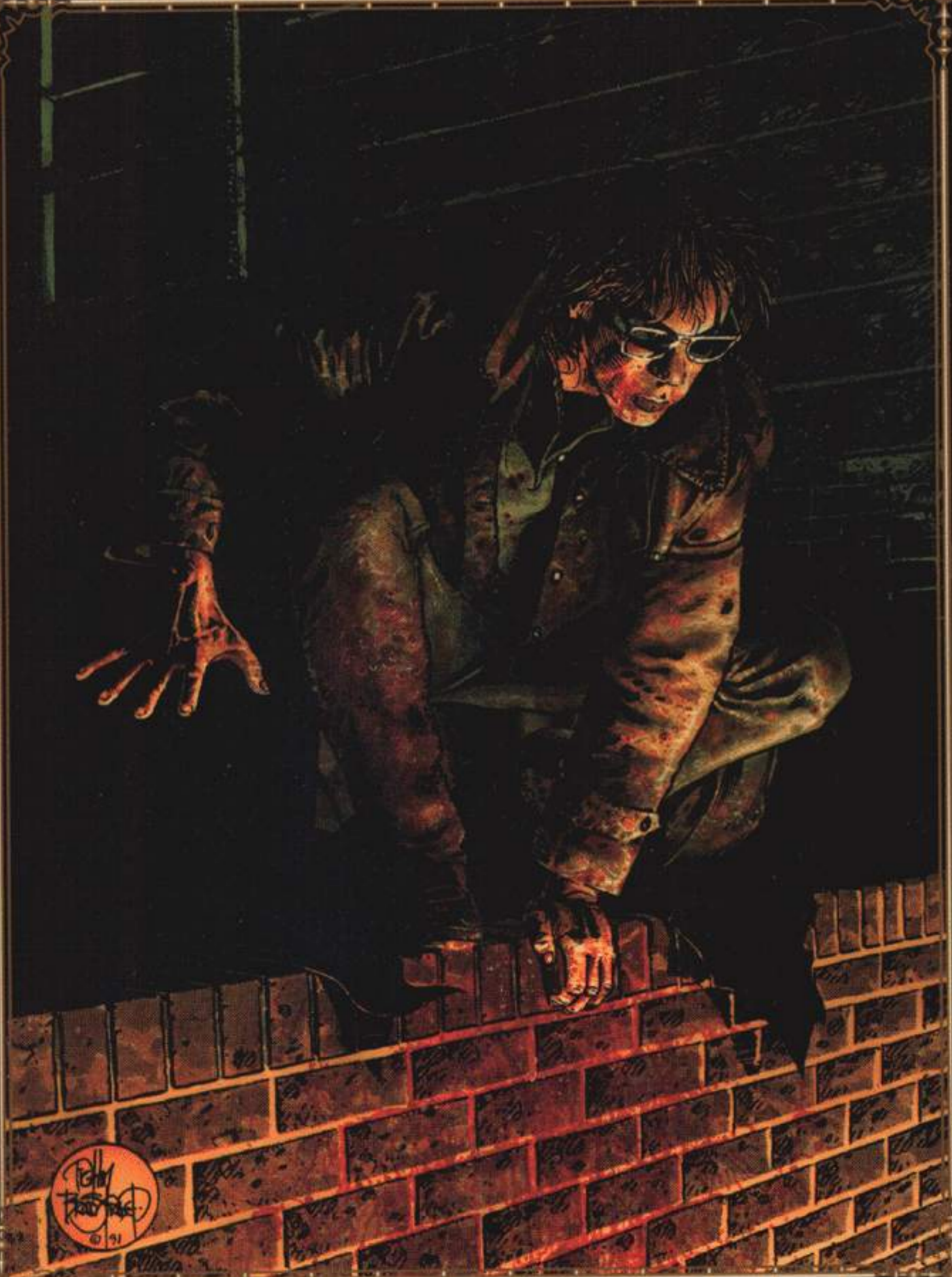


C L A N B O O K :

Gangrel



A Sourcebook for **VAMPIRE: The Masquerade™**

C L A N B O O K :

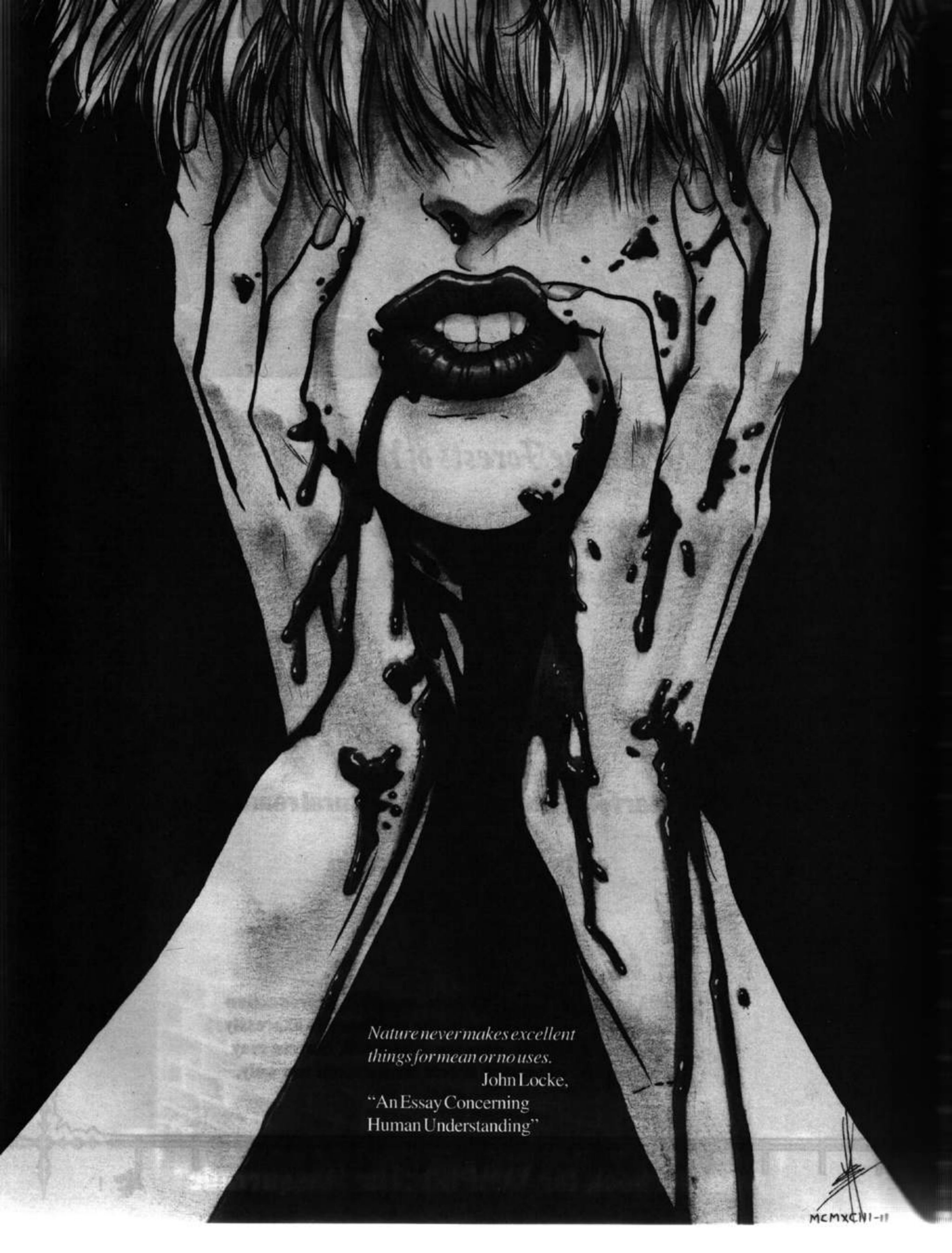
Gangrel

From the Forests of Mystery

In the heart of nature, the supernatural roams free.

By Brad Freeman

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*Nature never makes excellent
things for mean or no uses.*

John Locke,
"An Essay Concerning
Human Understanding"

The eyes watch you as you walk, measuring your every move. You know they're out there, somewhere, and the thought is not comforting. You speed up, slow down, stop, go, but they're still there, watching and waiting.

A slight rustle to your left grabs your attention, and you spin — only to find nothing. But they're there. You move on, and the rustling begins again. Again you stop, with the same result. You begin running, fleeing, screaming ... and then, no more.

Special Thanks To:

Mark "Riding Hood" **Rein•Hagen**, for turning little and red when his grandma came a-knockin'.

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days in "sunny California."

Andrew "Stinky" **Greenberg**, for putting long back hair — I mean long hair back in style.

Richard "Norman Rockwell" **Thomas**, for his all-American Christmas card.

Sam "Norman Bates" **Chupp**, for what his Christmas cards should have looked like.

Chris "Junior" **McDonough**, for now we know where he gets his mouth from.

William "Fanboy" **Hale**, for finagling a secondhand Ice-T autograph.

Bill "Popped" **Bridges**, for enjoying Ice-T for the first time (he almost made it into the pit).

Benjamin "Friendly Fire" **Monk, Jr.**, for sending up trial balloons when Bill is around.

Lyndi "The Professional" **Hathaway**, for carrying her loser partner in Four-Square.

Alara "Domestic Violence" **Rogers**, for what's gonna happen to her fiance if he keeps applying for the same job she's after.

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This book is dedicated to Hunter S. Thompson - poet, playwright and statesman - who was its inspiration.



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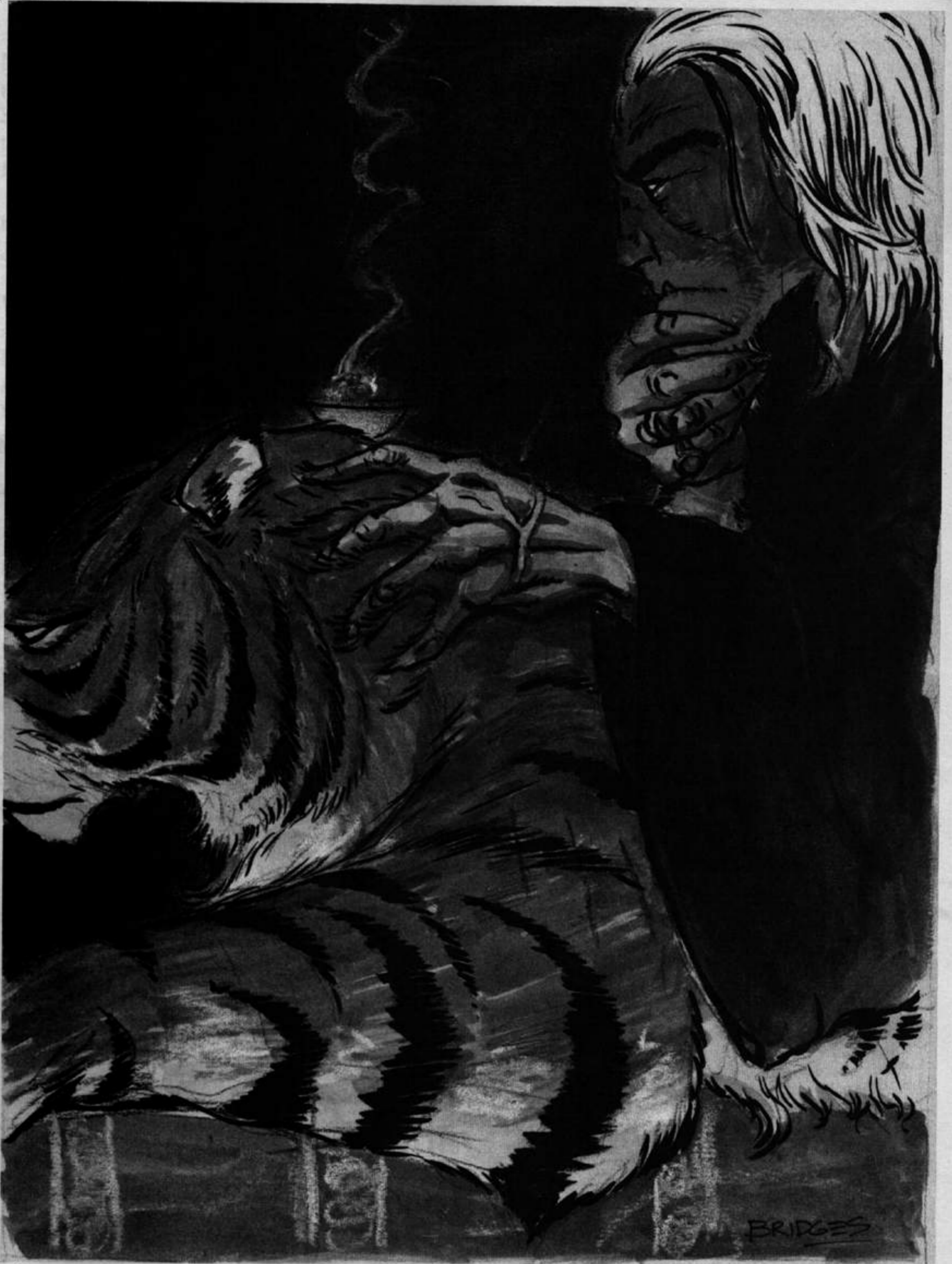
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Introduction: The Book of Clan Gangrel

by Lord Ashton

(Edited and with an introduction by Dr. Raoul King)

Forewarned

by Dr. Raoul King

First, let me just say how oh-so-very grateful I am to my alleged sire for letting me write this. Most guys who've only been dead as long as I have don't get to say much around the really moldy types.

Second, I'd like to thank the son of a bitch for going anarch on us, therefore leaving it to me to finish his ever-so-perfect monograph. Dammit, leaving chewed-on,

blood-encrusted tapes lying around to be turned into manuscripts is my job! At least the bloodsucking bastard talks better than I do. Hell, he tells the truth neater than I lie.

Third, I'd like to apologize for the language in this damn thing. His, not mine. Ashton may talk like a guerrilla philosopher most of the time, but put a pen in his hand and he gets positively academic. It's the British public schools that



do that to you. I've tried to cut the worst of it, but bear with him when he gets rolling. For my language, I don't apologize, unless you're seeing a lot of asterisks and s***, in which case I've been edited again, dammit!

Not to put too fine a point on it, but if you're reading this you're probably dead, and you probably don't know a whole hell of a lot about what's going on. Ashton started this project

as a way to help orient you sorry bastards. Of course, when he bled me dry (c. 1968), he'd only barely begun, so I didn't have the benefit of his wisdom. You, on the other hand, get his and mine. Lucky you.

Preface

by Ashton

Welcome, neonate!

Though you may not understand how or why, you have been granted a great gift. You are immortal, and the problems of living lay behind you. You will discover new problems, of course, but you will also see new things you could never have imagined in your waking life.

You are a member of a proud and unusual tribe among the Kindred, your new species. "Clan" Gangrel they call us, for they must have a label for we who defy labeling. Nonetheless, of all labels, I bear it proudly, not so much for what it says as for what it does not.

We are a "clan," in its true sense, bound by blood, and unlike other Kindred, bound through fear to an antique hierarchy. We hold together — when we do — because of common interest.

Where others cower, trapped in their musty havens, we roam free and wild, taking shelter wherever it may be found. Only our wits see us through into the shelter of another welcoming night.

While our brethren fear the Lupines, we know them for what they are. Some rare few even earn their friendship.

A traditional, if informal, alliance exists between the members of our clan and the Rom, known to the breathing world as the Gypsies. To describe to you this relationship, I have engaged one of my progeny, who in his breathing days was something of an expert on the Romany.

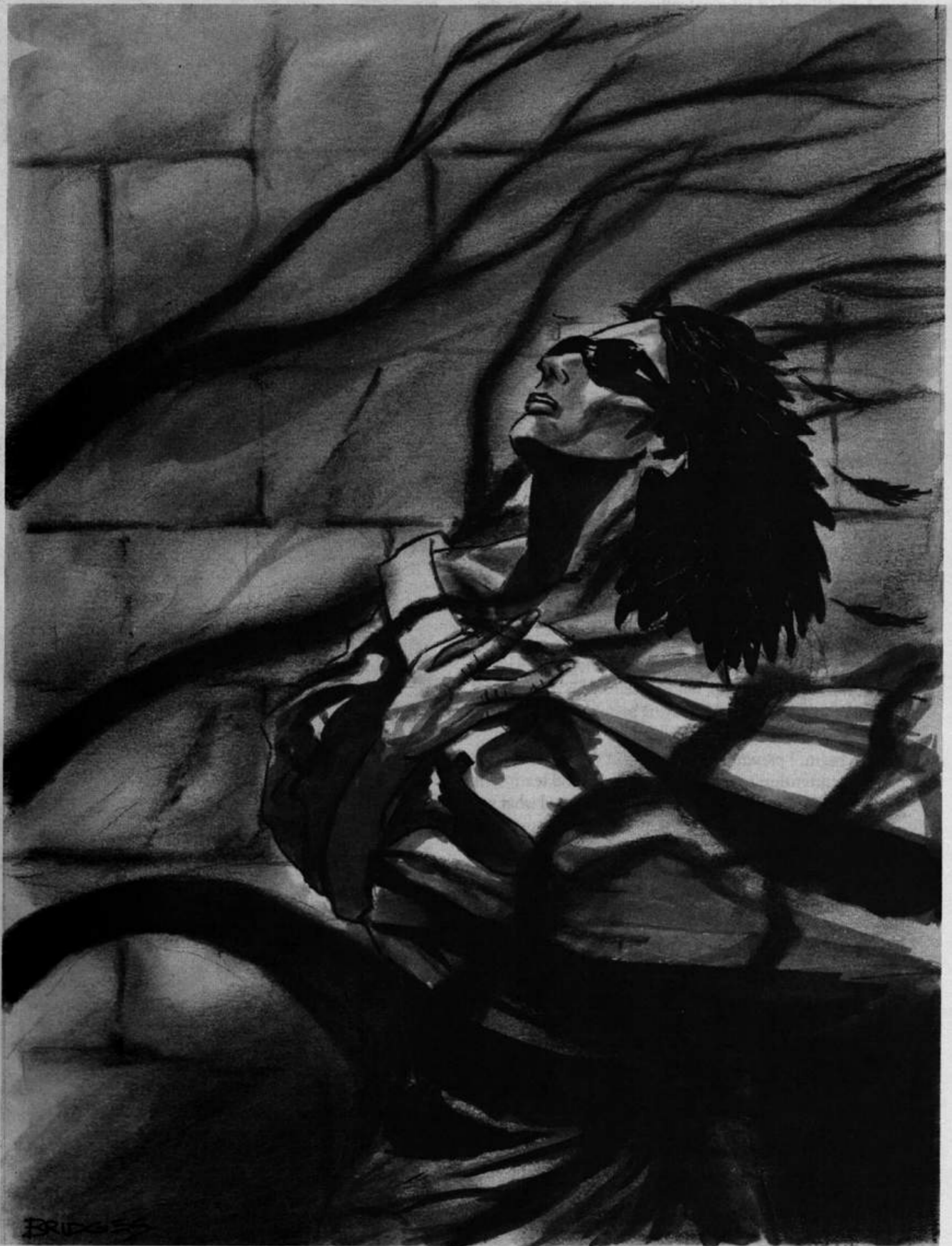
Since it is our custom for a sire to abandon his new offspring to make her own way through the difficult transition from life to unlife, we sometimes have "feral" Gangrel who do not fully understand their condition. Too, there are other beings with whom the Gangrel are sometimes confused. The Gypsies, or Rom, who are our mortal relatives (more on this later) are one such. You will find that the Lupines, whom mortals call Werewolves, may be mistaken for us due to their shapechanging skills. Last are the Ravnos, renegade Kindred of Gypsy stock. Do not confuse them with either your clansmen or the true Rom! They are blackguards all, with no more honor than a hungry cat.

If this cast of characters seems at first confusing, be aware that it shall become less so with time. You have at least the advantage of this document, whereas for one reason or another some of our kind were never recontacted and educated by their sires. These are known as Caitiff, and perhaps too many of them are from our line.

Indeed, because even those who are brought up correctly are often left to their own devices for a formative year or so, their mistaken ideas about who and what they are frequently become entrenched. Thus we have among our number some individuals who have chosen rather... unique paths. Is it any wonder that of all the clans, the Gangrel most reflect the popular conception of the Vampire? I shall tell somewhat of this in the following pages, but in essence this document is presented with the purpose of laying aside some of the more egregious errors which a feral childe may make.

To begin, I present here a history of the Kindred, with particular attention to the Gangrel. Read it and learn well, that you may begin to appreciate what you are and what you can become. And, if I may be so bold, what you must avoid becoming at any cost.





Chapter 1: A Brief History of Clan Gangrel

by Ashton

Editor's Note: What follows is a lengthy excerpt from Ashton's rambling History of the Kindred. He babbled for eight hours or so, most of it stuff from the Book of Nod and other similarly questionable sources, and all obtainable elsewhere. I've left in only material I haven't seen anywhere else, mostly having to do with Gangrel and the Lupines. So sue me. — R.K.

Origins of the Gangrel

The Gangrel enjoy a special relationship with those creatures known as Lupines. This, according to legend, is due to their sharing a bloodline. The tale as I have heard it runs thus:

In the beginning of time, when God created Adam, he made also a wife for him, out of the same clay from which he made the first Man.

Her name was Lilith, and she was the first feminist. She is described (in ancient Hebrew sources and elsewhere) as an unusually hirsute woman, who was not willing to be subservient to Adam. When Adam complained to God about her, God banished Lilith from the Garden of Eden, and took the raw material for Eve from Adam himself.

Now, when Lilith went forth from Eden, she was pregnant. She gave birth alone and in the wilderness, attended only by wild beasts, for the animals were yet unnamed, and none knew whether they were destined to be prey or predator.

So the first birth in the world was midwived by animals, and four children were born. A bear, a wolf, a tiger, a serpent and another animal described only as "a beast" were in attendance. Each received one of the babes into its care; all but the serpent, whose foster-child was stillborn. And each

took the child away to raise however they thought best. These children became the ancestors of the zoanthropes, what we now call the Lupines.

One of Lilith's get, whose name comes down to us as Ennoia, was raised by the wolves. Even when the wolves learned they were to be carnivores, and preyed upon other animals, they cared for her as their own.

When at last she was grown, she took a mate from among the pack, and bore him children. Some were like her, in the form of man. Some were like their father, and ran as wolves. Yet each had within them the seed of the other, and it is from them that Lupines trace their ancestry.

A long while later, she grew dissatisfied with her life, and left the pack to travel the world. Immortal like her parents, she wandered for many years alone, and came at last to a city raised by her half-siblings, the descendants of Adam and his second wife. Her great beauty and somewhat earthy nature stood her well, and she was well-received in Enoch.

She dwelt there for many years until, in a series of incidents reminiscent of the tale of Helen of Troy, she became a source of discord in this proto-city. She finally left, though not before presenting several of her lovers with children. It is from these children that the Gypsies are descended.

Again, she wandered the world, finding never a place to settle. Everywhere that she was taken in, she was cast out again after her presence brought discord.

Finally, long after her blood had mingled with that of Eve's brood, she met one of Caine's, who convinced her to return to Enoch. He could not satisfy her appetites, but that

mattered little, for he proved interesting in other ways. In their passion for each other, it was not long before she was made Kindred.

From her are descended all who call themselves Gangrel. From her we learn the tongues of animals, and how to change our shape to resemble them. From her also we get our license to wander the world freely. Even as the Lupines can trace their blood back to her in her living days, so we of the Gangrel can find our heritage in the blood of her changed life. But we remember, even if our Lupine half-brothers do not, that we share a common mother.

The Gangrel in History

Since as a rule, the Gangrel themselves do not record their history, much of what can be said here is apocryphal. It is certain, however, that of elder clans, the Gangrel have been one of the most likely to become embroiled in human affairs. Seldom has this been for any ideological reason. Rather, self-defense has been our motive. So it is that many of the "historical" vampires of human knowledge have been of our clan. But human history is notoriously full of the fancies of human historians, and perhaps what they say is nothing but wishful thinking.

The tales of the Kindred, too, teach us of our lineage. It is said, for instance, that one of our kind in Carthage had warning of the bloody events to come. Rather than simply fleeing, as the Gangrel have traditionally done, he attempted to enlist other clans to ward off the impending catastrophe. It is tempting at this late date to consider him a bucolic fool, fresh from the wilds, who was out thought by the wily city folk. Whether that is in fact what happened or not is moot. What we do know is that he was betrayed by his confidants, thus starting a tradition among Gangrel for distrusting the other clans that persists to this day.

Other sources also tell us of our clan's history. The oral tradition is one, for though any story good enough to recall from century to century has doubtless been embroidered, there is always the grain of truth to be ferreted out. Other human writings — many first-person accounts — tell of what may be Gangrel. And finally, there are the written records of other clans, all with their own agendas, but without the need (or the talent) to make up stories about us.

To begin where I first feel myself on firm ground, I am certain that the Vikings were aware of the Gangrel in the vicinity of 400 B.C., there being a saga dating from that era that describes a battle between Grettir, a Scandinavian hero, and a vampire clearly bearing the marks of a Gangrel.

It is claimed, and I believe it so, that signs in certain Gnostic texts point to Jesus having healed a Gangrel — of frenzy, if not the Curse. It is unlikely, however, that I shall ever find a biblical scholar willing to help me confirm or deny this hint.

It is certain, thanks to an eyewitness who has asked that I not use his name, that among those involved in the sack of Rome were Gangrel. The ancient peoples were ever aware that Kindred walked among them, and the Romans were no exception. Of interest is the fact that contemporary reports were made of a vampire altering her shape to that of a *belua*, which can be taken as meaning "beast" or "monster," but is most likely a wolf. The history of Protean disciplines interests me for personal reasons, but more on this later.

It is also at this time that the first Gypsies appeared, though some scholars claim records show their presence in India as early as 420 B.C. Whether they were aware of our common ancestry or not, a document from the period tells of a cart made to the specification of a Gypsy "king." It told of the Gypsy making his inspection at night, and having the cart-maker stand inside the enclosed wagon with a candle, while the gypsy outside looked to make sure no light leaked out. Unless this was simply some ploy to keep the owner occupied while the band rifled the till, he was doubtless shopping for a Gangrel who wished to make certain of his diurnal safety.

The Middle Ages

Crusaders from France and Britain who reached Spain found more than the Spanish Moors waiting for them. They had discovered a new sickness (syphilis) and a curious symptom, apparently of the illness: the victims wasted away, the blood "drawn from the bodie as marrow by the moone" on successive nights.

This was the predation of the Gangrel sons and daughters of Al-Gamiz, who had come to the Spanish shores slightly before the Moors.

The Renaissance

During this era, as new areas of the world were discovered, the bloodlines of the Kindred expanded with "civilization," and always they found offshoots of the Gangrel. For, as we had inherited our Mother's control over her form, we also inherited her wanderlust. And, as our clan is willing to subsist upon the blood of animals when needed, we had an advantage over more squeamish bloodlines. We didn't have to wait for mortals before exploring new lands.

In fact, this lay at the root of one of our most effective strategies — often, we would be the advance scouts for both humans and Kindred. When we were accepted among mortals, it was even legitimate to demand blood as payment for such services. After the Inquisition, of course, the Masquerade forbade all that. But I get ahead of myself. It was a native Gangrel named Talking Water who welcomed the first colony of settlers to Virginia, and it was Gangrel and their allies who died in the slaughter of the colonists at the claws of Lupines.

When the next European colonists came to North America, they found Gangrel who were relatively accepted among the natives. From the start, the Gangrel shunned the

cities that the invaders built, but they were not among those who first fought against the settlers themselves. That happened only when certain intolerant religious groups, fleeing other intolerant religious groups, settled the northeast and began stamping out everything that didn't fit in with their worldview. This included nearly everyone who drank blood to survive and took the forms of animals for amusement.

The Age of Reason

As Europeans expanded across the world, Gangrel found themselves on both sides of the inevitable conflicts. They walked with the *conquistadores*, welcomed by the natives as fulfilling a prophecy. I have heard the legendary Quetzalcoatl may have been a Brujah, though there were certainly Gangrel here before the *conquistadores* came.

While both the pioneers and the natives had a scattering of our clan, the later settlers always brought with them inhospitable ways. They cut down the trees where we loved to run, killed the animals and the natives, our friends, and made us lazy on their tame and tasteless blood.

Moreover, they brought with them other Kindred, though not of our blood. They brought Ventrue and Sabbat, and later, Tremere. In Australia, Malkavians and Caitiff came with the condemned, and Ventrue and Brujah with the administrators. They, of course, found Gangrel there, mingled with the natives and capable of turning into fierce dingoes when annoyed.

How did these Gangrel make the trip to Australia when almost no other creature managed? Aboriginal myths tell of a tall, pale woman with very long hair who passed through their lands following the star Altair. Whether this was indeed our Progenitor, as some would claim, or simply a rather ancient member of our clan is a moot point. Nevertheless, the fact that a disproportionate ratio of Australian Aboriginal Gangrel are of elder generations is indisputable.

The Gangrel in the 20th Century

It is said that the concentration camp near Glödker was destroyed when the Nazis included a Gangrel among the many Gypsies incarcerated there. That first night, with typical Gangrel regard for the preservation of the Masquerade, Talos, a seventh-generation Gangrel, Embraced fully half the tribe of Szdano Romany with whom he had been captured.

After a crash course in Earthmeld, the new Gangrel went to ground through the bleak winter day, then rose again to Embrace more neonates and create not a few Ghouls. When the third night fell, no fewer than 20 prisoners had surprises in store for their captors.

Needless to say, the hastily-drafted Neonates fed well, and the official story at Berlin was the camp was lost to misplaced Allied bombing.

Later in this century, when the ecological movement of the '60s-to-'90s arose, we were (and are) with it. It is indeed shameful that some of us have taken advantage of the trust and idealism of these activists, merely to sate our hunger with their blood.

Editor's note: this is me he's talking about, and I don't much give a damn. It's not like environmentalists are an endangered species.

Some have even created Ghouls to infiltrate the eco-guerrilla organizations. There we found the Lupines — who apparently can smell a Ghoul — and in some cases were able briefly to cooperate.

The Geography of the Gangrel

Africa

Although my own journeys through the then-called Dark Continent were involuntary, I nevertheless sought out legends of Kindred. I heard rumors from the tribesmen of a city of vampires, or at least men and women who shunned the day, could change their forms into those of animals, and who had an unwholesome (to my guide, at any rate) desire for blood.

I should mention, however, that there are also tales of tribes of shapeshifters, some of whom wear skins other than the wolf's.

Alaska

Since the gold rush, the power of the Gangrel elders in Alaska has been on the wane. Most of the Gangrel there have been content to disrupt the efforts of research scientists to map the area and track the native animals. Removing the radio "tags" from the ears of musk-oxen and caribou and placing them in the gas tanks of oil company vehicles is a favorite ploy. As a political force, however, the power of the Gangrel leaders is past. The recent oil spill, for which the Ventrue were at least partially responsible and for which they took no blame, is a perfect example. If they did not wage such a bitter war with the Lupines, I feel the native Gangrel would be more successful in protecting their territory.

Antarctica

All rumors that a female Gangrel Inconnu has taken up residence in the Antarctic are false. Pay them no mind whatever. Although the long Antarctic nights might allow such a person to avoid the sleep of day for months at a time, there is little or no fresh blood to be found, and the unending cold is too much even for such as us. Even if such a person were there, what on earth could possibly interest her in the endless waste? No, I'm afraid this belongs to the realm of myth. The Garou, too, have myths about this place, as do the humans. Enjoy the tales, but pay them no heed.

Australia

For whatever reason, there are a number of Gangrel elders there, and the rough-and-ready way they rule their sometimes extended territories is reminiscent of the old American West. Typical of these is Fenton, a sixth-generation Gangrel (Embraced in 1880!) who rules Tasmania. He enjoys good relations with his fellow Prince in Victoria, but things are somewhat more strained with the Brujah Prince of Canberra in New South Wales.

Eastern Europe

The few facts dribbling in from old Russia and her client states have proven especially hard to confirm or deny.

The tales refugee Kindred present are confusing at best, but it appears that a very powerful (which in our circles usually means very old) being has appeared on the scene in the former Soviet Union. This person or persons is busy remaking that part of the world to suit him. This includes eliminating or subjugating the Kindred active in the area. It is even rumored that the current ethnic purges in Yugoslavia may be part of this consolidation.

The word is out that Gangrel are to avoid this area, though of course anyone who brings back the true story will receive a hero's welcome. A number of Gangrel still operate in the area, but keep an especially low profile.

The Soviet Disunion

The Nosferatu claim something awful is going on in what used to be the Soviet Union. You've doubtless heard the rumors. All I know is that a member of the German Gangrel group Oddindöhter (a Valkyrie offshoot) managed to cross the border into Smolensk, and what she found terrified her. Apparently, a purge of some kind is underway, not only of Kindred but of many sorts of supernatural beings. Curiously, those clans most predominant in the area seem more interested in covering up these occurrences, rather than attempting to do anything about them.

France

Ever the province of the Toreador and certain Brujah sects, France has been avoided by the Gangrel until recently. Now that the French government is aggressively pursuing the high-tech industries, those far-sighted Gangrel who survived the mess in the Germanys are moving to prevent the same from happening in France. Whether they are successful or not will depend on the cooperation of other powers.

One thing is certain: as the cities encroach (Euro-Disney was built on a favorite Gangrel haunt), more than a few of our kin turn to madness, violence or drugs to cope with the loss of their lands. Many French Gangrel have gone to earth,



perhaps into torpor. Some have begun to prey exclusively on alcoholics, drug addicts or Lupines for the rush they gain from blood charged with drugs or rage.

And some, chillingly, have returned to the practice of feeding off the mad that was banned when the Masquerade was laid down. Now we suspect that the cause is neurochemical rather than demonic, but it is clear that feeding exclusively from disturbed individuals can bring madness. For some Gangrel, deprived of the wilds in which to run, the wild dreams of a paranoid or megalomaniac are a likely substitute.

Germany

As the great forests have fallen to the axe, so at last has the Wall that separated the two halves of Germany. Everyone is glad that travel is less restricted now, but Kindred are wary of the UCS.

The recently-forged and still shaky alliance between certain tribes of Lupine and individual Gangrel in the Black Forest is being tested even now, with the common foes being the Sabbat and the industry of Germany, which has had many restrictions lifted in an effort to revive a flagging economy.

Elsewhere in Germany, Gangrel clash with those clans normally inhabiting the cities, as the Gangrel are forced into their territory by circumstance. Not all are able to adapt to city life, however, and the recent witch-hunts by Lupines (written off as terrorist attacks by the human press) have been directed more often than not at deranged Gangrel. Whether the Lupines have been guided by Kindred who fear for the Masquerade, or whether the actions of Gangrel lunatics have tipped their hands, remains to be seen.

Additionally, recent attacks on foreigners and, especially, Gypsies in Germany may well be provoked by the Gangrel's enemies. Certain war-like Lupines have been associated with racist and, now, skinhead movements, while the Ventrue would also gain by destroying what few mortal allies we have.

Great Britain

In the Cotswolds of England, most of the country's wild Gangrel can be found. In many other parts of the United Kingdom, Lupines calling themselves Fianna and the more pernicious human mages have hunted us to extinction (or into the cities, which can be as bad). Some individual packs of the Fianna appear to have taken an oath not to molest Gangrel, but explanations of this differ. There are Gypsies here also, though they tend to be nearly as "civilized" as those in America.

North America

Though Gangrel do not necessarily keep strongholds, there are places in this continent where they can usually be found, and where a Gangrel may go in hopes of finding help.

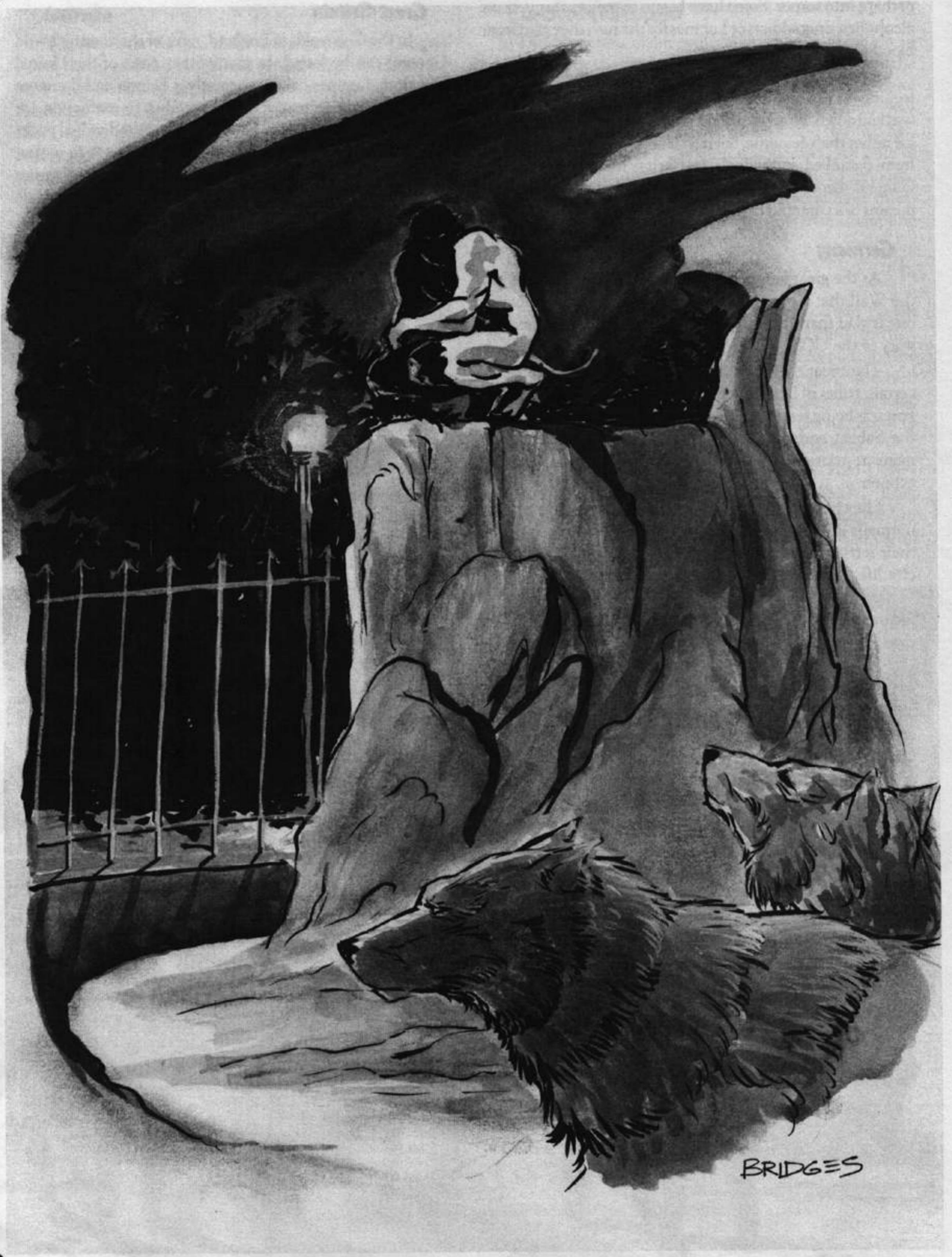
There are clefts in the Grand Canyon where a brave or incautious vampire may lay down for a day's sleep in the open air and never fear the sun — as long as his luck holds out. The cliffs are simply too steep and close in some places for a direct beam of sunlight to reach bottom, but few can pinpoint these spots with accuracy.

The United States national forests, once full of both the Gangrel and the Lupines, are now mostly empty of either. It is in the accidental wilderness that we live now — those places forgotten by mortals or overlooked by their greed. West Virginia and other "poor" and "underdeveloped" areas are our havens, as are those wastelands left behind when the profit-makers move on.

South America

The bloody conflicts between the Setites and the Gangrel in parts of South America have done neither of our clans any service. The Gangrel would do better to ignore the Setites and their crops and concentrate on saving their homes in the rain forest. Attempts have been made to contact the peculiar jaguaroid Lupines of the area, with little success. Apparently, however, they have no more fear or hatred for Kindred than they do any other outsiders.

Definitely worth investigating.



Chapter 11: Gangrel Culture

By Ashton

Having read a little of our history, maybe you'll understand why we Gangrel are so contradictory. Almost without exception, we are fervent loners who prize privacy, but we are also avid storytellers, who love nothing more than a night of tall tales. Yet, though we are the tale-tellers among the Kindred, we are not its gossips. We keep our secrets well. We're often proud, yet we associate regularly with Gypsies and similar outcasts.

Moreover, despite being survivors of fantastic tenacity, we will willingly place ourselves in danger to "count coup" by infiltrating a Lupine tribe. To resolve these contradictions, it will be necessary to understand the most fundamental, and yet closely-guarded, part of being a Gangrel. I'm speaking of course, of the tale.

Through history, many vital cultures have survived with only oral traditions. Nomadic cultures in particular prefer memories to books, for they are easier to carry, and can adapt to any situation or environment.

A common facet of cultures which convey their history through oral traditions is that they retain memorable stories most accurately and for the longest time. Poems, alliterative

verse, and formulaic patterns are common techniques to help retain a story intact through generations. So, when two Gangrel meet, each is more likely to be able to pass on the stories of the other if they are memorable — even more so if they rhyme and have a catchy beat. But perhaps we can best demonstrate by example. Let us look at a meeting between two Gangrel, a more ritualized meeting than most, but serving to show the process.

The Reverend, a 12th-generation Gangrel just passing through Texas, rouses himself from daylit sleep and changes to wolf-form for a night's run. A scent becomes evident to his wolf's nose: there is another Kindred nearby! Following the trace with all care, he comes upon CJ, an 11th-generation Gangrel, formerly a waitress in Philadelphia. After checking out the area, the Reverend shifts forms to match CJ's human one (the polite thing to do), and approaches, making just enough noise for CJ to hear him. CJ, for her part, calls out to The Reverend, making it clear he is welcome.

They meet, each recognizing the other for Gangrel by the animal features, and decide to make a production of greeting:

The Reverend: Well met, sister. May I share your camp?

CJ: Get your ass over here before you freeze (laughter). You're welcome here.

The Reverend: My thanks. I am the Reverend, and I do the Lord's work out Arizona way.

CJ: CJ. Headin' back east. Where you from, anyway?

The Reverend: Coville was my sire, and in the time of Jacob the wolf-killer, I was made. Since then I have been going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it. In the desert south of Vegas I happen upon a wanderer named Corey, who had been hunted... (he tells the story of Corey).

CJ: (in a pseudo street-rap staccato)

They call me CJ, and it was 50 years back
a bitch named Mikki took my blood and gave it back
I thought I was sick, I felt so queasy and green,
I felt myself hooked on something I never seen
(She goes on to tell of his Embrace and first hunt)

They will continue to trade stories until each has told the other everything he feels is interesting. This is a first meeting, so they will start at the beginning. If they meet again later, they will pick up from where they last met. A kind of "pecking order" is established, as each assesses the alleged experiences of the other in light of their own.

At times this becomes an exercise in one-upmanship, swapping increasingly taller tales, though to be caught in an outright lie is considered the worst of bad form. The emphasis on the truth of the tale varies with the circumstances — at times a well-told lie will earn more respect than a poorly-told but true story. At other times (particularly in emergencies) a careful, complete and accurate report is all that will do.

There is another anomaly in the clan's respect for an individual. While many of the traditional Kindred measures of status mean little to us, there is one accord unique among us: counting coup against the Lupines. If you ever get the opportunity to pass for a Lupine, to learn one of their tales or skills, or even to steal a hair from tail of one and live to tell the tale, you will find you have earned a great deal of respect.

The Civilized Gangrel

For all our love of nature and the wandering life, there have been times when by choice or necessity a Gangrel has become prince of a city or territory. This happened briefly in San Francisco, in the last century. It happened quite recently in Alaska, and there are still some Gangrel princes in Australia. Usually, they rule with a more open hand than most princes. Though styles differ, common among the Gangrel princes have been:

- a respect for nature;
- a desire to maintain the Masquerade;
- a disregard for the traditions (except as noted later); and
- a tendency to wander their domain in disguise.

They often try running their domains as a nomad or pack animal would. Weaker, elder and more valuable tribe members are kept toward the center of the realm, while patrols of

young bucks roam the borders. Even within cities, Gangrel princes are known to vary their residences at whim, as though some subdued wanderlust were manifesting itself.

Trial by combat is an accepted form of adjudication, although a champion may be appointed by the prince for one or both parties should an unfair physical match seem to prejudice a case.

The Gather

One of the most interesting facets of Gangrel culture is the traditional Gathers. One is generally held at each Solstice, and again at each Equinox. The Solstice festivals are generally open to invited guests, while those held on the Equinox are secret revels for blood-family or tribe only.

News of an impending Gather spreads by word of mouth, with regular or exceptional events having more draw. A really good, regularly scheduled Gather (such as the San Francisco-area Redwoods Revel) will draw Gangrel from all over the world, but no Gather has ever succeeded in drawing the entire clan.

Needless to say, the Malkavians are known to perform mockeries of our Solstice festivals at sporadic intervals. Fortunately, they have not learned of our secret ones. Or if they have, none of us have been invited.

These generally begin with a party (refreshments of various types provided by the host), and then turn into a storytelling session/boasting contest. Someone is likely to start a fight, which inaugurates any wrestling, brawling or physical competitions the evening may hold. There is always a chance someone will fall in the fire — which adds spice to an evening — and the inevitable shapechanging contest signals the end of the physical pursuits.

At this point, many of the neonates will have toppled into drugged or exhausted or battered-near-bloodless sleep, but the elder members of the clan will stay awake into the wee hours telling tales. During exceptionally successful Gathers, the tale-telling may even last through the day and into the following night. It is considered a mark of highest respect for a storyteller to so enthrall her listeners that they resist the sleep of day, merely to hear the end of the tale (though all will head into an enclosed area, with the storyteller continuing the tale as they move). Indeed, it is said that old Snorri kept an audience of ancillae awake and gripped by his tale through all of Lent.

Finally, the Gather will disperse, each in her own direction, there to carry the word of decisions, fights and stories to other Gangrel who were not present. Often a reputation can be made or destroyed at a Gather in a number of ways. By doing or saying something notable, by fighting particularly well or poorly, by telling an outstanding story, or by hosting an exceptional Gather, a Gangrel can do wonders for her standing within the clan. An impressive enough Gather can even become a tale unto itself.



The Lupines

Editor's note: Ashton is uncharacteristically concise and to the point when discussing our fuzzy half-brothers. The essay following his fight scene is excerpted from another m.s. — Raoul King

The Lupines and Their Ways

by Ashton

They are spoken of with fear, even by Kindred who are themselves objects of fear. Most mortals who encounter them are so traumatized by the experience that they rationalize it away as something — anything — else. One of them is a match for any but the oldest and most potent vampire, and a pack too much even for that.

They are the main reason most Kindred huddle close to their fetid cities, like superstitious cavemen clinging to the light of their campfires.

And yet, of all clans, the Gangrel show no fear for these most fearsome of beasts. We alone understand them well enough to fight them effectively, negotiate with them openly, and sometimes even call them friends.

The Lupines have a tribal culture, similar to that of the Native Americans. They, like ourselves, prefer an oral tradition, though those born human can read and write as well as any.

They also hold honor in high esteem, though their definition of honor may differ from our own. Their sense of honor implies a recognition of duty to the tribe, as well as dedication to protecting all life, and the spirit of the earth-mother as manifest in Nature. However, they are not pacifists. They fight for what they protect, and they most emphatically do not include the Kindred among their charges! They will slay a vampire on sight, as a literal crime against nature.

They believe us either pawns of or in league with the Wurm, an archetypal force of destruction which I am not certain they mean metaphorically. They believe that this Wurm, through its pawns and allies, has wrought destruction upon the Earth-mother, to the extent that it threatens all life on Earth.

The list of the Wyrms' allies include all Kindred, from the most civilized Ventrue to the most depraved Sabbat diabolist. As they see it, whether we want it to or not, our existence as supernatural beings erodes the Earth. Also numbered among her enemies are the demons, ghosts and other supernatural creatures which violate the natural order of things.

Industries of every description, from oil companies to lumber companies to nuclear power plants and automobile manufacturers are also on the side of the Wyrms.

Some Lupines would also include the normal humans on the planet, who themselves are directly and indirectly responsible for the imperilment of Gaia. Others are more moderate, comparing the kine to mere sheep, strayed because their shepherd has been napping.

All agree, though, that there is another, and potent, agency of the Wyrms. I have been unable to learn much of these "Dark Dancers," but I believe them to be renegade Lupines, who serve the Wyrms and draw dark powers from it.

If there is anything to compare to these turncoats, it is the way we the Gangrel are perceived by Lupines. Some believe us traitors to our kind because we have on occasion hunted Kindred with the Lupine packs. Most would not trust us even were we committed enemies of the other clans. But some of us have managed to earn the trust of these noble beasts. I shall tell how it happened to me.

I have always been one of the fortunate Kindred who does not terrify animals, but then I was good with them during my sunlit life. As a vampire, I learned over time to have even more than an affinity for animals: I found I could, to a degree, control them. It made it easy to subsist during long treks across the wild, for I could call to me vessels that would never betray me. Eventually (and I attribute this to drinking so much wolf blood) I learned to change my shape to that of a wolf. For those who have never run wild beneath the stars, on four swift legs, and breathed the chilly air that mankind never has fouled, I heartily recommend the experience.

However, on one of these nights a full moon hung low in the sky, and the lone wolf who was to be my night's repast seemed strangely resistant to my charms. I finally caught her, after the chase of both my lifetimes, and when I sunk my teeth into her shoulder, I felt such a current of vital energy flow into me I thought I would go mad.

This was nothing like the ancient power one feels when one is given the blood of an elder. Rather, it felt utterly mortal, but of such succulent vigor that it stood by the blood of the animals I had been drinking as the long-remembered sun stands beside a candle.

I tore myself from her throat, sated though I had not drunk her dry, and watched her slink away, then following on leathery wings.





BRIGES

She led me to a small fire in a sheltered cleft, and around it lay monsters. Some, like her, were in the form of great wolves. Others were — or seemed, that night — wholly human. Most were in an intermediate form, hulking shapes of varying proportions of wolf and man.

She told her story to them in a whiny, snapping language my empathy for beasts let me glean a gist of. I had not licked the wound, and how fortunate I was, for the wound had been made by wolf's teeth, and they did not suspect me for what I was. Indeed, they thought me one of their own, a Caitiff Lupine if you will, lost to those who sired me and stricken by the Change without training.

Armed with this knowledge, I returned to the site of my attack on her, resumed my wolf-form, and began tracking her as a wolf would. Perhaps I was being foolish, but I was yet flushed with her blood, and I wanted to know more about these creatures.

Well before I reached their group, I was attacked. Two young wolves appeared out of the brush, and they took turns lunging at me and nipping at my heels. They circled continually, making it hard for me to get a good shot at either, and I was at the verge of resuming my bat-form and fleeing, when a circle of eyes surrounded me.

I fought then for all I was worth, doubly handicapped because I had to defeat them without showing my true nature. They were faster than I, and stronger, though I lent their stolen blood to my own strength, but I was much tougher than they had expected.

One of them got careless, and sank his teeth into my shoulder, but he had done me little harm, and I struck him with all my strength. My jaws met in his neck, I gulped a draught of his potent blood, and then hurled him aside to meet the other. This one fought better, with more wisdom tempering his strength, and he would have had me had I not done what I'd sworn not to: I lost myself in Frenzy.

As if from a great distance, I watched myself resuming (almost) my human form, great claws sprouting from my hands, the Beast thudding within me like a great drum. I tore him loose from my throat and held him over my head, oblivious to the pain, howling my need for blood and vengeance, and then smashed him to the ground and clawed his belly open.

With his defeat I gained some measure of control. I was able to resume by wolf-form, and gradually the red faded from my sight. Amazingly, neither of my foes was dead, and though I longed to, I did not heal my own wounds for I could see they did not regenerate as we do, but hold on with an incredible

vitality while an accelerated but normal-seeming healing takes place. (Only later did I learn how little good my healing would have done: I carried those marks for weeks!)

The circle around me had narrowed, and one old wolf came out to confront me now. He was silver-haired, bigger than the others and scarred from many battles. Something about his smell told me he was their leader. It was instinct that kept me from challenging him. Instead I lay down at his approach, not quite baring my neck to him, but submitting to his authority, even as a neonate kneels to a prince.

He sniffed me carefully, and seemed slightly disturbed by what he smelled, but I was drenched in the blood of his people, inside and out, and he at last took my muzzle in his, his moon-bright eyes glaring at me the while. Finally he released me and moved away, the circle of eyes drifting away after him. Soon I was alone in the clearing, and while I knew they had not accepted me into their tribe, they had accepted me as one of them. My howl of triumph rang beneath the moon.

The Trust of the Wolf

Others have gained acceptance or tolerance by the Garou, some by elaborate magical preparation, others by cunning, still others by adventure. Certain of us are able to place our mind within the body of a genuine wolf, and thus journey forth even in daylight. Some have passed for human

and met the Garou in that form. Others have simply used the same powers of obfuscation that work so well against the mortal populace.

Trusting the Wolf

Whatever the method of gaining the trust of the Lupines, if one of us proves herself worthy, the inevitable discovery of our nature may not spell disaster.

Once they have accepted a tribe member, they are fantastically loyal. Even the revelation that one is born of an enemy race is not sufficient to break the bond of tribal loyalty — though I admit it strains it mightily. Individuals may indeed seek your blood in payment for your deception, though the tribe as a whole will not. It is a precious thing, this bond, and not to be taken lightly. On several occasions, I can attribute my survival to the bond I now have with these folk.

By this, I do not merely mean my physical survival, though that is certainly welcome, but I owe at least some of my Humanitas to them. The Garou have a way of dealing with the Beast which I have done my best to learn. In essence, they say: I am a creature born from violence, fated to die in violence. I cannot change this. I can, however, direct the violence as I will.





BRIDGES

Make no mistake: their Beast is not ours. Theirs is merely primitive, while ours is primeval. We can nevertheless learn from their example. If taking the Beast out for a run can make it chafe less at its confinement, perhaps we should try it.

And, indeed, there are Gangrel who have taken this to heart. When the Beast threatens to overwhelm us, often one will flee the situation, take to the woods and the form of a wolf, and run down some prey. By acting out the impulses of the Frenzy, but never letting the Beast take control, one can escape the Frenzy itself.

The Lupine Culture

Editor's note: This was part of a longer bit titled The Unnatural History of the Lupine. I cut it because most of it had to do with old, dead wolves. We've got a lot more to worry about with new, living ones. Learn and live.

There are more than five tribes of Lupine (all of which, by the way, prefer to be called Garou). I do not know all their names, but I can tell you some of them. Which tribe one belongs to involves not only what one's bloodline is, but also under what phase of the moon one was born. Understand that my research in this area has been hampered by the fact that I could not and cannot ask too many questions without being discovered for what I am, and so my information may be fragmentary or incorrect. For this I apologize in advance.

Some Tribes of the Garou

The Glass Walkers

This is the tribe most likely to be found in the cities, and consequently the most likely to encounter the Kindred. They generally have a reasonable attitude toward technology, and are consequently distrusted by their brethren and sistren. They have among them subdivisions, perhaps famous families. The Philodox are one of these sub-tribes, whose purpose apparently is to reconcile the old ways with the new.

Other subcategories of the Glass Walkers are the Bone-Gnawers, a scavenger class, and the Were-Hackers, a youth movement who seem to be intent on turning technology against the Wyrms (including us).

The Get of Fenris

This warrior tribe includes those werewolves born under the full of the moon, and in particular those who intend to die gloriously in battle. They are the most fearsome warriors ever to take the field, yet their bravery is matched by their foolhardiness. They will not hesitate to attack one (or several) of our kind. The Red Talons are a militaristic branch who are, if possible, even more extreme.

The Ragabash

These are a tribe of Lupines who delight in trickery, mystery and riddles. They are unreliable in the extreme; one cannot even expect them to consistently behave unpredictably. In this sense they have much in common with the Malkavians. The only one who seemed at all willing to talk to me was an old devil who began our conversation by telling me that he knew who and what I was, but that he would not give me away because he appreciated the joke. As he told me (and I see no reason to trust his word), the Ragabash delight in infiltrating other tribes, either to do mischief or simply to accomplish a difficult feat. I am sure there is much we as Gangrel could learn from them if we could trust what they say. Apparently there are tell-tale signs by which one can be told from a member of another tribe, but I have not learned them. I will reveal more of them when I have more to tell.

The Dancers in the Dark

I have mentioned these beings before, but I wish to emphasize again how dangerous they can be. They combine the worst of the Lupines with the worst of humans, and observe no rules in their search for power. A Gangrel of my acquaintance was approached by some of these Dark Ones, whose leader was dying and who sought the Embrace as an answer to old age. Needless to say, my friend declined, and was later attacked by some who sought to take his Vitæ by force. Be warned and beware!

A final note to those who would walk with the moon-touched: Respect them and their ways. To us, they may seem savages — and they are. To us they may seem uncivilized, unlettered and unsophisticated. They are. But what has all our "civilization" brought us, but more violence, secret struggles and dark despair? Theirs is in many ways a cleaner path, and though they do not make the pretensions to nobility that many of us do, they are noble creatures. Even if you are never accepted among them, you can learn from them. They are a dying breed, and we breed their death with every childe we sire. Learn from them while they are still here to tutor us.





The Rom

by Dr. Raoul J. King

After my graduation from the University of Michigan (or was it Minnesota? — damn cold place, anyway), I had a Doctor of Journalism to put after my name and absolutely nothing to write about.

So I did what any self-respecting journalist would have done. I decided to write a book. It was my intention to write a book on the hippie phenomenon, following these ancestors of Jerry's Kids around the country, and incidentally force myself to sample whatever degraded pleasures their culture had to offer.

Unfortunately, my editor, a guy who'd been satisfied with a Master's in Journalism and charges dropped, and also my former roommate, had other ideas.

"Who the hell cares about the hippies?" he said. "The whole drug scene's old news. President Johnson says so."

"What's that?" I shouted. "I can't hear you! It's the damn phone!"

"How about the Gypsies?"

"Weren't they sold to Detroit?"

"No, I mean real live gypsies. Wanderers of the world. All that ethnic stuff is real hot now."

"What kind of parties they got?"

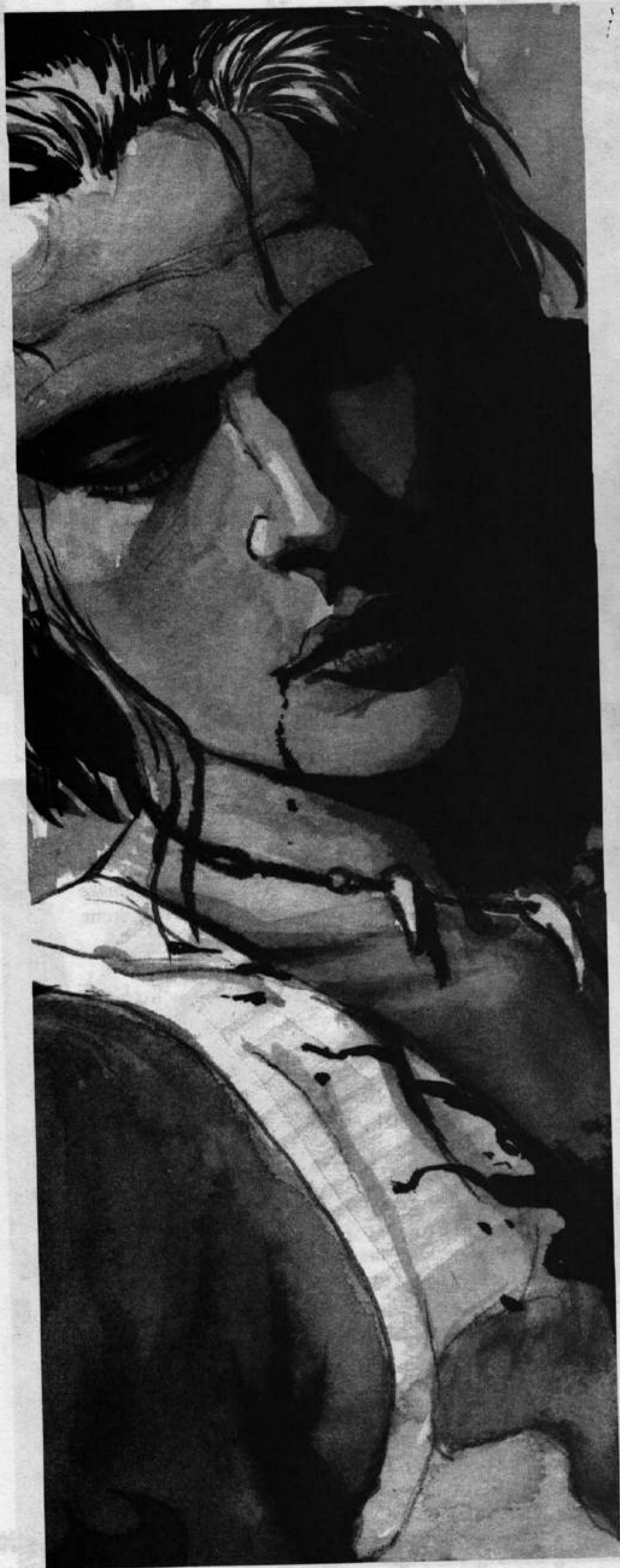
"Are you kidding? Stolen wine and home-made beer around the campfire, gorgeous Gypsy chicks dancing to make your eyes water. Fiddle-music to wake the dead. It's a stone groove, Gonz. You'll love it."

"How long? How much?"

It was long enough, and nearly enough money, so I found myself on a plane to England, where I met my first bona-fide Rom. They were pretty typical of what I later learned of European Romany. They stayed pretty much in a circuit, traveling from place to place as the weather suited, doing odd jobs, stealing anything that wasn't tied down, and generally making not quite enough of a nuisance of themselves to be unwelcome.

At first, they were standoffish, even hostile as they define hostile. They kept trying to sell me stuff, to rip me off, to tell my fortune. Even after I told them I was writing a book, they persisted in trying to get money out of me. I thought of it as charmingly naive, thinking there was money to be had from a writer, and told them so. They just smiled and offered to tell me how it would sell.

At last I hit upon a stratagem that won their confidence. After a long night at a local pub, I was incarcerated for liberating a tavern sign to which I had taken a fancy, damaging said sign on the helmet of a police officer, and fleeing arrest (would have made it, except I was holding my



pants up with one hand — but if you want the whole story, go buy my book *The Gypsies: A Strange and Wonderful Saga of the Modern Nomads*.)

After my release, I found their attitude toward me had changed. Evidently the police had asked them questions about me, since I had been seen in their company, before letting me go. When I returned, Jorge, the man I had been trying to talk to, welcomed me like a brother.

“Why did you not say you were a *dilo*, my friend? Your kind is *bacht* — what you call lucky. You are welcome here at my fire.”

I stayed with them for nearly a month, learning their customs and some baby-talk in Rom, and when they prepared to move on to Liverpool to meet up with some friends, I was invited to go with them.

Their *kumpania* was part the traditional Gypsy caravan, with painted wagons and horse-drawn carts, and part modern, with a trailer and two antique station wagons. My battered rental Land Rover wasn't too far out of place.

During the time I traveled and camped with Jorge and his *kumpania*, I learned a great deal about the Rom that I hadn't known, and some things I haven't seen reported anywhere else.

For instance, even though we had been together many weeks, I noticed Jorge kept his two daughters, ages 10 and 14 or so, well away from me. I asked Jorge if he didn't trust me with them.

“Trust you? Of course I do, as much as any *giorgio*. But it is not done, to let the Romany girls be too near a man. They are too beautiful. So from a friend we remove temptation.”

I also learned how to steal a chicken: you tie a piece of string to a kernel of corn, and toss it down to where the bird can get to it. Once it eats the corn, you can lead it home by the string in its crop. The gypsies kept chickens of their own, but never ate them. When I asked why this was so, Jorge told me they kept a chicken of each color so that any telltale feathers wouldn't give them away; a suspicious farmer could be shown a chicken of whatever color he was missing.

Acquiring a pig was nearly as easy: one of the kids would squish a sponge down into a lump of lard and peg it till it hardened, then feed it to some farmer's pig. After the animal ate the lump, the lard would melt, the sponge would expand, and the pig would die of a blocked intestine. Then a few gypsy kids would “happen” by, and buy the dead pig on the cheap “for their dog.”

These carny-style cons and hoaxes were perpetrated again and again while I journeyed with Jorge. Most of them relied on a rough psychology that any Freudian could profit from.

But they had a sense of honor among themselves and everyone they considered friends. Once I lost a pen, a cheap retractable I had stolen from my hotel, and one of the kids walked over a mile to return it to me.

The same standards did not apply to outsiders. Some called them *gaje*, other *giorgio*, but all agreed they were not worthy of an even break. I watched two Romany men with a horse so old it must have been endangering the horse-masquerade. Rather than put the beast down with a syringe or a bullet, they fixed it up to look as healthy as possible, filling the pits in its teeth, staining the gray from its coat, inflating the hollows in its face with a straw — the perfect appetizer for breakfast, incidentally — and then sold the animal to some poor son-of-a-bitch farmer they primed with home-made hooch. Later, when he complained, they turned around and accused the poor bastard of mistreating the beast. "Look how sick it looks now! It was always healthy with us!"

Of course, among themselves, the Rom play no such tricks.

That is how I knew the Rom when I still breathed for a living. It wasn't many years later — only a lifetime, in my case — that I got to see the other side of the Gypsies.

I was in Toronto, for health reasons, and I had a pack of Hunters on my ass. The trailer-park outside of town had seemed like a good place to lose them, but these bastards were tenacious as hell, and I swear they could smell me! Anyway, I was feeling pretty desperate when I saw a *patrin*, a sign that meant Gypsies were near. I whistled the tune Jorge had taught me, that identified me as a friend of his *kumpania*, and sure enough, one of the older men at a nearby fire perked up his ears and called me over. They had a big trash-fire going, and were sitting around it on upturned cinder blocks. I gave them a name, they did the same, and probably all of us were lying. But I wasn't in much of a bargaining position.

"Look," I said, "there are some folks on my ass who want to kill me, and they probably won't be any too gentle with anyone they find with me. I hate to bring trouble to you, but I'm desperate. Can you hide me?"

The guy — I was pretty sure he was the *baro* of this bunch — looked at me closely, and asked, "These men, are they the police?"

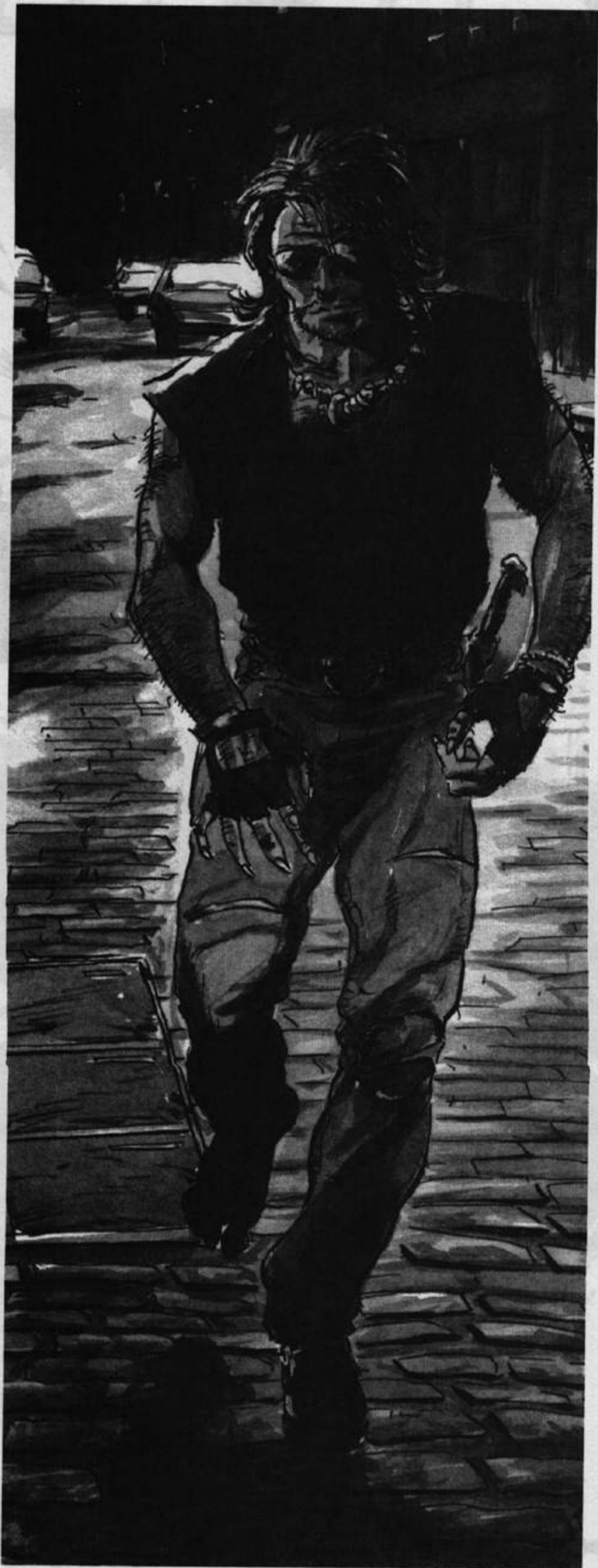
"No, they're, ah, free-lance talent, but they're pretty determined. And I'm not sure they're all men." I had to warn him somehow.

He eyed me again. "Come."

I followed him to his *vurdon*, a silver-sided trailer that had been very expensive a very long time ago. I stepped inside, amazed as always at the sumptuous clutter inside a *vurdon*. The sky outside was light enough that I could see palely through the chinks and gaps in the metal sides.

"Do you have a place a little darker? I'm going to have to hide all day ... the trunk of a car, maybe?" I hadn't said anything about being Kindred, but my sire, in one of his talkative moods, had said that the Gypsies were in on the Masquerade, and I had heard stories ... I still couldn't bring myself to blurt it out.

He eyed me again — I've always had a lifelike face — and nodded shortly. He led me back out into the paling night, and over to a ring where a fire had been days before.





BRIDGES

"You are *mulasi*, then?"

I hadn't heard the term. "I guess so."

"You do not steal from family."

"No. I try not to steal what I need —"

"Good. You can dig?" He gestured at the scorched ground.

"I can do better than that. But —"

"Go, hide down here. We will talk tomorrow night." He turned away and strode back the way we'd come.

I sifted into the ground; before I slept, I could hear him and others moving around above.

I awoke to the sound of stamping and pounding above me. I panicked for a second, but I could tell the sounds were dying down rather than getting nearer. If there was trouble, I didn't want these poor bastards taking all of it — just the parts I couldn't handle. I had my pistol out when I emerged from my hiding-place, but the only people there were Samed and some of his men. The stamping I had heard was the sound of them putting out the fire that had been burning above me all day long!

When he saw the expression on my face, Samed just laughed. "You had a good day's sleep, eh? You don't care what happens besides?"

I repressed a shudder. "I guess not. What happened when they showed up?"

"You were right about them, I think. One at least was not altogether a man. He seemed brutish, more an animal than a man, and I think he tracked you by smell to my *vurdon*. But he followed to the fire, where I and my brothers were telling *paramitsha* — what you call ghost stories.

"They ask if we have seen anything unusual, any ghosts. I ask to share what they are drinking!" He slapped his knee. "They do not like to be made fun of, these serious men and almost-men. They tell me great harm will befall me if we allow the ghost to pass. I promise them if I see the ghost I will throw him in my fire. See how I keep my promises! They are not happy, but they sniff around some more and then leave." He grew serious for a moment. "But you are wrong, my friend. One of them was a policeman. He did not wear the unlucky black uniform, but I could smell him a cop. Be careful."

"Thanks, I will. So, why the hell did you hide me, anyway?"

He shrugged. "My grandfather told me, if one of your kind came to us and knew our ways, we could trust him. He said long ago we shared the same grandmother, so many of your kind are Gypsy by blood — at least a little bit." He smiled. "He also said, though it was not lucky to have you here, when you left you would carry away all the *prikasa*, all the bad luck of our *kumpania*."

"Sure. Your bad luck is probably better than my good luck, anyway."

"*Bater!* Now, though, we dance, and you will do some tricks for these young ones to show them their old man is not foolish to believe the old tales!"

This we did, and I got to attend a Gypsy party once more, this time more as an observer than participant. Samed kept by me through the festivities, both to keep an eye on me, I'm sure, and to show his fellows that he wasn't afraid of me. Before long, I was as accepted as I've ever been among the living, perhaps more so since these folk knew what I was and didn't care, as long as I didn't bother them.

I had never quite lost the knack of eating and drinking, and I did a little of both. It put the folks more at ease. In response to my small tricks to demonstrate my unnaturalness, they showed me feats of trickery, juggling, sleight-of-hand, and maybe something more. In all, it was the best party I'd been to since I died.

Samed told me a few old stories about his kind and mine, including a tale of a Gypsy woman who died and came back as a Kindred to tend her child each night. She was nursing it from her breast (*vitæ*, I'm sure) and eventually the baby died. The mother had to be put down to protect her husband and his tribe. Samed didn't belabor the point, but I was sure they'd know just what to do if I violated their hospitality.

When it was time for me to go, several members of the company pressed gifts on me, most of them small twists of cloth. Samed explained that they were tangible representations of the curses and bad luck I would take with me when I left.

They made a big fuss over me as I left, though I noticed while some actually broke into tears at my going, none asked me to return. I didn't say anything about this, but I expect I'd do the same. Samed told me a few shortcuts to get me on my

way south, and recommended the best place in TO for boosting a car that wouldn't be missed. Then he hugged me like a brother and I left.

And that was the Gypsies as a Kindred and Gangrel. I can't swear you'll do as well. A few hints, though:

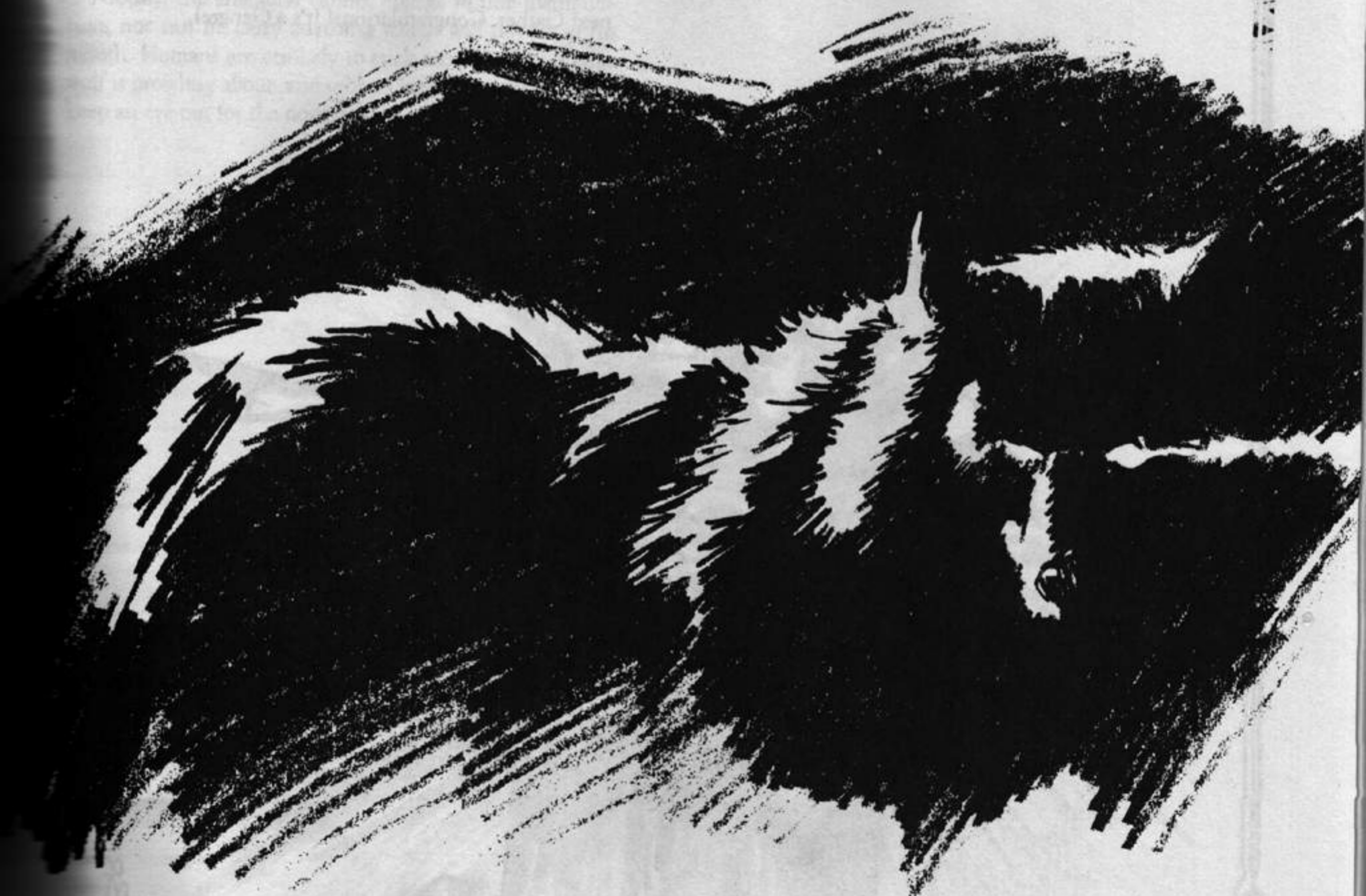
Don't mess with them unless you can avoid it. Why take chances?

Don't tell anyone from another clan about it. They might get pissy about the Masquerade, or just take advantage of the Rom and lose us some allies.

Try the older, more traditional Rom first. They're more likely to remember the tales Samed's grandfather told him.

Treat them right! Do not mess with them. Don't flirt with their daughters, don't drink from their dogs, nothing. Don't even mention blood (almost all bodily functions are taboo; talking of them brings bad luck).

Take whatever they give you with you. Samed told me I had to hang onto the *prikasa* items until I lost them by chance, someone offered to take them, or I could sell them. I lost the damn things when I wrecked my stolen Ford on a treacherous gravel road — you figure out whether it was the bad luck or just crappy Detroit steering.



The Making of a Gangrel

Ashton's recounting of the birth of a Gangrel is impossibly labored and a little out of date. Here's what happens as I see it:

Reasons

Anybody who thinks there's only one reason for making someone else into a night-wandering bloodsucker is either crazy or a Tremere.

I've heard of it done because, "I loved him," or "I hated her." I've heard of it done because the mortal had valuable skills the Kindred wanted kept alive, and I've heard it done because it amused the creator.

The Hunt

Since telling the tale of a Creation is worth a warm drink at another Gangrel's camp, it's your duty to make it as dramatic as possible. Most prefer to hunt their prospective childe. This can be a traditional hunt, culminating in running the childe down and Embracing him, or it could mean sneaking up on him when he's sleeping. Joshua's popular tale

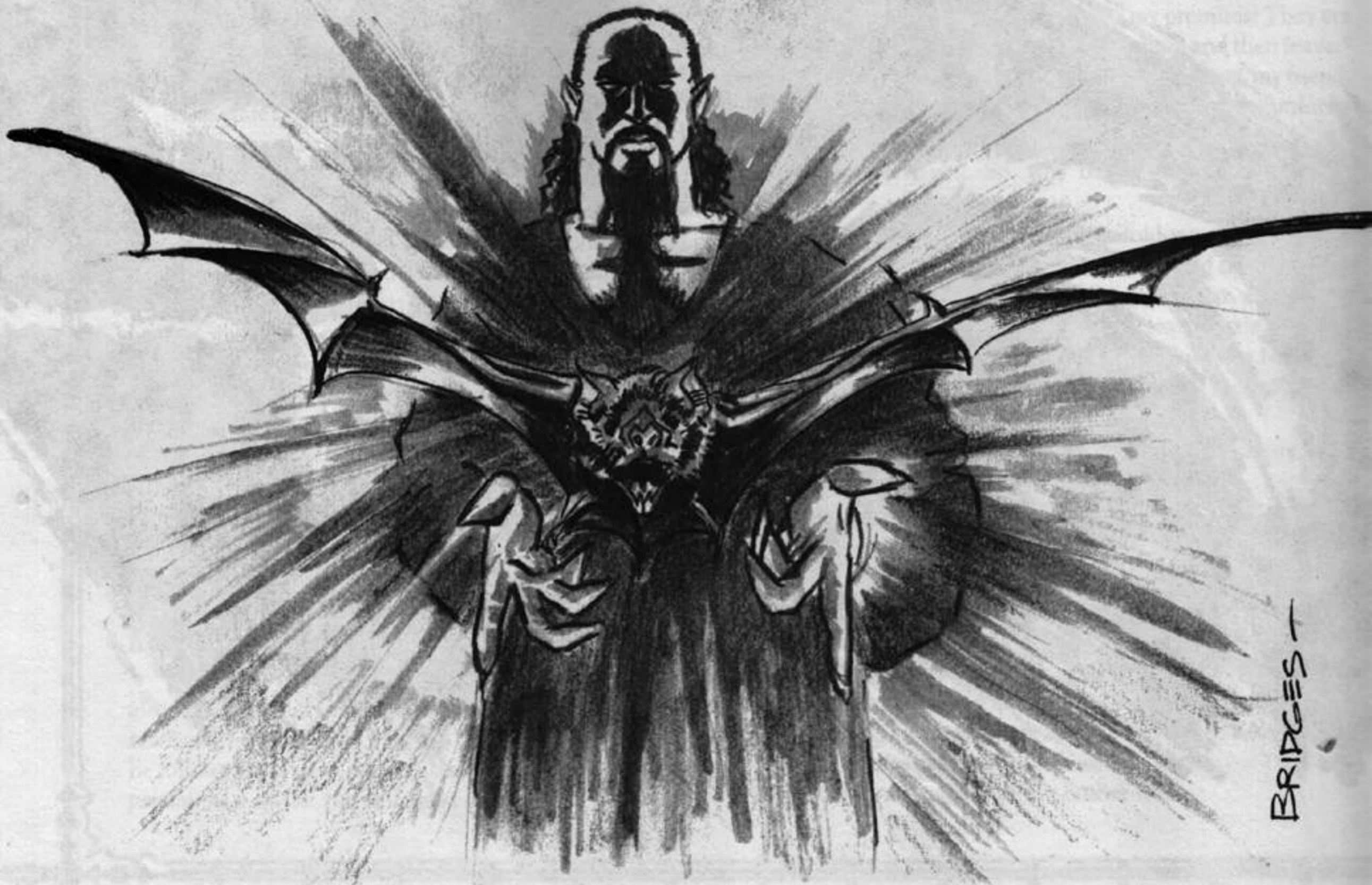
(true or not) is of Embracing a woman so quietly and deftly that she went to sleep a mortal and woke a vampire! In any event, the Change should provide a good story, and show off the skills of both sire and childe.

The Change

Before abandoning your new progeny, custom has it that you leave the sorry bastard with a full stomach — either fill her full of your blood, or leave a likely vessel laying around somewhere. You will not contact her again until and unless you judge her worthy of the Gangrel.

The Kid's Night Out

A this point she's on her own — as far as she knows. It is considered very bad form to interfere with your fledgling, but you've got to keep an eye on her. If you can keep the poor fledgling from violating the Masquerade, all the better. In any event, if she makes it on her own (your option as to how long is long enough), you can go see her again and introduce yourself. If you're the shy type, mail her this book (that is, after all, why we're printing it). Then bring her along to the next Gather. Congratulations! It's a Gangrel.



The Gangrel Forms

The Gangrels' many forms are well known among Kindred, and equally feared. Each form is a mix of the character's own body and something else. Thus, when she changes back to human form, all her possessions and clothes will be as they were when she first changed. While older Gangrel can often assume many different forms, the Shadow of the Beast only allows the character to take those of wolf and bat.

The Wolf

The wolf form provides the Gangrel with a number of powerful advantages. Assuming this form adds one to all the character's Physical Attributes, but subtracts one from Manipulation. Also, the character gains the increased perception of the wolf — boosting his powers of hearing, smelling and taste. If the character also has *Auspex*, these increased senses are themselves boosted by the Discipline.

Furthermore, the wolf form lets the character bite having previously grappled the target, and attacks with the bite or claws are both rolled against a difficulty of five. Additionally, the character can increase his horizontal jump one foot per success while in wolf form, and can run faster as well, decreasing related difficulties by one.

There are some disadvantages to this form as well. Obviously, the character cannot engage in fine manipulation, nor can he carry anything which will not fit in his mouth. Humans are unlikely to stick around when a large wolf is prowling about, and urban Gangrel quickly learn to keep an eye out for the dogcatcher.

The Bat

The most obvious advantage of turning into a bat is the power of flight. Bats can fly at 23 mph for short distances, and 12 mph for sustained flights. Kindred with *Celerity* can increase these speeds with the use of blood, and those with *Fortitude* can fly at high speeds for longer times.

In bat form, a vampire loses two points of Strength, but gains a point of Dexterity. Also, contrary to popular belief, bats are not blind. Still, in this form a character has the benefits of bat sonar and all the advantages that entails.

Also, the character cannot engage in any fine manipulation, and can only carry items which fit in her claws. Bats generally weigh under 10 pounds, and move slowly when not flying. The fabled man-bat form can be gained as a Merit or a seventh-level Discipline.



Chapter 111: The Gangrel and Others

by Raoul King

In general, the clan members think of the Camarilla as a necessary evil. Face it, a lone Gangrel in the middle of the Yosemite Park has a lot more to lose by breaking the Masquerade than does a boardroom full of Ventrue.

So, while most Gangrel think the Camarilla is preferable to the alternative, there exists an unwritten alternative to the paths of anarchy or Camarilla pawn. Autarkis are those who neither obey nor defy the Camarilla — they just avoid it. Officially, the Gangrel deplore such Kindred. In fact, they go out of their way to aid them.

It will be easiest to understand this if I just show you the Traditions as practiced by today's Gangrel:

1. Acceptance

If you come to a city where you think the prince will accept you, by all means announce yourself. If not, go in and lay low — very low. Depending on the prince, it may be better to let them think you're an anarchy than get caught trespassing.

2. Domain

Once again, it's worth paying attention to, if it's not too much trouble. Always remember, though, that unlike most Kindred, your feet aren't nailed to the ground. To quote a noted ghoul: "There is no problem so big it cannot be run away from."

3. Becoming

The hell with the prince. Who's the prince of Yellowstone Park, Death Valley or the Grand Canyon? Talk to your sire about this (if you can find her) — for advice if nothing else. You need to be careful making other Kindred, if for no other reason than they will be competing for your spot on the food chain. Old, "suicidal" Gangrel have been known to pass on their blood before ending an existence that has proven unbearable — a sensible move from an ecological standpoint.

4. Accounting

Yeah, right. There's a reason we pick 'em independent — so we don't have to deal with this bullshit.

5. Secrecy

Damn good idea. Lone Gangrel are more vulnerable to a secrecy breach than most city-dwellers. Watch it!

6. Destruction

This is another one of those rules that just doesn't apply on the open road. As our Gypsy friends say (with a different meaning), "On the road, each man is his own prince."

Relations with Other Kindred

Clans of the Camarilla

Brujah

They're animals (and I say this with sincere apologies to any part-time animals reading this). But they have the right idea about cooperating with the Camarilla (don't) and the right idea about how to party (unconditionally). They also like to fight, which endears them to many. They're fast buggers, but they don't have claws to speak of.

Watch out for the old ones, though. They think too much.

Malkavian

Most of the Malkavians are crazy, and the rest are just plain sneaky. That doesn't mean you shouldn't listen to them, just don't believe a word they say. The sneaky ones won't tell you the truth and the crazy ones wouldn't know the truth if it was fed to them intravenously.

Nosferatu

Don't let their looks fool you — these guys stick together better than any clan except the Tremere, and the Tremere cheat.

The Nosferatu also have an information network second to none, and they may be willing to share news. They really don't have much of a sense of storytelling, preferring literal truth to dramatic necessity, but they are well worth cultivating as a source of information.

Coreador

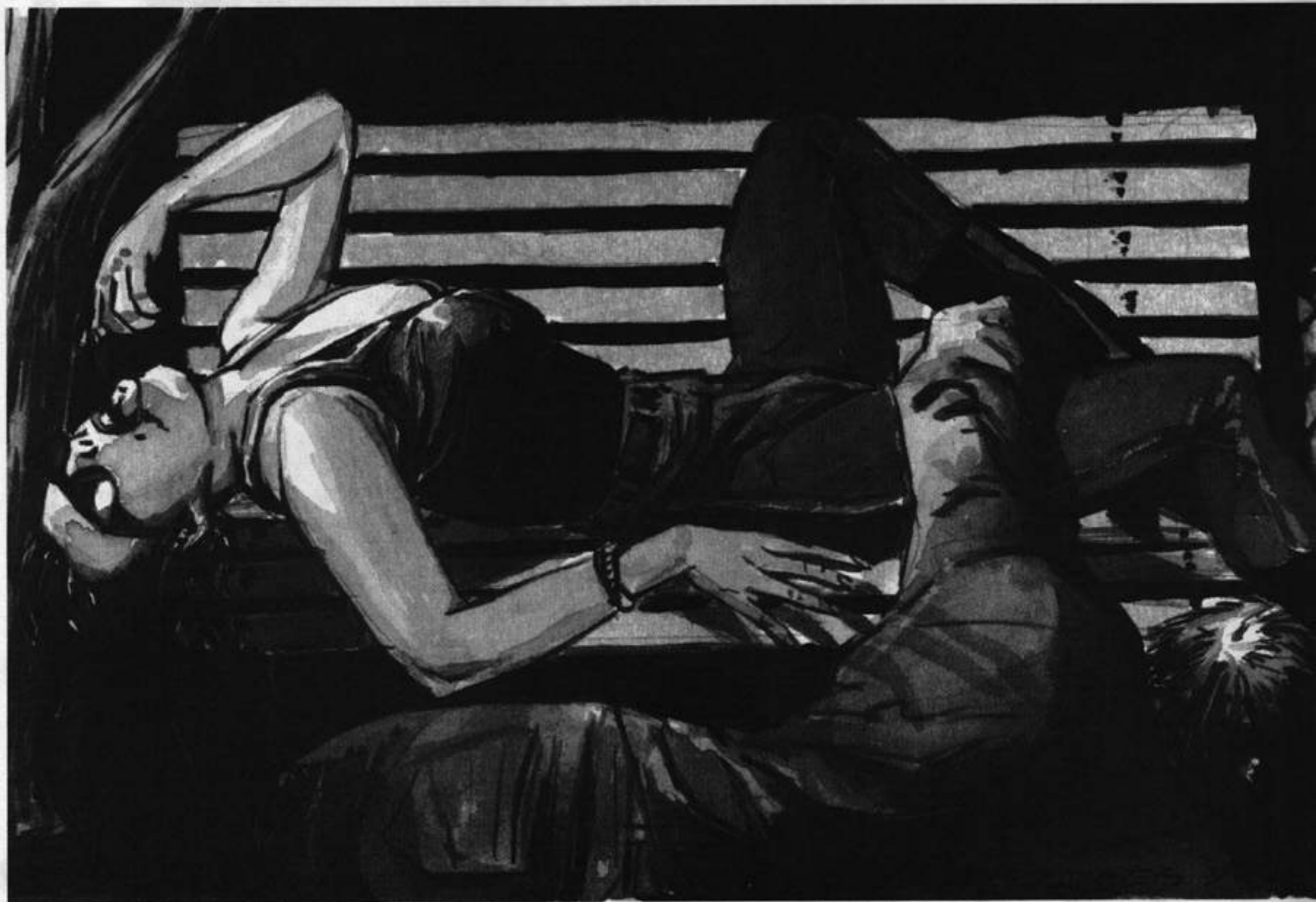
Most of these fops are absolutely worthless, not even worth the trouble to stake 'em out and give 'em a suntan. At least they're not actively malevolent.

Some of them can write, though. They tend to waste their time on experimental plays and films, (not to mention deconstructionist criticism), but some can spin a good yarn.

Party with them, but don't expect to fit in. And don't trust them with a burnt-out match.

Tremere

They're manipulative, organized, secretive, and treacherous. Trust one the way you would a Ravnos with your sister. Only very occasionally, when your interests coincide, can you work with a Tremere — and then you'll become a liability as soon as your usefulness is ended.



Ventrue

The Ventrue are the closest thing the Kindred have to professional politicians, which is why they are shunned by all sensible undead. Some of what they do may need doing, but it is scarcely worth supporting these (figurative and literal) leeches to do it. The next time you meet one, borrow his handkerchief, and give it to the next pack of Lupines you meet. They should be able to follow the scent.

Non-Camarilla Clans

Anarchs

Okay, so they're not a clan. So sue me.

What can you say about a group that doesn't want anything to do with the Camarilla, that would just as soon see the whole bunch get a tan, except — more power to them.

Assamites

I only heard about these guys through a friend, who claims the whole bunch are really the Assassins of Hassan-i-Sabah, made immortal by their undead master, and carrying on his secret plans for world domination. As far as I'm concerned, that's about as good an explanation as the Single Bullet Theory. Whatever they are, I'm sure they knew exactly what they were doing when they started emulating the assassins of the good old days, and I'm sure they're pretty damn dangerous when they want to be. Steer clear, especially in the Mideast.

Caitiff

Anybody who doesn't know her sire or thing one about the Camarilla is a Caitiff. They rise from all kinds of accidents, including being sired by a Gangrel who gets killed before he can declare himself to his progeny.

So, if you meet one of these unfortunates, give 'em a break. Try to minimize her chance of blowing the Masquerade, and see if you can't point them at the anarchs or get someone to adopt them. It's happened.

But some of these sorry sons of bitches are a lost cause, destined for a lurid end on the front page of some sleazy tabloid. Your best bet then is to pull out and make sure none of your people are around when they blow.

Ravnos

As difficult as it may sound, these sleazy bastards manage to give both Gypsies and Gangrel a bad name. In Eastern Europe, where they first grew to prominence, the older Gangrel tell of a fiery Gypsy witch, skilled in the magical arts of illusion, who seduced a vampire lover to gain his power. He betrayed the secrets of the Kindred to her, and in she in turn betrayed her tribe in exchange for the Embrace. Out of such deception, the old Gypsies say, were the Ravnos born.

But old Gypsies are notorious liars... In any event, avoid them if possible, sic somebody on them if not. We'd all be better off without them.

Followers of Set

I don't know about you, but I'm kind of leery of vampires who worship the "god of darkness." Wasn't Set the devil of Egyptian mythology? Call me crazy, but they just don't sound like my idea of a good time. On the other hand, I hear that they have great parties, if you don't mind catching a buzz that will never go away.

Giovanni

I don't know much about them, but I understand they helped one of our clan who asked for sanctuary at their ancestral mansion. On the other hand, one of them completely wiped a Gangrel and a Brujah they ran across in a business deal. Don't borrow money from them.

Other Sects

Inconnu

I've only met one Inconnu, and that was pretty much by accident. This one may once have been a Gangrel (don't fool yourself, they're beyond caring about clan loyalties and all that). In any event, he seemed sympathetic to the Gangrel cause. Maybe the fact that most of these guys were born when the world was covered with forest makes them appreciate our tree-hugging clan. I don't know.

Sabbat

My humble opinion is that these bastards are the most honest bunch of us around. Make no mistake about it, they're creeps. But at least they don't run around bemoaning lost humanitas, and generally acting as though our existence were anything more than the in-flight movie on the trip to hell. On the down side, this makes them a real bitch to be around. I certainly don't want anybody around who behaves worse than I do. If you want to really piss one off, laugh at him — but make sure you've already got one foot in the woods.

Hunters

If you ever get honest-to-God vampire hunters on your ass, get the hell out of Dodge. Most of these guys have seen way too many horror movies, get me? Go dig a hole and pull it in after you.

With that bit of advice over, let's look at the known groups that are a threat to your unlife:

The Arcanum

I know it's heresy to say it, since these guys are close to cracking the Masquerade if anyone is, but they're such harmless old farts! It's not that you can take one to dinner or

anything, but they just can't seem to get it together enough to blow our cover.

For those of you who haven't heard, the Arcanum is a loose affiliation of academics, cabalists, and occult investigators bent on uncovering everything Man Was Not Meant To Know. Cross a UFOlogist with the protagonist in an H.P. Lovecraft story and you've got the idea.

Every generation or so (from what I hear), a senior member decides it's time to publish their findings on vampires, public outcry be damned. So a committee is appointed to bring the records up to date, another is set to cataloguing physical evidence, a third starts cross-referencing previously published materials, everyone involved starts bucking for tenure so they won't be ruined when the story breaks ... and nothing ever gets printed. I'd suspect someone was being bought off, except that having seen Congress and universities at work, I don't think it's necessary. The workings of academe and bureaucracy are sufficient.

Steer clear on general principles; but don't sweat blood over them.

The Inquisition

Did you know that statistically speaking, the Inquisition is also relatively harmless? At least to Kindred, it's the truth. Ashton talked to someone who audited their books, and estimates they murder 80 humans and near-humans for every Kindred unlife they take.

Of course, who knows how many of these are committed by the actual Order of Leopold, and how many by splinter groups, renegade members and wannabes, but Ashton trusted his source and I trust him. The worst thing you can do here is act like a vampire, thus drawing their attention, or piss off

someone who turns you in just to get rid of you (something I imagine happens more often than most of us would care to admit).

On the other hand, once you get these people on your ass, you're in the shit. These fanatics have been doing this for generations, they know as much about us as any mortals, and they're not afraid to use a hammer to kill a flea. Most of the humans they kill probably die from smoke inhalation when the Inquisition burn down a whole apartment building to get at the one vampire inside.

Label them more dangerous than an incumbent politician. If you know these guys are in town, you're obligated to report them so word can spread. I'd make the call from a car phone, if you catch my meaning.

U.S. Government

Although they aren't widely known as hunters, the good old U.S. government does maintain an interest in us, I understand the FBI is nominally in charge, but there are rumors that the CIA has been up to something Kindred-related in South America. As I hear it, the FBI hunters are some kind of inner cabal, agents who've run across vampires during their duties and are then sworn to secrecy and put to work digging up clues to prove our existence to the rest of the world.

Fortunately, except for a few incidents in the Pacific Northwest, we haven't had too much trouble with the FBI. The Forestry Service, on the other hand ... Did you know these guys spend you and your victims' tax money to build roads so that loggers can get to the old forest, chop down all the trees and pay the "Forestry Service" less than it spent on the road? I mean, hookers go to less trouble for a customer. I hear that individual park rangers have found out about either us or the Lupines, but can't confirm the rumor. Let me know if you hear anything.

Special Rules for Gangrel

Note to the Storyteller:

Vampire is, above all else, a storytelling game, and we have done our best in this supplement to tell it as a story from within the gothic-punk world of Vampire. Now, however, we have some rule-specific information to present, so we must step back into the allegedly real world.

What follows is a set of supplementary mechanics for telling stories about Gangrel. As with all rules in Vampire, they are optional! If one of these offends you, pluck it out! If a rule doesn't seem to go far enough, or inspires you with a better idea, by all means change it. You may wish to keep these secret from the players, as in-depth stuff to be learned later from their elders. Above all, do what you think will make the story more interesting and enjoyable for everyone — not just you, not just the players, not just the Gangrel. Good luck!

New Gangrel Merits and Flaws

Generally, these are to be chosen only when creating a character, though the Storyteller may wish to make one of these available retroactively to a character created before this work was published. They are meant for use with rules presented in *The Players Guide*.

Superstitious (Two-point flaw)

The character has misconceptions about what he is. In the absence of a sire, he becomes what he believes himself to be. "Hollywood-itis," the belief that one has the powers and limitations of one of the several movie vampires, is the most common form. A more severe manifestation (possibly worth more points to the Storyteller) is a Gangrel who believes himself a Lupine.

Ruse of the Wolf's Clothing (Two-point merit)

In animal form only, the vampire still smells alive, even to the super-sensitive nostrils of the Lupines. This is essentially a "Baby Face" merit for altered forms, and may include other lifelike symptoms at the Storyteller's discretion, as well as a defense against the werewolf gift Sense Wurm. If this is the case, then the Storyteller may well want to increase the cost of this merit.

Gift of Proteus (One, two or four-point merit)

This merit allows the Gangrel to "fine-tune" the shapes achieved by the Protean Discipline. The number of points spent determines the scope of the variation, which must be specific, approved by the Storyteller, and defined when the merit is chosen.

Examples:

For 1 point, the character can vary the special effects. The character may modify the incidental effects of a form. Red Eyes might glow an eerie green instead of red.

For 2 points, the character may achieve a minor variation on a form. For instance, a player may determine the actual breed of wolf which her character may become.

For 4 points the character may make a significant variation in one of the Protean shapes, (as long as it is still a shape traditionally associated with Vampires), such as becoming a black cat instead of a wolf. Among the forms traditionally ascribed to Vampires were those of cats, crows, black dogs, wolves, toads and bats.

Further Gangrel Disciplines

Adaptability (Protean Level 6)

With this discipline, a vampire can adapt himself to one particular extreme environment. Extreme cold, heat (short of Celsius 200°, the Kindred-kindling temperature), even deep-sea pressures or the vacuum of space may be endured with varying comfort. Note that the ability to survive the environment does nothing to protect you against other hazards. A deep-sea-going vampire might still be eaten, and a space-traveller had best avoid the sunlight.

Communicating with Lupines

If you have **Werewolf: The Apocalypse**, there are several modifications you might want to make in your game. Several tribes hold differing views of Kindred. In particular, those most likely to be sympathetic or to tolerate the Gangrel are the Silent Striders, the Stargazers and the Uktena. The Glass Walkers are more inclined to be open-minded than most, but they aren't particularly close to the nature-loving Gangrel. The Shadow Lords are another possibility, but they are likely to be hiding something ...

Needless to say, the Black Spiral Dancers (of whom Ashton has heard only rumors) are likely to be interested in contacting vampires, but only Sabbat members would have nothing to lose from such an exchange. Every other tribe will kill a vampire (Gangrel or not) on sight, except in the most outrageous of circumstances.





Ingratiation 101

A Gangrel attempting to pass for Garou will need a cover story. She must preferably pretend to be a homid (a human-born werewolf), since this will account for the lack of familiarity with Lupine culture. “Lost children,” or those with Lupine blood that the Tribes are unaware of, are greeted with great joy, for the Garou are no longer a fertile race, and fewer still breed true.

Nonetheless, times being what they are, suspicions run high, and the Lupine optimism will be tempered with a great deal of suspicion. It is even possible that a Gangrel may pass for a werewolf and still be suspected of being an enemy — a Spiral Dancer, for instance.

Note that certain Skills can keep the werewolves from realizing they’re seeing a vampire. A skill in Masquerade with a specialty of “Lupines,” or Subterfuge skill plus Animal Ken might work. Various Disciplines can have similar effect.

A note of clarification: the Garou Gift Sense Wurm will usually detect any vampire with a Humanity less than seven. Others should be safe, though at the Storyteller’s discretion, such practices as Diabolism or Thaumaturgy may also give one away.

Lupine Lore

This is a very important Knowledge for anyone expecting to infiltrate the Lupines. It may be possible to find an elder Gangrel who will be willing to work with a Neonate and teach her this skill, but most likely it will need to come through experience.

Lupine Language

The “language” of growls, barks and nonverbal communication making up the Lupine lingua franca is also quite useful. Note that whomever teaches this skill invariably passes on their own “accent,” so depending on the teacher, a character may give away more than they realize by conversing in it. Once again, an elder Gangrel willing and able to teach this skill will be rare, but possible.

Lupine Combat

Kindred with the Protean discipline may be able to learn the principles of the Lupine martial arts. Most of the techniques involve shapes other than the human, often with surprising shifts from one to the other. Subject to the limitations of her shapeshifting ability (see below) a Gangrel may become as proficient as time and teachers (and experience points) allow.

Other Forms

Lupines can assume five forms — Homid (human), Glabro (near-human), Crinos (Wolfman), Hispo (near-wolf) and Lupus (wolf). Of these, (and assuming a Gangrel with Protean discipline), the human, wolf, and near-wolf forms are reasonable easy. At the Storyteller's discretion, a sufficiently bestial Gangrel with claws may be able to pass as a Glabro. Only a true monster (and master of Protean discipline) can pass for a Crinos. The Storyteller may wish to provide for a special spell, ritual or Merit that may allow a Gangrel to assume this half-form, or make it one of the sixth-level Protean Disciplines.

Lupine Skills

Certain of the skills of the Lupines may be available to Gangrel who have become accepted or tolerated by the Garou. Any skill that for one reason or another would require accommodations to teach it to a vampire (a sun-ritual dance or some such) cannot be learned by a Kindred character moving covertly among the Garou — obviously, only if the Garou teaching the skill is aware of the true nature of her pupil will she make the accommodations needed. One of the most important skills a Gangrel can learn is Rituals.

Rituals

These can be learned as the Garou skills outlined in *Werewolf*. The restrictions about covert vampires apply as for other skills, but many of these will not be taught to any known vampire, however trusted. Among those which might be available, perhaps the most interesting from a Vampires standpoint is the Rite of Spirit Awakening which allows a

character to awaken a sleeping spirit into action, or Rite of the Open Bridge, which opens Moon Bridges. For a Gangrel to use this ritual, she must have access to a caern and so forth, just as the Lupines do.

The Umbra

The Garou spirit-realm is not normally open to the likes of Vampire, who are readily distinguishable there by the cloud of haunting spirits (victims? tormentors?) that cloak them, and the fact that their "souls" are murky, almost faded-looking. Only powerful rituals allow Kindred to "step sideways."

Tricking the Lupines

Kindred cannot learn Lupine Gifts, as these involve ancient Garou spirits. However, they can use their own Disciplines to duplicate them, and should do so if they are trying to stay undercover.

If the focus of a story is a Gangrel attempting to deceive one or more Garou into accepting her as their own, you have the opportunity to tell a very powerful tale. The wearing of masks is always revealing; if nothing else, the choice of mask tell us about its wearer. In this same way, the deception being practiced may give you the chance to explore the nature of the Beast, the funny way in which we tend to become the things we pretend we are, and the tangled web we weave

You may also be able to generate some sympathy for the noble Garou, which most vampires view as creatures out of nightmare. Finally, you may be able to raise questions about the Kindred and their ways. If you do your job properly, the players may question whether the Garou are right, and the ceaseless bickerings of the Kindred are serving the Wyrms in leading this world toward destruction. And, if this is the case, what (if anything) do they intend to do about it?



Chapter 1111): Gangrel Templates

You should have a good idea of the variety of characters available to a Gangrel. Feel free to create one that is not typical of the species: most of the interesting ones aren't. However, in any Gather there will be some typical Gangrel. Here are examples to use for character inspiration, or when the Storyteller needs an instant supporting character.

The templates presented here are similar to those in **Vampire**. The Natures and Demeanors given here are samples only. You can easily alter these templates to fit your concept of how you would want to run the character. Some Natures/Demeanors are taken from the additional selections given in **The Players Guide**.

Gangrel

Gangrel

Archon-in-Training

Quote: Yeah, go ahead and do it. I'm sure the elders wouldn't mind. Of course I'll back you up. Go ahead.

Prelude: Violence is it. There's nothing you like better than wading into a fight, arms and legs flailing about and whacking everything in sight. The trouble with being a mortal, however, was that one good fight could get you in more trouble than you wanted. You tried all the socially acceptable avenues — sports, the military, marriage — but even being a cop didn't give you all the opportunities for beating heads you wanted.

Then a skinny old lady made you a proposition you couldn't refuse. After throwing you around your apartment for a while, just to give you an idea of her strength, she made you a ghoul, and set you loose battling something called the Sabbat. You went about your work with pleasure, and she was so pleased with your success that she gave you the gift of the Kiss.

While you still work with your Mentor on occasion, you've found that there are foes everywhere for you to fight. Indeed, the Camarilla seems to have made a point of amassing as many violent foes as possible, and you couldn't be happier.

Generally the sect leaders condone your actions, since you usually fight anarchs, but you've learned there are some times when even a vampire should avoid a fight. Still, on the whole, you see yourself on the right course — leg breaker now, Archon tomorrow.

Concept: You pick fights at a moment's notice. You know you're good enough to win most of them. Even if you're not, you'll still have fun until you lose. You're willing to work with anybody to further your purpose (fighting) but know better than to advertise your role in starting the battles.

Roleplaying Tips: Not all Gangrel are laconic outsiders. You're very social, and other people generally enjoy your presence — until you start beating on them. Try and talk other people into starting fights, and then act as though you're either coming to their aid or pounding on them to preserve the Masquerade. Your coterie should respect you for your power, but know better than to get into a fight against you.

Equipment: Any weapons you desire (though brass knuckles are your preference), Yamaha Venture, leather jacket.



Gangrel™

VAMPIRE: The Masquerade™

Name:

Nature: *Bravo*

Sire:

Player:

Demeanor: *Director*

Generation: *9th*

Chronicle:

Concept: *Archon In Training*

Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●●●○○○○
Dexterity ●●●●○○○○
Stamina ●●●○○○○○

Social

Charisma ●●●○○○○○
Manipulation ●●●○○○○○
Appearance ●●○○○○○○

Mental

Perception ●●○○○○○○
Intelligence ●○○○○○○○
Wits ●●●○○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Acting ○○○○○○○○
Alertness ●●○○○○○○
Athletics ●○○○○○○○
Brawl ●●●○○○○○
Dodge ●●○○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation ●●○○○○○○
Leadership ●○○○○○○○
Streetwise ○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge ●●○○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○
Drive ●○○○○○○○
Etiquette ●○○○○○○○
Firearms ●●●○○○○○
Melee ●●●●○○○○
Music ○○○○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○○○○
Security ●○○○○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○○○○

Knowledge

Bureaucracy ○○○○○○○○
Computer ○○○○○○○○
Finance ○○○○○○○○
Investigation ●○○○○○○○
Law ●○○○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○○○○
Occult ●○○○○○○○
Politics ●●○○○○○○
Science ○○○○○○○○

Advantages

Disciplines

Animalism ○○○○○○○○
Fortitude ●○○○○○○○
Protean ●○○○○○○○
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Backgrounds

Generation ●●●●○○○○
Mentor ●●○○○○○○
Resources ●○○○○○○○
Status ●○○○○○○○
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Virtues

Conscience ●●●○○○
Self-Control ●●●○○○
Courage ●●●○○○

Other Traits

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Humanity

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Willpower

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Blood Pool

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Health

Bruised
Hurt -1
Injured -1
Wounded -2
Mauled -2
Crippled -5
Incapacitated

Weakness

GAIN ANIMAL FEATURE WITH EACH FRENZY

Attributes:7/5/3 Abilities:13/9/5 Disciplines:3 Backgrounds:5 Virtues:7 Freebie Points:15 (7/5/2/1)

Babe in the Woods

Quote: Excuse me? Drink what? You must be out of your mind!

Prelude: You lived a relatively normal life, until recently. You grew up in a world that didn't have room for things like vampires and werewolves. The strangest thing that ever happened to you was having someone call you on the phone just as you were thinking of him.

Throughout childhood, high school and college, nothing about you stood out. The only feature which separated you from your peers was your remarkable talent at crafting stories, a skill you shared with none but your closest friends. So you grew up in uneventful fashion, happy with your place in the scheme of things.

Then, one night in college, you went to a party hosted by some artist friends. You met a professional storyteller there who spun the most amazing tall tales about the strangest beings. You were also rather taken with the storyteller, which accounts for your agreeing to a date with a relative stranger.

After he brought you home, the two of you stayed up late, spinning stories and swapping tales until the themes turned to horror. This was the one category he could top you in, and you sat with rapt fascination as the hours slipped away. As dawn neared, you suggested he sleep at your apartment, and he agreed. When you woke, however, it was the next night, and he had left.

Ever since then, your sleep cycle has been horribly messed up. You find it impossible to wake up before the sun has set, and always go to sleep before day break. Needless to say, your school work has suffered and your friends tease you about being a vampire — something you know to be impossible.

Concept: You haven't the faintest idea what has happened to you. As far as you're concerned, talking to the animals makes you Doctor Doolittle, not some kind of monster. You may even have a Derangement that makes it difficult for you to remember exactly how you get your sustenance. Your allies are your family — the one place you have always been able to turn for solace.

Roleplaying

Tips: You can do this either as a total innocent, in which case you may earn the enmity of your fellow players, or you may simply be "playing along" to find out what weird thing has happened to you. In either case, you should use this character as a foil to point up the atrocities of the Kindred existence.

Equipment: From typical human pocket items to none whatsoever.





Appendix: Gangrel of Note

Players, please read no further: the following material is for the Storyteller's eyes only. You will lessen your enjoyment of the game if you read on. You have been warned!

Storyteller: Here are some interesting Gangrel that should not be used by players, but instead provide some ready-made characters for the Storyteller to incorporate or derive inspiration from in her Chronicles. Feel free to change the specifics; players may ignore these warnings and read what they shouldn't. But they'll be sorry!

Dr. Raoul King

Raoul King, Ph.D., Journalism, was something of a rebel, even by the standards of the 1960s. He delighted in seeing those in power brought low, and the particular school of journalism to which he belonged, known as the Gonzo school, did not recognize the professional detachment of the press. Indeed, Gonzo journalists do not believe the reporter can be separate from the story.

Accordingly, it was 1968 in Chicago, at the Democratic Convention, and Dr. King was busily becoming part of the riot. Ashton, a 10th-generation Gangrel and part-time anarchist, was using the riots and subsequent disruption of the Kindred society to create a few unauthorized progeny (see Chicago by

Night for details on the evening's events). King had not intended to get this far into his story, and was not thrilled at a turn of events he couldn't even make public — his death and subsequent resurrection.

But after a fairly difficult period of adjustment, he has turned his talents to uncovering and reporting on what he perceives as corruption in the world of the undead.

His Status among the Kindred as a whole is low — his occasionally muckraking tactics are not winning him any friends among his elders, and the fact that he considers his job done if he makes a story "public" to the other Kindred seems inadequate to the younger vampires.

He does a little better among the Gangrel, since more than anything else, they enjoy a good story.



Karen Anotos

Karen Anotos had been fascinated by vampires since she was quite young. Naturally, when her agent found her a part in a vampire flick, she threw herself into the part. She was the bright spot in an otherwise mediocre movie, and those who take notice took notice. She won part after part, and though typecast, she eventually became the person producers thought of when they wanted a vampiress.

She also developed a devoted fan following, not all of whom breathed. When she was Embraced by a well-intentioned undead fan, she knew what had happened even though her benefactor didn't stick around.

Unfortunately, her entire vampiric education came from the scripts of her own lurid films. She has what is without a doubt the worst case of Hollywood-itis on record.



Waelkyrige

Not an individual, but a group of warrior women, whose leader has been documented in *A World of Darkness*. They are literally the choosers of the slain, and their title and station dates back to when Kindred could still be institutionalized into a religion. The Norse faith, particularly, had room in it for blood-magic, and these Gangrel were a part of it. The Valkyries were not considered any less the messengers of Odin for the fact that they were Kindred, just as the faithful would not mind the Ten Commandments being engraved in mere stone: the material at hand is what is used.

The role of the Valkyries was that of battle-fates: They could appear in a significant battle to swing the tide to the benefit of one side. As they chose the slain, there were two options available to them. They could drink a vessel dry, granting him death in battle (having one's blood drunk by a Valkyrie counts), thereby guaranteeing him a place in the afterlife. Or they could grant him temporary but real immortality in the physical world by Embracing him.

Note that the Norse did not see a dichotomy between the temporary immortality granted by the Embrace and the immortality given to one who is taken to Asgard. Even though most Kindred believe there is no hope for their souls save Golconda, the Norse believed that even a revenant could redeem himself in the eyes of Odin and gain the boon of death in battle, and a subsequent place at the Table of the Einherjar in Valhalla.

In any event, these daughters of Odin have awakened, and believe the time of Ragnarok (the Norse Armageddon) is near. Led by Brynhild, they have been consolidating their position (as they see it) and have been Embracing many of the combatants in recent battles, in order to build their power. As their number has grown, splinter groups have formed. One of these, Oddindóhter (a radical feminist sect), is responsible for much of the intelligence arriving from Russia.

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