

C L A N B O O K :

# CAITIFF



## Credits

**Written by:** Me!  
**Developed by:** Still me!  
**Editor:** Hopefully some nice Anons  
**Art Director:** It's also me!  
**Layout & Typesetting:** Me again!  
**Interior Art:** Bing AI image creator.  
**Front Cover Art:** Bing, again.  
**Front & Back Cover Design:** Bing and then me spending  
OVER 9000 HOURS in MSPaint and Paint 3D.

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# Introduction:

# Contemptible and Cowardly

**The man had come aboard at Cherbourg. Reimer knew that much, though** as was the typical case for him he did not quite know *how* he could possibly know that, recognize a face he had seen only in passing a few times. It was an odd talent.

Perhaps in this case, it was because the man had stood precisely at the stern of the ship the past few nights, as far back as a passenger could go. Most of the souls on this ship would look out the port or starboard sides at the vast ocean, or look forward, as though they would be able to spot their faraway destination. The Old World was behind them – Europe with Reimer’s beloved Bavaria entirely passed from sight four nights ago, and even Ireland had disappeared behind the horizon three nights back. And yet, the man looked back at where he had come from, rather than forward to where he was going.

To be sure, the man was not the only one who wanted to see the great churning of the vessel’s propeller, the wake she left on the ocean. But other passengers would come, look for a few minutes, and then carry on with their night. In particular they would hurry back inside, to the bar, the salons, or to their cabins. It had been cold these past few nights, and the Kine did so hate the cold.

*Ah, Reimer thought as he regarded the man’s back, but this man does not. Certainly, he is dressed warmly enough, and yet...*

Reimer decided to focus his senses a little, a trick he had picked up over the last half-century, though it had come only with difficulty. The world seems to shift just *so*, the metal and wood around

him fading to indistinction, while the few people in sight seemed to flare up with colors, their emotions becoming a bright tapestry before Reimer's eyes.

But not the man. The colors surrounding him were vague, muted, pale...as sure a sign as any for what Reimer was looking for. Just like the colors of Reimer's own aura.

Another vampire, then? Well, this was interesting...Reimer had expected to be the only one of Caine's get aboard. Vampires were not noted for their mobility, after all. And yet apparently, he would have a fellow traveler after all. But what to *do* with this information...?

The man stirred a little, glancing up slightly, then over his shoulder, his eyes locking with Reimer's own. His noticing had been itself noticed. Well, nothing for it now. A few options were considered and quickly discarded, before the only real way to deal with this came forth: Reimer stood up straight, walked towards the man, and once near enough took off his hat with his left hand while he held out his right.

"My apologies, *mein Herr*," he said. "I did not mean to disturb your ruminations; I was merely surprised to see another such as myself aboard."

The man regarded the offered hand a moment, but only that long. He took it his own, shaking Reimer's hand.

"That's fair enough, sir," the man said, his accent carrying vague tones of the Balkans in it, "though that does leave us with a conundrum." He glanced around slightly to make sure none of the Kine were close, and continued, "two Cainites, one vessel. Not a combination that has historically gone well."

Reimer offered a grin, but he kept it friendly. "Yes, this was true once. But consider the vessel! Two thousand souls aboard, and a journey lasting but a week on the outside." He chuckled a little. "We are in no danger of going thirsty."

"True. And no matter our politics, whatever they are, this is certainly no place for them. A truce for the duration of the voyage, then?"

"It seems the most sensible option."

And with a firm shake, that was that. The two men released each other, and Reimer drew himself up, before giving a slight bow. "Joist Reimer von Erding."

The man's bow was as slight as Reimer's own. "Josip Pandurović."

"And what brings you aboard the *Titanic*, Herr Pandurović?"

To that, the man offered a grim smile, even as he placed his hat atop his head once more. "Politics," he said, "of a sort. I apologize, but in the spirit of that truce..."

Reimer held up his hands. "Say no more, my friend. Come, let us retire inside. The cold is getting to be a bit much, I think."

Pandurović offered no objection, getting the door for the two of them as they entered the ship. "How are you traveling to America, Mr. Reimer?"

"Second class."

"The same as myself, then. The smoke room?"

"Yes, that would be agreeable."

In just a few minutes, the two men were walking through the doors into a warmly lit room. The air within smelled of scotch and tobacco already in spite of this being the ship's maiden voyage, and several tables were occupied by Kine, some playing cards, others talking, one or two simply relaxing in reverie.

As they entered, the steward at the bar waved to them slightly. "You're welcome to come in, sirs," he said, "but the bar will be closing in the next ten minute, and the room itself closes promptly at midnight."

"Not to worry," Reimer assured the young man. "We'll just sit and relax, and no loss on the bar – I do not sup."

Pandurović let out a laugh at that, while the Kine only looked confused. The two left him to wonder while they found a table away from the Kine, settling in. Pandurović pulled out a cigarette case, offering one to his companion, then lit them both up. Here, as long as they kept their voices low, they would be able to talk with relative freedom without worrying about breaching the Masquerade.

"So, you've read Stoker, then," Pandurović said at length, chuckling again.

"How could I not?" Reimer asked, grinning himself. "It was fascinating in its own right, even without the subtext. And I find it a good way to determine how interesting a Kindred may be to talk to." He nodded to Pandurović. "You've passed my little test, of course."

"You don't even know what I thought of it yet."

"No, but that you've read it at all instead of rejecting it out of hand tells me enough."

Pandurović's smile turned a little wryer as he puffed the cigarette. "I see. So, you're still gathering information on me."

Reimer shrugged. "I mean nothing by it, my friend, I assure you. I am curious by nature. If it puts you at all at ease, I am also an apolitical creature. Clan, sect, allegiance, fealty...it's all quite tiresome to me."

Pandurović's brow raised. "And what does your sire think of that?"

That prompted a great sigh from Reimer, and a long draw on his cigarette. The tobacco did nothing for either vampire, of course, but even the undead could form habits, and it did serve a useful purpose of letting Reimer gather his thoughts.

"Very little," Reimer said. "I must admit that he finds me a great disappointment. He told me as much last I saw him, though that was a long time ago now." He chuckled. "Really, it's his own fault. I swear, if I had to listen to one more rant about the lost glories of Carthage..."

"Ah..." Pandurović let out, leaning back and looking Reimer up and down. "Brujah." He quickly held up a hand. "I don't mean to imply anything."

"No, no, it's quite alright," Reimer said, and waved a hand down at himself. "I don't quite fit the mold, I know. I hold it as a point of pride, in fact." He looked to Pandurović. "If you don't mind...?"

The man started to reply, before grinning and again drawing from his cigarette. "No, I think I'll keep that to myself...I'd be interested to see how refined that curious nature of yours is."

Reimer nodded to him, accepting his little game. "You'll tell me if I guess right?"

"Only if you tell me *how* you guessed it, rather than running down a list." He waved his free hand at himself. "I'll tell you only that this is my real, original face. No disguises."

"So not Nosferatu, then." Reimer considered. "And almost certainly not one of the Dragons, else I think you would have taken my earlier jest more personally...hmm, this will be an engaging way to spend the night."

Pandurović nodded. "Now if you don't mind me asking, since you are such an apolitical creature...why are *you* traveling to America?"

"Ah. That is a question with an involved answer." Reimer set the little game Pandurović had set before him off to one corner of his mind as he ruminated for several moments. Pausing before speaking at length was a learned habit. It gave off the impression that what one was about to say was worth listening to.

"Caitiff," Reimer finally said. "Caitiff are my reason for traveling to the New World."

Pandurović's brow rose once more. "Caitiff?"

"Yes. They are quite a bit more common in the Americas than in Europe, or so I've heard, and are a subject of some interest to me." He waved a hand. "Not, perhaps, in the way you are thinking. I am not a Noddist scholar looking for signs of Gehenna, or the like. But I must admit to a fascination with them, their history, and their future."

"Since when did the Clanless have a history?"



"Everything on God's Earth has a history, *Herr* Pandurović. It often might be lost or buried or forgotten, but it is there for those who care to look." Another draw on his cigarette. "The Clanless are not an exception. They pop up here and there throughout our history. Always, I have noticed, during times of upheaval, but I do not think they are the cause. I think that when things start going poorly in the world for our kind, we start looking for excuses."

He paused a moment, looking to Pandurović. "Outside...you called us 'Cainites'. An archaic epithet for our kind...but still quite popular among Lasombra I met in Coimbra...?"

Pandurović shook his head. "I am no Keeper, Mr. Reimer. As for you...why the interest in Caitiff?"

"I don't suppose you'd accept academic curiosity? No, I thought not." Reimer found himself sighing. He finished his cigarette, and stubbed it out in the tray at their table.

"There was...a woman. Isn't there always, even for us? It must have been fifty years ago now, in Amsterdam. A beautiful creature, but smart as a whip too, nose always in a book, and so creative. Her particular interest was history. She was determined to become a professor of history – not for children, and not merely a tutor, but an actual professor at a university, her sex be damned." Reimer chuckled.

"And you no trouble with something so revolutionary as a woman devoting herself to historical studies?" Pandurović asked as he finished his own cigarette. "And you found yourself caught in a fit of passion? Perhaps you fit the Brujah mold more closely than you think, my friend."

Reimer nodded. "Yes, yes, I know. Well, you know how things were half a century ago. Her dream was dead on arrival. But I could not let that passion die. So, one thing led to another, and soon, I Embraced her."

"Oh," Pandurović intoned. "And I can imagine what happened next..."

The pity stirred Reimer's blood, made it grow warm – but he had long practice with keeping his Beast under control, and besides, Pandurović's expression was one of sympathy, not scorn. "Yes. It is not always easy to tell these things, of course, especially with my Clan...but she expressed no talent for the physical Disciplines, no blood-born majesty...but she *could* disappear into shadows, and see the auras of things, talents that I lacked totally. She was Caitiff."

Reimer shifted. "I can recite my lineage back eight steps to the Dark Father, *Herr* Pandurović. I had thought that Caitiff could spawn among only the very weakest and most wretched of our kind. I have created ghouls successfully many times. So, what had happened? Was the failing with her, or myself?"

Pandurović tapped his fingers upon his chair. "Perhaps there was no failing. Perhaps it is simply random chance, or the will of God."

"Ah, you see *Herr Pandurović*, that is it exactly." Reimer leaned forward. "That is what my research these past decades has shown. I think we tell ourselves that the Caitiff spring only among the weakest and most wretched among us, that they are some modern aberration of the blood, because we do not want to admit the truth...that the issue of Caitiff is an old one, a very old one indeed. Before the Anarch Revolt there was a coven of them in Constantinople. I have found evidence of there once having been a whole city in Iberia ruled by Caitiff, before the Greeks or the Phoenicians came to the peninsula. There was a very old Greek manuscript that I found in Kairouan, an account from an Assyrian Kindred, that speaks of clanless hordes, there was..."

Reimer paused, and chuckled. He leaned back once more. "I'm rambling. My apologies, *Herr Pandurović*. You were quite right about me being perhaps closer to the Brujah mold than even I suspected."

The other man waved off Reimer's apology. "Please, Mr. Reimer. It's no trouble at all. It's actually quite endearing, and certainly educational."

Before the conversation could pick up again, the mortal steward made his way over to them; he had in fact been stopping off at each table. "My apologies, sirs," he said, "but I just wished to alert you that the bar has closed, and the room will follow in half an hour."

Reimer made to get up, but Pandurović fixed the young man with his eyes. "It's no matter, young man," he said. "We'll be gone long before dawn, so you needn't hold up closing the room on our account. Just leave me the keys so I can lock up."

The Kine wobbled slightly. "Yes," he said, reaching into his pocket and producing a set of keys, handing them to Pandurović. "Yes, of course. Just remember to lock up."

"We shall."

The two men watched the entranced Kine leave, Pandurović producing a cigarette case of his own and striking up a new one. Once he was far enough away, Reimer turned back to his companion.

"Ventrue."

"No."

"Tremere, then."

"Certainly not! And you had better not mention those death-merchants from Venice either."

Reimer snapped his fingers. "I'll get it yet. And if it's some obscure bloodline, don't think that will help, my research has left me quite well read."

"Of course, of course." Pandurović handed over a lit cigarette to Reimer. "Forgive me if this opens old wounds, but I must ask after your childe."

Reimer took the cigarette. "She lives, last I saw her," he said. "Prince Castelein discovered her nature. He would have ordered her destruction, but he owed me a favor. Instead, she was exiled – sent to America, as a matter of fact, though I have little hope of finding her again. It is not the purpose of my voyage, though one does hope."

Reimer heaved his mightiest sigh yet. "I should have gone with her. But I was comfortable in Europe, or so I believed. I had some small power, prestige, and influence, and I did not want to surrender it..." He looked to Pandurović. "'A contemptible or cowardly person.' That is the meaning of the word 'Caitiff', did you know that? I have come to realize that *I* was the true Caitiff when I sent my childe away. But the idea of tainted blood – hers or mine – haunted me afterwards. And so, I set out to learn all I could of the Caitiff. I have reached the limit of my abilities in the Old World, and so now I go to the New, to study the Caitiff there. To try and understand. To see if there is anything *to* understand, or if it's all just bad luck and the will of God."

Pandurović nodded. "Well, Mr. Reimer. I wish you genuine luck in your efforts." He took a draw from his cigarette. "To tell the truth, I also find Caitiff fascinating – even moreso after listening to you. If you have any copies of your research or notes, I would be obliged if you would lend them to me."

"Not at this time, *Herr* Pandurović, but I can certainly make some for you. If you give me a means of contacting you once we disembark, I would be glad to send you what I have."

"Thank you. What was the name of your childe? Perhaps as payment I can keep an ear open for her, find her in America."

"Miss Darba. Miss Alexandra Darba. Alexi, she used to go by." Reimer took a long draw from the cigarette – it was truly interesting how mortal habits were so hard for the undead to break – and then exhaled. "I imagine she hates me, and I couldn't blame her for it. Still, I should like to see her again, if I can, and apologize. I do hope she's doing..."

His words faded out, as did the conversations of many of the Kine, as a slight shudder went through the room. The men inside glanced around a moment, but the shudder soon passed.

"I wonder what that could have been?" Reimer asked, as the conversations throughout the room began again.

"Probably the engines, or some such," Pandurović said. "But never mind. Let's turn to something else. So you've read *Dracula*...have you perhaps had a chance to read *Le Fantôme de l'Opéra*? The English translation came out last year. If you enjoy the macabre..."



# Chapter One:

# Orphans

*"The truth is you can be orphaned again and again and again. The truth is, you will be. And the secret is, this will hurt less and less each time until you can't feel a thing."*

- Chuck Palahniuk, *Survivor*

This chapter will focus on the history of Caitiff, in two forms: first in a collection of stories, warnings, or musings by members of other Clans; second, in the words of an actual Caitiff named Esterlino Arquero (Cuban, born 1849, Embraced 1876), a former student/follower of Alexi Darba (possibly even her childe) (who lobbied to get the Caitiff recognized as a clan in the Camarilla following Joseph Pander's successful bid in the Sabbat). Major points will be that Caitiff seem to become more common during times of crisis - or more likely, other Kindred, looking for scapegoats, simply blame Caitiff.

Major historical points:

- The first known Caitiff was Empusa in Greece, killed by the Toreador around the age of the Mycenaeans (prior to 1700 BC)
- Caitiff were first recognized as a problem and seen as a sign of the end times during the Bronze Age Collapse (1200 to 800 BC). This is roughly around when the Eighth Generation first started appearing - the first vampires incapable of exceeding mortal limitations (i.e., couldn't have more than 5 dots in something; the 8th generation vampires were seen back then what 15th generation vampires are seen like in Modern Nights).
- The Brujah acknowledge that the ancient city of Tartessos was a city of Caitiff, pushed to the edge of Western civilization at the time. The Brujah wiped out the Caitiff and claimed Tartessos as their own in the 500s BC.
- Move on to the Dark Ages. Discuss Caitiff in Africa and the Middle East. Sidebar on Africa having tons of Caitiff to

this day. Mukhtar Bey (Prince of Cairo from 1406 through today) should get mentioned here.

- Discuss the Chanadas of India
- Discovery of the New World. The Clans flock to it, and Caitiff come with them. Fragments from Tlacique (Setite bloodline native to the New World) suggests that they blamed the local native Caitiff for the Spanish.
- Caitiff supposedly inhabited Australia when no other vampires did, in a semi-stabilized bloodline called *vujunka*. White settlers and vampires supposedly wiped them out, but then came Sarrasine, who was rumored to be Caitiff (pretends to be Toreador; is *actually* a Setite). Some *vujunka* may survive.
- No particular Caitiff stories until the mid-19th century, when the Sabbat in South America used the cover of the Paraguayan War to wipe out Caitiff left and right.
- Also in the 19th and early 20th centuries, the second Sabbat Civil War led a fair number of deaths of powerful Sabbat in Canada and Mexico, and the power gap was often filled (at least temporarily) by Caitiff, giving them a base of power to lobby for
- 1957: Third Sabbat Civil War leads to the creation of the Panders. Alexi Darba attempts to organize the Caitiff of the Camarilla in the same way, but she and her followers are killed by Camarilla Justicars.
- Modern Nights. There are more Caitiff than ever. And their numbers continue to grow.



# Chapter Two:

# The Lonely Night

*"Who knows what true loneliness is – not the conventional word but the naked terror? To the lonely themselves it wears a mask. The most miserable outcast hugs some memory or some illusion."*

- Joseph Conrad, *Under Western Eyes*

This chapter will have three parts.

First, Caitiff organization and dispositions. A fair chunk of the chapter will be given over to the Panders since they're the only Caitiff with real organization, but we'll also get to hear about an organic tendency for Caitiff to form together into coteries in big cities that protect each other, or move out to smaller towns beyond the reach of Princes. The Stoneman's Gala will be mentioned here as well.

The second part of the chapter will be devoted to Caitiff views on other Clans, Sects, and Supernaturals like mummies, werewolves, etc.. This will itself be in the form of two perspectives, first by a San Franciscan Anarch Caitiff who's woefully misinformed and gets almost, but not quite, everything completely wrong ("The Followers of Set seem like nice guys"); and second, by Caitiff who actually knows what he's talking about.

Finally, the third part will be given over to new/updated Merits, Flaws, and Disciplines. Of particular focus will be the Inceptor merit – the ability to create an entirely new Discipline, which Caitiff can do easier than other Clans (represented by Inceptor being a 7 point Merit for a Caitiff but a *fifteen* point Merit for non-Caitiff). Three new Disciplines will be presented as samples: an updated Kineticism from *Outcasts*; the Nightmare Discipline from *Vampire: the Requiem* back-hacked into *Masquerade*; and the Nebulation Discipline from *Bloodlines 2* completed into a five-dot Discipline.

## Merits & Flaws

These are meant to supplement the merits and flaws described for Caitiff in *Lore of the Clans* (pgs. 269-270) and *Beckett's Jihad Diary* (pgs. 142-143). These merits and flaws may only be selected by Caitiff, unless otherwise specified.

### Favored Discipline (3 pt. Merit)

Choose one Discipline you have at least one dot in. That Discipline counts as an in-clan Discipline for you when spending experience points on it, allowing you to spend five times its current rating to increase it, rather than six times.

### Inceptor (7 or 15 pt. Merit)

You have developed your own unique Discipline, which is treated as an in-Clan Discipline for you. Work with the Storyteller to create this Discipline, as outlined later in this chapter. The development of a unique Discipline is likely to draw a considerable amount of attention from other Kindred, who may alternate between a desire to learn it themselves and a fear of the unknown power it presents.

This merit can be selected Caitiff for 7 points, or non-Caitiff for 15 points.

### Bloodline Founder (7+ pt. Merit)

You are not truly Caitiff – you are the first of a new bloodline (though most Kindred may still refer to you as a Caitiff until you can force them to recognize the legitimacy of your blood). This Merit has several effects:

- Three Disciplines you know are considered to be Clan Disciplines for you. If you have the *Inceptor* merit, one of these Disciplines must be the incepted one.
- Any childer you sire will likewise treat those three Disciplines as in-Clan Disciplines, unless they are Caitiff themselves.
- On the downside, you will develop a weakness, which likewise will be passed to your childer (again, unless they themselves are Caitiff). You and the Storyteller should work together to develop a weakness that fits your character.

Being the founder of a bloodline carries a certain amount of prestige but also a certain level of danger. Most Clan elders fear new bloodlines, believing that history tends to repeat itself – few bloodline founders haven't sought Antediluvian status, requiring Diablerie to achieve.

This merit costs 7 points for a 15th-Generation character, and one additional point for each generation above that (8 for 14th generation, 9 for 13th, and so on).

### **Persistent Family (2 pt. Flaw)**

You have cut ties with your mortal life, but those you left behind have not given up on you. Whether your parents, siblings, wife, children, or friends, they are trying to find out what has happened to you. They may hire detectives to find you, plaster posters with your picture around town, pester radio and television stations to run public service ads, or dedicate websites and utilize social media to recruit the aid of the internet in order to find you. They most likely suspect that you have run away, joined a cult, or been kidnapped. Even making contact with them again may be more of a curse than a blessing as they fail to understand why you only show up or call at night, look so pale, or seem to have a bunch of strange new friends. There are few ways to dissuade them that won't involve either breaching the Masquerade or resorting to supernatural means of keeping your Cainite nature secret.

### **Corrupt Embrace (3 pt. Flaw)**

For some supernal reason, your blood is cursed, the gift of Caine not being bestowed properly, poisoning mortals and causing most of those you attempt to Embrace to rise as undead horrors devoid of consciousness or soul.

This flaw has two effects. First, for each blood point you feed to a mortal, they suffer 1 point of lethal damage, and further, one time in ten the mortal fails to become a ghoul.

Second, and more horribly, your attempts to Embrace go horribly wrong more often than not. Each attempt has only a one-in-ten chance of success; all other attempts cause the would-be vampire to instead rise as a zombie an hour after exsanguination (as outlined on pg. 164 of the *Vampire: the Masquerade 20th Anniversary Edition* core rulebook) that seeks only to kill everything around it – including you.

This flaw may not be taken by vampires with the *Thin Blood*, *15th Generation*, or *16th Generation* flaws.



## Kineticism

This Discipline might be developed by a Caitiff or other vampire who wishes to manipulate the kinetic energy possessed by objects in motion. While perhaps not an obvious power for vampires to develop, the Inceptor may have simply been desperate and in need of protection before fully understanding their vampiric nature.

### ● Dampening

The character can hinder the flow of kinetic energy affecting him, reducing the damage of any such attacks directed at him.

**System:** The vampire spends one blood point and rolls Stamina + Dodge (Difficulty 6). Each success reduces the amount of damage successes against him by one (before soaking). Dampening affects aggravated attacks also. A character using Dampening may attempt to dodge at the same time by splitting his Dice Pool.

### ●● Redirection

The character can alter the course of moving objects. Thus, bullets can be made to veer away from the character, sometimes even reversing course by up to 180 degrees.

**System:** The vampire rolls Stamina + Dodge (Difficulty 6). For each success, the character may alter the direction of a single projectile by as much as 30 degrees. Due to the level of concentration required, the character may take no other actions. To redirect a missile back at its source, the character must achieve five successes (180 degrees). However, he must also make a Wits + Firearms roll (Difficult 8) to hit the source. If the target is a person, he may attempt to dodge the returned projectile.

### ●●● Vengeful Strike

The character is able to focus kinetic energy as a weapon. Any attack that successfully strikes the character may be refocused to add to the character's own hand-to-hand attacks.

**System:** The character spends one blood point. When struck by an attack, the character must still soak any damage she receives. However, she may add additional dice to her own damage dice pool equal to the total number of damage successes against her. This effect can only be used in the same or the following turn in which the character was hit. The extra damage is only considered aggravated if her attack is aggravated (such as vampiric fangs).

Vengeful Strike may be used in the same turn as Dampening as long as the proper amount of blood points are spent to activate the power. However, the character must split his Dampening dice pool with his attack dice pool (unless he has Celerity).

### ●●●● Discharge

The character can enhance the kinetic energy she generates herself. She may apply this to ranged attacks.

**System:** The character spends one blood point and rolls Willpower (Difficulty 6). For each success, she may add one die to her damage dice pool. This damage may only be applied to physical attacks, such as fists, swords, or bullets. The extra damage is only considered aggravated if her attack is aggravated (such as vampiric fangs). The character does not need to split her dice pool between this power and her attack; she receives her full dice pool for each (unless she splits her attack pool with some other action, such as to dodge).

### ●●●● Kinetic Shield

The character creates a barrier of kinetic energy in front of her, which may be used to protect herself or anyone else behind the barrier from assaults.

**System:** The character spends one blood point and rolls Willpower (Difficulty 7). With one success, she creates a 6' x 4' barrier in front of her that will absorb up to five Health levels of damage. Additional successes may be used to increase the area (three feet per success) or to add additional health Levels (one per success).

## Nebulation

Deep fog can be just as unsettling as the depths of night, and carries with it an unearthly quality. Caitiff might associate vampires with fog, haze, or smog, particularly stories of vampires able to turn into mist, and so develop this Discipline.

**Note:** While fog is not unnatural, its sudden appearance or clinging to an individual certainly is. A vampire is advised to remember that a person walking around shrouded in a personal halo of mist or a building interior suddenly filling with fog is very likely to breach the Masquerade if local weather conditions don't otherwise allow for it.

### ● Mist Shroud

The vampire clads themselves in a small cloud of fog that obscures her features, bends light away from it, and muffles sound.

**System:** No roll is required to activate this power, which endures for as long as the vampire wishes. While under the effects of Mist Shroud, the vampire's form is blurred and her footsteps are muffled by the fog, granting her one automatic success on any Stealth roll to remain unseen and unheard for each dot in Nebulation she possesses (maximum 5).

In addition, while under the effects of Mist Shroud, the vampire may expend a point of Willpower to partially transform into mist. This transformation lasts for only a few seconds, but can be used to slip between narrow spaces as thin as 1 inch, as long as the total distance traveled does not exceed 3 yards/meters.

### ●● Fog Cloud

The vampire summons a cloud to better conceal themselves and their actions, or to momentarily blind and deafen her foes.

**System:** The vampire spends a blood point and causes a creeping fog to envelop a spherical area 3 yards/meters in radius for each rank in Nebulation the vampire possesses, which endures for the scene or until the vampire chooses to disperse it. Within the fog, vision is obscured and sounds are muffled (including for the summoning vampire), causing all rolls involving Perception to be made at +2 Difficulty, and inflicting one automatic failure on such rolls for attempts to discern anything more than 3 yards/meters away. The fog rapidly billows out from the vampire, filling the area in seconds, but once conjured it is stationary, though a strong wind may disperse it at the Storyteller's discretion.

The vampire may spend an additional blood point when activating this power to increase the radius of the fog cloud by 3 meters per Willpower point spent.

### ●●● Envelop

Wrapping a victim in blatantly unnatural, solid fog, the vampire can silence her target, or even choke the life out of them.

**System:** The vampire expends a blood point and causes a column of fog to wrap around a target she can see, trapping them in a swirling cloud of mist that renders them totally blind, and causes Perception checks made to hear to be made at +2 Difficulty. The target is trapped and cannot move. The column lasts for 1 turn.

Additionally, the vampire may cause the mist to enter the lungs of the target, choking them. This special attack action requires an Intelligence + Nebulation roll against a Difficulty of 6. On a success, the target is choked, preventing them from speaking or making other sounds, and if they are a living creature that needs to breathe, they take lethal damage equal to the vampire's Nebulation rank.

### ●●●● Bewifdering Fog

Mist and fog is known for its ability to create confusion and muddle the mind. A vampire with this level of Nebulation can create a miasma that seems to drain the faculties of those trapped within it.

**System:** When the vampire uses the Fog Cloud power, she may spend a point of Willpower to turn it into a mist that messes with the senses of those within it. Mortals and vampires within the cloud find their minds becoming occluded, making it difficult for them to concentrate. Any task involving a Mental Attribute is made at +2 Difficulty. Other tasks may also be affected, at the Storyteller's discretion. The vampire who summoned the bewildering fog is unaffected by this occlusion.

### ●●●●● Cloak in Haze

The vampire's control over mist is such that she can cloak a large region in it. Further, the haze seems to favor the vampire, allowing her to move with speed and safety through it.

Ironically despite the huge area that the haze envelops, this power is less likely to breach the Masquerade than some

others in the Nebulation discipline, as it manifests relatively slowly and mortals are more willing to accept the idea of a large region being covered in mist than a single building or city street.

**System:** The vampire spends a blood point and rolls Intelligence + Nebulation against a Difficulty of 6. Each success indicates the radius, in ½ miles, that the haze summoned by this Discipline power covers, centered on the vampire when she first activates it but stationary once it begins to form (for example, 3 successes results in a haze that can cover up to 1-½ miles of area), though regardless of the number of successes the haze only extends upwards for 300 yards/meters. The vampire may choose to affect a smaller area (to a minimum of ½ mile radius). The haze takes an hour to coalesce, during which time the vampire must remain in the area; leaving it causes the mist to subside. Once the haze forms, it persists for a number of hours equal to the successes rolled before gradually dissipating over the course of an hour. Strong winds may cause the haze to dissipate sooner, at the Storyteller's discretion.

The haze is thick, blocking sight and muffling sounds much like the second level power Fog Cloud, albeit on a huge scale. The haze also has two additional effects:

Firstly, the vampire that summoned the haze can move more freely through the haze when in vaporous form. The vampire who summoned the haze's movement speed is increased by one-half within the area of the haze. This speed increase applies only to movement, not reactions or feats of agility.

Secondly, the haze diffuses sunlight somewhat, and its moisture saps fire of its heat. All vampires within the area of the haze take one fewer die of damage from fire or sunlight.



# Chapter Three:

# Luckless Bastards

*"It is my bad luck that this has happened to me.' No, you should rather say: 'It is my good luck that, although this has happened to me, I can bear it without pain, neither crushed by the present nor fearful of the future.' Because such a thing could have happened to any man, but not every man could have borne it without pain."*

- Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*

This chapter is the easy part: ten Caitiff sample characters, followed by write-ups and stats for Caitiff of note.

Sample characters:

- Black Sheep
- The Crimson Bat
- False Prophet
- Graduated Shovelhead
- Hunted Childe
- Innate Sorcerer
- Professional Toady
- Small-Town Prince
- True Believer
- Vengeful Diablerist

# Black Sheep

*"Whaddaya talkin' 'bout? Look, okay, so I ain't got a head for Necromancy, that's fine! Uncle Giacomo ain't no good at it neither. Ain't that unusual!"*

**Prelude:** This ain't *fucking fair!* You never did anything wrong. You went through the whole process like a champ. Learning the family secrets and proving you could be trusted with them. Going through the Proxy Kiss for years, doing everything you were supposed to. Giving blood to the family members that needed it, even though *Christ* did it hurt. Even did your part to continue the family, had a healthy kid with your cousin and everything, the girl's growing up into a fine young lady. You were supposed to live forever! Maybe even learn some of that raising-the-dead stuff, would have been nice to be able to talk to Mamma and Papà again.

Well maybe that last part is still gonna happen, but it don't seem likely. Something went wrong when Auntie Embraced you. You're a vampire, sure, but you ain't...quite...right. The blood of Augustus Giovanni didn't really take hold in you. You felt like something was off right from the start, but weren't sure what until you went out for a night and found yourself a hooker. See you'd been taking your blood secondhand, but wanted to try the real stuff right from the source, but didn't want to hurt no one in the family (you might be a vampire, sure, but that don't mean you gotta be awful to people, or at least not family). So, you bought her service, brought her to a motel, bit down...and she loved it. No pain, only ecstasy. Which meant you weren't a real Giovanni. You were a Bastardo - a Caitiff. You never been so pissed off at getting a girl off in your life.

Okay, so let's think this through. Everyone's still family, right? You're still Giovanni. It ain't like they're just gonna forget that, right? Nah...well...not the living members. But the real Giovanni, the parts of the family that matter, the parts of the family that are made up of centuries-old undead monsters that ain't got no use for anyone outside the family except as ghostly or zombie slaves...yeah, they'd kill you. Uncle Augie would want them to. Hell, Uncle Augie might whack you himself. Best you could look forward to after that is being raised as a spirit to open doors. That ain't no way to spend eternity.

Okay so you gotta keep it secret. Keep it together. You can do that, right? No one suspects nothing and it ain't like you got a sign taped to your back that says Bastardo. As long as you don't bite no one where any of the family can see it won't matter neither. And you're new enough that it ain't that weird that you haven't learned any Necromancy yet. Maybe you'll be able to pick it up eventually...until then, just to be on the safe side, you're trying to angle yourself to be away from the compound a lot, as much as possible. You've been telling your Auntie, the one that Embraced you and is mentoring you, that you just want

to build up a reputation with the other Kindred, might be useful to have connections. She totally bought it. You'd never betray the family, of course but it might not be a bad idea to have a...what do you call it...backup plan.

**Concept:** You are torn between loyalty to your family, and abject terror at what will happen if they find out what you've been hiding. You try to be friendly to non-Giovanni, looking to gain some allies who might be able to stash you some place for a few, well, *ever*, if things take a turn for the worse. Among family members, you try to keep your mouth shut unless you absolutely have to. The big thing for you right now is figuring out this Necromancy business. All you need to do is just make one zombie and you'll be set...

**Roleplaying Tips:** The whole thing is making you a nervous wreck. You used to smoke as a mortal and still frequently find yourself lighting one up even though it does nothing anymore, just out of reflex. Other members of the family have noticed you getting a little twitchy, but you've been able to convince them that it's just the jitters of a neonate.

Is that even a thing? These days you're calmer around strangers than family, and you hate that fact.

**Equipment:** Nice clothes, nice car, nice apartment downtown, nice Beretta M9, family money to pay for your nice things (how you gonna make it without it?), and a cigarette holder that's constantly empty these days.



# VAMPIRE

## THE MASQUERADE

**Name:** -  
**Player:** -  
**Chronicle:** -

**Nature:** Chameleon  
**Demeanor:** Traditionalist  
**Concept:** Black Sheep

**Clan:** Caitiff  
**Generation:** 13th  
**Sire:** -

### Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●●○	Charisma	●●●●○	Perception	●●●●○
Dexterity	●●●●○	Manipulation	●●●●○	Intelligence	●●●●○
Stamina	●●●●○	Appearance	●●●●○	Wits	●●●●○

### Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●○○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Academics	○○○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Awareness	●○○○○	Drive	●●○○○	Finance	○○○○○
Brawl	●●○○○	Etiquette	●○○○○	Investigation	●●○○○
Empathy	●○○○○	Firearms	●●●○○	Law	●○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Larceny	●●○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	●●○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	●●○○○
Leadership	●●○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	●●○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○	Stealth	●○○○○	Science	○○○○○
Subterfuge	●●●○○	Survival	○○○○○	Technology	○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

### Advantages

Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Dominate	●○○○○	Allies	●○○○○	Conscience/Conviction	●●○○○
Obfuscate	●●○○○	Herd	●●○○○	Self-Control/Instinct	●●●○○
	○○○○○	Mentor	●○○○○	Courage	●●●○○
	○○○○○	Resources	●●●○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		

### Merits & Flaws

Merit	Cost
Rising Star	3
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
Flaw	Cost
Dark Secret	1
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

### Humanity/Path

Humanity  
 ●●●●●○○○○○  
 Bearing: \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

### Willpower

●●●●○○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

### Blood Pool

□□□□□□□□□□  
 □□□□□□□□□□  
 Blood Per Turn: \_\_\_\_\_

### Health

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

### Weakness

### Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 • Abilities: 13/9/5 • Disciplines: 3 • Backgrounds: 5 • Virtues: 7 • Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/2/1)

# The Crimson Bat

*"The darkest night shall hold terror for innocents no longer, for it is now held back by the wings of...the Crimson Bat!"*

**Prelude:** You're not insane. Oh, most vampires you've met would disagree, never mind any ordinary people. But you're not. You know exactly what you're doing and exactly why you're doing it.

It was at your city's annual comics convention when it happened. It was late and you were surrounded by other nerds and geeks, having fun, getting into stupid arguments, debating who would win in a fight or why the latest cape movie sucked. One of the girls you met seemed to be really into you, and you – being a healthy young man – certainly found her attractive, in a pale, Death of the Endless kind of way. Hey, what happens at Comic-Con stays in Comic-Con, right? Well...turns out the answer to that is no. Next thing you knew, you were waking up in a dumpster outside of your motel that you'd been stuffed into, and you were thirstier than you'd ever been before...and all you wanted to do was sink your fangs into...wait...fangs? You managed to control yourself enough to not simply rush down the first person you saw, but as you hid in an alley and tried to quell the raging Beast inside of you heard a commotion, a woman who'd been cornered by a thug who wasn't taking 'no' for an answer. The next thing you knew, you'd floored him and sank your teeth into his throat while the woman screamed. Once you had enough blood into your stomach you ran before the cops could find you, making it back to your motel to pack your things and get away.

You knew you couldn't go home, not when you were like this – you'd be a threat to your family and friends. You got to another motel and tried to get your bearings. You were a vampire now...that much was obvious. And though the Beast inside you was sated for now, you knew you were going to need blood again...the thought of that, nearly drove you to the roof to watch the sun rise until you remembered *her* – the vampire that had made you one, the Death of the Endless-looking woman. You needed to find her...to stop her from doing this to others. And what about the thug you'd bitten? What if *he* turned into a vampire?

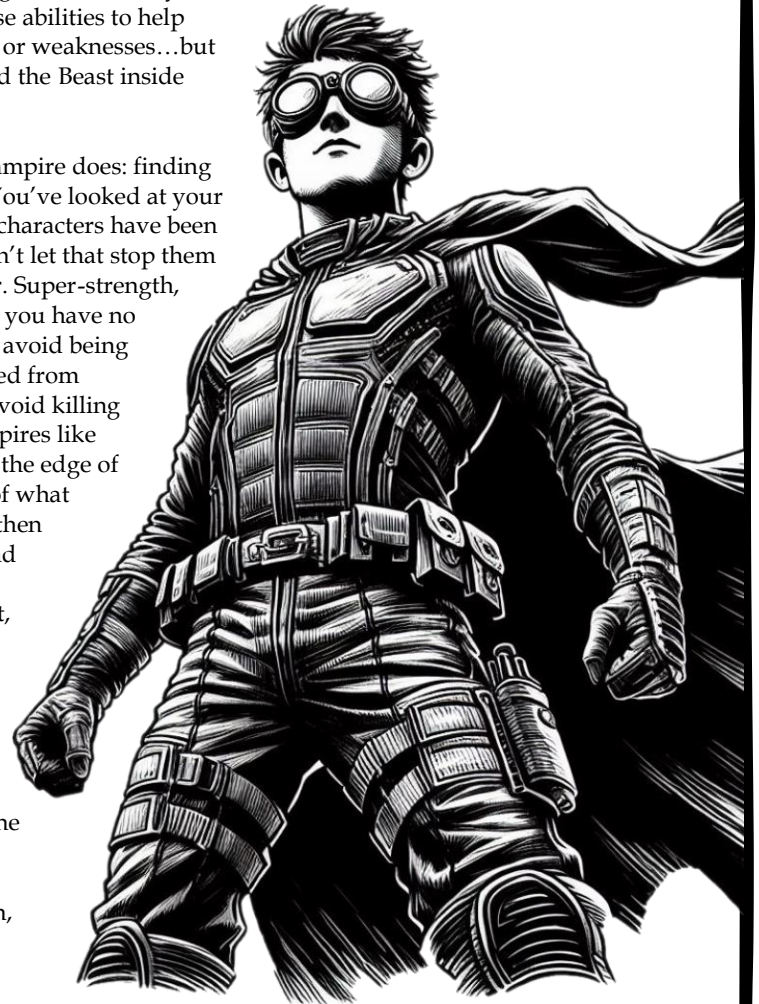
You'd donned your convention costume, broke a chair to create a wooden stake, and then headed back, looking for any sign of the girl who'd turned you, but you didn't find her. She was gone. But what you did find was an entire convention devoted to superheroes, to people with amazing abilities who used those abilities to help people. Sometimes they were saddled with terrible drawbacks or weaknesses...but they pushed on, persevered. That sensation, that desire, quelled the Beast inside you even more than sating it with blood had.

And hey...you already had a costume. Right?

**Concept:** You are, ultimately, just doing what every other vampire does: finding a way to be more than just a ravenous, blood-drinking Beast. You've looked at your situation and realized that plenty of your favorite comic-book characters have been saddled with terrible drawbacks or weaknesses, but they haven't let that stop them from trying to make the world a better place. You won't, either. Super-strength, fast healing, superhuman speed, even the ability to *fly* – really, you have no excuse to *not* be a superhero. Still, you aren't dumb. You try to avoid being seen by civilians, instead trying to build up a "legend". You feed from thugs, robbers, and other criminals, but are always careful to avoid killing anyone. Out of costume, you have become aware of other vampires like yourself, particularly other Clanless vampires that hang out at the edge of vampiric society, and from them have started to get a picture of what you're up against. It's...a lot. But that's no excuse to stop. More than anything, you want to find the vampire that did this to you, and bring her to justice...no matter the cost.

**Roleplaying Tips:** When not in-character as the Crimson Bat, you are your typical mild-mannered self. Among other vampires you play the part of a confused newbie Caitiff just looking to survive another night. When in the guise of the Crimson Bat, however, you sincerely act the part of a superhero, looking to right wrongs and protect the weak. This isn't a joke or a game to you – you are determined to make sure that what happened to you doesn't happen to anyone else, and to make the city a safer place for everyone.

**Equipment:** Cheap basement apartment, ordinary clothes, expensive Comic-con costume that you spent way too much on, utility belt, The Crimson Car (a red Honda), slowly depleting college tuition fund.



# VAMPIRE

## THE MASQUERADE

**Name:** -  
**Player:** -  
**Chronicle:** -

**Nature:** Celebrant  
**Demeanor:** Survivor  
**Concept:** The Crimson Bat

**Clan:** Caitiff  
**Generation:** 13th  
**Sire:** -

### Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●●○	Charisma	●●●●○	Perception	●●●●○
Dexterity	●●●●○	Manipulation	●●●●○	Intelligence	●●●●○
Stamina	●●●●○	Appearance	●●●●○	Wits	●●●●○

### Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●●●○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Academics	●○○○○
Athletics	●○○○○	Crafts	●●●○○	Computer	●●○○○
Awareness	●○○○○	Drive	●○○○○	Finance	○○○○○
Brawl	●●●○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Investigation	●○○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Expression	●○○○○	Larceny	●○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	●●○○○	Melee	●●○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Leadership	○○○○○	Performance	●○○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○	Stealth	●●●○○	Science	○○○○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Technology	●○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

### Advantages

Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Celerity	●○○○○	Allies	●○○○○	Conscience/Conviction	●●●●○
Flight	●●○○○	Alternate Identity	●○○○○	Self-Control/Instinct	●●●●○
	○○○○○	Resources	●●●○○	Courage	●●●●○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		

### Merits & Flaws

Merit	Cost
Daredevil	3
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
Flaw	Cost
Vengeful	2
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

### Humanity/Path

Humanity \_\_\_\_\_  
 ●●●●●○○○○  
 Bearing: \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

### Willpower

●●●●●○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

### Blood Pool

□□□□□□□□□□  
 □□□□□□□□□□  
 Blood Per Turn: \_\_\_\_\_

### Health

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

### Weakness

### Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 • Abilities: 13/9/5 • Disciplines: 3 • Backgrounds: 5 • Virtues: 7 • Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/2/1)



# False Prophet

*"The Prince will send his Sheriff and his Hounds and his Scourge, but I do not fear, and we do not fear, for these are the Final Nights!"*

**Prelude:** Terror. Pain. Darkness. Thirst. These are your earliest memories before awakening in the grips of two monsters – the one within you, and the one who held you, fed you his own blood. That sated the inner Beast. The monster in the world of flesh told you his name was Lucas, and that he was a Nosferatu and a Noddist. You didn't know what either of those things were...and you didn't even know who *you* were. Lucas said that he wasn't your sire, that he had found you feeding on the blood of a dead cat in 'his' territory – that he would have killed you for violating his domain had he not heard you muttering to yourself about the End Times, talking of Gehenna and the Wincrowing, and then spoken of *him*, specifically. "He will see me, he sees me now, the Kin in the Shadows who will bring me to light."

You didn't remember saying it. But Lucas had been intrigued enough to not simply kill you. Instead he had invited you into his lair, such as it was. If nothing else it was a chance to get your bearings. To try and remember who you were and what had happened to you to make you...*this*. But as you slept during the day, you dreamed. You saw a many-barbed scourge driving forth great and terrifying dogs, descending upon a crumbling castle. When you woke, you told Lucas of your dream. He had been intrigued, but not explained why, instead telling you to remain in his lair as he went out. When he came back, the Nosferatu had seemed shaken. He explained that the Prince of the city had brought back the position of Scourge – destroyer of thin-bloods. And he'd told you that the Scourge had, that very night, descended with his coterie, known as Hounds, upon a known thin-blood hideout, a derelict warehouse, and killed them all.

You had seen it before it happened. You had the Sight. You didn't know your own past, but you knew the future of the Kindred. Over the next several months, Lucas explained the nature of Kindred, the society of vampires, to you, even as he listened to and recorded the dreams you had. Sometimes the dreams were of terrible things, of blood and fire that seemed to lie in the future – but not far enough in the future for your liking. Other times your dreams were immediate, of the next few nights, dreams of the city, the Prince, and things that were happening all around you in a world you couldn't see, for you hadn't left Lucas' lair. Sometimes you could even project your dreams into reality, show Lucas your visions in detail. You didn't want to, not when Lucas kept you fed with blood from his own wrist, giving you no reason to venture out into the dark

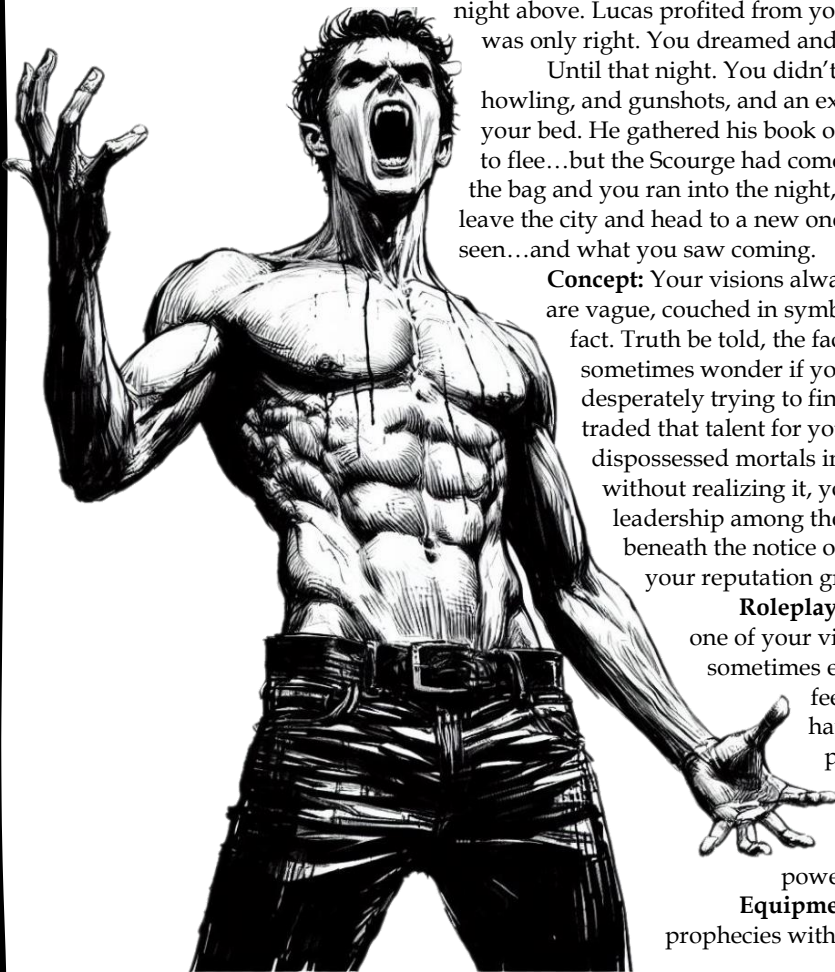
night above. Lucas profited from your visions, you knew, but he was your benefactor. It was only right. You dreamed and spoke your prophecies, and Lucas recorded them.

Until that night. You didn't see it coming, but you awoke to the sound of howling, and gunshots, and an explosion. Lucas burst into his lair and tore you from your bed. He gathered his book of your prophecies and you and told you that you had to flee...but the Scourge had come. He killed Lucas trying to get to you. You grabbed the bag and you ran into the night, ran until you found a coterie of thinbloods looking to leave the city and head to a new one. You joined them. And you told them what you had seen...and what you saw coming.

**Concept:** Your visions always seem to come true sooner or later...but often they are vague, couched in symbols and metaphor, obvious in meaning only after the fact. Truth be told, the fact that they seem open to interpretation has you sometimes wonder if your visions are just disjointed nightmares that you are desperately trying to find meaning in. And yet enough do, and you have traded that talent for your survival among the Clanless and even dispossessed mortals in the new city that you have arrived in. Almost without realizing it, you have found yourself rising to a position of leadership among the Caitiff, though you have endeavored to remain beneath the notice of the Prince...a struggle that is becoming harder as your reputation grows and your prophecies continue to bear fruit.

**Roleplaying Tips:** Almost everything you see matches up to one of your visions, though the significance of what you see can sometimes escape you or only become obvious after the fact. You feel as though you know everyone you meet before you have met them. You have discovered a natural talent for public speaking and getting people to listen to you, but it hasn't escaped your notice that all of your followers tend to be desperate and dispossessed, so around those who appear to have actual status or power, you are quiet and reserved.

**Equipment:** Clothing on your back, Lucas' journal of your prophecies with notes you've made, gifts from your followers.



# VAMPIRE

## THE MASQUERADE

Name: -  
 Player: -  
 Chronicle: -

Nature: Visionary  
 Demeanor: Enigma  
 Concept: False Prophet

Clan: Caitiff  
 Generation: 15th  
 Sire: -

### Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●●●○○	Perception	●●●○○
Dexterity	●○○○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●●○○	Wits	●●○○○

### Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	○○○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Academics	●○○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Crafts	●○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Awareness	●●●○○	Drive	○○○○○	Finance	○○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	●○○○○	Investigation	●●○○○
Empathy	●●○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Law	●○○○○
Expression	●●●○○	Larceny	○○○○○	Medicine	●○○○○
Intimidation	●●○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	●●●○○
Leadership	●●○○○	Performance	●●●○○	Politics	●○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Science	○○○○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Technology	○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

### Advantages

Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Auspex	●○○○○	Contacts	●●○○○	Conscience/Conviction	●●●○○
Chimerstry	●●○○○	Herd	●●●○○	Self-Control/Instinct	●○○○○
	○○○○○	Retainers	●●○○○	Courage	●●●○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		

### Merits & Flaws

Merit	Cost
Seer	4
Flaw	Cost
Fifteenth Generation	4
Amnesia Seer	2

### Humanity/Path

Humanity  
 ●●●●○○○○○  
 Bearing: \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

### Willpower

●●●●●○○○  
 □□□□□□□□

### Blood Pool

□□□□□□□□  
 □□□□□□□□  
 Blood Per Turn: \_\_\_\_\_

### Health

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

### Weakness

### Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 • Abilities: 13/9/5 • Disciplines: 3 • Backgrounds: 5 • Virtues: 7 • Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/2/1)

# Graduated Shovelhead

*"You fucked with the wrong motherfucking vampire crew, asshole! Right, guys? ...guys?"*

**Prelude:** Your whole life was a series of fuckups, one right after another. Fucking up school, fucking up romance, fucking up your life. You went to juvie earlier and for stupider reasons than anyone else you knew, and you knew some pretty fucked-up people. After they let you out you practically made a hobby out of bail-jumping and dodging warrants. You blamed everyone else, of course, your parents fucked you up, your fucking "friends" abandoned you, your fucking bitch of a girlfriend cheated on you, the fucking cops just hated you for no reason...

One night everything changed. You were hit over the back of a head with a shovel. You woke up starving, an inferno behind you, people with guns in front of you, but the guns were less scary than the fire. You charged them and when they tried to stop you, you ripped their throats out with your teeth and drank their blood. Fuck, that felt kind of good. Tasted fucking good too. Some ugly fuckers came up afterwards and were surprised that you were alive. You tried to attack one of them, but she - yeah, a chick, a tiny thing too - laid you out flat faster than you knew what was happening and knocked you out with a shovel. Again.

Yeah, that happened a lot. Also, you think they shoved a stake through your heart? It fucking hurt every fucking time. At least every other time it happened after the first, when you woke up after having the *fucking piece of wood* taken out of your heart, you had some idea of what was going on. And you're not fucking *retarded*, you figured out you were a vampire pretty quick. It only took, like, three, maybe four repetitions.

Eventually the fuckers took out the stake, but this time there wasn't anyone around to fight. They told you congratulations! You'd done it! You'd lived and now you were real Sabbat! And all you could think was...what the fuck is a Sabbat?

Whatever. You'll figure it out. What matters now is that this gang of vampires consider you one of them. You've got a crew, Hell, you've even got a reputation as a pretty reliable fucker when something needs to get dead.

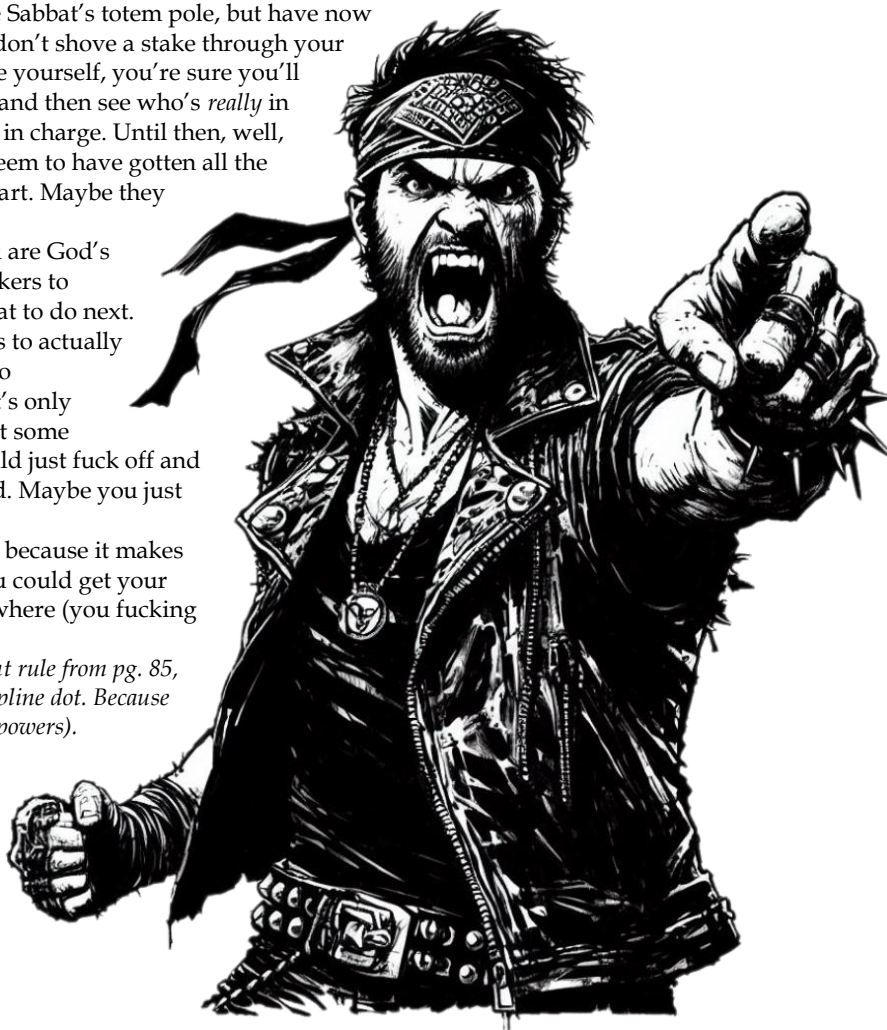
Fuck. You could get used to this.

**Concept:** You started at the very bottom of the Sabbat's totem pole, but have now graduated to...slightly above that. At least they don't shove a stake through your heart anymore. Given time and a chance to prove yourself, you're sure you'll be able to rise to the top of this gang they've got and then see who's *really* in charge. And then fuck them up and put yourself in charge. Until then, well, you've been in gangs before, and these fuckers seem to have gotten all the fucking around with you out of the way at the start. Maybe they can be trusted now.

**Roleplaying Tips:** You are convinced that you are God's gift to the Sabbat - you just need to get those fuckers to realize it. You are an endless font of ideas on what to do next. What you're less talented at is getting the fuckers to actually do what you fucking tell them to do. You have no leadership ability whatsoever, of course, but that's only because you're so new, you're sure. Once you get some reputation and maybe if the fucker in charge could just fuck off and die, then you'd be able to rise and take command. Maybe you just need to hurry them along...

**Equipment:** Sleeveless leather jacket, bandana because it makes you look cool, studded belt, the biggest knife you could get your hands on, and a .38 special you stole from somewhere (you fucking hate it. Need a better gun).

*(Note: this character has been made with the variant rule from pg. 85, giving up normal Background dots for an extra Discipline dot. Because fuck your human side, you have fucking magic blood powers).*





# Hunted Child

"I'm not going to die here. I'm not going to die again. I'm not..."

**Prelude:** Nothing ever stood out about you, for good or ill; you were perfectly ordinary in every way. You had friends growing up, a typical time in school with grades that were good enough to get you into a typical college. You got in just enough trouble as a teen to get some interesting stories out of it, but not enough for it to affect your life or your prospects. You were interning for an office position at an ordinary nine-to-five. You weren't *excelling*, but you were making it, which is more than what a lot of people can say, and so you were better than happy: you were content. It wasn't much of a life, but it was yours.

And then *he* took it away from you. You don't even really know what happened or how it happened, but one minute you were going to sleep in your apartment, and the next you'd woken up in, of all things, a private plane just as it was landing. You weren't in the clothes you'd been wearing. There was a new watch around your wrist. You'd thought it was a dream. Then the other man on the plane had shown his fangs and made the fact that he was a vampire obvious, and you'd thought it was a nightmare. But even that got disproven when he'd shown you that he'd made *you* a vampire too. He'd killed you. Worse, he was going to kill you again.

The vampire - you didn't get his name - said that he got bored every few decades, and so did this: kidnapped a completely random, completely ordinary person, turned them, and then set them loose. He gave them a year to hide and then he'd come after them, hunt them for sport, and finally kill them. And you had the honor of being the latest victim in his sick game. That was what the watch was for - it had an alarm that would go off in a year, to warn you that the hunt was on. Then he'd thrown you out of his plane. And you've been running ever since.

**Concept:** You barely know a damn thing about "Kindred" society, and most of what you've picked up has been from other neonates who caught you hunting on "their" turf, tried to start something, and got their *shit* kicked in thanks to the potency of your blood. But more importantly than not knowing, you really don't care. Anarch, Camarilla, Sabbat, it really doesn't matter since you've got a filicidal sire after you, or will soon enough. As much as you don't really care, though, you're smart enough to know that you're not making it out of this alive - dead - *whatever* - without allies. So, you've started putting out feelers, trying to find other vampires who are just trying to make it, who could use help the way you need it. You just tend to leave

out the part where you're being hunted for sport by a centuries-old vampire elder (Christ, you *hope* it's only centuries...).

**Roleplaying Tips:** You are *fucked* seven ways to Sunday and you've picked up enough to know it. You try to keep your potent blood a secret, but truth be told, you aren't very good at it since it's the biggest thing you can bring to the table. You're constantly looking for new friends and allies, but you try to give out as little information about yourself and your circumstances as possible, while simultaneously trying to learn as much as possible from everyone you meet. You're the first to volunteer to do something so that you can build up a reputation as reliable and trustworthy. The real question is, are you so desperate for allies that you'd sell out all your current ones if it means you can get better ones? How far are you willing to go to make it to tomorrow night?

**Equipment:** The clothes on your back, a dwindling supply of cash, a .38 special that's half-empty, a pocket knife, a notebook

containing everything you've learned so far (and which you don't know could get you killed if anyone important learns you have it), and a watch that you both think you should throw away and yet are terrified to do lest you miss when the hunt begins. Good luck!





# Innate Sorcerer

*"Wait, you mean not every vampire can do this? Why not? Aren't you curious?"*

**Prelude:** At least insofar as your Embrace as a Caitiff is concerned, it probably went in a fairly typical way. You were fresh out of college, and meeting some old friends for a few drinks. Some hungry, scruffy looking guy in an alley started stalking you. You ran. He ran faster. You had a gun for protection, though you barely knew how to use it and it didn't matter since he didn't seem to care about the shots you fired into him. You screamed for help. None came. The vampire drained you dry, but even if your bullets didn't hurt him, it still made him bleed. Some of his blood got into you, and the next thing you knew, instead of being dead, you were awake and in someone's back yard and there was a dead, exsanguinated dog underneath you.

Horrifying. But you've since learned that it was entirely typical for the Clanless. What came next...less so. You weren't just a random victim. You were *rich*. Father had money, and a lot of it, and that meant that you had a lot of money too. That you were a vampire now was obvious, and that it had to be kept secret even more obvious. But maybe there was some way to fix it or reverse it or cure it. You and Father spent years trying, hiring doctors and scientists with the utmost discretion to analyze your blood, your tissues, to try and find *some* way of at least explaining why, despite the fact that you were clinically dead, you obviously very much were not. In the mean time you made sure to put in the occasional appearance here and there at night, at least until you noticed that you were no longer aging.

The money never ran out; there was too much of it. But Father's time did. He left everything to you, and since no one knew you weren't technically alive, you inherited everything, a vast fortune that's barely dented by the money that's paid regularly to a dozen people to keep quiet about what you really are, most of them beginning to age themselves. You've long since given up on finding a cure, and instead have now started trying to figure out the nature of your unnatural existence. Discovering that the blood in your veins could fuel supernatural powers opened your eyes to the possibilities your new state gave you.

On top of that, you realized that you couldn't possibly be the only vampire in the world. Very carefully you started to put out feelers, and within just a few years your agents had identified other vampires. You have begun to penetrate the world of the undead, but it is a painstaking process for someone as naturally cautious as you have become. But one thing you've learned for certain; if you want to keep on unliving, you're going to need to learn everything you can.

**Concept:** You're older than your high Generation might suggest - fact, you've actually been dead for longer than you were alive at this point, but you've spent most of that time in hiding. With Father having passed away, you have only your loyal servants for company, and in truth you have begun reaching out to vampire society as a whole as much out of a sense of loneliness as anything else. Apparently, your magical powers (you hate calling them "magic" but don't know what else to call the blatantly unnatural things you can do) are a rare gift among vampires, according to the few you've met and shown them to. One night someone calling himself "The Malkavian Primogen" showed up at your door and told you that he was there to let you know that some group called "Tremere" want you dead (in a permanent sort of way), but that *his* group would protect you from them. You have no idea what he was talking about or why he and his "clan" are helping you, but you can't help but worry that there will be a price...

**Roleplaying Tips:** Thanks to several decades of experimentation, you are familiar with most of what you can do as a vampire, but not the "proper" way to refer to it. You don't know what vampires mean when they talk about Disciplines, Clans, Blood Bonds, or the like. But you *want* to, and some day, you will.

**Equipment:** You have a *lot* of money from inheritance and investments, so, really, anything you want. Now if only you could figure out what that is.



# VAMPIRE

## THE MASQUERADE

Name: -  
 Player: -  
 Chronicle: -

Nature: Scientist  
 Demeanor: Dabbler  
 Concept: Innate Sorcerer

Clan: Caitiff  
 Generation: 13th  
 Sire: -

### Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●○○○○	Charisma	●●●○○	Perception	●●●○○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●●●○
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●○○○

### Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	○○○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Academics	●●●○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Awareness	●●○○○	Drive	●○○○○	Finance	●●○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	●●●○○	Investigation	●●●○○
Empathy	●○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Law	●○○○○
Expression	●○○○○	Larceny	○○○○○	Medicine	●●●○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	●○○○○
Leadership	●●○○○	Performance	●○○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Science	●●○○○
Subterfuge	●●●○○	Survival	○○○○○	Technology	○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

### Advantages

Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Necromancy	●○○○○	Allies	●○○○○	Conscience/Conviction	●●○○○
Thaumaturgy	●●○○○	Herd	●●○○○	Self-Control/Instinct	●●●●○
	○○○○○	Influence	●●○○○	Courage	●●●○○
	○○○○○	Resources	●●●●○		
	○○○○○	Retainers	●●○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		

### Merits & Flaws

Merit	Cost
Clan Friendship	4
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
Flaw	Cost
Incomplete Understanding	1
Clan Enmity	4
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

### Humanity/Path

Humanity  
 ●●●●●○○○○  
 Bearing: \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

### Willpower

●●●●●○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

### Blood Pool

□□□□□□□□□□  
 □□□□□□□□□□  
 Blood Per Turn: \_\_\_\_\_

### Health

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

### Weakness

### Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 • Abilities: 13/9/5 • Disciplines: 3 • Backgrounds: 5 • Virtues: 7 • Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/2/1)



# Professional Toady

*"Yeah, I took care of things exactly like you said...no, nothing that could come back to you...oh, thanks, thanks a ton! Hey, though, I have something I wanted to ask...you have to...no, no, of course I understand! Don't worry. It can wait..."*

**Prelude:** Mortal life was good to you, at first. You were cute as a button as a child, precocious as a teenager and beautiful as an adult. Unfortunately for you, you lacked the force of personality needed to really take advantage of those looks, and so instead had to rely on your other talents or skills...which were, sadly, lacking as well. You were just about good enough to hold down a job that could barely pay for your needs, and everywhere had to deal with people thinking you'd slept your way into the meager position that you *did* possess. More than a few of your bosses even tried to get into your pants in exchange for raises and favors, and rejecting them cost you your job more than once. Not that you reported them or anything, you didn't want to make waves after all...

Then things changed. You had popped out of your ratty apartment to grab something from the corner store, and the next thing you knew there was a vampire dragging you into a basement, her fangs in your throat, draining you dry and then waking you up and shoving you towards two other approaching vampires. You remember her wanting you to fight, but despite the ravenous Beast that now commanded you, you'd been utterly terrified and instead ran to a corner and curled up. You had just enough presence of mind to hear her call you useless before her head was cut off and she crumbled to ash. Then the other vampires were upon you, and you'd hissed and struggled, fighting for your life but failing miserably. But the vampires didn't kill you. Instead, one of them shoved his arm into your mouth, letting you drink his blood.

You still don't know why he performed the act of kindness that he did in letting you live. He'd said something about a perfect state and a right to choose your own unlife, that you hadn't asked for this and didn't deserve to die. The other vampire with him had called him an idiot. All you knew was that you were alive - after a fashion - thanks to him. Over the following months, you devoted yourself utterly to him even as he showed you the ropes of being a vampire and his movement, the Anarchs. You were determined to be useful any way you could. You had to quit your job, of course - it felt weird to do that rather than be fired, and yet liberating too - but you found a new job as a night shift clerk at a 7-11. The pay was as lousy as ever, but your new status as undead meant that you didn't need to spend money on food or heat anymore, so you actually found yourself flush with cash. All in all, things were great...

...and then came the Camarilla. You didn't even know what was happening, really, but over the course of a single night the

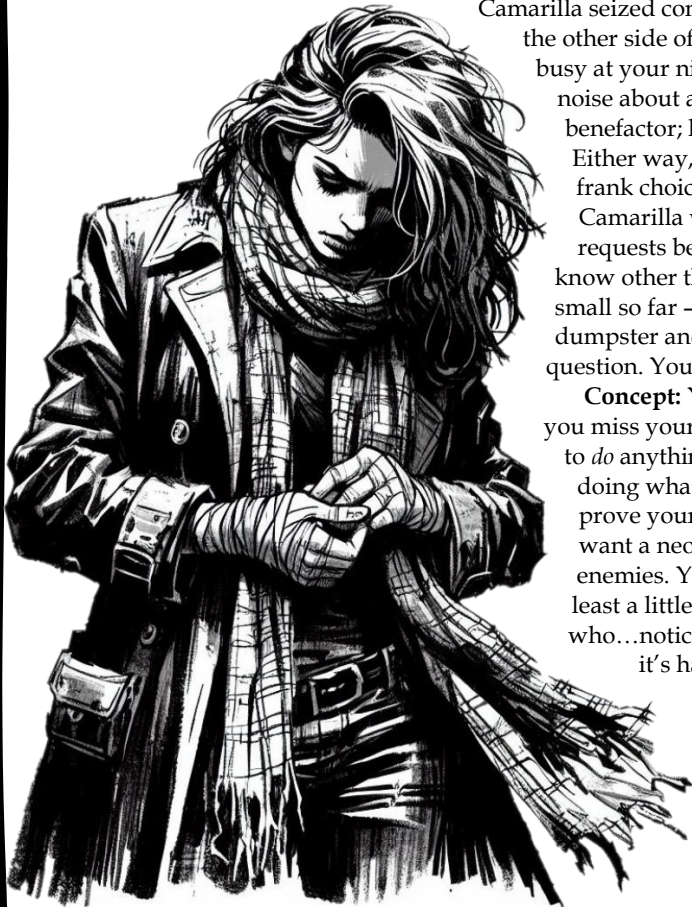
Camarilla seized control of the city from the Anarchs. There was a fight...but it was on the other side of town. No one had let you know what was going on, you were busy at your night job stocking shelves and mopping the floor, just heard some noise about a police shoot-out. You don't know what happened to your benefactor; he may have met Final Death, or he may have been able to flee.

Either way, when the Camarilla's thugs came to your store, you were given a frank choice: submit, or be destroyed. You chose the former, of course, and the Camarilla were apparently satisfied with that for the moment. But slowly, the requests began to come in. Favors being asked of you by vampires you didn't know other than them being in the Camarilla. The favors have mostly been small so far - pick this up, drive this person here, throw this bundle in your dumpster and don't ask what's in it - and you've done them all without question. You don't want to make waves, after all...

**Concept:** You are doing what you can to make it to tomorrow night. While you miss your Anarch savior, and the Anarchs as a whole, it's not nearly enough to *do* anything about it. The Camarilla controls the city now, so that means doing what the Prince and Primogen say. You have, at least, managed to prove your loyalty to them by more or less being the epitome of how they want a neonate to act. You don't have many friends, but you have zero enemies. You've at least forced yourself to start getting over your shyness, at least a little. Your 7-11 has some regular customers, late-night weirdos who...notice things. If the city changes hands again, you want to at least know it's happening.

**Roleplaying Tips:** *"Yes, sir. Right away, sir. As quickly as I can, sir, I won't let you down."*

**Equipment:** Company uniform, clothes from Wal-Mart, something that generously could be called a car, studio apartment downtown with blackout curtains, savings account that seems impossible to get more than \$1,000 in to before some expense or another claims it all.



# VAMPIRE

## THE MASQUERADE

Name: -  
 Player: -  
 Chronicle: -

Nature: Conformist  
 Demeanor: Conformist  
 Concept: Professional Toady

Clan: Caitiff  
 Generation: 13th  
 Sire: -

### Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●○○○○	Perception	●●●●●
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●○○○○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●●●○	Wits	●●●○○

### Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●○○○○	Animal Ken	●○○○○	Academics	●○○○○
Athletics	●○○○○	Crafts	●○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Awareness	○○○○○	Drive	●●○○○	Finance	●○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	●●○○○	Investigation	●○○○○
Empathy	●●●○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Law	●○○○○
Expression	●○○○○	Larceny	●●○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Leadership	○○○○○	Performance	●●○○○	Politics	●○○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○	Stealth	●●●○○	Science	○○○○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Technology	○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

### Advantages

Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Fortitude	●●●○○	Allies	●○○○○	Conscience/Conviction	●●●○○
Obfuscate	●●○○○	Contacts	●●○○○	Self-Control/Instinct	●●●○○
	○○○○○	Resources	●○○○○	Courage	●●●○○
	○○○○○	Status	●○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		

### Merits & Flaws

Merit	Cost
Early Riser	1
Harmless	1
Flaw	Cost
Shy	1

### Humanity/Path

Humanity  
 ●●●●●○○○○○  
 Bearing: \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

### Willpower

●●●○○○○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

### Blood Pool

□□□□□□□□□□  
 □□□□□□□□□□  
 Blood Per Turn: \_\_\_\_\_

### Health

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

### Weakness

### Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 • Abilities: 13/9/5 • Disciplines: 3 • Backgrounds: 5 • Virtues: 7 • Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/2/1)

## Small-Town Prince

*"Wait, so you are the guys they sent me? You are supposed to help me with the Sabbat? ...fine. Whatever. I guess I should be happy with what I got. Here's the situation..."*

**Prelude:** Vampires are real. Yeah, whatever. You've known about that for a long time now. Oh, it was plenty terrifying at first, but as time went on and you worked for your vampiric master you actually developed a pretty decent relationship. He needed your construction company as a way to launder money, and probably also to dispose of the occasional body, but he had plenty of legitimate work for you too, and your competitors had a way of getting out of your company's way. All in all, it was actually a pretty good arrangement, and even he knew it. You must have impressed him, because he offered you the Embrace. Well, "offer" is a strong word, but he at least gave you the illusion of choice, and you were smart enough to accept.

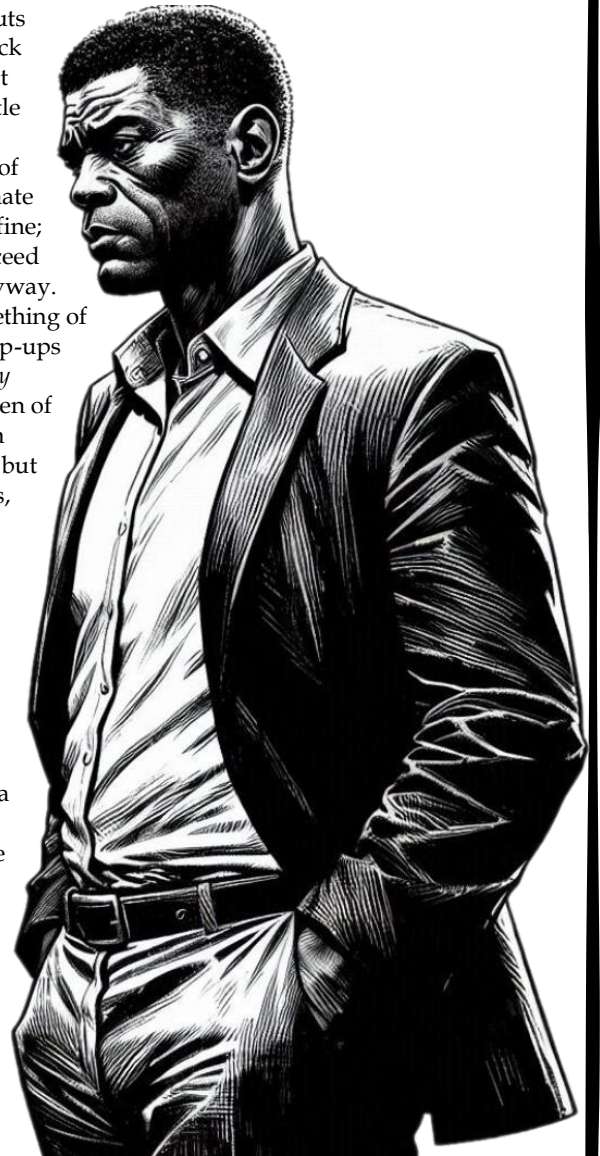
Of course, that's when things went wrong. The Embrace worked fine, but when time came to introduce yourself to your "fellow" Ventrue, it was discovered that you, well...weren't. Something had gone wrong, and though you were Kindred, you weren't *their* kin, all because you weren't a picky drinker. Apparently. Your sire had Embraced twice before without issue, so the Ventrue concluded that the problem was something to do with you. Still, your sire claimed to be a very forward-thinking sort. It's not like you had *meant* to embarrass him and manifest as a Caitiff. And indeed, the Ventrue might even one day actually induct you into the Clan, claim you as their own despite not *really* being Ventrue. You just have to do a little more to prove yourself first, they said.

And that's how you ended up practically back where you started, in the suburbs at the edge of the Prince's reach. The area has had an ongoing problem with Anarchs, malcontents who want to ignore the Camarilla and the rule of the Prince. In some ways your "failure" was fortuitous, since you could "pretend" to be on the outs with the Ventrue, and make inroads with the Anarchs, try and bring them back to the fold. Of course, the Ventrue didn't really give you much support to that effect. You've done what you can, and are making a little headway...but a little isn't enough.

**Concept:** You've been exiled and you know it, put far away from the halls of power that you were supposed to have entered. Your sire doesn't appear to hate or resent you as such, but he's certainly washed his hands of you. If you die, fine; if you disgrace yourself, you can be put down. If you actually manage to succeed in any meaningful way, he'll take the credit, and possibly have you killed anyway. You've figured out pretty fast that the best thing you can do is maintain something of a status quo. The bright side to being considered a failure is that any small slip-ups or setbacks are expected and rarely punished. In the meantime, you *technically* actually have a whole suburban town that's been gifted to you by the primogen of the Ventrue in the city, and an overt attack on you would be interpreted as an attack on him. You are acutely aware of how little power you actually have...but it is at least *some*. You've "ruled" with a light touch over the Anarchs, clanless, and thinbloods in your Domain, acting less like a feudal lord and more like a mediator. You have made sure to blood-bind the local chief of police and mayor of your Domain, for the purposes of helping a few neonates out of sticky situations without asking for much in return, which has certainly helped. The Anarchs don't *like* you, but they don't see you as a threat, either. Of course, then you started seeing signs of Sabbat. As well, this far from the urban centers, there's always the Lupine threat...

**Roleplaying Tips:** Circumstances have forced you to become an expert in the art of compromise. Try to always see both sides of any argument, at least as long as one side isn't being a complete moron. You work hard to build up a reputation as someone who is completely fair and honest, an ideal person to meet with as a neutral party. Of course, the Presence doesn't hurt, and you've discovered an ability to manipulate animals as well - useful for spying on people and learning their secrets. Ultimately, however, this is all for your benefit. You're not trying to prove anything to your sire or the Ventrue, you know that's pointless. Instead, you're trying to maintain an awkward position that's somewhere between "beneath notice" and "irreplaceable".

**Equipment:** Nice but comfortable clothes that convey a sense of casual importance, sports car that is *just* out of the reach of most people to afford, ownership of a successful construction company that's built half of downtown, isolated house with a long driveway, cell phone.





# True Believer

*"Blood that has been shed is haram and najis, but the Qur'an says we may consume it if necessary to survive."*

**Prelude:** You were born in Palestine, but the family moved to America when you were five years old, looking to get away from the violence. You were raised to be a pious Muslim, and did try to be...but in middle school you got tired of students teasing you for your hijab or bothering you at noon when you were trying to perform *salat*. You still believed in God, but the whole thing started seeming a little obsessive-compulsive. College, where you pursued astronomy, is when you fell out of Islam entirely. The college life was just too much fun. When the other girls in your dorm were having a party, it was too hard to turn down the booze or weed. Nothing is worse than being the only sober person in a room. You managed to keep away from anything worse, at least, and while the parties could get a little wild you never went all the way with any of the guys, though there was one in particular you latched onto, a Palestinian immigrant like yourself. He said you were special to him, and he certainly felt special to you. You were adamant about keeping your virginity, but he had a way with you that was even better than sex. He was always gone by morning, and you always felt so drained afterwards...but it felt so good.

One night when he came over, he seemed more desperate than usual, haggard, and so pale. He'd been in a fight, he'd said. You wanted to call a doctor, but he insisted that all he needed was you...the next thing you knew, you'd awoken next to your lover, half-naked, blood on the sheets - too much blood to be from merely a mistake of passion (and besides, your pants were still on). You'd screamed, and that had woken him. He'd looked relieved. He'd said that he'd been so hungry, had taken so much of your blood that he didn't think you'd live, so he'd done the only thing he could think to do: Embrace you. He'd shown you that he was a vampire...and that you were now too.

You screamed again, and ran. When you came to you were on the beach, terrified, confused, and worst of all, *thirsty*. You could feel the desire for blood rising within you...you did the only thing you could think to do. You fell to your knees, and though it was the wrong time of day, and your body soiled, you began performing *salat*, looking for something, *anything*, to latch on to. You recited prayers you hadn't for years like they'd never been forgotten. You almost demanded why God had

done this to you, but the words died in your throat before you could even finish uttering them. You'd done this to yourself, you knew, with your own choices. Now it was your job to live with the consequences, and move on from them.

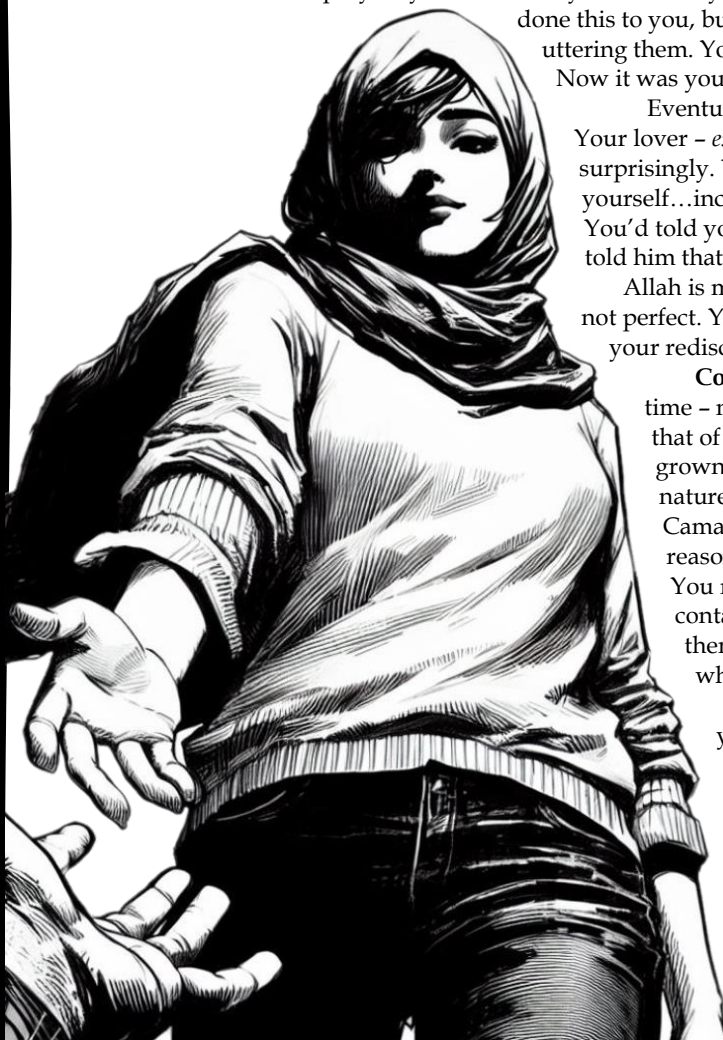
Eventually you got control of yourself and headed back to your dorm. Your lover - *ex-lover*, now, you'd already resolved - was still there, surprisingly. You showered, threw out the bloodied sheets, and clothed yourself...including the hijab you only wore when you visited your parents. You'd told your ex to explain everything to you. And when he finished, you told him that you never wanted to see him again.

Allah is merciful and oft-forgiving. He understands that His faithful are not perfect. You don't know how to reconcile your nature as Kindred with your rediscovered faith...but you are determined to *try*.

**Concept:** You were raised Muslim but fell out of practice for a long time - now you have once again embraced Islam with zeal that rivals that of the newly converted. Your ex-lover is still around, but has grown cold following your rejection of him. At least he explained the nature of Kindred society to you, the Clans of the Anarchs and the Camarilla they rival. He said he was a "Toreador", but for some reason you are not - which is also a part of his new distance from you. You moved out of the dorm into an apartment, but have kept up contact with your dorm-mates if for no other reason than to keep them from worrying. And, admittedly, to take blood from them when needed.

**Roleplaying Tips:** You don't know why this has happened to you, but you know that everything that happens is a part of Allah's design. You act charitably in accordance with Zakat, extending good deeds and good behavior towards others. You hope that maybe some of the other Caitiff will be inspired by your words and embrace the Prophet's message. More than anything, you are searching for a sign from Allah, a reason for why this has happened to you, and what you are supposed to do now.

**Equipment:** Studio apartment, college textbooks, car, prayer mat, copy of the Qur'an, cell phone, hope.



# VAMPIRE

## THE MASQUERADE

**Name:** -  
**Player:** -  
**Chronicle:** -

**Nature:** Penitent  
**Demeanor:** Caregiver  
**Concept:** True Believer

**Clan:** Caitiff  
**Generation:** 14th  
**Sire:** -

### Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●●●○○	Perception	●●○○○
Dexterity	●●○○○	Manipulation	●●○○○	Intelligence	●●●○○
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●●○○

### Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Academics	●●○○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Crafts	●○○○○	Computer	●○○○○
Awareness	●●●○○	Drive	●○○○○	Finance	○○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Etiquette	●●○○○	Investigation	○○○○○
Empathy	●●○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Law	●○○○○
Expression	●●○○○	Larceny	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Leadership	●○○○○	Performance	●○○○○	Politics	●○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Science	●●●○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Technology	●○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

### Advantages

Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Auspex	●○○○○	Contacts	●●○○○	Conscience/Conviction	●●●○○
Fortitude	●●○○○	Herd	●○○○○	Self-Control/Instinct	●●●○○
	○○○○○	Resources	●●○○○	Courage	●●●○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		

### Merits & Flaws

Merit	Cost
True Faith	7
Flaw	Cost
Fourteenth Generation	2

### Humanity/Path

Humanity  
 ●●●●●●●●●○  
 Bearing: \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

### Willpower

●●●●●●●●●○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

### Blood Pool

□□□□□□□□□□  
 □□□□□□□□□□  
 Blood Per Turn: \_\_\_\_\_

### Health

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

### Weakness

### Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 • Abilities: 13/9/5 • Disciplines: 3 • Backgrounds: 5 • Virtues: 7 • Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/2/1)

# Vengeful Diablerist

*"You think your unlife sucks? Try going through it looking like me."*

**Prelude:** Your mother was turned into a vampire, and tried to hide it for a long time, but you and your sister found out. You tried to warn dad, but he didn't believe you two, in fact he kept acting strangely. You now know that he had been blood bound by mom. You know that because when you and sis tried to run away from the farm, mom tried to bind the two of you too. It worked on sis...but not on you. The bind never took. Mom didn't like that at all, and so got dad to punish you, trapping you in the barn, helpless except to watch as your mom forced sis and dad into some kind of sick parody of home life. Eventually mom got it in her head to turn you all into some kind of fucked up vampire family. Imagine being a pre-teen boy experiencing the Kiss from your own mom.

You still didn't behave, still begged mom to let your sis and dad go, to take back the blood bond, to stop hurting all of you. She couldn't, of course, but you were a kid, you didn't know. You were forced to starve a lot - 'no dinner for you, young man' - but sis would take pity on you sometimes and sneak out to where you were locked up in the barn and let you drink her blood. She would alternate between begging you to listen to mom so you could be a family, and begging you to forgive her for not being able to resist her herself. You watched as your sister lost her mind just as much as mom had.

After one particularly long period without being fed, the Beast within you was ravenous. You managed to break free. Dad came to put you back in your place, but you'd grabbed a scythe from the barn's wall and took his head off with one swing, satiating your hunger on his blood. Mom came running out, and though you weren't hungry, you were free and you were *enraged*. You fell on her with terrifying speed, and drank her blood, drained her, didn't stop until it seemed like her *soul* was leaving her rotting corpse.

As the Beast finally quieted, you saw your sister, and she saw you. She knelt on the ground and exposed her throat. As your fangs sank into her neck, you remember hearing her thanking you. Killing your sister was the last kind thing you ever did.

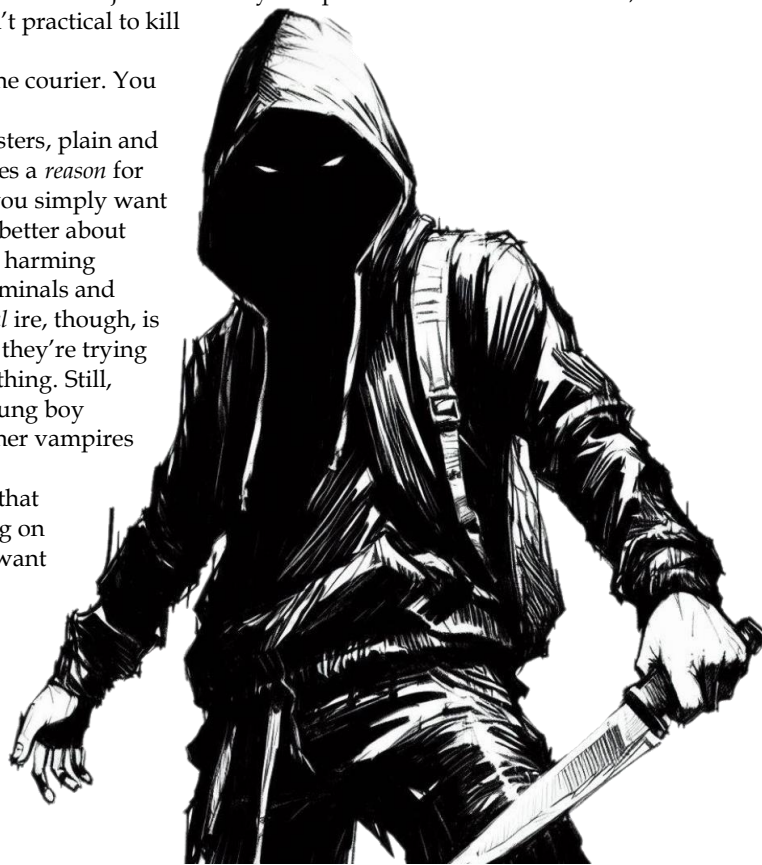
You burned your family's farm to the ground and headed out into the night. Something had turned your mother into a monster, and you were determined to find it and kill it, and every other monster it had ever spawned. Of course, reality hit hard then. You looked ten years old, though you were closer to twenty at this point. You needed to constantly avoid cops and good Samaritans trying to help you - and more than a few perfectly human monsters who tried to take advantage of you, although at least those turned into good sources of blood. You were feeding on a would-be molester's cooling corpse when you met your first other vampire, a courier between cities who offered you a ride. You took him up on the offer, intending to kill him once you arrived in the city. As you and he spoke you learned just how many vampires there were in the world, how big their secret society was. You've come to realize that it isn't practical to kill every single vampire.

...but you sure as Hell are going to try. You started with the courier. You intend to move up from there.

**Concept:** You are a monster that wants to hunt other monsters, plain and simple. While what your mother did to you certainly provides a *reason* for why you turned out the way you did, at the end of the day you simply want to kill and kill and kill some more because it makes you feel better about what you've gone through. You go out of your way to avoid harming ordinary, innocent humans (especially kids), but as far as criminals and assholes are concerned, they're just potential meals. Your *real* ire, though, is saved for other vampires. Especially the ones who seem like they're trying to be decent people. You just know that they're hiding something. Still, you're smart enough to know that your state as a forever-young boy means that you need to collect allies. There must be some other vampires who have been screwed as hard by life as you.

**Roleplaying Tips:** You *fuck*ing hate everyone, but can keep that hatred in check when you need to...and you often do, relying on your coterie to even gain access to a lot of places you might want to go. You're perfectly willing to play up the 'innocent kid' angle to get yourself out of trouble with Kine, and you've found it even works with some Kindred too. You've also learned about the taint of Diablerie, the stain it leaves on your Aura. Doesn't mean you're not going to do it; it just means you'll be careful.

**Equipment:** Apartment with blood-bound owner (you treat him better than mom treated you), knife, school backpack, mountain bike, 9mm pistol stolen from a cop.



# VAMPIRE

## THE MASQUERADE

**Name:** -  
**Player:** -  
**Chronicle:** -

**Nature:** Monster  
**Demeanor:** Child  
**Concept:** Vengeful Diablerist

**Clan:** Caitiff  
**Generation:** 10th  
**Sire:** -

### Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●●○○○	Perception	●●●○○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●●○○
Stamina	●●○○○	Appearance	●○○○○	Wits	●●●○○

### Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●○○○	Animal Ken	●○○○○	Academics	○○○○○
Athletics	●○○○○	Crafts	●○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Awareness	●●○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Finance	○○○○○
Brawl	●●●○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Investigation	●○○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Firearms	●●●○○	Law	○○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Larceny	●●●○○	Medicine	●○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	●●○○○	Occult	●●●○○
Leadership	○○○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	●●●○○	Science	○○○○○
Subterfuge	●●●○○	Survival	●○○○○	Technology	○○○○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		○○○○○

### Advantages

Disciplines		Backgrounds		Virtues	
Celerity	●●○○○	Generation	●●●○○	Conscience/Conviction	●○○○○
Fortitude	●●○○○	Resources	●○○○○	Self-Control/Instinct	●●●○○
	○○○○○	Retainers	●○○○○	Courage	●●●○○
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		
	○○○○○		○○○○○		

### Merits & Flaws

Merit	Cost
Unbondable	5
Flaw	Cost
Child	3
Dark Secret	1

### Humanity/Path

Humanity \_\_\_\_\_  
 ●●●●●○○○○○  
 Bearing: \_\_\_\_\_ ( )

### Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○  
 □□□□□□□□□□

### Blood Pool

□□□□□□□□□□  
 □□□□□□□□□□  
 Blood Per Turn: \_\_\_\_\_

### Health

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

### Weakness

### Experience

Attributes: 7/5/3 • Abilities: 13/9/5 • Disciplines: 3 • Backgrounds: 5 • Virtues: 7 • Freebie Points: 15 (7/5/2/1)



## Caitiff of Note

Most Caitiff go out of their way to avoid being noticed, but history is long and full of exceptions. Indeed, there are even some Caitiff who have, for better or worse, become quite prominent in the World of Darkness

- **The Stoneman**, legendary Caitiff methuselah
- **Mukhtar Bey**, Prince of Cairo
- **Joseph Pander**, founder of the Panders
- **Amethyst**, Baron of Santa Ana
- Esterlino Arquero, childe of Alexi Darba
- "Chétif", sports-hunter of his own childer
- Jacquotte Delahaye, French-Haitian former pirate

## Amethyst, Baron of Santa Ana



**Background:** Wherever the Camarilla hold sway, there is conflict among the Kindred. Princes set clan against clan and coterie against coterie, always scheming to maintain their hold on their power and caring little for the innocent pawns who are destroyed in the process. Clarice Washington was such a pawn. She had been born in the slums of Baltimore in 1911, and by the time she was 15 she was working the streets.

One night, as she was walking home, she was savagely attacked. This was not unusual, but what was unusual was that the guy seemed more interested in her neck than in her purse. She awoke several hours later, alone in an alley, with a burning hunger that she was able to satisfy with a bum sleeping nearby. Despite having no one to help her with the transition, Clarice managed to adapt to her new situation. She had always been smart, ambitious and tough, and she set out to find out how she could use what she now had.

At first, Clarice attempted to get in good with the Camarilla of Baltimore, and even succeeded for a time despite her clanless status, but that fell through when she was betrayed and tossed aside. Changing her name to Amethyst and falling in with the Anarchs, she made her way first to Denver, and then later to Los Angeles, where she played a roll in the Second Anarch Revolt and managed to establish herself as the Baron of Santa Ana by 1960. But that was not enough for her – Amethyst saw no reason why she shouldn't be the next Prince of L.A., and constantly schemed towards that goal, even eventually seizing control of the barony of Anaheim.

Her schemes were dashed in 1998 with the arrival of the New Promise Mandarinate. The Cathayans were able to swiftly overtake the Anarchs through a combination of power and playing the Barons against one another. Seeing the writing on the wall, Amethyst threw in her lot with the Mandarinate, though in truth she was merely biding her time

and hoping to preserve her power base, knowing that the Cathayans were overextending themselves and drastically underestimating the Cainites of California. By 2004 her prediction came to pass, and a four-way war broke out in Los Angeles between Cathayan, Camarilla, Sabbat, and Anarch. Amethyst shepherded her power base through it, but her own mistake was underestimating the werewithal of her rival Anarchs and their own ability to seize the moment. In the aftermath of the war, "Nines" Rodriguez was established as Baron of L.A., with a robust power base that includes support from the baronies of Hollywood and Santa Monica. While incensed, ultimately Amethyst knows that she can afford to wait for a more opportune moment.

Amethyst is a fairly typical example of an anarch gang leader. She is smart, tough, and pretty much just out for herself. She does seem to care for the members of her gang, but beyond that she is mostly interested in watching for her opportunity to seize control of Los Angeles. She has sired several children, all in the same manner of her own siring – leaving them on their own to see if they survive the night, though she does keep an eye on them, and eventually bringing them into her barony if they prove their mettle.

**Image:** Amethyst is a beautiful, sexy African-American woman who stands 5' 8" tall. She has a voluptuous figure, which she accentuates by wearing tight jeans or short dresses. Her hair had been straightened before she died and never regained its natural kinkiness, so she generally keeps it tied back.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Wherever you are, whoever you're with, you're the toughest person in the room. You may appear to be agreeable, or even enticing if it serves your purposes, but inside you are as cold as steel. You will do anything and make any sacrifice to get what you want. You have a particular hatred of Camarilla princes, and might go out of your way to hurt one if you get the opportunity.

**Sire:** *unknown*

**Nature:** Conniver

**Demeanor:** Bravo

**Generation:** 10th

**Embrace:** 1928 A.D.

**Apparent Age:** Late teens

**Physical:** Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Awareness 2, Brawl 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 4, Leadership 4, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 5  
**Skills:** Drive 1, Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Larceny 3, Melee 4, Stealth 3, Survival 3

**Knowledges:** Law 1, Occult 2, Politics 3

**Disciplines:** Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Dominate 4, Fortitude 2, Presence 3

**Backgrounds:** Contacts 3, Herd 2, Retainers 2, Status [Anarch] 4

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

**Morality:** Humanity 4

**Willpower:** 7

## Chétif, the Hunter



**Background:**

**Image:**

**Roleplaying Hints:**

**Sire:** Caelus Silius Uticensis

**Nature:** Monster

**Demeanor:** Bon Vivant

**Generation:** 7th

**Embrace:** 1031 AD

**Apparent Age:** late 20s

**Physical:** Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6

**Social:** Charisma 6, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 2, Awareness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 3

**Skills:** Animal Ken 1, Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Firearms 3, Larceny 3, Melee 6 [fencing], Performance 1, Stealth 4, Survival 5 [forestry]

**Knowledges:** Academics 1, Computers 1, Finance 4, Investigation 2, Occult 3, Politics 2

**Disciplines:** Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Fortitude 4, Potence 3, Protean 3, Presence 4

**Backgrounds:** Allies 2, Contacts 3, Resources 5, Retainers 2

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

**Morality:** Humanity 3

**Willpower:** 10

**Merit:** Unbondable

## Esterfino Arquero, Caitiff Emeritus



**Background:**  
**Image:**  
**Roleplaying Hints:**

**Sire:** Alexi Darba  
**Nature:**  
**Demeanor:**  
**Generation:**  
**Embrace:**  
**Apparent Age:**  
**Physical:** Strength X, Dexterity X, Stamina X  
**Social:** Charisma X, Manipulation X, Appearance X  
**Mental:** Perception X, Intelligence X, Wits X  
**Talents:**  
**Skills:**  
**Knowledges:**  
**Disciplines:**  
**Backgrounds:**  
**Virtues:** Conscious X, Self-Control X, Courage X  
**Morality:** Humanity X  
**Willpower:** X

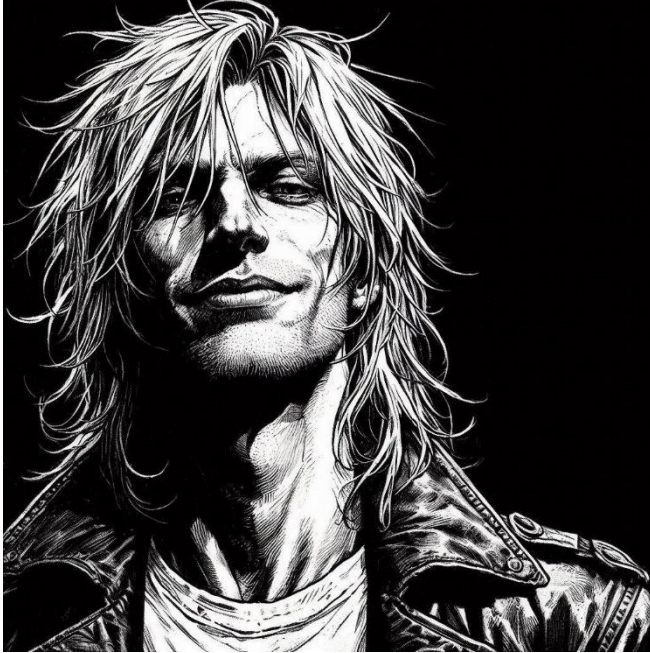
## Jacquotte Defahaye, Freebooter



**Background:**  
**Image:**  
**Roleplaying Hints:**

**Sire:** *unknown*  
**Nature:**  
**Demeanor:**  
**Generation:**  
**Embrace:**  
**Apparent Age:**  
**Physical:** Strength X, Dexterity X, Stamina X  
**Social:** Charisma X, Manipulation X, Appearance X  
**Mental:** Perception X, Intelligence X, Wits X  
**Talents:**  
**Skills:**  
**Knowledges:**  
**Disciplines:**  
**Backgrounds:**  
**Virtues:** Conscious X, Self-Control X, Courage X  
**Morality:** Humanity X  
**Willpower:** X

## Joseph Pander, Sabbat Priscus



**Background:**

**Image:**

**Roleplaying Hints:**

**Sire:** *unknown*

**Nature:**

**Demeanor:**

**Generation:**

**Embrace:**

**Apparent Age:**

**Physical:** Strength X, Dexterity X, Stamina X

**Social:** Charisma X, Manipulation X, Appearance X

**Mental:** Perception X, Intelligence X, Wits X

**Talents:**

**Skills:**

**Knowledges:**

**Disciplines:**

**Backgrounds:**

**Virtues:** Conscious X, Self-Control X, Courage X

**Morality:** Humanity X

**Willpower:** X

## Mukhtar Bey, Prince of Cairo



**Background:**

**Image:**

**Roleplaying Hints:**

**Sire:** Wife of the Tiger and the Snake

**Nature:** Survivor

**Demeanor:** Traditionalist

**Generation:** 7th

**Embrace:** 1354 A.D.

**Apparent Age:** Early 40s

**Physical:** Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6

**Social:** Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Awareness 5, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Empathy 3, Intimidation 4, Leadership 6, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 5

**Skills:** Animal Ken [Falconry] 3, Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Firearms 4, Melee 6, Performance 4, Stealth 3, Survival 4

**Knowledges:** Academics 1, Bureaucracy 3, Investigation 4, Law 3, Occult 2, Politics 5

**Disciplines:** Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Dominate 4, Fortitude 5, Obfuscate 4, Potence 4, Presence 5, Quietus 5

**Backgrounds:** Contacts 3, Influence 4, Resources 5, Retainers 4 (Ghûl mastiffs), Status 5

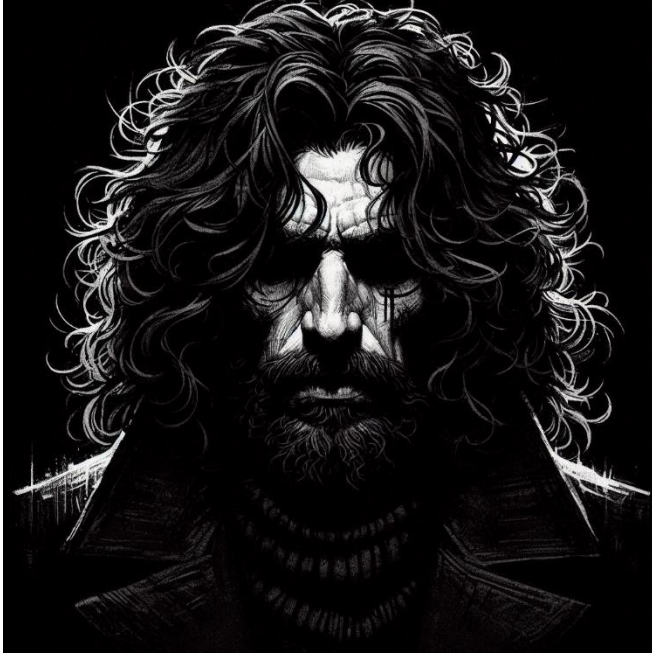
**Virtues:** Conscious 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

**Morality:** Humanity 4

**Willpower:** 9

**Merit:** Iron Will

## The Stoneman, Caitiff Legend



**Background:**

**Image:** The Stoneman appears to be able to take any form he wishes. No two descriptions exactly match, though he is usually described as being “older” or “middle-aged”. He is occasionally said to have pebbly and rough skin, presumably the origin of his epithet.

**Roleplaying Hints:**

**Sire:** *unknown*

**Nature:** Enigma

**Demeanor:** varies; often Caregiver, Eye of the Storm, Pedagogue, or Visionary

**Generation:** *unknown*; believed to be at least 4th

**Embrace:** *unknown*, but not later than 146 B.C., given the Stoneman’s firsthand knowledge of pre-fall Carthage.

**Apparent Age:** varies

**Physical:** *unknown*

**Social:** Charisma and Manipulation *unknown*; Appearance varies according to the Stoneman’s whim and mood, but typically 2.

**Mental:** *unknown*

**Talents:** *unknown*

**Skills:** *unknown*

**Knowledges:** *unknown*

**Disciplines:** *unknown*; has displayed high levels of Auspex, Celerity, Fortitude, Obfuscate, Potence, and Protean; has displayed multiple unique Disciplines.

**Backgrounds:** *unknown*

**Virtues:** *unknown*

**Morality:** *unknown*; likely Humanity, unlikely to be lower than 4.

**Willpower:** 10

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