

C L A N B O O K :

BRUJAH





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FAT BOLLOCKS

The coffee-spilling, bathroom-defiling, trash-stacking **Shinty**.



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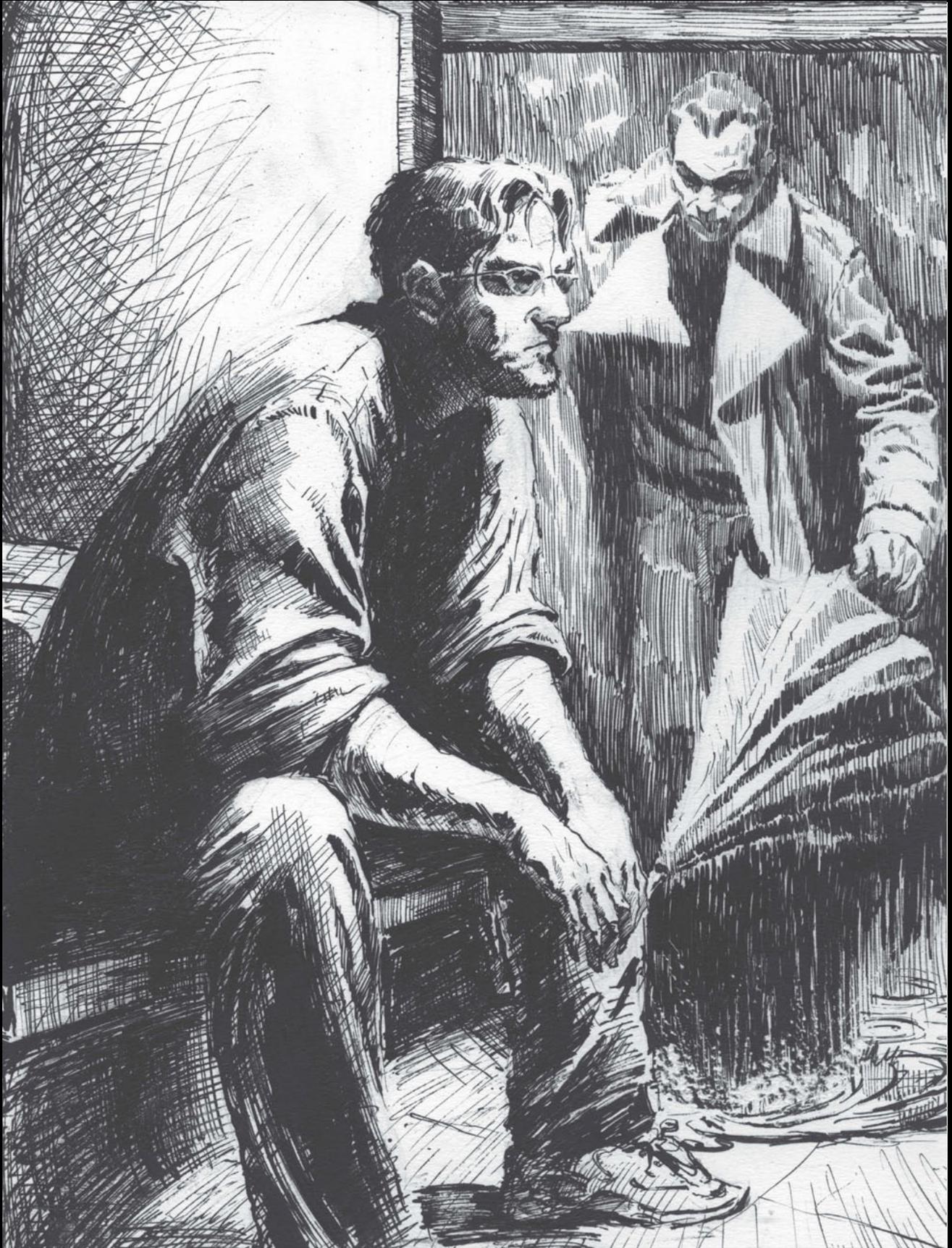
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A NIGHT LIKE ANY OTHER

If I hadn't crashed my car, I might not be a vampire.

I remember standing on the street corner, waiting for a bus, thinking, "Jesus, does it always rain in this city?" That was the night I died. When I look back on it now, I think of it like all those other rainy nights — as if God personally punctuated another formative chapter of my life with rain because he thought the symbolism hadn't yet been beaten to death. It rained when my girlfriend dumped me ("It's not you, it's me"). It rained when they diagnosed my mother with lung cancer and it rained when I went to the hospice to see her. It rained the day I wrecked my car, which is why I was waiting for a bus in the first place. Cause and effect is a strange thing; if I didn't have to wait for the bus, would my sire have found me?

I had just stepped into the bus-stop kiosk. I collapsed my umbrella and shook the water from my coat, doing both carefully so as not to spray the guy sitting on the bench. The kiosk had one of those backlit mini-billboard ads — a bright yellow sign advertising some Web site. The other guy sat in front of it, the light from the sign making him look jaundiced. We exchanged empty pleasantries, consciously avoiding eye contact and real conversation, just like everyone else in the city. Those rare times you do make eye contact with someone, he's invariably some street lunatic, begging for money or waiting to stab you between the fifth and sixth rib.

I checked my watch — 6:27. It was winter, so it had already been dark for about an hour. I like that, or I guess it's more appropriate to say I liked it. But anyway, I figured that I still had a good nine minutes before the bus showed up. With any luck, I could make it to the deli across the street and be back in time for the next bus.



"Ain't never going to happen," said a voice from the end of the kiosk.

"I beg your pardon?" I asked. Dammit, I thought to myself, you answered. Now he's going to talk to you.

"I said, it ain't never going to happen. You want to run over there and pick up a sandwich or a newspaper or something and make it back in time to catch the bus. You know better than that. The second you step into that store, the bus'll come. Fate."

I looked him over, preparing a devastating smirk of dismissal. He was one of those weird, arty types with frosted-lens glasses, straight-legged pants and a clingy shirt — either a starving artist or a millionaire Internet maverick. Well, at least he wasn't a derelict. And he had a point.

Still, it bothered me that I had been so transparent. Perhaps he was just exceptionally perceptive, but it hasn't been my experience that overestimating people paid off.

"Was I that obvious?" I asked.

"It's not that you're easy to read. You just carry yourself with a bearing that says you want more out of life and you're willing to take a risk to get it."

Damn! I should have seen this coming. He was trying to rope me into some marketing scheme or talk me into purchasing a time-share or something.

"Don't get pissed off. It was a compliment — most people you see at bus stops are just going from home to work or from work to home, you know? It's all they want to do — make ends meet. You, though. You're different. You look forward when you walk, not down. You shook the water off your jacket instead of letting it make you miserable. You wanted to pick up your magazine but still catch the bus, so you've obviously got somewhere to be."

What the hell was this? It almost made me laugh. Here I was, trying to get my sandwich (not magazine) and make it home in time to see Jeopardy! and this guy was making me out to be some high-powered overachiever from a Tom Wolfe book.

"But you don't see it in yourself. You don't let yourself want more."

A thunderhead broke and the rain came pouring down harder than before.

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I woke to scratching at my window. I didn't think to be scared. If I had thought about it for a moment, I'd have ignored it, because my apartment is on the sixth floor; it could have only been birds or rats. I didn't think, though, and bolted upright when I heard the noise.

It was the guy from the bus stop.

He crouched on the sill outside, arms outstretched above his head, knees bent, legs dangling in the air. The ledge was only about six inches wide, but he seemed comfortably balanced.

I should have screamed or ran. Called the police. Anything. I couldn't. He waved me over to him. I couldn't resist. He motioned for me to open the window, a growing smile crossing his face, showing more and more teeth as I dumbly followed his instructions. As the window came open, I heard the rain outside.

"It's fucking soaking out here. Invite me in," he said. So I did.



My guest clambered through the window, now wearing a hip-length leather coat and a pair of creased wool pants. He hadn't changed his shirt from before, but now I could see the bold outlines of muscle beneath. He wasn't bulky, just defined, as if all of the extraneous fat that would have been on a typical person had been flensed away, leaving only what was vital.

The bizarre circumstances had finally begun to register in my tired mind. A man I had met at a bus station had climbed through my sixth-story window because I had asked him in.

"You think I'm wrong about you, don't you?" he asked, still smiling.

"Wait... what do you mean?" I replied awkwardly, realizing just how much trouble I had brought upon myself. I inched back toward my bedroom door.

His smile had the features of a hunter, sharp and toothy. Even his eyes had the red glow of a predator, not the pale green glimmer of prey. He advanced, every step a lithe, purposeful motion, like a jungle cat on a Discovery Channel special.

"You think you're satisfied where you are? Wanting more than this little life of yours makes you unhappy, so you ignore

it. But you're scared — scared that I can see it." He continued slinking forward as I stumbled backward, bumbling my way down the hall and into the kitchen. The floodlight from the billboard across the street reflected into the room, making it less dim than it should have been. It was a cold, sterile light, inorganic and unflattering; it made my guest look positively ghoulish.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't want anything. This apartment's fine, and I have a decent job." My voice quavered, sounding more like a sob as I rationalized myself to this dauntless freak. "I get all the channels. I've got my 401(k)...."

I scabbled across the kitchen counter, grabbing a Sabatier chef's knife, but sank to my knees on the linoleum. My eyes filled with tears. I didn't really know what I was doing with the knife.

"Are you going to stab me? Why? Because you hate yourself? That's a stupid reason to hurt me, isn't it?"

I nodded. The intruder placed his foot on my shoulder and shoved me down. I tumbled backward from my kneeling position, landing unceremoniously on my ass, still clutching the knife. My will had vanished, and I sucked in gasping breaths like a child crying himself to suffocation.

"Take that knife and do what you need to do. I'll run a bath for you." As he turned his back to me, I sprang from my clumsy position. Burying the in his kidney, I slumped to the ground, not even caring that he still stood. As I lay on the floor in a pool of my own tears, I heard the knife clatter on the floor beside my head. I cringed at the sound and the tang of the blood.

The man whom I had just stabbed in the back walked down the hall, past my bedroom, and ran a bath. Before long, steam billowed from the bathroom doorway. My guest returned to my side.

"Come on, then. No need to delay this." He picked me up under my arms, handed the knife back and gave me a push down the hallway. As I approached the bathroom, the trail of his blood grew fainter and fainter, as if the wound had closed itself while he walked.

As I stumbled down the hall, I knew that what I was doing was crazy. Still, I knew that death was better than what I had. Before I made it to the bathroom, I used the knife to score my wrists. Like my tormentor's bloodstains in reverse, I left a small trickle at first that grew from a few spatters into a murky, viscous trail. Dropping the knife on the tiled bathroom floor, I climbed into the tub and died.

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Thunder woke me, which made no sense. At first I thought I had dreamed it all, but my guest's sardonic voice soon put my hopes of that to rest.

"Welcome back."

I was in my bed. The window was closed and the clock blinked that annoying "12:00" over and over — the power had gone out at some point. I felt a warm, rusty nausea in my gut.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Well, that's a long story. I have brought you among the Kindred, but I needed to be sure you wanted it first."

"So you made me kill myself? You son of a bitch..." I lost all my energy yelling at him, but I could feel a red haze rising in the back of my mind. I didn't even know what he was talking about, but it pissed me off. "What the fuck is the matter with you?" The red haze kept rising. "You come to my house, torture me and then turn me into some kind of... some... what the fuck is this!"

"That's my boy! That's the old Brujah spirit! It's not fair, is it? What are you going to do about it?"

"Screw you! What right do you have —"

"Spare me the drama-queen dialog. You knew what I was when I asked you to open the window for me. You wanted this...."

"What the hell are you talking about? I don't want this! I didn't ask you to..."

"Make you a vampire?"

"I don't even believe in vampires!"

"That's funny. You sure act like one." He nodded his head to one side, indicating the corner of the bedroom.

In the corner lay the body of my neighbor, a Hispanic community college student. Her throat had been torn open, leaving ragged strips that dangled unwholesomely from the white and red marbling of her muscle beneath. Smearred blood streaked the front of her ruined body. Her blouse had been crudely torn and wrenched sideways. The mouth hung open. Glassy eyes peered at the room, seeing nothing.

I had killed her — the nausea in my stomach was her blood warming me from within. I vomited. Blood roared out of my mouth and all over the sheets.

“Don’t waste it, shithead.” Like a bolt, he had risen from his seat and forced my face down into the bloody mess. “Now take it back in. That’s a good boy.”

Forcing the sick back down again, I continued to retch, this time giving up less of the delicious fluid. It was disgusting — orgasmic pleasure from swallowing mouthfuls of blood.

“Keep it down. You’re going to need that where you’re going.”

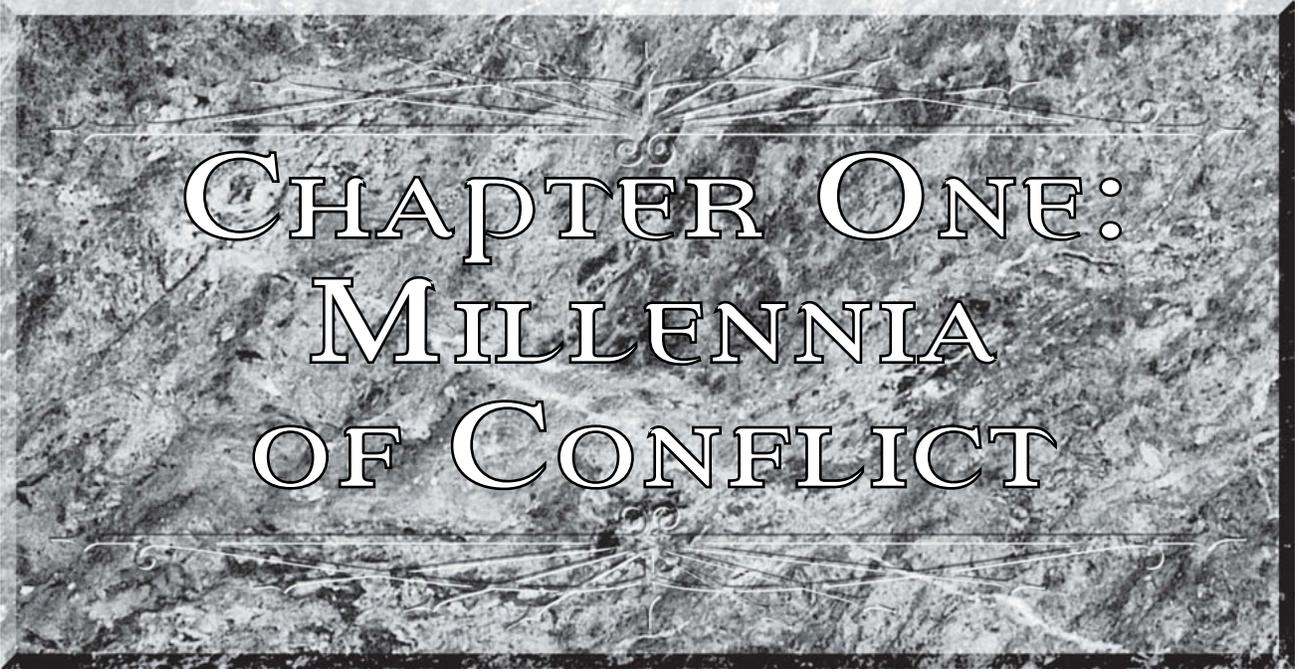
“What? Where am I going?” I looked at the creature in a panic as he jerked me from my bed and hurled a handful of clothes at me.

“Come on — it’s time for everyone to meet the new Kindred in town. Damn, if you can do this to yourself, just think of what you’ll be able to do to someone who pisses you off!

“Oh, and bring your raincoat.”







CHAPTER ONE: MILLENNIA OF CONFLICT

*This kind of experience
is necessary for the learning.*

—The Venus in Furs, “Baby’s On Fire”

How far the Brujah have fallen! How shiftless and impotent they are!

Such are the common impressions held by members of other clans, from the elders who remember previous Brujah dispositions to the neonates who stumble into anarchic Brujah domains. As with any such simple generalizations, though, these are not altogether true. In fact, more than anything else, the history of the Brujah has marked them as agents of change, perhaps more so than any other Kindred. While Ventrue and Lasombra tighten their talons around their ever-dwindling holdings in the modern nights, as the Toreador squander unlife with debauches reminiscent of the aristocracies of old, as the Nosferatu scuttle through their timeless subterranean warrens, the Brujah evolve. From the proud philosopher-kings of Biblical times to the prophets and revolutionaries of the Final Nights, the Brujah have always embodied a current zeitgeist. If the Brujah are raging fiends, it is because that is what the world now demands of them.

The story of the Brujah reads like a shadow account of human history. Every major conflict in the World of Darkness has likely had a Brujah on one side or the other. This doesn’t mean that every battle fought for the sake of the Thirty Years’ War had undead participants, but that some Brujah supported the Catholics while others supported the Calvinists. And that’s only on the surface. Like mortals and often more so, the childer of Caine harbor hidden agendas. Those Brujah involved in the Thirty Years’ War may well have had no religious partisanship at all, but may have supported German reform, Dutch mercantilism, or any other cause *or combination of causes*. As long as people have walked the earth, and as long as the Kindred have stalked among them, the Brujah have agitated, argued for change, effected it, or been left to lick their wounds in the aftermath of their failed revolutions.

What do the Kindred truly know of the Brujah, though? What do the Rabble know about themselves? History blends seamlessly into legend when the

Brujah are involved, and some secrets may never be revealed.

To this end, there's no such thing as a concise history of Clan Brujah. The clan's annals are nothing so much as a survey of individual exploits. Look, then, upon the greatest achievements and basest treacheries of the Learned Clan.

THE SECOND CITY

As far back as anyone claims to remember, the history of the Brujah is fraught with controversy. Most Brujah believe that their legendary progenitor was himself a rebel. Of the Third Generation, Brujah may have incited the parricide of the Second Generation. Many believe that the other members of the Third Generation considered Brujah a troublemaker — they made him a scapegoat for their own crimes because other Cainites believed that Brujah readily committed any atrocity that came to his mind. By various legends mad, bloodthirsty, afflicted with multiple personalities, or simply vicious beyond his peers' comprehension, Kindred apocrypha is riddled with tales of Brujah's depredations.

One of the more common stories is that of Brujah and the wine seller. In the Second City, after

Caine had left his petty childer to bicker amongst themselves, Brujah awoke with a powerful thirst, more terrible than normal, and sought out a wine merchant to buy a sanguinary potable to soothe him. When he arrived, the wine merchant thought he recognized him.

"Good evening, traveler of the night, and welcome to my tent. Sample any of my wares you wish, for are you not the one known as [Brujah]?"

The Cainite must have been in a contentious mood, or up to some villainy, because instead of telling the truth, he lied to the wine seller.

"No, peasant, I am not [Brujah], but his brother, [Malkav], and my thirst pains me greatly. I have no need to taste your wines; just give me your most potent."

The merchant responded (as these were mystical times, when the Kindred gods walked among men and could be spoken to, albeit deferentially), "Are you sure, master? For I have seen your face before and I am almost certain that when we met, you introduced yourself as [Brujah]."

"No, dirty lout, I have already told you to whom you are speaking. As plain as the stars, I am the brother of [Brujah], [Arikel]. Now fetch my wine!"

"But, sir, you just told me that you are my master [Malkav], and now you claim to be his brother [Arikel], whom I believe to be a woman, though I have never met her." The wine merchant grew flustered, but knew his place and pleaded as diplomatically as he could.



“Devil take your beard, wine seller! Not only do you not bring me the goods you purport to sell, but you doubt my honesty and my bearing in the same breath! As surely as I am the son of [Zillah], I will kill you!” And with that, Brujah slew the wine seller, drank his blood and took the wine he sought. He left double the price of the wine, for the merchant’s widow to find.

This story illustrates how the Kindred of the Second City abused the mortals with impunity and the hazards of not accepting their supremacy. No one knows *why* Brujah chose to torment and finally kill the wine seller, but he exercised his rights under the Second City’s law. If this tale is true, it answers other questions, such as why the other members of the Third Generation mistrusted Brujah, and why they might have chosen to saddle him with the guilt for their own misdeeds.

Of course, as with any consideration of the Third Generation, other accounts of Brujah vary. In the parable “Brujah and the Three Coins,” the Antediluvian appears in a much more compassionate light, paying the magistrate’s legal fees for a destitute stonemason with “a coin for justice, a coin for fairness, and a coin for virtue.” In other tales, he appears as the passionate advocate for change so many of his lineage affect, as is the case in “Brujah and the Dead King.”

Running contrary to the rebellious image so often attributed to the Antediluvian is the revisionist impression that a few Brujah uphold. These Kindred claim that Brujah was in fact an extremely conservative Cainite, calm and logical. They offer other interpretations of the parables: With his three coins, Brujah was doing nothing more than paying for justice as the wealthy sometimes had to do for the poor in early civilizations; in “Brujah and the Dead King,” he saw the need for stability and placed someone on the throne to keep the state from degenerating into anarchy.

Of course, both positions rely heavily on the one undeniable fact that arises when dealing with Antediluvians — no one can ever *know* for certain. Even the fundamental assumptions one makes are based on hearsay at best, which significantly affects the position most Rabble take on the matter of Brujah’s most infamous progeny.

TROILE

A figure surrounded in as much mystery as Brujah himself, Troile represents for many Rabble what has become the modern embodiment of the clan.

Sources discussing Troile vary greatly, even on the matter of the childe’s gender. The Methuselah Meneleus refers to his sire as “he,” while other Kindred Embraced while Troile presumably still walked the land refer to

“her.” A few accounts even specify that Troile had *no* gender, or that it changed at whim. Because the majority of accounts make Troile masculine, this text assumes such to be the case.

In any event, the tales of Troile’s exploits have more in common with the modern Brujah mindset than the conflicting accounts of Brujah. Most Brujah accept that their lineage truly descends from this figure, instead of his equally mythical sire, for one reason: foul diablerie. Troile committed the Amaranth upon his sire, which is one of the most popular reasons accepted for the start of the kinslayer wars that ultimately destroyed the Second City.

Troile’s short temper was also legendary, corresponding to the modern Brujah’s propensity for frenzy. Pervasive rumors attribute a cold, detached demeanor to Troile’s sire, which may explain why Brujah Embraced him — maybe he sought a different viewpoint, or perhaps the Embrace resulted from a simple attraction of opposites. The *Book of Nod* describes the Brujah as the “Learned Clan,” though none can say whether this refers to the brood of Brujah or the descendents of Troile. Going forward from the time of Troile and the Second City, the Brujah were still quite often philosophers, poets and historians as well as warriors. In fact, the Curse of Troile — the clan’s propensity for rage — may be one of the more backhanded blights Caine attributed to his childer, much like the Nosferatu’s reputed ugliness to atone for their progenitor’s vanity. Instead of being left to watch and record their world objectively, Caine may well have cursed the childer of Troile with wild passion.

The most disturbing legends of Troile owe much to the oral history of the period. Few stories place Troile and Brujah together at any time — the Kindred have no accounts of, for example, Troile’s Embrace or the sire explaining the Curse of Caine to his childe. Skeptics among the clan speculate that Brujah and Troile are the same Kindred — Brujah may have suddenly needed to change his identity or hide from some terrible foe, and fabricated his own diablerie to corroborate his disappearance. The possibility, while remote, is not altogether inconceivable: The inconsistencies in reports of Troile’s gender may have resulted from Brujah changing his appearance while he adapted to his new identity. The radical shift in personality from “sire” to “childe” may have come in response to the new identity, or may stem from a curse bestowed by the First Vampire.



Most reasonable Brujah dismiss this tale as absurd. They posit that Troile committed a great treachery for which their clan atones nightly or, an account popular among Sabbat, that the war against the Antediluvians began long ago, justifying their Great Jihad.

By all modern belief, Troile has long since met the Final Death, if he, she or it ever existed at all. In this, the Brujah share the ideology of the Camarilla — Troile is simply their own version of the creation myth, intended to explain the twilight before recorded history.

THE DIVISION OF BLOOD

One of the most pervasive of Brujah rumors concerns the different lineages spawned by these two presumably separate Cainites. The general consensus is that those Kindred calling themselves descend from Troile, as described above.

Some Kindred maintain that apart from Troile, Brujah Embraced certain other Kindred who survived the former's treachery and Embraced broods of their own. Known through rumor as the "first brood" and the "True Brujah," these elusive Kindred spark controversy and fear with the merest whisper of their passing.

Of course, few Kindred have ever met any verifiable members of this secret bloodline. While Gehenna draws nearer, reports of the True Brujah have arisen with alarming frequency, but these accounts are secondhand, false, or impossible to authenticate.

The rumors have a consistency, however, which even cynics have to consider. Self-avowed experts and Kindred historians sometimes attribute True Brujah with participation in the elusive "Black Hand," a sect within the Sabbat that has been confused with the entire sect in the past. The relationship between this fabled Black Hand and the Sabbat itself is unknown — some maintain that the Black Hand is merely another name for the Sabbat while others insist that it is an autonomous body. Still others hypothesize that the Black Hand is an entirely independent entity and the only one to which the True Brujah belong. Not to be outdone, some hysterical Kindred tell grave tales of the invisible sect's collapse and the subsequent flight of the True Brujah to the lands of their origin, northern Africa.

Lacking definitive proof, the ultimate fate of the True Brujah remains half myth, half speculation.

FABLED CARTHAGE

Tied inextricably to the demeanor of the clan is the fate of Carthage, a once-thriving African port located on the Mediterranean Sea. *Karthadasht*, by 600 B.C., had become the capitol of the Phoenician civilization, and its history before that dates back perhaps 150 years, though some legends place its origins even earlier. To hear those Brujah who spent part of their unlives in Carthage, the city was a utopia in which Kindred and kine coexisted in flawless symbiosis. Younger Brujah, including the more educated among the modern nights' neonates, sometimes refer to the city as though they had been there, conjuring an ideal Cainite city-state free from the restrictions imposed by the Masquerade. Almost all Brujah, whether or not they have any grounds to do so, blame the Ventrue for the destruction of this idyllic city.

Although little concrete evidence exists, most accounts of Carthage portray it as a pit of turpitude, at least at the time of its sacking by the Romans during the Third Punic War (146 B.C.). The prominent religion, as in many Phoenician states, was Baalism, which local Cainites twisted to their own ends. By the time of its fall, the city hosted nightly bloodbaths; sacrifices of children, virgins and slaves; demonic rites; orgies and all manner of luxurious indulgence. Certainly, the city had its glories — in her journals, the ancient Kindred Altamira described Carthage as a city in “perfect harmony with the Canaille, free from the restrictions of any prince. Some [Kindred] had discovered how to control the Beast, and others had been pulled back from the very depths of frenzy. Together, mortals and immortals [created] a wondrous, eternal city of peace, progress and equality.” The reality of the matter was not so bright, however, due to the decadent rituals described above, the Phoenician conflict with Rome, the powerlust of Cainites and the short, brutal nature of life during the time.

Karthadasht attracted many Kindred, though it was most thoroughly influenced by Brujah, with a significant body of Phoenician Assamites cultivating a distant second share. The mighty warrior, orator and reputed childe of Troile, Meneleus made his haven there, as did the barbarian philosopher Altamira. And the city suffered no dearth of mortal visionaries, such as the mighty Hannibal, the scourge of Rome.

For centuries, Carthage enjoyed its debased prominence, with Brujah and Assamites walking as veritable gods among the mortals of the city. The Brujah Critias established a Socratic school there; Xenophon the historian received his Embrace there; Dida raised her own cult among the impoverished and al-Ashrad visited in the nights before becoming Kindred himself.

The enmity of Greece and later Rome conspired against Carthage in the long run, however. Allied with the declining Etruscans, cut off from the Persian Phoenicians, Carthage began its decline. Government changed from a focused dictatorship to the rulership of squabbling oligarchs — the *sufet* magistrates, nobles and warmasters. As the Punic Wars came to a head, Carthage's coffers had been so plundered by greedy nobles and selfish Kindred that the city couldn't afford to pay its armies. Instead, the rulers threw parties and orgies for the soldiers to distract them from the fact that they couldn't be paid for their services. The Brujah had so decentralized the *sufets* and nobles with their own power plays that they had no hope of winning the Punic Wars, despite Hannibal's ingenious tactics and those of the cunning Cainite Dominic (see below). Meneleus left Carthage to seek aid from the Nosferatu and Gangrel of the southern continent when the city's great betrayal came, some say at the hands of a beautiful Toreador who was Meneleus's nemesis. The Roman forces swept in, influenced by a queasy coalition of Ventrue, Malkavians and a few Toreador, and destroyed the city.

Carthaginian Kindred fled as the city burned, and the Romans salted the earth to prevent any who had taken shelter in the soil from rising. After the sack of the city, Carthage never again hosted the “idyllic” conditions the Brujah ascribed to it. It came under Roman rule after the Third Punic War and remained part of the empire, weathering an invasion of Vandals in the 5th century A.D. and finally, destruction at the hands of Arabs in 698 A.D.

The razing of Carthage profoundly affected the Brujah, to whom it had been a sort of home city, free from the ubiquitous influence of the Ventrue and Toreador elsewhere. Since that time, many Brujah have entertained, however unrealistically, the dream of rebuilding Carthage or creating it anew at a different location. To date, all of these attempts have failed, and the Brujah still harbor a festering grudge....

FORGOTTEN IDYLLS

Certain documents, letters and passages suggest that despite the horrors of Carthage, not all Brujah were idolaters and blood-soaked fiends. Many modern Brujah scholars cannot help but smile at this — the clan's ignorant neonates assume that the city was a Kindred utopia, the more erudite maintain that it was a crucible of blood, and those few who look even deeper than the casual researchers have turned up a bit of evidence that the ignorant neonates might have been right, after all.

Although most concrete evidence suggests that Carthage did indeed degenerate into a pit of arrogant, sacrificial debasement, at least one group of Brujah desired more than blood-tithes. Known as the Promethians, these progressive Brujah desired a return to the more idyllic incarnation of Carthage, in which Kindred and mortals existed side by side symbiotically. Kindred scholars in the modern nights are of two minds on the matter — some suggest that the Promethians were merely apologists who acknowledged the fall of Carthage after the fact, while others ascribe an active political agenda to the group during the time of Carthage's thriving. Most Cainite historians agree, however, that the Promethians were active during the Dark Ages and probably for some time before that.

As is often the case, some theorists imply an even more sinister relationship. The Promethians — mostly Brujah by theory, no doubt with a few Assamite Carthaginians as well — may well have some sort of link to a cult of Roman Ventrue, Toreador and Malkavians, who are speculated to have become what is known as the Inconnu. The state of Golconda has been attributed more than once to each of these groups (or perhaps sub-factions within them...), and both have the common ground of their collapsed empires. Certainly, stranger allegiances have been forged over the course of Kindred history.

THE DARK AGES

As the Roman Empire disintegrated, the world of the Cainites followed the lead of the mortal world, degenerating into centuries of barbarism. As governments became purely local affairs and the economies of Europe shifted to backbreaking agrarianism, few

people had time for such luxuries as education. The portion of the population that wielded such knowledge usually used it toward a different end — the Church. Christianity had become the universal religion of Western Europe and even thrived under different dogma in Eastern Europe. The population of the Western world turned to the Church to provide them with the rewards of the afterlife; heaven promised far more than the mortal coil, but only for the just and faithful.

Canny Kindred saw uses for the specialized skills of the clergy as well. Indeed, if not for the insight of the Church and a few Kindred who skulked within its houses of God, the modern world might have turned out a very different place.

THE IRISH MONASTIC ENDEAVOR

During the 5th through the 10th centuries, the Church existed for two ends. It served its true purpose, to deliver the Word of God to his children. But the Church had also become an entity of immense political power, able to deny any individual access to the Kingdom of Heaven. It owned lands, which was primarily the purview of the noble class, and collected tithes, which the nobles levied and called taxes. As such, the Church had access to many of the benefits of nobility, as well as exemption from taxation. It had a few other assets as well; the most important was literacy.

Most clerical records of the period relate specifically to the Church — land deeds, interpretations of religious texts, and the philosophies of theologians.

In other cases, the Church — being the only institution with such a large body of literate scholars — collected books, whether or not they served a religious purpose. After all, when the lord of the manor cares only for the taxes that pay his debts, and the peasant who works the land tills the fields by day and eats a meager meal by night, rare is the person who has a need for books. Before the invention of the printing press, each book had to be crafted by hand — recording information took many hours, which, to the average person, were better dedicated to growing enough food to keep from starving.

Two notable Irish Brujah knew the perils of losing this valuable information. As old and traveled Kindred, they knew other civilizations had ideas to offer. Likewise, the ideas that arose from those times deserved to be recorded for posterity. To this end, Clara of Cork and Fergal the Pious of Clan collected the written word, making copies of valuable books and



saving them in libraries for the edification of society. Clara, recognizing that those living contemplative lives could devote a few hours to this noble end, put certain residents of her abbey to work cataloguing, writing and copying books. Fergal, in the meantime, traveled all over Western and Eastern Europe, northern Africa, and the Near East in pursuit of written treasures.

As the rest of the world busied itself with wars of territory and the daily ordeal of survival, these two Kindred convinced other Irish abbots to undertake the same preservative efforts in their own monasteries. As a result, the Church's libraries were repositories of knowledge that would have otherwise been lost to the world. Without the written legacy of humanity, it's quite possible that the Dark Ages may have lasted forever.

THE HIGH MIDDLE AGES

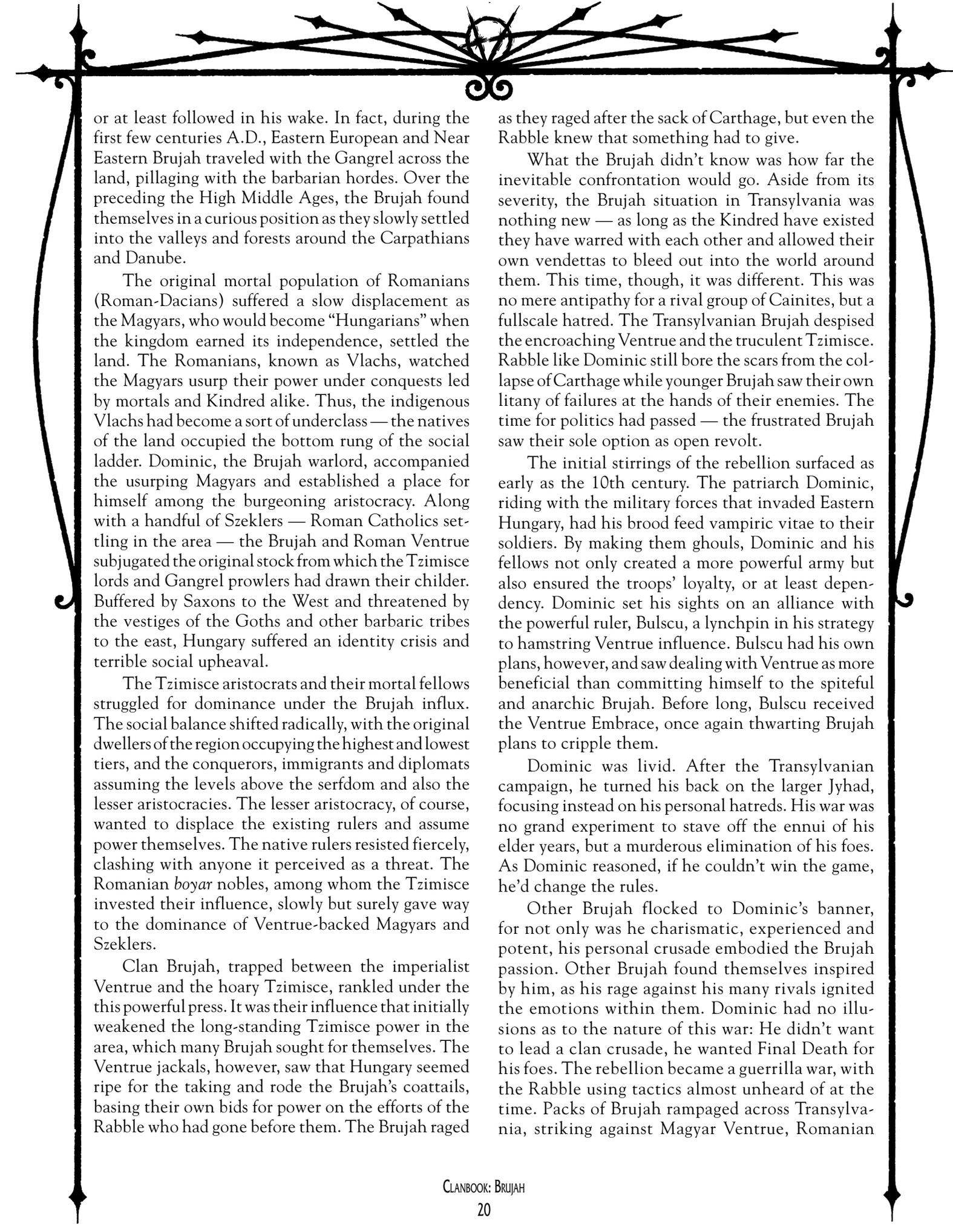
Many Kindred refer to the beginning of this period as "the Long Night," an age just prior to the formation of the sects but subsequent to the brutality that followed the collapse of the Roman Empire. Having fled

the oppressive Ventrue presence in Rome, many Brujah relocated to the farthest provinces of the empire, to places like Pannonia, Dacia, and the lands surrounding the Carpathian Mountains — the area known as Transylvania.

The mention of Transylvania, Hungary and the Danube usually conjures images of the Tzimisce, the skulking Nosferatu and the most feral of Gangrel. In truth, the Hungarian Brujah were quite prolific, perhaps equaling the populations of their fellow clans. But because they were not the indigenous Kindred of the "land beyond the forest," the local clans forced them into relative obscurity. While most accounts of Transylvania feature marauding bands of Tzimisce or nests of Nosferatu, the Brujah played as important a role, if a less legendary one, as the local Fiends.

THE CLASH OF CULTURES

The Brujah's abandonment of the Malkavian- and Ventrue-dominated inner Roman provinces took place early in the Christian Era. Migrations of Brujah may have taken place as early as the first century A.D., and Rabble certainly accompanied the armies of Trajan into the region shortly thereafter. It's also probable that Brujah rode with Attila the Hun,



or at least followed in his wake. In fact, during the first few centuries A.D., Eastern European and Near Eastern Brujah traveled with the Gangrel across the land, pillaging with the barbarian hordes. Over the preceding the High Middle Ages, the Brujah found themselves in a curious position as they slowly settled into the valleys and forests around the Carpathians and Danube.

The original mortal population of Romanians (Roman-Dacians) suffered a slow displacement as the Magyars, who would become “Hungarians” when the kingdom earned its independence, settled the land. The Romanians, known as Vlachs, watched the Magyars usurp their power under conquests led by mortals and Kindred alike. Thus, the indigenous Vlachs had become a sort of underclass — the natives of the land occupied the bottom rung of the social ladder. Dominic, the Brujah warlord, accompanied the usurping Magyars and established a place for himself among the burgeoning aristocracy. Along with a handful of Szeklers — Roman Catholics settling in the area — the Brujah and Roman Ventrue subjugated the original stock from which the Tzimisce lords and Gangrel prowlers had drawn their childer. Buffered by Saxons to the West and threatened by the vestiges of the Goths and other barbaric tribes to the east, Hungary suffered an identity crisis and terrible social upheaval.

The Tzimisce aristocrats and their mortal fellows struggled for dominance under the Brujah influx. The social balance shifted radically, with the original dwellers of the region occupying the highest and lowest tiers, and the conquerors, immigrants and diplomats assuming the levels above the serfdom and also the lesser aristocracies. The lesser aristocracy, of course, wanted to displace the existing rulers and assume power themselves. The native rulers resisted fiercely, clashing with anyone it perceived as a threat. The Romanian *boyar* nobles, among whom the Tzimisce invested their influence, slowly but surely gave way to the dominance of Ventrue-backed Magyars and Szeklers.

Clan Brujah, trapped between the imperialist Ventrue and the hoary Tzimisce, rankled under the this powerful press. It was their influence that initially weakened the long-standing Tzimisce power in the area, which many Brujah sought for themselves. The Ventrue jackals, however, saw that Hungary seemed ripe for the taking and rode the Brujah’s coattails, basing their own bids for power on the efforts of the Rabble who had gone before them. The Brujah raged

as they raged after the sack of Carthage, but even the Rabble knew that something had to give.

What the Brujah didn’t know was how far the inevitable confrontation would go. Aside from its severity, the Brujah situation in Transylvania was nothing new — as long as the Kindred have existed they have warred with each other and allowed their own vendettas to bleed out into the world around them. This time, though, it was different. This was no mere antipathy for a rival group of Cainites, but a fullscale hatred. The Transylvanian Brujah despised the encroaching Ventrue and the truculent Tzimisce. Rabble like Dominic still bore the scars from the collapse of Carthage while younger Brujah saw their own litany of failures at the hands of their enemies. The time for politics had passed — the frustrated Brujah saw their sole option as open revolt.

The initial stirrings of the rebellion surfaced as early as the 10th century. The patriarch Dominic, riding with the military forces that invaded Eastern Hungary, had his brood feed vampiric vitae to their soldiers. By making them ghouls, Dominic and his fellows not only created a more powerful army but also ensured the troops’ loyalty, or at least dependency. Dominic set his sights on an alliance with the powerful ruler, Bulscu, a lynchpin in his strategy to hamstring Ventrue influence. Bulscu had his own plans, however, and saw dealing with Ventrue as more beneficial than committing himself to the spiteful and anarchic Brujah. Before long, Bulscu received the Ventrue Embrace, once again thwarting Brujah plans to cripple them.

Dominic was livid. After the Transylvanian campaign, he turned his back on the larger Jyhad, focusing instead on his personal hatreds. His war was no grand experiment to stave off the ennui of his elder years, but a murderous elimination of his foes. As Dominic reasoned, if he couldn’t win the game, he’d change the rules.

Other Brujah flocked to Dominic’s banner, for not only was he charismatic, experienced and potent, his personal crusade embodied the Brujah passion. Other Brujah found themselves inspired by him, as his rage against his many rivals ignited the emotions within them. Dominic had no illusions as to the nature of this war: He didn’t want to lead a clan crusade, he wanted Final Death for his foes. The rebellion became a guerrilla war, with the Rabble using tactics almost unheard of at the time. Packs of Brujah rampaged across Transylvania, striking against Magyar Ventrue, Romanian

Tzimisce, isolated Nosferatu domains and even mortal institutions. Their fury unchecked, the Brujah terrorized Eastern Hungary and beyond. They were as brutal as any Tzimisce, but far less exacting, leaving sacked villages and exsanguinated corpses in their wake.

For two centuries, the Brujah plagued the area before the tone of the rebellion shifted. Having already earned the reputation as anti-monarchists and political maniacs, the anarchistic Brujah became the first “anarchs.” By the turn of the 13th century, other Kindred who heard of them or observed them extrapolated the Brujah cause to their own ideals. More and more, Kindred attacked the institutions that had upheld the society of the undead for millennia. Young Cainites especially were seduced by the growing revolt, left as they were to the mortal influences that the avaricious elders hadn’t already hoarded for themselves. The Brujah revolution had taken on an unlife of its own, creating copycat factions and splinter groups wherever Kindred spoke of the matter. Young Cainites marauded through the night in groups known as Furores, anarchists, covens and collections of “anti-clans” who had forsaken their heritage and pursued unlife as they saw fit.

Themselves enamored of the Brujah resistance against their greedy elders, rogue Tzimisce, Ventrue and Nosferatu in Hungary joined the cause. While they harbored little love for the out-of-control Brujah who had made a horror show of Transylvania for as long as they could remember, the dissatisfied Cainites of Hungary saw their elders distracted by the anarch menace and used the opportunity to make a place for themselves. As the 14th century approached, the Brujah had raged for so long that most Kindred had come to accept that Transylvania might well be a battleground for the undead forever.

Ever more Tzimisce revolted against their sires, and significant numbers of other Kindred proclaimed themselves *antitribu* in open defiance of the established conventions of Cainite society. Packs of young vampires toppled their sires, while cagey elders annihilated entire broods of neonates and ancillae indiscriminately. Hungarian cities like Bistritz, Klausenburg and Mediasch became Kindred crucibles, where anarchists terrorized the streets and princes conceived desperate counterstrikes from their castles and manors. The rebellion spread to the west — all over Europe, childer battled their sires. Paris, London, Milan, Budapest, Cologne and Prague were all hotbeds of strife.

LAURELS OF HISTORY

As has been noted before, the Brujah have very little resembling a “clan history.” Still, to use that as a basis to dismiss the contributions of certain Rabble throughout history is foolish — despite the lack of unity among Clan Brujah, its members often influence the outcomes of key events around the world.

Ibn-El-Sayyid

An unnamed Brujah is believed to have helped pen *Poem of the Cid* after fighting in the struggle to drive the Moors out of Valencia in 1094. The Brujah are particularly fond of this possibly mythical Kindred just as the Lasombra feel a great tie to Rodrigo de Vivar — and a Brujah connection to him undermines the Keepers’ arrogant claims to greatness.

The Real Robin Hood

During the late 14th century, Robin Leeland participated in many of the peasant uprisings in England, including Wat Tyler’s rebellion and several revolts against Edward III and Henry IV. Leeland is seen by many as one of the first anarchists, and sired a prestigious brood of Rabble, including Patricia of Bollingbroke (see Chapter Three).

The Sun Never Sets...

At the beginning of India’s Sepoy Rebellion of 1857, the Brujah Bankim Hapsa was among the Muslim Indians who killed British officers after being imprisoned for refusing to bite open rifle cartridges that had been lubricated with pork fat. He followed the rebellion until it was finally suppressed in 1859 and aided in the capture of Lucknow and Delhi.

The American Revolutionary and Civil Wars

Marguerite Foccart and the Embraced slave Crispus Attucks led several rebellions against the British, including being present at the Boston Massacre. They also organized guerrilla strikes during the nights before the war itself that resulted in the weakening of British garrisons. Likewise, just 100 years after the American secession from England, Foccart and Attucks conspired against expansionist Southern Ventrue during the Civil War, stealing war funds, intercepting missives and feeding from Confederate soldiers to weaken them before battles.

The war of the ages had become known as the Anarch Revolt by this point, the original Transylvanian Brujah rebellion having been subsumed by the larger tide of undead conflict. While the significance of the Brujah involvement in the affair has been largely forgotten in the modern nights, many elders still remember. These venerable Kindred are the greatest critics of the Brujah, if not the most vocal — they know how instrumental the raving Brujah were in the eventual formation of the Sabbat. Although they know it's ridiculous to blame them entirely, these elders know that history repeats itself, and that without the Brujah serving as a diversion for the *antitribu*, the Black Hand might never have come to be.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

While the annals of the Brujah's collective past often read like chronicles of revolution and chaos, not every member of the Rabble aligns herself with the agents of change. As are Kindred of any clan, Brujah are first and foremost *vampires* — selfish creatures who exist as parasites on the vitae of the mortal world. To the Kindred, clan is nothing but an arbitrary designation, a concept as largely meaningless as nationality, ethnicity or even the street upon which they make their havens. These Brujah gladly bought into existing power structures of their environments, or opposed the rest of their Brujah comrades. From august elder seneschals to conservative neonates, Rabble have supported the status quo with as much vigor as they have opposed it. The passion for change that burns in every Brujah's undead veins, for some Rabble, is a passion to prevent the changes other would wreak on their staid, comfortable unives. After all, the Kindred are no strangers to sleeping with the enemy.

Etheyra

By various accounts the third childe of Troile, a whore of Carthage who stole the Embrace or one of the greatest traitors to the Brujah legacy, Etheyra was a North African Brujah who watched the impending approach of the Punic Wars with a critical eye. Knowing that though Carthage may win a few of the battles but they would never win the war, Etheyra fled the city, taking solace in hated Rome and offering the secrets of Carthage to the undead aligned against it. Etheyra became a protégé of the great Ventrue Democritus. Some elder Brujah suspect that as Carthage burned, she suggested that the Romans salt the ground, to pre-

vent any Cainites who had taken cover beneath the soil from rising.

Iancu the Bloody

Fleeing persecution in Ventrue-dominated Rome, "Bloody John" traveled eastward, finally settling in Lithuania, where he fell into torpor for several centuries. Acting in accord with his reputation, Iancu rose from his cold sleep to find a party of Vikings disembarking from their ship to raid a fishing village and gorged himself on the vitae of every last one of them. The local Lithuanians briefly mistook him for a legendary figure made real, until Iancu swore allegiance to the local Tzimisce Lord Tzevolod. The Fiend finally had to destroy his vicious sergeant after Iancu proved to be incapable of *not* decimating the serf population of whichever community he had been sent to tax or account for. Iancu hated the Lithuanian Brujah passionately, blaming them for failing to come to the aid of their clanmates centuries before, despite the fact that few of them had been Embraced at that point, and took their fangs as trophies whenever they ran afoul of him.

Catherine Minot

Catherine had married into the Saxon nobility of England as a mortal, and it was among the post-Roman Anglicization of the land that she became one of the Kindred. Her own mortal husband had met his end at the hands of the pagan Danes, and instead of marrying to retain her title and station, Catherine defended them herself. For two centuries, she fought back the Danes, until in 1066, she was faced with a new threat: the Normans. For a brief period, she played one off the other, citing the Danelaw or the laws of William the Conqueror as she saw fit, struggling to retain her own autonomy. Finally, in 1078, she was declared a heretic, her lands ceded to the Church and awarded to one of the Norman invaders. Disgraced, Catherine joined the vestiges of the Danes and was diablerized by her childe, who had allied with the Norman gentrification.

Ybalb

Beneath the Sahara desert, where the winds blow hot by day and chillingly cold by night, few Kindred have ever gone and returned to tell the tale. Ybalb, however, is one of them, though she would be loath to share her stories with the race of Caine. Of either Dan or Yoruba stock, Ybalb's sire told her that he was a great traveler from the City of Gods, far to the north, where men walked among their lords and pleased them

upon command. Seduced by his promise of wealth and pleasure, Ybalb allowed him to Embrace her. What she found upon following him, though, disgusted her — the wickedness and treachery of the Kindred made her ashamed of what she had become. Staking her sire, she fled back to the lands of her home — where she had become a demon, a hungry spirit. Outcast, she met a few others, followers of Kagn, who were *like* her but not *the same* as her. To the best of anyone's knowledge, she prowls the lands Afric to this night, counting among her allies the ghosts and *laibon* unknown to other Kindred.

Malchus Feith

In the early part of the 18th century, before the King of England and the Prince of Wales plunged the country into a state of civil war, Malchus Feith served as the Midnight Advisor to George II, whom the Hanover-allied Ventrue considered "theirs." An entente of French Brujah, Malkavians and Toreador attempted a minor coup of English lands, under the guise of a pretended named Rudolph, who claimed to hail from the royal family of the "sovereign state of Ruritania." The English court, smelling scandal, blazed with gossip. Duels were fought, lovers met their deaths in passion and nobles plotted and schemed how best to ally themselves with the nascent House of Rassendyll, to which Prince Rudolph belonged, without earning the ire of King George. Surely, more blood would have been spilled and more treacheries enacted but for Chamberlain Feith, who defused the whole situation by making the court aware, through ghouls, mortal servants and public notices that, indeed, there was *no such thing* as the House of Rassendyll, and no nation known as Ruritania.

Salvador Garcia

One of the most influential anarchs of the fallen Anarch Free State, Garcia soured on the "glorious struggle" after decades of resistance against the Californian princes. As one of Jeremy MacNeil's compatriots, Garcia struck against Prince Sebastian, plotted against the malicious Lupines of Death Valley and finally settled in East Los Angeles as part of the Revolutionary Council. As he grew older, however, Garcia began to perceive the anarchs as less of a force fighting for a true "free state" and more a simple-minded group of vicious thugs. No longer feeling that he owed the cause any allegiance, Garcia turned not the Camarilla, but to the larger threat looming on the horizon: the Cathayans. With Salvador Garcia's help, the Kindred of the East

crippled a powerful gang of anarchs, the Crypt's sons and moved into positions of influence traditionally held by Western vampires in the Anarch Free State. To this night, Garcia remains firmly in the camp of the Cathayan's "New Promise Mandarinate," seeing the Kuei-jin's order as a better one than the "gangland feudalism" that the Anarch Free State seemed only to engender.

THE CONTEMPORARY RABBLE

The end of the 19th century through the turn of the 21st bore witness to tremendous change, especially for Clan Brujah. As the Jihad rages, the Rabble press on, waging their own nightly wars against the backdrop of the most accelerated technological advancement in the history of civilization.

Most Kindred find such omnipresent change unconscionable. As creatures cursed with an immortality that traps them in time, the undead prefer stasis to change because it is more difficult for their dead minds to accept new environments. This is even true of elder Brujah, who may have long since witnessed the ascension of their "ideal" society, only to watch it collapse beneath the inexorable tide of "progress." To most Brujah, however, the events of the last hundred years have been a culmination of their efforts. Even in areas untouched by the slightest Brujah influence, adjustment has been the rule of the era. Even as the world disintegrates nightly with the approach of Gehenna, the Brujah hope that they can somehow affect the fate of the world. Poverty soars while unemployment shrinks, as the "working poor" displace the out of work. The mortal lifespan extends, perhaps too long, as overpopulation devours the world's resources. Old political institutions come under greater scrutiny during the Information Age, though the reforms that result are often the most popular, not necessarily the best. In light of such unchecked change, many Brujah become disillusioned and are forced to consider whether change is always for the best.

ACROSS EUROPE

Part of the problem facing the Brujah's identity and history throughout the High Middle Ages and into the future was that the Rabble no longer had a true "home". Insomuch as Carthage was "the city of the Brujah," the clan had nothing like that to fol-



low them forward in time. While certain regions of Europe had distinct groups of vampires that characterized the area, no place had been set aside as a center for Brujah society.

England and its islands had long been the home of the Gangrel, but recent centuries — notably after the fall of Rome — had seen an influx of Ventrue eager to claim their own domains. Likewise, France had been a seat of Toreador influence since Charlemagne had turned his attentions eastward and inward. Norway, Scandinavia and Sweden were havens for lone Gangrel and Nosferatu, and the odd Ventrue, Lasombra and even Setite who had moved onward from their traditional domains. Even Spain, from which many later Brujah elders would hail, was largely under the sway of the Lasombra. Italy proved too cosmopolitan, though many Brujah did establish havens there — it was a port of call for exotic Kindred and a financial, religious and governmental center for domestic Cainites.

Taking all this into account, however, one must consider that by and large, few Brujah *wanted* a center of power. Many preferred to brood over the loss of Carthage rather than go about creating a new one,

while most simply occupied themselves by wandering, moving with migrating ethnic or religious groups, or shutting themselves away to pursue monastic or academic unives.

Brujah princes rose and fell during the High Middle Ages, and many Zealots (as members of the clan were then known) made places for themselves amid the retinues of other princes. Some of the clan's greatest thinkers, such as Ecaterina the Wise, Gilles the Frank, the reformist Don Udolfo Cerro and the *marrano* Balthasar of Seville acted as seneschals or ministers to powerful princes. Many others, most notably Patricia Bollingbroke, earned reputations as raucous rebels, contributing greatly to the sense of iconoclasm that characterizes the modern clan. Without exception, though, the Brujah made their fates as individuals — one is unlikely to hear about sweeping movements of the Spanish Brujah's opposition to the Swiss Brujah concerning Habsburg Austria following the Peace of Augsburg because it simply didn't *happen*. At best, several elders who already had their own causes for quarrel cloaked their latest developments under cover of political tensions, religious persecution or cultural climes. Vampires may be great

manipulators, but part of prowess at manipulation is not being known for it — individual Brujah generally had the sense to avoid making themselves obvious movers and shakers in the realms of mortal politics.

THE NEW WORLD

As is no surprise, many Kindred jumped at the opportunity to make a place for themselves in the New World as the Age of Exploration opened new vistas to Cainites and kine alike. Brujah flocked to ships second only in number to the sleek Lasombra pirate corvettes, becoming scourges of the seas. Others, generally ancillae and neonates looking to make their own fortunes where cagey elders hadn't already monopolized the local resources, set out to claim domains in the New World. Some followed the anarchs and autarkis West; some took the fledgling Camarilla's cause to the far shores and still others carried the Sabbat's Great Jyhad across the Atlantic. Within a century, the New World was rife with Brujah, outnumbering members of other clans by as many as two to one in some estimations.

Unlike in the Old World, Brujah in the early Americas centralized. This took place not so much out of camaraderie as it did out of Embrace practices — faced with significant resources as far as sustenance were concerned and no strong princes to prevent them, many Brujah set foot on solid ground and immediately Embraced new broods. Rabble who followed Cortez to the great cities of the Aztecs set themselves up among the death-witches and goldsmiths. Some settled with the Incas and feasted on the hearty blood of the *quinoa* farmers. Still others moved further south... and were never heard from again, which causes many to speculate either that something destroyed them or they took the opportunity to remove themselves from the petty politics of Kindred society altogether. A few followed the Portuguese into what would become Brazil, but even these foresires of the modern South American Kindred know nothing of what became of the Brujah who traveled in Pizarro's wake.

To the north, the Brujah found Mexico to be infested by Sabbat and anarchs. Those who had no sympathy for these sects fled either to the South American jungles or the East Coast of what would one night become the United States and Canada. The Sabbat Brujah grew strong and complacent in Mexico. Led by Medardo Cancarone, several nomadic Brujah Sabbat packs expanded the sect's influence into Baja Mexico while Ronald Malkmus

and his pack followed Jolliet and Marquette's expeditions and proceeded further north into Canada. In Mexico city, many traveling Brujah fell under the sway of the Sabbat Toreador who called herself Galbraith and joined the sect, while others converted to the Sword of Caine's cause on pain of Final Death. Fortified by the presence of Brujah and Gangrel Cainites, the Sabbat tightened its grip around Mexico, even as the colonies (and later states) to the north slipped through its bloody talon. The Sabbat in Mexico loomed almost as ubiquitously as the Camarilla did in Europe and to the north — vampires populated the ranks of the local Catholic Church and claimed to be *dons* of their own estates. Away from the steeples and mud-brick walls of the cities, bestial Sabbat stalked the black plains, some even capable of defending their primitive domains against the frenzied Lupines.

Brujah also gathered in New York, Providence, and later Atlanta and across Florida. Drawn by the readily available supplies of vitae or the throngs of mortal life in the cities, the Brujah generally left the press westward to mortals and then members of other clans. The cities on the seaboard had all they wanted — why risk unknowingly upsetting a feral Gangrel or worse, a den of Lupines? Inevitably, though, some Brujah moved westward either out of wanderlust or due to the rarity of valuable domains to the east, which had already been claimed by the first waves of Kindred to hit the shores.

Canada held little appeal for most Brujah — it was too rural, and the parts that weren't were either inhospitable due to the ravaging Sabbat present or oppressive exile domains claimed by French and English Toreador, Tremere and Ventrue who found the political tides of the Old World turned against them. This isn't true universally — Montreal had no shortage of Brujah both Sabbat and otherwise during its first nights, while Vancouver has at least one resident Brujah and her brood. For the most part, however, New World Brujah quickly became content to defend their more easily established domains, forcing much of the Kindred's movements through Canada and the western expanse of the United States to be undertaken by other clans. They repelled Sabbat incursions, backed princes' claims to power, warred with each other and other clans, and generally behaved exactly as had their sires and elders throughout history, despite the vast difference in their ages. Perhaps this reflects on Kindred nature at large, without regard to clan....

THE FRONTIER

Of course, not every New World Brujah was a paranoid homebody or a spiteful curmudgeon. Many ancillae who were present remember the American frontier fondly, if a bit nostalgically. Frontier law suited the tastes of many Brujah — for the most anarchic, the law was practically nonexistent, and reformationist Brujah often found themselves able to influence the casual justice of the “Wild West” with their own pet philosophies.

The middle to late 1800s represented a wild, violent time, and not only in American history. Needless to say, this suited the passions and tastes of many Rabble. In France, the aftermath of the French Revolution gave rise to the Emperor Napoleon, who conquered as much of Europe as was humanly possible at the time, much to the pleasure of his Brujah and Ventrue supporters. Some simple Brujah reveled in the violence of Napoleon’s conquest, while it gave others a cause against which to raise a hue and cry. Intellectual Brujah had the opportunity to watch the theories of the progressive *philosophes* tested — which resulted in the rise of enlightened despotism in both Eastern and Western Europe, and the penultimate radical stance of communism shortly thereafter.

Things were certainly no calmer for Kindred in the American West. Border conflicts in Texas, New Mexico and California between Sabbat, Camarilla and anarch vampires erupted almost nightly, with little being gained in terms of permanent advantage either way. Brujah vampires rode with the cattleherders and outlaw gangs alike — posthumous journals and newspaper reports have attributed known Kindred to outfits like the Scott Cooley gang, the Clanton clan and practically every member of the Harrison Miner gang. Obviously, none of the Kindred outlaws were present for events like the O.K. Corral affair, but nonetheless, a band of armed nocturnal marauders with unholy powers turned many a wagon train or border town into a nightmare for the victims.

NORTH AMERICA

While the North American continent doesn’t have the greatest concentration of Brujah Kindred (a distinction more likely belonging to Western Europe or northern Africa), it likely has the greatest population of the Rabble. From the childer of Kindred who came to the New World during the Age of Exploration and still make their havens in Mexico and Central

America to the vast broods populating the Anarch Free State, Clan Brujah has perhaps more than its fair share of Kindred.

THE ANARCH FREE STATE

Forced westward at the turn of the 20th century by the dual pressures of the Sabbat on the East Coast and Camarilla Ventrue and Toreador consolidating their influence over heartland cities, the Brujah finally found themselves with nowhere else to go, having arrived at the West Coast of the United States. Even there, the influence of other clans kept the Brujah politically impotent. Teeming with uprooted Rabble by the first decade of the 20th century, the cities of Sacramento, Seattle, Los Angeles and San Diego were ripe for rebellion.

Princes of these cities, outnumbered but still maintaining their influence, had to be careful to avoid a second Anarch Revolt. In the end, their appeasement tactics failed — despite offering consideration to the inordinate throngs of Brujah, violence flared. Inspired by the dissident Jeremy MacNeil, a small group of Brujah staged an open rebellion against the Prince of Los Angeles, the Toreador Don Sebastian, in 1944. The event that touched off the revolt was indicative of the larger problem the Brujah faced: Overconfident of his own power, Sebastian ordered his flunkies to beat MacNeil as a lesson to the unruly Rabble. Instead of being cowed into submission, the Brujah became enraged. Seeing that his exercise in terror politics had failed, Sebastian relented, promising an investigation and his own trial under a council of elders.

These promises placated the Brujah, who thought the evidence was so solid against Sebastian that the council would have no choice but to censure him. One of the elders on the council was a Brujah himself, which the anarchs believed gave them a sympathizer on the council. Such wasn’t the case, however — the elders thrived under Sebastian’s princedom, and either had no desire to see a howling pack of rowdy childer in charge or sincerely underestimated the threat posed by the anarchs. They made a statement to the local Kindred that they had found Sebastian and his entourage free from any wrongdoing. They even attempted to saddle MacNeil with trumped-up charges of conspiracy against the prince.

The anarchs went ballistic. Rebels rioted in the streets of Los Angeles. Intellectuals derided Sebastian and the elders, claiming that they had turned the Kindred social contract into a plutocratic



government of the undead. The anarchists and Brujah rallied, instantly elevating MacNeil to the status of a martyr and chanting his name as they rampaged through the city. The revolt grew nightly, and even the reluctant MacNeil found himself dragged into active participation. Within a week, the Brujah and their anarchist allies had overthrown the principality, binding Sebastian in iron chains and burning down his haven with him and his cronies still inside. The elders either joined the anarchist cause or fled underground. Over the course of two short months since MacNeil's beating, the anarchists had completely undermined Camarilla influence in Los Angeles with the most dire of methods.

The anarchists had more where that came from. The Los Angeles revolt was only the beginning. Sebastian's overthrow ignited an explosion that engulfed all of the West Coast. Spurred to action by the events taking place in LA, anarchists, Brujah and other revolutionaries visited similar fates upon the princes and elders from San Diego to San Jose. Elders were reduced to ash and dumped unceremoniously into the sea. Princes met grisly or dramatic ends as testaments to the fury of the disenfranchised childer.

What the elders perceived to be a small but vocal faction of neonates turned out to be a vast mob of Kindred. Over three years, the Camarilla presence in California had been scuttled by the Brujah and their anarchist allies. Rebellion spread up the coast as well, inciting further anarchist coups in Oregon and Washington. When everything settled down, the anarchists emerged triumphant.

Jeremy MacNeil, having been thrust into the role of leadership, did what he could with the surprisingly successful overthrow. Assembling a representative collective of anarchist councilors, the revolutionaries adapted the Camarilla's traditions to suit their needs. Transcending mortal political boundaries, the strip of land affected by the revolts proclaimed itself the Anarch Free State. They made it plain that while they didn't oppose the tenets to which the Camarilla subscribed, they weren't about to stand for elder domination out of obedience. In the free state, so went the philosophy, any Kindred was free to make his own fortune, regardless of age, with simple respect for the other Kindred present.

The reality turned out to be less utopian than the theory, however. By the late 1950s, the free state



had become a balkanized collective of anarch gang territories and petty Camarilla-esque “baronies.” As the 1980s approached, violence racked the free state as competing gangs and broods warred for influence. With the lack of organization and direction, the social order weakened — what had once been struggles between elders and younger Kindred for finite resources became struggles between rival gangs of young Kindred for the same assets. In addition, no few elders had crept in to fill the power vacuum left in the wake of the initial revolts. In cities like Los Angeles and San Diego, older, more capable Cainites once again hoarded influence, leaving the less profitable concerns and less desirable real estate to the younger Kindred, who squabbled like dogs over scraps dropped from the master’s table.

MacNeil and his assembled councilors recognized what was happening — the names had changed but the situation remained the same. The council itself had no power; it never pretended to be an institution, but rather a forum for the ideals of the Anarch Free State. Although communication between councilors remained open, all of them harbored their own agendas. While the free state had succeeded in making the local Kindred society more egalitarian, it failed to eliminate the schemes and powermongering that are second nature to the race of Caine. While any Kindred, regardless of clan or age, was welcome to make his haven in the free state and build a place for himself, the old order had once again taken root.

Still, the Anarch Free State made many young Kindred far more comfortable than they would have ever been in any Camarilla domain. Vampire gangs such as the Crypt’s Sons rose to prominence while Kindred who had been ousted in bids for power elsewhere made new starts. Neonates largely did what they pleased without the formality demanded by the more iron-handed of princes. The period between the 60s and the early 90s seemed to be an era of Kindred prosperity, punctuated by a few well-meaning but doomed attempts to push the borders of the free state eastward. There, they met resistance by Ventrue and Giovanni in Las Vegas and by the fractious but united princes of the Camarilla in other cities who had no intention of letting their own domains become common property. Nevertheless, vampires pretty much had the run of the Anarch Free State, limited only by common sense and the self-preservation instinct (and, in some cases, the self-preservation instinct of other Kindred who weren’t about to let

a few foolish or maniacal vampires jeopardize their own unives). The rift between the anarchs and the Camarilla had even started the slow process of healing once the anarchs saw no reconquest effort mounting against them and the Camarilla elders realized that the anarch threat seemed to contain and police itself, for the most part.

It seemed as if the Anarch Free State had established itself for nothing more catastrophic than a slow decline, if indeed, it didn't stabilize into a virtual Camarilla. That, then, was the reason that the abrupt shattering of the free state took so many Kindred by surprise, anarchs and outside onlookers alike.

In late 1998, the anarch baron of San Diego, the Brujah Tara, made a bid for recognition that forever altered the Anarch Free State. With the assistance of a Camarilla archon, Tara declared herself Prince of San Diego, returning the city to the nominal influence of the Camarilla — certainly more so than any other free-state city with the exception of San Francisco. This act shocked the complacent anarchs, who had taken their dominance in California for granted for so long that they didn't see Tara's "defection" coming.

The new Prince of San Diego argues that the shifting allegiance changes nothing about the average Kindred's nightly affairs. The Camarilla doesn't demand anything of its Kindred or princes, but provides a network of contacts and a loose affiliation upon which the city can rely. Trapped between Sabbat dominance in Tijuana to the south and the ceaseless influx of Cathayans from Asia, Tara defends herself as having had no choice — albeit from a very comfortable haven.

Fractious Brujah and anarchs loyal to the cause have become increasingly agitated with the situation, not because it changes anything for them but because it sets an uncomfortable precedent. If the free state depends on the Camarilla for defense or unity, it's not really a free state at all. Jeremy MacNeil, in particular, regarded Tara's decision as a great betrayal.

Following San Diego's dramatized defection by less than one year, the exposure of many prominent free state Kindred's dealings with the bellicose Cathayans has further compromised the anarch territory. Despite strong Brujah presence and the (admittedly erratic) support of the anarchs themselves, the Anarch Free State has proved to be less



resistant to outside influence than it thought. Several factions of Eastern Kindred have scouted California territories for over a decade and have managed to convince influential Kindred that their free state exists perilously between the Camarilla and their own sphere of dominance. These savvy Cathayans convinced local Kindred to strike a deal with them — in exchange for the opportunity to expand their own holdings, the Cathayans left free-state politics untouched. Local Cainites accepted this deal more often than not, reasoning that to side with the Camarilla would revert them to the state from which they revolted only a few decades ago. These Kindred have bartered their own power, smuggled cells of Cathayans into their cities and provided invaluable insight into local power structures.

Events culminated in early 2000, when the Cathayans invaded the Camarilla city of San Francisco. The city's new prince lacked the political clout to stop the slow aggregation of Eastern Kindred power, which enabled the enigmatic vampires to topple Camarilla's influence in the city. Even the presence of Toreador Justicar Madame Guil and her capable archons, including at least one Brujah, wasn't enough to turn back the tide.

The tension reached an explosive head at a botched negotiation between the archons and a faction of the Cathayans on Telegraph Hill. Anarchs aware of the delicate situation attempted to foil the deal through an armed guerilla strike, while the Sabbat, oblivious to the anarch resistance, sent an agent to ruin the meeting in hopes of provoking open warfare between the Camarilla and their erstwhile Cathayan compatriots. The spectacular four-way confrontation resulted in a Masquerade-demolishing vampiric sect war that raged through the city, causing millions of dollars worth of property damage. Guns blazing, the anarchists fought to repel the treacherous Camarilla Kindred and the nefarious Cathayans. The Sabbat contribution largely failed shortly after it became evident that the sect had an interest in the matter, largely due to the negligence of their agent, Sandhurst. The Camarilla fought back feebly, as the elders who made the entire thing possible turned and ran to protect themselves while the Cathayans made a doormat of the powerless prince. The anarch hero MacNeil and his childe Crispus Attucks met Final Death in the conflict, though some whisper that they have merely been captured, making them valuable

informants who could enlighten the Cathayans as to other matters in the free state. Although a few Cainites still make their havens in San Francisco, the political power rests doubtlessly in the hands of the Eastern Kindred.

The Anarch Free State seems to be crumbling under its own weight. Unable to withstand outside pressures without compromising the freedom for which it fought, the free state is hardly the New Carthage some Brujah claim it to be, especially in the modern nights. The experiment fractures nightly under subtle but ceaseless assault from all sides. Tijuana is a stronghold for the Sabbat. San Francisco has become inhospitable to the anarch cause. San Diego demurely turned its back on the Brujah-anarch revolution. How much longer can the free state remain?

RUSSIA

While the Brujah don't usually involve themselves in most occult Kindred affairs, they had little choice during the recent events in Russia. The fruits of centuries of Brujah labor came into question as one of the most ancient evils of the land rose to claim the region as its own.

THE BRUJAH COUNCIL AND THE SHADOW CURTAIN

Until the beginning of the 20th century, Russian princes generally hailed from the Ventrue and Toreador clans, with a few Nosferatu and Tzimisce lords claiming domains but rarely the formal title of prince. These formidable Cainites held power in the land of the czars, even after much of the Western world had moved from empowered monarchies into more democratic forms of government. The Brujah of Russia and Eastern Europe clashed with these established powers, whether on the battlefield, in the cold halls of Elysium or through mortal proxies. Only rarely did the Brujah come out on top — the Ventrue and Toreador played the game too well, while the Tzimisce and Nosferatu had been veritable extensions of the land itself for so long that the Brujah could rarely gain the upper hand against them. When the Russian Revolution took place, however, the Brujah finally bested their foes.

Revenge drove the Russian Rabble — many harbored grudges against the czarist princes for slights in nights past or for crushing the political progress locally that the rest of the world seemed ready to accept. Brujah like the esteemed Inconnu Cœfee struggled against the aristocracy while modernists like Antonin



Zilkha and Leonid Borisovich championed the ideals of Marx and Engels.

It is no surprise, then, that many Brujah accumulated influence among the nascent Bolsheviks and Mensheviks and found themselves propelled to prominence following the overthrow of Czar Nicholas in 1917. Although not all Brujah openly supported Soviet Communism, most were simply satisfied to attach themselves to the winning side or throw in with the group proposing the most radical change. So it was then, that an appreciable number of Russian Brujah seized the reins of Kindred power during the early decades of the 20th century.

Seeing the need to insulate themselves against the schemes of the ousted Kindred who had until recently held power, the communist Brujah decided to form a coalition. Brujah all across Russia became part of this council, from the lowliest neonate Bolshevik to the most august elder who secured a place for himself in Lenin's cabinet.

The loose coalition hadn't been in place long before the Brujah egos and tempers that comprised it flared. To the outside observer, the council was a monument of Kindred cooperation. To those inside it, however, every night promised a new struggle among the members. Genuine Kindred communists struggled with those who had joined the revolution for their own interests. Zilkha and Borisovich's atheists matched wits with the less radical socialists. Additionally, the leader of the revolution and new government, Vladimir Lenin, proved remarkably resistant to Kindred influence. Whether he was aware of the undead nature of the powerful council or simply too politically agile to fall under the sway of the Brujah, Lenin eluded them. This divided the council even further, as frustrations over Lenin's persistent autonomy kept the Kindred from using the communists to their full satisfaction.

Lenin's tenacious freedom from the spheres of Kindred influence proved his undoing, however. The philosophers and idealists among the Brujah Council resented the stance he took on intellectualism — many mortal Russian critics, thinkers and scholars were sent to labor camps, as Lenin reasoned that they might upset his plans of the state. More radical elements among the Brujah backed Lenin but the elders and conservative ancilla believed that the revolution had gone too far. After Lenin's

death in 1924, Brujah meddling ensured the ascension of Leon Trotsky as Lenin's successor.

After this, however, mortals proved once again to make their own fates — the dictatorial Joseph Stalin wasted no time seizing the reins of power in communist Russia, usurping Trotsky's power and sending him into exile.

Seeing an opportunity to displace the Brujah monopoly on power in Russia, enterprising Ventrue, Toreador and Nosferatu attached themselves to the Stalinist regime. A true maniac, Stalin used his position to set up gulags and fed the labor camps with "dissidents," intellectuals, Jews, Gypsies, and sundry "enemies of the state" who threatened his U.S.S.R. As the Brujah dominance of the communist government eroded, other Kindred crept in to fill the power vacuum. Although they remained out of sight of mortal politics, the influx of non-Brujah Kindred made the Russian society of the undead as chaotic as Stalin's secret police made the lives of the mortal populace. Kindred infested the military and civil authorities — petty princes set up domains as small as individual neighborhoods. Zilkha was staked and met the sunrise, while Borisovich disappeared into the Siberian tundra.

Stalin's reign proved as schismatic to the crumbling Brujah Council as Lenin's had before him. Stalin kept the camps and gulags full, which made feeding ridiculously easy for Kindred, but many wanted to see his end as the turnover rate of the lower-level bureaucrats in the communist machine made cultivating influence difficult and unreliable. A coterie of young members of the Brujah Council turned up information that linked several of the internment camps to the Sabbat — Stalin was obviously feeding the Black Hand, thereby worsening the situation for the Russian Brujah. As this information surfaced, the council united toward a single course of action: Stalin had to be removed and replaced with a leader more receptive to Brujah needs.

And then they immediately reversed their position. Hitler invaded Poland, and the council realized the need for a leader like Stalin to galvanize his people in resistance to the Nazis. Although the Kindred could *control* no actual political events in the mortal world, they agreed that, for the time being, they would not try to *influence* events in favor of Stalin's removal. To the relief of the Brujah Council, Stalin signed an agreement with Hitler that specified Germany would

not invade Russia. To their chagrin — and the obvious resentment of all Russians — Hitler ignored the deal and crossed the Russian border in 1941.

World War II played out largely free from Kindred influence, especially along the Russian front, as the Kindred went into hiding, bloated themselves on concentration-camp vitae or watched their influence vanish overnight. As the war came to a close, the fragmented bureaus of the communist government remained dissolute. Kindred with political ambitions sought greener pastures — the Russian political landscape was impossible to navigate. Kindred who managed to acquire power did so by specializing their interests and forming sub-factions of the weakened council.

This state of confusion and decentralization kept the council weak for more than half a century. The only solace the Brujah could take was in the fact that despite the crippling of the council, the Rabble still commanded the most influence in the U.S.S.R. As the 90s approached, the Russian people wanted reform. Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet President, adopted policies of *perestroika* (restructuring) and *glasnost* (openness). Once again, this flummoxed Kindred interests in the nation. All of the contacts they had made and power they had garnered among the communists waned under the changes Gorbachev mandated to protect the government. Still, when the Brujah put aside their rivalries to consolidate, they commanded more influence in the nation than any other Kindred, but more and more Brujah left the council, uncomfortable with the radical changes that continued to plague the U.S.S.R. for almost an entire century. The remaining Brujah Council members were fine with this — it meant that they could harvest even more influence. Such was not to be, however.

An ancient Kindred arose from torpor and took the opportunity to make her own play in the Jihad. The weakened council had no manpower, and as it distracted itself with rebuilding its foundation, Baba Yaga destroyed its members in their own havens, one by one. In eight short nights, every member of the Brujah Council had been exterminated, some as many as four centuries old, and most were said to have been *eaten instead of simply killed or diablerized*. Rumors spoke of one survivor, though her whereabouts are unknown.

Although this chapter of Russian history had several more developments — the destruction of the

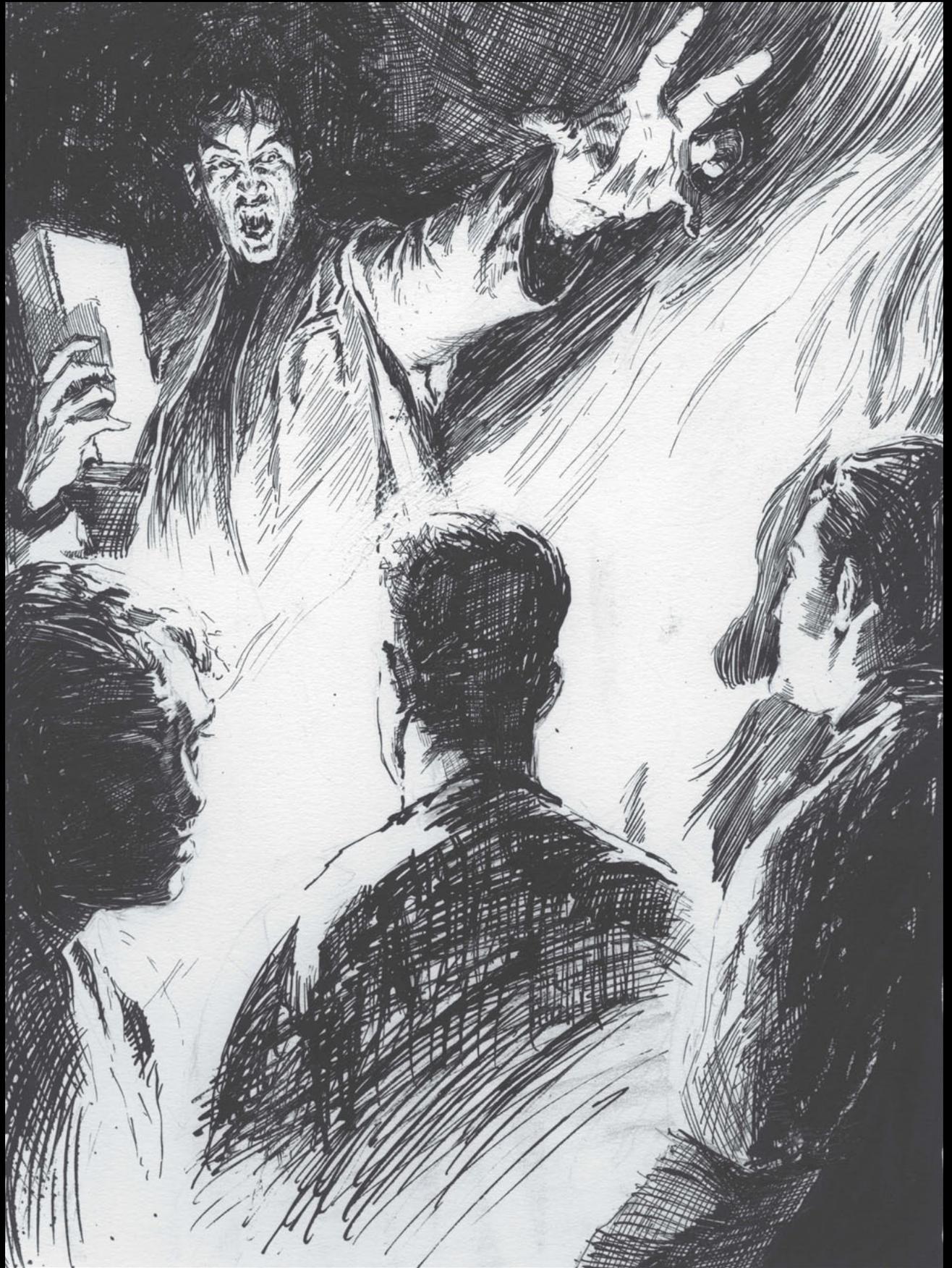


fabled Baba Yaga (no doubt by some ungodly enemy), the disbanding of the U.S.S.R., the rise and retirement of Gorbachev's successor Boris Yeltsin — the Brujah contribution to the situation has largely ended. A few Brujah still exist in Russia, piecing together domains or sparring with petty princes, but the time

of unified Brujah cooperation against the efforts of other clans has ended. Indeed, the Brujah Council in Russia was the last of the cohesive Brujah efforts the world has known to date.

And, as the Final Nights wear on, it may prove to be the last the world ever sees.







CHAPTER TWO: UNLIFE AMONG THE BRUJAH

We live in the age of incivility and rancor.
— Kenneth Starr

One might suspect that a clan like the Brujah has few traditions, that its members are too diverse to share any common ground. To some extent this is true — the Brujah are rebels above all else; what strikes one as a universal truth may seem like blasphemy to another. Certainly, the clan is one of the most disorganized and informal families of Caine's childer, but that doesn't automatically alienate them from one another.

Brujah often gather in broods of like-minded individuals. In many cities, the majority of local Brujah descend from the same sire. A noted primogen may sire every Brujah in the city and defend this as her right; a powerful elder may be the grandsire of multiple nests of Brujah in a given domain. Or, quite the opposite, a city may have a cosmopolitan Rabble from a variety of sires and locations.

Despite the Curse of Caine, Brujah tend to be social creatures, which explains their congregations. Young Kindred often find safety in numbers, while elders cling to their dwindling humanity by surrounding themselves with progeny. Even the dissolute anarchs have a common

cause against which they rally, though methods may differ among various gangs, cults, fronts and leagues.

One common characteristic shared by the Brujah is their close tie to the mortal world. While other Kindred interact with mortals through institutions (like the Ventrue or the Toreador), the Brujah deal most often with individual mortals. A single Brujah may very well have contacts on the police force, comrades in the drug underworld, secret agents in the press and compatriots who are members of urban gangs. Some Kindred joke that while a Toreador might be able to get you on the guest list, only a Brujah can get you through the door.

Indeed, the Kindred may have none among them closer to the mortal world than the Brujah. While the Ventrue busy themselves with banks and investment firms, and the Toreador disdain the common elements of humanity, the Brujah place themselves right in the middle (of course, they do so almost universally for the purpose of rebelling *against* the establishment). One needs to look no further than the closet in a Brujah's haven to know the impact mortals have on

their unlives — Rabble follow cutting-edge trends and remain just ahead of the curve. After all, once everyone's wearing a certain style of clothing or listening to a specific kind of music, it's no longer trend setting but trend following; few Brujah want to be part of that sort of thing. Still, some Brujah break this mold, settling into countercultures that forever remain on the periphery of the cultural radar. Some Brujah place themselves among skinheads, goths, bikers, and hackers whom society will never openly welcome, despite the fact that their true period of novelty has long passed. In many cases, this indicates the static nature of undeath — upon receiving the Embrace, vampires become "locked in time," forever preserved with the image, culture and ideals they held at that time. This stasis perpetuates the inherent fractiousness of the clan — elders Embraced millennia ago, who still support the concepts considered rebellious at that time, are bound to clash with younger Kindred, whose concept of, say, democracy differs radically from the classical Athenian's.

In practice, however, none of this means a thing. No assessment of the clan as an entity can prepare someone to understand the Brujah. They are a clan of individuals, bound only by the traditions they choose to accept.

FROM THE NOTEBOOKS OF HORACE KAPLAN

For my own justification, I have taken the liberty of organizing my observations of my fellow Brujah. Perhaps some night this record shall be of use.

I am Horace Wyndham Kaplan, of the New York (actually, New Amsterdam) Kaplans, born in 1837 and Embraced by Marcus "Freeman" Teague in 1871. I understand that I am ten steps removed from Caine. Upon this project's undertaking, I have been described as an ancilla by both my sire and peers. Over the course of my life, I spent a few years as a chronicler and historian, both occupations from which I found myself often relieved, as I frequently indulged in editorializing unbecoming of objective recording. Thereafter I plied a few years' trade as a cardsharp on the frontier train lines before meeting my sire and joining the esteemed Brujah. Since then, I have acquired some small repute among my fellows, running with various packs and coteries, assimilating

the knowledge of the streets and halls of power with equal aplomb. Some know me as "Gringo." Others call me "Bird." The Death Valley Sabbat and the free-state anarchists call me "Arethusa." A select few know me by my birth name, including my sire and my lover-cum-child, Vanessa Hedrin, may God have mercy on her soul.

If my biography inclines you to take what I say with a grain of salt, so be it. You're a better person for it.

IDEALISM AND ICONOCLASM

I've heard these terms tossed around frequently — it seems that every clan has its own little internal subdivisions and conflicting ideologies, and some pedant feels like he has to step in and Codify All Concepts for the Edification of Knowledge. Somewhere down the line, someone convinced a few verbose Brujah that a formal distinction was necessary. Well, as far as I can tell this had one of two effects on your average Brujah: fuck all or whole-cloth acceptance.

The Brujah who accept the incontrovertible classification of the clan tend to be either conservative intellectuals or liberal firebrands. These intellectuals like to play with and debate such neat categories — put a sociologist Brujah in a room with a Brujah eugenicist and watch them beat the topic into the ground sometime. Or *don't* put them in a room and read Dr. Ophelia Gaines's *A Conversation With Carlyle*, which is practically a transcript of that sort of thing. The liberals who support the formal distinction do it to perpetuate their "class struggle" arguments. At one Rant, they scream about the anachronism of princes and the fundamental egalitarianism of the Kindred race while in another they wax polemic about the schism that prevents the Brujah from uniting against the common enemy. (Who this enemy is varies by Brujah. It's the same failing to account for individuality that underpins all liberalism.)

On the other side of the coin, you have Kindred like me, who think that dividing the clan into arbitrary teams is bullshit. I'm in the camp with the progressive intellectuals who know that unifying social theory is a crock, and with the more reactionary rabble-rousers, who gladly accept anyone who supports the latest cause they've adopted. Rounding out the group that doesn't believe in rigid striation are Brujah who just



don't care about politics and simply want to kick a little ass. Then again, if you tell them that their "enemy" is philosophically different from them, they'll climb over their own dead mothers to take a shot at the guy.

Here's the truth, are you ready? — we're all exactly as individual or as assimilated as we each want to be. That's one of the things I hate about this century — pop-culture drivel pretending to be legitimate social science. It seems that the modern kine need validation for their feelings of superiority or rationale for their self-hatred. Young Kindred follow this trend all too blindly. Me, I'd prefer a good old-fashioned argument about noble savagery any night of the week, but regrettably, Rousseau is not among the Damned.

Listen to me! How typical of a Brujah... I've let my feelings on the matter divert me from the issue at hand. Too caught up in my own rhetoric, don't you know. No wonder we're so fractious. Back to the pigeonholes: In a nutshell, the iconoclasts are your bomb-hurling anarchist types while the idealists are the brooding subversives.

ICONOCLASTS

In the modern nights, most Brujah probably fall into the iconoclast archetype, or at least they have over the past few decades. Social upheaval has long been a feature of the human condition — what is history but a collection of problems and people's resolutions of them? All Kindred were human at some point. To simplify the concept, iconoclasts are the most rebellious Brujah, quick to rally to any cause that espouses change. Many join anarch factions, hoping to bring Kindred social conventions up to date. They tend to be young, vigorous, and shortsighted — agitated iconoclasts happily incite riots, heedless of the fact that their own havens might be destroyed.

The sociologist in me finds the concept of iconoclasm endlessly fascinating. Are these idol smashers the same unwavering members of the Camarilla, upholders of the Path of Humanity, those in touch with the voices of the streets? Now, when I say that they're staunch supporters of the Camarilla, I don't mean that they're out there with campaign buttons, waving "Camarilla!" pennants at some sect football game. No, I mean that on some level, they realize that they *need* the Camarilla. It is the institution against which they rage; it is the order into which they try to impose their own brand of change. Without the Camarilla, what would the iconoclasts rebel against?

Like I said, fascinating, in a self-destructive sort of way. A colleague of mine, the venerable Critias (who is more of a mentor than an associate) maintains that of all Kindred, the Brujah are the most in touch with their conscience. The ranks of the Brujah include some of the most violent, angry and rebellious Kindred in the world. Among them we find drug lords, gangsters, corrupt officials, hardened streetwalkers and depraved prophets of tumult. On the other side of the coin, the clan includes priests, teachers, writers, artists, poets, performers and teachers. What's the common thread? What could possibly serve to unite the most liberal of political activists with a vicious skinhead?

The answer is humanity. I mean that in the abstract — the concept of *humanitas*, the bulwark against the Beast. Every Brujah knows that to lose to the Beast is to fall into a degenerate state from which no Kindred returns. We know this all too well, given our progenitor's proclivity for frenzy, a proclivity that each of us bears to this night. Deep inside every Brujah's heart, he believes he is *right* — unassailably so. The skinhead truly believes in his dogma of purity. The activist fully upholds a code of equality and compassion.

This is why the iconoclasts rage so fiercely. As their ranks are populated predominantly by young Cainites, their ideologies often lack the maturity of those held by elders. They make up for this with the strength of their conviction. I don't say this to disparage them; the young Kindred are capable of mustering an enthusiasm that evades the clan's elders. They simply haven't had the decades or centuries to explore the issues that truly matter to them. That's another one of the not-so-gentle ironies that afflict the Brujah. The young ones are the most capable of still caring. The ancillae and

elders most often settle under the ennui of the years; it takes more to rouse them to the heights of passion. And on that note...

IDEALISTS

Ostensibly, the idealists are the more analytical or intellectual Brujah, those who study the past for guidance and rationally consider their best course of action. That sounds like loaded wording to me, and I suspect that, based on how superior it sounds, a self-avowed "idealist" first codified the distinction.

The idealist camp seems comprised mainly of elders and ancillae — those who have had the time to grow past the rambunctious hell-on-wheels stage most neonates go through. These aren't anarchists (or if they are, they're more involved with the ideology than with the firsthand assault on the bastions of undead society). No, they're the seasoned Kindred, those with some stake in their cities' political structures, sophisticates, and presumably anyone in the clan who prefers to discuss an idea rather than throw a trash can through someone's window. Not that idealists are above violence, but they don't necessarily want to get their hands dirty. You can often find an idealist by asking an anarchist or iconoclast who the city's biggest sellouts are.

Some idealists have even been around so long they can remember our fabled Carthage. My aforementioned mentor Critias claims to have once made his haven there and alludes to his sire having done the same. The exemplars of the idealist model refer to Carthage as proof that Brujah can unite toward obtainable goals. Naturally, self-styled iconoclasts refuse this sort of "manipulation by the elders," seeing it as yet another example of old vampires trying to usurp the rights of the young. And so the Jihad continues.

Idealism is as much a behavior-based distinction as iconoclasm. Brujah primogen, for example, often embody the idealistic spirit. They want to know all the facts and analyze a situation before deciding how best to change it. Yes, change — the desire to build and improve still lies close to their unbeating hearts, despite the different methods they use to achieve it. I hope I haven't implied that they're emotionless and empty; your elder Brujah is just as capable of a blood-rage resulting from a perceived slight as a hotheaded neonate, except that he can cause a lot more damage in the process. The real difference: the idealist *knows* that he's doing what's right, while an iconoclast *feels* it.

The whole matter is largely subjective — I should undoubtedly present an example. Jeremy MacNeil, a popular anarch leader from the Anarch Free State of California (which I still recognize in spite of the problems it has faced recently), is a dyed-in-the-wool revolutionary, having witnessed several Scottish independence skirmishes, the American and French Revolutions as well as the American Civil War. Look for trouble and you'll find MacNeil. He's potent enough to wade into the midst of battle and emerge with a score of severed heads. MacNeil, however, takes a rational approach. He knows that the best way to cripple an enemy is to target its leader. To this end, he has argued the anarchs' case not only in the streets of the free state but also in Elysium. He knows that a mindless street war with California's invading Cathayan menace only serves to cripple a few of the soldiers, so he instead pursues diplomacy, negotiating with the Cathayan leaders and working out accords that let both sides exist in mutual comfort.

By way of counterexample, I suggest you look no further than Smiling Jack, a.k.a. Calico Jack Rackham, a.k.a. Jack Hopper, a.k.a. (in at least one episode) Malk Content. An anarch of the "let's blow things up" stripe, Jack indulges his malice for its own sake. Smiling Jack doesn't care who he's feuding with, as long as it's someone — he's fought on both sides of the rivalry between Prince Tara of San Diego and the self-styled "Prince" of El Cajon, Shay. He's sabotaged gangs of other anarchists. He's burned down Sabbat havens and Camarilla soirees alike, all in the interests of causing grief to "the powers that be." The end result? Anarchs and Brujah respect MacNeil, but they *like* Smiling Jack. Almost everyone else hates them both, but not because they're iconoclasts or idealists or even Brujah, but because they wanted to change the way things work.

INDIVIDUALISTS

In my decades of discussion with other Brujah, I have at times encountered a third distinction of the Brujah temperament. A few members of the clan have referred to the "individualists" who seem to exist somewhere between the poles of iconoclasm and idealism. Again, this smacks of artifice — by what grand and cosmic scale are we to weigh our principles? — but some Kindred find security in appellations.

Near as I can tell, the individualist espouses change and works for the good of the many ("the many" having different definitions to different individualists) but requires no adherence to her plans.

She's not a demanding elder, insisting that her fellows follow her agenda, but neither is she an anarchistic dervish. She simply chooses her course, and anyone else is welcome to come along, should they so wish.

To be fair, this seems to be a simple personality trait rather than a political stance. The term seems to refer to the denotative nonconformist — the moment you *care* about whether someone follows you, you become an idealist. Like I said, it seems to be convenient to label people, but I know of no one who claims to be an individualist. Perhaps they are ahead of their time. Or maybe I'm right and it's all so much nonsense.

RANTS AND RAVES

Brujah gatherings either suggest or utterly defy the stereotype other Kindred have of us. Assuming some outside Kindred hears that we have assemblies, her response generally betrays shock ("I didn't know you Brujah organized to do *anything*.") or dismissal ("Do they hand out the biker jackets at the door?").

In my experience, I've found the former to be mostly true — any time the Brujah gather, the whole thing is bound to have some air of incredulity. It's because we're so generally disorganized and leave each other to our own devices. Brujah meetings, often called rants, tend to have loose agendas, but when things come to order they can be quite formal, depending upon whom attends. Parties thrown by Brujah, also known as raves, most frequently follow a rant or precede one. Brujah seem to have the best luck staging their raves *after* the rants — if you throw a party before your organized convocation, it's quite possible that things may never calm down enough for everyone to get down to business.

In both cases, matters are generally pretty open-ended. I've seen Kindred who I know belong to different clans at both rants and raves, and no one seemed to care. It's not like we're some juggernaut that plans to secretly mobilize against the world. No, rants tend to reflect more local interests while raves, in my honest opinion, need a little out-of-clan presence to be interesting. If nothing else, you can gather a few of your bullyboys and kick the shit out of some snotty Toreador who thinks she's slumming.

Between the two different gatherings, some common principles apply. It seems that anyone can call a rant or throw a rave; the only difficulty is making sure that people attend. Isn't that the case with any meeting or party? And whoever organizes the thing

had better make sure all his ducks have lined up in a row. After all, if the rant attracts some big-shot elder from Milan or Barcelona, he's going to be one angry Lick if the police bumrush the meeting four minutes into his pet tirade. Smart Kindred also provide for their guests' tastes at rants and raves — hungry Brujah don't pay attention very well, and most aren't averse to a little sloppy feeding as long as it takes place in someone else's backyard.

RANTS

Rants tend to be held either by elder Brujah or young ones trying to make names for themselves. That's simply their most common incarnation, though — of late, anarchs and other Brujah rowdies have learned that the rant is a perfectly viable venue for expression and not just a symposium of sellouts. You may have even seen the aftermath of one; check your local newspapers for any demonstrations that resulted in riots. While you're at it, marvel at the reporter's ability to not mention cars overturned by solitary protesters or to dismiss one rioter's dispatching of four police officers as "a drug frenzy." The Masquerade is a beautiful thing.

I've attended probably a hundred or so of the things, but I travel a good



deal. Your average city may not even have one each year — it depends completely on the disposition of the local Brujah. A few members of the clan have distinguished themselves by hosting annual rants or gala debates every decade or so, but these are the exception rather than the rule. I know that Justicar Pascek had a premier rant that took place on the winter solstice every year in Prague, but that was attended mostly by Eastern European Brujah. Something similar happens in Texas around the time of each year's Burning Man festival (I suppose so those attending Burning Man can drop by the rant before or after). And I have no doubt that every cell of Brujah anarchs in the crumbling free state observes their own signature event, which other anarch gangs attend as long as the hosts promise to attend *theirs*.

Ostensibly, rants have some issue at their core; you don't throw a rant without having something to, well, rant about. In this sense, "rant" is sometimes a misleading word. Conclaves of elders and ancillae often manage to keep their emotions in check long enough to await their turn in the spotlight. In some cases, though, you end up with those situations you sometimes see in those Japanese government meetings on C-SPAN: a room full of tastefully dressed officials who sud-

denly begin brawling and hurling chairs at each other. It happens.

Particularly agitated ancillae and neonates probably gave the rant its appellation, and the name reflects these two groups' typical behavior. They have a tendency to get carried away, either with their own pet issue or the incendiary presentations of their fellows. Some nihilistic Brujah even attend rants just to disrupt them, or perhaps find a thrilling fight in which to participate. In cases like these, I wish the clan wasn't so egalitarian — like representative democracy, not every Brujah *should* attend these sorts of things. Not everyone has something constructive to say. Some Kindred just want to yank others' chains.

Still, rant hosts typically prefer to keep things informal. Most rants are arranged around a stage or assembly-hall model in which the audience faces the speaker. Anyone is welcome to speak. Of course, the proceedings tend to be overshadowed by long-winded elders or filibustering firebrands, but as long as you can bully your way to the head of the crowd, you can have your shot at the podium. I remember one rant held in Italy, just after World War II officially concluded, at which some Brujah socialist waxed at length about the utopian opportunity offered by Mussolini's death and why the locals should use their influence to cultivate atheistic communes around the countryside. This went on for more than 45 minutes before some ill-tempered anarchists awaiting their turn had heard enough and literally *bombed* the socialist off the stage. Their actions met with applause, even though their ensuing diatribe didn't.

The central purpose of the rant can take many forms. Most rants involve some vaguely important Kindred issue, but we afford them equal gravity when they're ceremonies commemorating memorable events or figures, like the Martin Luther King, Jr. affair held every February in Alabama. I've even been to a few that didn't explicitly state their focus beforehand, and the rant opened with whatever issue made it to the floor first.

POLICY RANTS

The loose structure inherent to Clan Brujah makes any attempt at a universal statement of doctrine impossible. Still, that doesn't mean local Brujah can't band together to serve a mutual purpose, at least temporarily. Policy rants serve to galvanize Brujah toward common causes. For example, back in the 19th century sometime (I don't recall exactly, because I wasn't there, but this is one of those Brujah legends

that "one of my sire's associates" always observed), Prince Mithras of London was apparently trying to tip the balance of power in the London primogen by maintaining two Ventrue primogen. Two weeks before the formal appointment, the London Brujah gathered and decided that Mithras' intent was pretty much bullshit. One week later, they made a grandiose proclamation that they would physically beat to Final Death any Kindred who claimed the second title of Ventrue primogen. Naturally, Mithras could have demolished any of the Brujah, but none of the Kindred wanted the London Brujah clamoring for his blood, so the secondary primogen position went unfilled. Score one for the system of checks and balances, courtesy of Clan Brujah.

DEBATES

Almost the exclusive purview of elders and intellectuals (because the more rambunctious elements find them terribly boring), debates involve the argument of an issue for its own sake. Although they may lead to a policy rant afterward, the argument itself comprises the crux of a debate rant. In a debate, the attending Brujah decide which side of the rant's given issue they support. Each side then makes its case, examining or cross-examining as the participants see fit. Of the debates I've seen, I can't tell whether they're supposed to be moderated or not — sometimes a moderator serves to keep the debate on topic while at others, the gathered Brujah simply take it on good faith that they won't deviate from the issue at hand. Sometimes, they manage to stay on target. The debate goes on until one side convinces the moderator (or, less frequently, the other side) that it is right, which may take nights or even weeks.

Now, because these are elders we're talking about (for the most part, at least), debates rarely degenerate into violence. I've found it more likely for a participant to walk away with a new rival in the ever-unfolding Jyhad than a broken collarbone. Still, the exception proves the rule, and more than one impassioned anarch has found himself shattered over an elder's knee during cross-examination.

For the reader's reference, I include this bit of transcript from a debate I attended in 1992. Note the attention to detail the speaker (Rudolph of Melk, a liberal French elder) maintains in his argument. I can recall this only because I had written it down; the assembled vampires at a debate tend not to write things down, lest they leave proof of their positions — or even their existence.

"I would like to argue against the 32nd subissue of the 10th point that Critias raised on the third night of the current debate by stating that the issue is in fact negative, rendering the 12th, 15th and 17th subissues irrelevant as well."

That's right — Rudolph remembered Critias' specific points over a series of nights as well as each of the subissues contained therein. Upon cross-examination, Critias likewise refuted several of Rudolph's minor conjectures with similar attention to minutiae. Debates are no mere shouting matches, but rather elaborately constructed considerations of the issue from every angle. Although we Brujah might be excitable, we express our passions in different ways.

PRESTIGE RANTS

I must confess that of all the various rants, I enjoy prestige rants the most.

Prestige among the Brujah is a curious thing. Because the clan espouses change, it lauds those Kindred who make names for themselves by challenging established institutions. Now, anyone who thinks about this realizes that as elders garner power, they become institutions. While the elders of the clan are more than happy to recognize status or prestige in an ancilla who, say, confounds a Ventrué's bid for power, they're loath to do it when said ancilla confounds their own bid for power. Hypocritical? Certainly. Par for the course where elders are involved.

That said, prestige rants not only recognize Brujah achievements, they also allow the assembled Brujah to have a mean-spirited laugh at the follies of their peers. Prestige rants are often affairs that require an invitation, and to decline an invitation risks even more public mockery than simply attending and taking your licks. In a few cases, recalcitrant elders have been dragged bodily from their havens to prestige rants, where, held down by enthusiastic younger Kindred, they suffered the scorn and abuse of every Brujah from a several-hundred-mile radius. Humility, after all, is good for the soul.

I feel myself becoming overexcited at that prospect.

In any event, prestige rants also acquaint Brujah vampires with the deeds of their clanmates. This may take any form, from an ironic "coming out" party to a very formal procession of Kindred, in which the host describes the mayhem he's purveyed. The Brujah have to be very careful, however, as these rants tend

to draw the most outsider presence, whether that of other Kindred or even kine. After all, not only must the individual's secrets be preserved, but so must the traditions.

RALLY RANTS

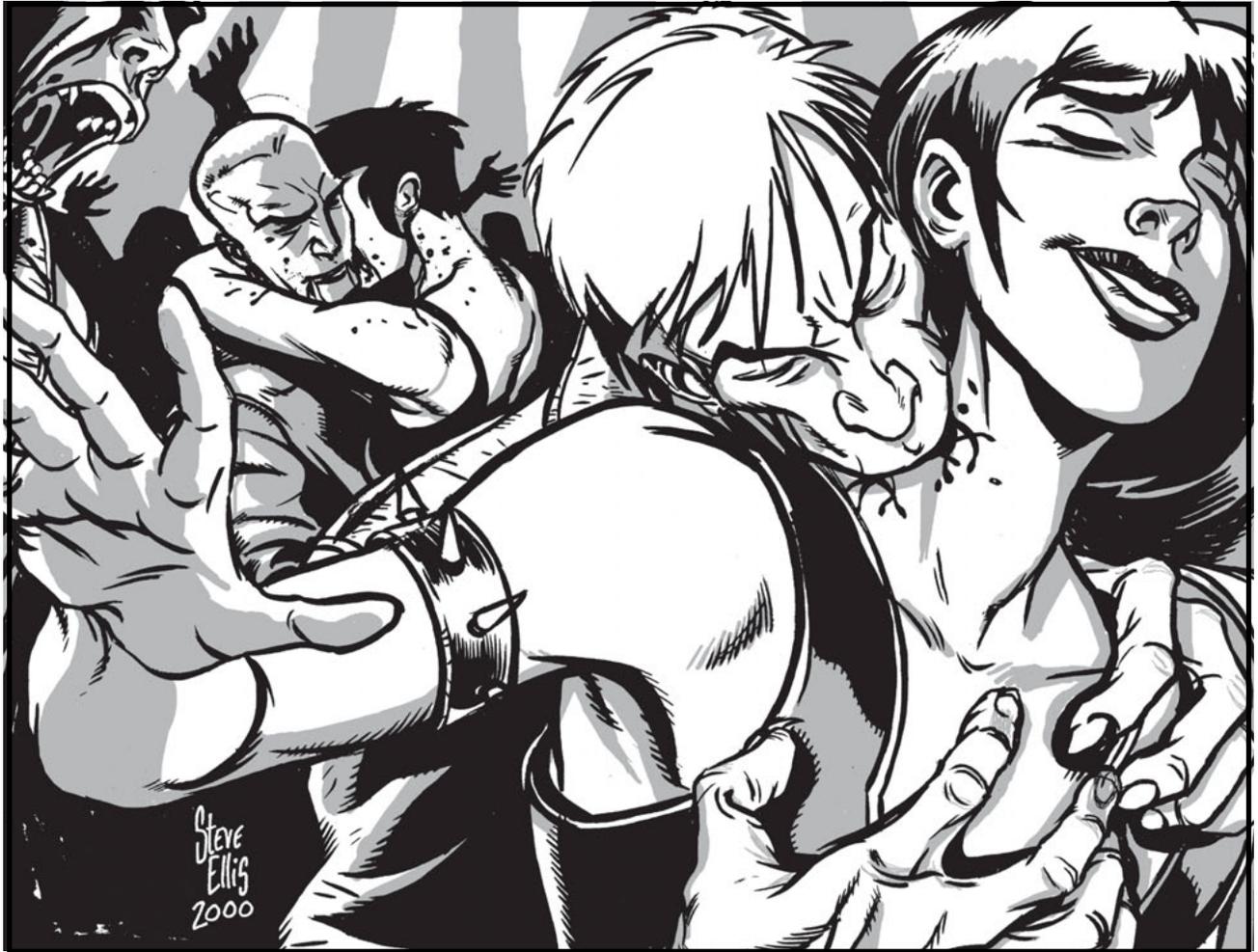
Every now and then, after local members of the clan have united for some common goal, a Brujah calls a rally rant. These are generally straightforward affairs, used to psyche up the Brujah before turning them loose upon whatever has demanded their attention. Rally rants often turn violent, resulting in property damage and civil unrest like the rant the Atlanta Brujah held in the condemned Omni arena before their doomed stand against the Sabbat in 1999. Let the host beware — whipping a gang of angry Brujah into righteous indignation often takes its toll on the immediate environment.

SPITE RANTS

The Brujah use these rare and brutal venues to punish Kindred who have committed some transgression, whether against "the clan" (which is a fairly specious conceit — how do you rebel against rebels?), the brood, or in general for crimes that provide the local thugs with an excuse to stomp a Brujah they don't like. In a sense, spite rants are exceptionally nasty prestige rants, though they serve the sole purpose of punishment. In fact, the term is one I've made up; I've never heard a Brujah allude to a spite rant, but that seems to be the most appropriate term. I've only been to two of these — one was a street gang-style "gauntlet" beating held by anarchists that resulted in the Final Death of the victim; in the other, the criminal in question stood trial for supposedly revealing the location of a Brujah elder's haven to an Assamite in the Nosferatu primogen's employ. A mob of neonates, seeing the opportunity to fire themselves up about something, roped the offender to a doorway and cracked his ribs with the broad side of a mattock for six hours.

RAVES

In the history of the Brujah, raves developed relatively recently. While I certainly remember having hosted and attended parties in the latter part of the 19th century, none of these were on the scale of the epic debauches that take place in the modern nights. Brujah parties used to be small, private affairs. Maybe a city's Brujah gathered at a coffeehouse, or maybe they all gathered outside the city and howled at the guards on the wall. One of the best proto-raves I've had the



pleasure of attending reminded me of sneaking out of my father's house as a child. It was right around the turn of the century and several of us young 'uns stole a few horses and rode like the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse through the streets of New York City, kicking in windows and bashing derelicts. What can I say? We were young, foolhardy, and loud, but by the time we laughed it off at the end of the night, three other Brujah had joined our parade of assholes.

I've traced the origins of the word "rave" back approximately 10 or 15 years, and it seems to have come into usage concurrent with the English all-night dance parties of the same description. That's no surprise; the Kindred have been following and co-opting mortal trends since, presumably, the establishment of the Masquerade.

To describe Brujah raves as anything less than manic parties undertaken with reckless abandon is to do them a disservice. Whether gala affairs or raucous, secret garage parties, raves are places where Brujah can convene, put their ideologies behind them and

let their hair down. The typical rave offers no end of hedonistic excess — dancing, thunderous music, drug- and alcohol-addled vessels, kine to flirt with or bully, and perhaps a good-natured brawl to round out the experience.

Raves, while open to all Kindred, are without a doubt Brujah affairs. Although most, if not all, local Brujah attend raves in their vicinity, the entertainment reflects an inclination toward the younger Kindred. The music tends to be upbeat and either monotonous or savage. Metal, speed and thrash all have their places at the raves, but equally common are the urban, rap and Latin styles prevalent in ethnic neighborhoods and inner cities. Most popular, however, is the electronic music played at the parties from which this Brujah custom was adapted. One pair of Brujah promoters operates a perennial mobile rave that has thrown parties in Tel Aviv, Prague, Oslo, Sydney, New York, Sao Paulo, San Francisco, Athens, Budapest, Buenos Aires, Ibiza, and even the Cathayan cities of Tokyo and

Hong Kong, hiring prominent mortal DJs to whip the partygoers into ecstatic states.

At your average rave, mortals throng the dance floors, filling the air with the tang of blood and sweat. A few young Kindred even refer to the floors as buffets, from which they take their choice of vessels.

Raves aren't simply dance parties, however, though that is how most non-Brujah guests see them. For Brujah Kindred, they are places to meet old friends and rivals without having to worry about open conflict. Not that raves are somehow sacrosanct to the Brujah; we simply understand that not every night needs to be another episode in our endless litany of personal vendettas. Even the Damned need to have a good time every now and then.

That said, raves see their fair share of violence. Brawls between Brujah tend to be affectionate or competitive, as with mortal siblings. It's just a bit of friendly roughhousing, or the odd bit of alpha-Lick assertion. This typically goes over the heads of other Kindred, however, who either assume the worst and flee or, less conveniently, join in as if unlikes were at stake. This usually has the unpleasant result of turning the affair into a *real* fight, after which the Brujah are likely found shaking their heads and wondering what the hell the other Kindreds' problem is, anyway. On occasion, mortal guests wind up involved in the fray — the less said about that, the better.

The distinctly separate topic of non-Brujah violence also deserves some attention. These are simply normal cases — booze-stoked rowdies coming to blows over perceived slights, gangsters resolving turf disputes and such, just like at every other nightclub or party.

OTHER DISTINCTIONS OF THE BRUJAH

In certain cases, Brujah blood has deviated from its none-too-humble beginnings. These cases are actual shifts in the makeup of the bloodline, not simple social conventions like I've discussed above. Some of us are hardly "just another Brujah."

But God help you if you think like that, anyway.

THE ANTITRIBU

I make no claims of being a genealogist. My skills lie in observation, not research. Still, I think it's fair to assume that the Brujah *antitribu* arose as did many of the other anti-clans, as a result of sire-child grievances that culminated in the Anarch Revolt and the formation of the Sabbat.



Fine. They became upset, fought with their sires, and left. I'm not going to pretend to examine their reasons. I'm more concerned with their practices.

As members of the Sabbat, the Brujah *antitribu* don't typically follow the Traditions (see below) as a code. While they may observe a Tradition or two in practice, it's because it suits them for the time being, not because they have any respect for the code. Likewise, cities infested by Sabbat tend to be more violent, which allows Brujah *antitribu* to indulge their vampiric viciousness more often. They don't have to hide behind façades of social correctness or anti-correctness — Brujah *antitribu* make no bones about who they are.

This is precisely what's so sad about them. The Sabbat has effectively eliminated the artificial codes to which vampires adhere under the auspices of the Camarilla. The much-feared Black Hand is nothing so much as a survivalist religious cult; it has torn down walls other Kindred built to protect themselves. Where the Brujah are concerned, the result is disappointing. Given the opportunity to become whatever they want, most became simple fiends and thugs. Having turned their backs on the clan that spawned them, they also deny the history and legacy of a clan that once claimed to be the philosopher-warriors of undead society. No, the Sabbat Brujah seem to be content with fulfilling only half of that destiny, and when you call them on it, they pound you to pulp.

Naturally, that's not always the case, just the most common. I've spent half of my essay dismissing stereotypes and the other half reinforcing them — I hope to leave the impression that the Brujah are half what you see and half what you can't. This isn't as true of the *antitribu*, however, who seem to be three-fourths what you see and one-fourth sick in the head. Obviously, individuals exist, but the dogma of the Sabbat has undeniably taken a firm hold in the collective psyches of its Brujah.

In the time I spent with a coterie of Sabbat Kindred, the two Brujah among them continually took me aside to whisper that things were going to change in the coming nights. Apparently the Brujah of the Sabbat have made names for themselves among the traditional leaders of the sect, the Tzimisce and Lasombra. My two proselytizers regaled me with tales of Brujah cunning, crusades masterminded by their kind, significant battles and assassinations undertaken by the "Brutes" (as they somewhat meanly call themselves) and lofty positions of responsibility filled by daring

antitribu. I believe them, for the most part. To hear them tell it, the Brujah of the Sabbat will soon have a greater voice, recognized as they are for their value by the current leaders of the sect.

Do you see a pattern? Can you find a few, recurrent notes that strike you with their clarity? I do.

The single greatest difference between Brujah of the Camarilla and the Sabbat looks to be the fire of rebellion and change. Among the Camarilla, we have almost as many personal causes as we do Brujah. In the Sabbat, however, the Brujah cause seems to have experienced a unity, a focus. The cause of many Sabbat Brujah is the Sabbat itself. At face value, this is neither good nor bad. Actually it's a little of both, which causes the moderation — yes, it illustrates that the divisive Brujah can, under certain circumstances, strive toward a common goal. On the negative side, the common goal they espouse is the *Sabbat*, which any right-thinking Kindred immediately understands for the satanic lunacy it is.

The methodology of the bloodline, though, is almost indistinguishable from that of a significant portion of the Camarilla Rabble. In fact, the only difference I've been able to observe is the philosophy behind it. I've watched frenzied Brujah tear apart police detectives in the name of the Masquerade. I've seen prince-appointed sheriffs sate their undead thirsts on urban latchkey children, burning the small, bloodless bodies in apartment-building incinerators. I've witnessed recently Embraced neonates from the gang culture rejoin their mortal affiliates with renewed bloodlust, drinking vitae from their fallen rivals. And I've seen the exact same things take place in Sabbat cities. It seems that the fight itself is irrelevant; whether the prince, the Ventrue or the mythical Antediluvians are the enemy, all's fair in Brujah unlife and war. Passion fires the soul, which is what makes it possible for us to rise each night, sect be damned.

THE NON-CONSANGUINEOUS OF TROILE

Once again, I'll spare you the history lesson.

A few others wouldn't be so kind, however. According to a small but vocal minority of Brujah, mostly paranoid elders, Brujah himself managed to sire a brood that remained secret from his most noted childe, Troile. Most of us accept the treachery of those Biblical nights as par for the course and take it on faith that we're descended from Troile.

As the tale unfolds, the members of this hidden brood have different proclivities than the rest of us

Brujah do. Apparently, their original powers influenced the flow of time itself, of which our own supernal speed is a pale and weak reflection. Additionally, we have diametrically opposed temperaments — apparently, the fiery Brujah Blood is actually a characteristic of Troile, as rumor attributes these “True Brujah” with a detached, dispassionate mien.

Pardon me if I seem a bit incredulous. Cainite history is rife with these conspiratorial heresies. Do you really think that a clan of opposite-and-more-potent vampires could exist without *someone* having some verifiable account of it? Such is not the case. Still, the tales do circulate, always as secondhand accounts at best.

My verdict: Until I see one, I’ll indulge my right to doubt. We don’t need any more bogeymen to distract us.

(**Storyteller’s Note:** More information on the True Brujah may be found in the **Vampire Storytellers Handbook**.)

THE TRADITIONS

As much as any Brujah desires change and challenge, only the most die-hard anarchist would dare suggest dispensing with the Traditions. The Brujah joined the Camarilla after the Anarch Revolt — as much as certain Traditions pain us, most of us understand the reason for the rule and at least pay it lip service. Not even the anarchs necessarily want to see the stone tablets of the Traditions hurled down and smashed beneath their feet (remember, I said *necessarily* — some do, indeed). Without guidelines, society reverts to barbarism; this may appeal to some Noddist Kindred heretics, but the rest of us see it for the devolution it is.

No, most Brujah fully comprehend the need for social structures. The underlying passion of a Brujah is most often not his desire to destroy existing structures for destruction’s sake, but rather as an opportunity to install some system that suits his own ends. Kindred of our clan run the gamut from reactionary feudalists and neofeudalists to radical communists, socialists and moral progressives. The desire to “smash the state” is all too often interpreted by other Cainites as petty anarchism. It’s not — it’s simply the first step toward creating an individual Brujah’s own vision of utopia. The six Traditions of the Camarilla serve some larger purpose for the Kindred, and most Brujah incorporate them into their own philosophies (assuming that said philosophies have reached maturity, which many

haven’t). Only Kindred who would abolish things such as personal ownership refute the validity of the Tradition of Domain, for example, and even by doing so, the abolitionists acknowledge domain in the breach rather than the rule. Obviously, such topics are more apropos to an elder debate than to a simple collection of observations, but never let it be said that I’m simplifying for my own sake.

Of course, I don’t mean to discount the anarchist presence among the Brujah by any means. They deserve their own investigation, but that comes later, away from discourse on the Traditions.

THE MASQUERADE

Ask any Brujah about the Ventrue and you probably work him into a lather. It’s not entirely undeserved — over the course of centuries, the Ventrue have placed themselves center stage in almost every rotten double-dealing that’s involved the Kindred. They can’t help it, if you ask me. Any time someone steps into a role of leadership, she’s got to make some significant decisions and the results are bound to piss someone off. So it is with the Ventrue. You think they’d learn to quit putting themselves in the line of fire, but they like it too much. I think they’re more comfortable there.

Same with the Toreador. We supposedly hate them almost as much as we hate the Ventrue. I’m not sure why — it’s probably guilt by association. Toreador and Ventrue have a lot of power invested in the institutions that we have problems with, so that might be where it comes from.

That notwithstanding, the best idea a vampire’s ever had came from a Toreador and a Ventrue. I don’t remember their names — only an elder would — but it’s pretty well accepted that the whole concept of the Masquerade was a joint effort on the part of these two clans.

Only the dumbest Brujah has a problem with the Masquerade. Rail as we might against the powers that be, we can’t find any fault with this one. First of all, it covers the obvious protection thing. Most of us aren’t stupid and we understand that the minute humankind suspects that vampires walk among them, it’s all over for us. A few of us even remember the nights of the Inquisition, when a handful of vampires protected their own sorry asses by feeding their childer to the witch-hunters. Now, I might not be representative of the clan as a whole, but I’d be hard pressed to suggest that a single Brujah would prefer going to the

fire to laying low every now and then. Even when we act up, we usually do it with as few witnesses as possible. You know what I'm talking about — when some angry young Lick loses his temper and uses his vampiric strength to punch some poor slob through a wall, he'd better fake a convincing PCP freak-out or he's going to be a pile of ash with the sheriff's footprints in it.

If you pay attention, you can catch vampires when the Masquerade fails, and the Inquisition knows it. A few years ago, the Chicago Kindred had some trouble with the Lupines up there. Now, between the werewolves and the hunters, almost three dozen Kindred are dust. Three dozen! Your average city doesn't even *have* three dozen Licks, let alone three dozen dead ones.

But that's only part of why the Brujah generally think the Masquerade is a good idea. More so than any other Tradition, the Masquerade forces *other* Kindred to temper their affairs. Let's say one of your Tremere rivals wants to devote his energies to acquiring a controlling interest in, say, a local freight expediter. He could stomp into the dispatcher's office and use his formidable powers of mind control to tell him that he's the one in charge — a simple, one-shot affair. But if he did that, the dispatcher would no doubt attract some attention to himself, issuing strange assignments, making weekly deliveries to the witches' coven at 1313 Mockingbird Lane, routing deliveries to other Kindred fronts through customs and insurance companies, and generally making unlife a pain in the neck for everyone else. When the higher-ups catch wind of what this dispatcher's doing, they call him on it, and he says, "Well, that vampire over there told me to do it like this, and I couldn't help myself." End of dispatcher, end of vampire, end of the Kindred.

Now, with the Masquerade in place, vampires are forced to respect the unlives of other Kindred by covering their own tracks. Instead of all that stuff happening because the Tremere walks in and puts a hex on the dispatcher, it happens because the company sinking its assets into the freight expediter's stock says so, and the single greatest investor in that fund is our rival Tremere, who, through his "financial assistant" ghoul (who can operate in daytime, thus protecting the Masquerade), communicates to the fund manager that this is how the investors want operations to commence, and if they don't, the investors will back out, thus jeopardizing the expediter's business.

Convoluted? Hell, yes, but very effective at hiding us. But, because it's so impenetrable, it requires a great deal of effort to affect the outside world. It's hard to bring even one small operation under your thumb — whether it's a legitimate business, an office of the local government, or even a rowdy bunch of street punks who specialize in creating insurance settlements — that the Kindred have to pick and choose which efforts they'll focus on.

It also makes it easy to settle the score with your Tremere rival, should he get uppity — you can beat his ass into torpor and no one's the wiser except for his ghoul, who's running scared without a steady supply of vitae.

A great many Kindred are conspiracy theorists or mythology-upholding whack-jobs. You run into their hysterics from time to time: "The Ventrue control the banks! The Toreador control the mayor! The Malkavian Primogen has Dominated the Chief of Police so thoroughly that he can't even take a piss without consulting her!" This sort of thing is, quite plainly, bunk. What, the primogen has some sort of remote control that she clicks and makes the chief do her bidding? Do the banks set their exchange and interest rates based upon what the Ventrue decide when they wake up each evening? No, it's more likely that a certain Ventrue has cultivated *vast* amounts of influence in each bank, perhaps even sitting on a few boards of directors (probably under several assumed names). While this sort of thing is possible, it's not practical because of the rigors imposed by the Masquerade. Then again, Kindred society is rife with such smoke and mirrors, and I'll be damned if you could convince that Ventrue to admit that he *doesn't* "control" the banks.

And that's how the Masquerade helps us. Special thanks to the Ventrue and Toreador for putting it in place. Extra thanks to them for limiting their own interests in the process. Maybe they enjoy a challenge.

DOMAIN

This Tradition constitutes one of what I have affectionately dubbed the Two Great Hypocrisies of Clan Brujah. It doesn't help that the Tradition itself is so fraught with ambiguity that no two princes interpret it the same way. In some cities, the Second Tradition is merely a predicate to the Traditions of Destruction and Hospitality. In others, princes allow the resident Kindred to establish their own domains. Who's right? Nobody, so far as I can see — tight-fisted princes with the power to back their own claims can pretty much do what they want, while more liberal princes often

have more popular support at the expense of less temporal power. Both succeed and fail of their own accord. I know, I know — it's just like everything else: like this except when it's like that. Welcome to the duplicity of unlife.

Anyway, back to what I was talking about: domain. Now, remember that I'm largely considered an ancilla, having paid my dues, at least in a New World context. I'll be damned if I can make heads or tails of this Tradition. On the one hand, it grants each Kindred the right to be king of his own castle — the mightiest Cainite prince is still a guest when he steps into the fetid haven of a sewer-dwelling Nosferatu and must (in theory) respect the customs of his host's domicile. On the other hand — and please don't get the impression that I'm in favor of this sort of absolutism — some princes interpret this Tradition to mean that their claim of pryncedom over a city makes them the penultimate power behind God, Fate or Whatever in their respective city. From the primogen down to the lowliest neonate, all Kindred exist with the prince's permission in these cases, and he alone reserves the right to grant them the benefits of unlife in his domain.

Excuse me while I suppress a shudder.

While my own opinions aren't at issue here, I uphold the views maintained by most Brujah — that the Traditions are a social contract established by the Kindred, not a declaration of the Divine Right of Princes. Even if the intent of the Traditions was to reinforce the more conservative interpretation of Domain, the Tradition itself must change to accommodate the more modern circumstances that now surround it. No Kindred Embraced within the last century is going to accept that some loud-mouthed prince owns his haven just because she's older than he is. Granted, the prince may well take this tack, but without popular recognition of her position, a prince is just another Lick. If Chicago's continual struggles over pryncedom don't illustrate that, I don't know what does, even if they don't relate directly to the Tradition of Domain.

However, simple disagreement does not a valid opposition make. While my admittedly modern position — each Kindred may indeed claim rights in her own domain — may differ from some European prince-of-four-centuries', as prince, her word is law and I'm bound to respect it in her city.

Along with the prince's claims, many elders have also acquired rights to domains over the years. Whether as a reward for loyalty or service to a prince,

as a result of their own considerable power or in direct accordance with a liberal prince's grant of domain rights to all Kindred, an established Cainite may well have already made the claim over real estate that also falls under the domain of younger Kindred. I don't have to tell you how this works out, do I? When Vlad the Elder's claim comes in conflict with some neonate's?

This is one of the fundamental problems plaguing the Kindred in the modern nights — dwindling resources cannot support an ever-growing population of Cainites. A city that manages to appease 10 Kindred's claims to domain is unlikely to satisfy the claims of 11, unless each of the prior 10 gives up some little bit, and how likely is that among the nest of vipers that is the Camarilla?

This is what rankles the Brujah, and this is also what establishes domain as one of the hypocrisies to which I alluded. While the ancillae and neonates may rally against domains held by elders, in the same dead breath they execrate you for stepping on their turf. When some cagey elder and the neonates of the Blood Brothaz' coterie simultaneously claim the Fifth Ward, how can the Blood Brothaz seriously oppose the elder? He claimed it first, but the neonates arguably have as much influence as he (though likely in very different realms), so who's right?

In the end, no one's right — the Tradition is so vague that it supports both sides of the argument and everything in between. And, as typically suits the Brujah, we support this Tradition when it benefits us and oppose it when it works against us. Just like any other vampire.

PROGENY

The Tradition of Progeny is almost universally disdained by the Brujah, who gladly stop fighting among themselves to unite against anyone who limits their choices, as this Tradition pretends to.

When you're a Brujah, you Embrace who you want, and fuck anyone who stands in your way. However you interpret this Tradition, whether "elder" means your own sire, the recognized clan elder of a given city, or the prince herself, a childe is the sire's responsibility. Mortals don't ask their own parents if they may have children, and, as the Brujah reason, neither should Kindred have to petition some vague and arbitrary higher authority for the same right.

Why should they? As a conservative Brujah, my own outlook often differs from my brethren, but on this I think most of us achieve consensus. It

is, after all, easier to ask one's "elder's" (again, this is so ambiguous as to be superfluous) forgiveness than permission. Also, I hasten to point out, when an elder invokes the last tenet of this Tradition or calls upon the Tradition of Destruction, she damns herself. After all, the Beast loves to slake its thirst on blood, and an "elder" had better think long and hard about whether she values her authority or her humanity more. The Tradition grants her the right to kill illicit progeny, but does she really want to tempt the Beast by doing so? That's why it's easier to ask forgiveness, but it's also a way to gain a new enemy.

On the topic of the Embrace, stereotype once again rears its head. Ask a Kindred of a different clan about whom the Brujah choose for their childer and you're likely to receive one of two answers. You might hear, "Anyone they want," in reference to our characteristic lack of discipline, or you may hear, "Anyone with a shaved head or a trench coat," in reference to the perennially popular fashions among disenfranchised youth. Again, some degree of both stereotypes is true.

While the Brujah's id-dominated temperaments may lead us to Embrace a bit more cavalierly than other Kindred, we most certainly do not simply walk down the street and Embrace whomever strikes our fancy. Sires of all but the most inconsiderate ilk single out individuals with whom they feel some sense of kinship. As with many Kindred, lovers often receive the Embrace, though these doomed relationships often cool after the Becoming, leaving disaffected sires and resentful childer. Talented underlings sometimes receive the Embrace, particularly among the gangs and syndicates to which many young Brujah belong. Many Brujah maintain a strong sense of family, for which the clan makes a woefully inadequate surrogate. These Brujah may well Embrace along family lines, such as the Almodovar lineage in northern Spain or the ethnic broods that pop up every now and again during times of political dissension. Then again, a particular Brujah might have a dire need for muscle and Embrace the meanest bat-wielding thug he can find.

The common thread for almost every Brujah Embrace is utility. I don't use that word in the sense that Brujah Embrace people to use them or screw them out of



something, but that they gain something personal (if temporary) from the Embrace. Whether they are combating the loneliness that afflicts every Kindred at some point during her unlife or simply populating a gang of like-minded (or simple-minded) Kindred, the Embrace almost universally satisfies some need of the sire. We aren't as loose with the Embrace as are some Gangrel, whom I have heard may well leave behind a childe without ever even telling her what she has become. True, Brujah probably populate much of the ranks of the Caitiff, but those are more likely instances in which the sire realizes that the childe is not what he wanted and left them behind before they became an obligation. Not that I'm condoning such acts — they strike me as the height of irresponsibility — but such things happen in the modern nights.

And then we have the anomalies — those strange Kindred we sometimes encounter and think to ourselves, "Who would Embrace *him*?" I'm not referring to "failed Kindred" or wretched childer. I'm talking about those vampires whose mortal lives and even unlives seem so radically unsuited to the Curse of Caine that they engender incredulity when one hears their story. I personally know two Brujah who were NFL athletes in life, one of whom played in at least one Pro Bowl. I know Brujah who were mailmen, aerospace engineers, cattle farmers and ad executives, none of whom at first glance seem to carry the passionate spark that unites the rest of the clan (in purpose, if not in practice).

The rationale I offer is this: The Brujah move through so many mortal circles and cultivate so many contacts that, inevitably, one of us meets someone "outside the box." Then, either becoming smitten with her or learning that a genuinely vibrant person lies beneath the veneer, She's Embraced in a fit of enthusiasm. In the end, anomalies are more common than one would think, but few of them ever find themselves pegged as Brujah.

I think this helps us as much, if not more, than it hinders us. I know many Kindred who discount the words of Brujah, no matter how earnest, based on the speaker's clan — they pass off whatever idea the Kindred has as the ravings of a maniac or insurgent. Still others subscribe to the old hoodlums-in-biker-jackets view of the clan and pass off every Kindred claiming Brujah lineage as a violent brute. In the modern nights, when secrecy is of the highest order, playing one's cards close to the chest may well be the best tactic. I have advised princes, who thought I belonged to the Toreador or Ventrue, simply because I did not fit their

arbitrary notion of "Brujah." I also hasten to point out that none of these princes still claim that title. Perhaps their prejudices proved their undoing.

In the end, of course, it's all up to the sire. For every Embrace that perpetuates the archetype, another defies it utterly. If the sire is a cookie-cutter rebel, her choice of childer is likely to reflect that. If the sire has the awareness to look beyond the surface, her childe is probably nothing like her in personality. I believe this allowed the Brujah to survive and prosper — while many other clans burden themselves with affectations and guidelines that restrict their choices of childer, the Brujah have availed themselves of an ever-growing stock of new blood. As such, while the Tremere or the Ventrue may be the most powerful clan of the modern nights, the Brujah are certainly the most reflective of the times themselves. It is in this role that I see the Brujah's true purpose — we aren't the turgid anarchists who tear down the establishment, but rather the prophets of a new era who pave the way by building upon the lessons of the past while looking to the trends of the future. No other clan, save perhaps the Toreador and a few of the young Sabbat, so represent the times from which they are drawn.

ACCOUNTING

As far as I can tell, Brujah seem to be of two minds on this matter. Respect for the Accounting doesn't have the gray area that clan interpretations of the other Traditions do, nor does it suffer the unilateral disdain of the Tradition of Progeny. The division doesn't appear to be along any political lines, but depends solely on the personality of the sire herself. Instructing the childe is as personal an issue as selecting one for the Embrace.

At first, we have the flawed half of the equation, those who Embrace and leave their childer to the vagaries of the modern nights. These are Brujah who may Embrace at their whim, rolling through a city on the backs of their panhead Harleys and leaving doomed childer in their wakes, or who are such hardcore individualists as to give their childer no instruction at all on the ways of the Kindred. Presentation of their childer and other contrivances mean nothing to these Brujah — they've sired their childer, and now it's time to move on. In a grim reflection of the mortal adage, "Anyone can make a child, but not just anyone can be a mother or father," these sires leave their childer to their fates. It's fairly common for these abandoned bastards to fall in among the bitter anarchists or suffer bleak, lonely unlives as Caitiff or Autarkis. My own sire was of this

latter variety; after a few nights of accompanying me on my railway travels, he left me to my own devices. I learned much from those frontier Camarilla cities and from the Sabbat-dominated streets of New York after the imprisonment of Boss Tweed, choosing my fate and making a name for myself. If nothing else, I am a testament to the fact that not every poorly sired childe is a waste, and, after convincing the Prince of Atlanta to recognize me in 1876, I joined the august body of the Kindred.

More responsible Brujah take an active and dominant role in educating a childe about the intricacies of the Curse of Caine. They instruct their childer on all matters, much as I did my own childe. Granted, sires rarely rise above the very Kindred habit of coloring this education with their own prejudices — I have to admit that I instilled in Vanessa a potent mistrust of the very idea of the Tremere — but the fact that sires spend so much time taking their childer under their wing attests to the gravity with which some Brujah sires choose childer. In many cases, these Kindred are not those who stand to gain a great deal from their childe's appearance in Kindred society — the childer of anarchs are as likely to be extensively instructed in the ways of Cainite unlife as are the favored broodlings of a revered primogen. Sires may dote on their childer or ride them mercilessly, but the result is the same — these Brujah choose to be responsible for their childer, at least until the release specified by the Tradition.

In one of my rare moments of pride in my clan, I must extol the virtue of this practice. Were we Brujah somehow able to conjure a consistent vision of the ephemeral utopias we seek, I have no doubt that it, like our childer, would receive loving attention, at least until we grew agitated and saw the need to tear it down and begin anew. The amount of love we invest in our creations attests to this.

I also believe this pride carries over into the period of Accounting. Brujah sires stoically bear responsibility for the actions of their childer, even those Embraced without the consent of the prince. I'm given to wonder if the Accounting isn't a Brujah "amendment" to the Traditions — the clan is proud to a fault, but is not without its own sense of obligation.

In line with this, the Brujah release may be a grand affair. Surely, many young sires or Kindred without much stake in the social order simply release their childer with a wave of the hand and the warning,

"Don't get caught feeding," but others go the whole nine yards. I've attended elaborate release galas everywhere from the Riviera to Stockton. Let me be the first to tell you, when some Brujah release their childer into Kindred society, you'd think it was the second coming of Caine. Some of these ceremonies are wild revels, taking place over the span of several nights and resembling mortal bachelor parties, in which the childe is kidded, embarrassed, indulged, and finally returned to his haven, whereupon waking the next night, he is a full member of the brotherhood of the undead.

I'm reminded of the release rave held just a few years ago by one of the New Orleans Brujah, Jake Almerson. The affair was a madhouse — a three-night debauch to which every freak, punk, head, goth and weirdo in town had been surreptitiously "invited," mortal and Kindred alike. For those three days, the party raged out of control, as ghouls and mortals kept the place in full swing while the Kindred retired to their havens, only to return once the sun had set. The venue, a dilapidated smuggler's haven just a few blocks from the bay, was crawling with prostitutes, drug dealers, hard-core party fiends and even a few cops who came by but decided that there was nothing they could do to rein in the debacle. They could have called the National Guard, I suppose, but this was New Orleans, and the party wasn't a threat to anyone who didn't have it coming. When Almerson's childe, Natasia, showed up at some point during the second night, the place caught fire as someone's flaming tribute spread to what was left of the heavy taffeta curtains. Sixteen people were carted away to hospitals, victims of drug overdoses, alcohol poisoning or Kindred-inflicted "exhaustion." Truly, it was an utter bacchanal.

On the other hand, more serious sires may make a grave and somber procession out of their childer's releases. This is particularly true of the more staid among the elders and those Brujah so consumed with their own causes that they no longer allow themselves to enjoy unlife. The aforementioned release on the Riviera was one of these, much to my surprise. I had expected an aristocratic soiree, but the release of François d'Hautmont, while scandalous in its own right (for one of the d'Hautmonts back in history had been a Toreador), was a reserved ceremony, taking an hour for the formal release itself, followed by a sociable reception afterward.

I believe most Brujah prefer some moderation of these two extremes — a civil acknowledgement of one's Brujah heritage and enough excess afterward to make the affair more than just self-indulgence. Perhaps my own lack of formal release colors my opinion on this, but this is what many of my peers express. The sincerity of the matter I leave to interpretation.

HOSPITALITY

You knew it was coming — the other Great Hypocrisy of Clan Brujah.

Whereas I suspect the previous Tradition of having a Brujah origin, I suspect this one of being contrived solely to anger the Rabble. Read the wording: "The one who *ruleth* there" and "Without the word of acceptance, thou art nothing."

Granted, this Tradition has been around since the inception of the Camarilla and probably for a thousand years before that, but come on. Has a vampire ever *ruled* a city? Maybe at some point back in the nights of kings and emperors, but even then, was it common? I doubt it. No, this seems to be more of a nod to the natural arrogance that afflicts Kindred when they find themselves claiming princedom. Even the word itself, prince, is an analogy rather than a concrete political office. All a prince does is interpret and enforce the Traditions, ostensibly for the good of all Kindred in a given city. Show me a prince who claims to "rule" a city and I'll show you a sad, deluded Cainite. Still, wording this Tradition so anachronistically ensures that the Brujah are going to be up in arms about it. As a clan that makes challenging the status quo their badge of honor, the Brujah make it their business to prove you wrong the minute you tell them they *have* to do something, especially when it's because you claim to be their ruler. Unless they choose to, most Brujah acknowledge no masters.

As for, "thou are nothing," that's more unfortunate wording. According to the Tradition, of course, this refers to the protection granted by the Camarilla. If you don't show up and introduce yourself to the prince, you can claim none of the common Kindred rights in that city. But by phrasing it in that manner, the preservers of the Traditions have practically ensured that the Brujah will do everything in their power to become "something" in spite of having no formal approval from the prince. Kindred who "are nothing" have overthrown princes in the past, joined anarch factions, undermined princes' personal investments and far worse. It's rumored that an otherwise satisfied

Brujah made it possible for the Sabbat of Miami to finally capture that city, forcing it out of contention and firmly under the influence of that sect, at least as far as Kindred are concerned. Why? All because the haughty would-be prince refused to acknowledge a visiting member of the clan.

I don't wish to overestimate the power of Clan Brujah in this matter. Far be it for me to rally to the causes of clan, queen and country. On the contrary, I'm saying that if you want to irk a Brujah, use the Traditions against her. As a sideline commentator, I'd suggest that the Camarilla is currently in no position to get uppity with its allies. The Gangrel have left the fold, and it would be no surprise if a sizeable faction of Brujah turned their back on it as well, owing to just this sort of backhanded benefice. Yes, the Tradition means well, but not every Brujah is as aware or reasonable as myself.

Regarding why it is the Second Great Hypocrisy, look no further than the personal practices of most Brujah. More than many of the other clans, we are territorial. Yes, the Nosferatu have their feared warrens, but no one wants those. The Gangrel likewise are welcome to their desolate domains, which are usually either Lupine-plagued stretches of worthless real estate outside the city proper or barren alleyways teeming with vermin. The Tremere are welcome to their forbidding chantries; except for the chance to steal or destroy something the Warlocks consider valuable, you wouldn't catch a Brujah near the witch houses anyway.

The other clans of the Camarilla either understand the value of diplomacy when it comes to domain, or just don't care. Not us. Young Brujah agitators claim "turf." Elder Brujah pontificate at length about how they've earned the right to their domains. Ancillae make it plain that their interests are theirs alone, and anyone attempting to transgress will suffer their attentions. Do you see where I'm headed with this? For a clan that's so resentful of others imposing limits on them, they spare no time in marking their own territory and (at least theoretically) establishing similar limits on others. Granted, if an elder decides to stroll through the territory claimed by some Brujah gang, he'll probably be able to do it unchallenged, but they resident gang will certainly work themselves up to righteous indignation over it. With the same hostility, the Brujah will howl at the prince for demanding that they present themselves in his domain and hurl acrimony at Kindred who have the temerity to walk on a street they claim as their



own. Obviously, not every Brujah is a blustering gang lord out to validate her claims to turf, but many harbor a sense of ownership over territory, as long as it's theirs and not yours. It's enough to make one shake his head in shame.

DESTRUCTION

Brujah reaction to this Tradition is as wide and varied as the members of the clan itself. In the opinion of most, this Tradition is useful, preventing, ahem, *unnecessary* Final Death (and believe me, in a clan that resorts to violence as often as the Brujah do, we're no strangers to it), thereby taking that weapon out of the hands of those who haven't earned it. Less popular is the Tradition's second tenet, which grants the right of destruction to an individual's elder, though I attribute this lack of acceptance to the fact that some princes have the audacity to infer that they are the only elder to the clause refers to. It's plain as day to me and most other Brujah that "elder" here means "sire," and if it turns out that you've Embraced a potential disgrace or threat, it's your duty to put the matter to rest. Even as a firm supporter of the Camarilla, I have trouble allowing princes to deny or usurp the rights of sires, under whatever pretense.

Still, most Brujah accede the Tradition of Destruction to princes and their councils in matters of larger Kindred concern. This doesn't necessarily mean a blood hunt (see below) — when a Kindred's sire isn't present to invoke this Tradition *when it needs to be invoked*, then it's the prince's responsibility to step in and do it in her absence. Instead of speaking in generality, I'll give you an example: When I visited Ulster, decades ago, the city's Kindred were in the throes of their sporadic war with the city of Dublin. (This does become a bit confusing. Most of the United Kingdom and Ireland's princedoms encompass wider geographical regions than just cities, and are known as, I think, fiefdoms. Ulster is its own fiefdom, but Connachta, the fiefdom that includes Dublin, is where the prince makes his haven). When one of Ulster's up-and-coming ancillae turned out to be a Connachta-fiefdom sympathizer, the Kindred had no idea what to do with her. Destruction initially seemed a bit extreme, so the Kindred of Ulster "suggested" that since the ancilla was such a supporter of Connachta, perhaps she should relocate

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her haven there. She refused. Her sire had long since met the Final Death or moved on or otherwise left her to her own devices, and could exert none of her own influence over this agitating child.

Prince Milesius of Ulster finally had no choice but to demand her destruction, owing to the fact that her continued existence in Ulster threatened the fiefdom's Kindred sovereignty. Since she refused to leave, and indeed, wanted to bring the fiefdom under the influence of another, Prince Milesius' only recourse was to remove her. Amazingly, *the Ulster Brujah supported him*. Despite the fact that the ancilla stood against the established system, despite the fact that she was willing to die for her political stance, and, perhaps strangest of all, despite the fact that she wanted to bring Ulster under the purview of Connachta's Kindred council, which is dominated by Brujah, the Ulster Brujah stood behind Milesius's call for her destruction. More than anything else, this illustrates that individual Brujah will suffer any hardship for what they believe is right, and that allegiances do not always fall along clan lines. To the Ulster Brujah, the individuality of Ulster was more important than putting a Brujah-influenced outside primogen in charge of their affairs. Over the intervening decades, I've seen similar situations several times, and not just in Europe.

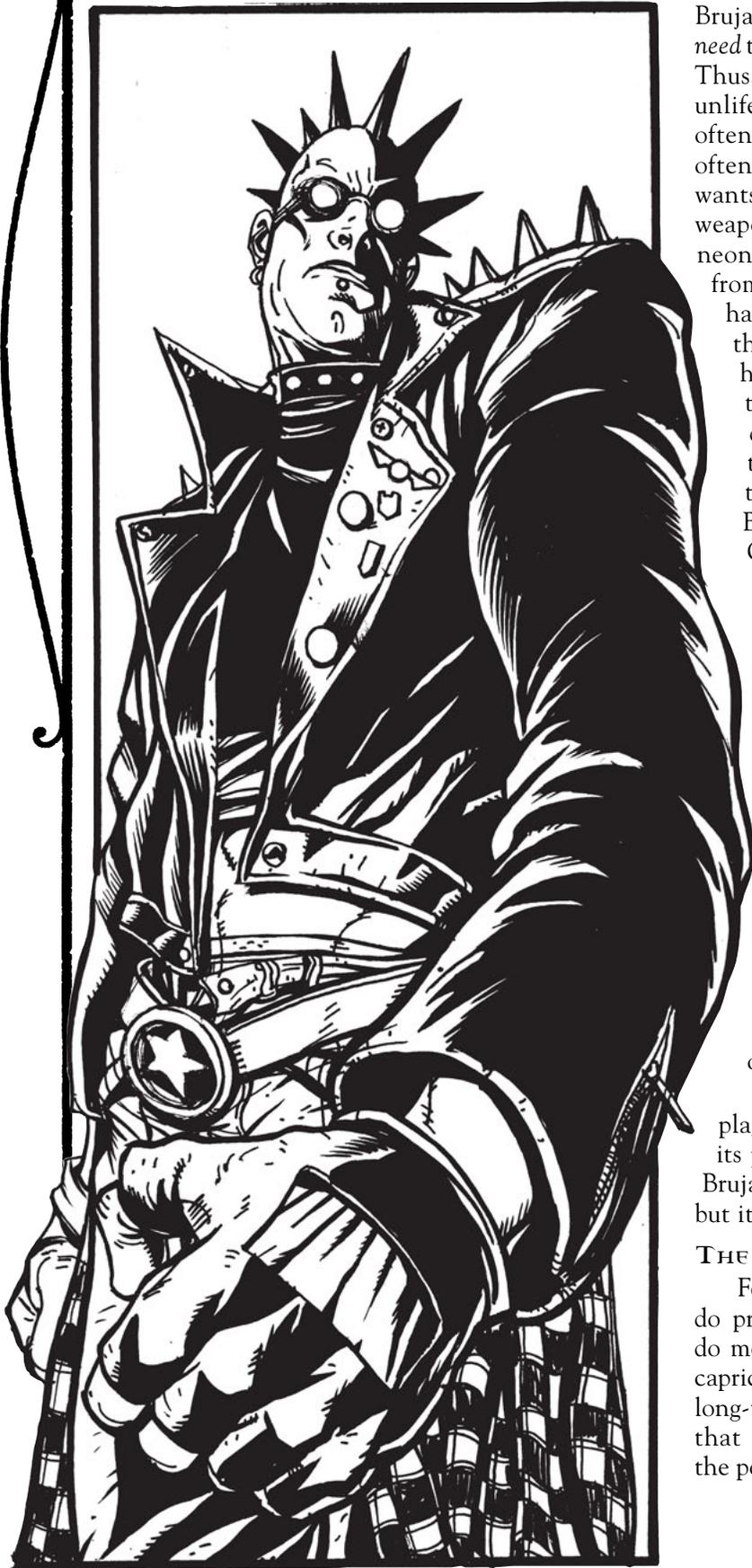
With regard to blood hunts, my experience with them has been that most of them aren't actually called against Brujah. Blood hunts, when they're not political vendettas maintained by corrupt or power-mad princes, keep the Kindred functional; they remove troublesome elements from our ranks. And by that I don't mean rivals or people who upstaged the prince at Elysium. Remember, I'm talking about the ones that are justified. In most cases, reasonable blood hunts are called against Masquerade-breakers, Kindred who otherwise flout the Traditions, or those so far degenerated that either the Beast has claimed them utterly or they have thrown in with the Sabbat. Most Brujah actually approve of blood hunts, as long as they're not the subjects, because it gives them an opportunity to find the perpetrator, let off a little steam by kicking his ass, and maybe come one step closer to Caine with a bit of Camarilla-sanctioned diablerie. Then again, I am talking about legitimately called blood hunts, which have happened perhaps twice in the history of the Camarilla.

BRUJAH AND THE CAMARILLA POLITICAL MACHINE

A minority of Brujah sometimes find themselves entangled in the Byzantine politics of the Camarilla. Whether consciously or through acts of fate, most of these Brujah, because the majority of the clan places itself outside such concerns, end up making names for themselves. They also frequently find themselves resented or feared by other Brujah, again because so much of the clan wants little to do with the established power structure. Still, that's no reason to discount these august or compromising Brujah — although the clan doesn't consider the Camarilla its enemy, most consider it the most convenient of two evils, and anyone who makes themselves a part of that body is obviously buying into the propaganda.

Granted, this isn't always true. In some cases, of course, you have Brujah who don't want any part of their legacy of rebellion and see the Camarilla as a way to get what they want. Others look to the sect's long history and assume that the elders have it easy because they enjoy the benefits of wealth, power and respect, and attempt to climb the ladder. Both of these sorts of Kindred are in for unpleasant surprises. At its core, the Camarilla knows exactly what it is: a genteel society of monsters whose own best interest lies in pretending that they're not. The naive Kindred believes that an elder's unlife consists of sipping sherry and hosting cotillions, exchanging quick-witted drollery and lounging about the haven in velvet dressing gowns. Look upon the elders without such delusion, however, and the truth becomes plain. Elder unlife is one of constant plotting against one's peers just to keep one's current station. The Brujah primogen does not continue to accumulate creature comforts throughout her centuries of unlife; rather, she fights tooth and claw against the depredations of other elders — often including those of her own clan — to simply keep what she's already acquired. Likewise, fetes thrown by Kindred provide a respite from normal nightly concerns. More than other Kindred, elders embody the static nature of the undead — their nights lack distinction, each of a million awakenings bleeding seamlessly into the next. The Brujah are no different.

This is another reason why the Brujah have joined the Camarilla — it gives them purpose. Without an authority against which to scheme, the



Brujah are just agitated, meaningless vampires. We need the Camarilla, if only to use it and say we don't. Thus, the Jyhad becomes a central facet of Brujah unlife. Even those who do not actively take part often wind up dragged into the schemes of another, often unwittingly. The rogue cell of anarchists that wants nothing to do with elder games becomes a weapon one Kindred uses against another. The neonate Brujah detective who distances himself from Kindred society arrests an individual who happens to be the prince's favored ghoul. Even the reluctant Kindred firebrand who surrounds himself with activism in mortal concerns colors the political climate of his city — he certainly doesn't escape the eyes of the Kindred. From the treacherous, backstabbing primogen to the most seemingly oblivious fledgling, the Brujah cannot help but play their part in the Camarilla's destiny.

I don't mean to imply that every Brujah exists at the sole discretion of the Camarilla, or that we run about on myriad petty errands for our elders. In fact, the elders themselves often have nothing to do with the nightly affairs undertaken by other Kindred. Quite the contrary! Because the Camarilla has made it possible for the race of Cainites to flourish, it makes the Kindred a part of it unless they consciously distance themselves from it by actively becoming Autarkis or joining the ranks of the infernal Sabbat. Even if she avoids Elysium and interacts with other Kindred only once a year, every Brujah exists in a world that would destroy her if it knew about her, but doesn't because of the Camarilla's efforts.

Don't misinterpret me — the Camarilla is plagued with problems. But by and large, it fulfills its purpose, and that is precisely what keeps the Brujah involved with it. It may not work perfectly, but it works.

THE PRINCE

Few cities have Brujah princes. The ones that do probably won't have them for long. Not only do members of other clans find Brujah princes too capricious or emotional for (in their opinion) the long-term safety of the city, few Brujah have tastes that accommodate the tedium associated with the position.

This is truer of New World princedoms. European Brujah often have very different outlooks than their American counterparts, and are more often in line with the “idealist” archetype, even among neonates. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, for example, has a Brujah as its current prince, and she has claimed that title for over a century.

Making generalizations about Brujah princes is difficult. So few Rabble claim the title that any similarities between them are more likely coincidences than policies. Suffice it to say that Brujah princes are anomalies, and not often remembered fondly.

THE PRIMOGEN

In Camarilla politics, the real spotlight for the Brujah elder is of course the primogen’s position. Beneath all of the pomp, primogen have damned few responsibilities, though they’re often the most respected Kindred in the cities where they make their havens. This is particularly true of the Brujah, because no one really expects individual Rabble to follow some arbitrary edict handed down from on high by a Kindred who has nothing in common with the younger Cainites of his clan. As such, a Brujah primogen has the attention that his title garners with very few of the duties that accompany it for elders of other clans.

This isn’t to say that the Brujah primogen doesn’t represent his clan’s interests. A city’s collection of Brujah rarely has any common interests, however, and the Brujah primogen may safely push his own agenda and his “constituents” are usually none the wiser. The Brujah primogen who earns the hostility of his “lessers,” however, may well find himself ousted from the position, or the offended young Brujah may even beg the prince’s ear, informing her that their primogen, quite frankly, isn’t representing the clan very reliably. What the prince chooses to do in this situation is up to her, but rarely does anything a young vampire says fall upon deaf ears, because they’re the most in touch with the current state of the city.

What, then, does a Brujah primogen do besides watch his ass and throw around the weight of his position? A valid question. The Brujah primogen satisfies members of his clan not by acting as a lobby for them so much as he challenges the goals and actions of the other primogen. In essence, the most pressing responsibility of the Brujah primogen is to act as Devil’s Advocate for the other primogen. While this might initially seem petty or counterproductive, consider that he’s not acting

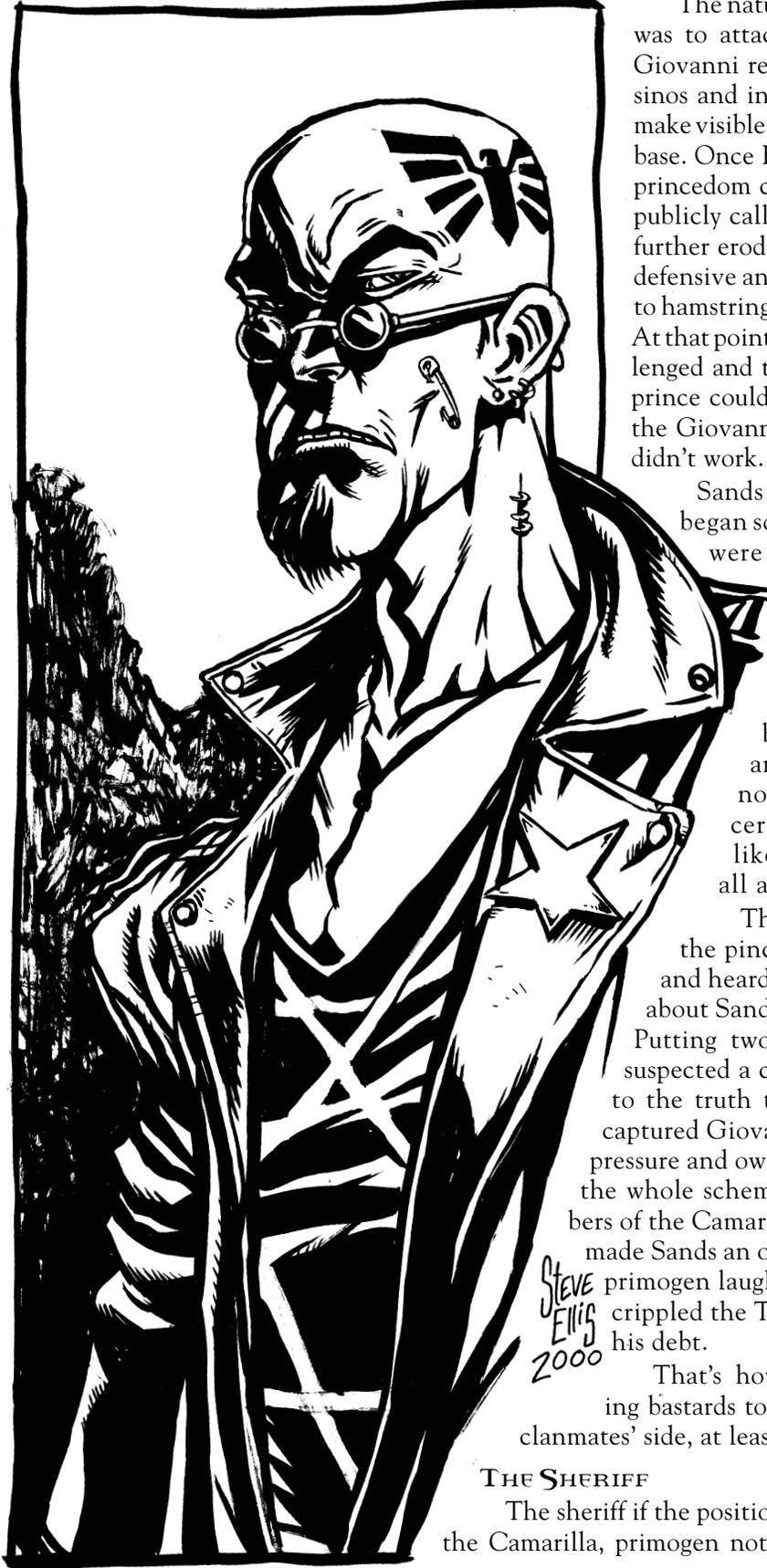
against the other primogen (usually), he’s simply questioning their methods and motives. Such behavior distracts and confounds the other primogen, and young or rebellious Brujah appreciate this role. On another level, the Brujah primogen is almost a Socratic advisor to the prince; he not only exposes the activities of other elders, but he leads the prince to a better understanding of what they intend to do and how it differs from what they’re doing. Yes, this is fairly vague — time for another anecdote.

Las Vegas is one of those strange cities that’s not really “contested,” even though several factions clash over the city’s gambling industry. The prince is a Ventrue named Benedic. He takes a fairly liberal approach to the whole matter (which is probably why he’s still there; a heavier-handed prince would no doubt have earned far more enemies). The big non-Camarilla presence in town is the Giovanni. Benedic would have driven the Giovanni out of town already if he didn’t have to attend to the details of princedom — if he could devote his full time to foiling the Giovanni, the Necromancers would have given up a long time ago.

Now, the Giovanni have probably as many Kindred in Vegas as the Camarilla does, but their scope is more limited: They’re more focused but less diverse. While the Giovanni clash with Benedic, his Ventrue, and the Toreador almost every night, they’re outclassed on the street, in the churches and in most of the non-gambling local business.

A Toreador elder named Sands (who has apparently met the Final Death, if the rumors are true, thanks no doubt to Brujah enmity or the double-crossed Giovanni) was also a mover and shaker in Las Vegas; many Kindred looked to him rather than Benedic for guidance.

Unbeknownst to everyone, Sands cut a deal with the Giovanni in late 1996. He didn’t want to be prince himself. No, Sands thought he’d be happier if the city was independent. It’s not that he was answering to Benedic, but Benedic had significant influence over a local investment company that looked like quite the plum to Sands. Now, Sands realized that murdering a prince has some pretty dire repercussions, and he didn’t want the enmity of the entire Camarilla. He figured that if he can take Benedic out of the picture and force him to make his haven elsewhere, his influence in the venture-capital company would wane, leaving it ripe for another vampire to exploit.



The nature of Sands's deal with the Giovanni was to attack Benedic from both sides. If the Giovanni redoubled their efforts among the casinos and in the local black market, they could make visible overtures at usurping Benedic's power base. Once Benedic's ability to back his claim of princedom came into dispute, Sands planned to publicly call Benedic's reputation into question, further eroding his power. With Benedic on the defensive and the Giovanni working double time to hamstringing him, the princedom would crumble. At that point, with the Giovanni interests unchallenged and their influence so solidified, no new prince could step in and claim the title without the Giovanni stopping him. A nice plan, but it didn't work.

Sands acted too early. Just as the Giovanni began squeezing the casinos (whether they were the dominant interest there or not, to the resentment of many local Kindred), Sands began his smear campaign, starting with the young Cainites of Vegas. The way he figured it, the neonates were in better touch with him than Benedic, and his sniffing around would go unnoticed until Benedic's doom seemed certain, at which point he would look like he smelled disaster on the wind all along.

The Brujah primogen, being no fool, felt the pinch the Giovanni put on the casinos and heard all manner of tales from the streets about Sands slumming with the younger Licks. Putting two and two together, the primogen suspected a coup — incorrect, but close enough to the truth to bring it up in Elysium. Later, a captured Giovanni ball breaker cracked under the pressure and owned up to the clan's involvement in the whole scheme. The Giovanni, not being members of the Camarilla, hung Sands out to dry. Benedic made Sands an object of public ridicule. The Brujah primogen laughed all the way to the bank, having crippled the Toreador's plot and put the prince in his debt.

That's how Brujah primogen work. Scheming bastards to the last, but if they're not on their clanmates' side, at least they're against their rivals as well.

THE SHERIFF

The sheriff is the position most commonly held by Brujah in the Camarilla, primogen notwithstanding. I'm sure that doesn't

surprise anyone. Given the Brujah penchant for violence and capacity to hurt people, the Brujah are natural sheriffs.

In fact, I'd hazard a guess that most sheriffs are Brujah. I don't have any evidence other than the anecdotal to back this up, but in the overwhelming majority of cities I've visited, the sheriff is not only a member of Clan Brujah, he's the first to tell you about it. It's almost like a credential: "I'm Steve Reno, Clan Brujah, Sheriff of Houston," like it was his last name or something. Where I come from, people keep their clans to themselves, unless they're trying to mislead you into thinking that they're something less than they are, just another walking stereotype. Among the Brujah sheriffs, though, clan is almost a qualification for the title. Throwing his clan into the introduction certifies that the sheriff will fuck up someone's shit if they mess with him.

It's not that Brujah are unsuited to the position. Quite the opposite. The supernatural speed and strength the Brujah command grants us a physical edge when fulfilling sheriff's duties, and our mystical ability to increase our force of personality doesn't hurt when you're yelling at some empty-headed anarch who's convinced himself that burning down an art

museum is the best way to cripple the Toreador power base in the city.

THE SCOURGE

This is another natural fit, given the physical nature of the job. The biggest difference I've seen, though, lies in the attitude. Whereas the Brujah sheriffs I've dealt with have been, in a word, dutiful, most of the scourges I've seen have been, in three words, sadistic as hell. I'm serious. Granted, the scourge's responsibility is less... well, *just*, for lack of a better word, than the sheriff's is. The sheriff's job is to enforce the prince's interpretation of the Traditions. The scourge's job is to kill Kindred.

Killing people becomes easier the more one does it. I've heard that from soldier types all throughout my century-plus among the undead. I suppose it's true when it's your responsibility. Me, I've never been comfortable with killing. I understand that I'm a vampire and a predator and all that, but there's nothing anywhere that says we have to kill our prey — if we follow reasonable unives and don't depend too heavily on blood to fuel the gifts of Caine, we can get by without ever taking a life. Barring the inevitable frenzy, no one needs to die.



Not so with the scourge. Killing becomes easier and easier because that's what the scourge does — not only does he become better at it, it becomes less difficult for him to rationalize his murders. For this reason, most of the scourges you meet who have been at their profession for any length of time are either completely alien or unapproachably cold. Killing has become so commonplace for them that the simple destruction of Kindred no longer thrills them. These are the scourges who torment their victims, or end unives in cruel ways. I've watched a scourge kill his prey by driving over her in a pickup truck and then backing over her to make sure the job was finished. It disturbed me far more than it disturbed the person who actually did it.

Of course, this isn't endemic to the Brujah state of mind. It's just that, again, due to the physical requirements of being a scourge, many princes choose their slayers from the ranks of the ever-capable Clan Brujah.

THE HARPIES

And you thought Toreador harpies were bitchy.

Brujah make very effective harpies. I don't say they make "fine" harpies because there's nothing fine about the way they act. Combining a vicious streak that only the dead can muster with the passion and social awareness of the Brujah results in one hell of a fiendish creature. With the Toreador, all you have to worry about is if your tie's crooked or if you're wearing last year's fragrance. When you're dealing with Brujah harpies, you'd better tell them exactly what they want to hear or your social life will consist of scrubbing eggs thrown by neighborhood kids off the front door of your tract-home haven in the suburbs where they've decided you best belong. Brujah harpies aren't usually as susceptible to flattery as are harpies of other clans. Either they know they're all that and don't care what anyone else has to say or their harpy-ness stems from being so far removed from what others think of them that they're hailed as visionaries of the cutting-edge social order. Like Joan Rivers, if she drank blood.

My own experiences with harpies have not been pleasant.

THE RABBLE'S RUCK AND RUN

Naturally, with few titles to go around and so many Kindred vying for them, some are going to be left without position. Indeed, most Brujah among the Camarilla claim no title at all, no matter how humble, and are satisfied to deal with things that they think are important. Good for us, er, them!

Seriously, most Brujah pass through the lower echelons of society — it's what we know best, and it's what we've secured from the greedy talons of other Kindred. To them, there's nothing glamorous about providing for one's unlife by selling methamphetamines to club kids or by pimping desperate hookers in the red light district. In one sense, they're right — why squander immortality on drugs and whores?

In another context, they're completely wrong. Like no other clan, we Brujah have made our own place in the modern world. With the exception of the Gangrel, who can't be said to make the best of their unives at all, the Rabble have reinvented ourselves with every advancement society has made. No other clan can claim that. The Toreador still cling to outdated aristocracy. The Ventrue are nothing more than greedy medieval merchants. The Tremere's obsession with rituals and incantations leaves them ill equipped to function in the mundane world.

That's why the Brujah, for all the street-level grit we slog through, are proud. I'm not immune to it myself; for all the grief I give my clan, I certainly don't want to be part of another. That's why we Brujah thrive. We meet the challenges the world puts in front of us — we don't buy our way out of them or pretend that they're too vulgar for us. We Brujah get out there and get our hands dirty. The young Kindred you see, the ones best acclimated to the world, who meet everything the modern nights have to offer — they're Brujah. Until we become static elders (which takes centuries), we're there at all the parties. We're on the A-list, because we're fashionably unconventional. Even those of us who still belong to the older countercultures do it because we're devoted to it — the Hell's Angel Brujah love the open road and the Luddite Brujah genuinely believe that technology will bring about the end. No other Kindred can claim that.

Remember that as the Final Nights approach. As the top tiers of the Camarilla rot with incestuousness and avarice, more and more elders turn their backs on the world to immerse themselves in their inscrutable power games. Kindred society is built upon the Brujah, and the Brujah exist to tear down the old ways in favor of the new. And that's why, of all the mighty Kindred clans, we're the ones who will persevere. Because we know how.

ANARCHS

On the surface, the Brujah seem to have much in common with the anarchs. As is always the case,

the relationship is significantly more complex than it seems.

The first step in understanding the situation is understanding the anarchs. Look at their composition: many Caitiff, some Brujah, a few Gangrel and Malkavians, and a loose handful of the other clans, most of whom are in it more for greed than idealism. The Brujah are probably the second-largest contributors to the Caitiff population (behind the Gangrel), which makes the Brujah demographic among the anarchs even larger.

Where relations begin to fray is, surprisingly, in politics. Fundamental to the anarch cause is a reduction or abolishment of the powers of elders and princes and their ilk. Anarchs want an equal distribution of available resources and a diminishment of deference to the elders.

But the Brujah, as members of the Camarilla, uphold the sect's general principles to one degree or another. I'm not saying that every Brujah neonate is fully behind the Tremere elder's dominance of the police department. What I am saying is that not every Brujah — few of them, as a matter of fact — want the anarch's egalitarianism. Like most Kindred, Brujah are often vain, selfish creatures. Why the hell would a Brujah want to share the profits of his citywide heroin distribution network with *you*? What right do you have to share that influence? Wouldn't it be better for him if he took you out of the picture?

To the anarch mindset, the Brujah have sold out. The Rabble consider themselves rebels, but they're buying into the power structure against which they claim to revolt. To the Brujah, the anarchs want too much too quickly. They understand that to affect change, you have to institute it slowly so as not to lose support for the changes due to fear of radicalism. The upshot is a great deal of mutual resentment. The anarchs, disaffected and frustrated, can't rely on the Brujah; the Brujah acknowledge the need for structure and would see change through to fruition than wage a futile war that would only see them dismissed as maniacs.

This isn't to say that some bleedover doesn't occur. Particularly among the young Brujah, the anarch cause is quite popular. I bet that most Brujah flirt with it for some period of their unlife before moving on to a more realistic political outlook. For the most part, though, the common assumption is incorrect. The reality of the matter is that the Brujah effect change

from within the game. The anarchs want to play a different game from the outset.

THE OTHERS

We Brujah are a cosmopolitan lot. Many of us travel and it's almost second nature to us to maintain vast networks of informants, allies and associates. This social aspect brings us into contact with many different individuals, some of whom are fellow supernatural denizens of the night. While only the most well-traveled of Kindred could possibly hope to have met one of every strange creature that wanders the shadows, the average Brujah is more likely to have come in contact with "others" than some of the more insular clans. In short, Brujah know people, some of whom are more than they seem.

ASSAMITES

Over the several decades I've spent studying the Kindred, I've noticed that a frightening number of historical anecdotes lead back to the Assamites. Our revered Carthage had no shortage of Assassins; I suspect that they may have even been the second most numerous clan therein (which discussions with Critias support to some degree). I've also found a few odd connections between the Brujah and an obscure bloodline of Assamites called the Baali. It seems that back in Carthage, Baali Assamites had some kind of conflict with the parent clan — over religion, if my interpretation is correct. Carthage, of course, lay on the northern coast of Africa and was a mercantile port city. Assamites and Brujah revered the same gods (and, presumably, impersonated them) in that city — and in many of the other cities around the Middle East, the cradle of civilization and anywhere anyone ever dreamed of having his sire killed.

The long and short of it is this: The Assamites are old, and one's always involved if you trace the roots back far enough. Respect them, even if their new direction scares you. They're doing it for a reason.

GANGREL

I'm always amazed that when things become violent, the other Kindred turn to us to do a little knuckle dusting. Have you ever seen a Gangrel fight? I mean, *Jesus*. We may be able to hit people fast and hard, but when a Gangrel gets pissed at you, you're lucky to be anything more than a bloody streak. Even if you manage to hit them, most of the time they just don't care. They're too damn tough, even if you manage to land a punch before they sever your arm and drink your blood from it. Anyone who

voluntarily makes her haven in Lupine territory is either a psychotic or a badass, maybe a little of both.

The thing is, Gangrel generally want to be left alone, at least from what I can tell. I know one Gangrel who dwells outside of Atlanta, and he says that this attitude was behind their mass migration from the Camarilla. They seem to have a loose tribal structure and one of their chieftain-types decided that it was better for the clan to collectively mind its own business than it was to keep its tenuous relationship with the Camarilla. Coincidentally, I know a few Brujah who sympathize with them — some of them went indie with the Gangrel and a few others think the Brujah should secede, too. The Gangrel have some kind of brothers-in-arms code of conduct, or maybe they just respect hardiness in other people. Whatever the case, they don't seem to put much stock in the concept of clans and as long as you don't bother them too much, they don't care what your politics are.

Once I stayed with a pack of anarchs just south of San Francisco and they swore up and down that the Gangrel were friendly with the Lupines and had some sort of eco-terrorist agenda. To be honest, I haven't seen this, but it might be easily misconstrued — maybe they ran into a rogue chapter of the clan, or maybe it was one specific brood. Whatever the case, the Gangrel don't seem to be communing with nature in the hug-a-tree sense. They remind me more of animals who are *part of* nature, not necessarily "at home" in the environment, but certainly able to make the best of it. Critias suggests a similar point of view — that the Gangrel are more like feral forces of nature than any individual who just likes the wilderness. Whatever the case, they're vampires like the old legends suggest, turning into mist, calling upon the animals and refusing to die.

GIOVANNI

Here in the New World, Brujah and Giovanni don't often cross paths. As far as most of the Brujah I've spoken with are concerned, the Giovanni are little more than a Ventrue offshoot with a predilection for necrophilia. In the Old World, however, particularly in Italy, Brujah and Giovanni have a little more contact with each other. Although they're not necessarily chummy, European Brujah and Giovanni often have several enemies in common. The Giovanni operate outside the traditional power structure — they're not part of the Camarilla and don't have to answer to it. As such, they often run afoul of Ventrue and Toreador Kindred who assume that because the Giovanni aren't

part of their sect, they aren't relevant. All too often, an enterprising Ventrue may uncover a rival Giovanni in his domain (or vice versa). Now, the Brujah aren't necessarily predisposed toward the Giovanni, but they're a damn sight less hostile to them than they are to the average Ventrue. It wouldn't be the first time that a Brujah made some strange bedfellows simply out of spite.

Still, the Giovanni probably grew out of medieval or Renaissance merchant classes, which puts them in the business end of things. In these modern nights, all it takes for some Brujah to peg you as The Man is a suit that makes you look presentable. As such, most Brujah have at best a neutral regard for the Giovanni. Those of us who see past the dime-store resentment may actually profit from relationships with the Necromancers, assuming the Giovanni are interested. They turn up in the Mafia at times, as well as in certain enclaves related to the Church, to which we Brujah are no strangers. Some Brujah gang leaders arm themselves with Giovanni-smuggled guns or move Giovanni-smuggled drugs. In the end, the relationship is whatever the Kindred involved can make it.

While it may be true that Brujah have a penchant for violence, I think it's safe to say that few of us are morbid. We have little taste for the Giovanni's habits — we prefer the dead remain dead. Not that this is any universal blanket statement; if the odd Brujah doesn't mind the proximity of corpses and voodoo, that's her business, but the concept of dealing with the dead is generally as taboo to us as it is to other people.

LASOMBRA

The Lasombra are the leaders of the Sabbat. Most Brujah who have spent more than a few nights among the undead grow to hate the Sabbat — even if we're not particularly happy with the stagnant Camarilla, few of us are exceptionally interested in taking some Satanic joyride into the mouth of Hell and calling it "freedom." Put two and two together, and you'll come to the conclusion that Clan Brujah has no particular love for the Lasombra.

I'm given to understand that in centuries past, the Brujah and Lasombra shared some common ground, particularly around the Iberian peninsula. When the Anarch Revolt took place, though, the Brujah had the sense to, ahem, see the error of our ways and rejoin the fold. The only Kindred with more pride than a Brujah is a Lasombra, however, so they chose to stick it out and call the *antitribu*

to their banner. This causes more of our disfavor for them — they're as wed to power structures as the Ventrue, which automatically makes them the enemy for many Brujah.

MALKAVIANS

Here's a clan that generally splits you down the middle. Like the Brujah, the Malkavians do what they want. Unlike the Brujah, most Malkavians are worthless. They make a big show about, oh, the wretched affliction that maddens them, and lo, can't we see the gilded reaper poised inside our dreams to crack the foundation of the race of Caine!

Some of them have the much-vaunted "insight" that they purport makes it worthwhile to weather their presence, but I'll be damned if half of it isn't an act.

When I made my haven outside Seattle, the prince didn't allow a Malkavian candidate among the primogen. As a result, the city wasn't too hospitable to Malkavians, so only three made their permanent havens there. The prince had his hands full with the depredations of a vampire no one knew anything about — Kindred were turning up dead, or running into the sun to meet their maker, or devouring their ghouls before wassailing down the streets, thirsting for the blood of vagrants.

When things start getting unpredictably weird, fingers naturally point to the Lunatics. In this case, though, the Malkavians weren't acting any different from how they normally did; they were unaffected by whatever tide of madness had swept the city. By reading her dreams and divining from trickles of blood dropped into cold water, one of the local Malkavians triangulated the location where this dangerous Kindred made his haven. As it turns out, the Kindred in question was a member of the Inconnu who had been apart from other Kindred so long that he had become deranged, and his insanity washed over the city's Cainites — he was a plague dog of lunacy. So some Malkavians have their uses.

Then again, of the other two Malkavians in Seattle at the time, one was convinced that the brain of his sire had invaded his body and the other would slit the throat of any woman who gave birth to a girl on Monday because that's when a prophecy had told her the Antichrist would be born.

NOSFERATU

You have to have some degree of pity for these monsters because of what the Embrace does to them.

Be careful, though, because their wretched physical state turns many of them into utter assholes who somehow believe that they have a right to be obnoxious.

The Nosferatu know everything. Nothing surprising there. The only problem I have with them is that their information is useless unless somebody knows it — so they have this unpleasant tendency of lord-ing their vast knowledge over you in the hopes that you'll do them a favor and buy it off them. That's the secret to dealing with the Nosferatu and coming out on top: Let them know that without someone to make their precious little secrets valuable, they could have the combination to every safe at Fort Knox and it wouldn't matter.

That said, they certainly make better compatriots than enemies because, in Kindred society, somebody always wants that little scrap of information and you're better off if the secret has nothing to do with you.

Ironically, many of these Kindred also have similar inclinations toward compassion as we do. The only difference is that they feel it because they've lost the ability to interact with humankind, while we still look in from the outside. It's the ultimate price, inflicted by denial.

RAVNOS

The Deceivers aren't usually as bad as the Powers That Be would have you believe, but you can be sure that you're never going to get more out of one than she wants you to. If you're after information, half of what she tells you is going to be a lie, probably intended to get you killed if you let anyone know you spoke with her. If you're doing business together, she's selling your share to the highest bidder on the side and then withdrawing all the money before showing you the books that say you're bankrupt.

For lack of anything less euphemistic to say, I'll grant that they're clever. When you work with them, you're dealing with the devil, and no one is better at manipulating the emotions than a Ravnos with a purpose. Recently, it seems, the clan has had its own civil war, and they're not above playing the oppressed refugee shtick to bilk you out of something.

The thing is, their treachery is more than it seems — they have a genuinely nasty edge that's going to cut you if you run across them. The best advice is to steer clear, and don't upset them or give them any reason to take notice of you. Invariably, you'll get the worst end of the deal, because they're that good

at taking what they want and leaving you to bear the responsibility.

SETITES

I feel similarly about the Setites as I do about the Assamites, albeit with a bit more reservation. Trace any Kindred treachery back far enough and there's a Setite in there somewhere. Like the Assamites, they're in the Jyhad for something that suits them and them only. Unlike the Assamites, they're willing to let you in on the secret — for a price.

As any Brujah dopeman knows, you don't snort your own stash. When you're around a vice all the time, you succumb to it. So it is with the Setites. While they may have something that you want at first — drugs, a long-lost memoir that lists the sleeping place of some powerful and vulnerable Kindred, the key to a mortal paramour's heart — the price always proves exacting. Additionally, that price is contrived to keep bringing you back to the Setite, because their trade isn't the merchandise or secrets they sell. It's the people who owe them.

The trouble is, it's hard to pass them up, and they're well aware of that fact. Sure, you could spend a decade digging up information about the Heart's Blood of Mithras and spend another five years outwitting the traps and rivals who would beset you if you pursued it, or you could just buy a vial of Mithras's Heart's Blood from a Setite and be done with it. And they're not proud — they gladly deal with the wants of people who aren't after such lofty things as Methuselah blood, which means they cross paths with many of the Brujah on the streets. They peddle drugs, hookers, black-market contraband, favors from senators, whatever. Accept them as a necessary evil, shut them down when you can, and otherwise stay the fuck away from them.

TOREADOR

A classic chicken-or-the-egg scenario — have the Brujah always hated the Toreador because the Toreador have always hated the Brujah, or is it the other way around?

As a group, they're deplorable. As individuals, most of them are still deplorable.

But every now and then you run across a Toreador who doesn't buy into the bullshit that keeps so many of them going. In fact, most of them are as cunning as Brujah — they have an elaborately constructed stereotypical façade that leads many Kindred to discount them automatically. It's true that most Brujah have the physical advantage over the Toreador, but that's not going to help them for long. Sure, they may be

able to stomp a Toreador once, but you can bet that Toreador has some connection in the Kindred favor network that's going to end up calling a blood hunt on the Brujah.

No, the best way to deal with Toreador is either to flatter them to the point of stupefied mollification or bring them a Trojan Horse by way of an "alliance" if you can't ignore them altogether. Seriously, leave yourself an exit strategy when you find yourself dealing with a Toreador, because most won't hesitate to drag you down in their place when it all goes to hell. Contrary to their public personae, their shit *does* stink, and you're liable to make more enemies among them by screwing one over, unless they think you did a good job of it.

TREMERE

The Tremere come in two flavors: very breakable and ungodly powerful. Be careful when you break one of the fragile ones, because he might be one of the powerful ones' bitches.

They're forever scuttling around on some secret mission to find the skulls of their elders and grind them into aphrodisiac powder or something. They get all uppity when you interrupt them.

Whatever, Gandalf.

TZIMISCE

I don't know much about these freaks, but I have a theory. Whoever made the Tremere made the Tzimisce first as a sort of trial run, and Jesus, did he ever fuck up. Not only do they thrive on hurting people — and I'm not talking about Brujah-style punching you till you give up, I mean stuff like fang extractions and external genitalia relocation — but they actually wallow in it. The Sabbat deserves them and vice versa.

I feel like I should say more about them, but I don't really want to. Let's change the subject, because they make me nauseous.

VENTRUE

All right. Now I'm supposed to have fits and jump around and scream and shake my fist. Damn those Ventrue! Down with princes! Kill whitey!

Well, I'm afraid I'm going to have to disappoint you. I wasn't around for Carthage, version one. I don't think it's possible, given the current state of Kindred affairs, for Carthage, version two, and I don't think anyone who we expected to actually dwell in that city would be too happy with it, as it couldn't possibly be both modern and satisfactory to the undead. So I don't harbor any grudge over that.

No, by all accounts, the Ventrue are utterly placid. They're decent enough leaders of the Camarilla, in that they're no more corrupt than your average middle manager and we don't have too many interests that coincide, so we never have to see each other if we don't want to. While the Ventrue are happy to place themselves at the head of the line and in the path of incoming fire, everyone else who's a part of the organization can pretty much do what they want and let the Blue Bloods shuffle the papers.

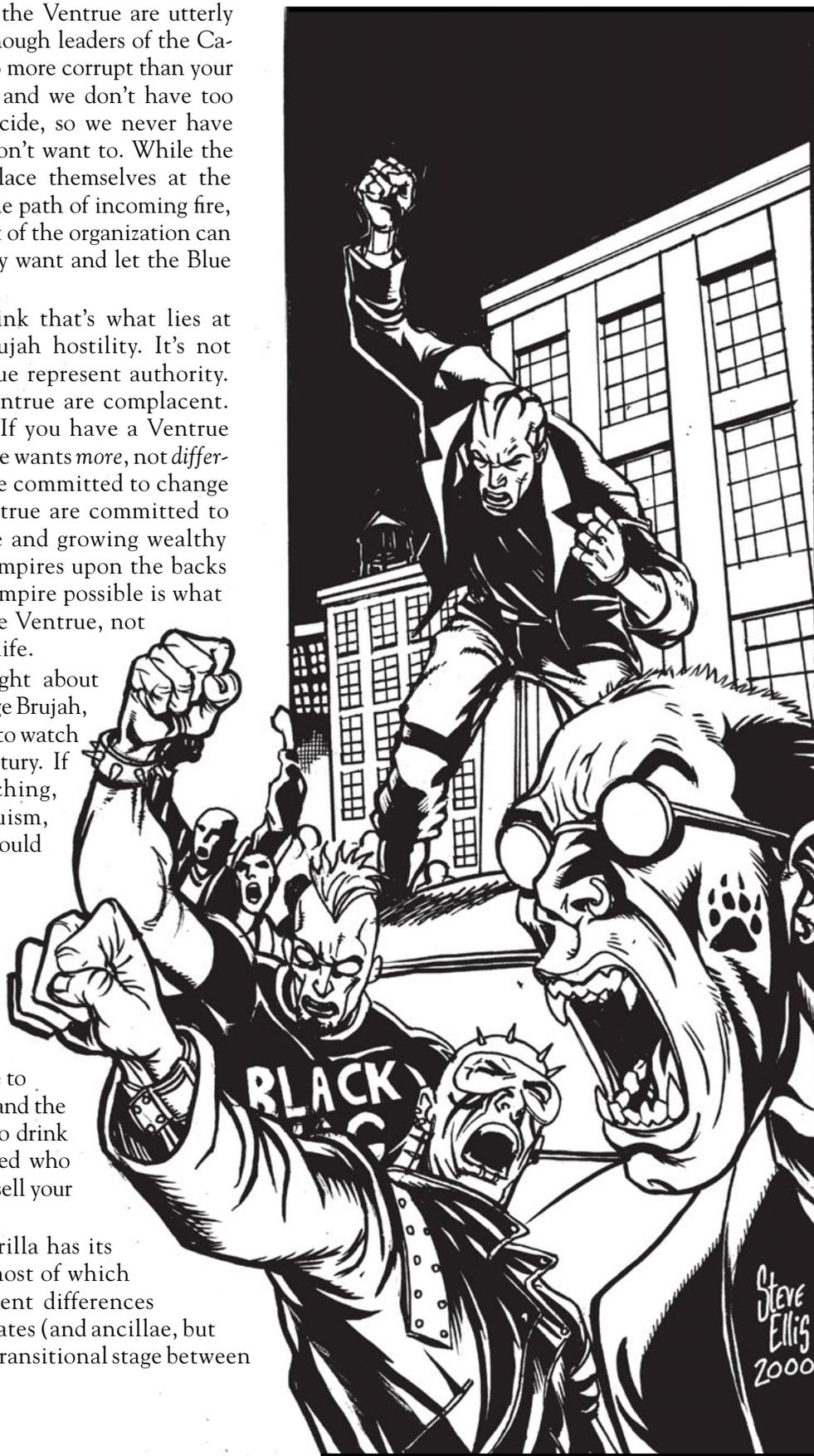
If you ask me, I think that's what lies at the core of Ventrue-Brujah hostility. It's not so much that the Ventrue represent authority. No, I think that the Ventrue are complacent. They're the status quo. If you have a Ventrue dissatisfied, it's because he wants *more*, not *different*. While the Brujah are committed to change and rebuilding, the Ventrue are committed to keeping things the same and growing wealthy from it. Building their empires upon the backs of those who make the empire possible is what irks the Brujah about the Ventrue, not the simple quality of unlife.

But then, I've thought about this more than your average Brujah, and it's been my privilege to watch undead society for a century. If you want blind, screeching, fist-shaking anti-Ventruism, I'm sure many Brujah would be happy to oblige.

THE CAMARILLA

No better, no worse, than it ever pretended to be. The benefit of the Camarilla over the Sabbat is that the former knows that it must change to remain viable. Well, that and the fact that you don't have to drink the blood of every Kindred who looks in your direction or sell your soul to the devil.

Seriously, the Camarilla has its fair share of problems, most of which I chalk up to the inherent differences between elders and neonates (and ancillae, but I consider that more of a transitional stage between



the two). Neonates, by their very nature, are new to the entire experience of being Kindred. Elders, by virtue of having been around forever and a night, know the state of vampirism in and out. However, the neonates are far more in touch with the current state of the world, while the elders have been placed out of time for so long that very few of them relate at all to the environment around them. It's the classic example of having one's cake and eating it, too, if you'll pardon the entirely un-vampiric metaphor.

You can see these distinctions. Some elders are so staid that they still wear the clothes of the times in which they were Embraced, and then they can't understand why the tactics they used hundreds of years ago are no longer efficacious. Neonates have every available modern advantage, but they still don't understand the gravity of the Blood, or the predilections it indelibly imposes upon someone once they receive the Embrace. Elders haven't been "human" for so long that they don't respond to the world like humans — to some elders, it's a perfectly acceptable course of action to behead one's enemy and place his remains on a pike in their front yard. Neonates know that this sort of thing gets one arrested instead of respected, but their influence over the world is too negligible to allow them to challenge the elders' power.

It sounds like an endless, vicious cycle, doesn't it? That's because it is. However, it's a vicious cycle that, on the whole, works better than anything else we've come up with. Now, before you claim that accepting it because it works well enough is contrary to my Brujah nature, let me quantify. The Camarilla, if it wants to survive, has to reach some equilibrium. It needs to evolve past its formal rules, much like Marxism intended to. The system itself should grow to be ingrained in the nature of the Kindred. Thus, we would be able to eliminate the titles, positions and responsibilities and get back to the finer points of unlife.

Obviously, the Camarilla has to make significant changes before it makes the Brujah happy with it, but we're not the only ones it's got to appease. I've said it before — it's the lesser of the evils open to us, and not much more.

THE SABBAT

This group of maniacs earns my vote for the worst idea ever. Over the years, I've learned no small amount

about their politics, rituals and practices, and it still floors me that anyone ever managed to get a group like this to work, however erratically.

In a nutshell, Sabbat philosophy is built around an unceasing holy war against creatures that don't exist, which somehow asserts their superiority over mortals.

Doesn't make much sense to me, either.

Some people seem to think that Sabbat ideology fits the Brujah unlife. I won't argue with that. We Brujah are not stupid, however, and being told what to do with a backhanded reference to it as freedom strikes us as fundamentally flawed. The Brujah don't *want* to be part of the Sabbat — the Camarilla works for us because it generally allows us to do what we will with unlife. Were we to join the Sabbat, we'd have to follow their party line because that's all there is to them. And have I mentioned how misguided it is? Add to this the juvenile veneration of taboo, and you lose us completely.

No, we know that the best way to deal with an idiot is to let him dig his own grave.

THE INCONNU

I'm not sure there really is an Inconnu, or if it's one of those elder stories told to keep childer in line. Not that they're made out to be ravaging monsters, like the Sabbat — they're more of a boojum used to spook the intellectual neonates. You know, "Better behave or the incomprehensible elders from the Old World will carry out some hidden plot with you as the Manchurian Candidate!"

Until I've met one, I'll reserve a more constructive comment. And I don't know anyone who's met one.

AND WHATEVER ELSE YOU CAN NAME

Werewolves. Witches. Ghosts. Angels. Devils. Aliens. All of this may or may not exist, but to be frank, it doesn't concern us. Let the Gangrel chase the Lupines out of their havens and let the Tremere trade grimoires with the wizards under the light of a harvest moon. Brujah don't deal with those sorts of things except on rare occasions, and I'm smart enough not to let those few occasions form a cohesive opinion for me. In my experience the best tactic is to leave well enough alone. If that doesn't work, start swinging. If you can't beat it that way, run like hell and know that at least you'll be around longer than any of these other freaks. The Curse of Caine has its benefits, after all.

Horace Kaplan

BURNING WRATH (CELERITY ●●●, POTENCE ●●●)

This power's origin is lost to the Brujah, though many of its more combative members have learned the secret. Indeed, its use is very widespread, particularly among the less genteel ranks of the clan.

When the Brujah activates this power, she becomes capable of striking an enemy with devastating power many times in succession — each punch or kick actually impacts the foe multiple times, all of which carry the full force of the Brujah's supernatural strength.

The blood used during this power's activation also causes the Kindred's flesh to blush a violent crimson. In some cases, visible waves of blood-heat emanate from her body or a red mist envelops her.

System: The player spends one Blood Point for each use of Burning Wrath, whether or not the character actually hits the target. On the Kindred's next attack, all brawling damage she does is aggravated, including damage done through the extra successes imparted by her Potence.

Burning Wrath may even be used multiple times in a single turn, on split actions or Celerity actions, so long as the player spends the requisite Blood Point for each attack.

MET System: The player spends one Blood Trait for each use of Burning Wrath, whether or not the attack is successful — the usage must be declared before determining the challenge's outcome. Successful attacks inflict the full amount of damage as aggravated.

It costs 15 experience points to learn this power. In MET, this power costs eight Experience Traits.

IRON HEART (POTENCE ●●●, PRESENCE ●●●)

Some Brujah can steel themselves against even the most forceful extensions of other Kindred's will. By calling upon their physical strength and what some vampires suspect is sheer id, the Brujah can shrug off the effects of mental suggestion and supernatural force of personality. Young Kindred tell tales of bold Brujah even ignoring the attempts of princes to Dominate them — likely a use of this power.

System: Increase the difficulty by two for Kindred wishing to employ Dominate, Presence or mind-controlling powers of Thaumaturgy against a Brujah with this power. Also, a Kindred may use Iron Heart to strengthen the will of another: The player spends one Willpower point, and the subject of his choice becomes harder to affect, adding one to the difficulties of Dominate, Presence and Thaumaturgical mind control attempts for the remainder of the scene.

MET System: A Kindred with this power wins on ties to resist any attempt to use Dominate, Presence or Thaumaturgical mind control against him. Also, the Kindred may use this power to strengthen the will of another: The player spends one Willpower Trait and the subject of his choice gains an automatic retest to resist any attempts to use above mentioned powers. This lasts for the remainder of the scene, or one hour, whichever comes first.

This power costs 18 experience points. In MET, this power costs nine Experience Traits.

PULSE OF UNDEATH (AUSPEX ●, POTENCE ●●●)

By focusing her heightened awareness and physical prowess, a Kindred can “feel” for which of the physical gifts of Caine another Kindred may have learned. Potence manifests as a vibration of the muscles, Fortitude generates a cold rigidity in the body and Celerity causes a brief feeling of vertigo.

System: This power enables a character to know which, if any, of the three physical Disciplines (Celerity, Fortitude, Potence) another character possesses and at what level. The player rolls Perception + Empathy (difficulty 6). Each success indicates that the character learns the nature and level of one of the other character's physical Disciplines.

In some cases, particularly if the subject has a higher rating in a given Discipline than the character using this power, the results may be imprecise. A character may feel the telltale dizziness that indicates Celerity, but might well be unsure of the subject's potential with it.

MET System: To learn which of the three physical Disciplines another character possesses, the player must succeed in a static mental challenge against the target character's Mental Traits. If she succeeds, she may spend one Mental Trait per Discipline to learn what level the target has of each.

It costs six experience points to learn this power. In MET, this power costs three Experience Traits.

CHARACTER AND TRAITS

The Kindred of Clan Brujah are a diverse group, differing at times as much from each other as they do from vampires of other clans. As such, a few unique Traits have arisen that are especially appropriate to members of this clan. Storytellers take note: While these new Traits are not necessarily exclusive to the Brujah, all of them are options. They may be used by Kindred of other clans, or not at all, at your discretion.

Sections that make mention of MET are for use with White Wolf's Mind's Eye Theatre live-action rules.

CONSIDERATIONS FOR EXISTING TRAITS

In some cases, the Storyteller may wish to make a few adjustments or special allowances for Brujah characters whose concept deserves it. As always, the Storyteller is the final arbiter of such situations.

ALTERNATE IDENTITY BACKGROUND

Because much of a Brujah's reputation depends on her deeds, misdeeds, infamy and valor, some Brujah choose to go by different names when they meet different Kindred. The anarch icon, Smiling Jack, for example (see Chapter Three), has concocted numerous aliases to hide his identity when it might not be prudent to be known as a rabid opponent of the principedom. Although it is presented in the **Guide to the Sabbat**, Alternate Identity is certainly a valid Background for any Kindred whose name might otherwise earn her unwanted attention, positive or negative.

MILITARY FORCE BACKGROUND

Elders aren't the only Kindred with devoted soldiers at their beck and call. The Brujah, given their connections to the mortal world and their skill with the Presence Discipline, sometimes cultivate groups of followers that either exceed the quantities suggested by the Allies and Retainers Backgrounds or are populated by people who have less versatility than normal Allies or Retainers. Among these are the Brujah gang lords, *capos*, religious faction leaders, political jackbooters, entourage-bearing glitterati, activists and, well, anyone who can convince a group of chain-swinging hooligans to fight whomever he tells them to. In cases like this, Storytellers may wish to allow the character to invest a point or two in Military Force, to represent

the group. Remember that Military Force is not necessarily a collection of dotting sycophants who follow the character's orders at the drop of a hat — Military Force consists, obviously, of people who fight for the character. Sycophants, yes-men and lieutenants are best covered by an additional investment in the Retainers or Allies Backgrounds.

The Military Force Background appears in the **Vampire Storytellers Handbook**.

NEW DISCIPLINE POWERS

The following powers are all manifestations of the personal nature of Disciplines as a Kindred's mastery rises to the sixth level or greater. Characters with the ability to learn and create new Disciplines might wish to acquire these or use them as a base from which to explore their own options. Likewise, certain Storyteller characters may have access to these powers.

THE GENTLE REBUKE (POTENCE LEVEL SIX)

Facetiously named, this power allows the Kindred to physically knock another character away from herself with the slightest of touches. Although this power does no damage in and of itself, its use is quite humbling, and certainly, to be hurled away from an elder in a social setting has its embarrassing repercussions. Some Kindred who use this power do so surreptitiously, touching their victims and sending them reeling across the room. Others use this power as a not-so-subtle display of their might, giving their victim a casual slap that has overwhelming results.

System: The player spends a Blood Point and the character must physically touch her target (which may require a Dexterity + Brawl roll in certain situations). The character on the receiving end of this power is immediately thrown a number of yards equal to the invoking character's Potence rating. The results of this vary by situation, and are left to the Storyteller — a character hurled into a wall may well sustain damage, while a character tossed haphazardly away might have to succeed on a Dexterity roll (difficulty 6) to remain standing.

MET System: The player spends a Blood Trait and must succeed in a physical challenge to touch the target (this may be done surreptitiously, but the player may not make use of other Potence benefits). The challenge is not required if the subject allows the player to touch him (a handshake, a "friendly" hand on the shoulder, etc). This power

hurls the victim 20 feet directly away from the invoking character. If the subject strikes a wall or other solid obstacle, he suffers two health levels of bashing damage. Otherwise, the character needs to win a static physical challenge against six Traits to remain standing.

RELENTLESS PURSUIT (POTENCE LEVEL SIX)

With this power, the Kindred becomes capable of truly impressive physical displays. He may leap from rooftop to rooftop over entire streets, jump to a fire escape a dozen feet over his head and other feats of athleticism. This is useful both for pursuit and evasion, but is quite a breach of the Masquerade, should anyone see this power in use.

System: Characters without this power may leap a distance of two vertical feet or four horizontal feet per success on a Strength or Strength + Athletics roll (difficulty 3; see **Vampire: The Masquerade**, p. 202). With this power, the character can jump four feet vertically or six feet horizontally per dot of Potence he possesses, needing only to succeed on a Dexterity + Athletics roll (difficulty 4) to land correctly. If this last roll fails, circumstances dictate the results — the character may overshoot a building ledge or simply land less than gracefully.

MET System: The player may use this power to allow her character to leap up to 25 feet vertically or 40 feet horizontally. She must succeed in a static physical challenge against four Traits (retest with Athletics) to land correctly — if she fails the challenge, the Storyteller should assess results as appropriate.

STUTTER-STEP (CELERITY LEVEL SEVEN)

Calling upon her preternatural speed, a Kindred using this power appears to undertake several actions at once, “flickering” from one action to the next. This is particularly useful in combat, as one’s foe cannot guess which of the actions he perceives is the one with which the character follows through. The character seems to be a dervish while this power is in effect, beginning countless feints, dodges and parries.

System: The player spends a Blood Point to activate this power. For the turn in which the character calls upon this power, she may add her full Celerity rating to her Dodge, Block or Parry pool. This pool may be also be distributed among multiple actions — a character with this power can use it in a succession of Dodges, moving too fast for

the eye to perceive, much like the fluttering of a hummingbird’s wings.

MET System: The player spends a Blood Trait to activate this power. For the turn in which the character calls upon this power, she may use six additional Physical Traits (Graceful x 2, Nimble x 2, Quick x 2) for the purposes of defense. These bonus traits do not apply to the character’s attacks. She also gains a single “Stutter” retest in any challenge, applicable for defensive actions. The “Stutter” retest is always the last retest declared in a challenge, unless the attacker declares the use of Might.

NEW MERITS AND FLAWS

Like all Merits and Flaws, these Traits are optional, pending Storyteller approval. For more details on the Merits and Flaws, see **Vampire: The Masquerade**, pp. 295-296.

COMPASSIONATE (4-PT. MENTAL MERIT)

You have the moral character of the Brujah of old, the proud warrior-poets who did what they did because their hearts called to them. If you ever fail a Conscience (but not Conviction) roll, you may spend a point of Willpower and attempt the roll again, at a difficulty of 1 higher than the last. If you succeed on this roll, it counts as if you succeeded on the first. You may do this only once per Conscience roll; you must accept the results of the re-roll. If you botch this second roll, you lose one permanent point of Willpower in addition to any consequences of the failed Conscience roll.

In MET, the player must spend one Willpower Trait to attempt a retest, which is treated as if it were one level higher on the Hierarchy of Sins. The player must accept the results of the second test.

DYNAMIC PERSONALITY (5-PT. SOCIAL MERIT)

People are drawn to you, due to some characteristic appeal you exude. You may purchase additional Backgrounds using your experience points at the end of each story — two experience points earn you one Background dot from the following group: Allies, Contacts, Herd, Retainers.

In MET, this Merit allows the player to purchase more Backgrounds with Experience Traits. When the player purchases Traits in Allies, Contacts, Herd or Retainers, he may gain two Background Traits per Experience Trait spent. Storytellers should watch this Merit carefully for potential abuse.

OBVIOUS PREDATOR (2-PT. SOCIAL FLAW)

Either your face or your immediate disposition lets people know that you have nothing good in store for them. Mortals react poorly to people who exude such a blatant air of menace, and all your difficulties for Social rolls increase by two (with the exception of Intimidation-related rolls).

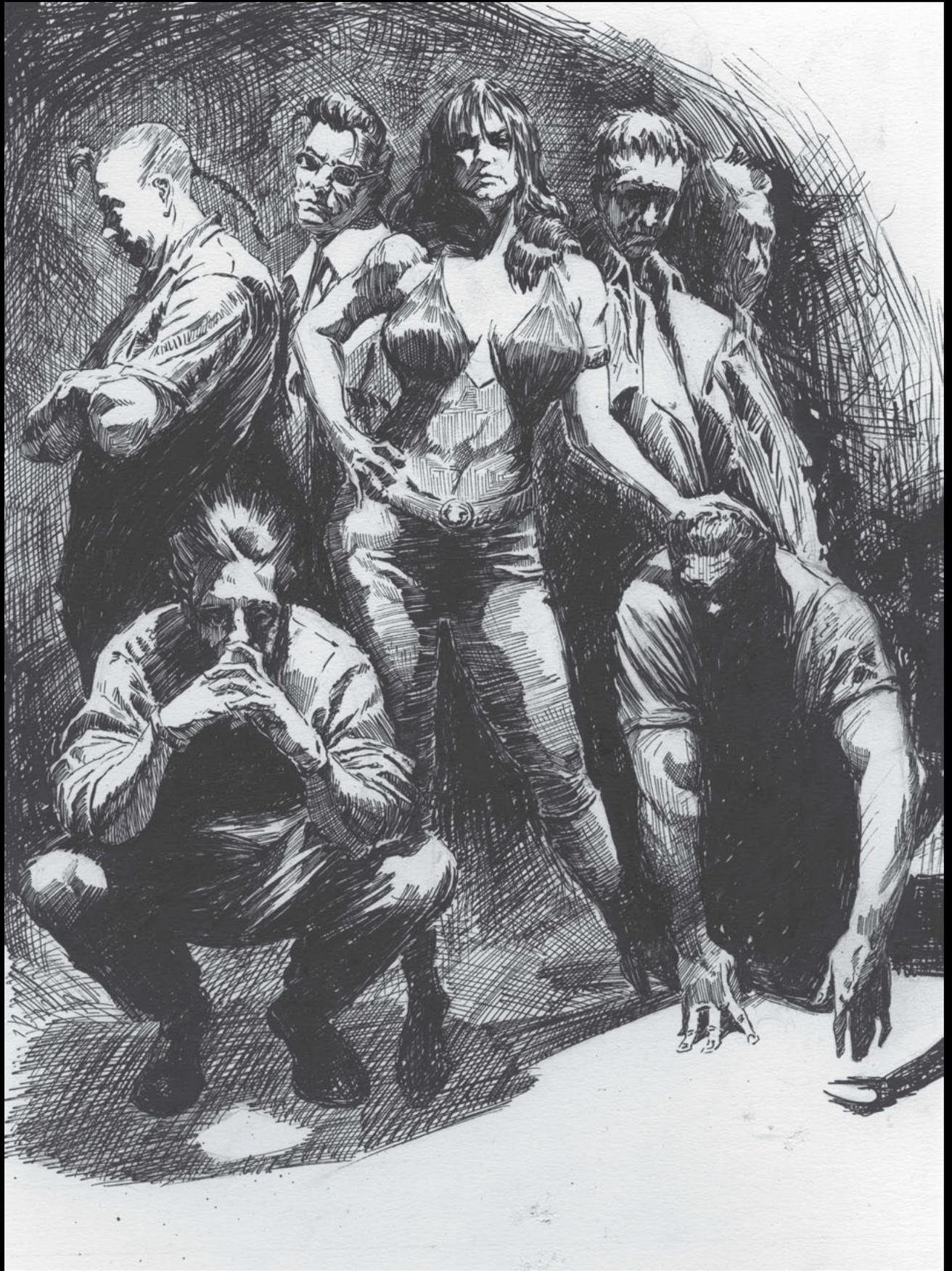
In MET, this is largely a matter of roleplaying. A player who chooses this Flaw must wear a card or other item that identifies him as an Obvious Predator. Kindred with this Flaw lose all ties in social challenges with mortals. Obvious Predator does not inflict a penalty upon Intimidation-related challenges.

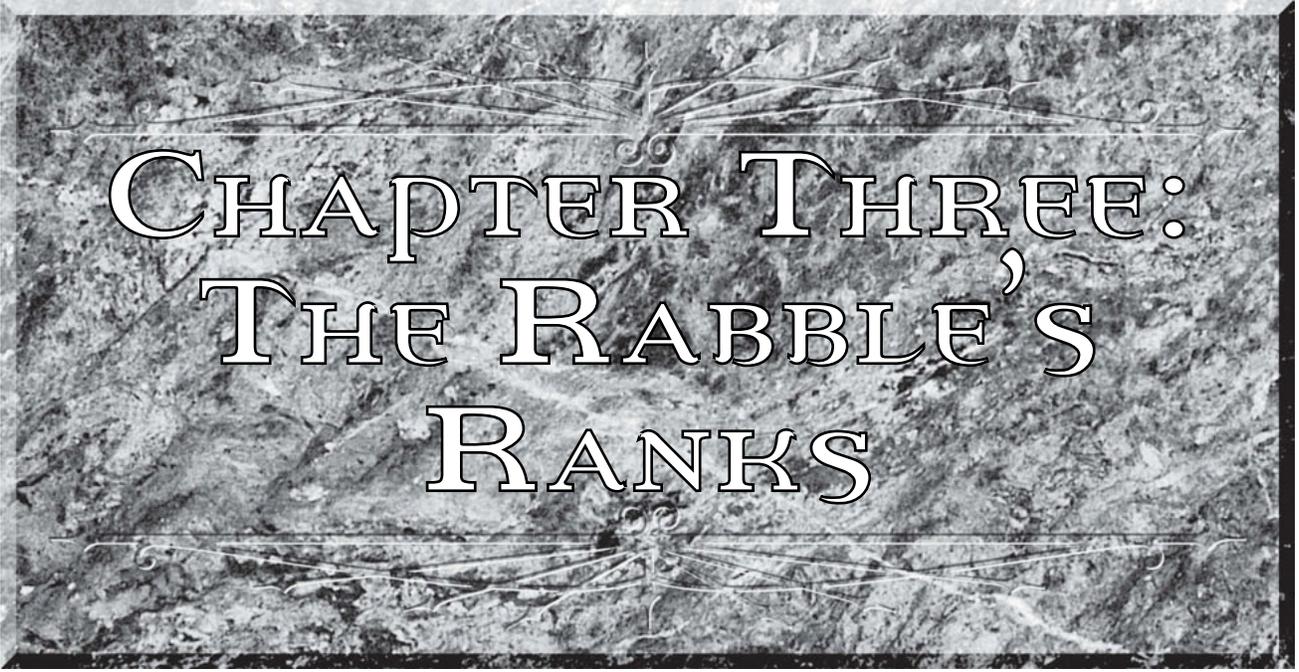
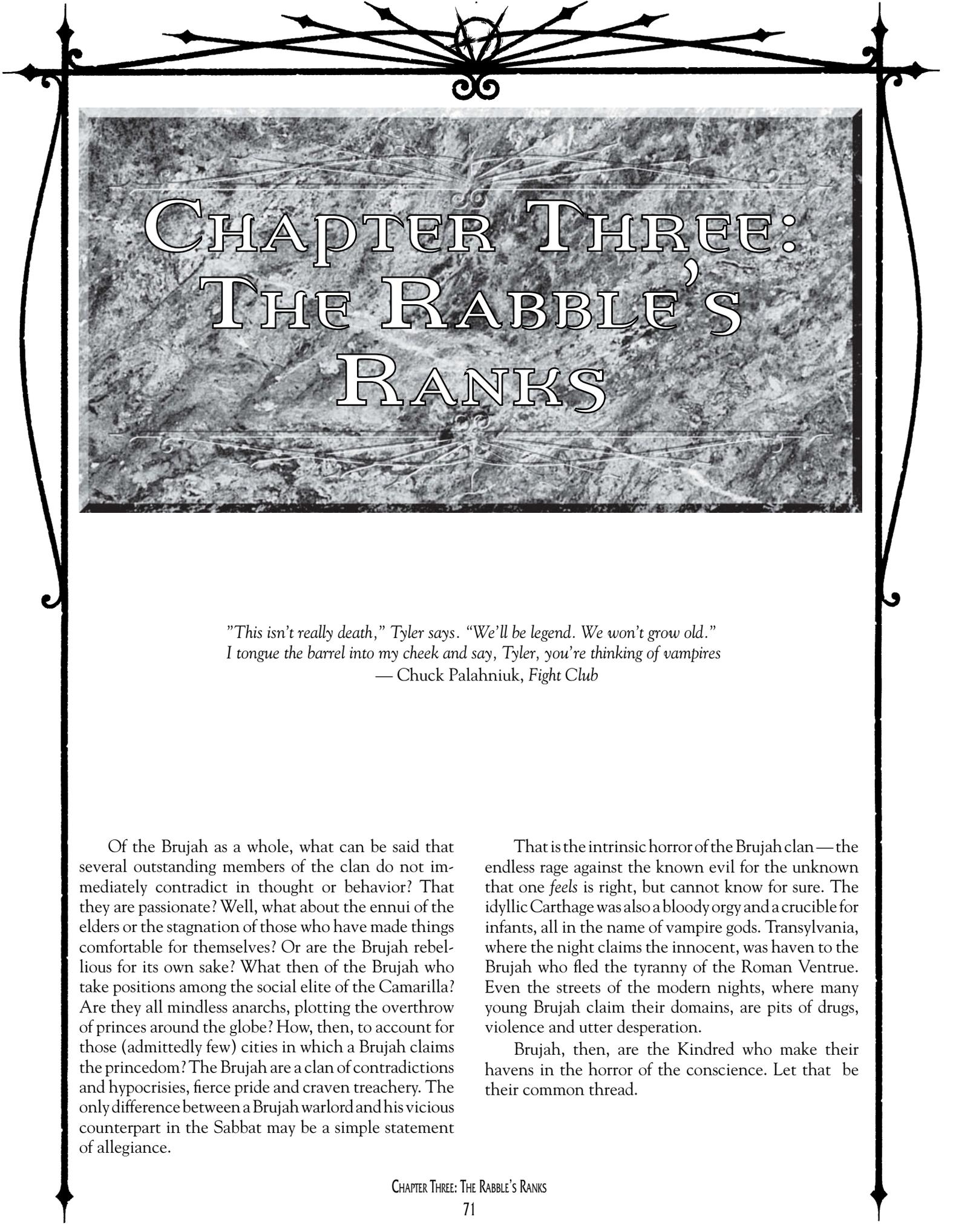
UNCONTROLLABLE (5-PT. MENTAL FLAW)

Rage and passion constantly war in the soul of a volatile Brujah. Perhaps you were ill tempered before the Embrace, or perhaps your Brujah lineage awakened some latent fury. In any case, even more so than your clanmates, you are prone to frenzy. Difficulties to resist frenzy are always 10 for this character. Prepare for a short, hellish ride.

In MET, characters with this Flaw always lose on ties in attempts to resist frenzy. Uncontrollable can easily disrupt a LARP, and Storytellers are cautioned to carefully consider whether it's be appropriate in their games.







CHAPTER THREE: THE RABBLE'S RANKS

*"This isn't really death," Tyler says. "We'll be legend. We won't grow old."
I tongue the barrel into my cheek and say, Tyler, you're thinking of vampires
— Chuck Palahniuk, *Fight Club**

Of the Brujah as a whole, what can be said that several outstanding members of the clan do not immediately contradict in thought or behavior? That they are passionate? Well, what about the ennui of the elders or the stagnation of those who have made things comfortable for themselves? Or are the Brujah rebellious for its own sake? What then of the Brujah who take positions among the social elite of the Camarilla? Are they all mindless anarchists, plotting the overthrow of princes around the globe? How, then, to account for those (admittedly few) cities in which a Brujah claims the principedom? The Brujah are a clan of contradictions and hypocrisies, fierce pride and craven treachery. The only difference between a Brujah warlord and his vicious counterpart in the Sabbat may be a simple statement of allegiance.

That is the intrinsic horror of the Brujah clan—the endless rage against the known evil for the unknown that one *feels* is right, but cannot know for sure. The idyllic Carthage was also a bloody orgy and a crucible for infants, all in the name of vampire gods. Transylvania, where the night claims the innocent, was haven to the Brujah who fled the tyranny of the Roman Ventrue. Even the streets of the modern nights, where many young Brujah claim their domains, are pits of drugs, violence and utter desperation.

Brujah, then, are the Kindred who make their havens in the horror of the conscience. Let that be their common thread.

NET.KINDRED

Quote: *You wanna know what the prince's venture-capital company made in profit last year? Hang on; I'll grab their annual report off their Web site. Oh, this is some pretty specialized stuff — I'm going to have to charge you a consultation fee.*

Prelude: You had made a decent living, cashing in on the Internet revolution. After a small-business loan from the bank enabled you to start your own company, business boomed for a few years, as you had managed to ride the first wave of e-hysteria. Before long, however, the market matured and your services became less valuable. Your business had dwindled to a few contract jobs with larger solutions companies. The money came regularly, but only at the same time every 30 days, and you felt the squeeze.

Just as things started to look bleak, you met the strangest client who'd ever employed you. He said he was working on a Web project — and that he was looking to do something not entirely on the level. Intrigued, you accepted the contract, which was a commercial Web site designed to process false orders through which the client intended to launder money. When the time came to accept payment for the project, the client stated that he wanted you to administrate the site full-time... and promptly Embraced you.

Luckily for you, most vampires, like most mortals, aren't very smart when it comes to computers. The Internet is this nebulous thing that exists inside a magic box that sits on their desk, and only techno-wizards like yourself can bend it to their wills. As such, you charge premium rates for the Kindred, who couldn't keep up with the technology even if they wanted to. Unless other people start Embrac-



VAMPIRE
THE MASQUERADE

NAME: _____ NATURE: **Conniver** GENERATION: 12th
 PLAYER: _____ DEMEANOR: **Architect** HAVEN: _____
 CHRONICLE: _____ CLAN: **Brujah** CONCEPT: **Net.Kindred**

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL		SOCIAL		MENTAL	
Strength	●●●●	Charisma	●●●●	Perception	●●●●
Dexterity	●●●●	Manipulation	●●●●	Intelligence	●●●●
Stamina	●●●●	Appearance	●●●●	Wits	●●●●

ABILITIES

TALENTS		SKILLS		KNOWLEDGES	
Alertness	●●●●	Animal Ken	●●●●	Academics	●●●●
Athletics	●●●●	Crafts	●●●●	Computer	●●●●
Brawl	●●●●	Drive	●●●●	Finance	●●●●
Dodge	●●●●	Etiquette	●●●●	Investigation	●●●●
Empathy	●●●●	Firearms	●●●●	Law	●●●●
Expression	●●●●	Melee	●●●●	Linguistics	●●●●
Intimidation	●●●●	Performance	●●●●	Medicine	●●●●
Leadership	●●●●	Security	●●●●	Occult	●●●●
Streetwise	●●●●	Stealth	●●●●	Politics	●●●●
Subterfuge	●●●●	Survival	●●●●	Science	●●●●

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUNDS		DISCIPLINES		VIRTUES	
Contacts	●●●●	Celerity	●●●●	Conscience/Conviction	●●●●
Generation	●●●●	Presence	●●●●	Self-Control/Instinct	●●●●
Resources	●●●●		●●●●	Courage	●●●●
Status	●●●●		●●●●		
	●●●●		●●●●		
	●●●●		●●●●		

MERITS/FLAWS

_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____

HUMANITY/PATH

●●●●●●●●○○○

WILLPOWER

●●●●○○○○○

□□□□□□□□□

BLOOD POOL

□□□□□□□□□

□□□□□□□□□

HEALTH

Bruised	□
Hurt	-1 □
Injured	-1 □
Wounded	-2 □
Mauled	-2 □
Crippled	-5 □
Incapacitated	□

EXPERIENCE

ing Web jockeys, your unlife is going to be very lucrative. Of course, that's the least you can ask. After all, you have no choice but to serve the Kindred now.

Concept: Your talents lie in very specific back-office Web applications, like dynamic databases and user-defined content preference managers. Still, it helps to know most of the technical details. At least, you know them well enough to hide traces of your passing. Now, you pay the rent at your haven by skimming money the very investments you've been hired to protect. Morals aren't your strong point — you'd rather spend the time "day" trading in foreign markets or developing custom apps to keep you ahead of the business curve.

Roleplaying Hints: It's all about the bottom line. You're better socialized than the stereotypical "computer geek," but your passions still lie in the same subjects. To you, everyone is a potential employer or asset. They exist to validate you, whether by working for them or hacking them. You enjoy showing off; it's your quiet revenge on a world that mocked you as a youth and now you're flaunting your success in its face.

Equipment: Cheesy late-model American sports car, bleeding-edge laptop, wrinkly slacker clothes, PCS phone, two beepers, YakPak full of wires and program manuals

LEIF
PAVE
2005

SAMPLE BROOD: HEZEKIAH'S REVIVAL

Grass-roots religious movements are nothing new — from wandering cults of pre-Christian nights to the numerous “heretical” factions of the Middle Ages to the millennialist splinter groups of the modern nights, reverence for the Powers Above has motivated those need of something greater than themselves. And as long as these groups have existed, the Kindred have walked among them, sometimes masquerading as the faithful, at other times impersonating the deities themselves.

Hezekiah's Revival is one such movement: an itinerant cell of Brujah evangelists that moves throughout the United States, spreading the Word of God and taking their sustenance from the assembled flock.

We include Hezekiah's Revival as a resource for the Storyteller, to be used as characters in a chronicle, a source of plot hooks, or as potential background cast for a specific player's character. Although the brood's histories feature some specifics, the revival may show up anywhere or in any chronicle; these Kindred can make appearances in your own stories as needed.

USING HEZEKIAH'S REVIVAL

This traveling troupe can fit into the chronicle as bit players or major characters. They could be used to explore the themes of the Masquerade: A Storyteller may wish to have them function as a walking, talking testament to the power of faith (doesn't the flock notice how *strange* they act?) or set them up as antagonists who threaten to expose the Cainite race with their depredations. With a few minor adjustments, the coterie would even make a suitable pack of Brujah *antitribu*, who may be using the revival as a cover for the Sabbath Inquisition or may be a pack of nomadic scouts doing reconnaissance for a crusade.

In any event, the revival does not respond well to other Kindred. While he respects the Masquerade, Hezekiah Rutledge doesn't want to tax his already limited resources any more than they already are. Despite the size of the herd the revival enjoys, it

is not dependable, and the group sometimes has to face lean nights. Likewise, adding other vampires to the mix threatens the already weak Masquerade — while Hezekiah and his brood can pass off their own powers as miracles, if visiting Kindred among the crowd performed “feats of faith,” the coterie would attract an uncomfortable amount of attention. They don't necessarily attack other Kindred (which would be unbecoming for a preacher and his ministry), though they may use other tactics such as blackmail, rumors, character assassination, or favors they've accumulated from other Kindred.

A physically oriented coterie would likely be able to make short work of Hezekiah's Revival, but such is not why they're included here. The revival is built around a social core — the focal point of the group is its herd, not its capacity for violence. This can provide its own hooks, as the revival may appeal to anyone. Perhaps a character's trusted ghoul becomes interested in the revival, or an elder loses significant business influence when the president of his corporation decides to make an enormous charitable contribution to Reverend Rutledge's church. Almost any of the peripheral characters associated with the players' characters can be affected (positively or negatively) when the revival rolls through town. Who knows — some might even join.

The most important thing to remember when using Hezekiah's Revival in a chronicle is that they are sincere. The nomadic church is a front for Kindred, but that's not all it is. Hezekiah and his followers truly believe in God, and they honestly seek to spread His word. This calls upon the most fundamental of Kindred mythologies — God cursing Cain(e) and his progeny for the sin of murdering Abel. Each member of Hezekiah's Revival has her own interpretation of how vampires should best do this, and certainly not all of them are healthy, constructive or wholesome, but they have nothing if not conviction. The Kindred of the revival interpret their undead state as God's will — they have literally been touched by the divine in order to carry out His purpose. None of them have True Faith, however; no matter how much they believe in God, God must surely see them as a less than ideal vehicle for His aims.

INFLUENCE

The revival moves too often to accumulate significant influence in any specific city. As such, none of the members has any interest other than what they can personally convince people to do.

In many cases, that's significant influence, though. The revival attracts people who have searched desperately for any kind of hope or salvation, and a preacher offering such can procure almost fanatical service from a devout follower. Also, the coterie has a reliable reputation as clergy, whom even nonbelievers often trust on the basis of their calling. The brood's high Herd ratings (see below) reflect the faith its followers have in it, and their service doesn't end with simple sustenance. As noted above, some of the flock attach themselves to the traveling ministry. Others may be called upon for favors when the revival comes to town — the group accepts donations of cash, traveling goods, clothing and other sundries that it can either pawn in the next town over or use to comfort the less well-to-do among their following, which builds their reputation even further.

NOMADIC UNLIFE

Depending on where you decide to incorporate them, Hezekiah's Revival can have a variety of havens. As conceived, the coterie is nomadic, traveling the country in a caravan led by a medium-sized mobile home (which allows the Kindred to hide from sunlight) and an escort of pickup trucks and aging sedans.

The mobile home has been converted to let in as little light as possible. The driver's cabin may be closed off, affording the passengers in the main body of the RV privacy as well as protection. Each of the sleeping bays features a pull-down shade and all of the windows have been fitted with blinds or curtains — as long as a vampire remains in her bed during daylight hours, she never has to worry about the sun. Obviously, daylight activity is a problem for the revival, but it hasn't had serious cause to worry yet. If some diurnal attacker descends on the revival (for whatever reason), he definitely has the upper hand.

The escorts are passenger vehicles or pickup trucks with model years from the late 60s to the early 90s. Driven by volunteers, modern-day pilgrims following in the wake of the revival, most of these

cars rotate in and out of the lineup. Some are sold on the road; others fail and need to be discarded. For the most part, however, Hezekiah's followers stay with him only in certain regions — the hangers-on and contract staff who move with the revival in the southeast are not the same as those who follow him through the tour of the Midwest. Every now and then, an exceptionally zealous follower tags along for longer than normal, but this rarely lasts too long. He either runs out of money or moves on to some other interest — or becomes sustenance for the Kindred, who reason that without anything to tie him down, he has no one to miss him if he vanishes.

When the revival enters a town or city in which it desires to set up shop, it typically does so one week before its scheduled event. Hezekiah and LeRoy maintain a schedule, by which they arrange for space, permits and advertising at least one month in advance. Securing these details is work for the volunteers or contract managers, since most of it must be handled by day. Then the revival rolls into town, bringing with it an almost carnival-like atmosphere. Reverend Rutledge parks the RV near the revival site, and the workers set up camp, staying in tents, sleeping in their vehicles or renting hotel rooms at their own expense. Especially in winter, the campsites can be desolate sights, populated by laborers who spend uncomfortable nights in their cars yet work tirelessly with a fervor for Hezekiah's cause.

For the week prior to the actual revival, a ragtag crew sets up the tent, clears a driveway and parking lot, decorates the stage with the meager accouterments the revival carries with it and generally handles logistics while the Kindred plan their sermons, oversee the labor and give direction as necessary. Most of these operations take place with less than a dozen helpers — only one or two have ever employed a retinue of more than 20.

During the week before a revival, the Kindred sometimes take refuge in local motels or with hospitable families, solely to get out of the RV bays. The nocturnal habits of the revival members sometimes come into question, but Hezekiah and his brood have had several years to come up with excuses. They explain that because the revival takes place at night, their (nonexistent) church insurance allows them to work only during those hours, and none of them could afford to work without it. Likewise, because it's cooler at night, the caravan

travels more efficiently and uses less gasoline if it travels after dark. Many campgrounds and rest stops don't charge for day visitors (or they charge less), as opposed to all-night camp and parking costs. Indeed, from a variety of fronts, Hezekiah's revival looks like a quirky but legitimately poor grassroots ministry. Accepting the charity of good Samaritans not only feeds them, it lends credibility to their cover.

THE KINDRED

Although the Brujah who comprise Hezekiah's Revival all claim the coterie as their brood, almost all of them have their own agendas. They recognize the need for unity for the sake of the revival, however, and put their differences aside in the interest of keeping up appearances. Still, the Final Nights may well spell the end for this turbulent brood — or prove to be the catalyst that brings them together.



REVEREND HEZEKIAH RUTLEDGE

Background: Hezekiah's Embrace should have given him a taste of humility — his sire bestowed him with the Curse of Caine when Hezekiah sent his previous childe to the witch pyres at the turn of the 18th century. The former congregational priest refused to accept his fate lightly, however, and chose to reinvent himself as a spiritualist of the Damned. Educated in the dogma of puritanical Calvinism, Hezekiah interpreted his Embrace as a test set before

him by God. Although God had cursed him, such was the price he paid for the exaltation of bringing the Faith to others.

And so began one of the strangest and most contradictory unlives ever. By night, Hezekiah traveled the 13 colonies, delivering powerful sermons resplendent with hellfire and brimstone. Over the decades, however, the religious climate of the young colonies changed. Politics rose to prominence; the once-critical matter of religious freedom fell to the wayside as governmental autonomy became the order of the day. Hezekiah persisted, though his nocturnal rallies drew fewer and fewer listeners. Against the backdrop of the Revolutionary war and the nightly skirmishes between the nascent New World Sabbath and the Camarilla, Hezekiah championed the cause of the Lord's Will in the only way he knew — with the apocalyptic screed that worked in years prior. Princes and bishops alike dismissed him as a lunatic.

As with any movement that relies on doomsday prophecy, though, Hezekiah's following grew. It attracted ranks of the disenfranchised, the disillusioned and the destitute. These followers formed the basis for Hezekiah's vast herd, and he left small groups to establish churches in each city he passed through. Once a year — maybe more frequently, maybe less — he stopped in on his old converts to see how their faith had flourished.

In his absence, most of these ragtag congregations collapsed within a few months of their formation. Few of his followers had the same fiery passion for theology, or wielded the same knowledge and savvy that could turn a Doubting Thomas into a faithful disciple. Still, Hezekiah appreciated the irony of it all; despite the wake of crumbling churches he left behind him, he had nevertheless managed to bring God into each one of those desperate lives. In the two centuries that have since passed, his songs and sermons remain the same, but no matter how the tastes and mores of the culture change, Hezekiah still draws followers. True, they may falter. They may lose their faith and once again succumb to the pressures and torments of the Final Nights. But they never forget that, albeit sometimes briefly, God had touched them through His vessel, Hezekiah Rutledge.

Image: Rutledge possesses all the physical attributes of a dynamic speaker. His eyes shine when

he speaks, his gaze quiets dissenters and his statuesque posture lets his audience know that what he says is important. Despite the many incarnations the revival takes, Hezekiah's appearance remains largely unchanged. He wears somber suits and almost never dresses casually. His movements are relaxed and subtle — Hezekiah doesn't flail or spit when delivering his sermons. He speaks firmly, gesturing when necessary, and lets the gravity of God's Word do the rest.

Roleplaying Hints: In most matters, you are withdrawn and deferential, except when the divine becomes the topic of conversation. At that point, you dominate the discussion with your extensive knowledge of theology, interjecting parables and aphorisms. This is not to say that you are effete in matters that do not involve religion. Quite the opposite — you know that God has selected those who shall join him in Heaven and that He has given free will to His creation so they may live it as they see fit. Yours is not to judge; it is simply to bring God to those who need him.

Sire: Kristofer Heinemann

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Pedagogue

Generation: 9th

Embrace: 1697

Apparent Age: early 40s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

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

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Crafts 1, Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Melee 1, Performance 4, Stealth 4, Survival 4

Knowledges: Academics (theology) 4, Finance 1, Investigation 3, Law 4, Linguistics 2 (Latin, Spanish), Medicine 2, Occult 3, Politics 3

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

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Contacts 2, Herd 5, Resources 3, Retainers 5

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Derangements: Gluttony

Willpower: 7



JACK TARVER

Background: The Civil War left many Union soldiers separated from their units. Forced marches, last-minute changes of orders and the chaos of battle made it easy to desert, or to find oneself deserted. Jack Tarver, the conscripted third son of a Delaware silversmith, found himself in this very situation after the First Bull Run. With no money to return home and no way to find the remainder of his outfit, Jack had no choice but to live off the land.

Unfortunately, Jack wasn't much of a farmer. Inside of a month, he had become a highwayman on the roads leading from Richmond, and shortly thereafter awoke with a throbbing head in jail. Convicted as a deserter (of the Confederate army, no less), Jack was scheduled to hang.

The night before his impending execution, Jack received a visitor. The preacher Hezekiah Rutledge convinced the prison guards to allow him to console Tarver and prepare his soul for Heaven. Of course, Rutledge had no intention of this — he Embraced Jack on the spot and the two of them fled into the night.

Jack knows Hezekiah Embraced him to serve his own ends. Hezekiah has said so. Jack had nowhere left to turn, and would have been dead come morning had the preacher not "rescued" him. Still, Jack's not the kind to quit. He does what needs to be done, even if he's not particularly skilled at it. In this

sense, Jack has become Hezekiah's manservant, to a degree. He drives and maintains the RV in which the revival travels, he sets up tents and attends to the numerous petty details that, if ignored, would cripple the operation.

Hezekiah has made it plain that Jack will go to Hell if he meets the Final Death, just like he will himself. Although he's not profoundly religious, Jack believes Hezekiah, and has no desire to meet the Devil face to face. At times, this is the only thing that keeps Jack from destroying himself. At other times, Jack simply ignores his situation, doing what Hezekiah requires of him without consciously considering the issue itself. Each night Jack rises, a little bit more of him withers away. Soon, he will either collapse under the weight of the calamities heaped upon him and destroy himself, and drag the preacher to hell with him.

Image: Jack Tarver is a broken man, with the bent posture and haggard face to prove it. He rarely betrays any expression, having long since resigned himself to his fate. Jack doesn't even bother to groom himself on most nights — why bother? His hair is perpetually mussed, he wears three days worth of beard and his clothes look rumbled, even when they're clean. A large scar, earned at Bull Run, travels down from his right eye, across his cheek, and on to his shoulder; he was Embraced before it had an opportunity to heal.

Roleplaying Hints: Rutledge tells you what to do and you do it. You don't do it willingly, though, and you don't necessarily do it well. If you can get away with doing a half-assed job, that's precisely what you do. Still, you're not the kind of man to give up — killing yourself means a one-way ticket to Hell, and that's certainly worse than changing tires and setting up rows of folding chairs. Once you had a sort of morbid dignity — sure, you failed, but you were your own man — and if you could regain that, perhaps you'd be able to escape Rutledge.

Sire: Hezekiah Rutledge

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Conformist

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1874

Apparent Age: early 20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 2

Skills: Crafts 5, Drive 4, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Security 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Academics 1, Computer 1, Law 1, Medicine 2

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Potence 2

Backgrounds: Herd 3, Resources 2

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

Morality: Humanity 4

Willpower: 3



MARION SISLEY

Background: Sometimes, a crowd doesn't want to hear bleak, bombastic tirades about God's wrath and his infinite capacity for vengeance. Especially in the modern nights, people get enough of that in their day-to-day lives and turn to spirituality to escape it. In these cases, Hezekiah's sermons make the crowd uncomfortable instead of turning them to God. The reverend realized this a few decades into his undead career, but chalked it up to narcissistic listeners. But in the past few decades, he's learned that he needs to play to the audience. Marion Sisley represents his attempt to place a more pleasant face on his cautions of Armageddon.

A salesman's daughter in rural Alabama, Marion inherited her father's charm. She was a genuinely pretty girl, well liked in school, who sang in the church choir on Sundays. One night in the early 1950s, she and her parents attended a revival held by the Reverend Rutledge, and since then she has been part of the preacher's entourage. Hezekiah was so impressed with her visage that he "convinced" her parents that Marion's true calling was his church, and that he would provide for her if they allowed her to assist him in spreading God's Word. The Sisleys never had a chance, nor did their daughter. That night, Marion joined the ranks of the undead.

Marion was — and still is — a remarkably perceptive woman. She knew that more than a modicum of carnal lust underscored the reverend's desire for her company. She also understood that he completely denied that impulse — the more he wanted her, the more he convinced himself that she was truly one of God's predestined. As such, she knows that her ability to sway the flock was only the secondary reason for her Embrace. The real reason Hezekiah Embraced her was out of a perverted longing, and this has forever distorted Marion's self-image.

Her hatred of herself and her state pales behind the opportunity to do God's work, however. Marion is but one woman and shares Hezekiah's interpretation that the Kindred must suffer in order to be the vehicles of God's greater purpose in the world. When she steps onstage or into the pulpit, she evokes such passion and joy for the glory of God's Creation that one almost forgets that she's dead (assuming one knew it in the first place). In many ways, undeath has opened her eyes: She communicates the wonders her preternaturally sharpened senses detect and she sings with the voice of an angel.

Like Tarver, whom she pities, she believes that she is predestined for Hell, given her undead state, but she accepts this as a challenge. It is her duty to bring the Word of God to as many people as she can before she meets her fiery fate, perhaps starting with the reverend himself.

Image: Marion is the archetypal 50s girl next door: wholesome, demure and charming. She wears conservative clothing when appearing before the

faithful, preferring dresses and tastefully skirted suits. Her Embrace came not too long after her adolescence, so her face still appears vibrant and youthful, unlike the drawn and weary faces of the other members of the revival.

When she doesn't have to present herself, however, Marion's shattered self-esteem takes over. When she knows she'll be alone with Reverend Rutledge, she wears clothes that expose as much of her body as possible without being completely immodest. She does this not only to denigrate herself, as her Embrace has led her to believe that she is nothing more than an object of wanton lust, but also to remind Hezekiah of his own frailty. Naturally, this bothers Hezekiah in the extreme.

Roleplaying Hints: What a wretched thing you've become! Cursed with the Devil's body, trapped as a plaything for the impotent desires of a vain sire, you want nothing more than to help others escape the filth through which you must drag yourself to satisfy God's plan. Each night, you find yourself growing to hate Hezekiah even more, as he leads his flock blindly down the path that might have been appropriate two centuries ago, but that is completely inappropriate now. Still, you don't want to usurp his position; you simply know that his time is past and his service to God has expired. He has lost sight of what truly matters — the salvation of the flock, not his own veneration or perversity.

Sire: Hezekiah Rutledge

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Penitent

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1954

Apparent Age: early 20s

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

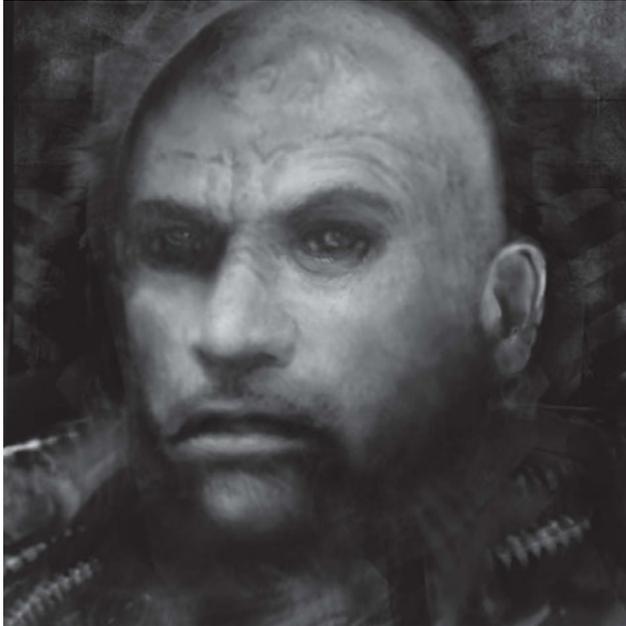
Talents: Alertness 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Expression 5, Style 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Crafts 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms 1, Performance 5, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 1, Investigation 3, Politics 1, Science 1

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Obfuscate 2, Presence 4

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Herd 5, Resources 3, Retainers 2
Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 2, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 5
Willpower: 4



LEROY WILLITS

Background: From what little LeRoy has shared with other members of the brood, his mortal life was certainly humble, if nothing else. The eleventh child of an impoverished family of sharecroppers and odd-jobbers, LeRoy grew up knowing hardscrabble farm life and church faith. He claims that the family farm is somewhere in Mississippi; he joined Rutledge's brood in Birmingham.

Hezekiah and Marion both took an immediate interest in LeRoy when he showed up at the revival on a cool summer evening. The reverend saw an honest fear of God in the hardy young man. Marion saw a resolve in him — despite his poverty and hardship, he knew God loved him. During the sermon, Hezekiah called LeRoy to the stage and lifted him bodily over his head in a demonstration of the “powers of faith.” With that, LeRoy knew the reverend's congregation to be holy and earnest, and inquired about joining. Hezekiah happily obliged.

The deception didn't last long, however. Rutledge had LeRoy working at menial jobs, assisting the miserable Jack Tarver and “ushering” people

away when they became too fervent during the revival's ceremonies. Marion explained to the disgusted man what was truly taking place and told him that she could not allow the secret to escape. When Marion offered Willits a choice between death and the Embrace, he chose the latter. She told him that he had made a mistake, but Embraced him anyway.

Hezekiah was furious, but didn't destroy LeRoy outright. Instead, he recalled the serenity within the man that had caught his attention in the first place. He instructed Willits in the art of oratory and began his education in the Good Book's ways. Within a few years of the reverend taking him under his wing, LeRoy was delivering sermons and singing alongside Marion and Hezekiah.

Although he's not book smart, LeRoy is a savvy man, and isn't oblivious to the fact that he's the weapon Hezekiah and Marion are using to stab at each other. While he has truly grown fond of them both, the way they behave at times disgusts him. It's unbecoming, and completely inappropriate for people of God. Still, they are his elders, and until he knows he can make a place for himself in the world far away from the pettiness of the revival, he does what he can to cope with it. He and Jack keep each other company on the nights the revival isn't “on,” and the two talk long into the night about getting away from all this.

Image: LeRoy is a huge African-American man with a rugged handsomeness. He dresses well, preferring subtle suits and well-made casual sportswear. Before the Embrace, a smile often graced his face, the last vestiges of which can still be seen beneath the solemn look he now wears. His hair is naturally long and natty, which he crops short each night when he rises, and he lost half of his left ear in a farming accident when he was a child.

Roleplaying Hints: Play to both Hezekiah's and Marion's cues — the more valuable you are to each of them, the more power you have over them. It's not about power, of course, but that's all these people seem to understand. They've lost God's message in all the backstabbing they've done, and playing both sides keeps you from choosing one over the other. When people let him, God can be a potent agent of change, improving people's lives once they let him in. That's your purpose

— help the flock let God help them. Everything else is vanity.

Sire: Marion Sisley

Nature: Celebrant

Demeanor: Visionary

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1964

Apparent Age: early 30s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

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

Skills: Animal Ken 3, Drive 3, Firearms 1, Melee 3, Performance 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Finance 1, Law 2, Investigation 2, Medicine 1, Politics 2

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Potence 2, Presence 1

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

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

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 6



BEN MEAD

Background: The only member of Hezekiah's Revival who's not a direct descendant of Reverend Rutledge, Ben Mead joined the traveling company as a nod to the tastes of younger, jaded churchgoers who

believe that the modern world has no place for God. Ben is the obligatory "bad guy turned good once he saw the light": a former outlaw biker who spent years of his life dusted to the gills on heroin and bounced in and out of county jails. Since Ben turned his life to the Lord's path, things have been nothing short of miraculous.

At least, that's what Ben would have you think. He's convinced Hezekiah, Marion and LeRoy that he's turned his (un)life around, but the truth of the matter is a little more complex. Ben was Embraced by an archon of the Camarilla who saw Hezekiah's Revival and became worried that it was a Gehenna cult. Assigning his childe to keep an eye on the group, Ben's sire returned to the Inner Council and awaits reports on the matter.

Ben figured that the best way to watch the group without arousing suspicion was to get inside it. Playing the part of the repentant sinner, he disclosed his Kindred nature to the group and, though they were wary at first, they accepted him. In the revival's eyes, Ben added credibility to the group — in these cynical times, young people often dismiss the Church as too goody-goody. Ben makes them see otherwise, that life can be as dangerous as you want it to be and that God will still love you. As far as he can tell, Ben's got the revival eating out of his hand, both ministry and flock.

Jack Tarver knows Ben's secret, however, having followed the Kindred one night and eavesdropping on a phone call Ben made to his sire. Jack's kept that information to himself — even Ben doesn't know that his cover's been blown — because he's not sure how to use it.

Ben continues his charade. While the Kindred of Hezekiah's Revival know that Ben's not quite so fervent as he acts onstage, he seems largely genuine. Also, his physical prowess has helped the group out more than once when things became physical. Ben has led Lupines away from the brood, fought rowdies alongside LeRoy and sometimes even helps Jack set up for the night's ceremonies.

To his credit, Ben sees the revival pretty much for what it is. He knows the group has its own schisms troubling it internally, but they honestly believe in God and what they're doing. He doesn't see them as any threat to the Masquerade, and they're certainly no Gehenna freaks, so for

the time being, he's content to let them carry on business as usual. After all, it allows him to travel, and every now and then he runs across something completely unrelated to the revival. Still, if Ben's secret comes to the fore, the revival no doubt feel betrayed, and given their own problems, there's no telling how they react.

Image: Ben's been on the road for many years of his life (and unlife), and brother, does he look the part. His hair is a terminally knotted tangle of black wires and his riding clothes have an indelible sheen of grease. His skin is uncommonly dark for a Kindred, as he spent his living days under the highway sun. When he takes the stage, he typically wears a cleaner version of his normal clothes, including shiny motorcycle boots and a revival T-shirt with the sleeves ripped off.

Roleplaying Hints: Keep your eyes open. The revival folks seem pretty clear of the concerns your sire had, but there's no telling whether or not they're just good at hiding their secrets. Still, a cover's a cover and you do whatever's necessary to fulfill your obligation to your sire. Despite the fact that these guys are Brujah too, they're talking about stuff that's way different from what you've been exposed to, which is probably why your sire's up in arms.

Sire: Ahmet ibn-Ahmed ibn-Mahmoud abd-Yzir

Nature: Curmudgeon

Demeanor: Judge

Generation: 11th

Embrace: 1991

Apparent Age: early 20s

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

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

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Crafts 3, Drive 3, Firearms 2, Melee (chain) 4, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Linguistics 1 (Spanish), Medicine 2, Science 2

Disciplines: Celerity 1, Potence 3

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

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

Morality: Humanity 5

Willpower: 5

BRUJAH OF NOTE

Among the Brujah, fame and infamy exist side by side. One night, a Kindred might find herself the subject of legends, her exploits recounted in reverent tones. The next night, she may find her name tarnished and herself sorely out of favor. To the Brujah, reputation is a fickle thing, made and broken a thousand times with every mention of the individual.

SMILING JACK

The tales regarding Smiling Jack are a testament to the power of legend among the Kindred. By turns a 17th-century pirate, an anti-Ventrue revolutionary, an anarch leader in the crumbling Anarch Free State and any number of other myths — which may or may not be true — the renegade known as Smiling Jack inspires either loyalty or enmity wherever he goes.

Rebellious Kindred have a high regard for the Lick calling himself Smiling Jack, whom they regard as “an anarch's anarch.” Currently residing in California, Smiling Jack has made an unlife for himself by striking at the institutions of the Camarilla. He's spoken out against the anachronistic titles of the sect, opposed the actions of individual princes and primogen, and even clashed with the esteemed Jeremy MacNeil, an anarch leader whose unification campaign in the Anarch Free State led to an unprecedented era of nonpartisan Kindred cohesion before the Cathayans invaded.

Since then, Smiling Jack has been a constant thorn in the sides of both the Cainites and the Eastern Kindred, leading ragtag bands of anarchs against the Cathayan menace. The Eastern Kindred naturally hate him for opposing their attempts to influence the American West Coast. The Camarilla finds him to be a threat, not only for his vocal stance against princes, but also because he continually reopens old wounds on the West Coast.

DOMINIC

Although Dominic's name is not widely known, his influence has survived for centuries among the Brujah. Over the course of his unlife, Dominic has nursed an ever-growing hatred for the Ventrue. Like many Brujah, he blames them for the fall of Carthage; unlike many Brujah, he became a vampire in that fabled city.

Estimations of Dominic's power vary among those who have met him, but most of his acquaintances place him somewhere among the Fifth through Seventh Generations. Over the centuries, Dominic has supported both the Inconnu (as he does currently) and the Sabbat, shifting allegiances as his rage waxes and wanes. Many of the original Brujah *antitribu* of the Old World name Dominic a nominal mentor, if they don't place him somewhere in their own lineage. Indeed, Dominic's influence and anger colored much of the Brujah's position in Eastern Europe in the centuries after the Anarch Revolt.

In the modern nights, Dominic spends much time in torpor or passing unknown through Kindred society. According to rumor, he awaits the time when he can strike against the hated Ventrue most efficaciously. The fires of vengeance have cooled somewhat in him, as he has managed to defeat his greatest rival — Bulscu of the Hungarian Ventrue. Still, this has not evened out his temperament. Rather, he now lacks the focus of a vengeful goal, and the Beast claims him a bit more each night as he lacks a nemesis to steel himself against it. Of those young Kindred who have heard of him, many fear him. After all, if the stories are true, a waking, degenerating, angry Methuselah walks among them. He spares no love for his own childer, let alone those of other sires.

TARA, PRINCE OF SAN DIEGO

From the precarious baronies of the Anarch Free State, Tara emerged as one of the “new breed” of Camarilla vampires. Opportunistic and savvy, Tara rose to principedom under the guise of anarch sympathy. In truth, Tara truly upheld the loose code espoused by anarchs, but when she saw the tides changing for the free state, she moved to preserve the city she claimed as her barony. San Diego's Kindred had grown tired of fighting back Camarilla influence and repelling Sabbat incursions. Added to that, the Cathayan invasion taxed the already dwindling resources available to the San Diego Cainites. Long acknowledged, albeit begrudgingly, as the city's baron, Tara waited for her enemies to attempt coups, which she knew would fail. As the last of her rivals fell to the tide of anarchs, Sabbat packs, Eastern vampires and other

travails, Tara shifted allegiances from the anarchs to the Camarilla.

Supported by the Camarilla, Tara gives San Diego's Kindred society the bulwark it needs to withstand the numerous threats from without. Although the anarchs resent Tara's “sleeping with the enemy,” most at least reluctantly realize that without the contacts and aid the Camarilla provides, the city would have fallen under Sabbat influence or worse. Tara remains a fairly *laissez-faire* prince, and the city's numerous anarchs regard her as a necessary (and well-connected) evil.

As for Tara's own ambitions, she understands that what she has been forced to do was the only recourse. She would have preferred to remain baron, but even her great network of contacts and agents couldn't prevent San Diego's ultimate loss to the Sabbat. Currently she plays a dangerous game, courting Sabbat scouts and Cathayans alike, turning them against each other by telling each that only by eliminating the other can they cultivate influence in the city afterward. She has an intense rivalry with the Sabbat Nosferatu Cicatriz, who is one of the most powerful Cainites in the city of Tijuana. Also, the “Prince” of El Cajon, a Kindred named Shay, wants to return the city to its anarch roots, and she often clashes with him. Each night, Tara struggles to maintain balance between the eight or so different factions vying to control the city. To date, she has been able to make ends meet only through sheer force of personality.

THEO BELL

From his humble beginnings as a slave, through his scandalous Embrace and into the modern nights, Theo Bell embodies the Brujah's taciturn side. Even as an archon, Theo sees the Kindred condition as yet another form of slavery, another obligation that he has no choice but to meet.

Still, the irony of Theo's position doesn't abate his zeal. He ruthlessly opposes the Sabbat, seeing them as would-be lords of the night who are too consumed with themselves to understand what they do to the world around them. But Theo's service to the Camarilla isn't entirely altruistic — he believes that the Sabbat would make the world an endless hell, and he wants no part of that. It's not so much

that he reveres the Camarilla as he sees it satisfying his own desires for the time being.

Theo played an instrumental role in the Camarilla's recent reconquest of New York City, coordinating several of the sect's critical battles and working closely with the Ventrue Jan Pietrzoon to keep the city from falling back into the Sabbat's talons. Of course, Theo has little desire to take more responsibility upon himself — he has no desire to be prince and cast his vote for the Nosferatu scout Calebros to assume the temporary position until a permanent candidate makes her claim. In truth, Camarilla politics leave Theo cold — he doesn't see the Curse of Caine as a deathless game, but as the last opportunity to seize redemption.

COVEN

The politics of the group calling itself Coven are anyone's guess, but the coterie resembles nothing so much as a small anarch pack. The coterie consists of three vampires, Veronica Go, Martin Hyde and Mercury, all of whom claim to be somehow related and members of Clan Brujah. The most prevalent theory is that the androgynous Mercury sired both Veronica and Martin, as the latter two seem to defer to "her."

Coven is a strange coterie, indeed, its members having seemingly little in common with each other. Its Kindred travel like nomadic anarchists or Sabbat, moving across the country in a classic 1970 Plymouth Barracuda convertible. Every now and then they establish a temporary haven in some city or another, stay for a few nights, then move on, often leaving the local Kindred no wiser as to what they did during their stay. Cainites who have heard of them don't suspect that they are Sabbat — were that the case, Coven would surely have had some more lasting effect on the cities where they stop. More likely, they're messengers for some inscrutable group of Kindred, as evidenced by their standard method of operation. When Coven rolls into a city, its members canvass the local vampires for the locations that specific Kindred are known to frequent, despite having never been to the city before or knowing any personal details about those Kindred. The only reason Coven is known to be unanimously Brujah in origin is the result of Tre-

mere blood magic and one overbearing Malkavian application of Dominate.

Kindred with any knowledge at all about the group's abilities speculate that it serves some greater purpose, as each vampire in the coterie has his or her own unique talents. Mercury has an extensive command of the Presence Discipline, and is most often the mouthpiece through which the coterie speaks. Certainly, all requests for aid or favors from the collective coterie go through "her." Martin has been observed using strange ritual magic, which some Kindred believe is Thaumaturgy or a previously unheard-of Discipline. Veronica seems to be either the lover or servant of the other two Kindred, though they have been known to use her as "bait" for Kindred with whom Coven wishes to speak.

In the end, their purpose or agenda is unknown, except for the strange messages or missives they sometimes deliver to Kindred across the United States. A few speculations even attribute some connection to the Inconnu, which wouldn't be altogether impossible, given what little is known about that mysterious sect.

CHRISTOF ROMUALD

The Brujah known as Christof emerged from the Long Night of the Dark Ages as a member of the Swordbrethren, a knightly order sworn to fight back the tides of the *paynim* scourge during the Crusades. Once a God-fearing man, Christof found his faith challenged after he received the Embrace. How could God allow monsters like him to defile His creation? How could a loving God turn his back on all the wickedness of the world? Christof answered these questions — the same ones with which almost all neonates struggle during their early years — by deciding that God had abandoned him.

Shortly after his Embrace, Christof traveled Eastern Europe. He clashed with the barbarians of Hungary, leveled his sword against the Eastern Lord Ventrue, fought with Transylvanian Tzimisce and their minions and even met the fabled golem of Prague. More and more, Christof filled the void in his soul left by the absence of God with rage and viciousness. Even when he solicited news of home, he learned that the lands of his native France had changed. The wickedness of the world seemed to echo his own tarnished faith — while he was too

busy indulging his bestial wiles to notice, the world had become base and venal.

And then, abruptly, Christof vanished from Cainite society. In the Final Nights, a vampire claiming the same title, sire and heritage has returned to stalk the nights, speaking little and leaving behind him only rumors and what can only be described as modern legends. Some speak of him as the Prince of New York or the Archbishop of London and that the beautiful woman sometimes seen in his company is a member of Clan Tzimisce. Others claim he wields the sword of Dracula, or that he is in truth a Cathayan "Kindred" from the East.

Whatever the case, the modern "Christof" appears to have come to grips with his own undead nature. When he speaks, he does so with the air of a man who has spent unimaginable periods of time in self contemplation. A few venerable elders who have met him claim that his philosophies are similar to those of the Carthaginian Promethians — or the suspected tenets of one who has achieved Golconda. To be sure, Christof has no love for the Sabbat and regards the Camarilla with casual interest at best, but he makes no claims of knowing or belonging to the Inconnu. In the end, only one thing is sure: that Christof follows his own path, and seems determined to continue doing so.



TYLER, A.K.A. PATRICIA BOLLINGBROKE

Background: Perhaps no other unlife illus-

trates the struggle of the Brujah so perfectly as that of the passionate Tyler. A mortal lover of the English insurgent Wat Tyler (from whom she later took her name), Patricia Bollingbroke rose from an inauspicious peasant's life to a life of rebellion. She marched with the masses on London, aided in the assassination of an Archbishop of Canterbury, and ultimately ended up in a royal *gaol*. There, awaiting execution, she met the Brujah Robin Leeland, who had watched her from afar and grown enamored of her zeal. He cursed her not with execution but with the Embrace, and the two fled into the night.

Since then, Tyler has played a vital role in many Kindred uprisings, including the Anarch Revolt. During that time, as one of the pre-Sabbat *anti-tribu*, she took a stand against the mighty Ventrue Hardestadt, an archetypal oppressive elder who championed the Camarilla. Murdering him in his Spanish castle, Tyler was surprised to see him turn up years later at the Convention of Thorns. She later learned that she had been duped — Hardestadt's childe had assumed his name and role while continuing to support the foundation of the Camarilla. By that time, however, she realized the merit of the new sect, though she expressed vehement reservations about how easily it could be turned into a tool for elder tyranny and Ventrue greed. Still, she knew that it was the preferable alternative to the Sabbat, which embodied all of the injustices of aristocracy. She reluctantly joined the Camarilla in the early 16th century, having watched the anarch resistance crumble. Tyler vowed to continue her revolutionary cause and carry her sire's legacy forward, and the Camarilla was the best vehicle by which to do so.

In the modern nights, Tyler makes her haven in Chicago, where she has once again embroiled herself in the struggles of elder powers. The conflict between the Methuselaha Helena and Menele has become the backdrop against which she fights nightly. Consumed by Chicago politics in the wake of a disastrous war with the Lupines, Tyler has become increasingly desperate. With the support of the Toreador Helena, she has obtained a place among the Chicago elders, some of whom know of her founding role in the Sabbat. In fact, she has trafficked a bit with Black Hand during various skirmishes of the Chicago Jyhad, which her peers might find intriguing, to say the least.

Image: Tyler is a bit shorter than average, which she makes up for in disposition. She affects casual clothes — blue jeans, T-shirts and simple blouses — and wears her long, dark hair in a ponytail. While mortal, she contracted smallpox, and the scars still decorate her otherwise attractive face.

Roleplaying Hints: The fiery blood of the Brujah infuses you to such a degree that every conversation stokes your passion. Whether discussing something as mundane as a bus schedule or as grave as Chicago's Kindred power games, speak with all the emotion you can muster. At times, you must even clench your fists to rein in your excitement. Give no Kindred an excuse to doubt your fury.

Sire: Robin Leeland

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Conniver

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1381

Apparent Age: early 30s

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 6, Stamina 7

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 7

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 5, Leadership 4, Streetwise 3, Style 2, Subterfuge 2

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

Knowledges: Academics 1, Linguistics (Spanish, French) 2, Politics 5, Sabbat Lore 1

Disciplines: Celerity 4, Dominate 4, Fortitude 3, Obtenebration 1, Potence 5, Presence 6

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

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

Morality: Humanity 5

Willpower: 8

EVANGELINE

Background: Italy has long teetered between Camarilla and Sabbat influence. Kindred society reflects the tempestuous mortal political environment, and the vampires of Italy know only that change is constant. Embraced by a Sabbat Brujah during a doomed attempt to oust then-Bishop (now Prince) Giangaleazzo in the late 19th century, Evangeline learned quickly that unlife was fraught with



peril. Rather than succumb to any of the numerous dangers Italian Kindred faced — raging Lupines, fervent Inquisitors, frenzied sect rivals — Evangeline rose to the challenge, surviving her impetuous sire and becoming something of a local heroine to the Italian Sabbat.

Although her influence and power are relatively inconsequential compared that of to elder Cainites, Evangeline has become something rare among the Sabbat: neither neonate nor elder, but an ancilla. In a sect comprised predominantly of excitable fledglings and cunning elders, Evangeline has outlasted what she jokingly refers to as her “trial period.” While she may be too inexperienced now, within a few more decades, she plans to become one of the sect’s most promising young “elders.” In her younger years, she saw as much action and terror as any Sabbat, but Evangeline has placed that time behind her. Indeed, she earned the respect of younger Kindred through fighting the Camarilla and even counting coup on a Lupine with her former pack. Her social acumen has also kept her from falling prey to the wiles of elder schemes — even Giangaleazzo has been unable to hunt down and destroy his former rival’s child.

As both ductus and priest to her current pack, Evangeline leads her fellows on nocturnal raids on rural Italian settlements. She knows this makes for a dangerous unlife, but as she sees it, it is no

more dangerous than unlife in a city that vacillates nightly between the sects' influences. The dangers of the countryside are obvious — the savage Lupines and shotgun-wielding farmers are no match for the treacherous plots of the elders who vie for supremacy in the cities.

Within a few years, Evangeline plans to take her nomadic pack to the New World, where the vast distances between cities make for isolated, desperate princes. There, she plans to slice a bloody swath through the lonesome domains of the Camarilla.

Image: Evangeline has the vibrant red hair and fair complexion many devout Italians consider the mark of the Devil. She dresses according to whatever circumstances dictate, equally comfortable in the designer labels of the nightlife as she is in the khakis and boots the countryside requires. She is not traditionally pretty, but carries herself with a continental grace that makes her attractive nonetheless.

Roleplaying Hints: You are vainglorious, but not to the point of stupidity. Quite the contrary, you know where to draw the line between leading your packmates into certain doom and the next victory to celebrate around the fires. Accolades

are almost all that matter to you — you are the consummate competitor, always striving to be the most... *everything*.

Sire: Tommaso Ghibli, the Red Shirt

Nature: Competitor

Demeanor: Gallant

Generation: 10th

Embrace: 1882

Apparent Age: mid-20s

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Expression 1, Grace 3, Intimidation 1, Leadership 4, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Crafts 2, Firearms 2, Melee 2, Ride 2, Stealth 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Investigation 2, Linguistics (English) 1

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

Backgrounds: Resources 2, Retainers 1, Sabbat Status 3

Virtues: Conviction 2, Instinct 2, Courage 4

Morality: Path of Night 6

Willpower: 4

BRUJAH™

NAME:

NATURE:

GENERATION:

PLAYER:

DEMEANOR:

SIRE:

CHRONICLE:

CONCEPT:

HAVEN:

ATTRIBUTES

PHYSICAL

Strength _____ ●0000
 Dexterity _____ ●0000
 Stamina _____ ●0000

SOCIAL

Charisma _____ ●0000
 Manipulation _____ ●0000
 Appearance _____ ●0000

MENTAL

Perception _____ ●0000
 Intelligence _____ ●0000
 Wits _____ ●0000

ABILITIES

TALENTS

Alertness _____ 00000
 Athletics _____ 00000
 Brawl _____ 00000
 Dodge _____ 00000
 Empathy _____ 00000
 Expression _____ 00000
 Intimidation _____ 00000
 Leadership _____ 00000
 Streetwise _____ 00000
 Subterfuge _____ 00000

SKILLS

Animal Ken _____ 00000
 Crafts _____ 00000
 Drive _____ 00000
 Etiquette _____ 00000
 Firearms _____ 00000
 Melee _____ 00000
 Performance _____ 00000
 Security _____ 00000
 Stealth _____ 00000
 Survival _____ 00000

KNOWLEDGES

Academics _____ 00000
 Computer _____ 00000
 Finance _____ 00000
 Investigation _____ 00000
 Law _____ 00000
 Linguistics _____ 00000
 Medicine _____ 00000
 Occult _____ 00000
 Politics _____ 00000
 Science _____ 00000

ADVANTAGES

BACKGROUNDS

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

DISCIPLINES

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

VIRTUES

Conscience/Conviction ●00000
 Self-Control/Instinct ●00000
 Courage _____ ●00000

MERITS/FLAWS

HUMANITY/PATH

 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

WILLPOWER

 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

BLOOD POOL

 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

HEALTH

Bruised
 Hurt -1
 Injured -1
 Wounded -2
 Mauled -2
 Crippled -5
 Incapacitated

WEARINESS

+2 difficulty to resist
 frenzy



BRUJAH™

EXPANDED BACKGROUND

ALLIES

MENTOR

CONTACTS

RESOURCES

FAME

RETAINERS

HERD

STATUS

INFLUENCE

OTHER

POSSESSIONS

GEAR (CARRIED)

EQUIPMENT (OWNED)

FEEDING GROUNDS

VEHICLES

HAVENS

LOCATION

DESCRIPTION

C L A N B O O K :

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