

THE BOOK OF CHANTRIES

Darkness Lives in Lands Beyond

Beneath the Seas of Ash, through the Lost City X, in the twisting corridors of Doissetep or the steaming jungles of Moreauvia, mages ply their trade. In custom-built Horizon Realms, these wizards build Chantries, strongholds of their might and monuments to their vanity.

Bearers of the Light Beware!

Intrigue and betrayal, madness and horror, greet visitors to these hidden lands. The Path to Ascension takes many forms, and the temptation to stray from one's chosen Path is strong. A mage is never truly safe, even within the walls of her own Chantry.

The Book of Chantries is a sourcebook for Mage: The Ascension, detailing the mages' places of power.

- Ten complete strongholds; Tradition Chantries, Technocracy Constructs and Nephandi Labyrinths, including over 40 NPCs.
- A ready-to-run scenario starring Samuel Haight, the werewolf skinner.
- Complete rules for creating your own Chantry.



4598 STONEGATE IND. BLVD.
STONE MTN., GA 30083

MAGE

ISBN 1-56504-084-8
WW 4003 \$18.00



0 99379 04003 8

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Brian "Sorcerer's Apprentice" Campbell, for making the mushrooms sing.

Rob "Smoldering Angst" Hatch, for being Harlan Ellison's long-lost love child.

Mark "Singin' in the Rain" Rein•Hagen, for his Gene Kelly impression.

Steve "Stream-of-Consciousness" Brown and Phil "Gordian Knot" Brucato, for their mutual admiration society.

Ken "Out, Out, Damn'd Printer" Cliffe, for teaching the spider to fetch.

Stewart "Elric with a Buzz Cut" Wieck, for being around whenever Phil was cursing at the machines.

Bill "Glass Walker" Bridges, for teaching Phil how not to curse at the machines.

Andrew "Bibliomancer" Greenberg, for that handy reference library.

Shadow "Bad Office Humor" Leid, for her amazing flying pumpkin truck.

Sample file

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Word from the White Wolf Game Studio

First of all, the good news; **Mage** is a hit. The overall reception has been enthusiastic, and we're really pleased, to say the least, that the game has gone over as well as it has. We thank you all for your continued support.

Now the bad news; we goofed a bit on that first printing. Despite our efforts, a few mistakes were made, and we are heartily ashamed.

As we wipe the egg from our faces, allow us to direct you to the **Mage** errata in the back of this book and the tables in the **Mage Storytellers Screen**. Again, we apologize to our fans, and we will avoid such mistakes in the future.

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Prelude: Beyond the Tapestry

By Kathleen Ryan



Amanda awakens inside a kaleidoscope. Green light eats her eyes like acid, and dancing, electric neon signs rebound from every surface of the ancient car. Her white dress is patchwork; the dashboard is stained; her mouth is as dry as ashes. She looks up. "Where are we?"

"Vegas." The Old Man turns to her as he speaks, his voice deep and calm. "We're making good time. How did you sleep?" His eyes glow red as the traffic light changes.

"I dreamed that I was dead again."

"I know," he says, his voice so soft for an assassin. "The nightmares will stop once we reach my home."

"Home?" Amanda, black widow, magickal killer, feels a nervous flutter as she flexes stiff muscles. The car is so tiny and so old. Shards of the death she so recently survived still burn in her veins, pulsing with her heartbeat. Like a diver who ascends too quickly, she feels light-headed, out of breath. The knowing eyes of her Avatar angel still linger in the waking world. For 15 hours he has driven them, neither stopping nor explaining their destination. Her empty stomach grumbles. She waits for an answer, but the Old Man says nothing.

They drive on in silence, and it begins to rain.

"We are going to my Chantry."

"What's a Chantry?" It has been 10 hours since his last words, and Amanda is peevisish, hungry, stiff and sore.

"We can only speak for a few moments. The Garou — werewolves — do not take kindly to telephone wires around these parts, so we may speak freely. The enemy has no way to hear us out here. If my car were bugged, I would know it. In a few minutes, we will join another highway. We might be heard then. You had questions?"

"A Chantry?" she repeats.

"A stronghold for our kind, for the Awakened." His dark, deep-lined face looks like stone in the early dawn light. "A place free from Paradox."

"How can that be?"

"It exists outside this form of reality, woven from a tapestry of our own choosing."

"Right," she says, "whatever. So where is it?"

"One of its forms is in Phoenix, Arizona. I cannot explain the other to you right now. When you see it you will understand."

"We haven't stopped?"

"We haven't needed to," he says, and she realizes that the gas gauge still reads "full."

"Speak for yourself," she snaps, "I'm hungry as hell, and thirsty too!"

"My apologies," he replies, taking out a box of wooden matches. "It has been so long since I have needed to worry about such things." He shakes the box, produces a match seemingly from nowhere, and lights it. As sulfur smoke curls in the dim light, she feels the hunger and thirst recede. In moments, she is no longer hungry.

"Nice trick," she says, and he smiles. "We will stop when we arrive. Now hush."

The sign over the door says "Rare Books," but the first thing she sees is a corpse. The old man steps over it lightly, shutting the door quickly against the harsh Arizona sunlight. The dead man's hands circle his own throat, and

Amanda is surprised at how little the sight moves her. *Have I gone so far so fast?* she wonders. She remembers her Avatar and its bloody hands.

"Check his teeth," says the Old Man. She does so. "Am I looking for anything in particular?" she queries.

"Pointed incisors."

"Right. Whatever." She checks. "Nope."

"Good," he replies. In the distance, she hears a train whistle. "Please put him in that closet over there, behind that door." So saying, he moves to a shelf and begins to gather odd gimcracks and a few small books. Amanda shoulders the dead body — a boy, she notes, not quite twenty — and carries him to the closet. His feet topple a stack of paperbacks; one hand drags open a red, leather-bound volume. She props the boy between two brooms and a hanging raincoat, whispers a brief prayer for the dead — her own stab at redemption — and closes the door.

As she moves away, she hears a faint chewing sound, and hopes that it's only rats....

The smell of old books hangs heavy in the room as she rejoins the Old Man. "Come," he says as he walks through the tumble-down, box-and-crate aisle, though a door smaller than the closet's, and into a tiny but elegant room. Books and other things rest under glass in neat display cases. A low table stands before a chrysanthemum-colored damask couch, and the Old Man passes through the door to one wall. He snaps his fingers, and a door opens in the blue-colored wall. He glances to his apprentice, and the two pass through the door.

The hallway is low and poorly lit, though by what she cannot say. The wooden floor creaks softly, and a low whine, like sirens, begins as they mount an ebony staircase that spirals into darkness....

She has no name for him, nothing she can call out. Pitch blackness shrouds her vision and the sirens rise to a deafening pitch. Before she can panic he takes her arm, lightly, and pulls her into a tiny room....

As she crosses the threshold, the sirens die and the little room fades away. For an instant, there is nothing; swirling vertigo steals her breath, stops her heart. She falls...

...and lands painfully, on one arm, in cool white dirt that resembles bone shards. The plain stretches out to the horizon, where it meets a strange night sky. The desert vista is only occasionally broken by feedy patches of grass and bent, wizened trees. A herd of black gazelles stampedes across her line of sight, raising a cloud of bone-colored dust. On a small rise, a mansion of blood-colored stone shimmers in triple moonlight. The Old Man reaches down to help Amanda to her feet, smiling slightly. "Welcome home."