

GUIDE TO THE
SABBATH

FAIT ACCOMPLI

By JUSTIN R. ACHILLI, with W. H. BOURNE,
ANNE SULLIVAN BRAIDWOOD, JOANNE FITZROY AND JESS HEINIG

CREDITS

Original Concept, Design and Development: Steven C. Brown and Andrew Greenberg

Updated Concept, Design and Development: Justin R. Achilli

Authors: Justin R. Achilli, W.H. Bourne, Anne Sullivan Braidwood, Joanne FitzRoy, Jess Heinig

Additional Material: Clayton Oliver

Editor: Carl Bowen

Art Director: Richard Thomas and Lawrence Snelly

Layout & Typesetting: Matt Milberger

Interior Art: Andrew Ritchie, Fred Hooper, Greg Loudon, Jason Felix, Leif Jones, Michael Gaydos, Mike Danza, Ron Spencer, Rebecca Guay, Richard Kane Ferguson, John Estes, Guy Davis, Vince Locke, Mike Huddleston along with Adam Rex, Larry Macdougall, Brian LeBlanc, Darren Frydendall, Matt Roach, John Cobb, Andy Bennett, Paul Lee

Front Cover Art: Bill Sienkiewicz

Front & Back Cover Design: Matt Milberger

© 1999 White Wolf Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction without the written permission of the publisher is expressly forbidden, except for the purposes of reviews, and for blank character sheets, which may be reproduced for personal use only. White Wolf, Vampire the Masquerade, Vampire the Dark Ages, Mage the Ascension and World of Darkness are registered trademarks of White Wolf Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Werewolf the Apocalypse, Wraith the Oblivion, Changeling the Dreaming, Werewolf the Wild West, Trinity, Vampire Storytellers Companion, Ghouls Fatal Addiction, Guide to the Camarilla and Guide to the Sabbat are trademarks of White Wolf Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters, names, places and text herein are copyrighted by White Wolf Publishing, Inc.

The mention of or reference to any company or product in these pages is not a challenge to the trademark or copyright concerned.

This book uses the supernatural for settings, characters and themes. All mystical and supernatural elements are fiction and intended for entertainment purposes only. Reader discretion is advised.

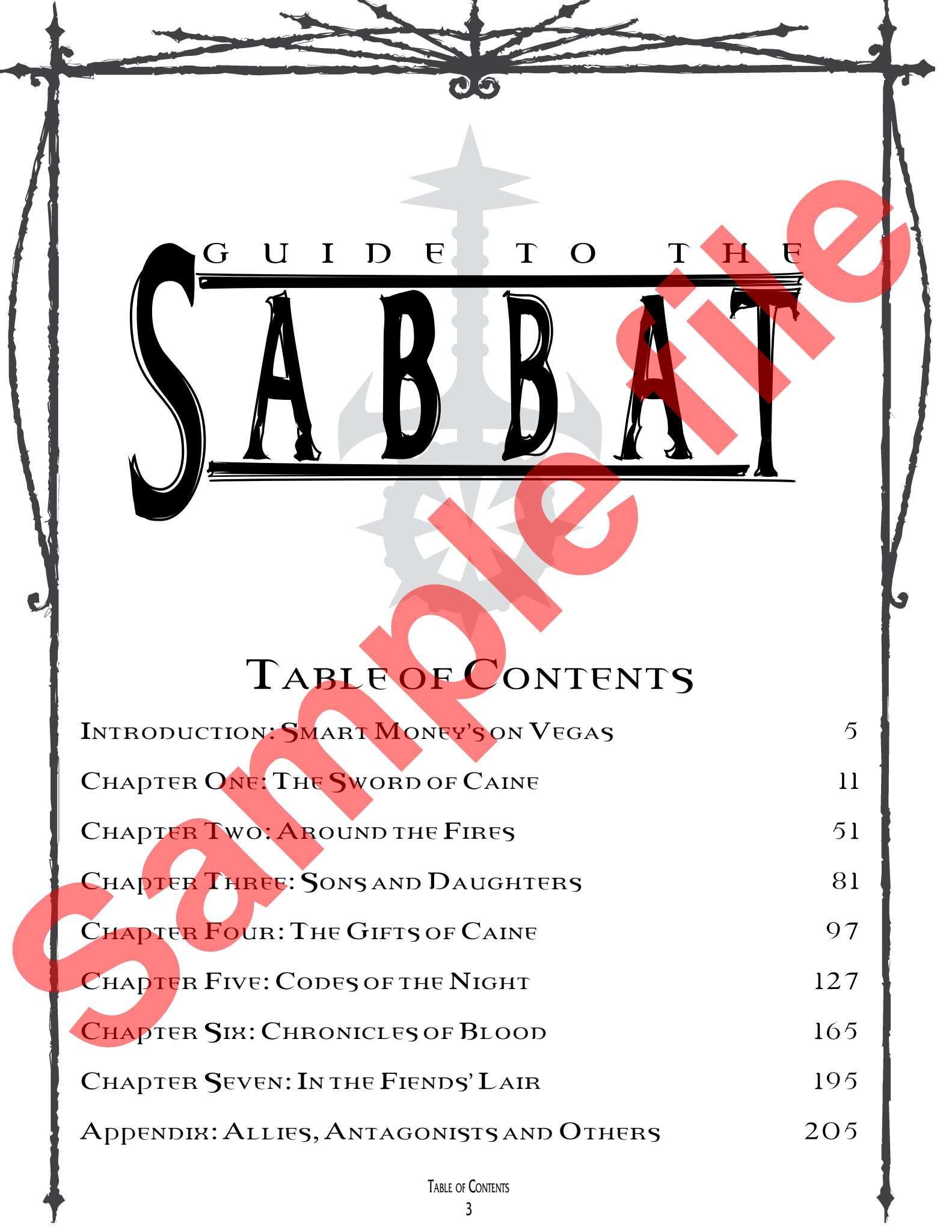
Check out White Wolf online at

<http://www.white-wolf.com>; alt.games.whitewolf and rec.games.frp.storyteller

PRINTED IN USA.



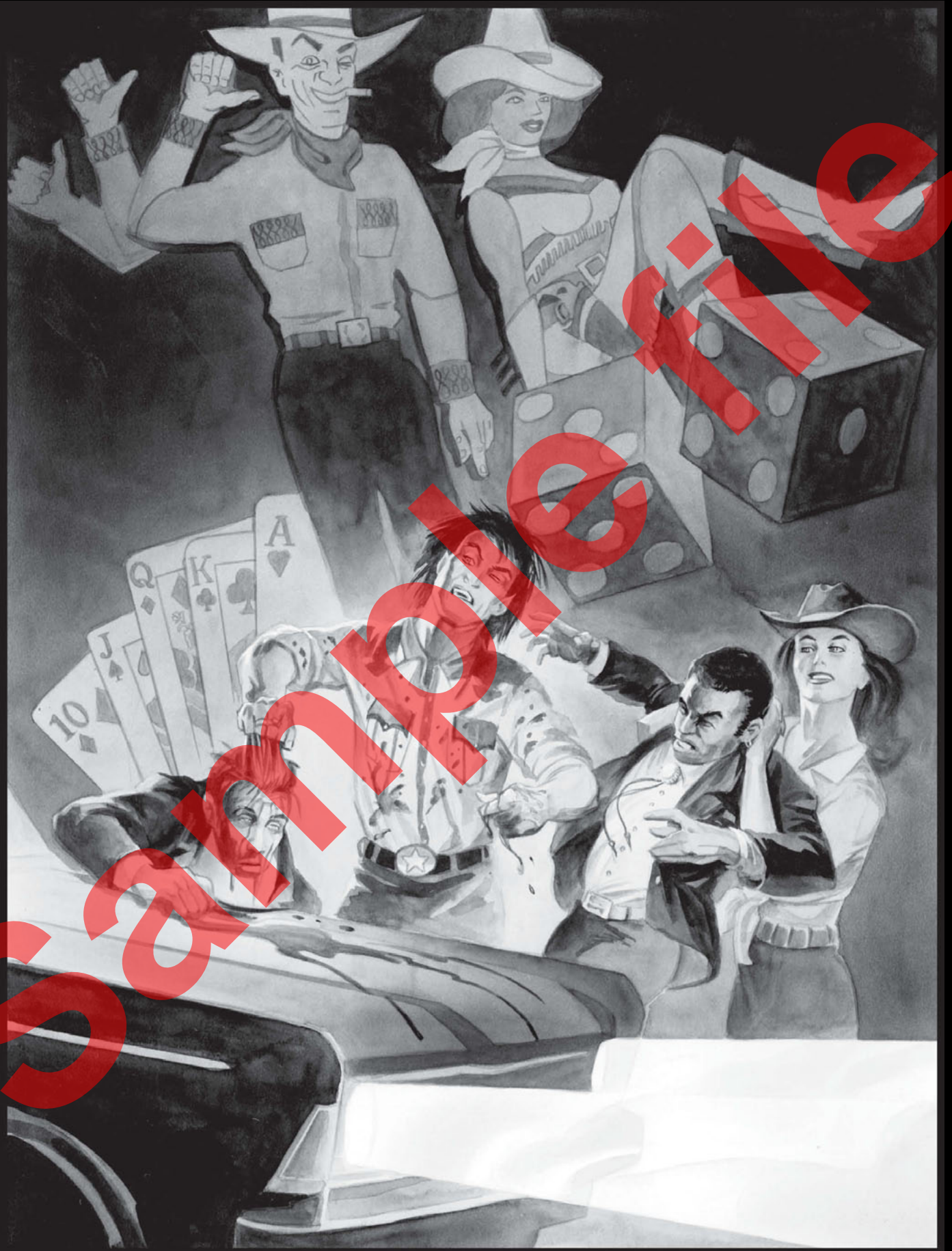
735 PARK NORTH BLVD.
SUITE 128
CLARKSTON, GA 30021
USA



GUIDE TO THE SABBAT

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION: SMART MONEY'S ON VEGAS	5
CHAPTER ONE: THE SWORD OF CAINE	11
CHAPTER TWO: AROUND THE FIRES	51
CHAPTER THREE: SONS AND DAUGHTERS	81
CHAPTER FOUR: THE GIFTS OF CAINE	97
CHAPTER FIVE: CODES OF THE NIGHT	127
CHAPTER SIX: CHRONICLES OF BLOOD	165
CHAPTER SEVEN: IN THE FIENDS' LAIR	195
APPENDIX: ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND OTHERS	205





SMART MONEY'S ON VEGAS

I love California. The place is crawling with anarchs who don't want the hassle of Camarilla babysitters, so they booted every last one of them. Now, the whole state's overrun with brat-packs of biker and goth Licks. Good place to recruit, let me tell you. They all hang out in gangs, too, so they never have civil words for each other — Ellum and I have been up and down the state a dozen times in as many years, and no one's wised up to us yet. We roll into town, go local and convince a handful of anarchs that, hey, the Sabbat's really where it's at if you want to stick it to the elders.

It doesn't hurt that we're gorgeous, too. People, even vampires, seem to want to trust beautiful folks. Ellum (actually, her name's Lisa Marie, because her dad was a big Elvis fan, but we shortened it to LM, which just changed into Ellum over time) looks like a model off the runway. She always wears this battered straw cowboy hat that makes her look like a junkie, and I guess people just feel safe with her. Initially anyway. I'm tall and thin and just shy of Ellum's attractiveness. That, and I "have a way with people." People trust her; they do what I say.

I slid my fat, black '49 Merc up to the curb in front of Package Store (what an exciting name!). Ellum and I got out and headed into the store. I gave Ellum that "behave" look I always give her before we do, well, anything.

"Hey, Cholly, Ellum and I are headed to Vegas. We need some money."

Charlie, the Asian guy who owns Package Store, looked at me without fondness. I made a Charlie Chan rictus face at him and he opened the register, lifting the till to show me there was no money in it.

"Slow night. We haven't had any sales yet," Charlie told me.

"Oh, Chuck, don't lie to me," I said. "You know I hate it when you lie. It jus' breaks my li'l ole heart."

"Seriously. No one's been in all night except a couple kids who tried to steal some forties of OE."

"Look, you fishhead squint," I stepped up to the counter, pressing my face against the bulletproof glass to look Charlie in the eyes, "just gimme the goddamn money."

The crash startled both of us. Whipping around to face the back of the store, we saw Charlie's wife sprawling halfway out from one of the beer coolers. Ellum looked at me with a smirk. She stood in a pool of blood that gurgled out from Charlie's wife's gut, where the broken glass had cut her almost in two.

"Oops."

Charlie screamed and ran from his little booth, sandals flapping against his feet. He made it about 15 feet before I caught him by the belt and tossed him across the room into one of the coolers near his wife.

"Fucking hell, Ellum, what's the matter with you?" I shouted as I scrambled back to the booth and snatched up

all the loose bills Charlie had cleverly stuffed under the register's till drawer. "Now we *have* to go." I didn't care so much about the violence — I see plenty, believe me — as much as I cared about the inconvenience. We'd spent weeks leaning on Charlie, getting him to cough up extortion money and not call the cops afterward. He certainly wasn't going to be too predisposed toward our little scheme anymore.

"Well, shit, Adam, she tried to grab my tits and then she said I was trying to steal her husband..."

"Ellum, she doesn't speak any fucking English! Go get in the damn car!" I pulled the dropsafe from its mooring and yanked the phone cord from the wall. It wouldn't do to have the pigs or an ambulance show up before we were well on our way out.

I spat on the floor as I left, leaving the couple lying in piles of their spilled innards.

"Sorry, Charlie," I laughed. Fuck it. We were headed out of town anyway.



The Merc needed gas about halfway between San Fran and Vegas, so I pulled in to a roadside station.

I looked over at Ellum, who was just sort of staring out the windshield at the vast flatness surrounding us. I gathered a few of the shadows cast by the buzzing fluorescent lights and wrapped them around her eyes, making her look like Marlene Dietrich on heroin.

I leaned across her and kissed her on the mouth. She bit my tongue and sucked a trickle of blood from me before putting her hand on my hip and pushing me away.

While I was filling up the car, a blue-and-white Bel Air chopdrop pulled into the lot with two guys inside. The driver was the kind of guy who would drive this pedestrian classic: a complete cheeseball who looked like he kicked Brian Setzer's ass and took his clothes, right down to the wallet-on-a-chain. The passenger was a black kid with a shaved head and a leopard-print shirt. He was wearing sunglasses even though it was dark.

"Nice Pontiac," the driver said, getting out. Loser.

"It's a Mercury, and thanks."

"Sorry. On the bottle?"

"Nope. All-natural." Nitrous is for girls.

"Wanna go tittle-for-tittle?"

I smiled, not bothering to hide my fangs. "Tell you what, kiddo. You win, you get my car. I win, I get your souls."

He hesitated a second, but then nodded his head. "Whatever, guy."

I blew a kiss to Ellum through the windshield and winked. She knew what was going on.

So I let the rock star beat me. Between you and me, I could have wasted him easily, but I didn't feel like it. Not that way, anyhow.

We both pulled over to the side of the road and climbed out of our cars. The kid was excited with his victory, but I had no intention of turning over my pride and joy.

"Looks like I won, mister." Pretty smarmy for an ignorant soon-to-be-ex-juicebag.

I hit the kid — too hard — and broke his jaw. He looked at me in shock, eyes tearing up, mouth dangling open as a stream of blood and spit poured out.

"I guess you didn't really win, did you?" I smiled.

He turned to run, but Ellum stood in his way. I grabbed him around the waist from behind, pinning his arms to his sides. As I lifted him, a cloud of the desert dust whiffed up. I hammered him face first against the Bel Air's fender, and his head left a dent and a messy streak of blood. Ellum stared at the black guy in the car as she licked a stripe of vitae from the automobile.

He yanked off his idiotic sunglasses, and all I could see of him were his eyes and teeth. It was dark, but he was fooling with something at the dashboard. As it turned out, he had taken a gun from the glovebox. I dropped the unconscious kid and pulled his friend from the car. Ellum snagged the revolver as it flew from his hand.

"Damn, son, you've got some spirit. Trade you, Ellum?" She tossed me the gun as I shoved the guy into her arms. The cylinder was full.

"I know you weren't going to shoot me. You just wanted to let me know the gun was there, I bet. So I wouldn't be scared, right?"

He didn't say anything. The guy squirmed in Ellum's grip like a worm on a hook, grunting and gibbering a bit. He was all eyes and teeth again.

"Check this out, my friend."

I stretched out my arm in front of him, pointed the revolver at it and bang! Right between whatever those two bones are called.

"Oh, fuck! Ellum, I do believe I've hurt myself!" She just laughed and nibbled the guy's ear a bit. "Think you can take the heat, kiddo?"

Ellum shoved the kid to the ground and pulled his head up a bit so he could see me and his unconscious friend. With her knee in his back and her arm holding his to the ground, he wasn't going anywhere.

"I bet you can."

I stepped on his wrist and pointed the pistol at the back of his hand.

Click!

Empty chamber. I'd spun the cylinder back while Ellum was taking the guy down. Now he knew I was serious — as if he didn't know before!

I fired again anyway, blowing a hole through his hand. Blood spattered into my hair and across Ellum's vest. He screamed — a rather uninspired howl, really, but this wasn't exactly exquisite torture.