



The Hunters Hunted

The Battle is Joined

By Bill Bridges



*'Strange friend.' Isaid, 'here is no cause to mourn.'
"None," said the other, 'save the undone years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is your
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world.'*

— Wilfred Owen. *Strange meeting*

Too often humans scurry in fear of the dark. Too often they curry favor with the lords of evil. Too often they are weak, petty, vain and foolish. But not all, and no always. The battle is joined.

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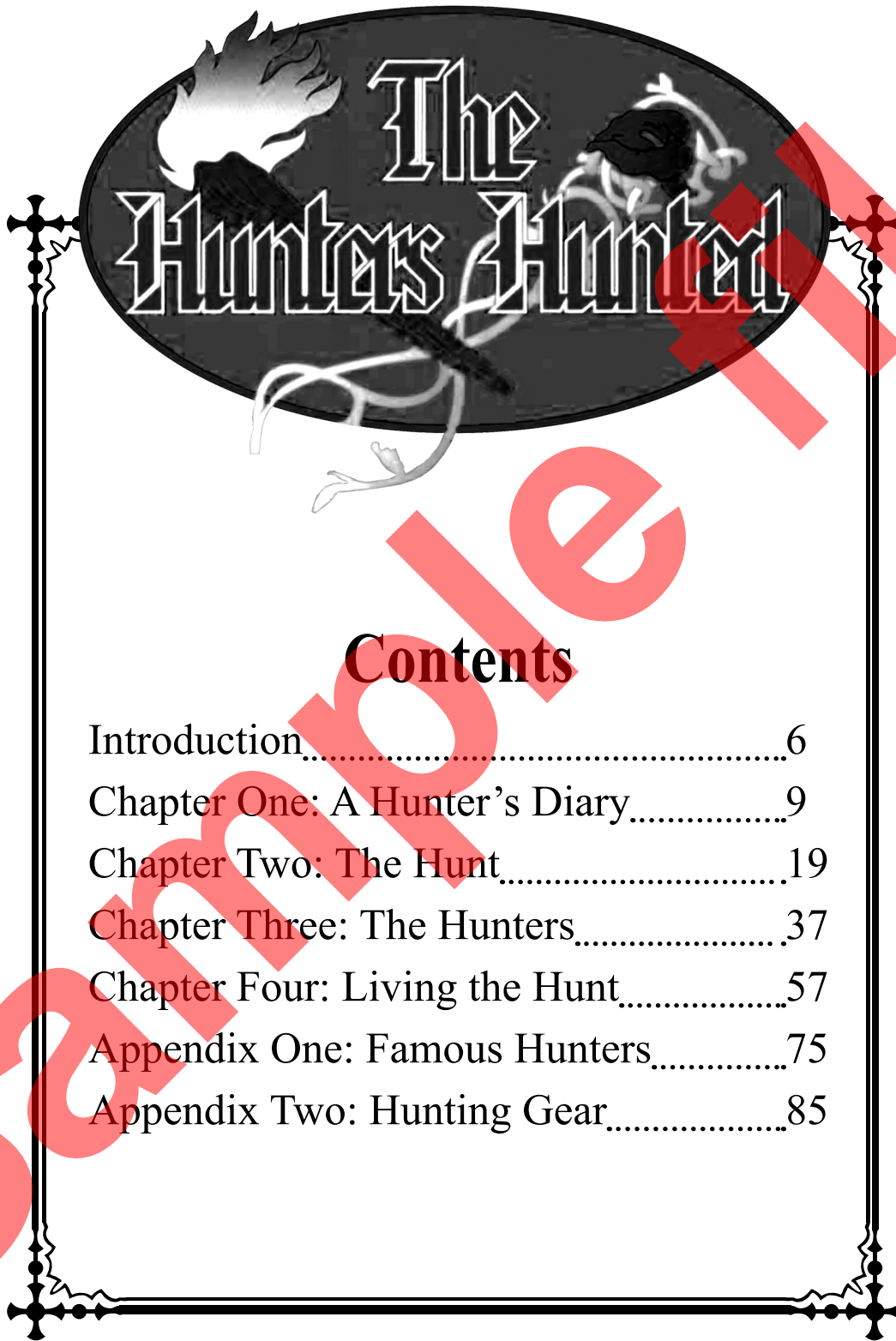
Chris “Mickey Ears” **McDonough**, forgetting to Florida when the getting was good.

Word From the White Wolf Game Studio:

Of course, the big news this time around is the release of the third edition of the game which started it all, Ars Magica. The game of powerful magics, treacherous foes and bloody Crusades has been improved. The magic is bigger, the combat is better and the demons are everywhere. Even the setting has grown, with information and maps of Mythic Europe to please even the most jaded gamer. Yeah, I know this update sounds like rejected ad copy, but we’re proud of this one.

Dedication:

To Isaac Asimov, for too many reasons to mention.



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Introduction

The destiny of mankind is not decided by material computation when great causes are on the move in the world ... we learn that we are spirits, not animals, and that something is going on in space and time, and beyond space and time, which, whether we like it or not, spells duty.

— Winston Churchill, 10/16/41

Simon stumbled down the street toward his dark and lonely Haven. The streetlights burned into his eyes, their dim glows like harsh suns to his powerful night senses. He ached inside, for he was hungry and had not been able to feed again tonight

If the police had not busted The Backroom, he would have been able to drink from any of the many mortals there. He was very good at getting the vitæ from them without notice. Provided, of course, they had privacy. But police meant questioning, so he had to leave quickly, before they could detain him past all escape.

But wait, what was that? That figure across the street, following... Ah, one of the club goers. Perhaps the night is not yet over.

Simon began to cross the street, towards the girl whose aura glowed with a suppressed excitement. He chuckled, congratulating himself on his skill at seduction, and relieved at the imminent quenching of his relentless thirst. This was his favorite kind of prey, and her innocence aroused him.

Simon stepped up to the sidewalk. The young girl trembled as he reached his hand out for her, caressing her cheek. His sensual touch slid down to her neck, and she gasped as he pulled her to him and began to kiss her soft, sweet flesh.

Now. Now was the moment, and Simon smiled wide as his fangs ached for the piercing and the wash of vitæ. He began to close them down onto the neck when hot, sharp pain tore through his chest and his muscles locked in the

rigor of paralysis. His eyes fought to see the wooden stump imbedded in his chest — into his heart.

Cynthia reached into her purse and pulled out a can lighter and a can of hair spray. Within minutes the unliving corpse lay inflamed and Cynthia was walking away, the fire sending her shadow leaping and dancing joyously on the walls of the alley.

The Role of the Hunter

In the world of Vampire, even the predators have predators. The Kindred feed on kine, but occasionally the kine bite back. This supplement is about the mortals who hunt Vampires. Their faces and methods are many, as are their motives, but they all share a common pursuit the destruction or control of the Kindred. With the possible exception of other Undead, these are the Vampires' worst enemies.

The origin of the Kindred is lost in the mists of prehistory, except for the few legends that survive. These legends tell that the first enemies of the Kindred were their own kind, with Caine's attempt to destroy his own progeny being their first baptism of fire. From then on, Vampires have ever distrusted one another, and are eager to destroy others of their kind in order to further their own chances of survival.

And yet they continue to create their own Progeny. Mortals are the clay of this creation; mortals as Kindred themselves once were. Kindred not only endanger the