

CHICAGO

BY NIGHT



A City Sourcebook for **VAMPIRE: The Masquerade™**



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The Faceless City

By Andrew Greenberg

with Steve Crow

*Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man laughs
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a battle,
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, under his ribs the heart of the People
Laughing!*

— Carl Sandburg, "Chicago"



Chicago has known upheaval before. Death and destruction have long been second nature to its inhabitants. But never has it known a time like the recent Lupine attack. Never has the carnage lasted so long. Never have the undead felt such fear. Never has the Jyhad been so deadly.

Now the violence has subsided. The undead rise from their holes and look over the wasteland. Unlives begin again, and plots revive. But the question is there. Eyes keep looking over shoulders, and shadows are twice as foreboding as they once were. No one knows if the war is over, or if it will begin again.

Credits:

Written by: Andrew Greenberg
Geography by: Steve Crow
Additional Characters by: Kara Chappell, Robert Hatch
Developed by: Andrew Greenberg
Edited by: Robert Hatch, Graeme Davis
Concepts: Steven Brown, Andrew Greenberg, Josh Timbrook
Chicago Consultant: René Lilly
Art Director: Richard Thomas
Front Cover: Doug Gregory
Layout and Typesetting: Sam Chupp, Michelle Prahler
Maps: Chris McDonough, Rob Dixon, Margaux Schaffer
Art: Timothy Bradstreet, Josh Timbrook, Richard Thomas, Steve Casper, Jesper Myrfors, Robert MacNeil
Coterie Charts: Chris McDonough
Back Cover: Chris McDonough

**Dedicated to Thurgood Marshall.
"Death is irrevocable, life
imprisonment is not. Death, of
course, makes rehabilitation
impossible."**

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Word from the White Wolf Game Studio

Our first work of fiction, **Drums around the Fire**, is gearing up for release. This **Werewolf** book tells some of the many myths of the Lupines, and gives them the chance to explain their own (mistaken) view of the universe. Of course, we all realize that the vampires, not those loopy Garou, know the real truth. But more importantly, it is our first collection of short stories, and will hopefully become one of many.



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Chapter One: Introduction

*Overland
the winds of change consume the land,
while we remain
in the shadow of summers now past.
When all the leaves
have fallen and turned to dust,
will we remain
entrenched in our ways?*

— Dead Can Dance, “Severance”

Vampires no longer rule Chicago with an iron hand. Their authority has been challenged in the most violent and devastating way. Two short months ago, the Garou and Sabbat attacked the city, destroying in a few nights that which had taken more than a century to build. A concerted effort by the most powerful Kindred of Chicago succeeded in driving them back, but the damage had been done.

The tide of blood that swept Chicago has ebbed, and the invaders have crept away to lick their wounds. But the city will never be the same. Its immortal ruler is no more, destroyed during the nights of violence. New terrors nightly creep into the vacuum left by the murders of Lodin and dozens of other Kindred.

The characters are thrust into this maelstrom, their survival decided only by their own abilities and those of the enemies they make. Still, an opportunity exists that only happens once in generations — a great city has been left without vampiric leadership, and is open to any and all.

Chicago has no prince, its primogen has split into bitter factions, and none know in which direction it shall go next. Mortal institutions have lost their puppeteers, and the Mas-

querade itself may be imperiled as human eyes begin turning toward events that they have not been allowed to see. The risk is unparalleled, as is the opportunity.

This sourcebook provides everything a Storyteller needs to create stories based in the recovering city of Chicago. It is set several years after the original **Chicago by Night**, and mere months after the conclusion of **Under a Blood Red Moon** — its companion supplement for **Werewolf**. Possession of **Under a Blood Red Moon** is recommended when using **Chicago by Night, Second Edition**, but not necessary.

The City

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

— The Bible, Psalms 22:1

Prince Lodin ruled Chicago for more than a century, and his hand marked every aspect of the city. He was intensely business-oriented, and he and his associates turned the city into a thriving center of trade, manufacturing and finance. While not artistically inclined, he helped the Toreador build the city's cultural centers. After taking a liking to Mies van

der Rohe, the famous Bauhaus architect, he brought the German to Chicago and set him to work revitalizing the city's look.

He played a key role in the early growth of the area, and helped expand the suburbs through Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana. While the city's population has been falling recently (a problem some critics have blamed on Lodin), nearly the entire area from Gary to Milwaukee constitutes one enormous community. If taken as a whole, it is one of the largest metropolises in the world.

Lodin's failures, however, influenced the city as much as his successes. His focus on business at the expense of the individual helped anarchists make the city a center of labor unrest. His tightly controlled political puppets stirred resentment among mortals — resentment that exploded in 1968 and again during the 1980s. Finally, his Blood Hunt against the city's werewolves started the very war that led to his Final Death.

No one knows how many of Lodin's accomplishments were his own and how many stemmed from the actions of his associates (or manipulators). Still, Lodin's touch can be seen everywhere, and even after his death, the city lives on in his image.

Chicago in Mortal Eyes

The city survives despite its many signs of urban decay. Some even think it continues to prosper. After all, its skyline,

seen from afar, leaves an impression of towering buildings — monuments to the ingenuity and prosperity of its citizens. The frantic activity of everyone in the city leads some to believe its workers are actually busy, accomplishing something of value.

A closer view shows a much different city. Huddled in the shadows of the skyscrapers are hundreds of the homeless. Far below the penthouses plod the impoverished and hungry. In the darkest alleys, the Kindred wait for their next victims.

The continuing "prosperity" hides the true face of the city. Poverty, not wealth, is the common plight of its residents. Most of the buildings are dirty and gray. For every modern, gleaming tower there are many more dark and looming structures. Water runs down ancient gargoyles, collecting in muddy puddles along the cracked sidewalks.

Though still called the Second City, it has fallen behind both New York and Los Angeles, losing almost eight percent of its citizens during the '80s. It now has a population of 2.7 million, and the metropolitan area hosts five million more. Another 600,000 live in and around Gary.

Behind all this are the city's vampires, divided and still at war. While all sides have lost important allies, they continue their struggles, intent on their rivals' defeat. Thus Chicago's decline continues, for these immortal battles use mortal institutions as pawns, and in so doing corrupt all they touch.



You once felt it wise to ignore my monition, but now the danger has grown to gargantuan proportions. Without swift action, the city is sure to fall to the forces of our enemies. Now is the time to strike, before they can regain their strength. Our agents are in place and the prize is there — if we dare to take it.

— deCaligula, letter to the Council

How to Use This Book

Chicago by Night has been designed for Storytellers to use in a number of ways. Hopefully, you will be able to use the information herein to create your own city. Much of what has been written here is as applicable to Cincinnati or Amsterdam as it is to Chicago, and Storytellers should feel free to treat it as such.

Chicago is this book's focus, however, and it contains everything a Storyteller needs to base her chronicle therein. It includes the people, conflicts and places that play key roles in the unlives of the Damned. With this book, the Storyteller can send the characters right into the heart of Chicago's insanity, and have stories to last as long as the characters do.

Additionally, the Storyteller can take the information included herein and adjust it to her own vision of Chicago. For instance, this design for Chicago leaves the city princeless and in the midst of a power struggle. If the Storyteller prefers a more conventional setting, she can create a prince and then revise the politics and intrigues around him. This method is especially useful if any of the players have read this book and are in need of a good surprise.

References

Storytellers opting to change this material for their own purposes should be ready to do some of their own research. Even those Storytellers who use this book as written can benefit from doing their own investigations, as **Chicago by Night** focuses on the supernatural aspects of Gothic-Punk Chicago.

There are many different resources available to anyone playing the game. Most bookstores and libraries have travel guides about the city. These contain maps, lists of restaurants, descriptions of important buildings, and may even describe the city's atmosphere. These same places may have copies of the Chicago newspapers — the *Chicago Sun-Times* and the *Chicago Tribune* — which can provide you with a feel for the city and innumerable story ideas.

Beyond these basic sources, there are other books and movies that can help the Storyteller. Even a photography book can help the Storyteller describe parts of the city to the players.

What follows is a brief list of sources for the city of Chicago. It is not exhaustive, and you probably will not use all the sources listed. Those that you do use, however, may well prove invaluable.

Reference Books

Chicago for a Day
Frommer's Chicago

Fiction

The Jungle, Upton Sinclair
Chicago, Studs Terkel
Chicago: City on the Make, Nelson Algren
Dominion, Fred Saberhagen
Carl Sandburg poetry

Movies

The Untouchables (for its view of Chicago's early crimelord)
Ferris Bueller's Day Off (basically a visual tour guide of the city)
The Blues Brothers (there can be no better view of Daley Plaza)
Risky Business (for anyone who needs a reason to destroy Chicago's suburbs)
Flatliners (a good mix of science and the Gothic in Chicago)
Marked For Death (the gang influences continue)
Backdraft (gives a good feel for the Gothic buildings)
Candyman (not only an excellent movie, but a superb look at Cabrini Green and its citizens)

Contents

The six chapters of this book should provide the Storyteller with everything she needs to set her chronicle in Chicago. This first chapter introduces and explains the rest of the book. Chapter Two summarizes the city's history, with particular emphasis on the role of the undead. Chapter Three offers a brief geography, and Chapter Four presents many of the city's Kindred. Chapter Five details the alliances, politics and schemes of many of these vampires. Finally, the Appendix provides an in-depth explanation of vampiric politics, as well as hints to expand this part of any chronicle.

What's New

The first edition of **Chicago by Night** came out two years before the publication of this volume. Since that time, the city has undergone dramatic changes. Travelers who have not seen the city in a number of years would be amazed at the difference.

The most obvious differences stem from the death of the prince. Lodin left his mark on every aspect of the city; his demise has led to great upheaval. A number of contenders vie for the vacant seat, and their maneuverings are sure to involve most of the city's Kindred.

The princedom is not the only important part of Kindred society in transition. The primogen itself, despite retaining all its members, is in disarray. During all previous upheavals, these elders have known who was responsible for what, and on whose side everyone was. This was not the case during the attack on the city.

That some Kindred had prior knowledge of what was to come became obvious. Some of the primogen even left town shortly before the attacks began, returning only when the city was again safe. While its members have never had any reason to trust each other, their distrust has increased dramatically, further hindering the search for a new prince.

In fact, this higher level of paranoia merely reflects the increased deadliness of the game behind the scenes. The puppeteers sense that their long Jyhad is coming to a close, and will spare no effort to eliminate their foe. No pawn is sacred.

One group that previously had little involvement in Chicago's war, the Sabbat, has joined in with reckless abandon. After instigating the events of **Under a Blood Red Moon**, a number of its members have stayed in the city, taking on positions of power. Others have come to the city in the nights since, only to find themselves caught in the Methuselahs' war.

New Malkavians have also arrived in the city, although those most aware of them feel sure their presence is not voluntary. The eyes of the city follow these newcomers, certain they provide some clue as to who is really behind the city's intrigues.

There are a number of newcomers whose presence is even less appreciated. Most normal people believe something odd has just happened in Chicago, but witch-hunters are sure of the fact. Some of the most important figures in the Society of Leopold have come to the city at the same time that there is no prince to deal with them. Arcanum scholars are flocking to a newly founded chapterhouse near Northwestern University. Of course, the FBI is interested as well.

Finally, all the city's vampires are now aware that Chicago hosts a number of Lupines within the city itself, not just on the outskirts. While an extremely uneasy truce keeps the two sides from returning to war, no one feels safe anymore. Unlike their neighbors in Milwaukee, who have always been at war, the Chicago Kindred are not used to this sort of hatred and fear. Another outbreak of violence is almost certain, as the vampires become more and more conscious of their uncertain hold on the city, and the precarious nature of their very existence.

Theme

Chicago is not the city it was two years ago. Then, its conflicts bubbled under the surface. They festered and grew,

but rarely broke the layer of scum hiding them from prying eyes. Now, however, the battles have become more overt, and everyone looks over her shoulder. Suspicions, formerly silent thoughts, now fuel acts of violent rage. Trust, always a rare commodity in Chicago, has become nonexistent among the Kindred. The city's leaders suffer these fears even more than the average neonate does.

The price of power, then, is the theme of **Chicago by Night**. Those Kindred in power have become paranoid, bitter, afraid to make the slightest move for fear of what the result may be. Paralyzed by their own strengths, they fear that everyone else is out to get them — and they are right, for the layers of intrigue are as deep and as dark as the grave.

The Storyteller should keep this theme in mind while running the chronicle. While each story should have its own theme, the price of power should always be a complication. Thus, as the characters become more of a factor in the city, they should find they have more to fear.

The more vampires who know about the characters, the more enemies they have (or will make). The more control they gain over mortal institutions, the more likely it is that hunters come after them. While the characters may be unknowns at the beginning, the longer they stay in the city, the more involved they will become in its battles. The more they become involved in its battles, the more they become pawns of the Ancients, and the less freedom they have.

Mood

As the theme implies, the mood of the city is intense suspicion. No one trusts anyone else, lies are the norm and backstabbing is not only accepted, but expected. The characters should never know whom to trust, and may quickly learn to distrust everyone. Of course, when they become this paranoid, the Storyteller has the perfect opportunity to hit them with someone they need to trust, but won't.

No one in the city, be it vampire, mage or anyone else, really knows what is going on. The more one learns, the more one realizes that there is still more to be learned. For instance, just when the characters begin to learn the identities of the major candidates for prince, they should begin to see that each of the candidates for prince is being manipulated by someone else. If they can't discern the puppeteers, they should at least realize there must be a force behind the scenes.

As the chronicle continues, the characters should notice just how few of the city's inhabitants truly trust each other. Not only do the Kindred doubt the motives of other vampires, but unless a mortal is completely under vampiric control, no vampire will trust her. This attitude trickles down to the kine residents of the city, and observant characters will see how few of them trust each other.

The only vampires the characters may trust are each other — and then only if they are truly stupid.

Personal Touches

The Storyteller should feel not only free, but almost obligated to change the material in this book. Herein is the



material for a chronicle, but it is left to the Storyteller's imagination and creativity to make it work. Every troupe of players is different and no two Storytellers are alike. By keeping in mind the players' desires as well as his own, the Storyteller can use this material to run a truly memorable chronicle.

Unless you play around with this material, you will never really be comfortable with it. Create a new candidate for prince, or give Chicago a single ruler. Have werewolves run through the streets every night, or turn the city's government over to witch-hunters — whatever you need for your own chronicles.

While these characters have been designed to mesh together in an intricate Chinese puzzle of conspiracies, plots and counterplots, individual characters can easily be lifted from the landscape of Chicago and placed in any situation the Storyteller sees fit. Use Chicago as an example of what a city is like — a template for your own city. Don't be afraid to leave Chicago entirely and use any other city (your hometown, or a city you know well) as the setting for your games. The best roleplaying occurs when it takes place in the Storyteller's own creation — while that can eat up enormous amounts of time, it is one of the most rewarding things about storytelling.

The Damned

Chapter Four details most of Chicago's remaining vampires. To use this book more effectively, however, a Storyteller needs to understand what is going on in this city. The politics are torturous and neverending; Final Death is the price of failure. The intrigues have become more dangerous than they used to be, and Chicago's vampires more likely to resort to violence.

Many of the vampires were Embraced in Chicago, and others have been in the city for so long that they might as well have been born there. It has left its stamp on them as surely as they have left theirs on it.

Power Structure

Use power for power

Use hate for freedom

Use money for cruelty

Use money for cruelty

Take control and keep it.

— Swans, "Power for Power"

Until the werewolf attack shook Chicago to its core, the city was ostensibly ruled by Lodin, a Ventrue who seized control in the 19th century. With his murder, and the deaths of so many other Kindred, Chicago's power structure is in disarray. Many contenders for the empty throne have appeared, but no clear leader has emerged.



Lodin's Laws

Prince Lodin may have met his Final Death, but his laws live on. Whether out of habit or good sense, most of Chicago's Kindred still abide by these dictums. As new blood flocks to the city, however, this is sure to change.

1) *None in my city shall kill and leave behind evidence of their feasting. If your slaying causes an investigation among the Police, or worse, among the Press, then I shall track you down and extinguish you — or, if others speak for you, exile you. You must lick all wounds, and dispose of all those you kill. I hold the Fourth Tradition in strong regard and do not take such violations of the Masquerade lightly.*

2) *Do not harm the travelers to this city, for its wealth is based upon its status as a center of commerce and travel. You may feed from such, but do not leave any evidence of your feast. You should not test me on this, for these folk are the basis of the wealth of my realm.*

3) *Have nothing to do with any of those among the Press. They are to be strictly ignored. They are my Domain. Neither should you attempt to enslave or manipulate the Police of this city. They are my Domain as well.*

4) *Keep the sanctity of Elysium, for that is our place of rest and recreation. No act of violence or struggle shall be tolerated therein. You may attend my court there, as all in my city are free to do, but you must not carry your conflicts into the sanctity of its ground.*

5) *Do not hold commerce with my enemies or those who seek to usurp my rightful authority. I shall repay treachery with treachery, rebellion with iron might. Let me caution you: I know all that happens within my realm. Do not think you can keep secrets from me.*

While all the candidates hope they will become prince on their own merits, the issue will, no doubt, be decided by the true powers of the city — those unseen Cainites who direct everyone else. Over the course of the chronicle, the characters should constantly be trying to discover who these powers are. Once again, no one knows the whole story.

In such an atmosphere rumors and conspiracy theories abound. Some believe the Tremere plan a takeover, while most elders suspect the anarchs are readying to make their move. Some vampires fear the Sabbat, while others insist that there are Ancients at work in Chicago, and yet others fear all these occurrences.

Some Chicago Kindred believe the elder/anarch war will actually wane with the death of Lodin. Much of the anarch anger was caused by and directed at his harsh reign. The anarchs still exist in the city, however, and have no plans to curtail their activities.

What escaped the notice of casual observers was that Lodin served at the behest of the primogen, which was much more than a council of advisors. The primogen still exists; all its members survived the Lupine attacks. More than likely, the next prince will also serve them.

Only an elite few among Chicago's Kindred know of the dark powers that lie beyond the primogen. Only a handful

know of the Methuselahs, and even fewer know their names. The Methuselahs have been at war for more than a millennium, and they use many of the other Kindred as pawns in their Jyhad. The city has been divided between them. Princes and potential princes, elders and anarchs, Camarilla and Sabbat — any and all are pawns of the two Methuselahs.

None in Chicago know what powers struggle above even the Methuselahs.

Mortal Society

*Either I'm a genius
or I haven't learned
a damn thing.
I can't figure how
I remember
how they look the way I'm
going through people
like a dirty book.*

— Taoist Cowboys, "Not Even Johnny"

The vampires have controlled almost every aspect of mortal life in Chicago at one point or another, but that control has slipped. Kindred control of the city's civic authorities is in great disarray, as Cainites fight over police, fire departments, city council members and even petty bureaucrats.

No area escaped the havoc that wracked the city. Businesses and unions that have been in the vampires' pockets for generations suddenly can do as they please. While one Cainite still has substantial control of the city's papers, even he has found it hard to cover up the recent horrific events. Finally, even in those places where the Kindred exercise dominion, other vampires contest their authority, seeking more power for themselves.

Government

The mundane government of Chicago is still controlled by the old political machine — a political machine unrivaled in any other city in the nation. Though it was overthrown for a time by an extraordinary black politician, Mayor Harold Washington, the manipulations of the Kindred allowed the machine to take over again a few years later.

To this day the machine permeates down to the neighborhood level. Ward bosses look out for the voters in their neighborhoods and pass out political favors to those who aid them. Vampiric dominance of this process no longer exists. Lodin's death freed many of these bosses to act on their own, without the undead to say yes or no. Individual vampires have seized individual wards, and even Lodin's former ghouls are rumored to be involved.

The prime powers of the city — mayor, aldermen, city attorney, congressmen, etc. — used to be under Lodin's influence. Cainites are still jostling for control of these individuals, but the mortals are beginning to fall into the different camps and, without a prince, may well turn the city's government into even more of a gridlock than it is today.

Kindred Influence

*Nothing can erase this night
And there's still light with you
Rhapsody
And if we can never see the sun
There's still light with you.*

— Siouxsie and the Banshees, "Rhapsody"

Chicago still reflects the taste of the Kindred. Those businesses used or favored by the vampires (particularly the elders, Ventrue, Tremere, and Toreador) often continue to exist even if they do not otherwise make a profit. Over their long unives, the Kindred have grown used to having their own way without argument or delay. Money is not difficult for them to obtain, and thus their decisions are not dictated by the demands of the profit motive.

Is a local gang troubling an owner, causing said owner to lose merchandise? The police quickly raid the gang's headquarters, and its members are shot while resisting arrest.

Is a health inspector threatening to close down a nightclub because its restaurant does not meet city regulations? The inspector is quickly and quietly fired, or transferred to other duties.

Are those collections of dusty old books a fire hazard that a fire marshal wants to see removed? The marshal changes his mind. He may never remember having seen them.

Because of this, many businesses that may no longer exist in our world flourish in the Gothic-Punk world of **Vampire**. However, the owners are dominated by a clientele more elite than Chicago's rich.

Vampires' predatory instincts extend to more than mere feeding. The undead think of a business in the same way they think of a vessel. Drain it too quickly, and that is one less vessel, or business, to rely on in the future. Such abrupt and final action also draws attention — a dead body drained of blood and a business bankrupted by an unknown client are both potential threats to the Masquerade.

So important businesses still exist. However, they are rundown and decaying. The owner is so busy catering to the Cainites that he has little time to worry about painting and cleaning. Money is what is important, and that comes from seeing to the needs of these oh-so-important customers willing to spend their money freely. And so a vicious circle begins. A vampire finds a bookstore that has a rare book, and pays a fabulous price for it. Because the bookstore owner obviously has certain sources and contacts, the vampire asks for another rare book. The owner is not sure why, but he is frightened of his new client. He uses much of his profit from the first sale to expand his net of contacts to find the next book. Other Kindred hear about this owner who can find rare books and come to his shop.

Soon, the owner is making large sums of money. However, the demands of the Kindred come more frequently, and for rarer items. The owner is spending money just as fast to search for these items.

The cycle may take years, but eventually the owner exhausts his sources and cannot find a particular item. The

A Tribute to Lodin

We have lost a great friend in the Americas. Most of you knew Lodin, the Prince of Chicago. Unlike many of our kind, he was a great traveler, and regularly visited here and on the Continent. His visits were always a pleasure, and he was the finest of companions.

Despite the criticism anarchs and Licks heaped upon him, Lodin acted for the good of all Kindred. Some may have called his rule harsh, others called him pawn, but our welfare was always paramount in his mind. He defended the Masquerade with incomparable dedication and ability, and protected all those of the Camarilla from our many enemies.

His death is a loss we all suffer. Kindred have lost a superb leader, the Camarilla has lost a stalwart protector, and I have lost a dear friend. The world was made a better place by his presence, and a sadder place by his loss.

—Lady Anne, Prince of London, excerpts from a speech at a meeting of Ventrue

Kindred move on to a new bookstore, leaving the owner with less money than he had when the first vampire visited. The store is peeling paint, gathering dirt and falling to pieces. His mortal customers, spurned for the free-spending Kindred, have long since moved on to more pleasant places.

Such is the pattern of supply and demand in any city that hosts the Damned. Chicago is no exception. This aura of decay — not just in the poorer parts of town but in the middle- and upper-class neighborhoods — is what gives the Gothic-Punk world its texture.

Vital Statistics

Chicago sits along the southern shore of Lake Michigan in the state of Illinois. The lake exerts a strong influence on the city's climate and has led to the city gaining the appellation "The Windy City" — though local wags attribute the nickname to the city's politicians. Average nighttime temperatures range from 25° F (-4° C) in January to 75° F (24° C) in July.

Chicago is not as windy as its nickname might suggest, but the breezes off Lake Michigan are as constant as they are brisk, especially on cold winter nights.

Travel to and around Chicago

There are a number of ways to get to Chicago, though of course it is simpler for mortals than for Kindred. This will not be a problem for characters native to Chicago, but if your chronicle began in another city, you need to know how the characters can get to Chicago.

The Kindred use nearly all means of transportation, but each involves certain special considerations. Frequently, another Cainite controls a given mode of travel, and requires permission and perhaps tribute before allowing another to use it. All necessary arrangements will then be made. These "agencies" offer the safest and most efficient travel arrangements for the Kindred, but a character must be in favor with the elders in order to make use of them.

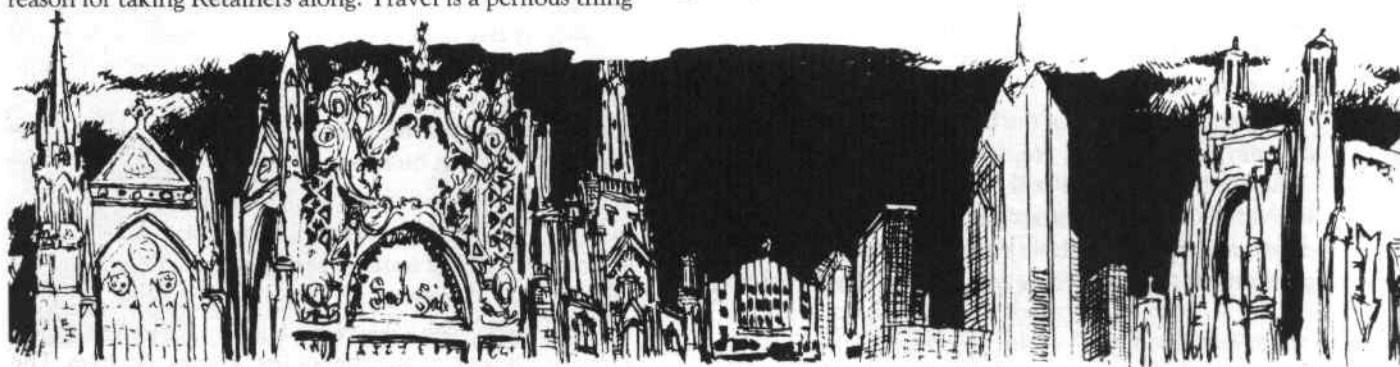
Vampires almost never travel alone. Retainers are invariably employed by all but the most arrogant. Though, of course, the "agency" provides its own employees, one's own Retainers are aware of special needs and arrangements, and can be relied upon to put one's safety above their own. On long journeys, meals can be arranged, but travelers are normally expected to make their own arrangements — another reason for taking Retainers along. Travel is a perilous thing

for the Kindred, and should not be taken without trepidation and care.

Road Travel

Agencies can arrange travel in specially sealed containers aboard freight trucks, but this is a fairly new concept. Characters can arrange their own travel by car, but this is particularly dangerous. Stops must be arranged each day, safe havens found (often simply under the bed in a motel room with the curtains closed and a **Do Not Disturb** sign on the door), and care taken for the safe procurement of food. Some anarchs regularly travel in this manner, but few elders take such risks.

The primary route into Chicago from Milwaukee is I-94; it joins the JFK Expressway, which enters the downtown area. The western leg of I-94, the Tri-State Tollway, forms the expressway around the city's west edge. From Madison and Rockford, I-90 is the main highway; in the northwest suburbs it intersects I-190, which then curves southwest and continues into Chicago as the Eisenhower Expressway. This is the primary route to the western suburbs. In the south are I-94



(Calumet Expressway), I-57 and I-90. All three connect with the Dan Ryan Expressway, which in turn connects to the city center. I-90 and I-80 bring in travelers from the Eastern Seaboard, and I-94 provides access to the city from Michigan.

Air Travel

Chicago is served by two major airports: the enormous O'Hare, and the smaller Midway, located close to the downtown area. The smaller Meigs Airport also serves the city. Flights from all over the world arrive at O'Hare — one of the largest and busiest airports in the world.

It is very dangerous for vampires to take normal passenger flights — delays or mishaps can let daylight overtake a night flight, and the window blinds are less than effective. Private planes, however, are quite viable, as are sealed containers loaded onto freight planes.

O'Hare was singled out by the werewolves; their ferocious attack shut it down for a day, and full service was not restored until almost a week later. The attack was blamed on Puerto Rican terrorists, and led airport authorities to increase security dramatically. While this might normally be a worry for Kindred, the airport's security forces are under the control of the Brujah Tyler. As long as they clear it through her, those traveling by air should encounter few difficulties.

Sea Travel

The Chicago Harbor hosts numerous seagoing vessels loading and unloading the goods of the world. While its passenger travel has fallen over the years, few Kindred find it difficult to sail into town. There are also docks for private vessels, and more than one Kindred has anchored a private yacht in Chicago's waters.

Rail Travel

Trains used to be the safest ways into Chicago, but fears of Lupine infiltration have decreased the numbers of vampires riding the rails. For some reason, the Chicago junctions were singled out for special attention by werewolves during their attacks, and nobody knows how many transient Kindred might have died.

In other parts of the country, however, the system is still under undead control. Air travel still makes many of the more traditional Cainites uneasy, and sea travel is too slow, but the trains are safe, fairly quick and a matter of tradition. Most often the Kindred ride in specially designed cabooses, but when one is not available, they have to settle for a private

room in the first-class coach or a sealed coffin in the baggage car. They will almost always bring along a coffin or other sealed container in case of an emergency.

Getting around Chicago

I am the passenger

And I ride and I ride

I ride through the city's backside

I see the stars come out in the sky

Yeah, the bright and hollow sky

You know, it looks so good tonight.

— Siouxsie & the Banshees, "The Passenger"

Once the characters have arrived in Chicago, they need to know how to get around. Most characters will have their own transportation — a motorcycle, car or even a limo. Those who do not have, or do not wish to use, their own transportation have a number of options.

Road

Taxis are very common in downtown Chicago, but become rarer farther away from the center. Fares range from \$5 - \$50 depending on how far the passengers go. There is also a fairly widespread bus system, and cars can be rented by anyone with a reasonable credit rating.

Air

Wealthy Chicagoans, visitors and Kindred often find it easiest to avoid the city's congested highways and take to the sky. Recent skyscrapers have been built with rooftop helipads, while older ones have had them added to accommodate corporate and private helicopters. Helitaxis fly about the city, and have become increasingly popular for the wealthy. These helitaxis charge \$120 for any ride, regardless of distance. However, they only serve Chicago, the inner suburbs and O'Hare Airport.

Rail

One of Lodin's now-deceased progeny developed an extensive system of trains and subways for the city. Generally affordable and punctual, these trains can take a traveler anywhere in the city as well as to and from the outer suburbs. In the time since the Lupine attack on Chicago, however, crime has increased on the lines and they have begun running behind schedule more often. Most people think this is a one-time fluctuation, but some Kindred suspect otherwise.







Chapter Two: History

They only dimly recalled the things they had lost and refused to believe that there had been a time when they were pure and happy.

— Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *The Dream of a Ridiculous Man*

Chicago has earned itself a host of colorful sobriquets during its short but illustrious history. Young by European standards, the city has become known as Gangster Land, Hog Butcher and the Windy City, among other names. Its political machine has long been one of the most powerful in the country, manipulating politics even at the national level. However, none of these images tell the whole story about one of America's most intriguing municipalities. The truth is concealed in the unlives of the Kindred who control this city, and who have manipulated its history from its very first days.

This chapter describes the history of Chicago — both the **Vampire** version of mortal history, and the particular history of the city's Kindred.

Early Settlers

The first settlers came to the area during the American Revolution, when the land was still under British control. United States forces, under Revolutionary War hero Gen. "Mad" Anthony Wayne, acquired the land in 1795, and Fort Dearborn was built in 1803. Needless to say, this did not sit

well with the Native Americans who had called the area home for generations. Here they had their sacred lands, their burial grounds and their hunting ranges. Newcomers who tried to displace the land's older residents found themselves the targets of raids and war parties.

The army abandoned the fort during the War of 1812, but returned in 1816 with more settlers and, eventually, engineers who hoped to establish a new city at this strategic river junction. The natives found a leader in Chief Black Hawk, and prepared to defend their ancestral lands.

The United States Army had been enjoying considerable success against America's natives ever since the death of Tecumseh during the War of 1812. However, Black Hawk thought he had an advantage in the form of the Pale Wolf, a white man who had lived among the northern tribes since before Black Hawk's grandfather was born. The Pale Wolf was actually an ancient vampire who had been born under the name Meneleus, and now called himself Menele.

Unfortunately, General Whistler, commander of Fort Dearborn, was under the Domination of Menele's arch-enemy, the vampiress Helena. She had hunted the Pale Wolf



across the continent for centuries and was more than able to tip the balance toward the newcomers. She also focused attention on the conflict, ensuring that fresh troops would be sent until victory was secured, no matter what the cost.

Indian Wars

Menele had hoped to turn Black Hawk's people into an effective fighting force capable of standing against Helena and her minions. Unfortunately, he had little knowledge of the destructive power of firearms, and despite his training and his followers' own valor, Helena managed to defeat him yet again.

The climax came during one tragic midnight cavalry raid on a riverside encampment. Menele, seeing the cruel slaughter of the brave people with whom he had lived for so long, burst into a murderous frenzy. Instead of relying on pawns to fight his battles as he had in the past, he flew into the fray himself, charging straight at the equally powerful Helena. He was shot many times, but nothing seemed able to stop him. The two Methuselahs met with all the fury of a whirlwind, and the air turned red with the vast quantities of blood they used.

None of those watching could follow the swift course of that titanic battle, but finally they saw Helena dig her claws deep into Menele's ribs. With a scream of agony that made the earth itself shake, Menele drove his skull deep into Helena's forehead. The two separated, both thrown to the ground by their injuries. Menele's remaining braves made a last desperate charge to rescue their ancient ally, but could not reach him before Helena's ghoul managed to drive a burning stake deep into the vampire's neck. At the cost of many lives, Menele's allies managed to seize his body and escape into the woods, while the ghoul carried Helena to the safety of the fort.

Thus, two of the mightiest Cainites in the New World fell into torpor under the watchful gaze of their mortal allies. However, their deep slumber did not mean an end to their age-old feud. From their sleep, the two called to all their supporters around the world, and Kindred and kine alike flocked to them.

The First Prince

At first Helena thought she had the advantage, for the fort and all its inhabitants were hers to command. She ignored the growing city, allowing Menele to ensconce his followers among its leadership.

Maxwell became the city's first prince. Sired by an ancient Spanish Brujah, he had first come to Chicago as a fur trader. Excluded from the upper echelons of mortal society because of his race, he found the Kindred to be somewhat less prejudiced. Indeed, Inyanga — now an ancient member of the city's primogen — first became interested in moving to Chicago when she heard that a black prince ruled it.

The Civil War swelled Chicago's mortal population amazingly; however, few new vampires arrived, as most were enjoying the spoils of war. With the end of the war, though, came change. New Cainites began pouring into the city despite Maxwell's efforts to keep it a Brujah haven. Numbered among the newcomers was the Ventrue Lodin.

By 1871, Maxwell and his allies had finally managed to stem the influx. Then came the horror of Devil's Night. Flames lit by a suicidal Malkavian swept through the city like a murderous squall, burning everything in their wake. Amazingly, few mortals died, but the fire gutted 18,000 buildings and almost completely annihilated Maxwell's supporters among the Kindred.

With the city's vampiric establishment in disarray, Lodin saw his chance. Opting for a night when Inyanga had left town, the Ventrue made his move. With a small band of Toreador and fellow Ventrue, he attacked Maxwell in the Brujah's East Side mansion. Expecting a swift, one-sided struggle, the usurpers found Maxwell much stronger than they had anticipated. Many were decapitated by Maxwell's saber before one of the Toreador managed to tear his arm off. Maxwell escaped through a window and has not been seen in the city since. Lodin wanted no rivals among his own kind, and methodically destroyed those few Ventrue who had survived the battle. From this point on, all the Ventrue in Chicago were of his line.

After the Fire

While those Cainites who remember the great fire still call it Devil's Night, Chicago as a whole actually benefited from the destruction. Massive rebuilding rejuvenated the city; within a few years it had surpassed its old glory and, under Lodin's leadership, became one of the industrial powerhouses of the Americas.

With such rapid growth came unexpected turmoil. Lodin's power among mortals radiated from the top down, and he gave those mortals he supported the power and freedom to increase their wealth at will. He used the twin powers of money and force (the latter through his police and special security guards) to keep the masses in line. Still, it came as a shock to Lodin's ego when the workers upon whose backs the city had been built began to protest their desperate conditions. The fact that a vampire could transform that massive unhappiness into a bid for power also came as a shock.

The Challenge of Modius

The Toreador Modius seemed to come out of nowhere. He quickly gained support among the mortal workers and disgruntled Kindred. Most importantly, he had the backing of the Gangrel Inyanga, the Nosferatu Khalid and the Brujah Procet, three powerful elders who had not liked Lodin's high-handed and violent assumption of power.

At first their battle involved few confrontations; both sides relied on mortals to bear the brunt of the conflict through the 1880s. Soon, though, Lodin found his mighty police force and private security agencies negated by the workers' more violent elements, and found himself lacking vampiric allies.

The great institutions Lodin had created to ensure the stability of his rule began to crumble in the face of spreading strikes and violence. His hopes that a strong, controlled economy would create a tranquil environment for Kindred and kine alike proved illusory. Even with the aid of two new lieutenants, Ballard and Drummond (the latter of whom was recently destroyed by Lupines), Lodin seemed incapable of anything save delaying his eventual overthrow.

First he tried to destroy some of the union leaders during a protest in an open-air market. One of his mortal agents threw a bomb into a crowd of police, setting off a riot that led to the deaths of several union members and police officers — and death sentences for four union leaders, though none could be linked to the bombing even in Chicago's kangaroo courts.

This move, however, backfired on Lodin. The dead men gained far more influence as martyrs than they wielded during life, and union fervor rose to new heights. Lodin swore not to make the same mistake twice, but events took the next episode out of his control.

Pullman Strike

The Pullman Strike of 1894 is considered to be one of the great tragedies in union history. A strike against bad working and living conditions managed to unite black and white Pullman workers and cripple the nation's rail system — a direct threat to Lodin's most recent lieutenant, the railroad baron Drummond. Without even consulting his prince, he used government troops to attack the workers and break the strike. Drummond's rash action swayed public opinion even more strongly in favor of the workers. The incident became a worldwide scandal and an embarrassment for the city.

Lodin finally concluded that his current arsenal was incapable of stopping the workers. He began casting about for a suitable tool to control the workers, and decided upon a socialist leader, Tommy Hinds. He quickly Embraced the prominent socialist and used Dominate to force Hinds (who was also recently slain by Lupines) to turn on the other labor leaders.

Hinds began by co-opting the union leadership with promises of personal wealth and power in return for ensuring the workers' complacency. Industries most at risk were forced to upgrade pay and working conditions, while recalcitrant unions began to suffer the first takeover attempts by organized crime. Modius' forces were slow to react to this new threat, but when they did it was with a violence previously unknown during the long conflict.

Tired of the seemingly endless battle, Modius' followers had become impatient and less willing to rely on the kine. Led by the anarch Balthazar and his sire, they began to seek out and destroy Lodin's helpers among both Kindred and kine. Now Lodin knew he had the rebels where he wanted them. He sought out the eldest Cainites in the city and stressed the risk being run by the anarchists' violations of the Masquerade. He also promised to do his best to keep the city at peace, and received the elders' grudging approval to end the long war by any tactics necessary.

At the same time, Hinds made his infamous visit to Balthazar and convinced the Brujah to switch sides. With the assistance of Balthazar and the quiet acquiescence of the primogen, Lodin began a systematic campaign of extermination. He managed to mask his attacks as a series of Blood Hunts against violators of the Masquerade and, by the beginning of World War I, had managed to destroy most of his opponents. However, Modius — with the secret aid of Annabelle Triabell — managed to fortify himself in Gary, then a center of union strength.

Cauchemar Praxis

The next 50 years have become known as *Cauchemar Praxis*, a time of peace among the Kindred. Lodin liked to take credit for this quiet era, but most Cainites think of the time as the years when Chicago muddled along. Still, even this relatively quiet period had its share of excitement.

The Creation of Elysium

Lodin learned to fear the growing power of the primogen during this time. This powerful coterie of elders first demonstrated its power shortly after Lodin seized control of the city. Originally, the primogen consisted of those who felt the new prince had overstepped his bounds. While none had been able to accuse him of violating the Traditions, at least three — Inyanga, Khalid and the Brujah Procet — felt that his actions created a dangerous precedent. They also feared Lodin might use his new power for ill, possibly by hunting them for their own ancient vitæ.

These three threw their support behind Modius, but found their power checked by the mysterious might of the Ventrue, the Tremere and the Malkavians. Thus, they decided that the city's true authority should rest in the combined forces of the elders. Shortly after World War I, tentative invitations went out, and soon the greatest of Chicago's Cainites began to gather.

They took their cue from an ancient Toreador tradition that rendered places of cultural significance off-limits to violence. Calling these places of safety the Elysium, they met in the hallowed halls of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Wreathed in the strains of the Brandenburg Concertos, the

city's supreme vampires found themselves engaged in what would become a hallowed tradition. While the first meeting ended with few tangible accomplishments, all who attended left with the feeling that they had found a way to settle differences that might otherwise flare into bloody conflict.

Passing notes, engaging in heated telepathic debates and carrying on arguments through messengers, the primogen began to establish a power structure superseding that of Lodin. As long as they reached a consensus among themselves, they were more powerful than he. These ancient Cainites were utterly unconcerned by the fact that much of what they wanted to accomplish would require Lodin's acquiescence — willing or otherwise.

Lodin knew about the gathering, but did not fully appreciate its import until he moved to make Capone his newest lieutenant. This conflicted with Procet's own plans to manipulate the underworld, and put the two on a collision course. Whereas in the past this conflict might have been decided by combat or kine manipulation between the two protagonists, now the question came before the primogen as a whole. By a 5-2 vote they decided to allow the prince his new neonate, but on matters of the underworld Capone would have to bow to his elder.

Lodin shook with rage when he learned of the decision. There had been no primogen in the land of his Embrace, and these meddlers seemed bent on ruining all his hopes and dreams. Again and again he found himself checked by their might, with no means to resist them.

The Interdiction

Lodin refused to forget the challenge Modius had made to his rule. As long as no new threats emerged, the Prince of Chicago's primary goal remained the destruction of the Prince of Gary. He began what is known as the Interdiction of Gary — a scheme to strip Modius of power by destroying the power of the mortals he controlled. To this end, Lodin gave Ballard and Capone almost free rein to cripple the Indiana city's economy and destroy union influence. Though the Interdiction took some time for its effects to be felt, by the time Modius and the other socialists realized what was happening, it was too late.

Gary's economy had long been based on steel. Unable to drive the steel plants out of the city, Ballard attacked the steel industry nationwide — something he did with astounding efficiency. By Dominating the mortal leaders of the industry into making the most asinine decisions, by strangling investment and by supporting the growth of foreign steel manufacturers, Ballard managed to drive Gary's economy into a depression that has thus far proved incurable.

Capone used the forces of organized crime just as effectively. Extortion, hijacking and various other rackets contributed to the steady decline of Gary. He managed to place his underworld pawns in positions of power in the national unions, letting them attack Gary through the unions which were active there. After a time, they began to attract

the attention of federal officials. On top of this, all the Ventrue of Chicago combined to keep Gary from expanding its infrastructure, building a decent airport or thriving in any way. The Interdiction has been most successful, and Modius has proved incapable of breaking it.

In spite of the numerous travails with which Lodin dealt during these 50 years, he found these times to be among the best of his unlife — especially in comparison to what was to come.

The Anarchs

The first indications of trouble came from other princes across the country. Reports of un-Presented neonates, gangs of anarchists and marauding Sabbat packs began to reach Lodin. The decades of relative quiet had not been limited to Chicago, and Camarilla leaders across the country had grown complacent in their rule. When threats appeared, they either mishandled them or drastically overreacted.

The problems began in the South, where many black vampires aided their mortal counterparts in the struggle for equality. The princes, almost without exception white products of the racist culture they ruled, responded with ferocious brutality. For once the kine got the best of the Kindred, and civil rights became the byword of the day.

The anarchists had not died out in America. While the Camarilla and the princes had managed to keep them in check, they had been growing slowly but constantly. By the 1960s, reaction to the brutality of the West Coast princes had solidified the anarchists' hold on the Anarch Free States. Allied with discontented mortals, the anarchists met the princes' moves with organized aggression, and violence swept the nation.

Chicago's anarchists had been badly set back by the fall of the socialists earlier in the century, but had been quietly rebuilding through the years. By 1960 they had surpassed the forces of Modius in both strength and numbers, and they quickly became a source of constant concern to Lodin. Through the early '60s a sort of shadow war developed, with the city's Ventrue trying to drive out the weaker anarchists and the anarchists trying to steer mortal institutions out of the prince's control. Still, both sides avoided serious violence until 1966.

The Night of Rage

In what has become known among Cainites across the country as the Night of Rage, the whole situation changed. The problems started when Balthazar went looking for a neonate Brujah rumored to have entered the city several days earlier. The prince's enforcer had no luck finding the newcomer, but did stumble onto a group of Brujah gathering in





Lincoln Park. Afraid that they were plotting against Prince Lodin, Balthazar and his Ventrue assistants attacked, slaying two of the Brujah.

Unknown to the Ventrue, these Brujah were a major reason the city had not already erupted. Members of a band called Urban Sprawl, these vegetaries had become a leading force among the anarchs because of the popularity of their music. They counseled nonviolence as a way for the Kindred to solve their many problems, but found their pacifism no match for Balthazar's brutality.

The anarchs responded to the atrocity with a ferocity that shook Kindred society to its roots. Battles raged across the rooftops and through the sewers of the giant city. The elders were not safe, even in Elysium, and some were hunted back to their havens. By the end of the week more than a dozen on either side had been destroyed or forced into torpor. Soon the worst of the fighting had ended, but the war had come out of the shadows once and for all.

The War of Ages

Chicago, as the largest U.S. city under Camarilla control, soon became the center of the War of Ages.

Anarchs flocked to the city, and the Camarilla sent a group of powerful archons to battle them. For the next two years both sides sniped at each other, maneuvering through the city in hopes of achieving some advantage. The anarchs made some halfhearted attempts to take control of mortal institutions, but for the most part they co-opted the youth rebellion that was in full swing by that time. The old socialists mostly stayed out of the conflict, but they did advise and succor the younger anarchs.

As 1968 dawned, it became more and more apparent that a showdown could not long be delayed. April brought with it a foreshadowing of the violence to come. The assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. caused an outburst of previously suppressed bitterness. While the riots caused great concern in mortal society, the Cainites had yet to settle their conflict.

That happened in August. From all parts of the country and the world, Kindred and kine poured into the city for the Democratic Party's presidential convention. Tensions steadily rose throughout the convention. The city was full to bursting, and the blood of nearly every Cainite in the city was close to boiling as intoxicating aromas wafted from the excited mortals. At first, the fighting seemed little different from previous skirmishes — small groups from each side ambushing one another.

The true violence started on April 28th, after Lodin obtained leave from the (Ventrue) Justicar to settle the anarch problem once and for all — and it is doubtful that even she would have given permission if she had known what Lodin had in mind. As the anarchs and mortal rebels prepared for night and began to head from Lincoln Park into the streets, the prince launched his assault. Armies of police and

elders flooded into the streets and attacked the protesters. Battle was joined, with much of it shown live on national television.

Never before had the anarchs experienced an assault of this magnitude. Faced by mass charges of heavily armed police, the ranks of the protesters crumbled, and the anarchs were forced to flee. Once they were out of sight of the cameras, groups of elders and archons set upon them. More than 100 vampires from all parts of the world disappeared that night. Not all were extinguished, but it is said that ashes covered the streets the next morning.

The prince's forces took their share of losses, but for the first time in centuries the Camarilla began to feel that the anarch threat had been crushed. Though many were shocked at the risk to the Masquerade — some film had to be destroyed, and certain eyewitnesses influenced or disposed of — stability was finally restored to Chicago. Not only had the Chicago Anarch Movement been crippled, but anarch leaders from all over the country had been destroyed as well. Many cities had the very hearts of their rebellions torn out, and princes everywhere felt free to launch brutal purges. Anarchs everywhere were forced into hiding: an age of repression had dawned.

Chicago had suffered more than any other city; its very soul had been torn out. Though the elders had won, for years they walked in fear, terrified of an attack by vengeance-crazed anarchs. Those few rebels who still lived in the city — for it was impossible to catch them all — went as far underground as possible. Those shielded by the mightiest allies or possessed of the wiliest intellects managed to survive, but Lodin hunted down and killed as many as he could. He outlawed siring in the metropolitan area — an edict that was actually obeyed for the most part. For 10 years the anarchs played almost no role in the city. They still existed, but only on the fringes of Kindred society.

The Return of the Anarchs

No matter how obscene the existence of vampires may be, they remain a part of nature, and nature abhors a vacuum. Slowly, anarchs began filtering back into the city or were created despite Lodin's edict. Confident that his victory had been final, Lodin began to relieve the pressure he had exerted for so long. He declared a truce and officially accepted the presence of anarchs in his city. As long as they obeyed his laws, he said, they were welcome to remain. However, he insisted that they Present themselves to him at Elysium. Though they distrusted him greatly, none thought that he would risk breaking the Masquerade, and so, slowly, most of the remaining anarchs Presented themselves.

Despite the new tolerance, it might have taken decades for the anarchs to recuperate had it not been for the appearance of Maldavis. She seemed to come out of nowhere but,

supported by respected anarchs and displaying mysterious powers, she quickly rose to a position of authority among the battered rebels. She began to forge a new Anarch Movement.

The Council Wars

Even with the addition of Maldavis, nothing might have happened if Lodin had remained careful. Overconfident from what he saw as his crushing victory, he decided to consolidate his power.

He began by making several neonates to help him rule those parts of mortal society with which he remained uncomfortable, and to keep his more ambitious progeny in check. He desperately wanted to limit the powers of his first brood; likewise, he wished to gain a hold over the powerful media and the computer technology that were becoming increasingly important to daily commerce.

The primogen had begun to take notice by the time Lodin had sired the fourth neonate of his second brood. At first, only those who had historically opposed the prince voiced any opposition, so little happened. This frustrated minority began to support Maldavis' rise among the anarchs, feeding her their own potent blood and teaching her the dark secrets of the city. Maldavis never knew who her mentors were, though there were many she suspected.

Despite all this, she remained but a minor irritation to the prince until early 1983, when Lodin turned yet another member of the primogen against himself. This time he angered Annabelle Triabell, one of the leading Toreador. While she was not a particularly potent force among the primogen, hers was the vote that would split the council. With her changed position the Council Wars began.

As is often the case with Kindred politics, the world of the kine reflected this fierce struggle. The powerful post of mayor had been one place where Lodin's authority had never been challenged, and he had always filled it with mortals more than willing to do his bidding. Maldavis chose to strike here first, and after years of preparation she presented a new candidate for mayor — Harold Washington. Though she did not control him herself, she did ensure that Lodin could not tamper with him. Lodin was caught completely off guard, and the primogen restrained his immediate urge to crush Maldavis and slay the mortal candidate. On April 15, 1983, Harold Washington became mayor.

Horrified by what he had lost, Lodin ignored the primogen's restrictions and attempted to strike back. To his amazement, he found Maldavis' forces prepared, and was shocked to find that even with all the Ventrue behind him, the anarchs remained beyond his reach. For four years the battle continued, although unlike earlier conflicts violence played a secondary role. The main arena turned out to be that of mortal politics, as both sides jockeyed for position in hopes

of using the kine to do their dirty work. Though some Kindred were destroyed, no one wanted to repeat the Night of Rage.

During those years, Maldavis' power grew while Lodin's shrank. Despite his best efforts, the prince could not discover her hiding places, yet the anarchs sought out, confounded — and occasionally slew — his own supporters with impunity.

The Camarilla did not listen to his complaints, as the sect did not want to provoke another Night of Rage. Lodin's despair grew when he realized that some of the primogen supported Maldavis. His remaining pride would not allow him to beg for their help when he learned that they had turned against him.

Operation Incubator

Lodin began to respond to Maldavis' delicate machinations with cruder, less sophisticated maneuvers of his own. For instance, around Christmas 1985, he implemented Operation Incubator, whereby he attempted to ruin some of Maldavis' key mortal allies through police harassment and public embarrassment. His plans backfired when news of these efforts reached the public and a scandal erupted over the "persecution" of the city government. Somehow the story had managed to bypass his censorship.

Maldavis' strength reached its peak in the spring of 1986. During the next year, anarchs destroyed many of the prince's lackeys in the city government and installed their own pawns into many of the city's positions of power. Finally, desperate and terrified for his very existence, Lodin threw himself at the feet of the primogen and begged their forgiveness right before Thanksgiving of 1987.

For hours he listened to the elders' complaints on the way he ran the city, until finally they reached a deal. Annabelle agreed to switch sides if the prince would agree to give one certain Ventrue remarkable freedom and grant her the right to make two neonates. Even the primogen had to abide by Lodin's rule against the Embrace, for it was ratified by the Camarilla, but Lodin had no choice but to grant the privilege. Moreover, he was required to attend the primogen in Elysium on the first Monday of each month, to hear their complaints and to listen to their advice.

Fortified by this change in fortunes and Annabelle's revelation of a spy who had been dogging the Ventrue, the prince set to work regaining his power. Lodin began his Thanksgiving Massacre with a direct strike against the popular mayor whom Maldavis had brought to power. The Ventrue drained him to the point where he died the next day of a heart attack.

That day, aided by the capture of one of Maldavis' most trusted lieutenants, the prince's mortal servants began tracking down the anarchs and killing them as they slept in their havens. The following night turned into one of terror for Maldavis' remaining allies. Lodin's forces watched all their havens, and nowhere could they find safety.



Once again, the anarchs lost the bulk of their strength to the prince's onslaught. This time, however, was even more horrifying. Licks would go to sleep in the safest of their havens, only to awaken at noon as stakes were driven through their hearts. The mighty Brujah Procet, a member of the primogen, was numbered among those who disappeared.

The prince almost managed to slay Maldavis herself, but she managed to survive through means Lodin never understood. He suspected continued treachery among the primogen. He had to content himself with the knowledge that the greatest threat to his power had been defeated, and set himself to work regaining his grip on mortal society.

The Unseen Threat

For several years Lodin concentrated on rebuilding his strength among the kine. He worked tirelessly to eliminate the anarch threat, fighting its members locally and becoming more involved in the Camarilla to fight the rebels around the country and the world. Perhaps these distractions explain what happened next.

By the Light of the Moon

On a moonlit night in 1993, a force of werewolves attacked buildings in the heart of Chicago. The focus of their rage appeared to be the Succubus Club, a well-known nightclub and secret haven for one of North America's most powerful Kindred. The attack galvanized the Kindred community, leading Prince Lodin to call a Blood Hunt against all the city's Lupines.

Few Kindred were aware of the extent of the werewolf population in the city, and none expected the sort of response the Blood Hunt drew. While at first the vampires succeeded in killing a number of Lupines, their enemy soon struck back in unbelievable numbers.

This time it was the Kindred who were killed on the streets, in their havens or anywhere else. Werewolves struck every center of undead power, including train stations, O'Hare Airport, businesses, the Tremere chantry, and the Succubus Club yet again. Pitched battles caused great destruction on both sides, and few involved in the fighting were left unscathed.

Approximately one-third of the city's vampires died before the primogen could arrange a truce. While many werewolves were also killed, they still maintain a strong presence in the city. Most vampires believe there will be more

The Flood

Chicago is constantly wracked by odd events, which the Kindred automatically assume to be part of the Jyhad. For instance, in 1992 a rumor spread through vampire society that the Tremere were trying to discover just how many Nosferatu were in the city and where their havens were.

This rumor had just about played itself out when a flood struck the downtown area. At first most Kindred thought the flood was of natural origin. Then word began spreading about the damage done to the Nosferatu underground havens. Investigators also discovered a large number of homeless people who drowned during the flood, though their deaths were hushed up.

Putting one and one together, most Kindred in the know have blamed the Tremere for the flood, which paralyzed Chicago's core for the better part of a week. Nobody seems to know exactly why the Tremere might have done such a thing, but the theories are flying thick and fast.

For instance, some Toreador like to speak of Khalid unnerving the Tremere Nicolai at the opera one night. He entered the boy wizard's private box without being seen, and only appeared when intermission was over. The Nosferatu's sudden emergence startled Nicolai, who jumped out of his seat and embarrassed himself in front of his Retainers.

On the other hand, some Brujah believe Lodin paid Nicolai to cause the flood, hoping to destroy his opponents. Being incompetents, the Ventrue/Tremere team-up failed, causing more damage to their own financial institutions than to their foes.

The Nosferatu Elucid told some of his allies that the flood was not caused by the Tremere at all, but by an unknown Nosferatu in a bid to destroy Khalid. The attempt failed, Elucid said, but not before destroying Khalid's haven and bringing the Final Death to a number of other Nosferatu. Elucid disappeared during the Lupine attack, and no one has any way to verify his claims.

trouble soon, and others whisper that the Sabbat was somehow behind all the carnage. The idea of a Sabbat/Lupine alliance makes everyone extremely uncomfortable.

Kindred in other cities have also been keeping close eyes on the events in Chicago, afraid that the Lupines might try the same thing in their own towns. Some have visited the Windy City, hoping to learn from its experiences, but have found the city's power structure in such disarray that they could learn little.



Secrets within Secrets

In the shadowplay, acting out your own death, knowing no more.

— Joy Division, "Shadowplay"

Most intelligent Kindred of the city suspect that more goes on than meets the eye. The more paranoid see Gehenna behind every new incident, but others suspect some all-encompassing Jyhad played out against the backdrop of Chicago. These latter hold the correct view.

Both Helena and Menele have remained in the city. Despite their long torpor, the two have continued their eternal war, and most (though not all) of the major events that shake the Kindred emanate from them.

Helena's forces centered around Prince Lodin (before his death), while Menele controlled the city's anarchs through his Blood Bond with Critias and his Domination of their other leaders — many of whom died during the werewolves'

attacks. Thus far, most of the battles have revolved around each Methuselah's attempts to kill off the other's allies, and many Kindred have perished in consequence.

Now, the game has taken on a new and subtler dimension. Helena decided to rise from torpor in 1990. Weakened by her long sleep and disoriented by a world so different from the one she last knew, she moved slowly. While she has tried to discover Menele's place of rest, her search has been tempered by concern over the mystical protections Menele may have guarding him — and what her enemy's minions could do to her still-recovering body if they should discover it.

Indeed, she is sure Menele instigated the events of *Under a Blood Red Moon*, and was responsible for the attack on the Succubus Club itself. She is nearly certain he has penetrated her disguise as the neonate Portia, and has thus begun to take a more active role in the city, though she still masquerades as a neonate.

For instance, because her pawn Juggler lost many of his followers during the upheaval, she has decided to organize the anarchs herself. To this end she has taken over the Succubus Club and turned it into a rebel haven. By the same

token, she has begun directly Dominating Ballard and Capone, and is trying to decide if she wants to place either in the position of prince.

She has also begun grooming other allies to aid her in the Jyhad. She has taken to spending time with Nicolai, the leader of the city's Tremere. Subtly using her Presence, and aided by her stunning beauty, she seeks to make the boy wizard fall in love with her.

She has also summoned other allies to her side, including one of the city's recent Malkavian arrivals. Through Tyler, she has brought in a new Sabbat pack to serve her. She now actively seeks out Menele's haven, hoping to end their conflict once and for all.

Menele, on the other hand, has slowed his part of the conflict. While in the past he might have moved at once to end Helena's rise to power, now he tries a more subtle tack. Just as he has caused Helena to believe she controls Annabelle, so he hopes to make her think she has indeed taken control of the anarchs. This strategy is hazardous — Helena might actually succeed in taking over the anarchs — but Menele considers it worth the risk.

He decided on this new approach after the events of the Council Wars. For a long time, his sleep was plagued with questions about his actions during that time. He began to feel that he had played the pawn Maldavis too early instead of letting her grow to the point where she would have been an unbeatable foe.

As he began to trace the entire history of his great Jyhad, a horrible doubt began to gnaw deep within his bosom. Were his actions his own? Did someone manipulate him as he manipulated others? Was some older and more powerful vampire using him in even deeper schemes? Might his arch-enemy be plotting out all this for reasons unknown? The thought assailed him and rode through his dreams. Now, he plays to ensure his own control, doing anything in his power to prove that he still has free will.

Helena believes she won the Council Wars, but that Menele sacrificed Maldavis in order to make Helena believe she had taken control of the primogen Annabelle. Helena thinks that continued use of her mighty Dominate forced Annabelle to switch sides. In fact, Menele plans to set up a number of pieces within Helena's camp, making her believe she controls them. Then, when he feels the time has come, he will spring them on her in one brutal move aimed at ending their Jyhad for all time.

Timeline

This timeline is only a brief overview of the history of Chicago, summarizing the more detailed history presented in the rest of this chapter.

1700s	Menele makes his way to the Plains Indians and lives with them. He learns the ways of peace, and comes closer to attaining Golconda.
1820	Helena finds Menele once again, forcing him to flee to his friend, Chief Black Hawk.
1832	In a great war between the soldiers at Fort Dearborn and Black Hawk, the Indians suffer a grievous defeat. In the process, both Menele and Helena are so injured that they enter torpor.
1833	Chicago proper is established.
1837	Maxwell takes over as prince of the city.
1871	Devil's Night. O'Leary lights the Great Chicago Fire. Lodin takes advantage of the chaos to overthrow Maxwell.
1880	Modius begins his rise to power.
1886	Haymarket Riot.
1894	Pullman strike.
1901-1906	Unions reach height of their power.
1908	Balthazar betrays the anarchs.
1913	Lodin finally brings the unions under control and Modius flees to Gary.
1913-1966	<i>Cauchemar Praxis</i> . Time of peace and quiet under Lodin's leadership.
1919	First meeting of the primogen and establishment of the Elysium.
1921	Lodin starts interdiction of Gary.
1966	Night of Rage.
1968	Democratic Presidential Convention.
1983	Council Wars begin. Harold Washington elected mayor.
1987	Lodin victorious in Council Wars. Harold Washington dies.
1990	Helena awakens.
1993	Garou and Sabbat assault the city, destroying almost half the Kindred.





Chapter Three: Geography

*the bowels of the Devil
let me tell you what the sucka eats
its stomach's filled with lost souls
guts made out of steel and concrete.*

— Body Count, "Bowels of the Devil"

The Chicago of the Gothic-Punk world is architecturally little different from the city existing in our world. People still strive to reach the sky, and 100-story buildings loom over those below. But the shadows between the buildings are somehow deeper. Few pedestrians dare to walk the streets after dark, even in the better parts of town. Those who do have no good purpose in mind. Even in the heart of Chicago (especially in the heart of Chicago) it is the lower class, the criminals and the undead who rule the nighttime streets.

Building styles ranging from Gothic to contemporary make up Chicago. The builders who left their influence on Chicago were too full of life and vision for the Kindred to have had much interest or success in altering their work, though Lodin was known to have bankrolled some. The occasional Gothic structure, such as the *Chicago Tribune* Tower, still exists, but the vampires are mostly content to let their influence work in other areas.

After the Great Fire of 1871, the city was seen as a place to "start from scratch." Several engineers-turned-architects — men such as Louis Sullivan, William Jenney, D.H. Burnham and David Adler — rolled up their sleeves and went to work.

These businessmen had little interest in European styles of architecture, and developed a more "functional" architectural style. Adler designed auditoria to distribute sound, not to look pretty. Sullivan built stores that were practical and convenient.

Several recent inventions of the era also influenced the changes. These were the mechanical elevator, the caisson foundation, and the replacement of load-bearing masonry walls by iron frames. These innovations led to the beginnings of Chicago's tradition as "Skyscraper Central." Later builders like Ludwig Mies van der Rohe and Frank Lloyd Wright made their mark on the skyline, giving the city a cosmopolitan flavor all its own.

While Chicago is surrounded by a number of suburbs (known to Kindred as the Outlands), the Kindred have little interest in these areas. The suburbs are very much three-bedroom home, shopping mall, and fast food oriented. An occasional gang of anarchs may take refuge there, and one or two Gangrel have havens in suburban parks, but overall the Kindred are rarely seen here. Therefore the suburbs are not discussed in this book.



The more "genteel" clans (Toreador, Ventruue, and Tremere) prefer the culture available to them in the heart of Chicago, and avoid the Outlands. While the Gangrel view the central city as a more chaotic place than the sedate Outlands, the Nosferatu and Brujah eccentricities of appearance and style stick out like sore thumbs in these quiet neighborhoods. And, of course, the Kindred can carry out the Masquerade more easily in Chicago itself. In the heart of the city, no one wants to know where that scream came from, or who (or what) left those bloody footprints.

Chicago by Night divides some of the most important areas of Chicago into a number of different neighborhoods. These include the Downtown, the East Side, South Side, West Side, North Side and the Outlands.

Downtown

While Chicago is far more than the sum of its downtown, this area is still the heart of the city. This area contains both the Loop and the "Magnificent Mile" (North Michigan Avenue). The Art Institute of Chicago, the Museum of Contemporary Art, and the Civic Opera House are all located here. These locales are easily accessible to Kindred of an artistic bent.

The most sophisticated stores are found along the Magnificent Mile. Many of these cater to the Toreador, who consider themselves obligated to keep up to date with current fashions.

This area is also the heart of Chicago's business activities. Those Kindred who enjoy the world of high finance are rarely far from such buildings as the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, the Board of Trade, and the International Monetary Market. Even if they are unable or unwilling to participate directly, their Retainers are a common sight.

The Loop

This part of the downtown area was so named in the 1890s because of the rectangle formed by the tracks of the elevated trains. The name also refers to the convergence of cable car lines into this area, the center of the city. To this day cable cars still ply the street alongside the Gothic-Punk El (in place of the bus system that actually exists). However, the Kindred, particularly the younger ones, have given it another name — "the Hive." This is very much the center of the city, although it consists almost entirely of office buildings, and not much happens here at night. This is the bulk of Downtown, though Downtown does extend beyond the Loop.

Shopping

There are several major stores in this area, including Marshall Field's (111 North), Carson Pirie Scott & Co. (1 South), and Capper & Capper (1 N. Wabash Ave).



Bookstores are popular in this area. One of the major stores is Kroch's & Brentano's. The I Love A Mystery Bookstore (Stevens Building, Suite 810, 17 N. State St.) is popular with the newer generations of Kindred. It has a large collection of mystery, horror and science fiction paperbacks. Younger Kindred often come here to keep up with their favorite authors. Older vampires can occasionally be found here, casting supercilious eyes over the Stephen King shelf.

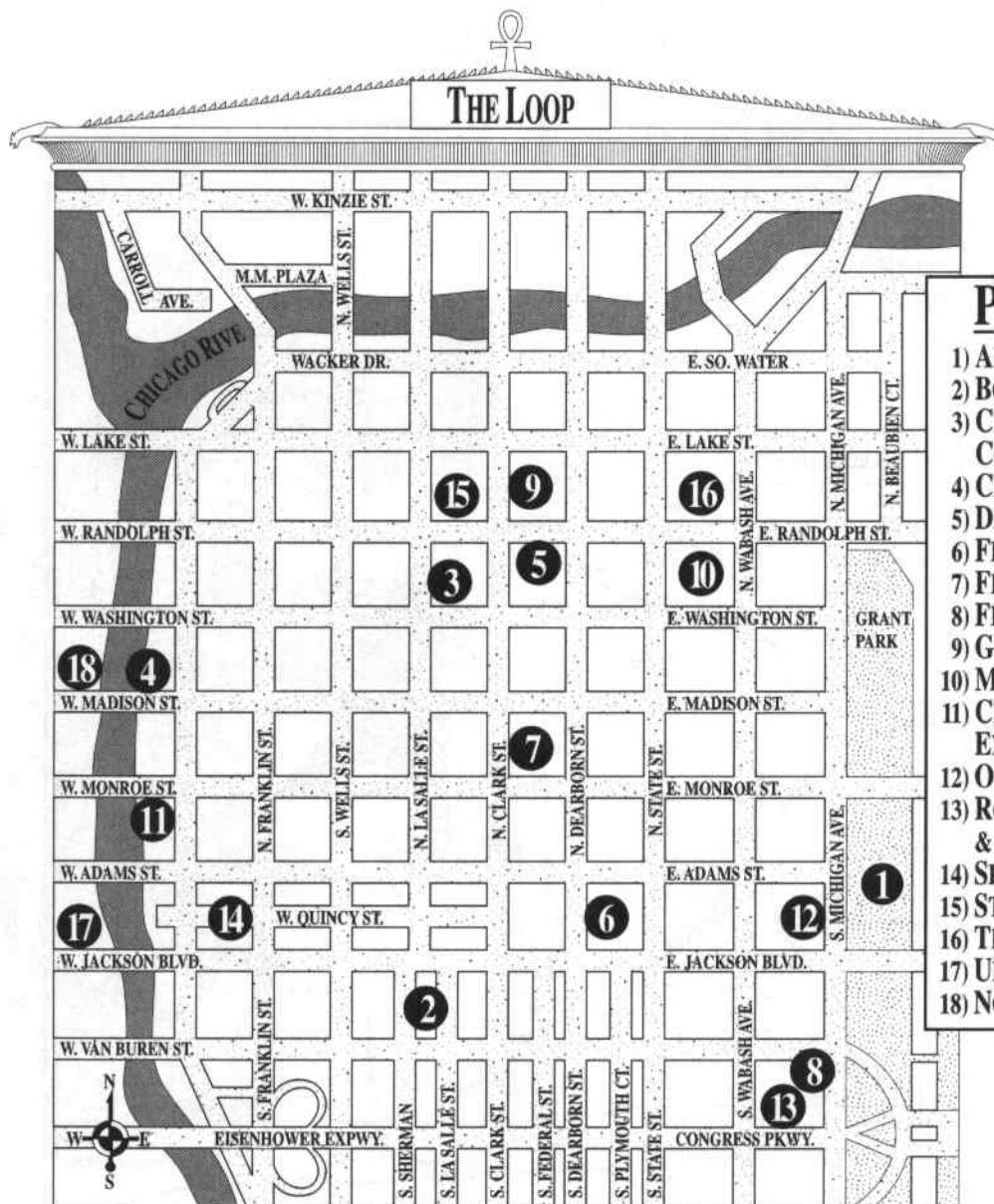
The older Cainites prefer rare and antiquarian books. The London Bookshop & Gallery (79 W. Monroe, Suite 1121) is popular with those Ventrue who are familiar with the good old days of Elizabethan England. Most Tremere and other Kindred with an interest in rare books will patronize not only Kroch's & Brentano's, but Kenneth Nebenzahl, Inc.

(333 N. Michigan, 28th floor) and J. Stephen Lawrence Rare Books (230 N. Michigan Ave., Mezzanine).

The Modern Bookstore (407 S. Dearborn, 2nd floor) is a common place to find those Kindred more interested in contemporary writers and events. Those born in Europe, Africa or Asia occasionally go to Powell's Book Warehouse (1020 S. Wabash, 8th floor), which is the best place in the city for foreign-language books.

Music

Those interested can find a number of music stores near Wabash and Jackson. The most popular among the Kindred are at the Fine Arts Building, on South Michigan. Most of them note with amusement the motto on the front of the building: "All passes — art alone endures."



POINTS OF INTEREST

- 1) ART INSTITUTE
- 2) BOARD OF TRADE
- 3) CITY HALL-COOK COUNTRY BUILDING
- 4) CIVIC OPERA/CIVIC THEATER
- 5) DALEY PLAZA
- 6) FEDERAL PLAZA
- 7) FIRST NATIONAL BANK PLAZA
- 8) FINE ARTS BUILDING
- 9) GREYHOUND STATION
- 10) MARSHALL FIELD'S
- 11) CHICAGO MERCHANTILE EXCHANGE
- 12) ORCHESTRA HALL
- 13) ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY & AUDITORIUM
- 14) SEARS TOWER
- 15) STATE OF ILLINOIS CENTER
- 16) TRAILWAYS STATION
- 17) UNION STATION
- 18) NORTHWESTERN STATION (RTA)

Bein & Fushi, on the 10th floor, handles rare bowed instruments, while Eugene S. Gordon deals in woodwinds. Nearby, Schilke Music Products works on brass instruments. Kindred so inclined have called upon Bein & Fushi on occasion to repair antique violins.

There are other music stores in the area, particularly along South. Members of Baby Chorus can occasionally be found at Chicago Guitar Gallery (216 South, 3rd floor), Sid Sherman Musical Instrument Co. (226 South, 3rd floor), or Drums Ltd. (218 South, 8th floor).

There are also several Elysium-governed buildings near here, including the Orchestra Hall (220 S. Michigan), the Fine Arts Theater (410 S. Michigan), and the recently rebuilt Auditorium Theater (70 E. Congress Pkwy.).

Art

A little to the east is the Art Institute of Chicago. This building is the largest art museum in Chicago, and contains any number of priceless paintings, including Grant Wood's *American Gothic* and Seurat's *Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*. Younger Kindred and Brujah prefer the Museum of Contemporary Art, but their elders enjoy surrounding themselves with the best of the past centuries.

Politics and Business

The "heart" of Chicago is at Daley Plaza and City Hall to the northwest of the Art Institute. Those Kindred who dabble in politics come here "after hours," issuing instruc-

tions to their Dominated politicians. Joseph Peterson, one of Lodin's brood, is a regular visitor.

Several blocks south of City Hall is the financial district. The Chicago Board of Trade Building, which also contains the Chicago Board Options Exchange, is a focal point in this area. Other nearby buildings include the Chicago Mercantile Exchange (444 West), the MidAmerica Commodity Exchange (175 West), and the Midwest Stock Exchange (120 S. La Salle St.).

Most Licks take no interest in commodities trading, as it gives them little opportunity to take advantage of their special abilities. Still, there are a few who dabble, including Alan Sovereign and Jacob Schumpeter. Those who do generally prefer free-willed Retainers to Dominated traders. These Retainers can be seen trying to sell or buy contracts near the close of business on any given day.

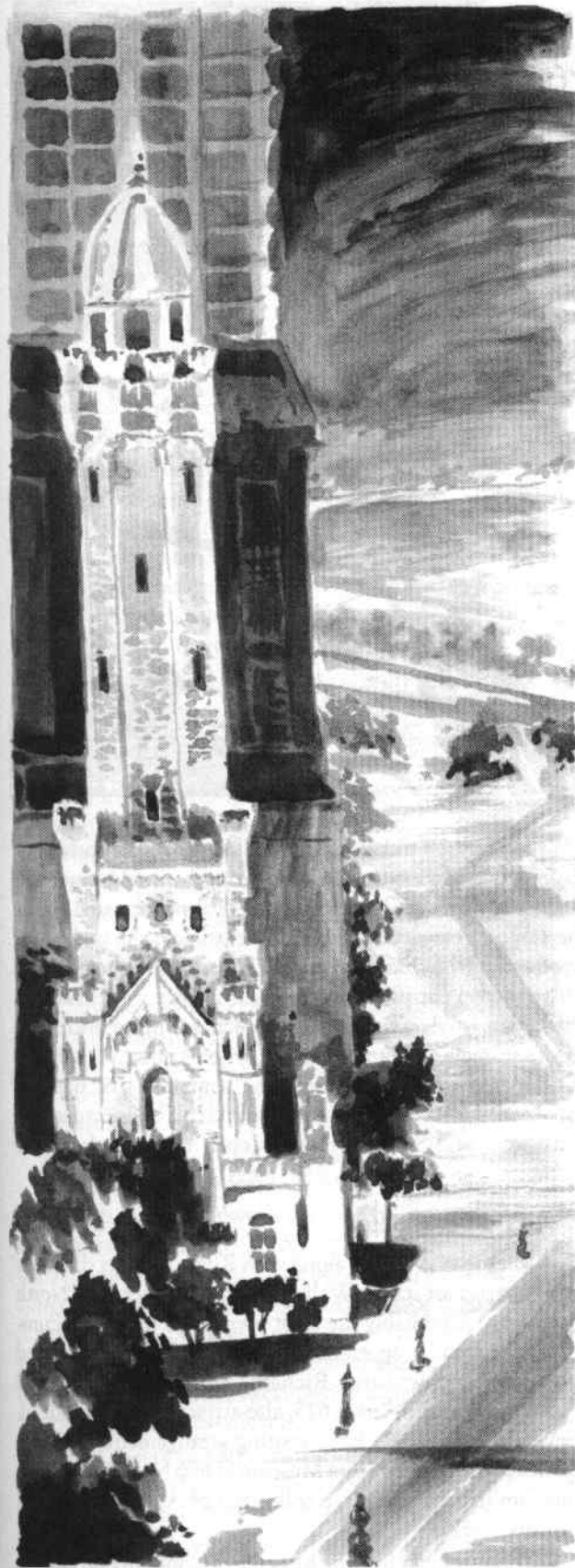
Miscellaneous

West of the financial district are four places of note:

The first is Union Station, one of Chicago's two major train depots and a principal point of departure for Cainite rail travelers. An Amtrak train provides ample concealment for a coffin or other resting place, while remaining sufficiently public to invite little risk of attack by lycanthropes. A vampire will usually take a night train, have at least two Retainers on watch, and employ Dominate or Presence to make sure the conductor is friendly.







Additionally, rumors have begun cropping up about an abandoned warehouse south of Union Station that holds nothing more than a destroyed model train set — one precisely to scale and completely accurate in its duplication of Chicago's rail system.

The second place of note is the Prudential Building. For more information on this building, see "The Hive — Places of Note."

North of Union Station is the Civic Theater, on 20 N. Wacker Dr., which contains the Civic Opera House. The younger Kindred typically have little interest in opera, but other vampires come here for the season, which runs from September to mid-December. For years there have been rumors of a Methuselah in the city who has a strong interest in the opera and rarely misses a performance. To date no one can determine if the rumors are true. The entire Civic Theater is part of the Elysium.

The third noteworthy location is new to Chicago, having opened only three months ago. Bartholemew's Silver Crafts on Randolph Street became an extremely popular spot for Kindred during and after the Lupine attacks, when it was discovered that the blind artisan who ran the shop could make large quantities of silver bullets — "for novelty purposes." Little is known about Bartholemew, for he says little and all his apprentices are recent hires. Many, many Kindred have recently sought his services.

The last place of interest to some Kindred is an abandoned business at 1026 W. Van Buren. Two years ago, Lodin approached Khalid and made a deal with the Nosferatu. In exchange for the Nosferatu plaguing the building with swarms of rats, Lodin offered him the right to sire. Nobody knows why Lodin made this deal, or if Khalid ever again sired, but the building has been a haven for rats ever since.

The Magnificent Mile and Near North Side

The first thing one notices when one crosses the Chicago River on Michigan is a series of stairways leading downward. From these one can enter lower Michigan Avenue, one of several streets that the city created to ease traffic congestion. In the Gothic-Punk world of *Vampire*, most people wouldn't drive down there on a bet. This underground area is part of the Barrens. For more information, see "The Barrens — Places of Note."

Shopping/Food

In direct contrast to lower Michigan, the first mile of North Michigan going north from the river is known as the "Magnificent Mile." This area is a strip of exclusive stores catering to Chicago's elite. Almost anything, from the most up-to-date fashions to jewelry, linens and furniture, can be



bought here. Several expensive hotels also dot this area. Valued guests of the socially oriented clans often take rooms at such places as the Drake or the Mayfair Regent.

Restaurants

Although there are many restaurants of note in this area, two in particular stand out. The first is Daley's, located on the west side of the "1000" block of North State Street. An American/International restaurant, its prices are high but not extreme, and its menu is an extensive mix of steak, pasta and seafood. It is a popular spot with Ballard, who often holds meetings here. On two separate occasions Kindred-fights broke out when Ballard summoned neonates here. Such breaches of the Masquerade have never gone unpunished, but Ballard has Dominated the owner, Arnold Daley, and fellow diners into silence on such occasions.

An abandoned brewery backs onto the restaurant and faces Dearborn. It became a rendezvous for Juggler's anarchs despite its proximity to Ballard's lair; they apparently did not realize the danger. The Lupines targeted this building during the war, and none of the Kindred in it when they attacked have been seen since.

The second restaurant is Spiaggia, at 980 N. Michigan. Once the finest Italian restaurant in Chicago, the Ventrue Ballard has ruined it. It was here that he chose to start

training himself to keep solid food down. In the early days, before Ballard was accustomed to eating, he would sometimes suddenly vomit at his table — and he always insisted on the best, most conspicuous tables. Even though the undigested food lacked the characteristic smell, the noise was enough to drive mortal patrons away in disgust. Once used to eating, Ballard insisted on consuming so much, so unpleasantly, that it was scarcely an improvement. Owner Anthony Vincenzo, Dominated by Ballard during the vampire's first night at Spiaggia, is forced to stand by and watch his business descend into ruin, and Spiaggia remains open thanks only to the vampire's largess.

Art

Michigan Avenue, along with River West, is the heart of Chicago's art scene. Wally Findlay Galleries (814 North Michigan) is probably the most popular, at least with European Kindred. It specializes in French Impressionist and post-Impressionist artists. Richard Gray Gallery at 620, and R.S. Johnson Fine Arts at 625, also attract the city's undead. Several Cainites also have visiting arrangements with the owner of the private Terra Museum at 666 N. Michigan; the museum maintains a large collection of American Impressionists' works.

Younger Licks find the Museum of Contemporary Art at 237 Ontario far more interesting than the Art Institute south of the river. Vampires interested in seeing the works therein

must either Dominate one of the contributing artists to get an "after hours" tour, or break in. While the rules of the Elysium allow this, it is frowned upon. Balthazar has been known to stake out the museum, simply waiting for anarchs to break in.

Water Tower Place

Continuing north along Michigan, one comes to Water Tower and Water Tower Place. The former is one of the buildings to survive the Great Fire of 1871. A crenellated anachronism constructed from yellow stone, it was described as a "monstrosity" by Oscar Wilde when he visited Chicago in 1882 in the company of several Toreador. Chicago converted the structure into a tourist center some years ago. Occasionally an older vampire visits to reminisce, but otherwise the Tower receives little attention.

Water Tower Place, on the other hand, is extremely popular. It contains almost half the stores on the Magnificent Mile. Opinions about the building vary. Some declare it to be a wonder of modern architecture; others call it a marble monstrosity. It lacks any extensive benches (increasing pedestrian traffic and discouraging observation of one's fellow shoppers) and its marble interior is austere.

Of course, this is perfect from a Cainite point of view. No one has an opportunity to scrutinize them, and the lack of ostentation appeals to many. Because of this, and the high-class image of Water Tower Place, even Ventruue, who normally scorn shopping malls, come here until closing time — and sometimes after. Lodin issued a specific edict concerning Water Tower Place, forbidding theft, assault or other breaches of the Masquerade. Like many of Lodin's edicts, this one has begun to be ignored. Additionally, because Water Tower Place is not part of the Elysium, it is unlikely elders will ever come to this place despite its wide variety of stores.

Only recently have the city's Kindred discovered that a band of roving anarchs has made a basement sublevel into one of its havens. The group became active just after the attack on the city, and appears interested in making the city a permanent haven.

Miscellaneous

North of Water Tower is the John Hancock Center. The third tallest building in Chicago, it houses shops, offices and condominium apartments. The upper-level garage is a major convenience for Cainites interested in havens on the upper floors. As with the Sears Tower, most vampires have little interest in the lakefront view from the upper stories. They rarely enter the building except when dealing with one of the businesses on the lower levels.

Northeast of this area are the Navy Pier and Milton Lee Olive Park, as well as several beaches and the Outer Harbor. Even in the Gothic-Punk world of **Vampire**, this area retains much of its bright, airy appearance. The International Folk Fair, in October, occasionally draws several of the foreign-

The Fanum

The Fanum was at the heart of the events chronicled in **Under a Blood Red Moon**. The Fanum was fought over by werewolves, vampires and mighty spirits; the initial attack on the building triggered the bloodshed that rocked the city. Few now doubt that the Fanum has ties to the Lupines, though some vampires want to know why it also has ties to the Gangrel.

Worshippers at the Fanum follow pagan theology, though the temple also hosts other New Age studies and events. It has a large occult library, as well as meditation rooms and regular classes in the occult.

The Fanum would have undergone closer scrutiny had it been further downtown, but its location at the outer boundary of Chicago's suburbs made it risky to probe too deeply. Now, with recent events having caused so much destruction, Chicago's Kindred have begun calling for an investigation.

Inyanga, the city's Gangrel elder, has so far managed to put off such calls, but she may not be able to do so for long. She does know, however, that any such inquiry would spark off another round of destruction on par with the last. She is one of the few Kindred in town who are aware that the Fanum is actually run by the Lupines, and heavily protected by the werewolves and their spirits.

born Kindred, but usually this area has little to offer a vampire. Despite a constant police presence, the area is part of the Barrens.

Continuing north on Lake Shore Drive one reaches the Gold Coast, Chicago's most elite residential neighborhood. Whether one is looking for high-rise condominiums, co-ops or townhouses, the Gold Coast is the place to be — if one has the money to spare. This area is popular with the recently Embraced, particularly those who were already fond of the "yuppie" lifestyle.

North of the Gold Coast is Lincoln Park and the Lincoln Park Zoo. The neighborhood is elegant — not quite as expensive as the Gold Coast, but still nothing to scoff at. It has several tolerable nightspots. Kindred weary of the Rack's constant brutality often go to such places as the John Barleycorn Memorial Pub (658 W. Belden Ave.) and Park West (322 W. Armitage Ave.). Some anarchs used to meet at the Wise Fools Pub (2270 N. Lincoln Ave.), and Baby Chorus used to put on shows there when things got hectic in the Rack. Occasionally the band moved up the street for a performance at Orphan's or Ratso's.

For those Cainites with a serious interest in the occult sciences, two of the best places to go are in the Lincoln Park neighborhood. These places are the Orthodox Temple of Akhenaton (2551 N. Halsted) and the Fanum (553 Wrightwood — see accompanying sidebar). Both temples are serious places of the occult, and have flourished in recent years. True mages have nothing to do with such well-known

covenants, but there are some talented individuals in the temples. Though these individuals have little rigorous training, many are capable of performing a few tricks, and some have even demonstrated power over spirits or the ability to walk through astral space.

The temples are considered somewhat amateurish by the Tremere, and that clan avoids both locations. However, members of other clans wishing to learn the Discipline of Thaumaturgy sometimes come here for instruction.

Acolytes at the Temple of Akhenaton devote themselves to the worship of the Egyptian deities, including Thoth, the God of Magic. The common member is usually a normal-looking man or woman, the same as one might see in the business district, with a good job and nice family. However, rumor has it that the members of the rarely seen inner circle of the Temple's hierarchy are true masters of Egyptian magick.

The Lincoln Park Zoo is close enough to downtown Chicago to avoid being considered part of the Outlands. It is popular with the members of the Gangrel clan, who often visit after hours. While the Gangrel themselves do not feed here, many other clans find this an "easy" feeding spot. Unfortunately, Inyanga, the most powerful of the Chicago Gangrel, is often traveling. The others of her clan lack the strength to make an issue of Kindred preying on the Lincoln Park animals. Rosa Hernandez in particular finds this predation upsetting. In deference to her feelings, Doyle Fincher feeds elsewhere (usually at Brookfield Zoo).

Also near Lincoln Park, at the corner of Belmont and Western, is the police building. Once one of the focal points of Lodin's power, his Final Death threw Kindred control of the police into disarray. The elders first noticed this problem shortly after Lodin's death, when police began a wide-ranging investigation into the events of **Under a Blood Red Moon**. It took all the elders' efforts to squelch the investigation and, in the course of their cover-up, factions of the police fell into the control of different Cainites.

Now the police, once completely under the prince's control, find themselves manipulated by a number of different puppeteers. Old abuses, concealed when Lodin controlled both the police and media, have come to light. One of the most notorious was the existence of a special police "torture squad." Run by a former U.S. Army officer who had been a military police interrogator in Vietnam, the squad was used against anarchs and was especially effective when deployed against their mortal supporters.

The Ventrue Joseph Peterson could not keep the affair from becoming public, but he has managed to remove any links to the Kindred. He has made it out to be a purely racist organization whose offenses were purely white on black. Even so, the chaos still gripping the city may bring about more revelations.

Nightlife

I'm a beast of the night

And beasts of the night gather together

And fight, fight everybody else.

— Suckdog, "Beast of the Night"

North on Michigan, past the Water Tower and south of Lincoln Park, is Rush Street. This boulevard hosts the most popular nightclubs in downtown Chicago, drawing even more heavily from tourists and suburbanites than from Chicago itself. Thousands of residents and tourists enter this area every night, looking for the proverbial "sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll." What is an ebullient — if mildly dangerous — area in the Chicago of our world is much more threatening in the Gothic-Punk world of **Vampire**. This neighborhood is the hunting ground of the undead, who have their own name for it — "the Rack." Just as the Elysium is the elders' common ground, so the Rack is the anarchs'.

Further west one comes to Cabrini Green Park and the Cabrini Green Housing Project (at Sedgwick and Locust). The project is the most dangerous in the city, and despite its position in the middle of the Rack, it is part of "the Barrens" (see "The Barrens — Places of Note").

Old Town Triangle, north of the project, is still part of the Rack. It currently enjoys an upsurge in popularity among the down-and-out following the opening of several new adult movie houses. There are a few music clubs, but Baby Chorus refuses to dignify them with a performance, and good music is rarely heard. Several comedy clubs, including Zanies (at 1548 N. Wells St.) and the Second City Comedy Review (at the Garrick Theater, 1616 N. Wells), stand out in contrast to the sleazy nature of the neighborhood. The clubs have made the area popular with new Licks seeking a taste of the frivolity of their previous lives. The Triangle Inn (at 180 N. Clyburne) is especially popular with the undead.

Overall, the area is not as rundown as Rush Street. The adult movie palaces and pushers, sensing fresh meat, are beginning to spill westward from the Rack. No doubt the area will continue to spiral downward as its dubious reputation grows. Some migration toward Wicker Park and Bucktown has already begun; these areas, however, are not as popular with the Kindred as are the old ones.

The "East Side"

Technically, Chicago has no "East Side," as Lake Michigan marks its eastern boundary. However, this area is popular with tourists and deserves some mention.

Grant and Jackson Parks, bordering on Lake Michigan and right off Downtown, make up much of Chicago's South Side. This huge area was once the city's harbor. Now landfilled and extended out into the lake, it is a pleasant area of

parkland. Even the gloomy ambience of the **Vampire Gothic-Punk** world is not enough to dim this area very much. In the Gothic-Punk world, this area is far more dangerous at night than in our reality. However, it is still much safer than, say, New York's Central Park is in the real world.

Despite the wealth of human life and activity here, the parks are considered part of the Barrens; they are too much in the public eye. The gangs, both human and vampiric, can find easier prey across the river to the north, or west in the heart of the city.

Museums

Aside from the parks themselves, this area has four major tourist attractions. Coming south on Lake Shore from the Loop, one passes Buckingham Fountain, a large rococo-style fountain with an hour-long, computer-programmed light-and-color water display. Beyond the fountain, there are three museums on Grant Park's south end.

The first is the Field Museum of Natural History, the largest of Chicago's lakeshore museums and one of the largest marble buildings in the world. The second, Shedd Aquarium, lies east along the lake, and Adler Planetarium is even further east on a small abutment of land.

Further south, in Jackson Park, the Museum of Science and Industry draws huge crowds (more than four million per year). Its major attractions are its hands-on displays, a walk-through coal mine, and U-505, a real German submarine from World War II.

While these museums are interesting, they hold little interest for the Kindred. Some older vampires occasionally visit the Museum of Science and Industry when they feel the need to update their knowledge and keep in touch with the 1990s. Every decade or so, a Tremere takes an interest in astrological influences on magic and spends some time at the planetarium. And for years it has been rumored that an unknown Methuselah, accustomed to fish vitæ, at times breaks into Shedd Aquarium to feed. The rumor has never been confirmed, and is hardly believed.

In general, though, the Kindred ignore the museums. They are part of the Barrens, and although they are not technically within the Elysium, Lodin banned feeding here and none have opted to break the ban since his death.

Miscellaneous

Chicago Police Headquarters is located west of the Field Museum on Roosevelt Road. Once strictly forbidden to the Kindred by order of Lodin, it has since become a hotbed of activity as vampires seek to control Kindred of importance to them. Even the Tremere have become involved in this, taking special interest in the city's occult crimes division.

Soldier Field, home of the Chicago Bears, is located south of the Field Museum, between Wm. McFetridge Drive and E. Waldron Drive. Ballard has considerable influence over the owner, and uses the stadium for his own purposes. It is a wide-open area, some miles from the "safer" (to Kindred



thinking) areas like the Rack and the Hive. Because of this, Ballard will sometimes have neonates brought here just before sunrise, to put them at a disadvantage and to prove his power.

Just south on Lake Shore Drive is McCormick Place, part of the Lakefront Exposition Center. Although inappropriately placed for a major convention center, McCormick plays host to several different trade shows throughout the year. The Kindred avoid this area, instead waiting for the Shriners or other convention-goers to venture into the Rack in search of excitement.

The South Side

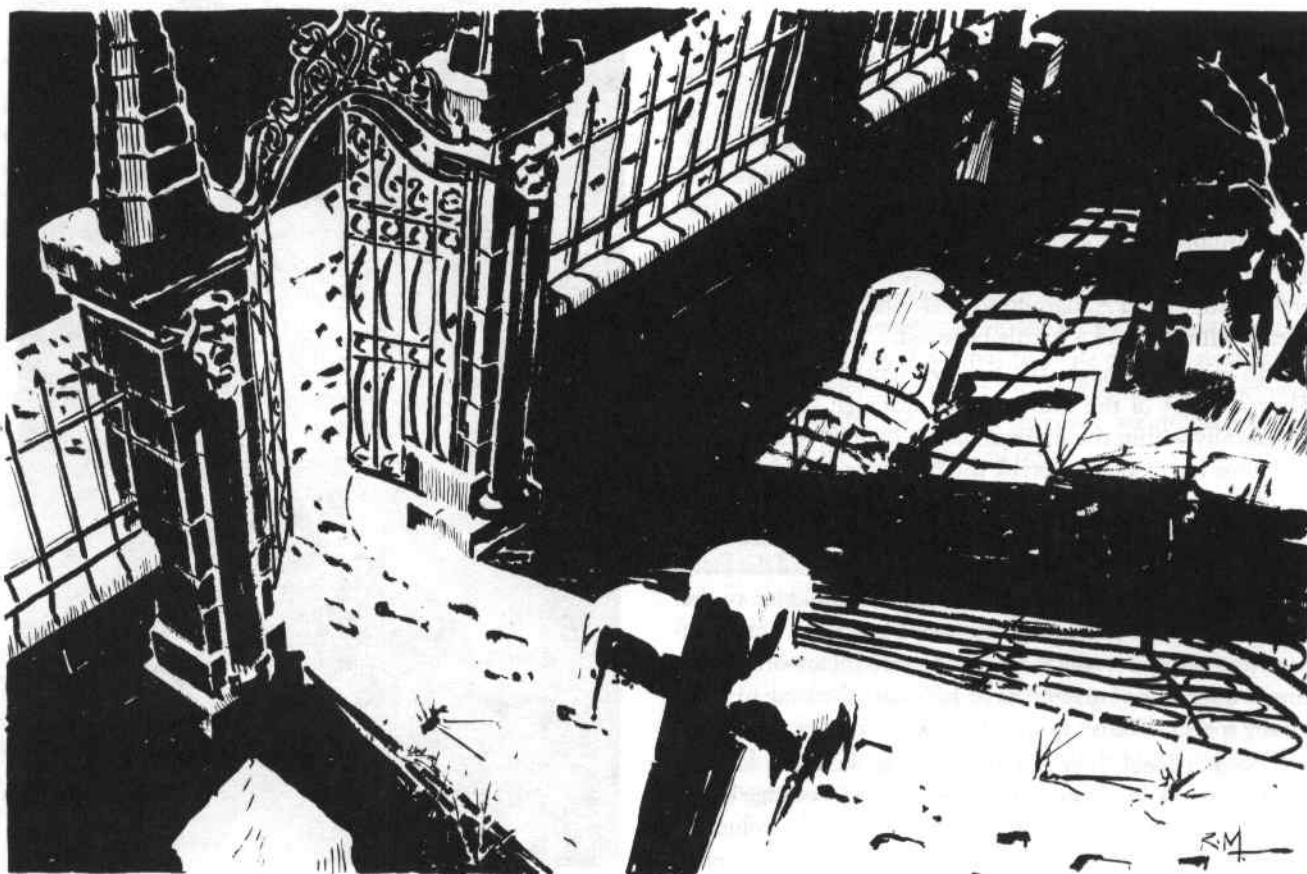
South of the river, and farther south of the Loop, lies Chicago's South Side. Neighborhoods such as Bridgeport, Gage, Hyde, McKinley and Marquette Parks, Hegewisch, and Kenwood make up this area. There are a few areas of note here, but overall it comprises mostly lower- and middle-class residences, and is populated mainly by minorities. Down the social scale from Chicago's North Side, the South Side is more likely to receive the spillover of Cainite battles from central Chicago.

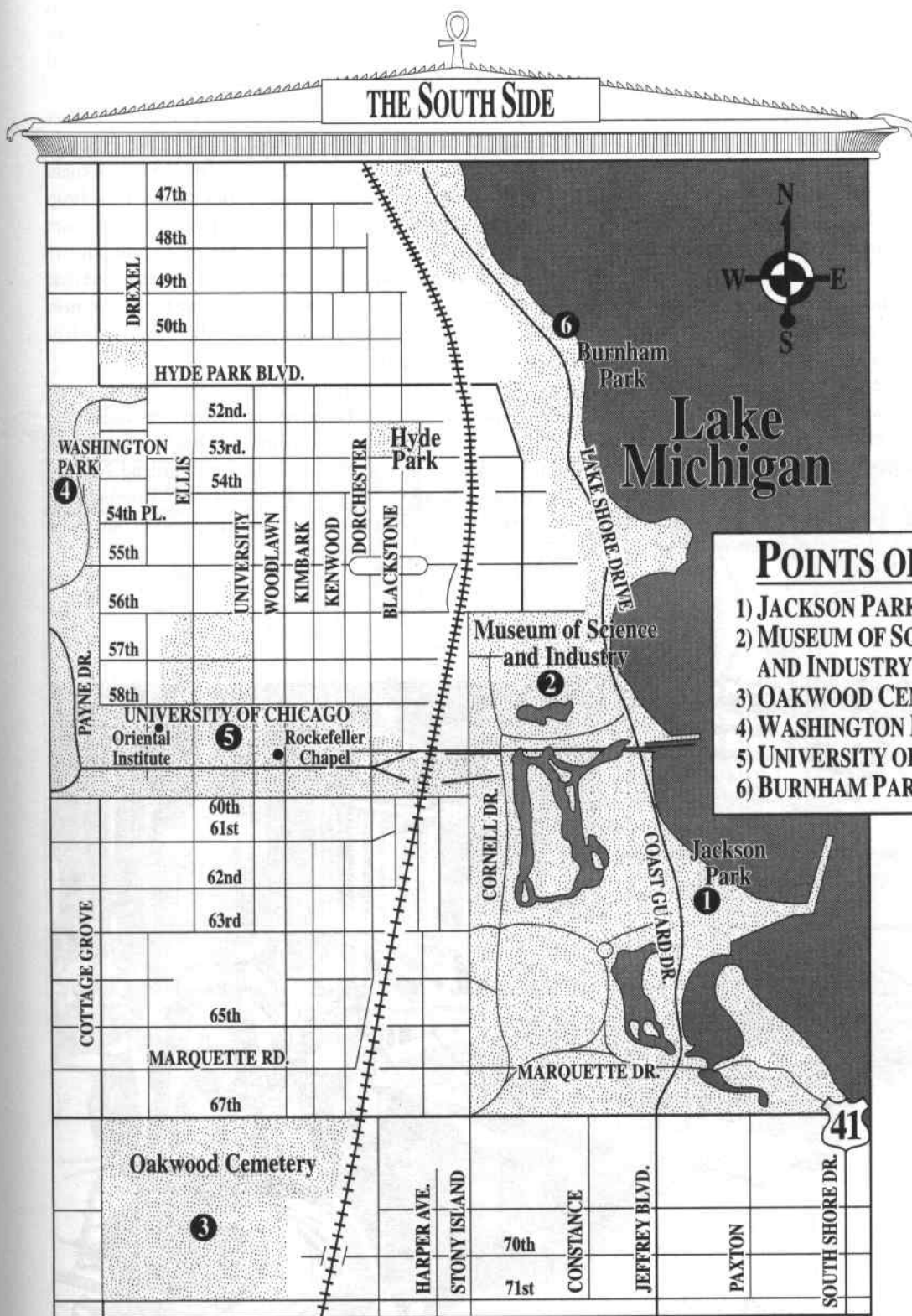
University of Chicago

The University of Chicago, in Hyde Park, is a well-known Midwest college. Most Kindred have little interest in intellectual pursuits, and the neighborhood surrounding the college itself is rather dull, with little or no nightlife off the campus proper.

There are two places of interest on the campus. The first is the site of what once was Old Alonzo Stagg Field Stadium. The second is of interest to Kindred of a more scientific bent. In the early 1940s, Glenn T. Seaborg, a leading physicist, led a group of scientists in an experiment designed to isolate plutonium. One of the group, Enrico Fermi, directed the first successful nuclear chain reaction on December 2, 1942. The plutonium was isolated in Room 405 of G.H. Jones Laboratory.

Because of its critical importance to mortal history, this area has drawn the interest of several vampires, including the Athenian Brujah Critias, who occasionally visits to discuss theory with old friends and their protégés. Not knowing his name, the university people call him "the Doctor," after an obscure British television program that has achieved cult status in some universities. Because he never ages, Critias must disappear for 10 years or so every 30 years in order to avoid suspicion. Nevertheless, he has become the subject of some rather bizarre rumors.





POINTS OF INTEREST

- 1) JACKSON PARK
- 2) MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY
- 3) OAKWOOD CEMETERY
- 4) WASHINGTON PARK
- 5) UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
- 6) BURNHAM PARK

Critias merely dabbles in various fields of science. His tendency to spout off his wilder theories led to the scientific community's recent, widespread belief in a feasible "milk bottle" fission generator.

Bridgeport and Chinatown

Northwest of the Hyde Park area are two significant neighborhoods. The first is Bridgeport. Home of former Mayor Daley, this area was once the stockyard center of Chicago. The advent of trucking and the decline of the railroads have driven that business into near-extinction. The area is inhabited by several ethnic groups — descendants of the workers from the first half of the century (the Irish predominate).

Most of Chicago's remaining stockyards are in Bridgeport. Contrary to popular stereotype, this area does not teem with tens of thousands of head of cattle. The Union Stock Yard Gate, at Exchange Ave. and Peoria St., is the only major firm still doing business. At one time the area was a primary feeding ground for the Kindred who preferred to avoid taking human vitæ. Doyle Fincher, of the Gangrel clan, was born and Embraced in this area. His haven is in this neighborhood, and a number of Kindred — those whom Doyle sheltered during the mid-'80s conflicts — are aware of its general location.

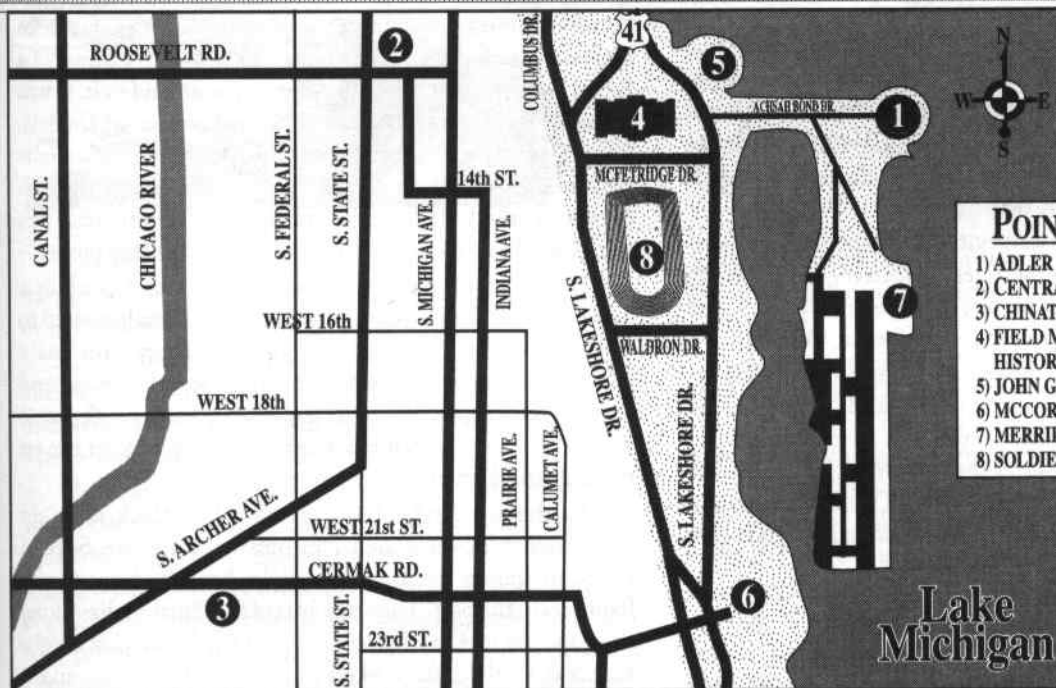
One shop that attracts some Kindred is the Southwest Tattoo Emporium, at 4390 Archer Ave. Mike "Doc" Duggan and Gary "Snake" Martin are the best body artists in the Midwest, and experts in single-needle technique. For Brujah looking for that extra mark of distinction, the Tattoo Emporium is the place to go (although, because the tattoos heal every night, elaborate designs are impractical).

Just a little northeast of Bridgeport is Chinatown. West Cermak, Wentworth, Archer, Canal, and 26th Street border the heart of this area. The residents — some 15,000 of them — often know little or no English. They crowd into cheap apartment houses, sometimes living 10 to a single-bedroom apartment, 30 rooms to a building. Filth, grime and poverty are inescapable parts of life in Chinatown. It is rumored that there are tunnels beneath Chinatown where the triads meet and Chinese warlocks cast their spells. If this has any truth to it, only the Nosferatu know.

These conditions would seem to make Chinatown an ideal hunting ground. However, the area was under the "protection" of a powerful Ventrue. He has not been seen since the Lupine attacks, and many believe him dead. Nicolai, leader of Chicago's Tremere, has long been interested in reports of Oriental mages in the area, and may become more active in his surveillance.



THE NEAR SOUTH SIDE



POINTS OF INTEREST

- 1) ADLER PLANETARIUM
- 2) CENTRAL POLICE STATION
- 3) CHINATOWN CITY HALL
- 4) FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
- 5) JOHN G. SHEDD AQUARIUM
- 6) MCCORMICK PLACE
- 7) MERRIL C. MEIGS AIRFIELD
- 8) SOLDIER FIELD

Lo Pan

Lo Pan has been in Chinatown longer than anyone can remember. Those few Occidentals who know of him believe him to be a successful banker, investor and developer. Most residents of Chinatown are aware that Lo Pan and the members of the Wing Kong, a fighting tong, maintain a stranglehold over much of the area's vice trade. What only a select few realize is his standing among the world's sorcerers.

Lo Pan's mastery of magic predates any of the mortal inhabitants of Chinatown. None know whether opponents forced him to flee China or he left of his own volition, but in the late 1800s he made his way to Chicago. Once he had settled in among the growing Chinese community, he formed the Wing Kong, using it to cement his hold over Chinatown. Its activities include protection, gambling, drug distribution, pimping, slavery and worse.

All of this, however, plays a secondary role to Lo Pan's quest for immortality. Because of Lo Pan's fear of the many Chinese hells, he will go to any extreme to avoid death. While this might normally cause him to seek out the aid of a vampire, Lo Pan wants eternity on his own terms. He has no worries about drinking blood, but he wants no part of the Beast, the vulnerability to sunlight or any of the other handicaps vampires suffer. While he allied with a Vietnamese vampire during the '80s, that vampire's death at the hands of the Lupines ended that tie.

Now Lo Pan, whose longevity rituals, potions and artifacts are becoming less and less effective, is becoming desperate. He will track down any rumor of immortality, and will let nothing stand in his way — not even vampires.

Lo Pan is a master of numerous esoteric forms of magic, including geomancy, spirit control and a number of Thaumaturgical paths. Aside from the Wing Kong — a highly effective fighting force in its own right — he also controls a number of supernatural forces. Demons, ghosts and other creatures roam the halls of his headquarters and serve him on special missions.

The West Side

Between the Loop and the western Barrens is Chicago's Near West Side. Until the 1960s this area held two of Chicago's major ethnic groups: the Italians and the Greeks. When the University of Illinois at Chicago was built, most of these neighborhoods were bulldozed. Remnants can still be seen — one is "Little Italy," which has some well-known Italian restaurants and stores, but little of interest for the Kindred. The vampire Capone still has a fondness for this area, and has several Italian Retainers here.

Most of Chicago's ethnic Greeks have moved to "New Greektown," near the Lawrence/Lincoln Square area in north Chicago. However, a few Mediterranean restaurants still exist along a two-block stretch of Halsted. Critias occasionally visits this neighborhood; before the demolitions of

the 1960s he had a haven here. He is more commonly found at the University. The Athenian prefers the University of Chicago, where he occasionally teaches, but when discussing the "soft" sciences, he likes the University of Illinois at Chicago.

Critias is famous among the Kindred for his "practical joke" — a series of suggestions he made to campus architects Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. These suggestions led to such oddities as University Hall (a tower wider at the top than at the base) and the Behavioral Sciences and Science & Engineering Buildings (made up of multilevel "boxes," turning the interiors into oddly twisting mazes).

West of UIC is the Medical Center District. This 370-acre tract holds more than 60 health care institutions. If a prized Retainer is injured, this is where his master will bring him. In fact, one of the chief administrators, Gideon Daniels, is an Ally of Ballard.

Although vampiric activity at the Medical Center has been low-key in the last few years, the early 1980s were somewhat chaotic. Several neonates went on a prolonged "banking" spree among the various blood storage facilities and test laboratories in the district. Only Lodin's threat of a Blood Hunt against the guilty parties put an end to it. It was during this time that Lodin and Ballard contacted Daniels, forming an alliance. Daniels keeps Ballard informed of current medical advances and tends to his Retainers with no questions asked. Ballard, in return, passes on financial tips from his advisors, enabling Daniels to make a tidy profit.

Still, Daniels seems too busy with his own work as a consultant to Developmental Neogenetics Amalgamated to care much about Ballard. The biotechnology firm has a substantial research presence in the Medical Center, and Daniels has been active in its expansion. Last month, some of the company's directors asked him to keep a closer eye on Ballard, and Daniels has complied.

Further west on Madison, on the "2300" block, is the old headquarters of the Black Panthers organization. Several Licks, including the Brujah Carlyle, have had ties to the Panthers in the past. The remnants of the Panthers have long since moved to 4233 S. Indiana, near the Bridgeport neighborhood. Carlyle has worked to revitalize the group, and it has become more involved with the community and local gangs.

The Eisenhower Expressway (290) separates the UIC and the Medical Center District from the rest of the Near West Side. North of the Expressway are several other places of interest, including "Union Row" on Ashland Boulevard. The regional headquarters of many influential unions, including the Teamsters, are located here. Although the area is quiet now, Kindred have been active here during the various union conflicts of the past.

Other places of interest include Broadway Costumes (932 W. Washington Blvd.), Ginglass Formal Wear Center (555 W. 14th Place) and several coffin-makers. These places unwittingly cater to the vampiric community.



One of the coffin-makers, Spangler Manufacturing, prides itself on its ability to create special, made-to-order caskets. Its owner, Gordon Spangler, is remarkably disinterested in the occasional odd orders he receives. His prices are steep, but his craftsmanship and ingenuity are superb. Although some elders feel that dealings with Spangler pose a threat to the Masquerade, he has never been in danger.

Broadway Costumes specializes in costumes of all sorts, while Ginglass deals in new and used formal wear and accessories. An out-of-the-way spot, Broadway Costumes is still conveniently close to the downtown area. Both stores are popular with Toreador looking for something special to wear to a party. Broadway's selection of capes and canes, and Ginglass' used tuxedos, make both stores popular with neophytes looking to "dress the part" on a low budget.

North of the Near West Side, bordering Milwaukee Avenue, are West Town, Wicker Park and Logan Square, collectively called the Near Northwest Side. This area is the center of the city's Polish community, and its only notable feature is St. Stanislaus Kostka at Noble Street and Evergreen Avenue. The oldest of Chicago's Polish churches, it is part of the Elysium because of its Italian Renaissance architecture, and — according to rumor — the fact that Lodin once took refuge there in the days before he became prince. It is considered the artistic triumph of its designer, Patrick Charles Keely. Many elders (particularly those of European descent) enjoy visiting it to see a reminder of the great architectural

achievements of the Renaissance. Indeed, it has become a private place for some of them to meet in safety and away from prying eyes.

West of the Near Northwest Side are the suburbs of Oak Park, River Forest and Forest Park. These isolated neighborhoods border on the Outlands, and Kindred encountered here are usually just passing through.

Two of the area's stores are of interest to Kindred. One is the Creative Workshop (1024 North Boulevard), whose owner, Tom Cameron, creates custom leather goods. His specialty is leather suits, for rock stars and for those who like to look like rock stars. The members of Baby Chorus are regular patrons, as are some of the other anarchs.

The other is Essence (169 N. Marion St.), a cosmetics store. The owners, the Berlinski family, have their own private-label stock, but also carry goods from a wide variety of other cosmetics companies. Those who have especially devoted themselves to the Masquerade — particularly Toreador and Ventrue — shop here to achieve that perfect "natural look."

The North Side

North of the Lincoln Park area lie several neighborhoods. Among them are DePaul, Lakeview, New Town, Uptown and Lincoln Square.

DePaul is a small, up-and-coming area with upper-middle-class residences — the neighborhood caters to the young, affluent and fashionable. The only place of note is the Biograph Theatre (2433 N. Lincoln Ave.), where federal agents tried to gun down John Dillinger. After years of obscurity, the theater has gained a reputation for showing rare, newly released foreign and American films. It also shows *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* every Friday night, in the process drawing a huge crowd of costumed fans. Many anarchists come here to feed, for no one would notice the presence of a vampire in this crowd of Blood Dolls. Damien used to make an effort to come in costume, but has not returned since the Lupine attack.

New Town is a potpourri of styles. It has been compared to San Francisco, both because of its diverse mixture of nationalities and because of its large gay community. New Town is also home to the Chicago Cubs and Wrigley Field. The news that the Cubs were to play night games was enthusiastically received by some recently Embraced Licks who harbored a fondness for the team.

The Occult Bookstore (North Clark) draws a little business, mostly from neonates looking for their first clues to Golconda. An occasional used book containing some valuable information passes through, but most self-respecting Tremere avoid the store like the plague.

The Piano Man Bar attracts an occasional musically inclined Cainite. One or two members of Baby Chorus occasionally visit to see if there is any talent worth "recruiting." Sometimes they get lucky; more often, they leave disappointed. Raymond Falcon comes here sometimes, in both his homosexual and musical personas.

Lakeview, to the north, is a little more sedate than New Town. It acts as a social and economic barrier between the high-priced lifestyles of New Town, De Paul and Lincoln Park to the south, and the poorer Uptown and Lincoln Square to the north. It has a large Oriental population, many of whom moved in from Old Chinatown — a home in Lakeview is a sign of achievement for residents of Old Chinatown.

Coming to Uptown, one begins to see a general breakdown in the economic spectrum. This neighborhood lays claim to one of the city's largest concentrations of the elderly. It also has a staggeringly large number of the city's poor and destitute. Because of the lakefront property, however, the area also attracts the well-to-do, and sometimes the opposite ends of the scale lie within blocks of each other. As with most of Chicago, the *nouveaux riches* line Lake Michigan, the middle class live inland, and the poor live beyond. In the Gothic-Punk world, that middle-class band is thinner than in the real world, and the poor rub elbows with the rich on a regular basis.

These neighborhoods serve as feeding grounds for the Kindred of northern Chicago. The Illinois Psychiatric Institute, popular with Malkavians, is also in this area.

The poor neighborhoods breed violence among both Kindred and kine. Domestic violence is high here — the statistics are among the worst in Chicago. Most Cainites believe the residents do not need an excuse to attack each other — and since they are going to kill each other anyway, the Kindred might as well make some use of their vitæ.

The only physical location of real interest in Uptown is Graceland Cemetery, considered a part of the Barrens. Landscape architect Ossian Simonds established the grounds in 1860. He commissioned several well-known architects of the time, including Louis Sullivan. Graceland is a touch above the "average" Barrens area, and some Kindred find a kind of solace during their visits here. Although Inyanga has no permanent haven, she often sleeps here during the daylight hours.

Lincoln Square became heir to Greektown after the city bulldozed the original in the '60s. There are any number of Eastern European ethnic groups here as well as Greeks. Several popular Greek restaurants and food stores do business in this area. Griffins & Gargoyles, an antique store on the "2100" block of W. Lawrence Ave., is popular with the Ventrue, some Toreador and the occasional aesthetically inclined Tremere.

For entertainment, the Athens (4726 N. Western Ave.) and Miomir's Serbian Club (a block north of Griffins & Gargoyles) are popular with some European Cainites. Critias, in particular, regularly haunts both these restaurants, although he prefers Miomir's. The owner is one of Critias' Allies in Chicago, although the Athenian rarely calls on him. Miomir has some contacts in the Greek community, contacts which have proved useful to Critias on more than one occasion.

The Outlands

A white blazing deep

Through this wasteland searching we

Soaring birds now hunt the brow

As I thirsty gripped with hunger now.

—Peter Murphy, "The Line between the Devil's Teeth"

The Cainite term "Outlands" primarily refers to any area that is outside Chicago, but that remains connected to the metropolis. Several of Chicago's Licks maintain havens in the Outlands. However, they never feed there except out of desperation. To maintain the Masquerade, as well as the security of their havens, the Outland-dwelling Kindred come into Chicago when the sun goes down, and return just before dawn.

The area is divided into three parts: specific locales, suburbs and Gary. Each is dealt with below.



Specific Locales

These parts of the Outlands are areas of some Kindred activity that are too far away from Chicago to be considered part of the city.

Chicago has three major airports. O'Hare is about 18 miles west of Downtown. Midway Airport is off I-55, about a half-hour from Downtown. Meigs Field is on the lakefront at 15th Street, about 15 minutes from Downtown and near Soldier Field. The hazards of travel by air and other means have already been discussed. Most Kindred are stay-at-homes, and rarely travel. Those who wish to travel by air must go to Tyler, and her price is always high.

Retainers and Allies, of course, are under no such restrictions. They often make use of O'Hare on Kindred business; the smaller airports (Midway or Meigs) are preferred when discretion is desired, but Tyler controls these airports as well. A recent terrorist scare at O'Hare has lessened its attractiveness, especially since many Kindred know the attack was instigated by Lupines.

Kindred usually use Midway Airport. It has more flights than Meigs, and there is less chance of a transport container being accidentally opened or misrouted than at O'Hare. If Tyler has arranged things, there is no danger at all.

A common apocryphal story tells of a vampire having himself shipped by air from Chicago in the late 1960s. He was accidentally sent to the wrong destination, and customs inspectors opened the shipping container in daylight — with predictable results. Equally predictably, no one who tells the story knows the identity of the ill-fated traveler; the story is always passed on by "a friend of a friend."

Other specific locales in the Outlands include the Brookfield Zoo, racetracks such as Arlington and Maywood Park, outlying colleges and Six Flags Great America amusement park.

The Brookfield Zoo is a popular feeding ground for those Kindred who prefer animal to human vitæ. Its use of moats to contain the animals in an outdoor setting makes it simple for the undead to get at the creatures. Doyle Fincher often feeds here.

The racetracks serve four purposes. Some Kindred find a certain amusement in betting on the semi-random results of the races. Others, particularly the Ventruë, enjoy the social side of the more sophisticated racetracks. Some elders and ancillæ, particularly Alan Sovereign, use the horses as business investments and tax write-offs. Finally, those Kindred who feed on animals but wish to avoid the crowds at the two Chicago zoos often drain the vitæ from the racehorses.

The outlying colleges hold little of interest even for those who were Embraced while in school. The vampire known as Rose usually feeds on college professors and students. She prefers to move widely between feedings, in order to avoid drawing attention to herself. Critias enjoys teaching an occasional class, and still takes courses himself in order to keep up on current scientific theories and philosophical

debate. To maintain the Masquerade, he rarely engages in Socratic debate to the full extent of his powers, so he is always on the lookout for Kindred with whom he can share ideas.

Great America is about as far as the Chicago Kindred consider the "Outlands" to extend. Some neonates, particularly those who were Embraced as children, find great enjoyment in riding the rides during the evening or even breaking into the park after closing time. The Tremere Nicolai, of course, has no time for such childish pleasures.

The Suburbs

The Kindred apply the term "Outlands" to almost any neighborhood of Chicago that has not been described above. The term includes any area that has little or no nightclub activity, few inconspicuous feeding prospects, and no stores of interest. The suburbs north of Chicago see most of the slight vampiric activity in the Outlands. Evanston, on the shores of Lake Michigan, is host to Northwestern University, and thus occasionally draws a visit from Critias.

Jason Newberry's ("Son's") haven is in Skokie, 16 miles from the downtown area. From there he can easily reach the Illinois Psychiatric Institute.

Arlington Heights, 24 miles northwest of Chicago, was once an affluent neighborhood. Through the years it has seen an influx of lower-class families, and in the past few years has gone into a serious decline.

Cicero has long been a mob-controlled territory, and Capone still controls much of the municipality. While he maintains a haven there, he rarely uses it for fear of risking the Masquerade — too many people there still remember his face.

This, of course, is only a small sampling of the suburbs that surround Chicago. Many provide temporary havens for those needing a place to lie low during one of the interminable intra-Kindred conflicts. Still, the undead usually prefer to remain close to the action of downtown Chicago.

Gary

The death of Lodin has legitimized Prince Modius' claim of independence — just when he wishes that were not true. Modius has begun hinting that the two cities are actually the same principedom, and that one prince *should* rule both. The idea has not met with significant support, however, as most Kindred know whom Modius sees as prince.

Another reason few Kindred would look favorably on reuniting the two principedoms is the prolonged economic depression affecting Gary. Lodin went about destroying the city as completely as he could, and recovery remains a distant dream. Lodin ruined the city's industrial base (the steel mills), hindered its economic expansion and brought organized crime to the city in droves. Modius' inability to prevent this has made it highly unlikely he could garner enough support to become Chicago's prince.

Additionally, many Kindred like having Gary separate from Chicago. No matter who becomes prince, problems between the two cities will likely continue, allowing the Kindred to play one against the other and always have a nearby place of safety.

Geographically, Gary is closer to Chicago than some of the Outland suburbs that are actually part of the city, such as Chicago Heights and Elgin. There is a regular flow of Kindred traffic from Chicago to Gary, not only because of the opportunity for an easy meal but because of such businesses as Gary Exports Co. and the Williams Auction.

For more information on Gary, see *Vampire*.

Elysium

Souls of poets dead and gone,

What Elysium have ye known.

— John Keats, "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern"

The Elysium is not so much a specific physical location as a reference to any building favored by the elders. After all, few large cities have a central area containing all the cultural delights that a metropolis has to offer. Chicago is no exception.

A building considered part of the Elysium is always devoted to the fine arts or is somehow artistically or intellectually stimulating. Many major museums, art galleries, theatres and centers of the performing arts are part of the Elysium.

Extending Elysium

The primogen decides whether a new building is considered part of Elysium. Once the matter has been voted upon, the primogen informs the city's Kindred. Lodin used to issue bans or edicts against Kindred violence in certain areas, or declare that certain areas were "neutral ground," without declaring them part of the Elysium. The effectiveness of such edicts now depends on the elders, who may or may not want to see these traditions maintained.

If in doubt, the safest course is to assume that an area is within the Elysium. It is extremely unwise to violate the sanctity of the Elysium, since it is one of the few things upon which members of the primogen agree. They invariably unite to punish wrongdoers.

Buildings in Elysium

Buildings commonly considered part of the Elysium are listed below. This list reflects the tastes of the elders of Chicago. While they display the conservatism of millennia, even they occasionally gain a new appreciation for a particular art style or type of music. Sometimes this newfound appreciation is the result of nostalgic reminiscing over their long-lost mortal lives, while sometimes it is the result of idle whim.

The elders may declare that a building is under the protection of the Elysium for several months, then rescind the announcement as abruptly. However, the aforementioned conservatism means the elders rarely make major changes. The following list has remained essentially unchanged for some time.

Dance & Ballet

American Dance Center School and Ballet Co. (22413 Governors Hwy., Richton Park); Chicago City Ballet (223 W. Erie St.).

Galleries

Arts Club of Chicago (109 E. Ontario St.); Linda Enfield, Inc. (620 N. Michigan); R.S. Johnson International (645 N. Michigan); St. Albus Fine Arts (620 N. Michigan).

Libraries

Central Library (425 N. Michigan Ave.); Cultural Center (78 E. Washington).

Museums

Art Institute of Chicago; Block Gallery (Northwestern University, Evanston); Chicago Academy of Science (2001 N. Clark St.); Chicago Historical Society (Clark St. at North Ave.); Freeport Art Museum (511 S. Liberty St., Freeport); Martin D'Arcy Gallery of Art (Cuday Library, Loyola University); Museum of Contemporary Art, Oriental Institute Museum (Univ. of Chicago); Smart Gallery (Univ. of Chicago); Terra Museum of American Art (2600 Central Park Ave., Evanston).

Opera

Chicago Opera Theater (Athenaeum Theater, 2936 N. Southport Ave.); Civic Opera House.

Orchestral

Orchestra Hall; Pick-Staiger Concert Hall (1977 Sheridan Rd., Evanston).

Theater

Arie Crown Theatre (McCormick Place, 23rd St. & Lake Shore Dr.); Civic Theater.

Miscellaneous

Auditorium Theatre; Fine Arts/World Playhouse; Petrillo Music Shell (Grant Park); University of Chicago (South Side).

Places of Note

Art Institute of Chicago

The Art Institute of Chicago is one of the finest art museums in the world, and undoubtedly the best in the Midwest. Its collection of paintings includes pieces dating

from medieval and Renaissance times, and represents the entire world. As such, the Institute is probably the most popular area of Elysium among the elders — indeed, among the Kindred at large.

The paintings alone include works by such artists as El Greco, Monet, Renoir, Rembrandt, Cezanne, Degas, Picasso, Chagall, Matisse and Dubuffet. Works from the last two Chinese dynasties are displayed as well. In fact, at least three major Asian works are believed to have been anonymously donated by an elder.

While not to the taste of most elders, other displays include ceramics, the Rubloff paperweight collection, the Thorne dollhouse exhibit and the photography gallery. Even Licks Embraced as children are occasionally seen here.

The Institute evolved from the Chicago Academy of Design, which was established in 1866. It was incorporated as the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts on May 24, 1879, and assumed its present name in 1882. Since 1893 it has been located on Michigan Avenue, within a large, handsome Renaissance-style structure built by Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge for the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

The Institute's hours are 10:30-4:30 Monday and Wednesday-Friday, 10:30-8 Tuesday, 10-5 Saturday, and 12-5 Sunday. Tuesday is the only night when Kindred can visit legitimately — and even that is denied them in summer. Therefore, the elders consider this building to be "closed" sunset to sunrise. Rarely a night goes by without at least one Cainite visiting and viewing a display or exhibit.

In fact, the Art Institute is one of the rare places in Chicago that is truly neutral ground. Even anarchs would probably rise up against one of their members who broke the rules of Elysium here. Elders and some anarchs come here until the small hours of the night to discuss the finer points of a painting (as well as to plot and scheme). Even Nosferatu and Malkavians enjoy the museum. The Nosferatu have developed a taste for fine art, perhaps to compensate for their appearance. The Malkavians, more than any other clan, have a special insight into the eccentricities of the artistic mind.

The sight of vampires from several different clans sitting in a museum in the dead of night, discussing the brushstrokes of Monet, is one of the most bizarre to be found in Chicago.

Lyric Opera of Chicago

Chicago heard its first traveling troupe in 1850, and since 1956 the Lyric Opera has been the resident company in Chicago. The Lyric Opera is the immediate successor to the Lyric Theater of Chicago, launched by Fox, Lawrence Kelly and Nicola Rescigno in 1954, when the city had spent eight years without its own professional opera. During the Lyric's annual autumn season, the sumptuous Civic Opera House (opened in 1929) is filled to capacity. The Lyric is renowned for its polished productions and internationally celebrated

singers. On opening nights, almost all the city's elders will be present. Indeed, unless one has connections, tickets are very difficult to come by.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra

This orchestra is the third oldest symphony orchestra in the United States, and still ranks among the most prestigious. It is managed under a healthy endowment by the Orchestral Association of Chicago, founded in 1891 — the same year the orchestra was created. The Association owns Orchestra Hall, another very lavish building, which was built in 1904. The orchestra has hosted many distinguished regular conductors, including Fritz Reiner, Artur Rodzinski, Rafael Kubelik and Sir Georg Solti. The orchestra often travels and has made a number of European tours.

University of Chicago

The prestigious University of Chicago was established in 1890 by the American Baptist Educational Society. It is a private institution, though now nondenominational. It has

an enrollment of 8,600, and an enormous library of 4,600,000 volumes, made possible by large gifts from John D. Rockefeller and his descendants.

Modeled after the German university system, it was among the first American institutions to emphasize graduate study. The quarter system for the academic year, used by many schools, was introduced here. It was also the first major university to accept women on an equal basis with men. The university is the center of a noted group of theological institutions, and witch-hunters have used it as a haven. It also has a very active paranormal psychology department engaged in a number of "environmental studies" across the city.

The Rack

In some cities, Kindred call it "the Crucible"; in others, "the Hunting Grounds." In Chicago, Kindred call the area that is the center of the human nightlife scene "the Rack." No one knows who first coined the phrase. The term first

Rules of Elysium

Established by Lodin and now enforced by the elders, the rules for a building that is part of the Elysium are simple but clear:

1. *On pain of a Blood Hunt, no violence is permitted on the premises against Kindred, kine, or physical objects.* Not only do such acts breach the Masquerade, they could cause damage to items, causes or individuals the elders value.

2. *The Elysium is to be considered neutral ground. No conflict of any sort between Kindred may be carried onto its sacred ground.* The elders like to meet and appreciate the fine arts without other Kindred shattering the peace of their contemplations. As a matter of courtesy, discussions should be limited to the fine arts, and political topics avoided (except when the primogen meets).

3. *Access shall not be limited; all Cainites are welcome.* In practice, those who enter Elysium when elders are present are assumed to have thrown in their lot with that group.

4. *One should not attract attention as one leaves and enters Elysium.* Some buildings will not normally be open in the hours of darkness, but in such cases some easy means of entry and egress will have been arranged. Guards are often Dominated, and will instantly respond to certain command words.

Of course, these rules are not graven in stone; they are more along the nature of guidelines or rules of etiquette. A sire will usually — but not always — inform her progeny of these guidelines, and of the extent of the Elysium. Lodin used to enforce these rules and, with his

passing, the duty falls to the elders. They may well punish transgressors even more harshly (that is, unless the violator can cut a deal).

For instance, an uninformed childe, reveling in his newfound powers, may decide to Dominate a curator. He gains access to a sealed vault in the Art Institute of Chicago, where he scrawls, "Fools! I can go anywhere I want!" on a valuable painting. He could rightly claim ignorance, but it would be an inadequate defense. Vandalism, defiance and breach of the Masquerade do not rely on knowledge of the rules of Elysium, and the youngster would incur the wrath of the elders — and the respect of most anarchs. A Blood Hunt would be declared in any case. Such destruction enrages all elders, whether they like the defaced work or not. Elysium is a symbol of their power, and to defy its rules is to attack the pillar on which that power stands.

The rules of Elysium are vague when dealing with the status of artists and performers. Their work is part of the Elysium, but the question remains whether they themselves are so, especially when they are outside the physical areas defined as Elysium. This has been a problem in recent years, as some Kindred — especially Malkavians and Caitiff in the United States — have made a practice of hunting thespians, models and the like. Generally, a performer is not considered "under Elysium," and is fair game for feeding, Dominate attempts or death. A vampire may be able to commit such a series of murders, or Dominate a star into becoming a useless alcoholic, without breaching the Masquerade. Of course, there remains the fury of an elder over the death or ruin of a favored performer...

came into popular usage during the 19th century, and has remained ever since.

The Rack centers primarily on Rush Street. More than 100 different bars, clubs and restaurants populate Rush Street and its six or eight neighbors. This variety makes the Rush Street area the most popular nightspot in the city despite its dangerous atmosphere.

Further to the west, in the Old Town area, the pimps, drug dealers and gangs have sensed fresh prey. This area's popularity varies wildly. After a few years of relative quiet (after a Lodin-sponsored crackdown) some new clubs are opening in the Old Town Triangle area. Sin-seekers again flock there, as do those who see them as prey. With Lodin gone, some fear that it will deteriorate to its old, decrepit condition.

Overall, the Rush Street neighborhood is a very rough place (more so in the Gothic-Punk Chicago than in our own). The singles are just a little more desperate, the hookers just a little more brazen, and the regulars just a little weirder. A large number of transvestites, punks and Blood Dolls may be found here. Gangs walk the streets with impunity and punk bands outnumber the jazz and blues ensembles. Most outsiders just laugh at the swaggering punks and claim the gangs are part of what gives the area its atmosphere.

Fortunately, an unwritten rule keeps most of the mortal gangs from preying on adventurous couples, or even on most well-dressed singles. They are all Dominated to some degree or another by anarchists, for too much violence would keep the people away. Then the Licks would have no one from whom to feed.

But woe betide a well-heeled, defenseless-looking individual who stumbles into a dark alley to relieve himself, or has been spending big, or runs across a gang that has not seen action in a while. Said individual will be relieved of his valuables, if not his blood. Even the Kindred are not safe from molestation — although they can call upon better defenses than most.

Some of the hottest bands in town come here to play the clubs. Baby Chorus' multiclans lineup means one or more Kindred are often gunning for one or more of its members — an unfortunate situation, as the band prefers the Rack's clubs to anywhere else. Depending on the current state of Kindred interclan warfare, the group can be found headlining when the bickering is at a low ebb or sitting in for a surprise jam session with kine when the conflicts peak. The band can commonly be found at Andy's (on East Hubbard), the Backroom (1007 North Rush), or Rick's Cafe Americain (Holiday Inn on Lake Shore Dr.). The band prefers Rick's — its members find it amusing to be performing as a "Holiday Inn Lounge Band," even if Rick's is well known as a hot music spot. Rick's is also a little farther out of the Rush Street "danger zone," so trouble is considerably less frequent.

Many of the other bars in the area cater to the singles scene, providing a perfect hunting ground for the Gentry. Some vampires amuse themselves by influencing an attrac-

tive member of the opposite sex through Dominate or Presence; others merely watch the myriad human interactions. And then there are those who hunt here. They assume — correctly — that they can drink from any number of vessels on a given night without drawing undue attention. A corner booth in a bar such as Billy's (936 North Rush), Mother's (26 W. Division), or She-Nannigans (16 W. Division) offers enough privacy for the clumsiest vampire to dine at leisure. Even on weeknights there is enough of a crowd to provide plentiful vitae for all. Territorial disputes among the Kindred are uncommon. The Rack is an unofficial neutral zone where all clans and persuasions mingle.

There are also the Lushes, those seeking a drug or alcohol "high" by imbibing from an indulging vessel. Most of Chicago's Licks are not regular Lushes, but many seek the occasional *frisson* to enliven their sometimes deadened senses. There is no lack of suitable vessels.

Of particular note is the area west of Rush Street, still part of the Rack. Both the Succubus Club and the Cave are in this area, on State Street. As one moves further west, a number of X-rated movie houses spring up on Dearborn, Clark and La Salle. The more civic-minded members of the City Council have been trying for years to ban them, but other members under the Domination of various Kindred have always thwarted them. After all, none of the clans want this well-stocked hunting ground to dry up.

Places of Note

The Blue Velvet

The Blue Velvet, located on the northern side of what was once known as "that Great State Street," is west of Rush Street, in the heart of the Rack. The club is always on the cutting edge of current musical and stylistic trends. This makes it popular with mortals, although no one knows who the owner of the club is. Rumor among the Kindred is that he or she is one of them. This helps its popularity with Chicago's vampires.

Before 1972, the Blue Velvet went through several incarnations as a Prohibition speakeasy, an Irish pub, a blue-collar tavern and a gay bar. In 1972 it was taken over by an unidentified buyer. Rumor of the day had it that the owner had made some under-the-table profits from the closing down of the steel mills. From these ill-gotten gains came the financing for the takeover of Fantastica, as the Blue Velvet was then known.

The club closed down for three months. Workmen were kept busy during that entire period, performing a major overhaul on the building. In May of 1972, the club opened under the new name of the Blue Velvet.

Among the new additions were four different bars, a huge dance floor, and a VIP lounge overlooking the entire club through a one-way mirror. Bartenders and servers were

brought in from Los Angeles. All have an unfailing memory of any drink ever created. The waitresses are all tastefully dressed, despite the name of the club.

The Blue Velvet's popularity ranges across the entire social spectrum and it attracts Kindred and kine alike. During Fridays and Saturdays the queue to get in wraps around the block. Even on the other nights, the club does a brisk business.

Kindred have discovered that they are admitted immediately if they show themselves at the front of the line. They also receive a pass for the VIP lounge. The doorman, Ian Gibson, has an unfailing ability to pick out undead. He has proved immune to Dominate, and has never answered any questions about his ability or his employer. He is mortal, but it is unclear whether he is a "neutral" or whether a Cainite with the fifth-level Discipline of Possession has done a superb job of conditioning. Gibson is an imposing physical specimen, and serves as the club's first line of defense against gatecrashers.

Inside, the dance floor is busy right up to closing time. During the most popular nights of Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the best DJs in town play the Top 100 for the dancers. Sundays and Mondays are slower, and attract the hardcore element with nowhere else to go. The music switches to progressive rock, heavy metal or anything else that looks like it might appeal to the fringe types in the audience. Music on Tuesdays and Wednesdays varies depending on the mood of the audience. Jazz and country-western are often heard these nights.

Only the best bands are invited to play the Blue Velvet. Baby Chorus shows up about once every two months. Band leaders and agents all claim Gibson is the one who contacts and pays them, and say they have never met the owner. The bartenders and servers likewise get their checks from Gibson, and claim never to have met the owner. Use of Auspex, Dominate and Presence has proved they speak the truth.

While no one among the Chicago Kindred has ever admitted to being the owner of the Blue Velvet, the Malkavian Bronwyn may soon make her appearance. The destruction of so many vampires leaves a great hole in the city's social structure — one Bronwyn would be more than happy to fill. Her sire, Bryan, has already begun meeting with some of Chicago's important Kindred.

Bronwyn has already made the Blue Velvet a popular spot for the city's Kindred, and wants to keep it that way. She has used her position to keep tabs on events in the city, quietly listening in on conversations and slowly getting to know the politics of Chicago. When she feels the time has come to join the other undead, she wants to be ready to deal with them as equals. She also wants to make sure her debut is as spectacular as possible.

The Succubus Club

*Praying to your angels of darkness
I wanted no part but you needed a partner
Dance beneath the sheets of crimson
Dance in praise of age-old fundamental lie.*

— Baby Opaque, "Blue Crimson"

This club is perhaps the most famous of all the night spots in Chicago — even more famous among the Kindred than the mortals. An article in the *Chicago Reader* described both the club and its most noticeable fans:

The Blood Dolls

"Jason Sanders never wakes before 9 P.M. When he finally gets out of bed, he immediately turns on his stereo and then prepares himself for the night. He showers and applies colognes, ointments and makeup. He dresses slowly and carefully, always on the lookout for lint or loose threads on his black ruffled jacket. He squeezes into his skin-tight black leather pants and then carefully works on his hair, making sure every last strand has found its proper place. He meticulously picks through his silver jewelry, finally deciding on a skull ring, a silver and onyx necklace, and an ank earring. Then he sneaks past those who do not wish him to be released upon the night and runs down the black Chicago streets, heading for the one place where he feels free and alive — the Succubus Club.

"This is what he does each and every night.

"The entrance to Chicago's most infamous nightclub always gives him reason to pause. Aside from the hordes of people waiting and hoping to get in, the very aura the ancient brick warehouse projects against the modern streets brings him cold anticipation. The looming structure seems to yell out its heritage despite the ultramodern purpose for which the visitors use it. Many fail to pass the strict requirements required for entrance, but the bouncers, eyeing the crowd with crossed arms, know Jason as a regular and do not dispute his passage.

"Once inside the notorious establishment, he revels in the hordes of exuberant dancers who surround him. While billowing clouds of tobacco smoke mask the scents of humanity, Jason feels that the club itself amplifies his senses and allows him to notice the slightest sensations. Within the swirling crowd he discerns others like himself, fellow products of the same decadent society. They all know the torture of existence and the decay of civilization — and they all revel in it.

"Jason joins the others on the dance floor, and soon loses himself in the pulsing industrial sound hammering through the building and causing the floor itself to shake. As the final blasting melodies of Nine Inch Nails fade away, he touches palms with an attractive young woman dressed completely in black lace, with whom he shared a glance while they danced.

"The two step off the brightly lit dance floor and make their way to the darkened recesses of the club. He discovers that his newfound friend's name is Melissa, though she proves evasive when he asks about the source of the bloodstain on her lace blouse.

A mutual friend, yet another club regular, materializes out of the shadows and invites them to join him in one the club's "floating" balconies.

"From this new vantage point, Jason and Melissa look down upon the crowded dance floor and take turns criticizing the motions of the crowd of which they had so recently been a part. They spot the armies of rattily dressed punks and impeccably attired gangstas making their way to the Succubus Club's imposing basement. On a dare from their friend, Jason and Melissa rush down to the basement, pushing clubgoers aside on the spiral staircase, and passing the giant bouncers who guard the passage to the private penthouse on the third floor balcony. They open the massive double doors leading to the club's lowest level and plunge into its rancid-smelling depths.

"Even though no band currently plays on the basement's mammoth stage, the club's owners keep the immense room dimly lit, and the haze from hundreds of lit cigarettes makes it even harder for the two to navigate the underground labyrinth. Despite the many visits Jason has made to the Succubus Club, he rarely ventures into the confusion of the basement, and still has difficulty finding his way through the labyrinth that was installed several years ago. At one point the couple makes a bad turn and ends up face-to-face with several sharp-looking men, apparently arguing over the cost of a small packet of white powder. Faced with intensely hostile stares, the pair withdraws with laughter.

"After several more minutes of wrong turns and backtracking, Jason and Melissa finally reach the alcove their friend had earlier said they would be unable to find. Then, tired and exhilarated from their adventure, they throw themselves upon the bloodstained cushions left by some earlier visitor. Jason draws a thin penknife from his jacket pocket and Melissa removes one from a silver chain around her neck. After a quick kiss they both take the knives to their own wrists and make short, jagged gashes. Then Melissa takes Jason's injured hand in her healthy one and Jason takes her bloody wrist in his uninjured hand — and together they begin to drink."

No Cainite has ever Embraced either Melissa or Jason. Neither kine has even turned 18 yet. However, they have discovered an entire breed of people like themselves — bored, lonely and jaded. The straights of mortal society have only recently heard of the Blood Dolls, as these young urban sophisticates call themselves, and sensationalist journalists have taken to calling them death cultists and blood worshippers. For them, this sharing of blood is better than sex — it is the climax of their bizarre subculture. They are as strange as the culture that they unconsciously emulate, and as the beings that they think they would like to become.

While no one description fits all Blood Dolls, they share a number of distinctive traits. Regardless of their city of residence, they tend to gravitate to nightclubs which seem to have been designed for their needs. Blood Dolls point to the Succubus Club as a prime example of the dark and morbid environment they prefer.

Founded in 1982 in what had once been a leading Chicago disco, the Succubus Club caters to more than just the Blood Dolls. The bouncers maintain a strict yet unwritten entrance policy that stresses style more than anything else. An attractive 17-year-old, properly dressed, has a better chance of getting in than does a successful 30-year-old yuppie in a leisure suit.

Once inside, most visitors immediately notice the state-of-the-art sound system and immense amplifiers. The bass amps remain constantly pointed at the floor; no matter what the DJs play, the floor pulses with the rhythm. The club usually features industrial dance music, and DJs have been known to play entire CDs from the Sisters of Mercy. Other prominent features include a huge dance floor, which always remains packed despite its size, and a huge rectangular bar featuring a plethora of brand names.

Balconies look down upon the dance floor and provide a moderately quieter place to enjoy the club as well as more exotically (and expensively) equipped bars. The club's older patrons tend to stay here, leaving the dance floor to the young and energetic.

The city's more dangerous elements seem almost supernaturally attracted to the club's notorious basement. Speed metal, punk, militant rap and other violent bands play this level, drawing a bewildering assortment of fans from the dregs of society. Bloods dressed to the hilt and bedecked in gold stand next to punks in torn shirts and leather pants while watching long-haired metal fans compare tattoos. Patrons who feel a need for privacy slip off into the darkness of the labyrinth, a huge maze that runs along the outside of the basement. In its various nooks and crannies dealers hawk their wares, couples embrace in passion, and Blood Dolls like Jason and Melissa share their blood.

The Succubus Club was the focus of a great deal of violence during the events of **Under a Blood Red Moon**. Its previous owner, a Ventrue, was slain after a number of attacks. Many other Kindred likewise died within its walls. A large number of werewolves also died there, however, as did some humans.

The club closed down for a month following the last Lupine attack, but recently reopened. Now run by the Toreador neonate Portia, it has lost much of the attraction it once held for the city's elders, and almost exclusively attracts an anarch crowd. The club's art gallery has been removed, and few older Kindred visit the private club anymore.

Still, hunters find the club to be an excellent source of vitae, as few of the kine present would notice if their blood were drunk and fewer still would care. Cainites had an unspoken agreement not to kill anyone in the club, but recent events have given the club a horrendous reputation, and people seem to expect death here.

When the club reopened, its new management explained away the deaths as gang violence. A gala party was thrown, with local and even national celebrities in attendance. Since then, however, its popularity appears to be on

the wane. Some Harpies whisper that the club's glory has passed, and that it is swiftly degenerating. Whether the prophecies of doom are accurate will not be known for some time, but the vultures are already circling.

The Hive

"The Hive" is the name the Kindred of Chicago have given to the downtown area immediately south of the river, which mortals call the Loop. The name arose from a common vampiric metaphor comparing mortals to scurrying insects. The Loop — or Hive — is the heart of Chicago's business and political activities.

Those Kindred who deal extensively with mortal society can often be found in the Hive. The Ventrue clan conducts many of its activities herein. During Lodin's reign, the prince paralleled the city's government by using the Hive as the center of his activities. Daley Center is only a short distance from the Prudential Building, where Lodin held court. If an official proved reluctant to follow orders, the prince or one of his kine Retainers often paid him a visit.

Most Kindred prefer the Hive for shopping, instead of the area mortals call the "Magnificent Mile." This is largely because of the lack of mortal presence. After World War II, and climaxing in the '60s, the Hive began to undergo a decline as businesses closed on the South and West Sides. More and more of Chicago's black population moved into this area.

Things came to a head in 1968, when the Democratic riots broke out. In the Gothic-Punk world, the violence spilled all over the city. Blacks in the Hive, manipulated by anti-Lodin anarchs, launched attacks on several buildings that were bases of operation for the prince. Police retaliation was swift and brutal.

Because of the riots, the Hive still has a reputation for violence. The reputation is mostly unwarranted, but the Ventrue promoted it to justify the high police profile in this area. This gave Lodin and his followers an extra level of security against anarchs or would-be usurpers.

The area is still predominantly black; many whites are reluctant to enter the area after dark. Businessmen or art patrons who travel here at night do so in bulletproof limousines. Wealthy businessmen willingly pay for a bodyguard or two. Art galleries and museums not under the protection of the Elysium have three times the number of security guards that places in more respectable parts of town do. These guards have broad discretionary powers to prevent certain "types" from entering.

There are several excellent stores here, but for every one there are three low-budget shoe and clothing stores. Some of the stores are detailed in the section concerning the Loop.

Places of Note

Prudential Building

This building, on East Randolph, was once the center of Lodin's power. Before 1958, Lodin controlled Chicago from a penthouse in the Manhattan Building, where he had resided since the place's construction in 1890. In 1958, he undertook a major overhaul of his security systems and living arrangements. He blackmailed the owner of the Prudential Building, Walter Leipzig, into granting him a 99-year lease to the 34th floor.

Since Lodin's death, the 34th floor has stayed empty, though its upstairs neighbor, a holding company called Pentex, has evinced interest in acquiring the space. Indeed, there is some evidence that Lodin invested much of his considerable money through that company, and it may have a legitimate claim to much of his material possessions.

Some of the other companies in the building are under Pentex control, though most are not. Still, the Prudential building serves as the hub of the firm's Midwestern and Canadian operations. While the Midwestern division is ostensibly run by a Ms. Juliet Praxton, at least one of the company's board members has shown considerable interest in the area. Thus it is not rare to see Elliot Meisch (see Book of the Wyrms) swaggering through the halls.

It was Meisch who was responsible for one of Pentex's recent successes — the construction of the fabled BattleMonster™ Center in downtown Chicago. Built by Pentex's Black Dog Game Factory subdivision, the center appears to be nothing more than a grand arcade. Inside, players take the controls of giant monster constructs and slug it out on virtual reality battlefields.

A number of vampires have frequented the center, and complain of feeling especially drained upon leaving, though they go back over and over again. One Nosferatu who visited late at night claimed to have seen the games actually moving under their own power. Few believed her, and she has since disappeared.

Marshall Field & Co.

Marshall Field's occupies the entire block bounded by State, Washington, Wabash, and Randolph. It is one of the largest department stores in the city, with more than 500 departments. However, it wasn't always like this.

When business declined in the Hive after the riots of 1967, the owners were desperate to move onto North Michigan Avenue. Unfortunately, so were most of the other major businesses in the Hive. The slow decline of the area in the decade before the riots had left Marshall Field's in a bad financial position. Its books were in the red and business was dying.

Unable to abandon ship, the owners went to work. They mounted an extensive promotional campaign for the store, took out several risky loans, and expanded the inventory.

Amazingly, their gamble paid off. Within five years the business was back in the black. The owners were able to overcome Lodin's negative PR campaign against the Loop. More importantly, one of the store's new additions was a rare book department. While stocking it the owners had picked up several crates of Renaissance-era literature.

When the Tremere discovered these books, they became as excited as members of that phlegmatic clan are capable of becoming. The books were part of a cache that their elders had lost in the 16th century. The Tremere immediately pressured Lodin to stop countering Marshall Field's promotion of the area. The prince, reluctant to anger the Warlocks — and concerned with more pressing matters — backed down.

With the patience of their kind, and to avoid breaching the Masquerade, the Tremere spent the next two years slowly buying up the books. By 1972, they had bought them all, and the clan lost interest in the store. By then, however, Marshall Field's had established enough of a reputation for itself that even the notoriety of the Loop couldn't keep customers away. This reputation also helped other stores, such as Carson Pirie Scott & Co., regain their customer base and stay in business.

Many rare books are still available at Marshall Field's. Another popular line includes antique pieces of jewelry. Many aspiring young Kindred buy from the store's fine antique furniture collection to give their havens a "classical" vampiric appearance. Of course, the older Cainites need no such pretensions. They either lack the Humanity to care about such trivialities, or the furniture that they keep about them from their previous lives is far more authentic than anything they could buy in a store.

Kroch's & Brentano's

The most popular Kindred bookstore in the Hive is Kroch's & Brentano's — an 80-year-old full-service store with tens of thousands of obscure books. On one level, a Ventrue might be found browsing for a threepenny novel remembered from long-ago breathing days. On the next floor, a Tremere might be seen looking for obscure magical tomes to supplement some arcane ritual. The store has branches throughout Chicago, so a vampire can obtain a desired book from almost anywhere in the city.

The store has long held a place in the hearts of the Kindred; indeed, various Kindred groups have used the store as a rendezvous point because of its late hours (10 P.M. on weeknights, midnight on Fridays and Saturdays). For some time, it hosted regular meetings of anarchists, though few have been here recently.

While Kroch's & Brentano's is not part of the Elysium, it is considered bad taste to breach Elysium rules on the premises. One never knows when one might need the store's services.

The owner, Arnold Kroch, has been personally running this branch of the store for at least 50 years. Kindred who have been patrons since that time have commented that Arnold

bears a striking resemblance to his father, Anthony Kroch, who died in 1940. In fact, certain Cainites, those who have frequented the store for its full run, note that the strong family resemblance carries over from Arnold's grandfather, Anton, who died in 1890.

Arnold is now in his 70s, but looks 20 years younger. Some suspect that in the next few years Arnold may be replaced by a son of his own, with a similar resemblance. None of the Kindred have any real proof that anything out of the ordinary is going on. Many, however, believe that Arnold was Anthony, and Anton before that. They claim that he can somehow control his aging, and is conducting a Masquerade of his own.

Of course, no one has any solid evidence of this. Some Kindred claim he is a ghoulish subsisting on elder vitae. Others say he is a mage. Because most of the older Cainites value his services, no one has been willing to pursue the matter further.

Sears Tower

The Sears Tower was built in 1974 by the architects Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. The ultimate expression of Chicago's obsession with skyscrapers, the tower is 110 stories tall. Although no longer the world's tallest building, at 1,454 feet the Sears Tower is still the tallest building in the United States. This building fills a full city block at Jackson Boulevard and Wacker Drive.

The 103rd floor, featuring an observation deck, is the most popular with the tourists. However, vampires have no particular interest in viewing Chicago from the heights, living as they do primarily in the depths.

The main interest that the Sears Tower holds for the Kindred is that it contains more office space than any other building in the U.S. (except the Pentagon). Those Cainites involved in business are sometimes found here in any of a number of offices. Even Lodin maintained an office here, though he handled little business in it.

The Barrens

The Kindred apply the term "Barrens" to any area *within* Chicago where they have no particular desire to go. This can be for several reasons, including lack of suitable vitae, danger, a high police profile or because there is nothing of interest to them therein. Areas *outside* Chicago with nothing of interest — primarily the suburbs — are called the Outlands.

There are several general locations within Chicago that are considered part of the Barrens, and these are mentioned in the various descriptions found earlier in this chapter. Among them are the museums with a heavy tourist crowd (the Field Museum, Adler Planetarium, Shedd Aquarium, and the Museum of Science and Industry), the various graveyards around Chicago, and the stockyards.

The outskirts of Gary, where the steel mills closed down long ago, is now a rusting field of debris. Its proximity to central Gary, where some few areas of importance exist,



categorizes this area — called the “Wasteland” — as part of the Barrens instead of the Outlands. But, of course, whether Gary is believed to be part of the Outlands depends on whether one is speaking to pro- or anti-Modius factions. Such is unlife among the Chicago Kindred.

Despite the name, the Barrens harbor the occasional Kindred. Some Nosferatu are obliged to live here because of their appearance. Kindred on the run from one rival or another often go into hiding in these areas. A few have actually used these areas as power bases. In general, however, the Kindred avoid the Barrens.

Places of Note

Michigan Avenue Underground

As part of a plan to ease traffic congestion in downtown Chicago, the civic authorities came up with the idea of building a series of “substreets” near the Chicago River at the point where Michigan Avenue crosses. About three blocks of Michigan and 10 blocks of Wacker Drive, as well as several other smaller streets, were subdivided into lower and upper levels.

Unfortunately, Chicago’s reputation for urban crime and violence gave the lower streets a bad reputation. The area had an aura of decay from the very beginning. The overhead streets cast shadows on the lower ones, making it as dark as night on Michigan and Wacker. Busy lining its own pockets, the city government couldn’t spare the money to replace the

streetlights. Because of these factors, very few cars chose to take this route. The city elders used the lack of traffic to justify the lack of repairs, and were able to embezzle even more money.

This area, which soon became known as “the Underground,” did have one redeeming feature: its proximity to the subterranean levels of the downtown buildings ensures that it stays a few degrees warmer than the rest of the city throughout the winter. Because of this, Chicago’s homeless population soon began sleeping alongside the roadway.

The area has settled into decay. Many of the streetlights still don’t work; the city doesn’t dare send repairmen in to replace the bulbs. The area is in a state of perpetual night. Because of the lack of traffic, cardboard houses stand in the middle of the road. Sometimes the houses have become mausoleums for their unfortunate owners. The police, who come down once a month to “clean up,” only enter the area in squads of at least 10 or more.

When traffic does drive through, it has to slow down because of the poor lighting conditions and the debris in the middle of the street. As a vehicle pauses, dozens of panhandlers and “window washers” lay siege to it. It is a very foolish idea to open a window to pass out money. Those that do not, however, may find their cars tipped over by the homeless, who are enraged at the “haves” daring to enter the realm of the “have-nots.”

Ironically, this area is a kind of vampiric “gas station.” The bums and winos in this area are noticeably weaker after

a major Kindred conflict. Many Kindred stop down here for a quick bite if vitae is not easily available elsewhere, or if their situation is especially desperate. Of course, no vampire readily admits that she would stoop so low as to feed from those in such a wretched condition. However, most vampires in Chicago have certainly dined here at one time or another.

This area's inhabitants say that a number of passages branch off from this area to intersect the sewer system and many of the basement levels of the buildings. While most Kindred accept that these exist, most discount stories of a labyrinthine underground tunnel system under the city, populated by humanity's outcasts and ruled by the Nosferatu.

Cabrini Green Housing Project

The American Dream. Even in the Gothic-Punk world there are those who seek it. Some lower-class citizens believe they can find it. All they need is a government-subsidized home so they can use the extra money to feed the children and pay the bills.

The American Dream gone awry. Cabrini Green.

Most of the residents are trapped here. The city refuses to relocate them. After all, their own representatives don't want them taken somewhere else. That would be cutting down their own constituency.

The real estate developers want the land. The area, west of the Rack and south of successful businesses on North Street, could be developed into a number of profitable clubs and upper-middle-class housing. However, the city council members they've bought and paid for don't have enough political pull to get the area rezoned.

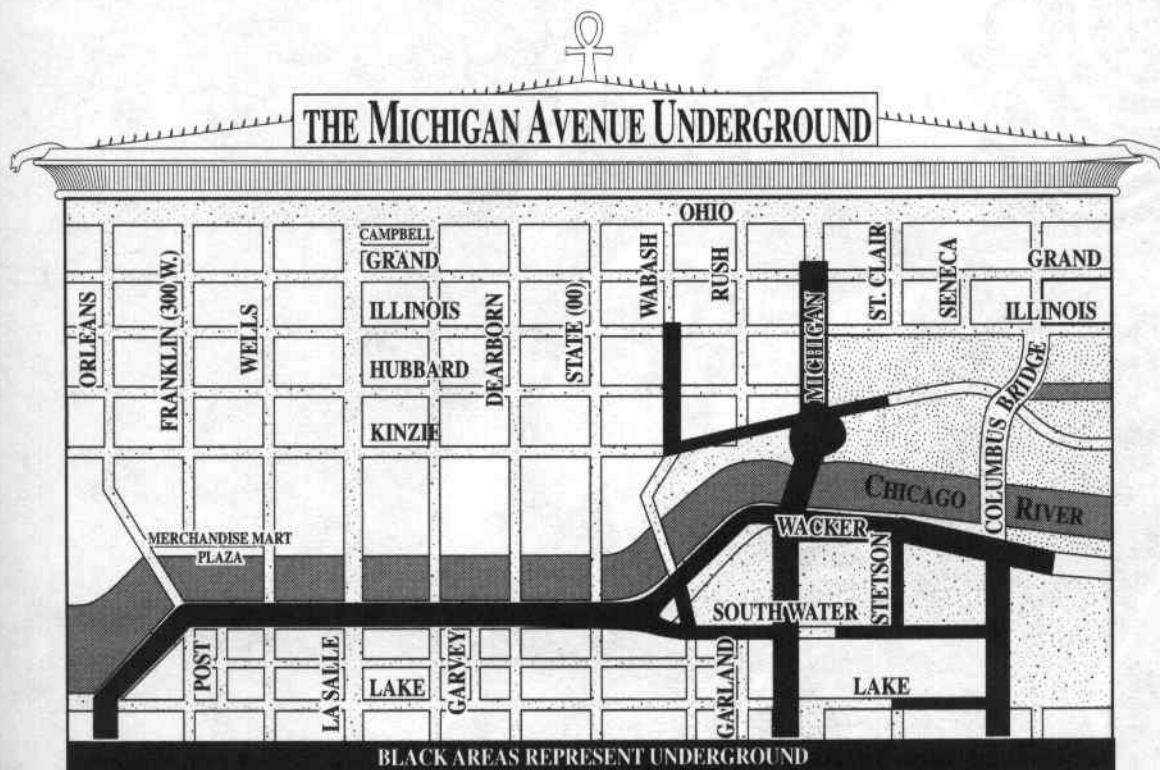
So the developers contact some friends. Their friends contact some other friends. Drug dealers, fences and prostitutes soon move in. The gangs get a little extra to stop by and terrorize the citizens. Some pressure here, some pressure there. If the city government will not move the people of Cabrini Green, perhaps they can be convinced to move out on their own.

This attitude has turned Cabrini Green into the battlefield that it is today. Drive-by shootings are at an all-time high, and still rising. Pushers deal openly in the streets. The police are never seen. The city has no desire to pay the "combat wages" that the maintenance unions demand for their men to go in and make repairs.

The residents of Cabrini Green are trapped. Those with somewhere else to go left long ago. Those who stay are those who were obliged to come to Cabrini in the first place because of their poverty. They still do not have enough money to leave.

Even mortals have been known to refer to Cabrini as the Barrens. The Kindred stay away. A Lush looking for a cocaine high might come here on occasion, but there are safer places to hunt.

The Ventrue Kevin Jackson rules this place. With Lodin's support, he took over several buildings in the project. Very few rivals have the temerity to venture onto Blood turf. Ironically, little violence occurs within Jackson's personal domain. Jackson insists on keeping the area free of violent crime. This policy has won Jackson the loyalty of the residents. They consider him a hero, and warn him of any trespassers. It has become an armed fortress, and is probably the most heavily fortified building in Chicago.





Chapter Four: The Kindred

*The moon appears
Reflecting on his heart
Heavy weighed and pierced
The walker looks at his days
Bad deeds gone by
For which he must pay.*

— Peter Murphy, "Seven Veils"

For most of its existence, Chicago has been grossly overcrowded with vampires. Even now, following the destruction or disappearance of a third of its undead population, the city is quickly repopulating. A number of new Kindred have flocked to the city, and some older residents have sired new ones.

At times, the seven million mortals of the metropolitan area have supported as many as 140 vampires. Now, however, the vampire population is little more than two-thirds that figure, though slowly growing. No one has made any real effort to control this growth, and few believe anything will happen until a prince comes to power.

Chicago has always been an easy city in which to hide; without a prince, it is even easier. Kindred who would never have thought of coming to the city while Lodin ruled have nothing to stop them now. The primogen is far too divided to keep undesirables out, and none of the contenders for the throne have any interest in cleaning up the city until becoming prince.

The Destroyed

A number of the Kindred described in the first edition of **Chicago by Night** no longer exist. In addition, a number of the characters included in this book may have met their Final Deaths in **Under a Blood Red Moon**, depending on the characters' actions during that story.

Those who may not have been destroyed have been included in this book, and the Storyteller should decide who survived and who didn't. Also, the characters may well have destroyed other Kindred included here. The roster that follows lists those first-edition characters who are definitely dead (or at least missing) and thus are not written up in this book. The Storyteller should add to or subtract from this list as she desires or as events in her chronicle dictate.

R.I.P.

Neil Graham
Hank Cave
Theodore Dooley
Marc Levesque
Travis Fett
Gordon Keaton
Priscilla Gibbs
Derrick Stack
- Jimmy Holcomb
Jackie Goodman
Charles Waterstone
Paula Smith
Ben Smith
Horace Turnbull
Johann Weltmann
- Elzbieta Jurofsky
Jurgis Rudkus
Peter Walenski
- Tommy Walker
Sophia Ayes
Sharon Payne
Michael Payne
Sir Henry Johnson
- Tamoszius Kuszleika
Garwood Marshall
Lodin
Tommy Hinds
Edgar Drummond
Lawrence Ballard
Frank Gaughan
Pham Hong
Brennon Thornhill
Prias

New Traits

For the purposes of this supplement, two new Knowledge Abilities have been coined, and many of the Kindred presented in this chapter have ratings in both. The new Traits are as follows:

Chicago

This new Knowledge covers familiarity with the city's geography, mortal personalities and mundane areas. It does not cover knowledge of the Kindred, which is delineated by Secrets.

Secrets

I do not know everything; still many things I understand.

— Goethe, *Faust*

There are five basic levels of secrets, rated A-F like the school grading system. Each character in this supplement has a Secrets rating; this shows how much information said character knows. A character knows everything listed for his or her rating, plus everything listed for all lower ratings. For instance, an A in Secrets assumes knowledge of B through F.

The plus and minus ratings indicate greater or less familiarity with the area of knowledge indicated. Thus, a B+ indicates complete familiarity with the conflicts between the primogen and the personalities involved, while a B- indicates only a rough idea.

A+ The character knows exact details of all conflicts in the city (just like you will after reading this book).

A The character knows something about the control exerted by Menele and Helena, and their ongoing conflict. The character does not know exactly who controls whom.

A- The character knows the general nature of the conflicts between Menele and Helena, but does not know whom they control, or the intricate details of their games.

B+ The character is knowledgeable about the precise nature of the primogen, its members' past votes, who supports whom, and many of the intrigues going on between them. The character may suspect that there are Ancients behind the scenes.

B The character knows of the conflicts within the primogen, and of many of the other Kindred whom they control — including the anarchs.

B- The character has a rough idea that the primogen is working behind the scenes.

C+ The character knows the politics of all the coteries in exact detail.

C The character knows about many of the coteries, and how they react to one another. The character knows about the primogen, but does not know how powerful and influential it is.

C- The character understands that there are different groups among the Kindred, and that their conflicts dictate the ebb and flow of politics within the city.

D+ The character knows who the main candidates for prince are, and who has the best shot.

D The character knows most of the different vampires who want to be prince, and the conflicts between the anarchs and the elders — but knows nothing about shadowy figures behind the scenes. The character may know of certain relationships, but knows very little of the overall picture.

D- The character only knows the general facts about the most obvious candidates for prince.

F The character knows who is an anarch and who is an elder, and can identify some of the leaders of each group. Thus, for instance, the character would recognize the name

of Juggler, but not that of Modius. The character knows very little of Chicago and its Kindred — only a few faces and a rough understanding of the turmoil and antipathy.

Acquiring Secrets

If you wish, you may allow characters to gain dots in Secrets, just like any other Knowledge Ability. However, characters cannot spend experience points to raise their score in Secrets; instead, the characters must actually acquire the information represented by the level of knowledge they seek. As Storyteller, you can assign points at the end of a Story that are to be applied to Secrets only.

The A-F rating for Secrets corresponds to the normal five-level rating as follows:

- A (5 dots)
- B (4 dots)
- C (3 dots)
- D ... (2 dots)
- F . (1 dot)

Plus and minus ratings are handled by common sense; a character knows as much as he or she knows.

Other Traits

Certain Traits are not described in the *Vampire* rulebook, but may be found in *The Players Guide*, *The Storytellers Handbook*, or *The Players Guide to the Sabbat*.

BRUJAH

The Brujah of Chicago are a very diverse group, including anarchs and elders, friends of the Ventrue and friends of no one. They fight each other as much as they do the other clans, but it is precisely this sort of creative conflict that marks the Brujah clan and brings out the best in its individual members.

Though the Brujah of Chicago do not have regularly scheduled meetings of any sort, they do gather on occasion. When one of them calls for a meeting, the others will usually come, but very little is usually achieved. Meetings are held in a variety of places, as much according to whim as anything else. The back room of a bar is a common meeting place, as is a cemetery or a condemned building.

At these meetings, the Brujah pretend friendliness with one another — at least until the arguments and recriminations begin. They seem to enjoy their “Rants,” as they call them. Often one or two of them will leave in terrible moods, having been targeted by all the rest for ridicule and abuse. Indeed, picking out scapegoats for each Rant seems to be the only thing upon which they can ever agree.

Many of the younger Brujah want everyone in the clan to join the anarchs. However, the three eldest — Critias, Tyler and Balthazar — have their own plans, which do not allow for such radical action. The end result is that the Brujah remain divided, but continue to debate with great gusto and relish. Each, in his or her own way, is proud of being Brujah, and most are proud of the fact that they have members in almost every coterie in the city, considering this proof of great openmindedness. An old vampiric adage has it that Brujah have nothing in common but their differences, and those of Chicago certainly show the truth of the saying. In times of conflict, these Brujah have absolutely no scruples about attacking one another, though feuds are suspended during Rants.

Meneleus (Menele)

Although Greek civilization did not reach its height until the age of Pericles (starting 457 B.C.), Menele enjoyed his rulership of one of Greece’s growing merchant cities some eight centuries earlier. Despite the burdens of the crown, Menele found plenty of time to indulge his tastes in thought

and beauty. Before the age of 30, he had married one of the most beautiful women in Magna Graecia, built some of the finest buildings on the peninsula, supported numerous distinguished philosophers and begun the collection of scrolls for what would become one of the world’s largest libraries.

Not everyone applauded him. As his city flourished, others cast covetous eyes on its trading routes. In particular, one city in Asia Minor began to harass his merchants. Incidents escalated, and the enemy city dared to kidnap his wife. Menele called together all his allies in the Greek city-states, assembled a great fleet and sailed east to do battle.

The war lasted far longer than Menele had expected, but finally the Greeks’ superior numbers prevailed. Unfortunately, Menele did not enjoy the victory. The night before he was to make his triumphant entrance into the city, he received a nocturnal visitor. The city had been under the secret rule of a Brujah named Troile; having tired of the city a century before, he had been traveling, and had returned only in time to see it fall. He spent the night with the leader of the conquering forces, trying to discover what kind of mortal this king Meneleus was.



Troile, a philosopher who had traveled widely since the destruction of the Second City, found the scholar-king most fascinating. At the end of the night he took Menele to his haven north of the city; there they spent the next several months deep in conversation. Finally, Troile decided that Menele possessed all the elements to make him worthy of immortality. Thus Menele joined the undead.

For the next few centuries, Menele journeyed across Europe and Asia. In Persia he became fascinated by the spirit plane, and spent a century studying with the mystics there. He went on to India, and spent another century studying with the spiritualists of that ancient land. Finally he returned to Europe, intending to pass the rest of his immortal existence in contemplation of the astral plane.

Then he met Altamira, an Iberian Brujah already ancient. She spoke of a mighty, growing city in North Africa that would put the Second City to shame and rival the First City for glory. The Cainites there would be the world's greatest, and would live in perfect harmony with the Canaille, free from the restrictions of any prince. Some, she said, had discovered a way to control the Beast, and others had been pulled back from the very depths of frenzy. Together, mortals and immortals would create a wondrous, eternal city of peace, progress and equality.

Menele was entranced by the idea; it was the embodiment of all his own hopes and dreams. With great haste he made his way to this Carthage, and found it to be everything Altamira had promised. Vampires and mortals labored together on great works of art, the study of all branches of science, the occult and the progression of the spirit. The mortals willingly spared some of their blood for the Cainites' nourishment, and the immortals in turn used their powers to make mortal life easier and more pleasant. The killing of mortals was forbidden, and the vampires fed together to ensure the safety of their willing vessels. Soon, Menele was happily ensconced in the city, and joined the dozens of other Cainites in their progress toward Golconda.

This was the beginning of the Third Age, the time of the great cities. Now, for one of the first times in history, a place could support more than a single vampire. Before this time, a single settlement could not feed more than one Cainite safely, for a mortal population above ten thousand was practically unknown. However, with the rise of Rome and Carthage, the Kindred could live together — a new age had dawned.

While many Toreador supported the Brujah's founding of Carthage, other clans were suspicious. The growing city of Rome was controlled by an uneasy alliance of Ventrue and Malkavians; they claimed the Brujah in Carthage were gathering their strength to slay all other Cainites. Soon Rome launched its first attacks against Carthage. Menele, as an experienced diplomat and a famed orator, became Carthage's envoy, trying to enlist Gangrel and Nosferatu support. He also managed to draw new Toreador to the city, including the beautiful and powerful Helena.

The wars lasted for more than a century. Finally, after years of siege, Carthage was betrayed — by a Toreador, it was said. The Roman legions destroyed the once-beautiful city. They salted the earth to prevent any Earth-Melded Cainite from again rising, and burned the entire library — more than half a million volumes — that had been Carthage's pride. Almost all the Brujah were destroyed, and the few survivors nursed a bitter hatred ever after for those who had destroyed their city.

When Carthage fell, Menele was away, trying to recruit help from the Gangrel of southern Africa. He returned to his city and found only ruins. Heartbroken, he fled into the wilds of western Europe, forswearing cities and civilization forever. He broke that oath a couple of centuries later, when he heard from a chance-met Gangrel about the beautiful Toreador ruling Pompeii.

Knowing in his heart that this could only be Helena, he secretly visited Pompeii. The sight of Helena ruling the Roman city and the bitter memories of the destruction she had wrought upon Carthage were like a stake in his heart.

That night, Menele willingly entered his first frenzy in a thousand years. His rage, coupled with a Thaumaturgical ritual, brought down a spirit of fire upon the city; it flew shrieking through the streets, free for the first time in centuries. The ground shook, the sky seemed to blow open, and fire poured down on Pompeii. All was destroyed. Menele only escaped by throwing himself into the harbor.

Helena also somehow survived the destruction of Pompeii. For more than a dozen centuries the two vampires fought, but neither could strike a decisive blow. Unfortunately for Menele, Helena slowly gained the upper hand as her ghoul Prias grew in power. Menele needed a chance to gather strength, or she would surely prevail. Phoenician legends of a land to the west prompted him to trick Helena into thinking he was destroyed; trusted Retainers carried his body aboard a specially prepared ship and sailed westward to a new and unknown land.

Once in this new land, Menele began to mold the Incas into a force capable of destroying his enemy, but as time passed he was overtaken by the feeling that the now-ancient rivalry was nothing but a useless burden upon his spirit. At last he rejected his desire for revenge, and created a civilization of great depth. In time, he began to dream of creating a new Carthage.

Then he heard of newcomers ravaging the Mayan cities to the north, and learned that they were Europeans, led — as he discovered to his dismay — by Helena herself. He tried to strengthen his followers, but he knew his cause was lost. Helena's *conquistadores* made short work of his vast empire, and Menele fled north to hide among the Pueblos.

Once again, he began to prepare his followers for battle, but time passed and Helena did not come. Hoping against hope that the battles were over, Menele spent more and more time contemplating the riddle of his existence. He sought Golconda, but just before he reached his prize, Helena

returned and he was forced to flee once more. He made his way north to the shores of an immense lake. For all his preparation, the tribes there were no match for well-armed Europeans when the inevitable battle came.

This was to be a turning point in their conflict. Menele and Helena finally engaged each other directly; both were grievously wounded, and both fell into torpor, relying on their followers to protect them and prosecute their feud. Thus it has been for the last 250 years.

Sire: Troile

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Architect

Generation: 4th

Embrace: 1200 B.C. (born 1240 B.C.)

Apparent Age: 30s

Physical: Strength 8, Dexterity 7, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 6, Manipulation 7, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 7, Intelligence 9, Wits 8

Talents: Alertness 5, Brawl 8, Dodge 8, Leadership 8, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Animal Ken 5, Etiquette 5, Melee 7, Music 5, Stealth 5, Survival 9

Knowledges: Architecture 6, Linguistics 9, Medicine 5, Occult 9, Philosophy 7, Science 3

Disciplines: Animalism 5, Auspex 6, Celerity 9, Dominate 6, Fortitude 6, Obfuscate 2, Potence 8, Presence 5, Protean 5, Thaumaturgy 7 (Elemental Mastery 5, Spirit Mastery 5, Movement of the Mind 4, Lure of Flames 3)

Backgrounds: Influence 4, Retainers 3

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

Humanity: 10

Willpower: 10

Notes: This mighty Cainite remains in a state of torpor. Thus, his statistics only matter if he were somehow to awaken. If that happened, he would not come to his full strength immediately, but would be substantially weaker. However, all his Disciplines would still function at full power.

Menele's extra level of Auspex allows him to stay aware of events around him while in torpor. Thus, his dreams are filled with images of things that might affect him, but they are often hard to interpret. His extra level of Dominate allows him to use his other levels without the requirement of eye contact—only a touch is needed. Finally, his two extra levels of Thaumaturgy allow him access to powerful rituals enabling him to summon and control spirits and elementals, but he must be awake to do so.

Image: A corpse lying flat, with skin as hard as stone.

Haven: Menele moves often, using Retainers to transport him. For a long time he was buried deep beneath the rail station, but he recently had himself exhumed in order to bond more closely with some of his followers.

Roleplaying Hints: You are in torpor. You neither move nor speak.

Secrets: A+

Influence: Menele controls many of the vampires of Chicago, directly or indirectly. He is the second most powerful individual in the city—a little behind Helena, but no one else approaches his power. His current Retainers are members of a Native American family who have been serving him for well over a century.

Critias ("Doctor")

The Sophists of Athens delighted in questioning the moral values of the society that supported them. Should one respect a law created by individuals as imperfect as oneself? Are laws merely artifices created by those who wish to retain their power? Does that make them immoral? Needless to say, such questioning infuriated the city fathers, who were busy trying to rouse the populace for a trade war with Sparta. The philosopher Critias became one of their prime opponents; his keen probing, pinpoint questioning and razor-sharp wit left many doubting beliefs they had held all their lives.

Critias had a substantial following among the youth of the city, including many who would one day become leading philosophers in their own right. They paid him well to teach them rhetoric and logic, and Critias grew fat and content by keeping others dazed and confused.

Then the great leader Pericles died from a plague that killed off one-third of the city's people. The demagogues who succeeded him wanted a scapegoat to carry the blame for all Athens' woes. Critias became their first target. They accused him of corrupting the city's youth, and gave him a choice between exile and death. Never one to sacrifice his own life for the truths he had been teaching, Critias packed up his few belongings and prepared to move west to Delphi.



Before he could leave, Critias was visited by a strange, dark man. Menele had long enjoyed the mental stimulation of Critias' semantic games, and believed the Sophist would make a fine addition to the growing Brujah clan, then more an organization of intellectuals than a group of rebels.

The encounter took place in the baths. Menele used his formidable Discipline of Dominate to keep the mortal calm, and they spent the night debating the nature of existence, death and the role of the philosopher. By the end of the night, Critias had, for the first time in his life, become firmly convinced of one of his own teachings — that people must continually question their preconceptions and prejudices. Then Menele gave him the option of carrying out his role of gadfly for all eternity. Critias accepted.

Critias' next action was to inform the people of Athens that he had come to believe Truth was too important not to die for. Before a great crowd the following evening, he faked his death and was buried. That night he rose from his grave and went to the homes of his tormentors, screaming from the street for them to let him in. When they would not open their doors, he laughed and began to ridicule them. Finally the frenzy overcame him, and he broke into the home of one of the city's leaders and drained the blood of everyone in the house.

Critias then fled to Cyrene, in what is now Libya. Traveling with Menele, he made his way across Mediterranean North Africa. He spent his nights debating philosophy and logic with the greatest minds of the era, and then drinking their blood — but never enough to harm them. He also regularly feasted on Menele's blood before realizing this created a Blood Bond. Even when the two separated, the extreme potency of his sire's blood and the frequency with which Critias had fed meant the Bond lasted far longer than such ties usually do.

By the third century B.C. he had made his way to Carthage, which Clan Brujah had turned into a base for eventual domination of the world. The former Sophist was quickly swept up by the idea of creating a new Golden Age for Kindred and kine, a world state ruled by philosopher-kings. He threw himself into the task with a passion he never knew he could possess.

Because of his prowess at logic and debate, he became an envoy to other vampire communities, and was soon roaming the world in search of allies. Indeed, his trips kept him away from the great city for the next 200 years, and he was in Cathay when he heard about the destruction of his beloved Carthage. Heartbroken over the mindless prejudice that had led the Ventrue and Malkavians to destroy the city of his dreams, Critias made the long journey to Rome. He arrived on the verge of a great frenzy.

Once there, however, his anger grew cold, and he calmly proceeded to devote all his vast resources of intelligence and anger to the destruction of this growing city.

First, he tried to stir up dissent between poor farmers and rich landowners, but the Malkavians quickly responded. Thousands of farmers died as the revolt was put down. In 91 B.C. he instigated a violent power struggle between Rome and the other Italian cities; this came to be called the Social War. The Ventrue interceded in the fighting; though Critias' followers won political concessions, Rome maintained its dominance.

Tired of failure after decades of insurgency, Critias decided to take a more direct route. He moved to Asia Minor, where he took control of a king named Mithridates. Through this puppet, Critias prepared to seize the weakly guarded Roman province of Asia — the first step in a military campaign against Rome itself. He personally led the night attack that defeated Rome's Asian legions. It was a bloody affair, and the sight and smell of so much blood affected Critias more than he had expected. His soldiers were amazed to see their leader tearing and rending prisoners and the dead alike. But, as good soldiers always do, they began to follow his lead.

It took Critias three nights to shake off this frenzy, born of decades of suppressed rage. With the first light of dawn he would meld with the earth, only to revive the next night and continue his vengeance against the Roman men, women and children who had moved to Asia in search of a better life. He regained his senses only after tearing out the throat of a 12-year-old girl and drinking her dry.

Revolted that he had committed such monstrous acts, he fled to the city of Pontus, where he learned that the massacres of Roman citizens had reached epic proportions. By the time it ended, more than 80,000 Romans had died. Shaken by the horror of what he had begun, Critias spent his nights immobile under the earth, unable to accept his actions. Finally, after all the blood from his frenzy was gone, Critias rose from the earth and made his way to the far northern reaches of Eurasia, feeding only on animals. For several centuries he lived among the nomads of the north, feeding on the mighty bison indigenous to the region.

Finally he began to come to terms with his deeds, and decided to return to the civilized world. Afraid to go to Rome, he traveled to the new capital of Constantinople. Doing his best to conceal his identity from the other vampires in the city (who had long hunted for the one who had dared to assail their empire), he spent the next millennium here, happily and quietly ensconced among the city's intelligentsia. As the 14th century dawned, he conceived a desire to visit some of the places of learning beginning to blossom around Europe. He traveled widely throughout Western Europe and, while in Barcelona in 1415, he financed a secret voyage by a sea captain who believed the world was round. He never again heard from the captain.

Critias does not realize that all of his journeys and actions have been controlled by his sire, who he believes died in the sack of Carthage. Menele has taken great pains to keep Helena and Prias ignorant of Critias' existence and Blood

Bond to him. Still, Menele has required his scion's aid at various times, most especially after he had been grievously injured in 1415 and needed transportation to the undiscovered New World. Once free of Europe, Menele let his control of Critias lapse, and once more the philosopher was left to his own devices.

After spending several centuries in a remote monastery in Switzerland, Critias felt a strange urge to visit the New World. He arrived in Baltimore shortly after the end of the Revolutionary War, and began to travel, enjoying the great dynamism of the new nation and its surprising intellectual vigor. He was especially enamored of the form of government its people had created. They had rejected the ideal of the philosopher-king in practice, but had resurrected his beloved Athenian democracy with a new twist: checks and balances! Critias fell in love with this young nation.

Occasionally he would settle, ruling as prince or remaining hidden as whim and opportunity dictated. He especially enjoyed creating schools and assisting in the formation of local governments. He was still drawn to the centers of thought and learning, and continued to enjoy the give-and-take of intellectual debates. In 1942, he came to Chicago to watch the atomic experiments being conducted by Enrico Fermi. He quickly became too enmeshed in the city's Byzantine politics to leave — or so he believes. Once again he is unaware that he was summoned by his sire.

Critias has come to see himself as the defender of the intellectuals and rebels in the city. A believer in creative conflict as a means of forcing people to think for themselves (he has written several scholarly papers on the topic), he often finds himself instigating conflicts among his fellow Kindred. He was the first of the primogen to support Annabelle Triabell's call in the mid-80s to show Lodin who held real power. He secretly supported those anarchists who opposed Lodin's authority with particular flair and intelligence.

Critias' eventual goal is to institute some kind of democratic government among the Cainites of Chicago. He believes the anarchy will only end when all Kindred are given places of respect and power in the affairs of the city. This idea may seem naive, but it cannot be disputed that he has had many centuries of experience. With the death of Lodin, Critias is carefully testing the waters to see if the time is right for such change, but he is fairly certain that his wait must continue.

Despite his belief in change, Critias sees himself more as a philosopher than a rebel, following the ancient Brujah traditions rather than the new, rebellious style. He is one of Menele's key followers in the city, although he does not know it. Indeed, despite the fact that Critias is the oldest and most powerful member of the primogen, he is the only one who does not suspect there are two Methuselahs battling in the city. He is aware that Portia is more than she appears, but will refuse to accept the existence of Menele unless he is confronted with direct proof to the contrary. Such is the downfall of intellectual pride.

Critias teaches a few courses at Chicago University each semester, and is well-known for his eccentricity and openness. The brightest male students of Chicago University are common visitors to his apartment, but female students are unwelcome. Critias is quite sexist. He has a decided preference for good-looking young men of great intellectual distinction; such individuals are his preferred victims. His Retainers are all dreary philosophy students to whom he has taken a particular liking, and who are so brilliant, in his eyes, that he would be ending the careers of important philosophers were he to kill them.

Sire: Menele

Nature: Curmudgeon

Demeanor: Visionary

Generation: 5th

Embrace: 423 B.C. (born 478 B.C.)

Apparent Age: Late 50s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 6, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 6, Wits 8

Talents: Alertness 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 5, Leadership 1, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Debate 7, Etiquette 3, Melee 4

Knowledges: Law 3, Linguistics 6, Occult 4, Philosophy 7, Politics 3, Science 3

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

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Mentor 5, Resources 3, Retainers 4, Status 6

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

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 9

Notes: Critias' high Auspex manifests itself in his ability to predict what people will say (and sometimes do) next. This is more a function of precognition than intelligence, as much as he denies it. His high Melee Ability is the result of his military training as an Athenian citizen and continual practice.

Image: Critias is an elderly-looking gentleman, a little on the plump side and no more than five feet tall. He is nearly bald, with a little white hair around the edges and a thick white beard. He is heavily wrinkled but appears fairly robust. In the privacy of his own haven he still prefers to wear Athenian-style robes and nothing else.

Roleplaying Hints: You always answer questions with a question and generally play devil's advocate in any debate. Everything you say is rhetorical in one way or another. When you are forced to answer, there is always a pregnant pause while you consider the correct way to phrase things. It is impossible to hurry you, no matter how serious the crisis.

Haven: Critias has a townhouse across the street from the Chicago Historical Society's exhibition hall in Lincoln Park. He also maintains apartments near all the major colleges and universities.

Secrets: B+

Influence: Critias' Contacts are major figures at the local colleges: presidents, deans and major intellectuals. Though he does so indirectly, it can be said that he controls all the major universities in the city, and knows most of what goes on there. Critias has quite a network across the United States, composed of former students who have reached the top of their respective fields. Poets, philosophers, politicians and scientists all correspond with him regularly, and through them he exerts a powerful, if diffuse, influence upon America. Some Brujah say that half the think tanks in Washington could not function without his advice. Furthermore, it is rumored that many of Kennedy's advisors were his former students.

Critias is also heavily involved in the Federal Court of Appeals, which is located in Chicago. He has an intense interest in the more philosophical branch of justice and the establishment of precedent. All the federal judges know and respect him. On occasion he has used his Dominate on them to stifle a case that might endanger the Masquerade.

Patricia Bollingbroke ("Tyler")

Patricia of Bollingbroke was among the English peasants who rose up in 1380 under John Ball and Wat Tyler to fight the nobility's oppression. Her husband had died on the end of a baron's boar-spear as a penalty for poaching, and her children had been taken from her and made into castle servants. Strengthened by grief and hatred, she left her village to join the peasant rebellion. By dint of a love affair with Tyler, her own basic intelligence and a great deal of ruthlessness, Patricia became one of the rebellion's leaders — its guiding spirit in many ways — but none except those on the ruling council ever realized she was anything more than Wat's lover.

She was among the revolutionaries who murdered the Archbishop of Canterbury and marched on London, where they forced the king to submit to their demands. When the backlash came, she was a prime target. Three weeks passed before she learned of the murder of three of her children, and the imprisonment and torture of the fourth. She immediately set out to free her child. It was a trap, of course, and despite all her precautions she was recognized and captured.

As she sat in the baron's dungeon, waiting for death, she was visited by a seventh-generation Brujah who called himself Robin. The two sat up all night talking about the injustices of the feudal system and practical solutions for the rectification of these problems. Convinced by the vampire that the only thing that could make a difference was a powerful peasant leader, Patricia accepted Robin's Embrace the next night. Her first victim was the very baron who had destroyed her family.



Patricia quickly found that being a vampire put rather distinct limits on her freedom as a revolutionary. People were less inclined to follow her, and the wild frenzies to which she was prone prevented her from forming the stable core of a larger movement. Ultimately the movement was crushed — though some small concessions were made by the nobles — and the peasants' revolt was over.

Patricia fled England, and for two centuries traveled across Western Europe. She arrived in Spain during the later years of the Inquisition, and was a voice among those Kindred who believed vampires should wipe out their tormentors and take a more obvious role in human society. With the help of two other Brujah and a small force of peasants, she attacked a small castle in western Spain — the haven of a Ventrue elder who had begun to conceive of the Camarilla as a means of enforcing and protecting the Masquerade. The castle was destroyed and Patricia's companions perished, but in the end she got a death-grip on the battered Ventrue and drank the last of his blood. This event triggered the anarch revolt that later became the Sabbat.

Patricia discovered that drinking the blood of the elder had dramatically increased her potential. She needed such power, for she began to be chased by archons sent by the fast-growing Camarilla. Even she could not stand against so many; she fled to the New World and made her home in Cartagena, then the jewel of Spain's American empire. Helena sensed her as she entered the city, and immediately recognized her potential as an assassin. Through Dominate, she brought Patricia into her sphere of influence. Helena was very attracted to the idea of a ruthless female Brujah assassin; after 30 years of manipulation she was able to Blood Bond Patricia to herself.

When members of the Camarilla began to appear in Cartagena, Patricia fled north to the English colonies. Helena called for her during the early 1900s and she made her

way to Chicago. She took the name Tyler from her mortal lover, and believes that no one knows of her past as one of the early founders of the Sabbat. (A few do know, but they keep the secret until a time of need.)

Tyler's age and natural intelligence — along with Helena's secret support — earned her a respected place among the elders despite her Brujah heritage, and she consolidated her position during the Council Wars of the 1980s. That was when she slew a sixth-generation descendant of Critias who refused to follow the rest of the primogen and end his support of Maldavis. She is exceedingly proud of her position; of course she has earned the undying enmity of Critias, and returns his hatred with a vengeance, bolstered by her lust for his ancient blood.

Before the Lupines attacked Chicago, Helena was approached by a Sabbat scout, who warned her of what was to come, and threatened to spread news of her role in founding the Sabbat if she did not help. She flew to New York, where she received the protection of the Tzimisce elder Lambach Ruthven. In exchange, she agreed to help place a Sabbat pack in the city.

Sire: Robin Leeland

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Conniver

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1381 (born 1352)

Apparent Age: Unclear - 30s?

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 6, Stamina 7

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 7

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

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 4, Melee 5, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Linguistics 2, Politics 5, Sabbat Lore 1

Disciplines: Celerity 4, Dominate 4, Fortitude 3, Obtenebration 1, Potence 5, Presence 5

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 4, Influence 3, Mentor 5, Resources 4, Retainers 7

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 1, Courage 4

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 10

Image: A short, slender woman, 5' 4" and 130 pounds. She has long black hair, which she usually ties in a ponytail. Her face has several patches of pockmarks from a case of smallpox; nevertheless, there is an undeniable beauty to it. She generally dresses very simply, and favors blue jeans and simple blouses.

Roleplaying Hints: Even when talking about the weather you speak with passion and conviction. Clench your fists and shake them whenever you make a point.

Haven: An isolated hangar at O'Hare Airport. The hangar is heavily guarded by security devices, and Tyler has begun training mortals to protect her.

Secrets: A-

Influence: Tyler was one of the first Cainites to realize the advantages of air travel, and the power of the one who controlled it. Any Kindred who wish to enter or leave Chicago by plane must first gain her permission. She moved to O'Hare Airport shortly after its construction, in which she was instrumental. She controls or knows of almost everything that happens at the airport. Her Contacts are the higher levels of the airport authority, and through them she manages to exert some control over the city's two other airports, as well as over plans to construct a fourth.

The security forces at all the airports are directly under her control, and she has Conditioned many of them. She has actually trained her O'Hare SWAT team in the extermination of vampires, and it is said that she used them outside the airport during the Council Wars. One of her Retainers is an ex-Vietnam fighter pilot, who serves as a bodyguard and manservant.

Maxwell

Maxwell has long hungered for the night he could return to Chicago. For the past century he has wandered the world, traveling as he saw fit, but always longing for the city he once ruled. Now he has come back.

The news of Lodin's death reached him as he cruised the Gulf of Mexico. He immediately docked in New Orleans and caught the next flight to Chicago. Seeking out his few remaining allies, he found them all receptive to the idea of his regaining the principedom, but unsure if he could. Additionally, they worried that the dramatic changes that had occurred in the city since his departure would be too much for Maxwell to handle.



Thus Maxwell has kept a low profile. He has quietly been making the acquaintance of those powerful Kindred he did not know, and now most of the city's movers and shakers are aware of his intentions. While none have wholeheartedly endorsed him, Maxwell knows none with reason to oppose him.

Maxwell has a number of secret allies of whom even Menele is unaware. First of all, he has sired a number of progeny in Central and South America. Many of these vampires are fighting in the area's revolutions and may soon come to Chicago. Maxwell hopes to use these trained guerrillas to form his military strike force. Additionally, Maxwell contacted a number of non-Camarilla vampires in Haiti, and might trade these Kindred services in exchange for their aid.

Sire: Altamira

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Architect

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1755 (born 1717)

Apparent Age: Late 30s

Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 5, Stamina 7

Social: Charisma 6, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 6

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

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 2, Melee 7, Stealth 2, Survival 5

Knowledges: Finance 1, Linguistics 4, Occult 5, Politics 3

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 5, Dominate 4, Fortitude 4, Potence 5, Presence 7, Protean 5, Serpents 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Influence 1, Mentor 6, Resources 4, Retainers 2, Status 4

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

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 8

Notes: Maxwell's first extra level of Presence allows him to create a great feeling of trust among a group of people. His second level prevents his foes from spending Willpower to negate his Presence. In order to use Willpower against him, the character must make a Self-Control roll (difficulty 8). Maxwell carries a silver-plated cavalry sabre with which he has trained extensively.

Image: Maxwell is a stocky, middle-aged man with tight hair and a neatly cropped mustache and beard. He prefers dark power suits and dresses to his best advantage. If seen when he first wakes up, however, he looks like the trapper he used to be, with his hair unkempt and his beard full and bushy.

Roleplaying Hints: You maintain at least the pretext of caring about others, though you have lost most real feelings since being driven from power. You only listen to others for a little while before dominating the conversation, and you freely use your Presence on both mortals and Kindred.

Haven: An old apartment building in south Chicago.

Secrets: B

Influence: While Maxwell has gained little direct influence since returning to the city, he has seized control of the Chicago Police Internal Affairs Division. He hopes that he can eventually use this to control the entire organization.

Joshua Tarnopolski ("Blackjack")

The socialists became a significant threat to the capitalist interests of Chicago during the early years of the 20th century. For a while, they even threatened to become an established force in the state legislature. Indeed, the Chicago establishment remained frightened of them long after the socialists lost their effectiveness.

Joshua Tarnopolski was among the leaders of the city's socialists during their heyday. With his thick Polish accent, he was not a noted orator like most of the leaders, but he was a skilled backroom politician and could raise a mob of workers to fight off the Chicago machine's goon squads. Tyler's natural sympathies were aroused by these committed revolutionaries and, when the socialists' power peaked shortly before World War I, she decided to preserve some of this energy forever.

She chose Joshua because, even though he was a powerful leader among the workers, his face was not well known, either to the masses or to the capitalists he opposed. Tyler even sought the permission of Lodin in order to sire this neonate, permission Lodin was more than willing to grant such a powerful Cainite — in return for crucial support in his war against Modius, who had just fled to Gary.

Tyler Embraced Joshua without giving him any choice in the matter. Joshua, who was already beginning to predict the demise of socialism in America, transferred his passion for



change to Kindred society. Joshua quickly became disenchanted with the seniority system, and contacted the anarchs. He is often looked to as a leader by all anarchs, much as he was by socialists in the past. The younger Brujah are enthralled by his tales of meetings with Eugene Debs, Joe Hill, Woody Guthrie and other national leaders from the early part of the century.

Joshua's closest allies died in the Lupine attack, and he himself dropped out of sight for a while. He has returned, however, and is one of the few Kindred aware that the Sabbat was behind the destruction. He has sworn vengeance on that sect; should he discover its presence in Chicago, he would do everything in his power to destroy it.

Sire: Tyler

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1913 (born 1870)

Apparent Age: Mid-40s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 1, Intimidation 2, Intrigue 4, Leadership 2, Streetwise 3

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 2, Melee 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Chicago 4, Linguistics 2, Politics 4

Disciplines: Celerity 4, Obfuscate 2, Potence 2, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Fame 1, Influence 1, Retainers 2, Status 2

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

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 9

Image: Short and stocky. He has a short black beard speckled with gray, and wears cheap, off-the-rack suits.

Roleplaying Hints: You're tired, and your eyes show it. Things were great when you were younger, and you love to tell people about it. Now — ach — the world has grown very homogenous and dull — not worth discussing. You have a thick Polish accent; it has improved in the last few years, but it is still quite distinctive.

Haven: The basement of an old apartment building in east Chicago.

Secrets: B

Influence: All of Joshua's relationships with mortal society come from his friends in the unions. While they don't know the whole story, they do know he has been involved with the unions for a long time; they respect his opinions and give him aid. His Retainers are both longtime union men, and through them he controls most of the labor unions still

found in Chicago. However, because unions don't have much general influence anymore (though they still pervade Chicago), he does not have much real power in the city.

Anita Wainwright

Anita Wainwright has been fighting the Powers That Be since she was a student at the University of Illinois in the late 1950s. She took several Freedom Rides to Alabama while still a college student. She subsequently joined up with the Diggers in New York City and worked in their free store. Later still, she returned to Chicago, where she wrote for an underground newspaper called the *Chicago Seed* and helped run yet another free store. To her parents' horror, she also became intimate with a Black Panther named Theodore Dooley.

Anita was among the Chicago organizers who helped plan the massive demonstrations scheduled for the Democratic convention. She was also one of the first to be beaten by the police when they attacked the protesters. Several weeks later, after recovering from her injuries, she went looking for Dooley. She found him in the basement of the building housing the Black Panthers' headquarters, feeding on a cop. At first she was horrified by what he had become, but then she felt she understood. Anita had also acquired a thirst for vengeance — the same thirst that led others of her generation to join the Weathermen or the Symbionese Liberation Army. Within a few days she had convinced Dooley to Embrace her.

Over the years Anita's involvement in human society has diminished and her interest in reforming Kindred society has increased. She has maintained her passion for change, though, and is one of the few anarchs in Chicago to have developed more national connections. She has occasionally provided anarchs from other cities with a safe place to stay in Chicago.



Anita had planned on moving out of Chicago before the Lupine attack, but now has reason to stay. After a close brush with the werewolves, she discovered several close friends, including Dooley, had been slain by the beasts. She has sworn vengeance, but is moving slowly and accumulating information about her new foes. She does not hate all Lupines — just the ones who destroyed her friends.

Sire: Dooley

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Visionary

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1968 (born 1941)

Apparent Age: Late 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 2, Leadership 4, Streetwise 3

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Security 3, Stealth 2, Writing 2

Knowledges: Computer 2, Investigation 2, Lupine Lore 1, Medicine 2, Politics 3

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

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 5

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

Humanity: 9

Willpower: 8

Image: Medium-sized Caucasian female, 5' 8" tall and 125 pounds. She has auburn hair and dresses casually.

Roleplaying Hints: You follow the old maxim, "Only speak when you have something to say." While generally quiet, you can speak for hours about a subject that concerns you.

Haven: An abandoned store in south Chicago (used to be her free store).

Secrets: B

Influence: Anita controls very little in Chicago but has excellent connections to the anarchs of other cities. She has even developed a link with the Sabbat of New York. If anyone in Chicago wishes to get in contact with the national network of Brujah and anarchs, it will have to be done through her. If she feels someone to be deserving, she can provide that person with a list of contacts in almost every major city in North America — a list that would be very valuable to certain personages in the Camarilla who would like to see an end to the Anarch Movement. She can even arrange for transportation to the West Coast, which has become the anarch capital of the world. However, she must trust and respect the individual who seeks this information before she will divulge it.

Thomas Ewell ("Balthazar", "Sheriff")

Lt. Thomas S. Ewell was a Southern aristocrat caught in New York when the War between the States broke out. He led a group of Confederate bandits who raided New England banks during the war, using the war as a pretext to gain fortune and to live the exciting life of outlaws. His men loved his dashing bravado and would have followed him to the gates of hell, especially if money was involved. He carried the fight as far north as New Hampshire before finally seeking sanctuary in Canada as the war drew to a close.

Ewell's attempts to recruit soldiers for the Southern cause caught the attention of few Canadians, but did interest a recent arrival — the vampire Alexis Blanc. Blanc had fled Paris following the failed 1848 rebellions. Hoping to escape both the Camarilla and the European aristocracy, then clamping down on rebels of all types, she had fled to Canada and settled in Ottawa as the "prince" of the city.

She met the dashing young Confederate officer at a society ball and was fascinated by his rebellious nature and his aristocratic charm. He saw her as a French heiress and an opportunity to regain his fortune. After the burning of Atlanta, Ewell found it impossible to recruit new soldiers for the failed cause — and even more difficult to obtain the money to keep up his lifestyle. Alexis saw her own defeat in Europe reflected in her dashing young soldier. Unable to bear his pain any longer, she Embraced him just days after the war ended.

Unwilling to return to a defeated South, Mr. Ewell remained in Canada with his sire. He took the name Balthazar and began a life of great debauchery, learning much from Alexis about the ways of the Damned. However, he quickly



grew bored with the role of the cavalier and tired of her demands on him. For a time he lived apart from her, and refused to respect her authority as prince. One evening he created a neonate without her permission: a young French-Canadian by the name of Marc Levesque. When she found out, she flew into a great rage and in retaliation took the young vampire and Blood Bound him to her. Alexis and Marc grew very close.

In the late 1870s, when word of the upheaval in Chicago reached Canada, the three of them journeyed to the Windy City in hopes of establishing a Brujah state. The moment they arrived they became allies of Modius, the Prince of Gary, who was leading the socialist movement in all-out war against the corrupt political system, and simultaneously attacking the power of the Prince of Chicago. The aid of Alexis, Balthazar and Marc was enough to tip the balance. For a time it was a very exciting life, and Balthazar was happy to be at war again. However, this war was far less enjoyable than the last. The trade unionists were too serious and boring, and didn't know how to live the good life. Even worse, he was poor.

The Ventrue Hinds was the first to learn of this dissatisfaction after encountering Balthazar at a play. Hinds arranged a meeting between the Brujah and the Ventrue leadership. Late one night, Balthazar and Ballard, the senior member of Lodin's brood, met to discuss the future. Balthazar offered to betray Modius and his new ally Alexis in return for being given an extremely handsome monthly stipend and the freedom to take anyone he pleased as his vessels. Ballard quickly agreed, and that very night Balthazar led a group of Ventrue to one of Modius' havens. It was he who drove the stake into Alexis' heart and put the building to the torch with her still inside.

However, he had enough mercy left in his heart to let his neonate go—a decision he later regretted. The loss of Alexis was such a serious injury to Modius that Lodin was given enough breathing room to recoup his forces. Not long thereafter, the socialists suffered their first significant defeats.

Balthazar began to live the life of a king, and was well received by Lodin and the other elders of Chicago. In an effort to overcome and forget his treachery, he began to assist Ballard in his suppression of the anarchs. By engaging in treachery against his kind again and again, he hoped to diminish the importance of his original treachery and the destruction of his sire. In time he became Lodin's primary enforcer, entrusted with the suppression and control of the anarchs. It was a duty he has performed well over the years.

He is now known as "the Sheriff" among the anarchs of the city. It began as an insulting nickname, but now he insists upon it. He is a traitor to his own kind and the other Brujah almost universally hate him for it.

With the death of Lodin, Balthazar has begun casting covetous eyes upon the princship. While an outside contender at best, he has made his "platform" the suppression of

the anarchs. The primogen sees him as far too divisive to rule the city, but might turn to him should events begin getting out of hand.

Sire: Alexis Blanc

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1865 (born 1827)

Apparent Age: Late 30s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

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

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

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Law 2, Linguistics 1, Occult 3, Politics 1

Disciplines: Auspex 1, Celerity 2, Dominate 5, Fortitude 3, Potence 3, Presence 2

Backgrounds: Herd 1, Resources 2, Status 3, Retainers 5

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

Humanity: 3

Willpower: 6

Image: When he is not scowling he is good-looking, and when he decides to dress up he doesn't seem like such an oaf. However, Sheriff delights in taking the insults that the other Brujah throw at him and living them out. Thus in recent years he has begun to wear a Stetson and Western boots, and has taken to chewing tobacco. When he is not busy trying to impress his peers, however, he can be found in the Rack, very well dressed.

Roleplaying Hints: Be pushy and take up as much of the other characters' physical space as possible. Let your arrogance and malevolence show in your voice. Speak with a slow Southern drawl, but drop it whenever you get angry. Above all, try to gain the respect of those you bully. You especially want Brujah to know and fear your name.

Haven: He has a number of different havens, all of them extremely well hidden. While he sleeps, he is always guarded by at least one of his Retainers.

Secrets: B

Influence: Balthazar has begun Dominating police left and right. He has no control over any departments, but has plants in almost every one. His Retainers are five ex-cops (all of whom were kicked off the force and are every bit as ruthless as he is). They are well trained in dealing with Kindred and will do nearly anything he says. They are superbly Conditioned.

Damien

Damien is a man trapped in the body of a 14-year-old boy. He has gained an enormous amount of confidence after living as a vampire for more than 30 years, but has never fully shed his child's outlook. He was Embraced in the late '60s by a Brujah of a very early generation; he does not know who sired him, but may someday realize that it was Critias, one of the primogen of the city.

For reasons of his own, Critias did not stick around to help the young boy through the trauma of the Change. Nonetheless, Damien has slowly pieced together a good understanding of the world of the undead, at least partially through his constant persecution. Sheriff seems to have it in for him and will go to any length to make his unlife miserable — he has no idea how powerful Damien really is, but knows that he is hard to kill.

Damien has been a street waif without a permanent haven ever since his Embrace, and has still not come to terms with his need for blood. He overcompensates for his shortcomings by presenting himself as an unquenchable, unconquerable force — his ego knows no bounds. Damien is almost Toreador-like in his quest for pleasure, though this pursuit cannot equal his rebelliousness. Underneath his bravado, however, Damien is a decent individual with a highly developed sense of honor.

Early on, he befriended one of the elders of the city, a Malkavian named Johann, who did much to educate Damien in the ways of the Kindred. He learned a great deal from Johann, who was the only Kindred he truly trusted. Johann's death during the Lupine attack has shaken Damien a great deal, as has the destruction of a young Caitiff Damien had been protecting. Damien does not blame the Lupines — believing the attacks to have been sparked by the Sabbat — but feels he failed in protecting his friends. He has begun to see the vacancy in the princship as an opportunity, and may soon make a move for the post.

If there are to be any surprises in the Jyhad between the Methuselahs, they may come from this diminutive Brujah. He holds many secrets that would be a surprise to all, most especially himself.

Sire: Critias

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Child

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1962 (born 1948)

Apparent Age: Young teenager

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

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

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

Knowledges: Investigation 1, Law 1, Occult 3, Politics 1

Disciplines: Celerity 4, Dominate 2, Potence 3, Presence 1

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

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 1, Courage 3

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 9

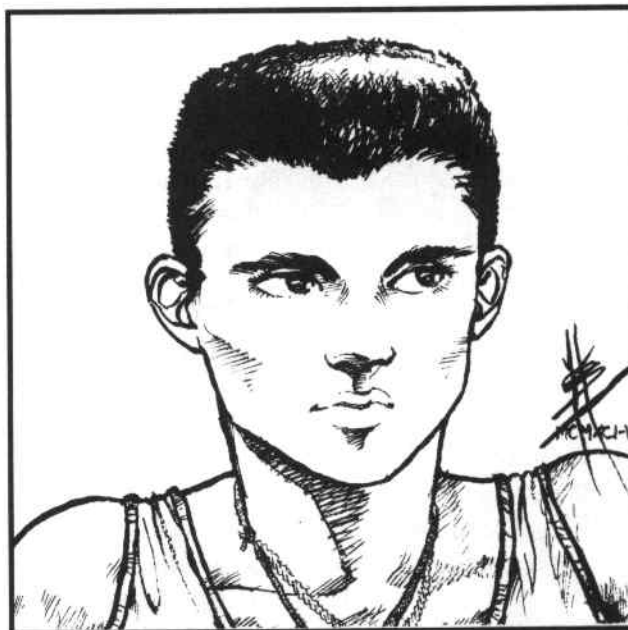
Image: Though he seems young, Damien's early generation makes him extremely potent. His bearing is arrogant, and is a strong contrast to his "angelic" face. He has pitch-black hair and wide eyes that seem to absorb everything that goes on around him. His clothing is always of the latest fashion, but is invariably ostentatious and utterly without taste. He talks and acts big, but the core of undeveloped youth is still within him; this can easily be noticed by anyone with Empathy.

Roleplaying Hints: Act much tougher than your appearance might suggest — you swing your weight around as much as possible. Don't take guff from anyone without giving some back. You always try to pick up the women you meet, and nobly ignore it when they reject you.

Haven: Damien currently lives in Johann's old haven — an old haven in north Chicago — but also maintains an apartment downtown, where he takes his vessels (invariably female) once he has picked them up.

Secrets: B-

Influence: None, but he retains a certain reputation and respect among some of the Kindred.



Gengis

Gengis is one of the anarchs' greatest supporters — he rebels impulsively and reflexively. He was created in the late '60s by a Brujah who was passing through on her way to the West Coast and was briefly attracted to his sense of style; his sire moved on soon after, and he has had to make his own way in vampire society. In the '70s he was one of the first punks, and he has never given up that style of appearance — it fits him too well.

Gengis hates the elders and is solidly pro-anarch. He likes nothing better than a good fight, especially if blood is spilled. He has not yet recognized his own immortality, but is little concerned with his own safety. Though he would never admit it — even to himself — he is very much a conformist (to punk and anarch values) and always wants to follow the group. If he thinks of someone as being “cool,” he will want to follow and emulate that person; after a time, he will seek guidance and advice from the person whom he considers to be the leader. If a character comes across as both a rebel and a powerful leader, Gengis will instantly and naturally fall into his or her orbit.

Though he appears as a punk when he goes about the world, Gengis has a well-kept condo where he likes to watch Chicago Bulls games and cook meals for a number of yuppie friends he has somehow made over the years. They don't realize that Gengis is a vampire (what an absurd idea!), but they do know he's somewhat weird.

Sire: Ethrica

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Rebel

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1968 (born 1944)

Apparent Age: Mid-20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

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

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 3, Security 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Investigation 1, Law 2, Occult 2

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 3, Potence 2, Presence 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Herd 2, Resources 2

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

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 6

Image: With a shaven head, a dagger tattoo just above his right ear, and a safety pin in his nose, it is readily apparent that this man is out in left field. In fact, he's so far out he's in the bleachers.



Roleplaying Hints: Slowly nod your head and narrow your eyes. Speak forcefully, but never directly, about the subject at hand.

Haven: Gengis lives in a condo near the Gold Coast.

Secrets: D

Influence: His Herd is a group of yuppies, but they have little political power. He has no influence on the mortal world.

Carlyle

The newspapers branded Carlyle “a true menace to society.” The federal prosecutor labeled him “the most dangerous man in California.” The judge called him “an incorrigible criminal without the slightest hint of a conscience.” So they put him away, sentencing him to life imprisonment with no chance of parole for his kidnappings.

Of course, Carlyle knew he had no business being in Alcatraz. His only crime was being a Black Panther when the FBI had decided that the Black Panthers should be no more. They set him up perfectly. Carlyle loudly protested his innocence when he discovered the college student who had recently joined him was a 16-year-old whose father was a cop. She said he had kidnapped her to force her father to protect a drug operation, and Carlyle was gone before you could say “snowjob.”

Other forces, however, had no interest in seeing Carlyle rot in jail. Salvador (see **The Anarch Cookbook**) visited him only a few months after he had been jailed, offering him both immortality and freedom in exchange for becoming a foot soldier in the War of Ages. Carlyle accepted.

After the Embrace, Carlyle's body was shipped out of the prison for burial, and Salvador intercepted it before it could be buried. Together the pair made their way to Los Angeles, where Salvador put him to work forming a new anarch gang.

This gang subsequently traveled throughout Camarilla territory, spreading anarch propaganda and recruiting new members. It also counteracted some of the more violent archons and Sabbat gangs, and was to be a resource to aid all anarchs.

Carlyle and his gang have traveled across the United States, setting up havens in almost every city. They have been involved in numerous confrontations with the elders: they have fought their skinhead pawns in the Northwest, their control of the coal unions in West Virginia, and their more violent minions in Greensboro, North Carolina.

They have also battled the Sabbat on occasion, most notably in the Cobb Creek district of Philadelphia in May of 1985, and in New Jersey in 1989 and 1990. During this last set of battles they encountered Andrei, who became the most recent addition to their gang.

Carlyle has been through Chicago on a number of occasions, and has established a haven in the basement of Water Tower Place. He wanted to help Maldavis during her days of power, but as most of the battles were political, he could do little. Now he has gained permission from Salvador to take more direct action to bring the anarchs to power in the city, and has made his presence known.

Neither Carlyle nor Salvador know, however, that Carlyle had a visitor right before being sentenced to Alcatraz. This old Ventrue knew Carlyle would be a perfect candidate for the anarchs, and thus planted some very deep commands in his brain. He then had Carlyle sent to Alcatraz, near the heart of anarch territory. The Ventrue has not activated these commands yet, but may do so at any time.

Sire: Salvador

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Visionary

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1969 (born 1942)

Apparent Age: Late 20s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Leadership 3, Streetwise 2

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Security 1, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Investigation 1, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Politics 3, Sabbat Lore 2

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

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 2, Fame 1, Mentor 2, Status 1

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

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 7

Notes: Carlyle has gained a reputation both as a mortal and as a vampire. A minor countercultural hero of the '60s, his death in prison sparked some outcry, but that quickly disappeared in the noise of the era. His battles against both the Camarilla and the Sabbat have gained him a reputation as a dedicated and effective anarch.

Image: Carlyle is a handsome man, clean-shaven with close-cropped hair. He is 6'1", 185 pounds, and muscular.

Roleplaying Hints: You believe yourself to be a natural-born leader and act accordingly. You weigh your decisions before you make them, listening to advice from those you respect, and then act accordingly. You are somewhat stubborn and rarely change your mind once you have firmly made it up.

Haven: A basement sublevel in Water Tower Place.

Secrets: B

Influence: Carlyle has turned one of the leaders of the revived Black Panthers into a ghoul, and has a great deal of influence over that group. Otherwise, he is still building his power base in the area.

Andrei

Andrei found his place in the Soviet Union to be a most comfortable one, for his parents were Party faithful, and their son was raised in the best Communist tradition. From a young age he was groomed for a place in the Politburo, and his future seemed assured.



Then came World War II. All able-bodied Russians, even the children of the Party, had to do their part. In 1940 Andrei joined the tank corps and was soon a commander. He was typical of the sort of armored troops the Soviet Union spawned in those days — loyal, intelligent and extremely competent. He fought in the great battles that spelled Hitler's downfall, including Stalingrad, Kursk, the liberation of Kiev and the lifting of the Leningrad siege. By the time his tank rolled into Warsaw, Andrei had become a colonel, and one of the rising stars of the Soviet Army.

Andrei had long ago attracted the attention of Sigfried, one of the enforcers for the Brujah Council that ruled the country. Even before the war Sigfried had set his sights on Andrei, but the war speeded up the process. The Brujah needed to replace the vampires who had died in the war, and also needed more members to facilitate their planned expansion through Eastern Europe.

One night, while the Soviet troops were being shelled by some of the few remaining German artillery pieces, Sigfried planted a bomb by Andrei's tank. He then spirited out the young colonel, subsequently detonating the bomb and killing the crew. He took Andrei to a nearby bomb shelter and Embraced him.

Sigfried did not have the Council's permission to Blood Bond Andrei, so he Dominated the neonate into following orders. Andrei remained in Poland when the war ended, helping to ensure Soviet control of the land, and then traveled throughout Eastern Europe. He spent most of his time ferreting out disloyal Kindred and leading assaults against those he could not kill personally.

He was called back to the Motherland in the 1980s to deal with domestic threats to Brujah rule. He had barely begun when the Council began its coup against Gorbachev. The next few days were a whirlwind of blood and destruction — ancient, powerful Brujah disappeared, and the Council's control of the country was shattered.

As the coup fell apart, Sigfried and Andrei gathered the remaining Brujah to try and deal with the threat. Suddenly, an ancient, horrendously ugly Nosferatu burst into the room. Screaming and cackling, she tore into the Brujah, ripping their heads from their bodies and setting others on fire with but a touch.

Sigfried was one of the first to go. As the decapitated body fell to the floor, and the Nosferatu popped the head into its gaping maw, Andrei felt a great weight lift from his mind. The freedom that coursed through his undead body inspired movement, and Andrei bolted from the room. He ran as fast as he could to Sigfried's private hangar, passing speeding cars along the way.

He flew northwestward until dawn, landing in an old wheat field to sleep. He passed the day in Sigfried's concealed coffin, but awoke the next night to find his plane in the hands of Finnish police. This did not long deter him — he sneaked out of their holding area, and continued his journey west.

Hoping to put as much room as possible between himself and the horror of Russia, he caught sail to the United States. Landing in New York, he was quickly discovered by the Sabbat and fled to New Jersey. Here he encountered Carlyle and managed to escape his Black Hand pursuers.

Andrei feels he owes Carlyle a great deal, and has agreed to help him with his plans. Together the pair traveled to Chicago. Andrei handles much of the group's planning, but little of its action. He fears both the Nosferatu and the Sabbat, and has no idea what to do with his newfound freedom.

Sire: Sigfried

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Loner

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1944 (born 1920)

Apparent Age: Mid-20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 6

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

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 4, Heavy Weapons 3, Melee 2, Pilot 4, Repair 2, Security 4, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Investigation 5, Linguistics 5, Occult 2, Politics 4, Tactics 4

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 5, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 1, Potence 4, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Clan Prestige 1

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

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 6



Notes: Well-traveled Brujah have heard of Andrei, for he was an important figure in the Soviet Union. While some would be willing to help him, most would be afraid of the consequences of helping a member of the ill-fated Council. He is one of the few who know the truth of what happened to the Soviet Union, however, and many Kindred from many clans would do much for that knowledge.

Image: A young, strong man with close-cropped blond hair. He has very pale skin and strong blue eyes.

Roleplaying Hints: You know you have made some extremely powerful enemies, so you do anything to avoid being noticed. Freedom is a strange concept to you, and you are just beginning to enjoy it. You do owe Carlyle a life boon, though, and until it is paid off, you are in his service.

Haven: With Carlyle.

Secrets: C

Influence: Carlyle knows listening to Andrei is a good idea, but otherwise Andrei has no influence on the city.

BRUJAH

Menele (4th)

Critias (5th)

Damien (6th)

Tyler (6th)

Joshua (8th)

Karl (D)

Hank Cave (D)

Dooley (D)

Anita (12th)

Salvador (7th)

Carlyle (8th)

Sigfried (D)

Andrei (7th)

Louise (D)

Ramone (D)

Dezi (D)

Sunbeam (D)

(Neon) (D)

Ethrica (11th)

Gengis (12th)

Alexis (D)

Balthazar (8th)

Levesque (D)

D = Disappeared

Caitiff

Once again the Caitiff were the first to die; the Lupine attack destroyed almost all of Chicago's clanless. Now the Caitiff have little or no organization. Other than the fact that all are anarchs and belong to one anarch coterie or another, they have very little to do with each other. They share no sense of common identity and tend to hold the entire clan concept in contempt. To them, this is the modern age and clans are no longer of any import.

Carol Davis ("Maldavis")

Carol Davis recognized Abraham DuSable (see *Tremere*, below) in a jazz club one night in 1980. She was sure beyond a doubt that the distinguished black gentleman sitting alone at a corner table was her great-uncle, whom she knew only from old family photographs. The family thought he had been killed by the Ku Klux Klan shortly after World War I — yet he looked no older than he had in the photographs. Something was very strange about this, that much she knew; for much of the night she simply watched him.

After her friends had left for the night, she went over to speak to the old man, who seemed lost in the music. He looked blank when she told him who she was, but reacted with horror when she told him who *he* was. He promised to explain everything to her if she came with him; she was somewhat reluctant to do so, but eventually her curiosity got the better of her and she agreed.

Unfortunately, DuSable was having a hard time controlling his panic at being discovered; indeed, he was close to frenzy. This young woman had triggered all his fears about being revealed and losing the status he had so carefully built up in the Tremere. At the same time, he desired her in a way he had never before desired anyone. Upon leaving the nightclub, fear and passion united and he lost control of his Beast. All at once, he swept her up and drank her blood faster than he had ever done before. Revolted at what he had done, he slit his wrist and let a drop of vitae fall into his relative's mouth. Then he fled into the night, leaving behind only his guilt.

This might have been the end for Davis. Despite having received a drop of blood, she was too weak to move and would have died under the searing rays of dawn. However, Dickie (see below), who at the time suspected the Tremere of being behind all the maneuverings in vampiric society, had been watching DuSable; his curiosity was piqued by this newly

Embraced woman. After rescuing her and ascertaining her relationship to the old Tremere, he took Davis under his wing and showed her the ins and outs of unlife among the Damned. As a Caitiff he was unable to teach her those Disciplines unique to the Tremere. Maldavis (as she renamed herself) is, as far as anyone knows, the only Caitiff in Chicago who was created by a Tremere. She never told anyone the identity of her sire, and has preserved his secret out of a sense of family loyalty.

For a Caitiff, Maldavis adapted reasonably well to her new existence. Indeed, after a year of dwelling among the Kindred, Maldavis found she had gained some exceptional abilities; she attributed them to the fact that she was created by a Tremere and taught by a Caitiff.

Unknown to her, however, she was being groomed by several members of the primogen to lead a war against Lodin. She had received blood from both Annabelle Triabell (see *Toreador*, below) and Critias (see *Brujah*, above). With only a slight nudge from these elders, Maldavis found herself increasingly detesting the way Chicago was run. She began to recruit among the anarchs, and to her surprise she soon found herself with a powerful army of supporters. Hers was the right voice at the right moment in history — and with the right backing.



She also took the time to spread her influence throughout mortal society. Lodin remained unaware of her activities until the early '80s, and shortly thereafter all-out war shook the city. At first Maldavis gained the upper hand among both Kindred and kine. Her followers took control of the city's government, and the anarchs began to wipe out many of Lodin's Kindred supporters. Lodin finally had to plead with the members of the primogen, swearing to follow their orders faithfully and forever if they stopped supporting Maldavis. This time the vote was 4-3 in his favor; the primogen members had what they wanted and were ready to stop the storm of chaos. The tide shifted, and the united forces of the elders quickly restored order. Soon Maldavis was out of power and most of her followers were dead.

Nonetheless, despite repeated attempts on her life by Lodin, Maldavis remained active. Now that Lodin has met his Final Death, she has come out of hiding and has begun to rally the anarchs. Her main competitor for their loyalty is Juggler, though he has yet to announce any ambitions to become prince. The two have never been friendly, and Juggler is known to have made snide comments about "that anarch who'd rather be prince."

Sire: DuSable

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Visionary

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1980 (born 1955)

Apparent Age: Late 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Leadership 5, Streetwise 2

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 1, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Chicago 5, Investigation 4, Law 2, Politics 5

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Dominate 2, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 1, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 4, Influence 3, Mentor 2, Status 2

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

Humanity: 10

Willpower: 10

Notes: Maldavis' extraordinary powers during the rebellion were in fact the results of aid from members of the primogen, either through the use of their blood to perform amazing physical feats and heal others, or through their invisible actions. While they have deserted her, she has still attracted the attention of other elders, most notably the Inconnu Monitor (see *Others*, below).

Image: A handsome woman, 5' 11" and 120 pounds. She has a commanding gaze.

Roleplaying Hints: You still desire to change vampiric society, but you are wracked with guilt over the damage your crusade has done to those who allied with you. While you still try to be decisive, you become hesitant and full of self-doubt every time you try to take over. You believe you are a has-been, and allow yourself to be ignored and ridiculed by others as a result.

Haven: Maldavis has numerous safe havens around the metropolitan area and frequently changes her resting place.

Secrets: B+

Influence: She doesn't have much anymore, although she could possibly turn to some of her old supporters among the primogen if she had something of value to trade (information, for example). She still has numerous mortal Allies in positions of importance, if not power.

Richard Fulcher ("Dickie")

Richard Fulcher hated life in Carbondale, Illinois. He ran away from home several times before making his big break in 1975, when he was 13. He fled north to Chicago, and for the next two years lived the precarious existence of a teenage runaway.

The hippies, who had long provided surrogate homes for kids like Dickie, were dying out, leaving the young newcomers on their own. Into the vacuum left by their passing came the punk movement, which Dickie first discovered in 1977 with the help of Valerie, a young punk from England. Valerie, a slender 14-year-old vampire, also introduced him to the pleasures of the blood.

Soon the two were running through the night streets of Chicago, exulting in their powers and feeding on the "straights" who were the bane of their existence. Dickie was exquisitely happy with his new life and the Blood Bond he shared with Valerie. However, Valerie's plans went beyond



simply terrorizing straights. She had been forced to leave England in the early 1970s after an anarch attempt to take over Birmingham had failed miserably.

Valerie had already begun some awkward attempts to organize the anarchists of Chicago when Dickie, who had been assigned to keep an eye on the Tremere, found Carol Davis (now Maldavis, above) lying outside a Chicago nightclub. He and Valerie nursed her back to health and taught her about the world into which she had been thrust. They were in turn amazed by the incredible powers Maldavis soon displayed. When Maldavis began to move against the vampiric establishment, Valerie became one of her most devoted followers and, as always, Dickie followed Valerie.

Valerie paid the final price when Maldavis lost her bid for power, though that was one path down which Dickie did not follow her. Trapped under the ruins of Maldavis' headquarters, he could only writhe helplessly as Ballard and his ghouls staked Valerie to the roof of the Sears Tower. He physically felt his lover's agony as the sun consumed her. He swore vengeance against Lodin and his brood, and devoted his existence to gaining the power necessary to fulfill his pledge.

Lodin's destruction has made this goal obsolete. Now Dickie is casting around for something else to give his life purpose, and has rejoined Maldavis as her main supporter. He unconsciously holds her responsible for Valerie's death, however, and may turn against her should something better come along.

Sire: Valerie

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Survivor

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1977 (born 1962)

Apparent Age: Teenager

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Streetwise 5

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Security 3, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Chicago 4

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Auspex 1, Celerity 2, Obfuscate 4

Backgrounds: None. He is the consummate alleycat in every sense of the word.

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

Humanity: 3

Willpower: 8

Notes: Dickie's Animalism, except for Song of Serenity, only applies to rats, which he kept and trained even as a mortal.

Image: A young punk, Dickie had a foot-tall mohawk at the time of his Embrace and still wears it proudly while in his real form. He occasionally uses his Obfuscate to make himself look different.

Roleplaying Hints: You've been on the run so long you're more than slightly paranoid. Look around a lot and talk only when it suits your purposes.

Haven: Anywhere. He is one of the anarchists who favor taking over a suburban home and terrorizing its inhabitants before killing them off.

Secrets: B-

Influence: None.

Jasper Krevets

Chemicals of all kinds always fascinated Jasper. One of his earliest, and most used, birthday presents was a chemistry set. As he got older, he received, bought or stole more and more sophisticated sets, until by high school he could create anything he liked.

This ability proved especially useful in college, when Jasper supported himself through the creation of designer drugs. Before he could graduate, however, his fraternity was busted and Jasper was arrested. Released on bail and seeking a way to avoid prison, he contacted some of the people who used to purchase his wares. With their aid, he managed to slip a substance of his own devising into the drinks of the police who arrested him.

Their mysterious deaths caused the case against Jasper to collapse, and he prepared to celebrate his freedom. That was when his former customers returned. In exchange for having helped kill the cops, they wanted Jasper to begin doing research for them. They moved him to Mexico and set him up in a lab.



At first Jasper enjoyed the opportunity, as he was allowed to experiment with the oddest compounds, using the best of equipment. As time passed, however, he began to realize that his lab had become as much a prison as any jail in the States. With nowhere to go, and nothing to do except work on chemicals, Jasper became infuriated with his situation.

He vented his frustrations by blowing things up, and developed some marvelously effective combinations for just this purpose. He planned to use them against his "captors" but, before he had the chance, they returned.

A dozen men and women descended on the lab that night; another dozen were chained behind them. Without a word, they bound their captives, and Jasper, to a wall. Jasper watched in horror as one captive after another was slain, and his blood consumed.

After half the captives had been killed in this manner, the captors stopped, and began to discuss plans for fighting "those anarchy scum." Then the wall crashed down. Into the building swarmed black-clad figures and several wolves. The small lab was destroyed in an insanely violent melee, as blood and body parts flew everywhere.

It was over rather quickly. The attackers stood victorious; Jasper's captors lay dead on the ground. The victors questioned the remaining captives, killing and drinking the blood of two who admitted to being police and releasing four after telling them to "forget the whole thing."

By now Jasper knew what his saviors were. He realized that the odd compounds with which he had been working were types of vampiric blood. He begged his rescuers to let him join them, telling them how much he knew about their kind. Intrigued, his rescuers Embraced him, and Jasper has been a vampire ever since.

Carlyle had been one of the leaders of the attack, and made Jasper one of the first recruits for his new gang. Jasper has since developed a number of chemicals that affect Kindred, but has spent much of his recent time continuing his work with explosives.

Jasper has little real allegiance to the anarchy cause and, despite the fact that it was the Sabbat that took him to Mexico, has little hatred of that sect — or the Camarilla. He mainly likes working with his chemicals, and experimenting with them on Kindred and kine alike.

Sire: Donny

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Curmudgeon

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1983 (born 1960)

Apparent Age: Mid-20s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Streetwise 2

Skills: Demolitions 4, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Gunsmithing 2, Repair 4, Survival 1

Knowledges: Alchemy 1, Computer 3, Investigation 3, Medicine 4, Occult 3, Science 5

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Celerity 1, Fortitude 1, Thaumaturgy 2 (Weather Control 1, Elemental Mastery 1)

Backgrounds: Contacts 1

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 2, Courage 3

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 5

Notes: Jasper has developed a special gas that soaks into Kindred's skin, causing the skin and bones to dry and become brittle. A character whose skin comes in contact with the gas must roll six dice (difficulty is the character's current Blood Points [maximum 10]). The character will want to roll low, because each success increases the difficulty of soak rolls by one. The effect wears off at the rate of one per hour. This gas has no effect on humans. Jasper carries a number of hand grenades with this gas in them. He may have any other gases the Storyteller desires or makes up.

Image: Donny did not heal Jasper's acne or nearsightedness before Embracing him, and Jasper still suffers from these defects, though he can cure them for a night at a cost of one Blood Point each. Usually he doesn't, however, and the zits and Coke-bottle glasses mark his tall, skinny, pale and cadaverous appearance.

Roleplaying Hints: You take little interest in others, generally ignoring them. When you do talk to others, you tend to whine and complain.

Haven: With Carlyle.

Secrets: D

Influence: None.

Raymond Wallace

Raymond got his start popping off kittens' heads and wringing puppy dogs' necks. As he got older and bigger, he graduated to larger and larger animals. On his 16th birthday, he killed his first human. It takes a very rare individual to turn such a hobby into a profitable occupation, but Raymond managed.

He became an enforcer for New Orleans' capo, taking care of those individuals who threatened the capo's regime. Raymond eventually captured the attention of the Ventrue who controlled the capo; the vampire decided to use Raymond directly. Thus Raymond became a ghoul, and as much a master of the garrote as he already was with his hands.

This happy arrangement did not last long, however. Before becoming Blood Bound to the Ventrue, Raymond discovered that his master, who could only drink Cajun blood, had slain his father several years before. Few things on earth mattered to Raymond, but his family was one such thing. The night Raymond found out about his father's fate, he crept up behind the Ventrue and...no more Ventrue.



The Ventrue's brood chased Raymond, but he found protection among the anarchs. The anarchs decided Raymond's best chance was to become a vampire in the Anarch Free States, so they Embraced him and sent him west. There he met Carlyle and joined the gang.

Raymond has little interest in the Anarch Movement, but has found it a fine vehicle for practicing his hobby. More than one elder has fallen to his slipknot, and his ham-like hands are nothing to be laughed at, either.

Sire: Susan

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1985 (born 1954)

Apparent Age: Mid-30s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Brawl 4, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 2

Skills: Firearms 1, Melee 5, Security 2, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Linguistics 1

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Potence 3, Protean 1

Backgrounds: Contacts 2

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 3, Courage 2

Humanity: 3

Willpower: 6

Notes: Raymond carries a razor-sharp garrote. It has a difficulty of seven and does Strength + 1 in damage. If Raymond rolls five or more successes on his attack roll (after any dodge attempt) and five more on the damage roll (after any soak), he severs the body part hit.

Image: At 6'6" and 336 pounds, Raymond is one imposing Cajun.

Roleplaying Hints: You rarely speak, knowing you aren't very smart and do better when people think you are stupid. When you do speak, it is with a thick Cajun accent, doncha know?

Haven: With Carlyle.

Secrets: D-

Influence: Raymond still maintains some contact with the New Orleans mob, but cannot return to the city lest he be attacked. Still, he might be able to call on some of his old friends in a pinch.

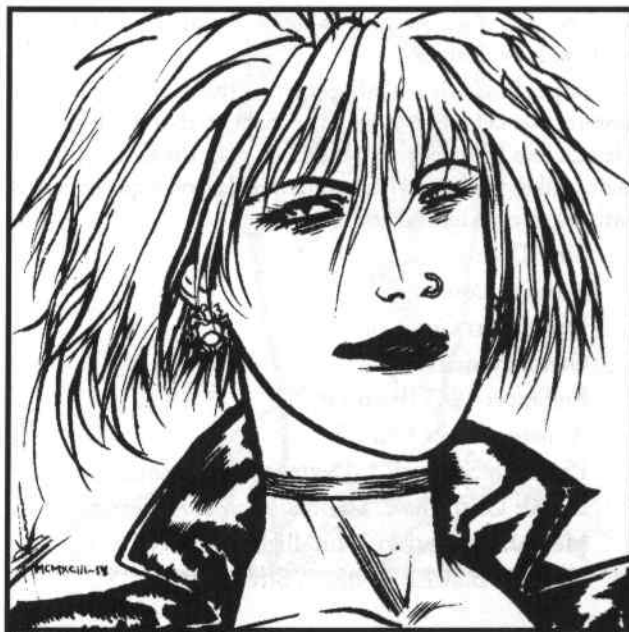
Victoria Longwood

When Torrence saw Victoria Longwood at her coming-out party, he knew he had to have her. Victoria, a descendant of some of the oldest money in New England, knew she made a striking figure as she walked down the marble stairway in the family's ages-old mansion, but she had no idea someone could see her as a work of art. She had even less idea that there was a vampire at the party.

At the end of the evening, Torrence finally managed to corner Victoria in the garden, and began talking about the art of beauty. Bored within seconds, Victoria was about to make her apologies and leave when Torrence looked deep into her eyes. "You will be mine," he commanded, and that night Victoria became one of the undead.

Torrence immediately began her indoctrination into Clan Toreador, and again recited his spiel on the art of beauty. This was enough to shake his control of the neonate. Bored beyond death, Victoria picked up a garden stake and drove it through Torrence's chest before he had any idea of what was happening. Then she left.

Victoria would not have survived her first week as a vampire except for the good fortune of encountering a gang of anarchs who had taken over the house of some neighbors.



Extremely amused by Victoria's story, they accepted her as one of their own, and Victoria joined in with abandon as she and the gang drained her neighbors dry.

Soon Victoria came to realize how much she had been repressed through the years. Her ever-so-proper breeding had kept her from truly expressing what was in her heart, but she could make up for that now. Soon her depravity and wildness shocked even the gang with which she ran, and she left for California.

In the Anarch Free States she encountered Carlyle, who recruited her for his gang. She proved popular among the gang members, as much for her wildness as for her beauty. She is an extremely effective member of the gang, afraid of nothing and willing to face down rampaging werewolves. She retains her independence even when working with the gang, however, and Carlyle worries that her lack of teamwork could prove deadly.

Sire: Torrence

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Rebel

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1984 (born 1962)

Apparent Age: Late teens

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

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

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Firearms 2, Melee 4, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Finance 1, Occult 1, Science 1

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Potence 4, Presence 3, Protean 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 2

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

Humanity: 2

Willpower: 8

Notes: Victoria's family is extremely powerful in the New England region, but she refuses to have any further contact with them. If she did, Carlyle's gang could gain a great deal of money and influence.

Image: A beautiful woman Embraced on her night of glory, Victoria is tall, perfectly proportioned and without flaw. She used to favor the oldest, rattiest clothes she could find, but since the grunge look gained popularity, she has discarded this look for the anarch standby of leather. She has also begun wearing more clothes that highlight her beauty the way she likes — tight black minidresses, thong bikinis, etc.

Roleplaying Hints: You have little time to talk or listen. The more time spent in conversation, the less time for random violence. If someone does catch your interest, take him with you to destroy something.

Haven: A motel near Water Tower Place. She usually stays apart from, but near, Carlyle's gang.

Secrets: C-

Influence: None, but she has the potential for a great deal through her family.

CAITIFF

(Susan) (D)
|
Raymond (11th)

(Torrence) (D)
|
Victoria Longwood (11th)

(DuSable) (7th)
|
MalDavis (8th)
|
Uriah (D)

(Donny) (D)
|
Jasper Krevets (10th)

Valerie (D)
|
Dickie (9th)

D = Disappeared

(Name) = of another clan

Gangrel

Chicago's Gangrel weathered the Lupine attack better than did any of the other clans, but have gone through even more substantial changes in the last two years. Once very well organized, the individual Gangrel have begun to act as Gangrel often do, becoming more reclusive and less inclined to congregate. They have not met as a clan in more than a year, and are unlikely to do so in the near future.

They have also become less involved in the city's politics. They used to play a stabilizing role in the city, pushing it away from anarchy and toward order. Now, when the city needs someone to keep it steady, the Gangrel are less able to play that role. Other clans have begun to suspect them of treachery, for they played such a small role in fighting the Lupines. Were it not for the powerful bonds keeping them in the city, most of the Gangrel would already have left Chicago for good.

Inyanga

Long before the Europeans ever discovered the Unvunyana River, or even set foot on any part of southern Africa, Inyanga lived among the people who would later become the Zulus. Her name was a title of respect, and it brought fear into many a heart. Like all of the Inyanga who came before her, she spoke with spirits, foretold the future, used herbs to heal or kill, and served as a buffer between her people and Emagudu, the Land of the Dead. She became known for her skill as a shaman, and over the years many came to her for advice and aid. Thus she was no longer young when a new kind of death began to stalk her people.

The people of her tribe saw Emagudu not as a metaphysical afterlife but as a real place, darker and more fearsome than any jungle. One dark night, Death came on the wings of a bat and the paws of a wolf. Emagudu came to her people, instead of *they* to it, and it began to devour them.

Within a month, 10 had died, their necks torn open and their bodies drained of blood. Twelve of the tribe's strongest warriors, armed with spears and shields, entered Emagudu to do battle. Two returned. When they had recovered their powers of speech, they told a fearsome tale of a pale Esemkofu (Speechless One) who, accompanied by a horde of jackals, attacked the warriors when they had camped for the night and slew 10 of them in a death-dance of fangs and claws. They said the only hope lay in flight — the tribe must find a new home. As her people prepared to leave their ancestral lands,

Inyanga made preparations to confront that which had invaded her domain. She made ready to battle Death. Taking her mightiest herbs and totems, she entered Emagudu and sat at the spot where the warriors' moldering bodies still lay.

Shortly after the moon reached its zenith in the summer sky, Inyanga got her first sight of the spirit of Death. He was not what she had expected an Esemkofu to be. He instead appeared as a short, grayish male with a reddish tint to his skin and straight brown hair that hung down to his cheek, wearing only an embroidered loincloth and a sinister smile. He spoke to her in an alien tongue and walked toward her, laughing. When he came within three paces of where she sat, Inyanga threw a handful of crushed herbs into the air. The Esemkofu drew upright with horror when he saw before him not a middle-aged woman, but a full-grown leopard poised to spring. Inyanga, in turn, was surprised by the speed with which he reacted to her attack, and the claws that appeared on his hands. Though her leap drove him to the ground, he managed to roll out from under her and regain his feet.

Their battle went on without pause. Inyanga attacked with all the speed and strength of the mightiest natural hunter in Africa, and the Esemkofu responded with his own supernatural powers. At first the battle seemed to go in Inyanga's favor, but the Esemkofu became ever stronger.



Mauled beyond recognition, he still managed to hurl Inyanga against a tree, snapping her spine. She reverted to her human form and prepared herself for death as he bit into her neck.

Before final oblivion came, however, the Esemkofu slit his own wrist with his claws and forced Inyanga to drink the blood. As the fiery liquid began to burn through her system, she felt his words in her mind, as she had always felt the voices of the animal spirits.

The words that reached through the agony/ecstasy/life buffeting her body were a mixture of hatred and awe. "What are you, witch? Not one of those damnable man-beasts, else I would have known it long ago. What ARE you!?" Inyanga's injuries overcame her before she could answer, and she lapsed into unconsciousness.

During the next several days, Inyanga and the Esemkofu — who called himself Egyptian — recovered their strength as they fed on the warriors' decaying bodies. He told her of her new self, and showed her how to sleep within the bosom of the earth. In return, she told him the secrets of the Land of the Dead in which he had made his home. By the end of a week they had little left to say to each other.

Finally he left Inyanga in their clearing but returned just before dawn in a frenzy, outraged that his "herd" — Inyanga's tribe — had left their pasture. This time, however, she was ready — not with herbs, but with a spear taken from one of the dead warriors. With all her strength she thrust it through the Egyptian's black heart; the force of his charge took him to the middle of the shaft. Inyanga stayed above ground for as long as she could, hiding under the shade of a tree, and only sank into sweet sleep when she saw her sire begin to blacken and burn under the rising sun.

Over the next millennium she traveled the length and breadth of Africa. At first she fed only on animals, but later, as the craving became too strong, she stalked humans as well. She tried to limit her feeding to those she considered evil — murderers and rogues, and all those who preyed on women. She also tried to police those of her own kind who slew wantonly and indiscriminately. In a battle in 1537 against a sixth-generation Portuguese Malkavian who fed solely on babies, Inyanga was horribly injured. Hunted by the Malkavian's progeny, she went to sleep under the watchful eye of a faithful Retainer on a slave ship bound for the New World.

It took her more than two centuries of sleep to recover from her wounds. When she rose from torpor in Baltimore, the Hunger drove her into a frenzy that destroyed the descendants of her loyal Retainer, who had been guarding her while she slept. She regained control of her Beast as life slipped away from the last of them — a 90-year-old grandmother. She fled the city and slowly made her way across the United States. She reached Chicago in 1852, when it was still on the outskirts of civilization and was just beginning its climb into prominence. At that time it was a city far outside the influence of the Ancients of Europe, and was creating its own system of rulership. It has been her home ever since.

Inyanga was one of the first of the primogen to arrive in Chicago. While it is no longer on the frontier, neither is any other place she would want to live. She has no desire to return to the tragic memories of Africa, but she still travels a great deal. Indeed, she spends more time traveling the Americas than residing in Chicago. She almost always travels by foot, sleeping in the ground at night. She has a remarkable knack for being in the city at important times and out of it during times of danger.

Inyanga has lost most of her human softness during the past millennium. The necessity to feed on the dead of her own tribe and then on other humans, combined with her waking frenzy in Baltimore, have set her farther apart from mortals. However, she still considers herself a defender of mortals — much as she was in life — and characters who become too wild in their feedings may eventually have to answer to her. She is especially ruthless in her defense of women.

Since waking, Inyanga has found the Camarilla to be much more pervasive than it was at the time of her battle. Though she dislikes the whole premise of this European-based organization, she is one of the main supporters of the Masquerade in Chicago and will go to any lengths to enforce it. She does this more out of pity for the mortals than fear for her own existence.

Inyanga retains a number of unique abilities stemming from her days as tribal protector. Probably the most important to her is her leopard form. This is not a function of her Protean Discipline, and while in this form she can use all her other Disciplines and Abilities. However, it takes an entire day of physical and mental preparation to make the transformation, and the required herbs are extremely rare. Other abilities from her past include a heightened form of Auspex that includes precognition, and an ability to communicate with the dead.

Sire: The Egyptian

Nature: Cavalier

Demeanor: Judge

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 483 (born 440)

Apparent Age: Middle 40s

Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 6, Stamina 7

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 7, Intelligence 5, Wits 7

Talents: Alertness 7, Athletics 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Intimidation 4, Leadership 2

Skills: Animal Ken 6, Herbalism 6, Melee 2, Stealth 5, Survival 6

Knowledges: Linguistics 5, Medicine 5, Occult 7

Disciplines: Animalism 5, Auspex 6, Dominate 2, Fortitude 4, Necromancy 2, Protean 6

Backgrounds: Status 6

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

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 9

Notes: Leopard Form — all Physical Attributes rise to 7. This form grants a Celerity of 3. Inyanga may use all Disciplines except Protean while in this form, and the leopard claws act as Protean Wolf's Claws. Inyanga must spend several hours preparing for this change. She could teach anyone to transform (though the proper preparation, herbs and totems are always needed), but the feat would take years to learn.

Inyanga's sixth level of Protean allows her to excrete an adhesive that sticks to anything it touches (effective Strength 8). The adhesive can be exuded from any part of her body she desires.

Her extra level of Auspex allows her limited precognitive powers, and her Necromancy Discipline enables her to summon the spirits of the dead.

Image: When in human form, as she usually is, Inyanga looks like a middle-aged woman with extremely dark and wrinkled skin. She wears her hair high on her head and generally wears loose dresses with a smattering of ancient, handcrafted jewelry. She nearly always goes barefoot, even in winter.

Roleplaying Hints: Speak with conviction and determination about almost anything. Look at people for a long time before speaking, and speak softly, slowly and deliberately.

Haven: She has no haven, preferring to sleep in the earth of Chicago's various parks. She especially likes Graceland.

Secrets: A-

Influence: She has no influence among the mortal political powers, nor does she desire any. However, she does maintain contact with a number of Gypsy families who use Chicago as their hub of operations (indeed, a number of families live in Chicago full-time). She also has ties to the city's Garou, and was instrumental in arranging the truce that ended their attacks.

Doyle Fincher ("Sledgehammer Doyle")

Because of his job, Doyle had thousands of lovers during his life — and he murdered every one of them as painlessly as he could. In the slaughterhouses of the 1880s where he labored, no one associated with him, but he never cared. Each and every steer that came to him was his intimate friend, and Doyle took the greatest care to swing his sledgehammer with love and compassion, striking each one once, square and true, killing it instantly. The moment of death brought living creatures together as nothing else could. This was not a job for him — he was a high priest officiating over a ritual of profound depth.



Inyanga first noticed Doyle one night when she overheard him whispering to the cattle that were to be slaughtered on the coming day. She was struck by his heartfelt sincerity as he told the steers of his love for them and his promise, made with all his heart and soul, to make their deaths painless and matters for rejoicing, not fear. Over the next month, she watched him in awe as he expressed his love for each and every beast that came before him and then brought the hammer down on their heads with all his might. Here, she decided, was a man truly worth saving, a mortal who still had an understanding of death and a compassion for the animal spirits.

One night she appeared before him and offered him death. Each night for the next seven nights he met with the ancient vampiress and followed her as she hunted. He saw the beauty in what she did. Finally, he took his sledgehammer to his own head, and once he was dead she sank her teeth into his neck with the greatest love and care, draining all of his blood. She slit open her nipple and poured a single drop of vitae into his mouth. Doyle awoke and drank deeply.

The glory of death, without the need for the soulless hammer, was almost more than Doyle could bear. The passion he felt when he took his first victim — one of his beloved steers — was overwhelming. He felt their souls join in a moment of pure ecstasy. In this manner he has enjoyed the past century. He still feeds primarily on animals from the remaining stockyards, but occasionally allows a human to experience the ultimate moment.

However, the moment must be joined with death, and Doyle never lets his newfound friends live. He feeds mainly on suicides he meets, but he claims human souls are too cluttered for the transformation to be truly enjoyable.

Doyle controls what remains of the once-vast stockyards, still a precious supply of blood. Kindred too weak to hunt for themselves often come to him for the blood they

need. Doyle always provides them with what they need, but demands a price. The price is different for each vampire he aids, but it is always a requirement for future behavior. For example, the Kindred must promise not to feed upon mortals with blond hair, or pledge to feed the lions in the zoo each week for the next year, or swear to whisper certain compassionate words of death to each mortal slain for the rest of the vampire's existence. He always finds out when a promise has been broken (though it may take years), and he will track oathbreakers down and whisper the words of death to them if he can. It is widely known how seriously he takes these pledges.

During the strife of the mid-1980s, the stockyards served as a place for injured vampires on both sides of the conflict to rest and recover. Neither side completely trusted him, but both found they needed him. During the Lupine attacks, the stockyards provided the same kinds of security, but Doyle demanded nothing from those he aided. There is a simple reason for this.

In 1991, Doyle encountered Phillipe Rigaud (see *Sabbat*, below). Phillipe told him about the Sabbath's studies of death, and Doyle was fascinated. Phillipe brought in another member of the sect to explain the Path of Death and the Soul, and Doyle was hooked. A year after his first meeting with Phillipe, Doyle went through the Creation Rites.

No one else in Chicago knows of Doyle's new allegiance, and the only Sabbath with whom he has contact are Phillipe and Wendy Wade, who make up his pack. He played no active role during the Lupine attacks, merely providing sanctuary for the injured as he always has. He has begun reconnoitering for the Sabbath, and may well call in the many boons he is due should the sect require.

Sire: Inyanga

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Deviant

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1889 (born 1854)

Apparent Age: Late 30s

Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Empathy 4

Skills: Animal Ken 5, Melee 3, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Butchering 4, Medicine 3, Sabbath Lore 1

Disciplines: Animalism 6, Auspex 2, Celerity 1, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 2, Obtenebration 1, Potence 1, Protean 4

Backgrounds: Mentor 4, Status 2

Virtues: Callousness 2, Instincts 4, Morale 4

Path of Death and the Soul: 4

Willpower: 9

Notes: Doyle's extra level of Animalism allows him to live simultaneously as an animal he has possessed and as himself. He generally uses this Discipline when he slays the animal.

Image: A naturally skinny man with a highly developed upper body and a sharp, thin face with brown hair. The left side of his head is badly malformed from the sledgehammer blow with which he killed himself. He carries the blood-stained sledgehammer wherever he goes.

Roleplaying Hints: Look vague and distracted while interacting with player characters. Talk about love and beauty like a 1960s hippie, and then kill something. Sometimes you find it hard to speak; it is much easier for you to show people how you feel or what you think rather than tell them directly. This "show and tell" at times becomes quite strange or even demented.

Haven: He sleeps in the ground at the abandoned stockyards.

Secrets: B+

Influence: A number of the city's Licks owe him for the help he has given them over the years.

Rosa Hernandez ("Rose")

Like many young children, Rosa Hernandez wanted to help animals, and longed to become a veterinarian when she grew up. Her veterinary ambitions died after she found out what "putting to sleep" meant, but her desire to help animals never did. When she attended the University of Chicago in the early '70s, all her friends were involved in the peace movement. However, Rosa's *raison d'être* was the ethical treatment of animals, and she was one of the most prominent and active members of Chicago's budding animal rights movement.

She came to Doyle Fincher's attention when she freed a small herd of bulls which were to be slaughtered, and wildly ran with them through the streets of the city. Feeling her love of animals to be the same as his, Fincher petitioned Lodin for permission to Embrace her. By the time this permission was granted, Rosa had engaged in a number of raids on corporate laboratories carrying out experiments on animals. Late one night, drunk after a party, Rosa broke into the Lincoln Park Zoo and freed a number of animals, including several lions. Flushed with success and wine, Rosa was dancing in the park when Fincher approached her in wolf form. He offered her the chance to become one with animals. He meant she could do this through the act of killing, but she thought he meant by actually transforming into one.

She leapt at the chance and reveled in her new abilities. However, she was disgusted by Doyle when he took her on her first hunt. Horrified, she has never spoken to him again, though they occasionally meet. Rose swore that she would stop his evil ways, and also that she would use her abilities for the benefit of animals. Both promises have become less



important as the years passed by, and Rose has come to accept what she is. Still, she will not feed on animals and only feeds on humans — generally science students and their professors.

She had begun making plans to contact the Garou when they attacked the city. At first she hoped their attack would cleanse the city, but then she discovered just how blood-thirsty her new idols could be. Their violence and excess revolted her, and the final straw came when they slew the few friends she had among the undead.

She now looks on the Lupines with a new, far less friendly attitude. She has come to see them as destroyers of all life and unlife, and her studies of them are now directed toward a new goal — their destruction. Should characters come into conflict with werewolves, she might come to their aid.

Sire: Doyle Fincher

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Caregiver

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1974 (born 1953)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 4

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Drive 2, Security 3, Stealth 4, Survival 2

Knowledges: Lupine Lore 3, Politics 1, Science 3

Disciplines: Animalism 4, Celerity 2, Fortitude 2, Protean 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Herd 4, Influence 1

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

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 8

Image: An attractive young Hispanic woman with dark hair and a slim figure. Generally dresses in jeans, T-shirts and sandals.

Roleplaying Hints: You are relaxed unless the subject of hurting animals comes up. Then you speak in enraged, almost frenzied tones.

Haven: Rose lives in a house near the University of Chicago.

Secrets: C+

Influence: Her Allies and Herd are mortals involved in the animal rights movement. Their trust in her is complete, and they will follow her lead in almost anything as long as they think it will save the lives of "innocent animals." She has never employed them in battle against other Kindred, but in time of need she could do so without a qualm. Most of her Allies are well intentioned.

Malcolm

For details of this character, see *Vampire*.

The Wolf Pack

These Gangrel bikers are not actually from Chicago, but make their home in the Quad-Cities area of southern Illinois. They are some of the most unlikely archons to be found. Most Kindred believe they serve not out of any great loyalty to the Camarilla, but out of a desire to bust heads. They have answered when the sect called, however, and will do so again.

The Wolf Pack suffered a great deal at the hands of the Garou during the events of *Under a Blood Red Moon*. While the Pack tried to establish neutrality, this went out the window early on in the fighting, and a number of its members met the Final Death. The rest are licking their wounds and considering their next moves. They had close ties to Lodin, but generally follow Inyanga's lead.

Tyrus

Tyrus was one of the first vampires Embraced in Britain's American colonies. He was created in the wilderness of Maryland in 1635 because of his essentially wild nature, and has since roamed across the continent, making his home wherever he pleased. He fell in love with motorcycles and the freedom they represent shortly after the machines were invented, and recently began making more Gangrel in order to create his vision of the ideal biker gang. He is on the extreme edge of sanity and is given to self-mutilation, using cigarettes, safety pins or whatever else comes to hand. He rarely heals himself fully after an episode of self-mutilation, but retains the scars as trophies, demonstrating his strength and courage.

Sire: Gareth

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1635 (born 1604)



Apparent Age: Middle 20s

Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 6, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

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

Skills: Drive 4, Repair 3, Security 2, Stealth 4, Survival

4

Knowledges: History 4, Linguistics 2

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Auspex 1, Celerity 3, Fortitude 4, Potence 1, Protean 5

Backgrounds: Contacts 1, Fame 1, Status 3

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

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 10

Image: Big, burly and quite bald — he looks like a real terror, especially since he discovered the wonders of the punk movement. Always dresses in biker leathers and wears a horned helmet.

Roleplaying Hints: Threaten and bully. Use your Intimidation freely.

Haven: On the road.

Secrets: B+

Influence: Tyrus' Contacts and Fame are among the mortal biker gangs, who know him well. His Status among the Kindred comes from his role as archon.

Anthius ("Dread")

Anthius was a Greek who emigrated to America shortly after the Civil War. He became a trapper and made his home near present-day Seattle — at the edge of a forest inhabited by a Gangrel. Anthius could never understand why his

animals were always so sickly, until one night his mule began making a fuss and Anthius arrived just in time to see a wolf run off into the woods.

The war of wits and tenacity that followed lasted for almost a month, and was as hard-fought and obsessive as any in literature. Finally, his opponent decided that Anthius was worthy of the Embrace. Late one night he entered the Greek's cabin in his human form, and began to speak to him of the forest through the eyes of a wolf. By the time dawn arrived, Anthius had been Embraced.

He stayed in Washington until World War II, when he returned to Greece to help free his homeland from Nazi occupation. After the war he joined the Greek communists, who had been the most effective freedom fighters against the German invaders, in their fight against British occupation forces. The Soviet Union's refusal to help the communists led to their eventual defeat, and Anthius returned to America. On his way back to Washington he met Tyrus, and the two have been companions ever since. Tyrus trusts and respects Anthius like no one else, and Anthius has developed a great fondness for the nomadic life and culture of bikers.

He was driven into torpor by the Lupines during their attack, but has recently recovered and rejoined the Wolf Pack. He is a little more tentative than he once was, and does not leap into combat as readily as his companions do.

Sire: Keegan

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1872 (born 1845)

Apparent Age: Late 20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4





Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Empathy 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 4, Firearms 4, Melee 3, Repair 2, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Computer 2, Law 3, Linguistics 3, Lupine Lore 2, Occult 3, Politics 4, Science 3

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 2, Dominate 1, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 4, Protean 5

Backgrounds: All he owns or wants is his bike.

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

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 10

Image: A tall, slim Greek man of about 28, with long, straggling hair and an untrimmed beard. Dresses in leathers but eschews a helmet for a pair of World War I aviator goggles.

Roleplaying Hints: You never talk to anyone outside the gang. When someone else addresses you directly, you are more likely to stare silently at them than you are to respond.

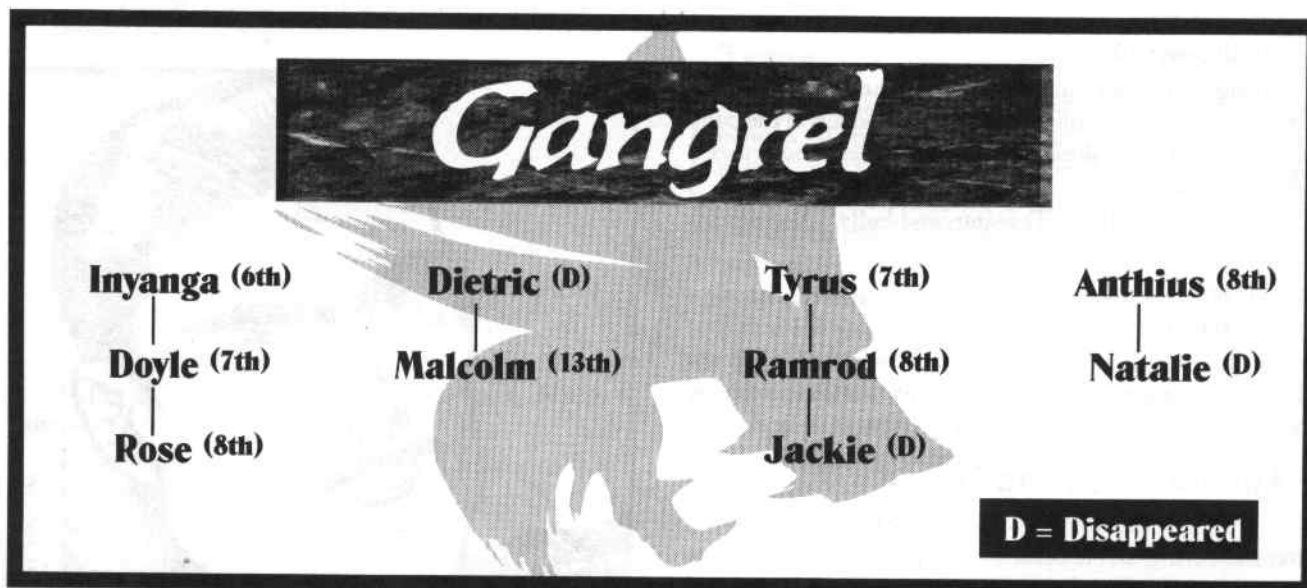
Haven: Anthius spends most nights on the road but also maintains a haven in a public library in Rock Island.

Secrets: B

Influence: Anthius keeps in touch with a huge number of Midwestern motorcycle gangs, and even has the leader of the Tri-State Hell's Angels enthralled via Dominate. In a time of need he could call upon hundreds of bikers, who would start to arrive in hours and could muster completely in a matter of days. Even Tyrus doesn't have this much influence, and though Anthius has never used it, Illinois will never be the same if he does. While he has his disagreements with Tyrus, mainly over whether to help the anarchs or the elders, there is no one the Wolf Pack members respect more than Anthius.

Randy Zelle ("Ramrod")

Randy Zelle was tearing up the racing circuit in the 1950s when an accident on his Harley left him badly torn up. The doctors gave him no chance of walking, let alone riding, ever again. Tyrus had been watching him for some time; unwilling to let this promising young biker lose the freedom of riding, Tyrus approached him in the hospital and offered him release from pain and suffering. The next night, Randy, taking the name Ramrod, rode the streets once more.



Ramrod survived the Lupine attack, but the damage he took has left him hesitant and unsure of himself. He is now less willing to risk combat, and has added two ghouls to the Wolf Pack to serve as his bodyguards. Anthius suspects Ramrod's problem, but has no evidence.

Sire: Tyrus

Nature: Poltroon

Demeanor: Jester

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1954 (born 1930)

Apparent Age: Late 20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3

Skills: Drive 5, Leadership 1, Repair 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Cinema 3

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Celerity 2, Fortitude 3, Protean 5

Backgrounds: Resources 2, Retainers 2

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

Humanity: 3

Willpower: 8

Image: A dashing handsome young man — jet-black hair, pale skin and piercing green eyes.

Roleplaying Hints: Brag, brag and then brag some more.

Haven: None.

Secrets: D

Influence: None.

Malkavian

The Malkavians of Chicago have never failed to confuse and befuddle the city's other Kindred, and now they have done it again. Just when everyone believed they were safe in assuming the Kooks were too mad to play a major role in the city, three new ones show up to disprove that, and those who survived the Lupine attack have evinced new interest in politics as well.

There is still no Malkavian officially seated on the primogen, but that may well change soon. Almost all the members of this clan are both interested in such a position and qualified to hold it. Still, clan enmity and its members' natural nuttiness make it unlikely any one Malkavian could represent all those who inhabit the city. For now, they are the city's biggest wild card — but then, isn't that always true of Malkavians?

Maureen O'Leary

Everything about Boston in the early 1800s terrified Maureen as she grew up in the shadows of its Colonial monuments. The looming buildings peered down on her as she walked, the streets talked about her as she passed and the strangers, oh the strangers, were all vile devils seeking to rip her soul from her body. Even her rich family despised her and shut her away in terrifying mental institutions created for the sole purpose of tormenting her. Only death offered her a way out, and she first tried to kill herself when she was 27.

Thirteen years and 15 attempts later, she believed she had finally succeeded. It had required a leap from the steeple of the old North Church, and as she collided with the earth she could feel the cursed life fleeing her crippled shell. She actually sensed Death approaching, and in those moments she thought more clearly than she ever had before. There was a sharp pain in her neck, and then blessed peace. Oblivion welcomed her.

Suddenly she awoke to pain, searing pain. As she screamed she heard a cruel laugh fading into the darkness. She was found moments later by the rector, who summoned help. A carriage rushed Maureen to a hospital; the doctors were amazed to find her still alive, and were mystified by their inability to find a heartbeat. Slowly she felt the thirst growing in her.

When a nurse bent over to check her pulse, Maureen sank her teeth into the matron's neck and drank. Within seconds, she felt her body growing stronger and the paralysis leaving her legs. She got out of bed and ran off into the night.

Maureen's constant hunger (see Notes), and a feud with Lasker (her sire), forced her to leave her Boston home. She has lived in Chicago longer than any other Malkavian, and has long seen herself as the matriarch of an extended family. She is still suicidal, however; indeed, with the aid of several other Malkavians who all died in the flames, she set a fire in 1871 that she hoped would kill her.

Ironically, her haven, the infamous O'Leary's house, was one of the few buildings in Chicago left standing. While few mortals were killed, the fire wiped out most of the vampiric power structure and gave Lodin his chance to seize power from Maxwell. He used to joke about how much he owed Maureen and always treated her with exaggerated respect, even calling her "my queen."



Maureen's paranoia with respect to the Kindred has long been legendary. She sees the Jyhad in everything, and has often tried to limit the involvement of her brood and other Malkavians in the intrigue of the city. Since the Lupine attack, however, she appears to have changed.

Maureen has become extremely active in the social life of the Kindred, often meeting with newcomers before anyone else has the chance. It is almost a mark of acceptance to be able to say one was surprised by a grandmother in a wheelchair. Some have even gone so far as to say she may be jockeying for a seat on the primogen — or even the princship itself.

Sire: Lasker

Nature: Loner

Demeanor: Caregiver

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1842 (born 1802)

Apparent Age: 60s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 6, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 4, Brawl 4, Empathy 1, Leadership 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 4, Music 2

Knowledges: Investigation 3, Politics 2

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

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Herd 3, Retainers 2, Status 2

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 2, Courage 1

Humanity: 2

Willpower: 8

Notes: Maureen is still crippled in her natural state, and needs to expend three additional Blood Points every day just to heal herself so she can walk. Needless to say, she is constantly hunting.

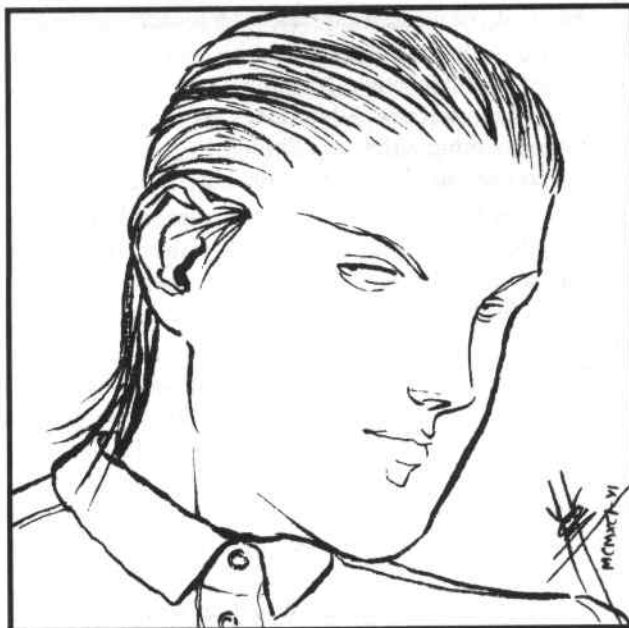
Image: A sweet little old lady. Often, a sweet little old lady in a wheelchair. She looks 20 years older than her actual age at the time of her Embrace.

Roleplaying Hints: You make a definite effort to appear sane. When you begin a conversation with someone, you are clear, smart and witty. As the conversation continues, however, your Derangements begin to surface. You begin looking over your shoulder and making paranoid statements. Your speech becomes slurred and even your intelligible sentences are made up of vague generalities. At this point, if the other conversationalists make no effort to end the discussion, you abruptly stop and wheel yourself away.

Haven: The Rehabilitation Institute.

Secrets: A

Influence: Her Herd is made up of mental patients who have been locked away to be "healed" of their drug use. Her control over the health care community is pervasive, which



is perhaps one of the reasons it is so troubled in this part of the state.

Jason Newberry ("Son")

Jason Newberry got his start as a child, pulling the wings off butterflies and burning ants with a magnifying glass. As he got older, he obtained the greatest pleasure by tormenting other children, and once put out another boy's eye with a stick they were using to toast marshmallows. His concerned and wealthy parents managed to keep him out of jail only by sending him to the dank and dismal mental institutions of the 1890s, where he came to the attention of Maureen O'Leary. She became fascinated by this psychotic, sadistic teenager. He most excited her on a visit home, when he pulled the arms and legs off his father and set fire to his mother. O'Leary was unable to contain her passion at the sight and sprang upon him, Embracing him next to the smoldering body. The 18-year-old's first feeding came courtesy of his dying parents.

Luckily for both O'Leary and Son, her fit of passion came at the same time Lodin was wresting the fief of Chicago away from Maxwell. By backing Lodin in his efforts to take over the city, O'Leary was able to get his blessing for the creation of her neonate.

Son, as he has preferred to be called for the past 120 years, has not changed much during that time. The only difference is that he sometimes prefers mental cruelty to physical torment — but not always. His preferred method of hunting is to attract a pair of lovers to his Skokie haven using his strong Presence, feed on them and convince one that he or she has been turned into a vampire. He will then force that one to drink the blood of the other and then, satiated and happy, use Dominate to render his victims forever unable to speak about what happened. He has never fed on an animal, and would only do so under the greatest duress.

Son took the greatest care not to let his actions come to the attention of the prince, since his games continually threatened the Masquerade. Now that Lodin is dead, he may well become more active. Additionally, he has contacts with the Sabbat of other cities, and Phillipe Rigaud (see *Sabbat*, below) has been subtly sounding him out for recruitment.

Son can be extremely charming, especially to other Kindred. However, during the upheavals of the mid-'80s, Son killed a Caitiff via diablerie. He enjoyed the experience even more than feeding from his parents, and he desires to do it again.

His chance came during the Lupine attack. While making his own escape from the terror overwhelming the city, he encountered Neon, Damien's Caitiff sidekick. He offered the boy his protection, and Neon accepted. Son took the seven-year-old to the cellar of his backup haven in Gary, where he had the boy strip, "so the smell on the clothes won't attract werewolves."

Son left with the clothes. When he returned, he had used his Obfuscate to make himself look like a Lupine. He charged down the stairs to the basement, and grabbed the screaming Neon by the hair. He threw the boy to the floor and shackled him with the chains kept there "for just such a happy event."

Son then proceeded to chew off parts of the boy, spitting them into the dust after sucking out the last drops of vitae. He continued his torment for several nights, forcing the boy to drink from homeless people he killed in order to prolong the agony as long as possible. Right before he finally destroyed the boy, he dropped his Obfuscate. As Neon watched with his one remaining eye, Son tore out the boy's heart and drank the last of the blood.

Now back in Chicago, Son awaits his next opportunity to feed on Kindred. Should Damien find out what happened, Son may not have another chance.

Sire: O'Leary

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Child

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1893 (born 1877)

Apparent Age: 18

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 5, Alertness 2, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Etiquette 3, Firearms 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Medicine 2, Psychology 4

Disciplines: Auspex 3, Dominate 3, Obfuscate 3, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Influence 2, Mentor 5, Resources 4

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 0, Courage 0

Humanity: 0

Willpower: 6

Notes: This is an extremely sick individual and you must be careful about how you employ him in your stories. The full depth of his aberration has not yet been reached, though it is likely that he will be put down long before he can ever reach the full range of his plunge into depravity. On meeting him, have the players make Humanity rolls (difficulty 9). The more successes they roll, the more uncomfortable the characters feel around him. If they botch, they genuinely like him.

Image: Son appears to be a vaguely handsome 18-year-old, though mortals (and some high-Humanity Cainites) tend to be put off by him. He is a little under six feet tall, with sandy blond hair. He dresses like a well-off preppie.

Roleplaying Hints: Start ingratiating yourself with characters immediately upon meeting them. Praise and flatter them almost constantly.

Haven: He currently makes his home in a small house in Skokie, but occasionally resides in a shelter for abused children there.

Secrets: A-

Influence: Son has a number of Contacts, mainly mortals he has abused in the past. He still retains some control over them, and will sometimes use them to affect the political affairs of the city. He especially likes to write notes to Ballard, threatening to destroy or destabilize certain businesses or halt construction on certain projects if Ballard does not perform some inane task. At first Ballard refused, but the results were so severe that now he reluctantly agrees. This blackmail usually takes the form of very minor but embarrassing demands for Ballard to perform certain actions. It started with Son asking Ballard to put a picture of himself on Page Two of a certain newspaper, but the latest instruction was to attend a XXX movie in the Rack, wearing nothing but a raincoat and wingtips. Ballard is outraged by this blackmail, and would pay nearly any price to find the culprit.

Evan Klein (Raymond Falcon & many others)

Raymond Falcon is a very skilled musician, just like his father. Dirk MacGriff is a police officer, just like his father. Bruce Holmes is gay, just like his father. Lawrence Pierce is a doctor, just like his father. Baron Wittger is a vampire, just like his father. And, yes, all these are the same person. Son fell in love with the idea of a Cainite with multiple personalities after finding Evan Klein (the original personality), who had no less than 23 different people living in his head. Originally, Klein had adopted these personalities to insulate himself from the abuse he took as a child from his father.

Son became attracted to the pretty young man after hearing him play one night in Grant Park. He struck up a conversation with Raymond (Evan's personality *de noir*), and later fed on him. At that point he was amazed when Dirk MacGriff tried to arrest him for the attack. Son spent the rest

of the night exploring Raymond's "roommates" and, laughing quietly to himself, petitioned the prince for permission to Embrace him. This was shortly after the destruction of the anarchs in the late '60s; Lodin, flushed with victory, was more than happy to grant the charming young Malkavian the right to make a new vampire.

Since his Change, Raymond has added a large number of new personalities to his arsenal. While characters are most likely to meet him in his role as bass guitarist with Baby Chorus, they can run into him almost anywhere, doing almost anything. For instance, during the Lupine attack he assumed the personality of a werewolf and went around Lincoln Park, howling at the moon. The Garou left him alone.

Sire: Son

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Varies

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1982 (born 1950)

Apparent Age: 30s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma V, Manipulation V, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

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

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 3, Music 4, Repair 1

Knowledge: Bureaucracy 1, Computer 1, Finance 1, Investigation 1, Law 1, Linguistics 2, Medicine 1, Politics 1, Science 1

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Dominate 2, Obfuscate 5, Presence 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Fame 1

Virtues: Conscience V, Self-Control V, Courage V

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 8



Notes: Where Raymond has a V for a Trait, that means it varies according to his current personality, and can be anywhere from 1 to 5. Thus, he can turn from a charmless, inhuman monster to the sweetest person you ever knew. He carries a revolver for his Dirk MacGriff personality. A few of his personalities are mentioned above; feel free to improvise more if you feel the need.

Image: A very good-looking young man with red hair and fair skin. Dress, hairstyle and makeup vary depending on personality.

Roleplaying Hints: Change your personality at whim and make each of them unique.

Haven: He has several different havens, again depending on personality.

Secrets: B+ to F, depending on personality.

Influence: Strangely enough, Raymond has made many friends among the mortals — people who know him under many different names and circumstances and whom he does not Dominate in any way. These include businessmen, entertainers, cops, truck drivers and others. Almost wherever Raymond goes he meets these friends, and as soon as he sees them he changes personality to match what they expect from him. In short, he has more friends than any vampire has any right to possess.

The Trinity

*And with his last life-giving beat,
she breathed a bitter sigh of victory
and swallowed the sob of grief.*

-Kara Chappell, Untitled

Corbin and Bronwyn lived together for most of their mortal lives, and grew as close as sisters following the death of Bronwyn's parents. Their parents had co-owned the inn where Bronwyn, Corbin and Mr. McDonough (Corbin's father) resided. The girls spent almost every waking moment together. In spite of their friendship, and the pleasure they took from each other's company, they were as different as night and day.

Mr. McDonough was a successful landowner, but a small Scottish village in 1454 was definitely not Corbin's idea of the high life. Scotland had a lot to offer, as Corbin could tell from the many travelers from Edinburgh; she had only to acquire it. Bound and determined to learn about courtly life, Corbin sought out the inn's nobler guests.

She ran errands for the ladies who stayed at the inn, trying to gain their favor. Servants could and should have handled these, but Corbin calculated that these women would favor her with their time if she doted on them, and she was right. Corbin spent many days in the rooms of these noblewomen, listening to stories of love, deceit and chivalry — everything that could turn a young girl's head, Corbin learned about.

She promised herself that one day she would be one of these women. She became so practiced at questioning them that she could steer a conversation in the direction she wanted — generally a more delicate direction, for Corbin wanted to learn the art of seduction.

She knew she was pretty. The male guests had been looking at her for years. She knew that this was the first step in gaining their affection. That was why the women wore all of those trinkets that she had been collecting for years. She tried to look her best at all times, and carried herself the way she saw women of title carry themselves. She learned about acting coy from women who practiced it best, and discovered how alluring a shy glance could actually be. She began to practice this acting daily.

While Corbin was learning these things, Bronwyn merely watched from the sidelines. She thought Corbin was a riot, acting high-born in her scullery dress. But Bronwyn loved her best friend dearly, and tolerated her outrageous behavior. Bronwyn knew that she herself was not high-born, rich or a dazzling seductress; she was a beautiful young woman, though not in Corbin's flashier way, and was satisfied with her life.

One afternoon, when the girls were 15, Bronwyn saw a group of riders approaching the inn on the road from Ayr. She hid, peering out at the company. Leading the group was the most enchanting man she had ever seen in her life. His golden-brown hair shone with the light of the afternoon sun, making him appear almost godlike. Fascinated by a man for the first time in her life, she grew quietly exhilarated by the discovery that he had stopped at the inn.

As Bronwyn began making preparations for the evening meal, Corbin rushed in, wearing one of her finest dresses and as many trinkets as she could. She informed Bronwyn that she had been invited by Sir Edward Warren to join him and his men for dinner, and would not be able to help serve. Bronwyn accepted this news as calmly as she could, and continued to prepare for dinner.

Later, when everyone was through dining, Sir Warren asked Bronwyn to join them. Corbin's look told her not to and, normally, Bronwyn would have recoiled from Corbin's wrath. This time, however, it was as if she could not say no. Sir Edward rose, asked one of his men to move down, and placed Bronwyn at his right. Corbin, on Sir Edward's left, quietly seethed.

Corbin relaxed as the conversation continued. She excitedly discussed gossip she had heard from traveling ladies. Unfortunately, Sir Edward and his men had seen and heard quite enough catty gossip, and her conversation put a damper on an otherwise enjoyable evening. When Sir Warren asked Bronwyn questions about herself, she replied in reserved, tranquil tones that fascinated the man even more.

Sir Warren and his men stayed on the next day, claiming continued fatigue from their long journey. The extra day stretched into weeks. Bronwyn continued to do the things she had always done, not wanting to appear smitten by this

man. In her mind, changing her daily activities around him would be a wonderful example of poor etiquette — one Corbin was shamelessly displaying.

Indeed, Corbin went out of her way to be around Sir Edward, having learned he was the younger brother of the bairn of the Warren clan, and therefore its second most important member. She saw both money and power in her future, and decided it was time to make her move.

Nightly the two girls dined with Sir Warren and his men, and spent their days apart. The mere idea of Bronwyn capturing any of the lord's attention infuriated Corbin to levels even she did not understand. Knowing a display of this anger could alienate Sir Warren, she kept it buried well, and pretended to be in high spirits. The only one who detected any change in Corbin's behavior was Bronwyn, and even she could only see glimpses of the rage rolling under Corbin's skin.

Finally, Sir Edward asked for Bronwyn's hand. Mr. McDonough approved immediately, and Bronwyn accepted, overjoyed and unable to believe she had been picked over Corbin. She had always been somewhat in awe of Corbin, but now she bubbled over with happiness.

Corbin felt sick to her stomach. Everything she wanted had passed through her fingers — and to someone as bland and dull as Bronwyn! Their friendship, already dissolving, broke under the strain. Corbin was smart enough not to let it show. Offering the engaged couple congratulations, she rose, saying that she would be glad to get out the bottles of vintage wine that her father had been saving for an occasion such as this.

On the way to the cellar where the wine was kept, her mind was furiously at work, trying to fashion some way of becoming Sir Edward's bride. Placing her hand around the neck of the bottle, a thought so startling came to mind that she almost dropped the bottle. What she could do was so simple, it was almost frightening.

Carrying the bottles back to the kitchen, she could hear them making plans in the dining room. They were to leave on the morrow for Castle Warren, where they would announce the plans for the wedding. Corbin poured the wine into fine glasses, separating the couple's from the rest. In the goblet that was to be Bronwyn's, she placed quite a bit of laudanum, purchased on a lark from foreign traders. In Sir Edward's she placed just enough to make him incoherent.

She returned to the dining area with the tray of drinks, talking about how happy she was for the couple, and could she make the first toast for them to drink? She offered hope that the couple would live long and prosperous lives, and that they would have every happiness that life could possibly give them. And so the toasting began.

After a few more drinks, Corbin retired, claiming exhaustion from such an exciting evening. She went upstairs and sneaked into Sir Edward's room. She waited for him in the giant armoire her father had been so considerate to put there for the guests. About an hour later, she heard someone

joking about Bronwyn becoming tipsy from the festivities. Sir Edward said he too was feeling the effects of the wine he had drunk, and bid his friends goodnight.

Corbin waited until she heard the first of his snores and then sneaked out of her hiding place. She quietly walked over to the bed, and with a gentle voice she had been mimicking for years, spoke to him. She told him that she was excited about their wedding, and had been unable to return to sleep. She wanted to spend some time with her husband-to-be — alone. He protested, saying that it would not be proper, but she hushed him easily with a kiss.

She continued on, and on. After mere moments of such sweet ecstasy he was unable to control himself, and took her virginity before he even realized he had done so. Shortly thereafter he passed out, while Corbin slept with a smile of contentment on her face.

The next morning, when Corbin's father came to wake Sir Edward, he discovered his daughter in bed with him. The ensuing uproar woke everyone in the inn, including Bronwyn. She went to the source of the noise, and gasped at what she saw. Sir Edward saw her as tears streamed down her face. As he reached out for her, he and everyone around saw the blood on the bed.

In a rage, Corbin's father said that the only wedding that would take place would be between his daughter and Sir Edward, and that it would take place that very afternoon. Corbin smiled sweetly at Bronwyn. Bronwyn looked at the both of them once more, and decreed that if there were truly a God, he would curse their lives so completely that both would wish they had never been born. With that, she turned and fled the inn, never to be seen again.

The wedding took place as demanded and the band of travelers left the inn. Corbin could hardly contain her excitement, though it seemed as though no one wanted to talk to her, and she could not understand why. What was the big deal? After all, a bride was a bride.

She was taken to the castle, introduced to everyone, given her own suite of rooms, all the clothes and jewels she could possibly want, and left to entertain herself. She took her place by her husband's side during social functions and when it was appropriate, but that was all. He never came to her bed.

Bronwyn's Tale

Meanwhile, Bronwyn wandered into the Highlands, half mad with pain and hunger. She spent hours at a time crying and talking to herself. She spent even more time cursing Corbin's very existence. One night she heard a noise in the brush. Not afraid of animals, and knowing better than to run, she sat silently, waiting.

After a while, she again began to cry. She sat there with her head down, sobbing, when she heard a slow, calm voice. It told her that she need not cry any longer, for it could take all of her pain and sorrow away. A man sat down next to her, and introduced himself as Bryan.

He told her he had seen her every night for the last few days, and asked her why she cried so often and so hard. She told him her story; after she had finished, he offered her his hospitality, smiling slightly. For the next week his servant fed and clothed her, but she did not see him again until seven days later, when he appeared right before she went to sleep.

He told her that after all of her pain and suffering, she deserved some sort of compensation. He could give her all that and more, and all she had to do was accept the gift he offered her. He told her of undeath and all of its benefits, and praised his peaceful existence. Moved by his words, and the idea of tranquillity, she accepted at once.

Bronwyn and Bryan spent almost five years in the Highlands. They fed together, making a game of finding the most undesirable wretches around, and competed in their hunt. They were perfect companions for each other, and reveled in each other's company.

Many nights they discussed the temptation of revenge. Bronwyn was sure Corbin was living exactly the life she desired, and it bothered her endlessly. The temptress did not deserve to be happy with the man she had stolen. With every passing day, the idea of revenge bloomed larger and larger. Finally Bronwyn told her sire that she must leave. She would return soon, but the time for reckoning had come.

She took a room near Castle Warren, and hired a seamstress to create the most exquisite gown for her. Then she sent a messenger to the castle to tell its inhabitants she would be visiting them the next night, and prepared for her triumph.

Upon arriving at the castle, Bronwyn's first thought was of how it should have been hers. The second thought was that no matter what was said or done, Corbin was going to pay — a thought reinforced when she saw her old friend sitting next to Edward.



She smiled when she saw how the members of the court ignored Corbin. She smiled even more when she saw the amount of weight Corbin had gained. Corbin thought Bronwyn was smiling so widely out of joy at seeing her again. She did not realize that Bronwyn had changed so much.

Bronwyn exchanged pleasantries with the couple, and told them she was traveling to London to be with her betrothed. The slightest wince crossed Edward's face; one that both of the women saw. Bronwyn delighted in the knowledge that Edward still loved her, but kept the joy well hidden. Corbin did not react either, showing only the barest glimpse of jealousy before masking it. They talked for a short while before Corbin began indicating her boredom, and Bronwyn returned to the inn.

The next night she prepared herself, looking even more alluring than she had the night before. She arrived at the expected time, and the evening progressed smoothly. Corbin tried to make comments that would put Bronwyn on her guard and ruin her evening. In turn, Bronwyn casually remarked that the couple had been married for five years with no hint of children. Was there the chance that Corbin could not have children? Bronwyn accompanied her words with the sweetest of smiles.

The smile became less sweet when Edward came over to her chair to escort her to the dining room. When she stood up, she took hold of Edward with a strength that surprised him. She told Corbin that she had waited a long time for this moment, and she was going to enjoy it. She looked at Edward with a look of love so strong that it shocked him. She told him that she had forgiven him for the mistake he had made, and that she had always wanted the best for him.

She then proceeded to kiss him thoroughly and passionately. He looked happier in that moment than he had since the day before his wedding. Bronwyn stopped, looked him in the eyes again, and said she was sorry. She told Corbin and that she was going to take him back now, and she hoped Corbin was woman enough to deal with it. She bit deeply into Edward's neck, and drank from the man she had loved more than life. She drank until she thought she could drink no more, and continued to drink even after that. Then she set him down as gently as she could.

Corbin had not moved or made a sound during the entire episode. She continued to stare at Bronwyn even after Edward's body rested on the floor. Then Bronwyn told her that it was not enough to have taken Corbin's trophy from her. She knew the family would let her stay at the castle and keep her position. That was the last thing Bronwyn was going to allow to happen.

She looked Corbin in the eye and told her she deserved what was going to happen to her more than anyone Bronwyn ever hoped to know. She then gripped Corbin and drank her blood until she felt the spark of life leave the body. She gave Corbin just enough of her own blood to Change her, and dropped her on the floor next to her dead husband. She looked at Edward's corpse and felt a huge stab of grief for the

man she had loved. She looked at Corbin, so close to death's door. She thought of Corbin's awakening and the anguish she would suffer, and smiled. With that, she went off into the night.

Bronwyn returned to Bryan, and told him all that had occurred at the castle. She then told him she had to leave Scotland. She wanted to experience new and exciting things. Most of all, she wanted to find happiness in another land — happiness that had eluded her at home.

Bryan looked at her sadly; his eyes were so full of remorse and sorrow that she knew what he was going to say before he opened his mouth. He could not leave his home, he said; he did not think he could survive anywhere else. Bronwyn left with a heavy heart.

She spent several centuries in England and Europe, discovering Kindred politics and rapidly acquiring a distaste for them. She helped the Lancaster forces during the War of the Roses, but left for France shortly after their victory. She regularly socialized with nobility. It amused her to think she was now living the life that Corbin had always wanted, and she was doing it without having to succumb to the will of some man.

Bronwyn became increasingly aware of the tension building among the Kindred and kine of Europe in the 18th century. She returned to Scotland and convinced Bryan to travel to America with her. He did, but returned to Scotland in the late 19th century, and Bronwyn traveled on her own for another 100 years before deciding to settle in Chicago.

She found the city exciting and fascinating. Its mortals were busy and energetic, and its Kindred were complex and stimulating. She decided to be as discreet as possible, and to watch the city grow. On the advice of a friend in Los Angeles, she secretly met with the prince and got his permission to settle in the city. She helped Ballard in his final efforts to destroy Gary's steel industry, and Lodin agreed to keep her presence a secret.

In 1972 she established the Blue Velvet with the aid of a ghoul supplied by her friend on the West Coast. She wanted eventually to befriend all the undead in the city, but she also wanted to remain anonymous until she was sure that she would be accepted in the manner to which she had become accustomed. She knew that she could not just pop up and command respect. Lodin's death and the city's subsequent upheaval have led her to believe that now may be the time to appear, for there are fewer to compete with her. Her desire to emerge has been heightened by the sudden reappearance of her sire immediately after the Lupine attack.

Sire: Bryan

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1452 (born 1437)

Apparent Age: Late teens

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4
Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 3
Talents: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Leadership 2, Subterfuge 2
Skills: Animal Ken 1, Etiquette 4, Survival 3
Knowledges: Finance 3, Linguistics 3, Politics 3
Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 5, Dominate 3, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 4, Protean 2
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Mentor 3, Resources 5, Retainers 2
Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 3, Courage 4
Humanity: 7
Willpower: 8

Notes: Bronwyn's Derangement manifests as an intense suspicion of those who try to become close to her. The more friendly someone is, the less she trusts him. There have been a few exceptions to this, but not many. Second, she becomes extremely fixated on someone she believes has wronged her, and goes to any extreme for revenge. Basically, she has the typical vampiric paranoia, but taken to an extreme. She has an especial distrust of females.

Image: Bronwyn has a small build and weighs about 115 pounds. She is 5' 7" and has dark-brown, waist-length hair.

Roleplaying Hints: You want to make friends with everyone, but are wary of everyone as well. You have a tendency to distrust women, but allow them the opportunity to prove themselves.

Haven: Bronwyn has a house on the west side of the city; though she rarely stays there, she keeps most of her valuables therein. She has an apartment below the Blue Velvet, though only she and Ian know of its existence.

Secrets: B+

Influence: Bronwyn has kept a very low profile in Chicago—so low that she and Corbin have not encountered one another. Still, many Kindred like her club and would enjoy meeting her. She also has large sums of money invested around the world, but does not know how to use her wealth to best effect.

Corbin's Tale

When Corbin awoke, she noticed the court standing around her, staring at her as if they could not believe she were still alive. The second thing she noticed was how very weak she felt. She waved everyone away, allowing only the old healer to stay. Corbin demanded the old woman feed her, but the healer told her that a weak broth was all Corbin should eat.

Corbin cursed the old woman, saying she wanted blood pudding and she wanted it now. The healer fetched it immediately. Corbin started to eat, but then tossed everything out of the bowl and drank the blood as the healer stared in horror. The color came back to Corbin's face, and she called for another bowl. This bowl, however, was to contain

only the blood. The healer hurried to fulfill her wishes, meanwhile warning away everyone else in the castle. Corbin drank the second bowl; only then did she recover enough strength to see her husband's body. She looked at the corpse and promised herself that one day Bronwyn would pay.

Corbin did not fully understand what had happened to her, and knew only that she craved more blood. She began to walk to the kitchen, and saw one of the servants' children playing under the stairs. Corbin had always regretted the fact that she had not been able to secure her position at the castle by giving Edward children. She called the child over to her. When she bent down to hug the child, an irresistible urge to bite him overcame her, and that is exactly what she did.

Feeling immediately better, she placed the body under the stairs, and continued on. She passed another child, and snatched him up immediately, hiding the body in a storage room. Returning to her room, she found the healer still there, mystified by Corbin's rapid recovery. When she inquired, Corbin ordered her out of her room. She lay down to think and slept as the sun rose.

She awoke the next evening to a tumultuous uproar. The healer stood in her room, warning everyone away. She told Corbin that she knew what type of illness had overtaken her, and that the only cure was death. Corbin laughed at her and said that she had never felt better. Perhaps, she continued, the person who had to die was the healer herself, so that she could not spread any more of her lies. With that, she attacked the healer. The crowd at her door shrank back in horror as she tore out the old woman's throat. Then Corbin commanded them to stand back, and she left the castle.

Unsure of what to do next, and completely disoriented, she spent years in the Scottish Highlands, attacking travelers and stealing their belongings. She amassed a great deal of wealth, occasionally visiting Edinburgh to invest it and gaze upon the life denied her.

By the 20th century she had learned quite a bit about business and finance, acquiring tips from the men she used. She developed a passion for stockbrokers, for their blood was so much thicker than that of the average businessman. She learned financiers' little secrets, and had great fun persuading men to try to accumulate more and more.

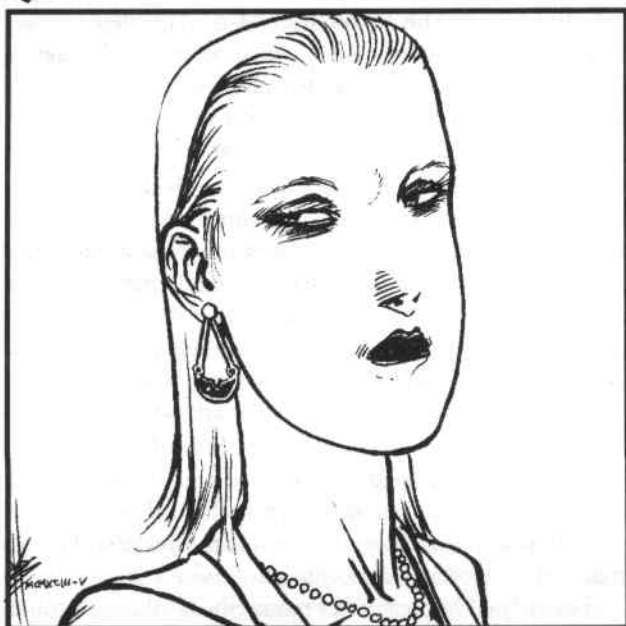
Over the centuries, she convinced several wealthy men of her unfailing love, got them to marry her, had them leave everything to her in their wills, and then dispensed with them. Only threats from other Kindred forced her to move on. When she did so, she picked up a map, closed her eyes, and pointed to the place she would next visit—Chicago.

She bought a mansion in north Chicago, and decorated it in the most expensive way she knew how. She became a part of all the happenings in town. She quickly made friends with the better Kindred, and within a year had become an integral part of the city.

Sire: Bronwyn

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Judge



Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1457 (born 1437)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Etiquette 4, Melee 2, Music 2, Stealth 3, Survival 3

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

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Dominate 5, Obfuscate 2, Potence 2, Presence 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Herd 2, Resources 5, Retainers 3, Status 2

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 3, Courage 3

Humanity: 1

Willpower: 7

Notes: Corbin's dementia manifests in extreme fixations. If something (or someone) strikes her interest, she will spare no effort to acquire it.

Image: She is 5'4", 130 lbs., and extremely flamboyant in makeup and dress. She has very thin, very fine, pale-blond hair that she wears about shoulder length. Her eyes are a murky brown. Most men find her attractive in a cheap sort of way.

Roleplaying Hints: You care about one thing — yourself. You will do or say anything to get what you want, and do not care who gets hurt along the way.

Haven: A mansion in north Chicago.

Secrets: B

Influence: Corbin has investments all over the world, but has yet to play much of a role in Chicago's financial community. She has been happily welcomed into the Kindred society of Chicago, and most vampires listen to her, for she seems to be the sanest Malkavian they have met. She has begun eyeing a seat on the primogen.

Bryan's Tale

Bandits slew Bryan's wife and children as he stood by helplessly. Then they turned on him. Bryan was barely alive when the old woman appeared before him, explaining what she had done and what he could expect during the rest of his existence. Then she took off into the wilds.

Bryan quickly became used to his new existence. The first time the hunger got really bad, he enlisted the aid of his family's caretaker, hunted down the men who had slain his family, and fed on their sweet blood. The caretaker continued serving Bryan, as have his children and his children's children.

Bryan was a simple vampire. He reveled in the sheer joy of existence. He spent many decades walking in the nearby forests, painted, and lived a solitary life — extremely solitary, for Bryan discovered he could not abide any companionship.

During one of his nightly walks, he heard what sounded like a young girl sobbing bitterly along the banks of a river he loved to visit. He listened to her for a while, but did nothing. The next night he returned to the riverbank, and she was still there. She was silent now, but was staring out across the river as if she had absolutely no one in the world. She still talked to herself, albeit somewhat more coherently than she had the night before.

This continued for several nights before Bryan felt a change come over him, and he began to listen even more intently. He approached her as quietly as he could. As soon as he was close, he began speaking in a voice that he generally reserved for wild animals. She calmed down the more he talked to her. It occurred to him that someone who had suffered so much might well benefit from the Embrace.

Before Bronwyn, he had not realized how lonely he had become. She brought a freshness to his existence that had not been there in years. Then, five years after her Embrace, she announced that it was time for her to exact her revenge. He unhappily bid her adieu, but she returned less than one week later. She had gotten her revenge, and wanted to leave Scotland. It broke her heart when he had to tell her that there was no possible way he could go. He had never left home, and did not want to.

His unlife settled into the routine that it had been before. It did seem to be less of an unlife than it had been, but

he still did not want to leave. Several hundred years passed for him in this manner, and he took every night in stride. Then Bronwyn reappeared. Bryan had not seen the sun in years, but her reappearance reminded him of everything he had been missing. When she again asked him to travel with her, he accepted.

They traveled to America. Bryan was astonished at the size and bustle of their new home. Bronwyn said it was called New York City. He loved it, but was horrified to find it under the control of a horrid group of vampires called the Sabbat.

The two left New York and traveled all over the continent. He thought he had found happiness in the Florida Keys, where he felt more at home than he had since he had left Scotland. The peace that filled his soul was stronger than anything he had ever experienced. The warm weather and moonlit ocean enthralled him for years, but as the days passed, he began to miss his homeland even more than he had before.

He returned to Scotland, and although he missed Bronwyn, he knew that this was what he needed after such a journey. He stayed there for years before the wanderlust hit him again. There was still an entire world that he had not seen, and he left within three days of making this decision. He did not return home for almost 15 years, and when he did there were countless letters from Bronwyn wanting to know why he had not contacted her in so very long. He did not reply to any of these letters, but caught the next plane to Chicago.

When he arrived in Chicago, he sought out the return address on the letters. It was a nightclub called the Blue Velvet. Bryan could not believe that this was the correct address, and went to the door to ask the man there about her.



The man simply looked at him and told him he had absolutely no idea what Bryan was talking about. Bewildered, Bryan told the man that he had traveled from Scotland to see Bronwyn, and told the man that he was staying at the Four Seasons. The man shrugged and Bryan walked away.

At a loss for what to do, he decided to spend the remainder of his evening looking at American art. At the museum, he noticed others like himself. Amazed, he talked to several of them, and found out that the Blue Velvet was a Kindred favorite.

Suddenly he heard a loud and screechingly obnoxious voice on the other side of the room. He turned to see a young blond woman, entourage of admirers in tow, walking through the museum. He heard one of them call out her name — Corbin.

He raced back to his room, where he found a message from Bronwyn, and a telephone number. He phoned her and explained why he had come to town. He told her that he truly wanted to see her the next evening. She explained that Ian was her lookout, and tomorrow evening when he arrived, he would be shown directly to her. He hung up and retired to his bed in eager anticipation.

Sire: Unknown

Nature: Cavalier

Demeanor: Loner

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1424 (born 1389)

Apparent Age: Mid-30s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 6, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Empathy 2

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Etiquette 1, Firearms 1, Music 1, Painting 4, Repair 1, Stealth 4, Survival 5

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Linguistics 5, Occult 2

Disciplines: Animalism 4, Auspex 5, Celerity 2, Dominate 4, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 6

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Herd 3, Retainers 2, Status 2

Virtues: (manic phase/depressive phase) Conscience 1, Self-Control 1/3, Courage 4/2

Humanity: 2

Willpower: 8

Notes: Bryan suffers from extreme bouts of manic-depression. For years he will be on a perpetual high, constantly active and excited. Then, for an even longer period of time, he will despise all company. Only Bronwyn has been able to pierce his gloom, but even she has not been able to keep him happy for long.

Image: He is tall, about 6' 2", and lean. He has curly, shoulder-length hair and usually dresses tastefully but casually. He has a very deep voice, which attracts attention unless he tries to be quiet.

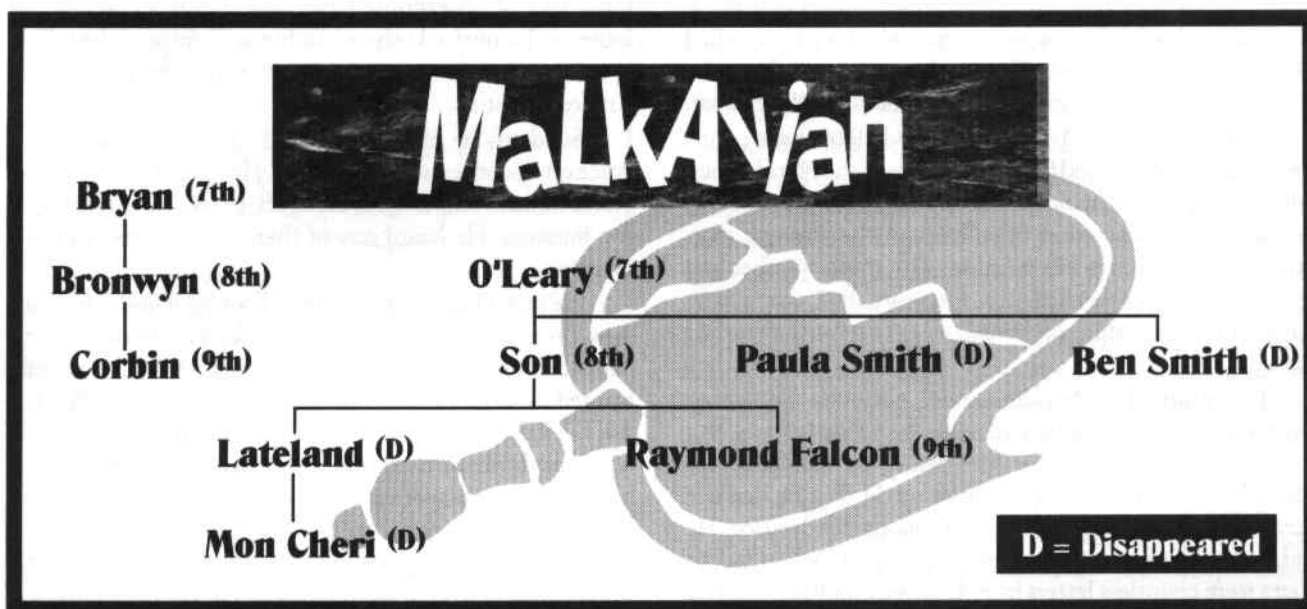
Roleplaying Hints: You are quiet, but when someone engages you in conversation, you do your best to appear both

friendly and threatening. After all, you don't want people to dislike you, but you do want them to leave you alone.

Haven: The Blue Velvet.

Secrets: D

Influence: None.





NOSFERATU

The Nosferatu was once the most unified clan in Chicago, but no more. Many of its members were destroyed in the Lupine attack, and the remainder have few common interests. Khalid, who used to serve as their leader and who had earned the trust of all the Sewer Rats, can no longer bring them together. Indeed, he suspects that there are far more Nosferatu in the city than even he knows.

Khalid

Khalid al-Rashid was one of the few Moslem leaders who deserved the bloody-handed reputation that the Crusaders tried to pin on all Arabs. His appetite for atrocity was rivaled by few, even in an age of cruel men who slew and tortured in the name of their gods. Indeed, it was just this appetite that first drew the attention of a few Cainites to Khalid. The Crusades, held before the Inquisition and the imposition of the Masquerade, brought many Kindred to the Holy Land. Battles always leave harvests for those who feed upon blood.

Aside from those who came for the bloody feast, some Kindred were ideologically committed to one side or the other. Among these was Alexius, a Byzantine Nosferatu — and former prelate of the Eastern Orthodox Church — who believed the only way to free the Holy Land was to corrupt the Islamic leaders just as he had been corrupted. Khalid was his first victim.

Khalid went berserk upon discovering what he had become. The first victims of his rage were his own men, who came to his tent to see what was wrong. Khalid fled into the desert, where he would have died but for the intervention of a reclusive Jewish hermit, who dragged Khalid's body away from the sun's killing rays and into the cool darkness of his cave. Khalid stayed there for a month, feeding on the hermit's sheep and studying the Kabbala, an ancient form of Jewish mysticism. When Khalid was ready to leave this sanctuary he had been transformed, and went forth to make whatever peace he could with the world.

He began his quest by visiting various Islamic mystical sects, where he found others of his kind who told him of a state known as Golconda. For six centuries Khalid wandered

the world, looking for a path to peace. However, every time he came close to Golconda, the vicious side of his personality, heightened by his vampiric Beast, sent him spiraling down in a frenzy of violence and despair.

He arrived in Chicago shortly after the Great Fire of 1871, searching for an Inconnu who was said to have shown other Cainites ("those of flame and fury") the path to Golconda. While he never found this Inconnu, he did find himself involved in the city's turbulent political scene, and chose to back Lodin after learning of Maxwell's violent nature. Since then, his support for Lodin has lessened, and it was his vote in the primogen that led the group to try to overthrow the prince in the mid-'80s.

The flood of his underground kingdom came as a shock to him. Like many Nosferatu, Khalid had established a civilization under the streets of Chicago, populated by the outcasts and unfortunate. The flood killed many of them. Khalid survived it easily, but has no idea what really caused it.

It did cause him to reevaluate his position in the city, however, and he has become more active. While he used to hide his presence, most Kindred now know who he is. He was one of the few Cainites to play an active role in defending the city when the Lupines came, and he killed a number of them. The destruction left him extremely dissatisfied, and he is afraid he may well have done his soul irreparable harm. Now he casts about for a way to redeem himself.

Indeed, Khalid has recently become less interested in the Machiavellian maneuverings in the city, and has begun to think about seeking Golconda in some more tranquil place — an act which would throw the delicate balance of the primogen into chaos. It is unlikely that he will leave in the near future, though, for he is fascinated by the war between the two Methuselahs. He understands that in some small way he holds the wild card in this game, and that when the time is right he might be able to influence its result. Thus he waits, and tries to learn more of what is going on.



He can no longer feed on animals, but still tries to limit his hunting among humans. He is a Cunctator, and takes no more than one or two Blood Points from any one vessel. He usually confines his drinking to the city's down-and-out, making him particularly susceptible to diseases.

Morality is very important to Khalid, but it does not come naturally to him. His rage continually bubbles to the surface and drives him to commit actions he later regrets. Over the centuries, he has desperately tried to gain control of his violent emotions, but has never succeeded.

Sire: Alexius

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Loner

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1191 (born 1149)

Apparent Age: Can't tell

Physical: Strength 7, Dexterity 6, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 7, Intelligence 4, Wits 6

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

Skills: Firearms 4, Melee 7, Stealth 7, Survival 4

Knowledges: Linguistics 5, Occult 3, Politics 2, Theology 2

Disciplines: Animalism 4, Auspex 4, Celerity 2, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 7, Potence 4, Thaumaturgy 2 (Spirit Thaumaturgy 1)

Backgrounds: Retainers 3, Status 4

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

Humanity: 2

Willpower: 10

Notes: Khalid's two extra levels of Obfuscate allow him to conceal non-living objects of great importance to him (like his haven), and to continue his concealment of people, places and things even when he is not present. If he believes he is about to enter combat, he will carry his ancient sword (does two more dice damage than a normal sword).

Image: Not only does he have the naturally horrific appearance of the Nosferatu, but he has never healed the scars he received from the sun on his first day as a vampire. He keeps them as an eternal reminder of his violent nature.

Roleplaying Hints: Speak mysteriously and in parables, unless you are sure you can trust your audience — a rare occurrence.

Haven: Khalid currently makes his haven in a large cave just north of Evanston.

Secrets: A+

Influence: He has a great deal of subtle influence over the Kindred of Chicago. He knows almost everything that goes on in this vast metropolis — at least, everything that matters.

Tammy Walenski

Peter and Tammy grew up in a lower-middle-class immigrant neighborhood in South Chicago. Outwardly, theirs appeared a normal family, but like far too many in America, it hid a dark secret of pain, humiliation and sadism. Not a week went by without the children's drunken parents finding an excuse — any excuse — to punish the two. The marks left by the punishments included enormous welts and scars from belts and straps; cigarette burns on arms, legs, and torsos; broken bones; concussions; and more bruises than either child could ever count.

In 1950, when Peter was 13 and Tammy was 12, they found the first comfort of their lives in each other's arms. For a year, the continuous punishments they suffered meant little to them as long as they had each other. However, one night at the end of that year, the two were five minutes late coming home. When they entered their home, their parents locked Peter in a closet, uttering dire threats about the punishment that awaited him. Then they beat Tammy for two hours before passing out in a drunken stupor.

Tammy crawled to the closet and let Peter out. Peter helped Tammy outside. Then Peter emptied his parents' entire liquor cabinet outside their room and coated the hallway that led to the front door. Then he lit a match.

The children watched the fire from the sidewalk in front of the house. They stood so close the heat slowly melted their shirt buttons. They heard their father screaming for help, and then there was nothing. A minute later, they became aware of a presence behind them.

Khalid had been watching the two children for almost five years. Their suffering had both fascinated and repulsed him. He had reached the conclusion that he must Embrace them, both to save them and to preserve their pain for eternity — for he would never Change anyone who had a

hope of a full and peaceful mortal life, only those who would be enriched by the gift of becoming Nosferatu. In these two abused children, he had seen just such potential. He had been unsure, until now.

Both children had found new strength through the events of the past years; such strength, born of agony and love, could not be allowed to die. He brought the two children to his haven, and spoke softly to them. Within a few hours they had accepted his gift.

They lived with Khalid for several more weeks as they discovered their new abilities. However, they constantly roamed by their old home during their nocturnal journeys and, finally, returned there to sleep in the basement of the burned-out shell. The ghosts of their mother and father haunted the ruins, and neighbors, developers and others gave the eerie lot wide berth.

Not so the werewolves. Attracted by the unnatural presence of the spirits, a pack descended on the haven when Peter was home alone. When Tammy returned, she found only the barest traces of her beloved brother littering the floor, and the spirits of her parents howling with glee. Now Peter is one of them, a ghost bound to the dead house, and theirs to torment for eternity.

Even now, Tammy cannot abandon her brother. She will do anything to help him, but doesn't know how. Khalid has promised his aid, but has yet to come through for them. Should someone offer help, Tammy would be eternally in his gratitude, for the situation is rapidly driving her mad.

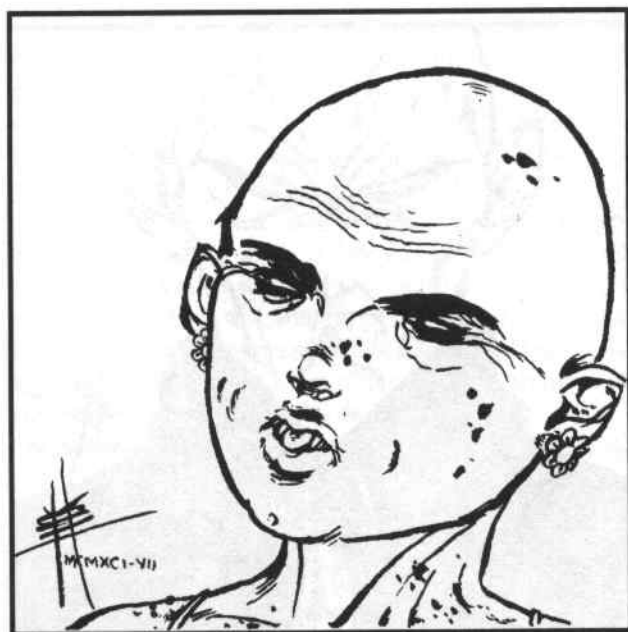
Sire: Khalid

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Fanatic

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1950 (born 1938)



Apparent Age: Young teenager

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Streetwise 1

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Chicago 4, Occult 3

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Obfuscate 4, Potence 5, Thaumaturgy 2 (Spirit Thaumaturgy 1)

Backgrounds: Mentor 4, Retainers 2

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 0, Courage 5

Humanity: 1

Willpower: 10

Image: A 4' 5" Nosferatu. She still likes to wear cheap jewelry and dresses from her days as a mortal.

Roleplaying Hints: You are quickly going insane. You had thought yourself free of your past, but now it has come back with a vengeance. You look and act scared, and are becoming suicidally depressed.

Haven: Their old house.

Secrets: B -

Influence: What little she had through Khalid is gone. She had been learning to manipulate the spirit plane through her parents' ghosts, but Peter's death has changed that. She no longer finds herself able to control them, and is horrified by the way they treat the ghost of Peter.

The ghosts of her parents are unaffected by physical attacks and have the equivalent of Dominate 5 with seven dice, no matter what the attack. They also have a "touch" attack that allows them to drain Willpower. They attack with seven dice against the victim's Wits + Dodge. Each success drains one point of Willpower from the victim. If the victim has Fortitude, the drain can be resisted by a Courage + Fortitude roll (difficulty 9). For every success, one fewer Willpower point is lost. Peter's ghost has not evidenced any such powers.

Nathaniel Bordruff

For years, Nathaniel fought the demons and devils that plagued the good people of New Orleans. An evangelist in the Church of Christ and the most feared vampire hunter in Louisiana during the 1920s, he managed to slay five of the city's Kindred during the span of a few years. Pride managed to worm its way into his bosom and replace faith, however, and Nathaniel finally met his match in the bayous.

In the swamps, a crafty old Nosferatu trapped him in a deserted shack. As a joke, the Nosferatu turned the dread vampire hunter into that which he most despised, subsequently depositing him outside a Church of Christ revival. None of the worshippers survived Nathaniel's waking frenzy.

At first Nathaniel tried to atone for his actions by using his newfound powers to continue his war against the undead, but it was not the same. There was no one to appreciate his

theatrics and praise him for his bravery, and he quickly discovered the weaknesses of his new form and the true power of the older Cainites. He fled New Orleans with the prince's hellhounds baying at his heels.

During the years that followed, Nathaniel has learned a great deal of patience, but his hatred of vampires has continued to fester. After a disastrous encounter with the Sabbat in New York during the late '60s, he fled west to Chicago, then just recovering from its battles between the prince and the anarchs. Seeing which way the wind was blowing, he joined Lodin's forces and helped to destroy several surviving anarchs. Lodin was delighted with Nathaniel's help and promoted him into the society of elders.

Soon thereafter Nathaniel was approached by Khalid and initiated into the ways of the city's Nosferatu. After a very special private tour of the city, in which he was shown the evil that Lodin had created, Khalid asked him to help keep tabs on the prince. Nathaniel happily assisted both Khalid and Lodin, and became quite skilled at playing both ends against each other.

He was careful to be out of town when Maldavis made her bid for power, and very quick to return when the primogen fell in behind Lodin once again — just in time, in fact, to help the prince clean out some of the last anarchs. While both Lodin and Khalid counted the old vampire hunter among their allies, nothing would have given him more pleasure than to kill them both.

He tried this through a well-timed flood, which he hoped would flush both out into the open during the day. Both managed to survive the flood, but neither found out who was behind the attack. Now the Lupine assault has taken the pleasure of killing Lodin from him, but it has also given him a new plan.

The princeship is open, and Nathaniel is just the candidate to take over the job. He has begun flattering Khalid in hopes of gaining his support, and has sounded out some of the other members of the primogen. Of course, once he was in power, they would be the first to go. Then Nathaniel would be free to reveal the vampire threat to the entire world, and receive the honors he is due.

It should be noted that Nathaniel's hatred for the undead does not imply any mercy or compassion for the living. Nathaniel is among the most cold-blooded vampires any character could meet. Unlike the other Nosferatu, Nathaniel has no special loyalty to his clan, harboring only hatred for all his kind. At one point Nathaniel began creating his own brood to take over the city, but killed them all when it appeared they may have been discovered. He fears that one of his childer may have created progeny of her own, and that these neonates still hide in Chicago's sewers.

Sire: Virginia

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1926 (born 1891)

Apparent Age: Can't tell

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

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

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

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Linguistics 2, Occult 3, Theology 4

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Dominate 3, Obfuscate 4, Potence 4, Thaumaturgy 1 (Neptune's Might 1)

Backgrounds: Mentor 3, Resources 4, Retainers 4, Status 3

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 0, Courage 3

Humanity: 0

Willpower: 8

Image: A tall, gaunt Nosferatu.

Roleplaying Hints: Speak slyly and try to get the characters on your side. Then destroy them.

Haven: Nathaniel resides in the basement of a dilapidated Church of Christ church on the South Side.

Secrets: B+

Influence: His Retainers are the janitor, pastor and organist of the local Church of Christ, whom he has conned into helping him. They have never actually seen him — at least not that they can remember — but all have heard a voice that speaks of "the true path." Through them, he has extended his control into a number of evangelical congregations in the Chicago area. With his help, the pastor has lost his



stutter and become quite a good speaker; he has even started a Sunday television show, which Nathaniel is only beginning to exploit. And, yes, Nathaniel feeds on them all.

Cedrick Calhoun

The Calhoun family had long been a mainstay of southern Illinois politics, but in Cedrick's generation it appeared such duties would fall solely to his younger brother. After all, how could a person born with withered limbs, cleft lips and other handicaps hope to have any success in the public arena?

In fact, the senior Calhoun (Cedrick's uncle) decided it would be best for all concerned if Cedrick were sent away to a special school — in Colorado. So Cedrick was packed off and locked away. For all his other handicaps, Cedrick's mind remained as sharp and clear as ever. The school was little more than a jail, and the only education it gave Cedrick was a lesson in bitterness and hate.

The school lay in the Rocky Mountains, far from its nearest neighbors. It took Cedrick a year to plan his breakout, and more than two years to stockpile his supplies. When the time came, however, he was off and running.

He covered a great deal of ground in his first two nights, sleeping by day and traveling only in the dark. He had the feeling someone had followed him from the school, and the longer he traveled, the more sure he became. On the third day he set a trap for his pursuer. At dusk he backtracked over his trail and set a snare. Then he hid in the bushes to wait.

It was not long before his trap was sprung, and Cedrick ran forward to see what he had caught. He saw nothing. There had to be something in the trap, for the rope was pulled taut and Cedrick heard the worst round of cursing to which his young ears had ever been subjected. Then he heard laughter from behind him.

He turned, and was confronted by the most horrendous monster he could imagine. The grotesque figure, however, was having to lean against a tree to support itself. It was laughing so hard that branches shook and leaves fell to the ground. Despite the horror of the situation, Cedrick felt his own laughter welling up inside himself. His chuckles turned to peals of laughter, and soon their duet of hilarity rang through the mountains.

Suddenly the snare snapped, and something hit the ground with a loud thud. Before Cedrick's eyes a figure materialized. A tall man with white hair and blazing red eyes sprang at the boy, sharp teeth gleaming in his slavering mouth. Cedrick's laughter turned to a scream of horror, but the monster intercepted his attacker, and the two rolled on the ground, tearing and biting each other.

Cedrick could do nothing but stand and stare as the fight continued. His feet were rooted to the dirt, and he stood stock still while the two figures struggled. Then the monster locked its fangs on the man's throat and tore it out. The monster stood, and Cedrick watched in paralyzed fascination as its wounds began closing up. When it extended its hand and introduced itself as Tommy, Cedrick finally fainted.

He awoke in the Nosferatu's cave, where the monster explained its nature to Cedrick, and told him the school had been a haven for something called a Malkavian. It was this Malkavian who had been stalking Cedrick, and who had been stalked in turn by Tommy the Nosferatu.

Glad to be free of the school, and growing relaxed in Tommy's presence, Cedrick stayed with the Nosferatu instead of returning to civilization. The two traveled through the Rockies, with Cedrick looking out for Tommy during the day and moving about at night.

Then Cedrick discovered Tommy's real goal. His master called himself a diabolist, and he sought older vampires, like the Malkavian, so he could kill them and drink their blood. Cedrick helped him, first as a ghoul and, when he grew to full maturity, as a fellow Nosferatu. Their escapades continued until they encountered a Gangrel archon of the Camarilla. The Gangrel slaughtered Tommy and Cedrick only barely escaped.

With nowhere to turn and the Camarilla on his tail, Cedrick fled back to southern Illinois. He discovered that his brother had become a leading politician in the area, his popularity won by a moving eulogy he made at Cedrick's funeral. Angry beyond measure at his brother's hypocrisy and opportunism, he invaded the politician's mansion with bloody revenge in mind.

He waited until his brother had finished playing dominoes with his children and put them to bed. Then Cedrick ambushed his brother as he walked up the stairs. First he demanded money from his horrified sibling. Then he insisted on his brother's stocks, bonds and deeds. Once he had gotten everything his brother owned, he killed him, and prepared to use Mask of the Thousand Faces to take his place.

In order to prepare himself for the task, he took out his brother's diary and began reading. As he turned page after page, Cedrick became more and more aghast. Here was not



the history of a double-crossing, vile politician, but the record of a concerned, dedicated public servant. He read about the death of his brother's wife and his efforts to raise his children. Most disturbingly, he read about his brother's days when he first thought Cedrick had died, and found that his brother had meant every word of that eulogy. He threw down the diary, only to see his brother's dead eyes staring up at him.

It took Cedrick the entire night to shake his Röscheck. He ran from the house and tore into the nearby fields, finally finding comfort in a deserted mine. Here he stayed for months, living off the blood of bats and lizards, until he finally came to a decision.

He began his atonement with his brother's children. He ensured that they would never want for anything, setting up a trust fund with money stolen from a bank. Then he spent the next 20 years watching their development, working as their guardian angel. When they were safely grown and happily going about their lives, Cedrick finally went about his business.

For several decades he traveled the Midwest, trying to find those most in need and help or protect them. After a time, however, a realization struck him: he was doing next to no good. Everywhere he went, he saw worse crimes than he could ever rectify. Behind most of these crimes he saw the hands of the undead.

Chicago seemed to be the center of such evil. He saw its rulers' dirty hands everywhere. He saw them destroying the mortals of Gary and manipulating mortals across the Midwest for their own profit. When the Lupines attacked, Cedrick saw it as poetic justice, but also as an opportunity.

If he could become prince of Chicago, he could put a stop to this horror. He packed up his few belongings and moved to the Windy City. He immediately made himself known to its elders, and has been visiting Kindred everywhere, politicking constantly. He is invariably friendly and helpful, and for that reason no vampires trust him.

Sire: Tommy

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Caregiver

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1925 (born 1902)

Apparent Age: Impossible to ascertain

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

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

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 1, Melee 5, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Linguistics 1, Midwest Knowledge 4, Politics 3

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Auspex 1, Celerity 1, Dominate 2, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 4, Potence 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 2, Resources 3, Status 1

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

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 6

Notes: Cedrick has traveled extensively throughout the Midwest, and knows a good bit about its Kindred. If anyone needs information, he would be the one to contact. He has also made a number of Allies and enemies throughout the region; these can appear as the Storyteller desires. He carries a silver-reinforced cane that conceals a stake in the handle.

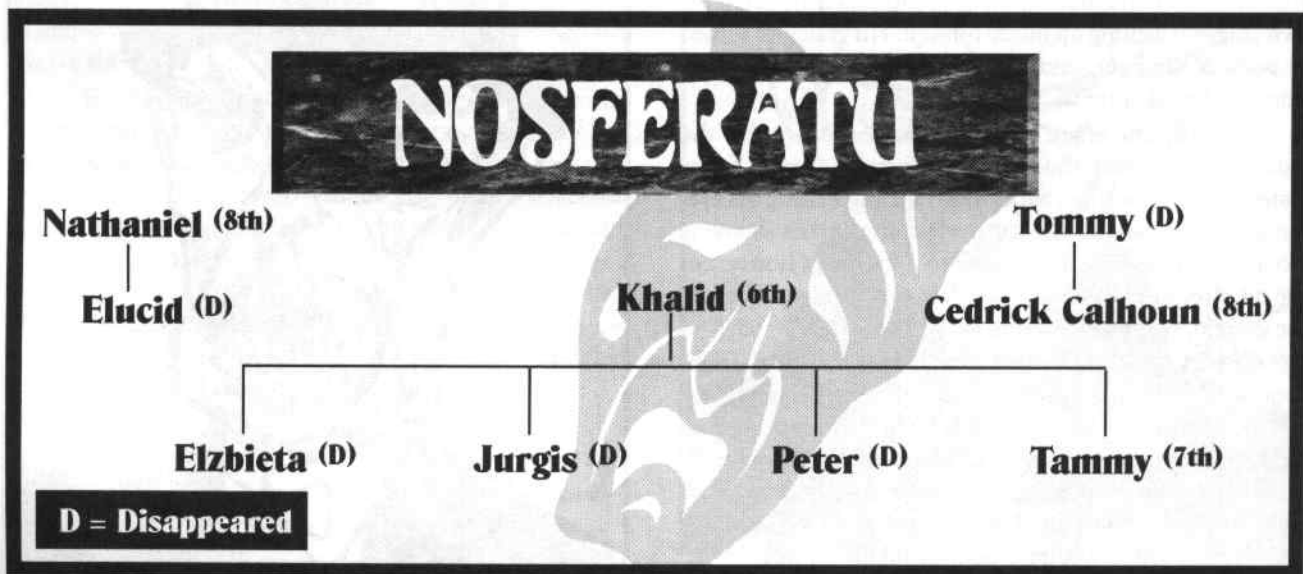
Image: An extremely debonair Nosferatu who prefers double-breasted suits, bowlers and pocket watches. Still, he is a Nosferatu; his mouth is horrendously misshapen and foul, as is his left arm. Also, his aura still bears the black marks of his early diablerie.

Roleplaying Hints: You are invariably friendly and ingratiating, though you know all vampires (except yourself) are foul beasts out to destroy humanity.

Haven: A warehouse in the docks.

Secrets: C

Influence: None — yet.



TOREADOR

Chicago's Toreador generally draw disdain, both from other Kindred in the city and from Toreador elsewhere. Despite their protests, the Toreador of Chicago have been categorically labeled Poseurs, and draw scorn from their more artistic brethren. Other Kindred in the city see them as degenerate fops who desire only to preen and posture.

What none of these groups realize is that Chicago's Toreador are, Kindred for Kindred, the most powerful vampires in the city. None can match them for raw power, for while the weaker clan members died in the Lupine attack, the strong survived and benefited from the experience. When they make their move, the very pillars of the city will shake.

Helena ("Portia")

In the 13th century B.C., Helena was the most beautiful of Achaean women. For the favorite daughter of the king of the coastal city of Argos, doted upon by her father and loved by the people, life was ideal. Then Minos came to visit. Minos was an ancient, horribly ugly man, and he immediately fell in love with Helena. Helena despised him and his nocturnal ways. She told her father she wanted him driven from the city, only to see her father's eyes glaze over as he told her she was going to marry the old man. Horrified, Helena fled the palace in secret, taking only a single handmaiden.

The two ran south along the shore of the Aegean Sea. After a few hours, they collapsed with exhaustion and fell asleep in a sea cave. When Helena awoke it was dawn, and someone stood over her. It was Prince Prias, the most beautiful man she had ever seen. He easily convinced her to flee to his city in Asia Minor, where they would be safe from Minos.

For 10 years Helena lived happily with Prias' family, one of the most noble houses in that part of the world. Finally, however, Minos tracked her down. Helena's horrible suspicions that he was not human proved correct. It seemed as though nothing could defeat the ancient vampire as he tore through Prias' ancestral home looking for the princess who had escaped his grasp. Prias and his brothers valiantly struggled, but they were as mice against an elephant. Minos brushed them aside, pausing only long enough to hurl Prias through a wall. The vampire then seized Helena and took her back to Greece.

Minos had long ago decided to turn Helena into a vampire to rule Argos beside him. However, he decided first to punish her for the trouble she had caused him, and to do

so in a way he would enjoy. Chaining her to her father's bed, he fed from her each night, taking only slightly more blood than her body could replace, and thus prolonging her agony over a number of months. On the night he drained the last of her blood, he replaced it with just enough of his own, and left her locked in a room with her aged father. Then he waited outside for the screams he knew he would hear when her first frenzy subsided and Helena realized whom she had killed.

Her spirit broken, she allowed him to arrange a marriage with her, and at its conclusion she even placed the crown upon his head. Together they became the rulers of Argos. Helena came to accept — and eventually enjoy — her new form, but she despised having to share her pleasure with Minos. As the years passed she sought a way to slay him, and eventually she journeyed to Delphi to ask the oracle this question. There she learned that drinking his blood could both destroy her tormentor and make her more powerful, but she was warned that it would also destroy what was left of her soul.

Though he began to trust her more, Minos still kept Helena Dominated, and she was unable to exact her revenge. Then, after 13 years, Prias returned. With a force of soldiers he surprised the vampires as they prepared to sleep for the day. He drove his wooden spear deep into Minos' breast. As the old vampire lay paralyzed, Helena sprang for her sire's throat. She drank deeply, and felt new power flow through her as the last of his blood left his body.

She and Prias lived happily in Argos until Helena realized her once-beautiful lover was aging. She offered to make him a vampire, but he refused. Then she told him that by drinking her blood he could gain immortality but not be cursed as she was. He accepted, and the two remained happily together for centuries.

Eventually they left Argos and began to travel the civilized world. They reached Carthage just as the Brujah were raising it to its greatest glory, and became caught up in its splendor and dreams. They were there when Carthage attracted the enmity of the Ancients who controlled Rome.

At first Helena and Prias fought for Carthage, but they soon realized the futility of their struggle. Together they fled the city and made their way to Rome, where they gave the Ventrue the needed information to destroy the city. In exchange, Helena received the fief of Pompeii, where she existed content in the belief that she had not an enemy in the world.

Unfortunately for Helena, one fourth-generation Brujah survived the massacre at Carthage. Menele (see *Brujah*, above) soon found out about Helena's treachery and swore vengeance for his shattered dreams and slaughtered friends. He tracked her to Pompeii, where he summoned a spirit of fire to destroy her. He quickly lost control of the spirit, and had to flee the city as fire rained down upon him, but he believed he had destroyed her. Helena, however, managed to survive with Prias' aid. Together they fled to Egypt, where she plotted her revenge.

Thus it went for the next 1,300 years. Existence became one long battle against her ancient foe, a battle that neither seemed to be able to win. Finally, she and Prias dealt Menele a near-fatal blow in Spain. Only the rising sun kept them from finishing him off, but they hoped the sun would do it for them.

The next day, however, there was no sign of the Brujah. For almost a century they searched for him, but found no trace of Menele. For once, Helena was glad not to know where her nemesis was, for she had a new problem with which to contend. She no longer gained sustenance from the blood of mortals; only the vitae of Kindred could satisfy her needs. Soon this was limited to female Kindred, though she found that their blood nourished her far more than any mortal blood ever had.

Suddenly Helena's Auspex picked up a trace of Menele far across the sea. Amazed that there might be land across the ocean, she quickly maneuvered the Spanish Empire into sending explorers westward. Once she learned of the New World, she (along with Prias and several female progeny she made) joined the expedition of one Hernan Cortez. Once in the New World, she lost track of Menele. Native rumors implied that he might have sought refuge among the Aztecs. With Cortez's help she destroyed that empire — and then, with other tools, the Maya — only to find no sign of her foe. Then she heard of the Incas. This time she allied herself with Pizarro and together they destroyed yet another Indian civilization. Menele was indeed there; he and his Incas proved no match for the Spaniards' superior technology and Helena's horde of progeny. Menele barely escaped with his life, and fled north.

For the next several centuries Helena searched for him, finally finding him hidden among the Pueblos. He fled without even doing battle and Helena began to scent victory. She began to track him across North America, but had trouble finding him among the many tribes.

Finally, in 1820, the foes met on the plains of what is now Kansas, and Menele was again forced to flee. Again she tracked him, and in the process allied herself with the United States military. The next fight was at Fort Dearborn, where for a while it seemed as though Menele might win.

Allied with the Indian Chief Black Hawk, he proved to be almost a match for Helena and her blue-coated allies. Finally the two Methuselahs engaged in personal combat,

dealing each other thunderous blows, and both were left helpless. Prias took Helena to a place of safety under the fort, where she went into torpor.

Even in torpor, Helena has still used her Auspex and Dominate Disciplines to fight Menele. At first she was confident in her eventual victory, for she controlled the soldiers in the fort. Even when settlers began to populate the area, she remained secure in her power. After the Civil War she realized the military's power in the area was waning and civilian control was growing. She turned her attention to the growing city, only to find that Menele had already begun his work there, and now controlled the prince.

Casting about for a suitable pawn in this new game, Helena chanced upon Lodin. She then caused several of Chicago's Malkavians to light a fire that destroyed many of Menele's pawns. With these out of the way, Lodin defeated Prince Maxwell and ran him out of the city. With her prince in power, Helena prepared to find Menele's body and destroy him. However, continuing battles amongst the Kindred, mostly instigated by Menele or herself, thwarted these efforts.

Now the game has again changed. Since 1990, when Helena came out of torpor, she had been gathering her strength to try to kill Menele herself. Then, in 1993, the Lupines attacked.

Her haven was one of their first targets, and Helena was certain they were under Menele's control. She survived their vicious assault on the Succubus Club, but Prias was killed. She has since returned and taken over the club, though it no longer serves as her main haven. She is actively seeking out Menele's resting place; if she finds it, she will attack it with every resource at her command — something the Masquerade will not survive. She has also begun to seek out those Kindred definitely under Menele's control, and plans to drink their blood soon.



Sire: Minos
Nature: Plotter
Demeanor: Bon Vivant
Generation: 4th
Embrace: 1207 B.C. (born 1233 B.C.)
Apparent Age: Mid-20s
Physical: Strength 7, Dexterity 8, Stamina 6
Social: Charisma 8, Manipulation 8, Appearance 8
Mental: Perception 7, Intelligence 6, Wits 6
Talents: Acting 6, Alertness 6, Brawl 7, Dodge 7, Empathy 3, Intimidation 5, Leadership 5, Seduction 6, Subterfuge 6
Skills: Etiquette 8, Firearms 2, Melee 5, Music 4, Stealth 3, Survival 3
Knowledge: History 5, Linguistics 5, Occult 5
Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 7, Celerity 5, Dominate 8, Fortitude 5, Obfuscate 5, Potence 4, Presence 5, Thaumaturgy 4 (Movement of the Mind 3, Elemental Mastery 3)
Backgrounds: Contacts 8, Influence 4, Resources 4, Retainers 8, Status 6
Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 5, Courage 5
Humanity: 3
Willpower: 10

Notes: Helena's first extra level in Auspex allows her to gain a mystic perspective over a vast area as though she were looking down from high in the air. Her second level allows her to discover the location of anyone she knows (roll a number of dice equal to her Perception; difficulty is 5 plus the target's Obfuscate [maximum 10]). Her additional levels of Dominate allow her: to use Dominate without eye contact as long as she knows her victim's location; to block other people's Dominate attempts against her victims (add three to their Willpower for the purpose of resisting new Dominate attempts until they have completed what Helena wants of them — sometimes this is never); and to Dominate a number of people (for every extra success she scores over the needed amount, she can roll that many dice to Dominate another person).

Image: She is one of the most beautiful creatures in existence.

Roleplaying Hints: You are the greatest — act accordingly.

Haven: The Tremere chantry.

Secrets: A+

Influence: Helena is easily the most influential figure in Chicago. She has great influence over elders, anarchs, the Sabbat, the Tremere and many more. She runs the Succubus Club, which now functions as the main anarch hangout. The two leading Ventrue, Ballard and Capone, serve her whim. The new Sabbat pack in Chicago follows her orders, and the Tremere leader will do almost anything she desires. A num-

ber of Chicago's Kindred have realized she is more than she claims to be, especially considering her great beauty, but few know just how powerful she is.

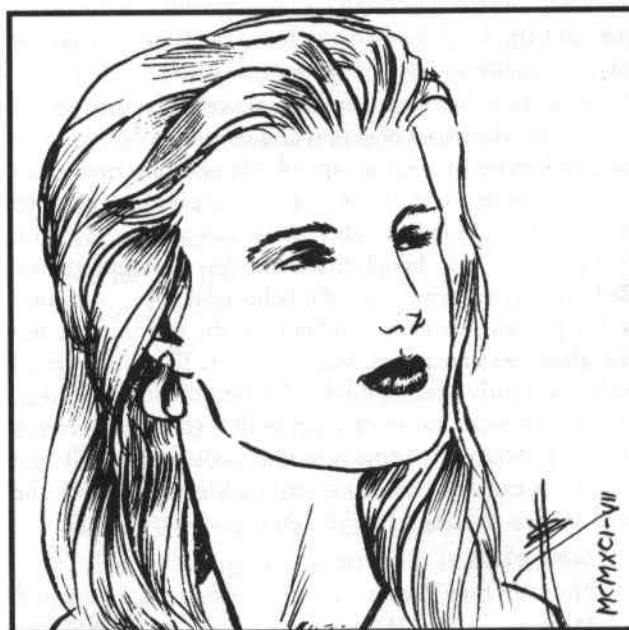
Maria

For years this beautiful Spanish woman was the most powerful Toreador in the city — a fifth-generation vampire who lived for nothing but pleasure. She refused to join the primogen, considering the duties thereof to be hindrances to her pleasures. No one has seen her recently, which has made Annabelle Triabell (below) the city's leading Toreador — much to the disgust of the other members of the clan. In fact, Maria was Helena's first victim upon the latter's emergence from torpor.

Annabelle Triabell

Annabelle Triabell was born to a musician and a Parisian prostitute. Her childhood saw more ups and downs than her mother's dress. At times the family would have more money than they knew what to do with, while at other times her mother would be in jail and her father unable to find work. Her unmarried parents did their best to make her youth as comfortable as possible, but their very lifestyles made the good times a fleeting thing.

While Annabelle developed natural talents that would have allowed her to follow in either parent's footsteps, she instead decided to marry into wealth, for only thus could she be ensured continual enjoyment of the good life. Aided by her father's short stint as court musician to the king of France, she made a splash in the noble circles; one aristocrat after another sought her as a plaything. Because of the morality of the times, however, Annabelle soon found that her reputation as a strumpet prevented her from ever marrying the nobles she so desired. At this time Maria entered her life.



Known to the court as a Spanish noblewoman recently arrived from the New World, Maria first became attracted to Annabelle's father, whose music she greatly enjoyed, and then to Annabelle herself. Appreciating the young Frenchwoman's great beauty and hoping she had inherited her father's skills, Maria revealed her true nature and Embraced Annabelle. Telling the neonate's parents that she planned to take Annabelle on a tour of the Americas, the two left France.

For more than 200 years the two enjoyed the wild continent together, and their natural sophistication made them popular wherever they went. Finally they reached Chicago, then at the height of its jazz age. The two settled in and made the town their own.

Unknown to either Annabelle or Maria, Maria had been Dominated by her own sire — Helena — to create female Kindred for Helena's nourishment. Despite the fact that the two had little to do with each other since coming to Chicago, Maria's recent disappearance has made Annabelle uneasy.

Nonetheless, she has assumed the leadership of the city's Toreador with gusto; they are all forced to be part of the high society of Chicago, and must regularly attend the balls and other social events she sponsors. Before Maria vanished it was not so bad — Annabelle did not have the position of clan leader to back up her authority as a member of the primogen — but now she has both and they must do as she says. (Some suspect her of eliminating Maria simply to gain the power to force them to her parties, but most realize how absurd this is. All are very interested in what happened to Maria, and would pay well for information as to her whereabouts.)

Annabelle remains a hedonist, living in the public eye under the name Ellen Stanley-Greer, the wife of John Greer, publisher of the Sentinel syndicate of newspapers. Greer is an older man in his late 60s, and is apparently completely under her control. The two have been married since the early '60s, and the local media have begun to comment on the apparent agelessness of Mrs. Greer.

Annabelle knows no life except excess. Her existence is a decadent whirlwind of action and sensation. Many of the younger Kindred in Chicago spend at least a short time in her retinue, experiencing things quite literally undreamed of by mortals. She was (and probably still is) a secret ally of Modius, the Prince of Gary, though this is now less of a secret than it used to be. Those who knew of it believed it to be an attempt on her part to create friction between the two princes, and thus allow her a greater measure of power. She manipulated both, constantly altering the level of tension between them. Those who were aware of Annabelle's games expect her interest in Modius to wane now that Lodin is dead. No one knows her true motivations regarding Modius. In fact, she sired Modius in the early 19th century.

Sire: Maria

Nature: Bon Vivant

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1722 (born 1698)

Apparent Age: Late 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

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

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 4, Firearms 2, Melee 2, Music 3

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

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 3, Dominate 2, Fortitude 1, Presence 5

Backgrounds: Fame 4, Influence 2, Resources 4, Retainers 2

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

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 7

Image: Annabelle is of average height and slightly better-than-average build, with stylishly cut, shoulder-length, ash-blond hair (recut nightly) and wide, sky-blue eyes. She has a large, full mouth and the bearing and appearance of a high-fashion model.

Roleplaying Hints: Give yourself a very slight French accent and never stop talking. However, never talk to the same person for more than a minute. Always introduce him to someone else, even if he already knows that person, and move on.

Haven: She lives with her "husband" in a mansion on the North Side of Chicago, fairly near the downtown area. It is possibly the nicest home in the Chicago area, and is filled with fine art. There is normally a party there every few days.

Secrets: B+

Influence: Annabelle wields formidable power as a member of the primogen, and has gained even more since she became the leader of the Toreador clan. She wields considerable influence over mortals, largely because of the number of wealthy families who wish to continue to be invited to her parties. Among the elders she is known as a talented schemer and a deadly enemy in the arts of betrayal and deal-making.

Eletria

By 86 B.C., Sparta's days of glory were well behind it. The city-state had become part of the Roman Empire. While it suffered little under this rule, it chafed at the reins of servitude. Still, some people prospered under Roman rule, and Eletria was one of them.

In the days of Sparta's glory, Eletria's only place would have been as a wife, bearing children and managing the family affairs. Instead, Italian visitors encouraged her pursuit of the arts, and Eletria became an accomplished painter, sculptress and musician. Her works adorned few Spartan homes, but were extremely popular with foreign residents and traders.



Eletria's happiness could not last. As a member of Sparta's small upper class, and one who was personally associated with the conquerors, she became a target when the lower classes and democrats revolted against Rome. Her artworks were destroyed, and she herself would have been killed had it not been for her beautiful rescuer.

As the mob advanced on Eletria's estate that night, a wild horsewoman broke their ranks. This stranger galloped to Eletria's door, and commanded her to leave her home and come with her. Eletria found herself unable to resist, and she and her benefactor rode off into the night.

Before dawn they stopped at a concealed cave. Here Eletria's rescuer introduced herself as Helena, and commanded the artist to watch over her as she slept during the day. When Helena again awoke, Eletria had gone nearly insane with terror. Helena had led them to the darkest depths of the cave, and the mortal had sat out the day in the dark, without food or water, afraid to make the slightest movement.

Angry at the mortal for being afraid, and at herself for not realizing that might happen, Helena almost rejected her plans to Embrace Eletria. On the verge of frenzy, she turned on the artist. Only Prias' timely arrival saved Eletria from a bloody death in the dark cave.

Helena Embraced Eletria and took the artist to a haven near Argos. Here she Blood Bound the woman, and then set her loose in Greece. For centuries Eletria traveled the world, settling in one place only long enough to work on her art before moving on again. She had no contact with her sire until the 16th century, when Helena appeared before her as she sculpted and ordered the artist to accompany her on a voyage to the New World.

Eletria was only one of a number of Helena's progeny who made the trip, and all served as vessels for their sire. They traveled with her throughout the Americas; a number died,

while Helena assigned others to rule parts of the New World. Eletria was given what is now southern Mexico, where she stayed for several centuries.

After a period of solitude, she contacted an ally from Europe, the Ventrue Datura, who had been the subject for some of her finest works. Eletria knew she required help in running the growing cities, and the Ventrue was a perfect assistant. Together they made their home in the growing city of Veracruz.

For more than 100 years their reign was peaceful and without incident, giving Eletria a golden opportunity to work on her art. Then came the city's years of invasions, beginning with the French invasion of 1838. When the United States took the city in 1847, Eletria and Datura sought out one of the commanders. They found Lodin, then a lieutenant masquerading as a colonel.

Upset and impressed by his daring, Datura Embraced him, and he stayed in the city after the U.S. forces left. He became close to Eletria, a fact that did not escape his sire's notice. Datura became more and more jealous of their relationship, and Eletria began to fear for Lodin's existence should he stay in Mexico. She sent him off to the newly formed city of Chicago, suggesting he become its prince and rule in style.

Eletria's relationship with Datura never fully recovered from the strain Lodin had placed on it. As the years passed, they became more and more distant, and spent little time together. The Sabbat threat in Mexico forced them to ally, but even this did little to rekindle their old passion.

Then Eletria heard of Lodin's destruction. Sorrow and guilt washed over her, and she felt herself compelled to return to Chicago. She turned Veracruz completely over to Datura and moved north, taking with her only a portrait of Datura reclining on the cliffs of Veracruz as they looked 200 years ago.

In Chicago Eletria was amazed to discover her sire, who admitted to having called her there. Now Eletria constantly hovers around Helena, ready for any danger that might manifest. The irony does not escape her, for she knows she has given up Lodin, Datura, her art and everything else she loves at the commands of the one who controls her.

Sire: Helena

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Generation: 5th

Embrace: 86 B.C. (born 114 B.C.)

Apparent Age: Late 20s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 8, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 7, Manipulation 5, Appearance 7

Mental: Perception 8, Intelligence 6, Wits 6

Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 5, Brawl 4, Dodge 6, Empathy 6, Leadership 3

Skills: Etiquette 5, Melee 3, Music 5, Painting 7, Photography 5, Sculpting 7

Knowledges: Camarilla Lore 4, Law 3, Linguistics 6, Medicine 3, Occult 4, Sabbat Lore 3

Disciplines: Auspex 6, Celerity 7, Dominate 5, Fortitude 4, Potence 2, Presence 5, Protean 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 1, Mentor 6, Resources 5, Retainers 2, Status 5

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

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 9

Notes: Eletria's extra level of Auspex lets her see people and things as they were at any point in the past. She ruled Veracruz for years; while no one in Chicago knows this, outsiders may well recognize her and be amazed that she is protecting Portia. Also, she has fought the Sabbat for a long time, and if any of its members come up from Mexico, they will recognize her. Eletria is used to innumerable servants, but only brought two with her — a chauffeur/bodyguard and a photography assistant.

Image: A beautiful Greek woman, well-muscled and fair-complexioned.

Roleplaying Hints: You tend to be quiet now, but are used to being in command. If you are thwarted or threatened in any way, you are likely to reveal the full extent of your powers.

Haven: With Helena.

Secrets: A-

Influence: If she so desired, Eletria could take command of the Toreador clan in the city with but a word. Helena prefers Eletria working more closely by her side, however, and has not let her extend her influence in the city. Eletria also has ties to the Camarilla, and has earned respect through her battles with the Sabbat.

Bret Stryker

Bret Stryker was born good-looking, and he knew it at an early age. He got into bodybuilding in 1977 when he was 16, and kept up with it — but only to the extent that it made him even better-looking. He never liked to work very much, and so he slipped very easily into crime. In his South Side neighborhood it was almost expected.

After being jailed for holding up a 7-11, he learned the downside of being so good-looking. Still, when presented with the opportunity to make some easy money as an exotic dancer after he got out of jail, he jumped at the chance. Ever since, he has relied on the generosity of other people, male and female, who support him because of his looks and his willingness to provide certain favors.

Something made him uneasy about Annabelle's offer to take care of him. She was much better-looking than most of his patrons, but she had a way about her that disturbed him like no one else ever had. After one night with Annabelle, however, he knew he wanted no one else. With her he experienced pleasure beyond words. Within a week Annabelle had decided that this beautiful dancer would make a perfect



childe. She Embraced him without warning, and told him afterward what he had become. After a short period of horror and shock he adjusted well enough, and grew to enjoy his new form.

Annabelle, angry at members of her clan over a failed attempt to impress them, saw in Bret a chance to snub her nose at them. She has forced him to continue his dancing, and continually tells him and others what a great artist he is. Most of the matrons of high society have seen him dance at one time or another, but they treat him with contempt or feigned respect. Annabelle only really requires his services as a bodyguard, and has no interest in anything else about him.

While Bret's attraction to Annabelle has slightly waned, he is now Blood Bound to her and will do anything she says. Still, Bret always was petty, and in the absence of orders from Annabelle he is as likely to use a situation to her disadvantage as to her advantage. As she has made him pledge to keep her safe from harm, there are limits to what he can do.

Bret maintains a life among the mortals; he still dances and takes his favorite vessels from the women who come to see him.

He tends to be very sullen at Annabelle's parties. He sits in the corner and glares at anyone who even looks like she is going to talk to him. That is, unless he thinks he can get something he wants from someone — then he can become one of the most charming young men ever met. It is quite startling to watch the transformation.

It was at one of these parties that he met the neonate Portia, but he had little to do with her until after the Lupine attack. Then she approached him and revealed her true power and glory. For the first time in his existence, Bret happily works for a woman. He procures women (often Blood Dolls) for her and turns them into the vampires upon whom she feeds. They stay chained on the top floor of the Succubus Club, feeding and being fed on until Helena kills them.

Sire: Annabelle

Nature: Bon Vivant

Demeanor: Cavalier

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1983 (born 1961)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 6

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

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

Skills: Drive 4, Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Security 2

Knowledge: Chicago 3

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Presence 4

Backgrounds: Mentor 6, Resources 2, Retainers 2

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 7

Notes: Bret carries two heavy pistols in shoulder holsters.

Image: A handsome, blond, athletic young man with long curly hair and blue eyes. He is tall and muscular, with a wry smile. He only dresses in the sharpest suits.

Roleplaying Hints: If you're talking to someone who is either good-looking or rich, charm her to death (do such a good job that even someone who knows you will be swayed). Otherwise ignore her; better yet, snub her.

Haven: The Ponytail Club, where he still dances. Annabelle bought the club and made him manager, but he did a rotten job of it and now just strips there. He can often be found at the Succubus Club.

Secrets: A-

Influence: Helena and Annabelle will give him almost anything he wants. His Retainers are two old cronies from his breathing days.

Kathy Glens

Kathy's burning ambition since the age of 10 was to be the world's greatest guitarist. With every new Hendrix or Clapton album, this ambition grew and grew. By 1971, when she was 18, nothing else mattered. Unfortunately, she faced the same problem shared by many talented female musicians at the time. Fans just did not accept female musicians unless they were singers or folk artists. Not only was Kathy primarily a rock guitarist, but she refused to add lyrics to her songs based on the (correct) assumption that they would detract from the power of her performance. This helped to ensure her status as a minor local cult figure instead of a performer with a national reputation.

It also attracted the attention of Tamoszius, the mad vampire violinist, who had felt nothing but disdain for rock 'n' roll until he heard her play. For three months, the

diminutive violinist haunted the audiences every time she played. Finally, he went to her and made the same offer once made to him — an eternity to perfect this musical gift. Kathy, after becoming convinced of Tamoszius' sincerity, accepted the offer as eagerly as the violinist himself once did.

Kathy was just beginning to become bored with rock when punk appeared on the scene. While this new style attracted just as many bigots and chauvinists as any of the old ones, many female musicians took it as an opportunity to flaunt their own styles. Kathy was slow to join this radical movement, but when she did she jumped in with a vengeance. She is one of the founding members of Baby Chorus and her talent is one of the key reasons the band has found such a strong local following. Despite her role as a band member, she is still likely to rip into an improvised solo that leaves the other band members with nothing to do on stage for up to an hour on end.

The deaths of both Tamoszius and band member Garwood Marshall during the Lupine attack, as well as her own mauling in a club called the Cave, have left her shaken and heartbroken. She is the main reason the band has not played in two months, for she finds it difficult to take the stage. She spends much of her time in an abandoned cellar on the South Side, playing, recording and editing all night. She neither knows nor cares if what she is creating is garbage or a masterpiece beyond measure.

Sire: Tamoszius

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Fanatic

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1971 (born 1953)

Apparent Age: Teenager

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4



Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Leadership 3
Skills: Drive 1, Melee 4, Music 5, Repair 2
Knowledges: Chicago 3, Music Trivia 5
Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 5, Presence 3
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Fame 2, Retainers 1
Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 3, Courage 3
Humanity: 7
Willpower: 7

Notes: She uses her high Celerity to ensure her position as the fastest guitarist any of the characters is ever likely to see.

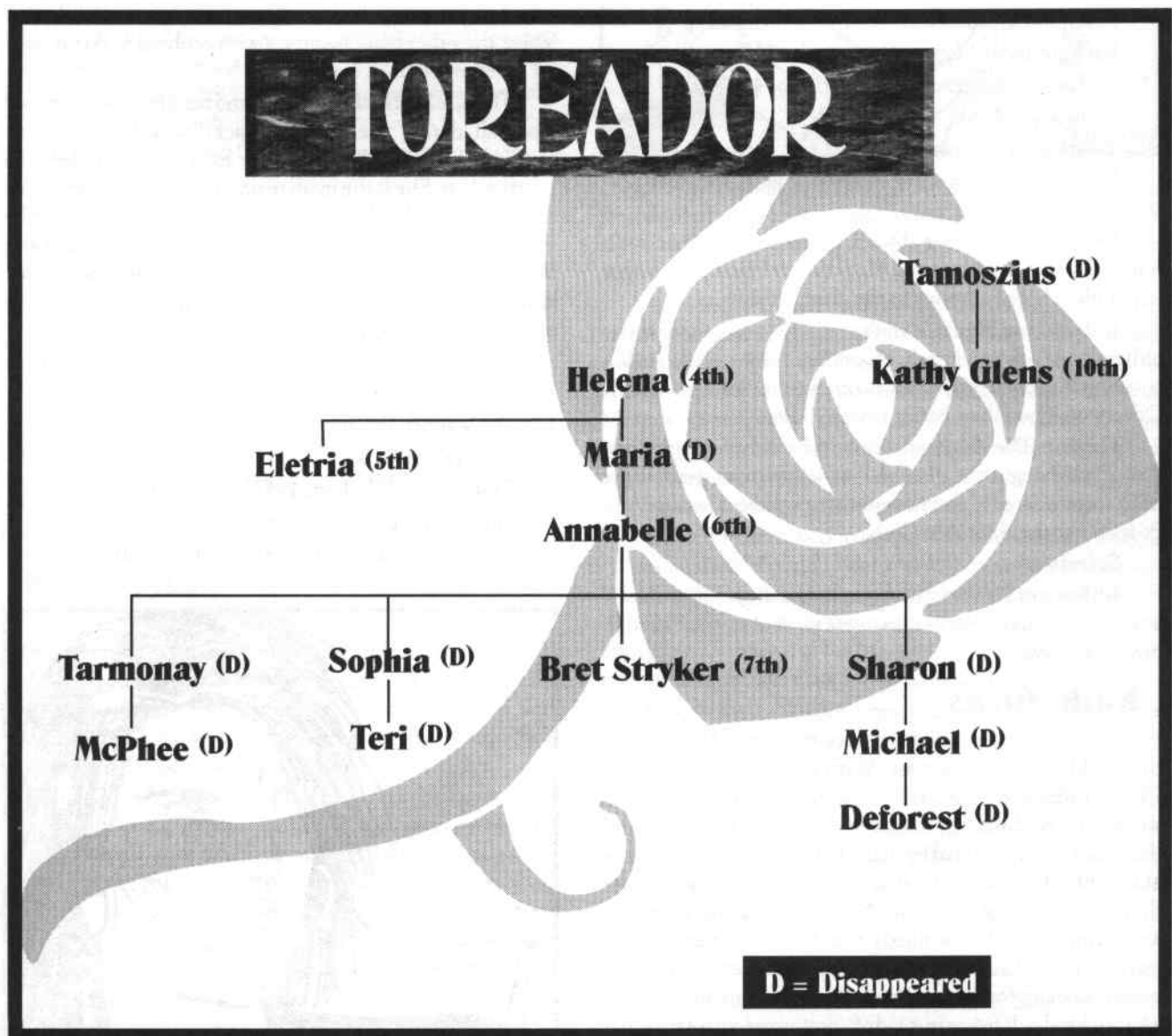
Image: A rather normal-looking young woman with long brown hair and hazel eyes. Dresses casually — jeans and a band T-shirt.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a sincere and interested listener, but your interest in a conversation is likely to wane if people expect you to do the talking.

Haven: A cellar on the South Side.

Secrets: B

Influence: None.



TREMERE

The Tremere is easily the most organized clan in the city. Its members share common objectives and work closely together to achieve those objectives. However, the clan leader, perhaps as a result of his youthful appearance, does not have the full respect and obedience of the others. The Council of Seven's interest in Chicago has increased following the events of **Under a Blood Red Moon**, and it has sent a Gargoyle to help protect the chantry — and keep an eye on things.

In many ways, the clan elders think of those Tremere in Chicago as expendable probes, intended to find out what is going on but not expected to bring any other benefits to the clan. They know full well that Nicolai is being controlled by a Methuselah, but do not know the Methuselah's identity.

Nicolai

The magus visited Nicolai Antonescu for the first time when he was a little more than five years old. It happened one day as Nicolai was working in his family's vegetable field while his father worked with the other village men on the count's land. Nicolai was immersed in tugging up carrots when he felt a shadow across his heart and sensed an ominous presence behind him. He turned and saw an old, bearded man dressed in fine robes of silk, peering down at him with gray eyes — eyes that could surely see through stone walls.

After several minutes of terrifying silence, the man spoke. *"You will do,"* was all he said. Then he began to walk away. After a few steps he turned, and said, *"I shall return for you when you are older. You had best be prepared."* Then he raised his arms and disappeared like a candle being blown out.

Nicolai ran home as fast as he could, but when he got there he found he could tell no one what had happened. Each time he tried, his mouth simply refused to open. All he could do was cry, which he did for several hours.

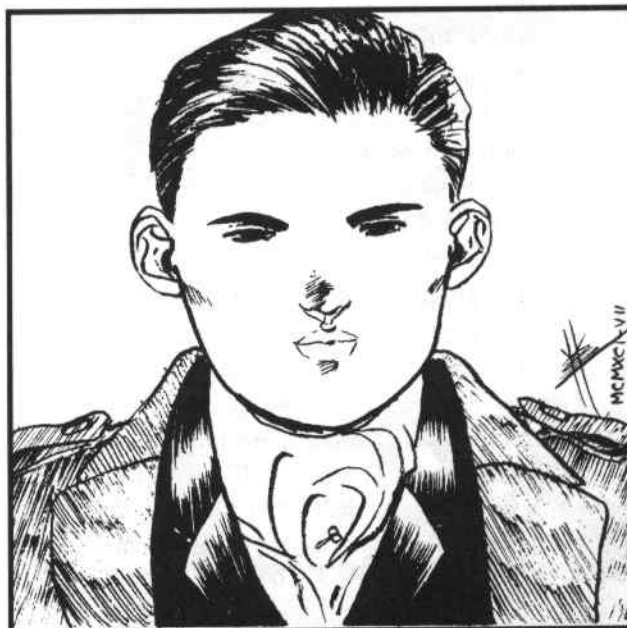
During the next three years, Nicolai watched for the stranger with a mix of apprehension and curious anticipation. He continued to work diligently in his family's fields because it gave him time to be alone with his thoughts. It also kept him away from the other village children, who teased him constantly for being a dreamer, and the adults, who looked at him strangely when they thought he could not see. He now sensed that he did not belong here — that he was destined for something more than pulling up weeds.

Then one day the magus returned while Nicolai was in the fields. He wrapped the boy in a black cloak much like the one he himself wore, and led Nicolai off down the road. They passed several groups of peasants from his own village but, much to Nicolai's surprise, the peasants never looked at the odd pair.

After walking in silence for several miles, they came to a carriage guarded by several armed men with strange emblems on their shields. Once they got in, the old man removed their cloaks. Only then did the armed men notice them, whereupon they began heading north along the King's highway.

As they traveled, the magus explained to Nicolai what it meant to be an apprentice. By the time they reached the boy's new home, Kundera Covenant high in the hills, he was quaking with fear and anticipation. For the next three years he served as the magus Stromberg's apprentice, and began to learn the mystical arts. He proved to be a quick learner with great natural aptitude.

One night, after a long day's effort on a strange new ritual his master was creating, Nicolai heard Stromberg cry out. Rushing to his master's chambers, he found the old magus leaning over the cat that had been his familiar for years, blood streaming down his face. Before Nicolai could move, his



master sprang on him and bit deeply into the boy's throat. Stromberg came to his senses only after he had completely drained Nicolai. Not wishing to lose a valuable apprentice in this way, the magus turned his apprentice into his neonate.

When the apprentice awakened to find himself drinking blood, Stromberg had a great deal of explaining to do. He told Nicolai that he and other senior magi in House Tremere had discovered a way to make themselves immortal, but that it required the drinking of blood. The ritual they had worked on for so long employed the blood of a vampire, and it bestowed all the benefits (but, he said, none of the weaknesses) of that type of creature. Once again, Nicolai was both horrified and excited by what he had become.

For centuries he loyally served his master and the other elders of the clan in their struggle against the other Kindred. In 1869, after finally proving himself to them, he was given his own city. Because of the incredible growth occurring in the New World, they sent him to the United States with orders to take control of the swiftly expanding metropolis of Chicago. They also ordered him to keep this control hidden from the other Kindred, as is the Tremere way. For the most part, Nicolai has succeeded in following these orders.

Nicolai first began to weave his web of control during the power struggle between Lodin and Maxwell. He secretly Dominated those few Kindred who survived the Great Fire and still supported Maxwell. Under his control they betrayed the old prince, leaving Lodin forever in Nicolai's debt (although Lodin realized all too well that Nicolai must control some of his subjects as tightly as he had controlled Maxwell's). Nicolai then took his place in the city's primogen. However, despite his proficiency at the games of the undead, Nicolai is still a child at heart. If his plans are ever thwarted, he is likely to become irrational.

Since the Lupine attack, Helena has been spending a great deal of time ensuring Nicolai's loyalty to her. She has come to him as the neonate Portia, feigning interest in him and his abilities, and he has begun to respond. After all, no one, not even a child, can refuse her.

Sire: Stromberg

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1314 (born 1303)

Apparent Age: 10

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 7, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 2, Leadership 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Etiquette 2, Music 2, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Art History 3, Chicago 5, Computer 3, Finance 5, Linguistics 5, Medicine 4, Occult 7, Politics 3

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Celerity 2, Dominate 5, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 2, Potence 3, Thaumaturgy 6 (Movement

of the Mind 5, Lure of Flames 5, Weather Control 5, Path of Conjuring 4, Path of Corruption 2)

Rituals: All Level One Rituals, Calling the Restless Spirit, Eyes of the Past, Innocence of the Child's Heart, The Unseen Change, Rending Sweet Earth and Protean Curse, as well as anything else the Storyteller desires.

Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Herd 2, Influence 3, Mentor 5, Resources 5, Retainers 4, Status 4

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 3, Courage 3

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 10

Image: A handsome young boy with thousand-year-old eyes. He is dark-haired and swarthy-skinned, and dresses in finely tailored suits.

Roleplaying Hints: Stare deeply at anyone with whom you speak. Always stay calm, arms folded, unless you are thwarted — then go wild.

Haven: A mansion near downtown Chicago — the chantry.

Secrets: A

Influence: Nicolai is very well connected in the art community. As a patron of considerable wealth, he garners great respect and more than a little confusion — "You mean that kid there paid for this whole exhibit?" Practically speaking, he has little power among the mortals, though as a member of the primogen he has considerable sway among the leaders of the city. Also, as clan leader of the Tremere, he has potent mystical forces at his command.

Abraham DuSable

During World War II, Nicolai began to consider adding other Tremere to Chicago. Since he wanted to prove himself to the Tremere elders and didn't want any of his control or power taken away by others of greater age, he had no desire to recruit from other cities. He felt the need for someone who at least appeared older, however, as his youthful appearance often proved a hindrance. Slowly he began to pick through the minds of Chicago's elite in search of a suitable subject.

He came upon Abraham DuSable almost by chance. DuSable, a cultured and capable lawyer, was becoming more and more frustrated at the constraints of his aging mortal shell. The great depth of his anger stemmed from one simple fact: despite his great skill as an attorney, his high intelligence and his ability to trace his heritage back further than almost any white man in the city, being black would forever prevent him from attending the opera, having a drink at one of the men's clubs, or riding the whites-only trolley.

Nicolai found this embittered 60-year-old perfectly suited for his plans. He visited the lawyer one night when DuSable was feeling especially bitter. After a brief display of the capabilities of his small form, Nicolai convinced the distinguished gentleman to become his neonate. To Nicolai's surprise, he did not need to use his Dominate Discipline to

accomplish this. DuSable had some family in the city, but it was a simple matter to fake his death in an apparent racist attack.

After several months, during which time he informed Lodin what he had done, Nicolai took DuSable to Vienna to meet the Tremere elders. The Tremere was all DuSable had ever hoped for. Here was true power, based solely on his ability to use it, not on the color of his skin.

During the succeeding decades, DuSable has never questioned the morality or ethics of what he has done. He has little interest in mortal society, though upon returning to Chicago he did consider revenge against all he felt had wronged him over the years. Nicolai quickly dissuaded him. Since then, his years of tutelage with Nicolai have led him to feel that revenge is a petty desire compared to the drive for power that motivates most Tremere. Indeed, he feeds primarily on animals, because he finds it convenient and so he will not have to disrupt his study of Thaumaturgy. Sill, he occasionally hunts a human for variety and, though he is unwilling to admit it, the sheer thrill of power involved.

DuSable is the most prominent Tremere any characters are likely to meet in the city. He runs the chantry where Nicolai stays and is known among Tremere throughout the nation. He still tends to follow Nicolai on most matters, but his primary loyalty lies with the Tremere itself. Except for one single mistake — the creation of Maldavis — he would be completely fulfilled. Now he constantly fears that someone will discover that it was he who created her.

During the Lupine attack on the chantry, DuSable fought bravely and with skill, but was overwhelmed by the werewolves. One of the shapeshifters tore off his arm and was preparing to kill the Warlock when his own child, Garwood Marshall, leaped to his rescue. The werewolf met the child head-on and tore his head off. That moment was all DuSable needed, and his magics, bolstered by the power of the chantry, destroyed the remaining attackers. One did not die immediately, however, and spat a horrid ichor at DuSable. It hit his bloody stump and stuck fast. Since then, DuSable has been unable to regrow the limb, and seeks a ritual to counteract the ichor.

Sire: Nicolai

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Curmudgeon

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1943 (born 1883)

Apparent Age: Late 50s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 6, Wits 5

Talents: Acting 2, Intimidation 3, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 6

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Melee 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Finance 3, Law 5, Occult 6

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Dominate 3, Fortitude 1, Thaumaturgy 6 (Lure of Flames 5, Elemental Mastery 5, Weather Control 3, Movement of the Mind 2)

Rituals: Defense of the Sacred Haven, Wake with Evening's Freshness, Communicate with Kindred Sire, Deflection of Wooden Doom, Calling the Restless Spirit, Eyes of the Past, Illusion of Peaceful Death, Rending Sweet Earth.

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Influence 3, Mentor 4, Resources 5, Retainers 1, Status 3

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 3, Courage 3

Humanity: 4

Willpower: 9

Image: A tall and noble-looking man with gray-speckled hair and glasses. He always dresses sharply — if a bit out of date — and carries a heavy, silver-tipped ebony walking stick (his melee weapon). DuSable now has only one arm, and keeps the other heavily wrapped. Should someone see DuSable with his shirt off, she will notice that his stump is a horrid shade of green.

Roleplaying Hints: Speak very softly unless what you're saying is important. Then speak with the very boom of thunder.

Haven: The chantry.

Secrets: A-

Influence: DuSable still knows the darkest secrets of some of the most influential figures in the legal establishment of the city. He holds the dirt on judges, lawyers and politicians. From time to time he uses this information to blackmail these individuals in pursuit of a desired aim, and sometimes he does it simply out of spite. If the characters ever need the heat turned off, the best person to consult is DuSable — though his price might be high.



Tracy Graves ("Erichtho")

A wave of intense interest in the occult swept through America in the late 1800s, hitting Tracy Graves like it did many other Americans. The writings of Shelley, Blake and Byron did much to stimulate her curiosity, but the burgeoning Theosophist movement most captured her attention. By the time she graduated from college, she was corresponding with a number of Theosophists in Europe and India, and visiting numerous scholars in the Midwest.

It was not Tracy's knowledge that attracted Nicolai as much as it was her natural beauty. He had become a vampire well before puberty, a fact that left him with the gnawing feeling that he had missed out on something important. His life among the Tremere had given him little opportunity to form any close attachments, and for the past 500 years he had met no one he could call friend, much less lover. By 1897 he had established himself as a force in the city and, for the first time in his long life, began to think about enjoying himself.

He met Tracy through her father, a prominent attorney Nicolai had Dominated to do some legal work for him. Nicolai fell completely, hopelessly in love with the young woman after his first glimpse of her. He informed Lodin that he was going to create a new neonate, and then began the process of wooing Tracy. He brought her gifts, wrote her poems and played music outside her window. Much to his chagrin, Tracy met his attentions with mild amusement, and was barely flattered that this little boy — apparently the precocious son of one of her father's clients — was so interested in her.

Greatly embarrassed by his clumsy attempts at romance, Nicolai decided to change tack. He appeared before her one night as she walked home from a meeting of a small Theosophical group. He spoke to her about the occult, and right before they reached Tracy's house, gave her a brief display of his Thaumaturgical powers. He then offered Tracy the chance to become what he was.

Unknown to Nicolai, a key Theosophical belief is the role of Masters — higher beings who come to Earth in a variety of forms to aid humanity in its advance. Tracy gladly accepted Nicolai's offer, believing him to be one of these Masters. Needless to say, she went almost mad with horror when she realized that his offer had culminated in her becoming a vampire.

Tracy's horror was paralleled by Nicolai's anger and pain when she ran off following the transformation. He quickly tracked her to a hiding place where she had tried to commit suicide with one of her father's revolvers. Nicolai gave her more blood so she could heal herself. He explained to her what her new existence entailed, and then Dominated her to prevent her from again attempting suicide. Then he tried to decide what to do with her.

Finally, his reluctance to admit failure overcame his pain and anger. He forced the young woman to travel to Vienna, where she was to become one of the Tremere. On the journey, however, Nicolai committed his one crime against his clan.

Tracy made a supreme effort to throw off his Dominate, and hurled herself from the train on which they were traveling. She would have died from her injuries had Nicolai not fed her with his blood one more time — thus Blood Bonding her to himself and making it impossible for the clan to do so. He believes that so far this has gone unnoticed.

For a while he kept Tracy at the chantry, convincing himself that she would one day come to love him. As time passed, though, he became certain that this would never be. Finally, 10 years later, he freed her — though he did order her to keep herself alive and do nothing to hurt him.

She fled Chicago, and for the next 40 years roamed the world, trying to come to grips with her new existence. She returned to the city after World War II, having taken the name Erichtho (a necromancer and witch in Roman mythology) to cloak her ties with her family, which is still prominent in Chicago politics.

She is no closer to understanding the meaning of her existence, but she has heard about Golconda from other Cainites and has devoted her existence to attaining this state. She has also done her best to disrupt various Tremere plots without bringing attention to herself, and has aided Chicago's anarchists, though generally without their knowledge.

During the recent upheavals, she met and became friends with Maldavis. The anarchy's defeat was a crushing blow to Erichtho, and she has maintained a low profile ever since. She currently maintains a mansion in Wilmette from which she carries on an active correspondence with occultists and mystics across the world.

Erichtho has learned how to control some forms of spirits. Indeed, she currently has two spirit Retainers — a ghost like the ones in Tammy's haven (see *Nosferatu*, above) and a poltergeist (treat as having a 3 rating in the Fire and



Movement of the Mind aspects of Thaumaturgy, with eight dice in its Pool). Both entities protect her haven.

She has only recently become aware of Portia's interest in her sire, and worries about what effects it may have. Despite her hatred of what happened to her, she is still Blood Bound to Nicolai, and cares for him. Should she uncover Portia's dark secrets, she would be horrified, and would do anything to free Nicolai from the Methuselah's control — denying the whole time that she felt any jealousy. Even now she seeks allies who can help her track down information on Portia.

Sire: Nicolai

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Loner

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1897 (born 1875)

Apparent Age: Late teens, possibly early 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 6, Wits 6

Talents: Alertness 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Melee 1, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Chicago 4, Computer 4, Linguistics 5, Occult 6

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Celerity 1, Dominate 4, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 1, Thaumaturgy 4 (Spirit Thaumaturgy 4, Lure of Flames 3, Movement of the Mind 2)

Rituals: Defense of the Sacred Haven, Wake with Evening's Freshness, Communicate with Kindred Sire, De-

New Rituals

Calling the Restless Spirit (Level Two Ritual): This ritual allows the caster to speak with someone who has died. Successful casting requires an Intelligence + Occult roll (difficulty is the target's Willpower); the caster needs two successes. This ritual must be cast within 10 feet of the corpse. If the caster attempts to communicate with a ghost, she does not have to be near the body but must be in the area the ghost haunts. This spell does not affect vampires unless they have been destroyed.

Eyes of the Past (Level Three Ritual): This ritual shows what happened in the caster's present location at a specific time in the past, up to five years ago. The caster can see what happened in the past as if she had been standing where she is now.

Illusion of Peaceful Death (Level Three Ritual): This ritual heals obvious wounds on a corpse, causing a body to appear as though it died a natural death. While it does not add blood to a corpse, this ritual reduces the chance that anyone will notice how much is gone. The body must still have at least half its original blood for this ritual to succeed. The caster must "dust" the body with a white feather.

Gentle Mind (Level Three Ritual): This ritual grants the target four extra Willpower points usable only for preventing frenzy. The caster and target must share a Blood Point, keeping a Tremere from casting this spell on himself.

The Unseen Change (Level Three Ritual): This ritual affects an area delineated by wolf's blood poured from a silver jug. From then on, any Lupine who enters the area will automatically change to Lupus (full-wolf) form unless she makes a successful Willpower roll (difficulty 9).

Innocence of the Child's Heart (Level Four Ritual): This ritual masks the vampire from the Auspex power of

Aura Perception. Any who use that power on the caster will perceive a white aura, untainted by any signs of vampirism. A toy that once belonged to a mortal child must be carried with the caster while the spell is in effect. Nicolai invented this ritual and is extremely proud of it. He has not yet demonstrated it to any other Tremere; he hopes to spring it on the clan at a particularly dramatic moment.

Rending Sweet Earth (Level Four Ritual): This ritual opens a 10-foot by 10-foot chasm leading to the subterranean resting place of a vampire in an Earth Melded state. The ritual automatically awakens the target Cainite if she is asleep, but will not do so if she is in torpor. The ritual must be cast at the exact spot where the vampire entered the earth, and the caster must repeatedly strike the ground with a leather whip.

Protean Curse (Level Four Ritual): This ritual turns the target into a bat as per the fourth level of the Protean Discipline. The target must drink a vial of blood from a rabid vampire bat. The ritual may be cast on Kindred or kine, and the target will only turn back to human form when the spell is again cast on her.

Sands of Time (Level Six Ritual): The caster must enchant a marble bowl full of white sand and glass shards in a five-hour ritual. At the end of this time he rolls Dexterity + Occult (difficulty 7). Provided the ritual was successful, the sands will mystically slow anyone upon whom they are sprinkled. It takes the target a number of turns equal to the successes of the casting to take one action. Thus, if the caster rolled five successes on the ritual, its target could only take one action every five turns. Note that Celerity can partially or fully negate this effect; if the target in the last example had two points of Celerity, she could take an action every three turns, though at the cost of two Blood Points.

flection of Wooden Doom, Calling the Restless Spirit, Gentle Mind. Erichtho also knows some non-Tremere magic (give her additional powers as you feel they are needed — for instance, the ability to cause people to hallucinate).

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Resources 3, Retainers 2

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

Humanity: 10

Willpower: 9

Image: A very pretty, full-figured brunette. She has green eyes and fair, lightly freckled skin

Roleplaying Hints: Smile a lot but say little. When you do speak, try to make the statement as innocuous as possible.

Haven: A condominium in north Chicago.

Secrets: B+

Influence: She has more contact with the magi of the world than any other vampire in Chicago — perhaps even in North America. Most Tremere avoid any contact with those they call “of the Old Order,” but Erichtho has never really considered herself a Tremere and certainly does not consider herself under “their” restrictions. In time of great need she may be able to call upon these distant correspondents, who have so much more power than she could ever imagine. Some are wizards of great power — by no means charlatans or amateurs — and if they believed her to be in true danger they would come to her aid. They might be surprised that she is of the Damned, but they would help her. This is her trump card, and the irony is that she does not realize that she holds it.

Ublo-Satha

Ublo-Satha retains no memories of the time before she served the Tremere; no memories of a time when she was not a Gargoyle. For centuries she has served her masters faithfully, doing their bidding as best she could. At first she was little more than a guard, but the Tremere soon realized they were wasting her abilities and intelligence.

It was one of the Inner Seven who first noticed Ublo-Satha was smarter and more cunning than the average Gargoyle. At first he took advantage of the situation by making her his personal bodyguard. Soon he was using her on a wide variety of missions, including scouting, training and even diplomatic assignments.

Recently he sent her to Chicago, for he fears Nicolai does not always act in the best interests of the clan. In fact, Ublo-Satha herself suggested that she go to “help protect” the chantry. While there, she could study Nicolai and the other Tremere, decide if the clan had indeed lost significant opportunities there, and make recommendations to her mentor.

Unknown to even the Tremere, Ublo-Satha does have a past. Before becoming one of the original vampires used by the Tremere to create the Gargoyle bloodline, she had wandered across Europe. Once, during her travels, she encountered an ancient Brujah, who implanted a hypnotic

suggestion so deeply in her mind that it survived the Tremere transformation. The suggestion would enable the Brujah to summon her from anywhere, at any time, and compel her to return to him for further orders.

Now Menele has sent his command, and she has come to Chicago to do his bidding. For now, he has ordered her to protect the Tremere, and to keep him informed about their activities. This may change at any time, and he may soon have Ublo-Satha take a more active role in the city's wars.

Sire: Harlequin

Bloodline: Gargoyle

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 963 (her original vampiric form)

Apparent Age: Unclear

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Etiquette 1, Melee 2, Security 4, Stealth 3, Survival 3

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Occult 2, Politics 2, Tremere Lore 4

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Celerity 3, Fortitude 4, Obfuscate 2, Potence 5, Thaumaturgy 2 (Movement of the Mind 2), Visceratika 5

Rituals: Defense of the Sacred Haven, Wake with Morning's Freshness

Backgrounds: Mentor 6

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 4, Courage 4



Humanity: 4

Willpower: 8

Notes: Ublo-Satha's Visceratika makes it almost impossible to damage her. Even fire has little effect on her. Additionally, she can meld with rock, change color to match her surroundings, and detect anyone or anything in whatever building she inhabits. Finally, her wings allow her to fly at up to 30 mph.

Image: Extremely rocky, with large bumps, crags and crevices all over her body. She generally wears no clothes — not that doing so makes much difference.

Roleplaying Hints: You talk in whispers, and generally from the cover of the shadows. Refer any questions to DuSable.

Haven: The chantry.

Secrets: B

Influence: None.



Ventru

Chicago's Ventru still manage to present a united front, but everyone knows it to be a facade. The clan leader, Prince Lodin, is dead, and no one has appeared to take his place. The remaining members of this clan are jockeying for position, and their political maneuverings could turn violent at any moment. Two of them, Ballard and Capone, are considered among the most likely residents of Chicago to become prince, but their feuding may well nullify their efforts. Should the Ventru somehow unite, they could command the city. Such an outcome, however, is extremely unlikely.

Horatio Ballard

The years following the American Civil War — the "Gilded Age" — proved to be boom times for the nation's industrial barons, if not for the country as a whole. This era hosted the rise of the Vanderbilts and Rockefellers. Wealthy financiers robbed the government of millions of dollars with railroad contracts, speculation in public lands and a host of other enterprises. Chicago joined the thievery a little late, but its position as the principal city of the Midwest and the gateway to the West put local businessmen in a strong position to steal and pilfer from public and corporate coffers.

None of the city's financial cutthroats could compare with Horatio Ballard for pure ruthlessness and guile. His lust for money and power was only matched by his appetite for huge quantities of gourmet food. The son of an Albany businessman and legislator, Ballard moved to Chicago during the Civil War to join an uncle who was selling meat to the Union Army. Ballard proved supremely gifted in finding the cheapest, most pitiful steer and horseflesh and getting the government to pay top dollar for it.

He and his uncle used their profits to invest heavily in land that railroad men told them would be used for the country's growing transportation network. They also started a construction company that charged the highest prices for the shoddiest work, and dabbled in the stock market, where they learned the fine art of creating dummy corporations and selling worthless stock to incautious investors. By 1871, Ballard and his uncle were worth millions.

Then came the Great Fire. Ballard and his uncle were engaged in one of their epic late-night suppers when they heard screams in the streets. They rushed out of their mansion just as it burst into flames. Accounts differ as to what

happened during that mad flight. According to Ballard, his uncle stopped to rescue a favorite pet Pekingese and was crushed by a falling beam. Other witnesses claimed to have seen Ballard strike the older man down from behind with a heavy cane, and leave him for the growing flames. One witness disappeared and the other changed her story, so the police never investigated the case. Shortly thereafter, the son-in-law of the local ward boss became vice-president of the construction company.

Upon his uncle's death, Ballard found himself in sole possession of one of Chicago's largest construction companies and positioned as one of the city's wealthiest and most influential citizens. Rebuilding after the fire made him richer still, and his investments soon spanned the nation's financial structure. Ballard had never married, and to all appearances his main interests other than money were the incredible banquets he threw for himself. Twelve-course meals, including numerous desserts, massive quantities of beef and gallons of liquor, became the rule.

Still, it came as a shock to Ballard when he suffered his first heart attack. Horrified by this indication of his own mortality, Ballard spent huge sums on legitimate medical



research. When a second attack followed, he began showering gold on any quack who offered him some hope of continued health. Desperate as he was, though, even Ballard was skeptical of the scruffy little man who came to him with tales of immortal vampires.

He became less skeptical when the little man presented him with an immobile, staked human corpse with skin as hard as stone, which he claimed to have found near dawn on a rooftop. Ballard bought the staked creature for \$5,000 and pondered his next move for more than a month. Finally, one night in a locked basement, equipped with cross, rosaries and garlic, and supported by a dozen armed private detectives who had been well paid for their silence, Ballard removed the stake.

The creature collapsed on the floor and could barely moan out its entreaty for blood. Ballard pricked his own finger and let a few drops dribble into its mouth. More, Ballard told it, would depend on its cooperation. His guards bound the creature with handcuffs and chains, and man and vampire spent the rest of the night in deep conversation. Come the dawn Ballard left the room pale and weak, drained of much of his blood but possessed of an understanding of the nature of vampires and their role in the city.

He replaced the stake in his captive's heart, and during the day he sought Lodin, whom his prisoner said had just become prince of the city. According to the creature, this Lodin had staked it and left it to die in the sunlight for its support of the previous prince. Accompanied by several of Pinkerton's finest, Ballard entered Lodin's haven.

That night, Lodin awoke to find a monstrosity huge man sitting next to him, holding a stake poised over his heart. Surrounding him were mortals with revolvers and shotguns ready. Ballard told Lodin that the prince's only hope for survival was to make Ballard himself a vampire. Lodin's laughter shocked Ballard. Before the financier could react, his 600-pound form flew across the room and crashed against a wall. By the time he had recovered, he saw Lodin sucking the blood from the last of his guards. While the vampire's suit was ruined by numerous blasts from shotguns and revolvers, Lodin himself seemed uninjured.

Lodin threw the guard's corpse aside and advanced on Ballard. As death strode toward him, Ballard utterly lost control of himself. Crying and screaming, he begged Lodin not to kill him, offering the prince money, blood, power — anything to let him live. It took him several minutes to realize the vampire had stopped moving, and was regarding him thoughtfully.

Lodin had realized who the intruder was, and had begun to consider his options. He realized he needed help in controlling the growing city, and the idea of making this massive fiscal pirate his lackey appealed to his aristocratic side. Laughing, he informed Ballard that this was indeed his

lucky night. Unwilling to search for a neck beneath the mortal's various chins, Lodin bit into Ballard's fleshy wrist and drank deeply.

When the transformation was over, Lodin told the neonate of his plans for him. In exchange for eternal life and a prominent position as Lodin's lieutenant, Ballard would guarantee the prince enough money and power to meet every contingency. Ballard's first job was to slay his staked prisoner, who had violated the Masquerade.

Over the next several years Ballard served Lodin well, as much out of fear as loyalty. Each time Lodin demanded money — any amount, however large — he had to provide it immediately. For truly immense sums, Lodin sometimes permitted Ballard three days. It was not easy, but over the years, as Ballard's wealth and control over the business world grew, it became easier. Then came the rise of Modius, and for the first time Ballard saw fear in his overlord's eyes. As the anarchs came closer to overthrowing Lodin, Ballard realized that only his work and his control of the city's business leaders kept them from succeeding. His fear of the prince turned into disdain, and by the time Modius was defeated he had begun to consider making his own bid for power.

He stopped considering when he realized that some of the elders who met in Elysium were actually the primogen. Ballard had suspected the presence of a power behind Lodin, but he had never imagined it to be of such magnitude. The knowledge that the primogen now supported Lodin as prince (though some of its members did so grudgingly) left Ballard resigned to his status as lieutenant — for the present.

This did not stop him from trying to expand his authority. His knowledge of the nation's financial networks and the influence of his extended family left him in a solid position to extend the empire he had built in his breathing days. He took responsibility for destroying Gary's economy after Modius moved there, shifting investments away from the city and dominating business leaders into incompetence. His manipulations have kept favored Cainites wealthy and content while punishing those out of favor, Kindred and kine alike. Most vampires now regard him as one of the major powers in the city.

Lodin's death has left Ballard coveting the principedom even more, but he knows he has to move with care. He has made a large number of enemies, including anarchs, elders and other members of Lodin's brood. He is considering supporting someone else for the principedom — some incompetent neonate — so that when that Lick fails, he can stage a coup and seize the city for himself.

Ballard's mortal family is one of his greatest assets. Its members have roles in all aspects of the city and state, and some have gained national prominence — with Great-Uncle Ballard's support, of course. However, his family could also prove to be his greatest weakness. Part of the reason he has

kept its members so heavily Dominated over the years is that he can only feed on the children of his family. All the children must spend at least one week a year with him when they are about eight or nine; during this time they are forced to adapt to his sleep cycle and serve him as vessels.

Ballard is able to ingest and hold massive amounts of food. While most Kindred immediately regurgitate upon the slightest intake of food or drink, Ballard can shovel it down in massive quantities and hold it for days thanks to his great Willpower and constant practice. Indeed, he still achieves great pleasure from eating, and enjoys the fact that it tends to disgust other Kindred.

Sire: Lodin

Nature: Curmudgeon

Demeanor: Conniver

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1881 (born 1832)

Apparent Age: 50s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Talents: Acting 1, Brawl 2, Intimidation 5, Leadership 2, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Etiquette 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Chicago 4, Finance 5, Industry 5, Law 3, Politics 4

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Dominate 5, Fortitude 4, Potence 2, Presence 4

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Herd 4, Influence 5, Resources 5, Retainers 5, Status 4

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 0, Courage 0

Humanity: 0

Willpower: 10

Image: A balding, grotesquely obese Caucasian. Rolls of flesh hang off him; he looks like a parody of a Chinese Buddha in a tent-sized business suit.

Roleplaying Hints: One of your greatest assets is the ability to unsettle anyone whom you meet, leaving the person ill at ease. Arrange your meetings in such a way that they leave the other party at a disadvantage. Always seek the upper hand in your dealings.

Haven: A heavily guarded family estate on the north shore of Lake Michigan.

Secrets: B

Influence: Ballard controls most of Chicago's white-collar businesses as well as its industry, and has a great deal of influence over the law firms and bankers. He rules Chicago business as if it were one giant corporation owned by himself, granting the presidencies of companies to his favorites or the children of his favorites. He does not attempt to dictate the policy of each company, but is able to effect almost any change he desires.

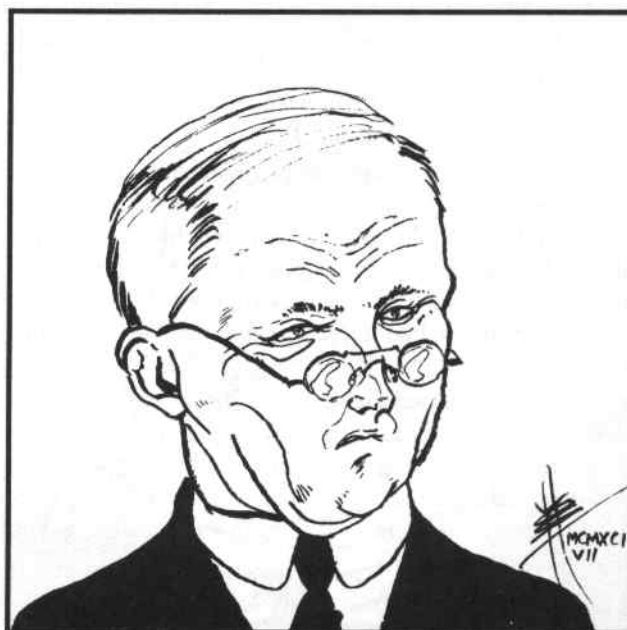
Alan Sovereign

Alan Sovereign made his first million in questionable mortgages and loans to GIs returning from World War II. He made more money through the government's home loan program for the soldiers than he did through his own efforts. In the 1950s he became president of a small bank in south Chicago, and became richer by using the bank's money to buy up land that bribed public officials told him would be used by the growing public transportation system. With these profits he began investing in the stock market. No one could say he played the stock market, because that would imply an element of chance. Sovereign was a master of acquiring inside information.

For all his millions, Sovereign was helpless when the IRS caught up with him. Jailed for a year and fined more than two million dollars for tax evasion, Sovereign left prison a bitter and broken man.

On his first night out of jail, a strange, obese man visited, promising revenge if Sovereign would do as he was told. The fat man gave him \$750,000 to invest, at a handsome fee.

Sovereign still had his old contacts; these, combined with his lack of scruples, were all he needed to double that \$750,000 within a short time. Ballard was quite pleased with the results, gave his blood to the man for the first time, and put him in control of substantial assets. For the next five years Sovereign was happy with the arrangement, and this knowledgeable and able servant helped make Ballard even more wealthy than he already was. However, neither one had forgotten Ballard's promise of revenge. When Ballard finally obtained permission from the suspicious Lodin, he happily turned the banker into his lieutenant. His lieutenant then turned several IRS agents into missing persons. Even now, he feeds exclusively on IRS agents, other government financial lackeys and financiers.



Sovereign is Ballard's primary advisor on all things fiscal, and is especially critical to his control of the city's economy. During Maldavis' attempt to gain power, Sovereign was instrumental in breaking some of her mortal Allies. During that time he also heard that killing an older vampire and drinking its blood could make one more powerful. Actually, the story as he heard it was that one must kill one's sire. He intends to take that step as soon as it is feasible.

Sire: Horatio Ballard

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Conformist

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1959 (born 1903)

Apparent Age: 50s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Athletics 1, Dodge 1, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Melee 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Computer 2, Finance 5, Investigation 1, Law 2, Occult 1

Disciplines: Auspex 4, Celerity 1, Dominate 3, Fortitude 2, Potence 1, Presence 2

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 4, Influence 2, Resources 4, Retainers 3, Status 2

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 3, Courage 3

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 8

Notes: Sovereign has taken to practicing with a sharp wooden sword in preparation for the day he slays his sire.

Image: A weasel-faced man with sharp, pinched features and keen gray eyes.

Roleplaying Hints: Squint when you talk to the players, as though you are trying to look into their hearts.

Haven: A house in Evanston.

Secrets: B-

Influence: Sovereign holds tight personal control over the banking industry, and as Ballard's chief advisor has access to almost every aspect of Chicago business. If he were ever able to kill Ballard, however, he could not simply assume his master's control over business; it would take him many years to build up the same level of control.

Capone

In the early 1920s, Al Capone assumed control of crime in Chicago, including the city's very lucrative illegal alcohol trade. Soon thereafter, without any vampiric help, he seized almost total control of the city as a whole. At first Lodin did little to stop Capone, finding "the little Italian" quite amusing; the prince merely ensured that no others of his kind attempted to control the Mafia boss. Lodin did exert some control over the mob itself, and used its power to expand his

own influence in the city. When he finally tired of the violence of mob rule, he arranged for Capone to be jailed in Atlanta for tax evasion, thus restoring some measure of calm to the city.

Shortly after the gangster finished his jail term, he received a visitor. The prince of vampires made the deposed prince of the mob an offer he couldn't refuse: eternal life, his old power and more, in exchange for loyalty to Lodin. Capone, who had lost much of his pull in the mob, jumped at the chance.

That night he became a vampire, and the next night he began visiting the city's mob bosses. One after another, the capi found it in their best interests to accept the leadership of their strangely transformed chieftain. With his newfound abilities of both physical and verbal persuasion, Capone forged the mobs into a united front never before seen in the city. This mob was far more secretive and influential than ever before. Over the years, Capone extended his tentacles further and further, until he controlled almost every aspect of crime in the city.

At first he followed Lodin's commands without question, using his followers to battle the prince's mortal and immortal foes. However, his old lust for power began to grow once again, rising to new heights as he discovered the full potential of his new abilities. He began to expand his influence among legitimate businesses, just as the syndicates began laundering the money in legal enterprises. This brought him into conflict with Ballard, who regarded Capone's fiscal manipulations as trespassing in his own domain.

The two clashed in the early 1960s when Ballard attempted to weaken the hold the mob had over the local political scene. A subtle, unseen but very deadly war began between them, one that not even many Kindred knew about. The vampires fought each other with sabotage and economic blackmail. Their feud grew to the point that mobsters and



police were battling in the streets of Chicago, their own fights a reflection of the greater war, and the media began digging for stories. Finally, the primogen ordered Lodin to mediate the growing dispute. His final decision pleased no one but himself, and gave neither lieutenant what they wanted. The prince took away the police from Capone and the city government from Ballard, and assumed control of them himself. He created a second brood to help him administer and control these areas of influence.

Capone has long been a staunch foe of the anarchs, but the Kindred say he reserves his hatred for his archenemy. Indeed, rumor has it he would support the anarchs if they could help him destroy Ballard.

Even stranger rumors have begun to surface. For many years, the Kindred have feared and distrusted Capone because of his mortal reputation, but now some say that he has changed. They say he has begun to act with conscience and restraint, and that he has even begun to search for Golconda. Reportedly, one anarch brought before him for discipline was asked a number of questions about Golconda, and was told he would be extinguished if he ever told anyone about the conversation; that anarch has not been seen recently. Though this story of how a mob boss might seek Golconda is amusing, it is more likely fabrication than truth.

Capone believes he would make a good prince, but is not sure he wants the position. He has started traveling the world, and has become fascinated with much of what he has seen. Still, he cannot abide the thought of Ballard taking over, and will become involved in the race for power if his nemesis does.

Capone feeds on beautiful, black-eyed, pure-blooded Italian women. He has even taken to flying them in from the "home country" to ensure a steady supply.

Sire: Lodin

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1941 (born 1891)

Apparent Age: 40s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

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

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 5, Melee 4, Security 2, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Chicago 5, Finance 2, Investigation 3, Law 2, Organized Crime 4, Politics 2

Disciplines: Celerity 3, Dominate 4, Fortitude 4, Potence 2, Presence 5

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Fame 1, Herd 3, Influence 2, Resources 5, Retainers 5, Status 4

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

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 9

Notes: Capone always has a number of bodyguards around, and can summon an army of mafiosi if need be. In combat situations, Capone prefers his old Tommy gun and baseball bats, but he usually leaves the messy work to his Retainers.

Image: Think of an ugly man with a certain ruthless handsomeness despite his pockmarked, snarling face. Better yet, get an actual photograph and show it to the players.

Roleplaying Hints: After having watched the plethora of Hollywood movies glorifying your mortal deeds, you have come to believe their image of you. You have a more "Hollywood Italian" accent than you did during life and speak with the exuberance people say you did.

Haven: A vault beneath a small Italian restaurant in the middle of the Rack.

Secrets: B+

Influence: Capone totally controls the Chicago Mafia and wields substantial control over the other organized crime groups, including the Oriental triads and even some of the Colombian and Jamaican syndicates. However, he has ignored the rising black gangs and has nowhere near the influence among them that Kevin Jackson (below) does. Nevertheless, he is the crime boss of Chicago and is easily the equal of Ballard, who controls legitimate business. Just as he once controlled alcohol during Prohibition, he now controls drugs — though not as completely. He also controls the numbers racket, the gambling cruises run on Lake Michigan, much of the Rack, a large number of brothels and bars, and an even larger quantity of muscle. In short, Capone controls every aspect of crime in the city. He is an extremely powerful vampire, and a very dangerous one to cross.

Jacob Schumpeter

Jacob Schumpeter had everything he could want: a seat on the Chicago Board of Trade, a subservient wife to beat and cheat on, two daughters to ignore or abuse, and a nice home in the suburbs to avoid. With all of these wonderful possessions, he could not understand why he was unhappy. The more this question bothered him, the more unhappy he became, and the more often he took out his frustrations on his family. Soon his wife had left and filed for divorce, taking the children with her. The daughters' teachers and social workers had just begun to take an interest in the bruises the girls were sporting at school when Lodin contacted him.

In putting together his second brood, the prince had decided he needed someone other than Ballard to help him control the city's economy. Schumpeter had made his way through the ranks of Chicago's business elite rather quickly, and Lodin decided that this man would do admirably. He told Schumpeter of the life that lay open to him and Schumpeter jumped at the chance. That night, after Schumpeter completed the Change, he made his way to the house where his

wife was staying. He attacked her as she prepared for bed. He taunted her as he held her high over his head. Then, dashing her head against the wall, he began to lap at her blood.

Schumpeter was so flushed with the thrill of his new power that he did not even notice when his two daughters entered the room. He first realized he was not alone when the younger one brought a baseball bat down on his head. Schumpeter recovered quickly thanks to the blood he had just drunk and, in a frenzy, attacked his two children. Together the two girls managed to escape out the door and into a passing taxi.

While Lodin was upset at this breach of the Masquerade, he pardoned his neonate in the hope of using Schumpeter's economic knowledge. Unfortunately, there was one secret that Lodin had not discovered while monitoring Schumpeter — his rise to power in the mortal world came via favors given by his powerful father and father-in-law, not through any ability of his own. Lodin was much chagrined when he discovered Schumpeter was no match for Ballard and his lieutenants. Indeed, Ballard delighted in asking Schumpeter for advice and then showing the numerous flaws in the younger vampire's suggestions.

Schumpeter quickly found his unlife among the Kindred even more frustrating than his life among mortals. Once again, he has taken to relieving his frustrations by beating women, and he only feeds on abused, beaten females. He has managed to capture his older daughter and add her to his Herd, but he has not been able to find his younger one. What he does not know is that after she met Detective Gregory Stephens, who investigated Schumpeter's wife's murder, she became a vampire hunter and now has several kills to her credit. She is starting with the small fry until she gets the hang of it, and then she's going after her father.

Blissfully unaware of his danger, Schumpeter has begun planning his own bid to become prince. He feels sure that if he ruled the city, he could punish everyone who made either his life or his unlife so torturous. Knowing he lacks the other candidates' raw power (though ignorant of just how inferior he really is), he is willing to make any deal with anyone to advance his own cause.

Sire: Lodin

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Plotter

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1981 (born 1939)

Apparent Age: 40s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Acting 2, Brawl 1, Intimidation 2, Leadership 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Melee 1

Knowledge: Bureaucracy 2, Finance 2, Law 1

Disciplines: Dominate 3, Fortitude 2, Presence 3



Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Influence 3, Resources 3, Retainers 4, Status 1

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 0, Courage 2

Humanity: 0

Willpower: 6

Notes: Schumpeter has recently created a number of ghoulish Retainers, big bruisers all, who serve as his bodyguards.

Image: A middle-aged, bearded Caucasian male. He dresses in conservative suits made to fit his hefty frame.

Roleplaying Hints: You try to make up for your inadequacies by showing off. Be boastful and irritating, but shut up if someone more powerful is around.

Haven: A condominium in south Chicago.

Secrets: B-

Influence: Schumpeter now exerts some control over the Chicago Board of Trade and has managed to develop an iron grip over some of the city's commodities and futures markets. Thus, he has some control over how the millions of dollars changing hands each day are employed. It is technically feasible for him to help send America's economy into a depression, or to destroy certain elements — such as the steel industry. Since Ballard still maintains a grip on local business and industry, Schumpeter has set his sights on the markets and exchanges — the lifeblood of Chicago.

Kevin Jackson

For as long as Kevin could remember, the Bloods had been a part of his life. Both of his older brothers had been in the gang, and Kevin grew up with an undying hatred of the Crips, the Ebony Playboys, and any gang other than the Bloods. Thanks to the help of his two brothers, one of whom had moved to Los Angeles and become a leader among the Bloods there, Kevin's rise in the Chicago branch was swift

and dramatic. By 1984 he was one of the most powerful Bloods in the city, running much of the city's cocaine trade out of a housing project in Cabrini Green.

Lodin, disturbed by the rising strength of the black gangs and the decline of the Capone-controlled mobs, decided to bring one of the new leaders into his fold. After a quick review of the local toughs, he keyed on Kevin as one who had risen to power through the assistance of others — not too ambitious, but with connections Lodin could use. He appeared before Kevin one night and told him of his plans. Aided by the subtle use of Dominate, Lodin convinced the young gang leader to join his new brood.

Kevin has not kept his new existence a secret from the other Bloods. While he often takes vitae from members of his own gang, he prefers to feed on members of the Bloods' traditional enemies (he can only feed on gang members). He has consolidated his power in the gang to the point that he is one of its most important members, with influence across the United States and into Central and South America. He still operates out of the same housing project, but it is now completely controlled by his gang.

When Maldavis challenged Lodin, the prince was afraid Kevin would side with her. Kevin quickly saw which way the wind was blowing, however, and kept his allegiance to his sire. Despite this, Lodin's inherent racism kept him from fully trusting his only black neonate. Kevin realized this, and occasionally (and very quietly) aided the anarchs.

He has turned his haven into an impregnable fortress, with armed gang members patrolling its halls. Taking a page from the Mafia's book, he keeps this one housing project completely free of violent crime. As a result, the residents are extremely loyal to the gang.

Kevin has Embraced one of his brothers and two other Bloods. No one else realizes this, for all of them are based in Los Angeles — the anarch capital of the world. They have almost completely taken over the gang by this point, and have even greater plans for the future.

Kevin has considered making a bid for prince, knowing that he has more muscle than any other vampire in the city, and that he can call in more at a moment's notice. He has also realized that the position would do little more than feed his ego, and would prove more of an obstacle to his plans than an aid. Still, if the time were right ...

Sire: Lodin

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Conniver

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1984 (born 1964)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

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

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Music 1, Security 2, Style 4

Knowledges: Chicago 4, Law 1, Poetry 3

Disciplines: Dominate 4, Fortitude 2, Presence 2

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

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 2, Herd 5, Resources 5, Retainers 5, Status 2

Humanity: 7

Willpower: 9

Notes: Kevin himself never carries weapons; however, the gang members who accompany him everywhere are always heavily armed.

Image: Kevin is always in style. Covered in gold, hair-style changed weekly and dressed to kill, he makes a notable figure anywhere he goes. Whenever he is with gang members he dresses flamboyantly, but he also favors double-breasted suits or the tucked-in polo shirt style, in the right circumstances.

Roleplaying Hints: Since you almost always travel with a retinue, let them do most of the talking. When you do speak, make it a command.

Haven: A housing project in Cabrini Green. His haven itself is an armed fortress, with regular sentries, patrols and checkpoints. The gang members have orders to watch for any hint of Kindred presence. Guards listen to children's tales of monsters and thus have a good chance of spotting someone using Obfuscate. For special occasions, the gang has stocked up on flamethrowers and white phosphorus grenades.

Secrets: B+



Influence: He controls the Bloods in Chicago, and has great influence over them nationwide. Most of the drugs now sold in Chicago have passed through his hands and he has taken his cut out of them. There are a large number of very well-armed gang members under his control, and if need be, he could bring a hundred more into town on a few days' notice. He has the best-trained, largest and most deadly paramilitary force of any vampire in Chicago. He is highly dangerous, and should not be provoked. A number of the candidates for prince have sought his aid, and he may become prince-maker, if not prince.

Joseph Peterson

By the late 1960s, Joe Peterson had become disgusted with the liberal trends in journalism. A veteran of the most reactionary days of the *Chicago Tribune*, words like objectivity and fairness were foreign to his vocabulary.

Opponents of America as he saw it were to be prosecuted with every resource available, and he was a leader in the paper's fight against the civil rights movement. When the paper won the first of its three Pulitzer Prizes for investigative reporting between 1971 and 1976, Peterson decided it was time to leave. He became a media consultant, stealing ideas from *The Selling of the President 1968* to push candidates and businesses. Unfortunately, more politicians won despite his help than because of it. The same held true for the businesses whose public relations campaigns he ran. During the Carter years, he found work slacking off. He took a part-time post as a journalism professor at Daley Community College, where he remained in obscurity until Lodin began looking for a lieutenant to help him control the growing threat from the media.

The prince heard about Peterson from a state senator who had used his services in the early 1970s and, unusually, had nothing but praise for the consultant. When Lodin heard him lecture, he was also impressed. Of course, it was the same lecture Peterson had been giving for years. Several nights later Lodin approached Peterson and, after a short demonstration of vampiric powers, offered him immortality. Peterson had no reservations about accepting the Embrace. He now prefers to be called by his full name of Joseph, comparing himself to the biblical figure who was sold into slavery by his brothers (how he has come to view his treatment by fellow journalists) and became a power in Egypt.

Despite his mortal incompetence, Peterson has had little trouble keeping media reports of the Kindred out of the news. Recently he has become more high-handed, though he worries that his threats, intimidation and attacks may someday backfire. Still, he is cocky because of his new powers and does not worry too much. He still has connections to both the *Tribune* and the *Chicago Sun-Times*. As the local television stations follow the lead of the papers, Peterson has seen little need to clamp down on them despite their recent emphasis on local news. In fact, the only local news source that has

eluded his control is the *Chicago Reader* — a weekly newspaper which he holds in contempt — and the local college papers.

Joseph is one of Chicago's main advocates of the Masquerade, and he will work with any vampire, be it an arch or elder, to preserve it. He is also the Cainite most likely to push for sanctions against those who blatantly violate this secrecy. He still lives in southwest Chicago, near the Daley Community College campus, and feeds exclusively on journalists.

Joseph believes his control of the media is reason enough to make him prince, an opinion he will express to everyone within earshot. He points out that it was only through his efforts that the worst aspects of the Lupine attack never made it into the press, and says there are many great things he could do if he were prince — though if pressed he is short on specifics. Indeed, the idea of becoming prince is so attractive to Joseph that if it appears likely the honor will go to another, he will threaten to break the Masquerade in a most permanent way.

Sire: Lodin

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Judge

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1978 (born 1938)

Apparent Age: Late 30s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 1, Intimidation 4, Leadership 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 1, Public Relations 4, Writing 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Investigation 3, Law 1, Mass Media 4, Politics 3



Disciplines: Dominate 4, Fortitude 1, Presence 3
Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Retainers 2, Status 2
Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 1, Courage 3
Humanity: 3
Willpower: 8

Image: A middle-aged Caucasian male with a pocked face and greasy brown hair.

Roleplaying Hints: You analyze anything anyone says to you, frequently in a way that makes the speaker appear in the worst light.

Haven: A house near Daley.

Secrets: B-

Influence: He controls the Chicago media; he can bury a story with a single phone call or order another into high visibility. In the modern world this is an influence far more powerful than one might think; given time he can actually affect the mindset of the people of Chicago, shifting their opinions on such things as crime, politics and police brutality.

Bobby Weatherbottom (The Hurricane)

Growing up in Cicero, Illinois, just west of Chicago, gave Bobby Weatherbottom more than enough opportunities to form friendships. But his father bought the boy his best friend when Bobby was eight — a computer with 4K memory that could do almost nothing. Bobby was fascinated. By the time he was 16, he had built numerous kit computers, written programs covering almost every conceivable area, and begun to fail high school. Like friends, the Boy Scouts and even his family, school came to mean less and less as computers came to mean more and more. His parents refused to let him drop out of school, so when he turned 18 he had failed twice and was still in 10th grade.

He quit school on his birthday and moved into a dirty apartment in a rundown part of Cicero. Despite never having a job, Bobby had little problem paying his bills — or bill, as it were. The rent was the only bill Bobby ever paid. The computers at the electric company, the phone company, the grocery deliverers and the credit card companies always registered his bills as paid in full. Bobby's growing ability with a computer and a modem also earned him a steady income from a savings account manipulation scheme he ran against Illinois' largest bank.

Now comfortably ensconced amongst his own filth, the young computer genius happily went about building a name for himself among hackers worldwide. No copy protection could prevent the legendary Hurricane from copying a program for distribution on a multitude of bulletin boards, and lesser hackers found it fascinating trying to find the messages he planted in heavily protected business and government networks. Indeed, the only thing that disturbed Bobby in his new womb was his family's refusal to have anything to do with



him unless he went to college. He stubbornly refused, under the (correct) assumption that no college could teach him anything about his chosen field.

Then Amanda Cersey, a ravishing brunette from one of Chicago's oldest families, came into his life. Amanda had a problem. "Only you can help me, Robert," she sobbed. Her father was being blamed for embezzling money from a bank, she said, and only Bobby could make things look right. The computer genius quickly discovered that Amanda's father had been allowed no opportunity to take the missing money. Furthermore, upon tracing the funds, Bobby discovered that the only person who could have embezzled the money was Amanda.

He learned that Amanda also worked as an officer of the bank, and realized that she wished to discredit her father, for redistributing money in the way she wanted would only shift the blame from Amanda to her father. However, Bobby was swiftly falling in love with Amanda; he was happy to oblige, conscience be damned. Soon Amanda was coming to him with all sorts of problems for him to solve and corporate espionage to commit. With his aid, she quickly rose to a top position at the bank and put huge amounts of money into her own accounts.

As Bobby helped her, Amanda became more and more uncomfortable in his presence. She quickly blamed this unease on the fact that Bobby soon knew everything about her — an easy task given his ability with computers. She stopped visiting him, but he stayed in contact with her via computer messages and love notes printed on her bank machine receipts. Amanda, becoming more and more afraid of this seemingly omniscient, omnipotent boy, contacted a "distant cousin" of hers who had a reputation for being able to help with intractable problems. This "cousin" was in fact the Toreador clan leader Annabelle Triabell.

Triabell began to study the young computer genius in her spare time. One night, she mentioned him to Lodin while they sat together in his box at the opera. The prince became fascinated by the idea of a lieutenant who could control the city's computer networks. At the time he did not understand computers himself, but knew all too well their growing importance in society.

In the meantime, Bobby had made the most difficult move of his life. He had left his comfortable little apartment and gone to see Amanda. He begged the beautiful young woman to listen, and poured his heart out to her. He told her of his loneliness, and how much she had come to mean to him. As he told his tale of love and sorrow, of the pain of an introverted, self-centered life, Amanda began to react positively, agreeing with much of what he said about life. For the first time ever, they had something in common. He had caught her at exactly the right time — her boyfriend had left her the week before, prompting her to review her life, and she had been horrified at her own selfishness.

As Bobby spoke, Amanda began to realize that her discomfort stemmed from emotions just like those he was describing. Amanda's own life had been one long struggle to live up to the demands of an overbearing father and a jealous mother. Feelings like love and caring were as foreign to her as they were to the lonely young man. They were both cold to the reality of emotion, but had found different ways to keep it out of their lives.

In Bobby she found a kindred spirit, the first human being with whom she could empathize. Despite her earlier rejections, now her heart began to warm to him. As an experiment, she allowed herself to open up a tiny bit to the possibility that she could love him, and soon the crack became an opening through which a sea of repressed feelings flowed.

Bobby was stunned to find his feelings reciprocated by this beautiful woman. He left her condominium shortly before dawn the next morning, dreaming of what their life together would be like. He returned home to find the prince of vampires waiting by his computer.

Lodin did not even take the time to explain to Bobby what was going to happen. He gripped the young man before Bobby could resist and, after the Embrace, Dominated the boy into coming to his haven, where he put the computer genius to work tracking down information on his foes. Amanda spent the day at work thinking about her soulmate and trying to call him on the phone. Unable to reach him, she went to his apartment during lunch. She found the door unlocked and blood spattered about. Horrified, but afraid to contact the police, she ran once more to her "distant cousin." Annabelle, with a little help from her Auspex, quickly put one and one together.

Before contacting Lodin, she called a meeting of the primogen and railed for almost an hour about the prince's uncontrolled creation of neonates and his refusal to seek permission from the primogen. It was the last straw after a

series of grievances against him. The primogen decided to teach Lodin a lesson and began its support of Maldavis. The ensuing battle tore the vampire community in two and led to the destruction of several score Kindred. In the end, Lodin came crawling back to the primogen and offered them his loyalty.

As part of his submission, he reunited Amanda and Bobby (thereby giving Annabelle a hold over him as well), though he still numbered Bobby among his most valuable lieutenants. Amanda knows of his new existence, has promised to do anything she can to help him, and confides in her ancestor a great deal about the situation. Indeed, Bobby has never fed from anyone else (thus, he never has more than one Blood Point in his system), nor, at this point, can he feed from anyone else. Annabelle protects both of them, and would destroy anyone who hurt either.

Sire: Lodin

Nature: Loner

Demeanor: Fanatic

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1984 (born 1963)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 1, Repair 2, Security 5

Knowledges: Computer 5, Computer Hacking 5, Investigation 5, Puzzles 5

Disciplines: Dominate 1, Fortitude 2, Presence 1

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 4, Fame 1, Mentor 3, Resources 3, Status 1

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

Humanity: 8

Willpower: 7

Image: A tall, skinny young man with glasses and stringy, dirty blond hair. He generally dresses in old jeans and T-shirts.

Roleplaying Hints: You don't interface as well with the living (or the undead) as you do with computers. Talk hesitantly and only when you must.

Haven: An apartment in Cicero (see above).

Secrets: A-

Influence: Bobby has no influence in and of himself, but he can use his abilities to great effect, causing chaos and destruction in nearly every sector of the city. He is a brilliant computer hacker and can break into any system. Use your imagination to decide what sort of influence this gives him.

Lorraine

Lorraine Matthews' family has long been a power, not only in Chicago politics, but in Illinois, the Midwest and occasionally on the national level as well. Indeed, though she

does not know it, she is the great-great-granddaughter of Lodin. She spent her early life happily playing on her family's rich estates, being groomed for a life of public service and private gain. However, her four years at Northwestern University changed her attitude. She became heavily involved in both drugs and self-sacrifice while in school, and signed up to join the Peace Corps upon graduation.

Lodin met his great-great granddaughter for the first time at a private party right after her graduation, where he was hunting one of her friends. He quickly changed targets to this enchanting young woman, and engaged her in conversation. As they walked along the shore of Lake Michigan, the Prince of Chicago found himself becoming more and more interested in this unique young lady, who was like no one he had ever before met (a head full of LSD was doing much to accentuate her natural strangeness).

Instead of feeding from her and then returning her to the party, Lodin kept on talking with her until the crack of dawn, when he realized he had fallen in love with her. Minutes before the sun was to rise, he told her what he was and invited her to join him in immortality. The tripping Lorraine was more than happy to do so. After the transformation, the pair retired to the nearby Matthews estate to sleep. However, the LSD now coursing through both their systems made sleep impossible and, for the first time in more than a century, Lodin stayed up through the day. Indeed, at his beloved's urging, the two went outside and endured almost five seconds of bright sunlight before rushing back to the basement.

At first, Lodin was afraid to reveal Lorraine's existence, for in creating her he had violated his recent pledge to seek approval from the primogen before adding to his brood. However, he managed to extract support from a majority of the elders, and eventually revealed her to the Kindred. He kept her heavily Dominated until he was convinced she really loved him, and that her attraction to him was not just another effect of the drugs.

After deciding that she did indeed love him, he spent every available moment with her. She would feed on the blood of drug users and he would, in turn, feed on her blood, an arrangement he kept very secret. She spent most of the nights of the Lupine attack at a commune in western Illinois, returning to find the city in ruins and her lover dead.

Lorraine has been horribly affected by Lodin's death, and is probably the only Kindred in the city to grieve for him. She has no idea what she will do next, but is slowly coming to the conclusion that she must keep Lodin's "dream" alive. The idea that Lodin had a dream would surprise many vampires (including Lodin, were he still alive), but Lorraine believes he wanted all Kindred to have a chance to advance spiritually. Thus she is studying all his remaining files for clues on how to do this. In the process, she has learned more about the city's undead than almost anyone else.

She still feeds on drug users, preferring those who use hallucinogens like LSD, psilocybin, MDMA (ecstasy) and others.

Sire: Lodin

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Child

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1987 (born 1966)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 2, Empathy 2, Leadership 1, Streetwise 2

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Etiquette 2, Music 2

Knowledges: Medicine 2, Humanities 3, Politics 1

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 1, Celerity 1, Dominate 3, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 1, Potence 1, Presence 2, Protean 1

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Contacts 2, Influence 2, Resources 3, Status 1

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

Humanity: 10

Willpower: 6

Image: A pretty young red-headed woman, with long, straight hair and a faraway look in her eyes. She uses clothes and makeup to accentuate her beauty.

Roleplaying Hints: Speak quietly and slowly. Since you are generally flying high on something, little of what you say makes sense.

Haven: The family estate.

Secrets: A-

Influence: Lorraine has almost all of Lodin's old files, and knows secrets to which almost no one else has access. Lodin also taught her all the Disciplines he knew, and was





beginning to teach her how to help him run the city, hoping she would rule as princess alongside him. Also, her family has some pull in mortal politics.

Edward Neally

Edward Neally served Lodin admirably as the prince's subordinate. He was the most effective of servants until the night he disappeared. Lodin turned the city inside out in the search for his lieutenant, but nothing was ever uncovered. Finally Lodin ordered the search called off and held a quiet funeral for his aide.

Then the rumors began to surface. Neally had been seen among the Sabbat, riding wildly through the streets of Canada. Others placed him in the Anarch Free States, and one visitor even claimed to have spotted Neally in Mexico. Lodin did his best to stop these slanderous lies, but without success. Still, Neally had never again been seen in Chicago.

Now he has returned. Tricked into joining the Sabbat in 1991, he has lived with his pack in California until recently. A month ago, the Sabbat bishop who had converted him heard the Sabbat was becoming interested in Chicago. Concerned that Rigaud's plans were not in the best interests of the sect, he sent Neally back under strict orders to observe only, and to take no action until he, the bishop, could come to the city.

Thus Neally stays hidden, concealed from all who might remember him. He watches the other Sabbat of the city as much as he does the Camarilla, and uses his old knowledge to keep abreast of much of what happens. He unconsciously despises his condition, but can do nothing about it, thanks to the Vaulderie. Should someone else break the Bond, he would be eternally grateful.

Sire: Lodin

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Fanatic

Generation: 8th

Embrace: 1896 (born 1863)

Apparent Age: Mid-30s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Ventrue

Lodin (D)

Jackson (8th)

Peterson (8th)

Weatherbottom (8th)

Thornhill (D)

Lorraine (8th)

Neally (8th)

Drummond (D)

Hinds (D)

Ballard (8th)

Schumpeter (8th)

Capone (8th)

Lawrence (D)

Sovereign (9th)

Gaughan (D)

Pham Hong (D)

= Sired by Lodin

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

Skills: Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Music 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Computer 4, Law 2, Linguistics 1, Occult 4, Politics 3

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Dominate 3, Fortitude 4, Presence 2, Vicissitude 2

Backgrounds: Mentor 3

Virtues: Callousness 1, Instincts 4, Morale 2

Humanity: 0 (he is too alienated to have developed a Path of Enlightenment)

Willpower: 6

Image: Neally is a tall, somewhat slender man, slightly balding.

Roleplaying Hints: You are extremely paranoid about being discovered, and will go to any lengths to avoid this.

Haven: He resides in the charred husk of a building on the South Side.

Secrets: B+

Influence: None.



The Sabbat

The vampires of the Sabbat are recent additions to Chicago, but their numbers have rapidly increased. The sect began with two scouts, greatly increased in strength during **Under a Blood Red Moon**, and has now added a pack to the city.

The Brujah Tyler was responsible for bringing the pack to the city, believing it to be her payment to the Sabbat for the sect's recent protection. The Sabbat leaders who assigned it to the city know better. The pack is made up of misfits and incompetents, and its "duty" is to make a mess of things — eventually revealing Tyler's tie to the sect.

This is the event that the Sabbat believes will send the city over the edge, for in the ensuing battle among the primogen the sect hopes to move in and take over. Of course, the Sabbat has not taken into account the Methuselahs who really run the show.

Note that two members of the Chicago Sabbat, Doyle Fincher (Gangrel) and Edward Neally (Ventruel), are not included here. They are still involved with their old clans, either physically or emotionally, and have been left with them.

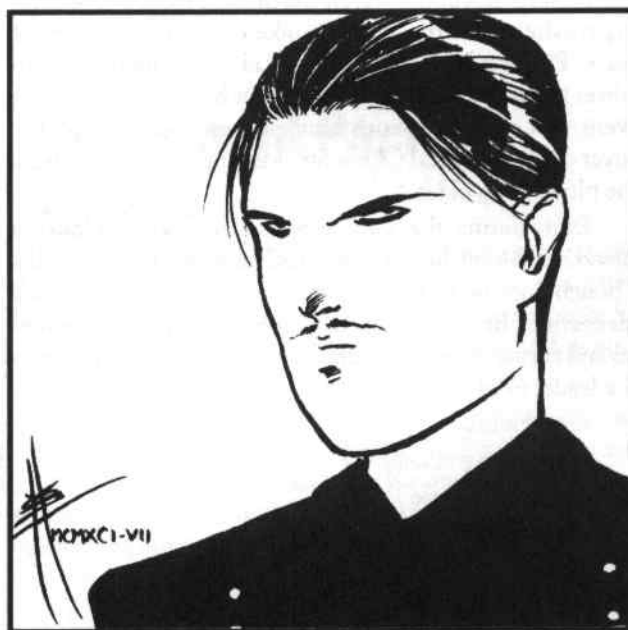
Phillipe Rigaud

When Louis XIV, France's legendary Sun King, invaded Holland in 1672, Phillipe Rigaud was a soldier in the light cavalry units that scouted the area or, more commonly, raided the area. While these soldiers did not share their king's dislike of Calvinism, republicanism and Dutch economic ascendancy, they did enjoy a good opportunity.

Phillipe's unit was better than most in seizing each village in its path, carrying away whatever was portable and destroying the rest. Its free rein over the countryside ended when the Dutch took the extreme step of opening the dikes. Most of Phillipe's unit died in the ensuing floods. Phillipe himself had actually been scouting; having climbed a windmill to get a better view of the area, he had the good fortune to escape the waters. Cursing the Dutch, Phillipe prepared to make his way back to France.

However, he and most other mortals did not know that the European wars of the Sun King were in fact only one part of the continent-spanning wars between the newly formed Camarilla and the Sabbat rebels. The invasion of Holland had been a cover by the Camarilla to try to wipe out that northern bastion of its enemy. Phillipe discovered this one night as he camped out in the desolate countryside. His sleep was rudely interrupted by two crazed Sabbat vampires seeking both blood and "recruits" to use as cannon fodder against their foes.

Phillipe managed to empty his two pistols into the attackers before they were on him. The sight of two creatures unaffected by bullets was almost enough to send his fatigued mind to the edge of madness, and when they sank their teeth into his flesh he went over the edge. While he was unconscious they looked into his mind, learned what he had been doing for the last few weeks and judged him fit for their purposes.



When he revived, Phillipe found himself surrounded by dirt, trapped deep under the earth. His now-vampiric mind rebelled at this situation; in a frenzy, he clawed his way out of the grave. He was met at the surface by one of the Sabbat's grave-watchers, who knocked out the exhausted Phillipe and brought him before the Sabbat council. There he was told his new purpose in unlife: to fight the Camarilla for the rest of eternity.

Ever the good soldier, and now a crazed soldier to boot, Phillipe threw himself into the ensuing battles. He was part of many mass attacks by the Black Hand against Camarilla strongholds in southern France. During these attacks, almost all the Sabbat died, but they invariably destroyed their targets. The few survivors simply created more "troops" and went off to attack another stronghold. They also drank the blood of those they killed; this was the only guaranteed means of survival, so they had nothing to lose.

Despite being created as cannon fodder, Phillipe has managed to survive and prosper thanks to his military skills and his insane obsession with destroying the Camarilla, which he now blames for all his misfortunes. In two attacks he was the only vampire to survive, and both times he managed to feed on the blood of elder Cainites.

The role of the New World as a battleground between the two forces of Kindred has allowed Phillipe to prove his abilities over and over again. Before the Sabbat takes over a new city, it sends a number of two-vampire teams to scout it out and prepare the way for the eventual attack. When the time comes, the scouts embrace hundreds of mortals for cannon fodder and contact the Sabbat for help in leading the undead army. Phillipe has proved himself to be one of the sect's most capable urban scouts, and has been involved in almost every major Sabbat takeover in the past 200 years. He was one of the three scouts who oversaw the takeover of New York.

Now he has been sent on the most difficult of missions: to pave the way for the Sabbat to take over Chicago. Over the years, Phillipe has become fanatical about increasing his power to the point where he could not be harmed. The only event that could convince him to reveal himself from the cover of his perpetual Obfuscate is the opportunity to drink the blood of an elder.

Even during the Lupine-Sabbat attacks of **Under a Blood Red Moon**, he never revealed himself to the Camarilla. Though the attacks appeared to be on the verge of destroying his enemies, he stayed hidden, working through intermediaries and acting under the orders of a New York bishop, who is the leader of his current pack.

Sire: Henri

Clan: Gangrel *antitribu*

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Survivor

Generation: 7th

Embrace: 1673 (born 1650)

Apparent Age: 20s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 6, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 5, Dodge 6, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Stealth 5, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Blind Fighting 3, Body Alteration 2, Firearms 3, Melee 4, Security 3, Stealth 6, Survival 4

Knowledges: Camarilla Lore 4, Chicago 4, Investigation 4, Linguistics 4, Occult 2, Politics 2, Sabbat Lore 3, Sewer Lore 1

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Auspex 4, Celerity 2, Dominate 4, Fortitude 3, Obfuscate 5, Obtenebration 4, Potence 2, Protean 4, Vicissitude 2

Backgrounds: Black Hand Membership 3, Sabbat Status 3

Virtues: Callousness 4, Instincts 4, Morale 5

Path of Honorable Accord: 9

Willpower: 10

Image: Tall and slim, with black hair and a trim mustache. Dresses in black.

Roleplaying Hints: Avoid contact at all costs, and when it is forced upon you pretend to be someone else. Under no circumstance should you ever reveal your true self to anyone.

Haven: A deserted old hotel in south Chicago. At one time it sheltered numerous homeless; these hapless souls became the Sabbat's first victims.

Secrets: A-

Influence: Little to none — yet. When the time is right, however, he is prepared to create a whole new batch of Sabbat vampires in Chicago. In a span of a month or so the Chicago Sabbat will be able to create 20 to 30 new Kindred, and a month after that the number will approximately double. Creating such numbers of Kindred has always been the way for the Sabbat, and throwing such cannon fodder at the Camarilla has been the only way to overthrow its rule.

Wendy Wade

From birth, Wendy Wade was groomed for a position of power. The only child of one of Baltimore's most successful corporate lawyers, she attended the finest prep schools on the East Coast and eventually earned her law degree from Columbia University, graduating at the top of her class in 1978 (a truly remarkable feat for one so young). She went to work for one of Wall Street's most prestigious law firms and soon made her mark during the merger and acquisition frenzy that gripped businesses during the Reagan era. She was a dynamic, energetic and ruthless attorney; people who met her knew she was marked for great things as a lawyer. Then she made the mistake of walking home late from a neighborhood fem bar.

The Sabbat was preparing to expand its grip on the United States, and several members of the sect were out seeking converts. They saw Wendy making her way home and ambushed her in the lobby of her apartment building. They knocked her out, dragged her into their waiting van and drove into the night.

When she regained consciousness, she found herself in the dark, unable to move, with dirt in her mouth, nose and eyes. She also became aware of great changes going on within her body. Without knowing exactly what she was doing, she began expending Blood Points. With the phenomenal strength now available to her, she slowly managed to force her way through the earth. After an hour of agonizing effort, she reached the surface. The grave-watchers, who were used to seeing vampires rise in a frenzy if they rose at all, were amazed to see Wendy burst from the earth as sane and rational as a neonate could be. They took her back to the Sabbat council, and introduced her to her new life.

Wendy has been a great success among her new family. The sect has found her to be a quick learner, a keen observer and a natural tactician. Several Sabbat elders have begun to groom her for greatness, and have assigned a number of the Black Hand's foremost members to show her the ropes. This is why she has been assigned alongside one of the Sabbat's best scouts as part of the first scouting party to Chicago.

Wendy is still deeply in love with her own invulnerability and tends to be overconfident. She approves of the Sabbat's position with regard to mortals, and dislikes having to hide her "superiority." Phillipe fears that this makes her more likely to let the Sabbat presence become known. She has learned that she can increase her power by feeding from an elder, and is on the lookout for an opportunity. Since she is 12th generation, almost any Kindred will do.



Sire: Carl

Clan: Tzimisce

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Plotter

Generation: 12th

Embrace: 1986 (born 1956)

Apparent Age: Late 20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

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

Skills: Body Alteration 1, Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Camarilla Lore 1, Investigation 2, Law 4, Politics 2

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Auspex 2, Dominate 3, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 2, Presence 4, Protean 3, Vicissitude 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 2, Sabbat Status 2

Virtues: Callousness 3, Instincts 3, Courage 3

Path of Power and the Inner Voice: 6

Willpower: 10

Notes: Vicissitude allows Wendy to make minor changes in her appearance and craft the flesh of herself and others.

Image: An attractive, very businesslike woman. Her brown hair is cut short and she still has a preference for power suits.

Roleplaying Hints: If you are drawn into a conversation about the Kindred, become adamant in pushing for the Sabbat's side. Try to convince the characters that your way is right. Then, if they are of lower generation than you, kill them and drink their blood.

Haven: An abandoned hotel in south Chicago (See Phillipe, above).

Secrets: B

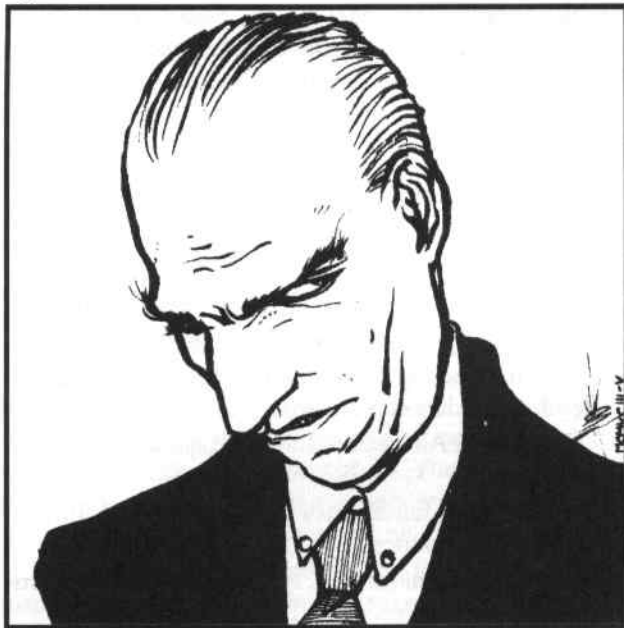
Influence: None.

The Nomad Pack

Cameron

Cameron knows he was a loser as a mortal. Small, scrawny and prone to all sorts of real and imaginary maladies, he had few associates and even fewer friends. Left alone, he probably would have eventually died an uneventful, boring death. The Sabbat ensured this was not the case.

In need of recruits, a New York pack grabbed him one night and sent him through the sect's horrible Creation Rites. Somehow he managed to dig his way out of his grave, arising at the surface maddened by the lust for existence — much to the surprise of his captors, who had not expected him to survive.



Cameron has also surprised other Sabbat by surviving everything the world of darkness can throw at him, up to and including the destruction of his original pack in Pennsylvania. Returning to New York, he was given command of a number of brand-new recruits and told to head to Chicago, where he would come under the command of a Brujah named Tyler.

Sire: Molita

Clan: Lasombra

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Conniver

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1984 (born 1952)

Apparent Age: Mid-30s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 2, Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Leadership 1, Panhandling 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Computer 1, Occult 3, Sabbat Lore 2

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Dominate 3, Obtenebation 4, Potence 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 1, Herd 1, Sabbat Status 1

Virtues: Callousness 4, Instincts 2, Morale 1

Path of Power and the Inner Voice: 5

Willpower: 6

Notes: The Obtenebation Discipline allows Cameron to manipulate the darkness. He can control shadows, create darkness, evoke shadowy illusions and even cause arms to attack from the shadows.

Image: A thin and stooped little man. Cameron prefers old suits and wide ties.

Roleplaying Hints: Unused to the burdens of leadership, you are afraid to take any steps without Tyler's command. The other members of your pack are already beginning to look down on you for your hesitancy, and you are petrified at the thought of what might happen should you fail as pack leader.

Haven: An abandoned apartment building in Lombard, near O'Hare.

Secrets: B-

Influence: Cameron may be considered expendable by the Sabbat hierarchy, but he is still a priest of the sect, and commands some respect — though not much. If he called for help, some might come. For now, though, he must rely on Tyler for assistance.

Lolita Houston

Lolita's mortal life wasn't much — orphaned at birth, adopted by a family that abandoned her eight years later, shunted from one set of foster parents to the next — so she swore her unlife would go much better. For her, the Sabbat has actually been a relief from the struggle she went through during life.

Her assignment to Chicago is her first chance to prove herself, and she relishes the opportunity. She has already made the acquaintance of Wendy Wade, whom she believes will be able to help her rise in status. Cameron does not know this, and Lolita has no intentions of telling him. She believes Cameron is ineffective at best, and plans on taking his place at the earliest opportunity — for the good of the sect, of course.



Sire: Charles

Clan: Tzimisce

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Curmudgeon

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1988 (born 1968)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

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

Skills: Body Alteration 1, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Security 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Sabbat Lore 1

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Auspex 1, Vicissitude 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 2

Virtues: Callousness 4, Instincts 3, Morale 3

Path of Power and the Inner Voice: 5

Willpower: 6

Image: Mixed-blood Welsh-Puerto Rican. She dresses almost exclusively in black.

Roleplaying Hints: Everyone can be a tool, and you will find the right way to manipulate everyone. Until then, put them down (especially Cameron) and destroy their egos.

Haven: With Cameron.

Secrets: C+

Influence: None.

Samson

The first people to label Ned "Samson" did so sarcastically, both because he was weak and because his father insisted he keep his hair closely shorn. Samson kept the nickname and his crewcut, but worked out fanatically until none could doubt that his physique rivaled that of his biblical namesake. Of course, the steroids helped as well.

Samson survived his Embrace with little problem but, as he was already prone to violent mood swings, the experience made him even more unpredictable and dangerous. It takes very little to set him off, and an extreme effort to calm him down again. His bond to the pack usually keeps them safe from his anger, but not always.

Sire: Jerry

Clan: Ventruue *antitribu*

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Loner

Generation: 13th

Embrace: 1989 (born 1965)

Apparent Age: Late 20s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 1



Talents: Brawl 4, Intimidation 3

Skills: Body Alteration 1, Drive 1, Melee 1, Survival 1

Knowledges: Black Hand Lore 1, Science 2

Disciplines: Dominate 1, Fortitude 2

Backgrounds: Herd 1

Virtues: Callousness 5, Instincts 1, Morale 2

Path of Cathari: 3

Willpower: 4

Image: Samson is short but powerful, and wears his hair closely cropped. He likes to wear clothes that show off his physique.

Roleplaying Hints: You talk mainly in grunts, and enjoy threatening people more than conversing with them.

Haven: With Cameron.

Secrets: D

Influence: None.

Bill Butler

The most experienced member of the pack other than Cameron, Butler secretly served his sire as a ghoul before being Embraced. Since his sire did not have permission to keep a ghoul, that part of Butler's life has remained hidden from the other pack members. That is not the only secret he has kept from them.

Butler's sire has followed the Path of Evil Revelations for decades and, as a ghoul, Butler assisted in his rituals and summonings. Now that Butler is also a vampire, he also pursues the Path, though his fellow pack members believe he follows the Path of Caine. Should a Kindred (Camarilla or Sabbat) appear ripe for corruption, Butler will woo said Kindred to his way as quickly as possible.

Sire: Demian

Clan: City Gangrel

Nature: Deviant



Demeanor: Confidant
Generation: 13th
Embrace: 1989 (born 1943)
Apparent Age: Early 30s
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2
Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Etiquette 2, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Security 2, Stealth 3, Torture 1
Knowledges: Camarilla Lore 1, Finance 1, Investigation 2, Occult 3, Politics 2, Sabbat Lore 3
Disciplines: Celerity 1, Obfuscate 2, Potence 2, Protean 2, Thaumaturgy 2 (Path of Torture 1)
Backgrounds: Allies 1, Contacts 3, Mentor 2, Resources 2

Virtues: Callousness 5, Instincts 4, Morale 1

Path of Evil Revelations: 5

Willpower: 8

Notes: Knowing the Path of Torture lets Butler cause pain just by touching his subject. He knows a small number of rituals, including Spectral Mask, which covers his visage with that of a demonic image. Also, Butler stays in touch with his sire via the sire's demonic familiar, which just might show up if Butler is in danger.

Image: A slight, unobtrusive man who dresses in a nondescript manner and sticks to the shadows.

Roleplaying Hints: Try to talk to other Kindred on a one-to-one basis. Be friendly, sympathetic, and always on the watch for a chance to corrupt your "friend."

Haven: With Cameron.

Secrets: C+

Influence: Butler's Mentor is an up-and-coming member of the sect; he resides in New York, but may help his child from time to time.

Margarite

Even in death, the United States has been the land of opportunity for Margarite. Her family arrived in America as part of the 1980 Cuban boat lift. They moved their way north along the East Coast and finally settled in New York. When she turned 18, Margarite got a job as a secretary for an advertising firm and looked forward to the day when she would own a house, car, white picket fence, etc.

The Sabbat took those dreams away from her, but she no longer feels their loss. The bonds she has formed within the sect are stronger than any she had as a mortal, and her devotion to the Sabbat is utter and complete. She will do anything to see the glorious cause advanced and is sure her pack feels the same way.

Sire: Smith

Clan: Panders

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Caregiver

Generation: 13th

Embrace: 1990 (born 1972)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 1, Empathy 1, Leadership 1

Skills: Etiquette 1, Melee 1, Music 1, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Occult 1, Sabbat Lore 1



Disciplines: Celerity 1, Dominate 1, Fortitude 1, Obtenebration 1, Potence 1

Backgrounds: None

Virtues: Callousness 2, Instincts 2, Morale 5

Path of Harmony: 5

Willpower: 7

Image: A young, dark woman with long black hair and green eyes. She prefers to wear loose cotton dresses.

Roleplaying Hints: You are sincere and dedicated. You look people in the eye when you talk to them, trying to convince them of the righteousness of your cause.

Haven: With Cameron.

Secrets: C-

Influence: None.

The Others

There are other vampires in Chicago besides those who belong to the Camarilla or the Sabbat. In fact, a number of Kindred who would never have stayed in the city while Lodin reigned have entered Chicago in the last few months. They have their own goals and schemes, and each adds even more confusion to the bubbling chaos that is Chicago.

Rebekah (The Monitor)

Rebekah was born almost 2000 years ago, just south of the holy city of Jerusalem. Like her parents, she fiercely opposed the Roman occupation of Judea. Unlike her parents, she took the battle to fierce new heights and became a member of what modern historians call the Zealots: a force of urban militants and rural peasants who battled both the Romans and the Jewish aristocrats. Rebekah, who moved into Jerusalem, was one of the few females who earned the privilege of being *sicarius*, or "dagger man," assassinating leading oppressors. After one particularly daring assassination of a Roman merchant, Jerusalem became too hot to hold her and she returned to the countryside of her youth.

There she met Elihu, a Ventrue who hated the rich and vented his hate upon the upper classes of Jewish society. She became his Retainer and served him in his personal crusades against those they both saw as oppressors. However, the Roman Empire began to reassert its control over the countryside, and in a battle against a detachment of legionaries, Elihu was speared through the heart by a wooden pilum. The soldiers then set his body on fire.

Rebekah managed to drive the Romans off with the aid of several old friends, but found Elihu's body burned beyond recognition. Somehow he still lived, and Rebekah offered him all her blood so that he could begin the long process of healing. He drained her, unable to prevent himself from drinking the last drop of her vitae. He came to his senses in time to return some of his blood to her, and she became one of the undead.

Together they fled a Palestine that was no longer safe, and traveled throughout the Roman Empire. For the next 1400 years they journeyed across Africa, Europe and Asia, feeding on the rich and falling deeper and deeper in love with one another. Then came the Inquisition. Rebekah and Elihu

were in Barcelona when the persecution began. At first they fought against the church and government attacks on Jews, Moslems, Kindred and other infidels, just as they had fought the Romans more than a millennium before.

They were soon approached by an emissary of the newly founded Camarilla. This Methuselah gave with one hand and took with the other. He ordered the two Kindred to stop fighting the Inquisition on pain of a Blood Hunt, and then offered them membership in the new organization. Rebekah rejected the offer out of hand, and would have attacked the emissary right then and there had Elihu not restrained her. The new organization was the cause of the first and last fight between Rebekah and her sire. Elihu wanted to join the fledgling group, while Rebekah wanted to fight all those who would oppress what she thought of as her peoples. Elihu left her and began a long journey to Cathay, where he hoped to disappear into anonymity.

Rebekah, enraged, enlisted the aid of a number of other Kindred who felt as she did, and attacked him before he left Spain. In the battle her allies died, but not before she was able to sink her teeth deep into Elihu's throat and suck the essence of Caine from his body. The sight of her sire and lover dead on the ground before her brought her back to her senses. Horrified, she fled Spain and made her way back to the land where she had been Embraced.

For centuries she lived the life of an ascetic, often going without blood for weeks at a time, trying to control the deadly lust that she now saw as the bane of her existence. She felt her Humanity gaining ascendancy over the Beast that had ruled her for so long. Golconda itself eluded her, though. She began to wander the Middle East, visiting holy sites and conversing with the greatest thinkers of the age.

Finally, she journeyed to the caves near the top of Mount Ararat where, amidst the remains of the great ark, she pledged not to move until she had come to terms with the Beast within. In the dreams of her ravings, she was approached by an Ancient who had been watching her for some time, and this Ancient guided her through the tortuous path that was her Suspire. Two months later she crawled down from the summit, severely emaciated but safely within Golconda.

She soon discovered that there were other Kindred like her — old, powerful Cainites who wished only to be left alone. She joined these Inconnu, and they warned her of threats that she had heretofore only suspected. They told her about the immortal Jihad and the impending Gehenna, of the Antediluvians and their unceasing wars against each other. She became one of the Inconnu Monitors, watching over allotted areas to report events that might threaten the Inconnu peace — watching, but never interfering.

The Inconnu sent her to the newly freed English colonies in America to keep track of the Kindred who had played a role in the revolution. She went to the frontier where many of them dwelt, monitoring them as best she could and keeping in close touch with the other Inconnu. She was attracted to Chicago by the battle between Maxwell and Lodin, and soon became sure that things were not as they seemed. The city was in such a ferment of rebellion and chaos, and was so overcrowded, that it was judged to require its own Monitor. She has stayed in the area ever since, unseen by most Kindred and a mystery to the rest.

While the Monitors are supposed to remain hidden watchers, taking no part in the events they view, Rebekah has been unable to maintain her detachment. Rebekah served admirably for years, but the rise of Maldavis finally drew her into the city's battles. She saw much of herself in Maldavis and threw herself into the hopeless battle, though too late to change the tide. She barely managed to maintain her anonymity when Maldavis was defeated, but she has continued to protect her and hopes the anarchy will one day rise again. She has even begun to enter the dreams of the young rebel and is slowly guiding her toward Golconda.

Rebekah also quietly protected Maldavis during the events of *Under a Blood Red Moon*. She used her Dominate to pacify Lupines who attacked the Caitiff, and even allowed

Maldavis to hide out at the aquarium, where she could keep a close eye on her protégé.

Sire: Elihu

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Loner

Generation: 5th

Embrace: A.D. 12 (born 9 B.C.)

Apparent Age: Mid-20s

Physical: Strength 6, Dexterity 7, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 8, Intelligence 7, Wits 8

Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 6, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 4, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Melee 4, Music 3, Stealth 5

Knowledges: Chicago 7, Investigation 5, Linguistics 8, Medicine 4, Occult 5

Disciplines: Animalism 2, Auspex 6, Celerity 2, Dominate 6, Fortitude 4, Obfuscate 5, Potence 2, Presence 5, Protean 5, Thaumaturgy 4 (Path of Morpheus 4)

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Resources 3, Retainers 2

Virtues: Conscience 5, Self-Control 5, Courage 8

Humanity: 10

Willpower: 10

Notes: Rebekah avoids combat at all costs, but if she is somehow forced into it, she will show her foe no mercy. She will employ all of her Disciplines and immediately spend large numbers of Blood Points to raise her Dexterity or Strength. Her extra level of Auspex allows her to sense the emotions of those around her with a Perception + Empathy roll (difficulty 7). Her extra level of Dominate allows her to calm frenzied Kindred (and other supernatural creatures such as Lupines) without making them lose their self-will. The target vampire must roll his Humanity (difficulty 6). Each success lessens the frenzy. Five successes means the frenzy is completely overcome, while a botch leads the target to attack Rebekah. The Path of Morpheus allows Rebekah to put targets to sleep and even enter their dreams. She also knows any rituals (of Levels One through Four) the Storyteller desires.

Image: Rebekah was attractive as a mortal, and a combination of blood and her own self-satisfaction makes her more so. She has black hair and green eyes, and prefers the comfort of loose, flowing outfits.

Roleplaying Hints: You try to hide your role as Monitor at all costs. When you do interact openly with others, try to pass yourself off as a much younger Lick.

Haven: Rebekah resides in the Shedd Aquarium.

Secrets: A+

Influence: Rebekah reports to the Inconnu Council. It is not entirely inconceivable (though highly unlikely) that she might be able to convince them to intervene in the affairs of Chicago.



Yaryan

Yaryan remembers the day he met the Pale Wolf just as vividly as if it had been yesterday. Then, Yaryan was known as Shining Deer for his great beauty, and he hoped someday to become medicine man for his people and serve them with all his talents and skills. The Pale Wolf changed that. He offered Shining Deer's teacher an eternity to live, and the teacher accepted. His teacher in turn passed the gift on to Shining Deer.

While Shining Deer did not like the blood-thirst forced upon him, he grew to accept his new form and soon a small group of Cainites roamed the wilds of North America. For generations they existed in peace. Then came the whites.

Shining Deer's tribe had heard about these ravagers who seemed to take special pride in driving the red men from their ancestral lands. When the invaders attacked Shining Deer's tribe, however, they found themselves checked. Not only did the Amerinds have a cult of vampires to help them, but Chief Black Hawk, their leader, proved himself a mighty commander. They forced the bluecoats to abandon their fort.

The peace was not to last. The whites returned *en masse*, and with immortal allies of their own. Soon the tide turned against Shining Deer's tribe. Unable to defeat the overwhelming technology of their enemies with bravery alone, they found themselves being defeated again and again. During one especially ferocious battle, Shining Deer saw the Pale Wolf lose all control. In a fury the likes of which Shining Deer had never seen, the Pale Wolf attacked a woman who seemed to be leading the enemy; soon both fell defeated. Shining Deer and the other surviving Amerind vampires attacked, and managed to rescue their ally, but not before he had been even more grievously wounded.

Defeated and without hope, Shining Deer's tribe left the area, but not without a pledge of someday returning to their old home. To this end they left Shining Deer and the Pale

Wolf behind, to find a place of safety where the Pale Wolf could recover.

For more than a century Shining Deer stayed with the Pale Wolf, protecting him from all harm. He stayed apart from the city that grew up around him, only venturing forth for the vitae he needed to stay alive. Thus his amazement knew no bounds when visitors like himself came to his haven.

They sought the Pale Wolf whom Shining Deer had guarded for so long. Shining Deer took an instant dislike to the newcomers, and this dislike grew when he discovered their interest in killing his helpless charge. The reason for this desire surprised him even more. By killing the Pale Wolf, whom they called Menele, they could become even more powerful. Horrified by what he heard, he drove the newcomers from his haven, but not before they told him how Menele and his ancient Jyhad had been responsible for the destruction of his tribe.

Shining Deer moved Menele to a new hiding place, and began to meditate on what he had been told. The more he thought about it, the more he decided that his visitors had been correct — Menele had been responsible for his tribe's woes. Then he discovered that something prevented him from acting upon this new knowledge, and that the source of his inhibition was Menele himself. Shining Deer became extremely bitter at the wrong committed against his people, and decided that freedom could only come through a repudiation of his past.

With the help of an ancient purification rite and the yaryan root, Shining Deer managed to break the bonds that held him to his old master. Taking the name of Yaryan, he fled into the city, hoping to lose himself among the teeming hordes. This he has done for many years, hiding from Kindred and kine alike. He still maintains a link to Menele through an ancient trapper who serves as Yaryan's Retainer. The trapper occasionally checks on Menele, and knows how to contact Yaryan should anything go wrong. Despite his new knowledge, Yaryan would still return to the aid of his ancestor if he knew something had gone wrong.

Yaryan has only recently realized that the rite of purification has further changed him. While he does not know it, Yaryan is the only member of his own bloodline, completely distinct from his Brujah ancestor. He has begun to develop a new Discipline that allows him to interact with what he believes to be the spirit world.

Sire: Clear Bear

Bloodline: Unique

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Caregiver

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1700 (born 1680)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 7

Mental: Perception 6, Intelligence 6, Wits 6



Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 6, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 6, Drive 1, Melee 2, Music 2, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Linguistics 2, Medicine 4, Occult 5

Disciplines: Animalism 5, Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Obfuscate 6, Potence 1, Presence 1, Tellurian 2

Backgrounds: Resources 2, Retainers 1

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

Humanity: 8

Willpower: 9

Notes: Yaryan's sixth level of Obfuscate allows him to cloak his aura so it always appears blue-white. His Tellurian Discipline allows him to look into a spirit realm he calls the "Umbra," and manipulate aspects of it.

Image: Yaryan appears as an extremely beautiful male Amerind with long black hair and eyes highlighted by shining black pupils. He dresses in leather clothes he himself cured.

Roleplaying Hints: Stay quiet and try to draw out those to whom you speak, discovering as much about them as possible while revealing little about yourself.

Haven: Near Menele.

Secrets: A-

Influence: None.

Marcel

Chicago has long been a place of interest for the Followers of Set, and neonates have come to the city on a regular basis. Marcel's presence, however, marks the first time one has made a permanent haven in the area — Lodin's "justice" was especially brutal when it came to the Sand-Snakes.

Originally from Marseilles, Marcel was Embraced while running Setite heroin to the States. His first position was as an assistant to other Followers in Haiti. Tired of the intensely competitive nature of the clan members there, he decided to try his luck in the United States. He was in New Orleans when he heard about the death of Chicago's prince.

Packing up his belongings, he caught the first train into the city and set about laying the groundwork for establishing his own temple. He moved into the Robert Taylor Homes, one of Chicago's worst projects, and established himself as a force to be respected. He soon discovered that one of the main vampires running Chicago's cocaine trade — Brennon Thornhill — had been killed in the recent Lupine attacks. Marcel has picked up some of the slack, and has begun poking around the Succubus Club (which Thornhill used to own) in hopes of taking over his connections. Even Marcel does not like the vibes he has been picking up in the club.

In any case, he is content to expand his own trade, sit back and size up the Kindred community. He hopes to begin his corruption with the candidates for prince, offering them

favours now in exchange for future payment. Most Kindred would be wise to avoid these "bargains," but in their desperate bids for power, anyone may be willing to pay Marcel's price.

Sire: Goolooboo

Clan: Followers of Set

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Conniver

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1974 (born 1943)

Apparent Age: Early 30s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

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

Skills: Drive 3, Firearms 2, Melee 3, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 1, Finance 3, Linguistics 3, Occult 2

Disciplines: Dominate 2, Obfuscate 3, Presence 2, Serpentis 4

Backgrounds: Contacts 4, Herd 1, Resources 3, Retainers 2

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 3, Courage 2

Humanity: 6

Willpower: 6

Notes: Marcel's power of Serpentis allows him to transform into a powerful, six-foot-long cobra, assume a nearly invulnerable mummy-like form (in which he can take no action), turn his tongue into a forked, serpentine weapon that can drink blood from targets almost two feet away, and freeze people in place with but a look. Marcel also carries an enchanted stiletto, which he sheaths in his right arm. It does aggravated wounds to its target.



Image: Marcel is a short, swarthy man. He prefers work clothes to the ornate robes of the Setites.

Roleplaying Hints: You are sly and beguiling. You know no one will trust you, so you play that up, trying to get others to admit that in dealing with you, they are selling their souls.

Haven: Marcel resides in a squalid room in the Robert Taylor Homes.

Secrets: B-

Influence: Marcel's Herd consists of his worshippers, a family in the Homes. While these people are inconsequential in and of themselves, they are actively recruiting other followers, and his influence should grow.

Dr. Oliver Genet

Like his colleague Dr. Kevorkian, Dr. Oliver Genet firmly espoused a terminal patient's right to die by choice, with dignity. He was repelled by the thought of anyone lingering interminably as a desiccated husk hooked to life-support machines. Unfortunately, the medical community of Cincinnati, the city where he practiced, was less visionary. Genet's papers and speeches advocating euthanasia were met with shock and ridicule. Soon Dr. Genet found himself a pariah, his practice in ruins.

Nonetheless, he gained a reputation among the underground. He began receiving calls from individuals (wealthy individuals) who sought surcease from pain and stagnation. Genet could not ignore his calling, and administered the final treatment to one terminal patient after another. He had never felt so fulfilled in his life. That *horrible coma called living* — oh yes indeed.

Genet was no professional criminal, and made no real attempt to cover his tracks. He hardly blinked when the police knocked on his door and arrested him on charges of first-degree murder. The trial that followed turned into a

media spectacle. Genet himself took the witness stand and waxed eloquent in his defense, but the prosecution painted him as a crazed psychopath, and his words as the rantings of a disordered mind. His conviction and sentencing to the gas chamber made the front pages nationwide.

All things considered, Genet was not overly disturbed. History would vindicate him — and had he not given to others the very gift of death that he was soon to receive? The slow cessation of the heart, the last soft throbs of the veins, the final rattling collapse of the lungs, and then the serenity of the void — there were worse things, oh yes.

One night, as he sat on Death Row, Genet had a visitor. A tall, forbidding woman in a dark business suit was let into his very cell by unblinking guards. The visitor claimed that she was his distant relative — for the Genet family was an offshoot of the Giovanni family of Italy, and her name was Lucretia Giovanni. His commitment to his cause was a noble one, she said, and he had been unjustly punished. Human beings were blind, insipid ants, but with her help he could transcend the mortal coil and continue his work — for eternity if need be.

Genet thought it over for a while, but finally agreed. Death could wait — he had miles to go before he slept, as it were, and much to do. Lucretia took him there in the cell and faked his execution, liberating the "body" before the autopsy could be performed. Genet continued his work, traveling the country to deal quick, painless death. The life-destroying nature of the Giovanni Kiss served him well in this regard, enabling him to kill without lengthy struggle or distress. Many whom he sent to the final reward were grateful — he knew, though they could not speak. He was happy.

Chicago represents his first solo operation on behalf of the family. Following the Lupine attack and the death of Lodin, the clan sent Dr. Genet to Chicago to establish its presence in the area, and specifically to infiltrate the medical community. Although many in the clan contend that Genet lacks the cold ruthlessness for such a task, the eldest in the clan disagree. The good doctor has potential, they whisper from their catacombs and crypts. He will learn ...

Sire: Lucretia

Clan: Giovanni

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Caregiver

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1987 (born 1939)

Apparent Age: Late 40s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Empathy 4, Leadership 2, Streetwise 2

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Firearms 1, Melee 3, Music 2, Stealth 3



Knowledge: Bureaucracy 2, Computer 1, Linguistics 2, Literature 2, Medicine 5, Occult 3, Politics 1, Science 4

Disciplines: Dominate 3, Necromancy 3, Potence 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 3, Fame 2, Influence 2, Resources 4, Retainers 4

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

Humanity: 9

Willpower: 5

Notes: Dr. Genet's Discipline of Necromancy enables him to stare into the eyes of a corpse and thereby determine the cause of death, and to summon and control the spirits of the dead.

Image: Dr. Genet appears as a slender, middle-aged man in near-perfect health. He wears elegant suits and has a calming demeanor.

Roleplaying Hints: You are calm and almost dreamy. Your voice is slow, serene and pleasant — almost like that of Mr. Rogers. Occasionally, you will segue a conversation down bizarre and morbid tangents, keeping the same calm, steady voice.

Haven: Near the Medical Center on the West Side.

Secrets: C+

Influence: Genet has gained quite a bit of influence in the medical community; Lodin's grip has vanished, leaving the field ripe for exploitation. Genet has also established ties to Developmental Neogenetics Amalgamated. His Retainers are ghouls provided by the Giovanni, and would obey the higher-ups in the clan were a conflict to arise.

Shejana

Shejana grew up amid the Gypsy camps of Europe. It was the wrong time to be a Gypsy, for Hitler's star was waxing in Europe. Shejana was captured and, along with her extended family, was taken to Buchenwald.

Shejana had always been a beautiful girl, and the wiles of her people only enhanced her natural attractiveness. Thus it was that she was spared the ovens when the camp commander took a fancy to her. She was fed and clothed while her people were starved and stripped and gassed. Though she despised herself, she desperately fought for life. She did anything to please the cruel commander, even graciously thanking him for his "gift" of a lamp, though she well knew the materials from which it had been made. As the months went by and the commander appeared to be growing tired of her, her machinations became more and more grotesque.

The commander was not the only one who succumbed to her charms. Another being haunted the camps, and often watched Shejana while he fed upon her people. One night, as Shejana lay on her cot in despair, a shadow slipped into her room and stood over her. She started in shock, but cold hands covered her mouth and burning eyes lulled her into quiescence. The being, a vampire of the Ravnos clan, offered Shejana eternal life and vengeance on the Nazis. Shejana had nothing more to lose, and agreed to the Embrace.



The camp records do not detail the sudden disappearance of the commander, and the ovens tell no tales. After ensuring the camp's imminent fall to the Allies, Shejana headed west toward a new unlife.

Europe held too many memories for her comfort, so she traveled to the New World. She never stays in one place overly long lest she become attached to someone or something. Her unlife is a whirling carnival of excess. She has perfected the Ravnos gift for illusions — a futile attempt to erase the horror and shame that will be etched on her brain for eternity.

Having heard of Prince Lodin's fall, and deciding that a free city was as good a place to travel as anywhere, Shejana moved to Chicago. She is gradually assimilating herself into the Chicago scene, seeking security and peace from the demons that haunt her.

Sire: Vladislav

Clan: Ravnos

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1944 (born 1924)

Apparent Age: Early 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 1, Athletics 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 4, Empathy 1, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Melee 3, Stealth 4, Survival 2

Knowledge: Finance 1, Linguistics 3, Occult 4, Politics 1

Disciplines: Animalism 3, Chimerstry 5, Fortitude 1, Obfuscate 2, Presence 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 5, Herd 4, Resources 2, Retainers 3

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

Humanity: 5

Willpower: 6

Notes: Shejana's Discipline of Chimerstry enables her to create illusions. These illusions may affect any or all senses, may move about, and will remain tangible even when Shejana is not around (this last effect requires the expenditure of a point of Willpower).

Image: Shejana is a classic Gypsy: 5'8", 125 pounds, with dusky skin, raven-black hair and flawless features. Her black eyes sparkle wickedly, but anyone with Auspex is able to read the pain behind them. She wears gaudy and revealing garments of all sorts.

Roleplaying Hints: Party, party, party. Flirt and trade innuendoes with everyone you meet. Give yourself a seductive foreign accent. Always look out for Number One. If frustrated or scared you quickly become harsh and cold.

Haven: Shejana lives in a mobile home on the outskirts of town.

Secrets: C-

Influence: Though she has only been in town a few months, Shejana has already charmed her way into the center of mortal society. She is a regular at parties, clubs and festivals (from whence she derives her Herd), and has made several useful Contacts. Her Retainers are ghoul bodyguards recruited from the city's foreign districts. She has little actual influence, but if anything happens anywhere she is likely to hear of it.

Gulfora

Gulfora is one of the few succubi remaining on Earth. As far as she is concerned, she has existed nearly as long as the earth itself. She claims she came into being on the fourth day of Creation, when God created the beings of the sea and air. However, succubi (like all demons) are great liars, and anyone who believes their stories would do well never to buy a bridge in Brooklyn.

Gulfora's history is a long and bloody one. The Sumerians were the first people to write about her, and their cuneiform warnings about her powers date back to 2300 B.C. Other civilizations, from the Egyptians to the Puritans, have feared her, and rightly so. There is probably no vampire who can match her murder for murder — unless those rumors about Stalin or the Khmer Rouge are true.

She migrated to Chicago with the advent of the railroads, amid the huge influx of the poor and downtrodden that so expanded the city. After moving from haven to haven, Gulfora eventually took up residence beneath the Museum of Science and Industry in Hyde Park. Although she sleeps there, she can most often be found in the sewers, making her way through the city.

Gulfora differs from vampires in a number of ways. First of all, she is not undead. Indeed, she has never lived at all. People of the Western traditions believe she was created along with the other angels, and fell from grace. People of Eastern traditions tend to consider her one of the malevolent forces of nature.

Her second main difference stems from the fact that she does not gain sustenance from sucking blood. In fact, the only way she "feeds" is by sexual intercourse. Thus she is unable to spend Blood Points to increase her Physical Attributes.

Finally, she is immune to the Dominate Discipline (though the Tremere are rumored to have a ritual that has the same effect) and always reads as having a deep red-black aura. She despises the Kindred and is unable to feed from them, just as they are unable to feed from her. However, she has never taken any action against them as a whole.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 8, Manipulation 9, Appearance 10

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Talents: Acting 5, Empathy 5, Intimidation 5, Seduction 10, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Etiquette 5

Knowledges: Occult 5

Disciplines: Auspex 5, Dominate 5 (only on men), Obfuscate 5, Presence 5, Thaumaturgy 6

Backgrounds: Herd 5, Retainers 2

Virtues: Conscience 0, Self-Control 0, Courage 0

Humanity: 0

Willpower: 10



Notes: While Gulfora is bothered by religious symbols, they do her no harm. She is also unaffected by the sun or fire, but avoids both. While she is no great foe in combat, her extra level of Thaumaturgy lets her turn insubstantial at will. She can also travel in that form. Finally, her Dominate only works on males (yes, male vampires too).

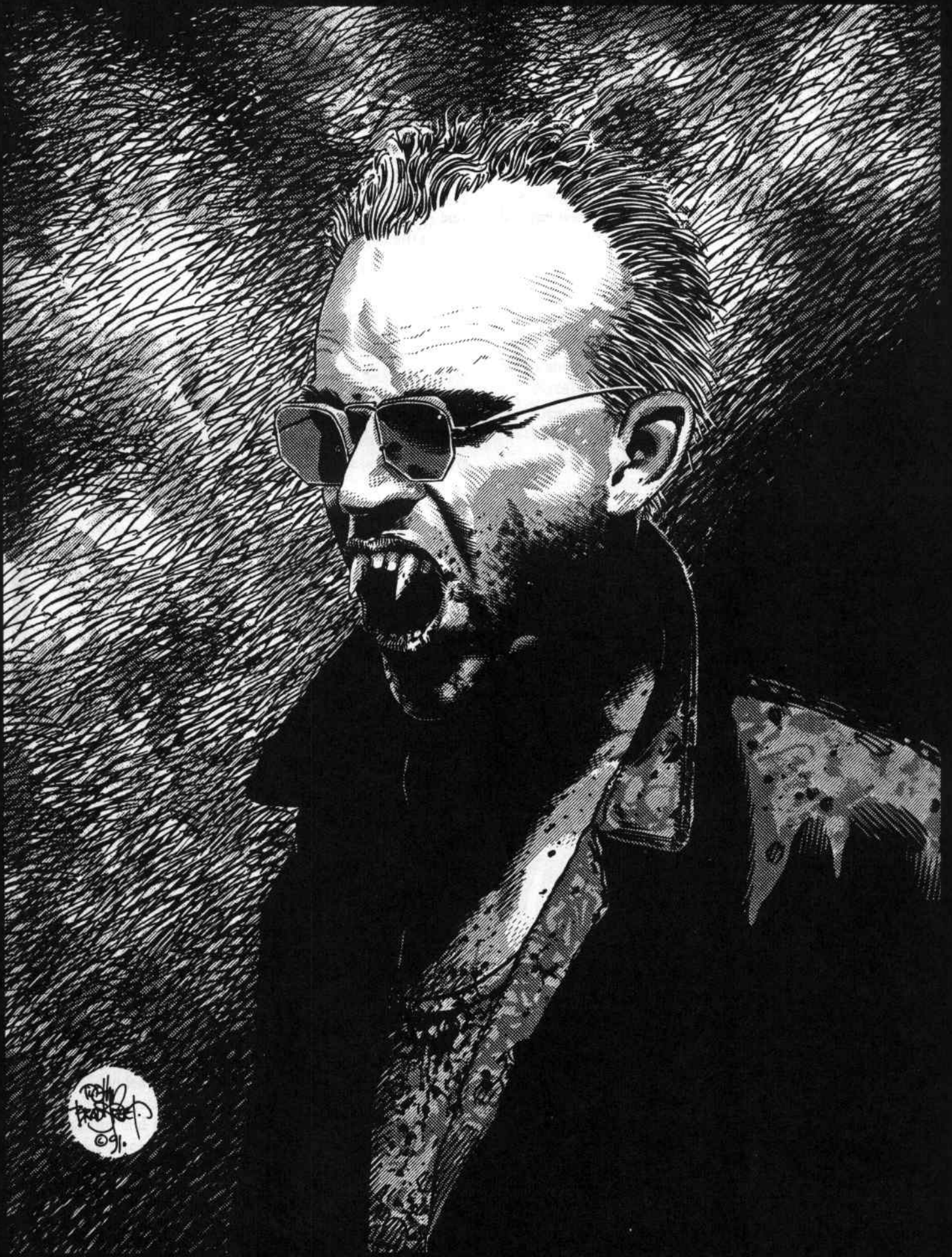
Image: As beautiful as she wants to be. Don't bother describing her clothes — she doesn't wear any.

Roleplaying Hints: Everything you do is as sultry and sensual as it can be.

Haven: The Museum of Science and Industry. She also lives in the sewers beneath the city. The Nosferatu know that something else lives down there with them, but they have no clue what or who it is. There are rumors among the Kindred about a monster beneath the streets, but few would believe that a creature like Gulfora exists.

Secrets: A

Influence: Complete control of almost any man. In fact, one of her current Retainers is a werewolf she corrupted during the Lupines' attack on the city.





Chapter Five: Coteries

*Good God the Sorrow
They dont even listen to me when
I try to tell them they will die.*

— Jack Kerouac, “Macdougall Street Blues”

The Kindred of the world perform a murderous ballet, filled with darkness, treachery and deceit. Nowhere is this more true than in the blood-soaked streets of Chicago. Anarchs battle both the elders and one another. Sabbat assassins carry out their deadly missions while the candidates for prince war for control of the city, all against the backdrop of an ages-old Jyhad. No Cainite, not even the two Methuselahs responsible for so much of what occurs in the city, fully comprehends the complexity of the vampiric community here.

Of course, Helena and Menele have the honor of being the two prima donnas in this dangerous dance. The influence of these Methuselahs permeates all aspects of the Cainites' existence, affecting their choices of actions, havens and allies. Their webs of control envelop almost every vampire in the city, for each one they control in turn controls many others — and so the network extends.

Any significant newcomers to the city (the characters, for instance) will soon become the prizes in another skirmish between Helena and Menele. While each Methuselah would prefer to control any newcomers, either may settle for preventing a prize from falling into the enemy camp — normally by destroying it.

Even these two mighty immortals are not omnipotent, however, nor do they exert control all the time. Most Kindred act on their own initiative most of the time, and thus tend to gravitate toward other vampires who share their interests and desires. Understanding these groups and their interrelationships is the best way to make sense of the complex dance in which the vampires of Chicago are so involved.

While the term “coterie” most often refers to those Kindred who serve and protect each other, it also refers more generally to any group of vampires with common interests. In Chicago, these coteries can most easily be seen as parts of a wagon wheel. The axle around which everything turns is composed of the two Methuselahs (yes, they share a common interest, but we shall not speak of the Antediluvians in this supplement). The spokes leading to the rim are the members of the primogen, those elders who appear to rule the city. The rim, and the part of the wheel that does all the work and takes all the damage, is made up of the ancillae and neonates of Chicago, whose battles, schemes and plots give the city its unique diversity.

This interaction serves to make the Kindred community immensely confusing to newcomers. Just when the characters believe they have begun to understand how the city works, they will uncover yet another level of secrets that

Coterie Charts

Each coterie also has a chart to help illustrate the relationships within the group. Because of space restrictions, these charts only sketch the often complex relationships within a coterie, but they give the Storyteller at least some idea of how certain Kindred react to one another.

Each chart connects the various coterie members via arrows. Each arrow shows how a given vampire feels about the one to whom the arrow points. The word or phrase connected to the arrow summarizes those feelings, and can usually complete the sentence "X is ____" or "X is a ____."

This is not always the case; for instance, the summary often describes the vampire's feelings or relationship to the other, as when the word is "Love" or "Regnant." Storytellers should feel free to make up their own coterie charts and change these around as the mood strikes.

disproves their latest understanding. For instance, just when they believe that all the Brujah are in the anarchs' camp, they will discover that Sheriff is a Brujah. Just when they think all the Ventrue fight for the elders, they will find out that Kevin Jackson is the scion of Lodin. Use the following list of coterie in that vein.

Included in each description is a statement of the coterie's purpose, as most Kindred see it. This may or may not be true or even intelligible, and the true goal of a coterie may be unknown even to its members. Again, characters may seize on any apparent purpose and believe that they understand everything about a coterie — but truth is never so simple. Just when they think they have the city figured out, spring a new set of circumstances on them and watch them scramble like swine after table scraps.

The Primogen

Members: Critias, Tyler, Inyanga, Khalid, Annabelle Triabell and Nicolai.

Meeting Place: The primogen almost always meets somewhere in Elysium, for its members do not trust one another enough to reveal the locations of their own havens. They pass messages back and forth at the symphony or theater, or on rare occasions hold an after-hours tribunal in one of the museums. Even when they are not together, messages are carried between them by trusted servants. The intrigue among this group never ends; it is the game that gives them the zest to endure their existence.

Perceived Goal: Assisting and overseeing the rule of the city for the benefit of the Camarilla and the perpetuation of the Masquerade.

Real Goal: Fighting the Methuselahs' battles.

The primogen is the most powerful coterie in the city. While most cities have no more than three to five elders among the primogen, Chicago has six, more than any other city in America, and is looking to add another member. While this size can be (and often is) attributed to the fact that the Chicago metropolitan area is the third largest in the United States, and the largest under direct Camarilla control, blame really lies with the Methuselahs. At least two of the primogen are direct descendants of one or the other, and most of the others have spent a good deal of time under their subtle Domination.

While the members of the primogen are the most powerful Kindred in Chicago, there is actually very little day-to-day conflict between the Methuselahs regarding who controls whom. Because extended use of Dominate tends to make future Dominate attempts that much easier, the Methuselah who first took control of one of the primogen generally maintains that control. That is not always the case, however: Annabelle was once under Helena's influence, but is now secretly under the sway of Menele.

Additionally, the fact that Menele remains in torpor limits his nightly activities. He and Helena find it easiest to use their control of the primogen to try and extend their power over Chicago, though Helena has begun to take a more direct approach. This is generally how all Ancients in torpor manage their affairs — through one or two Kindred who directly control other vampires, either through the Blood Bond or extended use of Dominate.

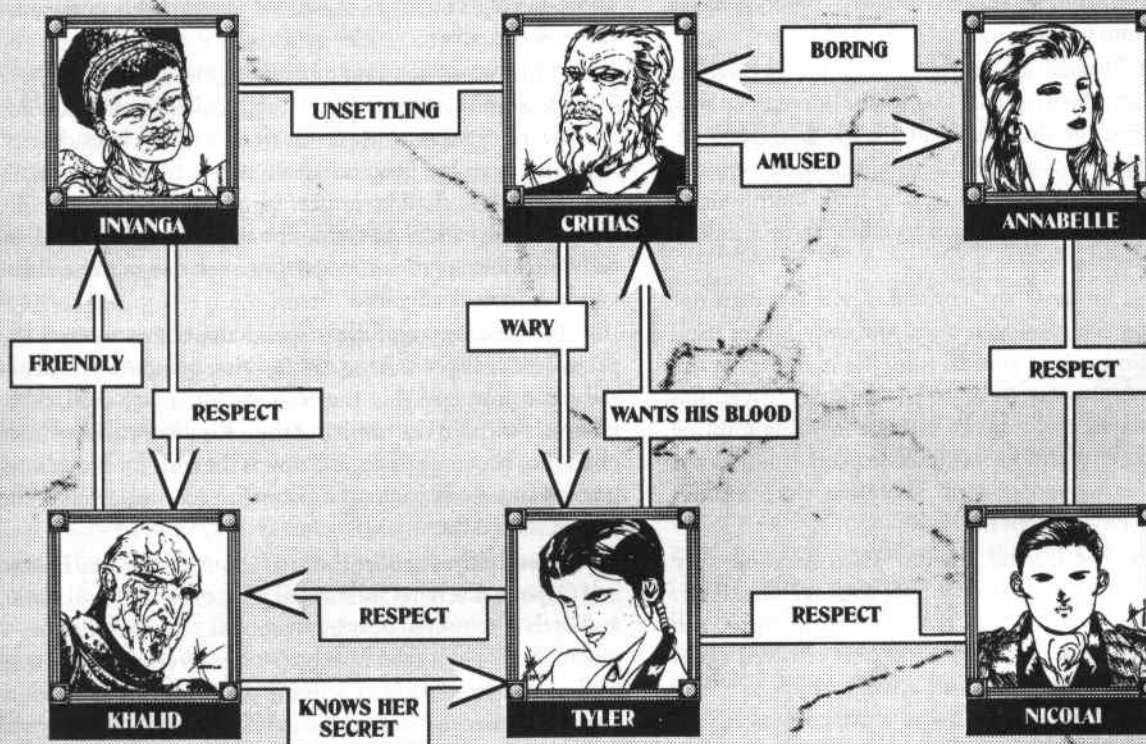
The primogen enjoys substantial powers. Because the most powerful elders in Chicago make up this mighty force, displeasing them would mean death for any younger vampire. As a group, they will choose the prince, who will rule at their pleasure — a fact of which they constantly reminded Lodin. Lodin could not even create progeny without their approval, and was forced to consult them before granting such permission to any other Kindred.

While its direct hold over the prince may be its most obvious power, the primogen's greatest strength is in fact its influence over the myriad groups of Kindred in Chicago. For instance, no member of the Tremere can act without Nicolai's approval, and he can call Chicago's Warlocks together in the name of the clan to do his bidding. The same is true for the two elder Brujah and their various groups of anarchs. Critias has substantial influence over Carlyle and his gang, while Tyler has developed a secret control over both Juggler and the new Sabbat pack.

While Inyanga and Annabelle do not enjoy such blatant control, the younger Licks of their clans still follow their elders in most areas. For instance, the Wolf Pack stayed out of Maldavis' rebellion on Inyanga's advice; she was unsure of the battle's outcome and was afraid of what would happen to Gangrel on the wrong side.

One cannot be elected to the primogen, nor invited to join. In the beginning, the most powerful Cainites in the city realized they held all the strings, and began to meet at the

PRIMOGEN



opera and symphony halls — the birth of what is now known as Elysium. None of these vampires wanted to take the risk of becoming prince, and they found it more convenient to control the prince as a group. All matters were decided by consensus, and though their arguments would sometimes erupt into open warfare, more often they would settle things behind the scenes. As time went on, the most powerful Kindred who moved to Chicago would hear of the primogen, and begin to manipulate affairs to their own liking. Those who survived became *de facto* members of the primogen.

No vampire can stand against a united primogen — but, fortunately, such solidarity is a rare event. Indeed, the primogen has become divided into two camps. The balance is more or less equal, though each Methuselah believes the other has the upper hand. Helena Dominates Nicolai, Tyler is Blood Bound to her, and she believes Annabelle, the childe of her childe, is under control. Inyanga and Critias are firmly in Menele's camp (Critias is in fact Blood Bound to the Methuselah), and Menele believes he secretly controls Annabelle. Inyanga and Annabelle are controlled though the use of extended Dominate.

The Nosferatu Khalid is the only member of the primogen who has remained entirely free of the Methuselahs. When he first arrived in Chicago, he used his extraordinary powers of Obfuscate to remain hidden even from the watchful eyes of the Ancients. By the time they became aware of his presence, both believed the other controlled him and neither has tried to bring him into their fold. Khalid believes his actions are still his own, and has done his best to keep things that way.

The primogen itself fills a number of disparate roles. Ostensibly it wields power to support the Traditions and ensure that no Lick violates the rules of the Camarilla. Its members are the foremost representatives of that great vampiric council and have substantial power within that organization. Of course, no vampire is stupid enough to believe that this is their main reason for being members of the primogen.

In fact, each of the elders has personal reasons for maintaining a position in the primogen. Most Kindred suspect the Tremere clan has some master plan for ruling all vampires, and Nicolai believes his main reason for serving on the primogen is to carry out his clan's wishes. On the other

hand, Khalid uses his position to try and maintain his independence, and to keep better track of what the other elders are doing.

While Tyler would not be as forthright, she has long been motivated by a lust for power and sees her role in the primogen as a way to feed her growing ambition. Critias claims to enjoy the primogen for the intellectual stimulation its games bring him, but in fact he serves on it purely because Menele wants him to.

Annabelle Triabell sits on the council for its prestige, and to prevent any decision that could hurt her or her plans. Inyanga sees herself as a guardian of both Kindred and kine, and tries to mitigate the damage the primogen's decisions can cause. Of course, all are actually serving their Methuselah's interests, though few of them care to admit it, and indeed most do not even realize it.

Though the Methuselahs' control is broad, it does not affect everything the primogen does, and only makes itself felt at certain times. As a general rule, the members of the primogen act as countering forces to one another. Any action requires at least majority support, but the majority must be careful not to alienate the minority, since even a minority of elders can be a fearsome opponent. Therefore, the primogen rarely takes any radical action.

Even during the Lupine attacks, when Kindred were dying in droves, the primogen could not respond effectively. A number of its members did not even show up at the emergency meetings, and the crisis was only resolved when Inyanga took it on her own initiative to approach the werewolves with a truce, which she then convinced the primogen to accept.

The only recent exception to this stasis was the decision to support Maldavis against Lodin, which was supported by Annabelle, Critias, Inyanga and Khalid. While Helena could have used her three primogen to fight the decision in an all-out war, she decided to use the opportunity to try and enlist Annabelle to her cause. Through the use of Dominate and a promise that Annabelle could sire two new progeny, she believed she won. Menele has secretly controlled Annabelle for years, however, and she has become the Methuselahs' most recent battleground.

Candidates for Prince

Members: Maxwell, Sheriff, Damien, Maldavis, Nathaniel Bordruff, Cedrick Calhoun, DuSable, Ballard, Capone, Kevin Jackson, Joseph Peterson, Jacob Schumpeter, Juggler, Modius.

Perceived Goal: To become Prince of Chicago.

Real Goal: Varies by individual.

Lodin's death has opened the floodgates of ambition, and those who desire his throne are crawling out of the woodwork. Those listed here are merely the most obvious

candidates. The Storyteller should feel free to throw in anyone else she desires. Almost anyone in the city could have reason to want the position.

The only Kindred in the city with no chance of (or interest in) becoming prince are the members of the primogen. Not only do they realize how much of a puppet the prince really is, they also know that the rest of the council would not allow one of its members the added power that accompanies the position. Everyone else in the city is fair game.

While most vampires monitoring the situation believe some powerful Cainite will eventually call himself prince and destroy all opponents, those closer to the city know better. The primogen has become such a power that it will finally determine who shall be prince. It may only take a majority vote, but the candidate cannot be so extreme as to alienate other members of the primogen, for even one of these elders can be a most deadly foe.

The smarter candidates spend their time wooing the primogen, only politicking among other vampires as a way to show the primogen that they can unite the city. Still, those vampires without the respect of their Kindred will have little chance to become prince, and now is the time for the smarter undead (maybe even the characters) to get the powers of the city in their debt.

Most Kindred believe the final contenders will be Ballard and Capone. Each has substantial power in the mortal world, and each is respected by other vampires — even if neither is much liked. Their feud is so bitter, however, that they may well put more effort into denying the other the principedom than in furthering their own candidacy. It is likely they will nullify each other completely; the only remaining question is: how bloody will their feud become?

A number of other members of Clan Ventrue have some reason to believe they should be prince, but none stand much of a chance. Kevin Jackson has the manpower to force the issue, but is not sure if he wants to take the risk. Peterson and Schumpeter both believe they should have the throne, but their certainty comes from ego, not ability.

A number of Brujah are also interested in becoming prince. While most of the city's vampires do not know Maxwell has returned, he has begun to press his case. He lacks allies among both the Kindred and kine, but those who remember him know he ruled during a time of peace, and may support him just to restore some sanity to the city. The fact that he is personally very powerful does not hurt his chances.

Critias has become prominent in his support of Maxwell, and Inyanga will likely support him as well. They are moving slowly, though, fearing too much support too early will make other members of the primogen suspicious and less likely to approve of Prince Maxwell. They also know that even though Maxwell ruled Chicago once, he has no experience in handling a modern city. While his raw power is unquestionable, his other credentials may prove his downfall.

Damien is another Brujah with the might to seize the throne, though he is not sure if he wants it — at least right away. He knows he is tougher than most other Kindred in the city, but has come to the conclusion that it may take him centuries to reach his full potential — centuries he does not want to pass tied to the crown of Chicago.

Sheriff is the last Brujah with any serious chance at becoming prince, but he has made far too many enemies in his time. These Kindred may well unite to prevent his ascension, and cause a great deal of destruction in the process. Additionally, most members of the primogen find Sheriff buffoonish at best. Still, should the city degenerate too far, they may turn to him to restore order.

Maldavis wants to claim the principdom, believing it to be the best way to further her dreams of a better vampiric society, but she is unsure both of her support and of her ability. Having lost the Council Wars, she moves carefully and makes sure the ground is steady before moving forward. Should she win the throne, she would be the only Caitiff prince in North America. Of course, if her supporters discover her connection to the Tremere, they may well become suspicious.

Maldavis has two allies in particular who can add a great deal of weight to her bid. Rebekah is especially interested in seeing her seize the night, and may become even more involved in Chicago's politics than she was during the Council Wars. Erichtho also supports Maldavis, but will not go against Nicolai if he supports someone else — like DuSable.

DuSable is the only Tremere who has any chance of becoming Prince of Chicago, and then only because of recent events. His valor during the Lupine attacks is well known, and his missing arm is a constant reminder of his sacrifice in killing a number of werewolves. Additionally, very few Kindred know of any specific acts of duplicity in which he has personally been involved. Still, he is a Warlock, and thus under immediate suspicion.

The Nosferatu Cedrick Calhoun has expressed an interest in becoming prince; his lack of history in the city is both an aid and a hindrance. Nobody in the city has reason to dislike him, but no one has reason to support him. Should the other candidates draw too much ire, however, he may make a good compromise candidate. Of course, should the city's Kindred discover that he wants the office just so he can severely limit their activities, he would face considerable opposition.

Another Nosferatu, Nathaniel Bordruff, has also expressed interest in the throne, and faces much the same problem as Cedrick. Though he has been in Chicago for some time, and is well liked (for a Nosferatu) by the elders, he has not done anything outstanding to merit the position.

Two Kindred residing outside the city can also lay claim to the throne. Juggler, who leads many of Chicago's anarchs despite living in Gary, makes an obvious candidate. He would not be the first anarch to become prince and then

prove just as tyrannical as his predecessor. It is unlikely he will make such a move, however; Helena wants him controlling the anarchs.

The last vampire who could try and become prince is Modius, who first made a bid for the position in the 19th century. His only remaining allies in the city are Joshua Tarnopolski and Annabelle, who keeps her allegiance as low-key as possible. Without substantial assistance from another coterie (perhaps that of the characters), it is unlikely his bid will go far.

Lodin's Broods

Members: Ballard, Capone, Schumpeter, Kevin Jackson, Joseph Peterson, Bobby Weatherbottom and Lorraine.

Meeting Place: Though they rarely have large-scale meetings, the surviving members of Lodin's brood still maintain a loose network. They are more likely to meet in small groups as needed than as a whole.

Perceived Goal: Supporting the Camarilla and furthering the ambitions of Clan Ventrue.

Real Goal: Survival, as well as gaining power for themselves.

Prince Lodin created two broods to help him run the city. Ballard, Capone and two now-destroyed Ventrue composed the first brood, and were all created by Lodin between the late 1800s and World War II. The prince created each lieutenant for a specific purpose and each succeeded at that purpose beyond Lodin's wildest hopes — much to his distress.

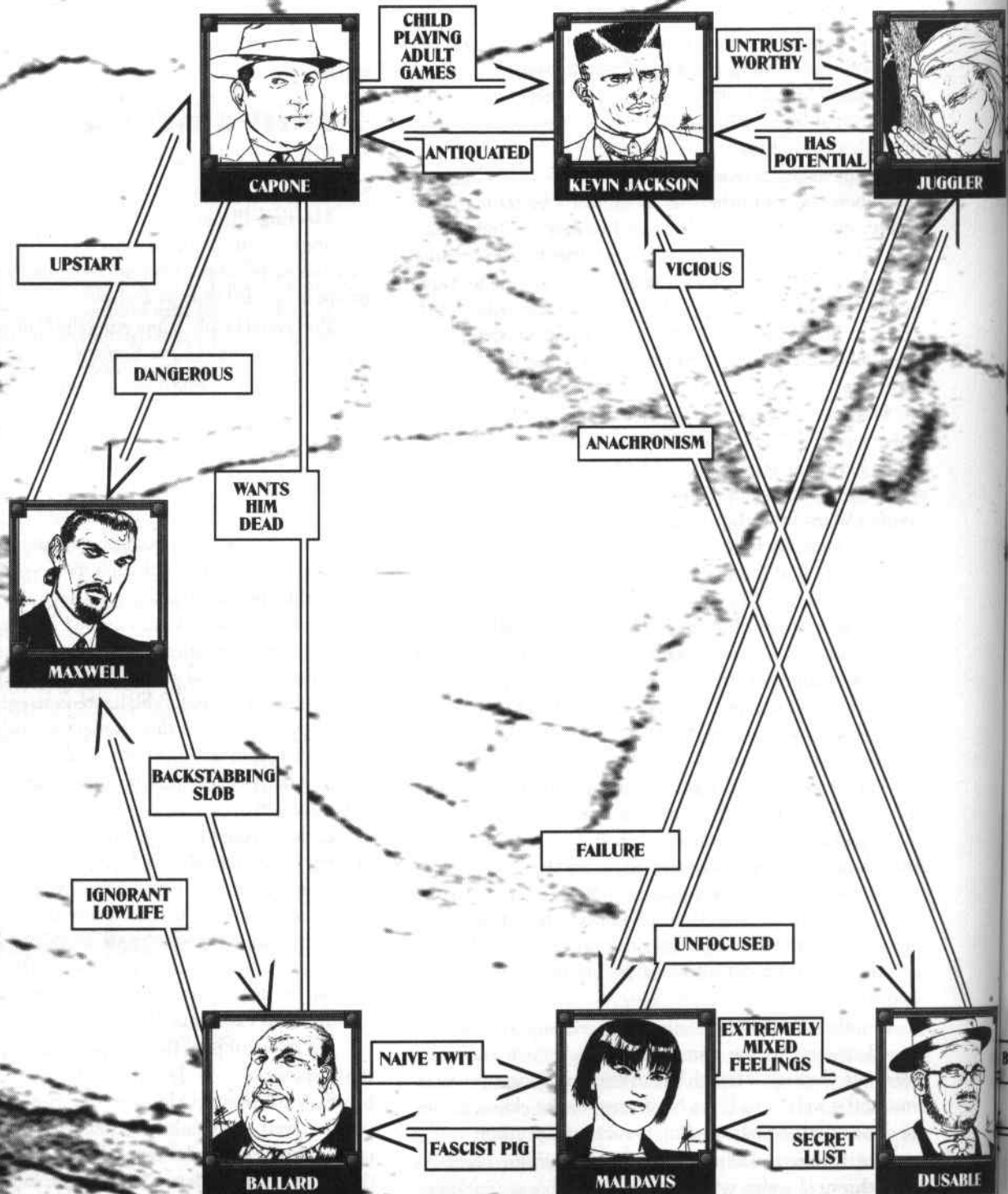
Lodin's two greatest successes have also proved to be two of his greatest fears. He envisioned Ballard as running the city's legitimate businesses and Capone as manipulating its extensive underworld, thus balancing each other out for the greater glory of himself. Both lieutenants gained control over almost every aspect of their respective realms, to the point that Lodin could no longer be sure if they were furthering his power or their own — and, of course, they felt their duty was to themselves.

Lodin created most of his second brood in the 1980s, hoping these new Kindred would help him become less reliant upon his older brood. He took great care in planning who would be among his new lieutenants, even to the point of seeking the advice of knowledgeable mortals. Thus he created a new brood that he hoped would balance the old, but without the ambition to attempt to overthrow him. It did not live up to his expectations.

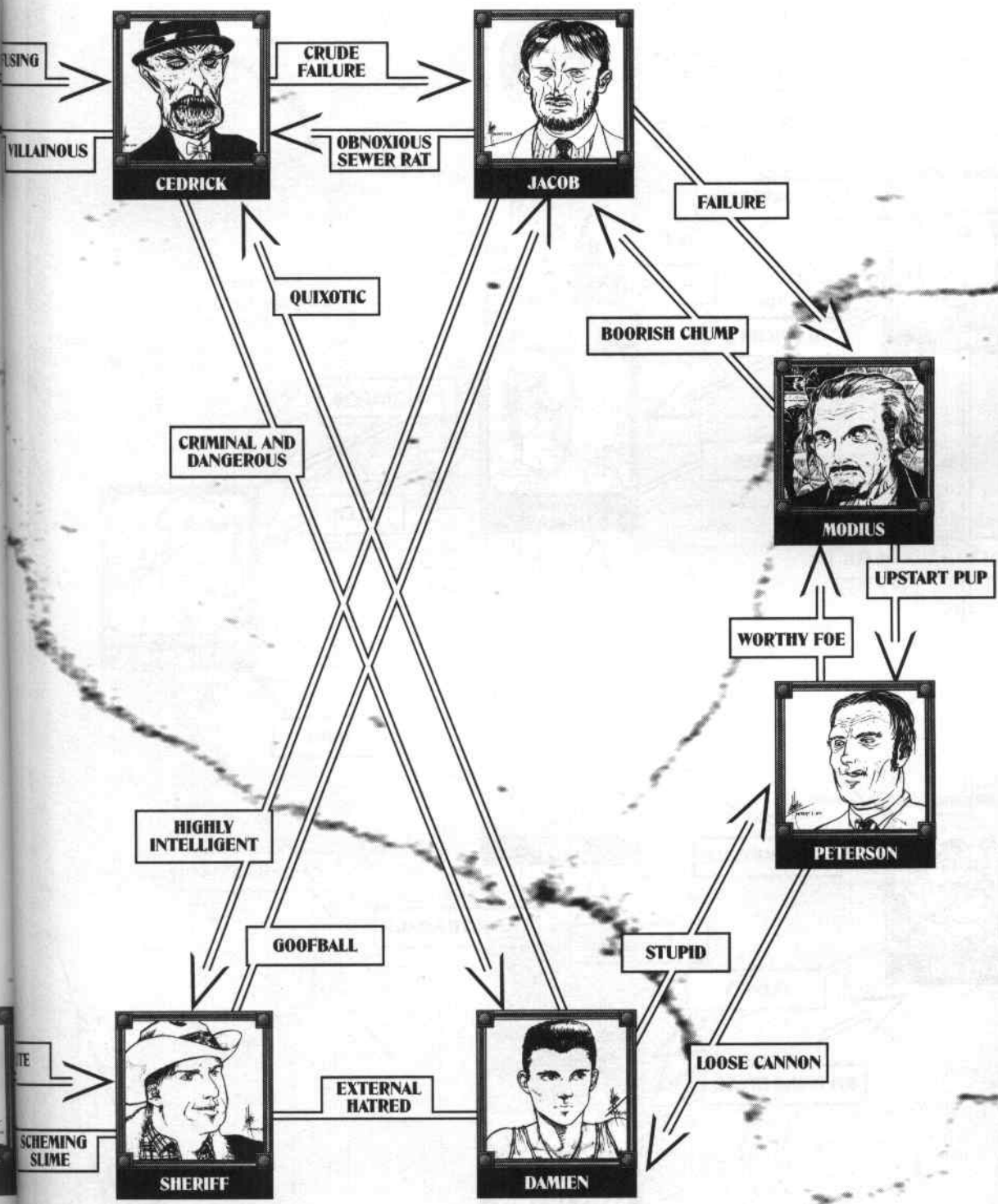
For the most part, the new lieutenants proved incompetent, incapable of dealing with the older brood and insufficiently motivated to carry out their duties. Lodin chose only too well — for failure. Those who proved their competence, like Kevin Jackson and Bobby Weatherbottom, also demonstrated an independence Lodin found disturbing.

Lodin was the linchpin that held these vampires together. Working as one, they are extremely effective. Divided, they can do little. Whoever becomes prince will require at

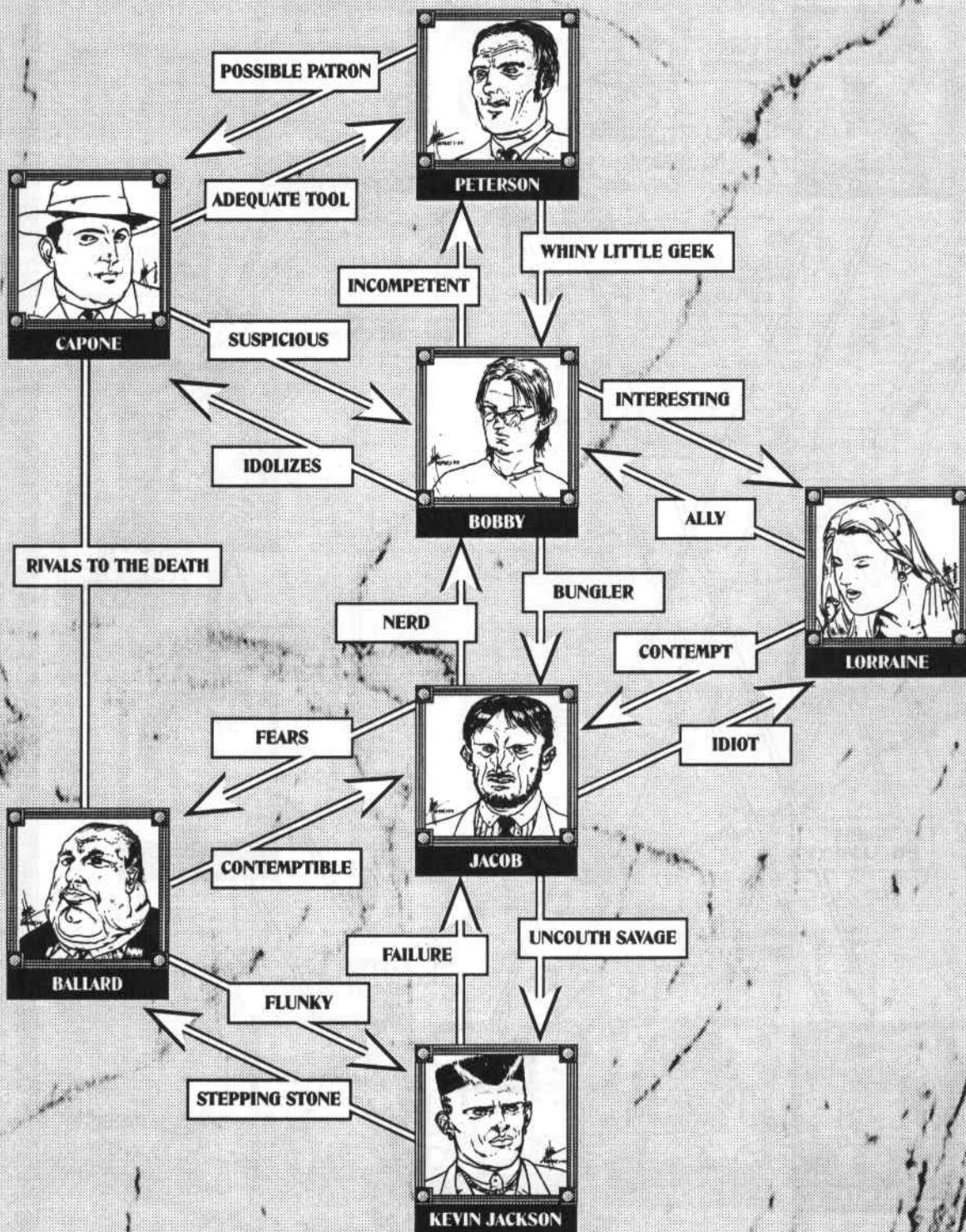
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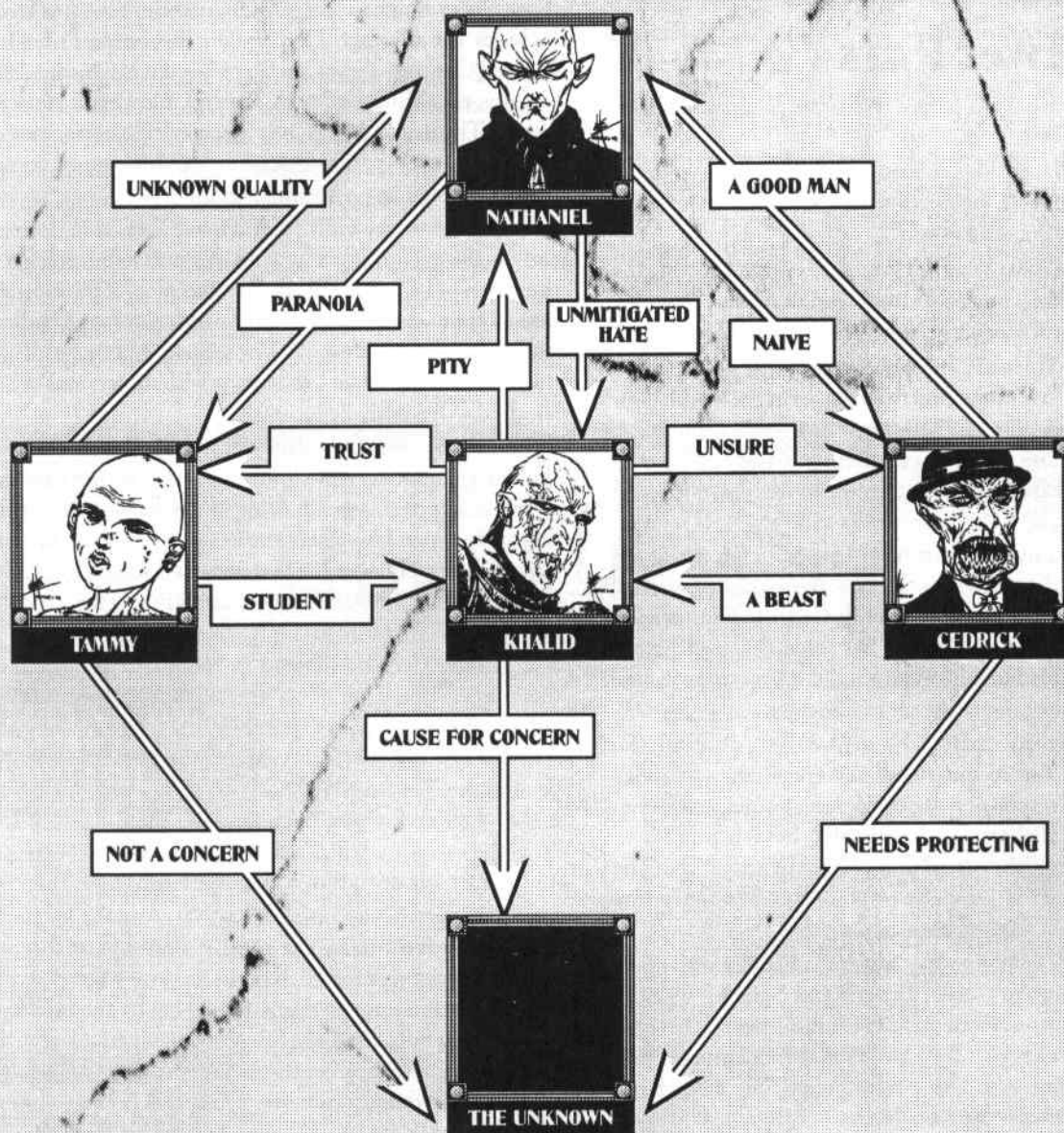
TO THE THRONE



LODIN'S BROODS



SEWER RATS



least the grudging approval of this coterie. Should Lodin's brood stand at odds to the prince, little will be accomplished and the city will fall further into chaos. Should Lodin's brood directly oppose the prince, blood is likely to flow.

While other vampires in the city may see its Ventrue as a monolithic block, they are more commonly at odds with each other than in allegiance. Still, these are the Kindred who most follow the ties of favors and prestation, and their own interactions involve the subtlest manipulations of their pasts. Each one is maneuvering for as much power within the group as possible, and should one bind the others in coils of debts and favors, he would become one of the most powerful figures in the city.

The Sewer Rats

Members: Khalid, Tammy, Nathaniel, Cedrick Calhoun and the unknown.

Meeting Place: This coterie usually gathers deep in the sewers, in chance(?) meetings where its members can exchange information and gossip.

Perceived Goal: Keeping abreast of events affecting the Kindred in order to maintain their own freedom.

Real Goal: Discovering who's really running the city.

Khalid used to lead Chicago's Nosferatu as a benevolent father, helping his childer find their places in the world. Now most of his childer are no more, slain by the bloody claws of the Lupines. Those Nosferatu remaining in the city have no ties to him, and are far more interested in their own projects than in his.

There is no overt antagonism between clan members, though under their friendly surface lies a sea of hatred. Nathaniel despises all vampires, while Cedrick despises their actions. Tammy is slowly losing her mind despite Khalid's best efforts to help her, and even Khalid is beginning to lose touch with everything going on in Chicago.

Khalid's haven used to be a place of safety for the Nosferatu, but the recent flood has ended that. Nobody knows who was responsible for the deluge, but suspicions run rampant. Khalid believed his haven safely hidden from all but his fellow clan members, and finds it hard to accept that one of them betrayed him. Still, he was too well targeted for the incident to have been an accident.

No vampire can be sure just how many Nosferatu make the city's underground their haven, and Sewer Rats from other places often come to the city for short periods of time, adding to the underground's population. Khalid makes every effort to keep up with these newcomers, but even he is uncertain how many there really are.

The Elders

Members: Critias, Tyler, Inyanga, O'Leary, Corbin, Khalid, Nathaniel, Cedrick Calhoun, Nicolai, DuSable, Annabelle, Bret, Ballard, Capone, Schumpeter, Joseph Peterson.

Meeting Place: Elysium, on a regular basis.

Perceived Goal: Manage and discuss the affairs of the city.

Real Goal: Enforce the bonds of prestation and have a good time as the most important Kindred in the city.

The self-styled elders of Chicago meet quite regularly in those places which have been designated as Elysium. This list includes the Chicago City Baller, the Linda Enfield Art Gallery, Central Library, the Art Museum of Chicago, Smart Gallery, the Chicago Opera Theater, Orchestra Hall, Arie Crown Theatre and the Civic Theater. Though some come simply to enjoy performances or exhibits, more come to converse, scheme, gossip and plot.

The elders typically attend some sort of performance early in the evening, mixing with the mortals but engaging in their own intrigues all the while. After most of the mortals go home, they retire to the empty museums and galleries, wandering the marble halls. The security guards are all under the control of the elders, so anyone who shows signs of being Kindred will readily be let in.

Here the plotting continues at a more fevered pace, though again some come simply to appreciate the new works of art. Most of this group show up on Friday and Saturday nights, and spend the rest of the week on their own activities. However, a few may be found at some performance or another on any night of the week — they simply do not have anything better to do.

These elders are derided as "Harpies," though not to their faces. They establish the city's pecking order and enforce the restrictions of prestation, though all would deny it. They gossip constantly about how other Kindred have been acting (especially Kindred who are not present that night). Licks who have been ignoring their duties or snubbing their betters will soon see the elders of every clan, including their own, turning against them.

Outsiders have commented that Annabelle, Nicolai and Corbin seem to be the three Cainites most intent on seeing prestation enforced, but insiders know better. Each of the elders has a stake in the system of boons and favors, and all support it fully. Still, the disparate members all have their own agendas and their betrayal and distrust of each other has become proverbial: "I trust you as much as I'd trust a promise made in the Opera House."

The Chantry

Members: Nicolai, DuSable, Erichtho, Ublo-Satha and Portia.

Meeting Place: The chantry, once a month.

Perceived Goal: Furthering the plans of the Tremere.

Real Goal: The same.

Nobody trusts the Tremere. Whenever anything goes wrong, the Tremere are most often blamed. This has been aggravated since the werewolf attack, when Garwood Marshall, a popular member of Baby Chorus and the best-known Tremere, was destroyed. Few Licks are aware of the other members, and their secrecy gives support to the most outrageous paranoia.

If players probe deeper, they may discover DuSable, who appears to be a quiet, uninvolved old man — unless he makes his bid for prince. This dearth of active Tremere should lead them to invent monstrous fantasies about the role of the Tremere. Ask the average Brujah who is behind everything, and she will blame either the Antediluvians or the Tremere.

Nicolai came to Chicago under orders to take control of the city. Acting on the belief that controlling it from the top down would be the best system, he immediately gained a place on the primogen and was one of Lodin's primary

supporters. He also came to the attention of the sleeping Helena who, more familiar with the Tremere than Menele, took control of him as soon as he entered the city.

Nicolai remains unsure about why he must control Chicago, but he follows his orders without question, hoping someday to gain the respect of the leaders of his clan. With DuSable's active help, and Erichtho's more reluctant aid, Nicolai holds a position of power in the city, but has found his bids for more direct control stymied by the other primogen members. Now he bides his time, waiting for the right moment.

The Tremere have monthly meetings at the chantry, where a ritual is performed that puts them in contact with the Council of Elders in Vienna, as well as with other chantries in the United States. On rare occasions, the Council gives specific orders during these meetings, and Chicago's Tremere scramble to fulfill the Elders' will. Ublo-Satha keeps an especially close eye over the chantry during these meetings.

Portia's presence at the chantry and her influence over Nicolai do not seem to bother DuSable (he has been commanded to ignore it), but Erichtho has become concerned. She hopes to find evidence of the "neonate's" true goals;

THE ELDERS

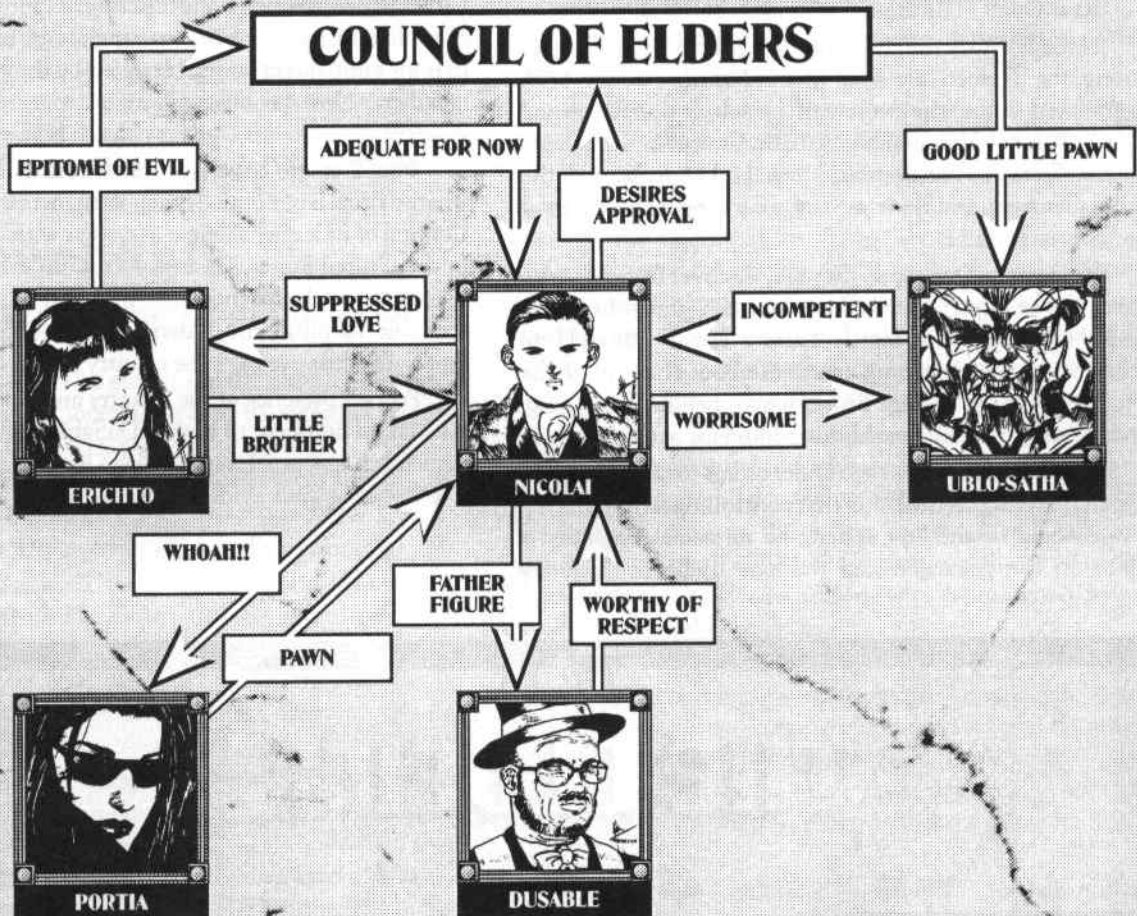
**PRIMOGEN
PEACEMAKERS**

**OTHERS
GOSSIPS**

**CANDIDATES
TOOLS**

THE CHANTRY

COUNCIL OF ELDERS



however, if she did discover Helena's role, she would not know how to handle it. Nonetheless, she is still Blood Bound to Nicolai, and would look out for his best interests.

The Pranksters

Members: O'Leary, Son, Evan Klein, Corbin and Bronwyn.

Meeting Place: The Blue Velvet, though they never have formal meetings of any sort.

Perceived Goal: Spreading the insanity around.

Real Goal: Who can say?

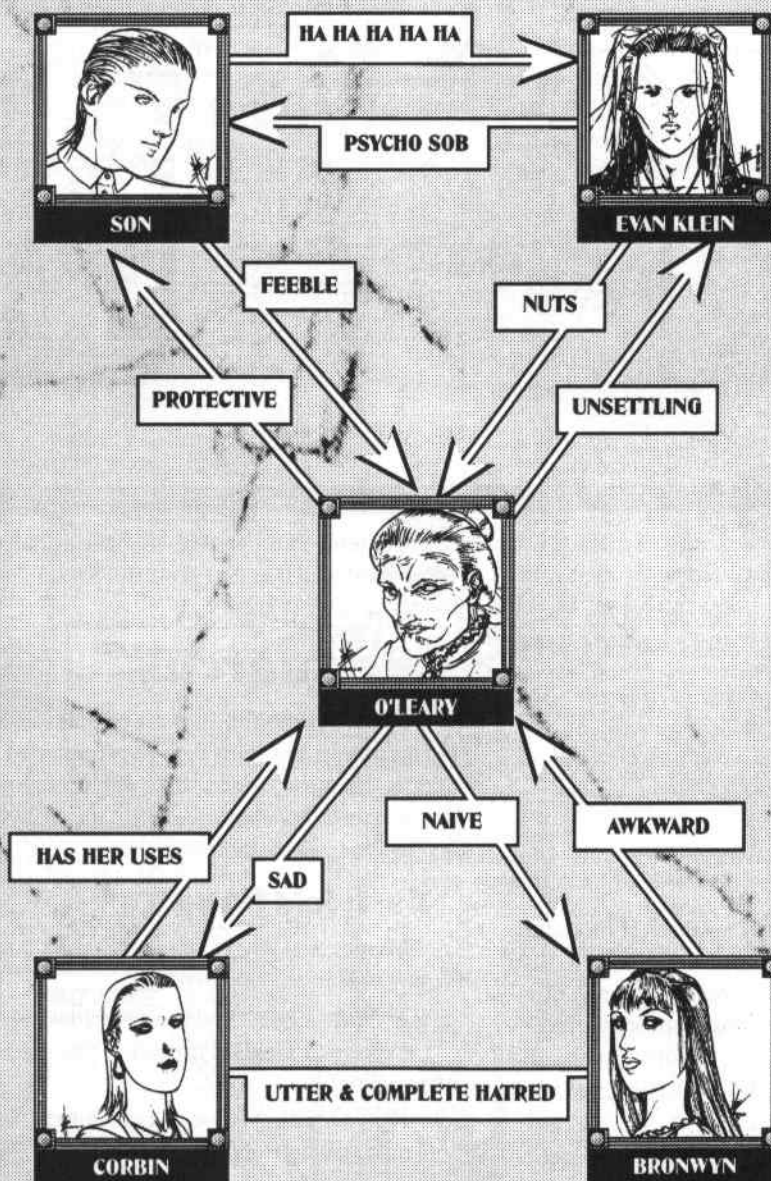
Chicago's Malkavians encounter almost as much suspicion as do the Tremere. Before the werewolf attacks, no one believed they could possibly be as crazy as they acted, but now

no one can believe they are as sane as they seem. Most Kindred just give them a wide berth, but even that is becoming harder to accomplish.

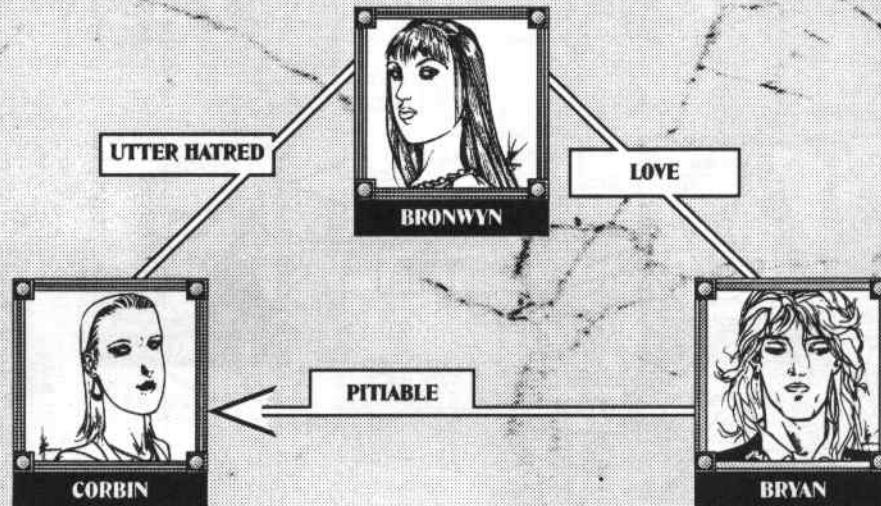
Despite her extreme paranoia, O'Leary sees herself as the matriarch of this clan, and has become protective of its members. During the last two years, Corbin has become the most prominent Malkavian in Kindred society, and has found a place among the city's elders. She has ingratiated herself with O'Leary, who tends to look on Corbin and Son as her daughter and, well, son.

However, under this happy facade writhes a mass of fears and obsessions. O'Leary's fear of the Jyhad infects all Malkavians who meet her, and other vampires intruding on their domain may well be greeted with hostility and suspi-

THE PRANKSTERS



THE TRINITY



cion. On the other hand, their various insanities make it just as likely that newcomers will be greeted with exuberant friendliness, and made into whole new members of the family. Keep in mind that the friendship of a Malkavian may well be worse than her hatred.

The Trinity

Members: Bryan, Bronwyn and Corbin.

Meeting Place: Chicago.

Perceived Goals: Killing each other.

Real Goal: ?

This coterie is on the verge of an explosion. The instant Corbin and Bronwyn realize they are in the same city, they will stop at nothing to destroy each other. Bryan will obviously side with Bronwyn, but Corbin has spent some time in the city making friends — and enemies. Both Corbin and Bronwyn have some influence with other Kindred, and both will put that influence to use.

Menele watches the trinity like a hawk, believing it to be manipulated by the same forces manipulating him and Helena. He believes Helena influences Bronwyn, but has not made any move for Corbin or Bryan. If he is correct, and they are being manipulated by others, he will have his first evidence of the true secret forces among the undead. If he is

wrong, then his archenemy will have a golden opportunity to control three of the most powerful Kindred in the city ... and use them against him.

The Anarchs

The last time the anarchs united was during Maldavis' bid for power, and even then they remained in their separate cliques. Now they are in three different groups, though they maintain a loose allegiance. Still, it is unlikely they will find it possible to work together.

Carlyle's Gang

Members: Carlyle, Andrei, Jasper Krevets, Raymond Wallace, Victoria Longwood.

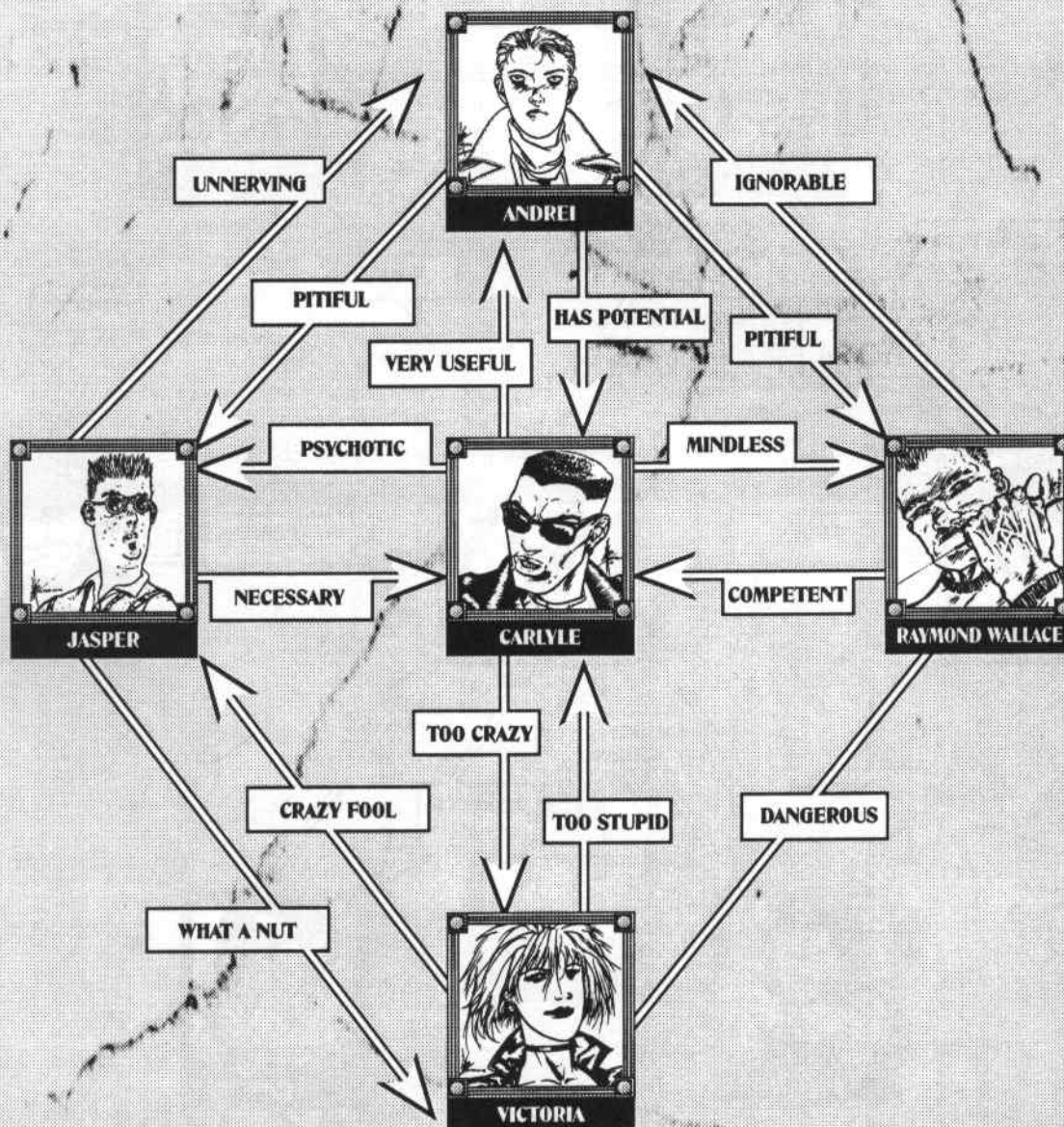
Meeting Place: Water Tower Place.

Perceived Goals: Furthering the spread of the Anarch Movement.

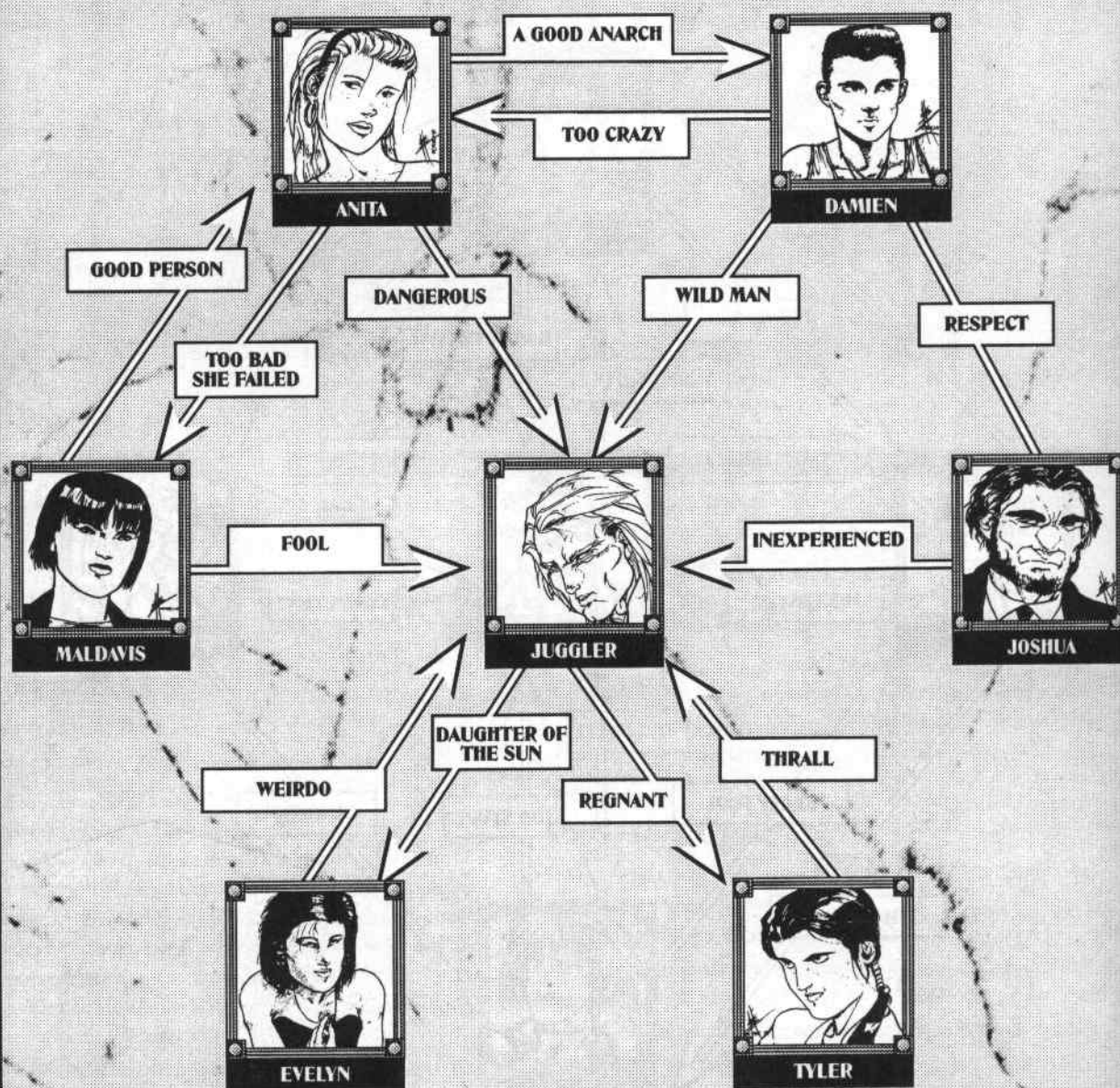
Real Goals: Allowing its members free rein to spread violence and destruction.

Carlyle's gang has come from the Anarch Free States with the Anarch Council's blessings and support. It has spent a number of years traveling North America, battling both the Camarilla and the Sabbat. Its members are not complete strangers to Chicago, and have dealt with most of its anarchs at one point or another.

CARLYLE'S GANG



JUGGLER'S ANARCHS



Lodin's death has inspired them to try and turn the city into the easternmost anarchy stronghold, though they realize this will be no easy task. Most of the city's anarchs were killed in the Lupine attacks, and the gang itself does not have the raw power to challenge the elders. Carlyle has begun seeking other options.

He has thought about becoming prince himself, but realizes few Kindred in the city will support an anarchy, especially one who is an outsider. Instead, he has begun casting about for a worthy candidate to support, hoping to convince the new prince to create ties to the Anarchy Free States, and maybe join the Movement later.

Juggler's Anarchs

Members: Juggler, Joshua Tarnopolski, Anita Wainwright, Damien, Maldavis, Evelyn Stephens.

Meeting Place: The Succubus Club. However, they also congregate in a deserted ore smelter in the Wasteland in Gary (see the "Forged in Steel" section of the *Vampire* rulebook). This also seems to be Juggler's haven, and is well protected by his Retainers (gang members).

Perceived Goal: Freeing the Kindred from the elders' tyranny.

Real Goal: Bringing Juggler to power.

Juggler sees the past defeats of the anarchs as a perfect opportunity to rise to power. He came to Chicago to channel the lingering rage from Maldavis' defeat into support for

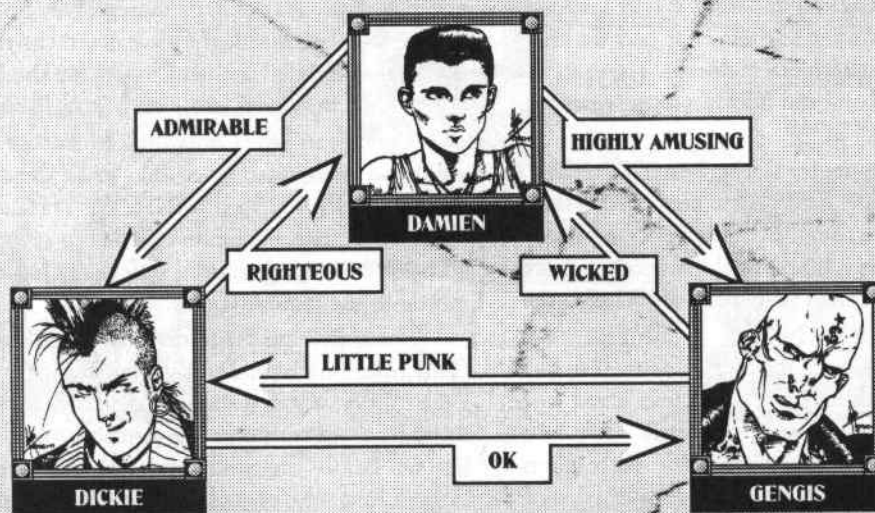
himself. He initially attracted a large number of Kindred to his side, making his coterie the biggest group of anarchs in the city, but his followers lacked the passion and dedication of the other groups. Now the Lupines and Sabbat have decimated the ranks of his followers.

Now Juggler actively attempts to recruit more anarchs to his cause, but he has a difficult time just keeping his present followers with him. Maldavis and Anita are only with him because there is little choice in the matter — this is the only anarchy organization they have. Joshua has sided with Juggler because his old allies died, but he has no loyalty to the coterie, and Juggler fears he may turn it against him. Juggler also fears Damien, whose motives he has yet to determine.

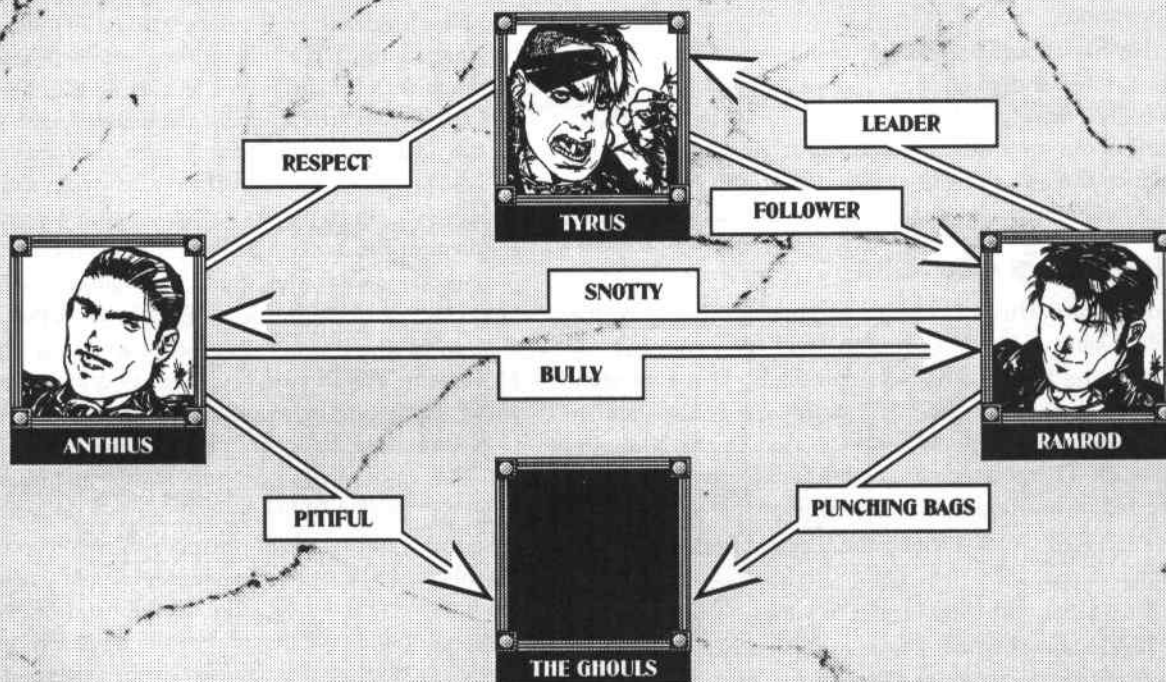
Juggler and Carlyle have met before; each took an immediate dislike to the other. Each believes the other to be a pawn of the elders, intent on corrupting the Anarchy Movement. The two will find it hard working together, and will go to any extreme to ensure that their followers do not go to the other side.

Though none in his group realize it, Juggler is being "advised" by Tyler. Juggler follows her advice in almost everything, and is modeling his planned revolt upon what she has told him of her activities in Europe so many years ago. She has not told him of her ties to the Sabbat, however. Juggler is Blood Bound to Tyler, and would do nearly anything to please her. She has asked him to tell no one of their meetings, and to this point he has not let the secret slip.

THE NIHILISTS



WOLF PACK



The Nihilists

Members: Gengis, Dickie, Damien.

Meeting Place: The Succubus Club; though they never have formal meetings, they often meet each other there.

Perceived Goal: Destroying the power structure.

Real Goal: Destroying those rules and regulations that annoy them.

These three more closely fit the popular view of what anarchists should be like — Kindred who want to tear down the existing system because it offends them, not because they necessarily have something better to replace it. These are all younger vampires, in both mortal and immortal years; all were born after World War II.

While they have no leader *per se*, they generally defer to Damien because of his popularity as a member of Baby Chorus. When they notice the irony in doing so, however, they quickly stop. Damien is involved in this coterie more out of a love for its violent sprees than from any belief in the values it espouses.

They meet quite frequently at the Succubus Club and tend to spend much of their time grumbling about the Ventrue clan and all the elders who support it. They love tormenting those younger Kindred who side with elders whenever they can catch them alone, and have taken a mission upon themselves — to kill Sheriff.

The Wolf Pack

Members: Tyrus, Anthius, Ramrod and their ghouls.

Meeting Place: The road.

Perceived Goal: Serving the Camarilla.

Real Goal: Serving violence.

These vampires no longer command the fear and respect that they enjoyed in years past. Rumors of cowardice during the Lupine attack abound, and a number of Licks say they may have had a pact with the werewolves. Still, they lost two of their members during the wave of attacks, though some say the Sabbat killed them, and others say the bikers took the opportunity to clean house, with a little diablerie on the side.

They are still the Camarilla's designated archons for the area, and more than once they have demonstrated their ability to destroy any who violate the Traditions. They have also proved that a vampire chained to several motorcycles going in different directions suffers much the same fate as a mortal in the same situation.

These five are far from being mindless thralls of the Camarilla, however. During Maldavis' rise to power, the Pack split on whom it should support. Tyrus wanted to keep its traditional loyalties, while Anthius voiced support for the upstart. Before their differences became extreme, Inyanga visited them and warned them to keep clear of the conflict. Unsure of which way the battle would end, Inyanga wanted to keep these Gangrel knights from choosing the wrong side.

Thus the Wolf Pack managed to be "indisposed" when the prince called for their help, and remained independent of the bloody conflict.

Now the Camarilla has asked the Pack to pay closer attention to Chicago until it can decide what to do about its lack of a prince. Since no one else is in a position to enforce the sect's laws, the task has fallen to this lawless five, and they couldn't be happier. Should anyone step out of line, or give them any excuse, violence will not be far behind. Anthius worries that this might put them on the wrong side of the future prince, but that will not stop these five from enjoying the battles to come.

Baby Chorus

Members: Kathy Glens, Damien, Raymond Falcon.

Meeting Places: Rehearsal space and local clubs.

Perceived Goal: Playing incredibly good music.

Real Goal: The same, though none of the musicians would object to its members attaining power in Chicago.

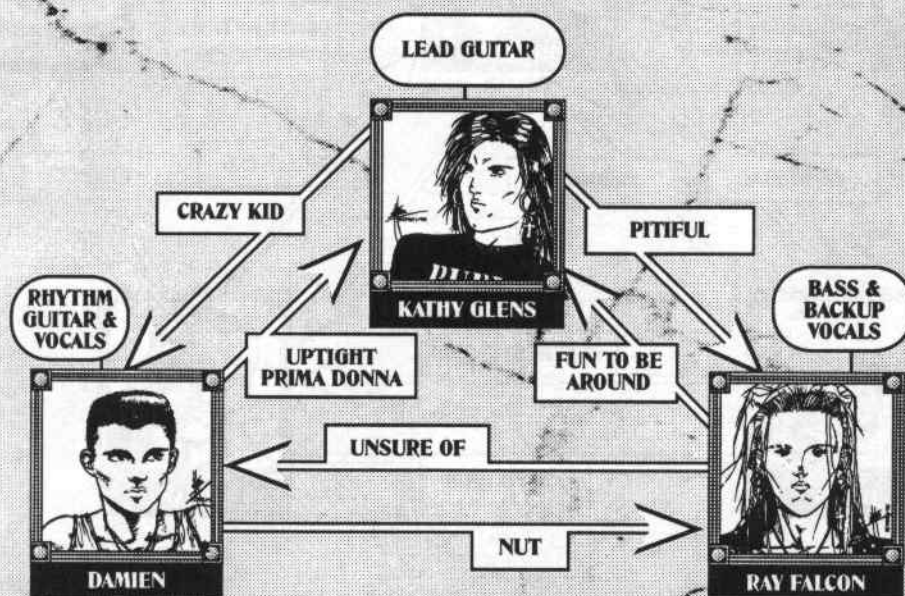
Chicago has long been known for great music, specializing in blues, jazz and a symphony ranked among the best in the world. New Chicago rock bands have continued this

tradition, making it hard for a new band to stand out. One which has managed this difficult feat is Baby Chorus, a punk band characterized by a blues feel and incredible musicianship.

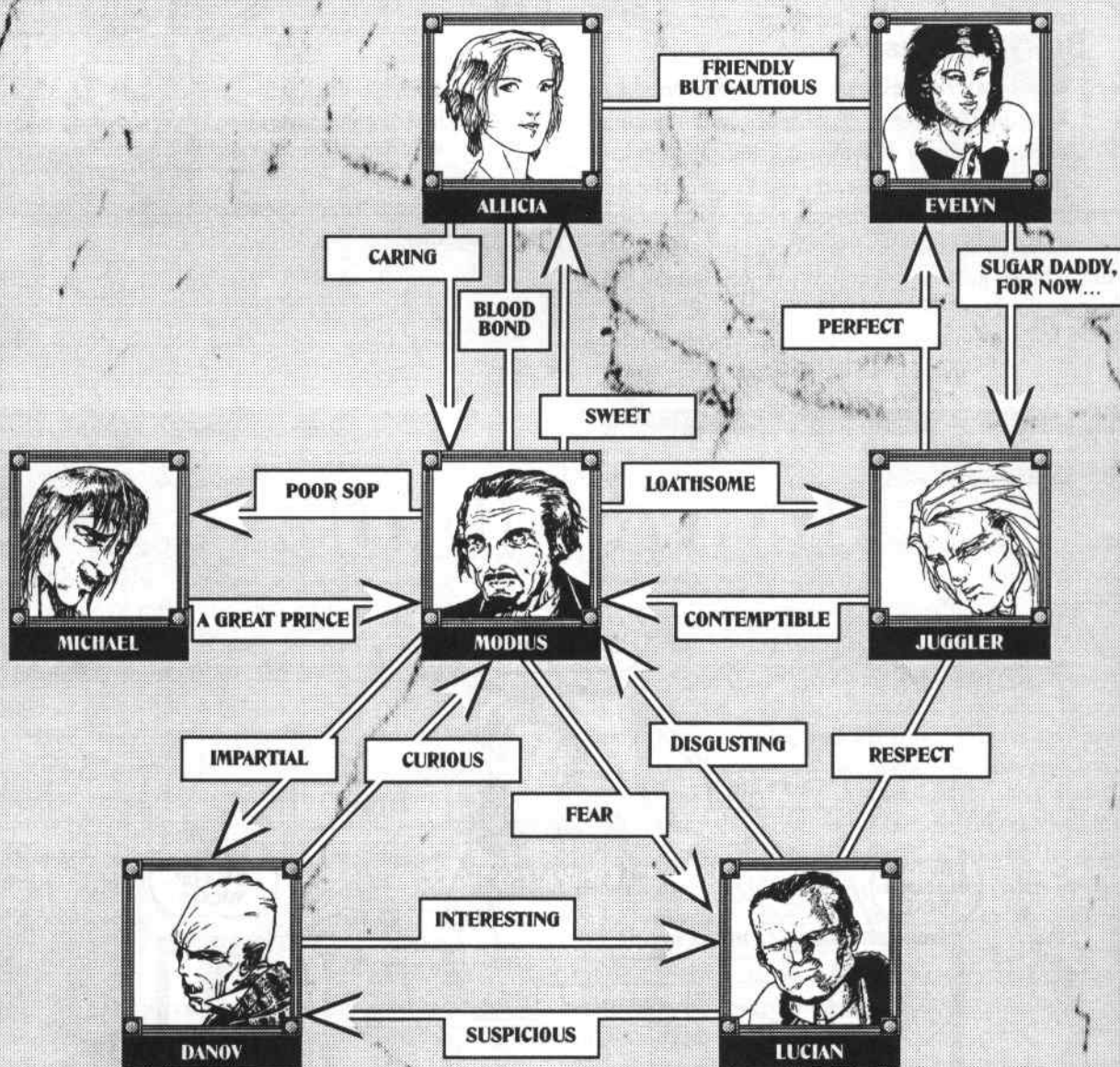
Kathy Glens, somewhat of a local celebrity, fronts the band. Kathy has achieved renown as one of the city's best lead guitarists, and playing with Baby Chorus has only reinforced her standing. Bass player Raymond Falcon and rhythm guitarist Damien round out the Kindred in the band. A mortal, Karla K. Ruby, plays drums following the "death" of the anarch who used to fill that seat; Damien has been considering Embracing her. They have not replaced their saxophonist, Garwood Marshall, who was killed by the Lupines.

Baby Chorus has always provided a comfortable way for Kindred of competing clans to get together, and those who know the band members express amazement at how well the different clans get along. The Brujah, Malkavian and Toreador not only interact perfectly well, but make beautiful music together.

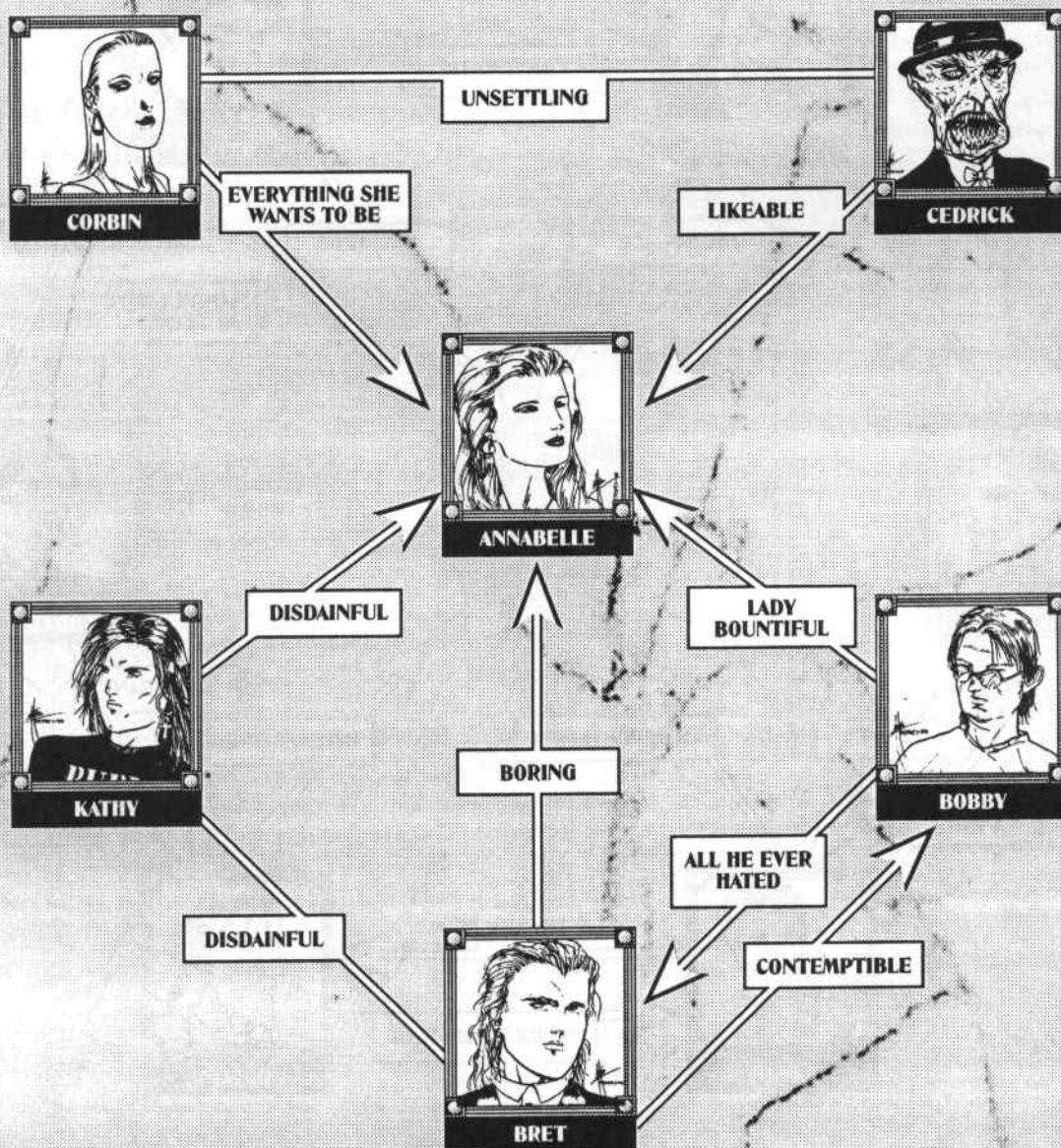
BABY CHORUS



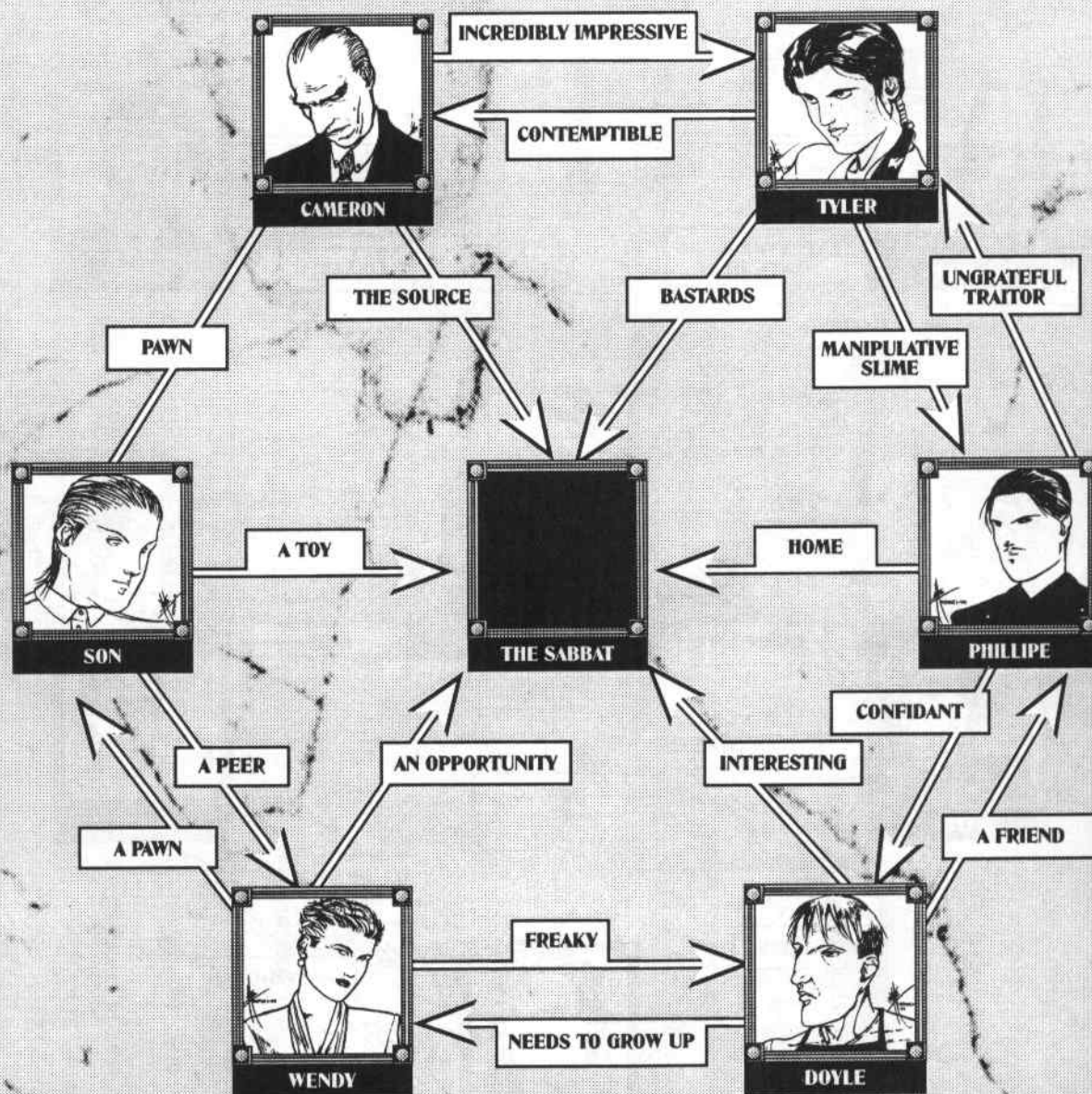
KIN OF GARY



ANNABELLE'S PARTY ELITE



CITY SABBAT



The band members privately acknowledge that there is still a great deal of underlying tension, mostly brought on by Damien trying to politicize their music. Neither Glens nor Falcon expresses much interest in the goings-on of the city, much to Damien's distress, for he wants to sing about political issues of importance to them, not the mortals for whom they play.

The band has been courted by various national record labels but has so far remained independent, releasing two albums on its own. It has attracted a great deal of attention from the city's clubgoing crowd, but has managed to remain primarily a local act with a small regional following. The Camarilla is as of yet unaware of what these Kindred are doing, something which many would consider a blatant violation of the Masquerade. While it has not played since Marshall's destruction, it is preparing to start up again.

The Gary Kindred

Members: Modius, Allicia, Juggler, Michael, Evelyn Stephens, Danov, Lucian.

Meeting Place: Modius' supposed haven in Gary. They meet annually on New Year's Eve, but very little of practical value gets done at these meetings.

Perceived Goal: To keep Gary independent of or superior to Chicago.

Real Goal: To get as much as one can from a sinking ship.

The members of this coterie are described in detail in the **Vampire** appendix. The coterie is very disorganized, and few of its members have any desire to be more organized. At one time Gary was a center of power, but those days are long gone. If you are playing "Forged In Steel," this can become the coterie of the player characters, allowing them to form an independent group that can interact as such with the other groups. If this is the case you should give them increasing independence from and influence over Modius, allowing them a chance to direct their own fates as much as possible.

Note that Modius is one of the candidates for Prince of Chicago. An extreme dark horse, he would have a better chance if there were a single coterie in the city that supported him. This could be the characters, though why they would support such a loser is a question for them to answer.

Annabelle's Party Elite

Members: Annabelle, Bret, Kathy Glens, Corbin, Cedrick Calhoun, Bobby Weatherbottom.

Meeting Place: Annabelle's home.

Perceived Goal: Supporting art in the city.

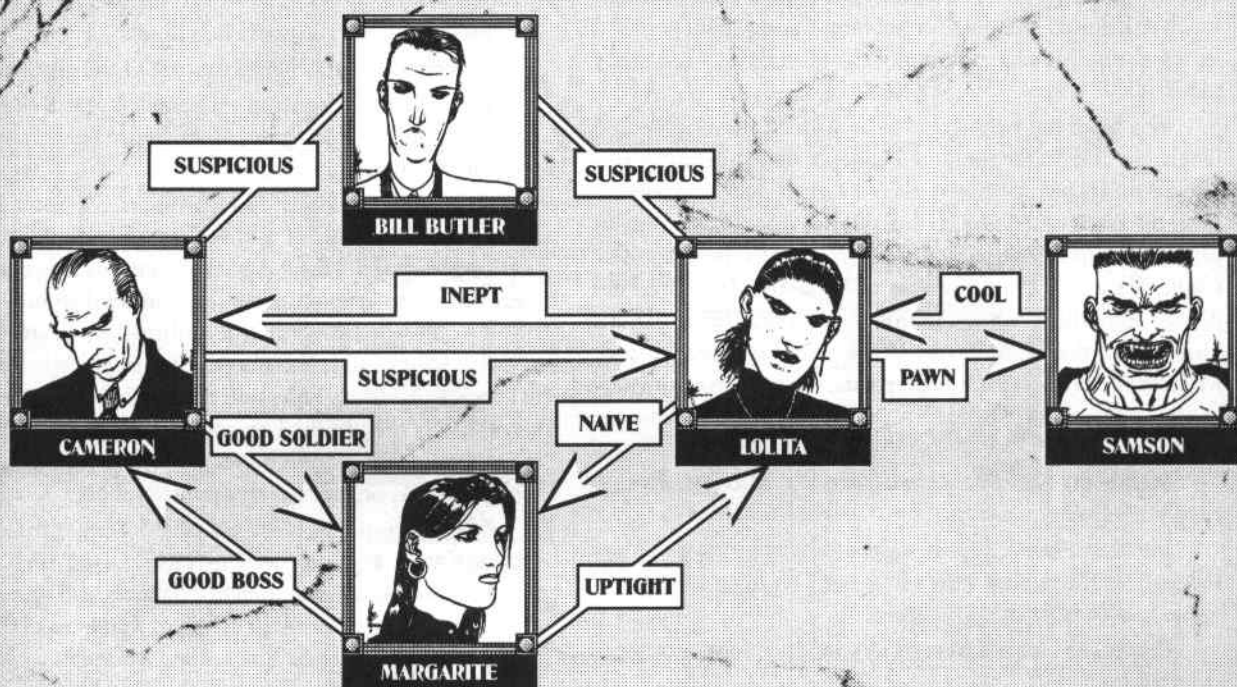
Real Goal: Enhancing Annabelle's status among the Toreador, and providing her an audience to which she can perform as a party hostess.

Annabelle thinks of her parties as the most exciting social events in the city. Other Toreador think of them as crashing bores. However, Annabelle's position as clan leader forces them to attend and at least pretend to have a good time. Annabelle lacks any true abilities in art, and has thus come to believe that hosting parties displays the true depth of her artistic vision. Long suffering under her position as the second most prominent Toreador in the city, she now revels in her new status and hopes at last to attain clanwide recognition as one who truly appreciates art.

These late-night, black-tie parties attract the cream of Chicago's art world as well as much of its high society, bringing out painters, musicians, dancers and sponsors. Indeed, it is only because of the sponsors that most of the artists come at all. Annabelle flits among her guests, constantly laughing and talking. The other Toreador tend to stand alone, making pleasant conversation when forced to. Corbin and Cedrick began attending these parties shortly after coming to the city, and seem to enjoy themselves. In fact, they both have their own agendas to advance, and have found these parties useful.

Toreador from outside the city attend these parties, though their numbers have dwindled as word spreads of the parties' lack of artistic value. Annabelle has started to realize that the parties have failed to increase her status within the clan, and has cast about for something to spice them up. So far nothing has worked, and some of her schemes have backfired badly.

NOMAD PACK



The City Sabbat

Members: Phillipe, Wendy Wade, Doyle Fincher, Cameron, Tyler, Son.

Meeting Place: Deserted old hotel in south Chicago.

Perceived Goal: Preparing the way for the Sabbat to move in.

Real Goal: Their own power.

The Sabbat has been interested in taking over the United States' third largest city since World War II. The recent turmoil of Maldavis' rise to power gave the sect hope that the time was right, and it made its move. The battle between the Lupines and the city's Kindred was purely its doing, though its attempted takeover failed. A number of Sabbat died, and the sect is licking its wounds and assessing its future.

Phillipe and Wade are the sect's main representatives in town, and have orders to avoid combat at all costs, keeping their presence as quiet as possible. They hope to compile lists of all the Kindred remaining in the city and get an idea of their relative power. Phillipe has carried out dozens of these scouting missions through the years and has become one of the Sabbat's best. His compatriot, Wade, has never taken part in something this dangerous, but the sect's leaders have found her to be one of their most promising neonates.

Surrounded as they are by their enemies, only one thing could make them violate their secrecy — the opportunity to feed on an elder vampire. If either gets the chance to commit diablerie upon someone of an older generation, he or she will leap at the chance.

Son learned about them shortly after they arrived in Chicago, but only recently discovered their ties to the Sabbat. He is interested in them, but has yet to join the sect. They treat him with feigned respect and plan to use him as a pawn in the near future.

On the other hand, they have great respect for Doyle Fincher. Recruiting him was a great coup, and he has already made a name for himself based on his insights into death. The two are also putting pressure on Tyler to make her allegiance more formal, but she continues to put them off. They have many plans for using her in their attempt to weaken Camarilla rule over Chicago.

The Nomad Pack

Members: Cameron, Lolita Houston, Samson, Bill Butler, Margarite, Tyler.

Meeting Place: An abandoned apartment building in Lombard, near O'Hare.

Perceived Goal: Paving the way for the Sabbat to besiege Chicago.

Real Goal: Forcing Tyler to reveal her allegiance.

A Sabbat leader sent Cameron's pack to Chicago following the sect's defeat during the Lupine attack. Flown in by Tyler, and set up in one of her auxiliary havens, the pack is supposed to prepare for the Sabbat's next attempt on the city. To this end, Cameron has ordered the pack to scout the city in order to determine how it could be most effective. Cameron believes this pack offers him a chance to gain prestige within the Sabbat, but other pack members know better. Indeed, Lolita has taken to calling it Loser Company, and is looking for the quickest way out.

The Sabbat leaders do not expect this pack to succeed. They have put together the biggest mish-mash of losers they could. When the pack actually makes its move, it is expected to fail horribly and expose Tyler in the fallout. Tyler will then be forced to join the sect to survive, and the Sabbat can make its real move on the city.

What Sabbat leaders have not taken into account, however, is that Tyler could care less about the Sabbat's games. She is under Helena's control, and Helena plans to use the pack for her own ends. It will probably be sacrificed in some minor move against Menele, though she may use it to test other pawns (like the characters).

Maldavis' Secret Allies

Members: Inyanga, Khalid, Erichtho and the Monitor.

Meeting Place: None — they don't know about one another.

Perceived Goal: None.

Real Goal: Bringing Maldavis back to power.

Maldavis' stock among the anarchs remains low. Her bid for power led to the loss of friends and loved ones for many, and the fact that she still lives seems an insult to them. Rumors abound that she still has exceptional powers, however, and her survival in the face of Lodin's wrath adds weight to the stories. While her own abilities do deserve some credit for her survival, more should go to her unknown allies.

Both Erichtho and the Monitor found themselves extremely sympathetic to this upstart, and despised the fact that Maldavis was being used by the primogen. Unfortunately, neither could shrug off her obligations and the pair's eventual involvement proved too-little-too-late. When they saw Maldavis' supporters slaughtered in the streets and knew that Maldavis herself would be the prince's next victim, both were wracked by guilt. Each used her powers to aid the fleeing anarch, and thus Maldavis managed to survive.

Maldavis' stock may be on the rise. Some of those anarchs who despised her died during the Lupine attack, and newcomers know of her only as a leader among the city's rebels. They may support her for prince, and Erichtho and the Monitor definitely will. Neither of these Cainites knows that the other aids Maldavis, and both have only the slightest knowledge of the other's existence.

MALDAVIS' SECRET ALLIES



KHALID



INYANGA

SHE MAY STILL HAVE HER USES



MALDAVIS

HAS POTENTIAL

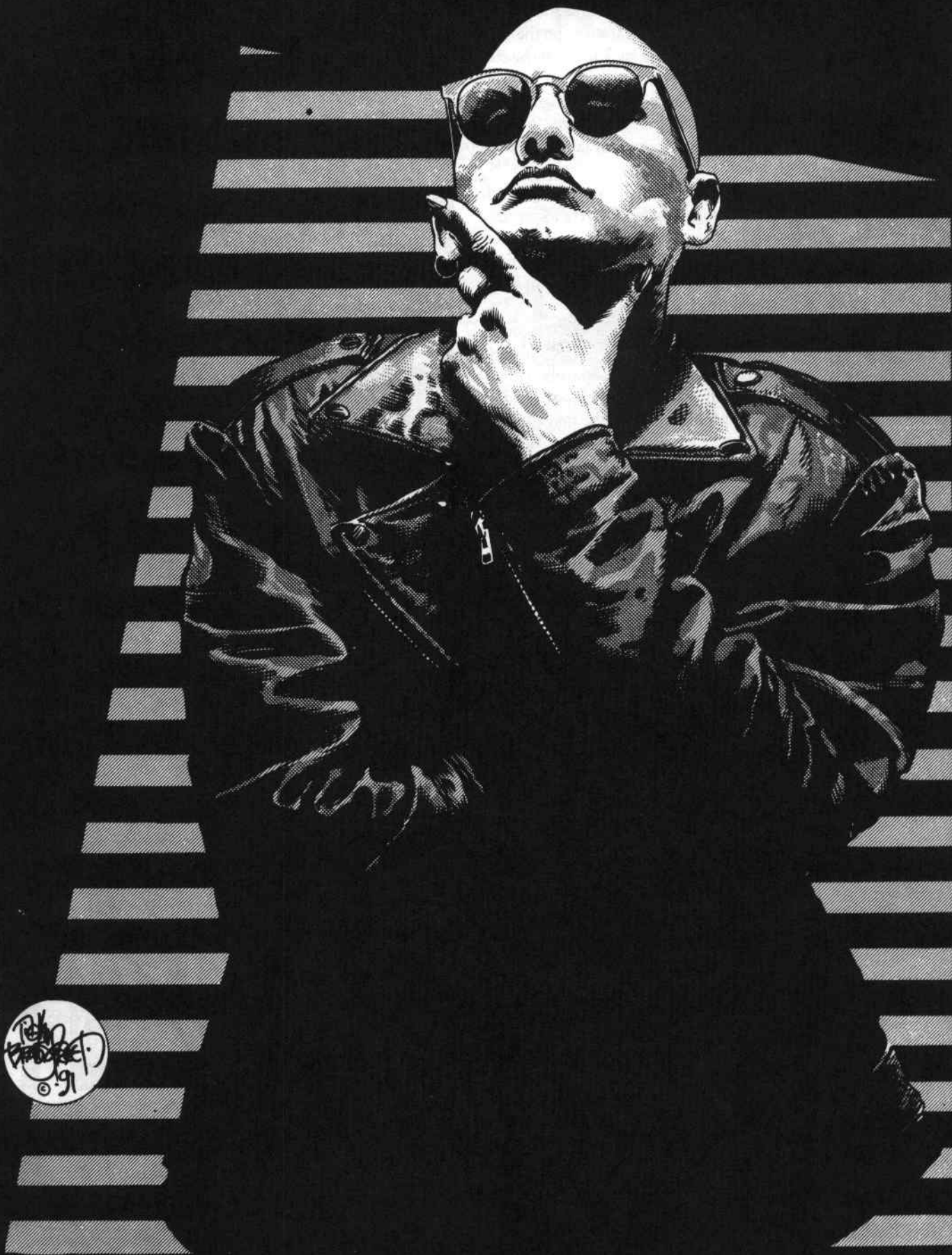
MY CREATION



ERICHTHO



MONITOR



Appendix: Politics among Undead

*Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks.*

— Henry Carey, *Sally in Our Alley*

Some of the most exciting and intense **Vampire** stories come from that most depressing of subjects — politics. The undead are intensely political beings, both out of necessity and inclination. After all, why risk one's precious immortality in physical combat when one can accomplish the same objectives through careful and treacherous machinations?

Thus politics infuse every level of vampiric society. Every night of a Lick's existence is ruled by the Six Traditions. The prince shows up in many stories, often as a major character and at least as a factor to be considered. Members of the primogen appear in other stories, and characters must always keep one eye on their elders.

Of course, political stories are not limited to the characters' home city. There are clan politics to be considered, both in the city and on wider levels. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, are the sect politics — those international games played by the world's most powerful immortals.

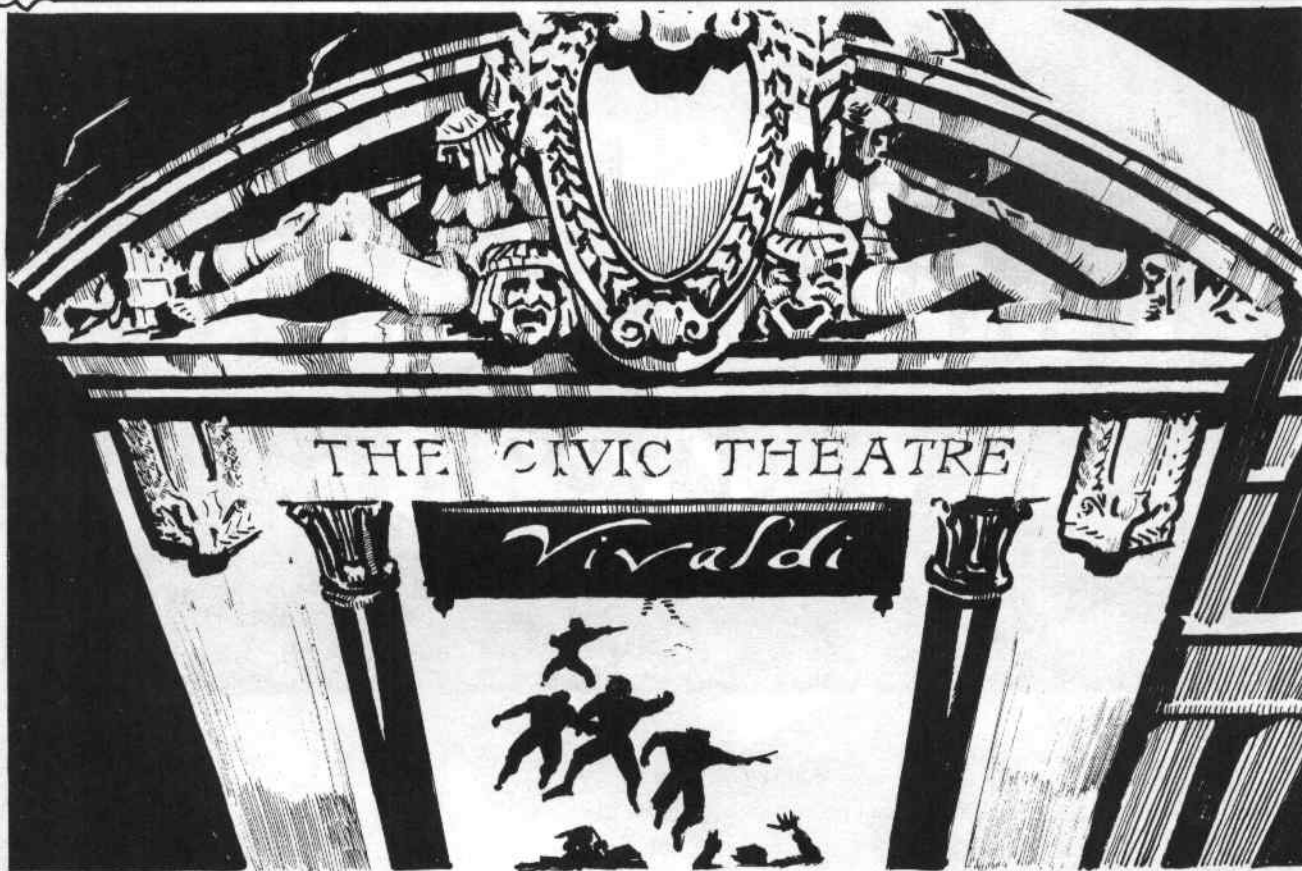
Despite all this, the characters are not completely at the mercy of other Cainites' schemes. They can use politics to their own advantage, as long as they watch for the slightest hint of treachery. If they don't, the Storyteller should feel free to saddle them with whatever kind of learning experience he feels is necessary — preferably one of the most humiliating kind.

Politics and the Chronicle

Politics do not have to be an overriding part of the chronicle, but they can be. As always, the Storyteller needs to stay aware of what the players want from the game, and act accordingly. However, politics can add an exciting level to even the most action-oriented chronicles.

First of all, neither the characters nor the players should ever be fully aware of all that goes on in the world. If the players know that the vampires of the Sabbat are going to be the bad guys, then the Storyteller has lost a great opportunity for suspense. If, on the other hand, they find that the Sabbat are mere tools of a powerful Brujah hoping to increase her influence on the primogen, then the story has taken on that much more depth.

Thus even light doses of politics add a great deal of mystery and suspense to any chronicle. This added mystery need not remain limited to the question of who is behind what. Even when the characters know who the main figures are, they should have no way of knowing what will happen next. So what if they know the Brujah is planning to make a move for more influence? The characters do not know that she plans to unleash the Sabbat on downtown Chicago just



so she can subsequently defeat them (and look impressive in the process). Nor do they know that this action will conceal both her takeover of the police and her attempt to wipe out a powerful Gangrel — the one who serves as one of the characters' Mentor.

Politics also help keep chronicles from becoming staid and predictable. In the political arena, the Cainite who was your friend last week may well be your enemy next week — and vice versa. For instance, if the characters stopped the Brujah before she could carry out her schemes, they may still end up on her side next week, as she backs their bid to expand their feeding grounds. Perhaps their increased territory will cut into that of her worst enemy, or maybe she has decided that having the characters on her good side is more beneficial than having them as enemies.

Finally, adding politics to a chronicle allows that much more opportunity for player initiative. Instead of constantly having to respond to the whims of fate and whatever story ideas the Storyteller comes up with, the players can add their own twists to the chronicle, taking it in directions the Storyteller never considered. Not only does this trigger some of the best roleplaying, it takes some of the pressure off the Storyteller, and allows her to spend more time fleshing out and playing the characters she has created, as they react to the players' plotline.

The Politicians

Every vampire is a politician, whether she likes it or not. No matter how much one would like to avoid the aggravating games of petty power and pettier egos, there is no way. Young Licks too easily become the pawns of their elders, whether through bribery, blackmail or simple Dominate. By the time they become ancillæ, they are too much a part of the political landscape. Even if they could distance themselves, their elders would not allow it.

Even the elders cannot divorce themselves from these machinations. Most have become far too heavily involved to disentangle themselves, and the rest are too afraid, seeing Methuselahs, diabolists and ancient enemies lurking in every dark alley.

So the vampire becomes politician, playing the games of prestatation, influence and compromise. He decides what he wants, be it power, prime hunting grounds, an enemy punished or a friend betrayed. Then he plans his campaign strategy.

For example, a Gangrel wishes to enlist fellow clan members to assist him in stopping a Ventrue's plans to frame him for the murder of a werewolf. He must contact the other Gangrel individually or summon them together.

Contacted individually, the clan members are unlikely to offer much assistance. Not only are they worried about the Ventrue's strength, but acting alone is inherently dangerous. Now, if the whole group could be convinced ...

So the character has to convince the Gangrel to meet in one place at one time. That feat will require no little politicking in and of itself; rest assured, however, it will be the easiest of the character's tasks. After all, in a perfect world, the justness of his cause would be enough to sway his brethren to support his position. The world is not perfect, however, and the Gothic-Punk world is even less so.

Thus the character must use every weapon in his arsenal to coax his clan to his side. One Gangrel is in the Ventrue's debt thanks to prestation. Another covets the character's hunting grounds. Yet another is busy trying to deal with a Lupine pack that has been sniffing around her haven. A fourth has been petitioning the prince for permission to sire, and is afraid to "rock the boat."

The character must use his own prestation ties to free one Gangrel (thus incurring a debt to a Toreador, perhaps). The second receives limited hunting rights in the character's territory. The third gets the character's pledge to help defeat the werewolf threat, and the fourth will only help when the character places himself in debt to her, meaning the bonds of prestation will force him to help her for years to come.

All of these characters also need to be convinced that their actions will benefit Clan Gangrel as a whole, for they are acting on behalf of the clan. Even though each vampire's main concern is for herself, the Gangrel as a whole must look out for all other Gangrel. Thus, all the Gangrel will weigh the potential benefits against the risks of failure, for all of them will feel the effects of failure.

If the Gangrel do side with the character, that does not mean the clan politics are through. The character still needs to watch his fellows closely, keeping an eye out for any treachery. The intrigue has only just begun.

The end result of all this, handled through consummate roleplaying, is that the character gains some powerful allies, and player and Storyteller both have an enjoyable time. Additionally, the Storyteller has added another layer of depth and realism to the chronicle, and has in this one session planted the seeds of at least four future stories; stories the player will both anticipate — and fear.

The Constituents

Every vampire is a part of the electorate, whether she likes it or not. The very fact of being a vampire means she can substantially impact the unives of the Kindred around her, for good or ill. Naturally, said Kindred want to take advantage of her.

The vampiric "electorate" is different from the mortal one. The term electorate is actually misleading, though preferable to "herd" and "dupes." Kindred rarely (very rarely)

settle their disputes with a vote. If there is a vote, then the result is usually a foregone conclusion, having already been decided through arm-twisting, threats and even violence.

Instead, the vampires are constituents who must have their interests taken care of before they will consider supporting the politician. For instance, if a Toreador Artiste seeks assistants to avenge his snub at a Poseur party, the characters become his constituency. He will offer them a great deal to help block the leading Poseur's efforts to have the Sports Museum declared part of Elysium.

The most common payment is a future boon. Unless the characters force the Toreador to pay off in full, they know they can rely on him for favors for a long, long time. These favors may take the form of votes during Toreador gatherings, invitations to select parties, and helpful tidbits of information.

Payment can also be more tangible, coming in the form of money, blood, valuable art or an immediate service. On the other hand, the characters may refuse any payment, making the Toreador sweat it out until they hit him with their demands well after the Poseur's efforts have been blocked.

Finally, the characters benefit by advancing a friendly vampire at the expense of a neutral or hostile one. When the Toreador succeeds in blocking the Sports Museum plan, he proves his superiority to other clan members before the whole city, and rises in Kindred esteem. Since he is now favorably inclined toward the characters, they will gain interest on their investment as the Toreador's aid becomes more and more valuable.

Characters can greatly benefit from being constituents, or they can suffer just as greatly. Siding with the wrong group is an often-fatal mistake. Though the characters may be able to mitigate their punishment through judicious politicking after the fact, just being associated with a loser is bad enough. Then again, being on the winning side has its own drawbacks.

The first of these drawbacks is the omnipresent threat of revenge by the losers. Politics makes strange bedfellows, but it makes terrible enemies, especially when said enemies remember their humiliation for all eternity. Most Kindred have enough sense to realize that an enemy today may become an ally tomorrow, but those who don't are prime story material.

Other drawbacks come from the very essence of victory. The winners gain more recognition among the Kindred, and are more likely to become involved (wittingly or otherwise) in other vampires' machinations. Licks seek out the characters' help, meaning the characters make enemies either by refusing them or by siding with them against a third party.

The characters must stay on their toes when choosing which politicians to support. Not only do they have to decide if their side can win, but they have to determine the costs of victory versus the costs of inactivity. They can gain a great deal or suffer a great deal, but they can't just sit there, caught between the fire and the sun.

Politics and the Coterie

Internal politics are the bane of most roleplaying games, but not so with **Vampire**. The characters in the coterie have their own goals and motivations, based completely around what their players want, and thus will inevitably be at odds at least occasionally. The Storyteller should be prepared to take full advantage of this.

Most of the time, the characters will probably work together to further common goals; after all, that is the purpose of a coterie. When they don't, however, the story possibilities are endless. Orders from clan leaders can spark this sort of conflict, but the players will probably disagree on their own at least once in a while.

There are no limits to the sorts of politicking that can go on within a coterie. Different players will want the group to have other objectives, and others will see it as nothing more than a vehicle their characters can use to expand their own power.

The Storyteller will have less influence over these stories than most, but that is not necessarily a bad thing. This can make for some of the best roleplaying, as players match wits not against two-dimensional Storyteller characters, but against each other. The Storyteller may even want to encourage these sessions by letting players know that their characters' clan standing has fallen because of their collaboration with members of other clans.

Just keep a close watch to ensure that these stories do not hurt future storytelling. Take special care not to appear to take sides. Finally, if the internal politics become too divisive, take matters into your own hands and give the troupe a common enemy to fight — one who will require everyone's cooperation to defeat.

Political Stories

Almost any story can have political overtones, so this section only deals with some of the most common plots and story threads. These do not have to dominate the story; they can be as important or as insignificant as the Storyteller desires.

Mortal politics have intentionally been left off this list. While there is plenty of room therein for Kindred involvement and vampiric conflict, these are issues to be settled among the Kindred themselves. After all, the mortals are mere trophies to be awarded through success in the arena of vampiric politics.

Advantage — This is a subtle game of one-upsmanship, where one vampire or coterie seeks to prove its superiority over another. The characters can be either side of that equation, or they may instead be the vehicle used in gaining this advantage. Maybe the players are placed in the awkward position of having to decide which Toreador's artwork is better, or proving that the Gangrel have secretly allowed the Lupines to use a city park, or disrupting a Brujah Rant to prove the ineffectiveness of the one who called it.

Alliances — These shift nightly among the undead, and it is the characters' job to make sure they've chosen wisely. They must negotiate, spy, cajole and blackmail to strengthen their side and weaken the others. Of course, these groups can interlink. The characters must be careful neither to weaken a group that may be able to help them this night, nor to impair any group that could help them on a future night.

Coup d'etat — Someone (the characters, perhaps) is looking to replace the Powers That Be. Even if the usurpation is to be violent — something few immortals will risk — there will still be a great deal of politicking going on behind the scenes. Both sides will be lining up every ally they can, playing old enemies against each other and offering everybody the moon. If the characters choose not to take sides, both groups may try and eliminate them just to make sure they don't join the other camp, and the winner will remember their reluctance to get involved.

Diplomacy — In the modern age, most negotiations take place face-to-face (or via telephone), but not all. There will always be a role for the intermediary, and the characters are just expendable ... er, skilled ... enough for the job. Now they have to meet those powerful elders on behalf of their Mentor, present their side without offending anyone, and survive the consequences of what they put into motion.

Peacemakers — This is an odd position for the undead, but one that can raise the characters' status immensely. Undead society is in constant turmoil, and if the characters can stop it (even for a little while), then everyone will have to look up to them. Of course, this is never easy. If the elders have the anarchs on the run, why would they want to lighten the pressure? What could the characters offer the Lupines to keep them from renewing their attack on the city? Why should that powerful mage leave the characters' Allies alone? Not only do the characters have to figure out what all sides want, but they must be in a position to offer it. This is not an easy role for the characters to play, but it can be a very rewarding one.

Permission — Vampires are often amazed that despite their great power they face an endless number of restrictions. The Six Traditions are just the beginning. Most princes enact their own laws, and then clan elders add even more. Soon the characters find themselves unable to move for fear of breaking somebody's rule. In this case they have to get permission, or block somebody else from getting permission. How they go about this will be as unique as your players themselves. Some will bargain, some will orate, some will threaten, and some will come up with methods that blow your mind.

Prestation — Prestation is as undying as the vampires themselves, and will last as long as two of the undead still move. Kindred trapped within its webs may prove invaluable, for they must either pay the characters off completely or serve them indefinitely. The characters can also be trapped within its bonds, and forced to serve the vile Tremere leader (at least until they discover he was behind the plot that left them in his debt).



Prestation can also be manipulated and traded among the undead. For example, the characters are owed a boon by a Malkavian, who is in turn owed a boon by a Nosferatu. If the characters need the Nosferatu's services, they can release the Malkavian from her debt in exchange for the Malkavian transferring to them the Nosferatu's debt. Now the Nosferatu is honor-bound to help them, and the characters can proceed with their plot. Of course, it is never this easy, and the characters may find themselves going mad trying to get the Malkavian to make the trade.

Punishment — It seems like some vampire is always in trouble, and the Traditions are always being violated. Usually the characters are the ones in danger of punishment, but not always. That's just the easy way. After all, it's a rare night when someone is punished merely because she deserves to be punished. Punishment is a purely political game, and those who have influence decide whom to discipline (or torture, or kill). Of course, if the characters can convince everyone that their enemy is to blame for their crimes, more power to them.

Treachery — Treachery is second nature to the undead, and characters who do not look out for it will surely suffer from it. Those who use it to their advantage should also suffer for it — just a little bit later. In any case, treachery can come from any angle. Maybe an old friend sacrifices the characters in order to get their enemy on his side. Maybe a member of the primogen offers the characters his assistance in voting against a Tremere plan, only to approach the Tremere secretly and make a better offer. Just when the characters believe they have their schemes sewn up, jack 'em. Leave them off balance and at risk, while wondering what they did wrong that allowed this to happen.

Political Settings

Political stories, besides taking a number of forms, can take place in a wide variety of locations, with a wide variety of participants, for an endless variety of purposes. Yes, vampires have their own version of the smoke-filled backroom — though usually it's a smoldering Lick who provides the smoke.

City Politics

The most obvious example of a political setting is that of the city itself. Every vampire, no matter how weak or how powerful, must keep a close eye on how politics in his hometown are going. Is the prince looking to take away the characters' feeding ground? Is the primogen planning another offensive against those upstart anarchs? Are the Toreador trying to get all Nosferatu banned from the city as a matter of principle? Each character needs to keep up with these events.

The major players in the city setting are the prince, the primogen and clan leaders. However, other (and possibly more important) participants may be less obvious. For instance, an intelligent ancilla in control of the city's newspapers and television stations must be consulted on major issues,



especially when said issues involve the Masquerade. In a city near the wilderness, vampires constantly look to a Gangrel with ties to the Lupines.

The second tier of actors in clan politics is made up of the Harpies — generally the remaining elders and ancillæ — and leading anarchists. At the bottom are the rank-and-file neonates who make up the bulk of most cities' vampire population. These are the Licks most likely to suffer the effects of these political games, who most need to be involved in them, and who usually are not.

Clan Politics

The second setting for politics is the clan setting. Clan forums, which can be local, regional or even worldwide, generally have at least a facade of amicability. In the end, of course, clan politics are as deadly as any others, especially if you are a Brujah.

The clans gather for a variety of reasons, but generally their meetings are called to react to external events. For instance, a Nosferatu leader may call for a meeting to discuss an insane Malkavian power play in the primogen. A minor Brujah may call for a clan Rant in order to force redress from the Ventrue who assaulted her.

Sometimes, clans gather to set policy for all members to follow, but this has a smaller chance of success. The Tremere has better luck at this than the other clans, but even its leaders have to worry about how individual chantries and members interpret policy, as when clan leaders call for worldwide surveillance of faerie glens. Even the Warlocks have no way to know if all their members are following the orders, how aggressively they are carrying them out and what they are doing with the information so gathered.

The other clans have even less success creating unifying policies. Even when something is done in everyone's best interest, clan leaders can be sure someone will sell them out. Whether the betrayal is performed out of greed, the use of Dominate, the Blood Bond, etc., is irrelevant.

Remember that characters may occasionally find it necessary to visit other clans. While non-clan characters may find their input ignored at best, and violently resented at worst, they may find these meetings worth the risk. For instance, if a Ventrue really wants to bring peace to the city, then attending the Brujah Rant and surviving its members' abuse is invaluable.

Sect Politics

The final area to consider is that of the sect. This generally means the Camarilla, for it has the most members of any sect, but the Sabbat and the Inconnu have their own politics as well. Sectwide meetings, such as the Camarilla's gatherings every 13 years in Venice, are the general forums for these kinds of politics. At these meetings, sect leaders decide issues of policy, handle (or mishandle) controversial issues, choose leaders and set the sect's course until the next sectwide gathering.

These sects also have smaller, less important conferences to handle matters of limited importance. For instance, when two princes battle, a Justicar may call a Conclave. When two Sabbat packs clash over territory or members, a bishop may step in to decide the matter.

What many sect members do not realize is that these are not the limits of sect politics. Because these meetings are the only times most vampires see the sect in action, they assume that these meetings are truly representative of the Camarilla or the Sabbat. What they do not see is that these Conclaves and meetings merely confirm what has been decided in private long ago. While this is not always the case, it is true often enough that characters should learn to politick any time they get the opportunity, and not just after the Conclave has been called.

Justicars can always be contacted and buttered up, their archons aided or subjected to blackmail, and allies lined up. Characters may even find it in their benefit to have a Justicar call a Conclave, though they had better have done the groundwork well ahead of time.

The Political Experience

Modern neonates are amazed when they discover that the politics of the Kindred more closely resemble their own high school experiences than anything else. There are no great ethical and moral disputes to separate the sides. Vision and drive play second fiddle to charisma and backbiting. Relationships are marked by cliques, conformity, mindless rivalries, petty feuds and a fear of one's elders.

The similarities do not stop there. There is no official power structure aside from the prince, and he has as much (or as little) power as he can seize. Vampires must thus be coerced and persuaded instead of ordered. Just as in high school, violence can be used to get others to do as one likes, but it is a threat likely to backfire if the wrong person is targeted or if enough people become upset.

Also, as in high school, status is rarely based on real accomplishment, and instead comes from the status of those with whom one associates. Vampires form their cliques and alliances out of both friendship and necessity, and those Kindred who can cross the boundaries are the ones who succeed in the politics of the undead. They succeed through respect, persuasiveness and even likability — a secret most Kindred never learn.

DuSable slowly walked across the bare warehouse floor toward the makeshift stage where the remaining members of Baby Chorus tuned their instruments. Aware of how intently they watched him despite their best efforts to appear nonchalant, DuSable halted 20 feet in front of them. He stood stock still until they gave up the pretense of ignoring him, and then began his well-rehearsed speech.

"I understand this is the first practice you have had since my childe, Garwood, was murdered. I know the loss you feel, for he always counted you as his staunchest friends, and told me of the pleasure he felt in your presence. I just wanted to let you know that I appreciate the camaraderie you shared with him, and wish you the best."

With that, DuSable turned and left, smiling at the confusion he knew he had created. The first bridge had been built, and DuSable's initial move in the game to become prince had been made. While none of the members of Baby Chorus were the leading members of their clans, each was respected. Their support could be crucial in his bid to rule Chicago.

The Building Blocks

Anyone interested in entering the fray of vampiric politics had better go in well prepared. This is not a game for the faint of heart; indeed, it is a deadly contest of high stakes, where nothing is forbidden and winner takes all. Involvement requires basic preparation and essential tools. Those who have these are that much closer to success.

Power

Of course, no matter how well liked a vampire is, she will never go far in the Kindred world unless she has at least some modicum of real power. A 13th-generation actor may be extremely well liked, but no one is going to make him prince. On the other hand, nobody may like the fifth-generation Gangrel, but everyone's going to listen when she speaks.

This is the most important raw material in the arena of vampiric politics. The Disciplines are the most obvious manifestation of the power factor. No matter how good a brawler a character may have been in mortal life, he'll have little chance against that Toreador with five levels of Celerity. No matter how charismatic the politician may have been, any ugly Ventrue with levels in Presence will easily outshine her.

While using the Disciplines, especially Dominate and Presence, on other vampires is often considered bad form, a character needs to make sure that everyone else is aware of his power. After all, just because such use is not approved does not mean it never happens, and the character is better off on the giving end than the receiving.

Dominate has an obvious role in politics, though it is usually used long before any commands are given. Thus the character might Dominate a Brujah into voting her way, and forgetting he was ever Dominated. Presence is much harder to work into Kindred politics.

Presence works best before crowds, where swaying a few people can create a groundswell of support. This makes it less effective among the Kindred, who rarely gather in large, emotional groups, and who pride themselves on making rational, intelligent decisions (Ha!). They are also infinitely more likely to recognize the use of Presence than are humans.

Other Disciplines also have their places. Animalism and Obfuscate allow the character to function as a capable spy. Auspex provides a character access to a great deal of useful information. Physical Disciplines, like Celerity, Fortitude, Potence and Protean, make it less likely a character will be threatened. Additionally, a Storyteller can be sure that players will put their Disciplines to uses she could never have imagined.

"You did well to call me." DuSable leaned over the body, examining it carefully. "Of course, there is no prince to enforce the Traditions, but there are others. I hear the Wolf Pack has taken it upon itself to punish those who violate the Masquerade. Its brand of justice tends toward finality."

Gengis looked on nervously as DuSable pulled a long white feather from his jacket. The Brujah shifted from foot to foot as DuSable plied the feather, gently dusting the bloody body. Gengis could not believe he had actually phoned the Warlock after his frenzy. Why was he so worried? He'd killed before, in even more messy ways, and had never worried about it. This time, however, he had felt a desperate desire to call the Tremere after his frenzy had turned this corpse into a bloody wreck.

Then, as Gengis watched, the body of the murdered kine began to rearrange itself. Wounds closed, blood disappeared and even the clothing returned to normal. DuSable put the feather away and stood up, turning to look at the wide-eyed Gengis.

"You will call me again should you kill someone in such a way as to risk the Masquerade. You will forget I gave you this command." He stared deep into Gengis' eyes and saw surprise and then indifference sweep over them. Satisfied that his mesmerism had succeeded, DuSable began walking out of the dark alley. "It's always a pleasure to help my Kindred," he said with a cheery wave.

These powers play an additional role above and beyond direct use. The very knowledge that a vampire has substantial experience in the vampiric Disciplines is a great deterrent to the machinations of other Kindred. Just believing that a Cainite can make everyone around her feel her Majesty means direct attacks are almost out of the question. A vampire who has learned to possess people can theoretically use another Kindred's ghouls and Retainers against him, making her foes even more paranoid.

Thus, even if the Disciplines never come into play, they make the character seem that much more effective. It is thus more likely she will get her way, that younger Licks will follow her in matters of importance, and that her equals will think twice before interfering with her plans.

Some vampires play the dangerous game of making themselves seem more powerful than they really are. The first disadvantage to this is the risk that someone will call their bluff, and be happily surprised when they cannot escape by turning to mist. The second, and more likely, disadvantage is that such deception will bring the characters to the attention of their betters, who will be more than happy to use the characters' powers to their own benefits ... and be horribly upset when the characters cannot come through.

Connections

The second raw material comes from the other Kindred with whom the character associates. Not only is a vampire known by the company he keeps, but his associates make their wishes known through him. These ties can be mutually beneficial or parasitic. It does not matter.

The most obvious connection the character has is to his sire. In many cases this is positive, as Kindred who sire have generally earned the esteem of their peers and are powerful enough to keep other vampires from using their childer for dinner. Being created by a Ventrue almost automatically grants a character Status at the outset of unlife. On the other hand, having a Nosferatu for a sire means the character will only start with Status if the sire was extremely powerful.

The next connections come through the clan. If the clan leaders approve of the character, they can be used to further the character's political ambitions. If, on the other hand, they dislike the character, their opposition must be overcome or used to the character's advantage — "Yes, Ballard, I will be glad to tell you what my fellow Brujah Maxwell says at the Rant."

A third, and often-overlooked, set of connections involve the character's coterie — the other characters. Each character in the coterie has her own reputation within the city, and her own connections. When it becomes known that the characters associate on a regular basis, their reputations (positive and negative) begin to reflect on one another.

There are other types of connections, but most of these will be handled as detailed in "Prestation," below. The three listed above are the most common and most useful, as well as the ones with which characters will start play. It is up to the players to come up with the rest.

These connections play an important role in politics. They will often provide the characters with their entry into the world of politics, beginning with the moment their sire introduces them to the prince, and continuing through invitations to clan gatherings and those fabled parties where the real decisions are made.

The old saying that it isn't what you know but whom you know is only slightly less true among the undead. These connections may support a character's plans just to advance one of their acquaintances at the expense of other, more hostile vampires. Additionally, the fact that they are tied to a character means they can be more confident that the character will honor the bonds of prestation.

Just like everything else involving vampires, connections have their downsides as well. Most obviously, your friends' enemies often become your enemies. If a character was sired by a Toreador who has long battled the Brujah's vandalism in Elysium, then the anarchs are automatically against him. If one of the characters in the coterie gets on the wrong side of the prince, the entire coterie will be so colored.

Another downside comes from the prestation ties. The more vampires to whom a character is tied, the more boons and favors said character owes. Of course, if prestation is used



correctly, the character may well come out ahead. More likely, since the character is a mere neonate, he will end up owing his betters.

The final downside comes from the alienation of one's connections. In **Vampire**, it is far too easy to betray those who might have been called friend. While all vampires say they keep an eye open for treachery, all have been surprised at one point or another. The character can be on either the giving or the receiving end but, either way, he should be prepared to deal with a new foe who knows him as well as any friend can.

"The Tremere DuSable is making his move. The one-armed upstart would be prince. How could any Cainite, no matter how foolish or how corrupt, support a Warlock as his ruler?" Maxwell turned from the window and peered into the dimness of his basement apartment. *"What do you think, Damien? You've had the misfortune of knowing him longer than I have."*

Damien sat in a wicker chair, fiddling with an odd medallion he found sitting on the ebony coffee table. *"Well, DuSable ain't really your typical Tremere. I know they all try and make you like them, but you still always go away feeling like you bathed in lye. He's kinda different. A lot of important folk like him."*

"I know he has allies," Maxwell growled. *"Obviously his master, that boy in the suits, wants him to be prince. That's all the more reason for others to stop him."*

"Nicolai's not the only one. I know he's had some dealings with Khalid, and some of the other anarchs say Juggler might support him. Gengis says it has to do with something that went

down in Gary, but I don't know. I've even heard some talk that he's involved with Maldavis, but I don't know how." Damien put down the medallion, stood up, and went over to where a saber hung on the wall.

"Most of the Ventrue like him, and he occasionally shows up at Annabelle's parties. Some anarchs used to learn magic from him, but they're dead now. No, these bloodsuckers might not be DuSable's friends, but most of them wouldn't mind at all if he were prince."

Status

The Status Background is another crucial element for a career in politics. Other Kindred must take a character seriously in order for her to have much impact on them. Neonates will rarely even be allowed to speak, much less have their advice followed. On the other hand, a Ventrue elder may never have demonstrated much talent or wisdom, but his three dots in Status ensure that others listen to his wishes.

The easiest way to gain Status is to buy it during character creation. It can be earned and awarded to characters when the Storyteller feels they deserve it. This should rarely be because of the events of one story. After all, any idiot Lick can get lucky once or twice. If characters gain Status during play, it should only come after consistently proving their competence and ability.



After all, a mere two dots in Status means other Cainites consider the character the equivalent of an ancilla. Ancillæ are often more than 100 years old, and have slowly and methodically earned the respect of their peers. We may expect more from the characters, but other Kindred do not.

Status plays a variety of roles in politics. A player may roll Appearance + Status to determine how others initially react to her character. A Charisma + Status roll (difficulty depends on the situation) can determine whether princes and elders are willing to listen to the character. More commonly, however, the Storyteller will want to make these determinations based on roleplaying and modified by the character's Status. Status also determines if other vampires seek out the character during political maneuverings.

Status also has its downside. The Background negatively affects dealings with anarchs and the Sabbat. It increases the character's visibility among vampires, meaning the character will be one of the first ones named if a hunter forces a neonate to talk.

"Yes, DuSable, I will be glad to listen to you," Inyanga purred, rubbing her leopard coat against the bark of a tree. "You've made quite a name for yourself recently, you know." With that she curled up in the park grass and turned her gaze on him.

DuSable feigned surprise. "Recently? I would have hoped that after all my service to the city, I would have made a name for myself long ago."

A low rumble echoed in Inyanga's throat. DuSable hoped it was the way a leopard laughed, but he had no way to know. He leaned against the park bench behind him, and hoped for the best.

"Don't worry, DuSable. Everyone knows who you are. Ha! Most believe you are the Tremere leader here. As if the Tremere would put an African in charge of such a city."

"The clan isn't that reactionary. I have found far more opportunity in its ranks than I ever had among the Canaille. Its leaders have proved far more receptive to my talents than this city's citizens did." DuSable relaxed and sat on the bench, resting his stump on its back.

"And you have certainly put that opportunity to good use. Many vampires know you now, and many of them fear you as well. Your battle against the shapeshifters was a good example. The simple act of defeating so many at once would have been cause enough for respect. Then inviting all the Kindred to share the safety of the chantry until the attacks ended... that was a bit risky.

"But, you are right, DuSable. You made your name long ago. Now then, what can I do for the Warlock who would be prince?"

Prestation

The prestation game, while primarily a social affair, plays a substantial role in Kindred politics. Even so, the lower-level boons don't have that much of an effect — just because you once helped a member of the primogen does not mean he feels beholden to you to the extent that he will vote the way you want.

Properly used, however, small favors can be parlayed into information, access and minor support. The big favors, of course, are extremely valuable. Princes are usually the masters of this game. They are in a position to give a lot of people exactly what they want, be it feeding grounds, vengeance, money, support, etc. Kindred so helped are thereafter bound to the prince, forced to follow her on almost any matter.

This is one of the ways most princes keep their primogen in line. Just appointing an elder to this prestigious council can count as a moderate favor. From there, the prince can keep playing out the favors and gifts until the members of the primogen, usually the most powerful Cainites in the city (next to the prince), are tied to her for all eternity.

Prestation may well cause every vampire in the city to owe the prince. Inviting a neonate to her party means that the neonate must defer to her. Some consider mediating a dispute to be a minor favor. Granting a vampire exclusive rights to a particular feeding ground can count as a moderate favor. Calling a Blood Hunt on someone's foes (or not calling it on a Lick who deserves it) is worthy of a life boon.

Prestation can also be used against the prince. She is the vampire who gains the most enemies, and the one most likely to need the characters' assistance. Characters need to keep their eyes open for the chance to do the prince a favor before their own debts become inescapably great.

The same rules apply to most Kindred in the city, just on a smaller scale. Yes, there are vampires who spend their time trying to do other Kindred favors, and most vampires will do so if the opportunity presents itself and does not interfere with their own plans. If the opportunity does not present itself...well, maybe the vampire can nudge things along so it does. *"Why, it was my pleasure to squelch that newspaper story about your haven being a toxic waste dump. No, I have no idea who might have started such an ugly rumor. Let's hope the Lupines haven't heard it..."*

Once vampires start becoming bound in the prestation web, things really become interesting. The character owed the boon must be very careful not to overstep its boundaries. After all, prestation only works as long as the favors are not completely paid. The character will get far more mileage out of dozens of small favors than he will from that one big one.

For instance, if the character warns a Tremere elder that his Retainer has been corrupted by the Society of Leopold, the elder owes him a sizable favor — but not a life boon. The character could cash it in immediately by having the elder spy on the prince for him. On the other hand, if the character can survive without immediate information on what the prince is doing, he could have the elder begin teaching him Thaumaturgy, feeding him information on Tremere activities, letting him know what happened at primogen meetings and supporting his efforts to expand his hunting grounds.

Of course, if the character needs the immediate favor, then he should cash in the debt. If he can afford to drag out payment, then one favor can return a hundredfold in the forms of information, aid, support and so on.

There are two drawbacks to prestation. The first is that the character may not know when the debt has been paid back, and thus may be amazed when expected aid is not forthcoming. The other is that the debtor may find a way to put the character in her debt, and remember each and every annoying demand made of her.

"So, you have some information for me?" DuSable sat quietly in the limousine as he waited for the Brujah to answer.

After a minute, Gengis looked up from his nervous hands. "Yeah, I got your information." He glanced around the car's spacious interior. "You sure no one can see in these windows?"

"Gengis, if you think the Tremere would rely on mere tinted windows for privacy, then you are more naive than I thought. If something can see through these windows, then it is beyond our ability to worry about. Now, what do you have to tell me?"

Gengis looked out the window for another minute before responding. "I talked to Damien last night. He was trying to get me on Maxwell's side. It seems Old Prince Max is getting ready to make his move."

After a moment's silence, DuSable asked, "Tell me more of this move. What did Damien say Maxwell will do? Come now, Gengis: I know more went on than just that."

"I don't know his plan, man," Gengis said sullenly. "Damien did say Maxwell thought one of the Ventrue was gonna move soon. He said he had a plan to stop them and, as soon as they were out of the running, he was gonna announce himself prince. I guess he'd split the primogen and take out all his challengers while they're farting around."

"You guess? What else did Damien tell you?"

"Nothing, man. That was it. Then we went out house-hunting. Man, let me out. I've told you everything."

DuSable pressed the car's intercom and told the driver to stop by the next alley. "That wasn't much," he said as Gengis opened the door. "I hope next time you will be able to tell me something of value. Haven't made a mess recently, have you?" Gengis turned to reply, but the door shut, and the limo drove off into the night.

The Game

Now that the characters have their equipment, they need to learn the rules of the contest. Kindred games are rarely settled through direct confrontation; when they are, all participants may lose. Vampires are much better off when the actions of intermediaries determine their fates, with Cainites mapping strategy for those involved.

Followers

The least valuable pieces in this game are the mortal pawns and institutions with which the undead interact. Businesses, police, journalists, government agencies and (less often) hunters can all play a role in politics. These pieces



often determine the issue involved, as when the prince is trying to decide how to handle a *60 Minutes* report of problems at the blood bank. Sometimes they are the battleground, as when two Kindred vie for control of the downtown nuclear reactor.

Mortals obviously have their limits when dealing with immortals. They are no physical matches for vampires, and they usually do not know there is anything special about their foes. Still, no vampire wants to have the police harassing him while he sleeps during the day.

These followers play a variety of roles (besides prizes) in politics. Most commonly, they serve as distractions, forcing an opponent to deal with these annoyances before handling important matters. Such use of mortals can also lower an enemy's Status, for if a vampire cannot handle mortals, then what purpose can she serve among the undead?

The actions of mortals can line up Kindred constituents on the character's side or cause them to oppose his adversaries. If the character takes over the local banks, he can use their money for massive bribes, foreclose on a vampire's haven and blame it on the ancilla known for his control of finances, and employ other such tactics.

As a general rule, mortals and their institutions play minor roles in Kindred politics. Underestimating the kine, however, can prove a major mistake.

Ballard's vast bulk set his oaken chair to squeaking as he lowered himself into it. His tremendous fingers fumbled with the files, and his eyes glared at Sovereign from under rolls of fat. "How could this have happened? What did you do wrong?" he demanded.

Records seized by a district attorney. Unconscionable. These were not just minor business records, either. These were the heart and soul of Ballard's operations. Everything was in them. Everything.

"I did nothing wrong. Really. I have no idea where this prosecutor got his information. I can't believe he could have gotten enough to justify a search warrant. I have our lawyers working on it now," Sovereign pleaded.

Ballard sat back, resting his giant jowls in the palms of his flabby hands. "They've had those records since this morning. With their photocopiers, I'm sure there are a hundred copies by now. When word of this gets out, there won't be a Lick in town who can keep from laughing. That is, until they realize that those records affect all of us.

"Damn Lupines! If they hadn't killed Lawrence, this would never have happened. Damn mortals! For whom are they working now? I can't believe Capone has control of the D.A. again. This is too subtle for Maxwell." He pondered a moment, then spoke. "All right, here's what we're going to do."

Allies

This section refers to vampiric allies, not mortal ones. These are the Kindred who act with you, speak for you, and possibly even take the blame when everything fails. They play a double role in vampiric politics, for they are both

constituents and actors. For this reason, they are the most important part of the game, and characters should look to them for most of the action.

When a Malkavian wants to expand her hunting grounds to the New Bedlam Home for Wayward Boys, her most likely source of powerful support will come from the Malkavian clan leader. When a Ventrue wants to get a Blood Hunt called on a Nosferatu, he had better have close ties to the prince or her friends.

Of course, the allies needed to accomplish something vary from city to city. If the characters want the prince to cease his offensive against the Lupines, then they will either need Gangrel support if the clan is respected, or its opposition if most people think of its members as traitors.

Allies can also serve as envoys, spies, and anything else the characters can think of. In short, they are the major players in any power play involving the undead. Allies may only work with the characters on one project — friends tonight and enemies tomorrow — but characters should not spurn the assistance of even the lowliest Lick.

The issue of allies involves two parts — recruitment and usage. First of all, the characters need to seek out like-minded Kindred for their plots. This can be as easy as approaching a Ventrue elder in an attempt to get the prince to ban an anarch leader from the city, or as complex as convincing the Tremere to support one candidate for the primogen so that the Brujah, Malkavians and Toreador will be forced to nominate one of the characters in order to stop the Warlocks.

The characters may only need one vampire's support, or they may need to work with an entire spectrum of clans and coteries. Some of these allies will be made easily, as when dealing with members of one's coterie and clan, while others will only be made with difficulty, as when dealing with Malkavians.

The characters may have to offer their desired allies all sorts of inducements, but many should be mollified by the discovery that their actions will serve themselves as well. Vampires try to avoid prestation debts, and go to great lengths to convince others that what they do is in everyone's best interests. *"Yes, I know you don't want to get involved, but if the prince manages to seize Oswald's feeding grounds today — well, let's just say yours are next door."*

Using these allies appropriately is the next step. There is no reason to put a child in a situation that calls for an elder, or to waste an elder on one that could be handled by a neonate. This is not Panama, and the doctrine of overwhelming force will only call more attention to the characters than they desire.

The characters need to keep a close eye on other vampires' prestation ties, friendships and powers. If they need information, then they should seek out the Nosferatu or the Toreador. If they need raw fighting power, then the anarchs and/or Gangrel are probably the best bets, with the Ventrue also a useful faction.

The multimillionaire ancilla will be more effective in some situations than the Malkavian elder, and a Tremere neonate will succeed in situations neither of them could. Learning the best ways to apply their resources is yet another reason for the characters to become involved with Kindred society.

Ublo-Satha watched from the shadows as the team unloaded the boat. With military precision the team members separated the boxes and loaded them on the different trucks before driving off into the night. Ublo-Satha spread her wings and flapped into the air, unseen by mortal eyes.

The trucks began to split up, but Ublo-Satha had no trouble keeping her eye on her target. It drove north of the docks, and soon began cutting through the Barrens. When it turned off onto an isolated, tree-lined road, Ublo-Satha made her move.

Her wings beat hard as she gained more altitude, and then she began her dive. With a great swoop she crashed through the windshield, shattering the driver's head before he knew what had happened. Without a thought, she picked up the passenger, threw him through the windshield and heard his head splatter against the road.

She tore through the wall into the trailer. A fair-skinned man was turning a shotgun on her; she grabbed his jacket, pulled him to her and ripped out his throat. As she did so, she felt the truck buck as it ran into one of the trees.

Scanning the packages in the back of the truck, she picked up the two labeled "Blood, IRS," and grabbed a large crate from whence moaning had begun to issue. She kicked open the back of the truck, where a van had pulled up. A chauffeur and a young boy in a black suit stepped out. Neither showed any surprise at the scene before them or the Gargoyle's fierce appearance.

They loaded the boxes into the van, and Nicolai opened the crate as they drove away. He checked the pulse of the beautiful Italian woman he found within, and turned to Ublo-Satha with a smile. "Well, it seems Capone may have to go without bribes or dinner for a few nights. I believe DuSable will be most happy."

Credibility

A character's credibility among the undead is another important element of the game. Trust is a key to both influence and survival. While no vampires of any intelligence will ever trust another to a great degree, a Lick who faces overt suspicion and mistrust will have no chance of succeeding in the political arena.

Vampires have to keep their word and avoid lying as much as possible. After all, they have an eternity to deal with each other, but can ruin their reputations in a single moment. Kindred walk a fine line; they must avoid both being honest to the extent that it will hurt them, and lying in a way that can be detected and hurt them even more.

Credibility involves more among the Kindred than just trusting someone's word. It also involves some knowledge of where the vampire fits into the schemes and manipulations of the Cainites. If the characters know two powerful vampires

are feuding, then they will need to have some idea of where other Kindred fit into this feud before involving them in their own plans.

A vampire can maintain credibility while under someone else's influence, as long as said influence is apparent. When vampires start acting without obvious motivation, or working in a way that is contrary to their normal pattern, then the amount of trust they have generated begins to decline. Of course, if they have a tremendous amount of credibility stored up, they can do this for a while before suffering the effects.

It is a rare Cainite who can convince others that no one else controls his actions, or that he will always act in a predictable, trustworthy manner. These vampires often command other Licks' friendship and allegiance, for they are the few who can be consistently trusted. This is a powerful weapon in the political arena, and one Storytellers can use to full advantage. After all, characters are notorious for putting their trust in the wrong places.

"I'll kill Ballard with my own hands! No, I'll kill his family, and let the fat slug starve to death." Capone grabbed the baseball bat from the floor without interrupting his pacing. "Then I'll invite him to dinner, and..." He grasped the baseball bat with both hands and smiled, fangs barely showing from behind tight lips.

Then he slumped onto his leather couch. "I can't believe he would be this bold. No, this isn't like Ballard. He would have had some fool customs agent search the boat while it was in transit and take what he wanted then. He wouldn't leave it wrapped around a tree for all the world to see.

"But if it's not Ballard, then who? Maxwell? How would he have heard about it? Plus, he probably would have wanted the guns, money and drugs even more. The rest won't do him any good.

"The anarchs? No, they may have heard about it, but they would have gone after all the other stuff first as well. Kevin Jackson and his idiot Bloods would have done the same." He stood up and took some practice swings with the bat.

"Sheriff might have done this, but he wouldn't move against me now. He couldn't. He still needs me to protect him from the anarchs, and he knows it. Besides, he would have tried to blackmail me with it all by now.

"I know DuSable wants to be prince, but he would never do anything like that..."

Personality

A final part of the political game, one that comes into play on a nightly basis, is personality. Despite their attempts to be controlled and reserved, vampires retain that annoying mortal habit of warming up to those with an agreeable personality or a friendly attitude. By the same token, an odious manner is a sure way to annoy vampires. Just look at the player running the Nosferatu for proof of that.

Indeed, personality plays a far more pervasive role in vampire politics than most undead would be willing to admit. A member of the primogen who constantly seeks out other

vampires' opinions, who appears to take their suggestions into consideration, and who is willing to discuss important issues with them will find the efforts pay off when she needs broad-based support.

On the other hand, the ancilla who constantly seeks out neonates, pushes them around and takes their territory will find it very hard to drum up support when an elder starts eyeing his control of the local prisons.

Personality is one of the more nebulous aspects of politics, but it is also one of the most enjoyable to roleplay. Characters should quickly learn that pushing their weight around is the quickest route to defeat, while compromise and friendliness, while occasionally detrimental, will pay off in the long run — if they survive that long.

See what happens when the characters gain a position of prominence and power. Sure, they may be the Justicar's archons, but when she is not around ... Others may respect their strength and might, but that will not do them much good when they discover they have alienated an entire city's worth of vampires. On the other hand, if they gain at least the acceptance of the city's Licks, they may be surprised at who comes to their side in times of trouble.

"Capone came to see me last night."

In her surprise, Kathy Glens snapped off a tuning key as she looked up at Damien. Staring closely, she assured herself that there were no burns or gaping wounds on those parts of his body she could see. "So he's dead then," she said.

"No, he just wanted to talk," Damien said as he took his guitar from its case. "Seems someone's been messing with his operations." He quietly started tuning his guitar.

Kathy managed to restrain her curiosity for a full minute before she could stand it no longer. "So? Who did it? Why'd he come after you?"

Damien listened closely to his E string before answering. "The Tremere. He thinks DuSable was behind it. Seems he has reason to think the attack came from the air."

"Why in the world would DuSable be after Capone? The Warlocks and Blue Bloods have always been friends here. You sure Capone isn't just setting you up in one of their goofy plots?"

"Seems the local courts have been going after Ballard's setup as well. Capone says DuSable's got a lot of pull with the lawyers and judges." Damien raised his eyes from his guitar and saw Kathy's confused look. "I think he wanted me to talk with Maxwell. The three of them going after DuSable might just be enough to take him out."

Kathy smiled grimly. "More than likely they're trying to set you and Maxwell up. What a stupid cover story. Nobody will believe DuSable would pull that kind of crap."



The Mistakes

Political games can go wrong in an innumerable variety of ways. Each of the above sections details the specific hazards associated with its topic, but the game is loose and freewheeling. The Storyteller will be amazed at the opportunities she gets to mess with the vampires' plans.

One general, and often fatal, failing is overconfidence. Smart vampires are aware that they will never know all the factors affecting their plans. They have contingency plans for their contingency plans, and stay ready to adapt their plans as the situation requires.

A second problem area is the accumulation of enemies. While anyone involved in politics will gain foes, no vampire should overstretch himself to the point that he is fighting on more than two fronts — and even two may be too many.

A third mistake is playing one's hand too early. Intelligent vampires understand that knowledge really is power among their kind, and they keep an eye on everything that can affect their plans. If they want to include a secret faerie glen in their feeding area, then they had better make sure the Tremere either do not know about it or do not care.

The flip side of this is being overcautious. If the characters keep gathering information and never move, then another force will, and they will lose everything for which they have struggled. If they wait too long to have their mage Ally's

sanctuary made off-limits, then the Giovanni will go in, and the characters will be out one Ally, as well as being blamed for the attack by a powerful order.

Of course, vampires make mistakes. Even if the players do everything right, the Storyteller often throws a new monkey wrench into the works, just because this is the essence of group storytelling. The characters can still succeed, but they will have to act quickly and intelligently — the height of roleplaying.

DuSable smiled as the strains of Bach's Fugue in D Minor drifted out of the concert hall. Sovereign kept his same worried stare as the two stood in the hall's empty lobby.

"Something really has to be done about the unrest in this city. Ever since Lodin died, there has been no peace in Chicago. I'm afraid to say it, but this city really needs a prince." As he spoke, DuSable carefully monitored the Ventrue's reactions.

"Hey, I've got my own problems. I don't really care who'll be prince. It may be that blob I call my sire, or it might be you. I really don't care." The little man appeared nervous as he spoke, and he looked anxiously around the lobby before looking at DuSable.

"Well, perhaps I can make you more interested," DuSable said. He took a small vial out of his coat and handed it to Sovereign. Sovereign stared at the red fluid inside before reading the label.

"Kary Lumas. Accountant. Internal Revenue Service. Well, maybe you would make a good prince, DuSable." Then Sovereign stared hard at the Tremere. "How did you know my feeding preferences?"

DuSable smiled. "A good guess? It really doesn't matter. Just rest assured that there is more where this came from. I know what a problem it has been getting quality vitæ recently." Just then the music died down, and the two heard movement from within the hall.

"Well, I need to get going. I'll be in touch shortly. It is a pleasure knowing you support the best man for prince." With that, DuSable turned on his heel and headed toward the parking garage. Sovereign stood still as people began flooding out of the concert hall. Then he headed toward the now-closed bar across from where he stood.

He opened the gate and looked around. Sure no one was watching, he opened the door that held the liquor supplies and quickly slipped inside. He turned to the large form of his sire and the slighter one of the infamous Mafia leader. All three vampires smiled.

The Winner

Politics is not always a game of winners and losers, but it usually is. True compromise is far rarer among the undead than it is among the living, since vampires have eternity to try and violate their deals. Thus winner takes all, until the bell rings for the next round.

Winning affects vampires differently depending on the situation, but two effects are of special importance in the world of politics. First is the subject of access. Being successful in politics means the vampire gains access to more important vampires, and to deeper levels of intrigue.

Most vampires limit the amount of time spent with their Kindred. The less time spent with others, the less chance one has of being betrayed or slain. On the other hand, no vampire can completely ignore all other vampires. Thus vampires try to associate primarily with those who are powerful enough to benefit them and less interested in betraying them or drinking their blood.

Of course, powerful vampires try to limit the access less powerful vampires have to them, unless they have some plot in which the Lick could play a role — as pawn. Thus the Kindred engage in yet another vicious circle.

Political success short-circuits this circle. Once a character becomes successful at these games, more powerful Kindred find it necessary to include her in their plans. This being the case, they seek her out and treat her as more of an equal. This can be considered an aspect of increased Status, but it goes beyond that.

Access is a factor best handled through roleplaying, for the character can both grant it and deny it, and each action has its own consequences. It is a valuable tool and, if used correctly, can turn a few victories into a steamroller, crushing those who oppose the character.

The other factor to be considered from any victory is backlash. If one vampire wins, then there is probably a loser as well. The loser(s) will hopefully accept defeat with good grace and seek to make the character an ally in the future, but we know better.

Victory makes many vampires overconfident, and the rest paranoid. Either outcome makes their real enemies' job easier, and the battles go on. And on, and on and on, as the Storyteller enjoys the possibility of infinite story ideas.

The prince looked out over Chicago's skyline. The city — his city — sat silently before him. Somewhere the prince's enemies were plotting. That was a certainty. But, for now, he could savor the power. The city belonged to him. Things were right. The prince ran his hand over a curved scabbard. They would stay right.

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