

THE CHICAGO POLIOS

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SPECIAL THANKS

The backers of Chicago by Night for making this book possible and giving us all kinds of interesting new Kindred for inclusion in this book!

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VAMPIRE: THE MASQUERADE 5TH EDITION created by Martin Ericsson, Karim Muammar, and Kenneth Hite

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Modern Times

On the side of a dirt road just outside of Chicago, three dead people staked a bright white cross into the ground. From afar, it looked no different than any other roadside memorial, both a sign of mourning and a warning to others. On closer inspection, perhaps they would realize that the name on the cross, Randy Zelle, belonged to a man that died in the middle of the last century.

In truth, he had only died a week ago, at the hands of an Anarch enforcer. He sacrificed himself so the Wolf Pack could escape and safely deliver the Prince's child to the Seattle Camarilla. In doing so, he saved Tyrus and thwarted a vision of the future.

A vampire worth their salt has no body to bury, and this was true for Randy, or Ramrod, as the Wolfpack knew him. The Pack

attempted to collect his ashes on the return trip, but by then it had mixed into the soil of the cornfield where he was murdered. His killer disposed of most of his clothing and his personal items, but they found his comb and belt. Ramrod's packmate, Dread, placed them in front of the cross.

Nadine threw the soil and ash mixture above the cross. A cold wind blew most of it away. She made the sign of the cross, the first time since her brother died six months ago.

Tyrus smoked the last of his cigarette and flicked it away. "I should say something, right?"

Dread answered, "By all means."

"Ramrod was a good guy. Always talked big, but that's what I liked about him. Most of the time, he really could pull it off, even to

the end."

Dread nodded. "We've lost a lot of good people. A-Rod. Sledge. Inyanga."

"Inyanga isn't dead," Tyrus said, "Just in some desert."

"From what I hear about what's going on there? She might as well be."

"I'm done," Nadine said. She turned and started to walk back to her motorcycle. "I can't do this."

"What do you mean you're done?" Tyrus asked.

Nadine stopped. "I'm quitting. I'm leaving. I mean, why am I even here now? Mom and Dad? They're gone. Ray's gone. Now it's Ramrod. It's just me now, and I'm going to live forever and it's always going to be like this. I'll have to kill people and eat them. I have to watch them die. It was fine

when I was with someone close, it was even *fun*. But now it's just me! I have to live with this!"

Dread said, "It's not just you, Nadine. There's me, and there's Tyrus. We're the Wolf Pack, and we will pull through this together."

Prince Jackson asked the entire Wolf Pack to give the report in a private room in the Succubus Club, which was the first sign something was wrong. If he couldn't use secured cell phones or coded messages to communicate, he'd settle for one-on-one meetings in public places, under a bodyguard's watch. A group debriefing in a building too-large to easily escape from meant that he was either about to give the gang a lavish reward or harsh punishment. Dread expected the latter.

Jackson insisted that only Tyrus could tell the full story. He explained everything as the Prince sat stone-faced across from them at the table. Dread and Nadine watched with a nervous silence.

When Tyrus finished, the Prince clasped his hands and leaned forward.

He said, "I gave you all a very simple task. I could have sent anyone to do it, but I chose you all. Do you know why?"

Nadine started to speak, but Jackson said, "I want to hear this from Tyrus."

Within the Rock Island Public Library, the entrance to a secret passageway hid between the media center and the front desk. It led to a bomb shelter, where the town's citizens were expect-

She said, "You don't have to make me feel better."

"I'm telling the truth. Ramrod had many ghouls, but he only sired you. That's because you're a survivor, and he could see that. You belong here, Nadine."

Tyrus shrugged. "You needed us out of the city while you broke bread with the Lasombra."

"I wanted to see if Chicago's Archons could do *something* without drawing trouble." Jackson stood up and circled the table. "As you completed your mission, you were seen speaking with agents of Indianapolis' Ministry, one of which is *rumored to be your* childe, Tyrus. You all sparked a conflict with Gary's Anarchs, which *ended in a fake bomb threat and a casualty. One of your own, in fact.*"

He stood at the head of the table *once more. "We are the vanguard of the Camarilla's future. We're the example the entire world looks to. Do you think you're living up to that?"*

"Darius got to Seattle," Tyrus said. "Job's done. That's what matters."

The Prince slammed his hands on the table. "No! Maybe that was good enough for Lodin, but not for me! If you can't do it cleanly, I have no use for you."

ed to hunker down if the Cold War went hot. These days, it was Dread's home away from the road. Tonight, it was going to be the Wolf Pack's refuge.

"Ok." She nodded her head. "I'll give it another shot."

"All right," Tyrus said. "If we're all good, it's time to see the Prince."

"Call a Justicar." Dread's voice was quiet but tinged with fury.

Jackson narrowed his eyes. Dread wasn't sure if the Prince was offended that he spoke out of turn, or surprised that the Gangel spoke up at all.

Dread locked his gaze with the Prince. "It's proper procedure. A Justicar liquidates us, chooses a successor, and life goes on. But which one? Geoffrey walked out with Theo years ago. Once the city knows we're ash, everyone will wonder which clan you chose to replace us, and why. So you either have to take it further upstairs to keep the peace, or you do something right here, right now."

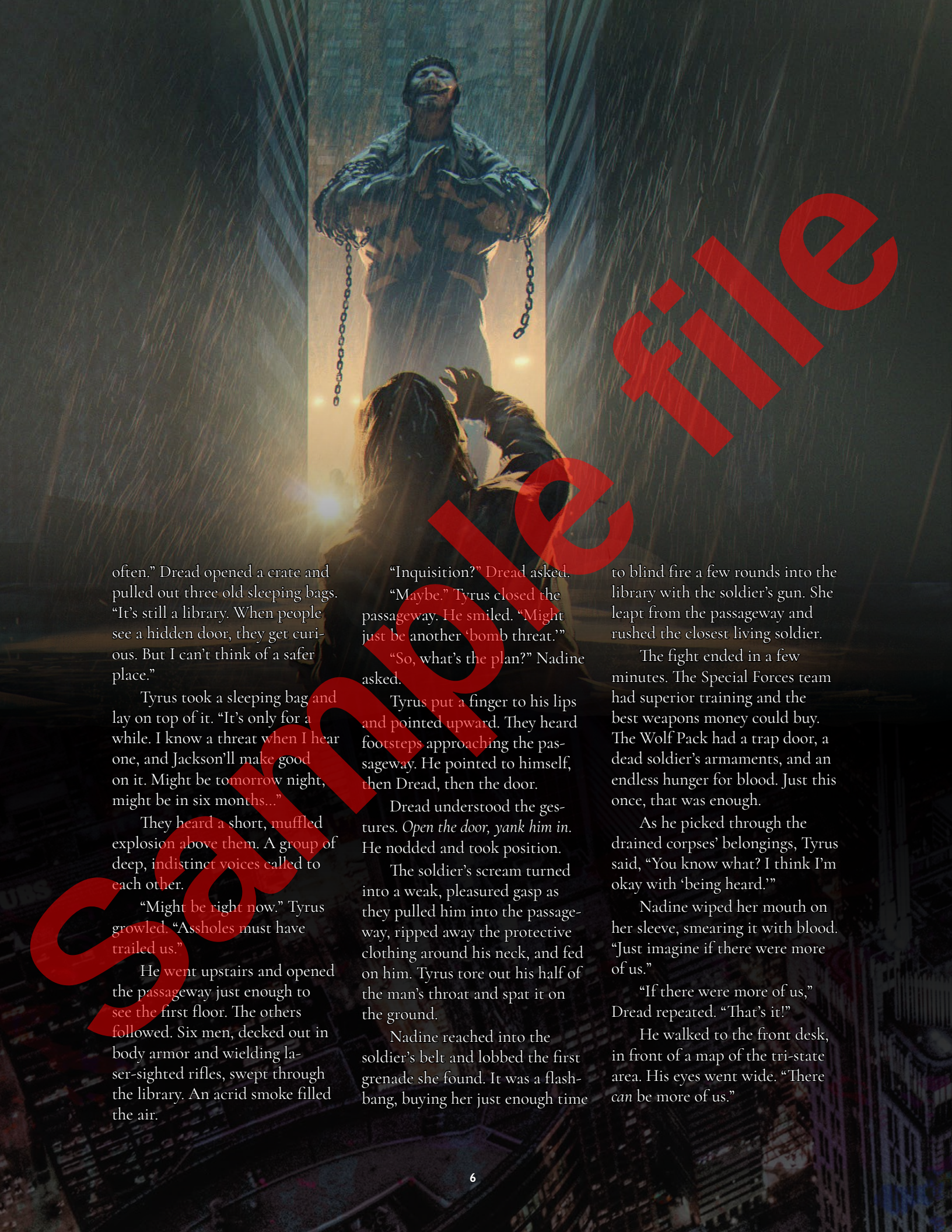
After a moment of uncomfortable silence, Prince Jackson stood up and crossed his arms.

"Fine," he said. "I won't do anything now. But you'll need to prove to me that I should keep you around. Now, get out of my sight."

As the Wolf Pack rose to leave, he added, "If you keep going loud, somebody's going to hear you. Remember that."

"You never told me about this place, Dread," Nadine said. She turned on the lights and saw drab, stone walls and some crates.

"I try not to come here too



often." Dread opened a crate and pulled out three old sleeping bags. "It's still a library. When people see a hidden door, they get curious. But I can't think of a safer place."

Tyrus took a sleeping bag and lay on top of it. "It's only for a while. I know a threat when I hear one, and Jackson'll make good on it. Might be tomorrow night, might be in six months..."

They heard a short, muffled explosion above them. A group of deep, indistinct voices called to each other.

"Might be right now." Tyrus growled. "Assholes must have trailed us."

He went upstairs and opened the passageway just enough to see the first floor. The others followed. Six men, decked out in body armor and wielding laser-sighted rifles, swept through the library. An acrid smoke filled the air.

"Inquisition?" Dread asked.

"Maybe." Tyrus closed the passageway. He smiled. "Might just be another 'bomb threat.'"

"So, what's the plan?" Nadine asked.

Tyrus put a finger to his lips and pointed upward. They heard footsteps approaching the passageway. He pointed to himself, then Dread, then the door.

Dread understood the gestures. *Open the door, yank him in.* He nodded and took position.

The soldier's scream turned into a weak, pleased gasp as they pulled him into the passageway, ripped away the protective clothing around his neck, and fed on him. Tyrus tore out his half of the man's throat and spat it on the ground.

Nadine reached into the soldier's belt and lobbed the first grenade she found. It was a flash-bang, buying her just enough time

to blind fire a few rounds into the library with the soldier's gun. She leapt from the passageway and rushed the closest living soldier.

The fight ended in a few minutes. The Special Forces team had superior training and the best weapons money could buy. The Wolf Pack had a trap door, a dead soldier's armaments, and an endless hunger for blood. Just this once, that was enough.

As he picked through the drained corpses' belongings, Tyrus said, "You know what? I think I'm okay with 'being heard.'"

Nadine wiped her mouth on her sleeve, smearing it with blood. "Just imagine if there were more of us."

"If there were more of us," Dread repeated. "That's it!"

He walked to the front desk, in front of a map of the tri-state area. His eyes went wide. "There can be more of us."

KJ—

I still don't know if you sicced the dogs on us. You wouldn't tell me anyway. If you did, you're a piece of shit, but I can't say I wouldn't have done the same if I were in your shoes.

The news called him the "South Side Dracula," but Dread knew he was just a fledgling. Draining a person in full, public view was the kind of boldness that only came from inexperience, which made him very easy to track.

He was fast but no match for the Gangrel's speed. He cornered the fledgling in the alley.

The fledgling fell to his knees. "I was just hungry, man!"

"I know," Dread said. "That's no excuse."

We're still on the same side. The fights are just too good. Give me a law breaker, and I'll show them my fire and fury, guaranteed.

Nitro — the name Nadine went by nowadays — stepped out from the shadows.

"I was like you," she said to the fledgling. "Scared and starving. But when I was turned, I learned the rules. Now, I enforce them."

"Don't kill me." The fledgling sobbed. "I don't know what happened to me."

"I'm not going to kill you." Nitro patted his shoulder. He flinched. "We're offering you a choice."

But I know me, and I know my gang. We're not quiet, like you want us to be. Lucky for you, we found a solution.

"We could burn you," Dread said. "You'd go up in flames real easy."

The fledgling made a break for it, but Nitro put him in a headlock.

"Or," she said, "you join us. We teach you the ropes, we get you a bike, and you get to live the good life. We've got some very powerful friends that'll make your nights a lot smoother. They can make the 'South Side Dracula' a distant memory. What'll it be?"

If we've got a noise problem, we'll pile up enough people on us to dampen the sound. We're expecting quite an expansion.

The fledgling struggled against Nitro's hold. "I'll join! I swear!"

"You mean it?" she asked.

"I do, just let me go, please!"

"Okay."

The fledgling stumbled back. He rubbed his neck, keeping an eye on the other two vampires.

"So," he said, "What do I do now?"

Tyrus walked into the alley. His coat's rattling chains echoed off the walls, and the fledgling turned to face him. When he was close to the new recruit, he lit a cigarette. The fledgling jumped away from the open flame.

The leader of the Wolf Pack took a long drag and blew the smoke into the air. He tossed the cigarette down and cracked his knuckles.

"Now," he said, "I get to initiate you."

You wanted a reason to keep us around. Here it is: We've got an army, one you can add to your legions. This hasn't been done before, but you did say that Chicago's the vanguard.

If you want to talk about it, you know where to find me.

— T





Introduction

“Camarilla is just a word. But as long as everyone believes it means something, we’re all good and safe. Do you want to be something in this town? Then you have to decide what you want people to believe about you.”

— Alan Sovereign, in conversation with his childe Milena Aronyan

A domain as vast as Chicago can feel intimidating to its resident vampires. It’s easy to get lost in the city’s many streets, alleys, underground passages, and great Elysia.

The domain might also intimidate a Storyteller. When presented with a book like *Chicago by Night*, the scope of the geography, politics, plots, and characters might seem overwhelming.

A Storyteller doesn’t have to utilize every character, chronicle thread, or corner of the city. For the Storyteller running their first chronicle or wanting to introduce a handful of tightly-knit, interesting characters, this book, *The Chicago Folios*, is an excellent place to start.

You will find seeds and hooks here to fuel your stories for dozens of chronicles, with characters who can drop in and out of the plot as you see fit. They can be merged with the ideas in *Chicago by Night* and *Let the Streets Run Red* or stand alone. While there are crossover elements between all three books, each works as a sole volume.

Chronicle Rewards

Many of the chronicles seeded throughout this book describe how certain actions might yield dots in

Backgrounds, Advantages, and occasionally Flaws. The awarding of these dots should be temporary, ending when the session or chronicle ends depending on the dots’ nature. However, the Storyteller should give the players the option of making these dots permanent through the expenditure of experience points.

Entering the City

The *Chicago Folios* are a deep selection of chronicle hooks, illustrative pieces of in-game fiction, character biographies and stat blocks, and new powers for you to play with in *Vampire: The Masquerade*. Any of this information can be altered or transposed to any other domain, so please use a character in your city or a plot for your coterie. Change place names, character ambitions, and clans: This book encourages you to use it as you wish for *Vampire: The Masquerade*.

- **Modern Times** — Follow the dangerous path of the Wolf Pack, Gangrel members of the Camarilla Archons and personal dogs of war for Prince Jackson of Chicago.
- **Introduction** — It’s good to see you here.

- **Chapter One: The Camarilla Record** — Chronicle hooks and characters focusing on the politicking of the Camarilla and what happens when Traditions get broken.
- **Chapter Two: The Anarch Accounts** — Multiple story seeds for Anarch-themed chronicles, ranging from sabotage and assassination to liberation and freedom from Camarilla rule.
- **Chapter Three: Independent and Mortal Perspectives** — Chronicles involving mortal investigations into the city's Kindred problem, and activities concerning the few Hecata and Caitiff of the domain.
- **Chapter Four: Heretical Threats and Observations** — Plentiful chronicle hooks encompassing Kindred religions of all stripes and banners, from the Church of Caine and Bahari to the Cult of Mithras and the thin-blooded Ashfinders.
- **Chapter Five: Character Folios** — Over 20 individual vampires with their own stories of life and undeath, each with their own plots and intrigues, and every one of them with a unique stat block. These characters are perfect for inclusion as supporting characters and antagonists in your games.
- **Chapter Six: Loresheets** — Several fresh Loresheets connecting to characters, events, organizations, and esoterica from Chicago and the surrounding area, all usable from character creation onward.
- **Chapter Seven: Blood Sorcery Rituals** — New Blood Sorcery Rituals to expand the range of those introduced in *Vampire: The Masquerade*. Though created by the vampires of Clan Tremere, any vampire with a Mawla who practices Blood Sorcery might find some new toys with which to play in this chapter.

Setting your Stories in Chicago

Chicago is an iconic city for *Vampire: The Masquerade*, and may therefore feel daunting to the prospective Storyteller. *Chicago by Night* provides dozens of characters and story hooks, and this book expands the content even further. A Storyteller might look at all these options and feel paralyzed with indecisiveness or overwhelmed with options.

There is, however, no need for such concern.

This book is a toolbox, and just as when you need to build or mend a machine, you only require the tools for the job. Everything else can stay in the box until it's needed. Consider the type of story you're hoping to run

and which characters from this book (or any of its fellow sourcebooks) fit the task ahead.

The following examples provide advice for setting stories in Chicago without drowning in its depth of content.

Intimate Stories

Are you aiming to participate in an intimate game of personal horror, mainly focusing on the player characters and their mortal contacts? In that case, select one of the non-political stories in this book, such as *Oh Brother* (p. 62), and populate the supporting cast with kine the characters know and one or two other vampires, such as Claudi Aymerich (p. 63) and Shejana (p. 106) as detailed in that section of *The Chicago Folios*. You do not need to familiarize yourself with every Elysium in the city, the movers and shakers on the Primogen Council, or the aspirations of Prince Jackson. Such a story will be entirely confined to areas the characters know and affect SPCs in their immediate orbit, to make any threat seem pressing.

If you intend to create a story wholesale but use a character from this book to help flesh it out, select someone like Mateo Garcia (p. 138) or Amelia Locke (p. 148) as they're both apolitical and can add flavor to any story, the former showing the horrifying lows vampires sink to and the latter offering a form of hope and love in their behavior and activities. Do not feel you need to have player characters attending the Succubus Club and rubbing shoulders with every Toreador in the domain if the intimate story you have in mind is about the fear of losing Touchstones or the drama and terror of sating your Hunger.

Thrilling Stories

The Chicago Folios is filled with threats, whether they're aimed at player character areas of concern or the entire city. Stories surrounding the hunt for a killer or flight from the same, the urgent protection of loved ones or a mystery in need of solving can energize players. *Re-opening a Cold Case* (p. 40) and *Bad Medicine* (p. 57) each deal with a different kind of mystery that can be played as time sensitive. When a mortal is snooping around Kindred affairs or hunters target vampire havens, the pressure to handle the situation escalates.

When running tales involving thrills and suspense, a Storyteller should consider expanding the roster of characters from the intimate one or two to provide background detail. They would also benefit from noting down the key points of a handful of locations around the city, perhaps because bodies are going to be found at those sites, or those are the places an illicit handover is destined to take place.

Characters such as Eustace Lancaster (p. 125) and Zal (p. 109) make for interesting characters to throw into a story where the PCs need to be on edge. Both are characters teetering on the brink of alien or monstrous behavior. Ensuring the player characters can't trust the word or motives of those around them is a good way to ratchet up suspense.

Stories of Faith

Chicago is not a center of worship for any major religion, Kindred or otherwise, making any stories of introspection, searches for enlightenment, and encounters with the miraculous all the more special and inviting. Stories where a Golconda-seeker appears in Elysium or a wise elder claims to know the best method by which one can chain up the Beast appeal to many vampires in a city as dense and jaded as Chicago.

If your story focuses on faith, again, there's no necessity to use this entire book or the whole roster of Kindred from **Chicago by Night**. Research the city, find three or four places of worship — churches, synagogues, mosques, or even community centers — so you can adequately describe the appearance and feel of such a place, along with their proximity to other amenities. Then, select Kindred such as Salt (p. 133) or Arden Canty (p. 141) to act as counsel or adversary to the player characters.

Religious stories have a solid place in Chicago because there are so many Kindred passing through the domain with different beliefs, most of whom are keen to spread their word. Stories in this book such as **Divine Intervention** (see p. 70) and **Eating its own Tail** (p. 73) are excellent ways of introducing characters to tales of faith.

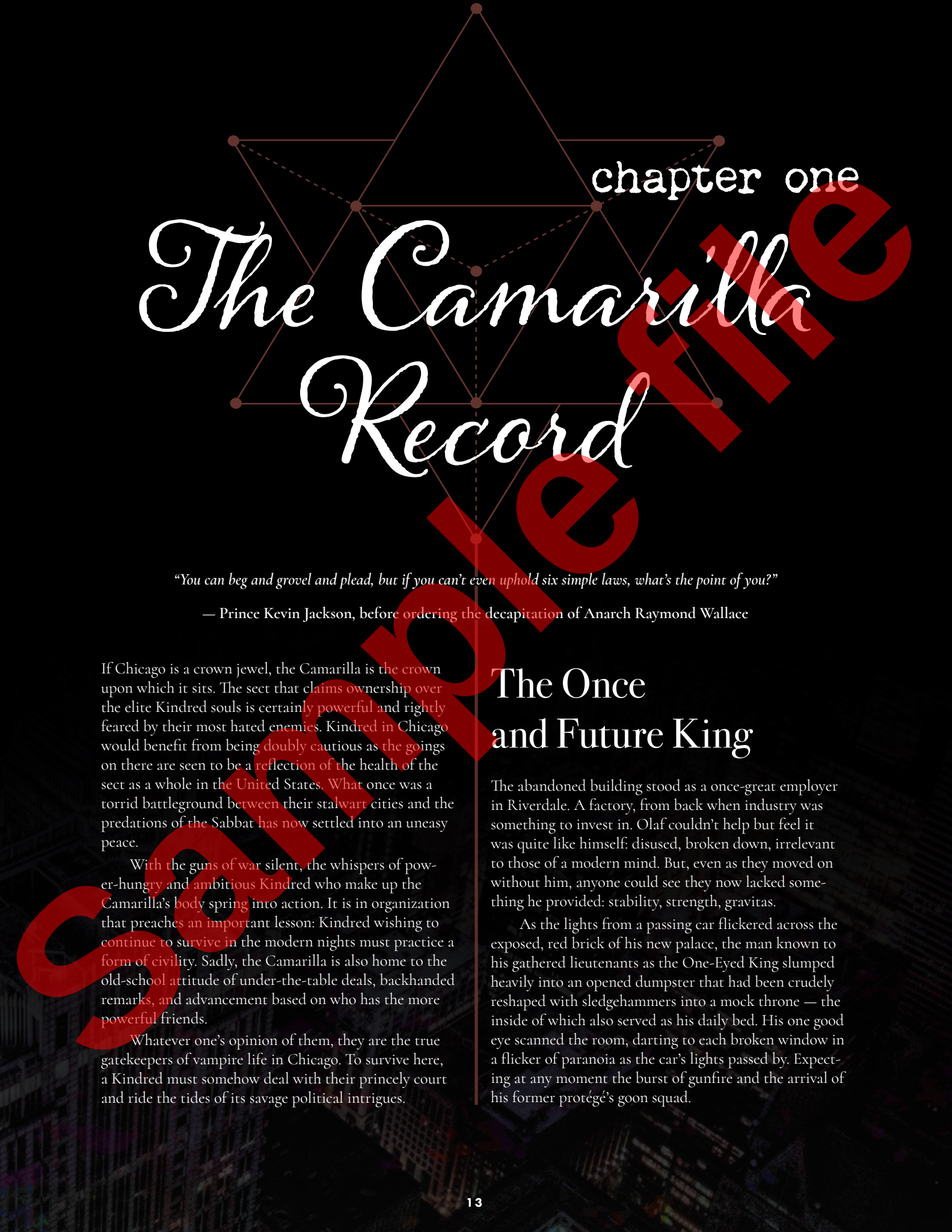
Political Stories

Stories requiring the greatest amount of research are likely the political ones, as it benefits the Storyteller to acquaint themselves with the Prince and Primogen of the city, along with other titled vampires. However, these stories don't have to play out with PCs entering Elysium, meeting every Primogen, and being chastised by the Prince. Instead, consider making a political story about one clan's struggle to achieve greater territory for its members, the story of how the Gangrel are being pushed out of the Primogen Council since their clan joined the Anarchs, or of how the Caitiff feel they deserve representation in Chicago.

This book contains a host of Camarilla and Anarch stories, with **Changing Allegiance** (p. 70) and **The List of Ten** (p. 50) as prime examples of chronicle hooks that can cover a local level of politics or an expansive plot that might concern all the Anarchs in the city. Characters such as Jennifer MacKay (p. 99) bring an explosive fire to any political plot while Alphonse Gabriel Capone (p. 146) introduces a subtle, behind-the-scenes look at political stories.

Never feel you need to utilize everything in this book or any other sourcebook to be an excellent Storyteller. Only incorporate the elements you need. Doing so makes your task simpler and prevents players from floundering in lists of names, places, and events that may not concern them.





chapter one

The Camarilla Record

"You can beg and grovel and plead, but if you can't even uphold six simple laws, what's the point of you?"

— Prince Kevin Jackson, before ordering the decapitation of Anarch Raymond Wallace

If Chicago is a crown jewel, the Camarilla is the crown upon which it sits. The sect that claims ownership over the elite Kindred souls is certainly powerful and rightly feared by their most hated enemies. Kindred in Chicago would benefit from being doubly cautious as the goings on there are seen to be a reflection of the health of the sect as a whole in the United States. What once was a torrid battleground between their stalwart cities and the predations of the Sabbat has now settled into an uneasy peace.

With the guns of war silent, the whispers of power-hungry and ambitious Kindred who make up the Camarilla's body spring into action. It is in organization that preaches an important lesson: Kindred wishing to continue to survive in the modern nights must practice a form of civility. Sadly, the Camarilla is also home to the old-school attitude of under-the-table deals, backhanded remarks, and advancement based on who has the more powerful friends.

Whatever one's opinion of them, they are the true gatekeepers of vampire life in Chicago. To survive here, a Kindred must somehow deal with their princely court and ride the tides of its savage political intrigues.

The Once and Future King

The abandoned building stood as a once-great employer in Riverdale. A factory, from back when industry was something to invest in. Olaf couldn't help but feel it was quite like himself: disused, broken down, irrelevant to those of a modern mind. But, even as they moved on without him, anyone could see they now lacked something he provided: stability, strength, gravitas.

As the lights from a passing car flickered across the exposed, red brick of his new palace, the man known to his gathered lieutenants as the One-Eyed King slumped heavily into an opened dumpster that had been crudely reshaped with sledgehammers into a mock throne — the inside of which also served as his daily bed. His one good eye scanned the room, darting to each broken window in a flicker of paranoia as the car's lights passed by. Expecting at any moment the burst of gunfire and the arrival of his former protégé's goon squad.

"Let there be darkness! This mocking glare offends mine sight, let it be no more!"

The lieutenants shifted uneasily in their places. Sure, the old man had guided them faithfully to lucrative lives of crime so far, but his ridiculous demands and sermons were still, at best, difficult to understand and, at worst, life threatening. Some of them moved to the windows and pulled cardboard and corrugated iron over the openings.

"What do you have for me, my childer?" enquired Olaf, casting his gleaming eye over the young men before him. Each one a reflection of his former progeny in some manner, be it physical or something he had seen in them. "What news from my domain?"

"T-Bone said some kids have been snoopin' around our patch lately. Said they ain't from down here. Sumbitches got nerve, for true."

The One-Eyed King observed the speaker with a tilt of his head, causing a tattered hat to slide somewhat to the left, perching on a scar above his left eye.

"Tell me Mr. J. What manner of men are these? And do they travel by night or by day? For when the eye of heaven is hid behind the globe that lights this lower world, then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen."

A chuckle rose nervously from the small group of street-thugs.

"Silence!"

And ended abruptly. Olaf turned once again to the now startled looking lieutenant.

"You were saying...?"

"Uh... they was here at night, for sure. And they've been back a couple times, always at night, like you say. Should we fuck these suckers up?"

After a long, pregnant pause for consideration, and to the dismay of the more violent of Olaf's henchmen, the hideous monarch spoke. "No. Extend them an invitation to the court."

Bottom Rung

Cast: Terry "T-Bone" Jenkins — *Street Pimp*, Michelle Jacobs — *Escaped Sex Worker*

WHAT HAPPENED:

The coterie has been operating in Riverdale for a while, trying to get some purchase in low level crime. They have made the acquaintance of a street thug and pimp, known to the locals as "T-Bone" for his penchant for using brass knuckles with a single spike on them to kill people interfering with his girls. He runs his small-time operation out of a seedy motel called the Top Rung, and the Kindred are hoping to secure a piece of it. Unfortunately, they have discovered T-Bone is part of the network of the minor crime boss known as 1IK.

While trying to muscle in on T-Bone's racket seems simple enough a task, gaining access to 1IK would be considerably more valuable.

T-Bone promises the coterie that he can arrange a meeting between them and the boss, but they have to scratch his rather massive back first. One of his girls has run out on him and he can't have word of that getting out. The coterie is asked to bring her back in line or take her out of the picture. In return, T-Bone will put the word out to the king that he's got guests.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie point-blank refuses to harm this innocent woman who is simply trying to escape the dreadful life T-Bone and his crew dragged her into. Upon refusal, they are forced to fight T-Bone and his three accomplices. If successful, the coterie gains the Adversary Flaw with Olaf and will be attacked by any street-level criminals they encounter when trying to pass through or operate in Riverdale and its surrounding environs.

- Swallowing their morality, the Kindred succumb to their darker nature and kill Michelle, satisfying their agreement with T-Bone. He makes the arrangements, but the coterie is forced to jump through further hoops for one of Olaf's lieutenants before he will allow an audience. In Olaf's mind, violent Kindred who kill without mercy are likely to be Prince Jackson's assassins, rather than mere fledglings looking for allies. These actions will also test the Humanity of all but the most depraved Kindred.

- Through cunning and judicious use of their undead abilities, the Kindred convince Michelle to return to the Top Rung and her life in T-Bone's operation. They are met back at the motel by a large group of men, protecting an incredibly scarred and filthy homeless man with a bizarre crown on his head. They gain Olaf as a three-dot Mawla and when dealing with Riverdale gangs are considered to have one dot of Influence.

Attribute Focus: Physical / Social

I Live With Bread, Like You

Cast: Olaf, the One-Eyed King (*Chicago by Night*, p. 221)

WHAT HAPPENED:

Now inducted into the outer reaches of Olaf's circle of trust, the former Prince quickly ascertains that these new charges are Kindred. For that reason, they are capable of performing tasks his other lieutenants simply are not.

The coterie's attempts to influence him all seem to fail against his iron will, and he laughs at their attempts to control him. He asks them

to monitor certain persons of interest to him and report back. His knowledge of Kindred politics in the city, while perhaps a little rusty, is too well-developed to be mortal, and they are easily able to identify him as a vampire.

How will they respond to the eccentric former Prince's demands? Will they turn informer for him, hoping to elevate him to a loftier position, and them alongside? Will they seek to turn him in for their own gain? Will they simply murder him on sight? Of course, doing so will lead to no benefit for them, and the killing of a broken-down homeless man — even if he was an undeclared Kindred — will not win much praise at court.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie works on the tasks Olaf gives them for long enough to earn his trust. Over time, he has them kill former lieutenants and take their place, always beginning to refer to them as one of his former childer. The coterie is now considered to have four dots of Influence in Riverdale and gain Olaf as a three-dot Mawla. Their work with the One-Eyed King's gangs also earns them a communal two dots of Resources to share, up to a maximum of Resources 3.
- The coterie humor the madman long enough to garner more information about who he is. Once they do so, they inform Prince Jackson of his survival and presence in the city. Discerning his true identity as Lodin is not an easy task for a group of people who likely haven't even heard his name before, but it is rewarded by gaining one dot of Status with the Camarilla in Chicago and the opportunity to seize control of Olaf's former network for themselves. Of course, if Olaf somehow survives Prince Jackson's purge, he becomes their mortal enemy and will stop at nothing to destroy them.
- The coterie is only interested in taking what iK has, not who he is. They cannot influence him, but they are more than a match for the heavily wounded Kindred. Though he, no doubt, severely wounds at least one of the coterie members. They also need to contend with whichever of his lieutenants remain loyal to him when they attack. Of course, some may be happy to see the back of the old fool and new blood taking his place. Unfortunately, no benefit is gained as the enterprise relied on Olaf's knowledge and will need rebuilding. Also, without knowledge of his identity, Olaf is just another dead vagrant to the Camarilla.

Attribute Focus: Physical / Social

Tortoise and O'Hare

***TELEPHONE RECORD - ROSA HERNANDEZ
2235 HOURS***

ROSA HERNANDEZ (RH): Darren, it's Sofia. I need an update on the airport situation.

DARREN O'NEIL (DON): It's been a hellish week, boss. The CIA are onto something there I just don't know what it is, and they're not telling.

RH: Would you describe their position on this problem as... unusually discreet? Or is it just the usual level of G-Man bullshit?

DON: Who can say?

RH: I was hoping you, that's why I pay you so well, right?

DON: Oh yeah, I figured there had to be a reason.

O'Neil chuckles, a brief pause indicates that Hernandez has not found the joke amusing

DON: Right... sorry boss. I'd say it's unusual insofar as they won't even give us a reason for their presence there at all. Normally we'd get at least a hint of a crime. Maybe they're moving something through the airport.

RH: Maybe. Maybe they're watching for something. Or someone.

DON: Well, if they are, they're keeping quiet about the name.

RH: Take a break, Darren. I'll call you tomorrow night. You're the best investigator I know from our line, so if you can't find out what's up, I'll look into this myself.

CALL ENDS

***TELEPHONE RECORD -
ROSA HERNANDEZ - 2240 HOURS***

The call beeps through to an voicemail

RH: Looks like you were right to be worried. Our new buddies are keeping watch. Not sure what Flyboy is up to in there but it's starting to attract attention. I'm going to have to step up my plans.

CALL ENDS



Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?

Cast: Noah "Flyboy" Grewal (*Chicago by Night*, p. 117), Rosa Hernandez (*Chicago by Night*, p. 118)

WHAT HAPPENED:

For Noah, there's always been risk in trying to hold on to O'Hare Airport. So far, he's been willing to face up to them in whatever way he could, but things are starting to heat up.

He's not sure if Rosa Hernandez is coming for the airport or for him. But, she is coming, slowly and surely. He's already picked up on her clanmate and PI, Darren O'Neil, snooping around. He sometimes wakes up from demented dreams of her claws around his throat. Is she on to him? Is she aware that he's been passing information to the CIA all this time? Or is it just greed bringing her to his door? Whatever the case, this won't be as simple as last time. He'll need some help finding out what he needs to know to take out someone as powerful as Hernandez.

When Rosa finally comes to meet him, their conversation is unusual. She talks to him of an imminent danger. The mortal authorities are monitoring the airport more closely than usual; they're looking for something, or someone. Maybe they've picked up on his peculiar feeding habits. Either way, he should get the hell out of there until things die down.

Sounds reasonable, right? Wrong. Flyboy built this little empire by taking risks and he's not about to walk away from all of that because some spooky old vampire

told him a scary story. Plus, the mortal authorities are interested in the airport.

If she finds out why they're interested, it could be a problem. He identifies a coterie of young Kindred trying to make a name for themselves as useful people he could take under his aircraft wing.

Flyboy approaches the coterie, seeming agitated but cordial. He offers them refreshment and comfort in a private lounge in the airport. He tells them a tale of how he came from nowhere and started with nothing, now all this belongs to him. He's a success story. He asks the coterie to investigate the doings of Rosa Hernandez in relation to the airport: frustrate her efforts, hinder her investigations and, if possible, discover the location of her haven. This would be rewarded with exclusive access to the fruits his domain has to offer.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- Rosa exposes the coterie's attempts to hinder her and it drives her to step up her investigation of the airport and Flyboy. This failure severs their relationship with Flyboy and grants them the Enemy Flaw, with Rosa Hernandez as a two-dot Adversary.
- A number of Rosa's contacts and leads are covered up and silenced without drawing too much attention to themselves, however they do little to distract Rosa from continuing her investigation. Flyboy informs them that he cannot have them lurking around the airport while she's watching so closely.

- The coterie succeeds in deflecting Rosa's attention from Flyboy's activities and convinces the Gangrel Primogen that the CIA presence in the airport is not linked to the presence of Flyboy, all the while keeping their involvement a secret. Flyboy awards them his permanent hospitality, saying that he now sleeps easier. The coterie each gain him as a one-dot Mawla and will find themselves strangely passed over by any Second Inquisition investigations through the city, at least for a time. If they manage to track down Rosa's haven, they later hear she was torched during the day, sparking a contest for Gangrel leadership.

Attribute Focus: Mental

In and Out

Cast: Catherine Maia — High-End Cocaine Smuggler, Paula Lange — Crooked Customs Official, Walter Kravic — Down on his luck DEA Agent, Rosa Hernandez (Chicago by Night, p. 118)

WHAT HAPPENED:

The airport isn't just a place where people fly in and out of the city, it also handles a great deal of the goods traded, legally and otherwise. One of the people assigned to monitor the traffic in the airport is Agent Walter Kravic; however, he's been struggling to deal with the machinations of one of the local crime kingpins for some time, and it has hurt his reputation.

Rosa approaches the coterie with this sad tale of a mortal down on his luck. She describes Walter as a decent family man who deserves a break, and she's going to give it to him. If they can help her expose the methods of the gang smuggling cocaine through the airport, she'll have the pretext she needs to mount a full-scale investigation of the involvement of the Department of Aviation management's role in the scandal. Plus, the coterie will have potentially gained a valuable contact who can keep an eye on the comings and goings of the city's major airport for them.

Catherine's drugs are being shipped in sealed containers, supposedly full of refined petroleum. Rosa suspects Paula may be handwaving these shipments through.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- While investigating Paula, the coterie foolishly brings themselves to the attention of airport security. Paula accuses them of stalking her and calls for them to be arrested. The coterie narrowly escapes and are considered wanted by the police, requiring them to lay low. When they emerge, they will find that Rosa is unwilling to entertain their incompetence any further.

- The coterie successfully helps Walter expose Paula but not the gang to which she is connected. Rosa thanks the group for their assistance but indicates that there's not enough evidence to pursue the DoA for being linked to the corruption. However, Walter gains a commendation for his work and becomes a two-dot Contact for the group.
- The coterie takes their time and investigates Paula's movements thoroughly. They successfully identify her accomplice, Catherine — a ghoul to one of the city's Nosferatu — who is an important player in drug running within the city. Following her, they later find her having a secret meeting with a DoA executive. Rosa is elated as she closes in on seizing the airport from under Flyboy's nose. Walter, taking credit for the investigation, is promoted and becomes a two-dot Ally for the coterie. Rosa's friendship, alongside Walter's, grants them one dot of Influence over the airport.

Attribute Focus: Mental

Iron Fist: Velvet Glove

I can never stand the heat in places like this.

I mean, not places like this, but you know, places like this. That's why I always come to the Blue Velvet, dear. Space, fine décor, and the smell. Do you smell it, Darling? No, of course you don't. And that's the point, isn't it?

What you're not smelling is a tangled mass of bodies thrashing around, burning out their ear drums, and soaking each other with who-knows-what to prove they're alive, or just to feel alive again. It's so small, so childish, don't you think? This act of chasing what one can never have back.

You'll find those chasers can be quite... attractive, in their sordid way. All that passion, all that zeal. If only they had a single thought in those desperate heads as to what to do with it all. And of course, that's where we come in, Dear. You're not with them, you're with me. And we're in Blue Velvet, where more civilized Kindred come to be ourselves. The selves we can't be elsewhere.

See that man over there? That's one of the Prince's closest associates. That lady there recently started working for the Sheriff. And him... hmm... I'm not sure who that is, but the man he's talking to is the Seneschal. That's what coming here is about. Finding your way is simpler with the right companions, and this is where you'll meet them.

Of course, the most important lesson you learn about survival these nights is what you don't see. I know it sounds pretentious, even monstrous, but all those beating hearts

on a dancefloor can only drag you down. It's just a risk not worth taking.

As for the exertion... Ha! Exercise? Not like we're getting fatter, are we?

Fountain of Knowledge

Cast: Bronwyn (*Chicago by Night*, p. 141), Dominic Le Salle — *Reclusive Jeweler*, Alan Smythe-Winters — *Jazz Pianist*, Dominic's Ex

WHAT HAPPENED:

Bronwyn is hosting an event she plans to call "A Taster for a Taster". She has already drawn up the Kindred invitation list, selected the appropriate vessels for their tastes, and hand-picked the new childer for introduction at the event. Of course, only the established membership will be partaking of the prime herd, so she needs something for the newcomers. Something exquisite to whet their appetite and enthrall their senses at the same time.

She tells of a prodigious jeweler who she became aware of through some mutual acquaintances. However, he always spends his time socializing in loud, obnoxious spaces, despite his own timid nature. That simply won't do. If someone could go and secure from him a piece of his to act as the centerpiece of her latest extravaganza, perhaps they themselves could earn an invite to an exclusive soirée later. Not to mention they'd have Bronwyn's gratitude.

Dominic is not a difficult man to track down at a lavish studio event, but he insists that his works are not for sale to anyone at this time, as he is still mourning the end of his last relationship. His "prior" is simply obsessed with him and won't leave him alone. If they could do something about that, perhaps he'd do business.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie sees this as a simple task. They beat Alan to within an inch of his life and tell him never to go near Dominic again. Upon returning to speak with Dominic about their reward, they find he has gone into hiding after hearing about what they did to Alan, afraid that they are some sort of gangland thugs. Bronwyn is not pleased and banishes them from Blue Velvet in disgust.
- The coterie speaks to Alan, and he agrees to stay away from Dominic for the sum of \$5000. The price seems worth it to secure the jewels for Bronwyn. Dominic is, however, offended at how little a price he was worth to Alan. He gives the coterie one of his drabber works; Bronwyn thanks them for their

efforts, but they can tell she isn't fully satisfied with the results.

- Seeing this interaction as an opportunity, the coterie discovers more about Alan. It turns out he's quite the up and coming name in the jazz world. Bringing him into their service as a ghoul — or by other means of persuasion — the coterie not only secure Dominic's latest and finest work for their service, but they ask if Bronwyn needs entertainment for her event. She gleefully accepts and is pleased with the group's initiative. The exquisite jewelry becomes the centerpiece of the event as a grotesque and beautiful blood fountain lined with rubies. The active participants gain an invite to a future event at the Blue Velvet and a two-dot Retainer in Alan, whose performances at the Blue Velvet earn him or his domitor two dots in Resources.

Attribute Focus: Social

Long Live the Prince

Cast: Prince Kevin Jackson (*Chicago by Night*, p. 209), Alan Sovereign (*Chicago by Night*, p. 216)

WHAT HAPPENED:

There's nothing quite like an audience with the Prince to help a Kindred get ahead in Chicago. Although, opportunities to enjoy such an event don't come around all that often. For those who frequent the Blue Velvet, it is far more likely.

The coterie, planning for their evening in the high-class establishment's lounge, happen to spot the Prince and his Seneschal entering and being shown to a table. After a short while, they are approached by one of the waiters and asked to join their conversation.

The Prince and Seneschal question these young bloods on their plans and ambitions, their loyalties and their views on various aspects of politics.

An audience with the Prince can help a Kindred get ahead in Chicago, but the wrong words can be death, or worse, a total shunning.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- One or more of the coterie's members takes the opportunity to get all their beefs with how things are run in this city off their chest. Jackson seems almost amused by their candor while Sovereign simply stares and continues to invite them to dig themselves deeper in the hole. The relatively brief encounter ends with the Prince promising to take their complaints "very, very seriously indeed". He uses a level of sarcasm not requiring a check to detect. The active

participants lose one dot of Status. If they have no Status, they simply gain the apathy of the Prince.

- A member of the coterie nervously let slip sympathy for the Anarch Movement and their goals of democracy and total Kindred freedom. The Prince abruptly calls the conversation to a close and leaves. The active participants in this event are subject to a shunning by Camarilla Kindred for a period of the Storyteller's choosing — at least one chapter of game time.
- The coterie's loyalty and witty repartee impresses and entertains Prince Jackson and Alan Sovereign. He spends a good amount of time enjoying their company and, before he departs, asks each in turn for their names once again. Sovereign hands them each a business card. All active participants in this event gain one dot of Status in Chicago and gain Alan Sovereign as a three-dot Mawla.

Attribute Focus: Social

From the Ground Up

"Look out at it, our city. Every shining light is another life, another story being told. And what does that story tell you? Are those people sitting down in front of a television set, enjoying an evening of mind-numbing entertainment? Are they consuming a candlelit meal with a special someone? Or better yet, taking it to the bedroom? Are they using their time or wasting it?"

I suppose those mortals deserve a break after a hard day's work, if they've done one at all. But it's night now and our work has just begun. I was like you once; I came here with nothing. Not even a dream to sustain me or really any hopes or ambitions beyond surviving day to day. My mother taught me that time was the only gift any of us are ever truly given by God and how we spend it is the most important thing there is. So, I spent mine working. Working to make something enduring and bigger than me, that would be here after I was gone and would provide what was left of my family with the rest they needed.

The Camarilla isn't so different. You look at it and you see the building, like that tower there. Huge, impressive, almost garish, indeed. It almost seems like there is no need for something that big. But it has been working hard, every night for longer than any of us have been alive. It has been grinding away at the threats to our existence that would put an end to us given the chance.

I don't believe there's a plan for us, like my mother did. I believe that each one of us has a duty to those who not only come after us but who came before. We have to guide them, teach them and show them a better way.

The Camarilla moves slowly, it improves by degrees, that's why it needs people like us, cleaning up the shit so that it stays clean and doesn't fall into shambles and ruin.

Prince Jackson is a visionary, Friend. He has a plan for us. I don't know if God does, or whatever you might believe in, but he certainly does. Are you going to work hard to help him, or are you just another television-watching nothing?" — Milena Aronyan, Clan Ventrue

Grindstone

Cast: Milena Aronyan (p. 150)

WHAT HAPPENED:

From small beginnings, great things are built. Like the Camarilla, or so Milena believes. She takes an interest in new Kindred, looking to see if any of them have what she believes it takes to be a player in the kingdom that Prince Jackson is trying to build. She's willing to invest in that talent to bring them into the meritocracy the Prince is ostensibly cultivating. Through proving themselves, any Kindred or coterie can improve their lot and reap their just rewards.

Milena recently came into the ownership of a logistics warehouse in the docks. The previous owners were lax in getting new business in and the place had fallen into disrepair. The coterie is given a stipend to refurbish the place and get it operational, bringing goods and supplies in and out of the city as a front for moving items — and even boxed up Kindred — to whatever destination the Camarilla deems fit. If they can accomplish this simple task, it'll be a first step on the big ladder.

WHAT COULD HAPPEN:

- The coterie laughs at Milena's rose-tinted view. They turn the warehouse into a communal haven for themselves and secure it against intrusion. While this grants them a two-dot Haven, their laziness irks the rising Ventrue and she whispers to the Prince of their unwillingness to contribute to his reign.
- The business proves more difficult than the Kindred expected, with customs officials monitoring their imports and exports, as well as other companies being unwilling to deal with this new start-up with no history in the business. Milena appreciates their efforts but shakes her head at their failings.
- Through a combination of resourcefulness, commitment, and hard work, the coterie works together to turn the fledgling business into a successful start-up. Clients request their services and they take several truckers and delivery drivers into their employ. The