

# Vampire™

## *The Masquerade*



*By: Mark Rein•Hagen*

**Vampire™ uses the Storyteller™ Game System**

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**Dedication:** This game is dedicated to Vaclav Havel, Poet, Playwright, & Statesman —who was its inspiration.

*“We are still under the sway of the destructive and vain belief that man is the pinnacle of creation, and not just a part of it, and that, therefore, everything is permitted.... We are incapable of understanding that the only genuine backbone of our actions — if they are to be moral — is responsibility — responsibility to something higher than my family, my country, my firm, my success. Responsibility to the order of Being, where all our actions are indelibly recorded and where, and only where, they will be properly judged.”*

—Vaclav Havel,  
in a speech to the United States Congress

**Attention:** Reader discretion is advised. The themes and issues described in this game may be disturbing to some and distasteful to others. Though our purpose is not to offend, our use of the Vampire as a metaphor and as a channel for storytelling may be misconstrued. To be clear, Vampires are not real. The extent to which they may be said to exist is revealed only in what they can teach us of the human condition and of the fragility of the splendor which we call life.

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**Artist Models:** Skot Lee Willson, Dean Carlson, Tommy O'donnell, Clay Thompson, John Ganser, Denise Devorak, Denny DeBourbon, Joel SUntan.

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# VAMPIRE

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*Nosferatu (nôș' - fer - ă - tōō)*

January 3rd

To W.H. from your most devoted servant.

Many years have passed and I fervently hope that time will have dulled somewhat the distressing memories you carry. I dare to send this in a spirit of supplication; although your forgiveness is too much to ask, I crave at least your understanding. I owe you some kind of explanation for the events which shattered your blameless life.

And, I admit, I do this also for myself. Your learned friend was only partially right - I am more than simply that. Although I exhibited precious little *Menschwert* before you and your companions, the flame of Humanity still burns in my breast, albeit erratically. Time and nature both struggle to extinguish it, completing my descent into the *Inferno* of madness and bestiality. Then I should truly become that which he described in his book. I must guard my soul well - as well as any priest - for any lapse in vigilance lets in the Beast, with results which you yourself have seen.

I know it is impossible to atone - an eternity of pious prayer is too short a time. But, as a mark of penitance, I lay before you the enclosed document, which act makes me a traitor to mine own kind. I pray that you may find something in its pages to help you understand the torment I inflicted upon you, and by understanding, perhaps, dispel some little amount of the pain. The tone, I fear, is somewhat dry; a soldier has little need for pleasing tricks of poesy to beguile a reader. I have merely set down that which I know, as well as I may.

In parting, may I presume to render my condolences on the regrettably death of your husband, which news I read in the Times of London. Your love for him is only too well-known to me. If the prayers of such a creature may be of any comfort, know that you have mine.

I owe you a debt that can never be discharged. If, at any time, I may be of service to you or your family, I am at your command.



Semper servus,  
V. J.

# THE DAMNED

## *The Origins of the Kindred*



Like mortals, we have our own history and lore, by which we seek to explain our existence and understand our place in the world. Just as the veracity of your legends is lost in the shrouds of history, so is the truth of our lore uncertain. However, over the years I have unearthed a number of different sources, and by comparing and contrasting them, I believe I have arrived at some semblance of fact and truth.

Most of our lore is contained within an ancient text known as the *Book of Nod*. Neither I nor any of my acquaintances has ever seen or heard of a complete copy, although fragments have been published over the centuries, *multis linguis, multis causis*. There is much confusion and contradiction, and some versions appear to have been deliberately falsified.

Over the centuries, I have been fortunate to peruse fragments in Greek, Turkish, Aramaic, Latin and *Hebraica Quabalistica*, as well as translations from Old Kingdom hieroglyphics and Assyrian cuneiform. Inconsistencies are rife, but the main burden of the tale is that my kind is descended from Caine, whom some call The Third Mortal.

Outcast from mortal society for the killing of his brother, Caine was cursed with eternal life and a craving for blood. We, his children, are the heirs to that curse, condemned to repeat his crime endlessly.

Caine wandered in the wilderness until his name was all but forgotten. He returned among mortals and was able to establish himself as the ruler of a city, named Enoch, Uniech, Enkil or what you will. Many Kindred call it the First City. Here, Caine created three progeny — those whom we call the Second Generation. They in turn begat the Third Generation, who are numbered at nine, twenty-seven, one hundred or not at all, according to the source one reads. Caine forbade the creation of any further Kindred, perhaps having gained

some understanding of what he had unleashed upon the world. There is no word of Kindred establishing Caine's rule elsewhere, and if they all remained in the First City, their increasing numbers must have strained the mortal population.

All was tranquil in Caine's domain until a great flood destroyed the city. Caine saw this as divine punishment for returning to the world of mortals, and resumed his wanderings, leaving his Progeny to their own devices. Though he forbade them to create more, they ignored his imperative as each of his Progeny desired a Brood of their own.

No more is heard of our ancestor, although from time to time, a Vampire calling himself Caine will appear in some part of the world or another. Occasionally, he is revealed as an imposter, but more often he vanishes as suddenly as he appeared. Some believe that Caine still lives, while others — myself included — think it more likely to be some subterfuge of the Elders. It is said that Caine is rent with sorrow for having unleashed such misery and suffering upon the world.

Once free of Caine's restrictions, the Second and Third Generations created a great multitude of Progeny. They ruled together briefly, but all was not calm between them. Eventually, the youngest Generations rose and slew their Sires, drinking their blood. This Fourth Generation built another great city (some sources hint that it might have been Babylon, while others suggest that it rests somewhere beneath the sands of Egypt), which we know only as the Second City.

The rule of these new Vampires was not untroubled, for certain Kindred of the Third Generation still lived. Indeed, some say they were secretly behind the slayings of their Elders. It was made known that they alone reserved the right to beget Progeny, and any of the Fourth Generation who disobeyed them were hunted down and killed, they and their Sires with them. Though the Fourth Generation lived in public, the Third Generation, which we know today as the Antediluvians, lived in secret and revealed to no one the location of their Havens. For nearly two millennium (some say 23