

Awakening

Diablerie: Mexico

Lying deep in torpor beneath the Mayan tombs is a most-ancient Methuselah. Sleeping away the ages until his time to arise finally comes, he guards himself, and his potent blood, most assiduously. But you have learned where he rests -- and so you search for him. Soon his essence will be yours.

They may have rules against what you are about to do, but they might as well try to stop the night itself. Win, and power beyond reckoning is yours. Lose, and your defeat is final, for the ancients are wrathful against those who disturb their slumber.

Diablerie: Mexico is a new story for Vampire, requiring you to pit your mind and strength against one of the most powerful Cainites in the New World. It includes:

- expanded rules on Diablerie, the most-hated practice of the undead;
- details on including older, more powerful Vampires in a Chronicle;
- information on how the mightiest Kindred protect themselves during their long torpors, including the spirits and traps which guard their slumbers.



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BY NIGEL FINDLEY





Sample file

*A rat crept softly through the vegetation
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
And on the king my father's death before him.*

T.S. Eliot *The Waste Land*

Pietr lowered the limp body of his drained Vessel to the pavement of the noisome alley. He licked the last traces of blood from his lips.

Yes. He could feel the thin vitæ of his victim as a churning incorporated into himself. Refreshing strength flowed through his limbs until his very skin began to tingle. He raised his eyes from the crumpled body of the would-be mugger — how foolish the boy had been to choose as his intended victim a far more lethal predator — and smiled at the cloud-streaked moon hanging distended over the high rooftops of Chicago. His eye teeth — his killing teeth — were still extended, and glinted evilly in the cold moonlight.

Something glittered at his feet — the mugger's switchblade, with which he'd threatened to take his killer's life. How foolish the weapon had seemed to Pietr. How easily he had brushed it aside, before reaching in to shatter the youth's jaw with a single, hideously strong blow. He laughed as he kicked the weapon aside.

The exhilaration of the fresh vitæ was a thin siren-song in Pietr's ears. Even though it had tasted thin, only slightly stronger than water, it still carried with it its full curative and restorative powers. That was interesting, Pietr noted, and valuable. Even though his tastes had become somewhat ... jaded by his recent diet, the blood of mere kine could still serve him. Yes, interesting, and good. Although he would continue in his set path, seeking out and draining those Elders foolish enough to leave themselves vulnerable, Diablerie was not Pietr's sole course of action. The kine could support him in time of need, as they always had in the past.

His tongue and lips tingled — burned, almost — with the memory of the last time he had drunk Kindred vitæ. In France, it had been. Through his research, he had unearthed the Haven of an Elder. By cunning and courage, he had overcome the creature's defenses, and drained that Vessel dry. His heart pounded, and his spirit leapt as he recalled the fierce joy of the Inspiration, the piercing death-yet-not-death of the Rebirth. How he longed to taste once more the savage, hot blood of his own Kindred ...

It was that longing that had brought him at last to this city. Here, his research had told him, he would find a prize beyond price — one of the Kindred who knew the ancient blood-magic, the Ritual of the Bitter Rose. And with that Ritual — when Pietr had obtained it, by whatever means it might take — the Diabolist would gain powers that would elevate him to near-godhood. He would become the ultimate threat to the Camarilla, and the ruler of all the Kindred.

With a harsh laugh of exhilaration and anticipation, he vanished into the night.

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Vampire: The Masquerade™ was created by Mark Rein•Hagen

Dedication:

This book is dedicated to all the characters who died in the playtesting of this story.

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Word from the White Wolf Game Studio:

While we usually possess all the compassion of the IRS on April 15, we have taken in a poor abandoned foundling. Yes, **Rob Hatch** appeared on our doorstep, lost and cold in a world he never made. Being the sweethearts we are, we took him in, chained him to a desk and have made him an editor. So now this hardcore superstar (axeman for the Swarm) will be handling our products as carefully as he does his beloved guitar (how many times have you glued that thing back together Rob?).

Special Thanks To:

Mark "Next Week" Rein•Hagen, for his efforts to get **Werewolf** out to playtesters in time.

Stewart "Judge Automaton" Wieck, for being so Dreddful in four square.

Ken "Fisherman" Cliffe, for not finding his fauna among the local flora.

Josh "Whine, Whine, Whine" Timbrook, for having to abandon *The Masquerade* at 2 a.m.

Andrew "Bring 'em back alive" Greenberg, for *saving* Josh and Wes from all those bloodthirsty Georgia peaches and getting them home by their bed time (whine...whine...whine)

Wes "Fixer" Harris, for bringing his waterpump bill from \$280 to \$20.

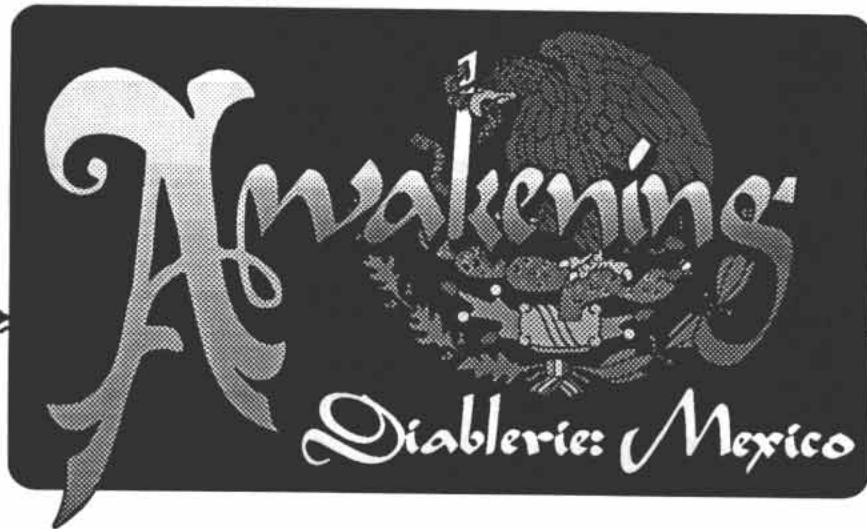
Sam "Dark Foe" Chupp, for turning evil while worming his way to the kingship.

Rob "Hypochondriac" Hatch, for saving up all his illness until he came to work for us.

Chris "Walkies" McDonough, for knowing how to get us worried in **Werewolf**.

Travis "Hunt and Peck" Williams, for getting his **Ars Magica** work done so close to the deadline.

Brian "The Whiz" Blume, for cranking on some jammin' cartography.



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