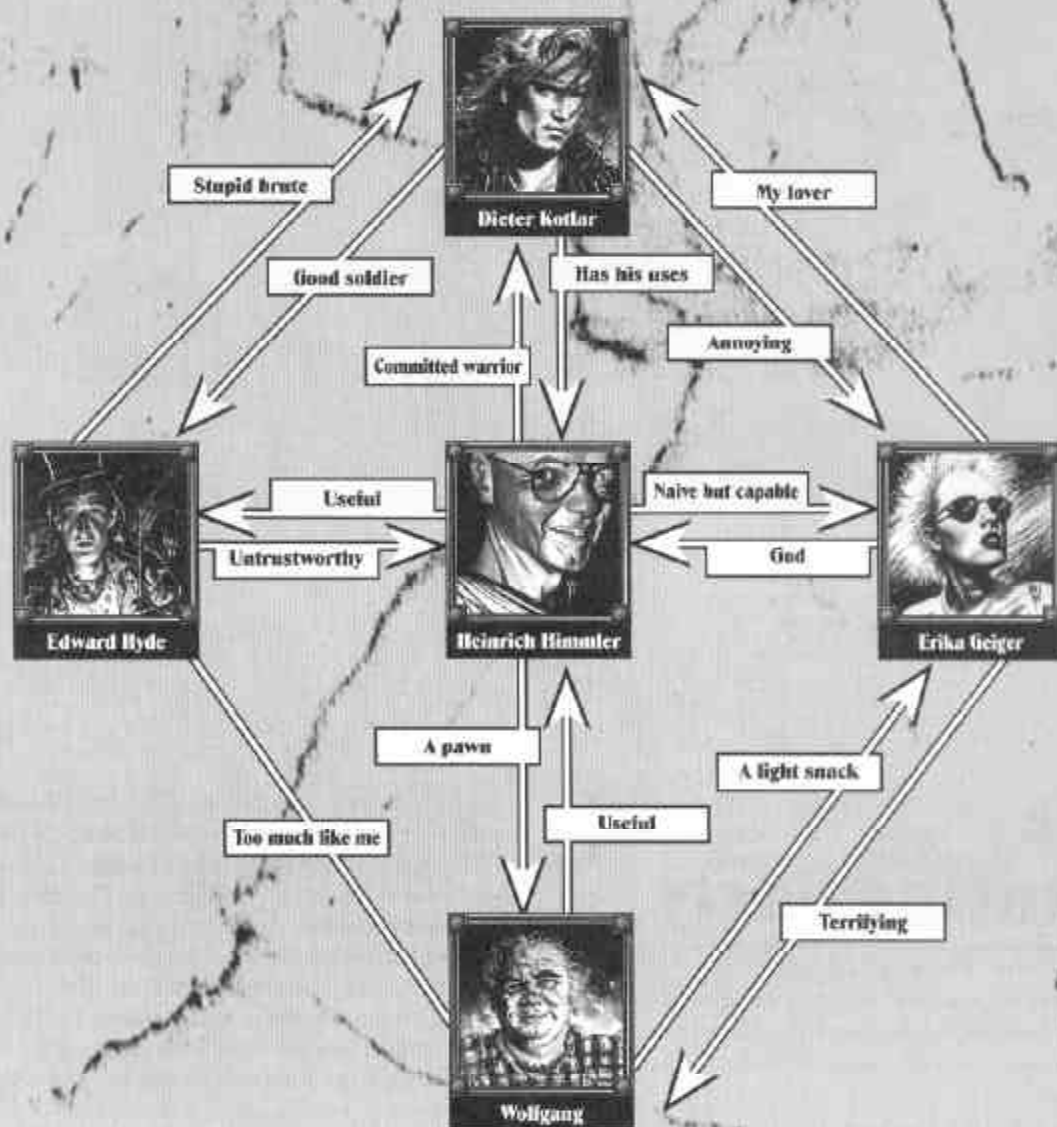
The Final Reich has claimed responsibility for several recent terrorist activities that have occurred in Berlin since the Berlin Wall was torn down. In truth, the Reich has done little to actually cause damage, but the claims make them appear stronger than they really are.

One claim that is true is that the Final Reich has aided the resurgence of Nazi activity in Berlin, fueling the fires of racism wherever possible. The secret leaders of the Final Reich agree that the spread of foreigners into Berlin must be stopped, and that the Aryan dream must be allowed to flourish.

The one true leader of the Final Reich is Heinrich Himmler, but not even Himmler knows all that there is to know about the Reich. Himmler only wants a tool to ensure his ascension to the seat of Archbishop for all of Berlin. Dieter wishes to see the utter destruction of West Berlin's faith in Wilhelm, and to ensure that the Brujah-influenced Gustav attains final power as the sole Prince of Berlin. Himmler sees Kotlar as a tool to be manipulated, not realizing that Kotlar looks at him in much the same way.

Kotlar has used the rumor that Himmler is alive and immortal more than once to gain assistance in the rioting. He plans to see the Brujah again become a power in the city. Like many Brujah, Kotlar feels that the great experiment of communism needs only more time for all to see that it works. Kotlar feels that communism and national socialism can be used together, as tools manipulated to clean the filth of infiltrating foreigners from Germany once and for all.

FINAL REICH





The Hunting Party

Members: Wolfgang and several of the younger Malkavian and Nosferatu not mentioned in the Kindred section. Very possibly the characters themselves.

Perceived Goals: To Diablerize Berlin's elders for personal power.

True Goal: To Diablerize Berlin's elders for fun and profit, to bring the Sabbat to power in Berlin and to undermine the Camarilla's influence in Germany.

Perhaps the scariest part of the Final Reich are the Malkavian and Nosferatu Hunting Parties lead by Wolfgang. Wolfgang has taught several of the younger Malkavians and Nosferatu the pleasure of Diablerie. The Hunting Party infrequently gathers to run through Berlin in search of Kindred to feast on. If no strangers can be found, they will simply find the first available solitary Kindred, or even Kindred in couples, and attack en masse. The rules of their game are quite simple — tackle the victim, grab onto a limb and start sucking. Whoever feeds on the soul of the victim wins.

Wolfgang has carefully selected those Malkavians and Nosferatu most adept at Obfuscate to join in on his hunts, knowing that being caught at the game could well be fatal.



On occasions where the Hunting Party has no luck finding and tackling an elder, they grab a small number of younger Kindred and commit Diablerie upon them just to have something to do.

Why would anyone deliberately commit one of the greatest sins known to Kindred just for fun? The simple fact that it is fun is enough for most members. That Wolfgang and several of the other younger members have been converted to the Sabbat only adds to the pleasure. The Hunting Party is Sabbat. Only Himmeler and the central members Hunting Party know this to be true, and they plan to tell no one until it is far too late for the rest of Berlin to do anything about it.

To date, there are seven members of the Hunting Party. Most of the members, with the exception of Wolfgang, their leader, are 11th generation or higher. Knowing the high risk of exposure, and the certain wrath of Himmeler should they be caught wearing any obvious Sabbat symbols, the Hunting Party leaves any evidence of Sabbat influence behind when they attack.



The Sabbat

Members: Heinrich Himmler, Wolfgang and the Hunting Party

Perceived Goal: None. In their arrogance and constant squabbling, the elders of both East and West Berlin have managed to ignore the gradual influx of Sabbat into their separate domains.

Actual Goal: To bring all Berlin under the control of the Sabbat, and to have as much fun as possible in the process.

So caught up are they in their own squabbles that the majority of Berlin's Kindred have yet to realize there is a serious Sabbat threat in the city. Eight of Berlin's Kindred are Sabbat, but they are smart enough to realize it is far too soon to do anything about the heavy Camarilla control of Berlin. They are slowly gaining power, converting the younger members of the Kindred in Berlin and carefully watching for potential members.

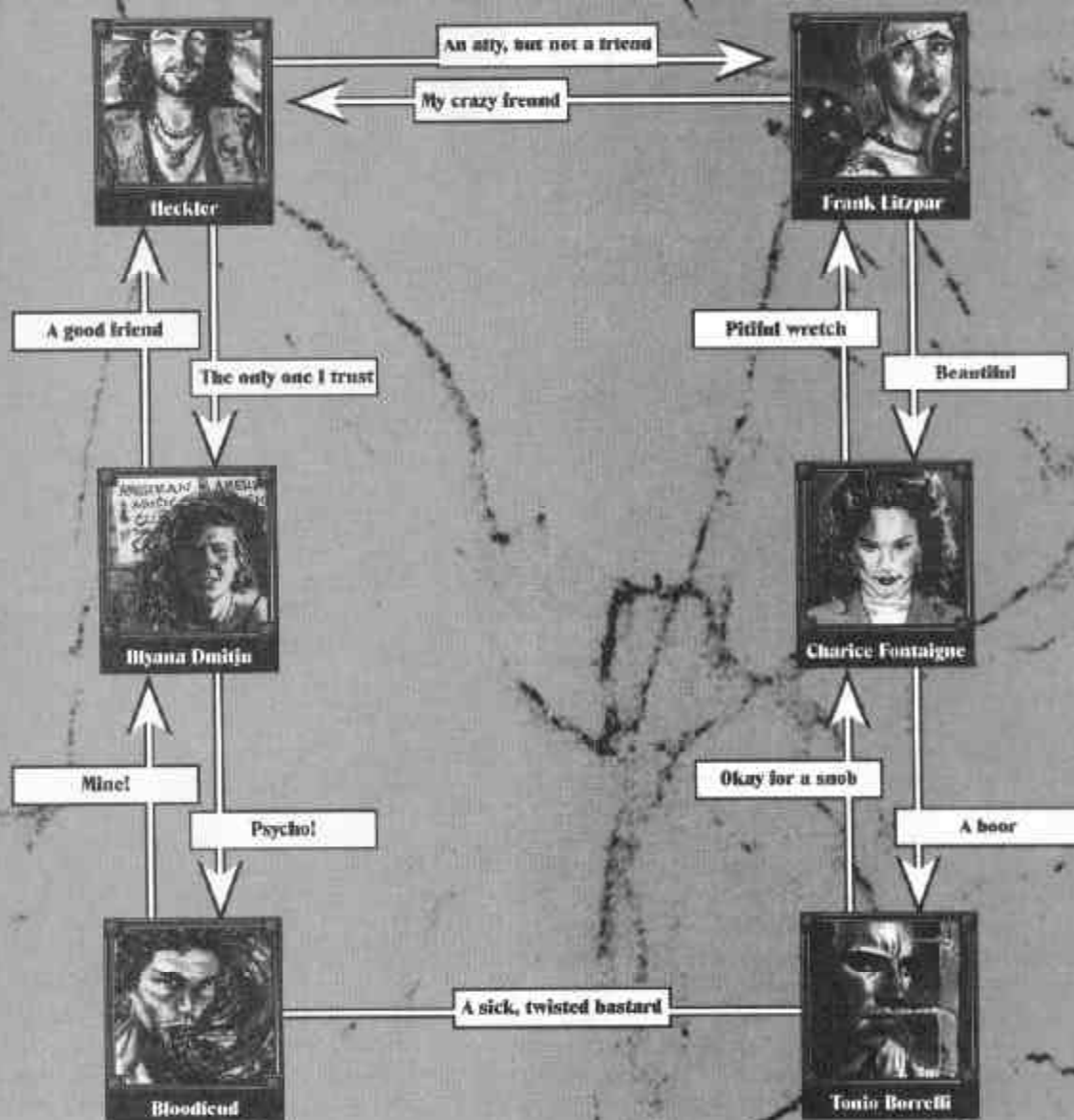
Berlin's Sabbat, under Himmler's influence, are carefully eliminating potential threats to their existence, using the Hunting Party as a cover for the destruction of foes. Not even the Nosferatu or Malkavians they walk among have come to realize that they are Sabbat. The Beast may be unleashed in the Sabbat, but that has not taken away its members' need to survive among the Camarilla's overweened whelps.

So many of the Kindred in Berlin are young, so many are already more powerful than they could hope to be in most other cities, that the search for potential members is very thorough. After having approached a Kindred about joining, the Sabbat of Berlin watch that individual very carefully, waiting to see what that vampire will do.

If he or she seeks out an elder to talk to, the potential member is removed before the conversation can occur. At present, almost every member of the Sabbat has the Obfuscate Discipline, and all of them have no hesitation about destroying another Kindred even if the Kindred just tries to make one suspicious phone call.

To date, four potential recruits met their Final Deaths after walking away from the initial approach. In Berlin, no one takes the death of a child too seriously. Everyone knows that the city can be very dangerous for inexperienced Kindred.

SABBAT



The Sleepers

Members: Johann (Sixth-Generation Toreador), Isabella Correlli (Sixth-Generation Brujah), Melitta (Fifth-Generation Nosferatu), Erik Eigermann (Fourth-Generation Ventrue)

Perceived Goals: None

Actual Goals: To rule Berlin and their separate clans from torpor until the time come to awake.

World War II devastated Berlin, leaving most of the city buried under rubble. It destroy many of Berlin's older Kindred, but a small handful survived, and are now buried under buildings that have risen from the ashes of what once was.

These few Kindred do their best to rule from the deathless sleep that holds them. In truth, neither Isabella or Johann have much effect on what occurs above them, save through a small amount of control over their Get.

Johann is the only one of the Sleepers who Berlin's Kindred feel still exists. Johann ran from his last Get after a harsh and crude Embrace, and buried himself deep in the fresh ruins of East Berlin. He felt it necessary to enter torpor after the rampant destruction in the city above. Johann has the least influence over Thomas De Lutius. His influence would perhaps be greater if De Lutius had not been Bound to Gustav almost as soon as he was created.

Isabella Correlli has more influence over Dieter Korlar, enough to remind him of his heritage when he is being swayed by Himmler. So far it has been enough to keep him from joining the Sabbat.

The true sleeping rulers in the ongoing war above are Melitta and Erik Eigermann. These two have long since joined forces, and even in torpor are having enough of an influence to keep the tide of popular opinion strongly towards Wilhelm in battle between the princes. Erik's influence is partially responsible for the Ventrue domination of Berlin, and Melitta's influence has made the Nosferatu invaluable to the Ventrue leaders.

While they barely acknowledge one another, it is the powerful joining of these two in support of Wilhelm that has prevented Gustav from destroying him. In their own ways, they have assisted in the peaceful merging of two separate cities and countries. Erik did so because the city was his so long ago, while Melitta's motivation is that it is what Baba Yaga has demanded of her. Both have felt the stirrings that tell them their torpors will soon end. Both are patiently waiting



The Watchers

Members: Maxwell Ldescu, Nichole

Perceived Goals: To keep the Camarilla away from Berlin at any and all costs.

Actual Goals: To let their sires know what occurs in the city and to influence other Kindred towards a peaceful end to all conflicts before they must call on their sires to end the conflict.

Maxwell Ldescu is the Get of Karl Schrekt. Nichole is the Get of Jessica Morrow. Karl Schrekt is the Tremere Justicar of the Camarilla, and Jessica Morrow works as one of his Archons. Communication between these Get and their sires is frequent, and Karl Schrekt has an eye on Berlin at all times.

Karl Schrekt also has a very old score to settle with Gustav Breidenstein. Schrekt still remembers the long trip on foot from Berlin to Vienna, shrouded from the sun and carried on the shoulders of Gustav's Retainers, the note of apology tied to the stake that pierced his heart. Karl Schrekt is looking for a good excuse to come to Berlin and settle that old score, once and for all.

The wrath of the Justicars is one of the most feared fates of any city in the Camarilla, second only to the fear of the Sabbat. It is a certainty that many Kindred will die if the Camarilla is forced to intervene. Even Gustav and Wilhelm, princes certain of their power, are not immune to this fear.

Maxwell Ldescu and Nichole are the only Kindred in Berlin who know just how terrible Camarilla intervention could be. Most know that it would be bad, but only these two know how bad. Karl Schrekt's intervention in Berlin would be even worse. Karl is simply waiting for a signal from his Get, a signal that comes closer to becoming real every night.

The Preserve

Members: Daryl Lutz, The Get of Fenris in the Grunewald Sept.

Perceived Goals: Live in peace and protect the Lupine population of Grunewald.

Real Goals: Protect the Grunewald district from the Wyrn at all costs.

The Preserve is a group dedicated to the destruction of the Wyrn and lead by the Gangrel the Get of Fenris call Feral — Daryl Lutz. The Garou acknowledge that Feral is a vampire, and potentially of the Wyrn, but his strong

familial ties and his dedication to the Sept have proven him to be an able associate and even a friend. Several of the elders are willingly Blood Bound to Lutz.

The Sept of Grunewald suffered many pains during World War II. As with much of Berlin, the Allied bombs destroyed trees and buildings alike, with no prejudice. Lutz, already dedicated to the protection of Gaia, made arrangements with his kine connections to protect Grunewald from the expansions that soon swept many of the smaller towns around Berlin into the growing metropolis.

Lutz warned the much weakened Kindred in the area to leave, and any who failed to do so were destroyed. Then he summoned the Sept of Grunewald and told them that they would be safe for as long as they did not break the sacred Masquerade. To the other Kindred of Berlin, a similar promise was made — stay out of Grunewald, and no Kindred would be hurt. To date, this arrangement has worked. The Garou stay in their place, and the Kindred stay away from Grunewald.

Most of Berlin's Kindred no longer even think about the Preserve. Like the Berlin Will that has only recently been torn down, the Kindred know that crossing the barrier into Grunewald is not worth the price to be paid.

It is rumored that there are more than 20 Garou in Grunewald, but no Kindred except for Lutz knows for certain. What is fairly common knowledge is that Lutz does indeed make the elders of the Sept into his Retainers, giving them continued life and worth to the Sept even as he feeds from them. The Garou of Grunewald are protected by a pact with the Kindred of both East and West Berlin; the pact has grown strained in recent times, but the fear of a truly epic battle has left the borders unmarred.

Many Kindred frown upon Grunewald, certain that Lutz is hiding a great treasure for himself and equally certain that the Gangrel elder is insane. So much area for only one Kindred in a city considered grossly overpopulated is an outrage. Strict orders from both of the princes, with the promise of Final Death to any who break this law, are all that have held back the eyes and fangs of the curious.

That, and the howls that can be heard on certain nights — howls that surely no one Kindred could create. Curious licks will occasionally ask a sire, "What powers could a Gangrel gain from drinking Lupine vitae?" or "What powers could a Lupine gain from drinking a Gangrel's vitae?" The wiser sires let the involuntary shiver that runs across their spines be answer enough.

The Malkavians

Members: J. Oswald Hyde-White, Hermann Göring, Persia, Heckler and the rest of the Malkavians in town.

Perceived Goal: Have a good time

Actual Goal: Prove to all of the other clans that they are effectively useless, provide a safe city for Malkavians, and have a good time in the process.

Berlin's Malkavians want what Malkavians everywhere want: a safe harbor from the biases of the other clans. What better city than Berlin, where even the Nosferatu have gained prestige? Learning from that most hideous of clans, the Malkavians have set up an information network.

As the unofficial elder of the Malkavians, Hyde-White had the sense to organize the information network in accordance to rules set by Ellison. All information is taken to Ellison, and in return, Ellison pulls a few favors from both of the princes and requests leniency on behalf of the Malkavians.

Leniency is most definitely a boon the Malkavians need. When the Malkavians first started showing themselves in Berlin, Oswald Hyde-White decided that the best way to engage a proper meeting of the coterie was to draw straws. The loser of the draw would then rule for one week. It has since become a true tradition among the Malkavians, and not even Hyde-White could hope to control the unruly group. The Malkavians, as a result of what was effectively a joke from Hyde-White, are now ruled by the whims of whichever member becomes elder of the week.

Weekly the straws are drawn, and weekly the favor of the Malkavian clan falls in another direction. Some favor Gustav, some Wilhelm, and still others favor the Final Reich as the way to go. Even Oswald has to follow the one rule that the Malkavians run under, and even Oswald will obey the elder of the week.

It is not unheard of for the ranks of the Final Reich to be doubled for a week, and then to be halved again as the new Malkavian elder calls a Blood Hunt on active members of the Reich. There is no mystery as to why the princes themselves are leery of attacking the Malkavian clan: to assault them would be to break a promise to Ellison, and to lie to Ellison would mean the spilling of far too many secrets.

While neither Prince is absolutely certain that Ellison has the ear of the other Prince, neither is willing to take so large a risk.

The Straitjacket Dancing Club of West Berlin

Members: Changes frequently. See below.

Perceived Goal: Pranking.

Actual Goals: Pranking and sometimes something worse.

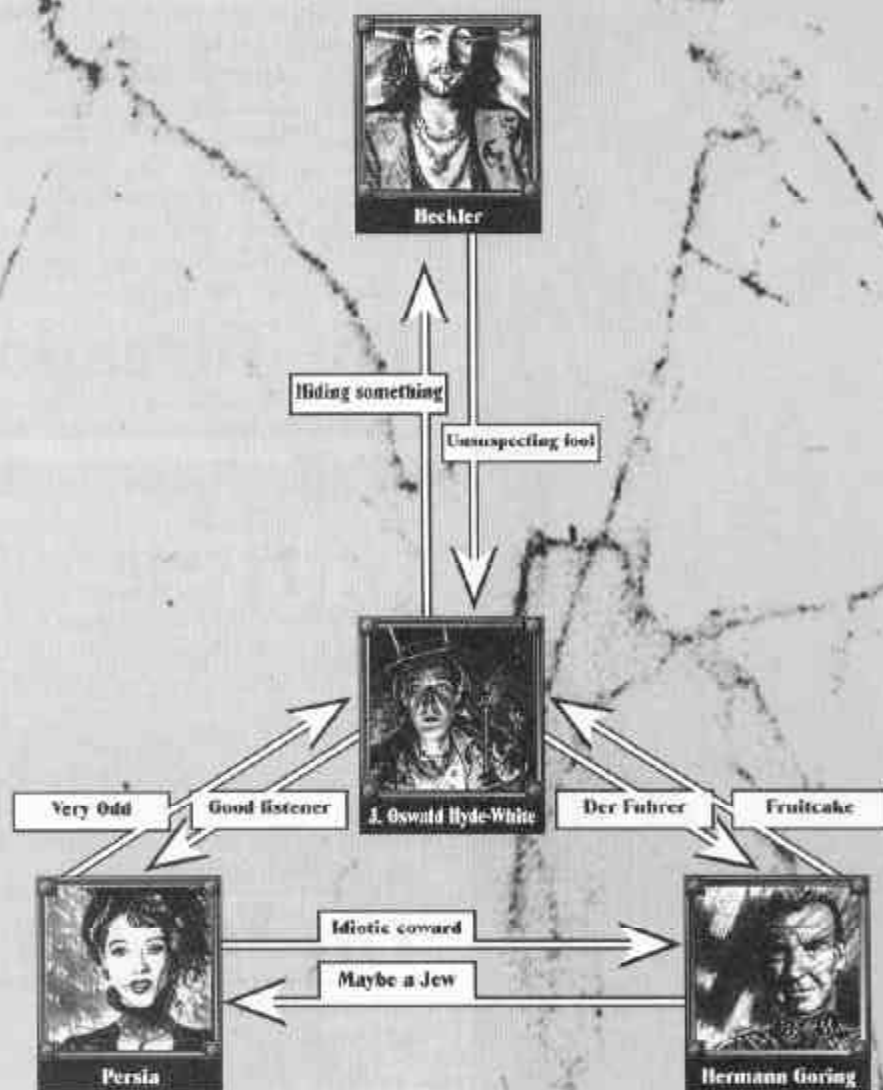
The Straitjacket Dancing Club shows up infrequently, and that is just as well. While a good portion of the time this mysterious group appears in Groppiusstadt, they have been known to appear in other areas of town as well, and normally with violent intent.

In truth, the Dancing Club is not even a true coterie; it is actually a practical joke that has gone horribly wrong. Ozzy created the Dancing Club on one of the rare occasions where he won the weekly lottery. During that week, the Malkavians seemed to be particularly morose, and Ozzy decided that a little levity was needed. He gathered the entire clan together and ordered its members to tie-dye a set of liberated straight jackets. Then he ordered them to paint their faces to look like mimes. Then the entire clan rushed to Groppiusstadt to party the night away in various clubs.

Heckler liked it. No one could tell who was whom from night to night, because they all did their faces differently, and they all acted differently as well. Heckler liked it so much that he suggested the idea of using the Dancing Club to both the Hunting Party and the Sabbat. The Hunting party has used the disguise only infrequently, but the Sabbat have made use of the disguise often — often enough that the entire western half of the city, both Kindred and kine, have started to worry about the Dancing Club and its often violent ways.

This knowledge has not stopped several of the Malkavians from making the suggestion again on the occasions when they have won the weekly lottery, and the others are obligated to follow along. Rumors have been spreading of the Dancing Club being in Groppiusstadt and on the Ku'damm at the same time, with the former group dancing the night away and the latter group bashing in skulls. Not even the Nosferatu are certain of just how many Kindred belong to the Strait Jacket Dancing Club, but the latest count is somewhere between five and 30.

MALKAYIANS





The Nosferatu

Members: Ellison, Rasputin, Amelia, Wolfgang and the rest of the Nosferatu in Berlin.

Perceived Goals: Gain protection from persecution by selling information to all the right Kindred.

Actual Goals: Prepare the way for Baba Yaga and maintain the balance of power in Berlin, allowing for continued privilege.

Under Ellison, the Nosferatu are faithful to their cause, and even Wolfgang will give information to Ellison when he so desires. Ellison and his fellow Nosferatu realize how tenuous the grip on power is for them, and acknowledge also that a shift would leave them without the protection to which they have grown accustomed.

Ellison and his followers are also very aware of strange stirrings in Russia. Berlin's Nosferatu are not certain that the great Grandmother of them all has any reason to come to Berlin, but she will be most welcome if she does. The Nosferatu of Berlin, under the obvious leadership of Ellison and under the furtive leadership of his beloved Melitta, are preparing for any eventuality.

The Toreador

Members: Annetoinette, Hans Vroenik, Thomas De Lutrios, et al.

Perceived Goal: Preserve and expand the arts in Berlin.

Actual Goals: Preserve and expand the arts in Berlin.

The Toreador have seen and suffered much. Just ask them and they will tell you all about it — for hours on end, if you let them. But the one atrocity all of them agree should not be allowed to happen is the destruction of any more great works of art.

All Toreador gladly acknowledge that one must suffer for one's art, but which prince will allow them to suffer in the ways they wish, and which prince will allow them the freedoms they so need in order to display their art? Decisions, decisions, decisions ...

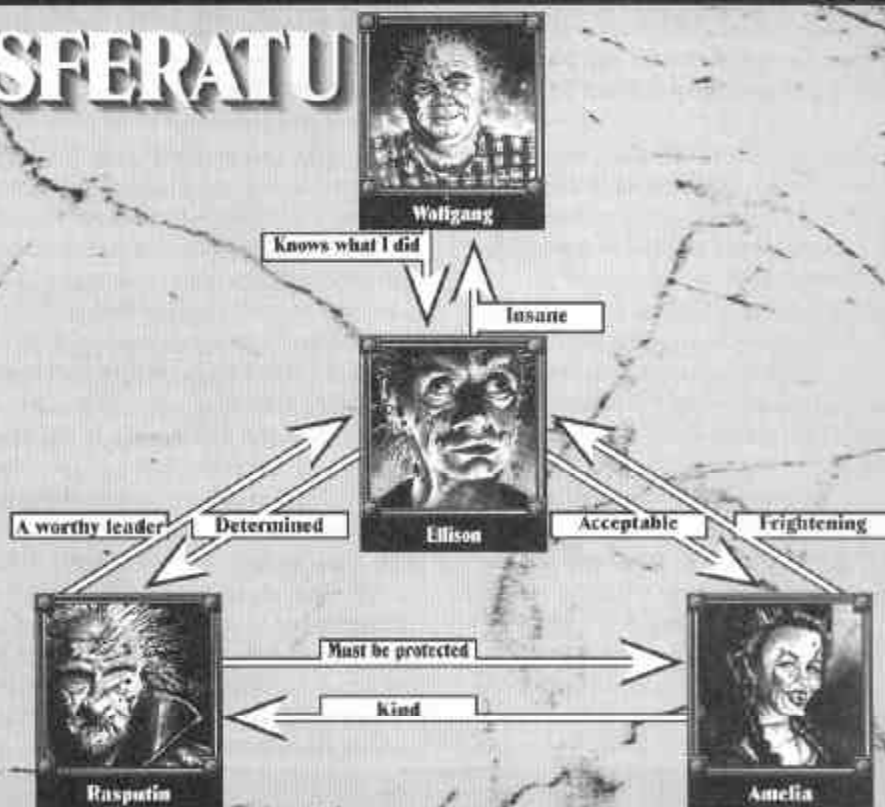
The Ventrue

Members: The Ventrue of Berlin, except for Wilhelm and Gustav.

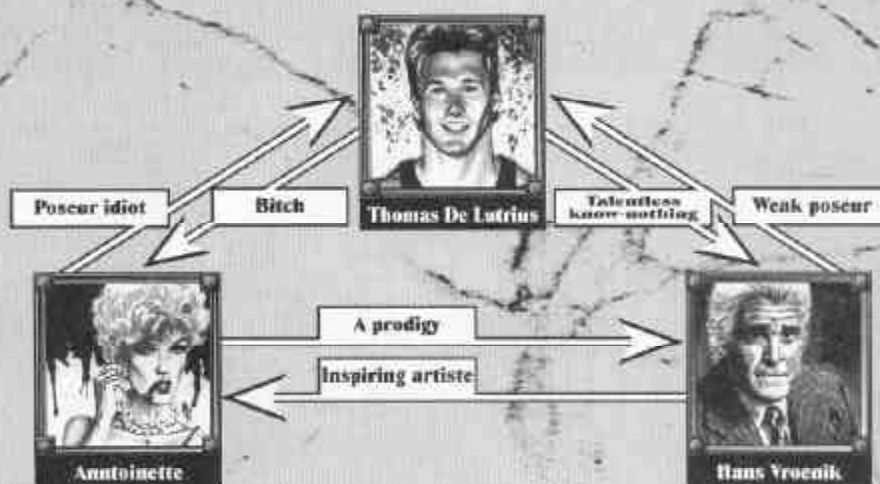
Perceived Goal: To socialize and make money, as well as to run the city first and foremost for the benefit of the clan.

Actual Goal: To decide who should be the Prince of Berlin and then to implement the necessary changes.

NOSFERATU



TOREADOR



Berlin's Ventrue are having a great deal of trouble deciding just who should be prince. The Ventrue remember all too well what subservience to Gustav was like; discipline, laws and the constant fear that one might offend the prince beyond repair.

Looking at the opposite side of the coin, the lack of discipline under Wilhelm has practically lead to the destruction of Berlin. Anarchs run freely on the streets while Nosferatu and Malkavians alike are allowed to survive and flourish in their once-proud city.

The city has grown and flourished under both princes, the kine have come and stayed, and this has allowed for larger Herds. It has also allowed for political upheavals in the world of the kine and the acceptance of anarchists in the city of Berlin. One would almost think one was living in the New World, Caine forbid!

Like the Toreador, the Ventrue have yet to make a solid decision as to whom they should call Prince. Also like the Toreador, the Ventrue fear Camarilla intervention. The signs are there, one must simply look ...

The Caravan

Members: Any Ravnos who happen to be in town.

Perceived Goal: Just passing through, don't mind us.

Actual Goal: For more than 50 years, the Ravnos clan members around Germany have made a point of looking for someone or something of great importance to the clan.

While fulfilling their actual goal, these Ravnos have been causing minor grief to various princes in and around Germany, especially around Berlin. The princes have realized the folly of annoying the Ravnos too much, and as long as no major laws of the Camarilla are broken, they leave the Caravan in peace.

The Caravan has become such a frequent sight in Berlin that the Berlin Kindred have actually started acknowledging the rights of the Ravnos to be there. To Gustav this proves the folly of his counterpart in the west. To Wilhelm, it proves the success of his "Open Door" policy.

The Ravnos and their caravans have come through East Berlin and then over to the west on several occasions, and always make a stop at Charlottenburg Palace while they are in the West. The fact is well hidden, but Wilhelm has had the Ravnos transport several items that he treasures from his old havens in the East.



Other Influences

The Camarilla

The Camarilla has reason to worry about what is going on in the capital of Germany. Unlike most of the "elders" of Berlin, the elders of the Camarilla recall all too vividly the tortures and fear that once held the Kindred at bay. The Masquerade is in danger of becoming useless, and fear of exposure is great.

This is not America, which remembers vampires only as monsters in movies and novels; this is Europe, home to the Vatican and all the terrors associated with the Inquisition both past and present. No one can afford the price of discovery. No one.

So, the Camarilla has started taking steps to ensure an end to Berlin's troubles. Notes have been sent to both princes, demanding a peaceful resolution to the continuing strife. The tolerance for such childishness is rapidly drawing to an end, and agents are already in place. Trusted retainers and even Karl Schreckt's watchers are in place and reporting every indiscretion, no matter how slight.

Karl Schreckt has been preparing a strike against any troublemaker. No one, elder or anarch, will be safe from the Camarilla's wrath. Some childer do not realize how serious the threat of intervention is, but they will. All who break the laws of the Camarilla will know its wrath. There will be no escape.

Other Cities

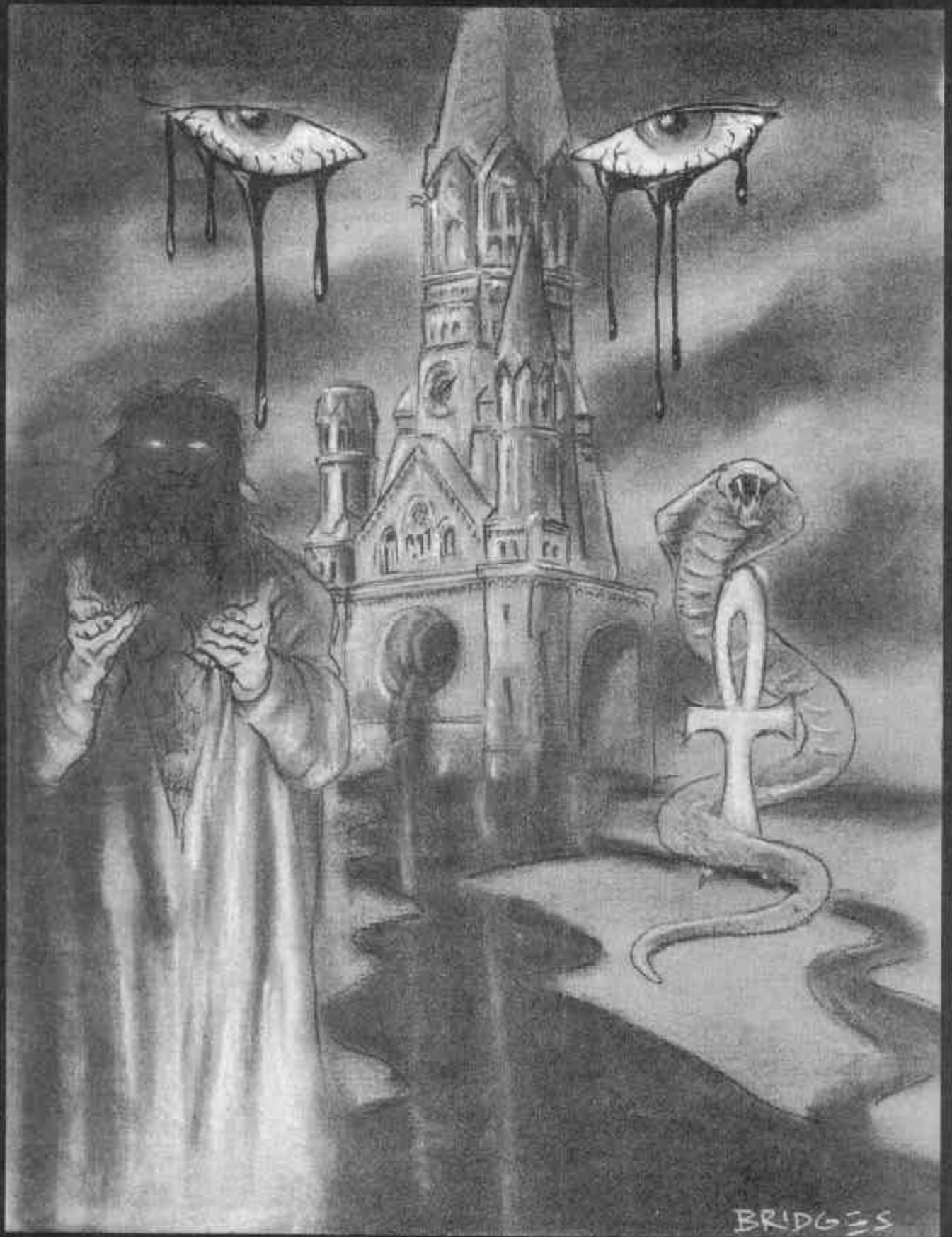
Of course, Berlin's Kindred are not the only ones with a vested interest in what happens to the city. For instance, Paris' Toreador remember all too well Gustav's maniacal hatred, and grimace every time they remember the horrors perpetrated when his jackbooted Nazi lackeys ruled the city.

Francois Villon and his allies have been especially active in pushing for Camarilla intervention. However, they do so quietly. As long as they can make everyone believe Schreckt and the Tremere are responsible, they will be free from vengeance — and they remember Gustav's vengeance.

The rulers of Hamburg, on the other hand, want to see Berlin stay split. They gained a great deal of power when West Germany's government moved to their city; now they may lose it. As long as Berlin remains in anarchy, however, they will still maintain their control over the kine.

Finally, Baba Yaga has begun casting a grotesque, yellow, pus-filled eye in Berlin's direction. It's such a tasty morsel, and just ripe for the plucking . . .

Berlin does not exist in a vacuum. Almost every city in Europe has a stake in the outcome here, and the intrigue in the city is only part of the whole. As things become more chaotic, Kindred from across Europe and the world will begin to make their weight felt.



Book Two: The Ascension of Caine

*Then Caine went away from the presence of the Lord, and
dwelt in the land of Nod, east of Eden.*

— Genesis 4:16

"The Ascension of Caine" is a story designed to strike terror and confusion into the Kindred of your chronicle. The story is both a political thriller and a murder mystery; a story built with the solid fears of Gehenna buried in its roots. It forces players into confrontation with the Camarilla, the Sabbat and very possibly with Caine himself, as the Third Mortal appears in Berlin, intent on gathering all Kindred to his side.

Berlin's Kindred realize the Camarilla watches their city closely, and the last thing any of them want, regardless of their political beliefs, is for the Justicars and Archons to take control of Berlin. No matter which prince the troupe agrees with, or even if they are members of the Final Reich, there should be no doubt that the Camarilla is the worst possible alternative.

The source material in *Berlin by Night* is very pertinent to the story, and Storytellers should read it thoroughly before attempting to run "The Ascension of Caine." The book details many of the characters important to the story, along with more Kindred who may be able to assist the characters. The Storyteller should read through "The Ascension of Caine" completely before playing the Story. This Story will likely unfold in ways that cannot be predicted, as your troupe will do its best to solve problems in its own unique fashion.

By all means, let the players run the gauntlet in any way they see fit; this story is designed to allow such freedoms. The story has several pitfalls built into it for a troupe that walks on the wrong path and could easily lead to a troupe's

destruction. On the opposite side of the coin, this story could lead to an entirely different lifestyle for the troupe, allowing a change of pace from a chronicle that has grown all too familiar.

At the end of this story are suggestions as to how to use "The Ascension of Caine" as a starting point for the Berlin Chronicle. There are any number of changes that can be made, including having the characters start as Archons or members of the Sabbat pack in Berlin.

Theme

The themes of "The Ascension of Caine" are the causes, effects and the exploitation of chaos. If the end of your world was upon you, would you be ready? If you came face to face with God, and He told you that all of your beliefs about Him were wrong, how would you react?

Kindred Lore tells of the Third Mortal, the First Vampire, Caine. The stories tell how he killed his brother and how the Lord punished him with the Mark of Caine. The legends tell of Caine's wanderings and his founding of a great city, Enoch. The stories detail how he sired three children, who in turn sired still others, leading Caine to forbid the creation of Progeny. The story of Caine ends with the destruction of Nod and Caine's disappearance from the world of Kindred and kine, perhaps destroyed, perhaps simply desiring solitude.

But unwritten legends tell other tales; tales of Caine reappearing to walk among his descendants. Is there any truth to these fanciful tales? If the stories are true, what would Caine think of the gross numbers of his kind that now walk the Earth? How would the Third Mortal respond to the Jihad that has raged in his absence?

Throughout the story, the players should be left to wonder whether or not the figure claiming to be Caine is as he says. The players should be terrified, for if Caine has returned, Gehenna has arrived. In the furor that builds, in the tensions that arise between those that would follow Caine and those who deny Caine's existence, a group of Kindred wait for the right time to make their move.

Are the players strong enough to survive if Gehenna truly is here? Surely not. Nonetheless, they must try.

Mood

"The Ascension of Caine" requires a great deal of the Storyteller. She must keep the players constantly on edge in a town where the rules change constantly.

"The Ascension of Caine" may well cause the Camarilla to interfere in Berlin because if this is The Third Mortal, the sect will certainly want to know. The Camarilla has certainly not followed Caine's rules, and his presence would very likely be taken as a sign of the Gehenna's impending approach.

Even worse for the troupe — or better, depending on their allegiances — the Sabbat has a group of Kindred that is fanatical about Caine and the history of the Kindred. These Noddists will come to Berlin in droves, ready to meet and learn from Caine, or ready to prove him false. In either case, the Sabbat influence in Berlin will rise substantially.

Even if the vampire claiming to be Caine is not the Third Mortal, he is surely up to no good. He claims that the Camarilla is false and demands that all Kindred follow him. He is an unknown factor which must be destroyed, and the Camarilla will certainly find the city that harbors such a threat dangerous as well.

So what can the troupe do? They can find out who this alleged Caine is, and expose him. Or they can follow him. Caine is as a god to the Kindred; if Jesus Christ came down in the center of town and claimed he would lead us all, how would you react? Would that reaction be changed if he had the power to back up his claim? How would governments react?

Storytellers might try the Hitchcock method. Give the players just enough of a description to let their minds settle the finer details on their own. Before all is said and done, the players should be wondering who in town they can trust, even going so far as to wonder if they can trust their own troupe.



Political intrigue can often lead to back-stabbing, and this particular story is far from being an exception. With the proper promises from various parties and the careful manipulation of the characters, the entire troupe could easily be ready to tear out one another's throats.

The Storyteller could decide how to handle the situation, but the decisions are also the players'. Let the characters fight if it is called for, but to add to the confusion in the right areas, feel free to add outside characters to calm things down — for a time. Again, with proper manipulation, you can decide when and where the characters fight, as well as who they fight, be it an interloper or each other.

If the Storyteller opts to play Berlin as a different city away from where the troupe normally runs, she may find the suggestions below all that is needed to bring the characters to Berlin.

Setting the Scene

Music and lighting can go far to add spice to the story. Harsh, stark white lights can put the players slightly on edge. This is especially true if a player is meeting with one of the princes or with an important elder, particularly if the lights are placed so that the glare is always on the periphery of their vision.

By the same token, soft lights and pools of darkness can foster a feeling of ignorance, appropriate if the characters are in a new town or a strange part of town. While soft, soothing music can help in scenes of intrigue, a fast, hard beat can also add to the thrill of combat.

Try to choose music that fits each individual scene. One recommendation for the quieter scenes is the sound track from "Twin Peaks;" the music is ethereal and slightly unnerving. Or perhaps you should try The Alan Parsons Projects' "Tales of Mystery and Imagination by Edgar Allen Poe;" again, the music can be slightly unnerving.

A solid dose of thrash music is always a safe bet for keeping players hyped up during the more violent scenes. Try Metallica's "Enter Sandman" or possibly a good dose of Ozzy Osbourne. Either way, make the music frantic. Pick and choose your own music for each scene, or follow the suggestions in *The Storytellers Handbook*.

The Plot

I am going to tell you now of a dream that led ... to an odd discovery.

— J. Sheridan Le Fanu, *Carmilla*

"The Ascension of Caine" allows players to send their characters in any direction, but Storytellers have more than enough ways to send the characters back on track if they stray too far from the proper path. Again, please read over the information in the first half of this source book to help with any necessary improvisation.

If the Storyteller has already run more than one or two stories, she should be familiar with how players will throw a wrench into the best-laid plans. Sooner or later it is going to happen, no matter how carefully you prepare. Remember, players love nothing more than making a Storyteller sweat; a few even look at succeeding in this task as the pinnacle moment of the gaming session.

"The Ascension of Caine" is designed to make sure they can't do so too much, as long as the Storyteller has control of events. If the characters go off on a tangent at the wrong moment, simply speed the story up, or have them run across a few members of the Hunting Party that just happen to be in the mood for a little Kindred vitae.

Chapter One

The first chapter involves horrific dreams experienced by Kindred all across the world. This section has a dual purpose: first, it sets the mood for the remainder of the story; second, it is a tool for getting the characters to Berlin if they are not already there. This shouldn't be too difficult as most of them will actually be having dreams about landmarks in the city.

If the characters do not begin in Berlin, and the dreams do not get them motivated to go there, the Storyteller might have a few of their sires or maybe even a prince "request their aid" in no uncertain terms. The actions that take place in their dreams should be quite enough to motivate them, however, and if any of them have the Danger Sense Merit or Auspex, they might well get additional information through their dreams.

The dreams revolve around a figure of darkness who calls Kindred from around the world to join him. The dreams bring with them feelings of anxiety and hope, depending on the individual character. Even if the characters are not talking about the dreams, they will soon hear others doing so. Another way to get the troupe involved is to have them drafted by the Justicar detailed in Chapter Four.

Chapter Two

This is an optional chapter for getting the troupe to Berlin, and one that is unnecessary if the characters are already in the city. It is highly recommended that the troupe be a part of Berlin before the story starts, as knowing at least a few of the figures in town would be useful.

If they begin elsewhere, the characters must get to Berlin. This chapter primarily deals with meeting both of Berlin's princes and possibly a few elders. It also includes an encounter with Ravnos clan members, who have just arrived themselves.

The Princes each demand the characters' loyalty, and their reactions could be very important in determining whether or not they survive the meetings. Gustav will tolerate absolutely no insolence unless the characters are servitors of the Justicar.

After the meeting, the troupe will encounter the Ravens, apparently a group of happy-go-lucky individuals. They can make life very difficult for the troupe, they can be extremely useful at a later time or they can be both.

The main purpose of this chapter is to allow the characters to cultivate a few channels of information for later use. The chapter ends with a panic-stricken Kindred screaming and stuttering about the meeting he just had with Caine, and the certainty the vampire feels that this was indeed the Third Mortal. Caine, it seems, demands an audience with all Berlin's Kindred.

Chapter Three

The characters (if they have any common sense at all) meet Caine the following night. Caine explains a great deal to the Kindred of Berlin and issues an ultimatum: "Join with me, my children. Separate yourselves from the bonds that hold you enslaved to the Camarilla and the Sabbat! All who follow me shall reap the great rewards I have to offer. All who side with my enemies shall be my enemies!"

Directly afterwards, the characters have the chance to join Caine, and are told where they can meet him at a later time. At present, he will meet with no one and disappears into the night. Soon after this meeting, the troupe will have its first encounter with the Hunting Party, during which they are invited to dinner — as the main course. The troupe's only hope is the newly arrived Justicar.

The Justicar questions any members of the troupe who survived the encounter with the Hunting Party. If the characters prove helpful, he invites them to be of further aid, giving them a phone number where they can reach him or his assistants. The Justicar will promise the characters rewards, and will remain civil as long as they cooperate.

This chapter also involves a secretive meeting between Caine's twin retainers and a mystery figure, one the characters have never met. While they will not hear many details, the troupe should come to realize that all is not as clear cut as Caine would have them believe.

Chapter Four

Now the players get a surprise. Over the course of the next few nights, the Kindred population increases at a

terrifying rate. The characters meet Kindred from all over the world. The political game explodes, as new Kindred meet the established vampires. The new Kindred claim to have met Caine before and start to break the Traditions. The Masquerade is in danger, and so are the characters if they should attempt to interfere with those doing the breaking.

Just when all seems completely lost, and it seems that no one will come to the troupe's rescue, aid appears in the form of Caine. All he requires in return is fealty.

The next night, the troupe meets with Caine and his followers, a group that has already grown to include the entire Hunting Party. Caine repeats his previous promises and gives a demonstration of his power, causing a non-believer to die in hideous agony before the character's eyes.

The mysterious stranger from the other night speaks with Caine as he is leaving. So does another, one that the troupe knows — a carefully hidden member of the West Berlin Primogen!

Chapter Five

The characters can follow the mysterious stranger or the primogen member, only to discover that both go to the same place: the Egyptian Museum. The characters encounter a deadly trap in the form of the Aabbt Kindred, cobras trained and Embraced, with lethal results. Should they survive this encounter, they will meet with yet another threat in the form of Saaret-ta, a Bane Mummy and servant of Set.

They will either fight or talk, depending on the troupe's mood, and the characters can learn many secrets, including the truth about Caine. During this encounter, Caine and his growing army of followers have grown tired of waiting for others to see the light. The time has come to join him or be destroyed, and Jihad is waged on the battle field of Berlin. The characters must act quickly, or it will be too late to save the city and possibly even the Camarilla.

Chapter Six

The final conflict, a chapter with too many possibilities to discuss until we actually reach that point.

Chapter One: Nightmares in the Daylight Hours

*And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams —*
— Edgar Allan Poe, "To One In Paradise"

Scene One: In Dreams I See Him

The Plot

Each of the players should be separately told their character's dreams, told of the nightmarish figure who stands with his face hidden in shadow, beckoning to the character and calling him by name. No two dreams should be quite alike, and the Storyteller should decide how each individual character reacts to the dreams.

For some, the dreams should be almost erotic. The scent of sweet smelling blood hangs in the air, and distant moans of ecstasy come from the Emperor William Memorial Church, before which the mystery figure stands.

For others, emphasize the power emanating from the imposing figure, and describe the screams of anguish that nearly rupture the dreamer's ears. All the while, blood flows in torrents from the devastated church's remains.

Each individual character awakens in her haven, feeling uncomfortable with the intensity of the dream, and begins a normal night's existence. If the Kindred do not mention to each other what they have dreamt, then feel free to add one of their associates who has no such hesitation. The Kindred should soon come to realize that they have all experienced variations of the same dream.

If none have been to Berlin, again use an associate who has either lived there or visited and remembers the church. This scene should be replayed over the course of a couple of nights unless the troupe gets the hint the first time.

This scene takes place anywhere the Kindred normally sleep. The idea is to make them realize that what they have seen in their dreams was definitely not just a fluke that they alone suffered. Placing them in their normal, safe habitats is a good way to demonstrate how alien everything in the dream was.

All this scene's action takes place in the characters' minds. Let them try to manipulate their dreams; if they want to look around, let them see signs in German, show them other landmarks that may or may not actually exist, and give them stronger hints as to where the dream takes place.

For instance, the Storyteller, could have them see Adolf Hitler speaking to the masses in front of the church before switching to an image of the church as it now stands. Under no circumstances should they be able to see the face of the one who beckons to them. If they get too close, have them wake up in a fine sheen of blood sweat, too terrified to do anything but gasp for several moments.

The only dialogue in this scene takes place between the characters and possibly the associate who reveals her dream to the characters.



Chapter Two: Outsiders

Getting the Players to Berlin

This scene is entirely optional, and depends on whether or not the dreams have had any real effect on the characters. If they have not taken the hint, Gustav or Wilhelm (or the prince of their city) will step in and request a favor that is not necessarily a favor.

Should the character's be on the prince's bad side, the city's elders might issue the same request, explaining that they are far too busy to handle the problem themselves and offer a reward of some type.

This scene takes place in the prince's place of business or the troupe's hangout. If the prince asks for assistance, it will be at a place where he feels comfortable and in control. If it is the elders, the chances are good that they feel comfortable wherever they are.

As the troupe discovers that the prince or elder wants something they can provide, they may well request rewards or favors in return. Depending on how the players act, the drama can be very subtle, or as harsh as a hammer blow.

This scene involves careful political manipulation on the part of the prince or elder. No prince or elder willingly takes too much flack from the characters, but promises can be made and gifts exchanged.

If the characters refuse, the Kindred making the request can and will make the unlikes of the players very difficult. The prince or elder will be very civil and pleasant so long as the conversation goes his way, but should the issue be pressed, he could get very nasty. The prince will try to explain why he needs the information.

"I find the thought of all the Kindred in my city having nightmares to be unsettling, and I believe that the dreams have their roots in Berlin. Either someone is playing games

with my city, or the fiefdom of Berlin will soon be of great importance to Kindred everywhere. In either case, I want to know what is happening there, and I have no intention of being disappointed. If you should choose to do this little thing for me, you will be amply rewarded, or you can deny me this small favor and gain my enmity. The choice is entirely yours."

It is only natural for the vampires to want to know why they have been selected. The answer is simple. "I have watched you from afar for some time, and I have seen the ways in which you work together. I believe that if anyone can get to the bottom of this little dilemma, it is the group of you as a whole," which, loosely translated, means, "You are expendable."

The only characters necessary to this scene are the prince or perhaps a couple of elders. This scene should involve someone in a position of power above the troupe, who wants their aid (wants them to go to Berlin) and has the power to force them into doing so.

Strangers in Town

People are strange when you're a stranger.

People look ugly when you're alone

Women seem wicked, men are unwanted,

Faces are uneven, when you're down

— The Doors, "When You're a Stranger"

This scene involves having the troupe meet the princes of Berlin. If the Prince of their own city has been involved in getting them to Berlin, he will have arranged a letter of introduction as well as airfare on a plane and packing crates for their trip.

The prince of their own city will also provide rooms for them at the Europa Center. If the troupe is on their own, make them sweat how to travel and where they will stay. The characters should make meeting with the separate princes their first priority. The second problem they might run across is not knowing that there are two princes, unless they have discussed the matter with the prince of their own city.

Either of the princes can be seen first, but if they have been sent by their prince, they will know that Gustav would take it very poorly if he were made visited second. Berlin's Nosferatu will not hesitate to pass information about the troupe's arrival to the princes, seeing the favor as a small price to pay to add to the cold war between the two rulers of Berlin.

While the characters would be well advised to treat both princes with respect and deference, only Gustav will take it poorly if the characters are not impeccable in their approach. Wilhelm is a good deal more liberal in his dealings, and will ignore any but the most blatant of slanders, deliberate or not.

The first part of the scene takes place either at the airport or at the prearranged rooms of the Troupe. The rooms at the Europa Center are gathered in one wing of the hotel, and the prince of their home city will have even

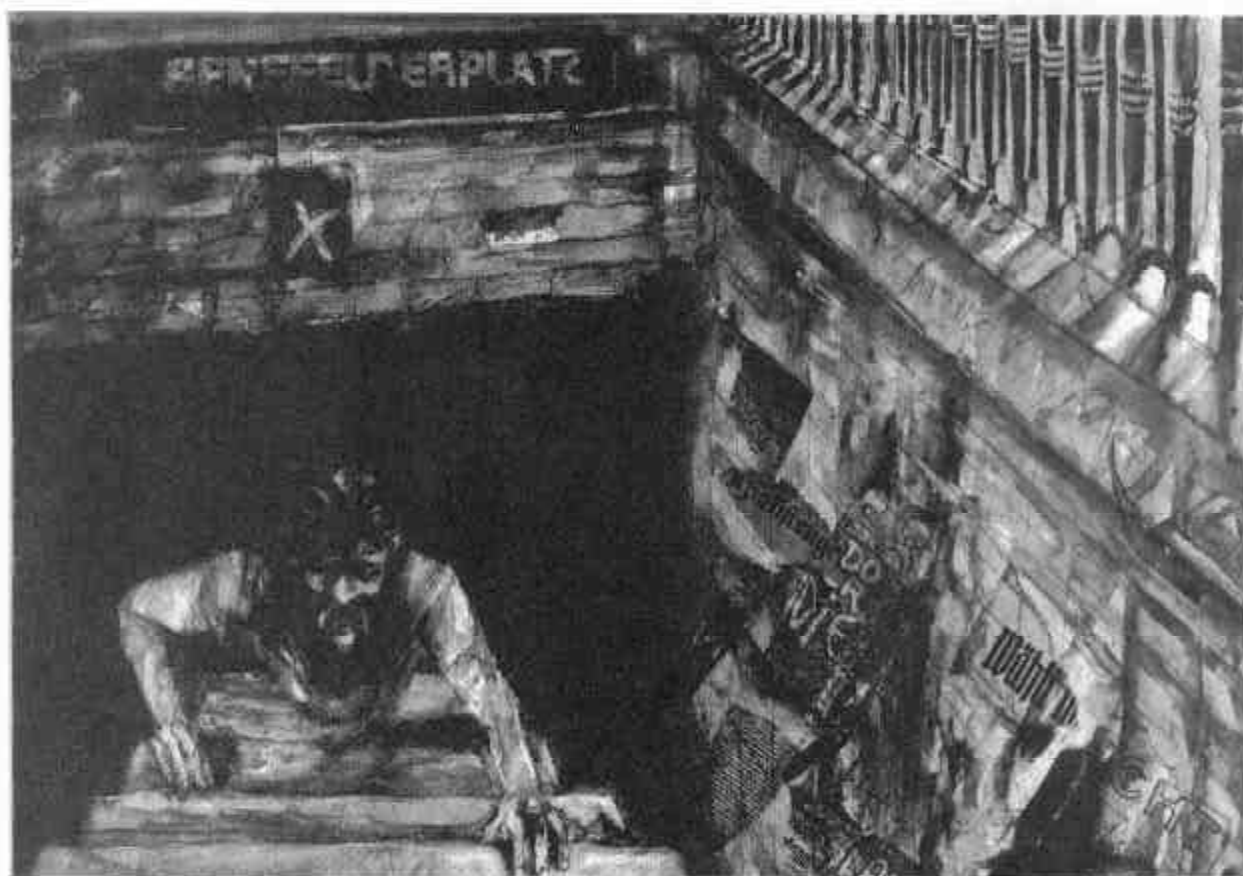
arranged for a small conference room for the duration of their stay, a room with little more than a large table and enough chairs for the characters to gather around.

The next part of the scene will take place in the princes' palaces, one in East Berlin and one in West Berlin. Both are luxuriously decorated and come complete with one prince, two Kindred assistants and a minimum of two Retainers.

The season in which this Story takes place is entirely up to the Storyteller, but winter in Berlin can add a certain chilling charm all its own. Snow, pressed by the footsteps of countless hundreds into a dangerous gray ice, covers the wet and slippery streets, and the whole city appears forlorn and desperate.

Meeting with a new prince in a new city is bad enough, but meeting with two princes can be a harrowing experience. The princes will both explain the laws of their Fiefdom in similar ways, but Gustav will seem more insistent on knowing exactly why the characters are in town. If the characters have a letter of introduction, they will be greeted warmly on both sides.

If they lack the letter, Gustav will seem bored and indifferent, explaining his laws and sending the characters out of his sight as quickly as possible; he has a very busy schedule. Gustav's brooding presence makes it clear that he would just as soon not see the characters ever again, and that



if they are brought to him for having done something wrong, he will have them killed without hesitation. He is very stiffly proper and polite, but obviously doesn't wish to be bothered.

Wilhelm is just the opposite. He will ask questions about where the Kindred are from, inquire as to their present situations, hope that their stay in his city is pleasant, and even volunteer aid should they need it. If anything, Wilhelm is almost too pleasant.

There can be a great deal of roleplaying and dialogue in this scene if the troupe plays its cards right. Gustav will be brusque, but can be a font of useful information. So long as deference is shown and respect given, Gustav will be fairly pleasant, almost preening under all the admiration. Should they simply ask questions of him as though they were asking a stranger the time, Gustav will dismiss the characters abruptly, ignoring any questions about the city.

Wilhelm will be friendly in either circumstance, shaking the men's hands and kissing the women's hands with equal gusto. He is more than willing to give information and possibly even a guide to aid the troupe (guides are very handy when it comes to keeping tabs on visitors to his fiefdom). If he troupe accepts the guide, Wilhelm introduces them to Peter Kleist, who will show them any sight they wish to see on the west side of Berlin.

If questioned, Kleist will explain that going to the east side would ensure his death in a moment as he has only sworn fealty to Wilhelm and has no desire to join Gustav.

The main characters in this scene include both princes and Peter Kleist. All of these characters are detailed in the Kindred section of *Berlin by Night*.

Scene Two: Caravan

In this scene, the characters meet the Ravnos — two clan members and five Retainers — shortly after leaving Prince Wilhelm's haven. The Ravnos are searching for something important to them, and the Troupe will notice a small caravan of battered and aged mini-buses.

The meeting with the Ravnos may take place in any part of the city and can lead anywhere. If the troupe is already part of the Berlin Kindred, they can pick and choose their location. Optional choices are given in "Getting to Berlin" if the troupe is not originally from the city.

East Berlin has large areas where buildings destroyed in World War II have been removed to make parks, and the Ravnos enjoy seeing these parks. The east side is also a great deal darker, having less stores open after night fall and less street lights than the west.

If the characters are in West Berlin, the kine on the streets should be more evident, and the shops and night-clubs should light the area more effectively. The troupe should feel more secure in such an area, where there are too many witnesses to allow much to occur without a violation of the Masquerade.

The Ravnos' buses are all covered with odd paintings and slogans that appear to be utterly meaningless, unless one or more of the characters happens to understand Romanian. In the event that they do understand, the slogans translate into warnings against potential thieves to avoid risking their health by breaking into the vans.

As is proper, the Ravnos are preparing to introduce themselves to Wilhelm and request permission to visit his fine city. The Ravnos intend to visit the city whether or not permission is granted, but they thought it would be nice to ask.

If the characters make any comments at all, friendly or hostile, that the Ravnos can overhear, they will be acknowledged and approached. The Ravnos will return whatever attitude is shown them, be it patronizing, friendly or hostile.

If asked why they are in town, the Ravnos will be vague. "We lost something a few years back, and we are trying to find it. Maybe it is in this city, maybe not." The Ravnos ask questions of their own in return, but they will ask nothing of a personal nature after determining whether the characters intend to stay in town for a while.

If asked about strange dreams, the Ravnos will acknowledge that they have experienced the dreams, and will express their belief that the dreams are likely a summoning from Caine. Naturally they had to come to town and find out for certain. The Ravnos will gleefully join the party on any excursion the troupe members might suggest, but they will not join in on anything that is too openly shady if Kleist is along for the ride.

In any event, when the Ravnos and the troupe separates, the characters will each have lost something personal. The Ravnos took watches, wallets, rings, hand guns and, if appropriate, Sabbat medallions. The characters should not notice this right away, unless they actually mention that they are looking over their possessions. If they do notice and decide to retaliate, the Ravnos will use their Chimerstry to create a false image of the caravan moving in a different direction, thus allowing themselves a quick get away.

The Ravnos are naturally unsettling to be around, but are also remarkably friendly. They are only out to have a good time and really do not desire any conflict with the characters.

Should the characters be civil, the Ravnos will return the favor. Should the characters grow overly hostile, the Ravnos will simply leave; they mark the characters as a potential threat and as definite targets of later abuse.

If Peter is along as a guide, he will warn the troupe to be wary of the Ravnos, though he will have the common sense to wait until the Ravnos have departed. "Those ruffians are thieves and liars, and they would merrily steal the newborn baby from its mother's loving arms if given a chance. Watch your back when they are near."

The dialogue in this scene depends entirely on how the troupe reacts to the easy-going Ravnos. A great deal of fun can be had with the Ravnos teasing the characters, and the

characters can feel free to return the jokes. At the first sign of hostility, the Ravens will leave. They have no desire to fight Kindred — only to have fun while searching for what they have lost.

The only characters introduced in this scene are the Ravens. The clan is looking for a lost member of their group, Anka Hotep, who is believed to have been on the *Lusitania* when it sank.

At the same time Kindred around the world started having nightmares, Natalia, the group's informal leader, started having dreams about Berlin as well, but in the dreams her old lover and friend Anka Hotep is lost and locked in a small dark prison cell. She will tell no one of her motivations. Natalia is a very dark and lovely girl who appears to be no more than 17. Like all of her brethren, she acts completely carefree and even goes so far as to flirt outrageously with the characters.

Natalia

Generation: 8th

Clan: Ravens

Nature: Bon Vivant

Demeanor: Jester

Embraced: 1203

Apparent Age: 17

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Acting 4, Athletics 3, Dodge 5, Leadership 2,

Mimicry 4, Seduction 3, Ventriloquism 4

Skills: Bribery 2, Dancing 5, Drive 3, Hagglng 3,

Herbalism 3, Lock Picking 4, Melee 4, Repair 3, Music 3,

Pickpocket 6, Sleight-of-Hand 3

Knowledges: Linguistics 4, Occult 3



Disciplines: Animalism 4, Auspex 3, Celerity 2, Chimerstry 5, Fortitude 4, Presence 2

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 3, Courage 4

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 8

Image: Slender and sultry, Natalia is a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty with more colors on her clothes than the entire United Nations entourage of flags.

The Remainers and the other Ravens, Alexi (9th Generation) are substantially weaker in ability, but almost as good as she when it comes to Seduction and Pickpocketing.

Scene Three: Doomsayer

This moment a piece of news has reached me like a thunderbolt.

—J. Sheridan Le Fanu, *Carmilla*

This scene is the first in which Caine is directly mentioned to the characters. The purpose of this scene is, again, to instill anxiety in the players. Its only purpose is to tell the troupe that Caine has demanded a meeting of the Kindred and where the meeting shall be. If the Storyteller uses this scene, it may be placed anywhere in the story.

The streets are foggy and almost completely deserted when the terrified Kindred approaches them. Their words and his echo off the damp walls around them, and in the distance they can hear the rumble of thunder as a morning storm approaches from the east.

As the characters retreat toward their havens, a running figure approaches them. The figure sails out of the early morning mists with panic in his eyes and a barely contained scream in his throat to tell them of his encounter with The Third Moral. The terrified vampire is Hans Vroenik, a Toreador. While not the clan elder, other Kindred respect him for his calm thinking and easy-going manner.

If the characters have met him before, point out the differences between the serene individual they have seen in the past and the babbling maniac they see now. The characters should also be reminded of their dreams and the significance of the Memorial Church.

Disheveled and dirty, Hans stammers when he speaks. On this night he has attended the opera, and his silly weeds appear to have been dragged through the mud. Characters with Auspex will be able to read his blind fear.

Hans Vroenik stutters down the street at a full run, unaware of all that is around him. Unless the characters are very observant (Alertness + Perception, difficulty 8), Hans will slam into them while running full tilt. Should the characters assume this is an attack and try to retaliate, Hans will ignore them, if possible, and continue on his way. He screams the same words again and again in garbled German.

"Dear God, He's returned! He'll destroy us all! Run for your lives!" If the characters manage to calm him down enough to talk, using Dominate or Leadership is a resisted

toll versus Hans' Willpower, he will explain. "I was leaving the meeting, walking home, and He appeared! Caine! I saw him! He's come back, God help us, He's returned!"

If the characters ask what Caine wanted, Hans will add the following: "He calls for a meeting, at the Memorial Church. He said to tell everyone. Spread the word if you want to live! Caine has returned!"

If the characters continue to try and calm Hans down, he will go on to tell them that Caine has called a meeting at the Emperor William Memorial Church at 10 p.m. the following night. He will continue with the threat that Caine made.

"He said to tell everyone that failure to attend the meeting would be dangerous. He did not ask that Kindred

attend — he demanded it." Hans will run on, exclaiming that he must tell the princes. *Auspex* can again be useful, as it will allow Kindred to know that he is telling the truth as he perceives it. Hans will attack anyone who tries to keep him from leaving, as he intends to tell as many Kindred as possible about his unexpected meeting.

This scene takes place on the streets of Berlin, approximately an hour and a half before sunrise. As the city is filled with Kindred, the characters might or might not get the chance to tell anyone else of what occurs. With the current political stresses, it should be exceedingly difficult for them to know who to tell — who is on their side? They could, however, contact the princes and let them know of the message from Caine.

Chapter Three: When Gods Are Angered

*Hey, I'm your life, I'm the one that takes you there.
Hey, I'm your life, I'm the one who cares.
They, they betray, I'm your only true friend now.
They, they betray, I'm forever there*
— Metallica, "Sad But True"

Scene Four: The Gathering

This scene takes place in the original Kaiser William Memorial Church. Destroyed during World War II, the ghosts of the past seem to lurk in the darkened ruin. Scorch marks decorate the interior, and echoes carry an odd, mournful sound. Those with *Auspex* will feel the movements of the angry and mournful dead seemingly passing through their very souls. The only light inside seems to come from a few flickering torches set in place before any of the Kindred entered. No kine walk the street outside to-night.

This scene has no physical action. It primarily deals with the gossip surrounding "Caine's" decision to call a meeting of all the Kindred in the city. As the Kindred start to gather in the gloomy wreck of the church, the characters have a chance to gather any type of information they desire. Every clan in the Camarilla is represented, as the Kindred of Berlin have decided not to risk whether or not the demands really come from Caine.

The only drama in this scene comes from the players' desire to learn of the city. With a few careful *Manipulation* rolls and the right questions, the troupe could easily gather information on almost any of the Kindred in town. Most of

the information would be false or tainted by the beliefs of the Kindred asked, but the seeds of the truth would still be there.

The only dialogue is left to the characters, with the exception of rumors running rampant through the small crowd. Rumors might include anything from "I saw Caine once, he wasn't so tough," to "Last I heard, Caine was dead." In any event, the Kindred of Berlin will seem much more interested in Caine than in anything else.

The Malkavians, in particular, will throw wild speculations at the ears of anyone who cares to listen. "It was Caine who brought down the Soviet Union. I understand that Gorbachev refused to be his Retainer," and, "Of course I know Caine. He's my sire!" are good examples of the talk they'll talk. Unless asked a specific question, the Nosferatu will ignore any out of towners not of their clan. Should they meet with a member of their own, they will greet her with open arms.

Almost every single Kindred in Berlin, even the Ravnos visitors, are present. Some anticipate a good joke, some are curious, and some have come to see the Final Death of a Kindred stupid enough to claim that he is Caine. No one really expects to see the Third Mortal.

Even both princes show up, and the gathered Kindred break into factions immediately. Clan by clan they separate, each coterie stepping into its own area. Only the Ventrue of Berlin are separated. The two princes each sit with those

loyal to them, and a third portion of the clan sits by themselves, between the two princes. From time to time one of the Ventrue will move to another group, talking with an associate.

As the groups continue to speak to one another, the rumors about Caine start to float around the room. When it seems that the rumors have reached their pinnacle, and the characters have heard just about all that there is to hear, Caine arrives.

Scene Five: Please Allow Me To Introduce Myself

The rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated.

— Mark Twain

This scene also occurs in the church, but the mood has drastically changed. The air is charged with fear, as Caine follows his retainers into the hulk of the church. The retainers are powerfully built twin brothers. Both are albinos, pale white in skin color and snowy white in hair. Their eyes burn like red suns, and their faces are entirely impassive. The power emanating from the retainers alone is enough to unsettle the gathered Kindred. Caine speaks in the maddening silence.

There is no drama in this scene unless someone is foolish enough to attack Caine, in which case there is a quick and brutal death. If anyone with Auspex attempts to read Caine's aura, she is temporarily blinded by a painful white aura as bright as the noon day sun. There is no roll necessary for this blinding, but if the character has Fortitude and insists on rolling, she is only blinded for an hour if she gets one or more successes. If the same character botches the roll, she is blinded for the rest of the night.

The only dialogue in this scene comes from Caine. As he walks into the church ruins, the Kindred of Berlin fall silent. The terror is palpable. The atmosphere is charged with Caine's power, rather like the calm before a storm.

Caine looks over the entire room, locking eyes with every single Kindred before he speaks. "I am the sire of you all. I was the first of our kind. I am Caine. I have watched as the Kindred have grown in number and in power, and I have watched as those who sleep have risen from their resting places to feed on all those too weak to resist. That time is done.

"I have observed the passing of millennia and done nothing to interfere in the unlives of my Get. That too is over. From this moment on, there is no Camarilla, there is no Sabbat. There is only the Kindred.

"No longer will I allow the foolish leaders who believe me gone to wage their Jihad against one another, using my people as their pawns. You who have paid with your souls for my sin will now be freed of the manipulations of my Get and the Get of my Get. We will walk as one, and we will rule this



world. The kine have thought us legend for too long; they have no concept of what we can do. They have grown weak in their arrogance and complacency."

"Join me, my children. Join with me in the battle to rule this world. The Lupine, the kine, and any others who would oppose my rule and that of my Get will learn the penalty for their foolishness. The world will be our Herd."

Caine stands solemnly for a moment, staring again at each Kindred in the room. "I have been away far too long. Know you now that I have returned. I know this to be a shock. I too have heard the rumors of my demise. You will have seven nights to make your decision. Join with me, separate yourselves from the bonds of the Camarilla and the Sabbat and rule by my side. Reap the rewards that I alone can offer you! Or remain with the fools who use you as their pawns. But, know this: those who side with my enemies are my enemies!"

He turns to stride proudly from the room. "If you would join with me, speak to my Retainers. They shall tell you all you need know." Caine leaves the building, vanishing into the night. Both princes and a good number of the Ventrue leave only moments later, talking in whispers.

Should any characters take the opportunity offered, Caine's Retainers will ask them their names and give them a vial of blood. The Blood is Caine's, and will temporarily add two to all physical attributes. This effect only lasts the night.

Every member of the Hunting Party will immediately step towards the two Retainers. Most of the Kindred will leave, going their own ways in groups or in pairs. The Toreador stand in small groups talking excitedly. The Nosferatu leave immediately to call a meeting of their coterie. The few Brujah in Berlin are stunned into silence for a moment, and then proceed to argue as to whether or not this could have been the true Caine. The Malkavians of Berlin run through the night, some laughing, some crying, and in the case of Ozzy Hyde-White, pondering the implications of what has occurred.

Caine

Caine is more powerful than any other Kindred on the planet. Don't expect statistics. Anyone foolish enough to tackle him is dead.

Appearance: Caine should not be described in solid terms. Instead, describe him in ways that let the players imagine what he looks like: "Caine stands before you. You can feel the power that emanates from him. His eyes draw your attention like flames draw the attention of moths. He moves sinuously, gliding into the dark chamber. He stares at you, a grim look of determination on his powerful face."

Caine is a figure of myth and awe. To give him features like anyone else in the game would make him too real and detract from the players' nervous energy. Make the characters know that this is Caine, but never tell them what Caine looks like.

Roleplaying Hints: You are afraid of nothing. No one in the world can compare to you. You are doing everyone a favor. You are powerful and, in your own way, caring, but these vampires were a mistake. They should not have come to pass. They are not at fault in their dilemma — you are. They are the Damned because you let them come to pass. They are your sheep and you their shepherd. Still, you will tolerate no scoffing. Should anyone attempt to mock you, you will direct the full force of your personality on them, causing Röttschreck that cannot be resisted.

Tristan and Travis

The two ghouls are identical in every way, from the leather outfits they wear to the part in their hair. Neither speaks much, save to pass out the vials of blood, and to take the vials back when they have been emptied. No one keeps a vial. No one.

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Fanatic

Willpower: 9

Humanity: 5

Born: 1000 B.C.

Apparent Age: 25

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Intimidation 5

Skills: Firearms 5, Melee 5, Security 5, Stealth 5, Survival 5

Knowledges: Kindred Lore 5, Linguistics 5, Occult 5

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Fortitude 4, Potence 5, Protean 2

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



Image: The brothers have powerful bodies, lean and hard with not an ounce of spare fat on them. They are as pale as Kindred, and could easily be mistaken for them. The brothers stand 5'10" tall and are dressed in matching boots, black leather pants and vests, and scowls.

Roleplaying Hints: You are loyal only to your brother and to Caine. You never smile in the presence of others, and you never take flack from anyone. You answer questions brusquely, ignoring those that don't deserve answers. You would die for your master; he is all that keeps you alive.

Notes: Both of the brothers carry five sharpened stakes as well as throwing daggers forged of silver. The brothers meet any attempt at hostility immediately.

Scene Six: Reich Feast

Scary monsters, supercreeps

Keep me running scared.

— David Bowie, "Scary Monsters"

News has traveled quickly even to distant locations, and the first result of the Ascension is now felt. The purpose of this scene is to allow the players to realize just how solid an influence the vampire claiming to be Caine is already having. The Hunting Party has stayed behind, receiving the vitae from Caine's retainers. Emboldened not only by the vitae but by the promise that Caine will once more give the world to the Kindred, they have decided to feast. The laws of the Camarilla no longer seem to matter to the Hunting Party, and this includes the Masquerade.

When the rumors started last night about Caine calling a meeting, both Maxwell Ldesco of the Tremere and Nichole of the Ventrue called their sires. Enough is enough, and both realize that the chaos about to spread would be too much for the city if the Camarilla does not intervene.

The setting is the streets of West Berlin, and again the night is wet and dark. Remember, the streets are almost totally deserted tonight, as most kine have apparently decided not to leave their homes.

In this scene, the troupe has the misfortune to run across the Hunting Party soon after leaving the church. The Hunting Party has decided that tonight would be a good time to feast on the vitae of a few unwilling Kindred and the characters have been elected dinner. It numbers approximately 15 strong, and includes the entire Hunting Party except for Himmler. It should have little or no trouble destroying the characters.

The situation is utterly hopeless for the players; they may manage to injure or even kill a few of the Hunting Party, but the sheer numbers will be overwhelming.

All of the anarchs carry wooden stakes, and they do their very best to stake the characters as quickly as possible. Should they succeed, they parade the characters through the streets and take them to the Hunting Party's headquar-

ters. They will never reach that destination, however. The Justicar and his Archons will stop the attempted Diablerie long before it can actually take place.

Yes, relief comes in the form of Justicar Schrekt and his Archons. They do not kill any of the anarchs, though that is certainly within their power. Instead, the Camarilla enforcers merely drive them away. Before the characters can thank them, Schrekt starts asking the troupe questions.

Should the players opt to truthfully answer any and all questions asked of them, all will end well. If they should make any sarcastic comments or to lie, the Justicar and his Archons will immediately bear them into submission. These are not the nicest Kindred a character could run across. They take their duties very seriously and will not hesitate to set an example. If the troupe is civil, they will be well thought of and possibly even rewarded at a later time.

The first part of this scene has little or no dialogue. The Hunting Party is not here to be civil. The second part of this scene can contain immense amounts of dialogue, starting with the thank yous and continuing on to the Justicar's questions. Schrekt is a very direct inquisitor and trusts no one but his Archons. He will be using his Auspex to know whether or not he is being lied to.

The Archons themselves can be very friendly, but the affection is a ruse and a way of enticing the players to be honest. They play good cop to Schrekt's bad cop.

Member of the Hunting Party:

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6 (All Physical Attributes are increased by Caine's vitae)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 1, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2

Skills: Firearms 3, Melee 3, Survival 1, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Linguistics 3, Occult Lore 3

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

Background: Allies 3, Mentor 2

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self Control 2, Courage 5

Humanity: 1

Willpower: 5

Karl Schrekt - The Justicar

Karl Schrekt is a very powerful Tremere, and the rumors and legends concerning him have grown as the years have passed. Some say Schrekt is not even officially a Justicar any longer, and that he simply continues in the work that has long been his life's goal.

Schrekt believes the Camarilla is the most important single occurrence in the history of the Kindred, and that the Camarilla's laws must be upheld at any cost. While most modern vampires only think of the Camarilla in a vague way, Schrekt maintains the laws and their enforcement as



the central goal of his life. Karl Schreckt still recalls the fires of the Inquisition, and his primary goal is to insure that the kine never again discover the existence of vampires.

In an attempt to prove to every Kindred that the Camarilla is a powerful organization, Schreckt has actually recruited ambitious Kindred from various clans as his Archons. The Archons know their life expectancy is short, but there is always a price for power, and they are willing to pay it. Some say Schreckt has even bound a Setite to himself in an attempt to prove his beliefs to all.

No one in the city knows anything concrete about him, but the rumors have been flying for years. It is said that he once hunted Kindred. It is said that he once killed and committed diablerie upon a Lupine. Rumors have even flown that he once met Caine. Whatever the truth of these rumors, Schreckt is not talking.

Sire: Lotharius.

Nature: Fanatic.

Demeanor: Judge.

Generation: 5th.

Embrace: A.D. 1235.

Apparent Age: 40.

Physical: Strength 7, Dexterity 6, Stamina 8.

Social: Charisma 6, Manipulation 8, Appearance 4.

Mental: Perception 7, Intelligence 8, Wits 8.

Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 5, Athletics 5, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Intimidation 7, Leadership 6, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 5.

Skills: Etiquette 6, Firearms 3, Melee 5, Music 3, Repair 2, Security 5, Stealth 1.

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Camarilla Lore 6, Investigation 5, Law 5, Linguistics 5, Medicine 3, Occult 7, Politics 7.

Disciplines: Auspex 7, Celerity 4, Dominate 5, Fortitude 6, Necromancy 4, Potence 5, Presence 6, Protean 3, Quietude 2, Thaumaturgy 8 (Taste of Blood 5, Lure of Flames 5, Movement of Mind 5, Spirit Thaumaturgy 3, Weather Control 4, Path of Corruption 3, Path of Conjuring 3, Elemental Mastery 3, Path of Luminescence 2).

Rituals: Communicate with Kindred Sire, Wake With Evening's Freshness, Deflection of Wooden Doom, Defense of Sacred Haven, Devil's Touch, Purity of Flesh, Ward Versus Ghouls, Principle Focus of Vitae Infusion, Ward Versus Lupine, Flesh of Fiery Touch, Noncorporeal Passage, Rending Sweet Earth, Pissant Shield, Geas, Splinter Servant, Heart of Stone, Escape to a True Friend, Ward Versus Spirit, Blood Contract, Raise the Dead, Ritual of Holding, Divorcing the Soul, Chain of the Bloodline, plus a whole lot more.

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Fame 5, Herd 3, Influence 5, Mentor 6, Resources 6, Retainers 4, Status 7.

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



Humanity: 2

Willpower: 10

Notes: Schrekt's extra levels of *Auspex* allow him to know immediately if he is being lied to as well as the nature of the lie and to engage in Telepathic communication with a number of people at once. His extra level of *Presence* lets him create an exceptionally calming effect on those around him, which lulls many of them into disclosing all the facts they had not meant to.

Image: Karl Schrekt is a stocky 5'10". He has wide shoulders and a grim but dignified appearance. His face is well weathered and his eyes are always hooded. Karl's hair is just under shoulder length and light blond, with streaks of gray throughout. He is never without a trench coat, no matter what the weather is like. Undereneath he wears business suits of moderately expensive cut.

Roleplaying Hints: Never smile. Never show fear or anger. Everything you are is hidden from the world. If your best friend was being murdered in front of you, you would casually walk to his assistance. No one gets to you. You are a man of ice.

Influence: We're talking *Justicar* here. Most people see Schrekt coming and pray that he fails to notice them doing anything wrong. He has the respect or fear of all of his acquaintances, with the possible exception of the Inner Council of the Camarilla.

The Archons

The following statistics are usable for the Archons. However each has separate *Disciplines* next to the appropriate name.

Generation: 8th

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 5, Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Intimidation 4, Leadership 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Etiquette 4, Drive 4, Firearms 5, Melee 5, Security 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Computer 1, Finance 2, Linguistics 4, Politics 3, Science 3 Investigation 5

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Influence 1, Mentor 5, Resources 4, Retainers 2, Status 4

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 4

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 7

Cashmere: Dominate 5, Fortitude 5, Obfuscate 2, Presence 4

Jules: *Auspex* 4, Dominate 3, Thaumaturgy 5

Ian: *Auspex* 3, Dominate 2, Thaumaturgy 4

Charity: *Auspex* 4, Dominate 3, Obfuscate 4

Ra: Bardo 2, Celerity 3, Obfuscate 3, Presence 4, Serpents 5

Rick: Celerity 3, Fortitude 2, Potence 3

Tomlynn: Animalism 3, Celerity 2, Obfuscate 5, Potence 3, Protean 3

Angel: Celerity 3, Potence 5, Presence 4

Gates: Animalism 5, Fortitude 2, Protean 3

Jessica Morrow - Cashmere

Jessica Morrow is a beautiful red-haired woman who appears to be in her late 20s. Her nickname apparently comes her wardrobe, which includes limitless numbers of cashmere suits and casual clothes. For Jessica, casual means it was probably purchased at Sak's Fifth Avenue, off the rack. Jessica is outgoing and friendly, and armed with a dozen cans of aerosol hairspray with lighters, used as mini-flamethrowers.

Julian Sanderson - Jules

Julian Sanderson is a lean energetic man, with long blond hair normally worn in a ponytail and sparkling blue eyes. His attitude is mercurial, leaping from cheerful to morose in a matter of seconds. Julian will wear whatever clothes he finds appropriate to the situation, but prefers the GQ look.

Ian Carfax

Ian Carfax prefers the dramatic approach and can normally be found in fine English clothes, complete with a formal Opera Cloak and a silver-headed cane. Ian is an observer, soft spoken and quiet, until the time comes for him to act. Ian acts more like a Ventrue than a Tremere. It is Ian's goal to one day become Justicar of the Tremere clan, but Ian is patient and will wait for the time being.

Charity Caize

Charity is a Malkavian through and through. Her style of dress ranges between suitfrazz and cowboy, all the way through to the occasional black leather outfit. Charity suffers from multiple personalities, which have so far been remarkably tolerant of each other. Some of the other Archons have wondered whether or not the personality schism isn't just a ruse, hiding her analytical mind behind a dozen different stereotypes. She appears to be approximately 20 years old.

Samat Ramal - Ra

Samat Ramal is indeed a Setite, but as his nickname points out to one and all, he doesn't really seem to find the Setite way of existence pleasurable. He will not admit to being a Sand-Snake, but he normally doesn't try overly hard to deny it, either.

Much to his perpetual chagrin, his natural tendencies often win out against his desire to be "just another one of the guys." He'll end up in deep water with the other Archons over some little mistake like having a Blood Hunt called on one of them by the prince of whatever city they have visited. A few have accused Ra of being a Child of Osiris. If Ra likes the accuser, he gives her a chance to apologize; if not, he simply removes her head from her shoulders.

Richard O'Shea - Ricochet Flambe

Rick is a Brujah, or at least he claims to be. Many of the group have pondered whether or not he is actually a Caitiff, but never where other Kindred could hear. Rick seems to have taken his Embrace as a personal affront to his sensibilities and gone overboard. Perhaps it was the time he spent in Vietnam and Cambodia that sent him over the edge. Either way, he has a great fondness for firearms and a powerful fear of fire. Rick is fairly tall and heavily muscled. His short black hair and brown eyes have caught the eyes of more than one Kindred, only to have them driven off by the sour expression on his face.

Tomlynn Sinclair - Tom

Tomlynn is a brutally tall man, standing a full 6'6". It has been hypothesized that he would be taller if he could straighten his hunched back, or shorter if his preposterous ears were cut down to size. Tomlynn is a Nosferatu, with dark blue skin and a face almost identical to the one he had

when he was human. He has a quick smile for any and all comers, and revels in insisting that he and Cashmere are husband and wife, a fact that she vehemently denies. Tomlynn's thick Cockney accent and relatively high voice are the brunt of many a joke; he'll even laugh along with them, unless the joke comes from someone he does not know.

Angelino Hammer - Angel

Angel appears to be a 24-year-old Italian man, but his American English is flawless, down to the numerous and prolific profanities that flow from his mouth like water. In truth, he was born in Italy, but after his Embrace in 1948, he moved almost immediately to Schrekt's U.S. haven. Angel is a Brujah in every sense of the word, even in his attitudes towards his employer. Schrekt is willing to tolerate the gross verbal abuse Angel throws in every direction so long as the Archon still performs. So far there have been no problems. He is normally dressed in black boots and the attire of a L.A. gang member.

Gates

The only name this Gangrel answers to is Gates. If formally introduced, that is the name he gives. Gates has a solemn face with haunted eyes, and hair that is always windblown. Like many of the Archons, Gates always wears a trench coat to conceal the numerous weapons he carries. Gates speaks only when spoken to, and normally in monosyllabic responses. He often walks away in the middle of conversations, or looks around carefully while talking with someone, as if waiting for an attack he knows is due.

Scene Seven: The Walk Home

Well I was there and I saw what you did

Saw it with my own two eyes,

So you can wipe off that grin, I know where you've been

It's all been a pack of lies.

— Phil Collins, "In the Air Tonight"

This scene is remarkably short, and could be played as just something seen by one or more of the characters as they are walking home, but only if they are actively seeking information about Caine. If the players are just walking and talking, the difficulty to see anything should be raised to 10.

In a dark alleyway, not far from where the characters are staying, a Perception + Awareness roll (difficulty 8) will reveal the twin Retainers, Tristan and Travis, speaking with three obscured figures.

Anyone with Auspex can tell that the three figures are obviously Kindred, but they were not at the meeting earlier in the night. Should anyone get overly curious as to what is going on in the alley, the ghouls and the vampires notice them and quietly leave. Any of the characters who try to

follow the ghouls lose track of the twins almost immediately. Anyone following the other group will lose them near the Egyptian Museum.

Even the best rolls will not permit the characters to hear what is being said, but on a Perception + Linguistics roll (difficulty 9) the characters will be able to recognize the

language being spoken by the small group. The language is ancient Egyptian. Should the characters examine the empty alleyway, Auspex reveals the following: the colors purple and green emanate from all figures seen.

There are no serious developments in this scene, merely a new piece to add to the puzzle.

Chapter Four: Changes

*Live for yourself today or tomorrow look after your health
forget all your sorrows*

—Big Audio Dynamite, "Innocent Child"

Scene Eight: Population Explosion

This scene takes place over the course of the next few nights. As the characters walk the streets, doing whatever they desire, they start to notice more and more Kindred faces new to Berlin. It is even possible that they will run across the faces of Kindred from their own home city if they are from another part of the world.

The primary purpose of this scene is to show just a hint of the chaos to come should this indeed be Caine. The Kindred appear from all around the world. This is only the beginning, and the population explosion has already added half again to Berlin's Kindred population. If this continues unchecked, the Masquerade will be broken beyond repair.

Word of Caine's return has spread across Europe and to the United States. None of the new Kindred should be much older than the characters, and most seem to be anarchs. The story of Caine is a promise of equality which many look to as a better deal than they get at home. A number of Sabbat have also come to find the truth about this "Caine."

As the characters witness the dramatic increase in Kindred population, almost anything is possible. If the players show interest in the meeting between Caine's twin Retainers and the mystery figures, it is a very distinct possibility that the troupe will go back to the Egyptian

Museum. If they do so, move forward to Scene Ten, revealing the Setite Haven of Nefertiti and her minions as well as Saetet-ta, the Bane Mummy.

The events in that scene can be moved forward without any major shifts in the story. The troupe might also decide to report their minimal findings to the Justicar and his Archons. At least a few of the Archons can be found on the streets, walking in small groups.

Finally, the characters may wish to talk with any number of the new Kindred in town. If that is the case, let your imagination run wild. The Kindred population is exploding. By the time of the second meeting with Caine, the number of Kindred will have increased from 40+ to almost 70!

Old friends or old enemies could be in town as well, and that can always lead to trouble. A few of the incoming Kindred will be old and powerful, and some may have even met Caine, or claim to have done so.

If the Storyteller wants to take a break from the immediate story, this would be an ideal spot to insert a few new characters and scenes. It is even remotely possible, though not very probable, that a few truly powerful Kindred will make their presence known. Imagine the fun your troupe can have, dying at the hands of someone as powerful as Baba Yaga! Have fun and put the fear of Final Death into the players.



Scene Nine: A Demonstration

I can't believe my dilemma is real

I'm competing with the Man of Steel

— Spin Doctors, Jimmy Olsen Blues

Caine calls for another meeting with Berlin's Kindred, and without exception, they show up. It is still two days from the deadline Caine set for the Kindred to make their decisions, but Caine wishes to give his speech a second time, and actually answer a few questions from the Kindred in Berlin.

Berlin now hosts more than twice its normal population, and everyone shows up at the meeting, again held at the Memorial Church. The characters should feel uncomfortable here, for the sense that ghosts haunt the desolate shell of the church are even stronger than before. The Church appears empty from outside, but this is obviously an illusion of some sort. Inside, it is crowded with Kindred who practically line the entire inside wall.

The effect should be unsettling to those not prepared for so many vampires. The players should realize just how much power Caine has if he could call a meeting of this size and not have everyone at one another's throats.

Caine's speech is covered in Chapter Three. As he finishes, an unknown Malkavian stands and yells, "You say that you are Caine, and I know this to be a lie! I have met Caine, I have seen him in person and I know what he is capable of. You could not possibly be the Third Mortal! He is as a god!"

As the Malkavian finishes his accusations, Caine disappears and reappears at his side. Caine quickly and efficiently tears the Malkavian limb from limb, covering himself and anyone too close to the unfortunate vampire in blood. Pieces of Kindred body cover most of the church's floor, and Caine holds his victim's head for all to see.

The rage on Caine's face is apparent, and he calls for others who feel the same way to face him. No one does. Logic may tell the players that this is not Caine, but their emotions should say otherwise.

Now Caine will answer any questions civilly put to him. Any accusations, even if they come from the characters, are met in the same way as the unfortunate Malkavian's. For the purpose of attacking a player, consider Caine to have Claws of the Wolf, a Potence of 10, Fortitude of 10 and Celerity of 10. His Strength and Stamina will match those numbers, as will his Dexterity.

After Caine finishes, he leaves the church with his retainers and the dark figures from Scene Seven. The characters may follow if they so desire. Again, Caine will disappear, along with his Retainers. The Setites, however, can be followed.

As in the previous scene, anything can happen. For instance, the characters might want to investigate the destroyed Malkavian, and a Tremere in the group might want to use Taste of Blood to learn more about him. His

name was Hassan, and he was a Seventh-Generation Malkavian. In truth, Gustav dominated him to test the "False Caine."

Chapter Five: Lessons in the Dark

Scene Ten: Into The Snake Pit

Should the characters follow the strangers now seen twice with Caine, they will come across the Setites. *Auspex* can help track them, but the characters should have no real trouble. Even the Followers of Set do not expect to be chased through the city by other Kindred. Soon the Setites climb through a small hole in the ground and pull a manhole cover over it. With *Stealth*, the characters can follow undiscovered.

The tunnel leads to the edge of the Egyptian Museum in West Berlin. A carefully concealed section of wall leads into the sewers, and a manhole cover leads directly to an access door for the museum. The museum has surprisingly advanced security at this section, complete with a solid steel fire door.

If the characters manage to get in unnoticed, they can hear the Setites discuss their plans. If they are unfortunate enough to trigger the delicate alarm systems, they will encounter the Aabbt Kindred. Then they will encounter the Bane Mummy. Finally they meet the Setites, along with Peter Kleist, the right hand to Prince Wilhelm and the Blood Bound Thrall to Nefertiti, leader of the Setite Coterie.

The first half of this scene takes place in a very clean and well concealed access tunnel to the Egyptian Museum in Charlottenburg. The tunnel is poorly lit and echoes with the sounds of the Setites ahead. Trying to gauge the distance from the Setites will take a *Perception + Alertness* roll

(difficulty 10). If the characters fail in the roll, the Setites are farther away than they would seem. If the roll is botched, then the Setites are a great deal closer.

The second half of the scene takes place in the Egyptian Museum. The Egyptian Museum contains several mummies, more than 15,000 papyrus scrolls and various large artifacts. It is completely dark.

For the first part of this scene, stress the echoing nature of the Setites' path. Tensions should be high, as the enemy Kindred could be anywhere ahead of the characters. The troupe may wish to actually attack the Setites here, but the Setites should manage to escape along the way.

The characters have to actually get into the museum before they can gather any more information. The security door is very strong, and the characters have to succeed at a *Feat of Strength* of 8 to break it off its hinges. This will immediately alert the Setites, who will send their special pets to deal with the interlopers.

If the characters attempt to sneak in, they need a *Dexterity + Security* roll (difficulty 9) to avoid setting off the silent alarms that will alert the Setites inside. After actually getting in, the characters will have to fight the Bane Mummy Saaret-ta and the Aabbt Kindred in order to capture the Setites or ask them any questions.

The Setites will say nothing of importance to anyone unless they capture the characters. They do have one last surprise in store for the troupe — Peter Kleist is siding with the Setites.

In the unlikely event that the players actually capture the Setites, they will find it hard to do much about it. Kleist will immediately defend the Setites to Wilhelm, and while



Wilhelm is not known to be influenced by many Kindred, Kleist is one of the rare few who can convince him to act against his normal instincts.

If the Setites capture the troupe, they will tell the characters all about Caine as they prepare to burn the troupe to ash.

Saatet-ta - Darkener of the Earth

Saatet-ta may once have been a child of Set, a vampire. Most who know of her existence are certain that this is not possible, but she has not confirmed or denied the rumor. What is known is that under a different name she was one of Set's favored. Saater-ta may have been his lover at one time.

It is also rumored that she betrayed great Set by trying to inform the Cult of Isis about Set's plans for its final destruction. The only ones who would know for certain are not talking. In any case, when the time of her first rebirth came, Set renamed the woman Saater-ta after one of the incarnations of Apophis, the ruler of ancient Egypt's demons.

Saatet-ta was once a truly beautiful woman, but Set's rituals changed that for all time. She stands just over five feet tall, with a body that is a reflection of her twisted soul. She appears to be scorched in the way that long-term exposure to the sun burns a vampire. Her skin is blackened and cracked like a dried lake bed, and her once magnificent hair is a sparse tangle of steely gray. In her natural form, Saater-ta's eyes burn with a feverish light.

If there was ever any lack of trust between Saater-ta and Set, it is long in the past. She, alone of the Bane Mummies, is considered an equal of the Kindred she works with, often using her shrewd mind to add new perversities to Setite plans.

Set normally uses Saater-ta on missions of subterfuge and chaos, two of the few things in this world that still bring her pleasure. Saater-ta is a vile entity and a vain one. Whenever there is a chance of her being encountered, she will use her Obfuscate to appear as she once did.

Nature: Plotter

Demeanor: Jobsworth

Born: 132 B.C.

Occupation: Lieutenant to Set. Magician. Beggar. Doctor

Physical: Strength 2 (4), Dexterity 3, Stamina 4 (6)

Social: Charisma 0, Manipulation 5, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5 (7), Wits 5

Virtues: None

Talents: Alertness 3, Intimidation 5, Search 4, Streetwise 3



Skills: Firearms 5, Melee 3, Security 3, Stealth 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Kindred Lore 5, Lupine Lore 5, Mummy Lore 5, Occult 5, Politics 3

Magie Skills: Amulets 4, Necromancy 2, Obfuscate 4

Background: Allies 4, Contacts 2, Influence 3, Resources 5, Supernatural 3

Willpower: 6

Notes: Attributes in parentheses signify the use of magical amulets which she has created and wears. Bone Mummies, first introduced in *A World of Darkness: Mummy*, can never really die. If destroyed, they will be reborn when the time is right. Storytellers who use *Mummy* should feel free to elaborate on Saater-ta's powers in any way they like.

Nefertiti

Sire: Set

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 4th

Embrace: 1032 B.C.

Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 8, Stamina 7

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 9, Appearance 6

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 5, Courage 5

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 4,

Intimidation 6, Leadership 5, Subterfuge 6, Diplomacy 4,

Intrigue 6, Mimicry 3, Seduction 7, Sense Deception 3

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Etiquette 4, Firearms 5, Melee 3,

Security 6, Stealth 3, Survival 6, Animal Training 4,

Escapology 3, Demolitions 4, Fast-Talk 4, Game Play-

ing 6, Herbalism 4, Forgery 4, Interrogation 5,

Hypnotism 5

Knowledges: Finance 4, Investigation 5, Linguistics 6, Lupine Lore 4, Kindred Lore 7, Medicine 4, Mummy Lore 4, Occult 7, Politics 5

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Celerity 5, Dominate 5, Fortitude 4, Necromancy 3, Obfuscate 6, Potence 5, Presence 7, Protean 4, Serpents 8, Thaumaturgy 3 (Path of Corruption 3, Movement of the Mind 3)

Background: Allies 5, Influence 3, Resources 5, Retainers 4, Status 3

Humanity: 0

Willpower: 8

Notes: Nefertiti's extra level of Obfuscate allows her to make her aura always appear pink. Her two extra levels of Presence let her make other people feel as though they have been Blood Bound to her and destroy the ties between people. Her extra levels of Serpents allow her to cause targets to become obsessed with something, completely afraid of something or completely addicted to something.

Image: Nefertiti is a stunningly beautiful woman with long black hair and eyes even blacker. She smiles only slightly, and her eyes have an evil gleam. She stands roughly five feet tall. Normally she wears loose-fitting clothes of black or green, and several small gems in rings and other jewelry.

Roleplaying Hints: You are the Get of Set himself, and have been one of his trusted lieutenants since the time he sired you. You fear nothing, content in the knowledge that you and your assistants can handle any problem. You will kill anyone foolish enough to be discovered inside your haven. Plans have progressed too far in your great revenge to allow anything to get in your way.

Aabbt Kindred

The Aabbt Kindred were once simple African Cobras. Almost a century ago, Nefertiti decided to test whether or not animals could be Embraced, and sired a number of the creatures. The cobras have long been Blood Bound to Nefertiti, allowing her to train them as her guardians. While the cobra's are amazingly powerful in a physical sense, Nefertiti discovered that the animals have a greater difficulty in learning Disciplines of a mental nature than they do of a physical nature.

The creatures have increased in intelligence over the years, allowing her to teach them new tricks, including the ability to use Serpents to change into quasihuman shape. These beasts are still very driven by their natural instincts, a fact shown by their fear of fire. Nefertiti has seen the results of the cobra's venom, and is highly pleased by the effects on both Kindred and kine. It will kill a mortal almost immediately, but when striking a vampire, the venom is only lethal if the character fails to make a Stamina + Fortitude roll (difficulty 9). With one such success and the expenditure of



one Blood Point, the character can avoid any ill effects. If a Blood Point is not spent to force the venom out of the body, the Kindred will drop into torpor immediately.

Nefertiti has sired a total of 15 Aabbt Kindred, learning as she went that if they were not Blood Bound and Dominated or nocturnal in nature, the animals would eventually wander outside of their Haven in the daylight, effectively committing suicide. To ensure their continued loyalty, Nefertiti continues to feed the Aabbt Kindred her own blood. However she has noticed a tendency on the part of the Aabbt Kindred to hunt down and drain the blood of rodents, simply out of habit.

Next on her agenda of pets is a gorilla. She is most curious to see what effect the Embrace will have on the simian nature.

Sire: Nefertiti

Nature: Cobra

Demeanor: Cobra

Generation: 3th (Something in the nature of these creatures makes them only as effective as 8th generation Kindred.)

Embrace: Varies

Apparent Age: Who could tell?

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 0, Manipulation 0, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Intimidation 3

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Knowledges: None

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Fortitude 3, Obfuscate 1, Presence 4, Serpents 3

Backgrounds: None

Virtues: None

Animal Kindred

Any animal can be a vampire, but they will always be creatures of instinct with a limited brain capacity. Most animal Kindred would not instinctively know that the light of the sun could now kill them; their instincts do not change as a result of their new forms — at least not immediately.

Animal Kindred also have a greater difficulty in using any Mental Disciplines, such as Dominate or Thaumaturgy, simply because the animal's mind works on instinct. They can still learn the Disciplines, but they have a much harder time doing so.

Animal Kindred go through other subtle changes as well. For instance, their Mental Abilities continue to grow very slowly, and they can become more intelligent as time goes on. Animal Kindred also have a natural tendency to adapt, so as often as not they will instinctively grasp how to manage and control Disciplines that do not normally appear within their clan.

Most Kindred are appalled by the thought of Animal Kindred, feeling that the creatures should have been left to their normal lives, or simply killed, not damned to vampire existence.

Humanity: None

Willpower: 7

Image: The Aabbt Kindred appear to be ordinary cobras in their natural form, but if using their Serpents, they can transform into a humanoid shape. The humanoid form stands roughly six feet tall and is covered with fine scales. While the faces of the humanoids are more mobile, the cobras seem to lack control of the new muscular shapes, and often have nervous twitches. The cobras maintain both their black, snake-like eyes and their venomous fangs in either form.

Roleplaying Hints: Upon occasion you will hiss, then you will bite.

Scene Eleven: Battle Lines

This scene is actually a continuation of the last scene. It assumes the characters have lost to the overwhelming forces of the Setite elder and the Bane Mummy. If the troupe has won (what!), there will be no drama or setting changes made. Simply move on to the Dialogue section of this scene.

This scene takes place in the sublevels of the Egyptian Museum, in a section that appears on no maps. The floor is covered with sand, making the room seem like it belongs somewhere other than Germany. The walls are covered with tapestries of stunning design and variety, depicting various aspects of ancient Egyptian life. The only bare wall



is now decorated with the troupe's chain-bound forms. Both doors leading into this room are solid steel and guarded by retainers with wooden stakes.

Nefertiti gloatingly tells the characters, now staked and placed against one wall of Nefertiti's hidden haven, her plans, almost drawn to fruition. Nefertiti will then prepare to kill the characters. Any Setites among them will be offered a chance to join forces with her and the other Setites.

The Kindred will be bolted into chains built into the Haven wall, and briefly left to their own designs as Nefertiti has a conference with her remaining assistants. The only guards left will be ghouls and, possibly, any remaining Aahbt Kindred.

Nefertiti is confident, overly so. The chaos that has fallen on Berlin and is now ready to spread through the rest of the world clears a path for Set to rise and conquer. In her vanity and confidence, Nefertiti will talk of all she has accomplished. She will gleefully tell the troupe everything in a joyous, triumphant tone.

"I've been working on unleashing Caine for almost 50 years. Caine is my crowning achievement. He's not really Caine, you know. His name is Ankla Hotep, and he's a Ravnos. Once, long ago, we were lovers, back when I was still just a mortal and long before I was ever queen of Egypt.

"What I did not know was that he was Kindred. We met on many a night as the kingdom slept, and we made passionate love. It was only much later, after many months of his seduction, that I learned the truth of his nature. He was a thief and a liar! He stole my innocence and my jewels, no doubt going back to his clan and laughing at the foolish girl of the royal family. Like all his type, he was long gone by the time I discovered the theft. Still, after great Set took me as his own, I remembered Ankla Hotep.

"Imagine my surprise when I found him in torpor almost 60 years ago. I was already in Berlin by then, and I would have never found him myself. But another of my clan did find him, injured severely and sleeping as if he were dead.

"The ties that bind him are not to me, but to Peter Kleist. Perhaps you saw him as he was leaving here earlier. In any case, Peter is bound to me, and has always given me the information I desired, when I desired it.

"I had Peter bind the fool Ravnos even as he slept in torpor. When he awoke, I worked through that double Bond, and managed at last to have my revenge.

"Ankla Hotep actually believes he is Caine. I have ways of taking care of these things. He is very powerful in his abilities. He is mighty in his use of Chimerstry, made even mightier through my manipulations.

"Whenever he so desires, he can alter the world around him and make others see it as he wants them to. Or, as I desire. When people are close enough, they have no reason to doubt that he is Caine. His reality changing abilities have made him almost as powerful as the genuine article.

"I decided to use this ability in the best possible way. With Caine at my side, I will destroy the Camarilla and the Sabbat. Great Set will work his way into the ensuing chaos and seize control of the warring factions. That I can use Anklaf Hotep to these ends makes my victory all the sweeter."

While talking to the characters, Nefertiti caresses the faces of any attractive males in the group and uses *Serpentis* to cause the character to become obsessed with her. She rolls 11 dice (difficulty 8), and if she can accumulate as many successes as her target has Humanity, he becomes obsessed with her. She leaves her victims to suffer for a while and contemplate the best ways to serve her.

After Nefertiti leaves the room, characters who look closely notice the Retainers are in some form of trance. In truth, they have been drugged.

After Nefertiti has left and the characters have had their chance to think, they may decide to try escaping. The chains and manacles are of wrought iron, and require a Strength Feat of 7 to break.

In the event that no one can succeed in the necessary Strength roll, one of the cobras sliding across the ground will manifest itself into the form of Samat Ramal, the Setite Archon.

Samat Ramal has a very serious predicament on his hands. He now knows who Caine is, but the people behind the false messiah are of his own clan. He is uncertain as to what he should do. The characters will be given a chance to convince him, but only if they were helpful in the past. Ramal is Blood Bound to Karl Schrekt, and the Bond is powerful. If the characters try to persuade him rather than insult him, he will let them go and even show them the best route from the dungeon to the sewers.

Samat Ramal observed all that transpired while in cobra form, and will do what he can to free the characters. The characters have to be at least civil, or he will not warn them about Nefertiti's subtle powers. If they insult him in any way, they will likely be back in their original predicament. In any case, he will hand the keys to their locks to whichever Kindred has been the most cooperative in the past.

Scene Twelve: A Call to Arms

There is a distinct possibility that not all of the troupe will go to battle the Setites. Maybe none followed the secretive Kindred. If that is the case, they will know more of what is happening in the world outside the Egyptian museum.

Caine has called all Kindred to follow him in a meeting that takes place two nights after the last one. A sizable number of the anarchs (and possibly even the characters) have now done so. A good percentage of his followers are also Sabbat Noddists. With this group under his control, Caine will call for the destruction of all nonbelievers, and the anarchs agree.

Now it is the weekend, and along the Kurfurstendamm protesters have already come close to rioting. What better place for the Kindred to join the fun?

In a chaotic riot, Caine and his anarchs will start a gross violation of the *Masquerade*, slapping kine out of their way and stalking towards the Charlottenburg Palace, where Wilhelm resides.

Unknown to Caine and the anarchs, Karl Schrekt has convinced the two princes to set aside their personal differences for the time being. Both Gustav and Wilhelm are here and, along with Schrekt, are plotting the best way to destroy the false Caine. It is Schrekt's belief that if this false Messiah is not stopped now, the rest of the Justicars will have to be called in. There is little doubt that the Kindred of Berlin will all be destroyed should this occur.

Which side of this battle are the characters going to be on? Both? If so, then the troupe should be separated. At this point, the palace holds a great number of the Kindred who have not gone over to Caine. Both primogens are represented here. Now is not the time for petty squabbles — the end of the city could well be near at hand.

Scene Thirteen: War!

This scene takes place on the late-night streets just outside of the Egyptian Museum, and proceeds down the Ku'damm. The rain is falling in torrents, and thunder blasts the skies. The main drama in this scene is the chance for the troupe to decide where they will go and who they will fight.

While some or all of the characters have been locked away, Caine has decided to change the rules. If the characters lost to Nefertiti and her minions, they will be unaware that a substantial amount of time has passed. They spent two nights in the dungeons.

The third meeting with Caine has come, and he has called on all of his followers to join him in destroying the reluctant. A veritable war is gathering, with the Final Reich and Caine as well as 30 or so other Kindred on one side. The rest of the massive overflow of Kindred is on the other.

As the characters emerge from the sewers, they have the option of joining either group or going with Samat Ramal to let the Justicar know what is going on. Before they have decided, Caine and his followers make their appearance, heading toward the Charlottenburg Palace, not far away.



At the same time, Justicar Karl Schrekt, his Archons, both princes and the more loyal (or Blood Bound) Kindred of Berlin are trying to prepare for the wave of violence headed their way. The Ravens stand on the sidelines.

There is a great deal of dialogue in this scene, primarily between the troupe and Samat Ramal. He urges them to join in the final fight against Caine and asks them to help him find Schrekt. The roughest part of this entire affair might just be deciding where to look for the Justicar. With free reign over the city, he could be anywhere.

Ankla Hotep

Sire: Smenkhara

Nature: Bon Vivant (Judge)

Demeanor: Jester (Judge)

Generation: 5th

Embrace: 1727 B.C.

Physical: Strength 8(10), Dexterity 6 (10), Stamina 7 (10)

Social: Charisma 7(10), Manipulation 8, Appearance 4(10)

Mental: Perception 7, Intelligence 6, Wits 7

Talents: Acting 5, Alertness 5, Brawl 5, Diplomacy 4,

Dodge 5, Intimidation 6, Leadership 7, Seduction 7,

Subterfuge 3

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Demolitions 4, Escapology 3,

Etiquette 4, Fast-Talk 4, Firearms 5, Forgery 4, Game

Playing 6, Herbalism 4, Hypnotism 5, Interrogation 5,

Melee 3, Pickpocket 8, Security 6, Stealth 3, Survival 6

Knowledges: Finance 5, Investigation 5, Linguistics 6,

Medicine 4, Occult 7, Politics 5

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Celerity 5 (10), Chimerstry 8

(10), Fortitude 7 (10), Obfuscate 6, Potence 5 (10),

Presence 7, Protean 5 (10)

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Influence 5, Resources 5, Re-

tainers 4, Status 5



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

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 9 (10)

Notes: Ankla Hotep has been locked away in torpor for the last 60 or so years. Even with his amazing powers, he could not stop the explosion of the Lusitania from causing enough damage to throw him into torpor. One of the few facts the nazis never revealed was that they had managed to get hold of the Ravnos and had him sealed away for later experiments. Both Himmler and Göring knew of the vampire, but they had no idea who he was or how powerful he is. He has been forgotten over the decades.

All characteristics in parentheses are only good for when Ankla Hotep is in his Caine persona. Saatet-ta has designed a powerful amulet for Nefertiti, which increases Ankla Hotep's Chimerstry to the same level of power that

one of Caine's own childer would possess. When using his Chimerstry, Ankla Hotep is for all intents and purposes Caine. He has altered reality much like the Level 10 Chimerstry power Reality, but he has altered it to such a level that it affects everyone within a five-mile radius. Without the amulet to increase his Chimerstry, he could not hope to convince the more powerful Kindred that he is Caine.

Image: Ankla Hotep is a large, dark-skinned man, wide in shoulder and generally attractive, in a roguish way. He wears colorful clothes typical of the Romany and smiles frequently.

Roleplaying Hints: You are confident in your power and friendly, for the most part. You have traveled the world more times than most people could imagine, and love to tell stories of the amazing things you have seen.

Chapter Six: Revelations

*I can't remember anything
to this very day
'Cept the look ... the look
Now I can't ... I just stare
— Pearl Jam "I'm Still Alive."*

Scene Fourteen: The Players Answer

The fate of Berlin is in the players' hands. There are three ways to turn at this time — to the Justicar, to the Ravnos or to Caine.

Should they choose Caine, there is a strong chance that the entire chronicle will take a hard turn as Caine conquers Berlin and prepares to move on to the next town. Politically speaking, this is not a wise choice for any characters who believe in either the Camarilla or the Sabbat.

If the characters go with the Justicar, he will cure Caine of his delusions through use of his Dominate. If the Ravnos are chosen, Natarla will break through to Ankla Hotep through the power that has held her in thrall for centuries — her True Love for him.

The other option is for the characters to handle Caine on their own. This would not be as difficult as it sounds, because Ankla Hotep desperately wants to remember all that he has been made to forget. If the characters can convince him, using Presence, Empathy or whatever, he will remember who he is. This should not be easy, however, and if he gets tired of the characters, he has the ability to

destroy them. He has been attempting to fight against his Blood Bond all along, and he has gotten close to breaking through.

A final possibility is to simply kill Peter Kleist, in which case the Blood Bond is effectively destroyed. Ankla Hotep will remember everything at that moment. In any case, any solid and definite action on the part of the Players is likely to end the conflict before it starts.

Scene Fifteen: Resolutions

The Storyteller is now on her own. This story can be used as a turning point, a way to change the directions in which the chronicle has set itself. It can end any number of ways, depending on how the players reacted. Should the characters alert Karl Schreckt, he stops Ankla Hotep and may destroy him on the spot, unless the characters intervene.

He believes himself in the characters' debt, because his next step in this battle would have been to call in the rest of the Justicars and their Archons. Should the characters explain that Ankla Hotep was but a pawn and plead for leniency, he will grant it, and they will gain the favor of

Ankla Hotep and the Ravnos in Berlin — but they will lose any further influence over Schrekt, as he feels his prestation debt is no more.

Justicar Schrekt will take the Ankla Hotep's amulet with him, demanding it for the sake of safety. He need not worry; only Ankla Hotep can use the amulet, as it was created specifically for him.

Should the characters save the day on their own, Schrekt will not only be in their debt, but very possibly offer them the chance to work as his Archons, a position of great risk and potential.

Should the characters join Caine, there is a very real chance that the Setite plan will continue, changing the face of the Gothic-Punk world as it stands. Those changes would be up to the Storyteller to control, but a great deal would change, not the least of which would be a new faction breaking from both the Camarilla and the Sabbat.

It is always possible that the newly formed Get Of Caine will continue on without the false messiah, leaving him behind to seek out the true Caine or to plan for his return. On the other hand, a Storyteller might opt to have the real Caine show up, but that is not recommended. Some things are best left as legends.

Another way to resolve the situation if the characters cannot is to have Caine killed messily and noisily some night in the distant future. There should be no indication as to what happened to him. Perhaps it was the true Caine. Perhaps it was a Lupine in a very bad mood. In any case, it should leave the players with something to think about.

New Chronicles

"The Ascension of Caine" can be used to start a new chronicle in Berlin. If the Storyteller wants to use the story in this way, then a good starting point is Scene Three: When the Princes Call. The primary change is simply that the characters would know fewer of the Kindred in Berlin, and a great deal less about them.

Meeting with the princes is mandatory if the characters wish to survive for long. To date, only the Setites hidden in their tunnels and a few members of the Sabbat have been able to avoid presenting themselves, and by the end of the Story, even that has been rectified.

The largest change in the story would be in its pacing. On their first night as Kindred of Berlin, the troupe must meet the princes, and by the end of their second night, they must meet Caine!

Alternatively, they could be sited during the population boom in the story, leading them to great troubles as they have to learn about the Camarilla, the Sabbat and the anarchs at the same time the story takes place.

If it is a Sabbat chronicle, then the pack has additional concerns. Being Sabbat in a Camarilla city is risky at any time, but when the city has two princes and a Justicar, the risks are even greater. No one in Berlin is fond of the Sabbat, and the visiting Archons and their master will be sure to make everything difficult.

By the same token, what better time to increase the Sabbat population than during or after the battle for Berlin? When all eyes are on Caine, when the city is suffering from a population explosion of epic proportions, who would notice a few dozen neonates coming out of the woodwork? Well, maybe a Justicar and his Archons

Speaking of Archons, if the characters start the story as such, then they would be in the dubious position of dealing with rival Archons and Justicar Karl Schrekt. Schrekt and his Archons have a reputation for causing grief. With the old animosity between Schrekt and Gustav Breidenstein, it would not be difficult to add tension by simply having the troupe's Justicar on good terms with Gustav.

Cloak and dagger, played the Archon way, can be a very deadly game. While the goal is the same, the means to an end can be very different. Storytellers could also have the troupe completely replace Schrekt's Archons. They are stuck with the task of getting to the bottom of this mess while the Justicar is off in Venice, pleading for extra time before all of the Justicars are forced obliterate Berlin. In that case, all the Kindred in town would be watching the troupe carefully, and quite a few would want to see them killed before they could interfere in the schemes that brew beneath Berlin's civilized veneer.

A great deal could be changed by adding any of the aforementioned complications. Give them some thought and, above all, have a good time!

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