

Satan
has a
New
Name

A Scenario for
Vampire: The Masquerade
by
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Welcome

Welcome to the World of Darkness, the world of vampires, werewolves, wraiths, mages and fey, not to mention an abundance of other strange creatures. We, the Damned rule here. And yes, I believe we are damned, all of our kind. But pray forgive me for not having introduced myself yet. I am Marcus McLeod of the clan McLeod, Brujah Justicar, True Brujah Prisci of the Black Hand, and Seventh Seal Severer commander of the praetorian guard, a lieutenant of Satan. Now, I am well aware that you do not know what a Seventh Seal Severer is, nor have you heard of the praetorian guard. You will. Pray to your God that you never meet one of us. I hate what I am and were it not for my wife, Iva, and my daughters, I would have ended this horrid existence long ago. If I could, that is.

Now, you have probably read Vampire: The Masquerade, and you probably know a great deal about the Kindred. You may even be one of us. You do not know it all. Nor do I. But my master does know most of what is worth knowing. After all, why should he not? He is Jago after all, the new Satan. This scenario may be seen as an introduction to OUR world, a world where Heaven and Hell exist, where abominations play in the shadows and Satan walks the Earth.

Jago and I are major npc's in this scenario so you would do well in studying our backgrounds and personalities, both through the stories provided at the beginning of each chapter, as well as the history of each of us. You might want to play the stories in your mind's eye, add to them. Close your eyes and imagine what we are like, feel the scenes. Believe me, it is a great help. Actually, Jago plays only a minor part in this scenario, but don't tell him that. I merely included what is known of his background so that you may find the scenario easier to run, not to mention giving you the origins of the 'Severers. Indeed, I did the very same thing for the Guardians of Tanis.

'Satan has a new Name' is a scenario for mature players and masters, and uses the Storyteller rules. It is not, however, the world you may be used to from traditional vampire. As I stated previously, the scenario is for mature players. For one thing, it is written in English, and should be played in English, if you can pull it off, that is. Another thing is the mature themes discussed, such as, we are not afraid to say it, sex. Sex is an integral part of vampire, the Kindred are sensual beings, and therefore it has to be played out well. Sex and sensuality can easily become vulgar and destroy the mood of the scenario. The final thing is, that this scenario requires major roleplaying and a lot of brainwork. Most fighting will probably be conducted by Jago and myself. For the master, it may be a good idea to team up with another master, having one play Jago, and another play me. We've done it several times, and it works extremely well. A final note: Dirty secrets of the Black Hand is a good book to read. While not necessary, it can be a help, as can the Bible, especially the book of Revelations, primarily chapter 6: 12.

A New World of Darkness

Our World of Darkness is different from the one you have read about. Not in a major way, really, but there are some changes you definitely must know about.

First and foremost, there are more than 13 Antediluvians. Fact is, there are probably something like 40 of the third generation, but only 13 actually founded a Clan. The exceptions to these are Jago and Nefertite who became Antediluvians by Diablerie, then founded their Clans. Nefertite is actually of the first generation now, but that is due to magic rituals involving a great deal of Cains' blood. Jago is no longer Kindred, but a Daemon. Another thing is, that one can be re-embraced. This works like the original embrace, except it works on vampires. You get drained to the point of Final Death, then your blood is replaced with some of that of another vampire, and your generation is one higher than that of your new Sire. But let's just say that the secret of re-embrace is an extremely well-kept one. It doesn't, by the way, break any blood-bonds.

Vampires and sex. Well, in our version of the World of Darkness, the 'Guardians of Tanis', Nefertite's Clan, has certain potions and rituals enabling Kindred to have sex as well as children. These children usually grow up very fast, and sometimes inherit some of their parent's physical disciplines, such as Potence and Celerity. An example of this is Shireen. She was born some four years ago, but her body and mind are those of a fourteen year-old, not to mention her fighting abilities. She's better than her father already. Said potions and rituals are unknown to any but the 'Guardians'.

One of the things that may mean nothing to some, but a lot to others, is that Heaven and Hell exist, the Biblical Heaven and Hell, that is. You can go to Heaven, but chances are that you will not be let in by Saint Peter unless you have a very good reason. And remember, God doesn't interfere with anything, even though he is omnipotent. The angels are there as well, and while God doesn't interfere with anyone or talk to anyone, the Seraphs are usually quite friendly even though they rarely leave Heaven. Of course, until you're dead, it's almost impossible to get to the Pearly Gate in the first place. Unless you have someone who'll take you there, of course.

Hell was not a nice place, as you can probably imagine. But after the death of Lucifer, the fire has been put out. But don't worry, it's still not a nice place. See the later note on Hell for details.

Lastly, there are now eight Justicars, and the Assamite Clan has been fully accepted into the Camarilla. McLeod is the oldest and most experienced Justicar at the moment, since the other six were killed by the 'Guardians of Tanis'. The story goes like this: a Conclave had been called in Washington DC. An Alastor, one of the Kindred who hunt those on the Red List, had asked for an audience. He gave the severed head of Jago to the Justicars. McLeod went to Tanis and told Nefertite, who in turn went to Washington with 3000 'Guardians' and slaughtered the other Justicars.

The 'Followers of Set' were blamed for the crime. At the next conclave, the Assamite Clan were allowed a Justicar, Tahiq, who was on the Red List himself. All charges against him were dropped. The Wyrms, if you're interested, is losing the battle. Pentex Corporation no longer exists, because Nefertite made a deal with Gaia. Let's just say that the corporation not only went broke, but had all signs of its existence removed. The 'Guardians of Tanis' are rather good at those things. Apart from these changes, the World of Darkness is the same gloomy place it's always been. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

Marcus McLeod

4th generation 'Seventh Seal Severer', Commander of the Praetorian Guard.

"Please, Jago. Don't do this. I cannot allow it." "I must do this." Marcus looked sadly at Jago. Why couldn't he understand? How could it be that a being so powerful was unable to understand something as simple as love? Jago wanted to take Hell, become the new Satan. So what? But clearly everyone believed he wanted to begin Judgement day, both angels and devils. How could Jago risk killing the only woman he truly loved? "Marcus. Don't worry. Neither you nor Iva shall participate in this battle!" Jago's voice boomed in his head. "Then are we to be mere watchers, spectators? What do you want from me?" "You, Marcus, and you alone, shall arbitrate this battle." What? Marcus walked over to his beloved Iva. "I love you, you know that!" she whispered to him as he held her tight. "I know that. I just never thought I'd ever see you again. And now I've found you, here, in the pits of Hell. You know, we can't keep meeting like this." She gave a laugh that showed her fear. Fifty years he'd searched for her. Fifty horribly lonely years. He had feared she might have been destroyed by that German bombardment in Moscow. Instead she had lost her memory. Nefertite had restored that, only minutes ago. He looked at the two armies prepared to kill. Jago's army was superior, not in numbers, but in ability. The odds had to be evened a bit. "I must go for a while, Iva. I think the Queen might need a little support. I will be back shortly." He withdrew himself from her, hushing her silent protests, then took his dagger and plunged it into his heart. He fell into a shadow and disappeared.

Quote: *"You will do as I tell you, be you Prince or not. I am McLeod, Brujah Justicar, and I have the power wipe you out. If you try to interfere with my mission, I shall put you through Hell. Beware my wrath."*

Allegiance: Jago, Iva, his daughter Susan, his youngest daughter Shireen, the Catholic Church.

Notable

Disciplines: Temporis, Apocalypse, Celerity. He rarely uses disciplines at all.

Preferred

Weapons: Niahn, the Praetorian guard, bare hands, Family Sword.

Feeding habits: Usually criminals. He spends much time tracking murderers and rapists, killing them off, or draining them to the point of near death. Before Iva came back though, he preferred seducing young females, taking only a tiny bit of blood.

Commonly

Encountered at: His ancestral castle in the Scottish Highlands, "Home", Tanis, the Shadowlands, Denmark and Moscow.

Aliases: Marcus McLeod, McLeod, Lord Alexander Smythe-Roswell (an English noble and officially the owner of the Castle McLeod).

Trophy Clan: None, but were any to discover his true allegiance, the Brujah would probably place a great prize on his head, not to mention that the Black Hand would call a Bloodhunt.

Rumours: He's Dracula (false, but he enjoys playing him), he's a True Brujah (f), he's

Sabbat (f), he has committed diablerie (t), he's an infernal diabolist (t), he used to be Prince of Moscow (f), he's Justicar of the Brujah clan (t), he's a Brujah (f), he used to be an Anarch (f), he's repelled by crosses (t), he's a devout Catholic (t), he used to be the lover of Iva Karinjina, the former Prince of St. Petersburg (t/f he still is).

Notes: McLeod is a devout Catholic, and usually he attends midnight mass in the Vatican. Church is the only place where he is unaffected by crosses. He has somewhat Victorian tastes in clothing, and while he's usually quite liberal concerning the behaviour and dress of others, this does not include his own family. He was shocked (went completely bananas, red.) when he discovered that Susan, at the tender age of 18, had had a boyfriend for three years. He didn't discover this till her wedding to the new High King David of the Seelie Court. It is actually just a face he puts up, since his wife usually scolds him for his sometimes scandalous behaviour. McLeod has a rating in Humanity as well as in the Path of Evil Revelations.

Roleplaying

Hints: McLeod is actually a nice guy, though he rarely shows it. Also, he likes being the best at everything he does, hating to lose. It really put him down when Shireen beat him three times in a row during training. She was only ten years old. Marcus definitely likes the vampire myth, and plays it to the hilt, watching every single vampire film he can get his hands on. He likes feeling important, and really enjoys his job as a Justicar, not to mention his position in the Black Hand.

He plays an incredibly dangerous game, spying on everyone, living double lives, and he loves every moment of it. Of course, no-one would be able to hurt him physically. With but a snap of his fingers he'd be able to summon a thousand abominations. His Humanity/Path represents a divided soul. He really wishes to be good, but the path he follows simply won't allow this. Thus, the ratings depict

inner turmoil. He hates what he is, but he is destined for it.

Appearance: Large blue eyes, large lips, half-long dark-blond hair. 6 feet two inches tall, broad shoulders. McLeod usually wears something "vampiric", black trousers, and usually something grey or white, either a T-shirt or a plain shirt, mostly combined with either a leather jacket, dark green, or a black smoking jacket.

History: McLeod was born in 1698 in the ancient castle of the McLeod's by the shores of Loch Baye in the Scottish highlands. He participated in a few battles, leading his first army at the age of twenty after the assassination of his father by the Clan McCulloch. The enemy was completely wiped out thanks to his planning and cunning tactics, with relatively few losses. He was also quite a ladies' man, as well as the fear of every farmer with a pretty daughter, and the nightmare of every man with a beautiful wife. After a dance at the inn, he met a beautiful woman he'd never seen before. She laughed at his clumsy attempts at seducing her, but suddenly started kissing him. Suddenly she bit him on the neck. It was in the year 1722, and he was a ninth generation Brujah. His sire, Jenny, soon left him, and he had to make his own way in the World of Darkness. McLeod never really involved himself in clan politics, preferring to watch the others' tear each others' throats out. He simply felt it was beneath him. But for that reason, he was often used as scape-goat by other Kindred. They never really succeeded, as he was always able to conjure proof of innocence with unsurpassed skill, turning the cases against his opponents. He soon became famous for this, and several Princes hired him to turn cases to their advantage. During a mission for the Camarilla in Oxford, he met Iva. She was probably the most attractive woman he had ever seen. On the very first night they shared blood, and since then they were in love, till she disappeared in Moscow in 1943 after a German bombardment. He never stopped searching Iva, even though he believed her destroyed. After having searched for Iva for six months, he left Russia for Denmark, where he stayed for the remainder of the war. It was simply the safest place in Europe within distance, as he had enemies in Sweden. McLeod became Archon of the Camarilla and personal assistant to Brujah Justicar Don Cruetz, gaining a great deal of information on Kindred around the world. Before leaving Moscow, however he had committed diablerie on a member of the primogen, making him of the sixth generation. He performed several successful missions for said Justicar, and was a highly valued assistant. In 1993 McLeod first encountered a powerful Kindred named Jago, and took quite a liking to the man. It was not until the death of Don Cruetz, after which McLeod was made Justicar, that he met Jago again. Jago persuaded him into selling 51% of his soul, and a few months later he was re-embraced by Anubis, and became a 'Seventh Seal Severer'. McLeod spent about a hundred years in "Home", Jago's Hellish realm, practicing his newly gained powers. Upon returning to Earth,

surprised that almost no time had passed there, he resumed his responsibilities as Justicar, still searching for Iva. A year later or so, he was approached by one of his Archons, Dante, who invited him to join the Black Hand. McLeod, believing the Black Hand to be Sabbat, nearly slayed the man. Dante told him of the Black Hand, the True Hand, and McLeod accepted the offer. He soon learned, however, that the Hand believed him to be True Brujah, because of his Temporis.

In 1995, during the battle in which Lucifer fell, McLeod met Iva once again. She had lost her memory as well as her face during the destruction of their Moscow haven, and had been re-embraced by the 'Guardians of Tanis' and had actually become a member of their Council of Thirteen. After the battle McLeod was made Commander of the Praetorian Guard.

Later, Marcus and Iva had their first daughter, Susan, thanks to some magic of Nefertites', a daughter who later married High King David of the Seelie. Just after the birth of Susan, McLeod started having some awful dreams, waking up in sheets soaked in sweat. Sweat. He had not sweated for nearly four hundred years. He soon discovered that he was an abomination, a Garou-vampire of the otherwise extinct White Howlers. He had simply been embraced before his first change. He still wonders if this might not be a side-effect of his Temporis. He rarely uses his new powers, preferring to keep them as surprise. Also, he does not like being a werewolf.

Shireen, the second daughter, has turned out to be an incredible fighter, and will probably become second in command of the Praetorian Guard some day. She is not yet Kindred, but she has become Garou.

The Story Setting

This scenario is set in Brussels, Belgium, because no sourcebooks have been written to cover this city. This city seethes with intrigue, mainly because the EEC has its headquarters there, so there is plenty of reason for vampires to be there, since there are a lot of politicians to influence. Because of this, the city is more than overpopulated with vampires struggling for their piece of the cake.

Brussels is a large city of about one million souls, and about one hundred and fifty kindred. There is a small population of werewolves in the *Foret de Soignes*, a forest situated at the end of *L'avenue de Louise*, the fashionable and expensive shopping street of this European Capital. The houses of this city are beautiful and old, if only the facades, which are often lavishly decorated, though many are ill-kept. There is a certain 'Gothic' feel to this city, and at times many feel as though they have ended up in the wrong century.

The crime rate is not as high as the one seen in most other capitals, mainly because of the city's comparatively small population. There is, however, widespread corruption, and most crime is white-collar, because officials are easy to bribe, though some are painfully honest. There is a quite efficient police-force in the city, controlled by the Prince, who strongly dislikes overt violence. There is some drug-smuggling in the city, however, and even the Prince's efforts to put it down have been in vain. This suggests Kindred involvement.

Night-life in the city is as most Kindred like it; very active. There are areas in which even a Nosferatu needs not disguise his nature, since most mortals would merely think it a great costume. There are plenty of small cafés for the elders as well as discos for the neonates and ancillae. There is, however, the question of feeding. Feeding is looked upon as being pleasurable as well as necessary, but beware the one who kills a mortal while feeding. The Prince will not accept such, and thrice this has been reason enough for calling a *Lex Talionis*, or Bloodhunt.

Locations

This chapter describes the most important locations in 'Satan has a New Name', as well as places to which the characters may go. Do feel free to alter what you want, or to invent more. This is not supposed to be a 'Brussels Sourcebook', after all.

No. 5, Rue de la Tête d'Or.

This is the current residence of Marcus McLeod. It is actually more of a mansion than a house, and is truly larger than it appears from the outside. The facade is lavishly decorated, and a statue of Uriel is overlooks the street. It is a four-story building with an abundance of rooms.

In the basement is a completely dark room, walls and ceiling the colour of dried blood. The room is lit with torches that never go out (no need to check for rötschreck, it's hellfire), and on the floor is carved a pentagram, which functions as a gateway to Hell, as well as allows Jago to leave Hell.

When used as a gateway, it will send the users directly to 'Home', the first of the realms in Hell. McLeod's butler, Vijay, takes care of the place in the master's absence. This is also where the Pc's will be staying. Their rooms are lavishly decorated in the Rococo style combined with modern comfort. All have Tv's and VCR's hidden behind slidepanels.

No. 9, Avenue Paul de Jaer.

This 'art nouveau' building houses the Prince of Brussels. It is six stories high, and has a very slim facade. The Prince holds court here, and it is here the scenario begins. The Prince's office is on the

top floor, and the furniture is a mixture of modern and antique. There is a computer on the massive oak desk. The room is spacey, and there are quite a few chairs around. Before one enters this room, however, one must pass through the secretary's office, and all are subject to walk through a metal-detector, though they'll never notice it, as it has been built into the doorframe.

The Berlaymont building.

This huge, modern building is the HQ of the EEC. It is part of Elysium, as most Kindred have someone in their pocket. Besides, it's good business for the city. One or two Kindred can usually be found here trying to influence someone, and it is rumoured that one of the Ventrue is only able to drink from these pencil-pushers.

Sang Real.

This café/bar is far from classical. Located in the vicinity of the Grand Place, it should be easy to find, but it is far from. The barroom resembles a crypt, the walls are made from blackened stone, the solid tables made of massive dirty-grey marble. The patrons are seated on coffins. The place is dimly lit with bad ventilation, causing bluish-grey tobacco smoke to hang dully in the air. Sang Real is a favourite neonate hangout, as well as meeting-place for the Anarchs. The reason for this popularity is partly the Gothic atmosphere, partly the drinks. Sang Real serves a very special Bloody Mary with animal blood instead of tomatojuice. All Kindred are able to drink this, and get drunk, because of the large amount of blood, even those who have special nutritious requirements, such as the Ventrue. One Bloody Mary equals about 1/4 bloodpoint. Some blooddolls can usually be found here as well.

Museums.

There are a great deal of museums in Brussels, and the city even has the only comic-book museum in the world. All these museums, except the scientific museums, are protected by Elysium, and its rules are very rarely broken. After closing time, Kindred will find that the guards will let them in on request. Many kindred will probably be watching the beautiful paintings in the dim light, and all conversation will be limited to whispers. Much plotting is done here, and many a Kindred has lost her unlife or reputation because of the scheming.

Cathédrale St. Michel.

This is a huge, gothic cathedral, not far from the central station. The Sabbat infernalists are planning to perform their ritual here, in the crypt, since no-one comes here at night. The interior is dark, dirty, the only light being that of hundreds of candles burning. The entire place smells damp, and it's rather chilly in there. There are very few crucifixes, so those of the Pc's repelled by such will have

little trouble. This church is absolutely awe-inspiring, because of the sheer size, but also because it makes everyone feel secure in some strange way.

Try to describe the crypt with as much feeling as you can muster. It's dark, smells slightly of death, and basically feels like your stereotypical dungeon or medieval castle.

The Latin Quarter.

This is a place of interest for many Toreador, as it is where most of the new art is created. It is beautiful in many ways with many old houses, plenty of dark caf'ées. It has a warm atmosphere that makes many Kindred go here. In fact, it is part of Elysium, though feeding is allowed. Even the Prince is sometimes seen here, enjoying a friendly game of chess or visiting artists.

Hell.

Hell is not the place many believe it to be. In purgatory, the first of the realms, one usually expects searing flames forever burning the screaming souls. Purgatory is actually completely dark, void of all light. The terror of being caught forever in the dark (all alone) is far worse than flames. Some manage, by stroke of luck, to find the door to "Home", the next realm (see map). "Home", or An-Hé as the 'Severers call it, functions as training ground for the White Legion and the Praetorian Guard (see Seventh Seal Severers) as well as torture chamber for those who have broken the rules of the 'Severers. The screams never end in "Home", they say, and right they are. Those who have committed so heinous crimes that purgatory would seem a blessing in comparison can be found in the dungeons of Jago's castle. Hitler is a favourite subject of torture for Tzi-Am Greyscales, an embraced Mokolé werealigator. "Home" is an icy realm constantly covered in fog. The next realm was given to Marcus McLeod as a gift of friendship from Jago. It is very different from "Home". In fact, it resembles a Scottish glen surrounded by majestic hills. The centre of this realm is a medieval castle, a perfect replica of McLeod's ancestral home. Though not as bitterly cold as "Home", this realm is chilly, much like the Scottish Highlands in the spring. Many from the Praetorian Guard can be found here, training with McLeod. Most of his Centurions can beat him in straight combat.

Satan's old halls is the last of the numerous realms, and is the current residence of Jago. Few have been here, and few tell anything of what they saw.

One final note about Hell: All Kindred are able to eat food.

Tanis.

This city in the Umbra serves as headquarters for the Guardians of Tanis, as well as a sanctuary for all beings. Only those who bring Final Death to this Paradise are banned from entering at all. Any who kills another in Tanis will answer to Nefertite, and the perpetrator can be certain never to live for another night.

Tanis itself was built more than a thousand years ago by Nefertite and her childer. It is a perfect replica of the original city. It is exquisitely beautiful, surrounded by a huge stone wall, and the houses built in the ancient Egyptian style are colourful and roomy. Though the city crawls with Kindred, Garou (there are a few of the otherwise extinct White Howlers here), abominations and other strange beings, there is absolutely no fighting here, except of course on the training grounds. It is truly a haven for all of the damned.

Kindred Involvement

This section describes the Kindred factions of the city, their attitudes towards its rule as well as their involvement in the life of the city.

Sabbat:

There is little seen of the Sabbat in Brussels, and the few present do not stir up much trouble. The truth is, that there are about fifteen Sabbat Kindred in the city, mainly posing as Camarilla. They are, in fact, spying on the other Kindred, preparing for a take-over. These Sabbat attempt gaining control over the police-force, and have succeeded in dominating some of the lower ranking officers. They have several safe-houses scattered across the city, for use in emergencies. What no-one knows is, that some, five to be exact, of these Kindred are Infernal Diabolists, planning to perform a powerful ritual to summon a great daemon.

Anarch:

There is a small Anarch grouping in Brussels with great plans to overthrow the Prince, but which seems to be enjoying the night-life of the city instead of bringing these plans to fulfillment. The Anarchs are not hunted as they are in most other cities, as they are generally more quiet. They hold little power over the workers unions, but control a great deal of the blue-collar crime, as well as most of the drug-smuggling operations.

The True Hand:

This ultra-secret Kindred organisation is not of the Sabbat, though some of its members are. They have only one member in the city at the moment, namely Marcus McLeod, Brujah Justicar, and he's only interested in finding possible recruits for his clan and the Hand, though mainly in finding those who killed his Archons.

Inconnu:

These strange Kindred are rarely seen in the city, though their Monitor, Kurian (see Npc's), has been in the city for some fifty years. He is rarely seen, and no-one takes much notice when he is. No-one knows his true motivations.

Camarilla:

This is a Camarilla controlled city.

Tremere:

The Clan Tremere holds much influence on the religious communities of Brussels, as well as the various Freemasonry groups. They do hold sway over many educational institutions as well, but largely they have little political power. There are about fifteen Tremere in the city.

Brujah:

The Brujah of this city mainly belong to the individualist and idealist factions. They battle with the Tremere for control of the educational institutions of Brussels. The Brujah have the upper hand, at the moment, and have placed spies among the Anarchs. They also control the quite efficient medical system.

Ventrue:

The Ventrue would like to see the city fall to them, and despise the Prince for not letting them have the power they want. They have attempted to assassinate him in the past, but not only did the attempt fail, it also brought strong retribution in the form of political sanctions against their financial ventures. There are a great deal of Ventrue-controlled lobbyists in the EEC, as well as about 25 Kindred of this clan in Brussels. They mainly control banks and attempt to gain control of the city government, so far with little success.

Malkavian:

No-one knows what these Kindred are up to, but they are usually fun to have around. Some are quite active pretending to be Ventrue. No-one knows just how many there are of these cooks.

Toreador:

This clan, to which the Prince belongs, tries very hard to keep the Ventrue from gaining a hand in city renewal programs, as they prefer to keep the city beautiful instead of letting it become the modernistic horror the Ventrue seem to want. They control the mayor and quite a few of the politicians, and are responsible for the keeping of the parks. They do, of course, control the art community, as well as the night-life of the city. Many Toreador are the proud owners of disco's and cafés. There are about thirty Toreador currently in Brussels.

Nosferatu:

These kindred, their number being unknown, are the eyes and ears of the Prince. Of influence they have very little, but were they to use the knowledge they have gained about the other Kindred, they would be major contenders for the throne. They have established a network of spies all across Europe.

The Story

Act I

First Scene

'The Shadowlands appeared before his hurting eyes. He looked around. There it was: Enoch. The huge walls surrounding the city appeared unscathed, so no maelstroms had been in that area for a long time. He composed himself, feeling the aching wounds in his chest close. Walking up to the massive gates, he was greeted by one of the wraith servants who, upon recognising him, let him pass. He entered the ancient city, its buildings looking all too familiar. 'Time to play the game again,' he muttered to himself. He walked up to the building in the centre of the city, wondering how he could manage to persuade the Del' Roe to order all the members of the Black Hand to accompany him to Hell. He couldn't let Jago start Judgement day, couldn't let him slay the Guardians of Tanis, or the angels. He loved Jago too much to let him do that. He had to even the scales. No-one could be allowed to win.

Cast: The characters, the Prince of Brussels, Marcus McLeod.

Setting: The Prince's office.

The Pc's have just introduced themselves to the Prince, who is all but happy to have them in his

already overpopulated city. Thus he is hesitating to let them go, though he knows that he must, since they have done nothing wrong. He will hand them a copy of the city's rules. He will probably be a bit rude to the Pc's, though not overly so. Just as the Pc's are about to be dismissed, they will hear an enraged voice from the opposite side of the door. Suddenly the door is slammed open, actually nearly torn off its hinges. That door is solid oak with a steel core! Enter Marcus McLeod, who introduces himself as Brujah Justicar with as much self-control as he can muster, which isn't much. Actually, his voice is almost down to a whisper, and his eyes are quite bloodshot. He follows this with a "What in the name of Hell has happened to my Archons?", followed by a (very uncontrolled) fist that cracks the massive oak desk. He will say that he holds the Prince responsible, mention what he might do, should his every demand not be met with immediate compliance, boast of his power (as Justicar, not 'Severer!'), etc.

He will probably mention that his Archons were sent to Brussels to investigate whether or not the city would be safe enough for a conclave. He will then state that the Pc's are to be announced temporary Archons to help him discover what might have happened to their late predecessors. He slowly calms down, and asks the Prince if he's finished with the Pc's. McLeod orders them to come with him. When they pass through the secretary's office they will find the poor guy severely beaten up.

Scene Two

Cast: The Pc's, Marcus McLeod, some Anarchs.

Setting: Sang Real.

McLeod will take the Pc's to a bar, *Sang Real*, and invite them to a drink. This place serves quite a Bloody Mary, tomato-juice being substituted with animal blood. He himself will order a Glenlivet, straight. This is a scene used to describe McLeod from his gentler side, and he is a gracious host. It is also in this scene the players have their chance to really get into character. Be careful, by the way; those drinks can very easily get the characters quite drunk, if they drink too much, that is. When you feel they've had enough, and it starts getting boring, have McLeod leave after he's handed them a credit-card with a million Belgian Francs, a Mobil-phone with his number encoded (in case they get into trouble, they just call him and he'll try to help them), and the address of his haven. There are rooms ready for them, and a butler will see to their needs. After Marcus leaves, three Anarchs step in, and go up to the bar, order some drinks, and start talking. If the Pc's listen in, they will hear something about Kindred going missing, just vanishing without a trace. They mutter something about Sabbat, Camarilla conspiracies, mages, Assamites, the Prince being behind it, etc. If the Pc's walk

up and begin asking questions, they will shut up, and not reveal a thing. If pressed, however, they will tell the truth: Some Kindred have disappeared, but they know nothing about who is responsible; they're merely speculating.

After this, tell the players that sunrise is a mere hour away. This should make them want to go to McLeod's haven.

Scene Three

Cast: The Pc's, Vijay, Asp, Milena.

Setting: McLeods Haven, Grand Place.

On their way to McLeod's haven (it's ten minutes by foot), the Pc's are stopped by Milena, who will try to play games with them, irritate them, and basically try to have good time herself. If the Pc's play along, she will be overjoyed, read their palms, etc. No matter what, she will reveal that she knows well of the existence of *Shilmulo*, the Romani word for vampires. If she by any chance reads any Pc's palm, she will tell her of what is to happen in the future, such as death, loss of a loved one, the gaining of great wealth, tragedy, basically anything you can think of: It's very unlikely that much of it will come true in this scenario. When she leaves, Some of the Pc's will find that something of theirs is missing. Not something very important, just money, a wristwatch or something like that. When the Pc's approach McLeod's house, they will see a large man leaving it. He's huge. The butler, Vijay, will let them in, and show them their rooms. He will be polite, almost annoyingly so, even if insulted. He will say that the "Master" has already informed him of their special needs and tastes, and that dinner (or breakfast, if you prefer that term) will be served in their rooms when they awake. When they do awake, a tray with their preferred bloodtype will be standing beside the bed. Not even those with the "light sleeper" advantage will have been disturbed by Vijay when he served their meal. The blood, by the way, has just the right temperature, as well as a delicious taste as if spiced. Vijay is a great cook, especially when it comes to preparing blood. Shireen has not been served blood (don't forget, she merely poses as a Kindred!), but a large order of fries and a huge burger. Their clothes will have been cleaned during the day. (Spooky).

Act Two
First Scene

'Everyone looked surprised when McLeod showed up with 300 Kindred dressed for battle. Iva ran to him, and he caught her in his arms. 'I had to make this an even battle,' he whispered in her ear. 'Jago might kill me for this, helping the enemy.' he thought to himself. They walked away, hand in hand, from the huge armies standing, waiting for the signal to be given. It looked strange. About a hundred thousand beings on each side. With Jago was the Praetorian Guard, the Black Legion, the White Legion, and the ordinary 'Severers, and with his wife, on the opposite side of the battlefield, was Lucifer, along with all sorts of daemons, The Guardians of Tanis, lupines of all possible tribes, a single Gurahl, some ordinary Kindred, and the seven remaining Archangels, Michael, Gabriel, Rafael, Urikel, Ariel, and a few whose names Marcus didn't remember. He dreaded for this battle. How was he, Marcus McLeod, supposed to be the judge of this battle? He held Iva tight, almost painfully, and let a single bloody tear run down his cheek. If he couldn't stop this, he would lose many dear friends on this night. Jago walked slowly towards Lucifer, across the battlefield.

Cast: The Pc's, Marcus McLeod, Nefertite, Tephnut.

Setting: Grand Place.

When the Pc's have finished their meals, they will be collected by Marcus. He offers them a tour of the city, in a manner suggesting that it would be extremely foolish of them to decline. When they approach the Grand Place, they will notice a strange woman (Nefertite) skipping, giggling as if somewhat insane, and a younger woman standing nearby looking embarrassed (Tephnut). At first glance they appear to be something like 13th generation neonates which they most certainly are not! Nefertite waves at Marcus and Shireen, and Marcus rushes over and kneels before her, head bowed down in deep respect. She seems quite amused by this act, and tells him to get up. Marcus will tell the Pc's that he has other business to attend to now, and they'd better go around on their own. This is a chance for the Pc's to go out on their own, collecting clues, meeting people, and perhaps to go hunting. Use this scene to introduce the Pc's to the city and a lot of people, as well as to pursue their personal goals. Use the "Sample Characters" chapter as inspiration, and the "Locations" chapter if you have trouble thinking of some yourself. Pray use the "Random Encounters", this was what I intended it to be used for.

Scene Two

Cast: The Pc's, Marcus McLeod, Jago, five Infernal Diabolists.

Setting: St. Michael's Church.

The next night, when the Pc's have reported their findings to Marcus, he will ask them if they'd like to accompany him, as there's something he must do before he can continue the investigation. Let the Pc's get into his Limousine and wonder what he means. The driver will take them to St. Michael's Church, which those afraid of crosses will most certainly not like. There's something strange about the place, it positively reeks of evil, even McLeod is surprised, sniffs the air and comments that something is very wrong with the place. As they enter, they will note the smell of blood and death in the air. The doors, by the way, were locked, which is highly unusual (Marcus has the key). Inside, the crosses and crucifixes are all upside down, and the candles are all black. Sound comes from the crypts, some sort of chanting. It sounds ritualistic and, for those that speak Latin, very perverted. Marcus makes the sign of the cross across his chest and walks towards the crypts (The Pc's should follow if you've described the scene well enough). Far into the crypt, there are five Kindred in black cloaks with obviously magical symbols sown into them. Any character with the "Occult" skill will be able to recognise that. Corpses are littered across the floor, and everything is stained with blood. In the centre of the room is a large pentagram. Suddenly, before the Pc's can react, the symbol begins to glow, and smoke rises from the centre. The five Kindred start kneeling, but suddenly they start screaming with pain, as smoke pours from their mouths and noses. All that is left is a pile of ashes and dust, covered by their unharmed garments. As the smoke clears, a man becomes visible. This is Jago, in his Kindred form. Marcus laughs, and walks over to him, and they shake hands. Jago will be quite friendly to the characters (the friends of my friends etc.). Let them talk for a while. Marcus asks if Jago would like to be sent back, but he replies that he'd rather go see his wife. A word of advice: Let the players have some time to digest this scene.

After all this, Marcus will go to another church, accompanied by the Pc's. It doesn't matter which one, it'll look something like St. Michael's before that one got ruined (this time, crosses will be damned irritating, won't they?). He will merely walk up to the confessionate, talk to the priest for a while (poor guy), then receive the blessing and the sacrament.

McLeod will comment that he needs a drink, and take the Pc's back to *Sang Real*.

Scene Three

Cast: The Pc's, Marcus McLeod, Josie, The Crying, Juan Batista, some Anarchs.

Setting: *Sang Real*.

As the party enters the gloomy bar, they can hear shouting and yelling. The Crying seems to attempt picking a fight with the Anarchs there. When Josie, the leader of The Crying, spots McLeod, she will greet him with a hug, asking him where the fuck he's been hiding for so long. Should the Pc's attempt to scan her aura, it will be completely blank, which will probably make some of the Pc's figure out that she's Sabbat. She will call over the rest of her gang, The Crying, and order rounds for everyone. When they have seated themselves, Juan Batista, who's been hiding in the shadows, will walk by, glaring at Robert O'Donnel. If looks could kill...

After a while, Josie will ask McLeod what he knows about some Kindred disappearing in Brussels. McLeod will reply that he knows virtually nothing, but that he and his friends (the Pc's) are trying to find out. He will thank her for the drink and leave.

After this, the Pc's are free to do as they please, though you might assume that some will want to go hunting etc. What ever they do, they will notice a van following them, though they are easily able to lose it if they try. After all, there are places that vans can't go, such as narrow alleys and the like. If they decide to follow it or attack it, it simply drives away. Check the "Random Encounters" chapter if you wish. This is one of your chances to improvise.

Scene Four

Cast: The Pc's, Marcus McLeod, Iva Karinjina, Vijay.

Setting: McLeod's Haven.

When the Pc's return after a long nights work, they will probably go to McLeod's Haven to rest. As they go upstairs, they hear strange noises coming from Marcus' bedroom. It sounds almost as if someone is either fighting or making love. If they investigate, they find Marcus lying in his bed with Iva Karinjina. The sheets are wrinkled, a lamp is broken and the room is generally a mess. There is some blood drops here and there on the white silken sheets, and the pair seems quite embarrassed at being discovered. If any of the Pc's use heightened senses, they will notice that the room smells as if someone just made love in there. Marcus will ask the Party to wait for him downstairs, and as they close the door they hear something like a girlish giggle coming from behind it. A few minutes later,

Marcus will come down, dressed in a silk-robe, closely followed by Iva. McLeod will let the Pc's know that Iva has his complete trust, so they may speak freely. Their hair is a mess.

At some point while the Pc's tell of their discoveries, Iva will mention that she should get back to Tanis. Marcus kisses her goodbye, saying that Niahn will see to her journey, and she walks out of the room. As soon as she has closed the door, her footsteps are no longer heard, and if any try to follow her, she will simply be gone. After this, Marcus will listen carefully to the Pc's story (do have them *tell* it, will you?). After that, it's time for bed.

Act Three

First Scene

Cast: The Pc's, Hannah M. Lind, Alexander Nicholas.

Setting: Anywhere.

As the Pc's roam the city searching for clues, they will somehow run into Hannah and Alexander. Hannah will approach Monique d'Anjou, asking her if she wasn't the young lady searching for some information on Kindred? Hannah will introduce herself politely, and Alexander will behave like a bored brat, trying to get the others to play with him. He will especially irritate A.D, as they've met before, though the poor Nosferatu will have no recollection of ever having met this child. As it happens, they have, but that was in A.D's mortal days. They used to be playmates before the war. As it happens, Hannah will have little to tell, though if the name Niahn is mentioned, she will burst into laughter, saying that if Monique has been *that* stupid...

After this, have the Pc's roam the city. After a while, they will notice the white van that followed them racing through the city streets. After a while it stops, and some guy on the sidewalk drops as if unconscious. Even at that distance it's obvious that he's a vampire. Three men in suits jump out of the van and grab him, haul him into the van, and it drives away before any of the Pc's can react. Some time later, the party is stopped by some serious-looking Kindred asking them to come along, very politely. The Prince would like a word with them.

Scene Two

Cast: The Pc's, the Prince, the Primogen, Marcus McLeod, Nefertite.

Setting: The Prince's office.

As the Pc's enter the Prince's office, they will notice a lot of Kindred they have never seen before. The Prince looks as if he might fly into a rage at any moment, everybody else look very serious, including McLeod who's standing next to the Prince. The Prince will start screaming accusations at the Pc's (and McLeod). It's easy to see that if he continues like that, he'll most certainly fly into a frenzy. A woman leans over to calm him down (Nefertite), telling him that nobody got hurt, they're all there, bla. bla. bla. After he has restored his composure, he will, very formally, bring forth the charges:

- 1: The Pc's have attempted to assassinate him.
- 2: The Pc's have been seen associating with a known Sabbat Pack.
- 3: The Pc's have violated the Masquerade.
- 4: One of the Pc's (O'Donnel) has brought an Inquisitor to Brussels.
- 5: Violating their obligations to their Justicar.

For the first charge, some personal effect (probably Robin Sandusky's crucifix) was found at the scene of the crime, as was a detonator with A.D's fingerprints. Apparently, someone tried to blow up the Prince's private Haven.

The second charge is for having partied with Josie and The Crying. Witnesses will be brought forth (the Anarchs), though they will remember nothing of McLeod's being present there.

The third charge is (probably) pure fiction. The Prince will bring sample witnesses and show photographs of dead mortals, completely drained of all blood.

The fourth charge is true enough. Juan Batista followed O'Donnel to Brussels.

The fifth is merely Marcus' way of denying all responsibility.

The Pc's will have a chance to defend themselves, though it is to no avail. At the end of the trial, the Prince will ask the "Honoured Justicar" to place the sentence. A Lex Talionis. Marcus will look at them with sad disappointment, asking them how he could be made to nurture such snakes at his chest. The Pc's will have a two hour head start before the Hunt begins.

Scene Three

Cast: Lots of kindred, Father Jaspael, Vijay, Tephnut, McLeod, Jago.

Setting: All of Brussels.

Before the Hunt begins, the Pc's might want to pack a few things at McLeod's Haven. Vijay will help them pack, looking very sorry for them. When the party go down the stairs, they will notice a door leading to the basement. They have never seen it before. If they go down there, describe the room in vivid detail, the pentagram and everything. McLeod will come down while they're there, and politely ask that they leave immediately. He will refuse to answer any questions. After this, the Pc's are on their own. At some point, they will probably run into Jago, who's driving off their pursuers. He's not doing this to help, he's just looking for a good fight. You might wish to introduce Tephnut as well, but all she will be able to do is tell them that "Uncle Marcus" asked her not to help them. She might give them a few ideas as to where to go, not that it'll do much good. Should the Pc's get anywhere near a church, or try to hide in one, Pater Jaspael will try to help them. He will be very kind to them, ask how this came about, and even hide them during the day if they should ask, or offer it if they do not. Please note that this man *reeks* of Faith. His Aura is so golden it looks as if it was honey. He will in no way try to harm them, and he is very much to be trusted. Should the Pc's doubt his motives, he will merely point to the cross around his neck, quoting from Psalm 23. *"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want... Though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death, I shall have no fear, for Thou art with me, thy Rod and thy Staff are my comfort."* The next night, somehow a wave of attackers will separate the Pc's. This is definitely necessary as the Pc's are too powerful to hunt down as a group. They will notice each of them in turn, the white van. A man will step out, look at one of them, and everything turns to darkness.

Scene Four

Cast: The Pc's, Marcus McLeod, Niahn, unconscious guards, scientist.

Setting: Subterranean Lab in the outskirts of Brussels.

Once the Pc's awaken, they will find themselves trapped & strapped up in glass-cages. Their disciplines don't work, so they will have to stay where they are. If you've seen the film "Species", just think of the place Sil is brought up in. The only difference is that this place is bigger. Armed guards in strange suits with fitted gasmasks stand guard at each cage. Each of them carry a modified

Steyr-Aug (5.56 mm.) assault rifle fitted for Dragonbreath rounds. There are about twenty guards. Let the Pc's sweat for a while and try to escape. It won't work. Also, they will be feeling slightly sleepy. There's a large digital clock on each wall showing that it's in the middle of the day. After a while of sweating, enter McLeod. He will be carrying a large sword, his Clan sword, slashing his way through the guards. Do describe this as a great fight with a lot of screaming and yelling. After having dealt with the guards, McLeod will break the glass walls to the cages. Give them some time to talk. McLeod will explain everything. Suddenly, the audible claxon sound of a gun being cocked is heard from somewhere. A scientist, wounded by a stray bullet, has gotten hold of a gun and is pointing it at Marcus' back. McLeod turns around and, facing the scientist, turns to fog just as the gun is fired. The shot will hit Shireen, who will be dying. Last words are in order, don't you think? The scientist will drop the gun when he sees Marcus kneeling before his dying daughter. After the girl's death, McLeod will rise from the body, bloody tears streaming down his cheeks. He turn will face the scientist, screaming with rage. Suddenly, Hellfire will flow from his eyes to envelop the man, who begins screaming with terror and pain. His clothing will be unharmed, this fire feeds exclusively on the man's soul. When he finally drops, his body is still alive, though it is merely a dried husk. The soul is gone.

McLeod takes Shireen into his arms, and walks into the sunlight. If the Pc's follow, they will be blinded by the light before he disappears into Hell.

So, there they are, trapped underground with more guards probably coming soon, in the middle of the day. After a few minutes, Niahn will appear, asking Monique d'Anjou if she and her friends would like to get out of there. The price, well, they can discuss that later. The Pc's are bound to accept this offer, and will be taken to Hell.

Scene Five

Cast: The Pc's, Iva, Jago, Nefertite, McLeod, the Praetorian Guard, Anubis, Niahn.

Setting: Hell.

As the Pc's enter McLeod's realm in Hell, they will see all of the Npc's mentioned above. Shireen is with them as well, and she's alive. McLeod will look at Niahn, ask her what she thinks she's doing, basically giving her a hard time. It seems Monique sold her soul to a minor servant of Hell, actually a minion of McLeod's. He will see to it that she destroys the contract with Monique.

Afterwards, he might give the Pc's a tour of Hell if they wish, then invite them all to a wedding in Rome, with a party later in Scotland. He finally had the guts to ask Iva to marry him. They will all

be given dawnstones as to enable them to endure sunlight, and those repelled by crosses will be temporarily cured of this disadvantage, though only while at the wedding. While in Hell, they will also be able to eat food. Do describe these events light-heartedly, it is a time for celebration, not conflict...

Naturally, the Pc's will be greatly rewarded in gold, but the males will be offered a place in Hell as 'Severers, just as the females (except Shireen) will be offered to be re-embraced as Guardians of Tanis.

Jago, Lord of Hell.

-Jago looked through the corner of his right eye. He saw the looming figure of his former master, Satan, coming towards him. Jago immediately changed to his daemon form, a huge black dragon. He just made it before the blow struck him. He felt his jaw breaking into thousands of shards inside his head. He didn't even concentrate to make it heal. He turned towards Lucifer just before the next blow hit him. This time his belly was slashed open. His guts spilled on the ground. All around him, he heard his men fighting for their lives. They were outnumbered, and their master was loosing. "You die.....insubordinate scoundrel!!!!", Lucifer screamed as he raised his hand for the killing blow. "Not even you have the power to prevent me from reaching MY DESTINY!!!!", Jago boomed and raised his massive form. His wounds were healed. He radiated malice. Lucifer stood dumbstruck. Jago punched a single claw through the chest of his enemy. Smiling, he pulled his claw back and to the side, ripping the entire ribcage of his foe to shreds. Lucifer screamed in agony. "Feel the power of your own creation, Satan, and then, yield to the new lord of Hell!". Lucifer fell. Uriel rushed to his rescue. Jago dispatched her with a single stroke of his hand. She landed hundreds of feet away, torn in two. Jago ordered his men back. The battle was over. He had won.....

Quote: *"I really don't need to prove my point, moron. I am second to none in power. You are completely at my mercy, and you know that. You are in Hell now, but it is another Hell than the place you think of. Unfortunately for you, for your insolence I shall have you placed in what is left of the old Hell, the torture-chambers!"*

Allegiance: Jago is Satan, so he really has no need for allegiances of his own. The closest thing he'll get to it is to his wife, Nefertite. He loves her dearly and will go out of his way to make her happy.

Notable

disciplines: He is omnipotent and all-powerful. He's got powers no kindred would dare dream of. He can use any powers in existence at will. He can use any disciplines, gifts, realms, arts, spheres, or paths without expending blood, gnosis or anything else. Basically, he's capable of absolutely anything!!

Preferred

weapons: He'll create and use any weapons he'd like. Most of the time though, he wouldn't stoop so low as to fall back to physical violence. He can destroy foes with but a thought after all.

Feeding

habits: He doesn't need to feed anymore. Occasionally, he takes a vampiric form. At such times he feeds on damn well anyone he pleases, literally.

Commonly

encountered at: In Hell, most commonly, then in Denmark and finally in Paris. He can be encountered wherever he wants to be or wherever he is summoned to. It is not a healthy affair to summon him, as he cannot be controlled and it makes him furious if anyone tries to do so.

Aliases: Any of the publicly known aliases for Satan. He prefers Jago, though. His name when he walks as a mortal is John or any national equivalent of this, depending on the place he is currently at.

Trophy clans: No-one is foolish enough to offer trophy on Jago. The Camarilla did when he was still just a kindred, but as Marcus McLeod, the Brujah Justicar is in fact a servant of Jago, he has been stricken from the red list as "destroyed". Wouldn't they be in for a surprise.....

Rumours: He is Satan (t), He is dead (f, or true if you insist, but he's still around, and better you believe that!!!!!!), He is married to a succubus (f, he killed her), He is married to a kindred named Nefertite (t), He is the pinnacle of all evil, completely incapable of good (f, strangely enough).

Notes: There is really no point in telling that this guy is utterly invincible is there? No...so just make sure the players don't get into a fight against him, he could beat them senseless in his sleep! He is meant to be the enigmatic being No-one can sort out who REALLY is, not an active part of the scenario in the classical sense. He is extremely hard to roleplay, so use him with care.

Appearance: He looks just like he wants to. His original form is that of a Caucasian male of medium height, about five feet nine inches. He has bleached, blonde hair and a wiry build. He usually wears black jeans and a plain black T-shirt. He doesn't look anything like even half a decent brawler. The truth is different though.....

His true daemon form is that of a gigantic black dragon, sleek and powerful with solid yellow eyes and gleaming scales. It is incredibly graceful and fast both in the air and on the ground. It is a frightening, but beautiful, sight. This is the form that he most often uses in Hell.

History: What follows is the official story (or part of it). Jago is in reality almost three thousand years old, but the first part of his life is shrouded in deep mystery. Much of this is probably lies made up by Jago, but since he is the only one who knows the truth, that does not really matter.

Born and embraced to be a fifth generation *True Brujah* in Carthage around the time of the first Punic War, his lifestory is quite short. Indeed, his first non-Carthage Kindred encounter was Nefertite, his current wife. Completely taken aback by her green eyes and lust for knowledge (a passion he shared in full, as he was a historian), he truly felt he had encountered a kindred spirit.

During the following centuries he met Nefertite on several occasions, both being collectors of Kindred lore. The fact that he had had to flee from almost every city in which they had met, as he was being hunted by Setites believing him to be Nefertite's child didn't bother him. He was already then completely and hopelessly in love with her.

In 33 A.D., he was crucified by the Roman garrison of Jerusalem, next to Jesus of Nazareth, a carpenter's son who'd been preaching some sort of new religion. Having not yet reached his full potential as Kindred, he was unable to escape the magical bonds they had bound him with, though he struggled feverishly. Many of the bystanders sank to their knees in awe at the sight of his bloody sweat. Nefertite stood close by and watched. His eyes begged her for absolution, but instead of putting him to death and liberate him, she shrank away for reasons neither of them understood. The experience of crucifixion and Nefertite's turning away drove the young Kindred mad and onto the dark path he now follows.

Finally escaping through faking death (easily done), he travelled the world in his madness. After many years he woke from his dreamlike state and started to practice the art of war. He ran into a viking named Rollo in France. He settled down as Rollo's councilor. Along with Rollo were several Get of Fenris Lupines. These vicious fighters taught Jago many things concerning warfare. They hated him for being a vampire, but admired him as a fighter and for some years everything was fine. Then Nefertite showed up. Jago instantly forgave her for turning away. He tried to introduce her to his lupine training partners, but one of them made a

lunge at her, and Jago slapped the creature so hard that he tore off the lupine's lower jaw. He then scolded it for being a coward and attacking a lady and left him. To this day, no lupine has forgiven him for this insult.

Thus forced away, Jago went to Britain only to find himself ruling several tribes of Celts and Scots. A wiseman told him of certain rituals that could summon the gods of these people. Jago demanded proof. The old man drew symbols on a slab of stone and started chanting. Jago started to make plans of how to use these gods if the ritual proved successful. He would crush his opponents with the gods in front of his armies. Instead, a robed figure appeared on the stone, and a female hand gestured towards the old man. "Jago, we demand a sacrifice! The old man will do for now", the figure said, and Jago obeyed without knowing why. The figure was Uriel, one of the seven fallen Archangels, Satan's personal elite. Jago later made a powerful pact with her, selling 75% of his soul in return for supernatural gifts. Thus began his long climb on the ladders of prestige in Hell. He later sold almost all (99%), as he would belong to Hell when he died anyway. His tenth level Apocalypse would make him a Demon overlord at that stage.

From then on he committed countless atrocities, but it wasn't long before the English king Richard *Cœur de Lion* had him captured (not an easy task). He was brought before the king of France, and would no doubt have been executed if not for the timely intervention of Nefertite, who served as the King's advisor, as she convinced the King to pardon him. He left France with her, and they have never been apart for long. Still, Jago remains guilty of some of the most heinous acts throughout the ages. He has played part in nearly all wars, several massacres, revolutions etc. Some of his worst crimes include whispering Torquemada in the ear in his sleep, making the Inquisition a mad man's circus, completing the details of the creation of the German Empire, resulting in two world wars, the hundred years war and the burning of Joan of Arc. And those are only the beginning.

Throughout this period, he encountered a Black Spiral Dancer ahroun. She fell in love with this evil creature, and has served him ever since as his bodyguard. He embraced her, but something went wrong and her eyes turned solid red. He abtly named her "Red-Eyes" thereafter. He also encountered a Kindred of unknown origin. This was Anubis, the ancient Egyptian God of war and safe passage for the dead, also an exceptionally skilled warrior. Anubis does look like he was said to do, with the head of a Jackal. Many years later, after Jago had committed diablerie on two minor antediluvians, he re-embraced Anubis (and Red-Eyes), making him his most trusted lieutenant.

In 1540, Jago was granted a realm in Hell by his masters for a job well done. He ruled supreme in this realm, which he calls "Home" (or *Án-he* in the language of the 'Severers). He

married a Succubus called Niahn though he honestly despised her. Jago merely needed information on demonhood, and the price was his hand in marriage. He killed her some years back, believing himself to have destroyed her soul in the process. Recently, he discovered the whereabouts of three minor antediluvians in torpor committed diablerie on two of them, giving the third to Nefertite. He then began to build a clan around him, using "Home" as training grounds for these kindred, as time obeyed his every wish there. Thus, he was able to create a clan in less than a year, earth time. This Clan, the Seventh Seal Severers, is comprised mainly of males. There are in fact only six women, Red-Eyes and five assassins created illegally by Anubis, who now rules the 'Severers in Jago's stead. Those of the clan only go for the stakes on Judgement day.

About a year ago, Lucifer took possession of Jago's body to attack the Guardians of Tanis. Jago's clan was needed, and only Jago could order them to do this. Jago was killed by being possessed, as would anyone possessed by a being as powerful as Lucifer, but because of his Apocalypse he returned as a demon. He married Nefertite, and for the rest you will have to read the story...

Random Encounters.

"There should have been moans from dying and wounded soldiers. There should have been the silent sobbing of women searching for those they loved amongst the fallen. There should have been huge piles of broken and useless equipment and weapons. Instead there were two stretchers. A man and a woman lay on them, dead. A warrior stood over them. Behind him his soldiers were breaking up. The enemy army had lost their warlord. The warrior was satisfied. "Marcus, you are the new master of the Praetorian guard!", the warrior said to a man behind him. "Yes, milord, if it is your will!", The other man looked strangely tired and quite sad. "It is! Now do your duty. I am the new lord of Hell. I have many new responsibilities....", the warrior turned around, facing his army. The man addressed as Marcus straightened up. "What about your wife, Jago? Shouldn't you go see her.....", he began, "When the time is right. Give her my best of regards, will you?", the warrior, Jago, started to walk away. He didn't get far before he turned around, and yelled a command to another warrior: "Anubis, get rid of the corpses, will you? Satan has a new name....."

This section is one for you to use if you are unable to improvise. Feel free to change it as you see fit.

1: The Pc's run into some Sabbat playing cops n' robbers. Naturally, they use real guns.

Suddenly, they will see the Pc's and decide that they need to feel the thrill of playing as well. Of course, the police will be alerted and arrive about three minutes later. Assume the Sabbath to have two in all attributes as well as a potency and celerity rating of two.

2: The Pc's run into a drunk mortal believing one of the girls to be his long-lost daughter. He will be extremely difficult to get rid of, asking her how she could have forgotten her old dad, trying to hug her etc. This encounter can be used to involve a player who's been too inactive.

3: The Pc's encounter Juan Batista who'll be anything but subtle, yelling and screaming at O'Donnel for killing his sister. He will see to it that there are other people around to hear his accusations, making it impossible for the Pc's to merely kill him off.

4: The Pc's run into Tephnut, looking for her mother. She will look at Monique, asking if they haven't seen each other before.... Perhaps somewhere in Egypt? She will be unable to tell them anything about the late Archons.

5: The Pc's are mugged by five youths. Aren't they in for a surprise.....

6: The Pc's see a nosferatu being beaten up by some Toreador. Should they help the poor guy, he will help them discover what happened to the Archons, though only by telling him what he knows, which isn't much. There are two prevailing theories, one that says that it is insane mages needing live Kindred for a ritual, another that it is the government having discovered the existence of vampires. A.D will recognise this nosferatu as being his sire.

7: The Pc's run into a Vampire feeding on a young girl, obviously close to killing her. Allow Jesus Maria Rodrigues to save the damsel in distress. Should the Prince hear of this, the perpetrator will be severely punished, and he will owe Jesus a minor boon.

8: The Pc's will run into Nefertite trying to avoid stepping on the cracks in the sidewalk. She appears quite taken with this activity (remember, she just can't take unlife serious), giggling girlishly. If asked, she will tell them that McLeod (such a sweet guy) asked her not to help them. If pressed, she will simply walk away, acting as insane as ever. She may look at Monique, sniffing in the air and asking her how she could be led to sell her soul. She seems so bright otherwise.... She might also ask A.D if it doesn't irritate him to be so ugly, offering to remedy that, only to tell him that she might do it later, after they have solved their mission.

9: As the Pc's walk past a café they notice two people talking, two men so beautiful it actually hurts. Indeed, the Pc's feel a glow of faith so strong it makes them feel uncomfortable. These two are Pater Jaspael and the archangel Gabriel. Both will be polite though they have nothing to tell the Pc's. Neither will identify themselves, except by using their first names. If the Pc's try to listen in on their conversation, they will catch phrases such as 'Heaven', 'Hell', 'Florence', 'The Pope', spiced with quotes from the bible. They are discussing a new edition of the Bible, in which a new chapter has been added to the 'Book of Revelations', telling of 'a second war in Hell'. Believe it or not, Marcus McLeod was the author of this.

10: The Pc's see a white van driving along the road. Those with Auspex will get a strange feeling about this.

11: The Pc's overhear a conversation between two members of the Primogen, revealing some of the rumours about Marcus McLeod. Actually, they are discussing the possibility of him having killed the six other Justicars, possibly even his own Archons.....

12: The Pc's view a Kindred-napping, again seeing the white van. The victim simply drops on the pavement, and two men haul her into the van before the Pc's can react.

Cast

It was over. Marcus walked back to Iva, held her in his arms. He always had loved the sweet fragrance of her hair. "Come," he whispered, "it's time to go." They vanished from the scene. Tanis was truly beautiful, as it had been when he had last seen it. Iva led him to a stone house, painted in warm, deep colours. It was cool inside, pleasantly so, and the room was painted in the same warm colours as the outside. Iva pulled him closer, kissing him lightly on the lips. They lay together on the rug, hugging each other close. Just to be near her was intoxicating. It had been half a century since he had last seen her, let alone touched her. Her face was not the same, the skin darker and the hair a pitch black. But the eyes were the same, they would never change. She was the only woman he had ever truly loved. He took her wrist, gently, and let his fangs out, but she drew back. "Not that, beloved," she whispered. He was confused. Why wouldn't she share blood? She pulled a small crystal flask from her gowns, handing it to him, signalling him to drink. He took a

careful sip of the strange fluid within, and she took back the flask, drinking the rest. Suddenly his body was a chaos of sensations and urges he had not felt for three centuries. She smiled. "The Queen gave this to me," she said softly, biting his ear. He took her up, and carried her to the nearest bed.

The Player Characters:

Shireen McLeod Karinjina.

Homid Black Fury ahroun, posing as Gangrel Anarch.

Goals: Avoiding being scolded by her father, Marcus McLeod, having fun, rebelling against her parents.

Powers: Her garou gifts have been removed temporarily, except for her ability to change to wolf-form. She is watched over by Sahid, a demon who provides her with potency 3, auspex 1, celerity 2, and protean 2. He also masks her aura and smell to make her appear as a Kindred.

Alexander Douglas (A.D).

10th generation Nosferatu.

Goals: Collecting information on Kindred and their activities for the Web, a Nosferatu spy-network.

Powers: Animalism 1, Obfuscate 3, Auspex 2.

Monique d'Anjou.

10th generation Baali posing as Tremere.

Goals: Learning more about the world of demons, especially what it means to have sold your soul.

Powers: Daimoinon 2, Auspex 3, Dominate 1, Celerity 1, Thaumaturgy 3.

Weaknesses: Repelled by Crosses.

Robert O'Donnel.

9th generation Ventrue.

Goals: Gaining personal power, escaping justice (Juan Batista)

Powers: Dominate 3, Fortitude 1, Presence 2.

Weaknesses: Can only feed on young women.

Jesus Maria Rodrigues de Silva.

10th generation Assamite *antitribu* posing as Toreador.

Goals: Settling down, doing good, playing the violin.

Powers: Quietus 2, Celerity 2, Presence 1, Auspex 2.

Weaknesses: Repelled by crosses, repulsed by Garlic.

Robin Sandusky:

9th (7th) generation Brujah.

Goals: Avenging the death of her alleged sire, Bryan. Becoming an Archon in his place.

Powers: Celerity 1, Presence 3, Auspex 2.

Weaknesses: Pacifist. Doesn't know that it was McLeod's superior Blood that made her. (He was a Brujah then).

Independent:

Nefertite:

3rd generation Guardian of Tanis.

Goals: Having fun, irritating the Tremeres, destroying Seth (her Sire).

Powers: All discipline at highest level, plus some psychic powers.

Personality: Friendly, outgoing, childish. Always poses as a 13th generation nobody. In Golconda.

Appearance: Very long (waist) blonde hair, about 20 years old. Quite beautiful, though not very tall.

Tephnut:

4th generation Guardian of Tanis, daughter of Nefertite and Jago.

Goals: Looking out for her mother.

Powers: Most disciplines at high level.

Personality: Childish, though she appears to be more mature than her mother. Speaks with a slight lisp.

Appearance: About 17 years old, pretty with long dark hair. Wears simple clothes.

Hannah M. Lind:

5th generation Guardian of Tanis, former Tremere.

Goals: Looking out for Nicholas Alexander, her childe.

Personality: Joking, friendly, warm.

Appearance: About 16 years old, dark hair, flowing white dress.

Nicholas Alexander:

6th generation Guardian of Tanis.

Goals: Stirring up trouble, meeting interesting people, having fun.

Personality: A spoiled brat who'll try to get the Pc's to play with him, filch their things etc.

Appearance: A nine year old boy in a sailor suit, looking indescribably cute and innocent.

Jago:

Satan, Lord of Hell.

Goals: Winning on Judgement Day, having fun until then, winning an argument with his wife (not even the chance of a snowball in a supernova).

Powers: Omnipotent.

Personality: Unpredictable.

Appearance: As he chooses.

Camarilla:

The Prince (Michel van der Moor).

6th generation Toreador.

Goals: Keeping the peace and staying in charge.

Personality: When the Pc's encounter him, he's either irritated or furious.

Appearance: About 30, of medium height, slim, blonde short hair. Quite good-looking.

Lucas (A.D's Sire).

9th generation Nosferatu.

Goals: Gaining knowledge.

Personality: Friendly, though somewhat secretive before those not of his Clan

Appearance: A beaten up Nosferatu.

The Primogen:

A standard representative from each clan.

Marcus McLeod:

4th generation 'Severer believed to be a 6th generation Brujah, Justicar.

Goals: Discovering whether the city is safe enough for a grand conclave, uncovering the mystery of the disappearing Kindred.

Personality: Generally friendly, he's excellent at changing mood as he sees fit. Has the ego of a supertanker and the self-confidence of a matchbox.

Appearance: Tall, broad-shouldered, shoulder-long sandy hair. Usually wears black clothes of some sort.

Sabbat:

Josie and 'The Crying':

A Sabbat pack working for the Black Hand to find out about the Kindred gone missing.

Consists of Josie, a 7th generation Malkavian *antitribu*, and her friends, J.C., Bruno, Dancer and Jazzman.

Goals: Discovering the truth about the missing Kindred and having fun in the process.

Personality: Josie is not the raving lunatic one might expect, though she likes causing trouble. She'll be friendly to the Pc's when she discovers that they are the friends of McLeod, and will likely share information with the Pc's if they tell her of their mission. Her pack, 'The Crying', will be likely to help fending off the pursuers during the Bloodhunt. They like a good fight.

Appearance: Since 'The Crying' are prospects for Hells Angels, all wear biker-leathers with a single bloody tear painted on the back of their jackets.

Others:

Pater Jaspael:

800 year old priest from Florence, actually a Seelie Shidhe (changeling) though he doesn't know it.

Goals: Being good, learning more about vampires, especially the 'Severers, helping people.

Personality: A very quiet man, always polite and friendly. If angered (and that takes a lot), pity the vampires who did it.

Appearance: A stunningly beautiful man, tall, green eyes, blonde hair. He looks like an angel.

Powers: This man has a Faith of 10.

Gabriel:

Archangel.

Goals: Being killed by Jago on Judgement day, preventing Judgement Day for as long as possible.

Appearance: He could be Pater Jaspael's twin.

Powers: Guess.

Milena:

Ravnos Gypsy.

Goals: Finding pretty things (so what if they were in someone's pockets?)

Appearance: About 20, wears a long, flowery dress, black hair, ditto eyes.

Anubis:

Egyptian god of death and minor god of war, antediluvian of the 'Severers.

Goals: Training the 'Severers, finding a good reason to get rid of Marcus McLeod.

Appearance: As the fables, he has the head of a jackal. The only one who has seen him with a human face is Tephnut, his wife, and she's not telling.

Juan Batista:

Inquisitor on a personal vendetta against Robert O'Donnel for killing his sister.

Goals: Killing O'Donnel after making his existence hell, killing all vampires.

Appearance: Conservative suit, short black hair, unshaven. Looks strong.

No particular powers.

The Seventh Seal Severers

Nickname(s): Hellspawn, Bastards (commonly used by those who have encountered the 'Severers in combat).

History: From the bloodline of Jago, embraced to be a fifth generation *True Brujah*. He was granted the generation of antediluvian through *Amaranth*, after centuries of hard work for his masters in Hell. The clan holds court in Hell, in a realm that used to be ruled by Jago until he let Anubis, one of his most powerful lieutenants take over. This realm is known as "Home". In terms of earth time this clan is by far the newest of them all, though one of the hardest to destroy as they are so difficult to reach. In terms of time in Hell, the clan has been vanguard for more than eight centuries. Time in "Home" passes according to the will of Jago, and his will alone. The rest of the history of this evil clan is shrouded in mystery and the icy fogs of "Home".

Current Status: Many years have passed in Hell. Years spent on training for the coming Judgement Day. This clan cares nothing for Gehenna, as it is below their notice. Instead they practice to destroy the forces of Heaven on the final day. They shall be the first wave of attack, and they plan to be the only wave. After they are done, no more attacks will be needed. Earth will have fallen and the Heavens set ablaze. They all serve zealously. A renegade 'Severer is an unknown thing. They are all devoted to Jago, whom they refer to as "master" when he is not around. When he is, he is addressed as Jago.

Jago himself or his lieutenants oversee the training with zealous scrutiny. If any legionnaire does anything but his best, he is put to a horrible death. Needless to say, all legionnaires do their best to be in prime condition at all times. The legion consists of Kindred and abominations. The Kindred (known as the White Legion) forming the rank and file, and the abominations (also called the Praetorian Guard) the elite corps.

Jago used to take care of his duties as Hell's torture-master, a position now befallen to Tzi-Am Greyscales. "The screams never end in "Home"!" they say, and they are right. People are tortured in ways long forgotten on earth. The most common, and generally thought of as the mildest form of inflicting pain, is skinning people alive. This should give people a clue.

Appearance: All 'Severers are male with six exceptions. Jago's bodyguard, "Red-Eyes", a Black

Spiral Dancer ahroun, is female. Anubis has sired five progeny, all trained assassins, though no-one knows but him, and perhaps Jago. The clan recruits its members from anyone willing to serve Hell unquestioningly, be they Kindred or otherwise. All Kindred thus recruited are put through re-embrace to ensure the inner corruption of the soul, as well as to lower their generation for reasons explained later. The legionnaires wear black leather trousers, black leather boots, a blackened steel kettle-helmet and all have naked torsos. They are given a choice between axe or sword as weapons. A select few are instructed in the use of demonic siege machines.

Haven: This clan resides in "Home", and few 'Severers ever leave except on missions for the clan, or to function as bodyguards for Jago's lieutenants, who can come and go as they wish. "Home" as such resembles a Roman encampment from around the time of the carpenter's son. Over the encampment looms Jago's castle, shaped like a giant goat's head.

Background: Since the 'Severers are either embraced or re-embraced into the clan, they can have any background, though the "warrior" concept is the most common. All clanmembers are male, with one exception (the other five were unsanctioned). No 'Severer can be of less than the eighth generation, as those of the ninth or lower are usually looked upon as dinner. No member has ever left the clan, as such an attempt would lead to immediate execution.

Character creation: The character can be of any archetype, nature or demeanor, though Bravo, Director, visionary and deviant are the most common. Also, all characters must have the "Melee" skill and at least five dots in the trait "Generation". Very few 'Severers have any Humanity left, and all at least pay lipservice to the Path of Evil Revelations. All adhere to the Code of Paris (see below).

Clan disciplines: Apocalypse, plus whatever the Kindred possessed before joining.

Weaknesses: All 'Severers *must* obey the orders of a superior: They cannot refuse a direct order, simply because it is in the Blood, as well as the contract all are made to sign. This contract is with Hell, and they sell their souls (51% minimum) in exchange for demonic investments. They do have free will otherwise. Since this is extremely unpleasant, most superiors merely make requests, though the 'Severer is likely to obey this as well.

Being a 'Severer induces more than a bit of bad stigma should it ever be known that he was "Hellspawn". He will be put to immediate death anywhere (should the judges hold enough power to enforce the verdict) or at the very least a Bloodhunt.

Furthermore, a 'Severer is always dead broke. No 'Severer can ever hold more money than necessary for his immediate "survival". Any kind of wealth above the minimum will disappear the moment it is acquired.

Lastly, all 'Severers carry the mark of the devils touch. As a result, the 'Severer gains a derangement, namely an unquenchable bloodthirst.

Organisation: The Seventh Seal Severers are known by that name exactly amongst themselves. After having completed initial training, lasting between four to eight years, a 'Severer is officially declared a legionnaire of Hell. This is cause for much celebration amongst the unit he is attached to, as this is the only time any time off is granted.

No legionnaire is above another in station, no matter how long they have served. Giving orders are a large number of *Decurions*, each commanding one squad of 32 legionnaires. These answer to their respective *Centurions*, who each command three *Decuriates*, giving a unit an exact size of one hundred legionnaires. These *Centurions* answer to the *Tribunals*, in other words Jago's lieutenants. These Lieutenants are Anubis (Jago's left hand and advisor), Tzi-Am Greyscales (an embraced mokolé werealligator), Edward the black prince of Wales, Alexander the Great, Hannibal (Jago's first born son, named after Hannibal, and yes, he does command the units of Ghouls elephants, and yes, there are many, and yes, they have the "Potence"-discipline!), Erwin Rommel (a master of "hit and run" tactics), Jaques de Molay (grandmaster of the original *Knights Templar*), Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus the Elder (the consul that razed Carthage) and Marcus McLeod (an abomination who led small bands of warriors in the Scottish Clan-wars, master of guerilla tactics and an excellent spy) who commands the Praetorian guard.

The clan structure is very rigid. They live only to further Judgement Day and to serve their masters. Jago and his lieutenants do all the thinking in "Home". This does not mean that the legionnaires are stupid; most are in fact quite cunning and clever. They are just not supposed to think when not on an assignment.

Gaining clan-prestige: There is only one way to rise in the ranks of the 'Severers, and that is to outdo your superior. Any action involving outsiders yield no prestige as it is viewed as an action to further the common evil of the clan.

Quote: "To quote an otherwise complete bore of a human movie: "Say, son! Have you ever danced with the devil in the pale moonlight?""!!!" (followed by the sound of a weapon being unsheathed).

Stereotypes:

Camarilla: These snivelling cowards had the incredible audacity to place a price on our masters head. We shall make them pay eventually. He who laughs last... has vanquished his opponent! They are all fools, and they will wake up with horse-heads in their coffins one night. And we shall stand above them, weapons in hand, laughing..... the last laughs!!!!

Gunthar Bonecrusher, Praetorian Guard first Centuriate.

-These Kindred must be eliminated lest they take us all down. The Setites are mere kinder-garten problems compared to these bastards. Metaphorically speaking, they resemble a Hiroshima-bomb, and if we don't act now, we may well become the Japanese!

Don Cruz, Late Brujah Justicar.

Sabbat: They often believe us to be part of their sect. Bah, I scoff at the idea. Many of them already serve us, without knowing it. The Sabbat will be a useful tool for us, not vice-versa. Should they prove troublesome, though, we shall destroy them as swiftly and efficiently as the hawk kills the rabbit.

Anubis, Current leader of the 'Severers

-These guys give me the creeps. Heck, what would you say! They never speak, never give any quarter, always win, they seem to enjoy pain..... damn, I'm glad they're on our side!!!!!!

Joey Mariano, Archbishop of Montreal

Inconnu: These Kindred are none of our concern. If they want to waste themselves on serving the antediluvians on Gehenna, let them. If they cross our paths or interfere with our grand purpose, destroy them without mercy. It would be an easy task.

Erwin Rommel, Jago's lieutenant.

- These Kindred are very dangerous when angered, and they easily are. My advice is to leave them to

their own devices. They seem bent on withdrawing from the Jyhad in some strange way, and they appear to be succeeding. If they would rather go for Judgement Day, they will face it alone. Leave them be, anything else is far too risky.

Bertrand, Monitor of Paris.

Tal' mahe'Ra (the Black Hand): These Kindred believe they serve the antediluvians. Let them. At least they try to protect humanity from vampires, making it so much easier to strike at the unexpecting mortals on Judgement day. I wonder what they would do if they discovered our spies within their ranks.

Marcus McLeod, Jago's lieutenant.

- Fear them, that is my advice. There may not be many, but they are extremely powerful. I fear they would be more than a match for us, but since they do not seem to have any idea of our existence, I suggest we simply leave them alone.

Marcus McLeod, True Brujah Prisci of the Black Hand.

Guardians of Tanis: The master dictates we let these women-warriors be. We shall obey his will. In many ways, they are fine and noble Kindred. We respect them for choosing a path and sticking to it, and for wanting to help us in times of need, though we have never experienced such. May they have all the luck in the world! Besides, many of them pack a real mean punch, 'know what I mean! Nothing like us, but still..... 'wonder where gardeners and florists got all that musclepower from???

Michel de la Croix, second Decuriate White Legion

- Our Queen asks of us to let these damned ones be and grant them limited aid if they require it. They never make unreasonable demands. They act honourably. They have been willing to defend us, though we don't need it. I mean, we hear such gruesome things about them, but they show us every inclination of chivalry. Their Lord must have given them specific orders about us.

Ankhtari, First childe of Nefertite.

The Code of Paris

This is the code written in Jago's own blood that lays down the rules by which all 'Severers must live. It is kept in "Home". Even Jago and his lieutenants abide by these laws, though the punishments do not go for them. At least not for Jago.

-Thou shalt serve Thy master!

The Kindred must always serve their lords, be they Kindred or demonic, without question.

-Thou shall obey no other Kindred but Us, or those whom we appoint Thy superior!

The 'Severers need not obey any order coming from any but Jago or a Kindred of higher rank than the Kindred in question or any other Kindred that Jago may have appointed as leader. The 'Severer is free to do as he pleases should an order be issued from a non-commander. He may do as he is told, but will generally not, unless it is directly beneficial to himself.

-No Seventh Seal Severer shall slay another without Our permission.

There will be no infighting. Jago or Anubis may grant permission for duels to the death, but none have been given so far.

-No helpless creature shall be slain, lest they be of strong and good faith.

An offender of this will find himself being killed in one of several interesting, but all extremely painful, ways. Naturally, accidents are accepted, but that is **accidents**, not "accidents". This is a clan of warriors, not cowards. Elderly people, the sick, the deranged (Malkavians excepted) and children are all safe from this clan. These are considered below the notice of a warrior, as they cannot defend themselves. If, however, the person is of strong faith in anything but Hell, he or she must be killed, though quickly and painlessly.

-Wealth is vanity. Vanity is for courtiers. We are warriors. We deal in death.

The 'Severer is forbidden to accumulate any wealth. Should any ever come to own any it must be given to the clan to be spent on missions where it is deemed necessary. Wealth is considered a hallmark of growing vanity, and vanity is considered an unforgivable crime. Only enough wealth must be owned by a 'Severer to do the job at hand.

-My word is Law!

Jago is free to act as he wants. The 'Severers are not supposed to question their master's actions. He is the final arbitrator in "Home". He alone can make laws in "Home".

Apocalypse

This discipline is completely unique to the Seventh Seal Severers. Should any non-Severer ever learn it, it will either not work, or the poor creature will simply incinerate on the spot. This is due to the fact that the powers gained come directly from Hell, and those who have not signed a contract do not have access to the powers it will grant.

Level 1: Feel the Unholy.

The user of this discipline oozes of pure malice. Others standing around him will feel like they are about to throw up, without knowing why. It is quite useful for clearing a room of unwanted people. Besides, by using this power, the user makes himself immune to the effects of unnatural nausea. Lastly, he will instantly recognise servants of Hell (Infernal Diabolists) upon encountering them.

System:

The user makes a willpower roll against a difficulty of 5. If he succeeds, all non-Diabolists within 20 feet must make a willpower roll vs. a difficulty of 7. Failure means they will have to retreat to a safe distance. The power will also tell the user if any of the remaining people are Infernal Diabolists.

Level 2: Palms of Fire.

The user of this power makes his hands glow before breaking into open flame. This flame is a product of Hell, and thus not subject to the laws of nature. Therefore, neither the user nor his clothes will be affected. Should he touch anybody or anything, the effects are normal. Anything inflammable will normally catch fire, though it takes considerable time to inflame anything more than a piece of firewood. Those struck with the flame suffer aggravated damage.

System:

The user spends one bloodpoint and waits one full turn, after which his hands will inflame. The user may spend two bloodpoints instead and inflame his hands instantly.

Level 3: Destiny unfold.

The user allows a subject a glance of his imminent future. The power is inoperable on oneself. The number of successes indicate how far into the future the subject may see. The drawback of this power is that all other persons or animals than the subject are seen merely as shadows with no distinguishing features. Should the subject be destined to die within the timespan viewed, his soul will go to Hell instantly, while the animated body goes on until destined to die.

System:

The user spends a bloodpoint and makes a willpower roll. The destiny unfolds before the subject according to the amount of successes rolled by the user.

- 1 success: 10 minutes
- 2 successes: 30 minutes
- 3 successes: one hour
- 4 successes: twelve hours
- 5 successes: twentyfour hours

Level 4: Furnace of death.

The user makes the victim feel the anguish of the furnace, without actually setting fire to him. It is most agonizing, and only the sturdiest will be able to take any action while under the influence of this. Unfortunately, the user must concentrate fully on this power for it to work, thus making it impossible for him to take any action besides defending himself.

System:

The user spends a willpower point and makes a manipulation + Occult against the victims' stamina + fortitude. Three successes are needed to make this power work. If successful, the victim will have to spend a permanent willpower point to take any action.

Level 5: Sword of flame.

This allows the user to call to his hand a wicked-looking sword made from blackened steel. When in combat, it causes aggravated wounds looking as though they have been burned. If the user loses this sword, it simply dissolves into nothing.

System:

The user spends two bloodpoints and makes a willpower-roll vs. a difficulty of 7. If successful,

a blackened sword appears in his hand. The sword causes Strength + 3 aggravated damage in combat. It is sharp enough to cut through hardened steel.

Level 6: Summon devil.

The user actually summons up a tiny (two inches tall) devil. This is in fact a minion of Hell, giving the user certain possibilities. It can store up to five bloodpoints for the user, willingly giving away four of them. The fifth is what binds it to this plane of existence. It is unfortunately not very smart, and can only be given simple commands. It will look as the user wants it to, but with a "sooted" look to it. Besides, they are all compulsive troublemakers. Never leave home without it....

System:

The user collects ten bloodpoints, which must be his own, in a cup and makes an Occult check with a difficulty of 8. If successful, the devil will appear in the cup, though rather bewildered upon arrival. It will serve faithfully until the user gets rid of it. The user can only have one devil at a time.

Level 7: Vision of clarity.

As the level three power "Destiny unfold", but without the obscurities. Also, a person's soul does not die if he is destined to perish within the timespan envisioned. The timespan itself is doubled.

System:

The user spends two bloodpoints and makes a willpower-roll vs. a difficulty of 7.

Level 8: Flames of the searing soul.

This is one of the most sickening powers employed by the 'Severers'. The user makes the victim subject to the full force of cold Hellfire. This fire does not burn the body, but the mind and soul of the victim, leaving him little more than a gibbering vegetable! The fire can come as the user wants it: Streaming from his mouth or eyes, hands, or bursting from the floor. The fire will take effect instantly upon hitting the target. Naturally, it cannot ignite anything as it feeds on the very soul of the victim.

System:

The user spends four bloodpoints, a willpower point and makes an occult + dexterity roll against a difficulty of 8. The subject will lose two points in each of the mental stats, two manipulation

and two charisma. The pain of this is inexplicable. The duration is determined by the number of successes.

- 1: ongoing scene
- 2: one day
- 3: one week
- 4: one month
- 5: one year
- 6: permanent loss

The user acquires a new derangement lest he spend three points of willpower to fend off impending madness.

The Guardians of Tanis

Nicknames: Tanisians, Mothers (most often by one who has underestimated the strength of a Guardian, Spawn of Nefertite (most often The Followers of Seth) and Caitiffs.

History: From the Bloodline of Nefertite, embraced by force by Set, emerged The Guardians of Tanis. Some say this clan was founded in the dawn of time, while others still claim this clan never existed. In truth, this clan was never 'founded' in the conventional sense of the word, but was a Bloodline by the third millennium B.C., and a clan by the turn of the second.

The Guardians soon came to live in the Umbra, where the creator of the clan believed her childer to be safe from her Sire, Set.

Never forgetting the wrong Set did to their leader, the Guardians vowed to destroy Set and all of his line.

Current Status: Millennia have passed, and the Guardians have only recently returned to their first Tanis in the Umbra, which had been taken by the Wyrms. Only the devil himself could remove the Wyrms, so he did.

The members of the clan have allied themselves with The Children of Osiris to thwart the Setites. They are always looking for the Dark God to bring Nefertite out of her sometimes gloomy mood.

Appearance: There is no uniform for the Guardians, though they are known to favour a 'semi-Egyptian' look. All Guardians are women, except for Nicholas Alexander (see Cast). Guardians are either embraced or re-embraced into the clan. Those re-embraced can be from any clan, even Caitiff.

Haven: See "Tanis" under "Locations".

Background: Since the Guardians can come from all clans or walks of life, they can have any background. As long as they're women....

Since the Guardians practice generation-purity, no member can be of less than the 8th generation. No member has ever left the clan, as there's simply no need to do so. Should any try, they can rest assured never to see the moon again. Nefertite doesn't tolerate traitors...

Character Creation: The character must be of at least the 8th generation.

Clan disciplines: All must learn Sekhem Ujat.

Weaknesses: Nefertite does not allow any Guardian to feed from an unwilling vessel. Thus, most Guardians are dependent on their herd.

Organisation: All Guardians are known as Ntr Sdjw [Neter Esdjew] (Watchers (of) god's) within their own ranks.

After having completed initial training, a Guardian can call herself one of three things, depending on her position in the clan, or the purpose for which she was trained:

Idnw [Idenwe] (deputy): The warriors of the clan, sworn to protect the other Guardians and their Havens.

Heryw-Hebt [Herywe-Hebet] (Scroll carriers): The scholars of the clan, researchers and information processors.

Wnw [Wenwe] (Shrine-openers): The archaeologists and anthropologists. These are the collectors of art and information, mystic powers and artifacts for the clan.

Having served the clan well, the Guardian is now ready to become a master of her trade:

Heryw Mdjdy [Herywe Medjdy] (Chiefs of police): The leaders of the army.

Fiqy [Fiquy] (Schoolmaster): The teachers of disciplines and mystic lore.

Rmtpjd Shen [Remtepejd Shen] (Commissioners): The expedition leaders.

NOTE: The structure of the clan is far less rigid than it appears; though a Guardian is trained for a specific purpose, she may well take part in any work she desires. A Guardian is always trained in all three 'professions', but will often have an outstanding talent for one or two of the categories.

Apart from the Kindred members of the clan, many Guardians look upon Faeries, Garou and other inhabitants of Tanis as a kind of members, calling them Kj'd [Kejd] (soul).

Gaining Prestige: Few Guardians have been known to be ambitious since there is really no need to be. All know that a decent effort provided by a Guardian is always noted and admired.

Quote: "We believe that the Soul is free, thus it is the greatest sin reducing other souls to slavery."

Stereotypes:

The Camarilla: Nothing good has ever come from uniting people under false pretenses or through not wanting total unification. If they want to live their lives like that, then they must, until rudely awakened.

-They may lead us to believe that they are a clan, even a clan of such enlightenment that we stand as the unknowing fools, but we all know this is not so.

Andark, Tremere chantry leader

The Sabbat: Though they seek, they are blind. Though they want, they know not of their need. 'Tis pity they believe in the greatness of evil and the weakness of good, for that is their greatest weakness.

- Guardians of Tanis? We are inclined to believe the same as the damned Camarilla; either they don't exist, or they are fools of such dimensions even a Malkavian wouldn't understand them.

Mozart, Archbishop of the Sabbat.

SEKHEM UJAT (ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FOR POWER AND REGENERATION):

Only The Guardians of Tanis can have this discipline, since it takes years of study to perfect it, and even longer to use it properly.

Level 1 : Bin Sish [Been Seesh] (Bad Perception):

This enables you to 'cloud' or hide your True Name, thus preventing the discovery or use of this. It may also cloud your aura, thus making an aura-reading very difficult, since no distinct patterns or colours can be made out.

System: You must roll an INT+Occult, Difficulty=7 and the number of successes determine how well you are able to hide your True Name or nature of your aura:

1-2 Success(es): You clouded your True Name, thus confusing the person trying either to discover or utter it. This results in a minor reduction of the effect of the command given through the usage of your True Name (The Storyteller must determine the reduction of the effect).

The clouding of your aura could be better, you have however managed to 'turn it off' sufficiently for a precise reading to be fowled.

The effect is by no means permanent, and is only effective for 2 hours.

3-4 Successes: You have managed to hide your True Name for the immediate observer, it will thus take longer time for anyone to utter it correctly. Thus commands given to you through the usage of the True Name has little effect on you, until a thorough search for your True Name has been made (The Storyteller must determine the reduction of the effect).

The hiding of your aura is good, a reader will have a difficult time making any positive identification of the colours and patterns of it.

The effect is not permanent, and only effective for 3 days (nights).

5-6 Successes: You have hidden your True Name so well that it will be very difficult indeed for anyone to uncover it, unless you want them to. Only fragments of it may be identified, should these be uttered you may feel the intention and command in the word uttered, but it has no effect on you.

You may make your aura show other colours and patterns than the ones it originally had, thus 'lying' about your true identity.

The effect and will keep for 2 months.

7-8 Successes: You have hidden your True Name so well that it will be nearly impossible for anyone to uncover it, unless you want them to.

You may make your aura show other colours and patterns than the ones it originally had, at any time and at will.

The effect is near-permanent, and will keep for 1 year.

9 Successes: You have now hidden your True Name so well, that it is doubtful if it will ever be uncovered.

Your aura is at your command, at any time and at will.

The effect is permanent.

10 Successes: Not only have you succeeded in hiding your own True Name so well, that it is doubtful that it will ever be recovered. You may obliterate other persons' True Name's as well, this can result in the death of their Ka, thus preventing them from ever being resurrected or having any influence after (Final) Death. Your aura is at your command, at any time and at will. The effect is permanent.

Level 2 : Toth's Banishment:

You make a mystical gesture to defend yourself against magic.

The magic you can defend yourself against include all Disciplines, Thaumaturgy, Lupine/Garou spirit magic, Psychic powers, Numina, Faith and Faerie enchantments.

System: You roll DEX+Occult with Difficulty=8, the number of successes are added to the Difficulty-roll of the supernatural power working against you.

Level 3 : Hshswt [Hesheswet] (Ruler of foreign lands)

This enables you to travel to any realm desired, not only on Earth but to the realms beyond, such as The Umbra and other planes of existence.

When you use this power there are two facts to consider; failrate and cost.

System: When you wish to make a journey, or just a 'jump' you don't have to be able to see the place where you wish to end. You do need however to visualise the place in your mind. If it is a place unknown to you, must picture it as best you can, from what you think you know of the place (The Storyteller must determine your punishment for travelling unprepared, travelling to The Umbra might just prove that The Wyrms has infested more areas than you knew of!).

The cost of travelling is, besides the initial 3 Bloodpoint, every 5 Miles cost you 1 Bloodpoint.

Travelling to other planes will cost you an additional Bloodpoint, and every 5 Miles cost you 2 Bloodpoints.

Level 4 : Whisper to Khat [Khaate] (Physical form):

Through the utterance of your own True Name, you enable yourself to shape and mold your physical shape into any form desired.

System: You must make a WIT+Occult, Difficulty: 8, in order to make the transformation desired, the possibilities are endless since you may manipulate your form without the limitations of the physical.

NOTE: This Hekau (Use of True Name) can only be used if you have a True Name or has been given one through Djeb Ren.

And you can *not* increase any of your Abilities, whereas you may well decrease your Appearance through molding of your features.

Level 5 : Djeb Ren [Dejeb Ren] (Finger (the) True Name):

Through this ritual you will be able to give any person *not* possessing a True Name, one. The person must be either a willing target *or* kept under total silence, during the ritual.

System: You must make a MAN+Occult roll, Difficulty: The target's WIT or INT (which ever is higher) or The target's WILLpower (if the target is *not* willing). Through the trance-like state you enter, you may see the substance of which the target's Ka and Ba is made of and get a distinctive feeling of the person's True Name, 'fingering' it if you will. The True Name must then be uttered loudly, in order for the target to become aware of his or her True Name.

NOTE: Everyone has a True Name, whereas it is for The Storyteller to decide if certain targets have a higher difficulty number when exposed to this ritual. It is considered *very* rude to give away the True Name of another person, once you have given it to him or her.

Modern Man use the True Name in everyday life, thus an experienced user of Hekau need to make little effort to find the Ren. Often all it takes is to ask for *the full given name*, to gain control.

Level 6 : Weben [weben'] (Rise or Shine)

This ritual consists of two separate, involving the same components and the same words. The first Weben Hetep [veben' hetep] is the initial half of the ritual, whereas Weben Jnr

[veben' djener] is the second half.

Weben Hetep [weben' hetep] (Shine(ing) Rest):

Through a mystical ritual you may prepare a diamond (min. 2 carat) exposed to sunlight, to cause Kindred to sleep as if it were daylight.

System: It takes you 1 hour and the initial 6 Bloodpoints, to complete this ritual. Then you must make a MAN+Occult roll vs. the Humanity of the Kindred targeted.

The number of successes is the number of hours the Kindred will sleep, once you expose him or her to your diamond.

You may affect multiple targets by dividing your dicepool and showing your stone around.

NOTE: Any Ritual or Discipline which protect the Kindred during the sleep will work defending against this level of Sekhem Ujat.

The stone you prepared through the ritual, may be used 10 times for inducing sleep, then it loses its potency, and must be prepared again. You may choose to use the stone for the second part of the ritual:

Weben Jnr [weben' djener] (Shine Stone)

Through this ritual you enable yourself to endure the light of the sun and reduce your rötschrek, through the use of a diamond (min. 2 carat).

System: The stone involved in this ritual must have been prepared through the use of the ritual of Weben Hetep which initially takes 1 hour. The second part of this complex ritual takes 3 hours and 3 Bloodpoints besides the initial 6 spent on the Weben Hetep.

Then you must pulverize the stone, and consume it with the Vitæ of a Kindred (could be your own blood).

The effect is instant; you will suffer less harm from fire than you used to, and gradually your Rötschrek will wear off. You are now free to move around in bright sunlight, since this can not hurt you either.

NOTE: The effect will wear off after a year, then a new stone must be prepared, if you wish to gain the same benefits again.

Level 7 : H(e)w (Authoritative Utterance):

This enables using a person's True Name once you have learned it.

Learning of a person's True Name varies in difficulty, some may wear it openly and use it,

sometimes even give it to you, while others guard it with their very 'lives'.

Once you have learned a person's True Name, you may use it to gain power over this person. The power consists of you being able to control the person's actions, on rare occasions even bring them to commit suicide.

System: Since this is somewhat of a contest of wits you must make a WILLpower roll vs. target's WILLpower, you suffer a Difficulty: 6, while the target suffer a Difficulty: 4 (the victim will always be more desperate in keeping you from gaining control, and will have greater knowledge of the tone and rhythm of his or her True Name).

Level 8 : Sish a Ren [Siish á Ren] (Perception of True Name):

This enables you to 'see' or learn of another person's True Name, thus making you their master.

System: You must roll an MAN+Occult, Difficulty=Target's WILLpower, the number of successes determine how well you are able uncover the victim's True Name or Ren.

Through the trance-like state you enter, you may see the substance of which the target's Ka and Ba is made of and get a distinctive feeling of the person's Ren.

NOTE: Everyone has a True Name, whereas it is for The Storyteller to decide if certain targets have a higher difficulty-number when exposed to this ritual.

Modern Man use the True Name in everyday life, thus an experienced user of Hekau need to make little effort to find the Ren. Often all it takes is to ask for the full given name, to gain control.

Should the victim have used the Bin Sish ritual, the number of her successes determine your Difficulty finding her Ren.

Her's	What you need
1-2 Success(es):	Your Difficulty is 6, and you need at least 3 Successes.
3-4 Successes:	Your Difficulty is 7, and you need at least 3 Successes.
5-6 Successes:	Your Difficulty is 8, and you need at least 3 Successes.
7-8 Successes:	Your Difficulty is 9, and you need at least 3 Successes.
9 Successes:	Your Difficulty is 9, and you need at least 4 Successes.
10 Successes:	Your difficulty is 9, and you need at least 5 Successes.

Level 9 : Isis' Blood:

Through this ritual you gain the ability to reproduce, eg. to get pregnant/impregnate and have children, along with the lust for actually interfering with a member of the opposite sex.

System: You must make a potion of your own blood, and that of a Kindred of a Generation closer to Cain (this does not apply to Kindred of the Third Generation or higher) making a INT+Occult check, difficulty: 6. And digest this potion during a ritual which takes approximately five hours, then the effect or fertility lasts only a twelve hours.

NOTE: The concentration of the potion settles the amount of children conceived, thus a seventh Generation Kindred using a potion containing third Generation Vitæ will beget four children, a Kindred of the 6'th Generation using 4'th Generation Vitæ will beget two and so forth.

Level 10: Ankh:

This ritual makes you able to bring a Kindred, who has suffered Final Death, back to unlife.

The condition of the body is of no importance, as long as a part of it is present. The Kindred's consciousness or Ba has achieved a level of static existence in the Astral Plane, where it will remain until it can regain its body.

System: You must gather blood of other Kindred, in order for the body to heal. The Kindred, who is about to come 'alive' must make a Willpower-roll, Difficulty=10. This Kindred can, if successful, use the blood poured on the body to heal.

NOTE: The Kindred saved from Final Death, will be able to use all original powers in it's possession. But the Kindred has lost the power to create Ghouls and Progeny, the blood has lost potency, and any Diablerie attempted on the Kindred will not be successful in other than obtaining the Kindred's knowledge, Disciplines etc. no generation can be gained.

You cannot use this ritual but once every 1 years.

Last Words

These, I promise, will be the last words you hear from me in this scenario. By now, you should have read it, unless you enjoy reading backwards. I truly hope you liked it. I hope you'll make your players like it. Before I rid myself from these pages, there are some people I simply must thank, namely Johan Jacobsen and Benedicte Ziegler. These two have taught me more about the World of Darkness and roleplaying in general than anyone else. I'm especially thankful for Benedicte's creating the character of Marcus McLeod last year. I have played him ever since, though I have developed him quite a bit. Besides the name, not much is left from the original. Said lady also created the Guardians of Tanis, and Johan is the progenitor of the Seventh Seal Severers and Jago.

Now, I'm well aware that you may wonder what the Hell Marcus McLeod wants the Pc's for. Well, he likes to play powerful, and he most certainly wants to discipline his unruly daughter. But though he is powerful, he cannot use that power, so he needs someone to help him discover what happened to his Archons. So the Pc's happened to be in the right place at the wrong time.... Marcus uses them to draw out the bad guys, he intends for them to be captured at some point. They are mere pawns. Yet he needs it to become convincing, so he lets the Pc's search for clues. Naturally, he too is in for a surprise more than once.

I know you're probably against the whole idea of killing off a character because the scenario says so, but since Shireen will be resurrected, and since her death makes Marcus reveal his true nature, I feel it is alright. Also, you probably feel the scenario is too linear, and yes, you're perfectly right. But it must be linear as the Pc's are being manipulated. Indeed, this scenario is mostly about the Players learning what the World of Darkness can be about.

PAX

Tommy Lund

Alexander
Douglas



SATAN HAS A NEW NAME

Alexander Douglas

		<u>Attributes</u>			
Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength:	3	Charisma:	3	Perception:	4
Dexterity:	2	Manipulation:	3	Intelligence:	2
Stamina:	3	Appearance:	0	Wits:	4
		<u>Abilities</u>			
Talents		Skills		Knowledge	
Acting:	0	Animal Ken:	2	Bureaucracy:	3
Alertness:	3	Drive:	1	Computer:	2
Athletics:	0	Etiquette:	3	Finance: (records)	3
Brawl:	3	Firearms:	1	Investigation:	3
Dodge:	3	Melee:	1	Law:	2
Empathy:	2	Music:	2	Linguistics:	
Intimidation:	1	Repair:	3	Medicine:	1
Leadership:	0	Security:	1	Occult:	1
Streetwise:	3	Stealth:	4	Politics:	3
Subterfuge:	3	Survival: (city)	3	Science:	1
		<u>Advantages</u>			
Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Animalism:	1	Generation:	3	Conscience:	2
Obfuscate:	3	Contacts: (the Web)	4	Self-Control:	3
Auspex:	2	Mentor:	2	Courage:	4
				Willpower:	6
				Humanity:	6

Blood Pool

OOOOOOOOOOOOOO

1/Turn

Alexander (ad.) Douglas

10th Generation Nosferatu

Quote: *"I'm truly sorry, but I simply cannot tell you that. It was told to me in confidence, and I will not betray that trust. Did you know, by the way, that the Prince....."*

Concept: I was born in Luxembourg in 1909, fleeing the country in 1917 with my parents. They were killed by the Germans. I survived only because I hid in the sewers. There, I roamed around for food, once in a while going up into the air when there was no food to be found. I remained below for two years, having become afraid of people, constantly hiding from the Germans. One night, I stumbled onto an old man down there. He looked hurt, so I confronted my fears and helped him, trying to comfort him. It was no use; he wouldn't drink the fresh water I brought him, nor would he take the food I offered. He slipped in and out of consciousness, mumbling about blood, and strange beasts. Suddenly he caught a rat and bit into it. I thought, 'how hungry he must be,' and he then asked me if I could catch more for him. Thinking he might be hallucinating, I wanted him only to be happy; I thought he might soon die, so I fetched rats for him. He seemed to be getting better and better. He asked me my name, then said 'Alexander, you have helped me, though I am a stranger, and more, you have saved my life. I owe you a debt that cannot be repaid.' He offered to become my mentor, another father. I followed him for five years, in which he taught me everything, or so I felt, about our dark world. He told me stories of vampires, and that he too, was one. It didn't surprise me. He offered me life eternal, and I accepted. Lucas, my Sire taught me how to stay alive, of the rivalry between the Clans and of the importance to keep my identity a secret, never revealing my face to mortals. After fifty years we parted as friends, and he told me it was time to learn on my own. He wanted me to gather information for our Clan, the Nosferatu, about the others of our kind. I was to live with them, spy on them, and attain positions of power among them. I was not to betray their trusts, merely observe when something important happened. So I travelled all over the world, establishing contacts, and now I intend to settle in Brussels. It seems to be a quiet city, at least on the surface. Now I want to know how it moves, below that surface.

Appearance:

I look like a young man, a typical teenager in fact, though obviously a Nosferatu. When I use my 'Mask of a Thousand Faces,' though, I prefer the visage of a dark-haired, blue-eyed youth.

Strengths: I'm a good diplomat, and good at convincing people to calm down. I also seem to have some sixth sense warning me if people are trying to manipulate me.

Weaknesses: I'm not a very good fighter, and I tend to distrust strangers, especially if they speak with German accents. Also, I rarely feed on anything but animals.

Languages: I speak German, English, French, Dutch and Latin.

Personal Favourites

Clothes: Usually I wear clothes that look like they're fifty years old, and I favour black, durable clothing, without much finery, though it usually fits me quite well.

Possessions: The only object that I'm truly attached to is my old pocket-watch. It used to belong to my grandfather.

TV-Show: I only watch the news.

Movie: 'Nosferatu', an old black and white movie from 1929.

Author: I love Edgar Allan Poe and Isaac Asimov.

Fictional Reality: I just want to settle down, do some good, serve my Clan, maybe form a brood of my own.

Disciplines

Obfuscate:

1) **Cloak of Shadows:** This power renders the Kindred obscure while standing still. If the vampire stands in direct line of sight, in light or moves, the power no longer works. No rolls are needed, if the criterias have been met.

2) **Unseen Presence:** This power is a potent means of remaining unseen even if the Kindred moves, the vampire will be totally ignored unless someone is specifically looking for the Kindred.

No roll is usually required, unless the Kindred speaks or engages in combat. Then a Wits + Stealth determines if the character is still unseen, Difficulty: 3- if the character speaks and wishes to remain unseen.

3) Mask of a Thousand Faces: This ability doesn't hide you from the gaze of others, but it makes you appear as someone different than who you truly are.

Your appearance doesn't change, you only make people think they see someone else.

You must roll Manipulation + Acting, Difficulty: 7, to determine how well you assume your mask.

1 Success: People can still pick you out in a police lineup, 2 Successes: You look somewhat changed, so the subject will describe you differently, 3 Successes: The desired look is successfully broadcast, 4 Successes: The appearance, movement and actions are completely different, 5 Successes: You can appear as someone of the opposite gender.

Animalism

1) Sweet Whispers: With this Discipline you can gain a limited, telepathic communication with any type of animal. With this link you can make requests of the creature or simply converse with it.

When eyecontact is engaged even favours can be asked, or commanded, and the creature will 'remember' it for days or even weeks. The tasks or commands given must not be too complex, since extremely few animals will be able to comply.

No roll is needed in order to speak with an animal, but command or get favours the PC must roll Manipulation + Animal Ken, Difficulty: 6, this difficulty can be changed by circumstances and Roleplay.

Auspex:

1) Heightened senses: This power makes the Kindred able to heighten all his/her five (or six, the sense of danger can also be heightened) senses to an extreme degree (eg. Double the rating of Perception regarding noise, sight ect.). The drawback is while in the state loud noises, bright light ect. may 'mute' the heightened sense for a period of time.

2) Aura Perception: You can see the auras of another being, which indicates their moods, identity and level of hostility (with this power you can recognize other vampires; they have pale auras).

All people have auras, which is often composed by several different colours, all depending on their current emotions and their basic nature.

Make a Perception + Empathy roll, Difficulty 8 (in some cases The Storyteller may wish to make the roll for you, so you don't know if you succeeded or failed.)

The number of successes dictates the rate of understanding the message gotten from the

aura-reading:

1 Success: Can only see shade (Pale or bright), 2 Successes: Can see shade and colour, 3 Successes: Can see pattern, shade and colours, 4 Successes: Subtle shifts in all three things can be detected, 5 successes: Can identify mixtures of colour and pattern.

Robin
Sandusky



1/18/96

SATAN HAS A NEW NAME

Robin Sandusky

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength:	1	Charisma:	4	Perception:	3
Dexterity:	3	Manipulation:	1	Intelligence:	4
Stamina:	2	Appearance:	4	Wits:	2

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledge	
Acting:	2	Animal Ken:	2	Bureaucracy:	3
Alertness:	1	Drive:	2	Computer:	3
Athletics:	1	Etiquette:	3	Finance:	3
Brawl:	1	Firearms:	1	Investigation:	2
Dodge:	2	Melee:	1	Law:	1
Empathy: (emotions)	4	Music:	3	Linguistics:	2
Intimidation:	0	Repair:	0	Medicine:	2
Leadership:	1	Security:	1	Occult:	1
Streetwise:	1	Stealth:	1	Politics:	4
Subterfuge:	2	Survival:	0	Science:	2

Advantages

Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Celerity:	1	Resources:	4	Conscience:	5
Auspex:	2	Generation:	4	Self-Control:	4
Presence:	3	Mentor:	3	Courage:	2
				Willpower:	3
				Humanity:	9

Blood Pool

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

2/Turn

Robin Sandusky

9th generation Brujah

Quote: *"Let's just talk this over like adults, alright? We don't have to, like, tear each other's throats out, do we! I'm sure we'll be able to come to a mutually beneficial agreement."*

Concept: I was born in 1956 in Los Angeles. My father was a quite successful businessman, and I had a good childhood even though my mother died in a car-crash when I was very young. My father took good care of me. When I started going to high-school, a friend of my fathers' started visiting very often. I was invited to join their nightly conversations, and I took quite a liking to Bryan, as he insisted on being called. He told exciting stories of his travels, and it seems he had travelled all over the world. One day, when I was 17, Bryan came by while my father wasn't home. He revealed to me what he was, and I was fascinated. Imagine, eternal youth. Of course I was surprised, but Bryan had always been a nice guy, good-looking too, so I wasn't frightened. He told me that my father was his Ghoul, and that they had been friends since the beginning of the century. Unfortunately, my father had always declined his offers for Embrace. He gave me the offer my father had declined. Of course I wanted to become a vampire. But he said that I should have a chance to live for a while longer, and to discuss it with my father. Well, my father was not exactly overjoyed, but he told me to do what I thought best. He would still love me, he said. Bryan came back a few nights later, and said that it was time to begin my apprenticeship. From that night on, I had private lessons on the Damned and their ways. I was also told that Bryan was an Archon for some Justicar, whose name I could never remember. In 1981, after having been a Ghoul for seven years, Bryan embraced me. Bryan was destroyed a few days ago in Brussels during a mission for his new Justicar. He never told me his name, but I was told he is an excellent man.

Appearance: I look like a young girl in my late teens or very early twenties. I have long, reddish-brown hair, usually set in a single braid. I have sparkling green eyes, and my full mouth always seems to smile. I'm above average height, about 170, about 60 kg's. I usually wear blue jeans and a leather jacket. It may make me look like an Anarch, but I'm definitely not.

Strengths: I'm an excellent diplomat, and I'm usually good at calming people down. I know how to fight, but I prefer to talk about things instead. I'm also good at discovering when people lie to me.

Weaknesses: I hate it when people argue about nothing, and I hate fighting. Of course I intend to find the bastards who killed Bryan, but I'm not sure I'm quite good enough to do it alone.

Languages: I speak English, Spanish, and I picked up a bit of French in high-school.

Personal Favourites

Clothes: Plenty for all possible occasions, though I usually wear tight jeans, loose-hanging shirt and a leather jacket.

Possessions: I always carry a good deal of cash, as well as several credit-cards under various names. I have a silver crucifix with a beautiful emerald which is very dear to me, because Bryan gave it to me on my Deathnight. He says it was given to him by his Sire, and that it has been passed down for five generations from Sire to Childe. It is my last memory of him. I also carry, on rare occasions, a silver-plated Derringer. I've never used it.

TV-Show: I like the 'Renegade' series, and I have all parts of 'X-files' on tape. I remember watching 'Miami Vice'. Couldn't you just kill for Don Johnson?

Movie: Ladyhawk was so sweet! And I really loved 'Nikita'. Such a strong woman. I also loved the first filming of 'Les Miserables.'

Author: I'm not too sure, but the books of Umberto Eco have always fascinated me. Anne Rice isn't half bad either. Mayhaps she's had some contact with those of our kind?

Fictional Reality: I really want to avenge Bryan and replace him as Archon. I have to fulfil his dreams of justice.

Disciplines:

Celerity:

For each dot in this power, you may use your entire Dice Pool for each extra action gained through Celerity. It allows you to move faster or perform more attacks, using this costs 1 Blood Point regardless of how much of your Celerity you wish to use.

Presence:

1) **Awe:** All nearby will become attracted to you, and will wish to come closer when you use this power.

This can be used for mass-communication, or just to sway the subjects convincing them, or

urging them, through their emotions.

The PC must make a Charisma + Acting roll, those affected can use their Willpower to overcome the effect, and they must use 1 point of Willpower for every few minutes they remain in the same area as the PC. When, however, the number of Willpower spent equals the number of success rolls spent, the Awe will not effect the subject for the rest of the scene.

Successes: 1 = one person effected, 2 = two people, 3 = six people, 4 = twenty people, 5 = an entire auditorium of people.

2) Dread Gaze:

This will cause great fear in mortals, sometimes even driving them insane. They will do anything to avoid your anger.

The PC must make a Charisma + Intimidation roll, Difficulty: Victim's Wits + 3.

Successes: 1 and 2 = Victim is cowed, 3+ = Runs away in fear. Moreover; each success reduces the number of dice the victim is allowed to use in the next turn.

This roll must be attempted only once per turn, and failure indicates that the victim will act normally, whereas a botch indicates that the victim is not impressed at all.

3) Entrancement:

This will convince others to serve you, and feel the need to do so. You can however NOT determine how the subject will attempt to please you.

PC rolls Appearance + Empathy, Difficulty: Victim's Willpower.

Successes: 1 = Victim will serve you for 1 hour, 2 = 1 day, 3 = 1 week, 4 = 1 month, 5 = One year.

Auspex:

1) **Heightened senses:** This power makes the Kindred able to heighten all his/her five (or six, the sense of danger can also be heightened) senses to an extreme degree (eg. Double the rating of Perception regarding noise, sight ect.). The drawback is while in the state loud noises, bright light ect. may 'mute' the heightened sense for a period of time.

2) **Aura Perception:** You can see the auras of another being, which indicates their moods, identity and level of hostility (with this power you can recognize other vampires; they have pale auras).

All people have auras, which is often composed by several different colours, all depending on their current emotions and their basic nature.

Make a Perception + Empathy roll, Difficulty 8 (in some cases The Storyteller may wish to

make the roll for you, so you don't know if you succeeded or failed.)

The number of successes dictates the rate of understanding the message gotten from the aura-reading:

1 Success: Can only see shade (Pale or bright), 2 Successes: Can see shade and colour, 3 Successes: Can see pattern, shade and colours, 4 Successes: Subtle shifts in all three things can be detected, 5 successes: Can identify mixtures of colour and pattern.

Shineen Karingina



Shireen McLeod Karinjina

Homid Black Fury Ahroun

Quote: *"Daddy! No more dolls. Give me a descent claymore instead. I'm not a little girl anymore, and if you don't agree, let's go outside and I'll whip your ass! (slap) Mommeeeeeey."*

Concept: I am not what you might call a normal child. My father, Marcus, is the Commander of the Praetorian Guard as well as Justicar of the Camarilla, my mother Iva is a member of the Council of Thirteen of the 'Guardians of Tanis', not to mention that my big sister, Susan, a third generation Guardian, just married High King David II of the Seelie court. Also, I've lived in the Umbra and in Hell most of my life. Besides, I've practised combat since I could lift a sword. I like my parents, but I'd wish my father would start treating me as an adult. I am 14, right? At least my mother understands. Sometimes, that is.

I was really shocked when I changed the first time, and so were my parents. Imagine this huge Crinos crying and asking what's going on? Well, I learned how to control the change. Fortunately my father was able to teach me. That's one of the few things he ever taught me. I mean, I could beat him in combat when I was ten, and more than a few of his personal soldiers now. Then again, he means well, right? Anyway, he'd better not find out where I am. He hates it when I go off on my own like this. I was just so bloody tired of him trying to teach about politics and subterfuge. Doesn't he know aunt Neffie taught me all about that? But what the hell, I'm on my own now, and I'm gonna have some fun. I just hope he doesn't find me. He'll be so mad at me.

Appearance: I look pretty much like your basic Anarch, though I have long, blond hair, always well-combed. I'm not very tall, only about 160cm, and I'm quite slim. I can easily pass for being older, something like 16 or 17, but that's mainly because of my make-up. Even though I'm still mortal, even my aura looks like that of a vampire, thanks to Sahid, one of my fathers' personal daemons. He keeps that side of it covered, as well as masking my smell. Unfortunately, he also blocks my Gifts and my ability to change shape, except to pure wolf-form. I've been told I'm quite good-looking, and that I despite my manners am quite attractive, mainly because of my large, innocent blue eyes. At least that's what aunt Neffie says when she teaches me seduction.

Strengths: I'm a pretty good fighter, and my size and age usually make people think I'm easy to beat. Wrong. Besides, if I should happen to end up in a tight spot, I can always shift to Crinos. Also, I know most tricks in the book when it comes to playing people against each other. Cheating is great fun as well, not to mention seducing guys. I just hope my father never finds out. Boy would he be pissed.

SATAN HAS A NEW NAME

Shireen McLeod Karinjina

		<u>Attributes</u>			
Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength:	3	Charisma:	2	Perception:	3
Dexterity:	4	Manipulation:	1	Intelligence:	2
Stamina:	4	Appearance:	3	Wits:	4

		<u>Abilities</u>			
Talents		Skills		Knowledge	
Acting:	2	Animal Ken:	3	Bureaucracy:	1
Alertness:	4	Drive:	1	Computer:	0
Athletics:	3	Etiquette: (Hell)	3	Finance:	0
Brawl:	4	Firearms:	1	Investigation:	1
Dodge:	3	Melee:	5	Law: (Gurdians)	2
Empathy:	1	Music:	0	Linguistics:	
Intimidation:	5	Repair:	0	Medicine:	1
Leadership:	1	Security:	1	Occult:	3
Streetwise:	3	Stealth:	3	Politics:	0
Subterfuge: (seduction)	3	Survival: (wilderness)	4	Science:	0

		<u>Advantages</u>			
Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Potence:	3	Mentor: (Nefertite&Jago)	9	Conscience:	1
Protean:	2	Resources:	5	Self-Control:	2
Celerity:	1	Allies: (Jago)	9	Courage:	5
Auspex:	1			Willpower:	8
				Humanity:	5

Blood Pool

OOOOOOOOOO

1/turn

Weaknesses: I'm just a tiny bit overconfident. Thanks to the 'Severer blood I was born with, Holy Water burns me like acid, and because of my Garou ancestry I'm vulnerable to silver. Besides, though I'm far from stupid, I'm not exactly the greatest tactician in the world. I also hate when people call me a child, though I admit I do sometimes behave like one.

Languages: I speak ancient Egyptian, Greek, English, French, Arabic, Russian, Gaelic and Spanish. I also understand the combat language of the 'Seventh Seal Severers.'

Personal favourites

Clothes: I favour clothes that make me look tough, usually a leather jacket and leather pants. Sometimes, though, I wear very short cut jeans. Basically, I have a very extensive wardrobe, with clothes for every occasion imaginable. When I'm in Tanis or Hell, I usually wear beautifully embroidered Egyptian robes, or a black chiton, except when practising where I prefer leather or full plate-armor.

Possessions: My favourite weapons are the magical Sai uncle Jago gave me a few years ago. When thrown, they never miss their target. But since you never know when you might run into a Tremere, I usually leave them in Tanis, instead carrying a pair of long, sleek daggers. My signed copy of 'Memnoch the Devil' by Anne Rice is another thing that never leaves me. I usually keep it in my back-pack. Ah, yes, I mustn't forget to mention my skateboard. Just like my Visatm card, never leave 'Home' without it.

Tv-show: I actually like to watch 'Beverly Hills' but don't tell anyone. The shows that I watch all the time are 'X-files' and 'Twin Peaks'.

Movie: 'Gods Secret Army' and 'Full Circle' are just great. Of course, Gabriel doesn't look like that, nor does Satan. After all, I should know what uncle Jago looks like. I also liked 'Interview with the Vampire' a lot. Tom Cruise and Antonio Banderas, yum-yum.

Author: I'd say Anne Rice any day. Bram Stoker sucks.

Fictional Reality: I really look forward to the day of my Embrace, when I'll be counted a full member of the Praetorian Guard. Maybe my parents won't treat me like a child, then.

Disciplines:

Potence:

For each dot in this power, you gain 1 additional Success in any Strength roll, allowing you to jump higher or lift more, and the additional Success is automatically transferred to damage in combat (providing you hit). Costs one Bloodpoint per turn to activate.

Auspex:

1) **Heightened senses:** This power makes the Kindred able to heighten all his/her five (or six, the sense of danger can also be heightened) senses to an extreme degree (eg. Double the rating of Perception regarding noise, sight ect.). The drawback is while in the state loud noises, bright light ect. may 'mute' the heightened sense for a period of time.

Celerity:

For each dot in this power, you may use your entire Dice Pool for each extra action gained through Celerity. It allows you to move faster or perform more attacks, using this costs 1 Blood Point regardless of how much of your Celerity you wish to use.

Protean:

1) **Gleam of Red Eye:** The sight of a Kindred using Gleam of the Red Eyes can be very eerie. Especially because the whole of the Kindred's eyes glow red and show an infinite depth. The power grants the Kindred full vision in darkness, even under ground.

The change takes one turn to occur, no roll needed.

2) **Wolf's Claws:** The Kindred is able to grow inch long claws with this power. The claws are an eminent weapon, in a brawl or melee attack. Wounds caused with the claws are aggravated.

This power costs one Bloodpoint to activate.

Monique d'Anjou



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SATAN HAS A NEW NAME

Monique d'Anjou

Physical		<u>Attributes</u>		Social		Mental	
Strength:	1	Charisma:	3	Perception:	3		
Dexterity:	3	Manipulation:	2	Intelligence:	3		
Stamina:	2	Appearance:	3	Wits:	4		

Talents		<u>Abilities</u>		Skills		Knowledge	
Acting:	4	Animal Ken:	1	Bureaucracy: (Tremere)	3		
Alertness:	2	Drive:	2	Computer:	0		
Athletics:	0	Etiquette:	3	Finance:	2		
Brawl:	1	Firearms:	1	Investigation:	2		
Dodge:	3	Melee:	0	Law:	1		
Empathy:	4	Music: (Singing)	3	Linguistics:			
Intimidation:	2	Repair:	0	Medicine:	2		
Leadership:	0	Security:	1	Occult: (Demonlore)	4		
Streetwise:	1	Stealth:	1	Politics:	2		
Subterfuge:	4	Survival: (Camarilla)	4	Science:	3		

Disciplines		<u>Advantages</u>		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Daimoinon:	2	Generation:	3	Conscience:	4		
Auspex:	1	Resources:	2	Self-Control:	2		
Dominate:	1	Alternate Identity:	3	Courage:	2		
Celerity:	1			Willpower:	5		
Thaumaturgy:	2			Humanity:	7		

Blood Pool

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

1/Turn

Monique d'Anjou

10th generation Baali

Quote: *"You think you know, priest? Well, I serve the powers of Hell, and they're a great deal more powerful than your God! Shall we put it to a test, and see who might win?"*

Concept: I was born in Lyon in 1821, the youngest daughter of the house. My father, being a learned man, even taught us to read and write. We weren't rich, but we weren't poor, either. Anyway, I loved reading about all sorts of strange things, weird creatures in old, dusty books by Olaus Magnus, the Bible... Well, when I was 15, my father took me down to the basement. He told me that I was the only one of us six children who seemed to 'understand', though at the time I had no idea what he meant. He opened a secret door, and took me into a room lit with bright torches. It was painted completely black, except for a white pentagram in the centre. We stayed down there all night, while he told me of our family's great secret: Devil-worship. He told me that our family had worshipped evil for generations, and that no-one else must know. Three months later he had taught me all he knew, and I studied even more on my own. It wasn't long before I had surpassed him in knowledge and understanding. Then, he taught me the summons, how to call forth daemons to do your bidding. He had never done it himself. He didn't dare. When I turned 17, it was time to move out. With my knowledge of the occult, it was no problem at all settling down in Paris as a clairvoyant, a mystic, a demonologist. I even managed to exorcise a few ghosts. During one of my private sessions, I was approached by a man I only knew as Jacques. He took me for a walk, told me how impressed he was with my skill, and I remember having a feeling about his true nature. He was a devil-worshiper, like me. He told me of the true power, immortality, blood. That night, in 1843, I became a vampire.

I travelled for some years, saw a lot of things, met a lot of people. I never told anyone who I was, of course, and with my skills it was simple to pose as a Tremere. last year, in Egypt, I stumbled unto some strange Kindred. It seemed to be a great feast, with foods of all sorts, all sorts of beverages. It was a wild party. The strange thing was, they were eating! They were all obviously Kindred, so that wasn't supposed be possible. I watched them from a distance, and more seemed to join them. Not just Kindred, but daemons and werewolves too. Suddenly I felt I was being watched, so I fled. But I had felt both great joy, as well as great evil emanating from that place. I ran. I've been travelling ever since, trying to understand what it was I saw. A few months back, I summoned up a Daemon along with some of my fellow Clanmembers. I sold a bit of my soul, a somewhat painful thing, in exchange for new powers. It called itself Niahn, and looked like a beautiful young woman, though she was about two metres tall. I think it was a so-called Succubus.

I heard the Tremeres in Brussels have an extensive library, so maybe they know something more about this strange creature.

Appearance: I look pretty much like an innocent villlage-girl, shoulder-long, reddish hair, blushing cheeks, large green eyes. My slender figure makes most men stare in awe (Vicissitude is a wonderful thing), and some claim I look a bit like Mariah Carey, which isn't a bad thing when you're in a disco, also known as a "take-away".

Strengths: Apart from my natural good looks, few dare stand against one they believe to be a Tremere, and my special powers I got in the bargain with Niahn have gotten me out of a tight spot more than once. I'm also an excellent actress, and my blushing innocent face has helped me more than you might believe.

Weaknesses: I'm not a very good fighter, and since I became a vampire, I've been seriously scared of holy symbols. It seems that all of my Clan suffer from this weakness. In addition to that, I feel seriously uncomfortable being close to holy people, no matter what their beliefs. Also, I sometimes get so caught up in my search for occult knowledge that I forget everything about me...

Languages: Since I'm French, guess what! I speak French. I also know Latin, ancient Greek, some Arabic I picked up in Egypt, and, of course, English.

Personal Favourites

Clothes: I usually wear long, flowing dresses in dark colours, without much finery. When the fancy strikes me, though, I prefer the Anarch style of leather and spikes.

Possessions: I suppose you might say I'm attached to my pentagram-necklace and my sacrificial knife. The books my father left me are far more valuable to me though.

Tv-Show: I never watch a specific show, except if it has something to do with the supernatural in some way, preferably Satanism or vampirism.

Movie: I think that must be an old movie from 1971 with Allan Alda, I think it's called "The Mephisto Waltze". Great flick.

Fictional Reality: I would like to be able to study Hell, if the place exists. Also, I'd very much like to know exactly what it means to have sold your soul.

Disciplines

Daimoinon

1: Sense the sin: By making a PER + empathy roll vs. target's Selfcontrol +4, the Baali can sense the subject's greatest character flaw, be it a low Virtue, weak will, derangement whatever.

2: Fear of the Void below: The Baali must first use Sense the sin (above) to discern the tragic flaw of the target. She must then speak to the target, telling him of his inevitable damnation and lack of hope for redemption.

The Baali must make a WITS + Intimidation vs. target's Courage +4. 1-2 successes: Target flies into Terror Frenzy. 3+ successes: Target collapses in panic.

Auspex

1) Heightened senses: This power makes the Kindred able to heighten all his/her five (or six, the sense of danger can also be heightened) senses to an extreme degree (eg. Double the rating of Perception regarding noise, sight ect.). The drawback is while in this state loud noises, bright light ect. may 'mute' the heightened sense for a period of time.

Dominate:

1) Command the Wearyed Mind: You can give a ONE-word command to another, the command must be obeyed instantly. This command must be simple, if the commanding word is too ambiguous the subject will be temporarily confused. The word may be included in a sentence, concealing the nature of the command.

The PC must make a Manipulation + Intimidation Roll, Difficulty: Victim's Willpower, the more successes the more vigor in the action of the target.

Celerity

For each dot in this power, you may use your entire Dice Pool for each extra action gained through Celerity. It allows you to move faster or perform more attacks, using this costs 1 Blood Point regardless of how much of your Celerity you wish to use.

Thaumaturgy

1) The Perception Of Blood: The Kindred gains a very simple perception of blood related abilities, such as determining the amount of blood in a Kindred or mortal. Maybe the approximate Generation of a Kindred by reading the potency of the blood.

2) Blood Rage: You can force another Vampire to spend her bloodpoints whether she wants it or not. Thus, she may suddenly find her strength increasing without knowing why. The target's difficulty on Frenzy rolls are increased by one.

Dex + Subterfuge vs. Target's Willpower. Each succes allows the user to spend one bloodpoint in any way desired.

Fortitude:

This discipline adds its rating to the vampire's stamina for resisting damage.

Disciplines

Quietus:

1) **Silence of Death:** With this power operating the Kindred is in a 20', soundproof zone. Here the Kindred can do anything without being heard, though he/she can hear everything going on outside the zone, and nothing inside the zone. This zone of silence costs 1 Bloodpoolpoint to create.

2) **Weakness:** By a touch of the hand and the spending of 1 Bloodpoolpoint (which surfaces in the palm), the Kindred can reduce a foe's Stamina by 1. There is not only a physical contact, but also a Willpower roll to be made, with a difficulty that equals the victim's Stamina + Fortitude. The number of successes will determine the length of the Stamina loss:

1 Success: 1 Turn, 2 Successes: 1 hour, 3 Successes: 1 Day, 4 Successes: 1 month, 5 Successes: permanent.

If a mortal Stamina reaches 0, the person becomes very sick and has no resistance towards disease.

If a Kindred Stamina is reduced to 0, the Kindred automatically enters Torpor and will first awaken when the Staminapoints have returned. If the loss is permanent, the Kindred can only be recovered from Torpor by mystical means.

Celerity:

For each dot in this power, you may use your entire Dice Pool for each extra action gained through Celerity. It allows you to move faster or perform more attacks, using this costs 1 Blood Point regardless of how much of your Celerity you wish to use.

Presence:

1) **Awe:** All nearby will become attracted to you, and will wish to come closer when you use this power.

This can be used for mass-communication, or just to sway the subjects convincing them, or urging them, through their emotions.

The PC must make a Charisma + Acting roll, those affected can use their Willpower to overcome the effect, and they must use 1 point of Willpower for every few minutes they remain in the same area as the PC. When, however, the number of Willpower spent equals the number of success rolls spent, the Awe will not effect the subject for the rest of the scene.

Successes: 1 = one person effected, 2 = two people, 3 = six people, 4 = twenty people, 5 = an entire auditorium of people.

Appearance: I look like a normal well-dressed man in my mid-twenties, of normal height, and my cat-like grace makes my shoulderlong black hair toss and dance when I move. I tend to wear long black coats with white shirts to match. They look so good with my pitch-black eyes. Also, my face seems to be in constant shadow, making me practically radiate mystery and danger. Some claim I look a bit like Antonio Banderas.

Strengths: I'm an excellent fighter as well as diplomat, with a flair for the dramatic. Why be boring when you can impress people?

Weaknesses: I may be a tad overconfident, and I cannot make myself hurt a woman. Should one be in need of help, chances are I would run to the rescue of the poor damsel, no matter the odds. Also, I'm repelled by crosses, which might, I suspect, have something to do with my Catholic upbringing.

Personal Favourites

Clothes: Almost always elegant, un-encumbering clothes, so that my movement is un-impaired, should I need to act quickly. Usually only black and white.

Possessions: My violin, a Stradivarius, is often with me, and I would never leave it behind. I also have plenty of money, always cash.

TV-Show: I rarely watch TV.

Movie: I was enamoured with 'Dangerous Liaisons,' such beauty, such elegance, such intrigue. 'Strictly Ballroom' had all the soul I could dream off.

Author: I don't read much, except music and poems, but were I to name a favourite author, it would be Dante Allighieri (Inferno) and John Milton for his 'Paradise Lost'.

Fictional Reality: I would like to settle down, somewhere, peacefully, without having to worry about anything. Wife and children as well, but how can that be?

Robert O'Donnell



17.96

SATAN HAS A NEW NAME

Robert O'Donnel

Physical		<u>Attributes</u>		Social		Mental	
Strength:	2	Charisma:	1	Perception:	3		
Dexterity:	2	Manipulation:	5	Intelligence:	4		
Stamina:	2	Appearance:	3	Wits:	3		

Talents		<u>Abilities</u>		Skills		Knowledge	
Acting:	1	Animal Ken:	0	Bureaucracy:	3		
Alertness:	2	Drive:	3	Computer:	2		
Athletics:	1	Etiquette:	4	Finance:	3		
Brawl:	2	Firearms:	3	Investigation: (dirt)	3		
Dodge:	1	Melee:	1	Law:	1		
Empathy:	0	Music:	0	Linguistics:	0		
Intimidation: (veiled threats)	4	Repair:	0	Medicine:	0		
Leadership:	1	Security:	3	Occult:	2		
Streetwise:	2	Stealth:	1	Politics: (Camarilla)	4		
Subterfuge: (conning)	4	Survival: (political)	4	Science:	2		

Disciplines		<u>Advantages</u>		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Dominate:	3	Generation:	3	Conscience:	1		
Fortitude:	1	Resources:	3	Self-Control:	2		
Presence:	2			Courage:	2		
				Willpower:	5		
				Humanity:	5		

Blood Pool

OOOOOOOOOOOOOO

1/Turn

Robert O'Donnel

10th generation Ventrue

Quote: *"When I become Prince of this city, I'll show you how to behave, whelp. I'm more powerful than you, and I'm not afraid to use that power against you, bastard Caitiff."*

Concept: I was born in 1822 in Belfast, Eire. My family had money, so we never suffered during the famines, while other people died from starvation. It was a good life, actually. I was trained to run my fathers' businesses from a very early age, and I did quite well, actually. I travelled to London many times, on business trips that is. Not that I didn't enjoy myself, au contraire, I had the money, and therefore I could do pretty much what I wanted. My father, however, soon learned what I spent most of my time, and a great deal of money, on. Women. He didn't like it, no sir. He was a true, old-fashioned Catholic, who didn't believe in sex before marriage, or having any sort of fun. As you can guess, he wasn't too fond of my gambling either. So he told me to come home. I refused. Later, though, after he closed my accounts, I regretted. Unfortunately, a member of the primogen had his eyes on me, and in 1847 I received the embrace. I was horrified at first, of course, but I soon learned to live with my new condition.

Over the years I started my own businesses, and I made a great deal money. After Queen Anne took over London, after the assumed destruction of Prince Mithras, I became a member of the Primogen in the place of my Sire, Jonathan Rosswell, who had been destroyed in a mysterious fire. Thank God they never found the stake. I became unpopular with the primogen a few years ago, and was forced to leave the city. I travelled Europe for a while, until my true identity was discovered in Spain by some guy who didn't like what I did to his sister. I mean, I have to feed, right? Well, I had to leave Spain in a hurry. I didn't even have time to move my business. The bastard Prince of Madrid even had the nerve to call a Lexitalionis against me. So now I figure Brussels is as good a place to settle down, right?

Appearance: I'm a quite handsome man of about 30, nearly six feet tall, about 160 pounds, brown eyes, black hair. I rarely smile, except when somebody screws up. I seem to stare at people, right into their eyes, which sometimes unnerves them.

Strengths: I'm a great politician, and I have a lot of dirt on a lot of people. Also, I'm not bad with a pistol.

Weaknesses: I'm always trying to find dirt on people to make myself look good. I'm not a very agreeable person, basically, and I do experience difficulty in relating to other people. They are all beneath me, anyway. Also, I can only feed on young women.

Languages: I speak some Gaelic, English being my native language, as well as French and some Spanish I picked up.

Personal Favourites

Clothes: I usually wear black suits and a tie. Actually, I never wear anything else. Most of my suits have a small metal-plate sewn into the lining over the heart, both front and back.

Possessions: I always carry a silver-tipped sword-cane, a Walter PPK 38.cal, and several gold-rimmed credit-cards under various names. I also carry a small electronic notebook for remembering conversations and writing whatever dirt I discover.

TV-show: 'Dynasty', most certainly. The secrets, the backstabbing and intrigue. I just adore it. I also watch 'Baywatch' for all the gorgeous women.

Movie: I'm not quite sure, but 'The Client' and 'The Firm' were very inspiring.

Author: Umberto Eco has all the mystery a book needs. By the dark Gods, I would save his genius forever if I were able.

Fictional Reality: I want so much to be Prince, or member of the 'Council of Seven' in the Camarilla.

Disciplines

Dominate:

1) **Command the Wearied Mind:** You can give a ONE-word command to another, the command must be obeyed instantly. This command must be simple, if the commanding word is too ambiguous the subject will be temporarily confused. The word may be included in a sentence, concealing the nature of the command.

The PC must make a Manipulation + Intimidation Roll, Difficulty: Victim's Willpower, the more successes the more vigor in the action of the target.

2) **Mesmerize:** The Kindred is able implant a suggestion into another's mind, and the command will be obeyed when the vampire chooses to trigger it. The Kindred must maintain eyecontact with the victim for as long as it takes to complete the command. The command cannot force the victim to do anything against his/her nature.

Manipulation + Leadership roll, Difficulty: Target's Willpower, more successes indicates the target's vigor of action.

The number of successes determines how well the suggestion is implanted.

3) The Forgetful Mind: This power can steal, create and remove memories from a subject, thus keeping a victim of feeding from remembering for example.

The player must make a Wits + Subterfuge roll (Difficulty target's Willpower).

1 Success: 1 day memoryloss, 2 Successes: Remove but not alter memory, 3 Successes: Make slight alterations in memory, 4 Successes: May remove or alter entire scenes from memory, 5 Successes: Whole periods may be tampered with.

1) Awe: All nearby will become attracted to you, and will wish to come closer when you use this power.

This can be used for mass-communication, or just to sway the subjects convincing them, or urging them, through their emotions.

The PC must make a Charisma + Acting roll, those affected can use their Willpower to overcome the effect, and they must use 1 point of Willpower for every few minutes they remain in the same area as the PC. When, however, the number of Willpower spent equals the number of success rolls spent, the Awe will not effect the subject for the rest of the scene.

Successes: 1 = one person effected, 2 = two people, 3 = six people, 4 = twenty people, 5 = an entire auditorium of people.

2) Dread Gaze:

This will cause great fear in mortals, sometimes even driving them insane. They will do anything to avoid your anger.

The PC must make a Charisma + Intimidation roll, Difficulty: Victim's Wits + 3.

Successes: 1 and 2 = Victim is cowed, 3+ = Runs away in fear. Moreover; each success reduces the number of dice the victim is allowed to use in the next turn.

This roll must be attempted only once per turn, and failure indicates that the victim will act normally, whereas a botch indicates that the victim is not impressed at all.

Fortitude:

For each level, one die can be rolled to resist Sunlight and fire. Is also used when calculating damage from normal weapons.

Jesus Maria Rodrigues de Silva

9th generation Assamite antitribu

Quote: *"You killed her, feeding on that poor girl like that. Now, cabron, you will have the opportunity to ask her forgiveness on your way to Hell. May God have mercy on you, for I most certainly won't. Now; DIE."*

Concept: I was born in Barcelona in 1724 and, being of noble blood, I was sent to court to be taught etiquette and proper manners. By the time I was 15, I was already looked up to for my musical skill, especially for my ability to play the violin. Of course, such was not considered a fitting career for a noble, so I had to practise with the sword and musket as well. Both skills came in handy, one for wooing the young ladies, the other for getting rid of rivals. Had it not been for my interest, and hard-earned skill, in politics, I would probably have been sent to the front. God knows I had enemies enough, with the power to send me there. But I was young, fun-loving, and though I began to feel the weight of the breaths of my enemies down my neck, I never feared anything, nor did I believe it would all end the way it did. The thing was, I had become quite good at fighting, and though I felt I was the best at everything I did, a conspiracy against me had formed. I was to be given to a strange Egyptian by the name of Ismail Fazdan bin

Khalid, so that the Spanish Crown could receive their annual something, no-one ever told me what.

I was collected late one night by a dark-skinned man, who took me to Egypt with him. He told me I was going to be the best warrior ever, told me of what he was, a vampire. Vampires. I would have killed him outright, had he not flung me to the ground with such ease I would have thought it impossible had I not seen and felt him do it. Then we trained, oh, how we trained. For millennia it seemed, though in fact it was only five years. Then, one night, he told me that I was good enough, that he would make me like him. I was startled. This, I had not expected. 'Only God Almighty has the right,' I yelled at him. 'I was made in His image, and yours is not the right to challenge that.' He merely laughed. And on that night, in 1749, I became a vampire. After travelling with Ismail, my Sire for many years, I found his ways incompatible with my own. He became more and more bestial, and I soon learned that he enjoyed killing, that he killed for Blood to become more powerful. I never killed, except when my own life was threatened, or the lives of those I loved or wished to protect. So I left him when I felt I knew all there was to know about being a vampire. The year was 1846 and I was free.

I soon found that telling people about my Clan and lineage attracted hostility, so I decided to pose as a Toreador, since those of that Clan are usually looked upon as harmless. I've spent a lot of time learning more about music, travelling, enjoying my existence, looking for trouble. So I figured, 'why not Brussels?', and here I am.

SATAN HAS A NEW NAME

Jesus Maria Rodrigues de Silva

Physical		<u>Attributes</u>		Social		Mental	
Strength:	4	Charisma:	3	Perception:	3		
Dexterity:	4	Manipulation:	2	Intelligence:	2		
Stamina:	3	Appearance:	3	Wits:	2		

Talents		<u>Abilities</u>		Skills		Knowledge	
Acting:	1	Animal Ken:	0	Bureaucracy:	0		
Alertness:	3	Drive:	1	Computer:	0		
Athletics:	2	Etiquette: (High Soc)	4	Finance:	1		
Brawl:	2	Firearms:	2	Investigation:	2		
Dodge:	3	Melee: (Fencing)	4	Law:	1		
Empathy:	1	Music: (Violin)	5	Linguistics:			
Intimidation:	1	Repair:	0	Medicine:	2		
Leadership:	0	Security:	3	Occult:	2		
Streetwise:	1	Stealth:	3	Politics:	1		
Subterfuge: (seduction)	3	Survival:	1	Science:	0		

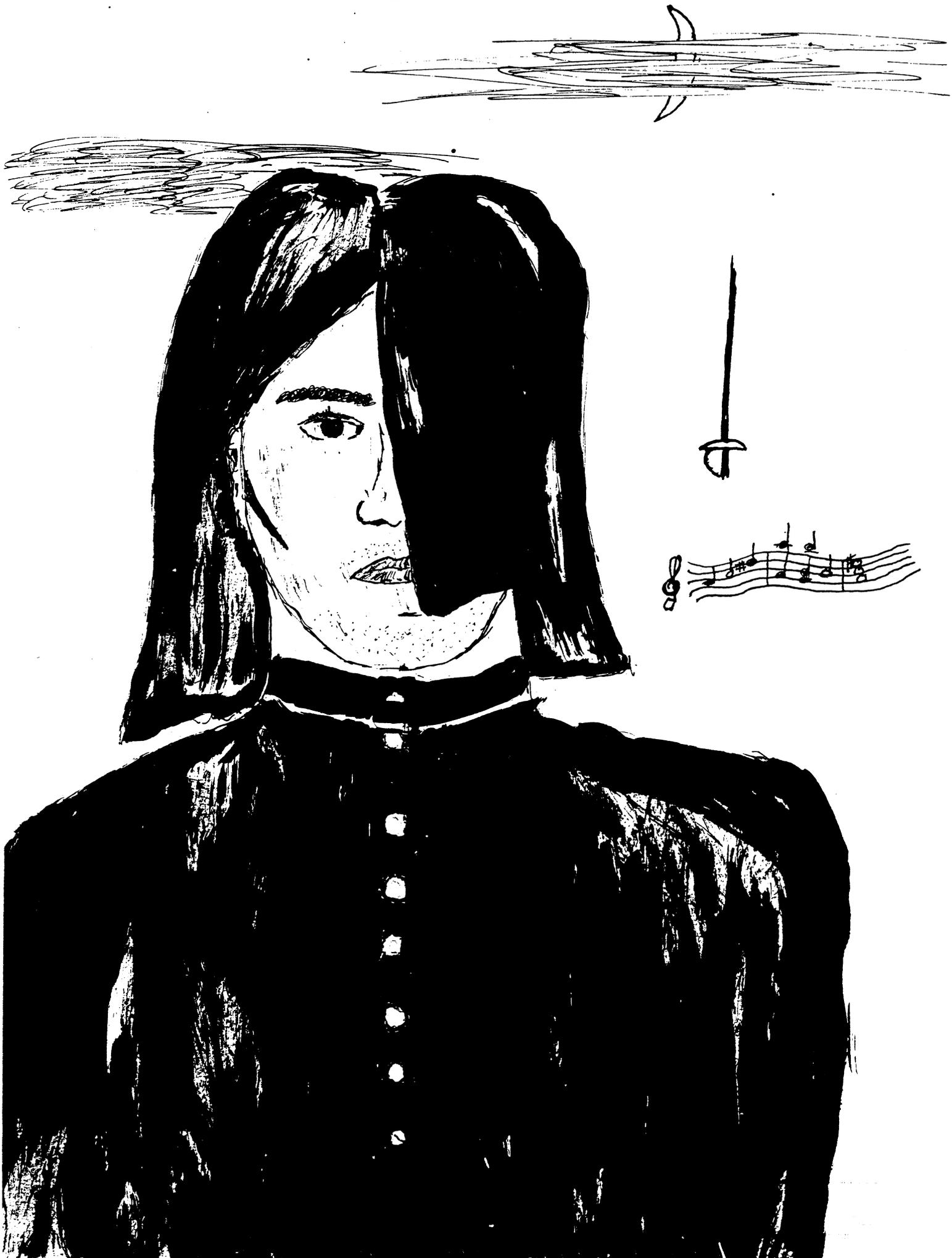
Disciplines		<u>Advantages</u>		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Quietus:	2	Mentor:	2	Mentor:	2	Conscience:	4
Celerity:	2	Generation:	4	Generation:	4	Self-Control:	2
Presence:	1					Courage:	3
Auspex:	2					Willpower:	6
						Humanity:	7

Blood Pool

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

2/Turn

Jesus Maria Rodrigues
de Silva



Alexander Douglas
Handouts

Handout 1: (when first meeting Marcus McLeod).

*Isn't he the Justicar that survived that Setite attack in Washington that killed the six others?
There are some strange rumors about this man....*

Handout 2: (when seeing Jago).

*I have heard about this guy, he used to be on the Red List. Didn't he have the first place
among the thirteen anathema? He was supposedly killed just prior to that attack in
Washington.*

Handout 3: (when meeting Lucas).

My Sire, Lucas. By God, what is he doing here?

Handout 4: (when meeting Nefertite).

I've seen her before, haven't I? In Miami, last year, I think.

Handout 5: (when being introduced to 'The Crying')

*Didn't I get a letter from Seelia about this gang? I believe they were in Miami when the
Sabbat tried to take the city! Something about Josie having lost her memory.*

Shireen McLeod Karinjina

Handouts

Handout 1: (when meeting Marcus McLeod).

A voice booms in your head: "Be quiet, my daughter, don't blow my cover or so help me God I'll see to it that you die of old age. Play along and don't reveal yourself."

Handout 2: (When meeting Nefertite and Tephnut).

Aunt Neffi! What's she doing here? Great, maybe this is going to be fun after all. Oh no, Tephnut. She's such a bloody bore. I hate that lispy voice of hers.

Handout 3: (when meeting Jago).

These idiots tried to summon Uncle Jago? God damn, they must have been more insane than a pack of Malkavians. Now it's gonna be a party. Uncle Jago sure can stir up trouble.

Handout 4: (when meeting Pater Jaspael).

I have sensed this guy before, havent I? Christ, he reeks of faith almost as much as Gabriel. I think I've seen him in Tanis.

Handout 5: (when seeing Iva).

Oh no, Mom's here too? Fuck, can't they keep their hands off each other? And they're supposed to be a good example. Ha.

Robert O'Donnel

Handouts

Handout 1: (when meeting Nefertite).

Damnation. Isn't that the bitch who had me thrown out of the Primogen in London?

Handout 2: (when first seeing Juan Batista).

Curses! How the Hell did he track me down? Just because I kill someone the damned Inquisition gets on my tail.

Handout 3: (when seeing Iva Karinjina).

I heard she used to be the Prince of St. Petersburg! Wait a minute. So McLeod is the fabled Brujah who saved that city from being overrun by the Sabbat? Christ, he's a bloody legend.

Handout 4: (when seeing Josie).

I've had dealings with this woman before. I believe I sold her some information about the activities of the Primogen in London.....

Jesus Maria Rodrigues de Silva

Handouts

Handout 1: (when meeting Tephnut).

I met this beauty in Madrid a year back, didn't I? Oh, yes, I spent more than a month trying to seduce her, only to have her tell me that she was in love with someone else. So now she's a vampire. Hmm.

Handout 2: (when seeing Pater Jaspael).

By God. El Padre. He baptised me, taught me about life. But how can it be that he has not aged?

Handout 3: (when seeing Marcus and Iva in bed together).

This room smells of coitus. The musky scent of their lovemaking hangs in the air. Impossible.

Handout 4: (when entering the church).

Mierda! Who did that to the priest? Sacrilige! How could anyone kill a Priest?!?!?!?

Robin Sandusky

Handouts

Handout 1: (when seeing McLeod).

Marcus McLeod? Bryan mentioned him as being a very good friend, but I thought he was a fellow Archon. Perhaps He was the one made Justicar after the death of Don Cruetz!

Handout 2: (outside the church).

Something's very wrong here. It smells of evil. I think I'm going to be sick.

Handout 3: (when meeting Nicholas Alexander).

Oh, he's cute. I almost wish I could take him home. But so young, and already a vampire? Who could be cruel enough to do such a thing?!?

Handout 4: (when meeting Iva).

Iva? Iva Karinjina? Bryan told me that Marcus had been searching for her for fifty years, that it was the only woman he had ever loved. But I thought Russians were supposed to be blonde and have fair skin. She has neither!

**Monique d'Anjou
Handouts**

Handout 1: (when meeting Nefertite and Tephnut).

I saw these two that time in Egypt. Have they followed me here?

Handout 2: (outside the church).

I have felt this evil twice. Once when we summoned Niahn, and then in Egypt again. Is someone performing a ritual or something?

Handout 3: (when seeing Jago).

I haven't felt evil that strong since then in Egypt. It feels exactly the same, only without the joy.

Handout 4: (when meeting Pater Jaspael).

This man reeks of True Faith. I think I'm gonna throw up.
