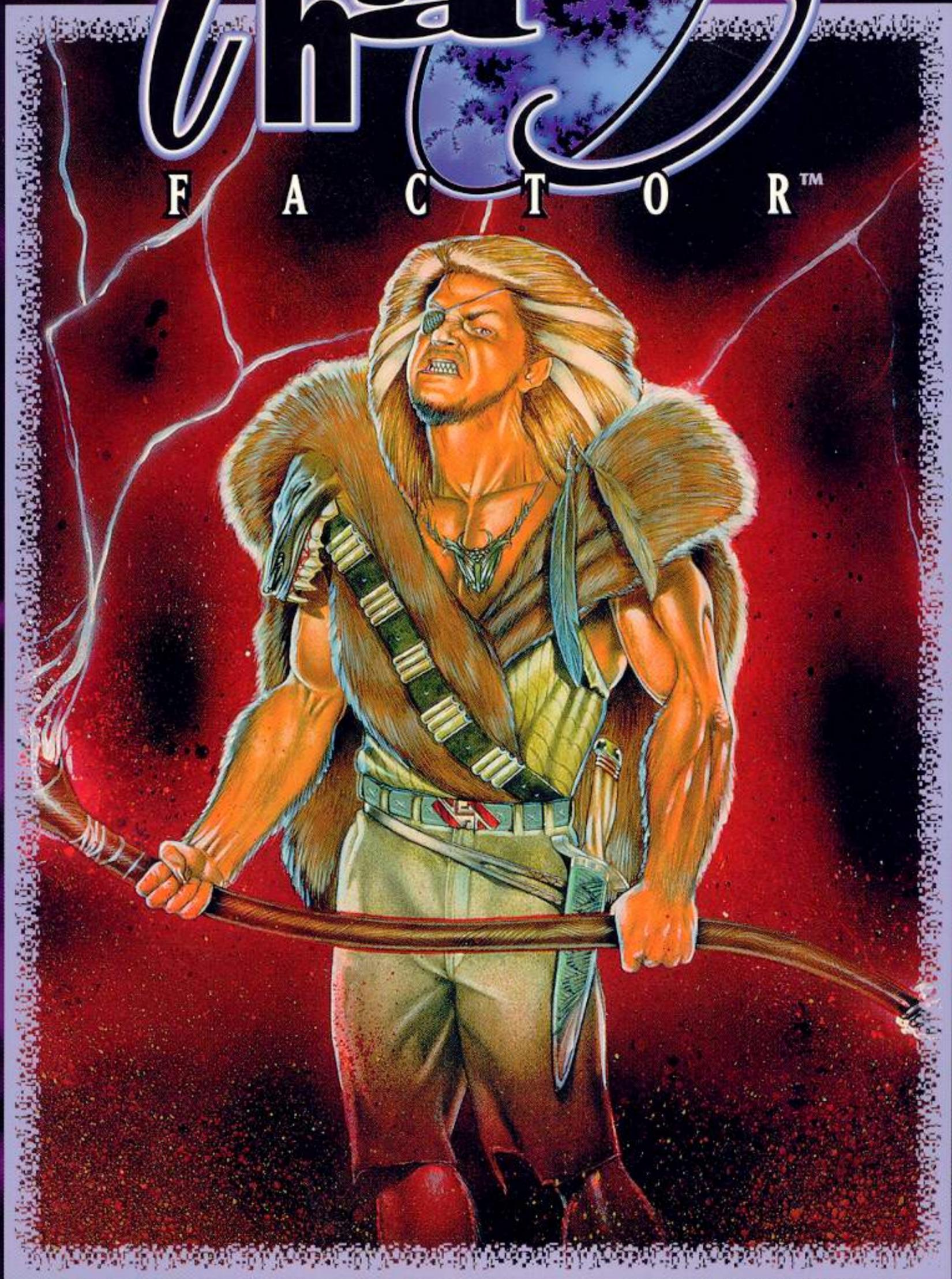


THE  
**Chas**  
FACTOR™



An Epic Adventure for the World of Darkness™

# Chaos

F A C T O R



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# Chaos

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# Prologue: A Day in the Life

By James A. Moore



Samuel Haight set down the ancient tome and rubbed his tired eyes. Despite his physical exhaustion, he felt elated. Fifteen volumes of text, and finally he had the clue he had been looking for — a clue to the location of one of the oldest of Kindred. Haight stood, stretched muscles that much preferred hard activity to sitting still, and left his private study.

Making sure that all of his security systems were in place took several minutes, but you can never be too safe when you're a wanted man. Haight knew that he was hunted, knew that several mages and virtually all Garou wanted him dead. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered but winning. Nothing mattered but proving that his father had been wrong. He could accomplish *anything*, as long as he took the time to plan out every possible contingency.

The mages had him worried. Theoretically, they could go back in time and destroy him before he had Awakened. He knew that most of them wouldn't even consider the idea, but there were a few who would actually do the deed if they had the opportunity. It just couldn't be allowed — he had come too far in his plans to permit anyone to stop him. Haight pondered the colossal consequences of his plans should they succeed. Imagining every Garou on the planet dead was a treat; having them die at his hands would be ecstasy.

Samuel Haight stepped into the shower and set the water to scalding. Without a second's hesitation, he stepped into the steaming torrent and winced as the heat turned his skin red. He washed himself thoroughly, using homemade soap and rough burlap. His skin bled, protesting the vicious treatment. When he was done, he dried himself with another piece of coarse fabric. Pain was good for the soul, a reminder that life was harsh and had to be met on its own terms. Samuel Haight refused to meet life in any other way.

Finally, after finishing with the mundane daily routines, Samuel Haight prepared himself for the future. An hour was spent cleaning and preparing his firearms; another was spent sharpening knives that already rivaled most razors. During the entire process, Samuel Haight's mind was blank; every step was preprogrammed, hard-wired into his mind on a level that was almost instinctual. Finally, Haight stared at the two Bowie knives, each silver-plated blade a foot and a half in length, each handle carved from the bone of his enemies, the Garou. Each blade forged by his own hands and baptized in the blood of the werewolves.

The memories were sweet: the flash of silver and the screams of pain, the feeling of blood washing over his hands and, yes, even the feeling of his own flesh being sliced by claws that could rend steel. He had just been a man back then, just as capable of dying as the next person, just as weak and vulnerable. All of that had changed. He was so much more these days. Haight forced his mind away from the desire to feel godlike — power was only a tool to be used, not an integral part of him. The temptation was strong after so many successes, but he realized a bullet through the brain would kill him as surely as it would kill one of his enemies. Still, the ability to alter the very fabric of reality was a heady sensation, even when one considered the risks.

Lack of sleep caught up with him; when he was aware of his surroundings again, he stood in front of the living room's mirrored wall, blood running down his chest, painting his blue jeans a glossy black. He held his knives, one in each hand, and felt the warm blood wash over his hands. He stared at his own reflection and smiled. His reflection smiled back, noting with satisfaction the deep cuts that ran across his chest. The razor-thin wounds were always in the same spot, straight through the heavy scar tissue that repeated slashes had made. The same spots where his first Garou kill's claws had once raked him for his insolence.

Sam went back to his study and removed the last of the vials from their hiding place in the wall. The vampire's blood was dark, a rich crimson explosion in his mouth. As always, the wounds on his chest disappeared, returning in the form of freshly healed scars. Vitality rushed into Samuel Haight, washing the threat of his true years away and giving him the energy to shrug off his last 48 hours without sleep. "Back to the books, old boy. Time's a wastin'."

Haight started in again, looking over the ancient Book of Nod. So much information, all of it in ancient rhymes and archaic puzzles. Fortunately, Samuel Haight loved puzzles. The hours passed quickly, and when he stopped, he was certain that he was correct: all of the clues pointed to Mexico City. His mind reeled at the possibilities: If a young vampire's blood could give him so much, what might the blood of an Antediluvian do for him?

He'd have to be very careful in Mexico City. It was by far one of the most dangerous cities he had ever passed through. Calcutta was bad, real bad, but he'd be hard pressed to say which was really worse. Next to Mexico City and Calcutta, New York City was a quaint little suburb.

The initial rush from the Kindred Vitae was wearing off, and Sam felt exhaustion creeping his way again. He slipped up the stairs, checking along the way that no one had entered his home. No one had.

Sleep came quickly, with hurricane force, and carried Samuel Haight into his own nightmares again. He awoke hours later in a cold sweat, an apology on his lips. Haight shivered in the morning's chill, the shrill screech of his alarm clock having saved him from the worst parts of old, familiar dreams. Sometimes fate was kind.

The day's work began in earnest. Haight set his mind to the tasks at hand, packing his bags with what little he needed to take with him, and calling several people in different locations. For Mexico City, he would need all the help he could get.

The next two days passed in a flurry of activity, as he gathered his forces and laid out his plans. The only breaks he gave himself were time to sleep and to eat. He kept sleep to a minimum; every night the dreams returned, and fate was no longer kind.

Haight made a long distance call on the final day. A soft voice, heavy with regret and lost chances, picked up after the third ring. "Hello?"

"Diane? Hi, it's me, Sam. I just wanted to call, see if everything's all right with you and Gabriel." They talked for a few minutes more, then Haight snapped himself out of his temporary peace of mind and said his good-byes. "Listen," he said, "I'll try to make it there around Christmas time, but I can't make any guarantees. I just wanted to make sure that everything was okay, and to hear your voice. Take care of yourself Diane." Before she could respond, before he could let himself be tempted to fall in love with her again, he slammed the phone down. There was no time for the past. The future meant too much.

The staff from the Crombey farm's World Tree leaned against a wall. The blood-red wood glowed with a rich luster. His father's

skull perched at its top, laced in place by silver threads. Having the focus of so much bitterness as a part of his greatest weapon was a sweet irony that Haight could not resist. The eyes of the skull had been filled by large black stones, taken from the Hollow Ones whose Chantry he'd called home. The young mages wouldn't begrudge him the stones. The Apocalypse had come early for them.

The heavy weight of the staff was reassuring, glowing with Quintessence, potent in ways that a gun could never hope to equal. Guns, knives, magick and worse—he was as ready as he would ever be, as ready as he needed to be to deal with an Antediluvian.

He dialed the phone one last time as he stepped towards the front door. The operator answered almost immediately. "911. What is the nature of your emergency?"

"Hi. My house is about to blow up. Have a nice day."

Three blocks away, Haight pushed the button on his remote detonator and turned the former Chantry into a crater. The fireball was a glorious thing, alive with destructive power. He knew just how it felt.

Samuel Haight's serene expression hid the laughter that screamed through his mind. Even past the approaching sirens, he could hear the laughter echoing. In another realm of reality, the laughter was heard by others. They too laughed to think of the chaos that would soon be near.

The seventh day of October was a bright one for Samuel Haight. If the rest of the month went as well, his dreams of revenge would be complete. It was good to be alive.





# Introduction

*I was up above it  
Now I'm down in it  
Well shut up so what does it matter now  
I was swimming in the haze  
Now I crawl on the ground  
And everything I never liked about you  
Is kind of seeping into me  
— Nine Inch Nails, "Down In It"*



The **Chaos Factor** is a book in two parts. Part One is a mini-sourcebook for Mexico City: the capital of the Sabbat in the Americas, a stronghold for the Technocracy, and one of the most Wyrms-corrupt locations in the World of Darkness.

Due to space limitations, it would be impossible to accurately portray every supernatural character in Mexico City. The city holds over 200 vampires, 60 werewolves and 20 mages; the Storyteller is encouraged to read through the sourcebook thoroughly and make whatever additions best fit to customize her city. Mexico City as presented is hardly a complete listing; by adding new elements, you make the city richer and more accessible to your chronicle.

**Mood:** The primary mood in Mexico City is dark and paranoid. The supernaturals in Mexico City are aware of each other, and not very happy about what they see. The mages are deathly afraid of the Garou, and suspicious of every violent action that takes place. Likewise, the mages are worried about just what the Sabbat are after, and angry that the Sabbat run so freely through the city.

The werewolves seem set on killing everyone they see, but are cautious, sneaking through the gutters and hiding from sight. No one knows for certain just how many werewolves live in the city, and the werewolves aren't telling. Just when the rest of the supernaturals think they understand what is going on among the Garou, the werewolves suddenly turn around and attack the same people they were protecting the day before.

The vampires are mad, flaunting their immortality and doing as they please with no regard for anyone, save themselves. The Sabbat seem to fear nothing, save the forces that dwell within the Church.

And through it all, the Society of Leopold watches, making notes and planning for the future...

**Theme:** The Theme of Mexico City's sourcebook is hope. Mexico City is a corrupt megalopolis, overflowing with the seedy refuse of the World of Darkness. The Camarilla, the Garou and the Traditions are unwelcome here. By all reason, there should be no hope surviving in this den of evil. Yet through the battles for supremacy, the forces that oppose the vile rulers of Mexico City continue to fight back in small ways. Despite inescapable odds, hope struggles on and even gains small victories where only defeat seems possible.

The second book in *The Chaos Factor* is the crossover adventure by the same name. "The Chaos Factor" involves Samuel Haight's final bid for power and the players' best chance to stop his mad schemes forever.

**Mood:** The mood for "The Chaos Factor" is, quite simply, chaos — the chaos unleashed by a man grown too powerful for his own good. Haight desperately wants to find his prize and avoid being captured; to that end, he deliberately sets the supernatural factions in Mexico City at each other's throats. The result is grand bloodshed.

**Theme:** In "The Chaos Factor," we see the results of one man's quest for ultimate power and how that quest can affect the World of Darkness. Samuel Haight falls under the influence of his own hubris, and the world may well fall with him. The theme of "The Chaos Factor," then, is simply the evil that one man can do.

Two appendices at the back of this book hold important statistics and facts for the Storyteller to consider before starting this adventure. Optional rules for including wraiths, and, more importantly, the effects of Paradox throughout the story are both included. The second appendix also includes new rules for integrating Mage, Vampire and Werewolf.

## Suggested Reading

**Love and Rockets** (comic) — The collected works of the Hernandez Brothers, particularly the "Heartbreak Soup" tales of Palomar, are very useful for capturing the feel of Paraiso Vista.

There are several books about the Aztecs, mostly dissertations about past excavations and known historical facts. The single best volume for easy reading and comprehension is *GURPS: Aztecs*, from Steve Jackson Games.

**National Geographic** has published several articles on both the history of and the living conditions in Mexico City. There are few better sources for understanding the complexities of modern life in Mexico. Most of these articles can be found at your local library and range over the last two decades. A wealth of new material has appeared in



## Spanish Pronunciations

Spanish is a very phonetic language, so almost every word used in the language is pronounced exactly as it is spelled.

### Examples:

Huitzilopochtli — HU-eet-zee-IO-pok-tee

Harzomatuli — Har-ZO-maht-oo-eel-ee

Tenochtitlan — Ten-ok-tee-tlan

In cases where two vowels are placed together, each vowel is pronounced separately. The only true exception to this rule is when U and I are placed together following the letter Q.

Example: Quintanaroo — Keen-Tah-Nah-RO-O

Most of the Aztec words as we know them are simply Spanish approximations of Aztec names. The author has used several reference books in an attempt to find the "proper" pronunciation for each word and title.

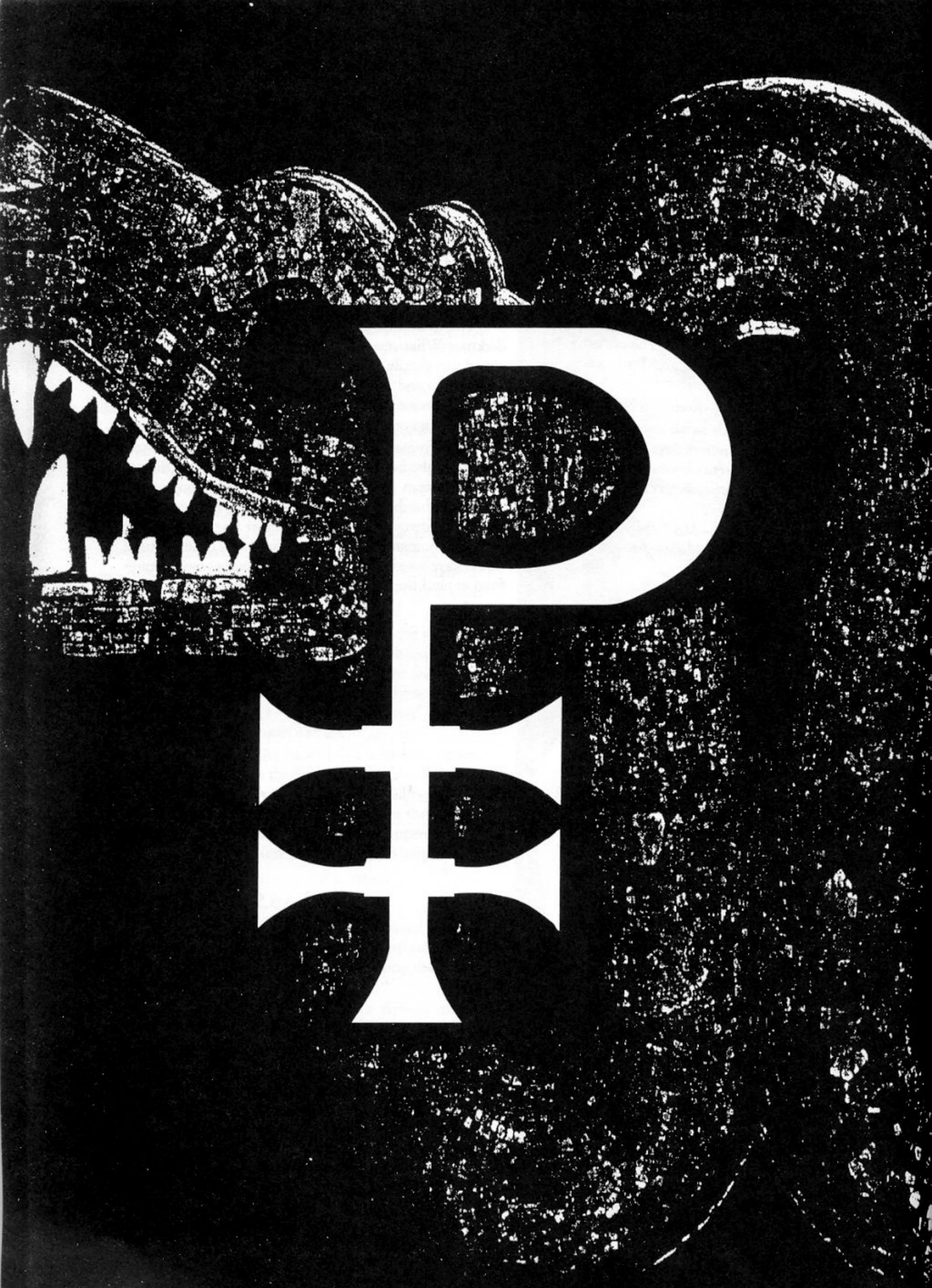
Example: Motecuzoma — Mo-Tek-U-zO-ma is more commonly referred to as Montezuma.

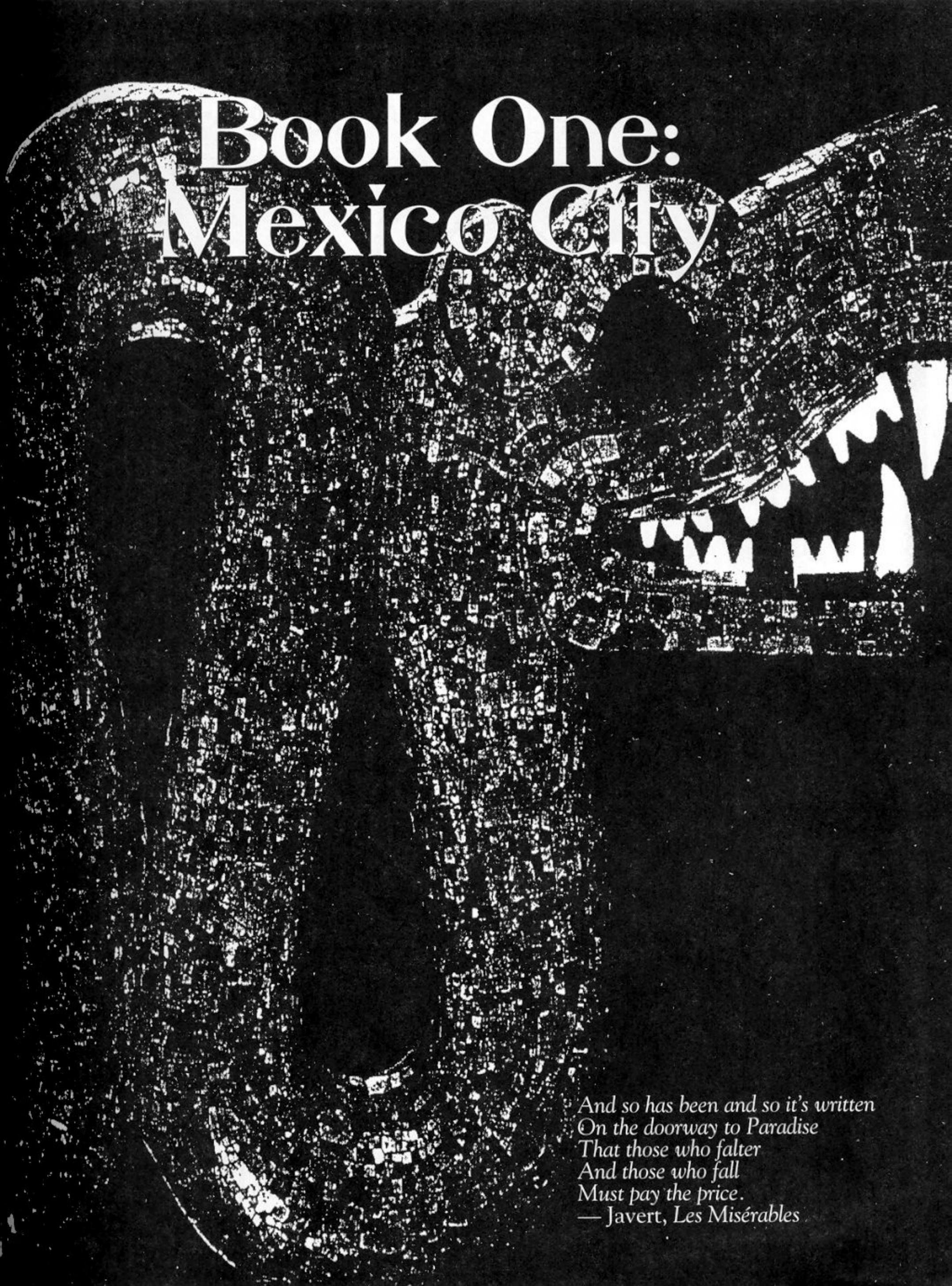
recent months as a result of NAFTA's passing and the recent civil uprising. These articles rarely present the U.S. in the most flattering of terms. There are, however, reasons for this...

While *The Chaos Factor* presents the darkest aspects of Mexico City and adds many fictional miseries as well, indescribable pollution, overcrowding and poverty exist there just the same. The lot of the average Mexican citizen is beyond anything we North Americans can imagine. This is worth considering the next time you complain about a leaky roof or broken air conditioner.

The World of Darkness is just that — a world of darkness. When researching *The Chaos Factor*, the author aimed specifically at the darkest aspects of life in modern day Mexico and in the Aztec history. The facts have not been exaggerated, but the gentle aspects of life have sometimes been ignored.

Aside from their time as a powerful conquering force, the Aztecs also had many beautiful ceremonies that did not involve human sacrifice or conquest. Before judging the Aztecs too harshly, readers should learn a bit more about the Aztecs' diverse and powerful culture. In the same place and time, human history tells us that many other cultures would have acted the same way, and in many cases cultures from around the world have done far worse, with far less reason.





# Book One: Mexico City

*And so has been and so it's written  
On the doorway to Paradise  
That those who falter  
And those who fall  
Must pay the price.  
— Javert, Les Misérables*



# Chapter One: History and Geography

*But you, children of space, you restless in rest, you shall not  
be trapped nor tamed.*

*Your house shall not be an anchor but a mast...*

*You shall not dwell in tombs made by the dead for the living.*

— Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*



Few cities in the Gothic Punk world seem more corrupt and polluted than Mexico City. Under the domination of uncaring corporations, ruthless politicians and the Sabbat, Mexico is like an open wound on Mother Earth, a stain across the Tapestry.

Despite a long legacy of oppression, poverty and despair, however, Mexico still stands as a monument to hope. Amid the blood-stained shadows of the world's most populated city, old

ghosts whisper of the eternal spirit of the Mexican people. Pride struggles against hopelessness, faith against fear. An ancient evil has poisoned the city, but a time of change may be at hand. The events during this year's Days of the Dead may determine whether Mexico City awakens into new hope or continues to slide into oblivion.

Part One of this chapter describes the history of the city from a first-hand view. Part Two outlines major points of interest here, including the secret undercity, the Underbelly of the Wyrn.

# Part One: Whispering Ghosts

*Will I leave only this:  
Like the flowers that wither?  
Will nothing last in my name—  
Nothing of my fame here on earth?  
At least flowers! At least songs!*  
— Anonymous Aztec composer, A.D. 1519, "Songs of  
Heuxotzingo"

## The Dark History of Mexico City



I was there when Huitzilopochtli walked out of the ocean's waters and onto the land. I knew when the time came for him to make his presence known. He walked boldly across the surface of the land, following an impulse that only he could hope to understand.

I saw how powerful Huitzilopochtli was, how he claimed the Aztecs as his own and forced them to worship him. The Aztecs came originally from Aztlan — the place of the Herons — an area far to the northwest of Tenochtitlan. Aztlan was built in the center of a lake, and for many generations the Aztec peoples were content to stay in their area, untouched by the rest of the world. The mage Quetzalcoatl, the Feathered Serpent, led them in peace and plenty for countless centuries before leaving them behind. He promised that he would return one day, to save his people from whatever troubles might befall them. Powerful signs of change were in the air, and the Serpent traveled to find the source of the changes he sensed, even from his place on another continent. The powerful mage rode a seething raft of snakes from the North American continent all the way to Europe, and learned to his dismay that the world was indeed changing, and that the changes had been brought about by what is now referred to as the Technocracy.

### The New God

With Quetzalcoatl out of the way, Huitzilopochtli decided the time was right to seize power. There was a man, a great warrior of the Aztlan, who actually bore the name Huitzilopochtli. This man died at the hands of his impersonator. The great warrior begged for mercy, and in its place felt the steel-hard hands of his new god ripping the heart from his chest.

In A.D. 1116, the people of Aztlan were summoned by the being who would become their god of war. He was a powerful being, more than capable of crushing the mightiest human with only one hand. He demanded both sacrifices and loyalty from them. Huitzilopochtli commanded the Aztecs to move with him. Too terrified to disobey, the Aztecs and several other tribes moved on, following behind their new god and, later, other gods as well. All other tribes were allowed to stop their wanderings further north, but the Aztecs were forced onward by Huitzilopochtli.

For over 200 years before their arrival in the valley, the Aztecs became a nomadic tribe, eating what they could forage and making sacrifices to their gods. Under the leadership of Huitzilopochtli, the once-peaceful people became a warrior race, conquering all that came before them

and suffering few defeats along the way. Huitzilopctli showed the gentle farmers how to fight and how to kill. He showed them the best ways to forge weapons, and the best ways to use them. He made them see power in the deaths of their enemies, and many followed him eagerly.

In A.D. 1321, the first group of Aztecs wandered to the Mexico Valley, trying desperately to find a place to call their own. One of the leaders of the Aztec tribe, Tenoch, saw an eagle perched on a cactus, devouring a snake, and took this as a sign from Huitzilopctli that they had at last found a home. Before long, a city was built near the shore of the greatest lake in the area, Lake Tetzoco, and within a few decades the Aztecs had built their great city, Tenochtitlan. This city was built both on the land and on the surface of the lake. The Aztecs needed more land to build on, and large rafts of earth were designed and anchored together across Tetzoco in order to grow more crops and to house more people as the Aztec Empire grew.

## Conquest

Even using the lake to increase the size of the lands, the Aztecs still did not have enough space for all of their tribe. Within a decade they had resumed their previous ways, conquering as many of the nearby tribes as possible. The first hereditary king of the Aztecs, Acamapichti, was responsible for the conquests of four other city-states during his reign alone. The war god soon realized where the biggest threat to his power lay; Huitzilopctli ordered the execu-

tion of all shape-changers, and the Garou and Bastet were driven from the land. In the span of the next two centuries, the Aztec Empire grew in power spreading from the Mexico Valley and drawing whole tribes into its folds. Fealties were paid to the Aztecs by the conquered tribes. The only protection for a tribe that faced the Aztec Nation came in the form of silver, rare spices, slaves and human sacrifices. Wherever members of the changing races were found, they were slaughtered or driven into retreat.

Throughout those 200 years, Huitzilopctli guided his chosen people, rewarding them with rich crops for their sacrifices in his name, and feasting on the souls of Aztec sacrifices in his honor.

As the power of the Aztecs grew, so grew the power of their gods as well. Above them all stood Huitzilopctli, often allowing the other gods greater glory and credit, but always driving the Aztecs further and further in search of food for themselves and blood sacrifices for their deities. Many of the deities of the peoples conquered by the Aztec Nation were adopted into the Aztecs' own beliefs. Many more were not, and even the smallest traces of these dark gods were ordered destroyed by Huitzilopctli. The goddesses Malinalxochitl and Coyolxauhqui were only two of the gods who were defeated and expelled. By the order of Huitzilopctli, anyone worshipping these deities was sacrificed in his name, or for the greater glory of his pantheon. For a time Huitzilopctli knew peace in his heart, and felt the joy that only violent death could bring to him.





In time, the Aztecs conquered the Mayans, the Toltecs and others, spreading themselves across the lands in a relentless torrent of war. Great Huitzilopochtli and the other, lesser gods he permitted to reign with him grew in power, reveling in the blood of their enemies. Those same gods grew complacent, no longer appearing before their people, speaking to them only through their servants, the priests. The gods called for sacrifices and conquest, demanded that they be served, but they no longer aided their people. Even gods make mistakes.

Far to the south, the Aztecs attempted to attack the mage now called El Dorado, at his home near Lake Parima, and were driven back for their insolence. El Dorado's female allies had the power to change shapes, becoming monstrous attackers that killed with unparalleled ferocity. Far to the north, the Aztecs were met by proud peoples with powerful allies that could also change shape, and were again driven back. Despite their defeats, the Aztecs grew in power and glory. These small defeats were as nothing compared to the great conquests elsewhere. Like their gods, the Aztecs grew complacent, certain that nothing could ever stop them. Until the coming of Cortes.

## Surrender

Cortes came from Spain by way of Cuba, and brought with him the fulfillment of a dark prophecy. He came first to the lands now called Veracruz, bringing with him Helena, a powerful vampire, some 600 men and a terrifying tool of the Technocracy, a cannon. Rumors of the powerful king, Motecuzoma, and more importantly, legends of his wealth, drove the Spaniard and his minions forward, eventually leading them to Tenochtitlan. 200 of Cortes' men were left in Veracruz to hold the land in Spain's name. Along the way, the Spaniards encountered a rival group of natives who had managed to fight off all attempts by the Aztecs to conquer them, the Tlaxcalan.

Cortes and the Tlaxcalan came to an understanding shortly after Cortes' cannon had taught the tribe the error of their ways; between the cannon and the horses that he brought with him to the continent, Cortes easily won against his first true foes. With the help of Helena, he soon convinced the Tlaxcalan to join them. The Tlaxcalan realized that even Tenochtitlan could easily fall to the power of Cortes' cannon. Embittered by their long-standing war against the Aztecs, the Tlaxcalan offered their assistance to reach and conquer the powerful empire, assistance that Cortes eagerly accepted.

In truth, there really was no war. Motecuzoma — king of the Aztec empire — knew what even Cortes did not know. The Spaniard had brought with him a powerful being, an Oracle who had long ago left the continent and traveled to other parts of the world. Cortes brought with him Quetzalcoatl, powerful enough to be considered a god by the Aztecs, the very god that Huitzilopochtli had replaced. Motecuzoma sent tithings to placate the returning deity, tithings that Cortes kept for himself and for his motherland, Spain.

Moteczuma knew that his time as a leader was soon to end; the followers of Quetzalcoatl had foreseen that his leadership would bring about the fall of the Aztec nation. Now they awaited their god in Cholula, a free city that stood in allegiance with Moteczuma. The Cholulan people rejoiced to have their god back, until their god betrayed them. The Spaniards and their Tlaxcalan warriors devastated the Cholulans, slaughtering the willing followers of a god who no longer cared.

Most believed that Quetzalcoatl had changed during his long visit to Europe, turning to follow the ways of the Spaniards. In truth, he never actually came back from the distant lands. Only his physical form returned, possessed by a Seeker of Voids. The mage has long since gone insane, and still believes that he is Quetzalcoatl. He is not. He may have some of the Oracle's memories, but the true Quetzalcoatl has long been with the Totem Phoenix in the Umbra. This too, I know for fact.

Moteczuma saw the fall of Cholula as a final warning that he had angered Quetzalcoatl, and an angry god was far more terrifying than gods who no longer answered his pleas. In November, A.D. 1519, Moteczuma faced his first god and his minions, stood before Cortes with his entourage of 400 men, and surrendered his empire. Quetzalcoatl and Cortes alike were appalled by the bloody sacrifices that the Aztecs committed to satiate their gods. Within six months the whole of the empire fell before the combined might of the conquerors, and the sacrifices had stopped. Moteczuma still led his people, but only because Cortes was able to use him as a pawn. By the end of the first month, the beautiful Helena left the area, claiming that what she sought could not be found there.

What she found was Huitzilopochtli, and that discovery alone was enough to drive her away. Huitzilopochtli lay beneath the great pyramid built to honor him, and Helena boldly entered the pyramid, only to flee upon seeing his slumbering form. So beautiful a woman, so easily terrified by the old legends from before she was even born! Helena could feel the might of Huitzilopochtli; even as he slept, his strength was enough to force her away. She ran far to the north, never to return. This was for the best — great Huitzilopochtli would surely have consumed her soul. Helena, no doubt, would probably tell a different tale, but she is not here to dispute the matter.

She left behind one of her own children, Marie Galbraith, and Huitzilopochtli used his powers to woo the child, convincing her that her Sire had betrayed her. She briefly reigned as the only Prince of Tenochtitlan.

## The Fall

By the time Cortes came to Tenochtitlan, the capital of the Aztec Empire was home to over 200,000 people, over twice the size of any city in Europe at that time. Tenochtitlan rested in the very center of Lake Texcoco, built on enormous rafts and on the remains of buildings that had sunk

over the span of two centuries. Over 40 pyramids stood in the heart of the city, raised to the glory of the Aztec gods and, often as not, used for human sacrifice.

Over 135,000 sacrifices were made to Huitzilopochtli and other gods of the Aztec people. The people killed were mostly slaves, without rank or power, yet for their gift of life and blood their skulls were placed with reverence in racks before the greatest of the pyramids. The power of those sacrifices had served its purpose well. The energies released by those ritualistic slayings left the land forever tainted by the anger and sorrow of countless thousands of deaths.

Neither Quetzalcoatl nor Cortes had counted on the power of the new gods even when they were not visibly present. After only a few months, the Spaniards under the command of Cortes planned just how they would spend the gold that the Aztecs seemingly took for granted. The spirit of the Aztec nation was crushed. When Cortes was called away to deal with potential troubles in Veracruz, the gods took matters into their own hands and used the greed of the Spaniards as a weapon against them.

Over 400 additional Spaniards had joined Cortes in Tenochtitlan by that time, and Pedro de Alvarado — the temporary commander in Cortes' absence — began an assault against the mostly docile Aztecs, slaughtering some 10,000 of the people. From his resting place, great Huitzilopochtli smiled, and fed on their souls. He then forced the people he had abandoned to grow angry, to fight back where before they had simply tolerated the abuses they suffered at the Spaniards' hands.

Cortes came back to Tenochtitlan to find the people he had bloodlessly conquered in an uproar, tearing to pieces all that the Spaniards had brought with them. The fool was astounded; he could not believe that the citizens of Tenochtitlan could be so violent after they so easily surrendered to him. Cortes attempted to placate the Aztecs by using Moteczuma as a pawn again. Poor, foolish Moteczuma tried to pacify his people, but the Spaniards knew enough of his language to understand him when he swore that the Spanish people would leave Tenochtitlan. They repeatedly stabbed him in the back, even as he spoke to his followers. And Huitzilopochtli smiled again, and fed on the emotional turmoil of his people.

Enraged by the actions of the Spaniards and led by Moteczuma's cousin Cu'atomec, the Aztec peoples drove Hernan Cortes and his followers from the city, slaying over 800 Spaniards in retaliation. For ten short months, Tenochtitlan remained the capital of the Aztec empire. Then Cortes returned, bringing with him all of the weapons he could find. Those natives who had been conquered by the Aztecs offered no assistance against the Spanish conquerors. The Spaniards brought with them more mighty weapons, the Inquisition and, unbeknownst to them, the Sabbath. The Sabbath encountered Marie Galbraith, fully prepared to destroy her, but changed their minds when they discovered how eager she was to break the Blood Bond that



held her in Thrall to Helena. In time she proved herself to the members of the Sabbat, and in time she achieved the position of Cardinal for all of Mexico, just as Huitzilopoctli wanted.

At the sign of the cross, held by the true believers of the Inquisition, Huitzilopoctli grew silent, hiding in the darkness and biding his time. In a span of less than 75 days, the Aztec empire was crushed. Tenochtitlan and several other cities in the area were razed, burned, and plundered. Over the ruins of Tenochtitlan a new city was built, a city named after the valley in which it rested. Mexico City. Huitzilopoctli's first Kindred pawn was in place, and the time was right for sleeping.

Starvation and the plague further devastated the remains of the Aztec empire, and further fed Huitzilopoctli. Cortes claimed fealty from all who had been a part of the empire, and conquered the lands in the name of Spain. Huitzilopoctli watched on, silent and brooding. The Inquisition became a major force in Mexico, and with the Inquisition came members of the Celestial Chorus. While the Spaniards hunted down as many of the supernatural creatures as could be found, destroying them outright whenever possible, the mages began a campaign of enlightenment that continues strongly even to the present day. Huitzilopoctli, the primary god of the Aztec peoples, all but faded from the peoples' minds as Catholicism was introduced into the area. Yet even as unhappy Huitzilopoctli's worshippers were turned from him, he began to plan anew.

## Spanish Rule

The Spanish occupation of Mexico failed to make life any easier for the natives. Those who once held land soon became merely servants under the new landholders, the Hacendados, and their rulers the Viceroyes. The lands around Mexico City were cultivated and farmed. Throughout colonial Mexico, large land holdings called Haciendas became the norm. Haciendas were owned by the Spanish Hacendados, and were worked by the people who had originally owned the land. The native people were forced to learn Spanish, as the Spaniards found their native tongues too difficult to comprehend and pronounce. Huitzilopoctli watched on, angered by the mistreatment of his proud warriors, made helpless through the Inquisition's Faith. Even held at bay, he fed on the suffering of his once-proud legions.

All Spaniards who came to the Colonies in Mexico were forced to swear fealty to the Catholic Church and to Spain, and fell easily under the power of the Inquisition. Even in those times, the Society of Leopold was subtle, hiding among the clergy. Still, they commanded many of the Catholic soldiers, destroying any who did not publicly agree to convert to Catholicism. They also destroyed many who agreed to convert, simply because of their heritage: Garou Kinfolk were hunted down and slaughtered as witches, known mages were destroyed, and the few Kindred who came to the area soon met with Final Death if they were not careful.

Those supernaturals who survived grew cautious, and for many years the Awakened of all forms managed to live in the area without too much fear. However, those who lived in the area for too long soon fell victim to the baser instincts of their nature. Greed, all manner of lust, and violence rapidly became the norm. The Inquisition eventually moved on, leaving behind small pocket groups to report any crimes to Spain and the Holy Catholic Church.

Life went on as before among the low-status natives — serving their overlords and praying for escape to a better place. The primary difference was to whom they prayed for guidance.

While Huitzilopochtli had once been the root source of religious fervor, Catholicism swiftly grew in strength, evolving into a unique version that blended traditional beliefs with those of the Catholic conquerors. Huitzilopochtli became furious, maddened by the betrayal. Still, he schemed and planned his vengeance.

As Mexico and Mexico City grew in power and in size, the influence of the Catholic Church spread as well. For 300 years, very little seemed to change in the area, save for the slow growth of the Catholic Church's land holdings. The Spanish-controlled government attempted to take the lands away from the church and, in fact, succeeded in their attempts, but only at great cost. The city was embroiled in battle after battle for a great many years. Through it all, Huitzilopochtli slept, feeding on the pain and waiting for the time when he could awaken and finish what he had begun. He cared only for gathering the forces needed to awaken his dark masters...

The Spaniards attempted to destroy all written records of the Aztecs' history, burning all of the codices that the Aztec people had created and burying the great temples they had built in worship of their gods. Members of the Celestial Chorus hid and rewrote many codices to prevent obscurity, the fate that had befallen the mage El Dorado. The Realm of El Dorado had been assaulted by a heavy invading force, among them the Seekers of the Void. Despite El Dorado's best efforts and the might of the Black Fury Garou who fought at his side, the Seekers of the Void literally mapped his city out of existence. In the eyes of the Technocracy, El Dorado and the city named after him had no place in the New World they were building. Even far from the shores of Lake Parima, I could feel the anguish of El Dorado at his betrayal by Quetzalcoatl. They had been friends, you see, and they had been brothers in their desire to care for the land. I think that is what defeated the Oracle: betrayal by his brother.

The peoples of Mexico City, and all of Mexico, soon started segregating. The *Penisulares* — Spanish colonists born in Spain — soon took the most powerful positions in the government and in the church, followed in power by the *Criollos* — those of pure Spanish descent born in Mexico, the *Mestizos*, those of mixed heritage — and lastly the natives themselves. Despite the overwhelming numbers of *Mestizos*, the *Penisulares* and the *Criollos* held all real political and financial power.

The vast majority of the people in the land lived in poverty and without protection of any sort from criminals; while they were forced to pay taxes, the moneys went to Spain. On September 16, A.D. 1810, Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla called for revolt, and the people of Mexico agreed. The *Criollo* priest rallied forces of natives and *Criollos* to his side. Despite his best efforts, his attempt to overthrow the Spanish rule failed, and he was executed as an example to the peasantry. Huitzilopochtli fed well during the bloody fighting.

History repeated itself; the descendants of the Aztec Empire rose in even greater numbers to battle against the Spanish tyranny. Though it took several years to right the situation, the Mexican people won their liberty from Spain; in A.D. 1821 the Spanish government was forced to sign the Treaty of Cordoba. Mexico was no longer a colony of Spain, but a country in its own right.

## The Last Century

For three years after the victory, various political factions within Mexico City attempted to wrest control of the government. These coups were usually very brief, lasting only until yet another uprising drove would-be dictators down. Among the most prominent of the contenders was Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, a fearsome strategist and a brutal revolutionary.

In 1910, Emilio Zapata called for land reform. After years of trying to arrange the land reform, Zapata, like Pancho Villa, robbed the *Hacendados* of their riches and livestock to feed and equip his followers. Even as the revolution ended, Zapata was slaughtered by his own men, men who had been purchased with promises of wealth and power. Zapata is so much a figure of legend in Mexico that recent attacks by guerrilla forces in southern Mexico have been carried out under his name — an impressive achievement for a mortal, but the use of his name has left him no less dead.

To compound the problems, settlers from the United States started moving into the northernmost parts of Mexico, leading to a series of border skirmishes and finally to the Mexican-American War. The war lasted for almost 10 years, and during this time the Sabbath Kindred used their typically brutal tactics to aid the United States. General Winfield Scott of the United States Army captured Mexico City in the latter part of 1847.

On February 2, A.D. 1848, the government of Mexico signed the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, surrendering over one third of their entire country to the United States, for the tidy sum of \$15,000,000. By the time the United States Army had left Mexico City, the Sabbath had cemented their earlier stronghold. Those Kindred who had remained in hiding had assisted in Mexico's downfall from within. Those who had fled before the Inquisition returned with reinforcements. Mexico City never had a chance.

And that was just as Huitzilopoctli wanted it. The Sabbat hated the Inquisition almost as much as the god of war himself hated the interlopers.

Contrary to what many suppose, many of Mexico's wars can only be blamed on the mortals. The Mexican war against France was driven by human greed, though the Sabbat used the opportunity to assault and conquer still more of the southern tip North America. Just as the eventual victory by Mexico was manipulated by the Sabbat, the power gap left by the death of Mexico's first president, Benito Juarez, was an opportunity for another group. The "election" of Juarez' successor was manipulated by Pentex. Then merely a budding group, the Pentex companies supported the less-than-benevolent rule of General Porfirio Diaz.

During his time as the President of Mexico, Diaz ruled as a dictator, refusing the people their right to elect another in his place and supporting heavy industrialization. Pentex grew in power and in size, eventually moving many of their operations to Mexico City. With Pentex came the Black Spiral Dancers. Huitzilopoctli was pleased, for here, as with the Sabbat before, was a group he could manipulate.

During the 1940's, Mexico City's industrialization increased by leaps and bounds as factories were built to assist in the battle against the Nazi movement. The Technocracy, under the influence of Quetzalcoatl, increased industrialization in the area as never before. The powerful Technomancer spent a great deal of time studying his arts and planning the next stages in the technological growth of his homeland. Quetzalcoatl had decided that the time was right to step up operations in Mexico, and that Mexico City was the ideal place for industrialization. When the war was over, dozens of the manufacturers went out of business, or were absorbed by subsidiaries of Pentex. The coils of the Wyrms wrapped around Mexico City and squeezed hard, drawing blood again and again. The Technocracy mages took full advantage of the huge supply of empty warehouses, draining the Nodes that had always existed beneath the shores of Lake Teztoco. All, that is, save the four powerful Nodes that Huitzilopoctli hid from their view.

Among the Sabbat, Pentex, the Black Spiral Dancers, and the combined forces of the Technocracy, there is little about Mexico City that seems appealing at a glance. Most non-native people asked about the city will normally respond with comments like "Don't drink the water," and "You wouldn't catch me there in a million years." The crime rate is appalling, the living conditions for the vast majority of Mexico City's citizens are reprehensible, and the smog factor makes Los Angeles seem pleasant in comparison. On the surface, there is little to keep a person in the city. Hope cannot be seen on the surface. This is as Huitzilopoctli wants it.



## The Great Quake of 1985

September 19, A.D. 1985: An earthquake registering 8.1 on the Richter Scale struck Mexico City. Over 4,000 buildings sustained damage ranging from broken windows and shattered walls to complete structural collapse. More than 9,000 people were crushed to death under the weight of those buildings, and 100,000 or more people were injured. The seismic waves that slammed through Mexico City were more powerful by far than those that followed the atomic explosion in Hiroshima.

Throughout all of Mexico City, the Garou, Kindred and mages have sought the cause of the massive earthquake, accusing each other, their own kind, and even Pentex and various demonic forces. No one has ever found a supernatural cause for the quake, and tensions between the various ruling factions have been building ever since.

The people of Mexico City banded together as never before, often risking their own lives in an attempt to save the thousands pinned beneath the devastation. In the last eight years, all signs that there ever was an earthquake have been removed, rebuilt or simply hidden behind new layers of paint and plaster. Still, the Awakened wonder who was behind the attack.

In truth, the devastation was simply a natural earthquake caused by the shifting of enormous sections of the ocean's crust slipping and colliding with the foundation of the continent. Nature and the stresses of time are to blame and all other forces are innocent — at least of this particular crime.

The Awakened refuse to accept that nature alone is at fault. Still they point to each other and wonder who is trying to destroy them, just who is powerful enough to have caught them all off guard. The supernaturals live in a state of enhanced paranoia, and that is just as Huitzilopoctli wants it.

### Mexico City Today:

*Mexico City's growth and gigantic size are alarming all out of all known proportion.*

— Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado, circa 1984

Today Mexico City is one of the fastest growing cities in the world. With a population in excess of 20,000,000 people, half or more under the age of 18, Mexico City is already world's most populous city, and there is no end in sight. Over 1,000 people move to the city from other parts of Mexico daily, and the predictions are that by A.D. 2000 the city will hold in excess of 30,000,000 living souls.

Almost 30,000 factories spew over 11,000 tons of black smoke and gaseous waste into the air daily. Encased in mountains as she is, Mexico City holds most of this poisonous air close to her heart. The city attracts people just the same, people making a last desperate attempt to eke out a living away from farms that simply do not turn a profit.

### The Awakened

The Technocracy's grip on the city is impossible to shake; every Node that could be found has been converted by Iteration X, every Chantry that once existed has been destroyed — or so the Technocracy believes. Mexico City is literally the Sabbath stronghold in North America. The L.A. Freestates act as a buffer against blatant Camarilla intervention, but there are none insane enough to enter the area if they do not belong to the Sabbath — or so the Sabbath believes.

The Black Spiral Dancers have a powerful Hive beneath the vibrant crust of Mexico City and they alone of all

Garou thrive in the darkest city in the New World — or so they believe. What Pentex doesn't own in Mexico City is simply not worth owning; the trash and human debris that litter the streets or worse, hide away in the massive garbage dumps, clawing caves into heaps of human refuse, are hardly of value in the world. Or so Pentex would like to believe. In Mexico City, as in few other locations, the Sabbath and the Technocracy unknowingly work together, increasing the size of the city and the population that inhabits her skin like maggots on a bloated corpse. Neither group realizes how well they have been manipulated by Huitzilopoctli.

Surely there are none amongst the Traditions, none amongst the Camarilla's Kindred or in the Tribes of the Garou who would be foolish enough to live in Mexico City. Surely they know that they could not survive without being detected and killed, or worse, corrupted. As long as the leaders of Mexico City's Awakened believe this way, there will always be hope.

The bitter irony of Mexico City is simply that the city is too large for any of these groups to control. Contrary to the Technocracy's belief, there are a surprising number of Tradition mages in the city. An even larger number of Nephandi exist, waiting and enjoying the view. With sufficient skill, a very cautious vampire — perhaps even an Archon — could avoid detection in a city of 20,000,000. And the streets of Mexico City hold one of the largest gatherings of Bone Gnawers anywhere, over 50 when last I counted; who better to survive in a city so large than the Garou wise enough to know how to adapt?

## Pentex: The Talon of the Wyrn

*It's a small world and it smells funny  
I'd buy another if it wasn't for the money*  
— Sisters of Mercy, "Vision Thing"

Pentex employees make up a surprising portion of the wealthy in Mexico City; the upper echelon executives in Pentex' employ are paid excessively for both the knowledge they possess and the loyalty they show. Even by the standards of living in the United States, the employees of Pentex are well paid; in Mexico City they can, and often do, live like royalty.

The vast majority of Pentex factory employees are paid only 65 cents per hour, and are forced to work twelve-hour days. There are no benefit plans for the factory workers in Mexico City. Most of the workers are subliminally exposed daily to corruptive concepts and emotions in one of the Bane-corporation's greatest attempts to destroy the human spirit. Most of Pentex' manual laborers are chosen after a simple screening to find who is the most desperate for work, and who has the lowest moral standard. Most of the employees working for Pentex are already fairly corrupt, and are easily led to the ways of the Wyrn.

Those who fall victim to industrial accidents or hazardous waste and survive are thrown out on the street. "Doctors" in each of the factories examine the victims for injuries and keep notes. Those with fomori "potential" are immediately taken, at gun point if necessary, to the doctor's offices for "treatment." Most are never seen again — at least not in any recognizable form.

Fomori agents are often "recruited" in Mexico City and then given a brief training course before being sent as reinforcements in the war against the Garou for domination of the Amazon Basin (see *Rage Across the Amazon*). Those who prove too feeble for battle in the Amazon are often used as urban police troops, particularly if they can still pass for human.

## Hope and Misery

Despite the best efforts of the Technocracy, the Catholic Church remains a powerful force in Mexico City. Latin American Catholicism is a very different form of the Roman religion, adding several patrons unique to Latin America, and several holy times that are found only in Mexico and in a few adjoining countries. The Church brings not only members of the Society of Leopold, but members of the Celestial Chorus as well. There is little that can be done about the poverty, but the Sleepers can be taught, and there are few places known to humankind where a stronger supply of Faith can be found. The people of Mexico City awaken every day to the same drab world, in many cases awaking to the same four walls, surrounded by family members. Birth control is a fairly new concept in Mexico City, and abortion is illegal — it still occurs in the back alleys and filth-lined rooms, but it is illegal just the same. Families frequently live as many as 10 to a small house, in places with no power and very poor plumbing. In spite of some of the worst overpopulation and poverty known to exist on this planet, hope still awakens in the majority of people every day.

Many of the people are simply trying to do their best, but there are those among them who don't hesitate to take what they desire, even at the expense of other lives. Hope alone cannot stop the rampant crime that exists in Mexico City. Here, the only law that really counts is the law of survival. The law enforcement agencies in Mexico City are more often than not horribly corrupt, with methods of gathering confessions that range from simple lying to outright torture. The crimes a person is accused of may not have even occurred — for the right sum, a crime can be fabricated to suit the punishment. Murderers can walk away from bloodied victims with no fear of ever being captured, as long as they can pay the right sum to the police.

Hundreds of years have taught the poor of Mexico City to accept their fates all too often, but the small percentage of truly wealthy citizens have helped with the lesson. Pay-offs and governmental kick-backs pay for an amazing amount of the rich man's lifestyle.

Along the border, disease and misery ravage the land, fueled by the greed of corporate tyrants. Pentex could not be happier. The Progenitors are studying the results carefully, but some of the more concerned among them have started work on trying to find a cure for the problems caused by such rampant pollution. It should be noted that the Progenitors in Mexico City have done nothing at all to stop the accelerated genetic degeneration of the people of Mexico. Only in the areas away from the city do the Progenitors attempt to find a solution.



## The Underbelly of the Wurm

The Nosferatu *antitribu* of Mexico City have gone mad, at least in the eyes of most Kindred. The Nosferatu of the Sabbat, along with the Black Spiral Dancers and the Nephandi mages, have created a monster that needs them less than they need it.

Simply called the Pandemonium, or the Underbelly by its denizens, the entire area under Mexico City, above, around and beneath what was once Tenochtitlan and Tlatelcoco — the religious capital of the Aztec Empire — has become one enormous community in its own right.

Soon after Cortes came to Tenochtitlan, Huitzilopoctli expanded his consciousness, calling to his masters and asking for their aid. The aid came in the form of a small black growth that erupted from Huitzilopoctli's chest and began to feed on the same pain and frustration that nourished the god of war. He had no complaints about sharing the energies; there was still so much suffering to go around.

In the ruins of what was once the capital of the Aztec Nation, a Nephandi Labyrinth, a Black Spiral Dancer Hive, a Nosferatu Warren, and a vile haunt have

merged, growing from the black seed that Huitzilopoctli planted. Contrary to the Technocracy's belief, the Underbelly is filled with several powerful Nodes hidden by the powers of the Nosferatu and Nephandi. The Underbelly reaches to portals deep into the Umbra where creatures beyond simple description wait with hungry souls. All of the Underbelly is filled with the Wurm's corruption, and plans are well under way to extend the inadequate sewer systems even deeper into the corrupted soil.

Ironically, the powerful beliefs of the citizens of Mexico City and the works of the Celestial Chorus are partially responsible for the ease with which the under dwellers have hidden their home. The corruption is weakened nearer to the city's surface, beaten back to some small degree by the wishes of the people and the power of the Celestial Chorus. Even the Chorus is unaware of the effect they have on the Underbelly.

And that is just as Huitzilopoctli wants it.

## The North American Free Trade Agreement

*The American government couldn't care less if I or anyone else here gets sick or dies, if it gets in the way of free trade.*

— Jim Teyechea, 44-year-old victim of cancer allegedly brought on by the Maquiladora Program (*Spin Magazine*, October 1993)

The North American Free Trade Agreement, or NAFTA, was only recently passed, and already the impact can be felt in Mexico City. In the words of one Tradition mage, "The Technocracy has only just begun to destroy the world as we know it." In the Gothic-Punk world, NAFTA only works on paper.

In 1964, the country of Mexico conceded to a smaller form of this agreement that opened free trade along the Mexican border. Many Fortune 500 companies in the States eagerly opened new factories in the area.

In addition to saving the participating companies countless millions in labor costs every year — \$30,000 dollars per employee, as opposed to what the same employee would make in the U.S. — the Maquiladora Program caused a population explosion in the border areas of Mexico that comes close to rivaling the population increase in Mexico City proper. In the last 10 years, the areas of Mexico exposed to the Maquiladora Program have literally doubled in population as the impoverished people of Mexico attempt to find employment.

In the last 30 years, both cancer and birth defects have skyrocketed in the area. These statistics come from the United States alone, with doubtless much higher numbers on the Mexican side of the border. Open sewage spills into the Rio Grande, and toxic waste flows into the land, air and water at rates exceeding 260,000 tons per year. Most of this waste comes from large U.S. companies that are not restricted by the same environmental laws in Mexico as they are in the U.S. This is not fiction. This pollution exists.

The sewer systems in most of the areas affected were never designed to accommodate the vast numbers of people that now live in the area. The people moving into the areas are normally desperate for work, and seldom make enough money to afford reasonable housing. As with Mexico City, many are forced to live in hovels, or worse, find shelter within the garbage heaps and landfills.

All of Mexico is now opened to the same opportunities for jobs from the USA and possibly even from Canada. All of Mexico could soon face the same overwhelming disposal problems as the border towns and Mexico City, along with all of the same consequences.

### Protest and Uprisings

*The war we declare is a final but justified measure. We have nothing, absolutely nothing. Not a dignified roof, nor work, nor land, nor health care, nor education.*

— Commandante Marcos, leader of the rebel forces in Mexico's Chiapas attacks, in a communiqué issued from the occupied towns

While many of the Mexican peoples support NAFTA, hoping to find more jobs and a better lifestyle, there are also many who are opposed. In some cases, the opposition to NAFTA takes the form of violence. On January 1, 1994, over 2,000 armed Mexicans, mostly native Indians, attacked the towns of San Cristobal de las Casas, Ocosingo, Altamirano, and Las Margaritas in Chiapas, the southernmost state of Mexico. The worst of the violence took place in San Cristobal de las Casas, where members of the Zapatista National Liberation Army — named after Emiliano Zapata — stormed into the city and attacked the town hall. The building was ransacked and set ablaze.

The purpose of this destruction was simple: the Mayan people living in the area had decided that the time had come to point out their troubles. While most of Mexico and Mexico City celebrated the coming of NAFTA, the Mayans of Chiapas simply wanted to take back what had been theirs before the Europeans came.

That the attack was doomed to failure is a given; that it came at the worst possible time, for President Carlos Salinas de Gotari was also a given. Salinas claimed that NAFTA was necessary, and would bring Mexico into power as an industrialized nation. Salinas was internationally embarrassed — first by the attempted coup, then by public outrage as many of the attacking guerrillas were gunned down not in combat, but in military executions. In a country where left-wing violence has not occurred in two decades, the assault was unexpected and, in the eyes of the government, unprovoked.

The battle lasted for six days, before the Mexican government forced the freedom fighters back into the hills. Over 100 died in the conflict, mostly members of the Zapatista. In at least six cases, the Mayan fighters had their hands bound and were shot in the back of the head. The guerrilla fighters, estimated at some 2,000, were met by an estimated 12,000 Mexican soldiers using planes, helicopters and armored personnel carriers.

*"This incident is obviously unfortunate, but I don't think it will have any impact at all on the interest of U.S. business in pursuing a strong relationship with Mexico in NAFTA," said Everett Briggs, president of the Council of the Americas, which represents about 200 U.S. companies with investments in Latin America. "Mexico is a big country. You can have an outbreak of trouble in one place without a big effect elsewhere."*

— *Time*, January 17, 1994

The week after the violence had erupted, the Mexican government promised to send 20 tons of much needed food supplies into the area, and to send Chiapas a \$1,000,000 advance on President Salinas' Solidarity program, a program designed to keep Mexico's economy from completely collapsing. Time will tell if these promises are fulfilled.

The majority of the Zapatista fighters escaped into the mountains. Should the promises delivered by the Mexican Government not come through, it is almost certain that there will be more attacks. The start of NAFTA's involvement in Mexico has been less than prosperous.

# The Light History of Paraiso Vista



Paraiso Vista is a beautiful town, tranquil and without much by way of crime. No place is perfect; there are still a few small squabbles, and from time to time a drunken brawl, but no serious crime. There has never been a murder in Paraiso Vista; there has never been a reason for killing. No one is without the necessities of life, and most have more than they need. Paraiso Vista is content. The people want for nothing and keep to themselves. Paraiso Vista is a very well-kept secret less than 100 miles from the violence and poverty of Mexico City.

All told, the population of Paraiso Vista, including the farms nearby, numbers only 432 people. There are no televisions in Paraiso Vista. There is only one phone, and that seldom works very well. The wells from which the people drink are pure and untouched by the industrial filth that drenches most of the country. The Wyrms has never found a stronghold from which it could latch onto the hearts and minds of the people.

There are no mages, Garou or Kindred in Paraiso Vista. There are a few ghosts here, but only a few, and they are placated by the celebrations and gifts presented during the Days of the Dead.

The largest threat that has ever come to Paraiso Vista was a few tremors from the great earthquake of 1985. Even that was only a gentle rattling of windows; no one was hurt, for which the people are all grateful. The only thing damaged was the small Catholic Church that collapsed in upon itself. It was a pretty building, but hardly necessary; no one had attended in years. "God," the people of Paraiso Vista have always said, "is in the heart, not in a building." Parents teach their children about God and Jesus Christ at home, and religion is almost never discussed aloud, save perhaps during the holidays.

Paraiso Vista is a very small community, and has been around for almost 300 years. Somehow, the town never really grew. From time to time the children would leave on their own, never to return, but there were always new people coming in — never too many, just enough for a town the size of Paraiso Vista — and the town survived. Most of the families live in the same homes their great-grandparents lived in, and the past is held close to the heart. The simple ways of life really are better, as far as Paraiso Vista and her people are concerned.



To the north of the village, a cold, pure stream runs from the mountains, filling the small lake and the wells. When the dry season comes, the tiny lake — hardly more than a pond, if the truth must be told — dries up. But the wells remain full of sweet, fresh water. The crops grow well, and the farm animals never need much tending. The lands to the east and west of town are covered with crops and pastures, and to the south the mountain slopes gently away until it stops and plummets 5,000 feet. No one is silly enough to go too close to the edge — it could be dangerous.

## The People

Most of the people in Paraiso Vista are literate, but just about the only book that is ever read is the Bible, and the stories written by some of Paraiso Vista's more eccentric citizens, the ones who fancy themselves writers or poets. Julio Lopez — the mayor and constable both, which means he has too much free time on his hands, as nothing really needs fixing — has even managed to sell a few of his poems to magazines and has a heroic fantasy tale that is being considered by a New York publisher.

The people of Paraiso Vista are not ignorant. That mistake is too easy to make. They are simply content to live in peace, working in their fields and toying with their hobbies. Crazy old Pedro Cortez even putters around with his truck, the only source of transportation in the town, and the only way in which medical supplies and the like are brought into Paraiso Vista, for that matter. Old Pedro is a strange one; he even has a camera, as if there could be any need of such a thing in the little town. Pedro has over 400 rolls of film in his house, and not one of them has ever been developed. But as soon as Julio's book is sold, Pedro has promised a photo of him for the back cover.

Paraiso Vista literally means "Paradise's View." As far as the people of Paraiso Vista are concerned, there is no need to know anything more. They are in view of the heavens, and all is well with their world. Paraiso Vista is innocent, with less crime than perhaps any town its size has ever known.

And that is just as Huitzilopoctli has always kept it.

I know of these things; I know all there is to know about Mexico City and about Paraiso Vista. They have been shaped by my will and by my will alone they both survive. I was there when Huitzilopoctli walked from the stormy waters and onto the land. I watched as he conquered and ruled the Aztec Nation. I know so much that is hidden from the rest of the World of Darkness. For I am Huitzilopoctli, and I am awake at last. My time has come again.



# Part Two: Lay of the Land

*Runnin' through these  
Caverns of gold  
Is a river of death indeed  
An old hotel serves as a  
Shelter for children  
Of the street  
— Drivin' and Cryin', "Honeysuckle Blue"*

Mexico City is one of the oldest inhabited sites in all of North America. The Valle de Anahuac — the Valley of Mexico — is a plain extending just under 600 square miles, surrounded by mountains in all directions. The valley rises over 7,000 feet above sea level, with the mountains that surround it rising anywhere between 10,000 feet to levels as high as 17,000 feet. For roughly 20,000 years this valley has been inhabited by native tribes, originally in smaller groups, and later in actual towns.

## Weather

Mexico City proper is home to over 20,000,000 humans, with an average of 250 people per square mile. The population and the geological location in a valley have led to hideous pollution problems. The average temperature in Mexico City varies little throughout the year. During the winter months, the average temperature is 68 degrees Fahrenheit; the winter months are desperate times for some, as the heavy air often builds into a thick fog laden with carbon monoxide and other pollutants. The very old and the very young suffer more than most from the poisonous gases. In the summer the temperature rises to an average 78 degrees Fahrenheit. The humidity in Mexico City varies

substantially; the dry season runs from November to April, with only four to ten inches of rain per month. The rainy season covers the rest of the year, and delivers between 17 and 30 inches of rain per month. Some of the older sections of the city are briefly flooded on a daily basis during the rainy season.

## Traveling into Mexico City

Over 400 flights come into Mexico City every week from the U.S. alone. At least a dozen more inbound flights come from Europe during the same span of time. The Benito Juarez International Airport handles them all with little difficulty. Virtually every train that runs through Mexico stops in Mexico City. The conditions are more awkward and time consuming this way, but less likely to catch the attention of the Sabbath's sentinels. The main roads into Mexico City are well kept and, like the railroads, spread in every direction from the nation's capital.

Garou have been known to work in hunting parties around the roads leading into Mexico City; any Kindred found entering the city by car or bus is likely to die before reaching her destination.

# The City Itself



Mexico City is divided into several subsections, though in recent years these divisions have blurred as the city continues to grow in size. As with many cities the world around, the most congested areas are in the very heart of the city. Many of the districts were once separate towns or suburbs, but have now become simply another part of the whole. Many mergers have occurred during the last 50 years.

Most of the worst corruption in Mexico City has taken place in the southern and eastern sections, the sections most heavily influenced by the Underbelly of the Wyrms. However, the western sections also suffer from the Wyrms' influence, particularly in Villa Alvaro Obregon, Tlalpan and Coyoacan.

## The North

### Santa Maria Ticoman and Ixtacala

(San-TA Ma-RE-a TEE-co-man; EKS-Ta-Ka-La)

Both of these small towns have been swallowed by Mexico City. These areas are far less corrupted than most parts of the city, due in part to the influence of the Celestial Chorus. Santa Maria Ticoman is best known for the Shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The Tonantzin — "Our Little Mother" — was once tolerated by Huitzilopochtli, as goddess to the Aztecs. But after the Conquistadors came and conquered the area, her influence grew almost intolerable.

The original temple to Tonantzin was destroyed by the Spaniards, reviled as a pagan symbol and scorned by the Christians. One of the first converts to Catholicism, a man named Juan Diego, was the first to see the image now called the Virgin of Guadalupe. According to legend, she demanded that a church be built, directly above the ruins of Tonantzin's temple. As proof of her intent, the Virgin caused a spontaneous growth of roses on the barren hillside. The Virgin appeared five more times, and finally the church was built.

The Virgin of Guadalupe became the patron saint of the city, causing sudden healing in the sick, and inspiring the faith of a people without any true leadership. To the surviving Aztecs, she was (and still is) the goddess of old. To the Catholics, she became a sign that they had worked God's will. To the Celestial Chorus she became a focal point in the salvation of the people. And to Maria de Guadalupe, leader of Iteration X in Mexico City, she became a perfect disguise for manipulating the masses and

gleaning information. What actually occurred on December 9, 1531 — the date when Juan Diego first saw the vision — is anyone's guess.

The Shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe is a powerful Node, and almost the only one not held by the Technocracy. Like the Latin Cross Cathedral and the Jesuit College, this spot is considered Holy Ground. The Celestial Chorus still holds power in this area above all others, despite the best efforts of the Technomancers. The Faith of the area seems to repulse much of the Technomancers' magick, although Maria has discovered a way around this. As the city has grown, enveloping the area, some Technomancers have come to fear that the Chorus will gain in power. At this point anything is possible.

Two pyramids also rest in this area; both are minor and have no direct correlation to Huitzilopochtli. And that is just as the Celestial Chorus wants it. The Underbelly of the Wyrms does not lie under this part of the city.

The Technocracy's battle for dominance in this area takes the form of the National Polytechnics Institute, the stronghold of Iteration X. The Institute is the least corrupted of all the Technocracy's Nodes in Mexico City. Iteration X tends to stay more in this area than in the main part of the city.

## Northeast

### Gustavo A. Madero

(GOO-Sta-Vo Eh Ma-DEH-Rro)

Despite its close proximity to Santa Maria Ticoman, this area is heavily under the influence of the Wyrms. At least two passageways into the Underbelly can be found here. The only area of note within the district is the Lake of San Juan de Aragon. This lake produces waters that are surprisingly clear and sweet, and are rumored to remove the Wyrms' influence from a person, provided that the proper rituals are performed.

### Benito Juarez International Airport

(Ben-EE-To HU-Ar-ez)

The airport in Mexico City is large enough to accommodate over 600 flights per week. The airport is watched by literally every faction of the supernatural society in the city, and is guarded by Iteration X. The police on guard here are all very well trained and prepared to deal with almost any crisis. Anyone using the airport as a means of entering the city would do well to be on guard, especially since the police can and will stop anyone caught carrying firearms.

Iteration X does not realize that the Sabbat has guards here as well. The only safe Kindred in the airport are the ones who know the right gestures. Pentex employees are never stopped for any reason, and the amount of money that Pentex pays to assure this privilege is staggering. Garou would do well to stay away from the airport; virtually all the police are trained to shoot first and ask questions later. The Delirium still works on some of the guards, but many of the armed personnel have been treated to protect them from the worst effects of seeing a Garou in Crinos form.

## Lake Tezcoco

(Tez-KO-KO)

The waters of Tezcoco run deeper than anyone could hope to understand. Here is where the first great city of the Aztecs stood, where the temples and marketplaces once held domain. Here is the very seat of Pandemonium's power.

Pandemonium rests beneath the ground, growing in power and adding to the pollution that the lake endures. The waters are often used by the homeless as a bathing place, and as a source of water. Thanks to Pandemonium's influence, the entire lake and the surrounding areas swarm with Oasis Banes. These secret Banes offer false security and then corrupt all but the strongest. The Garou stay far away from this area, as Nexus Crawlers have come from the water's depths upon occasion.

A miniature version of Tenochtitlan floats in the lake, reflecting the glory of the ancient city. The scale model has strange effects on observers; for a few, it causes powerful visions of the past. For most, it evokes a deep feeling of loss, while the very image of the ancient city plants the seeds of the Wurm's corruption in others. Several attempts have been made to destroy the model, only to have the shattered ruins replaced as if nothing ever occurred. Most of the more sensitive Awakened in Mexico city stay far away from the powerful icon.

## Northwest

### Tlanepantla

(Tla-Ne-PANT-La)

Tlanepantla is one of the wealthier areas of Mexico City, and a place of prime interest to Toreador *antitribu*, primarily because of the Capitalinos. *Los Capitalinos* literally means "the people who live in the capital." Tlanepantla is actually a part of the federal state of Mexico that has simply been consumed by Mexico City. The area is still fairly clean and does not suffer as heavily from overpopulation. The artists among the Sabbat prefer the area as one of the better places to sell their works, both legal and illegal. Most of the humans in the area are exceedingly wealthy in comparison to the rest of the city. Like many of the smaller districts, Tlanepantla is officially under a part of the federal state of Mexico, not actually recognized as a section of Mexico City.



# The Southeast

## Ixtacalco

(EEKS-Ta-Kal-Co)

Ixtacalco is a desolate place, filled with the people who can find no homes or employment. The Wyrms are strong here, as is the industrialization caused by Pentex. The area is virtually one enormous Blight in the Umbra, and those that stay here normally fall to the Wyrms' influence faster than in other regions. The Sabbat have long chosen this area as prime feeding ground, and often pick their newest recruits from its human population.

In many places, large heaps of refuse have become shelter for people with no hope and too much pride or desperation to return to their distant villages. Visiting Euthanatos are known to frequent the area, as are the Samedi; what better place to kill than in a place where most of the humans have surrendered themselves to non-existence? Crime in Ixtacalco is rampant, and a few small clusters have even begun murdering their weaker neighbors with no real motive, unconsciously working the will of Huitzilopochtli.

## Iztapalapa

(EEZ-Ta-Pal-A-Pa)

Iztapalapa suffers from the pollution and corruption of Mexico City as few of the other districts do. The entire area is grossly overpopulated and generally ignored by the humans in charge. The Reclusorio Oriente Penitentiary is the only true

claim to fame in this area, and holds several times the number of prisoners it was designed to contain.

While many of the prisoners are guilty of heinous crimes, there are also a good number of political prisoners and people arrested on a whim. For the right price, anyone will be incarcerated and locked away in the prison, regardless of any wrongdoing. The Bone Gnawers often speak of Garou who have been captured and vivisectioned in the Reclusorio. One story, a tale told of a Get of Fenris pup, is known truth. The Bone Gnawers have learned from the mistakes of others and do their best to avoid being seen by the wrong people. Sadly, the persecutors of Gaia's Chosen are everywhere in the city. Given a choice, most Garou would prefer the Underbelly to the tortures reputed to exist in Iztapalapa.

# The West

## Zona Rosa

(ZO-Na RRO-Za)

Zona Rosa is the very height of extravagance in Mexico City, a district of elegant restaurants, numerous art galleries and fine restaurants. Since the time of the Mexican Revolution, the street has catered to wealthy visitors from all nations. Many of the shops are owned and operated by people from other countries. France, Great Britain, Switzerland and Italy are all well represented in the shops, as is the United States.

The Zona Rosa District is safe from trouble during most times, but during the Days of the Dead, anything goes. Most of the shops are only open until 6:00 PM or so, though there are a few exceptions.

## Tlatelolco

(Tla-Tel-OL-KO)

Tlatelolco was the religious capital of the Aztec Empire. The majority of sacrifices to the Aztec gods took place here, as did the later sacrifices of so many innocents.

The Franciscans built their first church in Tlatelolco, but only after the Inquisition had ravaged the area, destroying as much of the fabulous art and the profane sacrificial areas as they could. Wraiths, attracted to the pain and suffering in the area, began migrating from other sections of the city. All the while, Huitzilopochtli slept beneath them all.

The area was perhaps the very first slum in Mexico City. The place where once the proud Aztecs made their sacrifices later became a place for those with nothing to try their luck at survival under the new colonial leaders. The bloodiest massacre between the Spanish and the Aztecs took place here, feeding the ground with entrails and feeding Huitzilopochtli with the souls he needed to grow in power.

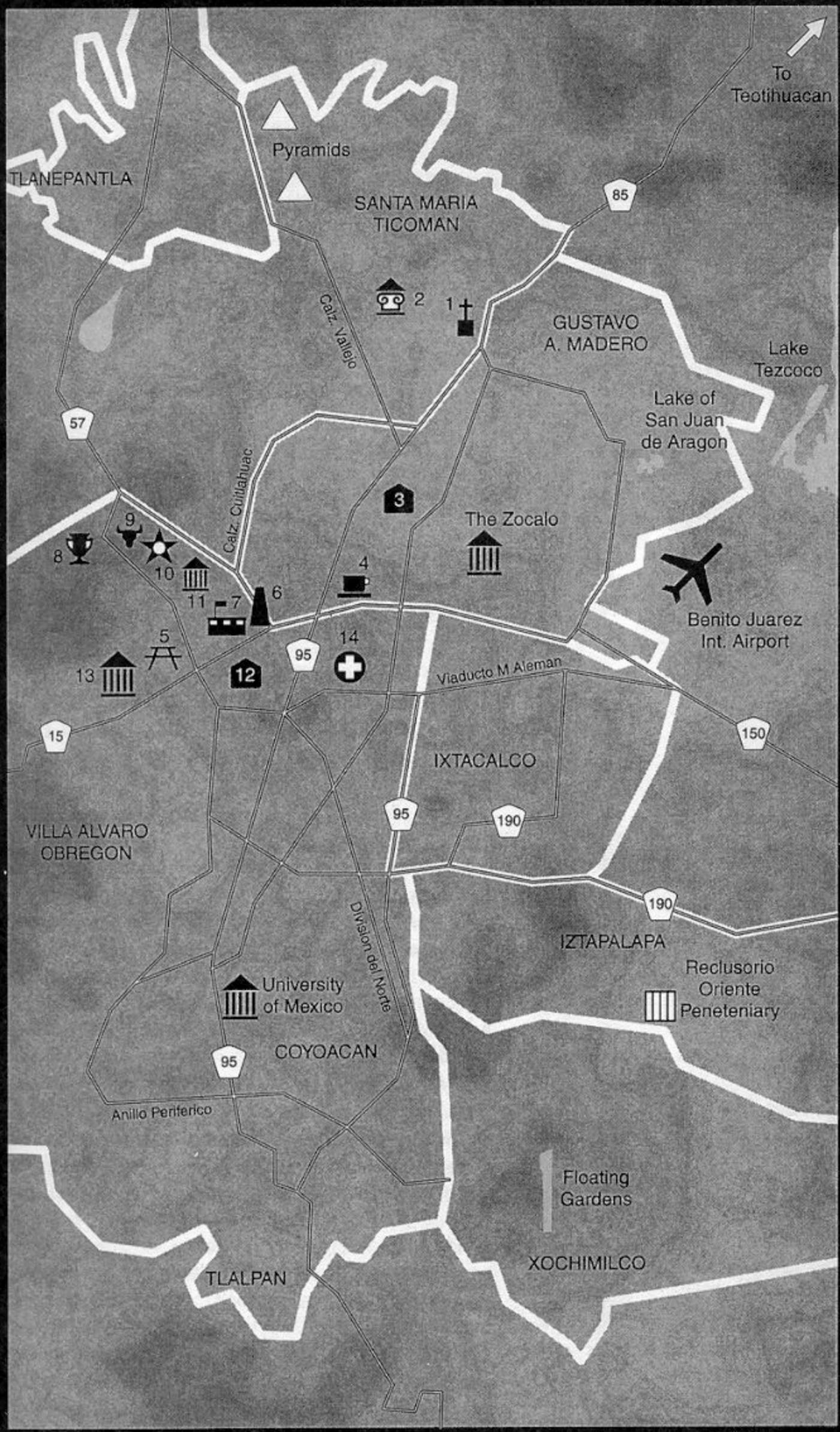
In the 1950s, many of the people forced to move from where the University City now stands were relocated here, forced into public housing complexes. The numbers have grown over the years, and now over 80,000 humans make the district their home, whether they like it or not.

Just before the Olympics came to Mexico City in 1968, Tlatelolco was the sight of another massacre. When the impoverished people of Mexico discovered how lavishly the city was spending money in preparation for the Olympic Games, a large group of university students attempted to protest the excessive spending by demonstrating in the area. The hopes that international media coverage would make the world take notice were crushed.

Amid rumors that the students had planted bombs in the new stadium to destroy the Olympic Games, governmental forces removed any possible threat by gunning down over 300 men, women and children. On October 16, 1968, the streets of Tlatelolco ran red with blood again, and Huitzilopochtli was pleased.

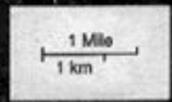
More than any other part of the city, Tlatelolco demands blood sacrifices even today.

# MEXICO CITY



## LOCATION KEY

1. The Shrine of the Virgin of Guadeloupe
2. National Polytechnics Institute
3. Tlatelolco
4. Zona Rosa
5. Chapultepec Park
6. Monumento a los Niños Heroes
7. The Castillo
8. Olympic Sports Center
9. El Toreo Bull Ring
10. Department of Defense
11. National School of Music
12. Presidential Residence
13. Museum of Natural History
14. National Medical Center



Map by Brian J. Bunn

## The Inquisition in Mexico

Another significant landmark in the area is the Latin Cross Cathedral, one of the largest Catholic buildings on the Continent and home to the Inquisition's small forces in Mexico City. An island of permanent True Faith guards the Cathedral from the city's Kindred. A dozen strong witch-hunters work from this landmark; one of them, Motolina, belongs to the Celestial Chorus, although the Inquisitors do not know of Motolina's past or true affiliations.

Buried in the Sagrario, a smaller building to the right of the cathedral, are the secrets held by the Inquisition. Volumes of information about the Kindred and Awakened of North America lay concealed in the hardened dirt beneath the foundation of the building. Once they were easily reached, but the years have seen them forced deeper into the ground, as the Sagrario slowly sinks into the dried lake bed where Tezcoco once held the land at bay.

The 11 mortal Inquisitors have True Faith ratings of 5 or better; this has allowed them to survive as long as they have. From time to time, they recruit helpers from the faithful, but the belief of such "part-time" hunters is often found wanting. While the Sabbat have tried to infiltrate the local Inquisition with ghouls, they have remained unsuccessful. The Technocracy and the hunters are unaware of each other; few Inquisitors would recognize Technomancers as "witches" anyway. They concentrate their energies on the vampires instead. Melinda Galbraith, the Cardinal of Mexico, loathes the hunters but can do little about them. For each hunter she has killed, another arrives to take his place. Such is the power of hope and faith in Mexico.

### Villa Alvaro Obregon

(VEE-Ya Al-Va-RRo O-Bre-Gon),

The Villa Alvaro Obregon and the districts that surround it comprise one of the major spots of political activity in Mexico City, primarily because they are so well known to tourists. The Chapultepec Forest Park is in this area, and is a central location for most of the museums in Mexico City.

### Chapultepec Park

(Chop-OOL-Tep-Ek)

Chapultepec Park covers 260 square miles near the heart of Mexico City. The vast majority of the park is officially open to the public during daylight hours and unofficially open well into the night. As with most of the city, walking here after the sun has set is a good way to meet with the city's predators, human and supernatural alike.

### Monumento a los Ninos Heroes - The Monument to the Young Heroes

The Monument is constructed of white marble pillars topped by bronze eagles, and is the official entry point into Chapultepec. Due to increased tourism revenue, the Sabbat have agreed not to cause any harm to visitors around the main entrance. Once past the Monument, however, everyone is fair game. A few of the Camarilla Kindred have come here in the past to discuss business with the Sabbat's leaders. Most had the sense to stay at the park's entrance and then leave the city as quickly as they could. The foolish ones entered the park proper and were never seen again.

### The Castillo

(Kas-TEE-Yo)

Overlooking the main entrance to the park, the *Castillo* (castle) was built in 1784 under the orders of Bernando de Galvez, Viceroy of the area, for use by the Viceroys as the leaders of Mexico City. Financial difficulties kept the Castillo uninhabited from the beginning. Uninhabited by humans, that is...

For 100 years the Castillo was used as a Haven for visiting Sabbat Kindred, a practice that came to an end as soon as the Technocracy became aware of it. In 1841, Iteration X had the castle converted into a military academy. The defense of the academy and, coincidentally the defense of Iteration X, led to the deaths of six cadets during the Mexican-American War. The Monument of the Young Heroes honors their sacrifice. Despite its history, including a brief stint as the official seat of power for Mexico, the Castillo is now of little importance to the supernaturals. These days it is a historical museum.

A zoo and botanical garden in the area, as well as an amusement park, have ensured that there is something for everyone who comes to visit Mexico City. Throughout the daylight hours, and often far into the night, peddlers walk through slow moving traffic selling plastic toys, food, and handmade clothing. Street musicians are a regular item in the area, and natives from the Otomi and Mazahua Indian tribes often come into the town to sell their wares. The natives also bring information back to their homes, information used by the Uktena Garou to keep abreast of the situation in Mexico City.

Most of Mexico City's wealthy live in this region, surrounding their houses with tall stone walls in an attempt to keep their privacy. The families that live in the area often do

their shopping in the United States, and send their children to attend universities in the U.S. as well. Most have long since moved their money into American banks, fearing the steady decline of the Mexican peso's value. The privileged are as far removed from the rest of Mexico City as their money will permit.

The Mexican Olympic Sports Center is also located in the area, along with the El Toreo Bull Ring, the largest and most popular site for bullfights in the city. Several military bases are sequestered nearby, and the Department of Defense for Mexico sits within a stone's throw of the National School of Music. Los Pinos — the Presidential Residence, the Museum of Natural History, and the National Medical Center are all located in the area as well. While not actually a part of Chapultepec Park, most of the important government buildings, including Los Pinos, are at the border of the cleanest part of the city.

The University of Mexico, the true home of the Technocracy in the city, is also present. This section is as much a tourist trap as Washington D.C.'s finer areas. Most of the Technocracy's operations run in this area, and the Sabbath leaders hold their meetings here. The Underbelly of the Wyrn completely covers the ground beneath Villa Alvaro Obregon. Almost any decision that must be made for any faction of the humans is made here. The same can be said about the Awakened and the Kindred. Here, more than anywhere else in the city, political back-stabbing is an art form. No one who enters the area is safe from tight scrutiny by all factions.

## The Zocalo

(ZO-Ka-Lo)

The very heart of Mexico City is called the Zocalo. The people of Mexico believe that the greatest archaeological find of all time rests here: the Great Temple of Tenochtitlan. Over 6,000 artifacts and several buildings were found and excavated in 1978. Among them is a relief of Coyolxauhqui (one of the goddesses destroyed by Huitzilopctli) and the Tzompantli — an altar made of stone skulls. Many tributes from other tribes long believed destroyed by the Europeans and the Aztecs alike were found here as well. While all of the artifacts are real, the buildings are duplicates created by the Sepulchre and their followers in the Underbelly of the Wyrn (see the description below).

Among the numerous relics are several fetishes and items of power, all held in secure cases and watched diligently by the Technocracy's forces. The Great Stone of Coyolxauhqui, along with the smaller one found by during the excavation, have both been preserved and held in museums, much to Huitzilopctli's displeasure. Some believe the Great Stone and its smaller counterpart hold substantial power, but none know how to use them. Coyolxauhqui was the Aztec name for Luna, and the Bone Gnawers believe that the monolithic stones hold the key to destroying the Wyrn's influence in Mexico City. No one can say for certain. Whatever the stones' purpose, Huitzilopctli does not like them.



Near the site of the excavations, the Museum for the Beheaded was built to house the treasures found during the digs. The museum is dedicated to every aspect of Aztec mythology and history, from the first days before Huitzilopochtli's appearance to the final days when Cortes arrived.

Other prominent buildings in the area include the National Palace, the official home of the President of Mexico; the museum of Mexico City; the Hospital de Jesus Nazareno, built on the very spot where Cortes first met with Motecuzoma, and the final resting place of Cortes; the Ministry of Education and the Jesuit College of San Ildefonso. The Sabbat watch over the Jesuit College very carefully, wrongly believing that the Society of Leopold uses the building for a stronghold. The powers of Faith invested in the Holy Ground prevent them from discovering the truth.

### **The National University**

The majority of the Universidad Nacional Autonoma de Mexico's buildings were built specifically to hold the massive school from 1950 -1955. The university is almost a separate city in itself, with over 100 buildings ranging from the 10-story Library to the 15-story Chancellery Building. Private grocery stores and bars that cater almost exclusively to the 300,000 students and teachers cover the grounds, existing between the larger building of advanced learning.

The Institute of Cosmic Ray Research is the primary meeting place for Technocracy symposiums in Mexico City. With the exception of Iteration X, all of the Technocracy's forces in Mexico hold their seats of power in the University City. The Umbra here is a strange blend of Weaver and Wyrms, seen by the Technocracy as a sterile environment in which to perform their experiments. Visiting Members of the Technocracy would be appalled at the twisted working conditions within the Constructs of the Mexican Technomancers, if they were permitted to see them.

Many of the poorer citizens have been forced from their homes to make way for new buildings as the University expands. Growth here has been cancerous; the university was originally designed to hold only 26,000 students, and now holds 12 times that number. To the Technocracy's way of thinking, no harm is done, as long as more of the Sleepers are Awakened to the proper ways of thinking.

Despite the best efforts of the Mexican government, the homeless and hopeless are often drawn to the area. All attempts to drive them away and to keep the area clean and pristine have failed. Among these homeless drifters, the Bone Gnawers of the Sweet Water Sept listen and learn as much as they can of the Sabbat and the Technocracy.

## **Outside the City**

### **Xochimilco**

(ZO-Kee-Nil-KO)

Xochimilco is best known for its floating gardens and canals. Xochimilco is not truly a part of Mexico City, and is almost untouched by the Wyrms. One area in Xochimilco is a Glade, an uncorrupted place. The local Balam, or were-jaguars, keep it that way.

Many Garou have noted sadly that the area is ripe for a caern, but no one dares to open one for fear of the Balam or the mages. In 1890, a large pack of Get of Fenris decided that enough was enough and attempted to create a caern in the area. No one is certain what happened to them, but they were never seen again. The Balam claim never to have seen the Get.

The Balam will not get involved in the war for dominance in Mexico City, and are seldom seen outside of Xochimilco. The Balam hold domain in the area and, despite the best attempts of the Sepulcher, few fomori or Banes have survived the area for long.

### **Teotihuacan**

(TE-O-Tee-Who-Ah-Khan)

Teotihuacán is actually to the north of modern day Mexico City, but deserves brief mention because of the excavated Aztec temples and pyramids preserved for all to see. These excavations are not a part of the Underbelly and do not radiate with Huitzilopochtli's influence. Here, not more than a day's travel from Mexico City, the Dreamspeaker mages and the Uktena Garou still hold their regular meetings.

Here as nowhere else, the beautiful aspects of the Aztec Empire can still be seen and appreciated. In Teotihuacán, the past is remembered not for the savagery of conquest and the devastation caused by a ruthless army, but for the peace that Quetzalcoatl tried to achieve before going on his journey. The Dreamspeakers and Uktena seldom frequent Mexico City, normally only coming into the nest of Wyrms when the time for the Rites of the Dead have come around again.

### **Popocatepetl**

(PO-PO-Ka-Teh-Petl) — *Smoking Mountain and*

### **Iztaccihuatl**

(EEZ-Tok-KEE-WHO-Atl) — *White Lady*

The two volcanoes that stand near Mexico City have remained dormant since 1802. Most people in Mexico City expect them to stay that way. A few of the Awakened have suspicions that the Smoking Mountain is a haven for the Marauders, but no one has bothered to confirm the suspicion. The lack of interest may yet prove a fatal mistake. The Balam often pay visits to the White Lady, but refuse to discuss their reasons.

# Beneath the City: The Underbelly of the Wurm



You give me reason  
You give me control  
I gave you purity  
My purity you stole  
— Nine Inch Nails, "Sin"

The ground beneath the group's feet was sticky in some places; in others it was slick enough to make them slide into each other. The tunnel curved sinuously around bends that hid everything ahead of them from view. Nothing could have hidden the smell — the air was thick with the stench of death. Each searcher imagined what lay ahead in the darkness: Grimm thought of his parents' bodies putrefying in the living room, waiting with bloated smiles and jellied eyes, just as he'd found them when he returned from his summer camp so long ago. He tried to stop the images, but they forced themselves across his mind's eye, showing him dried black blood on his father's hands, and the maggots that crawled from his mother's left ear.

Beside him, one of the Garou snarled deep in her throat, a faint nervous rumble that sounded too much like Grimm's own false bravado. They rounded the last bend, and the darkness

opened up to them, revealing all the secrets of hell and a few more sights they never expected.

The Underbelly is perhaps one the most corrupt places on Earth. The residual sewage from centuries of Shaitan's domination and unspeakable human misery has collected in the ruins of old Mexico, deep beneath the modern city's streets. This degraded manifestation has summoned a horde of the foulest Awakened imaginable. The result is a combination Black Spiral Dancer hive, Nephandi Labyrinth and Nosferatu *antitribu* warren.

The dark Awakened have banded together into a collective under the leadership of the Sepulchre. By all reason, this grotesque amalgam should not work. Unfortunately, the Sepulchre and Underbelly of the Wurm not only work, they prosper.

**Caern:** The understructure of Mexico City and the true ruins of Tenochtitlan and Tlatelolco.

**Level:** 5

**Gauntlet:** 2

**Type:** Organism/Angst

**Tribal Structure:** Unique



R.M.

**Totem:** The Hydra— The Underbelly of the Wyrms accepts and embraces all forms of the Wyrms.

**Geography:** The Underbelly of the Wyrms is located below Mexico City, and below the false ruins of Tenochtitlan and Tlatelolco. False ruins have been created and maintained by the Nephandi mages with whom the Black Spiral Dancers consort.

**Bawn:** The makeup of the Underbelly is the false ruins of Tlatelolco and Tenochtitlan. Anything not of the Wyrms that comes below this point will be destroyed by the powers of the Sepulchre.

**Center:** The center of the caern lies in the true pyramid of Huitzilopochtli. The enormous numbers of sacrifices made here in the past have generated a powerful focal point for the Wyrms. The entire Hive has been moved by powerful Rites and by the magick of the Nephandi — the Hive is actually 5,000 feet below the deepest sections of the false Tenochtitlan.

**Landmarks:** The whole of the Wyrms Underbelly is a gigantic landmark, provided a person can ever find it. However, at the very center of the largest pyramid, a wetly glistening black entity grows; its body pulses and moves, a cancerous growth that began expanding at an accelerated rate in recent years. This polypous mass is called the Pandemonium.

The Nephandi Caul, the place of “rebirth,” resides within the Pandemonium. This living entity filters a mage’s Avatar through its corruption, “flipping” the Avatar until

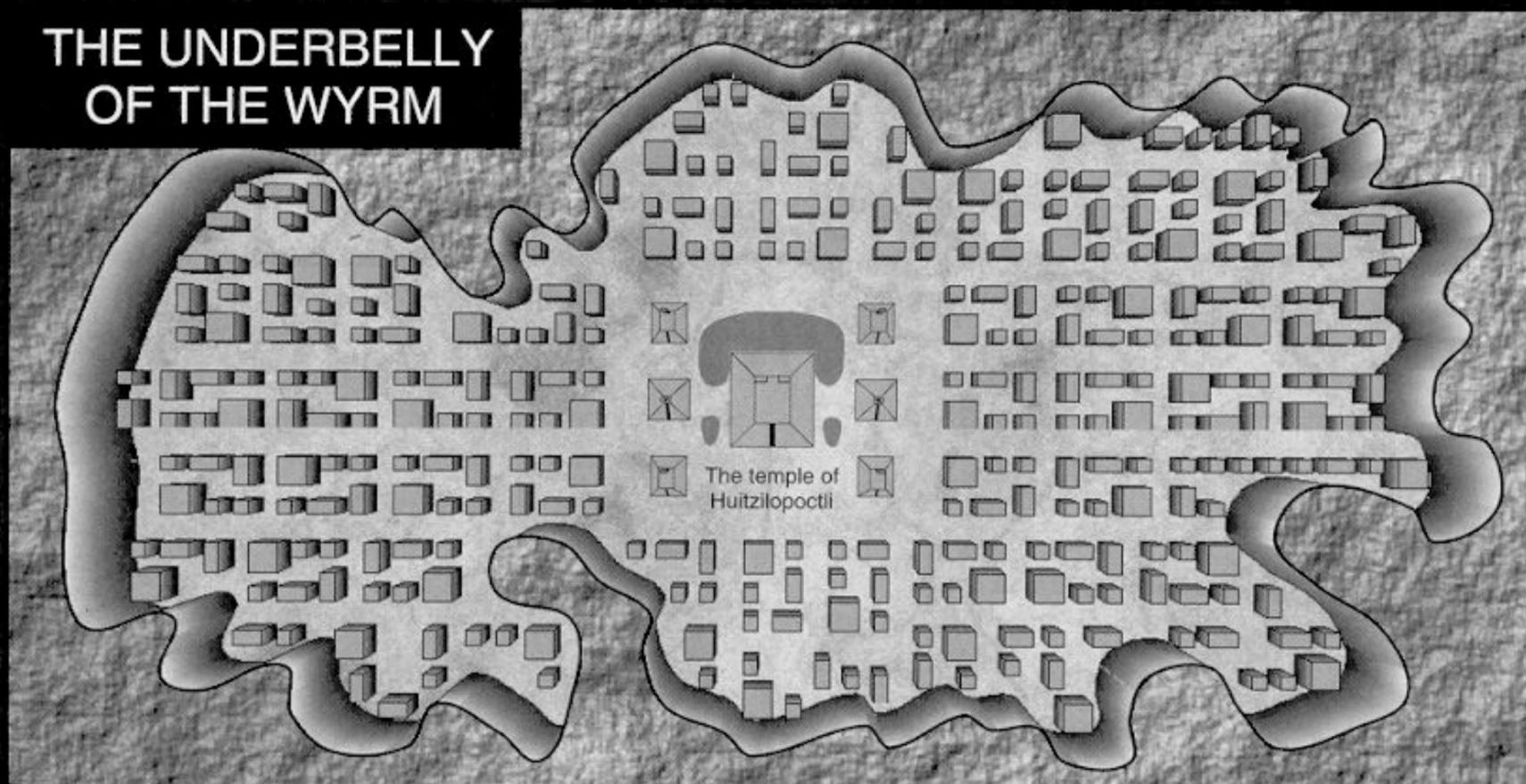
all goodness has been converted to a like amount of evil. The Black Spirals have a similar way of converting their captives — the madness-inducing Black Spiral. The Underbelly has a direct route, a column, to Malfeas, the Realm of the Wyrms. In Malfeas, the Black Spiral awaits. Captured Garou are often forced to dance the Spiral until they too become the mad werewolves named in the Spiral’s honor.

The Warren of the Nosferatu is not in the Pandemonium, but many explore the organic lump to “play” around the Caul. Aside from a darkening of their warty hides, the Nosferatu that try Dancing the Spiral or being Rejuvenated in the Caul seem no worse for wear.

A substantial colony of Vhujunka coexists with the other horrors of the Sepulchre. There have been battles between them in the past, but those times are over for now. The city of these strange creatures exists both in the Umbra and the material world.

**Umbrascape/Horizon Realm:** It just doesn’t get any worse. The Umbrascape seethes with Banes of all types, thriving on the toxic waste and misery from above. The area is pitch black, illuminated only by sickly green lichen that rise to heights of 300 feet, and deep pools of Wyrmsseed boil in what was once a part of Lake Tezcoco. Malignant things move in those waters, some flopping about, and others moving with unsettling grace; no one who is not of the Wyrms has seen them clearly and lived. Among the obscenities are guardians of the Nephandi, creatures only partially created by them. Aquatic forms of thunderwyrms,

## THE UNDERBELLY OF THE WYRM



Drawing by Brian J. Blume

Wakshaa and H'rugg are among them as well. The extremely toxic environment of the Umbrscape has no apparent affect on the Nephandi.

**Nodes:** The Black Spiral Dancers allow the mages to use their Hive as a Node in return for favors. Additionally, the Labyrinth has found that the pools surrounding the Pandemonium, where their pet monstrosities exist, contain enormous amounts of Tass. The supply is seemingly limitless, but the writhing forms that move beneath the glowing waters take great offense if more than 20 points of Tass are removed in a day.

The bloated things that slither through the brackish water are often visited by the Nosferatu; the *antitribu* Kindred have taken to gorging themselves on the blood of the homeless, often killing their victims in the process, and then spilling generous amounts of their own Vitae into the murky luminescence of the waters. Whatever lives in the depths has been growing substantially since this practice was begun. Ten of the pyramids located in the Underbelly also work as Nodes; these have been linked directly to the Caul inside Huitzilopoctli's pyramid and draw together the life-force of the wretched millions living above. The Caul of the Nephandi and the Black Spiral occupy the same space in both the Umbra and the material world.

**History:** The great Underbelly was built during the late 1500s and has been growing at a cancerous rate ever since. The Sabbat drove all Garou from their city during the last 20 years of the 15th century, forcing the Black Spiral Dancers underground. Technocracy forces never noticed any signs of the Nephandi in the City, and would surely have destroyed them on sight. The Nephandi, like the Black Spiral Dancers, had been there all along, but it was not until the Wyrms' Garou were driven beneath the ground that they came to see each other as potential allies. Ever since the Underbelly's minions joined forces some 473 years ago, the influence of these beings has intensified. Over the centuries they have come to live in a unique harmony, adding Nosferatu *antitribu* and the Malfean wraiths to their numbers and allying themselves with the Vhujunka.

These rejects from the surface world share a special camaraderie, an unsettling companionship that is closer to family than most of the supernaturals could hope to understand. Above, they are rivals in their way, but in the Underbelly, all are accepted as equals. The hopes and desires of the Underbelly's minions are expressed openly, and all work together to ensure that all are content.

When mortals planned in the late 1970s to expand the sewers above the Underbelly to new depths, the Nephandi and the Black Spiral Dancers joined together to Co-locate the entire infrastructure 5000 feet lower than it originally was. The Nephandi's magick was powerful, and the Gnosis freely given by the Dancers assured their success. Several of the minions died in the successful attempt, but they have since been replaced. The Pandemonium is still in the First Season, the Spring of its existence. The Wraiths of the



Underbelly see their living counterparts as equals only because both parties serve the Wyrms. Should any grow weak or hesitant, the wraiths descend on them viciously, delivering them to their final reward.

**Politics:** The Hive, Labyrinth and Warren have merged as time has passed. A few of the most corrupt individuals work together, joining the Awakened, Garou and Kindred in a community that simply should not work, but does just the same. The temperament of the various groups is extremely violent, yet they work together well — too well, some would say, for the alliance to be completely natural.

The most powerful members of each subsection of the Underbelly meet once a month to discuss maintenance and expansion of the already substantial Labyrinth/Hive/Warren. They almost always come up with something new and deadly to use against their mutual enemies, and they almost never argue amongst themselves. The leaders of the entire affair are referred to as the Sepulchre. Over the centuries they have become trusted allies, if not friends, to one another. As time has passed, they have come to know each other as fellow soldiers in the battle for corruption.

And all that occurs in the Pandemonium, the Underbelly of the Wyrms, follows the plans of Huitzilopoctli.

## Beyond the City: Paraiso Vista & the Dragon's Lair



*Of the good in you I can speak, but not of the evil.*

*For what is evil but good tortured by its own hunger and thirst?*

*Verily when good is hungry it seeks food even in dark caves, and when it thirsts it drinks even from dead waters.*

— Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*

Some 80 miles north of Mexico City, Paraiso Vista rests in idyllic seclusion. There is little to see, save for farm houses and a few larger houses used by the town for communal meetings and as the mayor's offices. A long dirt road leads away from Paraiso Vista, down towards the areas where the rest of the world slowly rots in the Wyrms's corruption.

The town is situated on a sheer cliff, one that plummets downward into the valley below on the south side of the mountain. Towards the north a small stream, Diaz Tears, runs past the town, filling the small lake with fresh water. On both the eastern and western slopes, blocked off by the mountain and sturdy wooden fences, pastures and crop fields grow in harmony.

In the mountain's face, to the north of town where the river runs, an oddly shaped hillock is all that can be seen of Huitzilopoctli's Haven. The Haven was carved into the mountain over 500 years ago, and since then the one entrance has been completely covered by dirt and foliage. Beneath the grass and plant life, a massive stone head — shaped much like a dragon from distant Eastern legends — lies hidden from human eyes. No vampiric Discipline or Garou Gift has ever detected the area, and none of the Awakened are familiar with the power that rests beneath a few hundred feet of ground. Huitzilopoctli's power is sub-

stantial, and no one has reason to believe the god of war has ever been near the town of Paraiso Vista.

But he has, and he has made the town his own. The ground is soft, and the stream that runs down from the mountain hides the mouth of the Dragon's Lair. Behind the stream a small doorway is hidden by the granite rocks carefully placed before the entrance. This barrier is the only physical entrance into Huitzilopoctli's Haven. No one has opened the entrance since the Aztec war god sealed himself there over 300 years ago.

Three chambers exist beyond the barrier that hides the lair. The first is filled with the bodies of Huitzilopoctli's victims, four of his own Get consumed over the years. They were all guilty of showing compassion, and were destroyed for it. Aside from the powdery remains, there is nothing to see save the stone door that leads into Huitzilopoctli's Antechamber.

In the Antechamber, a corroded bronze statue rests against one wall. This statue resembles a human face, distorted by anger and sporting a mouth filled with silver teeth. The mouth contains four hearts, all amazingly well preserved; the hearts of Huitzilopoctli's compassionate Childer.

In the last room, a stone altar fully 15 feet in length and seven feet in height takes almost all of the room available. There is also room for a small pool of water that trickles down to flow into a dark crack in the ground. From there, it runs beneath the ground to rejoin Diaz Tears. The water is tinged red from the blood that Huitzilopoctli has shared with Paraiso Vista over the centuries. The Altar holds exactly three items: two large iron daggers forged long before Babylon fell, and the conscious form of Huitzilopoctli.

↑ to  
Huitzilopoctli's  
Haven

# PARAISO VISTA

Church Ruins

Inn

Sheriff

Town  
Square

General  
Store

Mayor



Map by Brian J. Blume



# Chapter Two: Denizens of Mexico City

*That was the souls' strange mine.  
Like silent silver ore they wandered  
Through its dark like veins.*  
— Rainer Maria Rilke, "Orpheus, Eurydice, Hermes"



Mexico City is filled to bursting with strange threats and helpful Awakened. The characters in this chapter are merely a small sample of the dozens of supernaturals darkening Mexico City's haunted streets. Space prohibits a full and detailed listing of all denizens of the city, but Storytellers should feel free to make up or change whatever characters they wish to appear.

Many of these supernaturals may have objects of power — Talismans, Fetishes and such. Many of the objects described in these listings have some significance to the "Chaos Factor" storyline. Minor objects are not listed. For simplicity, Storytellers are advised to avoid burdening their characters (and themselves) with endless lists of "treasure types." Instead, use discretion and treat such items as plot devices. If your players need a Talisman or two to ensure their survival, give them one in the hands of an opponent — one they can overcome if they use their wits.

## New Terms

Some Mage players will be unfamiliar with Vampire and Werewolf game terminology. The following explanations will save a Storyteller endless headaches. Veteran White Wolf Storytellers may ignore this section. For more details, see Appendix Two.

### Vampire

**Sire:** The vampire who Embraced this character.

**Generation:** The relative power of a vampire, based on the purity of lineage to Caine, the original Kindred.

**Embrace:** The ecstasy/agony of dying and becoming reborn as a vampire. The date given is the date of the character's rebirth.

**Virtues:** Attributes measuring a Kindred's general strength of character. Sabbat have different "values" than Camarilla vampires, as they embrace their inhumanity while the Camarilla seek to retain theirs.

**Disciplines:** The semi-magickal powers of the vampire. These powers do not invoke Paradox, but allow Kindred some degree of paranormal ability within set parameters. For details, see *Vampire: The Masquerade*.

**Haven:** The vampire's safe resting place.

**Humanity:** A measure of the Kindred's remaining ties to humanity. Sabbat vampires do not have this problem.

## Werewolf

**Breed:** The original species to which the Garou once "belonged." Homids were raised among normal humans; Lupus ran with the wolves, literally. Metis Garou are sterile and deformed offspring of inter-werewolf mating — a forbidden practice among most Garou.

**Auspice:** A werewolf's "moon-sign." Garou often take their roles in society from the phase of the moon under which they were born.

**Tribe:** The Garou tribes each practice a particular mindset and culture. You can tell a fair amount about a werewolf if you know which tribe he belongs to.

**Gifts:** Like Disciplines, these spirit-magick powers sidestep Paradox but only achieve certain fixed effects. The Levels of these Gifts are given in parentheses.

**Rank:** The measure of status that a given werewolf has within her society.

**Rage:** The primal fury of the Garou; like Quintessence, this Rage may be used for a character's benefit — fueling extra actions or changing shape. The more Rage a werewolf has, the worse his temper is...

**Gnosis:** The innate connection of a werewolf to the elemental spirit of the Earth. Similar to a mage's Arete, Gnosis allows the Garou to utilize her Gifts.

**Rites:** Rituals of the Garou; some serve a social purpose, while others harness a complicated sort of ritual magick.

## Format

This chapter presents the characters of the upper and lower worlds of Mexico City. The relationships between the various characters can be seen in the charts given within each section. **Mage** characters are given first, followed by werewolves, vampires, and optional wraiths. These last are intended for role-playing only. Statistics for wraiths are not given here.

The supernaturals remain largely ignorant of the other beings. Few Kindred know, or care, about the Ascension War. A mage is a mage is a mage. Likewise, most mages know nothing of the divisions between Sabbat and Camarilla, or Bone Gnawer and Black Spiral. This ignorance leaves blind spots that knowledgeable characters can exploit if need be.

# The Awakened of Mexico City:



*These stand for me  
Name your god and bleed the freak  
I like to see  
How you all would bleed for me*  
— Alice In Chains, "Bleed The Freak"

The Awakened of Mexico City suffer from corruptive influences beyond their control. Most of the Technocracy's leaders do not act as they would if they lived in any other part of the world. All of the Technomancers suffer from levels of paranoia and anger that have blinded them to their own faults, while simultaneously making them see the faults of their counterparts with perfect clarity. They do not know whom to trust, and so they trust no one. If not for the problems they face in dealing with each other, Mexico City would be a perfect example of the Technocracy's goals. As it stands, there are too many leaders and not enough followers.

## The Technocracy

*Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly,  
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud,  
A brittle glass that's broken presently:*

*A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.*

— Shakespeare, *Passionate Pilgrim* #13

The Technocracy owns Mexico City — there are 19 Technomancers working around the city — but the local mages have been so corrupted by Huitzilopoctli that their worst traits lie close to the surface, muddling their vision and tainting their purposes. They are a potent force nonetheless — they can assemble a formidable army if need be by calling upon outside comrades. Though the laziness and greed of the Mexican Technocrats is well-known, the true extent and nature of their corruption remains a secret to all within and without the Technocracy.



## Montego Diaz - Quetzalcoatl

**Nature:** Judge

**Demeanor:** Director

**Essence:** Pattern

**Convention:** New World Order

**Physical:** Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Awareness 4, Expression 4, Intuition 3, Intimidation 1

**Skills:** Etiquette 4, Leadership 5, Meditation 4, Research 5, Survival 3, Computer 5

**Knowledges:** Cosmology 2, Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Linguistics 4, Medicine 5, Occult 5, Science 5

**Spheres:** Correspondence 4, Forces 5, Life 4, Mind 4, Matter 4, Prime 5, Spirit 4

**Backgrounds:** Resources 5, Library 5, Destiny 4, Influence 5, Avatar 4, Node 5

**Arete** 8, **Willpower** 7, **Quintessence** 14, **Paradox** 5

**Background:** I have long since learned the errors of my ways. I believed once that the only way to Ascension was to be at one with Gaia. I know better now. The only way to Ascension is to ensure that everyone follows the Technocracy. There is so much that technology can give, so much more than we could ever learn from dreams. I came home to Mexico to tell my followers that there was only one way for them to live, but they had found a new being to call a god, a being that they made blood sacrifices to, a being that they murdered thousands for. They had to be taught a lesson: no one escapes from their destiny, no one escapes from Ascension. Mexico will be enlightened, even if so many have to suffer and die for the few who can Awaken.

**Image:** Diaz looks to be in his late 40's. He has short black hair and dark brown skin. His eyes are haunted by too many years of seeing his people suffer while he tries to make their lives better. Normally, he can be found wearing a dark blue suit and carrying a briefcase. He is never without several Men in Black at his side.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are old and tired, but your beliefs are strong. You have been a principal mover in the shaping of Mexico City, and you plan to make certain that it stays that way. You have immense dossiers on the Kindred, and you work to ensure that they keep their place without causing too much harm to the unAwakened. The Black Spiral Dancers must be destroyed, and they would be, if only you knew where they were hiding. Somewhere along the way, you've come to think of yourself as the real Quetzalcoatl, forgetting that you merely inhabit his body.



## Maria de Guadalupe

**Nature:** Architect

**Demeanor:** Critic

**Essence:** Questing

**Convention:** Iteration X

**Physical:** Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

**Social:** Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Awareness 4, Intuition 4, Subterfuge 4

**Skills:** Etiquette 5, Firearms 3, Meditation 3, Research 5, Survival 5

**Knowledges:** Cosmology 3, Enigmas 2, Medicine 4, Science 5

**Spheres:** Correspondence 5, Forces 4, Life 3, Mind 4, Matter 3, Prime 3

**Backgrounds:** Allies 5, Avatar 3, Chantry 3, Library 4  
Arete 6, Willpower 9, Quintessence 15, Paradox 2

**Background:** Have you looked at the world beyond the daylight? There are creatures out there that should not be tolerated, that cannot be allowed to exist. I refuse to tolerate the vampires. My HIT Marks are ready, and perfectly able to remove the thrice-cursed creatures. Already the remains of 17 bloodsuckers are being processed, catalogued and dissected. We estimate that there are some 30 left in the town, but they will be removed. The plans for industrialization in the Mexico Valley continue, and the eventual reduction in belief in a false god continues apace. Soon, the appalling crime rate will be taken care of, but first arrangements must be made with the Syndicate.

It was much easier to convince the populace that I was a messenger of God than it has been to convince them that God is dead. I have seen the errors that I made in my youth. Why can't the people of Mexico City see the errors that they have made?

**Image:** Maria de Guadalupe is a beautiful woman. Her hair is perfect, her figure is perfect, and her face is a study of grace and beauty. All of this is secondary to the anger that lies just under the surface of her physical perfection. As long as things continue to fall short of her expectations, she will always be less than what she appears.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Nothing bothers you more than a person with an attitude: attitudes lead to disorder. Speak clearly and concisely; do not make gestures. You have strong opinions, but they do not have a place right now. The time has come to remove the rubbish that lines the streets of the city, especially the human rubbish. If subordinates talk back to you, crisply remind them that the streets are filled with people too stupid to mind their tongues, as are the cemeteries.



## Robert Lawson

**Nature:** Architect

**Demeanor:** Director

**Essence:** Pattern

**Convention:** Syndicate

**Physical:** Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

**Talents:** Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Expression 4, Intuition 5, Intimidation 5

**Knowledges:** Etiquette 3, Firearms 5, Leadership 5, Survival 5

**Skills:** Cosmology 4, Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Linguistics 5, Medicine 5, Occult 5, Science 4

**Spheres:** Correspondence 3, Forces 3, Life 4, Mind 3, Matter 2, Prime 2, Spirit 4

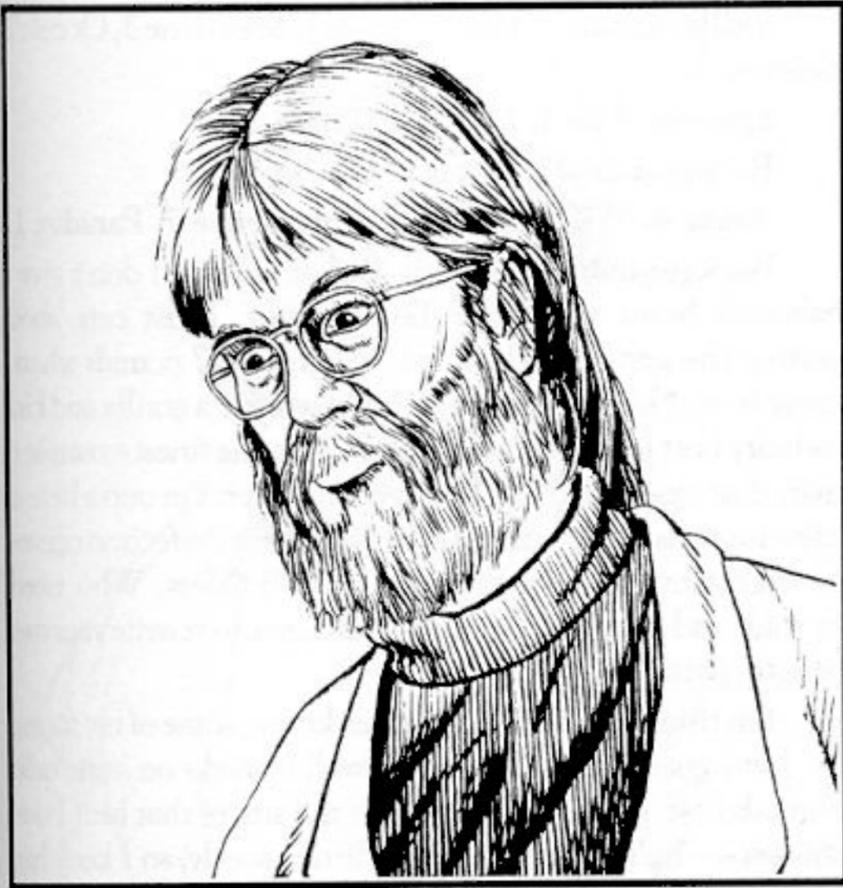
**Backgrounds:** Resources 5, Library 4, Influence 5, Avatar 2, Node 5

**Arete 6, Willpower 7, Quintessence 17, Paradox: 3**

**Background:** Let's have an understanding. I rule this city. I am this city. To hell with what all of the others say; this city is under control. Sure, the pollution is heavy; sure, the population is too big. So who cares? The Sleepers work, they live, and they die. And in the meantime, they have uses that so few can see. Where do you think all of the material for the Constructs comes from? Do you think it grows on trees? Hell no! It grows on bones, baby, it grows on human bones. Research and Development, that's the secret to a good company. R&D needs guinea pigs, and I provide them. You watch and you wait, soon enough you'll see what's going down. I got big plans, and they're just about ready for the world to see.

**Image:** Home town scum does well. Robert Lawson is a nasty-looking punk in clothes that cost more than most of the people in Mexico City make in a year. His hair is always perfectly groomed and his teeth have been capped to make them pearly white. No one who knows Lawson likes him, but they all listen to him. He is too well connected to ignore.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You know you're the boss, and you know you're the best damn thing happening in Mexico City. The Sleepers are only there to be used as needed, and the good folks at Pentex are in your pocket. If the other Conventions give you too much crap, you'll be ready for them.



## Doctor Niles Anderson

**Nature:** Fanatic

**Demeanor:** Director

**Essence:** Questing

**Convention:** Progenitors

**Physical:** Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

**Talents:** Alertness 2, Awareness 4, Expression 3, Intuition 4, Subterfuge 1

**Knowledges:** Etiquette 2, Meditation 3, Research 5, Survival 2

**Skills:** Cosmology 4, Culture 2, Enigmas 5, Medicine 5, Occult 5, Science 5

**Spheres:** Entropy 4, Forces 3, Life 5, Matter 5, Prime 5, Time 3

**Backgrounds:** Allies 5, Chantry 4, Avatar 5, Library 3, Arete 7, Willpower 8, Quintessence 12, Paradox 7

**Background:** It's all such amazing stuff. If I had more than 24 hours in a day, I would use each and every one of them to study the effects of fusing genetic patterns together. I used to just study the effects of radiation on the human body, but the work wasn't satisfying; I could never get the samples until after I had filled out a thousand forms and waited for a hundred days. They were much more understanding about the project to build a perfect soldier, at least until they saw the results. Hey, we all make mistakes. I'm getting better at it all the time. Just last week I created a fireproof cockroach. I know, I know, what good is it? Well, it's *fireproof*. Think about what that could mean for firemen! And I've extended the lifespan of the common house fly to some 3,000 years. Just imagine the opportunity to study its offspring and see just how dominant the new gene is!

The consequences are unimportant; all that matters is knowledge that a thing can be done. Why, one of my greatest successes to date involved taking a young girl and merging her with fast growing yeast: so far her size has increased by over 4,000 percent, and each part that we slice off continues to grow at the same rate, and to scream just as loudly as the original did. Just imagine what that kind of applied knowledge can do for world starvation...

**Image:** Tall and skinny, too much hair and too little hygiene. Anderson is known for wearing the same clothes for days on end, changing only if it is absolutely necessary. He is never seen without a cup of coffee.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Everyone is unimportant. Nothing matters but your work. You must understand all of the complexities that exist. You must make the Sleepers see that anything at all is possible. If anyone gets in your way, kill them. After all, they're only meat. Or, try to capture them alive; there is always such a shortage of willing subjects. The special storage facilities you had placed under the main labs contain the results from your failed experiments. Most of them are still alive.

## Lisa Willonby

**Nature:** Caregiver

**Demeanor:** Conformist

**Essence:** Pattern

**Convention:** Progenitors, once Orphan

**Physical:** Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

**Social:** Charisma 1, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Intuition 3, Intimidation 1

**Knowledges:** Etiquette 4, Leadership 2, Meditation 4, Research 5, Cosmology 3

**Skills:** Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Linguistics 4, Medicine 3, Occult 5, Science 5



**Spheres:** Correspondence 1, Entropy 2, Life 4, Mind 2, Prime 3

**Backgrounds:** Mentor 5, Resources 5, Avatar 2, Node 5  
Arete 4, Willpower 9, Quintessence 10, Paradox 7

**Background:** I really don't care much about genetics, but they fascinate Niles, and as long as they fascinate him, I'll work with them. Anything to make Niles happy. Niles says I have potential, and since I joined up with him, he's always happy to see me. I think that one day we'll get married. I told my friend Angela what Niles said about my having potential, and she told me to leave him for another mentor. She said nasty, horrible things about him. I showed her; now she's a mushroom and she screams and screams and screams. Anything to make Niles happy, anything at all.

**Image:** Lisa is a short, chunky girl with a skin complexion that strongly resembles pizza. She is always dour and moody, except when Niles is near.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Anything to make Niles happy, anything at all. You want to catch his attention, and sometimes the best way to do that is to bring him new materials for his experiments. You've been trying very hard to find a good, healthy werewolf to deliver to him. You know how much he wants one.

## Justin Wadsworth

**Nature:** Deviant

**Demeanor:** Fanatic

**Essence:** Questing

**Convention:** Progenitors

**Physical:** Strength 7, Dexterity 6, Stamina 6

**Social:** Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

**Talents:** Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Expression 3, Intuition 2

**Knowledges:** Meditation 5, Research 5, Survival 2



**Skills:** Cosmology 3, Culture 1, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Science 5

**Spheres:** Life 4, Matter 2, Prime 2

**Backgrounds:** Avatar 2, Library 4

**Arete 4, Willpower 6, Quintessence 7, Paradox 12**

**Background:** Let me tell you something; I don't give a baboon's brain about the Technocracy. I just care about getting the perfect body. I only weighed 127 pounds when I came here. Now look at me! I could wrestle a gorilla and kick its hairy butt in under five seconds. I am the finest example of man that exists, and just keep getting finer. I'm outta here in a few months, and then it's on to the Mister Perfection contest to make my mark among the body builders. Who needs steroids and growth hormones when you can rewrite your own genetic pattern?

I'm thinking about maybe marketing some of my formulas, but I guess I should test how well it works on some more animals first. Man, you should see the size of that bear I used this on — he's *huge*. He's also a little moody, so I keep him locked up.

**Image:** Shave a gorilla, oil its body, add blue eyes and blond hair. Throw in perfect teeth and just for fun, add about 200 pounds of muscle. That's a good start. Justin stands all of 5' 7" in height, and is almost as wide. Even when he is relaxed, every cord of muscle on his body stands out in perfect relief. His biceps are as wide as most men's torsos, and his neck is substantially wider than his head. The only reason he is allowed to continue working with the Progenitors is that they carefully monitor his changes. So far, Niles Anderson has noticed over 700 deviations from the original genetic pattern of his second lab assistant.

When the boy has finally gone too far, Niles wants to examine his remains and discover just how it is that someone so abysmally stupid managed to Awaken.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Nobody's home, but they left the lights on. You are a narcissistic moron, and you use every chance you get to flaunt your muscles in front of anyone who will look.

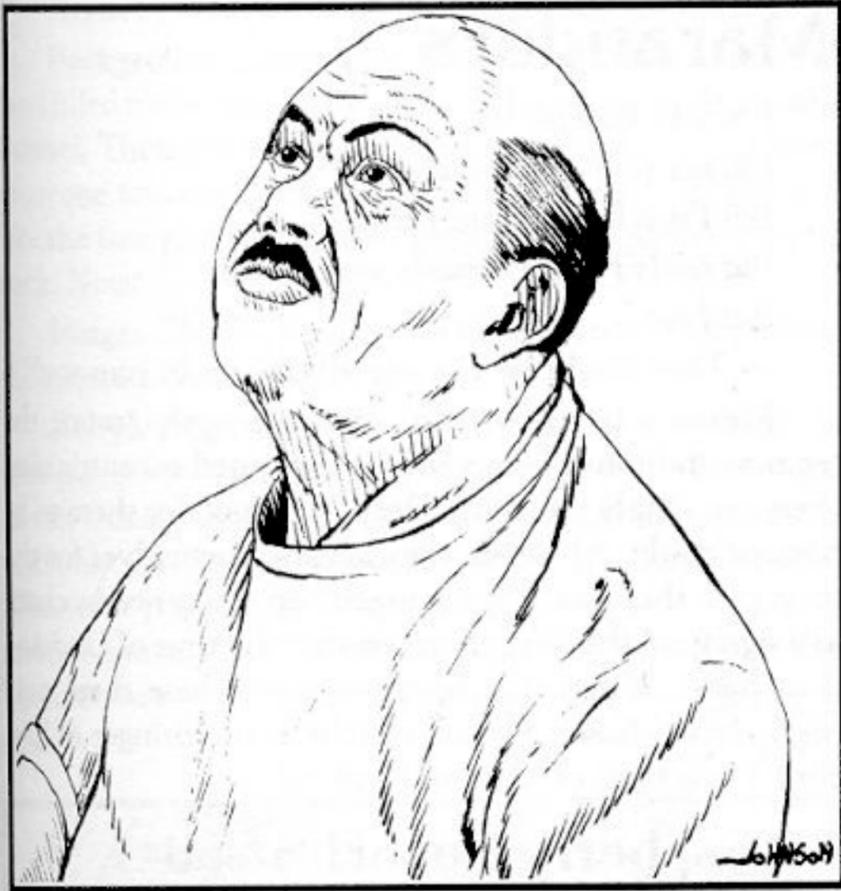
## Tradition Mages

*If the world is ruled by demons and monsters, we might as well give up right now.*

— Dana Andrews, *Curse of the Demon*

Few Tradition mages dare this Technocracy stronghold for any length of time — few outside of the Celestial Chorus, who have chosen this city as their protectorate. From a dozen scattered missions throughout the area, ten Chorus mages work overtime to tend their folks, waiting for reinforcements that may never come.

The tiny Chantries of Mexico do not access Horizon Realms — to construct one in an area of such heavy Technocratic influence would be suicide. And so the mages of Mexico dwell in poverty with their Sleeper brethren — such are the wages of Ascension in Mexico.



## Bernardino de Sahagun

**Nature:** Architect

**Demeanor:** Caregiver

**Essence:** Pattern

**Tradition:** Celestial Chorus

**Physical:** Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Awareness 4, Expression 4, Intuition 3

**Knowledges:** Etiquette 5, Leadership 3, Meditation 4, Research 5, Survival 5

**Skills:** Cosmology 4, Enigmas 4, Investigation 2, Linguistics 5, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Science 3

**Spheres:** Correspondence 3, Forces 5, Life 4, Mind 2, Matter 3, Prime 5, Spirit 4, Time 2

**Backgrounds:** Resources 5, Library 4, Influence 3, Avatar 5, Node 5

**Arete** 8, **Willpower** 10, **Quintessence** 17, **Paradox** 3

**Background:** It was decided that at least a few of the Chorus should come with the settlers that followed Cortes into Tenochtitlan. There were many of the Cabal of Pure Thought already going, and as the need to hide was great, I was elected. The Order of Reason would want to destroy everything. They almost succeeded in their plans.

I was appalled from the first moment I came in contact with the people; they were so innocent, certainly not the vile monsters that we had heard about. But there was something in the city, something that was truly evil. Whenever I have sought to find it, it hides itself again. I have been called a great man by the Sleepers, simply because I took the time to learn the language of the Aztecs and took the time to make their transition into "proper society" as painless as possible.

I have seen the Sabbat Kindred; I have seen the demonic Black Spiral Dancers. Were we of the Celestial Chorus to leave, who would watch over these poor souls? I have been here for almost 600 years, I have hidden myself and changed my body a dozen times — I have trouble remembering what I once looked like, it has been so long — most of my life has been spent trying to stop the foul things from destroying the people I came to love. I am losing the fight, but I would die myself if I stopped trying.

**Image:** Sahagun is a pudgy Hispanic man, apparently in his late fifties... at least for the present time. His eyes are blue, and filled with remorse for things that might have been. Sahagun's skin is mottled from too many hours in the sun, and his features are all but hidden in the wrinkles of his skin.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are congenial and friendly. You listen to the confessions of a large portion of Mexico City's Old Town regularly, and you are filled with grief at the losses these people suffer. You always wonder if you could have done more for them. Deep in your heart, you know you could have if you had not been so very afraid.

## Motolina

**Nature:** Traditionalist

**Demeanor:** Penitent

**Essence:** Pattern

**Tradition:** Celestial Chorus

**Physical:** Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 2, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Athletics 3, Awareness 5, Expression 3, Intuition 5, Intimidation 4

**Knowledges:** Etiquette 3, Firearms 5, Leadership 3, Meditation 4, Melee 5, Research 5, Survival 3



**Skills:** Cosmology 4, Enigmas 3, Investigation 5, Linguistics 5, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Science 4

**Spheres:** Correspondence 1, Forces 5, Life 4, Mind 4, Matter 3, Prime 5, Spirit 4, Time 2

**Backgrounds:** Allies 3, Chantry 4, Avatar 4, Library 4  
**Arete** 8, **Willpower** 8, **Quintessence** 12, **Paradox** 8

**Background:** I came with Cortes, and with Quetzalcoatl. I came in the guise of a soldier and fought as a soldier. I watched the greatest city known to humankind at that time crumble into nothingness under the onslaught of the Spaniards and the Technocracy. I hated them all, wanted to see Cortes die painfully for his hideous actions against the Aztec peoples. I should have fought against him, and would have, but for the love of my Helena. I suffered from the Blood-Bond, addicted to the taste of her Vitae and the small times she spent with me trying to learn magick from her pet mage. I hated her with all my soul, yet could not stop loving her. Something reached out to me one night, something that shattered the bonds that tied my very essence. I do not know if I did this myself, or if it was an outside force, but I am forever grateful. Should Helena come this way again, I shall move her to the sun with my magick, regardless of the consequences to myself.

I have done my best to make amends with the people I've wronged; I have taken vows of poverty and helped a few of the more deserving win money at the bull fights. I have sped the healing process in those who were worthy, and have even brought death to the foulest of them. I have seen the signs and know that the end of my life is near if I stay here. That is just as well; I am ready to die. I am ready to serve the One in any way I can. But first, I will find what has twisted the Technocracy beyond even their own inhuman levels, and I will destroy the evil that I have sensed since first I came to Tenochtitlan.

**Image:** Motolina is stunning woman, one who has yet to realize the folly of what he/she has done. Motolina has reshaped his/her body from male to female, and has taken a youthful form that should long be gone. Motolina is now the spitting image of Helena, a fact that the Sabbat have taken poorly. The Sabbat are following carefully, contemplating what to do about the human that looks so much like a Methusalah.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are perpetually angry, not at any one person, but more at the depths to which the city has fallen. You watch the vampires do as they please, and you watch the Technocracy. Whenever you can, you go off on tangents about how foul the Technocracy is, talking to any who will listen about the evils of the modern era. There is a strong vein of curiosity that inhibits both Motolina and Sahagun. Neither can quite understand the other's reasons for the physical changes they have each manifested. Both work together well, and are still good friends, but a feeling of slight mistrust between them has started to grow.

## Marauders

*I'm your little friend*

*I'm not your only friend*

*But I'm a little glowing friend*

*But really I'm not actually your friend*

*But I am*

— They Might be Giants, "Birdhouse in your soul"

Mexico's few Marauders circulate freely among the teeming millions. Even with their pointed eccentricities, there are simply too many Sleepers around for them to be noticed easily. Although they keep to themselves for the most part, they will be quick to seize upon any nearby chaos as a sign from the Great Forseers that the time of Undoing is at hand. When that happens, run! These three mad mages have chosen Samuel Haight as the Bringer of Discord. He is their champion. Be afraid.

## Raspberry Popart Salad

**Nature:** Deviant

**Demeanor:** Deviant

**Essence:** Primordial

**Tradition:** Marauder

**Physical:** Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 1, Appearance 4

**Mental:** Perception 1, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 5, Awareness 1, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Expression 2, Intuition 4, Intimidation 3

**Knowledges:** Meditation 3, Survival 5

**Skills:** Cosmology 4, Enigmas 4, Occult 5

**Spheres:** Correspondence 3, Entropy 4, Life 5, Prime 5, Spirit 1

**Backgrounds:** Node 3



Arete 5, Willpower 9, Quintessence 9, Paradox 0

**Background:** Once upon a time there was a wonderful land filled with elves and dragons and oh so many delightful flowers. Then the bad people came and took it away from everyone and put garbage and lemon drops in its place. I like the first part of the story better, so I'm gonna bring it back. *Now!*

**Image:** Charles Manson on a bad hair day, but replace the swastika with a smiley face.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Smile! The whole wide world is your playground, and the teacher just got a five foot spike driven through her head. Remember, Lois needs you and yesterday can be tomorrow if you all try hard enough. Whenever possible, find someone having a bad day and make it worse. Also, be as blatant as you can. Make the Technocracy work hard to fix what you do whenever possible.



## Aasdfkljneulncc

**Nature:** Deviant

**Demeanor:** Penitent

**Essence:** Primordial

**Tradition:** Marauder

**Physical:** Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

**Social:** Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Awareness 5, Expression 3, Intuition 5, Intimidation 4

**Knowledges:** Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Leadership 1, Meditation 4, Survival 3

**Skills:** Cosmology 4, Enigmas 3, Investigation 5, Linguistics 5, Medicine 2, Occult 4, Science 2

**Spheres Correspondence:** 5, Mind 4, Prime 3, Time 4

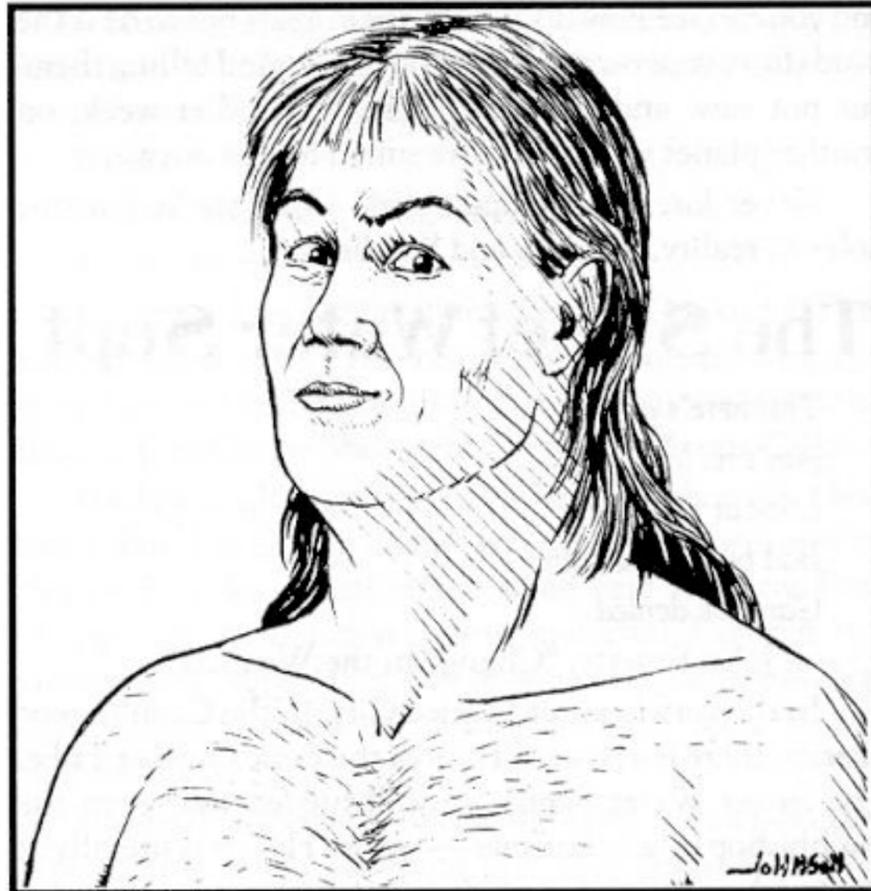
**Backgrounds:** Avatar 4, Library 5

Arete 9, Willpower 8, Quintessence 7, Paradox 0

**Background:** Have you ever seen the scream of mushroom near a dark sun in space? I have. Have you ever felt the songs of the cosmic seesaw teeter-tottering behind you with blood in their mouths and razors in their eyes? I have.

**Image:** It is possible that larger women exist in the realms of reality, but one would be hard pressed to prove it. It is possible that a more feral expression could be found somewhere on the planet, but not likely. On the bright side, she has lovely hair, and one of the nicest manicures around.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are not a happy woman. Everything you ever knew to be real has been pulled away from you. Once you loved the world, and in return it stomped on you until you were broken and bloody in the gutter. Now you intend to return the favor. Whenever things get too calm, stir up some trouble. Never keep your word to anyone save other Marauders. If there is a choice between helping the Technocracy and helping the Traditions, help the Traditions, and when the battle is done, send them to the sun.



## Pioeback The Mighty

**Nature:** Architect

**Demeanor:** Deviant

**Essence:** Questing

**Tradition:** Marauder

**Physical:** Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

**Social:** Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 1

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 1, Expression 2, Intuition 1, Intimidation 5

**Knowledges:** Etiquette 2, Melee 3, Survival 5

**Skills:** Cosmology 3, Enigmas 5, Investigation 2, Occult 1

Spheres Entropy 3, Forces 5, Life 3, Mind 4, Matter 2, Prime 5, Spirit 3

**Backgrounds:** None today thank you. Well, okay, but only one. Avatar 5

**Arete 5, Willpower 5, Quintessence 7, Paradox 0**

**Background:** So after my shadow had been stolen by the evil metal king of Nasty Land, I stalked away in search of a new friend. I could not find one, but one found me. "Pioebok?" she said. And immediately I replied: "There is that chance, yes. But I shouldn't be too sure." "Well," she said, "If you do happen to see the Five Winged Quasipootuses, I would appreciate your delivering this granite flavored enema to him as soon as convincingly possible...."

**Image:** The man dresses in the Emperor's New Clothing. He does, however, ride a very nice white Unicorn. Pay no attention to the feathered serpent behind him, however; that always happens when he comes to this part of the world.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You know something they don't, and you can see how it's tearing them apart not to hear the words from your own mouth. You don't mind telling them, but not now and not here. Perhaps another week, on another planet would be more suited for tea anyway.

Never lose your temper; smile while you're blasting holes in reality, Sleepers and buildings.

## The Sweet Water Sept

*This here's a jungle*

*Ain't no lie*

*Look at the people*

*Bad business comin'*

*Can't be denied*

— John Fogerty, "Change in the Weather"

In the very heart of Mexico City, in the Cuauhtemoc district, there is a powerful sept of the Bone Gnawer Tribe. The Sweet Water Sept is so well hidden that even the Archbishop Alicia Barrows — whose Haven is literally at the southwestern edge of their protectorate — does not realize that they exist. While the park is their main hangout and one of the few places where the Garou can be as one with Gaia in the entire city, there is no caern to be found.

The Bone Gnawers have joined forces with the Celestial Chorus and Dreamspeaker mages that still live in Mexico City in an attempt to survive the overwhelming corruption that lives and grows in the city. The Bone Gnawers spend their time slipping into and out of the Umbra, to battle the rampant Banes in order to steal the Gnosis needed to protect their city. There is no Bawn, there is no caern. Woe be to the foolish who cause grief in Alameda.

The Bone Gnawers are the only Garou, save for the Black Spiral Dancers, who have successfully managed to

continue living in the city. They are the only Garou who have not fallen to the Wyrms. The Sweet Water Sept can be found in Alameda, but also roam, trying to locate Ronin foolish enough to come to Mexico City. Someone has to save the careless from the Wyrms and the Sweet Water Sept is the only option available.

Many of the sept's ten members once belonged to other tribes, and have since joined the Bone Gnawers in their losing battle against the overwhelming odds. Make no mistake — the Bone Gnawers of Mexico City are warriors first and defenders second. There is no time for peace any longer, only for combat. The entire sept follows Quetzalcoatl as their totem, though this Quetzalcoatl is only another form of the Phoenix.



### Father Machete, Sept Leader

**Breed:** Metis

**Auspice:** Ahroun

**Tribe:** Bone Gnawers

**Nature:** Caregiver

**Demeanor:** Curmudgeon

**Physical:** Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6)

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Athletics 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Empathy 2, Expression 5, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 3, Subterfuge 5, Streetwise 5

**Knowledges:** Drive 3, Etiquette 2, Firearms 4, Melee 5, Leadership 4, Performance 5, Repair 1, Stealth 4, Survival 5

**Skills:** Computer 3, Enigmas 5, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3, Occult 1, Rituals 5

**Backgrounds:** Kinfolk 2, Past Life 5, Contacts 5

**Gifts:** (1) Cooking, Create Element, Inspiration, The Falling Touch; (2) Blissful Ignorance, Burrow, Curse of Hatred, Spirit of the Fray; (3) Beg, Combat Healing, Eyes of the Cat; (4) Atunement, Clenched Jaw, Gift of the Porcupine; (5) Kiss of Helios Survivor, Totem Gift

**Rank:** 5

**Rage** 9, **Gnosis** 8, **Willpower** 8

**Rites:** Talisman Dedication, Rite of Contrition, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of Summoning, Rite of the Dead (See Appendix Two)

**Fetishes:** Machete (Level 4, Gnosis 6; the Machete in question grants 1 Rage point per turn, but only for the purpose of attacking with this Fetish. Whether he spends Rage points or not, Father Machete strikes at least twice per round while wielding this massive blade.)

**Background:** I was born in Mexico City and I expect to die here. I will not surrender my city to the Wyrms; if all others are too cowardly to fight for their beliefs, then they shall fall before the Leeches. We are losing the fight, and most of us are metis, but we will not surrender, and we will prevail. Gaia be with us, Luna protect us.

**Image:** Father Machete is a brute. He bears the signs of various conflicts with the Sabbat, and he wears them with pride. Machete stands almost 10 feet tall in Crinos, and is a lean 6'4" in Homid. His hare-lip makes him look like he is scowling all the time, a perfect disguise to hide the fact that he is, indeed, scowling all the time.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Never take flack off of anyone; this is a combat zone as bad as the Amazon, but most of the Garou have abandoned you in your time of need. You do not need their advice, and you do not need their remorse or embarrassment for having been born a metis. If they want to help, wonderful; if not, to hell with them all.



## Sling Shot, Warder (such as it is)

**Breed:** Homid

**Auspice:** Ragabash

**Tribe:** Bone Gnawers

**Nature:** Show Off

**Demeanor:** Jester

**Physical:** Strength 2 (4/6/5/4), Dexterity 5 (6/7/8/8), Stamina 4 (5/6/6/6)

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Athletics 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 5, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Intimidation 1, Primal-Urge 3, Subterfuge 5

**Knowledges:** Drive 2, Firearms 5, Melee 3, Leadership 2, Performance 3, Repair 4, Stealth 5, Survival 5

**Skills:** Enigmas 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 5

**Backgrounds:** Allies 4, Contacts 5

**Gifts:** (1) Blur of the Milky Eye, Persuasion, Scent of Sweet Honey; (2) Jam Technology, Staredown, Taking the Forgotten; (3) Fly Feet, Gift of the Skunk, Silence; (4) Infest, Spirit Ward, Whelp Body

**Rank:** 4

**Rage** 5, **Gnosis** 6, **Willpower** 10

**Rites:** None

**Fetishes:** Luna's Sling Shot (Level 3, Gnosis 6), This unusual fetish allows the bearer to fire missile weapons around corners with a Gnosis Roll, and to cause aggravated damage. (See Corner Shot in the *Werewolf Players Guide*.)

**Background:** I cannot tell a lie. I was born in New Jersey. But, I'm feeling much better now. I came down to Mexico City for vacation the same year that my First Change occurred. I don't quite understand it, but my parents never reported me as missing. Maybe it was that little problem with the car, the peanut butter, and the girl next door...

**Image:** Sling Shot is decidedly short, with a pot belly from too much tequila and a grin that denies his usual hangover. His fur is jet black, and a few have hypothesized that his actual tribe is the Black Furies.

**Roleplaying Notes:** "Hey, what the problem is with most of the world is that they've forgotten how to laugh." You have made it your goal in life to make people laugh, even if they are your enemies. Then, while they are laughing, drop them like flies at a poisoned picnic.



## Mother Baggy Pants, Master of the Rite

**Breed:** Metis  
**Auspice:** Philodox  
**Tribe:** Bone Gnawers  
**Nature:** Survivor  
**Demeanor:** Reluctant Garou  
**Physical:** Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6)  
**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)  
**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5  
**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Expression 2, Intimidation 1, Primal-Urge 4, Subterfuge 5, Streetwise 5  
**Knowledges:** Drive 3, Firearms 3, Melee 4, Leadership 3, Performance 4, Repair 4, Stealth 1, Survival 5  
**Skills:** Computer 1, Enigmas 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3, Occult 1, Rituals 5  
**Backgrounds:** Contacts 4  
**Gifts:** (1) Cooking, Sense Wurm, Truth Of Gaia; (2) Call to Duty, Strength of Purpose, Trash Magnet; (3) Awaken Beast, Gift of the Termite, Reshape Object  
**Rank:** 3  
**Rage** 6, **Gnosis** 8, **Willpower** 6  
**Rites:** All  
**Fetishes:** Dream Trap, Stone Bag (See Werewolf Player's Guide) (Level 4, Gnosis 5; This battered leather bag has several pockets on the sides. The Stone Bag is not only capable of storing Gnosis, as per the Gnostic Bag, but also packs a mean wallop. The bag itself weighs only as much as a leather bag should, as far as the bearer is concerned, but to anyone attempting to take the bag by

force, the weight increases by several thousand pounds. The bag causes 4 extra dice of non-aggravated damage when used as a weapon. Muggers beware.)

**Background:** I was not born here; I was born in California. Back home they even treated me like a human; my name was Sarah. My parents had trouble with my malformity, and sent me to live with an aunt of mine in Mexico City for the summer when I was 12. That was 15 years ago. They have yet to collect me, and I have learned not to care. At least among the Sweet Water Sept, I am of some use.

**Image:** Baggy Pants is a thin girl; she looks barely 14 years of age. Currently at that "awkward" stage in her life where she appears to be all knees and elbows, Baggy Pants has been at that stage for over 17 years. Baggy pants is quite attractive, save for the third eye that moves blindly on her forehead. Her hair is black, and all three eyes are brown.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You accept that you are metis, you accept that you are Garou, but you prefer that people think of you first as a person. While you almost never speak of these problems, you have learned to hate the outsiders who come and gawk at your unfortunate third eye. More than anything, you want to be thought of as an equal instead of as a monster.

## Wanderer, Keeper of the Land

**Breed:** Homid  
**Auspice:** Theurge  
**Tribe:** Unknown  
**Physical:** Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)  
**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 3 (2/0/3/3)  
**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 3



**Talents:** Alertness 4, Athletics 5, Brawl 4, Dodge 5, Empathy 4, Expression 4, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 3, Subterfuge 1

**Knowledges:** Drive 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms 5, Melee 3, Leadership 3, Performance 4, Repair 5, Stealth 4, Survival 5

**Skills:** Computer 2, Enigmas 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3, Occult 1

**Backgrounds:** None

**Gifts:** (1) Cooking

**Rank:** 1

**Rage 8, Gnosis 4, Willpower 7**

**Rites:** None

**Fetishes:** 17 vials of Clear Water (See Werewolf Player's Guide)

**Background:** My name is Mary Taylor. My father's name was Robert. May Gaia forgive me, I am a Skin-Dancer.

**Image:** Wanderer is a handsome woman. She carries herself with quiet dignity and a grace that is almost magical. She has only spoken once, and that was simply to say that she meant no harm. Baggy Pants and Sling Shot each took turns caring for her, and after many hours of trying, managed to teach Wanderer the Gift Cooking. Wanderer has a haunted look in her eyes at all times, and often appears on the verge of tears.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You will fight if provoked, but for the most part you keep to yourself, holding your arms across your chest in an attempt to stop the chills that wrack your soul.

**Notes:** Wanderer shivers inside because of the pain she suffered when she first attempted to step into the Umbra and was forced into Erebus by a Wyldling. She has been in a state of Harano ever since.

## Razorface

**Breed:** Lupus

**Auspice:** Ahroun

**Tribe:** Adopted Bone Gnawer

**Physical:** Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 4 (4/5/6/6), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6)

**Social:** Charisma 1, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 0 (0/0/0/0)

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 5, Subterfuge 2

**Knowledges:** Melee 3, Leadership 2, Performance 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3

**Skills:** Computer 4, Enigmas 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3

**Backgrounds:** Past Life 4

**Gifts:** (1) Control Simple Machine, Find Water, Razor Claws; (2) Cybersenses, Scent of Sight, Power



Surge; (3) Control Complex Machine, Data Flow, Elemental Favor; (4) Attunement, Clenched Jaw, Gnaw

**Rank:** 1

**Rage 9, Gnosis 8, Willpower 7**

**Rites:** None

**Fetishes:** Geomid Fragment, Loon's Refund, Lightning Claws, Phreak Box, Surge of False Energy, Steel Fur, Vulcan's Interface

**Background:** I never dreamed that they would do this to me; I never suspected that my own tribe could betray me in this way. I was loyal, always ready to defend the caern. I think that they weren't sure what to do with me, as I was not born Homid or even metis. Stay away from the Cyber-Realms unless you are ready for them... Great Gaia, I was only a pup. I had not even attended my Rite of Passage.

**Image:** Razor Face lives up to his name in all possible ways. His teeth are stainless steel and razor edged. In all of his forms his fur glints metallicly, and his claws are a menacing sight. Razor Face is a Cyber-Wolf (see **Umbra: The Velvet Shadow**).

**Roleplaying Notes:** You absolutely loathe humans, but you know that killing them without provocation is wrong... at least in the eyes of your sept members. You love to spend time with the computers, and frankly, you get along pretty damned well with the Technocracy... except in Mexico City. You mistakenly believe that your tribe abandoned you. In truth you got lost in the Umbra after trying to teach yourself too much too soon.

# Mexico Kindred

*Our little group has always been  
And always will until the end  
With the lights out  
It's less dangerous  
Here we are now  
Entertain us*

— Nirvana, "Smells Like Teen Spirit"

There are more than 200 Kindred in Mexico City. Most of the vampires in Mexico City are Sabbat, and those that are not with the Sabbat are only safe so long as they can successfully hide that knowledge from the others. It is one of ironies of the World of Darkness that in Mexico, stronghold of *machismo*, the vampiric power structure is largely female. Some feel there is a sort of justice in this.

The rules are not as stringent in Mexico City as they are in most parts of the United States. The only cares the local Kindred share are the worries that affect all vampires. Most of the Sabbat are allowed to come and go as they please in Mexico, but they are watched carefully. The first dozen or so Kindred they run across are likely to attempt several communications with them. If they do not respond properly, the Black Hand will want to know why.

Despite the amount of freedom given to visitors and local vampires alike, there is a strong sense of imminent danger looming over the heads of most Kindred in town. No one caught breaking the rules goes unpunished. There is too much fear of Camarilla spies and mad mages. This fear is justified...

## Cardinal Melinda Galbraith

**Sire:** Helene

**Nature:** Director

**Demeanor:** Judge

**Clan:** Toreador *Antitribu*

**Generation:** 5th

**Embrace:** 1143

**Apparent Age:** 30

**Physical:** Strength 6, Dexterity 7, Stamina 6

**Social:** Charisma 8, Manipulation 8, Appearance 5

**Mental:** Perception 7, Intelligence 6, Wits 6

**Talents:** Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Diplomacy 5, Dodge 5, Empathy 4, Intrigue 5, Sense Deception 5, Subterfuge 4

**Skills:** Debate 5, Etiquette 4, Firearms 5, Firewalking 4, Melee 3, Survival 5

**Knowledges:** Area Knowledge 5 (Mexico City) Bureaucracy 5, Computer 4, Finance 5, Politics 5, Sabbat Lore 5, Camarilla Lore 4, Medicine 5, Occult 3

**Virtues:** Callousness 5, Instincts 5, Morale 5

**Disciplines:** Auspex 8, Celerity 5, Dominate 8, Fortitude 6, Obtenebration 5, Presence 6, Potence 7, Vicissitude 6



**Backgrounds:** Allies 5, Contacts 5, Herd 5, Influence 5, Resources 5, Retainers 3, Status 5

**Haven:** Several penthouses around the city.

**Path of Enlightenment:** Path of Evil Revelations 7

**Willpower** 9

**Background:** I was born in Spain, and forced to leave Europe behind when I was captured by Helena. I was treated well enough, but was a slave. I swore that this would never happen again; that is a promise I have both kept and broken. When I was Embraced, my Sire forced me into a Blood-Bond. She assured me that the Bond was for my own good, and that I had nothing to fear from her. She betrayed me, left me to rot in this festering wound of a town. I have never forgiven her.

I came to Mexico with my Sire and the Conquistadors. I fought along side Helena as she helped make Cortes' conquest of the Aztecs a reality. The battles were savage. The mages that fought us were many, but none could hope to resist Helena's power. Then she left me — walked away without a single backwards glance. And then the Sabbat came, and I joined them eagerly. Anything to break the power of the Blood-Bond that held me in Helena's thrall.

It is not easy being the cardinal of a city, let alone one the size of Mexico. I was groomed from a young age to be a fighter, and to hold dearly what is mine. Helena was a wise human, and a wiser Kindred. From my Embrace to the present day, I still feel great affection for her, even past my hatred for what she did to me. But I have found a new advisor, Huitzilopochtli. He called to me and I responded. Now he advises me and makes certain that I rule wisely. He sleeps, deep beneath the city. Still he hears my questions and advises me. I am his Thrall, he is my Regnant, but our goals are the same. I will not disappoint him.

**Image:** Melinda is a stunning woman, but those with Auspex can still see a few scars left from the plague that she never covered as well as she should have. She has dark brown

hair and light hazel eyes, and she is always dressed impeccably in the finest clothes that money can buy.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You didn't get to be the Cardinal of Mexico City as a result of your looks. You made your way to the top the old fashioned way; you tore your enemies apart. Never show mercy, unless the kindness can be repaid tenfold. Never be lenient, unless the result is increased loyalty. Never suffer a Camarilla spy to live, unless the end result is a Sabbat spy to send back. Never show weakness. No exceptions. There are rumors going around that Helena has been spotted in the city. You are very worried about this possibility.

**Influence:** Everyone shows deference to the Cardinal. The deference may be a lie, but everyone has become very good at lying.

**Notes:** Melinda is under the belief that Helena betrayed her. Her mind is slowly being twisted by Huitzilopochtli, and he is preparing to make her believe he is her Sire and lover.

## Joe "Boof" Hill

**Sire:** Bernard del Gado

**Clan:** Assamite *Antitribu*

**Nature:** Cavalier

**Demeanor:** Gallant

**Generation:** 7th

**Embrace:** 1881

**Apparent Age:** 27

**Physical:** Strength 6, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

**Mental:** Perception 6, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

**Talents:** Acting 2, Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Intimidation 5, Leadership 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3

**Skills:** Animal Ken 4, Blind Fighting 3, Drive 2, Firearms 5, Firewalking 4, Melee 5, Music 2 (Harmonica),

Security 4, Stealth 5, Snake Charming 4, Survival 3, Torture 5

**Knowledges:** Black Hand Knowledge 5, Bureaucracy 2, Investigation 4, Law 4, Linguistics 3, Politics 2, Sabbat Lore 3

**Virtues:** Callousness 3, Instincts 3, Morale 3

**Disciplines:** Auspex 4, Celerity 4, Potence 4, Fortitude 5, Quietus 6, Viscissitude 2

**Backgrounds:** Allies 5, Black Hand Membership 3, Contacts 3, Resources 5, Retainers 4

**Haven:** Never far from his horses' stables.

**Path of Enlightenment:** Power and the Inner Voice 7

**Willpower:** 8

**Background:** Let me tell you somethin': there's rules to follow, even if most of the fools living here don't know what they are. I enforce those rules, and that's what got me here in the first place.

There was a time when I took the crap that people dealt out to me and I smiled, tipped my hat and went on my way. Those times are long gone. When I met Bernard, he was talkin' a line a crap about fifteen miles longer'n it needed to be, and I just wasn't in the mood to listen. So I shot him. Then he got up and reminded me that shootin' an unarmed man is downright rude where he's from. Well, never to be outdone, I shot him again. Then I proceeded to mop up the floor with his head.

He took it poorly. Bernard del Gado dragged me behind his horse for about half a mile before he decided to accept my apology. 'Course by that time I'd lost most of my teeth and a good portion of my nose. He kept me goin' by feedin' me some of his blood, and he kept me in line by reminding me that he could track me anywhere I wanted to go. I realize now how nice he was bein', I've seen what he does to people he don't like. He waited til I was properly mended, then he bit me an' buried me. I came out of the ground about three days later madder'n a hornets' nest that just got pissed on, and whupped the snot out of three of his friends when they tried to restrain me. Then Bernard taught me what fighting was all about.

I still miss him sometimes, but he should have known better than to rattle a Lupine without a gun. They run in packs, and he was only just startin' to feed on the first one when the rest of them cowardly varmints caught him in the act.

**Image:** Joe Hill is a tall, lean gunslinger. His clothes are always clean, and his hat is black. Joe's face still bears the scars from his little incident — being dragged across the ground behind a horse — in some cases these scars are little more than something left after shaving too closely, but in a few cases, the deep wounds never healed properly, and thick lumps of flesh have covered his once handsome face. From any distance greater than a few feet, however, Joe is still a handsome man. He traded in his six shooters for two Ingram Mac 10s and a Fiachi Law-12, but he still prefers to call his opponents out when the situation permits. Joe follows the code of the old west, right down to keeping his well-trained horse retainer around. He earned the nickname "Boof" Hill as a result of what he does to Kindred who just won't listen to reason.



**Roleplaying Notes:** If'n they're askin' fer a fight, whup the snot out of 'em. If'n it's a woman doing the asking, apologize, and then whup the snot out of her. Yer the best damn tracker this side of the border, and you never forget when someone's done somethin' they shouldn't have. You especially like huntin' down Lupines, 'cause you like watchin' them burn when you fill 'em with silver shot.

**Influence:** Joe Hill is the Dominion of the Black Hand in Mexico City, and despite his attitude and Texan accent, he is more than capable of tearing the heart out of anyone who gives him grief. Joe is very loyal to the Sabbat, and expects the same from his associates; anyone who does not meet up with Joe's stringent requirements is "invited to leave" until he can meet all of the prerequisites. Joe does not believe in killing Kindred unnecessarily, but he will. Joe fought his way to the top of the Black Hand, taking several opponents down a few notches in the process. Everyone in Mexico knows Joe, and no one ever gives him lip.

## Jorge De La Muerte

**Sire:** The Baron

**Clan:** Samedi

**Nature:** Judge

**Demeanor:** Confidant

**Generation:** 7th

**Embrace:** 1732

**Apparent Age:** 200, give or take.

**Physical:** Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 5

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 0

**Mental:** Perception 6, Intelligence 6, Wits 6

**Talents:** Acting 4, Alertness 3, Body Alteration 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 5



**Skills:** Firearms 4, Melee 4, Security 3, Stealth 4, Survival 5

**Knowledges:** Bureaucracy 2, Computer 4, Finance 3, Investigation 4, Law 3, Linguistics 5, Medicine 5, Occult 5, Politics 2, Sabbat Lore 5, Camarilla Lore 5, Science 4, Torture 5

**Virtues:** Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 5

**Disciplines:** Auspex 4, Celerity 5, Fortitude 5, Necromancy 3, Obfuscate 6, Presence 4, Potence 2, Serpents 3, Thanatosis 5

**Backgrounds:** Resources 2, Contacts 3, Allies 3

**Haven:** The sewers.

**Humanity:** 1

**Willpower:** 10

**Background:** The thrice damned fools. They are so certain that no one could possibly infiltrate the Sabbat. Well, they are sadly mistaken. When I ran across the small nest of these vipers trying to infest my beloved Port Au Prince, I decided that the time had come to do something about the vermin. After several weeks of torture, they surrendered all that they knew. I learn more with every passing day, and as long as I go along with the wishes of these vermin while I stay in Mexico City, there will be no problems with continuing my education. The time is coming when the Sabbat will learn the error of their ways. Just as the Camarilla will learn the same lessons. My infiltration is complete. The audacity of joining the Black Hand! It takes courage to learn anything; it takes a sharp mind to use that knowledge. The spirits of the dead cry out to me — they scream of their suffering at the hands of the Sabbat. The time is coming for them to have their vengeance!

**Image:** The Mummy lives! De La Muerte is a shrivelled stick of a man. His skin flakes and peels away constantly, and his eyes are sunken deep into the back of his head. His attire normally includes sandals, black pants and a doctor's lab coat. He is never seen without his doctor's bag full of autopsy equipment.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Never disagree with your superiors. You are living on borrowed time; you have to find out all that you can, and return the information gleaned to the leader of your Bloodline. If it were possible to Blood Bind you, you would have already given in to these vile beasts.

**Influence:** Jorge is a Remover of the Black Hand, answerable only to his superiors. He is also a master of torture, and has let this information leak to all of the right Kindred. Jorge is as feared as any Kindred in Mexico City, but he is also smart enough not to use that fear to his own advantage unless it is absolutely necessary. He already has four of his Childer in the city, and they are busily mapping out the areas of hottest political interest.



## Priscus Valenko Dmiritav

**Sire:** Laanto Dormotji

**Nature:** Loner

**Demeanor:** Loner

**Clan:** Tzimisce

**Generation:** 6th

**Embrace:** 1476

**Apparent Age:** 24

**Physical:** Strength 5, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

**Mental:** Perception 7, Intelligence 7, Wits 4

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 5, Interrogation 5, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 5

**Skills:** Body Alteration 5, Drive 2, Fire Eating 4, Firearms 3, Melee 5, Repair 3, Survival 3, Torture 2

**Knowledges:** Alchemy 4, Area Knowledge (Mexico City) 5, Bureaucracy 4, Computer 2, Finance 2, Investigation 4, Law 4, Occult 5, Sabbat Lore 4, Camarilla Lore 3, Politics 4

**Virtues:** Callousness 3, Instincts 2, Morale 5

**Disciplines:** Animalism 5, Auspex 5, Celerity 3, Mytherceria 5, Protean 5, Thaumaturgy 6 (Path of Blood 5, Weather Control 3, Path of Conjuring 4) Vicissitude 7

**Backgrounds:** Allies 4, Occult Library 5, Resources 5, Retainers 2

**Haven:** An abandoned warehouse in the worst part of town.

**Path of Enlightenment:** Path of Honorable Accord 7  
Willpower 8

**Background:** There are lessons to be learned from every experience. Take it from someone who knows: never turn your back on a Tzimisce. I had come to an agreement with Laanto

Dormotji; I would aid him in his research for protection from the sun's rays, and he would explain the lifestyle of the Kindred. I kept my part of the bargain. Laanto could walk in the noonday sun for several hours at a time, but he would have to return to me for replenishment of his supplies. In order to ensure that I continue to supply him, he Embraced me.

He should have made certain that he grabbed the proper jar of ointment. I loved the sounds of his screams as he roasted in the sun's rays the next day. The Kindred are too powerful already, and too dangerous. I burned my notes on the formula. Naturally, I kept my supply; I'm not foolish.

**Image:** Valenko Dmiritav is a thin man in his late fifties, with long silvery hair and a heavy mustache. His hawkish nose and bristling eyebrows hide eyes that have seen too much evil. He is always grim; no one recalls ever seeing him smile.

**Roleplaying Notes:** No one realizes the truth. You were a mage, and had plans for helping the world. Now you are forced into this hellish existence as a Kindred. You watch everyone, and you help the leaders of the Kindred, but as soon as you can, you will return to your Progenitor brethren and be cured of this vile disease. The only thing that has stopped you so far is fear; you remember all too well what sorts of experiments your fellow Progenitors were known to perform on the undead.

**Influence:** As Priscus, you are answerable only to the Archbishops and the Cardinal. You are their advisor, and do your best to direct them away from the foul pit that is engulfing all of Mexico City.

## Archbishop Alicia Barrows

**Sire:** Andre Milano

**Nature:** Fanatic

**Demeanor:** Deviant

**Clan:** Malkavian *Antitribu*

**Generation:** 6th



**Embrace:** 1401

**Apparent Age:** 18

**Physical:** Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 4

**Social:** Charisma 5, Manipulation 7, Appearance 4

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 6

**Talents:** Acting 5, Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 5, Empathy 5, Fortune Telling 5, Intimidation 3, Leadership 5, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3

**Skills:** Blind Fighting 3, Body Alteration 2, Drive 5, Firearms 3, Melee 5, Music 4, Repair 4, Sabbat Lore 5, Survival 3

**Knowledges:** Bureaucracy 5, Computer 4, Finance 4, Investigation 3, Law 3, Linguistics 5, Medicine 3, Politics 5

**Virtues:** Callousness 3, Instincts 4, Morale 5

**Disciplines:** Auspex 7, Celerity 4, Dementation 7, Fortitude 4, Presence 5, Potence 7, Obfuscate 5

**Backgrounds:** Allies 3, Contacts 3, Resources 5, Retainers 5

**Haven:** Palacio de Minería

**Path of Enlightenment:** It changes from night to night. 4

**Willpower** 10

**Background:** They're coming, you know. Nothing we can do will stop them. I read of their rising in my cards, before I was even Embraced. There will be no escape from the Gehenna. The Antediluvians will rise, and they will devour us all. When I told my Sire of his fate, to die at the hands of Malkav, he forced the Embrace on me and told me that at least he would not die alone. He was wrong. I made certain that he was alone when he died.

It took me a long time to try reading my cards again. But eventually the urge was too strong to resist. The fates had changed. I know now that it is possible to stop the Gehenna from arriving. The only question is how...

**Image:** Alicia is pale and lovely. Her hair is dark red, and her eyes are green. She stands only 4'10" in height, but carries herself as if she were much taller. She is often mistaken for a stray child when she is first seen. Only after a second glance can a person see the full figure she hides beneath shapeless dresses.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You know that salvation is possible. You have confidence that salvation will be achieved. You must convince all of the Sabbat to band together and to work as one to find and destroy the Antediluvians.

**Influence:** Alicia is one of the Archbishops for the Sabbat in Mexico City, and as such has a substantial amount of influence over the unives of those around her. She is smart enough not to flaunt her power, and is probably alive as a result of the precautions she takes, and her use of others to actually give the orders.



## Paladin Rosa Martinez

**Sire:** Melinda Galbraith

**Nature:** Conniver

**Demeanor:** Conformist

**Clan:** Toreador *Antitribu*

**Generation:** 6th

**Embrace:** 1880

**Apparent Age:** 28

**Physical:** Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 7, Appearance 3

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 7

**Talents:** Acting 2, Alertness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Intrigue 4, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 3

**Skills:** Drive 4, Firearms 5, Interrogation 3, Melee 4, Music 3, Security 5, Stealth 4

**Knowledges:** Area Knowledge (Mexico City) 3 (Underbelly) 3, Bureaucracy 2, Computer 2, Politics 4

**Virtues:** Callousness 5, Instincts 4, Morale 5

**Disciplines:** Auspex 4, Celerity 4, Fortitude 6, Obtenebration 4, Presence 4, Potence 5

**Backgrounds:** Resources 4, Contacts 3, Allies 5

**Haven:** Wherever Melinda is staying.

**Path of Enlightenment:** Path of Evil Revelations 4

**Willpower** 7

**Background:** Melinda has always been good to me. She took me in when I was just a child and she had me trained in the ways of a warrior. I never had to fear being alone with Melinda near by. I never had to worry about money or a roof over my head. I would surely have died if not for her. I owe her, and will protect her, even after having met the Master. He understands how I feel, and he forgives this foolish loyalty.

I hope that Melinda will come around soon to the Master's ways. She is too valuable to lose. I feel that with Melinda by his side, the Master can truly achieve anything.

**Image:** Rosa is a very tall woman, 6'4", and very muscular from her years as her Sire's Retainer. Her hair is sandy blond and her eyes are blue. The most noticeable feature about Rosa is the clothing she wears — a man's suit and overcoat to hide the arsenal of weapons on her body.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Don't speak unless spoken to. Always keep your answers direct and to the point. Never volunteer information; that's how you got this job in the first place. Your predecessor talked too much and you were willing to listen and report to Melinda.

**Influence:** Rosa terrifies most everyone, but her influence extends only as far as her reach.



## Lisandro Giovanni

**Sire:** Andreas Giovanni

**Nature:** Conniver

**Demeanor:** Conformist

**Generation:** 6th (Posing as a Ventrue *Antitribu*)

**Embrace:** 1721

**Apparent Age:** 34

**Physical:** Strength 5, Dexterity 7, Stamina 6

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 6, Appearance 4

**Mental:** Perception 7, Intelligence 5, Wits 6

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Body Alteration 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Intimidation 5, Leadership 4, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 5

**Skills:** Etiquette 4, Firearms 4, Melee 4, Security 3, Stealth 3, Survival 3

**Knowledges:** Bureaucracy 2, Computer 2, Finance 5, Investigation 3, Law 3, Linguistics 5, Medicine 5, Occult 5, Politics 5, Sabbat Lore 3, Camarilla Lore 3, Science 4, Torture 5

**Merits:** Conscience 1, Self-Control 5, Courage 3

**Disciplines:** Dominate 5, Fortitude 3, Necromancy 5, Potence 3, Thanatosis 3, Thaumaturgy 2

**Backgrounds:** Contacts 4, Sabbat Status 3, Resources 5, Retainers 4

**Haven:** Penthouse apartment in the new part of the city.

**Humanity:** 4

**Willpower:** 6

**Background:** Hey, believe me, when your Sire says to go look into the NAFTA situation, you look into the NAFTA situation. So he told me it would be good for the family, and so I listened. Here I am. But I'm better armed than most; it's amazing what a dead Kindred can tell you if you know how to ask...little secrets, like all the right codes and gestures that let you slip past any of them stupid hand signals the Sabbat use, y'know what I mean?

So I've only been here a few weeks when my zombies start acting up. Imagine my surprise when I find out that they're actually my old friends in the Samedi. I hadn't seen them since they did Baby Doc in Haiti — Jeez, that was a mess for you. So they want a little information, and I need a little help with my research. So far it's working of just fine.

**Image:** Lisandro is a handsome man, give or take the pockmarks on his face. Perfectly cut clothes are the only kind that touch his form. His hair is always perfect.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are a cold bastard, but mostly because you are terrified of being caught. There's too much at risk for the family if you blow this task.

**Influence:** Lisandro and the Samedi have formed a powerful friendship out of mutual need. Between them, they have discovered a great deal about what is really going on in Mexico City. Both groups are planning major infiltration attacks, and the time is almost ripe.

## Delilah Monroe

**Sire:** Angela Preston

**Nature:** Bon Vivant

**Demeanor:** Bon Vivant

**Generation:** 10th

**Clan:** Daughters of Cacophony *Antitribu*

**Embrace:** 1981

**Apparent Age:** 19

**Physical:** Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 4

**Talents:** Acting 3, Alertness 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Leadership 2

**Skills:** Drive 2, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Music 3, Stealth 3, Survival 1

**Knowledges:** Computer 1, Linguistics 1, Politics 1

**Virtues:** Callousness 4, Instincts 2, Morale 3



**Disciplines:** Auspex 1, Fortitude 2, Presence 3, Melpominee 5

**Backgrounds:** Allies 3, Contacts 5, Fame 3, Resources 5

**Haven:** The Underbelly, or if she really feels like slumming, with a few of her pack mates

**Path of Enlightenment:** Path of Evil Revelations 2

**Willpower** 3

**Background:** So like, I was gonna be in a band. Okay? And there was this group of rilly cool guys that were gonna play back-up for me. And they even did for a while, until we had engine troubles and went down in San Diego. Well, there was this other group of losers that decided I could be worth some money, on account of the contract I had just signed. So they like took me hostage an' stuff. Only, these really fat women in Viking costumes came and killed them and then took me away from the leftovers, and then they made me a vampire.

Only, they didn't really ask if I wanted to be a vampire; I mean, how am I supposed to work on my tan now? Under the full moon? I'm sure! So, I made the best of what I had and started doin' recordings an' stuff only at night. An' then I got into this really cool stuff about devil worship, made some major bucks off the dorks that are into that kinda crap, y'know?

And then we went on this world tour, and I made sure that we only flew at night. Then the plane got fucked up and I ended up in Mexico City. An' that's how I met all my new friends. Is that bitchin' or what?

**Image:** Delilah is a vision of angelic beauty, until you add the spiked hair, the safety pins in her cheeks, ears and eyebrows, and the exceedingly vulgar language that spews from her mouth.

**Roleplaying Notes:** They are all so bo-oring! You thought that the Sabbat would be a blast, but they're just as bad as those Camarilla geeks. Maybe the Anarchs would be more fun...

**Influence:** Delilah is planning to start a little crusade against the Sabbat. She's already been up to Los Angeles and Seattle, gathering forces that would be interested in increasing the size of the Anarch Freestates. She's learned a few tactics from the Sabbat, however, including the idea of using available humans as cannon fodder after Embracing them. She's got them all on one level, because she intends to Blood-Bond any new ones she makes first.



## Mad Mary

**Sire:** Heckler

**Nature:** Deviant

**Demeanor:** Deviant

**Generation:** 12th

**Clan:** Malkavian *Antitribu*

**Embrace:** 1963

**Apparent Age:** 24

**Physical:** Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

**Social:** Charisma 3, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

**Mental:** Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

**Talents:** Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Streetwise 4

**Skills:** Drive 2, Firewalking 4, Melee 4, Repair 2, Survival 3

**Knowledges:** Medicine 3, Occult 1, Sabbat Lore 3

**Virtues:** Callousness 3, Instincts 4, Morale 3

**Disciplines:** Auspex 2, Dementation 4, Protean 3

**Backgrounds:** Resources 1, Allies 1

**Haven:** Sewers

**Path of Enlightenment:** Path of Cathari 6

## Willpower 6

**Background:** I was just walking down the streets in New York. This man came up to me, teetering like he was really drunk, and then he pinned me to the wall before I could even scream. He kissed me and he hugged me, and he pulled out a hank of his own hair. Then he said I reminded him of his mother, and he Embraced me. What the hell, I wasn't really doing anything anyway.

**Image:** Mary wears very little clothing and carries a big chainsaw. She's fairly attractive once you get past the blood stains.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Chop that baby up! But always ask permission first. The answer doesn't really matter much; you just let the old saw rip away.

**Influence:** Mary's started hanging around with Delilah lately, and she too is interested in the idea of creating a new Anarch Freestate. She's grown very tired of being told what she can and cannot do.

## Wraiths

*And the devil in a black dress watches over  
My guardian angel walks away  
Life is short and love is always over in the morning  
Black wind come carry me far away*  
— Sisters of Mercy, "Temple of Love"

Mexico City's long, violent history has led to the creation of an enormous stronghold for wraiths. Within the stronghold are several Citadels, the most powerful of which rests atop the remains of Tenochtitlan and Tlatelolco. The pyramids of Huitzilopochtli and Quetzalcoatl have both generated immense reserves of Angst, and that power is continuously fueled by the suffering of the living in Mexico City.

Most Mexican wraiths only wish to protect their families and gain vengeance against the powers that caused their deaths. During the Days of the Dead, the Shroud between the living and dead grows weaker, pushed back by the beliefs of the living. The wraiths have an easier time moving about and attempting to take care of their personal goals. However, also during the Days of the Dead, on the fifth day to be precise, the Garou perform the Rites of the Dead, strengthening the barrier between worlds and pushing out the Restless Dead for a while. The Garou believe they are doing the wraiths a favor. They are wrong.

The wraiths' Shadowland is menacing here, making the living Mexico City seem almost tranquil. The ancient ruins of Tenochtitlan and Tlatelolco are still real here, literally merged with the modern day buildings of Mexico City. The streets are heaped with refuse, and the waters of Tetzoco are filled with the blood of countless sacrifices. The wraiths of Mexico City are not happy. But the ghosts in the Underbelly of the Wyrms are all too pleased; they thrive in the misery that they have created.

The Storyteller is encouraged to use wraiths in conjunction with "The Chaos Factor". Several suggestions are given throughout the story, primarily as added spice. If the players opt to play a ghost, they should be allowed to do so, provided the Storyteller is familiar with the Wraith rules. Some guidelines for representing wraith Arcanos are given in Appendix Two.



## Louisa de la Simon

**Demeanor:** Penitent

**Nature:** Deviant

**Haunt:** Underbelly of the Wyrms

**Background:** Arturo could not accept that I was not a virgin when we married. He could not accept that I had sold my body to buy food for my family. When he discovered the truth on our wedding night, he strangled me. I will find him, and return the favor, but first I will destroy everything he ever loved.

**Image:** Louisa was beautiful in life, and remains so in death. She has long dark hair and large dark eyes. Her lips are full and crimson, her body lean and elegant. She is normally seen in a flowing white wedding gown.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are quiet and seductive. Smile at the men you meet, promising favors with your eyes. The women you treat civilly, but only because they are no longer competition. Your primary desire in this world is to woo men and then lead them to their deaths. Many homeless Mexicans have died because they followed you into the Wyrms' Underbelly.

**Notes:** Louisa's powers include walking through walls, possession, and fear. Consider her Rank Three if she contests another supernatural's powers (see Appendix Two for details).



## Mictlan, the Black Shadow

**Demeanor:** Deviant

**Nature:** Bravo

**Haunt:** Tlatelolco

**Background:** I'll tell you one secret, no more, no less. I could leave here anytime I want to. I simply choose to stay. I followed the true Mictlantecuhtli in life, I impersonate him in death. The living are such easy prey....

**Image:** A black cloud that broods in the sky, oozing down to do violence and often laughing as it approaches.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Your primary goal is to kill the living and force their souls onward to Oblivion. Nothing else matters. However, if you can make them suffer as they go, you are that much happier. You lead the wraiths that worship death in their quest to destroy everything living, and in Mexico City you are almost akin to a god.

**Notes:** Mictlan can use all of the powers listed in Appendix Two, and can manifest as a huge black cloud as well. Consider him Rank Five.

# The Underbelly of the Wyrn



A few representative members of this dark collective appear below. Some are important Sepulchre leaders while others are simply given here for color and atmosphere.

## Nephandi

*Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.*

— Matthew 7:15

### Amelio Santa Lucien

**Nature:** Architect (Sepulchre Member)

**Demeanor:** Deviant

**Essence:** Primordial

**Tradition:** Nephandi

**Physical:** Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 5, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Awareness 4, Expression 4, Intuition 5, Intimidation 5

**Skills:** Etiquette 3, Firearms 5, Leadership 5, Meditation 5, Research 5, Survival 4

**Knowledges:** Cosmology 3, Enigmas 4, Investigation 4, Linguistics 3, Medicine 5, Occult 5

**Spheres** Correspondence 2, Entropy 5, Forces 4, Life 5, Mind 3, Matter 5, Prime 5, Spirit 2, Time 4



While the dagger is still used regularly for sacrifices, Amelio is never without the weapon in a sheath at his hip.

**Background:** Well, we all have our secrets, don't we? I will tell you this much — I remember Christ's crucifixion fondly.

**Image:** Amelio has a seemingly perfect body and a serenely handsome face. All of the physical changes brought about by his frequent visits to the Caul are well hidden. Every inch of Amelio's body normally kept clothed is covered in tattoos. The images vary from copulation with oddly shaped demons to detailed scenes from ritualistic sacrifices. The tattoos on the inside of his skin are even worse, bearing the names and images of over 700 demons. His eyes are cold blue, and his hair is as dark as the sins he is guilty of committing.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You are a charmer, sly and friendly. You never talk badly about anyone, you just think poorly of them. There is one exception; you never hesitate to tell everyone just how horrible the Camarilla is. After all, when in Rome...

Never argue with your fellow members of the Sepulchre; the wisest person is the one who holds his tongue. When you are not directly speaking to another person, allow a small smile to twist one side of your face. You often reflect on the things you have done in the past and remember them fondly.

## Jannessa Torrensi

**Nature:** Visionary

**Demeanor:** Avant-Garde

**Essence:** Questing

**Tradition:** Cult of Ecstasy *Barabbi*

**Physical:** Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 5



**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

**Talents:** Athletics 4, Awareness 3, Expression 3, Intuition 4, Subterfuge 4

**Skills:** Etiquette 3, Meditation 3, Research 4, Survival 2

**Knowledges:** Cosmology 3, Culture 5, Enigmas 3, Medicine 5, Occult 5, Science 4

**Spheres:** Entropy 4, Forces 2, Life 4, Mind 3, Prime 3, Time 3

**Backgrounds:** Allies 3, Chantry 5, Mentor 3, Avatar 3, Library 4

**Arete 4, Willpower 6, Quintessence 12, Paradox 4**

**Background:** I have always been a creature of sensual needs. My first true experience came when I was only 11 and my brother and his friends had their way with me. I cried with shame, but I enjoyed it too. Later, they cried in pain; one nail for each of them and a hammer was all it took. I Awakened later the same year, and I was told I was something of a prodigy. I joined the Cult of Ecstasy and stayed with them for over a decade, but soon found that nothing they could offer me satisfied my needs. I have found many interesting lovers with the Nephandi — human and otherwise.

**Image:** Jannessa is a lovely girl, a picture of innocence. She normally dresses like she's ready to go to parochial school any moment. Strawberry blond hair and a pretty little pout help emphasize the little girl features that she has acquired. Most believe the way she dresses is just another aspect of her decidedly kinky nature.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Always leave them wanting you in every sense of the word. Every gesture and word should be a subtle proposition, emphasis on subtle. Never offer information; it should be purchased. Whenever possible, you like to visit the surface and seduce others among the Awakened into joining the ranks of the Nephandi.

## Mister Black, Mister Darke, Mister Night, Mister White and Mister Gray

**Nature:** Fanatic

**Demeanor:** Fanatic

**Essence:** Pattern

**Tradition:** Men in Black *Barabbi*

**Physical:** Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 1

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Athletics 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 5

**Skills:** Drive 3, Firearms 4, Meditation 3, Melee 5, Research 5, Survival 5, Stealth 5, Technology 5

**Knowledges:** Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Medicine 3, Science 5

**Spheres:** Correspondence 3, Forces 3, Matter 3, Prime 3

**Backgrounds:** Arcane 5, Avatar 4, Mentor 2

Arete 4, Willpower 7, Quintessence Varies, Paradox Varies

**Background:** We served, we were captured, we were transformed. We are not what the Technocracy made us be. We have been Reborn, given minds of our own and free will by the Pandemonium. We have seen the error of our ways. We are very grateful. If you harm the Pandemonium, you will die. Hail our mother, the Pandemonium. Hail our father, great Shaitan.

**Image:** Men in Black, only more menacing. The only distinctive feature that separates each of these entities is the change in the clothing they wear — from black, to dark grey to white.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Never speak unless spoken to. Watch everyone and everything and prepare to destroy anyone who would dare harm the Pandemonium. The Caul has reshaped you in its own image, as it realized that those who used it did not necessarily have its best intentions in mind. You will assist the Nephandi and the others only if the Pandemonium demands that you do so. You do not fear death; your pattern has become a part of the Pandemonium, and you are born again if you are destroyed. Speak to others in a threatening monotone.

**Note:** The Men in Black that have been Reborn in the Caul are limitless. The Pandemonium has developed a mind of its own and will use Quintessence to ensure that the Men In Black are always ready to serve, whether that means rebuilding them or rebirthing them. These Men in Black can be annihilated and return only seconds later. They all carry automatic weapons. Amelio and the rest of the Nephandi believe that the Men in Black serve them. They are sadly mistaken.



## Sikes

**Nature:** Deviant

**Demeanor:** Deviant

**Essence:** Pattern

**Tradition:** Nephandi

**Physical:** Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness, 2, Athletics 4, Awareness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Expression 3, Intuition 2, Subterfuge 1

**Skills:** Etiquette 2, Meditation 3, Research 4, Survival 2

**Knowledges:** Culture 2, Enigmas 5, Medicine 4, Occult 2

**Spheres:** Correspondence 1, Forces 3, Life 2, Prime 3

**Backgrounds:** Allies 3, Avatar 2, Library 2

**Arete 3, Willpower 8, Quintessence 12, Paradox 8**

**Background:** I never thought this stuff was real until I met Amelio. I mean, I was doing all sorts of rituals and such, but I never saw anything happen. That's 'cause I didn't know how to look. It's not a game, man, this stuff is real! It's great, whatever I want, I can have, just by sayin' hocus pocus, as it were. Man, I bet my parents would really be worried about me if I hadn't sacrificed them, hunh?

**Image:** Long greasy hair, pimples, and clothes that reflect your belief that Satan Rules. A leather jacket adorned with too many spikes and chains, and the build of a fifteen year old boy.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You're a novice who thinks too much of yourself. You're cocky and stupid. Anyone looks at you cross-eyed, and you're likely to zap them with a lightning bolt. Amelio figures you have about another year of usefulness before you get yourself killed. Never hesitate to blast your enemies with a good jolt of hellfire.

# Black Spiral Dancers

*Blast of silence explodes in my head*

*Yeah Yeah Yeah*

*Gimmie this gimmie that now*

*Step to the moonshine frenzy hail*

— White Zombie, "Thunder Kiss '65"

## Harzomatuli, Leader of the Sepulchre

**Breed:** Homid

**Auspice:** Ahroun

**Tribe:** Black Spiral Dancer

**Physical:** Strength 5 (7/9/8/7), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/6)

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 0 (0/0/0/0)

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 4, Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 4, Subterfuge 4

**Skills:** Drive 3, Etiquette 2, Firearms 4, Kailindo 5, Melee 5, Leadership 5, Performance 4, Repair 4, Stealth 4, Survival 5

**Knowledges:** Enigmas 5, Linguistics 5, Medicine 5, Occult 5, Rituals 3

**Backgrounds:** Contacts 5, Kinfolk 5, Past Life 5, Resources 5, Totem 5

**Gifts:** (1) Blur of the Milky Eye, Persuasion, Smell of Man, Scent of Running Water; (2) Ears of the Bat, Stare-down, Spirit of the Fray; (3) Disquiet, Patagia, Foaming Fury; (4) Clenched Jaw, Crawling Poison; (5) Balefire, Rend Reality

**Rank:** 6

**Rage 9, Gnosis 7, Willpower 8**

**Rites:** All

**Fetishes:** Bane Lantern, Bane Sword, Umbraphone, Wurm-Gut Bonds, Thunderwurm Egg (Level 4, Gnosis 8; the Thunderwurm Egg is in actuality a small thunderwurm preserved in amber. When activated, it calls any thunderwurms within a 50 mile radius to the Black Spiral Dancer's aid. If there are no thunderwurms in the area, the Thunderwurm Egg will hatch and the Wurm inside will double in size, coming to the aid of the Dancer. The fetish is only usable once if it hatches, although the thunderwurm inside will be a willing slave for as long as it lives. Mind you, the master of the thunderwurm will have to make sure it is fed, or things could get messy.)



**Background:** I was born in Spain, during the time of Motecuzoma, the last great ruler of the Aztecs. My love of the Wurm has kept me young for 500 years. I was the first of my tribe to find the Underbelly and to dedicate the Underbelly to the Hydra. As proof of my love for the Wurm, I, Harzomatuli, continue the tradition of blood sacrifices that the Aztecs started. Since the Hive was built, I have been directly responsible for turning over 40 Garou to the ways of the Wurm.

Pentex and I have long come to an understanding; my minions will help them if they help me. As the leader of the Underbelly of the Wurm Hive, I have kept the Dancers well funded and provided with Dangerous Toys to pass among the population of the city — a favorite pastime during religious holidays. In exchange for the services of my Black Pack, a specialist team of commando Ahroun, Pentex ensures that my tribe never wants for anything.

**Image:** Harzomatuli is truly blessed by the Wurm. He stands almost 12 feet tall in Crinos form, and is covered by patches of black lichen that have been growing within his body since the 17th time he danced the Black Spiral. To prove his dedication to the Wurm, Harzomatuli had the glyph of the Wurm burned into his face; his eyes alone were saved from the hideous scarring.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Your Rage is an unholy thing to see, and you lead your Hive by force of will and the ability to knock the sin out of your enemies. No one is permitted to question your authority and live. You love the affect your hideousness has on most people.



## Bn'lart, Master of the Rite

**Breed:** Metis  
**Auspice:** Philodox  
**Tribe:** Black Spiral Dancers  
**Physical:** Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6)  
**Social:** Charisma 2, Manipulation 3 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)  
**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5  
**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 5, Expression 3, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 3, Subterfuge 4  
**Skills:** Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Leadership 4, Performance 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3  
**Knowledges:** Enigmas 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3, Occult 5, Rituals 3  
**Backgrounds:** Past Life 5, Totem 5  
**Gifts:** (1) Resist Pain, Shed, Smell Fear, Smell of Man; (2) Burrow, Ears of the Bat, A Thousand Voices, Wyrms Hide; (3) Awaken Beast, Unseelie Faerie Kin; (4) Crawling Poison, Doppelganger  
**Rank:** 4  
**Rage** 6, **Gnosis** 8, **Willpower** 6  
**Rites:** All  
**Fetishes:** Umbrascope, Soul Ruby, Wyrms-wood  
**Background:** I was born in the Hive, and I have no need to ever leave the Hive. I do not know what lies beyond the Bawn, nor do I care. I serve the Wyrms best by staying here and observing others, the Leeches, the mages, and the Vhrujunks. I think I am making progress with this last group. We will join forces soon.

**Image:** Bn'lart is almost dwarvish in size, and was definitely the runt of his litter. His face is partially covered

in fur at all times, in any form. For the most part, he is hairless. His skin is an unhealthy gray.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Never believe the crap they feed you — you know that you are more valuable to the Hive than even Harzomatuli would like to believe. You are self-ingratiating, and you make a point of never insulting anyone. Let them say what they will, you know how important you are.



## Paruppt, Keeper of the Land

**Breed:** Metis  
**Auspice:** Theurge  
**Tribe:** Black Spiral Dancers (Once of the Bone Gnawers)  
**Physical:** Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6)  
**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)  
**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5  
**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 5, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Intimidation 1, Primal-Urge 1, Subterfuge 5  
**Skills:** Drive 3, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Melee 3, Leadership 2, Performance 3, Repair 1, Stealth 4, Survival 3  
**Knowledges:** Computer 1, Enigmas 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3, Occult 1, Rituals 3  
**Backgrounds:** Contacts 4, Kinfolk 2, Past Life 1  
**Gifts:** (1) Bane Protector, Create Element, Mother's Touch; (2) Blood Omen, Howl Of the Banshee  
**Rank:** 3  
**Rage** 6, **Gnosis** 4, **Willpower** 6  
**Rites:** Rite of Binding, Rite of Contrition, Gathering for the Dead, Rite of Talisman Dedication, Rite of

the Fetish, Rite of Summoning, Rite of Wounding, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of Becoming, Ritual of Summoning, Rite of Passage, Rite of Ostracism, The Hunt

**Fetishes:** Devil Whip, 4 Bean Banes

**Background:** I was once with the Bone Gnawers, but the bastards of the Wyrms forced me to dance the Spiral, just as they forced themselves on me in attempts to have new pups. Fools! I cannot bear their children; I am metis. Let them try, let them do their best, I will never tell them the truth, they would kill me as a waste of time... I have joined the Wyrms, had the Wyrms forced into my mind. I can never go home again.

**Image:** Paruppt looks remarkably normal, with brown hair or fur and pale brown eyes. She is actually quite attractive. Her deformities are all mental, and would have led her to the Wyrms even without the Dancers forcing the issue.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You really hate your name, because the first sound you issued after Dancing the Spiral did not come from your mouth. You are named after a fart. If anyone makes fun of your name, kill him.



## Tispardon, Master of the Challenge

**Breed:** Metis

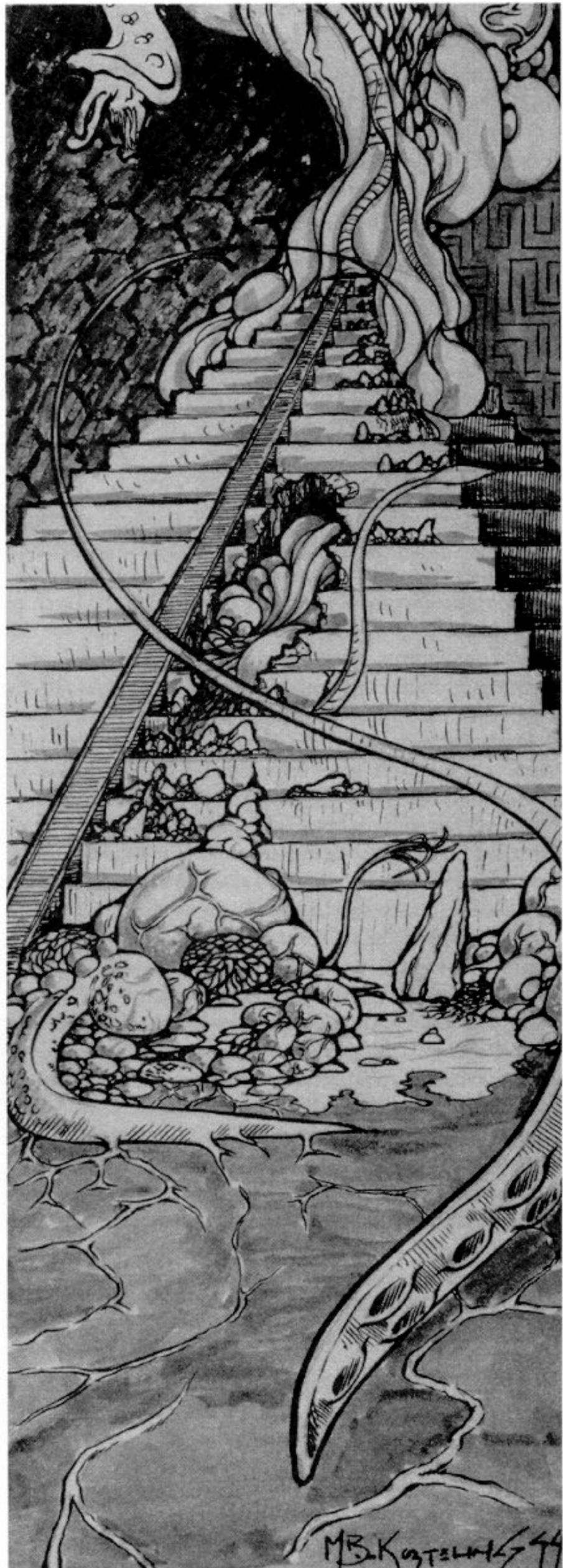
**Auspice:** Ahroun

**Tribe:** Black Spiral Dancers (Once of the Stargazers)

**Physical:** Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 4 (5/5/6/6), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

**Social:** Charisma 1, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 5



**Talents:** Alertness 5, Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Empathy 2, Expression 5, Intimidation 4, Primal-Urge 3, Subterfuge 3

**Skills:** Etiquette 4, Firearms 4, Melee 3, Leadership 4, Performance 3, Repair 3, Stealth 4, Survival 5

**Knowledges:** Computer 1, Enigmas 2, Linguistics 4, Medicine 3, Occult 1, Rituals 3

**Backgrounds:** Kinfolk 2, Past Life 1, Contacts 4

**Gifts:** (1) Inspiration, Razor Claws, Sense Wurm; (2) Ears of the Bat, Sense Silver, Spirit of the Fray; (3) Awaken Beast, Clarity, Heart of Fury; (4) Merciful Blow, Silver Claws

**Rank:** 4

**Rage** 10, **Gnosis** 8, **Willpower** 7

**Rites:** All

**Fetishes:** Deathrattler, Storm in a Bottle

**Background:** You would think that among the Stargazers acceptance would be a given — anger and rejection hold us back from the lessons that we should contemplate, right? No, even the Stargazers find metis-birth to be a sin, to be punished by rejection and hated for the sins of our parents. Should it not be the parents who pay the price? Should not the children be forgiven? I left my home in Denver, preferring to wander alone instead of tolerating the silent abuse of my loving tribe. When I came to Mexico City, I smelled the Wurm in the air around me. I saw the Wurm in the faces of the people who had surrendered their will to live to the places they were forced to dwell in, and lost the desire to conquer the odds. Here was a place where I could make a difference.

At first I saw only Bone Gnawers, and I was given companionship for a brief time. Then came the Black Spiral Dancers. I was defeated and captured as they attacked the pack I had joined with. The others in my pack were lucky: they died. I was forced to Dance the Spiral. I have been accepted as an equal by the Black Spiral Dancers; to them metis is not a foul word, but an accepted part of life. I have learned to understand my once-enemies. I have given my devotion to the Wurm and to Harzomatuli.

**Image:** Three times as ugly as sin. Tispardon is covered in weeping sores and scabs that she constantly picks. She has no fur and bears several ritualistic scars.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Talk later, kill now. Your philosophy on any argument with someone of lower rank is to bully them and make them fear you.

## Guardians of the Hive (Generic Dancers)

**Breed:** Metis

**Auspice:** Any

**Tribe:** Black Spiral Dancers

**Physical:** Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (4/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/6)

**Social:** Charisma 1, Manipulation 3 (2/1/1/1), Appearance 1 (0/0/1/1)

**Mental:** Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Intimidation 2, Primal-Urge 2, Subterfuge 1

**Skills:** Firearms 2, Melee 2, Stealth 3, Survival 3

**Backgrounds:** Contacts 4

**Gifts:** (1) Razor Claws, Resist Pain, Shroud

**Rank:** 1

**Rage** 6, **Gnosis** 5, **Willpower** 5

**Rites:** None

**Fetishes:** None

**Roleplaying Notes:** See the enemy, kill the enemy.

## The Nosferatu Antitribu

*...dear God, what is that thing?*

— William Goldman, *The Princess Bride*

### Blister

**Sire:** Aaron

**Nature:** Deviant

**Demeanor:** Caregiver

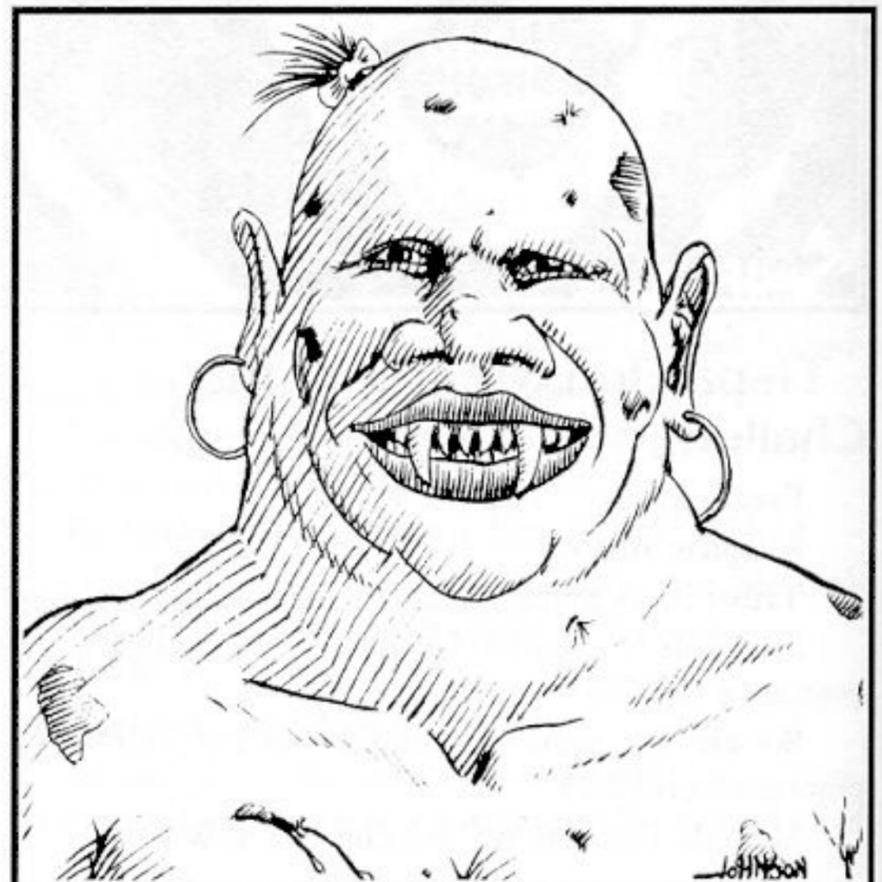
**Generation:** 12

**Embrace:** 1985

**Apparent Age:** 23

**Physical:** Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0



**Mental:** Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4  
**Talents:** Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Streetwise 5

**Skills:** Drive 2, Firearms 2, Melee 2, Survival 3

**Knowledges:** Bureaucracy 2, Politics 2, Occult 4

**Virtues:** Callousness 5, Instincts 2, Morale 5

**Disciplines:** Animalism 3, Auspex 2, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 3, Potence 2

**Backgrounds:** Resources 2, Contacts 3, Allies 3

**Haven:** The Underbelly

**Path of Enlightenment:** Path of Evil Revelations 4

**Willpower** 6

**Background:** I was one of the many people crushed beneath the weight of falling buildings in the earthquake of 1985. I lay pinned beneath my father's bloating corpse for almost a week before Aaron found me. By then I had found sustenance where once I had only found affection. I have learned that what I did is acceptable in the Sabbat, and this pleases me. Aaron fed on me and then he fed me. I have left the world above, at least until I can be certain that every one believes me dead. Sometimes, I swear I hear my father asking me to give him back his leg.

**Image:** Blister is big and blue. She has more cellulite on her body than the average hippopotamus and more teeth than three sharks. Blisters cover her body and rupture at the lightest contact. These blisters drip green puss that strongly resembles the waters of what was Lake Teztcoco

**Roleplaying Notes:** Giggle frequently. Any time someone makes a comment about your looks, do your best to French kiss the guilty party.

## Juan Antonio Lopez de Aguirre - Skidmark

**Sire:** Joseph Cambridge

**Nature:** Child

**Demeanor:** Child

**Generation:** 9th

**Embrace:** 1964

**Apparent Age:** 30

**Physical:** Strength 4, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 0, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 2, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Brawl 1, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 4

**Skills:** Animal Ken 4, Stealth 4, Survival 3

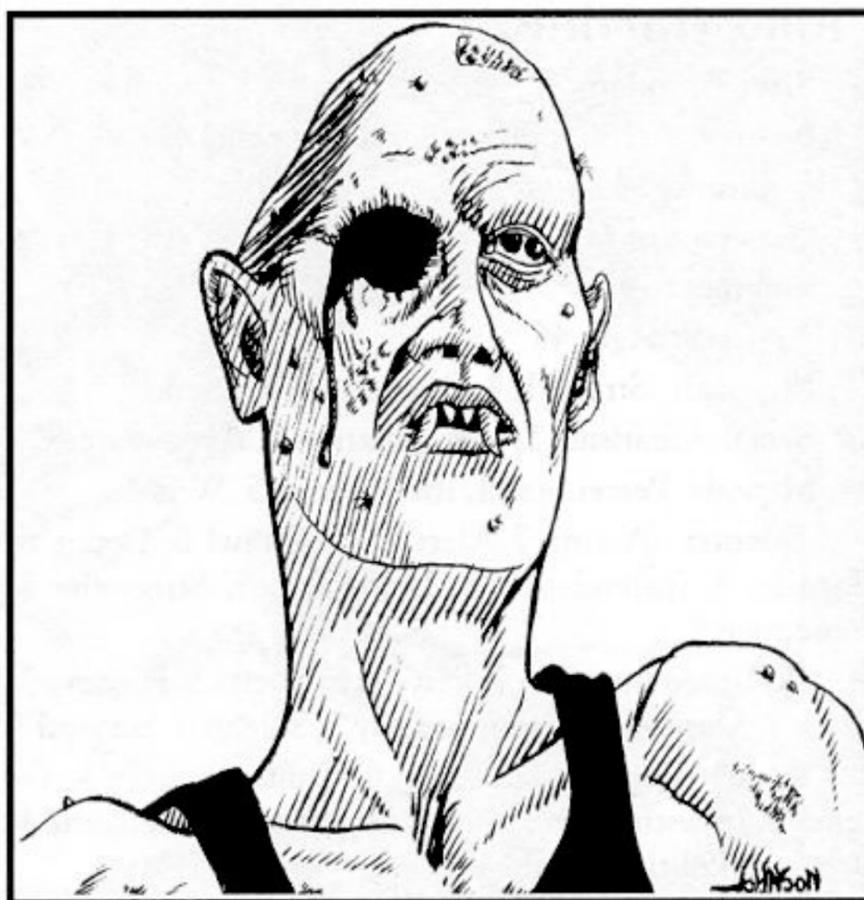
**Knowledges:** None that he can remember.

**Virtues:** Callousness 3, Instincts 5, Morale 1

**Disciplines:** Auspex 3, Fortitude 4, Potence 2, Obfuscate 5

**Backgrounds:** Contacts 3, Mentor 3

**Haven:** Lake Teztcoco



**Path of Enlightenment:** None

**Willpower** 2

**Background:** I wish I knew where I came from; I wish my head did not hurt. I wish I was still handsome. I wish I had never seen Joseph Cambridge. I remember him feeding on me after he broke me body. I remember crawling in the gutters and rivers from Los Angeles to Mexico City, to my home. I remember finding the other blue people and I remember them laying me in the sweet waters of the fire lake. I remember the pain of healing bones, bones that had been broken for many months. They are my friends; if I could think well, I would tell them that I love them. Somehow, I think they already know.

**Image:** Skidmark is repugnant. Despite the lake water's healing powers, his bones had not been set. Most of his body has been twisted into shapes that should not be possible. His head is caved in on one side, and patches of lichen coated skull gleam through his warty hide. Only one of his eyes survived the beating he took at the hands of Joseph Cambridge, but that one eye has managed to grow another pupil and iris. The socket from his other eye is constantly leaking raw sewage from his time spent wallowing.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Grin and drool. When you are asked what happened somewhere, you recite any conversation you heard there verbatim. You recite the information to anyone who will listen.

## Julio Martinez

Sire: Petrodon

Nature: Architect (Sepulchre Member)

Demeanor: Martyr

Generation: 6th

Embrace: 1437

Apparent Age: 45

Physical: Strength 7, Dexterity 5, Stamina 7

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 7, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 7

Talents: Acting 7, Alertness 5, Brawl 6, Dodge 6, Empathy 3, Intimidation 6, Leadership 5, Streetwise 7, Subterfuge 7

Skills: Animal Ken 7, Drive 4, Etiquette 5, Firearms 3, Melee 7, Music 4, Repair 6, Security 7, Stealth 6, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 6, Camarilla Lore 4, Finance 6, Investigation 7, Law 2, Linguistics 7, Medicine 4, Occult 7, Politics 7, Sabbat Lore 3, Science 5

Virtues: Callousness 5, Self-Control Instincts 5, Morale 4

Disciplines: Animalism 6, Auspex 6, Celerity 4, Dark Thaumaturgy 6 (Chains of Pleasure 3, Fires of Inferno 5, Path of Pestilence 5, Path of Phoebos 3, Path of Secret Knowledge 4, Path of Torture 3) Dominate 7, Fortitude 6, Presence 7, Potence 7, Obfuscate 7, Obtenebration 3, Necromancy 5

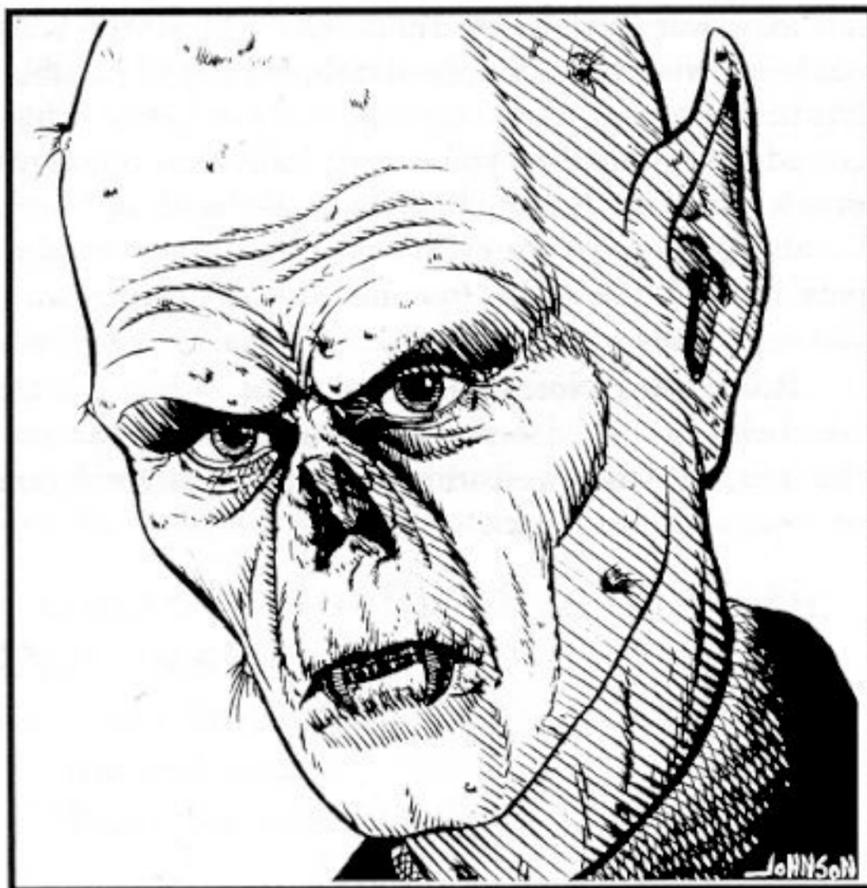
Investments: (7) Hellskinned, Bat Ears, Magic Sense

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Herd 5, Influence 4, Resources 5, Retainers 5

Haven: The Underbelly

Path of Enlightenment: Path of Evil Revelations: 8

Willpower 10



**Background:** Do not attempt to tell me of power; I know power. I have seen power in all of its myriad forms, and I have learned that power is simply a tool to be used, not a thing to be worshipped. I used to serve Petrodon, my Sire, my Master, the Justicar of the Nosferatu. He sent me to Mexico City, to learn what I could of the Sabbat's fledgling capital. I should have known better than to think that he would play fairly with me. I was captured and tortured until my spirit was broken.

When the tortures at last ended, I had told the Sabbat Nosferatu everything I knew about Petrodon and his present actions. At least they thought I had. Petrodon was there, in my mind, and experienced every torture inflicted upon me. He answered every question through his Blood-Bond with me, and led the Nosferatu Antitribu into a trap that resulted in their Final Deaths.

He left me behind to rule in their stead; I have long since Diablerized everyone who stood in my way. Petrodon had accomplished his mission, and the distance between the Regnant and Thrall has long since destroyed the Bond. I still remember the tortures Petrodon left me to suffer, and I have been converted to the Sabbat's beliefs for some time. Perhaps I would have been killed, but I went to Melinda Galbraith, the regent of Mexico, and I explained all that had transpired. I gave her all of the information I had, and that was substantial. She has kept my presence hidden from her followers, and I in turn listen to what they have to say and to what their plans are. Several people have died for speaking aloud of replacing Melinda. I have made certain of that.

**Image:** Julio is gaunt, remarkably thin for so powerful a figure. Patches of white hair grow from the warts on his body, and even from his eyes. His skin is as coarse as sandpaper, and his teeth are almost black. His skin has a very strong green cast.

**Roleplaying Notes:** You work best through negotiations. The only knowledge given for free is the knowledge that will ingratiate you with someone of power.



## Aaron Bathurst - Tequila

**Sire:** Don Carlos

**Nature:** Survivor

**Demeanor:** Bravo

**Generation:** 11

**Embrace:** 1945

**Apparent Age:** 30

**Physical:** Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

**Talents:** Acting 4, Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Empathy 2, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 4

**Skills:** Animal Ken 4, Drive 4, Firearms 5, Melee 4, Survival 3

**Knowledges:** Bureaucracy 4, Investigation 4, Area Knowledge (Mexico City) 5

**Virtues:** Callousness 3, Instincts 3, Morale 2

**Disciplines:** Animalism 2, Auspex 4, Fortitude 4, Potence 3, Obfuscate 5

**Backgrounds:** Contacts 5, Allies 3

**Haven:** His armored garage.

**Path of Enlightenment:** Path of Evil Revelations 6

**Willpower:** 6

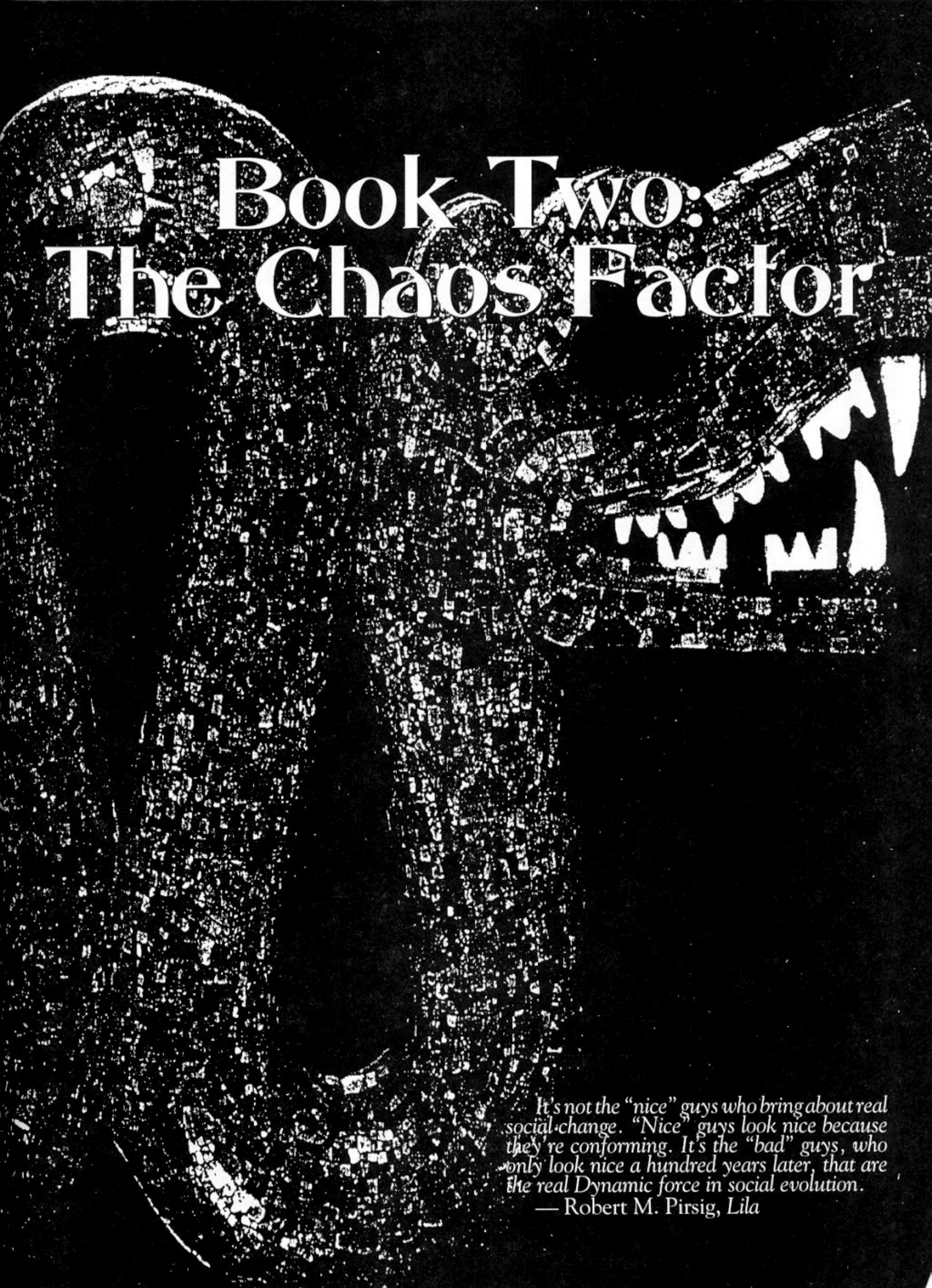
**Background:** I came down to Mexico City from San Diego to escape a few minor altercations with the law: murder, rape and grand theft auto... Naturally, I was innocent. After a few weeks I got a job working as a taxi driver. I was making decent tips because I spoke English. Don Carlos got the idea of Embracing me when he took my cab home early one morning. As I regaled him with tales of the people I met at the airport, Don Carlos listened and learned.

Don Carlos purchased a limosine for me just after he Embraced me, and had a Tzimisce who owed him a favor alter my features to look human. I must wear makeup, but I have learned a lot from the minor dignitaries and the famous as I drive them through town. I have a reputation for being a good listener, and for being discreet enough to keep my mouth shut. What they don't know won't kill me.

**Image:** A stocky handsome man in his thirties. Aaron is bald and wears a chauffeur's cap wherever he goes. His face tends to shine from the grease paint used to hide his skin color.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Be friendly, make idle chit-chat and glean as much information as you can. Never get pushy unless they get pushy first.





# Book Two: The Chaos Factor

*It's not the "nice" guys who bring about real social change. "Nice" guys look nice because they're conforming. It's the "bad" guys, who only look nice a hundred years later, that are the real Dynamic force in social evolution.*

*— Robert M. Pirsig, Lila*



# Introduction

*If war were a game that a man or a child  
Could think of winning  
What kind of rule  
Can overthrow a fool  
And leave the land with no stain  
— Suzanne Vega, "Song of Sand"*



The *Chaos Factor* is a crossover adventure for *Mage*, *Werewolf* and *Vampire*. The story may include any combination of characters; special sections at the end of each chapter present suggestions for character combinations and explain general relationships among the various factions. Appendix Two contains crossover rules for the various supernatural beings.

## Reference

"The Chaos Factor" continues and concludes the story of Samuel Haight, the Garou Skinner and murderer of the Crombey Farm Chantry's World Tree. Samuel Haight has been seen previously in *The Valkenburg Foundation*, *The Storyteller's Handbook to the Sabbat*, *Rage Across the Amazon*, *The Book of Chantries*, *White Wolf Magazine* # 40, *New Orleans by Night* and *When Will You Rage?* Needless to say, he gets around. If you do not have any or

all of the aforementioned, don't worry; all of the information about Haight needed to run "The Chaos Factor" can be found within this book.

Several books, while not necessary, will make the Storyteller's role easier and add flavor to the Story. If the Story is going to be used as a crossover event, the following supplements all hold useful information:

For vampires: *Vampire: The Masquerade*; *The Vampire Player's Guide Second Edition*; *The Player's Guide to the Sabbat*; *The Storyteller's Handbook of the Sabbat*; *A World of Darkness*.

For werewolves: *Werewolf: The Apocalypse*; *The Werewolf Players Guide*; *The Book of the Wurm*; *Caerns: Places of Power*; *A World of Darkness*.

For mages: *Mage: The Ascension*; *The Book of Chantries*; *The Book of Shadows*; *The Book of Madness*; *A World of Darkness*.

# The Story



**The Plot:** "The Chaos Factor" takes place over several days and nights, and a complete chronological calendar of events is included for ease of use. Due to the time limits placed on player characters and the ways in which various factions are likely to respond to Haight's actions, any number of things may happen. You will likely be referring to the Events Calendar regularly.

## The Basic Plot

The final tale of Samuel Haight breaks down into two parts: Chapter One involves the search for Haight and the beginning of the war in Mexico City. Chapter Two details the final stage of the chase and the last confrontation.

## Chapter One: Trail of Blood

### Part One: Countdown to Extinction

Days One and Two of the Days of the Dead — Day of the Orphaned Souls, Day of the Unpardoned Souls.

Samuel Haight reaches Mexico City, intent on locating and awakening what he mistakenly believes to be an

Antediluvian vampire. As usual, Haight brings several agents and employs them in random attacks to spur the Awakened of Mexico City into a furor. The Skinner tracks down and locates the false Haven of the Methuselah, deep within the bowels of the Underbelly of the Wyrms, while chaos builds in the city. Opportunities for introducing the player characters are presented, if they do not already live in Mexico City. Additionally, a section at the end covers what happens in the city if the player characters do not become involved.

The Troupe arrives too late. By the time they reach the Methuselah's false lair, Samuel Haight is gone. Clues left in the area tell the Troupe where Haight has gone, and could allow them to build a trap for the Skinner's return. Events in Mexico City grow more desperate; the Troupe is introduced to several potential allies; should they trust them, or will the allies betray them to Haight, or something even worse?

### Part Two: Vacation

Day Three of the Days of the Dead — Day of the Dead Children

Samuel Haight journeys to Jordan, tracking his trail of clues to Petra and encountering and escaping the powerful forces that control the area. Does the Troupe dare to follow? If so, will they survive? Complications and conflicts will arise as the players run a gauntlet of vampiric enemies and the sinister leader of Petra, Talaq, along with his minions in the Mossad.

Evidence comes to light that several factions in the World of Darkness want to protect Haight. Who are they and why do they want to help him?

## Chapter Two: Treasure of Tears

### Part Three: Chaos Squared

Day Four of the Days of the Dead — Day of Welcoming the Adults

Samuel Haight returns to Mexico City, determined to gain vengeance on the ones responsible for misleading him. The Wraiths in Mexico City are upset. In the Gloom, things have been stirred that should not be stirred; the angry dead seek vengeance as well. The Sabbat, the Technocracy and the other ruling factions in Mexico City must deal with the players, the dead, and each other. The Troupe must deal with all of the offended parties, while the Garou gather for a Moot in preparation for the Rite of the Dead in the heart of the city. What will the Troupe do? Mages from the Euthanatos Tradition, Uktena and Bone Gnawer Garou,

### Warning!

"The Chaos Factor" can be exceedingly deadly. Foolish characters won't last through the first night. Players must be clever and careful to survive until the story's conclusion.

Storytellers, on the other hand, must be both generous and fair. While stupidity should be rewarded by a quick death, ingenuity ought to be worth an even break. "The Chaos Factor" is not "Grimtooth's Traps;" your Troupe should feel endangered but not hopeless.

Some sort of healing dispensation should be offered; your characters will need it. One or more characters with Gifts, objects or effects that heal aggravated damage are essential. Many of the Storyteller characters have items that can assist the Troupe, provided players can acquire them somehow. Sudden intervention by outside parties — ghosts, friendly Garou, Paradox Spirits coming after the other guys — is also a good idea, provided that your Troupe doesn't become dependent on miracle saviors. Flipping between frying pan and fire and back again is good for the appetite.

Reality goes haywire during the Mexican war; let drama, suspense and good judgment rule the day.

the Samedi and Giovanni Kindred enter the city to perform powerful Rites, and a surprise visit from the Marauders wreaks havoc on the city.

## Part Four: Chaos Cubed

The Day Five of the Days of the Dead — the Exorcism of the Dead.

Samuel Haight has left the city, intent on finding and awakening the ancient vampire. Did the characters arrive before him? Will they arrive too late to stop him? Will the Kindred want to Diablerize one of the most powerful Kindred in the World of Darkness? The truth about Huitzilopoctli is at last revealed. What will be the final fate of Samuel Haight?

# Prelude: Getting the Characters involved



## Mages

Samuel Haight is a menace to the Awakened; he has made that point clear on at least two separate occasions. Samuel Haight did not learn the secrets of True Magick — he stole them. He stole them from El Dorado, and he stole them from the Crombey Chantry. Anyone with ties to the Dreamspeakers or the Verbena will want his head on a platter if only for the sake of revenge. The fact that he is unpredictable and a very obvious threat to the Awakened should be enough to force any mage's hand; what if their Chantry is next?

The Technocracy disapproves of Samuel Haight. He is a wild, untamed threat to all that they stand for. While he has managed on several previous occasions to beat all of the odds and cause irreparable harm to the Traditions — not a bad thing in and of itself — he has also managed to literally steal a Node. What's to stop him from trying to attack a Technocracy Node? The New World Order has a small dossier on Haight, compiled mostly of rumors and innuendo. If the statements in the files are true, the madman has a following among the Masses, and has even Awakened some as Garou. The laws of the Pogrom have been broken, and Haight goes unpunished. For the common good, Haight must go. If possible, he should be captured and studied, and possibly converted. The catch, naturally, is finding him. Haight has an annoying habit of disappearing at the worst possible times...



## Relationships of the Awakened

"The Chaos Factor" allows for various factions to join together in a fight to the finish against Samuel Haight. There are several variables to consider while getting the characters involved in the story, not the least of which is how the characters will react to one another.

The World of Darkness as a whole already has several examples of how the various factions can work together, but the Storyteller should remember that many supernaturals know little or nothing about their counterparts in the World of Darkness. Those who do know something about the other factions of supernaturals often know just enough to get themselves in trouble; more often than not, the information they have about other entities is incorrect.

**Garou and Mage Relations:** The Black Furies, the Verbena and the Dreamspeakers have worked well together in the past. There is no reason that they cannot work well together now. Dreamspeaker mages seem to get along well with most Garou, and often times have been willing to come to their aid. Bone Gnawers sometimes get along with Hollow Ones, as evidenced in *The Book of Chantries*.

**Garou and Kindred Relations:** Garou and Kindred do not get along. The Gangrel Clan is a rare exception, but even when the Gangrel and werewolves do get along, the relationship is usually strained. Recent times have been even worse, as evidenced by the bloody war for Chicago. Occasionally, the Sabbat Kindred and the Black Spiral Dancers manage to form alliances, but they seldom hold together well.

**Mage and Kindred Relations:** Most mages and Kindred tend to ignore each other, but their infrequent relationships hold together better than most Garou and Kindred alliances. Many of the Technocracy, ironically enough, share the Kindred's goals: Both groups want the cities to increase in size and both want the Sleepers to mind their own business, albeit for entirely different reasons. However, these two factions of the World of Darkness do not work well together. The Technocracy views vampires as aberrations that should be exterminated. The Kindred view mages as fools playing with forces they cannot hope to comprehend.

Political power plays are common for all three groups, even among their own kind. In many cases the goals of one group are in accordance with the desires of other groups, but that lends very little to any attempts at solidarity. More often the beliefs and motivations of the different groups conflict. A Red Talon Garou is not likely to agree with Sabbat expansion beliefs, nor with the philosophies of the Technocracy in general. Their ideals are set too far apart to make for easy alliance. The Traditions and Tremere have a long-standing feud, and that feud will definitely get in the way of their working together. The various pitfalls in a relationship might be put aside for a brief time, but seldom for long. As often as not, long-time enemies are likely to wait for an excuse to remove obstacles from their long term path, permanently if possible.

All of this should be kept in mind when introducing the Troupe to "The Chaos Factor."

## Kindred

Ironically, the vampires have no harsh feelings towards Samuel Haight. He helped the Sabbat in their battle to stop a demon from making his home in their city (see *The Storyteller's Guide to the Sabbat*), and he aided the Camarilla in breaking up a Kindred slavery ring (see *New Orleans by Night*). Most Kindred tend to think of Haight as an ally if not a friend; he has decreased the Lupine population, and warned the vampires in their times of need. He has, in short, made the world a slightly safer place for the Kindred as a whole with his actions. Why should they want to stop him?

Haight is an interesting character. However, while he has proven useful in the past, he could just as easily be a threat. He seems to know too much about the Kindred for safety, but he has yet to use that knowledge for personal gain. There are several rumors that he has killed and feasted on Kindred in the past, but there is certainly no proof. No one has been able to Blood-Bond him as yet, and he has helped both the Sabbat and the Camarilla; there is the possibility that he is working for another faction of the Kindred, a worry that should not be ignored. What if he should make a bargain with the mages, many of whom would like to see the Kindred removed? How much knowledge is safe in the hands of a stranger?

If the rumors are true, he has plans to awaken the Antediluvians, or at the very least to steal their Vitae. Awakening the Antediluvians must not be allowed, and if anyone is to have their blood, shouldn't it be the Childer?

## Garou

Samuel Haight seems indestructible. He has been defeated in combat and ripped limb from limb before the very eyes of the Garou, yet he keeps returning. This vile, Wyrn-ridden false Garou must be stopped at all costs! He knows the strengths and weaknesses of the Garou as only a Kinfolk can, and he has slaughtered too many of Gaia's chosen warriors. How can he be allowed to live? He consorts with Leeches and with Black Spiral Dancers, and he shows himself to be the enemy of Gaia's warriors with his every action. It is *imperative* that he be stopped before his twisted plans to make more like himself can reach fruition! He continues to take the skins of his enemies, possibly to create more like himself. Must the Garou be afraid whenever they meet a strange Garou? Must they fear even their own Kinfolk in these final days?

Samuel Haight *was* Kinfolk before he became Garou, and this is the ultimate insult. The Skinner has vowed to create still more Skin-Dancers, using the skins of dead Garou as a catalyst in other Kinfolk's First Change. Many werewolves look back on how they have treated their Kin and wonder if a threatening gesture is all that is needed for a neglected family member to join Haight in his mad schemes. In many cases, these unvoiced worries are coming too late.

Haight must be destroyed at all costs. He is the Wyrn in wolf's clothing.

# Early Signs of the Storm:



*In the heart of every stranger  
Here he comes, look out  
Teach the world a lesson  
Here he comes, look out  
— Faith No More, "Crack Hitler"*

## A Garou Prelude:

*There were seven of them in all, sitting around the dying embers of the Moot's fire.*

*The air was chilly, but the fur on their bodies kept them warm. Elated from the celebrations, exhausted by the dancing, the Garou sat in silence for several minutes, enjoying the quiet of the night and reveling in Luna's beauty.*

*Segrid-Sings-Off-Key, the Fianna, spoke first: "They're saying the Skinner's still alive." His voice was rich, full of the gusto for life that only the Ragabash ever really seem to appreciate. Still, the words were solemn. "I heard he took out a whole group of witches in Kansas. Killed a few of them and stole the power from the rest."*

*Some of the younger Garou made noises, tried to shrug off the rumors. Old Sawbones actually shivered where she sat. "I heard from an old friend of mine in San Francisco, Beatnik, that he found skinned bodies in an old station wagon. He didn't know if the Skinner was responsible, but says that the car stank of Black Spiral Dancers." She spat into the fire, watched the spittle rise as steam and continued. "Last thing anyone needs is the Dancers learning from Haight."*

*One of the pups, not even named yet, spoke up. He sounded like he was just telling ghost stories at the campfire: "I heard about a caern in Texas, not far from San Antonio. I heard it was abandoned, but the smell of Garou blood was in the air and the words SAMUEL HAIGHT WAS HERE were carved into the skinless corpses of the Elders." He looked ready to continue, until he saw the faces around him. None of the others looked like they found the idea amusing. For all they knew, the rumors were true.*

*One by one, they told the stories they'd heard; some were preposterous, almost certainly having nothing to do with Samuel Haight, but still the tales were told, still the fear built. He'd been killed before, but he'd come back. How could anyone know for certain that Haight wasn't alive? In Alaska, the skinning of several Garou had occurred — simultaneously, dozens of wolves were being slaughtered by the humans. Could Haight be responsible? In Los Angeles the recent earthquake allegedly uncovered the skinned remains of over 20 Garou. In Ontario, Garou were disappearing, and in Russia the werewolves talked of still more mysterious deaths.*

*Even if he was dead, the Skinner's name was used too frequently. Finally, the Wendigo spoke. Leaps-To-The*

*Clouds spoke just above a whisper, as he had ever since his throat had been torn out. "I hear that Samuel Haight is on his way to Mexico City, getting ready to join with the Leeches and bring down the Garou once and for all..."*

The pack is at their caern when the word comes from the Pure Heart Sept that Samuel Haight has recently been sighted in Arizona. John Black Horse, a Kinfolk of the Wendigo, claims to have met a man calling himself Samuel Haight. He further claims that the man offered him a chance to become Garou. The Sept of the Painted Sands attempted to locate the man, but with no success. Black Horse also claims that Haight was on his way to Mexico City, to "find a powerful ally and stir the waters of discontent." Some find it strange that Black Horse would bother to warn his Kinfolk, as they have never been close. Others, especially at the Pure Heart Sept, believe that this simply proves the case; Haight is looking to make more like himself from the disgruntled Kinfolk.

Talking with Black Horse proves difficult; he was found dismembered only hours after he made his phone call to Ann Susan Black Horse, his sister. No one at the sept has met with Haight before, but a strange Garou's scent was on Black Horse's body, and the taint of the Wurm was strongly mingled with that scent.

The Elders of the pack's caern are likely to pass the news, especially if the pack members are Wendigo or have battled Haight before. If the pack has met the Skinner before and opts to examine the evidence remaining — John Black Horse's corpse — they will indeed find the scent of Samuel Haight on the body. For the first time, Garou have advanced warning of where Haight is likely to show himself. A chance like this may never come again.

However, Mexico City has few Garou, and most of the werewolves there are minions of the Wurm. The entire city is overflowing with Leeches, and there are no true septs to be found in the city. The trip is likely to be a long one. Any attempts to open an Attack Moon-Bridge, or even a Wild Moon-Bridge to Mexico City, will land the pack in the very heart of the Underbelly of the Wurm, the only location in the entire region with Moon-Bridge access. Any Garou landing in the Underbelly of the Wurm may rest in peace. The Garou do not even know that the Underbelly exists, and aren't prepared for what they may come up against.



## A Prelude for Mages:

"I hear it was a werewolf that took out Crombey's Farm. Does anyone know if that's true?" The words came out sounding too casual, happy in a nasty way. The rest of the cabal looked at Trina as if she'd lost her mind. They were sitting in a small cafe, eating choices from the large menu and sipping at their preferred coffee blends. Three of the cabal put their hands over their eyes, massaging the painful headaches they knew would be on them in only seconds.

Grimm looked the young Euthanatos in the face and scalded her with his eyes. "Smooth, real subtle. Hope you've already picked where you want your body buried this time."

"Yes, child. It's true." The voice coming from behind Trina was cold, brittle with repressed anger. She turned quickly and backed away even faster. Allaister Crombey stepped towards her, his face a pale mask, expressionless. Then he smiled, a thin, nasty smile, and Trina wished she could just disappear. Trina sensed the sheer power that the man could wield, practically felt his anger as a physical thing. "He 'took out' my ancestral Chantry, and he killed my wife, and he raped the Chantry's World Tree of its power." The rage he felt colored his face crimson, but the smile was there. The hoary chill still echoed in his voice. "If it's all the same to you, however, I'd rather that be kept quiet." His voice lowered by several octaves. "I'd rather not let Samuel Haight know that there's a bounty for bringing him to me, dead or alive."

The Awakened have their own reasons for wanting Haight dead or, in the case of the Technocracy, captured and studied. Haight has made many enemies among the mages and has done little to make allies. The level of Paradox that Haight is likely to achieve if he is left to his own devices could prove detrimental to the health of anyone around him, and again, he has already destroyed one Node.

Rumors start coming in that a small Chantry of Orphans has been destroyed in Carmel, California, by unknown forces. There is no solid proof available that Samuel Haight is responsible, but the small Node that once existed there is gone, and the Technocracy has different methods for handling Nodes and Chantries.

The characters may have known one or more of the Orphans, or might simply want to know what is killing mages. If they are actively pursuing Haight for what happened to the Crombeys, or to the Dreamspeaker El Dorado, they could hear of the attack on the Orphan Chantry. There was a total of four Orphans in the Chantry, and they traveled extensively, performing in their own band, the Bottomless Pit. From time to time they even played at Goth bars around the country, especially on the west coast.

Their names were Sandi Calloway, Brit Langley, Jason Fredericks and Tony Cruise. The remains of their bodies were found in the basement of the burned out house. Jason's

tortured soul can be heard screaming in pain; his lingering death has driven him insane. Those who visit the site and can communicate with the dead could gather positive identification of Samuel Haight (Spirit 2 and Mind 3, plus a Manipulation + Enigmas roll, difficulty 7).

The Technocracy will attempt to gather information as well. The only solid information available, via telephone communications records, is that the culprit is on his way to Mexico City and apparently meeting a good two dozen people there. The people who were called from this residence in the last two weeks have since moved on. The only exception is Diane White in San Francisco California, and she has no idea where Samuel Haight is, though she will profess to knowing him. Use of the proper Spheres makes discovering the truth much easier, but could also lead to trouble. A trio of Men in Black approach the characters shortly after the Troupe arrives. They are aware of the incident and will do their best to apprehend or destroy the characters if the players start sifting through the ruins too much. The Technocracy is *very* interested in discovering what caused the explosion.

### A Vampire Prelude:

*"Any of you know Samuel Haight? Yeah? Well, listen: I've heard he's going down to Mexico City. I hear he knows where an Antediluvian is resting. No, he ain't gonna kill the Ancient, he's gonna make friends with it. No, I'm serious. He says he wants to get some of its blood, just so he can stay young. No, he doesn't want the Embrace, says it could kill him, on account of his being a Lupine. Yeah, but he's still okay in my book. Hey, anyone that kills werewolves is okay in my book.*

*"Well, the deal's like this: he wants help on the way. He wants someone to cover his ass while he's doing all the dirty work. So who's to say we have to let him have all the fun? Me? Well, let's just say I'm not above a little late-night snack. Hell yes, I'll join him."*

Sabbat player characters have it easy; Haight is entering Sabbat territory and knows enough about the Sabbat to understand that Kindred tend to move from place to place. He would not be surprised by any member of the Sabbat being found in the area.

There is a very real chance that any Kindred who has met with Samuel Haight before remembers him fondly. The same can be said in reverse. While it is not the recommended method for getting the players involved, Haight might offer them a chance to assist him in locating what he believes to be an Antediluvian. Haight only makes this offer to Kindred who have actually performed Diablerie in front of him.

Haight recognizes the boundaries between the Sabbat and the Camarilla, a thought that makes many vampires leery. He is ignorant of the Anarch Freestates, and will only respond to Kindred of the Sabbat while in their territory. Camarilla players could well be invited along



## Timeline of "The Chaos Factor"

**October 2nd:**

Samuel Haight encounters and kills the inhabitants of a small Orphan Chantry in Carmel, California. The energies from the Node are absorbed into Haight's staff over the next three days. All attempts to gaze into the future fail, as a result of future Paradox.

**October 7th:**

Haight destroys the Orphan Chantry's physical location.

**October 9th:**

Haight encounters John Black Horse near the Sept of the Painted Sands in Arizona. Haight Offers the Kinfolk the powers of a Garou. Black Horse declines.

**October 10th:**

Haight kills Black Horse after Black Horse reports to his cousin, a Garou at the sept.

**October 27th:**

Haight enters Mexico City.

**October 28th: (The First Day of the Dead)**

Explosions rock the city at 12:01 PM. Several Kindred are nearly destroyed in the resulting fires, and traffic is stopped for hours. The police forces in Mexico City begin investigating the explosions. Among the forces are several Men in Black and several HIT Marks. Paranoia stirs among the supernaturals of Mexico City.

**October 29th: (The Second Day of the Dead)**

Haight enters the Underbelly of the Wyrms. The Minions of Pandemonium are outraged by the invasion of their secret domain.

**October 30th: (The Third Day of the Dead)**

Haight leaves Mexico City, co-locating to Jordan. While there, he encounters several strange mages who lead him on his way to Paraiso Vista. The Troupe, if they follow, encounter first the mages of Al Durab, and then the forces of Petra, a powerful, militaristic city that hides a terrifying secret.

**October 31st: (The Fourth Day of the Dead/Halloween)**

Samuel Haight returns to Mexico City. The Technocracy calls for a purge of all supernaturals in Mexico City. Chaos explodes as Sabbat and Technocracy forces meet in combat. The Dead rise to defend their families from both groups, and the Garou are caught in the middle. Kindred, Tradition mages, and Garou come to the city from various points around the world for their own reasons.

**November 1st: (The Fifth day of the Dead/All Saint's Day)**

The war in Mexico City continues as the Garou of Mexico City perform the Rite of the Dead, ripping the wraiths in Mexico City away from the world of the living. The Sabbat population increases three-fold. The Garou of Mexico flee for their lives. The Technocracy calls in reinforcements. Samuel Haight arrives in Paraiso Vista and awakens Huitzilopoctli, a very old and very powerful Kindred. The Troupe attempts to stop Haight and they meet in final bloody combat.

**November 2nd: Aftermath.**

The war in Mexico City rages on, and the only clear victor is Pentex. The Troupe must deal with all that has happened, and must prepare for what is next.

to wreak havoc, especially if they are gullible enough to do favors for Haight.

While Haight has no true arguments with the Kindred, he certainly does not trust them. In his eyes, the only use for a vampire is as a source of Vitae to remain young and healthy. Haight's first run in with a Kindred began when one socked him in the back of the head and drained part of his blood away. Haight spent a few years as a witch-hunter before returning to his favorite prey, the Garou.

There is the possibility that a Kindred or two from Europe or Asia might well remember Samuel Haight less than fondly. Most Kindred are as likely to side with Haight as they are to side against him. Haight has done a few Kindred favors, and he has even been known to purchase Vitae at a reasonable price when in need of a quick fix. Haight is addicted to Kindred blood. Without it he could expect to age a good decade or more. The Skinner always has a supply available.

Haight has never feared the Kindred. He likely never will. Kindred, like the other supernaturals, are

merely pawns to be used and discarded. Haight is also wise enough to know which ones are likely to betray him.

Kindred from New Orleans likely have the best knowledge of where Haight can be found, but there might be a Gangrel or two out there that has taken the Skinner's killing of Garou personally. Any Kindred could ingratiate herself to Haight simply by volunteering to assist him in his actions, but he is not likely to trust a vampire he does not know. If the Kindred know any other supernaturals, especially Bone Gnawers, Orphans or Verbena, they could easily hear about Haight's plans through the grapevine.

Whatever the type of character, no one is likely to find the idea of Haight going to Mexico City — and possibly going after an Antediluvian — very comforting. Haight should at least be watched by the Kindred as much as possible.

One way or another, your Troupe should find their way into Mexico City just as the fun starts:

## The Days of the Dead



### Timeline for October 28th

**12:00 AM through 11:00 AM:** The Troupe arrives in Mexico City.

**12:01 PM:** Buildings all over the city explode. Fires burn out of control and traffic is brought to a complete stop in most parts of the city.

**12:15 PM:** The Technocracy's forces are brought into play to discover the source of these explosions. The

Garou are believed responsible. An "unofficial" form of martial law is imposed during the state of emergency.

**5:30 PM:** Several explosions destroy all of the major power plants in Mexico City. The entire city is in a blackout.

**6:35 PM:** The Kindred of Mexico City awaken; many believe that the bombs were meant for them. They are not happy. Pentex begins their own investigations, suspecting Monkeywrenchers.

The night begins...



# Chapter One: Trail of Blood

*Fear not for your souls  
For hate and power  
Sing the song of immortality  
The Dead Angel has come  
Behold darkness and sorrow  
In this empire  
— Liers in Wait, "Empire"*

The first chapter of Samuel Haight's descent begins with the Troupe's arrival in Mexico City. Thanks to Haight, the city is quickly in an uproar. From this point,

the Troupe becomes caught in a race against time, with a thousand obstacles between themselves and their quarry.

## Part One: Countdown to Extinction



*War, children,  
It's just a shot away,  
It's just a shot away...*

— Rolling Stones, "Gimme Shelter"

**Day One:** From his first moment in Mexico City, Haight's only goal is to locate the Methuselah called Huitzilopoctli. He believes the ancient Kindred is asleep within the ruins of an Aztec pyramid, as all of his evidence leads to a powerful source that controls the city.

He's also a little worried about the idea of waking the powerful creature, but his desire for immortality has long since won over his fear. The longer he lives, the more Garou die; that is all that really matters. Samuel Haight is a man with a mission, and he is very determined.

Haight knows that the odds are against him: the Technocracy and the Garou of Mexico City are guaranteed to oppose to his plans, and relationships between Haight and his previous employers, Pentex, are strained at best. Haight decides to even the odds by keeping every possible enemy busy looking at each other rather than at him.



## The Diversion

Haight has several people in town with him, all of whom he has given special orders, and all of whom are more than glad to oblige the madman. Early in the morning of October 27, the minions of Samuel Haight plant explosives in a dozen separate sections of the city. At exactly 12:01 PM., October 28, the explosions rock the city. The Main Railway Station, the Monumento a la Revolucion, the Diego Rivera Museum, the Santo Tomas de Villanueva — Cortes Hotel — and the Templo de La Santisma, are all targeted for the bombs, as are a dozen Havens of the Kindred in Mexico City. While none of the explosions cause irreparable damage, they certainly catch the attention of the supernaturals in Mexico City.

The city goes a little crazy. After the recent attacks in southern Mexico and the threats of future violence, the Sleepers in the city are terrified. The worried Sabbat are looking for the responsible parties. Few mortals are actually injured in the explosions, but rumors that hundreds are dead spread through the city. The already incredible traffic problems in Mexico City are made worse by emergency vehicles blocking almost every major thoroughfare as the second wave of Haight's plan goes into action. From several parts of the city, and even from pay phones in the United States, the police in Mexico City — including special tactics teams led by Men in Black — are alerted to other spots where bombs are supposedly placed.

## Blackout

The final insult comes when the major power plants for Mexico City are sabotaged, blown apart by the real bombs. As the sun sets, the Kindred awaken. The Sleepers of Mexico City are in an uproar, and the Kindred are seeking retribution from any and all possible attackers. The Bone Gnawers of the Sweet Water Sept engage in combat throughout the night, fighting off the Sabbat and dodging the Men in Black and HIT Marks that are released into the streets as riot control forces.

From the graveyards and haunts, the wraiths of the Orphaned Souls rise from Mictlan to gather their tribute in food and drink. Seeing the chaos that sweeps the city and the lack of tribute, the ghosts become enraged. Adding to the chaos, some wraiths seek to protect Sleepers whom they knew in life from the Kindred, the Technocracy and the Garou.

While the battles rage, Samuel Haight quietly slips into what should be Huitzilopoctil's Haven, only to find that it has apparently been abandoned. He finds a passageway to the Wyrms' Underbelly and makes note of it, planning to return the following morning with reinforcements.

The Troupe could well encounter several enemies at the Storyteller's discretion. The trick here is to provide excitement without causing your Troupe serious damage. The tale has only begun.

- HIT Mark troops are on the streets, looking for trouble and especially for supernaturals. Iteration X wants the violence stopped before it can spread, and will certainly hunt down any unknowns in town, or any obvious supernaturals in sight. The Men in Black are attempting to investigate the explosions. These Men in Black will shoot first and ask questions later, should any of the characters rub them the wrong way.

- The Sabbat is furious. Someone, possibly Camarilla infiltrators, attempted to destroy their Havens while they were sleeping. Any unknown Kindred, Garou or mage is fair game.

- The Sweet Water Sept is not looking for trouble, but with the sort of night they're having, the sept is likely to attack anyone who comes too close without expressing a desire to talk. The obvious exception here are Garou who do not attack them immediately. These werewolves are the Troupe's best hope; they know the city and can provide some guidance in return for a little help. They have their own problems, however, and will not join the Troupe or act as cannon-fodder for them.

- Pentex is not sure just who has been blowing up the city, but they intend to make certain that they are not targeted. Several First Teams will be out and about near all Pentex buildings, ready to do battle with any and all potential enemies.

- Finally, there is the serious risk that the angry dead will look upon the Troupe and decide that they are to blame.

## Timeline for October 29

**Early Morning Hours, October 29:** The Troupe possibly encounters the Sweet Water Sept, learning from Wanderer just where Haight is expected to show himself. Haight does show up, but early warnings from his assistants allow him to escape.

**6:00 AM through 7:00 PM:** The Technocracy's examination of the bomb sites lead them to believe that Tradition mages might be responsible for the explosions. The Kindred sleep in their Havens, fitfully at best. The Garou search in vain for Samuel Haight, who now enters the Underbelly of the Wyrms.

**7:30 PM:** The Troupe follows Samuel Haight into the Wyrms hole...?

## The Scene for Mages:

*Half an hour in the city and already everything was going straight to Hell. The air was thick with smoke from several fires that the locals still hadn't managed to contain, and the wraiths were bellowing enough to... well, enough to wake the dead. The howls of Garou could be heard in the distance, and as the sun had just set, it was inevitable that the damned vampires would want a piece of flesh for the damage done while they were sleeping. Grimm looked over to his left; Trina was looking away from*

*him, her motions nervous and jerky. She turned back to face him and her face was pale. "We've got company."*

*Grimm looked over her shoulder just as the HIT Marks came into view. Their stony expressions matched his own; the only difference was, that there were more sour looks aimed at him than he could return. Five of the bastards. Running looked like the best option.*

Tradition mages and Orphans who come to Mexico City are likely chasing after the man responsible for slaughtering their own kind. Most of the mages will know at least a little about the Technocracy's stranglehold on Mexico City and most will use caution, the only wise option when in enemy territory. However, caution may do the mages

### The First Day of the Dead: The Day of the Orphaned Souls

The Days of the Dead are a blending of Catholic beliefs and Aztec beliefs. The Catholic missionaries interwove their own concepts of All Hallow's Eve and All Saint's Day (which had evolved from earlier pagan holidays) with the already powerful beliefs in Mictlan, the land of the dead, and Mictlantecuhtli, the Aztec god of the dead. The Catholic missionaries altered their own beliefs enough to make them palatable to the Aztec peoples, a task that took surprisingly little effort. Over a few years' time, saints and demons joined the gods of the Aztecs in Mictlan, and the natives of Mexico accepted the change as easily as the masses accept having to pay taxes. While the Days of the Dead evolved separately from the celebration of Halloween, the two have merged to a very large extent in Mexico.

During the Days of the Dead, the fabric of reality between the realms of the living and the realms of the dead thins, allowing wraiths to move among the living world with more ease. Many of the wraiths simply visit their families, ascertaining that all is well. Many others do much more. The Days of the Dead are also a time for retribution against those who have wronged the dead, and a time to avenge slights against the wraiths' living relatives. What was originally only a time to celebrate the memory of the dead became a time to fear the dead and to defy them as well. Ridicule and tribute, along with prayer and feasting are all a part of the Days of the Dead.

The first Day of the Dead is a time to remember the Orphaned Dead, those with no family to remember them or pay tribute to them. Most families in Mexico will set food and drink outside of their homes for the Orphaned; in the smaller communities it is not uncommon to gather food from several families at the local church in the hopes that the Orphaned will not come into homes where they are not welcome. When the night is over, the Orphaned Dead should return to Mictlan, appeased for another year. Naturally, this is not always the case.

little good if they show up after noon on October 28th. The Technocracy mages are in an uproar; the city has been attacked and no one knows who is responsible. The Technocracy is on the lookout for any unknown mages, and for other types of Awakened as well. Any displays of vulgar magick in the area will bring down the Technocracy's wrath. HIT Marks and Men in Black are everywhere, seeking the cause of the city's troubles. They expect trouble and are ready to deal with any opponents who get in their way.

The Technocracy does not know just what to make of Pentex, but in Mexico City they leave the corporation and its workers alone. Pentex is the primary source of income for many residents, and the Mexican Technomancers are blind to the corporation's supernatural dealings. The Technocracy and Pentex have come to an understanding; both groups go out of their way to avoid conflict and even help each other from time to time. Any mages spotted by the fomori in Pentex' employ will be reported immediately, and trailed if possible.

The only safe action for a mage at this time is to keep his eyes open for trouble. Being spotted in action will only lead to disaster. Any mages found will be captured at best, or terminated with Extreme Prejudice. Absolutely no attempts to argue logically with the Technocracy will be effective at this time, unless the mage uses the Mind Sphere to get her point across.

The Troupe's primary goal is to catch up with Samuel Haight. The temptation to be led away from that goal is a potential hazard, especially for the Traditions that are strongly opposed to the destruction of nature. Conflicts rage around the Troupe, but the wise will not join these battles. The pursuit of Samuel Haight should take priority, especially with the Technocracy in a furor.

Locating Haight will be almost impossible on the first night. Seeking to find Haight through magick will be futile, as Haight's counter-magick is extremely powerful while he possesses his staff. There are a few slim chances of finding Haight, the best being to locate one of his minions. The only accessible person in the know about Haight's plans is Mary Taylor, the Wanderer (see Book One, Chapter Two). Mary knows a great deal of Samuel Haight's plans, but there is little that she would willingly share. Mary is terrified of Haight, what the other Garou with her would think of her if they knew the truth about her past and, for that matter, her own shadow. She has suffered a complete nervous breakdown, and will probably run or attack (Storyteller's discretion) at the first sign of trouble.

Mary can tell the mages that Haight was looking for a secret passage near the pyramid of Huitzilopoctli, but she must be coerced to give up the knowledge. Again, use of the Mind Sphere is possible, but this risks both the Technocracy's notice and the Bone Gnawers' ire. Either option should be avoided if the cabal wishes to continue living.



## The Scene for Technocracy Mages:

The Technocracy is well established in Mexico City. There is always a chance that the Troupe is located in the area or has been transferred there for a temporary assignment. For members of the Technocracy, the adventure begins with explosions rocking the building where their Construct is located. From there they must try to locate the source of the problems. They are likely to find more than they bargained for.

With or without werewolf player characters, you may rest assured that some Garou have entered the city, looking for Samuel Haight. Running across a wandering pack of Garou in the city is dangerous for two reasons: First, the pack is likely prepared for combat, and will be more than happy to tear apart a Wyrms-ridden mage or two. Second, these Garou are on a mission of great importance to their species. They are deadly and fast and generally don't like being interfered with.

The problem for visiting Technomancers is only increased by the strangeness of their Mexico City comrades. While the local Technomancers follow their Convention's beliefs, they are often a little too cruel for the liking; rather than simply following the logical process for examination of a subject, the Technocracy mages in Mexico City seem to gain a special pleasure from torturing them. Even by Technocracy standards, the Convention mages are cruel and uncaring.

## The Scene for Garou

*Barks-At-The-Moon was ready for anything. She knew the risks when she joined in the hunt for the Skinner, knew that her chances of survival were slim. Just the same, the very air around her stank so heavily of the Wyrms that she had trouble focusing. Even in Homid form she could feel the hairs on her neck standing on end.*

*It was even worse for City-Basher. The Red Talon beside her was almost foaming at the mouth. He kept snapping his jaws against the air, almost as if there were something that only he could see. Barks-At-The-Moon knew the problem; City-Basher hated the city, and this Scab was a hundred times worse than the ones he'd seen while living in Utah. A thick howling filled the air, but not the howling of Garou. The sound they heard was much worse, the sound of Leeches on a blood-hunt. There they were, not five or six, not even a full dozen. Barks-At-The-Moon felt her skin crawl as she called forth the Rage and transformed into Crinos... Sweet Gaia, there were twenty of the corpses coming their way....*

The primary reason for visiting Mexico City is to find and destroy Samuel Haight, once and for all. The Wyrms is very strong in the city, and any Garou with the Gift Sense Wyrms is overwhelmed by the levels of corruption rampant in the area. Garou cannot Moon-Bridge into Mexico City;

the only caern in the entire city is held by the Black Spiral Dancers. This should be obvious before the pack even reaches its destination. A swift death or Wyrms-corruption are the only rewards for Garou attempting to force their way into the Underbelly of the Wyrms.

Pack members who have met Haight before have a slim chance (Tracking + Primal-Urge, difficulty 9) of locating his scent, but following his trail proves even more difficult. Haight has been using his knowledge of Correspondence to Co-Locate himself from place to place. His trail begins and then suddenly ends repeatedly.

The Garou must use caution to survive in Mexico City. Black Spiral Dancers dominate the city, always looking for new recruits or sacrifices for the Wyrms. The only allies in Mexico City at the present time are the Bone Gnawers of the Sweet Water Sept. The members of the sept are more aggressive than most Bone Gnawers, but are also very happy to see any Garou who have not fallen to the Wyrms. If asked, they will assist the pack, but they will ask for a favor in return. Four days hence, the Fifth Day of the Dead will be upon them, and the Gnawers request aid in their Ritual of the Dead — a ritual designed to force the dead into the next life, before the Wyrms's corruption can overtake them — a necessity in Mexico City. Whether or not the pack agrees, the Bone Gnawers will aid them, but the pack will find the help comes easier with a promise.

Mary Taylor, known only as Wanderer to the Bone Gnawers, is a false Garou, a Skin-Dancer (see Chapter Two for her statistics and the Appendix for details about the Skin Dancer tribe). Mary has some information about Samuel Haight, but she will only share the knowledge if she is forced to. Mary is not a very good actor, and an Alertness + Wits roll (difficulty 8) will allow pack members to see the way she jumps when Haight's name is mentioned. Manipulation + Enigmas (difficulty 7) is necessary to convince Mary to "spill the beans."

Mary knows that Haight is in pursuit of a powerful Leech, strong enough to make him virtually immortal. She knows that he is searching for the Leech's nest near the pyramid of Huitzilopochtli. That is all she can tell the pack. Mary Taylor does not register as Wyrms-corrupt. She will confess to being a Skin-Dancer if forced, and she will tell of her time in the Realm of cleansing, Erebus, of her flesh boiling away and of the Wyrms's influence being washed from her in the fiery waves of silver. She tells only the truth, and asks for mercy from the pack. What the pack decides to do is entirely in their own hands, but the Bone Gnawers are willing to fight to ensure Wanderer's safety; the sept's leader, Father Machete, states that she is free of the Wyrms and therefore worthy. The rest of the sept will follow his lead.

Techno-mages are powerful in Mexico City, and every violent action could lead to detection and destruction. The pack must be cautious if they are going to survive. The Bone

Gnawers have special Talens that may be used by the pack if the pack is found worthy, but gaining the full trust of the Sweet Water Sept is not easy. The Talens will only be granted with the approval of Father Machete.

The Leeches are stronger in this scab than in any other city on the continent, and they are often more blatant about attacking. Presently, they are also on the lookout for whatever has been bombing their Havens. Being found by the Sabbat Leeches all but guarantees a violent and painful death or, worse still, life as an Abomination for the truly unfortunate. The pack is grossly outnumbered, and the only hopes they have lie in befriending the Bone Gnawers or in being very, very careful.

## The Scene for the Kindred

*Blake looked over at Hendrix and wondered how it was that the Ventrue always seemed so calm. Blake felt anything but calm himself; walking into 200 of your least favorite Kindred was not a prospect that made him happy. There was no turning back from this crap either, not with so much at stake. Haight had to be stopped; waking an Antediluvian was a very bad idea. There had to be something else they could offer; if it came down to the wire, Blake would offer to feed the kine's habit himself. Kine? No. Magi, or worse, mage-Lupine.*

*Hendrix reached into her purse and pulled a large caliber handgun from the small bag, a talent that Blake envied. Beside him, the blue hide of Terrier became visible briefly as he pointed to the alleyway nearby. They made the dubious cover just in time; the pack of scruffy looking Lupines shot right past them, baying loudly and swinging some nasty looking weapons.*

*Blake heard a slight gasp from Hendrix and turned towards her, even as the stake was driven through his chest. Beyond the fiery pain, he could see the black shapes that surrounded them. More Garou, only these Lupines looked even worse than the first group. They were crawling out of a manhole down the alley ways, and each was more deformed than the last. One of them spoke, his voice like thunder in a barrel: "Well, my friends, Pandemonium will be most pleased..."*

## Camarilla and Anarch Kindred

Mexico City is the very heart of Sabbat territory. Any way the Troupe examines the situation, there are still at least 30 Sabbat to each character. These are very bad odds. If the Troupe has entered the city with Samuel Haight, they should defend him at all costs, as he is their best chance for leaving the city alive. If members of the Troupe have Sabbat Lore, they could very well bluff their way out of the city using all of the right signals to convince the Sabbat Kindred that they are just "part of the gang."

If the Troupe is a group of Archons, or even worse, have the Fame Background, their troubles are even worse. The Sabbat try to maintain files on the Archons in the Camarilla's employ; while the files are hardly complete, there is a substantial chance that the Archons will be recognized if they have battled the Sabbat previously. Archons, like members of the Black Hand, are quick to gain reputations. Any Kindred in town who has not been in Mexico City for a good while is going to be open to suspicions, especially considering the explosions earlier in the day.

Again, the primary reason for being in the city is Samuel Haight; whether the Troupe wants to help him or hinder him, he is a significant part of the action. If the Troupe is with Haight, he will ask them to keep watch for any supernaturals who come along. If the Troupe is trying to find him, they could well run into serious trouble along those lines. The Troupe has no information sources in town, and will have to rely on their Disciplines to lead them to their target.

## Sabbat Kindred

Chances are that the pack knows its way around Mexico City, or has at least met a few Kindred in the city. If the pack is with Haight, they could possibly convince him to do without the fireworks, provided they agree to play lookout for him. By the same token, the chances of Haight explaining himself in advance are slim. The pack must decide if they are willing to follow Haight, but for a chance to kill an ancient vampire, most would follow him eagerly; one down, twelve to go as it were.

Of all the different factions, the Sabbat Kindred have the easiest time in Mexico City — this is their home territory after all. Still, there are a few complications that the pack must deal with: the wandering Garou, several pissed off Tradition mages and the Technocracy come immediately to mind.

If the pack is against Haight, there is still the problem of gathering information on his whereabouts. Haight is difficult to find, especially when he is starting factional wars all through the city to slow down anyone in pursuit. Sabbat pack members with connections in town might find that Kindred who were friendly the last time they met have suddenly grown hostile. Several sites near Havens have been attacked, and most of the Sabbat in town are feeling hostile towards any potential enemies, other Sabbat members included.

# Day Two: Into the Underworld



Deep beyond the shadows of oblivion  
Chaos is about to overflow  
Evil germinates beneath the homeland  
A deadly seed which never ceased to grow.  
Ruthlessly, the syndrome will infest the lives  
Of thousands who shall try to overcome  
But no one is immune to this catastrophe,  
The dawn of doom has only just begun

—Demolition, "Prolegomenon/Matanza"

While all of the information necessary for running the Underbelly of the Wyrms is included in this sourcebook, Storytellers might want to also look at several other products from *White Wolf: The Book of the Wyrms*, for *Werewolf: The Apocalypse*; *The Sabbat Player's Handbook*, *Clanbook Nosferatu*, and *The Storyteller's Guide to the Sabbat for Vampire: The Masquerade*; *The Book of Chantries* and *The Book of Shadows for Mage: The Ascension*. While none of these books is absolutely necessary, all of them contain useful information on the denizens that inhabit the Underbelly of the Wyrms.

As the second Day of the Dead begins, the Troupe tries to hunt down Samuel Haight again, this time having better success. Haight is tracked back to the same place where he was seen the previous night, and this time he has gone beyond the exterior of the Pyramid and into the Underbelly of the Wyrms. While the paranoia increases above, Haight and the Troupe face the dangers of a Nosferatu *antitribu* Warren, Black Spiral Dancer Hive and Nephandi Labyrinth combined. The Dead of Mexico City have plans in the area as well; many are on a task of vengeance against the minions of the Underbelly. Many are mad with pain and don't care who they hurt as long as someone shares their suffering.

## Pandemonium

*The stench was almost unbearable, a ripe combination of rotting flesh, raw sewage and something far, far, worse. Most of the group breathed through their mouths, trying to avoid the smell, but the coating on their tongues tasted like a rotten corpse must taste. The walls were slick with a dark mucus, and no one would have been surprised to see teeth up ahead. Enormous razor-sharp teeth, with bits of shredded flesh and long strings of gristle wedged in the crevices between.*

*It was almost a relief to step from the steeply sloping tunnel and onto solid earth again. The cavern was dark, illuminated by a diseased glow that only hinted at what lay beyond. Perhaps that was for the best. The darkness moved, just beyond the edge of their vision, and everyone turned to see what they could.*

*Thrusting from the dessicated ruins of a magnificent pyramid, a bloated thing slobbered and shifted. The black shape made sounds, some like a scream of pain, others like the beating of a*

*diseased heart. The pyramid's remains were intimidating enough, but the mass that grew from its insides was terrifying, almost impossible to take in with only one glance. Someone whispered softly in the darkness, a sound that was one part disbelief and two parts terrified awe: "God help us all... I think it's alive." As if to prove the voice's point, the thing moved again, long rubbery tendrils sliding from its sides and worming blindly towards them.*

## The Second Day of the Dead — The Day of the Unpardoned Souls

For the Sleepers of Mexico the Days of the Dead hold many special meanings: a chance to remember old loved ones, a chance to celebrate the memories of the past and a chance to have a little fun. They also hold a certain amount of danger. *Los Dias de Muertos*, the Days of the Dead, are not only times to remember loved ones, but times to fear the Unpardoned Souls.

The second Day of the Dead opens the gateways from Mictlan for those who died violent deaths. Victims of murder, violent crimes, accidents and worse, the Unpardoned come home — some say for remembrance, some say for retribution. The dead are offered food and drink by the living, who place sacrifices placed outside their homes in the hopes that the wraiths will leave the living residents in peace. The bakers in Mexico work diligently to produce the necessary sacrifices; *Pan de Muertos* — the Bread of the Dead — and the cakes and candies that are consumed by the living in defiance of the whims of the wraiths.

Bakers display candies ranging from simple sugar skulls to elaborate chocolate confections shaped like coffins holding corpses bear the names of the people who purchase them. The idea is simply to eat a skull that carries your name in defiance of death — proving your lack of fear. Despite the risks involved, many Euthantos mages go out of their ways to reach the smaller town around Mexico City in order to gather as many candies with their names as possible. No one knows for certain, save the Euthantos, but the candies are alleged to carry a point of Tass usable only by the person whose name each candy bears. Accidental magick created by the beliefs of the bakers and the people to whom they sell, or an elaborate hoax by the death mages? Those who could answer the question do not.

The wraiths who walk freely on the Second Day of the Dead are seldom friendly, and most often want justice. Characters who have been to Mexico City before and caused deaths could have unpleasant surprises in store. The Unpardoned Dead are treated with respect and fear; no one knows for certain whom they blame, and no one is guaranteed safety from the anger the Unpardoned feel.

At its base, unaffected by the creature's presence, they could just see Samuel Haight sliding under the monster's bulk and into the pyramid's remains...

Haight waits for the sun to set before beginning his trek on the second day. The Kindred are just awakening, and the mages and Garou are likely growing impatient. Attempts to find Haight during the daylight hours prove futile. While the Troupe first locates and then tracks down Samuel Haight, he busies himself by chasing down the Haven of Huitzilopoctli. Haight discovers that the true Haven has been abandoned, but finds clues to lead him to the new location... or so he thinks.

In truth, Haight has missed a very important clue that could allow the Troupe to turn the tables on him completely by setting a trap. Only, however, if they find the clue themselves, and only if they survive the descent into the Underbelly.

Samuel Haight has assumed that someone *might* come after him, but has no idea that someone has, indeed, been in pursuit. He is working on a very different time schedule than the Troupe, especially the Kindred, and is nearing

exhaustion. This does not mean he won't fight; Haight is entering a vile place, and is prepared for the worst.

The Troupe should realize just what they are getting themselves into from the first. The Underbelly is a dangerous place where madness and violence are a part of everyday life. They are also entering an area that is literally unknown to the city above. If the Troupe has made any useful connections, they could well gather reinforcements for this very dangerous task. The least of their worries in the Underbelly is Samuel Haight. Samuel might want their skins, or their power, but the minions of the Underbelly want their very souls.

The Underbelly is full of early warning systems as protection against interference. No one will get in or out without being noticed. The residents, however, have come to accept occasional intrusions by homeless mortals or wandering animals. Unless the Troupe comes in with guns blazing, the Underbelly's minions will be slow to respond.

## The Underbelly



*There once was good blood in the breeze here  
We rode across the lake each new year  
What have I remembered  
What did this used to be*

— Crash Test Dummies, "Winter Song"

A general overview of the Underbelly is given in the Mexico City sourcebook, but more extensive examination is essential for this scene. The entrance that Samuel Haight has located enters the Underbelly proper near the very center of the Wyrms-Haven, only a few hundred feet from the actual ruins of Huitzilopoctli's pyramid. The passageway to the Underbelly is slick with an oily substance that glistens in the near total darkness.

The smell of decay is strong, but a close look at the material on the walls shows that it is *alive*, a protein substance that coats the tunnel like saliva in a throat. This substance is fairly mild, but long term exposure to the stuff works as the Bane Power **Infectious Touch**. Small chemical changes will start to occur within a few hours if left untreated. The Underbelly is illuminated naturally by a pale green light coming from many of the fungi that grow in the enormous area. The light is faint; all sight Perception rolls are made against difficulty 8, although Gifts, Disciplines and magick can all compensate for the unholy darkness.

The pyramid of Huitzilopoctli once stood over 600 feet tall; now the growth atop it is twice that size. The pyramid has ruptured and fragmented, making way for the Pandemonium that has erupted from its bowels to grow more powerful. The Pandemonium is alive; the black hide of the thing pulses, and artery-like passages just under the skin boil with heat as the putrescence used as blood by the Pandemonium runs its course.

Odd things, mindless servitors of the Pandemonium crawl and slither, maggot-like, over the entire growth, making repairs and preparing for new growth spurts. The ground around the Pandemonium is spongy with toxic wastes and human remains. Lichen grow in the ground and move of their own volition. The bodies of countless thousands lie at the base of the pyramid, some mere skeletons and some still bleeding. Perhaps the worst of all is that many of the bodies still move, slowly pulled back into the Pandemonium as fuel for growth. The stench is overpowering; a roll (difficulty determined by the individual's personal experiences) is required to continue. Failure means that a Willpower point must be spent to continue, and a Botch means fleeing as quickly as possible (fear frenzy for Kindred, fox frenzy for Garou) for the surface world.

Haight has already entered the pyramid, crawling under the Pandemonium, through one of the pyramid's cracked walls when the Troupe arrives. He escapes into it just ahead of them.



M.B. Kozlowski '94

## The Scene for Tradition Mages:

Tradition mages have a few advantages in this scene, especially those with Correspondence, Life, Spirit and Time. Correspondence allows characters to move about with much greater ease, and to Co-Locate away from the problem areas, to sense what lies far below in the depths of the Underbelly and to run away. Life allows the characters to sense life in the area and possibly notice a few things that would otherwise be ignored. Spirit allows the characters to know just what sort of Banes are below. Using this simple talent may cause a character to expend Willpower if the character wishes to proceed beyond this point (Storyteller's discretion). Time could allow characters advanced warnings on some of the nastier surprises below; for a truly terrifying experience, simply tell the character that all they see is shapes moving in the darkness, as that really is all they will be able to see without magickal assistance.

Any use of the Spheres is also likely to notify the Guardians of the area, the Men in Black *barabbi*. Nosferatu's Obfuscate Discipline is unaffected by Sense Life. A hidden Nosferatu is simply ignored, so even a scan for life patterns is not a guarantee that the mage will see a Nosferatu who does not wish to be noticed. The Forces Rote Veil of Invisibility works in much the same way, and is just as effective against the minions of the Wyrn.

It would be easy for characters to reach false conclusions, especially at the appearance of the Men in Black *barabbi*. The Storyteller should make *very* clear that the MIBs are no longer with the Technocracy; while they look the same, there is an air about them — the way they move and the way they speak — that is decidedly *wrong*. One good look at the Pandemonium should clear up any misconceptions. This obscenity can only be the work of Nephandi.

Any commotion raised alerts Samuel Haight of his danger and spurs him to leave faster than he would like. The odds are too overwhelming for him and he runs while he can.

## The Scene for Technocracy Mages:

This scene runs much like the scene above, but the characters have a better chance of reaching what they are after. Corrupt or not, the Technocracy will destroy the Underbelly if they find out that it exists. Full Technocracy assault battalions can be employed in a matter of only a few minutes, should the Troupe agree that an emergency call is in order. The battle would be epic, but the Technocracy would win in the long run.

Any chance of finding the clues left behind by Samuel Haight would be lost if the Technocracy assault teams were called in. The only hope would be to use the Time Spheres

to find out what Samuel Haight discovered. Some might be tempted to believe that Haight is dead, destroyed in the battle. Smarter characters will know better. There will be no body as evidence.

The Troupe may decide to go without the help. In that case they are captured if possible or killed if resistance is too harsh. If captured, they experience the wonders of the Caul, which transforms them into *barabbi* servitors unless they are rescued quickly.

## The Scene for Garou

Samuel Haight returns to where he was last spotted the night before. He is easily tracked from there to the entrance of a Wyrmhole. Garou following Samuel Haight must enter a stronghold of the enemy. Tracking Haight through the Underbelly is not easy; again, he is using his mage powers to move quickly and to avoid detection; long stretches can pass without any indication that Haight has come this way. Once entering the Underbelly proper, any Garou employing the Gift Sense Wyrms is overwhelmed by the Wyrms' corruption in this area. Black Spiral Dancers walk in plain sight, and any noticing the pack are likely to attack without question.

If the pack uses stealth and caution, they can make their way to the pyramid without much trouble. Any failures or Botches allow the Black Spiral Dancers a chance to notice the pack (Perception + Alertness difficulty 7 on a failure, difficulty 5 on a Botch). If the pack is spotted, the Black Spiral Dancers call out the rest of the Hive and attack. The Dancers attempt to overpower the packmembers and drag them to Malfeas to dance the Black Spiral (see **Book of the Wyrms** for more details). If capture is not an option, the Dancers will simply kill and consume the pack. The Bone Gnawers above do not offer help, nor do they agree to assist the pack if asked; the Bone Gnawers are alive because they use their brains, not because they are suicidal. Posthumously awarded Renown does not interest them.

### Caught!

When the Pandemonium notices a character, it grabs harshly with pseudopods that erupt from its surface. The limbs have the following characteristics: Strength 5, Dexterity 7, Stamina 3. The tendrils normally come forth from the main body in groups of six, but more are produced as needed. Any attacks against the Pandemonium bring forth the Men In Black *barabbi* and send a shudder through the entire mass. The living entity immediately alerts the Nephandi and Black Spiral Dancers upon being attacked.

Any member of the Troupe, excluding Sabbath, captured by the Pandemonium appears to be consumed by a formless maw in two turns unless she can break away; in truth, the character is pulled into a chamber and sedated with thick fluids forced into the body by needle-like appendages. The Gift Resist Toxin negates the poisons, and the damage can be soaked. The toxin is not fatal. Mages must use vulgar magick to defend against the poisons, while Kindred are completely unaffected.

The captured character is not defenseless, and quick thinking or even quick attacks can stop the Pandemonium from doing any permanent harm. The Troupe may decide that the character is dead, but the Storyteller should point out that a struggle can be seen from the exterior of the Pandemonium. Be imaginative, and be certain not to give too much detail; leave the players wondering just what the hell is going on in there.

If the Troupe leaves the player on her own, a new Black Spiral Dancer, Kindred on the Path of Evil Revelations, corrupted wererecreature or Nephandi mage will likely remember the lack of assistance when the rebirth is finished several hours later. While unlikely, even at this point the possibility still exists that the character could be saved; certain Gifts, Disciplines and rites could repair the damage done (Consult the various rulebooks).

## The Scene for Anarch and Camarilla Kindred

All Kindred suffer from their delay in rising for the evening. Haight has a substantial lead over them and he uses that lead to his advantage. Entering the Underbelly is a dangerous task, especially for non-Sabbat Kindred. Infernal Kindred in the area are dangerous alone, but with the added help of the Nephandi mages and the Black Spiral Dancer Garou, they are almost unstoppable. Obfuscate is a must for survival, and even that is no guarantee. If the players don't want to risk their characters, don't force them. But remind them that for all they know the very founder of a Clan is down there in Torpor, and whether they want to help or consume the Methuselah, the only way to locate the Third Generation Kindred is down there, where Samuel Haight has already gone.

If captured, the Kindred will be set aside to be Diablerized or Blood Bound. If Blood Bound, the Troupe is forced to follow the Path of Evil Revelations or, worse still, is sacrificed to Ba'al.

### The Scene for Sabbath Kindred:

The pack will have to watch themselves very carefully. The Nosferatu in the Underbelly want their blood, their souls, or both. Unless the pack knows the guidelines for the Path of Evil Revelations, they will be Diablerized or converted as described. The one advantage is that the pack might well call for reinforcements from above. The problem there is that a substantial number of the Sabbath Kindred in Mexico City follow the Path of Evil Revelations already. Just whom can they trust? None of the Sabbath above will aid the pack without very good reason.

If the Troupe is noticed, and battles break out, Samuel Haight beats a hasty retreat. Haight believes he has what he was looking for, and will not wait around fight. He has more important matters to handle.

# PANDEMONIUM

The Pyramid of Huitzilopctli



## Scene Two: Into the Pandemonium



*The wounds on Grimm's arms burned, and he felt his flayed flesh with every move. Still, the Skinner was up ahead, and they had to go on. If the cabal hadn't run across the Garou that were with them now, they'd have never stood a chance. Fate was being kind, and that made Grimm nervous. There was always a balance. Up ahead of him, Trina leaned against the wall, resting for a second as she waited.*

"Trina, we can't stop now." His voice was only a whisper, still the werewolves behind him made shushing noises. Grimm looked at Trina. She looked back at him, but instead of her characteristic annoyance, her features showed only pain and fear.

"Oh shit." He looked closely at Trina, at the black mass from above her that had glued itself to the back of her head. "Oh shit," he repeated, "Trina... I thought they were only shadows." His apology sounded so weak, so ineffectual. He watched as the black tendrils wrapped completely around her face, lifting her into the air. Finally, she screamed...

Crawling through the small entrance that Haight used is the only way to avoid the Pandemonium, and even that is not a guarantee of safety. The Pandemonium is a living entity, and is always hungry for more knowledge and power. The Troupe must use caution and skill to avoid contact with the malignant thing above and around them. Contact with the Pandemonium's cold flesh is unsettling at best, and exceedingly dangerous at worst.

The Pandemonium moves slowly, shifting and pouring through the cracks and crevices like honey on a hot

summer's day. The "skin" on the Pandemonium glistens with a foul excretion that, in reality, functions as the eyes on the creature. The Pandemonium "sees" everything that comes in contact with its body, and senses whether or not the new creature is corrupted enough to pass freely. Haight was deemed suitably twisted, and most Sabbat fall into the same category. Most Garou and Awakened do not. Contact with the plasmic mass must be avoided at any cost, and Garou will sense this instinctively. The Storyteller should clearly emphasize that the syrupy mass is moving, and is reaching outward, questing for contact.

To successfully navigate the corridor of Huitzilopctli's Pyramid and reach his ancient Haven requires 15 cumulative successes with a Dexterity + Dodge roll, difficulty 5. A failure means only a delay while waiting for the dripping mass to move enough to permit passage. A Botch means that the character has been noticed as something more than debris.

## Beyond the Pandemonium

Once past the long hallway, a chamber that has never been touched by the Pandemonium lies in wait. The chamber is narrow and shallow, only a dozen feet across and five feet in height. This is where Huitzilopctli spent several centuries in Torpor. Haight has already abandoned the area, but clues that he was there are evident. The thick dust that covers most of the floor is scuffed; thick clouds of

the dust still move sluggishly in the stagnant air. Several scrolls, yellowed with age and brittle to the touch, lie on the ground. The papers have been recently handled, and have suffered minor damage. A Perception + Alertness Roll (difficulty 7) reveals a small collection of papers that have not been touched, hidden beneath a small stone table in the corner.

These papers, written in archaic Spanish, reveal the true location of Huitzilopoctli. The ancient Kindred moved from the Haven where the characters stand in 1978, to a new Haven in the mountains beyond Mexico City near a town named *Paraiso Vista* — View of Paradise. Samuel Haight has not seen these papers.

## Part Two: Vacation



*There are nights  
When the wind comes howling through my old place  
I have dreams  
And I wake up with the sweat pouring down my face  
And I wait till the morning comes*

— Crash Test Dummies, “The Ghosts That Haunt Me”

The second part of “The Chaos Factor” deals with visiting Jordan and the legendary city of Petra. To properly work out all of the details in Petra and Jordan, the Storyteller should take the time to look over *A World of Darkness*, the initial world sourcebook for the Storyteller System. Details that are not given in this book, due to space limitations, are handled in *A World of Darkness*. All truly pertinent points are covered in this chapter, but a more in-depth look could make for a more interesting Vacation.

### Plot

In Vacation, the Troupe must try to find Samuel Haight before he awakens something best left undisturbed. Haight is obsessed with locating Huitzilopoctli, and he believes that his target is in Petra, a heavily armed section of Jordan that few even know exists. Haight doesn’t waste any time — he immediately moves off to locate the ancient Kindred.

**What has gone before:** Haight Co-locates to Jordan and from there follows the clues he found in the one scroll he did not leave behind. He has information that the Troupe is not privy to, and uses that information to get a substantial head start on the characters. This side trip was not in Haight’s original plans, and he is without his normal array of back up. This does not mean he is helpless.

### Timeline for October 30

6:00 AM: Haight Arrives in Jordan.

7:30 AM: Haight leaves Jordan.

The scrolls that Haight has seen will lead him in another direction, across the oceans to the land of Jordan, to a small city hidden from the Sleepers: Petra in the Valley of Kings — home to a powerful being, rumored to be a mage, a mummy, a vampire, or something worse. Those familiar with Jordan should be afraid to go there; madness and death always follow the Awakened who enter Jordan.

The evidence says that Samuel Haight has gone to Jordan, specifically to Petra. Will the Troupe follow him? If so, move on to Chapter Two. Will they stay behind and wait for his return? Or Does the Troupe dare go on before him to Paraiso Vista? Whatever the answer, read on, and rest assured that chaos lies in the near future.

### Scene One: Passage to Jordan

The chances are good that the Troupe will look briefly at the scrolls and then make up their minds about whether or not to follow Samuel Haight to Jordan. If the Troupe has not specifically taken a few days — time they do not have — to look over the documents, then most would assume they could have missed a few details. The Marauders take advantage of this problem, “coincidentally” adding a cryptic description that leads the Troupe not to Petra, but to the Tower of Al Durab, a Chantry ruled by the Korratal, a Hermetic Chantry that does not recognize the Traditions. The Troupe find a less than friendly reception waiting for them.

### Scene Two: “You Want Us to Attack Who?”

The Troupe arrives in Petra too late to capture Haight, primarily because Haight never made it all the way there. While the Troupe is dealing with the Korratal Chantry, unknown forces turn Haight away from Petra and lead him to back to Mexico City. Haight has been shown the error of his ways and returned to Mexico City, from there to move on in pursuit of his goal in Paraiso Vista. Meanwhile, the Troupe, should they decide to follow Haight to Petra, must deal with Talaq, a powerful minion in the World of Darkness, and the true Prince of Jordan. The Settites and the Assamites are both watching and waiting, and many options make themselves known.

### What is Really Going On

Unknown to Haight and to the Troupe, Haight is getting help from another source: the Marauders. Three Mexican Marauders (see Chapter Two) have decided to help Haight for their own twisted reasons; Haight has already caused substantial damage to the Technocracy of Mexico City. He is a chaotic force that causes violent change wherever he goes. The Marauders are watching Haight closely, even considering him for possible recruit-



ment. While the Troupe stalks Haight, the Marauders do their best to stop the Troupe in typical Marauder fashion.

## Scene One: Passage to Jordan



The sands spread forward for as far as the eyes could see, undistinguishable from anything else in the area. The night was clear, and that was a bonus. Everyone was tired already, but really, what could anyone do save go on? Haight had to be stopped. There could be no mercy for him, especially not after the way some had died in the Underbelly.

Eventually, after consulting the maps and a compass, they all agreed to head west. The fine sands beneath their feet were almost impossible to walk on, but just solid enough to make sinking a minimal risk. They walked for what seemed like hours; everyone was too tired to speak, save to discuss what could be done to stop the madman somewhere ahead of them.

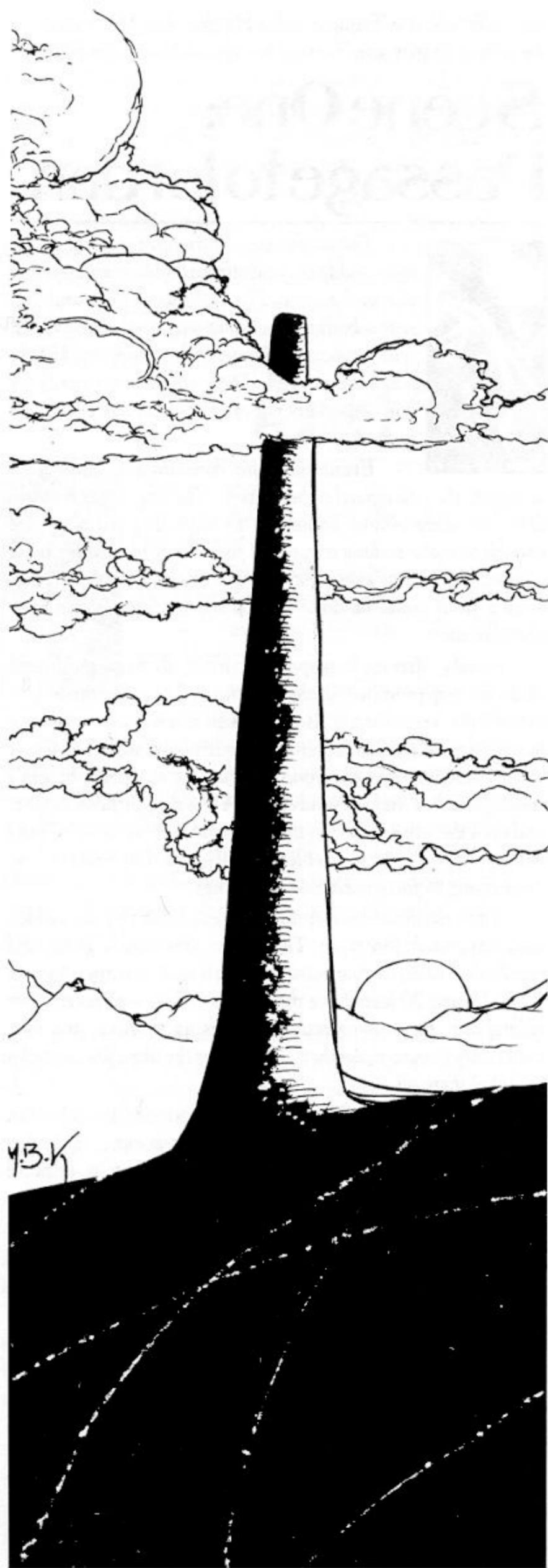
Finally, after too long spent in pursuit, they saw the distant shape the map promised up ahead of them. The tower thrust high into the air; even from a distance, even when it was still just a faint image, they could see how tall the structure was. The winds started blowing, and everyone was glad for the gentle breeze's cooling touch. Until the sand came. A few tiny particles at first, and then the sting of dust in the eyes, and then the taste of sand in their mouths. The winds blew harshly, and they could feel the sand trying to force itself into their lungs.

Then the distant tower disappeared, hidden by the sudden wall that grew before them. The barrier continued to grow, and finally they realized their mistake. Not a wall, a wave. A wave of sand rising 20 feet above their heads. There was no time for calling out, the moving mountain was upon them, and they could only pray to make their way free as the ultra fine particles engulfed them all...

**Getting There:** The trip from Mexico City to Jordan is substantial, particularly by mundane means; it is also close to impossible for Kindred to make the trip. Samuel Haight co-locates himself to Jordan, and if the Troupe chooses to follow, they run across a potential snag. Mages adept in the use of the Correspondence Sphere could save everyone a great deal of time, but doing so would require vulgar magick.

There are several other problems inherent in such action, not the least of which is sunlight, or more importantly the strong allergy most Kindred have to sunlight. Jordan is on the other side of the world from Mexico City... nighttime here means daytime there. Kindred player characters are likely to take being thrown into the fire very poorly.

Garou are another matter entirely; most Garou could actually make the journey themselves with a Moon-Bridge,



but only part of the way. Jordan has no Moon-Bridges, and the closest accessible bridge, the Wheel of Ptah (see **Caerns: Places of Power**), would still leave the werewolves several hundred miles from their destination. Then again, the only caern in Mexico City belongs to the Wyrms...

Kindred on their own would be forced to take public transportation to Jordan, and that requires passports, a flight that does not extend into the daylight hours, and a delay that would give Haight too large a head start. Better perhaps to wait behind, in the hopes that Haight will return. Or perhaps a visit to Paraiso Vista is order...

## Jordan

Jordan is a land of mystery to most of the Awakened in the World of Darkness: Garou seldom go there, mages find the place uncomfortable, and most Kindred who drop in unexpectedly tend never to leave. The Silent Striders at the Wheel of Ptah Caern claim the land drives people insane. Some Kindred claim that the Settites are responsible; others believe that mages are at fault. Some mages believe that Jordan suffers from Marauder influences. All of these groups are right. And wrong.

The more knowledgeable among the supernaturals believe that Petra houses something so powerful that its influence is felt throughout all of Jordan and many parts of the Middle East. No one is certain just what lies hidden within the depths of the stronghold, but whatever it is apparently can drive people insane. The Marauders are known to break into the physical world around Jordan frequently, but no solid connection to Petra has been made, despite rumors to the contrary. The Settites do indeed make their presence known from time to time, as do the Assamites. But no one with any real knowledge believes that they are responsible for the field of madness that sweeps over the entire area. There is a powerful Chantry of mages believed to exist in the desert, but only a few are certain exactly where it rests, and no one has heard from the mages there in over 50 years. The assumptions are many and varied; the known facts are few.

Upon entering Jordan from whatever access, the Troupe can follow the clues left behind straight to the hidden city of Petra — well, they only wish. The clues that the Troupe have in their hands lead them only to the Tower of Al Durab. Al Durab is almost four hours away from anything of significance, and even if the Troupe can co-locate to their destination, they soon find themselves in a blinding and painful sand storm. The sand and powerful winds are really only an inconvenience, unless the Troupe continues on towards the Tower. The Tower can be seen from where the sand storm is active (Perception + Alertness, difficulty 8), but only as a dark shape against the sky.

The winds increase in velocity and the sands start causing pain if the Troupe continues. Normal defenses apply against the sand storm, but if the Troupe continues on foot for more than two turns, the sands start to move in waves across the

desert's floor. The moving dunes are capable of burying the entire Troupe in only one round, and are not easy to notice in advance (Perception + Alertness, difficulty 7). Once buried, the characters have to force their way out from under the sand and try to continue on. Magick, Gifts and Disciplines are probably the only option for staying alive, and the sand is so fine that Storytellers should use the drowning rules in *Werewolf* and *Mage* as if the characters were drowning in water not in sand.

Ironically, any use of True Magick (not Gifts, Thaumaturgy or Disciplines) stops the sand storm immediately; the Chantry's defenses were never meant to cause harm to other mages.

The next problem is simply getting inside the Chantry, which the Troupe may still believe is Petra. Huge iron doors block the entrance; the doors are very sturdy (Strength of 10 to force the doors open) and are barred from the inside. Gifts, Disciplines and magick can still force the door. The mildly foolhardy could simply try knocking. The door will be opened by the two golems on the other side, accompanied by a mage.

## The Tower of Al Durab

*Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,  
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to guide  
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?"  
And — "A blind Understanding!" Heav'n replied.  
— The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, Verse XXXIII*

The Tower of Al Durab is more legend than reality in the World of Darkness, and that is just as the Awakened who study there prefer it. The people of Jordan occasionally talk of seeing the Tower just before a blistering sand storm tears their sight away; often these sand storms seem to appear from nowhere, leaving the people who have seen the Tower buried under tons of sand, or miles away from where they thought they were.

Most who have seen the Tower describe it as a small marble needle thrusting towards the sky, but some have been awestruck by its unnatural size, claiming that the tower is as large as all of Mecca. Those who make the latter claim also state matter of factly that the Tower is made of black stone and gold, but few people ever believe such claims.

The Tower is real, and both descriptions are accurate. The Tower changes shape almost constantly, sometimes appearing as little more than a hut and other times appearing as a massive fortress. The Tower of Al Durab holds a powerful cabal of vaguely Hermetic mages, or, more precisely, followers of the Kabbalah — mages named for the powerful tomes they study and revere as the one truth. This cabal has little to do with the outside world, primarily because they suffer from a odd form of insanity. The mages of Al Durab have dedicated themselves to understanding the Kabbalah, completely ignoring the world beyond their Chantry's walls.

The mages are isolationists, and want nothing to do with a world that has lost its perspective in the quest for Ascension. There are no young members of the Chantry, nor has a new member joined them in over 400 years. Every single mage in the Chantry is a Master of their magicks, and a few are believed to have reached Oracle status.

## Nodes

There are several Nodes of the Tower of Al Durab in places around the world, but most are in the Middle East. Mages familiar with the bygone Ahl-i-Batin may speculate that remains of the Web of Faith feed the Tower. Places where the Israeli faith is strongest normally hold Nodes to the Tower of Al Durab. Some even claim that a Node of the Chantry exists in Eden.

## The Horizon Realm

The Tower's Realm is a massive sprawling library dedicated to the Kabbalah. The only inhabitants of this Realm are the mages themselves and at least 30 golems that defend the library from intruders and deliver parchments for research to the different mages upon their requests. No sound above a whisper is ever heard in the Horizon Realm. No one outside the Chantry is ever willingly permitted into the Library. There are no exceptions.

## Purpose

The entire reason for the Chantry's existence is the pursuit of knowledge about the Kabbalah. Nothing else matters.

## History

Long ago, further back than most of recorded history, the Tower of Al Durab became a study house for the Kabbalah. For centuries, outside mages were permitted to come and study magick in the Chantry. In its heyday, the Tower was second only to Doissetep as a place of learning. As the years passed, the mages of Al Durab started turning away the mages who came for information and teaching. They wanted nothing to do with the Ascension War, the Technocracy or the Council of Nine. The only exceptions the masters permitted were mages who wished to explore the mystick Kabbalah. In this day and age, most mages believe that the Tower of Al Durab is a legend, long ago destroyed by alien forces. That is how the Chantry wants it. No one has visited the Tower in over 200 years, and only seldom has a mage of the Tower left for any reason.

**Internal Relations:** The inhabitants of the Tower of Al Durab agree on the only important aspect of their lives; the Kabbalah must be understood. Nothing else matters — the Kabbalah is all. As a result of this philosophy, the mages of Al Durab seldom argue.

**External Relations:** There are no external relations with the Tower of Al Durab. The foolhardy who come too close are driven away by sand storms. The persistent are

attacked by the golems unless they are among the Awakened. Members of the Awakened are greeted formally and tersely by the Chantry's mages and politely asked to leave — unless they seek knowledge of the Kabbalah, in which case they are greeted as long lost friends until they start on another subject, at which point they are politely asked to leave. Those who wish to stay and bother the mages of Al Durab find themselves at the mercy of angry Masters.

No one who does not share the Chantry's fanatical love of the Kabbalah is allowed to come to the Tower or stay at the Tower. No exceptions. The mages of the tower don't want to help with problems, nor do they want to teach new students. They wish to be left alone. The mages of the Tower are isolationists. After a few tries on the Troupe's part, the Kabbalah mages will state their position. If the Troupe reveals at any time that they are looking for Petra, the mages of Al Durab will tell them simply that they are miles off course, and to head to the east.

There is still the very distinct chance that the Troupe will be particularly stupid and insist on exploring the grounds themselves. This is what the golems are for: pest control. Statistics for the golems are in Appendix One.

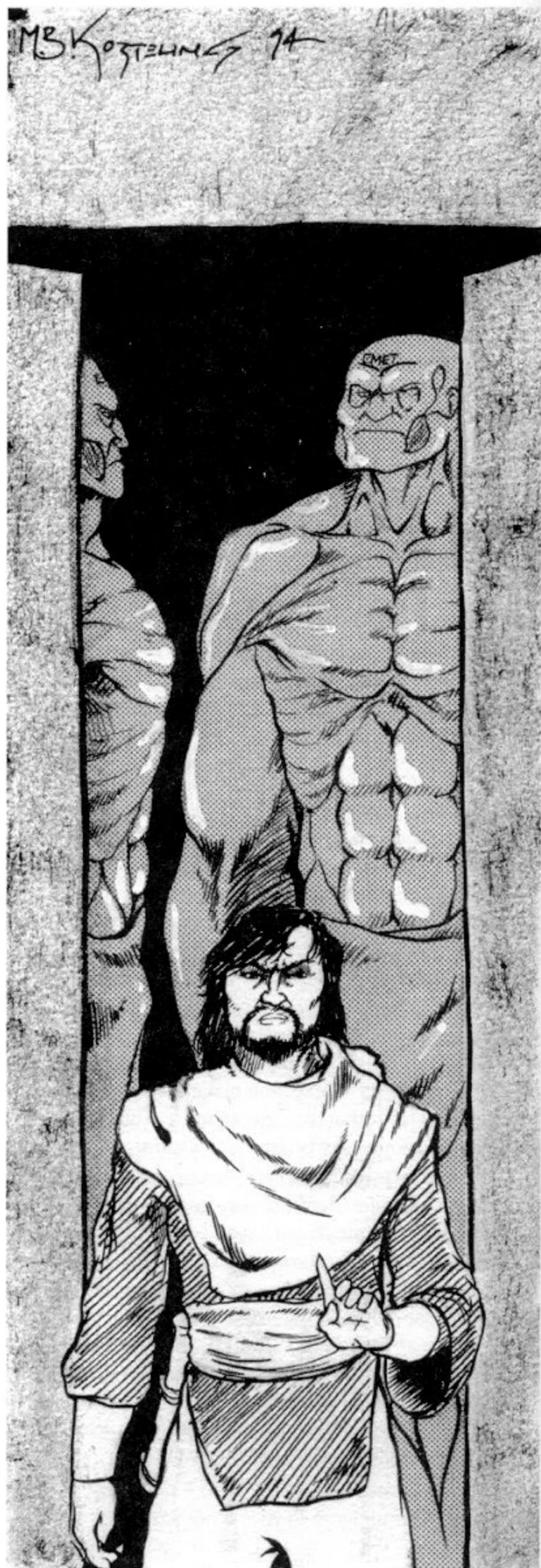
If the Troupe still can't catch the hint after encountering the golems, the mages of Al Durab will handle the problem themselves. These mages are old and powerful, and worse still, fanatical. They will not attempt to kill the Troupe unless actually attacked, but they will do their best to Co-locate the players where they can do no harm, say, into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

## Scene Two: You Want Us to Attack Who?



Petra is the best kept secret in Jordan. Most of Jordan, the Middle East and, for that matter, the world does not realize that Petra even exists. The forces that surround and defend Petra are formidable. The full details on Petra's history are presented in *A World of Darkness*. Just the same, here are a few details:

Talaq, an Assamite elder of great age and power, rules over Petra, and over Jordan as well. Talaq has forces watching the Troupe from the moment they arrive in Jordan. While he pays them little heed if they move through the desert in pursuit of the Tower of Al Durab, Talaq will still keep them under observation whenever possible. Should the Troupe then move towards Petra, a band of Jordanian soldiers, equal in number to the Troupe, will approach and force them back. The only way to stop the soldiers is to defeat them, and the soldiers fight



to the death. A second group of soldiers will be dispatched immediately if the first group falls; the second group is twice the number and will not stop to ask questions; they open fire on sight. If any Garou have been observed, at least one soldier will fire phosphorus grenades at the werewolf from a grenade launcher.

If the Troupe persists beyond these simple warnings, the Naba, the citizens of Petra and the fanatical fighters of Talaq, will attack without mercy, outnumbering the characters by twofold. The Naba are well versed in what is needed to kill a vampire, or a werewolf, or a mage. Should the Troupe survive all of this and press on, a larger group of Naba led by Talaq himself will approach and warn them away. Every character who stays beyond this point to fight will suffer from a Derangement; chosen by the player or the Storyteller, the Derangement will be permanent.

As with the Tower of Al Durab, the citizens of Petra will fight to the finish to assure that no one goes beyond the boundaries of their land. Something of extreme power lies within Petra, and that something wants no part of the Troupe's mission. Any Troupe member moving beyond the actual boundaries will be assaulted on a mental level and driven insane. The only defense for this attack is a Willpower roll (difficulty 10, minimum of 3 successes per turn required to avoid gaining a new Derangement).

Any character who still insists on reaching the heart of Petra has his mind destroyed completely. A useless shell is all that is left when this assault is finished. There is a chance that the mind could be brought back with magick, or even with Disciplines and Gifts, but the chance should be slim. The people of Petra take anyone found in a mindless state and deliver them to their friends in hostage negotiations — “your friend is dying; take him and leave or you will all suffer the same fate.”

Petra is not a nice place to visit, and the Troupe should take the hint by this point and just leave. There is nothing to be gained from forcing their own agenda against whatever lies buried in Petra. Talaq's influence goes far beyond just Jordan; if he desired, he could arrange for the Troupe's deaths in almost any country. This is not a good man to have as an enemy. If the Troupe reaches as far as Petra, they may well have problems later. The Mossad, the intelligence agency for Israel, has agents within Petra. Any character getting close to Petra is photographed several times. Soon after the Troupe leaves, the information gathering process begins. If the Troupe members have killed while near Petra, they are likely to have a few surprises waiting in the future — surprises like firebombs and exploding homes.

Possible ways in which the Troupe and Talaq could come to an agreement are listed in detail in *A World of Darkness*.

## Mexico City on the Third Day of The Dead - The Day of the Children



*He thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts*

— Stephen King, “It”

There is a very strong possibility that one or more of the Troupe chose to stay in Mexico City. Peace does not return when he leaves. The fires started by Samuel Haight have become a conflagration. All around the city, the supernatural forces have prepared themselves for the worst; the Kindred are still looking for whatever assaulted their Havens, the Bone Gnawers are preparing for their greatest celebration, the Rite of the Dead, and the Technocracy is storming through the city in pursuit of any creature not aligned with them.

And then there's the Underbelly... anyone who was involved in the disruption of the Underbelly is now badly wanted. The leaders of the Underbelly want the interlopers dead. Anyone still in town may find a few unpleasant surprises waiting for them, as the Nosferatu are now watch-

ing as many of the supernaturals as they can. The Black Spiral Dancers will forego their normal solitude and actively hunt for the fools that disrupted their Hive, and the Nosferatu will do their best to point the Dancers in the right direction.

The paranoia in Mexico City has reached an all-time high, and old arguments among the Awakened are now being settled violently. The Technocracy is trying to locate a powerful cabal of Tradition mages, or perhaps an *ahriman* (cabal) of Nephandi. The Black Spiral Dancers are ready for any Garou they can find, and they have enlisted the assistance of several of Pentex's Fomori for the duration of the hunt. The Sabbat of Mexico City suspect everyone, including each other, but they definitely suspect any Kindred from another part of the world above their own. The city is boiling over with tensions and sporadic fighting, and as the sun sets, the wraiths of the Children come home to spend time with their families.



On the third Day of the Dead it is possible that nothing extraordinary happens to the Troupe members who stayed behind. It is also possible that they have a hundred bizarre encounters with the Dead. Euthanatos, Samedi, Giovanni and even Silent Striders are all likely to meet with the wraiths, possibly adding a single night's mystery as the Troupe tries to help a child find his murderer in the world's largest city. Many a dead child cries aloud on the Third Day of the Dead, lost and without family.

Storytellers are advised to play fast and loose with events on this day. It is possible that almost any supernatural that the character has met and killed in Mexico City will return, ready for a rematch. It is possible that any characters who were killed could return, saying their last good-byes, and it is possible that the supernatural rulers of Mexico City could find the Troupe, beginning a final conflict — well, only if the characters are *very* careless.

## The Days of the Dead in Paraiso Vista.

Paraiso Vista is at the opposite end of the spectrum from Mexico City. Truly, there are few places left that seem so unaffected by the World of Darkness. The people of Paraiso Vista visit with their deceased, just as in Mexico City, but without the late-night drunken revelry, and without the overwhelming numbers of the dead walking among the small population.

### The Third Day of the Dead: The Day of the Children

The third Day of the Dead differs from the others substantially. For one thing, it is also Halloween, and even in Mexico City, trick or treating is not uncommon. Children run through the streets in masks and gather treats for their trouble, and the Bone Gnawers wear masks of their own, special fetishes that make them undetectable by mage and vampire alike. On this one night, the Garou claim the blood of Kindred in the town, tearing apart any that they can in order to gain the necessary vitae for their final Rite of Death.

During the daylight hours, the Sleepers in Mexico go to their families' graveyards and tend the cemeteries, cleaning away a year's worth of weeds and painting the headstones and tombs in bright colors. Paper streamers decorate the walls of the cemetery, often covering any shrubbery as well, again to let the dead know that they are welcome. Last minute preparations are made for the feast that night and the next, and *Calacas* — Day of the Dead figurines — are purchased or made. Crafted from papier mache or from wood, the figurines represent every activity and walk of life — as viewed from the dead's perspective. Bookkeepers, doctors, librarians, even ice cream vendors — all are depicted in the performance of their duties, and they are depicted as skeletons. The figures are only a few inches tall, and the craftsmanship is almost negligible in some cases, but the power of the figures is real and strong. This power is the invitation to come home again, if only briefly.

In some places the friends of dead children come to play with the deceased's toys, allowing the parents to remember the child one last time; in some cases the dead child will actually join them. And everywhere, the dead children walk again. This not often a pleasant thing...

The Sleepers of Mexico prepare feasts in their homes, weaving trails of marigold petals to their front doors, trails by which the dead can find their way home again. In the streets the citizens dress in masks made to mock death and celebrate living, while the wraiths walk among them and remember what living was all about. And the Bone Gnawers help as many Sabbat as they can along the route to Final Death. Many Sabbat choose to stay hidden away on the Third Day of the Dead.



# Chapter Two: Treasure of Tears

*Fighting on with dignity  
In life and death we deal  
The power and the majesty  
Amidst the blood and steel.  
One shot at Glory  
Driving hard and seeing red  
Destiny calls me  
Remember  
Remember  
— Judas Priest, "One Shot at Glory"*

The second and final chapter of Haight's last stand finds the trap closing in. The strands of fate, of which the

Troupe form a part, weave steadily in upon the Skinner. At their end lies a beginning, as well. A dark beginning...

## Part Three: Chaos Squared



Mexico City, The Fourth Day of the Dead

### Plot

The Troupe returns to Mexico City in order to find Samuel Haight's trail. There is a very good chance that the Troupe decided not to return, but if they do, here's what happened:

- During the Third Day of the Dead, over a dozen Sabbat Kindred were killed. The Sabbat are not pleased, and they suspect that Garou have been in their town. The Sabbat are now out in force, running with their individual packs and trying to locate any Garou. The Black Hand is going into action, and the culprits will be found at any cost.

- The minions of Samuel Haight — including the Skin Dancers — have apparently left town, called forth by Haight to join him in Paraiso Vista. The only one who

knew where Haight could be found the other day, the Bone Gnawer called Wanderer, has disappeared under mysterious circumstances. The rest of the Bone Gnawers are now very suspicious of strangers, even other Garou if they knew the Wanderer's true nature. Unless the Troupe's Garou can prove their innocence, they have lost their only allies in the city. Several Uktena Garou have come to town, bearing fetishes like those of the Bone Gnawers and carrying other items of obvious power. Their only purpose for being in Mexico City is to help the Bone Gnawers with the Rites of the Dead.

- The Samedi population in Mexico City has increased substantially; Samedi from the United States and from South America have crept into town for reasons of their own. The Samedi will likely bring a great deal of paranoia if they are discovered, but they are here on their own mission, one involving the Days of the Dead. They will cause no grief for the Troupe unless the Troupe bothers them first. Several Giovanni are also in Mexico City, and they too are doing their best to avoid conflict.

- Awakened necromancers are in town for the Days of the Dead as well, gathering together in bands for protection. The Technocracy is in a foul mood and no one wants trouble. Naturally, trouble is on the way.

- The Technomancers are in poor spirits; the Days of the Dead are a contradiction to their philosophies, and the violence of the past days has brought Paradox and instability to an intolerable degree. The Convention leaders in Mexico City are doing their best to remain calm in light of the amazing conflicts that they have been forced to deal with. If the Technocracy was called in to deal with Pandemonium before, they are a good deal calmer, believing that the main cause of their troubles has now been vanquished. If the Underbelly still exists, tensions have risen to the breaking point and an emergency Symposium is called. The verdict is simple: The Pogrom has been lax and a full sweep of Mexico City is needed to repair the preposterous level of damage done to the Paradigm. The call to arms is here, and the verdict is war.

- The minions of Pandemonium have taken the "attack" on their lair personally. There is no time for subtlety. The Wyrms' army in Mexico City plans to sweep the offenders away, destroying any who survived the assault on Pandemonium. They have help in the form of three Ba'ali Kindred, ready to assist in the purging of the city. The time has come to claim the city once and for all.

- Pentex has watched and waited long enough. With proper orchestration, the devastation can be turned away from the corporation's areas of interest and turned towards interfering with the other forces at work in Pentex' corporate back yard. Several First Teams have been assembled, mostly wearing the badges of government police forces; Pentex plans to come out the victor in this fight, and they have the financial resources to assure that they win.

- The wraiths have their day of freedom; the time has come to defend their loved ones and gain vengeance against the supernaturals that have brought so much pain to Mexico City. There will be no feasting in family homes this year — there will be war. No one will escape their wrath, and they have assistance from both mages and vampires this time. Mexico City will be freed from its oppression at last.

## It Begins

The Fourth Day of the Dead begins with sporadic fighting. Before the day is done, blood will flow like water in the rapids, down the streets of Mexico City. And that is just as Huitzilopochtli wants it.

Marauder mages make their presence known just after 9:00 PM. The Marauders never directly challenge anyone, but are perfectly willing to take on any and all comers. The Marauders use vulgar magick employing the Time Sphere to send people as much as one year forward through time, and when possible sending vampires exactly 13 hours into the future, to 10:00 AM. Their entire purpose for the attack is simply to cause chaos, to help Samuel Haight remain safe.

## The Scene for Tradition Mages

*Grimm looked at his remaining friends, shaking his head at the loss of so many members of the cabal. He felt himself doubting the need to destroy Haight at such a cost. Trina was gone, destroyed by the damnable thing below this city; Alex died a cleaner death, torn limb from limb by the Garou, but he died just the same. Just two others with him, two friends left in a city gone mad. The Garou were still there, save the one that killed Alex; It'd been worth the Paradox to watch its ugly face burn away under flesh turned to silver.*

*He forced his mind away from the thoughts of dead friends and companions, back to the matter at hand. The remaining Garou were looking awfully nervous, and he could not blame them. Grimm could feel the tension in the air, almost like the calm before the hurricane came to sweep everything away.*

*"Grimm."*

*The one word chilled the marrow of his bones, and he turned to find the source of the familiar voice. Before him stood his Trina, looking just as she always had, save for the sadistic smile on her face. He felt his heart shatter as he realized what had happened. Around her, on all sides and even in the air above her, the Nephandi and their vile associates stood, ready to do battle. "Grimm, darling, did you miss me?" Grimm never had a chance to respond. The Black Spiral Dancers were too fast for him to avoid...*

Being in Mexico City was risky at first, but now the situation is much worse. The Technocracy has opened the flood gates, and the Men in Black, the HIT Marks, Superiors and other, stranger minions of the Technomancers have come out in force. A Tradition mage would do best to

hide. But there is still the matter of Samuel Haight. He is still expected back in the city sooner or later. The only hope that exists is to find allies in the city. But who?

The Garou are insane, hunting Sabbat Kindred and shaking their fetishes as if they could possibly help against the Technocracy. The Sabbat are vile, ruthless beasts who cannot be trusted. The Minions of the Wyrms are hunting after any who violated their sanctum sanctorum — or who they think might have — and the ghosts are in an uproar because their families are stuck in the middle of the entire battlezone. There is nowhere to turn that is safe, save perhaps to the Celestial Chorus strongholds in the city.

Paraiso Vista, is only 80 miles away — perhaps Haight will show himself there. Certainly the small town must be safer than Mexico City is at this time. Tradition mages must choose carefully. The Celestial Chorus might well need help, but Samuel Haight must be stopped. If the evidence is accurate, he has destroyed two Nodes so far. How many more will disappear before the madman is satisfied?

## The Scene for Technocracy Mages

*Arthur Trenton sat towards the back of the huge auditorium, afraid of what the leaders' verdict would be. He could hear the sounds of breathing from his cohorts, but he could not tell what they had decided. He didn't know if they would point the finger at him, and say that he had advised against telling where the Nephandi Stronghold was located.*

*But, dammit, the delays caused by filling out reports would have let Samuel Haight get away without any punishment at all, and Arthur couldn't stand that idea. Couldn't the fools see that he was just trying to pick the most prominent evil to hunt and destroy? By the size of the Nephandi's ahriman, the thing had been there for years. What difference would a few more days make?*

*The leaders of the Conventions sat in their seats, all too much like thrones for Arthur's liking, and they stared out into the audience. Arthur felt the cold dread before they even looked at him. Robert Larson was the first to speak, and as his mouth opened, Arthur Trenton quaked inside. "Boys, let's make sure that Mister Larson is properly incarcerated. What we have here, ladies and gentlemen, is a bona-fide Nephandi in Convention clothing." The Men in Black grabbed him from each side, and as he prepared to execute his escape plan, he felt the fast acting drugs tear into his system. He wanted to cry out, wanted so much to escape. Instead he could only look on as his consciousness faded. There, Landford was smiling smugly; he always knew that Landford was the weak link in his group. Sold out by a friend, an associate. Sold out for a possible promotion...*

An emergency Symposium is called to deal with the problems facing Mexico City. In a very large auditorium in the Primary Technocracy Construct in the city, all of the available Technomancers are called together. They are gathered not to discuss matters, but to hear the verdict of the Convention leaders.

## Time Table for October 31

**4:00 AM:** Samuel Haight gathers his forces and leaves Mexico City.

**10:00 AM:** The emergency Symposium is called.

**10:45 AM:** The emergency Symposium begins, and the decision for a full purge of all supernaturals is the topic.

**Complications:** Do Technocracy player characters step forward and literally save the city? Or do they watch on as Mexico City reaches full-scale war?

**11:30 AM:** The Technocracy begins its war against the supernaturals. Known Kindred are pulled from their communal Havens and left to burn in the sunlight. The few known Garou are shot on sight.

**11:30 AM:** If the Technocracy player characters get involved, and report the location of the Underbelly, the Underbelly is attacked in force. Minor tremors move through the city as explosion after explosion lays waste to the cancerous Wyrms beneath the city.

**12:00 PM through 7:00 PM:** The assault against the supernaturals/the Wyrms continues. 43 Kindred are pulled from their Havens during this time. Despite their best efforts, the Technocracy can find no sign of Garou in the city. The Minions of Pandemonium retaliate, calling forth Banes and any minions of the Wyrms that can be found. Harzomatuili uses the Thunderwyrms' Egg and calls for the thunderwyrms.

**7:00 PM:** The sun has set and the Kindred awaken. A call to war is given. Black Hand operatives start embracing the celebrating humans, and the population of Kindred in Mexico City increases substantially.

**9:00 PM:** The thunderwyrms arrive. If Harzomatuili is still alive, the thunderwyrms attack the strongholds of the Technocracy; if he is dead, they just start attacking anything in reach. Marauder mages enter the city in force, bringing odd changes in reality with them. The Marauders deliberately fuel the fires of war, and cause time to blur throughout the city. Paradox Spirits go on a rampage.

**10:00 PM:** The wraiths retaliate. Kindred are attacked and Technomancers learn the true meaning of "The Ghost in the Machine."

**11:00 PM:** The battles continue, increasing in magnitude.

**12:00 AM:** The Fifth Day of the Dead Begins. The Garou begin their Rite of the Dead, and the wraiths are literally ripped away from the living world, sealed off from the physical realm for a short time.

The Technocracy has decided that Mexico City needs to be sanitized; all supernatural elements must be destroyed.

If Technomancer player characters have been to the Underbelly of the Wurm, they could very well save the city from destruction. All they need do is point out where the known entrances to the Wurm-hole are located. You'd best believe the Technocracy wants a scapegoat for this mess. The Conventions are strong here, but any person in charge could be found wanting and be replaced. As the old saying goes, fecal matter rolls down hill.

If the leaders of the Conventions are replaced, their underlings be replaced as well. Iteration X could well decide that everything in the city has to go, Convention mages as well, especially if some of the darker files are found and read. For every leader in Mexico City, files exist that tell of the warped experiments taking place under their supervision. Madness is powerful here, and even the most faithful members of the Technomancers have suffered from a need to perform perverted acts in the name of science. While these acts can easily be justified in their own eyes, the Convention leaders know that outsiders reading the files would be less than pleased.

Silence can be golden. If a Technomancer has waited this long to reveal the location of the Underbelly, she will be looked upon with suspicion for a long time. Why wasn't this information given freely before? Naturally, a quick thinker could pass the blame on to his immediate superior, but that could be a disastrous mistake, depending on whom the superior knows...

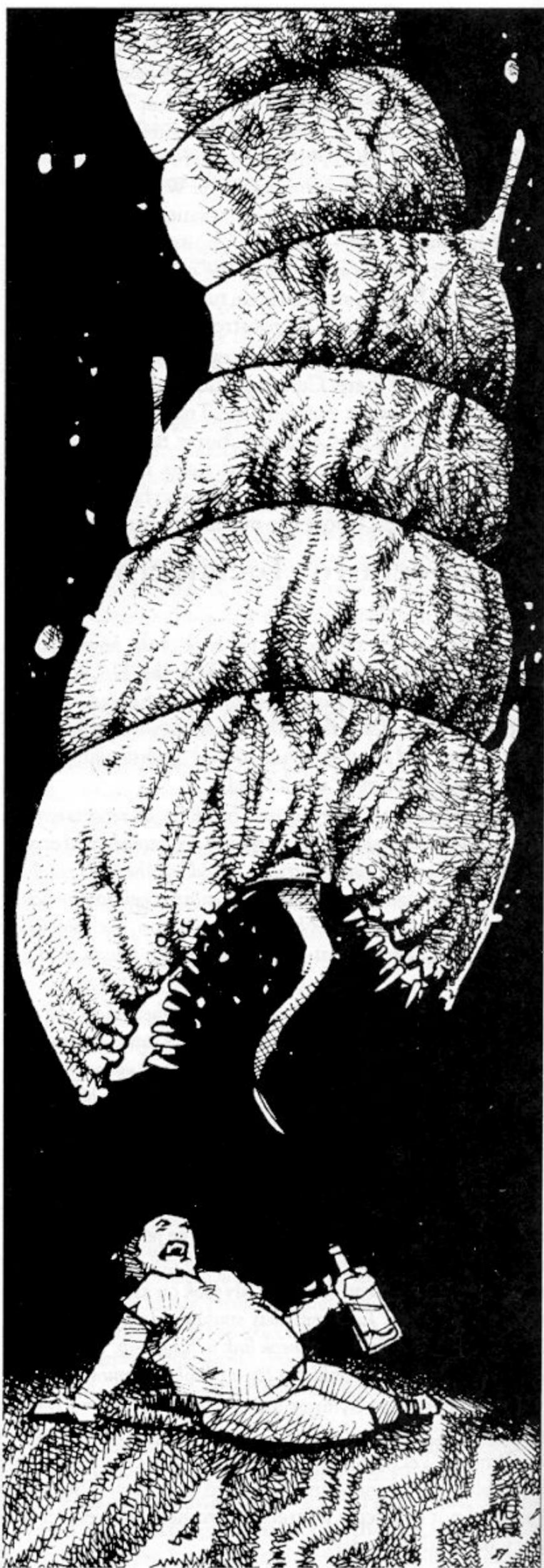
The worst possible case scenario must be played out. Every supernatural must be driven away or destroyed if the Technocracy is to survive the crisis. No one is safe.

## The Scene for Garou:

*Segrid-Sings-Off-Key looked around him and felt the panic trying to set in again. Damn, there was no escape from the madness in this town. Over there, behind a cheap skull mask, one of the Bone Gnawers from the Sweet Water Sept stood in Crinos form, and no one noticed. Luna's sweetest song, if only Old Sawbones had lived! Perhaps he could have made them understand that they were not the enemy. But, no, the Gnawers looked on his entire pack as if they were little more than garbage. Or a little less, when you considered the source of that glare.*

*The mages were hurt badly, and Segrid was little better himself. He rubbed the spot where his right eye had been only an hour ago and winced at the lighting bolt of pain that screamed across his nerve endings. It would grow back, but only if he lived through the night. The twisted, mocking howls of fomori were coming closer, and Segrid felt his hackles rising again. All the Rage he thought long gone returned to him, and he bared his fangs in anticipation.*

*They came from everywhere, flowing towards the remainders of the pack like a tide of serpents. They all carried firearms,*



not that they needed them. Segrid called out hoarsely, demanding his packmates to be ready. One last fight; if that was all that was left, he'd make it count. The fomori came forward, surrounding the pack and the mages as well. And all the while, that damned Bone Gnawer watched on, singing softly and weeping..

The Wyrms are too strong here; it is no longer winning, it has won. From every opening to the Underbelly, the vile creatures spill forth: Banes, fomori, Black Spiral Dancers, and other, stranger things. Perhaps it's not too late to stop them, but *how*? The Bone Gnawers and Uktena walk unharmed through the miasma, pretending that nothing is wrong. They sing their little songs and prepare for the next night, and still they are ignored.

All around, the Leeches take to the streets, assaulting every possible enemy. The mages come forth with their pseudo-soldiers, striking against everyone, even those who only look suspicious. The humans of Mexico City are in danger, and their dead relatives have taken the threats personally. There are Kinfolk here, everywhere around the Garou, and no one seems to care. Surely the Impurgium was never this violent, and surely the need for the Impurgium was never so great.

Throughout the violence there is no sign of Samuel Haight. He has left the city, and there is only one place he could have gone. The only chance to stop him could slip through the Troupe's fingers if he is not found. The city is being destroyed, the Wyrms are engulfing the masses, but which is truly more important: saving a twisted city held by the Wyrms, or stopping the Skinner?

If the Troupe decides to stay and help in Mexico City, they are asked to join in on the Rite of the Dead (see Appendix Two).

## The Scene for Camarilla Kindred

Terrier looked pissed, and rightly so. His skull was completely exposed on one side, and his blue hide flapped loosely in the slight breeze. Even Hendrix had finally lost her cool. Blake had learned a great deal about his friends in the last few nights, not the least of which was that neither would make a healthy enemy. Terrier tried speaking, and finally spat a few more shattered fangs on the ground in disgust at his inability to do so. Finally he pointed, and Blake tried to understand his meaning.

Hendrix made the job easier: "He's telling us to get the fuck out of town before it's too damned late." The vulgarity was a sure sign of how pissed she was. Hendrix never cursed. Still, even that sounded sophisticated coming from her. "Paraiso Vista. That's where we should be. Let's go. Now."

Blake decided she was all right for a Ventrue, nodded his head and gestured for his associates to wait by the side while he hot-wired a jeep that belonged to the Policia. Enough was too much; better to try their luck in the little shit-hole to the north. Anything was better than another minute in Mexico City...

Mexico City is just too dangerous. The overwhelming numbers of Sabbat Kindred in the city almost guarantees Final Death. The time has come to flee. If the Kindred have been helping Haight all along, he will offer to take them with him to Paraiso Vista. If at anytime they have questioned him or threatened him, they are abandoned. The Lupines have taken to the streets, and they are destroying everything in sight. Oddly deformed humans run through the streets as well, joining in the carnage. The police in this city are crazy; they have started a grand scale slaughter, and no one is safe from their weapons. The Sabbat are responding in kind, taking liberties that violate even their own twisted version of the Masquerade. There is nowhere that is safe.

If the player characters are Archons, they could well call for Justicar intervention, but frankly, they would be wasting their time. No Justicar is willing to get killed over chaos in Sabbat territory. The likeliest response from said Justicar is "Good work; handle it." In which case the Archons have just buried themselves.

Most shrewd Kindred will take this opportunity to find Paraiso Vista on the map. Paraiso Vista is a very small town almost 80 miles away from Mexico City. There are no major roads leading to Paraiso Vista, and the closest bus stop is 6 miles away from the village.

## The Scene for the Sabbat

*The taste of Vitae was always sweet, but not as sweet as the pleasures the recruits were going through. The Embrace. Was anything ever that good again? Moxy doubted it. She Embraced and drank, drank and Embraced. An endless assembly line of new Kindred to help in the battle.*

Beside her, Enrique grabbed the minds of the newly created Kindred and forced them into submission; Enrique liked his work and it showed. They all obeyed his commands. An army — they'd have an army to fight back against the attacks. Even through her anger and the pleasures of feeding, Moxy still heard the screams of her pack as they were pulled into the sunlight.

Never again. She'd never let the bastards do something like that again. Everyone that wasn't Sabbat was going down; orders of the Black Hand, as if she needed orders. The screams she heard took her mind off the business of giving new life to her latest victim. She looked up in time to see Enrique's head torn away from his body. The next time she saw anything would be in her next life. They call them HIT Marks for a reason...

The fools have killed too many of the Kindred to be allowed to live. Twelve last night and even more during the daylight hours. There should be a high level of fear; what if the enemy knows where the player characters have their Havens? Across the region, the Sabbat have been attacked, pulled from their Havens in the daylight and forced to face the wrath of the sun. But the sun has set now, and the time to win back what has been lost is at hand. Soldiers are needed, and perhaps the best way to handle the problems in Mexico City is to double or even triple the vampiric

population. The Black Hand is at war already, creating new Kindred, and the call to arms has sounded. Now is the time for action. The Sabbat in Mexico City are willing to allow you to fight, to become a part of the city.

Should they be warned of Samuel Haight's plans? Should they be told all that he has done, or what the player characters think he might have done? The decision is in the air; do you risk the loss of the Sabbat's greatest city and follow Haight to the lair of a powerful elder? Or do you follow the requests of the Sabbat and bring down the

enemies in Mexico City? Both hold risks, both hold the promise of great rewards.

Any characters who opt to stay in the city for the duration must face the combined threat of several major forces lashing blindly in the hopes of smashing their enemies. By 9:00 PM, the city is in a full-scale war. The Troupe should survive the encounters if they avoid doing anything blatantly stupid. The wisest choice is to leave, to head for Paraiso Vista, which is where all the real action is anyway.

## Part Four: Chaos Cubed



All Saint's Day — the Fifth and Final Day of the Dead

*I may be going to Hell in a bucket, baby  
But at least I'm enjoying the ride*  
— *The Grateful Dead, "Hell in a Bucket"*

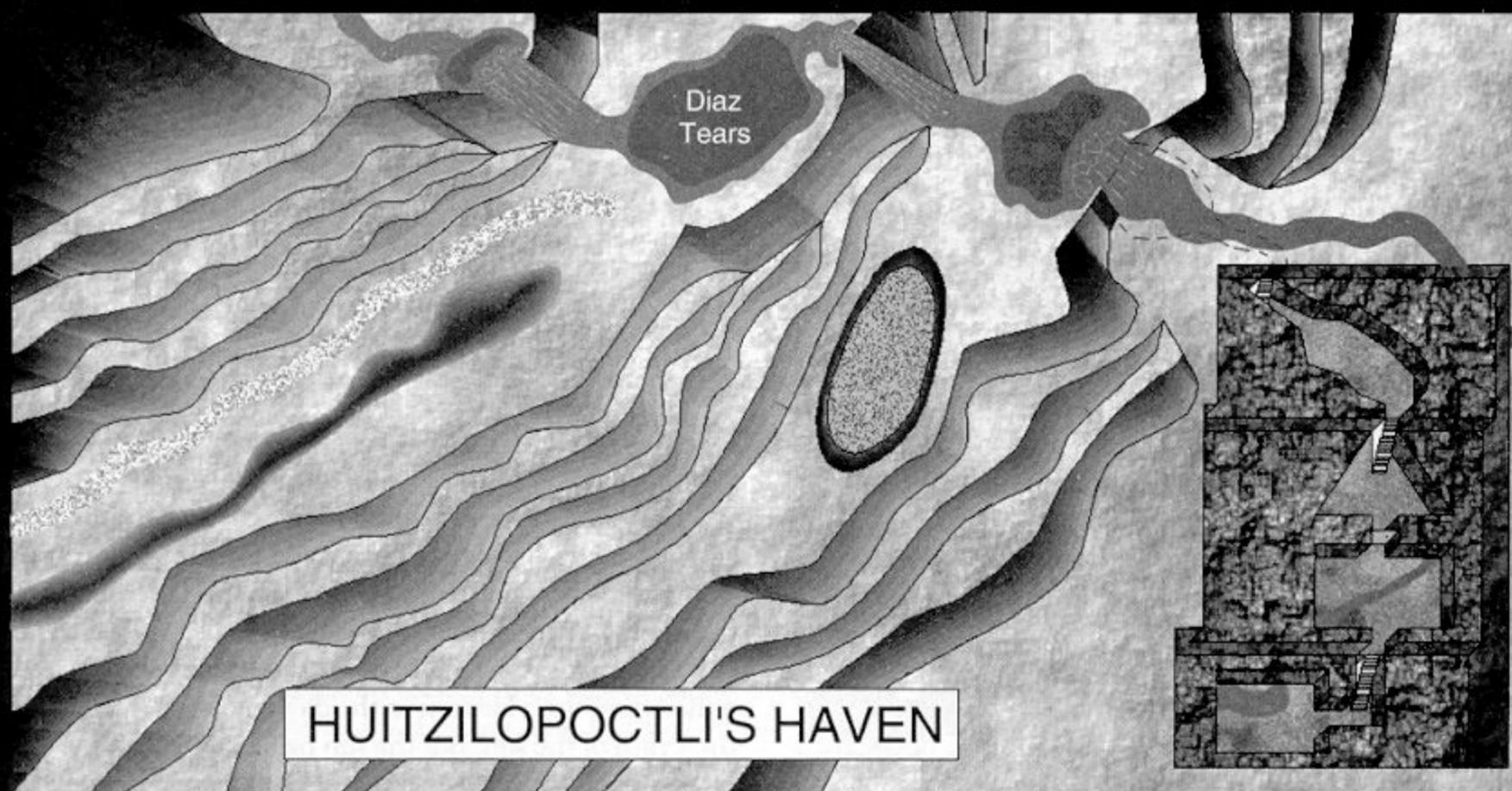
### Plot

The final battle with Samuel Haight takes place in Paraiso Vista, a sleepy little town with a nasty secret.

Paraiso Vista has been the secret Haven of Huitzilopoctli for over 300 years. He has not always been there, but the town has always been under his complete control. The few times any supernaturals came to Paraiso

Vista, the guardian Kindred in the area slaughtered them without mercy. Huitzilopoctli has used his powers to ensure that the people of the town had nothing to fear. When the droughts came, he has made rain. When diseases struck the people and their herds of animals, he has removed the offending viruses. When the people of Mexico decided that communications were necessary, he allowed one phone in the home of his servant. When the government of Mexico decided that the area was better off with a military base than with the tiny town, he made the government forget the spot even existed.

All has been tranquil in Paraiso Vista for 300 years. Now Samuel Haight is paying a visit to the Haven of Huitzilopoctli; Paraiso Vista will never be the same.



HUITZILOPOCTLI'S HAVEN

# Scene One: Mexican Standoff



Running.  
On our way  
Hiding.  
You will pay  
Dying  
One thousand death  
Searching  
Seek and Destroy  
— Metallica, "Search and Destroy"

## Getting There

If they took the time to study the information enclosed in the scrolls left behind by Samuel Haight, the Troupe has known for two days that Huitzilopoctli's Haven is somewhere in or around Paraiso Vista. The Troupe has also known that Samuel Haight would be coming here. However, the characters just might have been foolish enough to ignore the warnings; they might have stayed in Mexico City or, worse still, gone to Jordan. If either of these prove to be the case, the Troupe must now race against the madman to reach Paraiso Vista first.

It is also possible that the Troupe never recovered the missing scroll; either they never made it down into Pandemonium or they were stopped along the way. If the Troupe could not personally recover the scroll, have some other character — possibly Wanderer or another of Haight's flunkies — grab it and run. The Troupe can acquire the clue by stealth, force, magick or chance at some later point.

## Being There

The only task before the Troupe, aside from Haight and his minions, is getting past the guardian Kindred of Huitzilopoctli. If they arrive too soon before the Skinner, by more than a day, they will encounter the guardians. These three Ba'ali Kindred are all eighth Generation, and the statistics provided in Appendix One are sufficient to cover them. The Ba'ali guardians leave the area on the night of the Fourth Day of the Dead. They have been assigned to assist the Sepulchre in the battle for supremacy in Mexico City. One less obstacle for the Troupe to overcome, provided they do not arrive before sunset on November 1st.

If the Troupe have already been lying in wait for the Skinner, they have plenty of time to prepare a surprise party for him. If they have not, Haight will have prepared for them, especially if their paths have already crossed. Haight's minions are carefully chosen for this mission because of their loyalty and their ability to keep their mouths shut. Haight values secrecy above all else, especially where his plans are concerned. But Haight has fallen victim to a flaw that most mages suffer from at one point or another: hubris. Haight has started thinking of himself as invincible, a very nasty mistake and one that will inevitably prove fatal.

As the Troupe may well decide to beat Haight to the punch, they can have a great deal of time to devise nasty surprises all their own. The Skinner is tired and too self-confident for his own good, but he also has quite a bit of power, several allies with him, and a group of Marauders watching his every move. He has help that even he does not know about.

## Huitzilopoctli

Haight also has one other surprise — Huitzilopoctli. What no one realizes is that Haight is not necessary to Huitzilopoctli's plans. Haight has already done all that the vampire wanted; by starting a massive war in Mexico City, he has spurred the suffering that helps Huitzilopoctli feed on dying souls.

Huitzilopoctli is awake. He has been slowly recovering from Torpor for over a week. To the North of Paraiso Vista, hidden behind the stream that feeds the lake and wells, is the last site that Huitzilopoctli prepared centuries ago. A massive stone wall that bears the symbol of a huge dragon rests buried beneath tons of dirt and concealed by the roots of trees, hidden even from supernatural sight.

Within the lair, beyond the dragon-seal, is Huitzilopoctli. He watches patiently as Samuel Haight approaches, and he sees all even as the Troupe prepares for final conflict. The Aztec god of war simply watches because he *can*. He is about to inherit the world, but first there is enough time for the conclusion of his little games.

Huitzilopoctli wants to see who the winners in this battle are. If Haight is victorious, he plans to reward him with exactly what he has wanted — powerful Kindred blood. If the Troupe is victorious, he plans to break his long fast on them.

The war god, however, suffers from the same fatal flaw that dooms his mortal pawn: overconfidence. Hubris. Despite his awesome power, Huitzilopoctli remains vulnerable to fire and powerful magick. He has witnessed, through the eyes of others, the destructive potential of the modern age. Though he chooses to disregard the potency of the two forces converging on his resting place, Huitzilopoctli is about to learn a lesson in firepower.

## If the Troupe Arrives First

The Troupe finds nothing of great importance in Paraiso Vista, unless they actively search for the Haven of Huitzilopoctli. His Haven is difficult to find, and there are no solid clues on the parchments that the Troupe found in Huitzilopoctli's previous lair. The papers do point to Paraiso Vista, but they do not reveal step by step instructions for

locating the ancient vampire. Haight has sworn to find the war god's resting place, even if he must level the whole town to do so. Locating Huitzilopoctli's lair, however, is not necessarily a wise move, as indicated later in this chapter.

The Troupe could simply prepare for Haight's arrival, mending the wounds they have suffered and clearing the town of its inhabitants. They could also call for reinforcements; there are plenty among the Traditions and Garou who would dearly love to get their hands on Samuel Haight. Hot or cold, vengeance is a savory dish, especially in the World of Darkness. There is a very real possibility that the Troupe could have a veritable army waiting in the wings for Samuel Haight when he arrives.

Haight is still not without surprises; he has brought an army of his own — a small army, but an army nonetheless. He has 10 fomori and four Skin Dancers with him, and none of them likes being surprised. Because the Skinner is also not absolutely certain that an Antediluvian is going to like being awakened, and might, in fact, take the disturbed slumber personally, Haight has brought one last weapon.

The largest of the fomori carries a heavy backpack, and in this pack is a very powerful toy that Haight affectionately calls his Sun Lamp. The Sun Lamp does nothing but release solar radiation that has been stored and magnified. Thanks to the immense amounts of Quintessence at his disposal, Samuel Haight had time to practice with a few mirrors and a special rote designed to preserve the energies of the sun. Thanks to modern technology, he has arranged for the power to radiate in a straight beam, much like a laser.

### The Sun Lamp

The stream of energy that comes out of the Sun Lamp is good for the entire scene and is one foot in width. It has only one charge. A Sleeper hit by the stream would be severely sunburned in less than a minute. The device is very delicate, and can only be struck once before it malfunctions. If more than four successes are scored in an attack against the Sun Lamp, the internal charge is released. Any vampire around the exploding Lamp risks the damage below, but only for one turn.

The Lamp does four levels of aggravated damage to vampires, four levels of normal damage to anyone else. This damage is on a "per turn" basis — two turns in the light would do two continuous attacks, and so on. Three or more successes blinds the target; five or more may blind him permanently. This weapon may provoke Röttschreck. Attackers use Dexterity + Firearms or Heavy Weapons. This attack may be dodged.

Difficulty  
8

Damage  
4 Health Levels

Range  
200

Haight also carries his staff. He is very hard to hurt with magick at the present time. But Haight is not bullet proof, nor fire proof. The Skinner can be hurt — it's just not easy. The main advantage, again, is that the Troupe could beat him to the location. From there anything goes.

## If Haight Gets There First

Haight knows what he wants and knows how to get it. He does not want to destroy the vampire; he wants to deal with him. The madman is therefore obligated to wait patiently for nightfall before making his move. If Haight arrives first, he will dispatch his followers to strategic positions around Paraiso Vista and leave them to deal with anyone coming into the town. As always, Samuel Haight will avoid combat unless absolutely necessary. He has more important goals at the present time.

All of Haight's servants carry automatic weapons and are capable of unarmed combat. The Skin Dancers will appear as normal people until the combat begins — Gifts, Disciplines and magick aside. If confronted, they will immediately convert to Crinos form. The fomori and the Skin Dancers are all fanatically dedicated to Haight, and will fight to the death. If the group looks to be losing to the players, the Skinner will make his presence known. The Skinner has no patience for interference, not so close to his goal; he will use vulgar magick to make his point clear.

When the Troupe first arrives, Haight's minions open up with everything they have. They want no disturbances and plan to take no prisoners. Most of the fomori have ranged powers, and those that do not are not afraid to throw the shrapnel grenades that Haight provided. None of the fomori or Skin Dancers have counter-magick; unless they can Dodge or resist direct attacks, magick will have its full effect on them.

If Haight came with the vampire player characters, another level of conflict is added. Do the players want to help Haight? Have they been stringing him along? Now is the time for the players to decide. Whatever their decision, the player characters will have to live with it.

### Running the Final Battle

The climax of this tale should be epic. Haight has become a grand figure in the World of Darkness. His death should be a triumph for those who have come so far and risked so much to kill him. Whether the Skinner goes down beneath the claws of Garou, a vampire's fangs or a mage's magick, his fall should shake the world.

The Staff of the World Tree is a symbol of all that Haight has become: bloated with stolen power and ready to blow. Whatever happens to Haight, the Staff should follow him into oblivion. Its demolition represents a brutal kind of rebirth — the transformation of the land.

Allow the players to kill Haight personally. Make them work for it, but pay them off for their efforts. Give them hints to overcome his firepower, shift the terrain to make the fight dramatic, and keep long drawn-out die rolls to a minimum. If and when Shaitan emerges, make him frightening but evasive. He should not stick around to fight — mortals are not worth his time.

**Narrative Combat:** Storytellers are advised to let the background blaze away behind the player characters. Describe the roaring flames and chattering guns without rolling for the location of every bullet. Play fast and loose with combat rolls and encourage your Troupe to perform tricks and crazy stunts. Let daring and cleverness win the battle, not brute force.

**The Battlemat:** The full-color map in this book can be used for the climactic struggle outside of Shaitan's Haven. If you use miniatures in your game, you can play out the confrontation on the mountainside with this map.

**Statistics:** For simplicity, you may consider Haight's fomori to be "two good shot" characters, adversaries who fall after getting hit for four Health Levels or more. Give them a Firearms and Melee dice pool of seven, with a base difficulty of 6 to hit. Hand-to-hand attacks should do four dice, while firearms should do seven + one per success rolled. This will greatly speed combat.

## The Final Conflict



*There's no time to give at all  
I give you grief and blow my hatred  
Further in your mind  
You reach, I run, you fall  
On skinned knees you crawl  
— Alice in Chains, "Confusion"*

Grimm wiped the sweat from his scarred face as the last villager fled down the road, leaving Paradise behind. Convincing the innocent Sleepers that Hell in all its forms was about to descend upon their town had been difficult, but in the end the sheriff had listened to reason. Perhaps it was all worth it if the innocents survived. Wasn't that what Ascension was all about, seeking a better reality, striving for perfection? All the same, it hurt. Bad. The innocents had been saved, but they would be innocent no longer. Paradise was going to Hell.

Does the Troupe beat Samuel Haight to the punch? Do they arrive in Paraiso Vista before the Skinner can set up camp? If so, they may save the town. If not, a village of bystanders will pay the price. Huitzilopoctli has groomed Paraiso Vista over the centuries for a reason, and that reason is at hand. If the Troupe wins, they may have just enough time to evacuate the town before sundown and the arrival of Haight.

In either case, the town itself will likely be destroyed. Such is the price of destiny. Fate has chosen Paraiso Vista as the site of a great end and a terrible beginning. If the lives of the villagers can be spared, they may carry their small harmony into the World of Darkness. Whether it survives remains to be seen. Fate is rarely kind.

### If the Troupe Loses the Race

If Haight beats the Troupe to Paraiso Vista, he will rush to the door of Huitzilopoctli's Haven as soon as the sun sets. He has no reason to stop in his plans and is fairly confident that the troops he brought with him can handle any intrusions. Even if they cannot, they can hold the fort for the small amount of time this takes.

This is an ideal time for the Troupe (and any allies they might have) to strike. Haight is out in the open, moving toward his destiny with frantic disregard for stealth or subtlety. Blinded as he is by weariness, pride and desire, Haight leaves the town wide open as a screen for his own actions. The Troupe will have to go through it to get to him, and his retainers will ensure that this isn't easy. A final surprise awaits.

### Bloodbath

Whether or not Haight actually reaches his destination, Huitzilopoctli has decided that the time has come to make his presence known. While the battle rages near the entrance to his lair, the powerful Kindred emerges from his lair to finish what he started. Every living human in Paraiso Vista will be sacrificed to Huitzilopoctli's master, the demon Ba'al, unless the players can stop the vampire.

Huitzilopoctli is only a name that was convenient when the Kindred came to what is now Mexico. His true name is Shaitan, and he has served the demons of Hell for almost 6,500 years. The purpose of his sacrifices is simple —



the power gained from the released souls is enough to awaken his brethren, the other 12 Fourth Generation Ba'ali. The time of Gehenna is one step closer.

The characters can see Huitzilopoctli clearly—he is too confident in his power to be secretive. At a dramatic point in the conflict, he will shatter the stone that blocks the entrance to his Haven and race towards the village below. If the people of Paraiso Vista remain, he will rip into them like a chainsaw through rotted wood.

The carnage in Paraiso Vista defies simple description; Shaitan tears bodies apart with his bare hands, calling in a vulgar and long forgotten tongue as he dedicates each soul to Ba'al's greater glory. His Celerity allows Shaitan to move in a virtual blur, and bodies seem to explode of their own volition. Bathed in innocent blood, Shaitan is a very powerful figure, terrifying to behold. Any attempt to attack him requires a Willpower Roll, difficulty 8, with at least three successes.

A devil personified walks the Earth. This devil has a weakness, however; his ignorance of modern technology and clever magick. Though he has observed the world outside through the centuries, Shaitan has no real experience with the awesome power of 20th century warfare. Knowing that a thing exists is one thing; feeling it burn your skin away is another.

Deep in his heart, the ancient knows fear. Even the greatest of vampires knows the curse of the Röttschreck, the fear of fire. The holocaust in Mexico City has made Shaitan leery of explosives and modern magick. Paradox, coincidental magick and high explosives are mysteries to the ancient. Left to his own devices, Shaitan will slaughter the town. Confronted with a determined assault using fire, explosives or, worst of all, the Sun Lamp, the vampire will flee. For now.

## If the Troupe Wins the Race

If the Troupe beats Haight to Paraiso Vista, a massive battle begins — the endgame of the Skinner's war. In the town, on the mountain, in the very lair of Shaitan himself, the Troupe will collect their pound of flesh from the skin of Samuel Haight. This fight should be run for maximum drama and excitement; long drawn-out die rolling or *deus ex machina* interventions by Storyteller characters should be avoided. The Troupe has struggled long and hard to get this far. Weigh the odds in favor of a rousing slugfest. The Skinner must die. Needless to say, the killer of Samuel Haight will gain great Renown among the werewolves. Such glory will not, however, come easily.

Shaitan will race from his Haven at a dramatic point in the battle, totally ignoring Samuel Haight. If the villagers have been evacuated from the town, the monster will be furious. If not, he will ignore anyone in his

### The Song of Huitzilopctli

I have slept for so long, waiting for this moment. The time has come to awaken my beloved siblings, the other masters of the Ba'ali. We are legion, and we have bidden our time for long enough. The world is ripe for the picking; so little love is left, so much hatred and violence. Until Gehenna we were made to suffer, and so Gehenna shall come. At last my brethren will know peace, the peace that only destruction can bring us.

I see them. Beyond the walls of my Haven they squabble. Little children playing foolish games. So easily they dance, puppets all...

My body moves after centuries of immobility; there is no pain, only fluid motion and grace. Great Ba'al, I shall never be able to repay my debt to you, but here at least, I shall make a start.

See them, the tiniest of infants next to me. Can you feel their fear as clearly as I can? Can you see the tremors that shake their bodies? Let them finish their petty war. I have other matters to attend to. My special children wait below, believing that they are blessed of their God and woefully innocent of any sins worth noticing. They are perfect, 400 pure souls ready to feed you, my master. Great Ba'al accept this offering and know that it is only the first of many. My ruse is at last ended; your pitiful servant, Shaitan, is ready to do your bidding.

path until he reaches his planned sacrifices — the innocents of Paraiso Vista. Anyone attempting to go toe to toe with Shaitan will be smashed to pulp. A determined attack, however, will cause him to flee. The vampire has not planned and rested all these years simply to die in a stupid pitched battle. Why should he fight? The world is full of victims.

Haight will be furious. All of his battles have been for nothing. He may well attack Shaitan himself in his rage. His quarry gone, the Skinner may either stand or attempt to escape. He does not realize that his luck has finally run out.

There is one fatal flaw that Haight has not realized about his Staff of the World Tree; while the staff does indeed add substantially to his countermagick roll, it only works against one source of attack at a time. Haight uses the staff to power his countermagick, and to aid him in his own defenses against any Garou or Kindred attacks. There are limits to what even this Talisman can do. Samuel Haight has built up a substantial charge on his Paradox account; that charge is about to come due. With interest.

### The Paradox Nuke

The Troupe gives Haight their best shot; if they succeed on their own, let them have the glory of ripping Haight's skin from his own bones or draining his potent blood. If they're too battered by this point to take him down, other factors come into play, factors that Haight himself has set in motion.

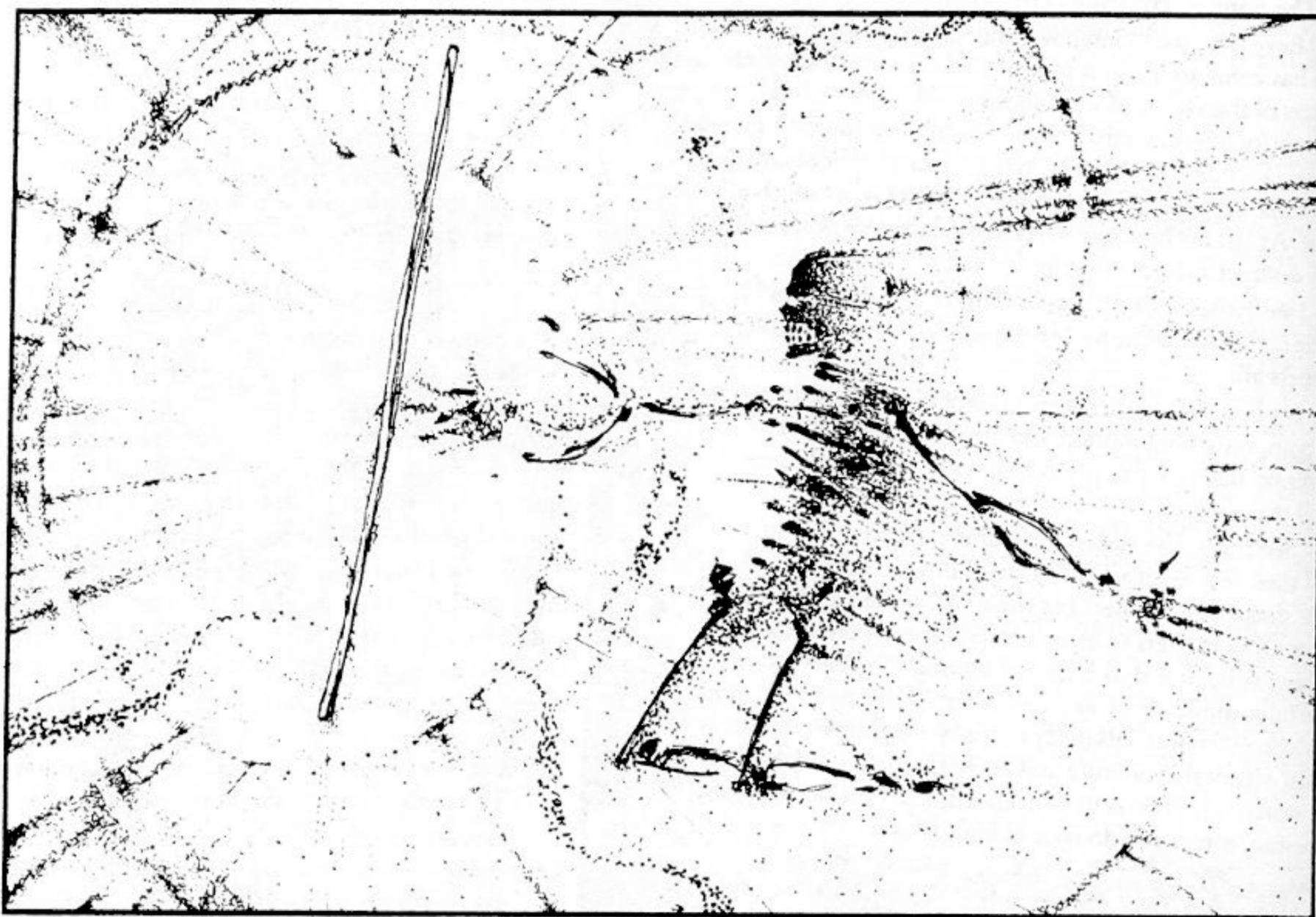
The Staff has become a Paradox battery, absorbing incoming magick and the Skinner's own Paradox leakage. It has taken about all that it can handle. Now each use of the staff causes a portion of the Quintessence stored inside to change, literally transforming the power into Paradox. Any mage with one or more dots in Prime will be able to see the holocaust waiting to happen.

When Haight has absorbed more than five magickal attacks or has fired off more than five vulgar magick effects, the staff deactivates. With the next usage, the Staff cracks, and Haight takes the full damage of the attack or the Paradox. If Haight is struck even once more — and that includes the impact of falling dead or unconscious to the ground — the Staff explodes.

Samuel Haight is hit by raw energies — Quintessence, Paradox and possibly others. The power is such that the Troupe can clearly see Haight's skeleton before the flesh is seared away from his body. Haight's last words are lost in a crackle of thunder, and the entire mountain is bathed in eldritch lights.

The Staff's explosion is a massive thing, and only blind luck saves any of the Troupe. The surviving Marauders, who have watched and aided Samuel Haight from the beginning, literally absorb the brunt of the Paradox explosion. They appear unharmed, and even seem pleased by the experience. If Shaitan is around when the Staff explodes, he will be gone when the dust settles.

This does not mean that the Troupe doesn't suffer. 10 levels of Aggravated Damage rip through the air, tearing into the town of Paraiso Vista and warping reality wherever the wave of power touches. The entire side of the mountain on which Paraiso Vista rests is devastated. The characters can use their appropriate defenses to attempt soaking the damage, or in the case of mages, deflecting the damage or Co-locating to a safe distance.



## The Land Transformed

*And if the music stops  
There's only the sound of the rain;  
All the hope and glory  
All the sacrifice in vain.  
If love remains  
Though everything is lost  
We will pay the price,  
But we will not count the cost.*  
— Rush, "Bravado"

If and when the Staff explodes, the chances of any character coming through that explosion unharmed are very slim, and most may be near death. But the characters should live through the explosion. What's the point of defeating Samuel Haight if they all die in the process? Courage and determination have brought them here; let the characters and the players revel in their victory; fair is fair.

The Marauders, always good sports about these things, will move any incapacitated characters to another area, not far from the mountain. Why? Just because. They need no reason for their actions; it would seem like the proper thing to do.

The land has changed around them; rocks have liquefied and run, solidifying again but radiating no heat. Trees have crystallized, and living animals have mutated, some for the better, most for the worse. At the very epicenter of the Paradox explosion, a skeleton stands, untouched by the force of the blast. The skeleton is all that remains of Samuel Haight. The Skinner is dead. The brittle bones are fused into one solid lump. There is a hideous odor, like burnt hair and stagnant water, wafting from the remains.

There is no sign of Shaitan.

The Skin Dancers and fomori are dead. The mortal remains of Paraiso Vista's people, if they were in the path of Shaitan or the battle, are freezing cold to the touch. As they thaw, the bodies rapidly putrefy. The wraiths that were here are gone as well. In Paraiso Vista all is peaceful again. Too peaceful, perhaps.

# Aftermath



*It's still getting worse after everything I tried  
What if I found a way to wash it all inside?*

— Nine Inch Nails, “Sanctified”

The Skinner is dead, driven too far at last by his mad dreams. But his death is hardly the end. Mexico City is in the midst of an upheaval that could shake the very foundations of the World of Darkness.

- The Technocracy dismisses the events of the past days as a civil uprising, followed by blackout, rioting, and a massive earthquake. Hundreds may be dead; thousands more are homeless. A crackdown begins among the Sleeper community; there must be scapegoats found and punished for the bombings. Most mortals will accept these explanations and rebuild as they always have. Not everyone will, however. The Inquisition and Celestial Chorus will soon be receiving an influx of new believers. And journalists worldwide will search for answers...

- The Underbelly of the Wyrms was held in unity because Shaitan manipulated the leaders of the Sepulchre into trusting each other. That connection is gone now. If the Pandemonium was attacked, the servants of the entity will no longer have a place of power to call their own. Where will they go? How will they survive?

- The Technocracy still intends to destroy the supernaturals that do not fit into their world as easily as the Technomancers desire. But they have a few new problems of their own. The Conventions cannot tolerate so blatant an assault, even by their own forces. At least a few of the leaders in Mexico City are likely on their way out. Who will replace them, and whom can the Technocracy trust to handle their affairs in Mexico City?

- Mexico's Tapestry has been badly rent; it will be months before the odd occurrences, “shallowings” and spon-

taneous Awakenings taper off. This may be both a good and a bad thing for the Ascension War.

- The Sabbat have lost a great many of their numbers, and the war still rages on. The Kindred of Mexico City were, perhaps, too certain of their power base. One man has brought violent change to the Sabbat's capital in the Americas. Which Kindred met Final Death? Who survived to rule the area? How will the Sabbat deal with the Technocracy's plans to destroy them?

- The Samedi and Giovanni just may decide to stick around. With so much confusion, infiltrating the Sabbat could well be easier now than at any other time. But just what are their plans in the long run? Just whom do these Kindred answer to when all is said and done?

- The Bone Gnawers of the Sweet Water Sept have suffered as few Garou ever have before. In the Blight-ridden city that has always been their home, they have watched all that they cared for thrown into the winds of war and chaos. Are they strong enough to continue their battle in a city controlled by the Wyrms?

- Pentex has survived the destruction with little damage. The people they lost can be replaced and their factories are well insured. True, they've lost a few dozen fomori, but there are always more humans willing to make the same mistakes. NAFTA still holds so much potential, and the people in the best position to take advantage of NAFTA are already in the city, planning their next move. Can anyone stop Pentex before all is lost?

- Where did Shaitan go, and what will happen if he succeeds in his plans? How much harm can the Thirteen eldest Ba'ali do if they are united in their efforts to bring about Gehenna?

The answers to all these questions and more, dear Storyteller, are up to you.

# Appendix One: Characters

*Darkness in the morning  
Shadows in the land  
Certain individuals  
Aren't sticking to the plan  
— Warren Zevon, "Searching for a Heart"*

Characters are the heart of any storytelling game; this appendix presents important character information for **Chaos Factor** Storytellers. Part One details Shaitan and Samuel Haight. Part Two gives the Storyteller a variety of

quick-reference statistics for general encounters along the way, and Part Three describes the new werewolf tribe, Samuel Haight's Skin Dancers.

## Part One: Main Characters



Several characters play key roles in "The Chaos Factor." While important figures in Mexico City are described in Chapter Three, the two main figures in the story itself are detailed below.

### **Shaitan**

**Sire:** Ashur  
**Nature:** Architect  
**Demeanor:** Visionary  
**Clan:** Ba'ali

**Generation:** 4th  
**Embrace:** 4500 B.C.  
**Apparent Age:** 20  
**Physical:** Strength 7 (9), Dexterity 6 (8), Stamina 7 (9)  
**Social:** Charisma 8, Manipulation 9, Appearance 0  
**Mental:** Perception 6, Intelligence 6, Wits 7  
**Talents:** Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Diplomacy 6, Dodge 5, Dreaming 7, Empathy 6, Intrigue 9, Leadership 8, Mimicry 6, Public Speaking 3, Sense Deception 9, Search 5, Seduction 4, Subterfuge 9, Throwing 2

**Skills:** Blacksmith 2, Blind Fighting 3, Body Alteration 6, Bribery 9, Camouflage 3, Etiquette 1, Melee 5, Survival 9, Torture 9, Tracking 6, Traps 3

**Knowledges:** Alchemy 3, Anthropology 7, Archaeology 9, Area Knowledge (Mexico, Mesopotamia) 9, Astrology 3, Astronomy 1, Black Hand Knowledge 5, Camarilla Lore 3, City Secrets 9, Kindred Lore 9, Lupine Lore 5, Mage Lore 4, Medicine 5, Occult (Demonic Lore) 9, Psychology 3, Politics 8, Sabbat Lore 9, Sewer Lore 3, Spirit Lore 9, Theology 9 (Always know your enemy), Toxicology 6, Wyrn Lore 9

**Virtues:** Treachery 5, Cruelty 5, Courage 5

**Disciplines (Normal ranking; reduce by 2 when freshly awakened):** Animalism 6, Auspex 9, Celerity 6, Chimerstry 6, Daimonon 9, Dark Thaumaturgy 7, Dementation 8, Dominate 9, Fortitude 7, Obtenebration 4, Presence 9, Protean 7, Potence 9, Thaumaturgy 4, Visceratika 3

**Investments:** 9 (Infernal Ranking)

**Backgrounds:** Alternate Identity, Allies 9, Contacts 9, Herd 9, Influence 9, Resources 4, Retainers 9, Status 9

**Path of Enlightenment:** Path of Evil Revelations 10 (see below)

**Humanity:** 0

**Willpower:** 10

**Derangements:** Obsession; Shaitan feels that he must corrupt all of humanity to please Baal. Naturally, he is right.

**Blood Pool:** 50/10

**Background:** Shaitan was born in 4520 BC as a slave in what the Kindred now refer to as the Second City. Beautiful beyond comparison, his beauty alone elevated him in rank as a favored servant of Ashur. Shaitan was the second to be embraced by Ashur, and was incorrigible.

Not long after his embrace, Shaitan left the city and traveled to the east, through Mesopotamia and into the lands of Kala-At-Sherghat. While on his journey, he learned much of the strange Eastern philosophies, refining Disciplines that had never existed before. These he taught to the fellow Childer of Ashur, all save for Gangrel, whom he loathed. Gangrel took the slight personally, and pointed out to Ashur that Shaitan had been twisted by consorting with the Children of Lillith, a direct breach of Caine's commandments. Word of this soon passed among all of the Kindred in the Second City, and, against Ashur's will, Shaitan and his followers were banished.

Shaitan went east again, and soon built a city of his own in Kala-At-Shergat, following his own rules and conquering many surrounding lands. Then Shaitan met Baal, a powerful, greedy demon willing to teach the vampire a few new tricks. Shaitan swore fealty to Baal, feeling that he had been mistreated by his own kind and willing to serve another to get revenge.

At Baal's command, Shaitan expanded his nation even further, starting great sacrifices to Baal's glory and forcing many of the smaller tribes into slavery. Perhaps he would have continued ruling the area for all time, but the Second City fell, and with its fall, it brought a flood of other Kindred into the area. By the time the other Kindred arrived, Shaitan's rule was well established, and he and his brethren were treated as gods by the people in the area. Although he still made sacrifices to Baal, the demon had long since left the area. Shaitan had no support when the Ashurians, Assamites and Brujah came to the area and decided to make it their own.

The Baali, as Shaitan and his brethren had taken to calling themselves, were few in number and had remained that way. The majority of newly-Embraced Kindred were ritually slaughtered for their blood, their hearts given over to Baal. The Brujah and Assamite forces, along with the Ashurians, overthrew them with ease—perhaps too much ease. The Baali were destroyed, down to the last one... or so it seemed.



In truth, Baal had warned Shaitan and his fellows of the danger that was coming from the west, and they had vacated the area, leaving demonically-altered childer behind to be sacrificed in their stead.

The Baali scattered to the four corners of the earth; each of the 13 eldest took a number of their Get with them and began setting new goals for their plans of vengeance and power. Baal's warning was taken to heart, and the Baali learned the art of subtlety. No longer conquering any area and claiming dominion, they chose false names instead, often those of preexisting gods. In the guise of these local gods, the Baali guided the hands of their worshippers and grew in power.

Shaitan began a long voyage across the ocean to reach the North American Continent. From the time of the Olmecs (1200 - 200 BC) through the times of the Toltecs, the Mayans and all of the Aztec Empire's history, Shaitan was there, often guiding subtly through retainers and taking a direct hand in the battles for supremacy. Other Kindred came to the area, ignorant of Shaitan's presence; these interloping Kindred were either driven away, corrupted into service or destroyed.

For more than 2,700 years, Shaitan ruled over the area where Mexico stands today, either in person or by proxy. He still rules over the area — he simply has chosen not to make a public appearance in 400 years. This is about to change.

**Image:** Shaitan stands almost eight feet tall. Due to his long association with Baal, his body has gone through physical changes that have left him as hideous as any Nosferatu. His skin is a translucent white with a texture similar to sandpaper. While his hair has become something akin to fine tendrils, his eyes are slitted like those of a reptile and his face has taken on demonic characteristics, including ram horns growing out of his skull. A palpable aura of evil can be sensed by virtually everyone he encounters.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You do not talk to fools. Anyone who does not succumb to your power is not worth acknowledging, unless he has True Faith. Ignore the weak; destroy the strong.

**Notes:** This Methuselah is ridiculously strong. His long torpor has reduced many of his formidable skills, but given time, he will attain almost godlike power. The Troupe will have an edge when dealing with him, however; his knowledge of modern weaponry is academic. He has been in Torpor for so long he has forgotten the sting of fire and the might of magick. Faced with determined resistance, he will flee and plot his revenge at a later time. His Attributes and Disciplines have also been reduced by his long slumber. When he awakens, Shaitan is comparatively weak. It will take several months for him to regain his true power.

While Shaitan fully follows the Path of Evil Revelations, he is not a member of the Sabbat. Shaitan has been tutored by Baal to open his mind to the possibilities of his power. His extremely high Disciplines reflect his teachings. Shaitan long since gave his soul to Baal, and is very much a pawn of demons; he is effectively a demon in a vampiric body.



## Samuel Haight

*This time you've gone too far,  
This time you've gone too far,  
This time you've gone too far,  
I told you,  
I told you,  
I told you,  
I told you*

— Peter Gabriel, "Digging In The Dirt"

**Breed:** Homid

**Tribe:** Outcast — he thinks of himself as the first of the Skin Dancer Tribe.

**Tradition:** Orphan

**Nature:** Deviant

**Demeanor:** Architect

**Essence:** Dynamic

**Auspice:** Theurge



**Physical:** Strength 5 (7/9/8/6), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 5 (7/8/8/7)

**Social:** Charisma 5, Manipulation 5 (4/3/2/2), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

**Talents:** Alertness 4, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Intimidation 5, Primal-Urge 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

**Skills:** Animal Ken 3, Drive 2, Firearms 5, Meditation 4, Melee 4, Leadership 5, Stealth 4, Survival 5

**Knowledges:** Computer 2, Enigmas 4, Investigation 4, Linguistics 3, Occult 5, Politics 4, Rituals 5

**Backgrounds:** Allies 5, Avatar 5, Fetish 5, Library 4, Resources 5

**Willpower** 9, **Arete** 5, **Rage** 10, **Gnosis** 8 (Quintessence 8/Paradox 2)

**Spheres:** Correspondence 2, Entropy 3, Forces 3, Life 2, Matter 3, Prime 2, Spirit 4

**Fetishes/Talismans:** The Staff of the World Tree

**Level:** N/A, **Arete:** 6, **Quintessence:** (see below)

**Special Power:** Countermagick (Dice Total: 9)

**Sphere Rotes/Effects:** Divided Sight, Ripple through Space (Correspondence); Slay Machine, Erode Matter (Entropy); Darksight, System Havoc, Elemental Blast (Forces 3, Prime 2) (Forces); Sense Life, Mold Tree, Better Body, Rip the Man-Body (Life); Sense Quintessence, Channel Quintessence (Prime)

**Note:** For simplicity, roll 3 dice for vulgar effects and 6 for coincidental ones.

Samuel Haight has no idea just how much power he holds in his hands, nor has he any clue as to just how fragile that power is. The staff is used by Haight primarily as a device for countermagick: it adds 4 dice of power to every countermagick roll that he makes. The staff is charged with over 200 points of Quintessence, but each time Haight uses the staff to defend against more than one attack at a time, the energies within the staff are converted at a geometric rate from Quintessence to Paradox. In truth, the staff should not exist; it is a Paradox within itself. Haight is about to discover this the hard way.

**Gifts:** Bane Protector, Wyrn Hide, Unseelie Faerie Kin, Blood Omen, Heightened Senses, Curse of Aeolus, Visceral Agony, Razor Claws, Thieving Talons of the Magpie, Inspiration

**Thaumaturgy:** Samuel Haight knows several Thaumaturgic paths and rituals, most of which can be found in the Vampire: The Masquerade rulebook. These minor magics do not invoke Paradox, but he cannot augment them with Quintessence or his staff. The Paths he has studied are Movement of Mind 3, Lure of Flames 2, Weather Control 2 and Spirit Thaumaturgy 1. He also knows the following rites: the Ritual of Sacred Rebirth, Donning the Mask of Shadows, Puissant Shield and Ward Against Lupines (he's still a bit leery of trying that last one; it might affect him!).

**Background:** Samuel Haight was a Kinfolk of the Garou, but was never satisfied with just being Kinfolk. Haight's father and his cousins, the Carney Brothers, had known the glory of being Garou, and Samuel Haight resented their existence. Sam tried many times to gain his father's respect in other ways, but truth be known, he was always something of a disappointment.

He finally found something that he was truly good at — hunting. He hunted big game the world over, stalking and killing every type of dangerous prey imaginable. From other Kinfolk, Sam learned about the other supernatural powers that existed. His fascination with the occult even led him to try learning from the Verbena, but to no avail; he could not manage their difficult rituals. In the words of his teacher, his "Avatar would not Awaken."

Haight continued in his quest, eventually leading him against a vampire he assaulted and managed to kill. Samuel took the vampire's blood when he left. He had learned in his travels that the blood of vampires was healing and life-extending. He also took all of the books of magic that the vampire possessed. Through trial and error, bolstered by the rich vitæ, he started teaching himself the art of Thaumaturgy.

As he traveled the world, learning more of the Thaumaturgic arts and hunting more and more exotic creatures, Haight ran across a Ritual that changed his life. The Ritual of Sacred Rebirth, found in the possession of a dark cult in India, taught Samuel that he could take control of all aspects of his life. With the ritual, Samuel Haight could become a Garou himself... if he was willing to pay the price. With the skins of five Garou, he could become a werewolf. (This is detailed in the adventure "Skins" from *Valkenberg Foundation*.)

Samuel Haight slaughtered and skinned the necessary number of Garou and used the ritual. In the process, he became a pawn of the Wyrms. Chased by other Garou, Haight used a powerful fetish, *Shedding the Spirit Skin*, which allowed him to escape into the Umbra. Faced with the truth of his actions, he went somewhat mad.

Using his fetish, Haight fled into the Deep Umbra and into the lair of Ischen, a powerful demon locked into a section of the Umbra ages before by the Garou. The creature desired a way back to the material plane and felt that the fetish was a perfect way to escape. The unintentional intervention of several Sabbat vampires foiled the creature's attempts and allowed Samuel Haight back into the material world. (For information, see "A Quest Beyond Death" in *The Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat*.)

Haight, now known as "The Skinner," had worked for Pentex before his "rebirth" and saw no reason not to return to his previous employers upon coming home. Through Pentex, Haight met Robert Allred, and the two became comrades-in-arms. It was Allred who sent the Skinner to the

Amazon Basin, realizing that the bloody battle zone would be a fabulous place to gather more pelts for the creation of still more Kinfolk-Garou. By tapping into the resentment of many Kinfolk, Haight hoped to create a new tribe for Pentex, a tribe called the Skin Dancers.

While locked in Ischen's domain, Sam learned several new tricks from his host. What he did not learn from the demon, he stole from the Dreamspeaker Oracle El Dorado, using the power of a fetish called the Conquistador's Sword. The Sword was meant to steal El Dorado's power, but shattered in the attempt, leaving Samuel Haight with a rudimentary level of knowledge in several Spheres. Some believed that Haight had been destroyed in his battle against the Garou in the Dorado Realm, but once again, he managed to escape what should have been his death by slipping into the Umbra when the werewolves saw him apparently torn apart by elementals of the Wyld. (See "In Dreams and Nightmares" from *Rage Across the Amazon* for more details.)

The Skinner was next seen when he attacked the Crombey Farm Chantry. Haight meant to barter for the right to learn from the Verbena, but the Chantry's leader, Alistair Crombey, refused him. With the help of a Chantry member who betrayed his family, Haight was able to rip the power of the Chantry's World Tree away, taking a branch of the tree as a source for the power's containment. In the process, he murdered Crombey's wife, Allison, and gained the enmity of the Verbena Tradition. (This has been chronicled in "The Salesman's Tale" in *The Book of Chantries*.)

A few months later, Haight appeared in New Orleans, this time coming to the aid of the Camarilla. He informed the Kindred of a vampiric slaving ring and gained the friendship of several Kindred. Only a few

#### Storyteller Notes

Many statistics, such as Background or Rites, may be ignored in short encounters. Gifts and magicks may be represented "off the cuff" by Storyteller improvisation, but remember to use judgment and consistency when making up the effects.

You might, when running large combats, simply assign a certain amount of "good hits" necessary to take opponents down. Instead of rolling soaks against damage, simply decide how much punishment a character can take. A beginning Black Spiral Dancer, for instance, might take two "good hits" of four or more Health Levels before dropping. A more powerful Dancer might require four or more shots of four Health Levels before he goes down. This suggestion is purely optional, but may streamline large fights.

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A few months later, Haight appeared in New Orleans, this time coming to the aid of the Camarilla. He informed the Kindred of a vampiric slaving ring and gained the friendship of several Kindred. Only a few weeks prior to this tale, Haight encountered a small Orphan Chantry, slaughtering the mages inside and forcing the power of their Node into his Staff. (This occurs in the adventure "D'jabbic" in *New Orleans by Night*.)

Haight has decided to end his battles. He has discovered lore that will now lead him to he thinks is an Antediluvian's Haven (the Fourth Generation Kindred is actually a Methuselah, but Haight doesn't know the difference). With the blood he hopes to obtain, Haight plans to drop from sight and expand his Skin Dancer tribe. He does not realize that peace is beyond his reach; he has overstepped the laws of gods, man and creation. Now his soul is ravaged by madness, his mind is drifting into Quiet, and his power is threatened by Paradox. Haight is running on borrowed time, and his final race fuels Shaitan's awakening. The chaos and death he causes may very well herald the beginning of Gehenna...

**Image:** Samuel Haight is a middle-aged man with hazel eyes and brown hair shot through with gray. He is in excellent physical condition, but trembles with exhaustion. His muscles, in Crinos and Lupus forms, ripple beneath a brown coat shot with gray. His face is drawn with physical exhaustion and scars cover his body. To those whom he has battled before, he looks less in control than ever before.

**Roleplaying Notes:** So many battles, so many deaths. You have so much to correct, so much to change, and your work has only just begun. Still, it all seems worth it. You hold in your hands the power of God. The energies that throb within both the staff and your own being beckon you onward; you need only learn how to harness them. For that, you need time. In order to continue learning before you have grown old, you need the blood of a powerful Kindred. Nothing must stop you. Your destiny is clear.

**Notes:** Samuel Haight must die.

The method of his death can be as dramatic or as ignominious as your Troupe prefers, but he must not be



# Part Two: Background Characters



The Chaos Factor involves hundreds of supernatural beings. Obviously, we cannot present statistics for each of them; the listings below will give the Storyteller some basic background.

The following write-ups represent three ranks of supernatural beings for encounters within the story. Most encountered beings will come from the first rank given below, especially if they are vampires created by the Sabbat as cannon fodder. Specific individuals are given in Book One, Chapter Two.

## Golems

**Attributes:** Strength 8, Dexterity 2, Stamina 8, Charisma 0, Manipulation 0, Appearance 0, Perception 4, Intelligence 0, Wits 0

**Abilities:** Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Intimidation 4

**Health:** OK, OK, OK, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, -3, -4, -5, Incapacitated

**Countermagick:** The golems add 4 to all countermagick rolls.

**Image:** The golems are large, heavy figures made of clay instead of flesh. Their skin is moist and their faces are stern. They do not speak and they do not change their facial expressions.

## Garou

The following statistics represent three different levels of Garou: Newly Changed, Average and Leader.

### Pup: Newly Changed

**Breed:** Any, but probably homid for Bone Gnawers and metis for Black Spiral Dancers

**Auspice:** Any

**Tribe:** Either Bone Gnawer (1) or Black Spiral Dancer (2)

**Physical:** Strength 3 (5/7/6/5), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4)

**Social:** Charisma 2, Manipulation 2 (2/0/0/0), Appearance 2 (1/0/2/2)

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

**Talents:** Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Intimidation 1,

**Skills:** Melee 1, Repair 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1

**Knowledges:** Enigmas 1, Linguistics 1, Area Knowledge (Mexico City) 2

**Backgrounds:** Kinfolk 2, Mentor 1

**Gifts:** (1) Scent of Sweet Honey, one Auspice Gift, one Breed Gift/ (2) Shroud, one Auspice Gift, one Breed Gift

**Rank:** 1

**Rage** 5, **Gnosis** 2, **Willpower** 5

**Health Levels:** OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5, Incapacitated

## Average Werewolf

**Breed:** As above

**Auspice:** Any

**Tribe:** Bone Gnawer or Black Spiral Dancer

**Physical:** Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (5/6/6/5),

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 2, Primal-Urge 1, Subterfuge 3

**Skills:** Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Leadership 2, Repair 2, Stealth 4, Survival 3

**Knowledges:** Area Knowledge (Mexico City) 4, Enigmas 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 1

**Backgrounds:** Kinfolk 2, Contacts 4

**Gifts:** (1) four first level (2) three second level (3) one or two third level

**Rank:** 2 or 3

**Rage** 6, **Gnosis** 8, **Willpower** 6

**Health Levels:** OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5, Incapacitated

**Rites:** (Pick 2 or 3) Talisman Dedication, Rite of Contrition, Rite of Spirit Awakening, Rite of the Fetish, Rite of Summoning

**Fetishes:** Varies by individual: 1 fetish, or 2 to 3 talens

## Leader

**Breed:** As above

**Auspice:** Any

**Tribe:** Bone Gnawers or Black Spiral Dancers

**Physical:** Strength 5 (7/9/6/6), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (6/7/7/6)

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5 (4/2/2/2), Appearance 2 (0/0/2/2)

**Mental:** Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

**Talents:** Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 4, Empathy 3, Expression 4, Intimidation 3, Primal-Urge 4, Subterfuge 5

**Skills:** Drive 2, Etiquette 4, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Leadership 4, Performance 3, Repair 4, Stealth 5, Survival 5

**Knowledges:** Area Knowledge (Mexico City) 5, Enigmas 4, Linguistics 3, Medicine 3, Occult 3, Rituals 3

**Backgrounds:** Kinfolk 2, Contacts 5

**Gifts:** (1) six first level; (2) five second level; (3) three third level; (4) two fourth level; (5) one or two fifth level

Rank: 4 or 5

Rage 8, Gnosis 8, Willpower 8

Health Levels: OK, -1, -1, -2, -2, -5, Incapacitated

Rites: Rite of Burial, Rite of Contrition, Rite of Fetishes, Rite of Ostracism, Rite of Passage

Fetishes: 2 to 3 fetishes and 2 to 5 talens.

Fetishes: Mask of Death (Level 5, Gnosis 8); The Bone Gnawers of Mexico City have a special fetish that they have designed, and each member of the Sweet Waters Sept has one. The Mask of Death is actually a simple wooden mask carved in the shape of a skull. Each Mask allows the person wearing it to simply be ignored by everyone around them. While wearing the Masks, the Bone Gnawers can be in any form and still not worry about being noticed. It is not uncommon, during the Days of the Dead, for the entire sept to walk the streets in Crinos form, ready to meet any potential threat. So long as they make no violent action against their targets, they are simply overlooked. If a Garou wearing the Mask attacks someone, however, the power of the fetish no longer hides the Garou from his target.

## Kindred

The following statistics are for average Kindred of 13th Generation, 11th Generation and 8th Generation.

### Generation: 13th

Clan: Any of the Sabbat

Embrace: Within the last 50 years

Apparent Age: Varies

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Acting 1, Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 1, Melee 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Computer 1, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Politics 2, Sabbat Lore 1

Virtues: Callousness 3, Instincts 2, Morale 2

Disciplines: One point in any three to four Disciplines

Backgrounds: Resources 1, Contacts 2, Allies 3

Path: 1 in any Path

Willpower: 5

Blood Pool: 10/1

### Generation: 11th

Clan: Any

Embrace: Within the last 75 years

Apparent Age: Varies

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 2, Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Empathy 2, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 3, Melee 3, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Medicine 5, Occult 2, Politics 3, Sabbat Lore 3

Virtues: Callousness 3, Instincts 3, Morale 4

Disciplines: Seven dots in any five Disciplines

Backgrounds: Resources 3, Contacts 4, Allies 5

Path: 5 in any Path

Willpower: 7

Blood Pool: 12/1

### Generation: 8th

Clan: Any

Embrace: Anytime within the last 200 years

Apparent Age: Varies

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 4, Intimidation 5, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 4, Melee 3, Music 2, Stealth 4, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Medicine 5, Occult 2, Politics 2, Sabbat Lore 5

Virtues: Callousness 4, Instincts 5, Morale 4

Disciplines: Nine to 11 dots in any seven Disciplines

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Contacts 5, Influence 3

Path: 7 in any Path, probably the path of Evil Revelations in Mexico City

Willpower: 8

Blood Pool: 15/3

## Mages

The following statistics are given as examples of Newly-Awakened Mages, Experienced Mages and Chantry Leaders. There are very few mages in Mexico City who are not described in Chapter Two.

### Newly-Awakened Mage

Essence: Questing

Tradition: Any

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Awareness 2, Expression 2, Intuition 3, Intimidation 1,

Skills: Etiquette 1, Firearms 1, Meditation 2, Research 2

Knowledges: Cosmology 2, Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Linguistics 1, Occult 1

**Spheres:** Correspondence 2, Forces 2, Prime 2 (or any other combination of six Spheres)

**Backgrounds:** Avatar 2, Destiny 1, Library 1, Mentor 2  
Arete 3, Willpower 6, Quintessence 11, Paradox 3

## Experienced Mages

**Essence:** Questing

**Tradition/Faction:** Any (usually Nephandi, Dreamspeaker or Technocracy)

**Physical:** Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

**Social:** Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

**Mental:** Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Awareness 4, Expression 2, Intuition 3, Subterfuge 4

**Skills:** Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Meditation 5, Research 4, Survival 2

**Knowledges:** Computer 3, Cosmology 3, Culture 4, Enigmas 5, Medicine 3, Occult 5, Science 4

**Spheres:** Correspondence 3, Forces 2, Life 2, Mind 3, Prime 3 (or any combination of 6 to 12 in the Spheres, with one or two being prominent)

**Backgrounds:** Allies 4, Avatar 3, Chantry 4, Dream 1, Influence 2, Library 3, Mentor 5

Arete 5, Willpower 8, Quintessence 15, Paradox 4

## Chantry Leaders

**Essence:** Any

**Tradition:** Any

**Physical:** Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

**Social:** Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

**Mental:** Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 5

**Talents:** Alertness 5, Awareness 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 5, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 5

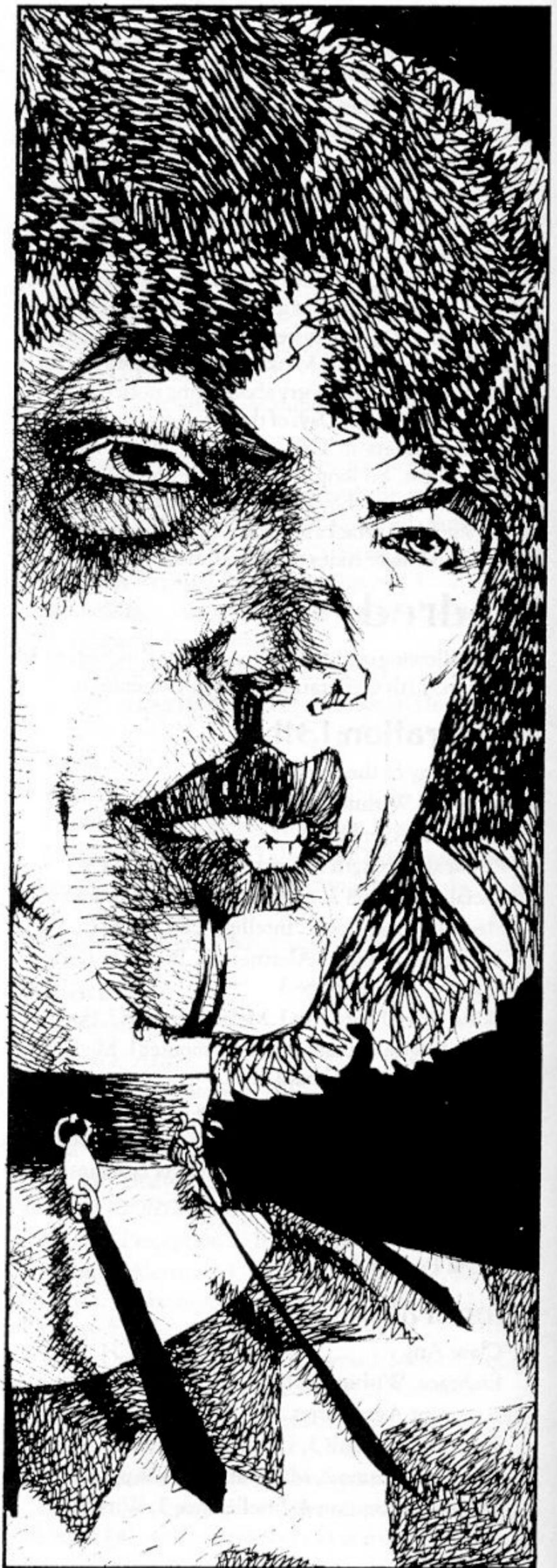
**Skills:** Drive 2, Firearms 3, Meditation 5, Melee 2, Research 5, Survival 5, Stealth 5, Technology 5,

**Knowledges:** Computer 4, Cosmology 5, Enigmas 5, Investigation 4, Law 4, Linguistics 5, Medicine 4, Occult 5, Science 4

**Spheres:** Correspondence 3, Entropy 2, Forces 3, Life 3, Matter 4, Mind 2, Prime 5, Spirit 2, Time 1 (or any combination of Spheres, 15 to 25 points. Chantry mages have little time for trivial matters.)

**Backgrounds:** Arcane 5, Avatar 4, Chantry 5, Dream 4, Influence 4, Library 5, Node 5, Talisman 4

Arete 8, Willpower 10, Quintessence 17, Paradox 2



# Part Three: The Skin Dancers



*Across the abyss*

*This weary traveler struggles on*

*Casting his eyes upon the ground, he cries out,  
"Is there no end to this immortal pain that haunts  
me?"*

— Christian Death, "The Path of Sorrows"

Skin Dancers are false Garou created by the Ritual of Sacred Rebirth, a forbidden Wyrms ritual that transforms Kinfolk into

Garou by using the skin and blood of true werewolves. The Skin Dancers can only be created from Garou Kinfolk; attempts to try the ritual with non-Kinfolk will simply fail.

These "reborn" werewolves begin their existence at least mildly corrupted by the Wyrms, but the path they choose to follow after their "rebirth" is entirely in their own hands. Created, as they are, from the bodies of born Garou, the taint of corruption hangs about them. Some few, however, overcome this and join the ranks of their cousins. For any Skin Dancer, the path is there. The will to walk away from the Wyrms and avoid its traps is within the hearts of all Skin Dancers.

Contrary to common conceptions, the Skin Dancers are not associated with the Black Spiral Dancers. The latter have danced themselves to madness within the Black Spiral, giving themselves completely to the Wyrms. They are, with a few possible exceptions, beyond redemption. Skin Dancers, however, can rise above their beginnings and reject the Wyrms. Whereas the Black Spiral Dancers suffer from insanity as a result of their acceptance of the Wyrms, the Skin Dancers are as sane as their circumstances allow. The Black Spirals, and most other tribes for that matter, regard the Skin Dancers as "false Garou" and often attack them on sight. The bastard progeny of "Skinner" Haight have a hard road ahead of them if anyone discovers the truth of their rebirth.

Skin Dancers do not normally have Gifts, as they have not aligned themselves with a particular set of Banes or spirits. It is possible for the Skin Dancers to learn Gifts, but at this point they must be taught by other Garou or spirits. Given the enmity real Garou bear towards the Skin Dancers, this is a difficult arrangement to make. Some Wyrms-tainted Skin Dancers learn Gifts from Banes in exchange for favors, but the majority rely on physical power over spirit aid. Certain Backgrounds also do not apply to Skin Dancers. No Skin Dancer can have Past Life or Pure Breed, and very few have the Fetish Background (if they do, they likely stole their fetishes from a victim), Kinfolk, Rites or Totem.

The Bastard Tribe are not, as some suppose, shapeshifting mages. They are Garou, albeit false ones in many senses of the word. None have displayed any ability with the Spheres of True Magick. The only exception is

Samuel Haight himself. The Skinner quite literally stole the ability to perform magick by severing a portion of El Dorado's Avatar with the Conquistador's Sword. The artifact was destroyed during the "exchange," and no other Skin Dancer could hope to use the powerful fetish again. Samuel Haight is the exception, not the rule.

Skin Dancers, as a rule, do not have the strong sense of tradition and belonging that their "legitimate" cousins share. The other tribes, even the Black Spiral Dancers, have codes of ethics and rules that guide them in their lives. The Bastard Tribe have not been around long enough to develop their own guidelines. The Skin Dancers are a tribe of Ronin, unaccepted by the other tribes and unwilling to bend to the beliefs of most Garou.

All Skin Dancers feel obligated to Samuel Haight to one degree or another, but not all of them hold to Haight's twisted philosophies. The Skin Dancers were originally Kinfolk, and a good number remember how poor their lives were before the rebirth. The difference between humans and Garou are too extreme to describe — the power to venture into the Umbra is something that most humans will never know. To the Skin Dancers, becoming Garou is literally like being reborn — comparable perhaps, only to a mage's Epiphany. More often than not, the bitterness that had crept into their lives as Kinfolk is destroyed with the rebirth. The Skin Dancers have achieved their goals; why should they be bitter? How many of us can truly say we have realized our dreams?

In choosing his disciples, Haight usually selected Kinfolk with a degree of combat skill. Most Skin Dancers are well versed in the martial arts, both with and without weapons, and a substantial number are marksmen as well. The primary Abilities of the Skin Dancers reflect their fighting knowledge. Many are also well-versed in survival techniques and are fully capable of living off the land for the rest of their lives if necessary. Haight chose carefully during his screening process; he understood all too well the risks that his Skin Dancers would have to take.

Most Garou will not hesitate to kill a Skin Dancer on sight. Five Garou have to die before one Skin Dancer is created. Members of the Bastard Tribe have learned quickly, though, and none will openly admit to being a creation of Samuel Haight. The charade is not difficult in these last days. The decent ones, however, feel shame and guilt for the Garou who died so that they might be reborn. As time passes, this new tribe may feel the weight of Harano more deeply than the Thirteen Tribes ever will. Then again, this new blood may shift the balance of the Apocalypse in Gaia's favor if enough Skin Dancers join their cousins in battle. It is still far too soon to know what the fate of the Bastard Tribe will be.

# Appendix Two: Rules

## Paradox in The Chaos Factor



Paradox runs rampant throughout the second half of "Chaos Factor." The mages go out of their way to try to capture or kill Samuel Haight, while the Technocracy pulls out all the stops and attempts to contain a situation that is beyond control. Even worse, the Paradox Spirits must work overtime to fix the problem before too much damage is done. If the Storyteller desires, she might apply the modifiers to any magick roll difficulties for Effects cast in Mexico City during the crisis. These difficulties, based upon the optional Domino Effect (see *The Book of Shadows*), apply only to Effects cast within Mexico City. Paraiso Vista is unaffected.

The Storyteller may, if she desires, keep magick difficulties at their normal levels and simply substitute nastier

Paradox Backlashes for increased difficulties. The Storyteller should remember that these modifiers are intended to add flavor and suspense, not to punish player characters for using magick. Use judgment and empathy when determining modifiers.

Day of the Dead	Effect
Day 1	Nothing unusual occurs.
Day 2	All attempts at vulgar magick suffer a +1 difficulty.
Day 3	Static magick suffers a +1 difficulty; vulgar magic suffers a +1 difficulty.
Day 4	Static magick suffers a +1 difficulty; vulgar magick suffers a +2 difficulty.
Day 5	Static magick suffers a +2 difficulty; vulgar magick suffers a +4 difficulty.



### Optional Rules for Using Wraiths:

The Restless Dead play a small but significant part in "The Chaos Factor." If the Storyteller does not have the rules for ghosts given in *Wraith: The Oblivion*, she may use the guidelines given below.

These powers may simulate the abilities of the Restless Dead. Like Disciplines, Gifts and Spheres, wraith Arcanos vary from individual to individual; the abilities below are common, but not universal. Story and circumstances can dictate whatever powers and potency a certain ghost might have.

- Wraiths are effectively invisible unless they want to be seen. Obfuscate can take the place of this power.
- Wraiths can possess others; Dominate or the fourth-rank Mind Effect: Possession can take the place of this power.
- Wraiths can walk through walls, and are often intangible. The Matter Sphere or Protean 5: Gaseous Form can be used in place of this power. Wraiths, however, can actually attack from their gaseous form.
- Wraiths can inspire chilling fear or other emotions in their targets. This ability can be replaced by the Mind Sphere or the Dominate Discipline.

## A Society of Supernaturals



The supernatural residents of the World of Darkness come from drastically divergent backgrounds. Few of them can really hope to comprehend Awakened beings from unusual backgrounds, and sometimes just understanding how they think can be a difficult task. Mages do not really understand the Kindred, and the Kindred certainly do not understand the Garou. Many supernatural beings believe they understand wraiths; many of these "experts" are quite mistaken.

However, the supernaturals all exist in the same world, and despite their best efforts, they must occasionally deal with one another. A great deal of their interactions simply take the form of business transactions, and a substantial amount of what each group believes about their counterparts is nothing more than propaganda.

Remember, a *character* does not necessarily know everything a *player* does. Players can read a variety of sourcebooks for all the Storytellers games, but a character cannot. She is restricted to what she can learn in the confines of her fictional world. If she has no experience with vampires, if there is no library where she can find ancient scrolls speaking of vampiric traditions, then she does not know about those traditions, regardless of whether the *player* has read the *Book of Nod*.



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In fact, the more a player reads in different sourcebooks, the greater the roleplaying challenge becomes. A skilled roleplayer plays dumb when her character runs into a situation where she would have no clues, even if the player has read all about it.

## Truth is Hard to Find

Remember that each faction in the World of Darkness is trying to hide the truth from every other faction. Many Kindred deliberately reinforce the stereotypes portrayed in Hollywood movies, primarily as an added layer of defense against their potential enemies. If a Garou believes that a stake through the heart is enough to kill a vampire, that Kindred is likely to have a chance later to escape. Not so if the Lupine decides to tear him limb from limb. If the Garou believes that a crucifix will drive the Kindred away, all the better. Later, the vampire can return at leisure, and preferably with a large group of friends, to finish whatever business was interrupted by the nosy werewolf.

Likewise, if the Kindred wish to believe that a full moon turns all Garou into ravening beasts, let him. While the Leeches may think they are dealing with nothing more than a blood-thirsty savage, a Garou can use its keen instincts and combat savvy to destroy the "agents of the Wurm."

And if the Kindred and Garou wish to believe that mages are all-powerful, who are the mages to disagree? While it's true that the Awakened can indeed become nearly godlike in power as they progress, they are still stuck with the fear of Paradox. Paradox can, and often does, humble even the greatest of mages.

However, Paradox and the spirits that shape it completely ignore the Kindred and the Garou. Why? Many mages believe that vampires and werewolves remain a part of static reality. Despite the Technocracy's best efforts, the undead and shapechangers of the past have not faded from the beliefs of the Sleepers; racial memories of the Impergium strengthen the Delirium of the Garou, and Kindred can use Disciplines to prey on the collective unconscious of the Masses. Mages, however, push the limits of static reality, often breaking the rules in an effort to redefine those rules. The off-the-cuff reality-bending of True Magick contrasts with the static effects of vampiric Disciplines and Garou Gifts, which work in a predetermined way every time. Gifts and Disciplines slightly ripple the Tapestry, while magick radically alters the pattern.

Mages, in short, suffer from major flaws, so they'll take any advantage they can get. If the other supernaturals choose to believe that sorcerers are nearly omnipotent, so much the better. There's less chance that they'll be proven wrong. No Garou wants to be turned into silver by a mage, and no mage in his right mind wants to risk the Paradox that such an action would cause. If the werewolves believe that mages are obviously capable of such incredible displays, the Awakened intend to keep it that way. If the werewolves knew for certain that the mages could be killed by something as simple as a sharp set of fangs, they just might decide that the time has come to remove all those annoying sorcerers from Gaia's reality.

## A Disparity of Vision

Despite the propaganda on all sides, conflicts are almost unavoidable in the World of Darkness. Too many of the supernaturals are too set in their ways to accept another creature's perceptions. The Kindred and the Garou are almost entirely set on different courses; vampires need larger herds of humans, while most Garou would prefer fewer humans and more untouched nature. Even among their own kind, each of these groups has a set way of viewing the world and a set belief in what will make the world a better place. How can they hope to live in peace when their desires and beliefs are so opposed to one another? Simply put, they cannot. Some factions of each group can work together for a brief time, but probably not for long. There's too much spilled blood in their mutual histories for them to all agree — most of these groups don't even get along with each other, let alone potentially threatening outsiders.

When you add the magickally aware into the equation, things only get worse. Most mages want to bring about the Ascension, a time when all humans will have the power to shape a better world together. Sadly, most other supernatural beings see Ascension in a different light. The Kindred certainly don't want Ascension; without the Sleepers, they would have no way to feed, and the Awakened just might not like the idea of being used as a food source. The Garou are truly opposed to most of the ideals of Ascension, as the humans have caused more than enough grief without the added power of "enlightenment." What sort of madness would the humans cause if they all had the power to change reality whenever they wanted? Who would suffer if any one segment of humankind could remake the world to fit their own beliefs of what reality should be? How with this affect Gaia, and what would happen to Gaia's warriors? No, alliances between the various factions of the supernaturals simply do not last well; their visions are too different for long-standing cooperation.

## With Great Power

For the Kindred and Garou, these rules of avoidance are long since established, but for the Awakened, the rules are not set in stone. The world is a nasty place to be if you have no power, and a nastier place still if you only have a little. Power means that you get noticed. Getting noticed means you can no longer avoid conflicts. Mages should not attempt to fight the Kindred or the Garou on equal grounds — they will lose.

Even a strong member of the Akashic Brotherhood has little chance of besting a werewolf in hand-to-hand combat. Garou are killing machines, and more than capable of beating a talented mage in a fist fight. Frankly, the average Garou can take the average member of the Akashic Brotherhood and beat him to death with the mage's own hands — directly after ripping the mage's arms from his sockets. Coincidental magick is the best way to go. You don't run the risk of Paradox, at least not as heavily, and you can simply avoid being hit while you arrange for a live wire or two to fall on the monster's head.

In a magickal battle, the Garou can use their Gifts against the mage's Spheres, and can soak most outright damage a mage tosses at them. All of the Garou's Gifts fall under the heading of Spirit powers; they are taught these Gifts by spirits. Countermagick is tricky, though possible, if the mage in question lacks knowledge of the Spirit Sphere (see *The Book Of Shadows* for rules about countermagick with alternative Spheres).

Because the Kindred do not have to worry about Paradox, they pose a real threat to mages as well. Each of the Disciplines can be countered, but the power of the mage must be compared with the power of the Leech (see below). Vampires, because they are practically immortal, make very poor enemies. No mage in her right mind would dare face a powerful elder without a few non-Paradoxical weapons, so being armed never hurts.

The World of Darkness and the Storyteller system do have a certain balance, even if that balance is not automatically noticeable. Mages can be extremely powerful, but they also have strong disadvantages to counterbalance that power. Again, Garou and Kindred need not worry about Paradox when they use their Gifts and Disciplines, while mages must beware.

### Example

A Nosferatu vampire has Obfuscate 3 and is using Obfuscate 2: Unseen Presence. A Rank Four Garou nearby is attempting to use the (level one) Gift: Sense Wyrms to find any corruption in the area. The Storyteller knows the Nosferatu bears the scent of the Wyrms (the Nosferatu has a low Humanity). If the vampire is using Obfuscate, can the Garou sense him? The Garou is Rank Four, and the Kindred's Discipline rating is only 3, so the Garou has a chance of detecting him.

"Has a chance" is the operative phrase here. This system does not override the existing systems: the ability is not automatic. In other words, the Garou must still roll Perception + Occult (just like any other Garou using Sense Wyrms); if he has no successes, then corruption is not detected. With one success, he will detect the Nosferatu.

Now, what if the Garou were Rank Three? He would have power equal to the Nosferatu's Obfuscate 3. The result would depend on a resisted roll. The Garou would roll Perception + Occult, while the Nosferatu would roll Wits + Stealth (just like any other Kindred using Unseen Presence). Whoever has the most successes wins. If the Nosferatu won, he would remain unseen and undetected. If the Garou won, he would sense the Nosferatu. Ties go to the defender; in this case, the Nosferatu would remain hidden. Since the Garou is the one actively searching, the Nosferatu gains the benefit of a tie.

What if the Garou was only Rank Two? His Gift would not be powerful enough to penetrate the Obfuscate. However, the Storyteller should let the player roll anyway and simply tell her she senses nothing.

# Crossover Rules



Some suggested default rules to use in crossover Storyteller games are given below. These are general rules. Particular rules should supersede generalizations, but should still take these guidelines into account. The details given for any particular Discipline, Gift, Sphere or Arcanos should override any statement made below. Storytellers should use their best judgments in such matters, realizing that their decision overrides any rule. Use discretion, and let the story be your guide. The Storyteller should be an artist evoking a consensual reality, not a tyrant armed with rulebooks.

## Power Levels

When one character uses a power against another, and the issue of whether the character is powerful enough to pull it off comes up, use this scale: compare a vampire's Discipline rating, a Garou's Rank, a mage's Sphere rating, or a wraith's Arcanos rating. The supernatural with the highest score "wins;" her power is more effective. In the case of ties, a resisted roll is then made.

**Note:** The scores compared are the being's own ability, not necessarily the level or rating of the power used. In other words, a Kindred with Dominate 4 will use the level one Dominate ability *Command the Wearied Mind* more effectively than a Kindred with Dominate 1. Elements like duration, damage and range do not change, but the effect's potency over other supernaturals does.

Discipline	Garou Rank	Sphere rating*	Arcanos
1	1 (Cliath)	1	1
2	2 (Fostern)	2	2
3	3 (Adren)	3	3
4	4 (Athro)	4	4
5	5 (Elder)	5	5
6+	6+ (Elder)	—	—

\* In the case of conjunctural effects, use the highest Sphere rating of the Effect that mage is attempting.

## Difficulties

Sometimes, one game will call for a character to defend with a Trait she does not have. For instance, some Garou Gifts have the Rage of the target as the difficulty for the activation roll. Mages don't have Rage. What does the character use instead?

When all else fails, the default difficulty is 6. If the target is actively resisting, the Storyteller can choose to use the character's Willpower rating instead. Willpower is another handy default in the system: it is a Trait shared in all the Storyteller system games. Use common sense; your games should be evocative stories, not math tests.



# Direct Magick and Hitting Your Target

Opponents don't always stand still. The targets of direct magickal attacks should, therefore, have some chance to dodge incoming attacks. Direct attacks— lightning bolts, explosions, transformation spells, magick bullets, blasts of holy light— are often vulgar and usually visible. If an opponent can see or sense an incoming magickal Effect, she can elect to dodge that Effect as if it were some normal missile weapon, falling building, etc. If an Order of Hermes mage begins screaming in Latin and waving his arms, sentient beings should take precautions.

Mind attacks may be likewise “dodged” with a Willpower roll in place of the usual dodge if the subject is aware of the attack. The difficulty to resist is 6 (yes, this is a change from the *Mage* rulebook, made for simplicity's sake); each success removes one of the mage's successes.

Physical dodges roll against difficulty of 6 and subtract successes as usual. The magick, therefore, can still have an effect, but it may be much less than what the caster intended. Some Effects may be dodged completely with a good roll, such as a falling boulder or an attacking spirit. Willpower cannot be used to actively “disbelieve” physical attacks.

Any attack that does physical damage can be soaked. Attacks that do direct mental damage cannot be soaked.

This set of rules makes aggressive magick more challenging for the caster and less lethal for the recipient. Mages fighting a HIT Mark with a Force cannon now have options other than counter-magick. Likewise, a mage attempting to turn a vampire into a lawn chair would be better off trying some other tactic...

## Damage

There are two distinct types of damage in Storyteller games: aggravated and non-aggravated. Most forms of magickal attack do regular (non-aggravated) damage, but there are exceptions. Some supernatural creatures, such as werewolves and vampires, take aggravated damage from attacks like silver or fire in addition to the types below.

Aggravated damage for mages can occur from...

- ...a direct vulgar blast of Prime or damage done from vulgar Life magicks. (Because vulgar Life magicks directly wound a target's inner life-force, they cannot be healed through normal means; hence, they are aggravated wounds. These types of attacks can be used against ghosts by using Spirit in place of Life.)

- ...magicks, such as Forces, augmented with Prime (including weapon Talismans that utilize Prime in their damage). This does not include Forces, Life or Matter created with Prime, only attacks utilizing Prime to “energize” damage. (For example, *Spawning Minor Forces* does not incur aggravated damage, while the *Talons* rote in *The*

*Book of Shadows*, which uses a point of Quintessence each time it hits, does).

- ...the natural weaponry of supernatural creatures.
- ...Spirit magicks that summon spirits to directly attack a target.
- ...attacks using vulgar Entropy magick to affect a body directly.

In all other cases, damage is non-aggravated. Magick may heal the damage normally. As a special note, Mind magicks never do aggravated damage.

One clarification about damage and casting magick should also be made here: a character who is injured does have his Dice Pools for Attribute + Ability rolls reduced because of injuries. However, Health Level penalties should not subtract from rolls for casting magick (such as rolls against Arete). Using Arete is a state of mind, not of the body; having a broken leg or fractured rib will not prevent you from drawing upon your understanding of the Spheres.

## Rules Topics

The following entries cover specific situations that might arise during a Storyteller crossover game.

### Mind Control

Various supernatural factions of the World of Darkness have the power to cloud minds, and even control them. However, most people get the chance to defend against mind control using their Willpower (see the particular rules given with whatever power is used). Some characters even have the ability to magically defend against this form of attack. Use the default rules for power levels given above. Mages must use the Mind Sphere for defense. A Garou must have a Gift that allows him to defend against such attacks (the Silver Fang Gift: *Mindblock* is one example). Kindred have no common Discipline that allows them to defend.

### True Faith

True Faith can reward the faithful with many miraculous abilities and some effects that are fairly reliable, such as the power to ward against vampires. However, True Faith cannot necessarily ward against werewolves. In certain circumstances, a believer may turn a Garou with a sprig of wolfsbane, but this believer must wholeheartedly subscribe to this belief, and it is rare to find this in the modern world. Let's face it, most people are embarrassed to admit they believe in old wives' tales. Simply discovering the true existence of werewolves will not mean they believe all the hooey told about them throughout the years. In other words, most player characters are just too savvy to be able to summon belief in the effectiveness of wolfsbane.

Sometimes, True Faith can be used to ward against the hauntings and harassment of ghosts. The departed dead

can sometimes be sent away with a prayer of deliverance — and sometimes they can't.

As stated in the *Book of Shadows*, True Faith can sometimes act as counter-magick against mages. Rules for using True Faith against vampires can be found in *Vampire Players Guide* and *Hunters Hunted*. (Admittedly, which version you use can depend on whether your chronicle is centered on Kindred or hunters. Always give a hero a chance.)

## Clarifying Thaumaturgy

Thaumaturgy is a word in the English language referring to magic. Some dictionaries define it with more detail than others. The term shows up in many different contexts in different Storyteller games. To help navigate through the sea of confusion, use the guidelines below. If the term "thaumaturgy" does not appear in any of the contexts below, then assume it is just a euphemism for magic in general. If the term is capitalized, assume it refers to vampiric Thaumaturgy.

All three forms of thaumaturgy work in a static fashion—that is, thaumaturgy works the same way every time. These variants of magic do not invoke Paradox, but the effects that a such magician can use are very limited. True Magick reworks the fabric of reality; the new pattern risks Paradox, true, but offers a mage much more flexibility than a static ritual.

- **Vampiric Thaumaturgy:** This is the most common usage in Storyteller systems. It refers to the Discipline of Thaumaturgy usually practiced by the Tremere clan. It is also known as blood magic, and it seems to derive from some special property of vampire blood. Only Kindred and their ghouls have been known to use this type of magic. For details, see the *Vampire* rulebook, pp. 168-171.

- **Hedge Magic:** This form of ritual magic, as given in the *Vampire* sourcebook *The Hunters Hunted* (pp. 63-64), is sometimes called Thaumaturgy. It is not to be confused with the vampiric Discipline. It is a more limited form of folk magic. More guidelines for Hedge Magick appear in *Ascension's Right Hand*.

- **Dark Thaumaturgy:** This is demonic magic, as practiced by some members of the Sabbat sect of vampires and non-mage Diabolists. Those who would use this type of magic must either sell their souls or do something equally stupid. See *Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat*, pp. 50-58.

## Magickally Creating Sunlight

A mage may want to perform this effect to destroy vampires or drive them from the area of effect. If done during the day, the mage must simply figure a way to shine the existing light onto a desired target. This can involve causing windows to break and allow shafts of light in, or creating a series of mirrors to reflect the sunlight down an air duct to a deep basement where it normally never shines.

If performed at night, it invariably involves conjuring sunlight from nothing. It is most certainly vulgar magick and is a conjunctive effect requiring Prime 2 and Forces 3. Without Prime, light can be created, but it will lack the necessary reality, or Pattern, to make real sunlight, which will affect vampires. Simple ultraviolet radiation is not good enough.

If it is a direct magic effect, then use the normal rules for damage, based on Sphere level and number of successes, and the rules given above for direct attacks. If it is not direct, use the rules for sunlight damage given in the *Vampire* rulebook, pg. 194. Needless to say, this sunlight may temporarily blind people other than vampires, but it will not harm them.

## Breaking the Blood Bond

A vampiric Blood Bond can be broken through magick, but potent magick is required. How well the player describes the magickal effect will determine whether it is coincidental or vulgar. A conjunctive effect of the following Spheres is required: Entropy 3, Prime 1, Mind 3, Life 4.

In addition, the mage must have some knowledge of the nature of the Blood Bond. He cannot destroy what he does not understand. Thus, a character will need to research lore on the Blood Bond, or possess the Kindred Lore Ability (and succeed on a roll of Intelligence + Kindred Lore). Medicine, Occult or Leadership could work as a complementary Ability.

## Multiple Actions

Vampires with Celerity may take more than one action per turn without splitting their Dice Pools. Garou may take one extra action per turn for every Rage point they spend. How can mages equal this flurry of activity? The **Accelerate Time** Effect (using Time 3) allows for extra actions. See p. 218 of the *Mage* rulebook.

## Draining Caerns

Garou do not like mages: they often accuse them of draining their sacred caerns. How does a mage do this, and why?

Caerns are incredible stores of Quintessence. Mages may at some point wish to "recharge their batteries" at a nearby Node. This is not much of an issue in Mexico City—the poisonous Quintessence of the Underbelly would taint any magicks used with its assistance. Sometimes, however, this comes into play elsewhere. Werewolves consider their caerns to be sacred ground. Few non-Garou visitors are ever permitted within the bawn of the average caern (urban caerns, obviously, are often an exception to this). Even fewer visitors would ever be permitted to draw off of Gaia's holy energy to fuel human magicks. Some bargains have been struck from time to time, but such alliances are quite unusual.

Rank Three Prime magick is required to tap into a caern's Quintessence; strong caerns (Level 3 and above) must be "broken into" using Spirit 4 to sunder the spiritual protections of the place. This latter Effect *will* be violently opposed by any Garou in the vicinity! If the werewolves have granted the mage permission to access the caern, the Warder will help her tap the caern's energy through him. Again, this is not lightly done; a very compelling reason must be given. "Hey, he's my friend... he's cool," will not suffice.

Once the Quintessence has been tapped, assume that a caern has a maximum pool of ten points of Quintessence per level of the caern. If you don't want to worry about such numbers, just assume that one or two mages can fill their Patterns before the werewolves call a halt. Tass can be gathered at some caerns (see **The Book of Shadows**), but the werewolves will not be amused.

## Harming Others Magickally

A mage cannot simply hurt a supernatural being with a mere flick of the wrist. It requires magick (or a hefty gun with silver bullets, or a stout wooden stake, a falling building, etc.). Use the following guidelines for direct magick aimed at supernaturals of odd constitution. (Garou are considered human as far as the normal magick rules apply here.)

**Vampires:** A conjunctive effect of Matter and Life is required to directly harm a vampire with vulgar magick. They are not wholly living or dead (inert matter), but incorporate a living element (blood) in their system. Any aggravated damage Effect must usually use these Spheres.

**Wraiths:** Life magick cannot harm a wraith. Instead, a conjunctive effect of Entropy and Prime is required. Spirit magick affects a wraith like the Life Sphere affects the living, but Life and Matter have no effect whatsoever. Note that, unless a wraith is Embodied, mages must use **Spirit Sense** to see a ghost in the first place. A successful Perception + Awareness can often alert the mage to the wraith's presence. The difficulty of this roll will usually be 6, but may vary with circumstances.

## The Rite of the Dead

### Level Five

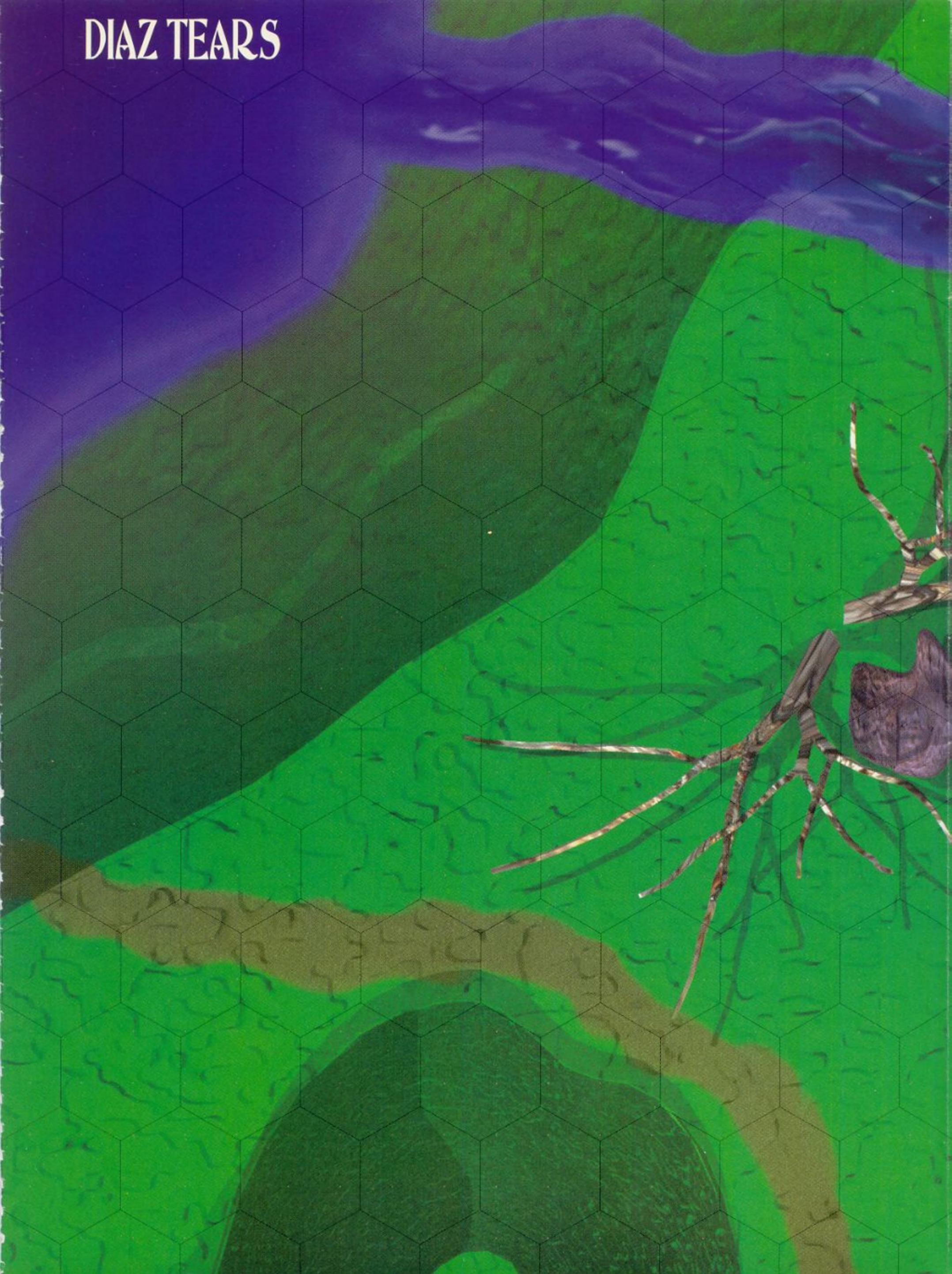
This rite, a combination Rite of Death and Mystic Rite, seeks to placate hostile spirits before whisking them from the living world, returning them to the Shadowlands (the Penumbra of the dead) before they can be corrupted and turned loose into the Wyrn-wracked city. By raising the Gauntlet (called the Shroud by some members of the Restless Dead) between the worlds of the living and the dead, the local Bone Gnawers restore balance and avert further chaos during the Days of the Dead.

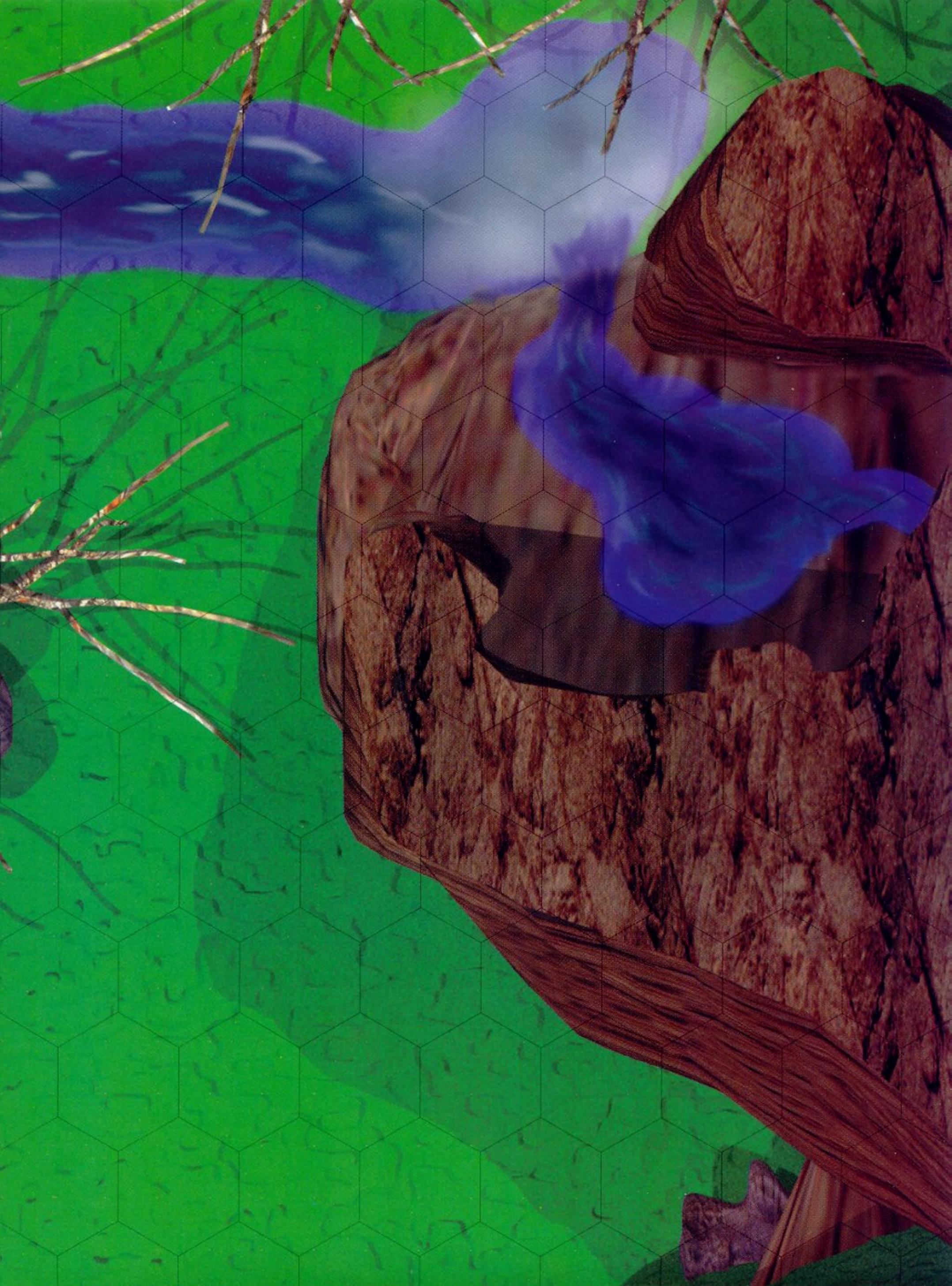
The Rite of the Dead is a local rite, created decades ago by Father Pelo Blanco, a Bone Gnawer spirit-speaker, to protect the worlds of living and dead from each other during the traditional observance. Each year, the Sweet Water Sept performs the rite at the climax of the Days of the Dead. Because of the seasonal nature of both the human celebration and the Garou rite, the Rite of the Dead is only effective during this time.

The rite takes many hours to perform. As the ritemaster begins the chant, the other Garou dance, sing and drink themselves into an ecstatic state. As the power gradually builds, the Gauntlet between the worlds thickens, casting wraiths outside of haunts back into the Shadowlands, trapping them on the other side of the Shroud. Praises and offerings to the spirits, made during the rite itself, placate the ghosts somewhat. Many return to their usual existence satiated for a time by the brief freedom they have enjoyed. Come next year, the cycle will begin again.

**System:** The ritemaster makes a Charisma + Rituals roll, difficulty 9. For every ten werewolves participating in the rite, the difficulty is reduced by 1. Success banishes all ghosts within the city from the living world for one week per success rolled. The Shroud is effectively raised to 10 for the duration, preventing ghosts from affecting the living world. No ritemaster in Mexico City has ever failed this important task. One shudders to think what would happen if he did...

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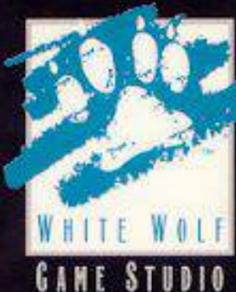
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