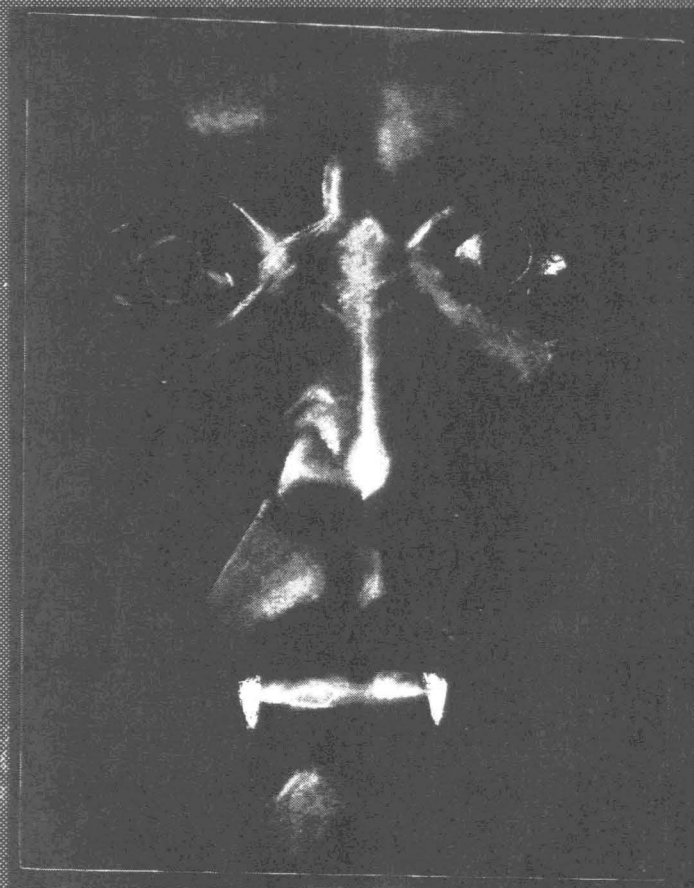


VAMPIRES



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Vengeance of Dracula © 1984

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A Note on Language

For the sake of convenience, the male gender is used as a neuter term throughout this product. This does not imply any chauvinism on our part: it simply takes up less space, and makes for much smoother reading.

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Manufactured in the United States.

ISBN: 0-923763-23-6

Mayfair Games Inc. • P.O. Box 48539 • Niles, IL • 60648



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INTRODUCTION

*This living hand, now warm and capable Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights That thou would wish thine own heart dry of blood, So in my veins
red life might stream again, And thou be conscience-calm'd. See, here it is— I hold it towards you.*

Keats

by Desmond Kearney *Curator, SAVE Central Archives*

Our fascination with vampires is a dark preoccupation—mysterious in nature, shadowy in origin. They populate our folk tales, our poetry, our fiction. They walk through our movies and our nightmares, the monarchs of our fearful nighttime mythology. And why? Why this monster of all monsters? Could it be that, within all that monstrosity, we sense something almost frighteningly human—a terrible creature with a human face?

For remember: once these things were human. Once they lived among us, perhaps sharing our dreams, fears and best hopes. Now, in their terribly altered state, they embody our greatest horrors, and the fact that they still resemble us so closely—in appearance, in gesture, sometimes in behavior—brings those horrors to our doorstep.

This anthology, compiled by the Societas Argenti Viae Eternitatis (SAVE), is a Society sourcebook of information on what is perhaps the most frightening of creatures from the Unknown—the vampire.

The following pages present the exploits and crimes of 11 vampires, each of which we should consider a specific vampire type. Although current knowledge leads us to believe that vampires such as Dracula and Elizabeth Bathory are one of a kind—that is, they are oddities rather than representatives of a group with similar traits and powers—we cannot be sure even of this. Something must have caused their terrible transformation to vampirism; something must have shaped the form their vampirism has taken. Dracula and Bathory, then, may well be examples of, say, Transylvanian and Hungarian vampires; the problem is, we have found no other examples.

The accounts herein are as varied as the vampires: we have writings from ancient Greek poets, Mongol bandits, All-American quarterbacks, Japanese filmmakers, and SAVE's usual assortment of professors and novelists—all of whom have confronted the creature on its home turf, and have returned alive to tell us this.

WHAT IS A VAMPIRE?

The word “vampire” originates in the Hungarian *vampir*, and is obviously the name by which the creature is best known. However, variations appear in most Eastern European and Balkan languages: the Bavarians called Baron Anton Garnier, the most famous of the Alpine vampires, *der Nachtzehrer*, a term we hear throughout the region and into Switzerland itself; Hephaestion and his Macedonian vampires are called *Vryolakas* in their legendary place of origin, and *Vrukulakos* on the island of Santorini, which they now infest; Dracula himself is known as *Strigoiul* in parts of modern Romania. The list is endless, but the earliest names for this kind of creature all center in this Eastern European/Balkan region, an area SAVE justifiably calls the Cradle of Vampires.

Despite overwhelming evidence, we cannot conclude that vampirism originated in the Cradle of Vampires, only that the people of this region were the first to name the creatures (or that, at least, the names from this region were the first to reach our ears). China, Japan, India, and Latin America all have long-standing traditions of vampire legends, and it is the prophet Job himself who speaks of that mysterious She who “dwelleth and abideth on the rocks. Her young ones also suck up blood.”

Western Europe, apparently, lagged farther behind its eastern neighbors in acknowledging the monster in its midst. Before the late seventeenth century, virtually no Western European had heard of the creature, and it was not until the publication of the *Travels of Three English Gentlemen* in 1734 that the word “vampire” entered the English language:

These Vampyres are supposed to be the Bodies of deceased Persons, animated by Evil spirits, which come out of the Graves, in the Nighttime, suck the blood of many of the Living, and thereby destroy them.

Harleian Miscellany, volume IV

Not long afterward, the creature became more than a whispered name, when, in 1751, the *Traite sur les apparitions* by Dom Augustine Calmet, the noted vampirologist, made the rich vampire lore of the Cradle available to Western eyes.

When these tales first reached us, they provided a definition of “vampire” which later scholars, including those of us in the Society, have modified considerably: at first, it was believed that an outside force entered the body of the deceased; now we believe that the life force of the dead person, twisted into horrible evil by the Unknown, inhabits his own body.

At any rate, varied though they are, all vampires have two things in common:

1. They were all, at one time, living human beings. Now, after death, their life force remains in the body, cruelly transformed.

2. The creatures must feed on human blood to survive in this vampiric, undead state.

All of the vampires in this volume, even the controversial Death Ninja (as unorthodox a vampire as one might find), share at least these two qualities. Beyond this common ground, the traits vary (some vampires share them, some do not), but usually center around some of the following elements.

- **Vulnerability to Sunlight.** Some vampires are unaffected by sunlight, but most find their powers are diminished while they are in it; some are even destroyed outright by sunlight. As creatures of darkness vampires have, at best, a strained relationship with light. This phenomenon may account for the fact that many of them cannot cast an image in a mirror, or on film or videotape.

- **Revulsion to Life-Exalting Symbols.** By “life-exalting symbols” we mean those items that represent the worthiness, goodness, or purposefulness of life. As we shall discuss shortly, the vampire finds this positive view of life repulsive; therefore, the creature confronts life-exalting symbols with a mixture of aversion, outrage, and fear. In most cases, one can use the symbol to ward off the vampire; sometimes such a symbol can even be useful in destroying the creature. Most of these symbols fall into one of two basic categories:

Natural symbols exalt the vitality of the earth—its freshness, its ability to renew itself. This quality, of course, is both foreign and hostile to the vampire. Natural symbols include everything from minerals (salt, for example) to plants (garlic, mountain ash) to flowers (lotus blossoms, roses).

Religious symbols exalt a better and brighter vision of eternity than the supposed “eternity” the vampire suffers. The vampire is faced with the paltriness of his twisted afterlife when he faces these symbols. Religious symbols include crosses and crucifixes, the

Star of David, and the incense used in many Oriental religious ceremonies.

- **Restrictions on Movement.** Certain vampires cannot cross running water or other natural obstacles. (The reason for the common aversion to running water is uncertain; perhaps the water resembles one of the natural symbols mentioned above in its nourishing and cleansing qualities—the opposite of those things for which the vampire stands—or perhaps its constant movement stands against the horrible sameness of the vampire’s existence.)

Others cannot enter the dwellings of their victims without being invited inside. (From this last stipulation obviously arises the vampire’s warped argument that “nobody becomes a vampire without wanting to do so.” This is ironic in the face of all the deceit and force the creature uses to bring others into the darkness!). Once again, although such restrictions are common among vampires, we cannot emphasize strongly enough that there are many vampires who are not bound by any of these restrictions.

- **Special Means of Destruction.** Most vampires cannot be harmed by the attacks or methods one would use to harm a human. This invulnerability makes logical sense, for the creature is no longer human, and is therefore not subject to the dangers that threaten human life. The most common ways to destroy a vampire include depriving it of the blood it craves, exposing it to light, or attacking it in some manner with a traditional or ceremonial weapon.

Of course, the information gathered on these subjects by Dom Augustine Calmet and the other early vampirologists was limited in depth and almost exclusively confined to those creatures in the Cradle of Vampires. Later research, some of which has been conducted by

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CM

At the end of each section describing a particular vampire or vampire type, you will find the information you need to use that particular vampire (or vampires) as NPC villains in your Chill scenario or campaign: specifically, the appropriate statistics and characteristics of the vampire(s) featured in that section.

The other material in the anthology portion of this book serves two major purposes:

1. **Entertainment.** Obviously, we expect you to enjoy the accounts. They stand on their own as an anthology, and, even if you don’t play Chill, we know you’ll find this material intriguing. Of course, the vampires are even more interesting if you do play the game.

2. **Background.** When you decide to use one of these vampires in your Chill scenario or campaign, you’ll want to know what makes him or her tick. The accounts, articles, maps, and art are intended to help you create those two qualities so necessary to a good Chill scenario or campaign: richness and atmosphere.

*Now, to help you get started, the **How to Use This Book** section provides a list of the abbreviations used in all game-related text, and an explanation for the listings.*

SAVE, has uncovered vampirism in far-flung places. The findings from this research are radically different in nature to the vampirism recorded by eighteenth-century scholars. Yet, in every case, these discoveries have uncovered not only the creature but ancient and rich traditions as to its behavior and weaknesses.

From that period of Augustine Calmet, when the vampire was first introduced and explained to Western Europe, until the present day, the creature has been a compelling subject of serious writers, but has been of greatest interest to the poets. Poets such as Goethe, Byron, Keats, Scott, and Baudelaire, to name but a few, have written of the vampire. Perhaps there is a valid reason for this: the poets, who are probably more attuned to the inner landscapes of desires and fears than most people, saw the vampire as somehow embodying three of the greatest human horrors: life without hope, lust without love, and death without peace. When we look at the vampire, we look into our own fears; however, the forms these fears have taken are, again, as varied as the vampires.

LIFE WITHOUT HOPE

*Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold,
Her skin was white as leprosy.
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.*
Coleridge

None of them has hope for anything beyond continuing themselves. That is a major difference between the lot of man and that of his shadowy cousin. You or I plan for a future that is somewhat better for us or for those around us; the vampire, on the other hand, plans only to keep himself alive, and (think of it!) his prospect is thousands and thousands of years of doing just that.

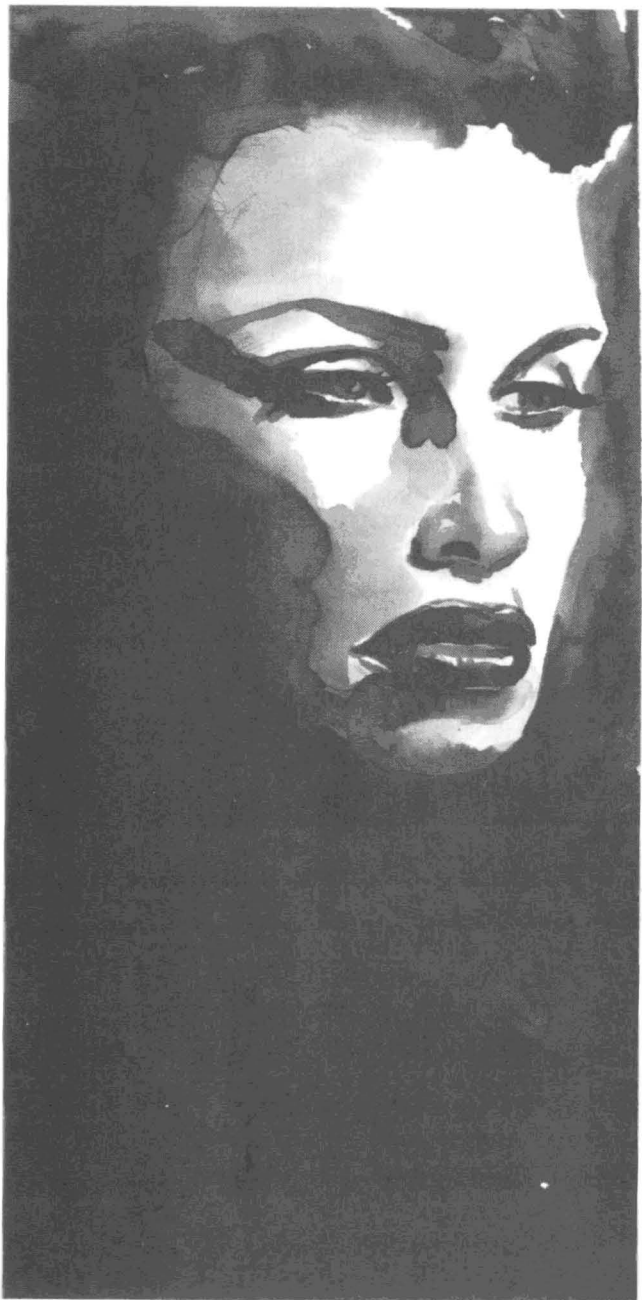
The vampires in this anthology display that hopelessness in a variety of ways. The most obvious example is that of the Macedonian vampire, whose particular form of vampirism is the most infectious we have encountered. Jefferson Turner, one of our more capable envoys, visited the island of Santorini and was instrumental in destroying one of these creatures. His tape recorded account of the expedition (quoted here by his permission) reveals more of his personal feelings about the experience than the account he presents in this anthology (see pp. 91-95). Still, we feel that what he says is worthy of notice by more members of the Society than those on the Central Board:

I'm used to horror by this time, Dr. Kearney. You know about the ghost in Pompeii, and the were-jaguars and onaquí in southern Mexico. Well, it may look as though I held up pretty well again, but there was something about these creatures that scared me beyond simple fright, down below those sudden emotions that tell you, "You're in trouble, son, so get on out of here!" Because this was something that allowed me, just for a moment, to see the world through its eyes. And that, Dr. Kearney, is an intolerable place.

You see, they just keep going on making more of themselves. Their population can double in two weeks, and they're not expressing anything through doubling that population. I mean, it isn't like humans having children who they hope will make and enjoy a better world, and it isn't like animals, who have young because it seems like the right thing to do. The Macedonian vampires create more vampires simply because they want more vampires, want more creatures driven by the urge to feed and feed, to keep a life going that is only feeding. They're like bacteria, doubling and doubling until there's no room for them—no blood left—then they start dying off. They kill themselves in their own feeding frenzy, just because they're so preoccupied with where the next drop of blood is coming from that they can't look two steps ahead.

It's almost as though just looking at the world that way is evil. And it's more evil still to know you look at it that way, and even worse to want someone else to look at it that way, even if it destroys you to get them to look.

Turner's thoughts center around the horror of the



vampire's vision: its belief that the world is a terrible, tiring, and pointless place, and that all should believe so.

Although his vampirism is not nearly as infectious as that of the Macedonian vampire, the same rage for blood obsesses the Death Ninja Nishi Oka. The Death Ninja's absolutely random assault upon his victims, his never adopting any other guise except that of a ninja assassin, and his twisting the assassinations into cruel sport speak a denial of life that goes even beyond that of the Macedonian vampire. Nishi Oka's existence is a celebration of senseless destruction, and, where we believe that the Macedonian vampire goes about its own mindlessly driven business, there is every indication that Oka dwells upon and enjoys the cruelty of his enterprise.

Perhaps nowhere is this senselessness expressed more desperately than in the situation of Elizabeth Bathory, certainly one of the most powerful vampires the Society has encountered. The documents included in this anthology (see pp. 53-60) offer us clues to this desperation, and the same dreadful denial that Turner noticed in the Macedonian vampire shows itself in different, sometimes more subtle ways (Bathory, after all, is one of the most intelligent of creatures).

First of all, Bathory's obsession with drinking the blood of young women to preserve her own beauty suggests a way of life as frenzied as that of Hephæstion, the Macedonian vampire, but in some ways even worse: while Hephæstion and his children feed and feed only to keep on feeding, Bathory believes that she feeds to maintain her beauty. Thereby, the beauty (and the promise) of her young female victims withers and dies to keep Bathory's own artificial, perverse beauty alive.

There are other ways, however, that her life (and existence as a vampire) makes a mockery of those ways in which, as decent human beings, we hope that we will live on after our death. Her brutal occultist practices mocked all decent religious observances, and the murky fact that her children vanish entirely from her history suggests that she considered her offspring and posterity useless.

But still, we have evidence that Bathory's own beauty angers her—or at least that, somewhere in the torturing and tortured vampiric mind, she remembers other forms of beauty that last after death, that can be passed on as an inheritance. Why else would she, needing only the blood of young women to survive and maintain her beauty, delight so in tormenting male artists? It is no coincidence that the novelist Miroslav Gorba (see pp. 53-54) was probably her victim, and novelist/SAVE envoy Terevaldo Roberto Flechero Linares, who met Bathory in Budapest (see pp. 44-60), then vanished mysteriously in 1979, may well be another. In her taunting and toying with these men, she almost seems to admit that what artists leave behind is more worthy than her distorted beauty, and that what they do may well outlast what she is.

Yet, even artists themselves, when they become vampires, are not immune to this despair. Witness Jackson De La Croix, one of the most talented musicians of this

century (as he was one of the most talented in the last century), who has used his gifts (as did Gorba and Linares) to delight an appreciative audience. (Indeed, one of his great adversaries, envoy Pablo "Bubba" Rodriguez, is an admirer of his music.) But, in the case of De La Croix, art itself becomes a denial, as it exists as a mask—a smokescreen behind which he can conceal his exploits. Furthermore, if Mr. Rodriguez is correct in his writings when he proposes that De La Croix stops time in order to satisfy his ghastly yearnings, it is the ultimate irony: at his most aggressive moments—those in which and for which he prolongs his existence—De La Croix must step out of time. After he has denied everything, only time remains, and, since time means nothing in his endless and pointless search, he denies it as well.

Of the three principal fears the vampires evoke in us, it is this one—life without hope—that is the most profound and far-reaching. The second fear—lust without love—is one particular part of the first, and one that touches us perhaps more particularly because it is more immediate in our lives.

LUST WITHOUT LOVE

*I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.
Keats*

The second of the great fears was echoed most accurately by Michael O'Boylan in a letter to Lise Rochateau, wherein he discusses what he felt to be her unnecessarily friendly response to the attentions of Baron Anton Garnier, the Alpine vampire. O'Boylan's jealousy clouds the issue a bit (as it does in *Devices of the Enemy*—see pp. 10-20), and, in speaking on the subject of lust, he is a man of his time, but, in his indignation (and, indeed, his emotional excess) he does touch upon the way in which the vampire's obsessions make all joys hollow.

... nor should I have doubted you, that is assured. But Lise, from the first evening in the villa, it was as though you were one of a side with the Baron at the expense of your fast friends Gunderhagen and Williams. At my expense.

Oh Lise, dear Lise, I know you were innocent of wrongdoing, even of any wrong thoughts. Now I know it. But then, as Garnier courted you with his paintings, the portraits of his four wives, all of whom had died young, it was unfathomable that your only response was praising his "artistic temperament" and his "fine artistic hands!"

Yes, each painting was a stunning likeness of someone—maybe of "something," if one can use such a term to describe what was once a living, breathing person. But if you were the kind of woman to whom the Baron was drawn (as it seemed by his dinner conversation that, indeed, you were) please understand how Gunderhagen and I were shocked to compare your vitality, the bright color and movement that accompanied you everywhere like a rapt legion of butterflies—to compare this



energy, this genuine love of living, with the flat, listless faces in the paintings, which bore no sign that those eyes, those pallid cheeks had ever housed life!

For we, Gunderhagen and I, saw gradually, but with increasing clarity, that vitality was precisely what the Baron wanted from you, and wanted to obsession, that he feigned enchantment from the outset, never intending to share that vibrancy but to absorb it, to devour it, oh my delicate and imperiled dear!

O'Boylan continues in this vein, page after page, but the point has been made: that vampiric desire is to seize and discard, rather than to enjoy and share. All forms of delight, whether they be simple basic pleasures, the more complex pleasures and joys of love or art, or the highest pleasures of religious devotion, are to the vampire only veils that conceal the singular lust for blood. Therefore, these forms of delight are worthless in the vampire's eye, their sole purpose a dark-hearted self-mockery.

Perhaps the most basic example of this among the vampires covered in this anthology can be found in the drug traffic controlled by Li Chang (see pp. 80, 82, and 85). The life of the addict, insofar that it involves a loveless search for relief, for gratification, and for survival, parallels that of the vampire. The addict lusts for his drug while hating it, as indeed the vampire lusts for blood. Li's business brings back to mind Turner's statement: "It's almost as though just looking at the world that way is evil . . . and even worse to want someone else to look at it that way." For it is as though Li, realizing that he cannot infect everyone with his vampirism, offers them a substitute in drug addiction.

In light of Li's widespread criminal activities, Baron Anton Garnier's exploits may seem mild by comparison. But look more closely: the criminal connection is nearly as prominent in Garnier's close relationship to the mountain bandits (after all, Li's task of choosing henchmen was relatively easy compared to Garnier's: the Oriental vampire chooses his followers from among the dead, and thereby does not need to be as persuasive!). Furthermore, the Alpine vampire takes a warped delight in masking his blood lust in acceptable, even valued human traditions. For example, his strange habit of memorializing his female victims—both by portrait and by marriage—suggests what is, at best, a cruel sense of humor. For, as the famous Swedish field envoy, Dr. Olaf Gunderhagen, was to remark several years after the O'Boylan expedition:

The most striking thing about Garnier was the role he played—that of the ideal Renaissance lover. By this, I mean simply that he was the courtier and the poet: one who saw all of the higher virtues in his beloved and promised to make her immortal in his art, so that the world could remember both her and her virtues. We all know the pose: "Her eyes are stars, her voice is the voice of angels, and one can learn true goodness by following her example." Now, many young people (and older people, I admit) feel that way about their beloved. Certainly, O'Boylan felt that way about Mlle. Rochateau, and, when I watched Garnier's smooth, spiderlike behavior at the dinner party, I suddenly understood: the creature recognized that O'Boylan believed in this romantic philosophy and was laughing at him, certain that despite all of Michael's high ideals, the time was coming when Lise would give her blood willingly.

It was, of course, after the dinner party that Garnier began, as one might say, "playing for keeps." Which brings to mind what Professor LeChance has to say about this creature elsewhere in the text, that Garnier seems to consider "the cultivation and savoring of the mounting horror" an art form. This "horror artistry," if you will, rises from absolute confidence and arrogance. That is, Garnier was absolutely sure that he would make Lise his "bride" eventually, else he would not have toyed with the situation as he did those winter nights in the villa beside Lake Lucerne. After all, the blood is too important for the creature to risk losing it in a stylish but unnecessary game.

Professor LeChance maintains that O'Boylan was able to drive off Baron Garnier because, possibly for the first time, the vampire had been made aware that he could be destroyed. If this was the case, LeChance's conclusion that Garnier's new strategies might be different and more cautious may be a valid one. It is, however, doubtful that he will abandon the desire to reduce all values to a veil for the overriding bloodlust: it is too long-lived, as much in his veins as the blood of his duped and abused brides.

If the abuses and violations of Garnier take place in the dark recesses of values we hold dear, those of Huitzotl (see pp. 44-51) are, if possible, even darker, although this may be hard for some of us to conceive, unsympathetic as

we may be to the brutal rituals that characterized some of the ancient Aztec ceremonies. For what Huitzotl has done involves a deeper, more wretched mockery than we have yet observed: using the religious devotion of a people as a method by which blood may be brought to him.

Indeed, the ceremonies of the Aztecs were bloody, but, as repulsive as they may seem to contemporary eyes, they involved a symbolic exchange between the Aztecs and their gods: in return for the bloodletting, the gods were expected to spare the people, or, in some cases, to aid them. (That is, of course, if these were the original Aztec ceremonies, uninfluenced by the corruption of Huitzotl.)

For the most terrifying question of all the questions surrounding Huitzotl still remains: how long has he been at his exploits? If this "blood arrangement" he has with the country people of Tlaxcala has, as some claim, been in effect for centuries, who is to say that the vampire himself did not introduce the bloody rituals to the Indians at a time when such ceremonies were widespread among numerous cultures, then see to it, with his ability to change his shape and distort the natural world around them, that the people maintained a religious awe (and a constant stream of sacrificial victims)? If such a thing could happen in one people's religious history, what is to stop it from happening again, except for constant watchfulness on the part of responsible organizations, among which SAVE should certainly be included?

The danger that underlies all of these deadly masquerades—the element of trickery and illusion within any vampire's exploits—is that, in the creatures' disguises, they pay lip service to certain ideals that decent people value. We are drawn to believe the vampires (especially if we haven't uncovered them as the creatures they are) because we want to believe that others share these values. Thereby we are deceived, for, to the vampire, blood is the only value, and survival the only virtue.

DEATH WITHOUT PEACE

*But first, on earth as Vampire sent,
Thy corpse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race.*

Byron

It is the third and final fear, one magnified in the minds of the living because it awaits them beyond the mysterious barrier of death. Most religious thought promises a rest from endless labor and sorrow for those who have earned it; perhaps the clear evidence that the vampire does not share this rest after its death should cause us to pity the poor creature, should it not?

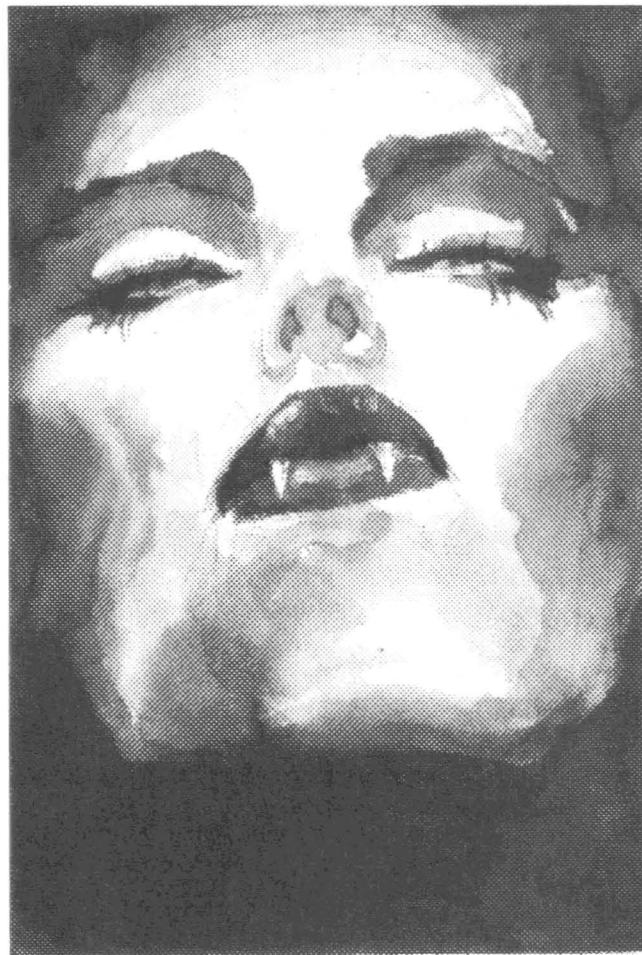
Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. They are like the shark, who must travel and kill restlessly in order to survive, but they are worse: for when the shark kills an innocent person, we grieve his passing, then rest on our beliefs as to what peace that person has found after

death. The vampire, on the other hand, is intent not only on securing within its victim the life without hope discussed previously, but the death without peace that the undead suffer.

Although not all forms of vampirism are contagious, virtually all of the creatures take it upon themselves to, in some way, disturb the sleep of the dead. The infectious vampirism of the Macedonian vampire has been mentioned elsewhere, but this is only one end of the vampire's cruel spectrum: we also have Li Chang, who, although the Oriental vampire seldom creates most of its kind, animates the bodies of the dead to do his bidding. And who is to know if those bodies think, feel, or recognize their surroundings? Who is to know if there is pain or not when one is forced lifelessly, mindlessly, upon a mission of great violence? We cannot enter the thoughts of the animated dead—if they do indeed have thoughts—and in this we may count ourselves lucky.

Other vampires, such as the Bhima Gupta, do not pass on their affliction, but visit a restlessness and weariness upon the living through dreams (see pp. 28-29). This is a process as draining as the loss of blood, for robbed of rest, the victim lives in fatigue and torment; dreams, supposedly a healthy function of the mind, turn upon the dreamer.

In order to create this disturbance, this fatigue that leads to a longing for death even among the most robust of the



living, Gupta must be noticed: her victim must speak to her or acknowledge her presence in one way or another. In a strange way, this arrangement resembles a seance in reverse: the restless dead reaching out to make contact with the living, who unwillingly but inevitably fall from liveliness through restlessness to death itself.

But even more than Bhima Gupta, the frenzied activities of the Macedonian vampire, or the animated dead of the Oriental vampire, is the existence of Ezra Cabot, the New England vampire (see pp. 70-77), that most thoroughly reveals the restlessness in death of these creatures. For the way Cabot lives mimics death—suggests death in all ways—and yet the creature continues his exploits, restless in both his stillness and his isolation.

Cabot has located his house practically on the outskirts of town, in a remote and isolated place similar to those which, in a town as old as Salem, were generally reserved for cemeteries. From this vantage point, within the “coffin” of his large wooden house, he paces restlessly. Professor Ellsworth Smythe III states in the included article that, over the years, the occasional single light moving from location to location in the house was practically all that would indicate to the townspeople of Salem that, indeed, there was still someone “alive” at Cabot’s Beacon.

However, other indications of Cabot’s survival reached the town by less direct means: through his occasional appearance at public functions, his charitable gifts, and the occasional signs of visitors arriving at (but never leaving) the mansion. All of these contacts take place in an atmosphere of remoteness and mystery. Cabot might as well be the mysterious benefactor in a will, which, judging from the general reaction of most of the townspeople, is not far from the way in which they consider him.

Indeed, the attitude of those people who make contact with the vampire resembles, in a strange (and very ironic) way, the attitude of the living toward the dead. They are, of course, grateful for his charitable contributions, but they think little of him except at those times the contributions are received. Although SAVE has noticed for years the series of suspicious circumstances that surround Cabot’s activities, the people of Salem, who live beside the source of mystery, have apparently noticed nothing mysterious about the old eccentric at the edge of town. In fact, they notice little at all about him (although they speak well of him or not at all, as one would do of the dead). In the half-remembered, half-forgotten recollections of the townspeople, Cabot resembles nothing than a friend long departed, whom we recall in a distorted fashion through the changes in memory that the years create.

Yet, through all of this, Cabot lurks in the Beacon at the edge of town, luring somehow (and nobody is sure how) visitors to the mansion—visitors for a lifelong stay.

CONCLUDING REMARKS

Use this book wisely and well. Although SAVE must concede that the information contained herein is incom-

plete—in some cases, even perilously so (at least if one considers “completion” the gathering of all the facts)—somewhere within these texts, may lie the hearts of many mysteries.

In his concluding remarks upon Ezra Cabot, Professor Smythe presents us with a dizzying array of questions—questions about his particular subject that even a man of his learning and skill cannot answer. Professor Smythe is an honest man, for where are there no questions about the strange circumstances surrounding the lives of these creatures? Why have the inhabitants of Santorini never turned on the vampire Hephæstion, who virtually rules their island by night? How can we account for the missing years in the history of Elizabeth Bathory, and who was the “mysterious stranger” with whom she eloped? What of the gaps in Jackson Janner’s career, or are we wrong in assuming the many musicians in New Orleans answering to his description—and his exploits—are the same man? What of the recent “sightings” of Garnier, Huitzotl, or Dracula himself? Will the sightings be verified, and, if so, can anything be done about them? How long will Elizabeth Bathory be able to maintain her disguise in the Hungarian political bureaucracy?

Life without hope, lust without love, death without peace—our great and abiding fears. Here are their envoys, lying unquiet before you, peopling the dark regions of fears, each enshrouded in a particular terror, a peculiar mythology and tradition. Here they are—we hold them toward you.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank the following individuals, whose kind assistance has made this anthology possible.

Certainly we must begin with Dr. Wilhelm Geistmann, whose retrieval of classified documents was invaluable and whose essay on Elizabeth Bathory is impeccable.

SAVE envoys who helped us compile research (and those who helped us gather it in the first place—at great peril) are too numerous to mention. Professor Ellsworth Smythe III, however, offered insightful comments on several of the essays (including my own, the virtues of which are to a large part his, the failures solely mine!), and deserves special thanks. Also to Jefferson Turner for permission to use the perceptive verbal testimony he presented to the SAVE Central Committee, and for permitting the first English translation of the *Bella Troiana* to grace these pages. One could not forget Henry Katayama, who did yeoman’s work on both essays and translation.

Others who contributed greatly to this anthology are, alas, no longer with us. Therefore, we extend our thanks to the estates of Miroslav Gorba, Terevaldo Roberto Flechero Lunares, and, of course, Michael O’Boylan.

In addition to the stories and accounts contained in this book, we have supplied a few pages of game information so that those who play Chill may use any of these vampires as the villain in a scenario or campaign.



COUNT DRACULA

SUDDENLY, WITH A SINGLE BOUND, HE LEAPED INTO THE ROOM, WINDING A WAY PAST US BEFORE ANY OF US COULD RAISE A HAND TO STAY HIM. THERE WAS SOMETHING SO PANTHER-LIKE IN THE MOVEMENT—SOMETHING SO UNHUMAN, THAT IT SEEMED TO SOBER US ALL FROM THE SHOCK OF HIS COMING. THE FIRST TO ACT WAS HARKER, WHO, WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT, THREW HIMSELF BEFORE THE DOOR LEADING INTO THE ROOM IN THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE. AS THE COUNT SAW US, A HORRIBLE SORT OF SNARL PASSED OVER HIS FACE, SHOWING THE EYE-TEETH LONG AND POINTED; BUT THE EVIL SMILE AS QUICKLY PASSED INTO A COLD STARE OF LIONLIKE DISDAIN. HIS EXPRESSION AGAIN CHANGED AS, WITH A SINGLE

impulse, we all advanced upon him. It was a pity that we had not some better organized plan of attack. Harker evidently meant to try the matter, for he had ready his great Kukri knife and made a fierce and sudden cut at him. The blow was a powerful one; only the diabolical quickness of the Count's leap back saved him. A second less and the trenchant blade had shorn through his heart. As it was, the point just cut the cloth of his coat, making a wide gap whence a bundle of bank-notes and a stream of gold fell out. The expression on the Count's face was so hellish, that for a moment I feared for Harker, though I saw him throw the terrible knife aloft again for another stroke. Instinctively I moved forward with a protective impulse, holding the Crucifix and Wafer in my left hand. I felt a mighty power fly along my arm, and it was without surprise that I saw the monster cower back before a similar movement made spontaneously by each one of us. It would be impossible to describe the expression of hate and baffled malignity—of anger and hellish rage—which came over the Count's face. His waxen hue became greenish-yellow by the contrast of his burning eyes, and the red scar on the forehead showed on the pallid skin like a palpitating wound. The next instant, with a sinuous dive, he swept under Harker's arm, and, grasping a handful of the money from the floor, dashed across the room, and threw himself at the window. Amid the crash and glitter of the falling glass, he tumbled into the flagged area below. Through the sound of shivering glass I could hear the "ting" of the gold, as some of the sovereigns fell on the flagging.

We ran over and saw him spring unhurt from the ground. He, rushing up the steps, crossed the flagged yard, and pushed open the stable door. There he turned and spoke to us:

"You think you baffle me, you—with your pale faces all in a row, like sheep in a butcher's. You shall be sorry yet, each of you! You think you have left me without a place to rest; but I have more. My revenge is just begun! I spread it over centuries, and time is on my side. Your girls that you all love are mine already; and through them you and others shall yet be mine—my creatures, to do my bidding and to be my jackals when I want to feed. Bah!" With a contemptuous sneer, he passed quickly through the door, and we heard a rusty bolt creak as he fastened it behind him. A door opened and shut. . . .

Godalming and Morris had rushed out into the yard, and Harker had lowered himself from the window to follow the Count. He had, however, bolted the stable door; by the time they had forced it open there was no sign of him. Van Helsing tried to make inquiry at the back of the house; but the mews was deserted and no one had seen him depart.

-Bram Stoker

DRACULA

by Dr. Desmond Kearney

Dr. Kearney is the editor of *Devices of the Enemy*, Michael O'Boylan's journals involving some of the Organization's more monumental expeditions. Kearney has also compiled *The Complete O'Boylan-Rochateau Letters*, soon to be published by Silver Press, and is working on a biography of Dr. Olaf Gunderhagen. - Ed.

Trying to sort through the wealth of information regarding Count Dracula, with the intention of presenting an essay that will be useful to the SAVE field envoy, is an extremely difficult task. Dracula only occasionally appears in a place or circumstance that lends itself to documentation; however, when he has done so, his exploits have been heavily documented indeed. The documentation has been thorough to a fault: hysteria blends with history, and the result is danger for anyone preparing to confront the world's most famous vampire. Studies of Dracula involve uncertainty, a reaching into the dark—and darkness is where the Count is most at home.

FIRST SIGHTINGS: TRANSYLVANIA

The first clearly documented appearance of Dracula is in Transylvania (now part of Romania) during the mid-fifteenth century. Here, after a long imprisonment by the Turks, and, after a series of political maneuvers so unorthodox and inspired they touched upon the borders of madness, Dracula was crowned Prince of Wallachia. He reigned at various intervals over Wallachia (1448, 1456-62, and 1476), during which time he was also named Duke of Fagaras and Almas. These years clearly revealed Dracula's violence and cruelty; however, we cannot be certain whether his bloodthirstiness was that of a human tyrant or a symptom of even darker urges. Within a short time, the Prince of Wallachia became known by other names. The Prince was given the name *Vlad Tepesch* (sometimes spelled *Tepes*), which translates to Vlad the Impaler. He also became known simply as *Vlad Dracula* (*Vlad, son of the devil*).

No matter what name he assumed, the Prince of Wallachia was known far and wide for his military expertise, his extreme vanity, and his thirst for blood. As a military leader, Dracula crossed the Danube with an army in a campaign that completely destroyed and devastated the surrounding countryside. In short, Dracula made General Sherman's famous March to the Sea seem like an Easter parade by comparison. Besides burning the settlements to the ground, he captured a totally defenseless civilian population of some 25,000, including women and children, and put them to death. The methods of killing and torture were so crazed and diabolical that they defy the belief of some very experienced soldiers; they demonstrate the barbarism of war at its ugliest.



In *Dracula: a True History of Dracula and Vampire Legends* (Greenwich, 1972), Dracula scholars Raymond T. McNally and Radu Florescu cite numerous accounts, folk tales, and historical records which indicate that Vlad Dracula's subjects were no safer than his enemies. They cite numerous incidents in the Prince's "reign of terror;" in the short space given, I may recount only a few.

One's first impression of the Prince of Wallachia might well be gained only under extreme danger. Turkish ambassadors sent by Sultan Mohammed I to Dracula's castle in Targoviste paid for such knowledge with their lives. Good Muslims all, the ambassadors complied with Islamic law by refusing to remove their turbans at the audience. Unfortunately, removal of headgear was taken as a sign of respect to Dracula, the Prince of Wallachia, and to the Romanian court. The ambassadors explained that their actions were not discourteous at all, but part of their religious customs—that they could not remove their turbans. Dracula responded that he planned to assure that the ambassadors observed their own customs to the letter. He ordered the ambassadors held in place; Dracula's guards then hammered small iron nails through the turbans and into the heads of the Turks. Afterwards, Dracula sent the ambassadors home, but not before lecturing them on how wrong they had been to try to impose their customs upon a neighboring country.

Not always was Dracula as inhospitable to foreigners as he was to the Turkish ambassadors; still, even his hospitality has its murkiness, its edge. Folk tales of the area recount the misfortunes of a foreign merchant who spent the night in Targoviste. It seems he left his treasure-laden cart in the street, being aware of the reputation of Wallachians for honesty. Next morning, to his great dismay, he found that his gold was missing. The merchant brought his problem to the Prince at once. Dracula assured the man that his gold would be recovered, then turned upon the citizens of Targoviste, telling them to find the thief or prepare to see their town destroyed. Certain that his threats would bring results, Dracula commanded that the amount of the man's gold (plus one extra coin) be placed in the cart during the night. While this took place, the terrified townspeople found the thief and the merchant's gold.

Dracula had proven the honesty of Targoviste; still, he had prepared a cruel joke, which could well take place at the expense of the foreigner. Fortunately, the merchant was honest and admitted that the money returned to him had been one coin too many. Dracula impaled the thief, then told the merchant that his fate would have been similar had he proven to be dishonest.

The domestic policy Dracula set forth in Wallachia was apparently no more brutal than that of his domestic life. He kept a mistress in an isolated suburb of Targoviste. When Dracula went to see her, he ignored everything (and everyone) else. For her, he held merely a physical attraction and nothing else; he considered her merely his property, incapable of thought or feeling.

Unfortunately for her, the woman seemed to love the Prince; she tried in every way to be pleasing to him. One day, when she observed that he was especially gloomy, she decided to cheer him up, taking the tremendous risk of telling him a lie in the process. She told Dracula that she was with child, obviously hoping that the prospect of a baby in their lives would make him happy (and perhaps secretly wishing she could mother an heir to his throne). No matter her motivations, Dracula did not believe her. He accused her of lying, but she bravely stuck by her story (probably realizing she had made a mistake in lying to the Prince, and probably hoping to bluff him long enough to enable her to escape Wallachia). Dracula became angrier and angrier, finally drawing his sword and cutting her open to determine the truth of her story.

Dracula was no better to the common people of his principality than he was to visitors or to members of his household. Stories are told that, at one point during his reign, Dracula had a giant wooden pavilion built especially for the homeless and hungry people of Wallachia. He invited these poor beggars into the pavilion for what was promised to be the feast of a lifetime. In addition to excellent and plentiful food, Dracula provided music and entertainment; one can imagine the poor folk eating and dancing, praising the name of the Prince of Wallachia, but chillingly unaware of what was to happen next.

After a few hours of having played the "kindly ruler," Dracula adopted the role that seems to have amused him far more. He walked out of the pavilion and ordered the doors bolted shut to prevent escape from the feast. The Prince then set the pavilion on fire, and watched from nearby, amused by the writhing and screams of his subjects as they burned to death, unable to escape the fiery trap.

The horror stories continue and continue, growing all the darker in the telling. The name *Vlad Tepesch* hints at one of the darkest of them all. It seems that the Prince's favorite form of entertainment was to dine outside with the members of his court while men, women, and children were mounted on large pointed poles. As the sharpened points punctured their flesh, the poor victims would cry out in anguish and suffer a horribly painful death. The air would be filled with agonized screams and pleas as the sharpened poles punctured skin and ripped through flesh. Dull moans followed as the victims' bodies were left hanging on the poles. Because of the horrible shock to their system, these people no longer felt pain; they died within moments.

Nor were these events a horror for only the eyes and the ears: the air stank of rotten human flesh—of bodies left hanging until they decayed and fell from the poles on which they had been mounted. Throughout these horrible spectacles, Dracula sat calmly, feasting with the members of his court.

Once a guest at such a scene complained to Dracula that the odor was too foul, preventing him from eating. Dracula immediately ordered the guest impaled upon a tall stake

that raised the complainer's body above the stench of the decaying corpses below.

Thus, the nightmares continued, ending with the various accounts of what was the first of Dracula's many "deaths." Most accounts center around the contention that the Prince was killed in a battle outside Bucharest. Where dispute enters the picture is over who was responsible and exactly how Dracula's death occurred. One account claims that Dracula climbed a hill to witness the victory of his troops and became separated from his army. In order to escape the Turks who, though defeated, had overrun this area, Dracula dressed as a Turkish soldier. Some of his own troops, however, came upon their leader, did not recognize him, and killed him. So runs one account. Another account simply tells that Dracula was confronted by a force of other enemies and—despite the efforts of his loyal troops—killed.

It is recorded that Dracula was decapitated—perhaps in the battle, perhaps by the Turks after their arrival on the scene—and his head delivered to the Sultan at Constantinople. The Sultan, in one of those ironic gestures which grimly enriches history, had the head of Dracula openly displayed on a stake.

Tradition has it that Dracula's headless body was taken by monks and buried in the Monastery of Snagov in a secret, unmarked grave. The monastery still stands today, but nobody has uncovered the remains of Dracula. (Nor will they, for, if the vampirism that has for centuries been associated with the name of "Dracula" did not begin long before the events on the hill not far from Bucharest, it surely began its nightmarish spread throughout the Known world shortly afterwards.)

Some arguable evidence of Dracula's vampirism occurred during his reign on the throne of Wallachia. He was known to drink his victims' blood, which was often served in a gold cup along with the Prince's meal. The thirst for blood is an obvious indication of vampirism. Yet, the fact that the Prince was also seen eating a meal directly contradicts the observations of Jonathan Harker hundreds of years later (see **The Nineteenth Century**, following). Perhaps this contradiction can be explained by the fact that Dracula kept many things secret from Harker, most of all that the Count was a vampire. Perhaps Dracula does ingest things other than blood. On the other hand, perhaps historical accounts of the fifteenth-century Dracula

are in error, or perhaps he was no vampire at the time of those accounts. If not, then when did the transformation take place?

Many arguments can be made concerning when Dracula's transformation to vampirism took place. But no matter when Dracula became a vampire, we know that his life—or rather, his unlife, his existence—by no means ended in 1476. Perhaps the events near Bucharest began his new, even more terrible career: Romanian folklore has long maintained that certain incidents that occur during or after the death of an individual may cause that person to become a vampire. Some of these incidents did indeed occur with the death of Dracula.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Dracula's next documented appearance, recorded by Jonathan Harker (and by the novelist Bram Stoker in his

justifiably famous *Dracula*), is in 1885 in a ruined castle located outside the Saxon town of Bistrita, in the Borgo Pass. A young and unknowing English solicitor by the name of Jonathan Harker visited a Count Dracula in order to transact and execute a real estate contract. Being a solicitor by trade and a highly observant traveler by nature, Mr. Harker kept an extremely accurate journal of his stay (or imprisonment) at Castle Dracula before escaping and confronting the vampire in England. Dracula had indeed executed the purchase of the estate, Carfax Abbey, in London, England. The Count (the vampire now called himself a count instead of a prince) went on to England, leaving Harker to the mercies of his three vampire wives.

Harker's escape was heroic, and we are indebted to the brave man, for his journal tells us a great deal about Dracula. However, the Englishman paid a great price for his troubles. Initially, when Harker first appeared back in a major metropolitan area, nobody (after a while, even Harker himself) believed that he was sane—he was hospitalized as a madman. Finally, he was released and returned to England, whereupon he quickly realized that he was not mad—that indeed he had been confronted by a vampire. Harker realized the truth because the circumstances recurred: Dracula, now in England, again confronted Harker and several of his young friends.

Professor Abraham Van Helsing, an expert on vampire lore, was called in from the Netherlands to assist the beleaguered young people. Not only was Van Helsing well informed upon the subject at hand, but he also



seemed to know quite a bit about Count Dracula in particular. It was Van Helsing who knew that Dracula had raised the stakes beyond simple threats and intimidation when Lucy Westenra became sick and died mysteriously. It was Van Helsing who knew what were the weaknesses as well as the powers of the Count. Finally, it was also the professor who knew how to kill the vampire. Following Van Helsing's advice, Harker and his friends tracked and pursued the vampire until they finally had him within their grasp.

Realizing that he was in some danger from Harker's group, Dracula sought to escape to Transylvania, where he planned to rest and regroup. Dracula organized his return trip home and was almost within his old borders when his caravan was intercepted by the relentless group of friends. Just before sundown in the Borgo Pass, within sight of Castle Dracula, the pursuing party overtook the gypsies that drove the Count's caravan. Quickly, Harker and his American friend Quincy Morris opened coffins until they found the one containing the Count. Harker took his knife and sheared through the throat of the vampire. At the same time, Morris' bowie knife plunged into Count Dracula's chest.

In the words of Mina Harker, who was present and recorded the events in the Borgo Pass:

It was a miracle, but, before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from our sight.
Dracula, Chapter XXVI

Although the American, Morris, died of wounds sustained from battling the gypsies, the party returned light-hearted for the most part. They thought that they had indeed killed the vampire.

They had not.

Mina Harker wrote a short note seven years after the supposed destruction of the vampire. The Harker family and friends had returned many times to the castle that once served as Harker's prison. However, in the seventh year after his supposed destruction, Dracula returned. This time, he was to claim the life of every member of the party who had pursued the vampire seven years earlier. He returned to England, to Carfax Abbey, accompanied by a relentless series of murders. This appearance of Dracula occasioned the first direct contact between SAVE and the vampire.

DRACULA TODAY

There are scattered reports that Dracula still exists on the face of this earth. Whether these reports are true is anyone's guess: we have no physical evidence that confirms or denies his survival. However, the patterns apparent in some events and circumstances are historically, disturbingly familiar.

First of all, Dracula has earned a reputation for dogged relentlessness through his centuries of evil. Three sepa-

rate times he assumed the throne of Wallachia. He avenged the death of his predecessor, and, in a terribly twisted sense, overcame death itself. Finally, he retired to Transylvania to live the life of a nobleman. There he remained, unmolested, until he decided to spread his "rule" to England, and his confrontations with Jonathan Harker began.

Because of the Count's tenacity, SAVE believes that he would most likely be in England, the scene of his last confrontation with the Known world. We know for certain that a SAVE expedition was organized some seven years after Dracula's supposed destruction by Harker's friends, at the request of Professor Van Helsing, who naturally could not stand by as each and every member of the original group of Dracula hunters was destroyed.

Two further arguments suggest that Dracula could well return to Carfax. The first is his legendary persistence, which would logically draw him to the spot where he first sought revenge. The second is the nebulous issue of the SAVE expedition: SAVE is aware that a few envoys survived the mission, but also understands that their condition was such that no information of any substance could be collected. Despite the fact that this was one of the most harrowing expeditions in the Society's history, we don't know for certain whether Dracula was destroyed. However, judging from the shattered mental and emotional state of the survivors, it is possible that Dracula survived the mission and is still, perhaps, in England.

If, indeed, Dracula survived the mission, he might well have remained in England for some time after the turn of the century. Acting upon this assumption, SAVE tried several times to establish the Count's whereabouts between 1905 and 1911. Sir Alfred Herbert tried several times to prove that he had found the Count; he may very well have done so. However, SAVE cannot be certain that Herbert's sightings were indeed of Count Dracula.

To begin with, the Count did not use his name or any recognizable translation or derivative of *Dracula*, *Vlad*, *Tepes*, or other name used in the past. But, during this time, the Carfax Abbey remained in the name of Count Dracula. This fact alone stands as the best evidence of Dracula's probable survival and presence in England. Important documents were signed and taxes paid on a timely basis. The signatures were nearly always those of the many male caretakers who lived at Carfax Abbey between the years of 1900 and 1911: James Lee (1901), Mortimer Weatherbee (1902-03), Phillip Bell (1904), Colin Adams (1905-07), Samuel Green (1908-09), Graham Mitchell (1910), and Francis White (1911). The signature of Count Dracula appears three times in this time period, in 1904, 1907, and 1911; this in itself would not shock civil authorities, who continued to assume that Dracula was as alive as he was human. Graphology/Forgery experts from SAVE have inspected the Dracula signatures very carefully and their findings are interesting, if inconclusive. When they compared them to known signatures of Count Dracula, the experts were not able to decide whether the two early

signatures were genuine. But the experts have concluded that the third signature, the one from 1911 which concludes the sale of Carfax Abbey to a Sir Edward Morley, was definitely not authentic. What all of this means is unclear. It would be even more unclear if the first two signatures turn out to be authentic, for the final signature, the one which sells Dracula's property, is not that of the Count himself.

The condition of the Carfax Abbey grounds did not improve until 1919, after the end of World War I. Here again the property was sold, this time to an American by the name of Bertram Russell. This owner had the entire building restored. Parts of the estate were completely demolished, and gradually Carfax Abbey became unrecognizable to any who had known Dracula's house at the turn of the century.

Shortly before the selling of Carfax, Sir Alfred lost the trail of Dracula (if, in fact, it was a valid trail at all). SAVE, however, gained another possible clue: Sir Alfred kept very meticulous records of everything he did, and kept SAVE aware of where to find his journals in the event of his death. He died in 1918, shortly before the sale of the property to the American. The hidden journals contained the passage of 19 July, 1918 found below.

It should be noted that on 20 July, 1918, Sir Alfred Herbert was found dead, his neck broken, presumably from a fall.

By the time SAVE realized what might have happened, it was too late. The ship's log was missing the cargo manifest. The customs house in New York was also missing the register page which would have recorded the contents of the ship's hold, as well as the intended destination of the cargo.

On the other hand, a register page was intact for the day

after the ship in question reached port. It showed that a dog (or wolf) which had been quarantined for inspection the previous day had escaped during the night. At first, the customs authorities thought that the dog was a wolf. After it reacted viciously toward some of the workers, they had quarantined the animal, suspecting that it might be rabid, and, at any rate, wanting to identify its owner.

Apparently, the dog/wolf was either stolen or escaped. The night watchman was murdered (his neck had been broken) and the bars to the dog/wolf's cage were bent. Evidently, the police felt the murderer might have tried to steal the dog, then, frightened by the animals' ferocity, allowed it to escape. Despite alerts, the dog vanished completely, and the police could not determine how the bars to the cage had been bent.

None of this evidence is conclusive, but it again raises unsettling possibilities: perhaps Dracula resides to this day in the United States. Where in that vast and populous country is anybody's guess.

SAVE wanted to investigate the possibilities, but some rumors actually began to circulate that Dracula indeed was in the United States. The organization feared that the massive "scandal press" coverage and resulting publicity would bring out every self-proclaimed vampire expert, psychic, and even ghost-hunter from the woodwork. Indeed, they were right. Inspired by the sensationalist newspapers, people everywhere tried to dig up clues and worse. The likelihood that a SAVE envoy might be discovered or receive unwanted publicity was too great to take the risk. One can only hope that Dracula did not slip through before SAVE could destroy him once and for all.

It is the intent of SAVE to explore both England and America in search of Dracula. Perhaps, this exploration will be the assignment of your next SAVE mission.

JULY 19, 1918

A discovery today which might be the breakthrough I've been waiting for. Since it has long been my contention that Edward Morley is in fact Dracula, or at least a servant of Dracula, whether witting or no, I decided to investigate the current offer of sale of the Carfax Abbey.

Rather than make the same error I made last time and investigate the purchaser, I decided to check all the means of exit from London, on the presumption that the sale might be authentic. Dracula is extremely clever and covers his path too well; perhaps, this time, there was a flaw in his web of evil and deceit—perhaps he expected me to spend my time investigating the purchaser.

So it was that I found that passage was booked on board a ship to America for a cargo of 12 boxes belonging to a Mr. V. Tepesch. I couldn't believe my eyes. Could Dracula have made such a glaring error?

Tomorrow I shall investigate this matter further.

DRACULA

AGL: (65 + 2D10) or 80

DEX: (50 + 2D10) or 65

PCN: (85 + 2D10) or 100

PER: (35 + 2D10) or 70

STA: (125 + 2D10) or 150

STR: (95 + 2D10) or 110

WPR: (105 + 2D10) or 120

EWS: 150

ATT: *; (80 + 2D10) or 95

SR: 4

WB: N/A

Fear: -30**

MV: Varies with form (L)***; 75' (A) as fog or mist.

Type: Master

Class: C, G

Disciplines: (all disciplines are at Master Level)

123 Swarm

150 Gnarl, Second Light

Automatic Animation of the Dead¹

Automatic Change Self (to large bat, wolf, Great Dane, cloud of fog)¹

Automatic Create a Feast

136 Change Temperature, Change Weather, Lightning Call, Raise Winds

Automatic Wave of Fog

140 Dreamsend, Influence, Sleep, Steal Memory

126 Halt, Teleport, White Heat

Automatic Flight²

Automatic Slam

133 Appear Dead (self), Darken, Purified Shell

¹Dracula cannot use Animation of the Dead or Change Self in the presence of sunlight, but he can use these disciplines during the day.

²Dracula can use Flight only during the nighttime. To fly, he assumes the form of a cloud of sparkling moonbeams that dance in the darkness, materializing when the flight ends. Dracula cannot be killed in this moonbeam form.

Skills:

English, German, and all Eastern European Languages/

M 160 Anthropology/Archaeology/M 160; Art Criticism/M

160; Disguise/M 128; Filching/M 155; History/M 160;

Hypnotism/M 160; Investigation/M 183; Legend/Lore/M

160; Savoir-Faire/M 160

*Number of attacks depends on form Dracula takes.

**Fear Checks. Characters need not make a Fear Check when they encounter Dracula as a normal-looking human.

***Can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

CHARACTERISTICS

1. Like the Carpathian vampire, Dracula cannot cast a reflection. This also means that his image does not appear on film or any other device that requires a light (or heat) source to produce an image. A flame can be seen through his body.

2. The sight of human blood excites and enrages Dracula; to resist the temptation to feast upon it, he must make a General Check against his Current Willpower Score.

3. Dracula does not die when exposed to sunlight; he is able to move about during the day. Sunlight does weaken him, however: he cannot use his Change Self, Flight, or Animate Dead Disciplines in its presence, except at noon (exactly at noon, not a second before or after) and for a few moments (10 rounds) after sunrise and before sunset.

4. Dracula prefers to rest in his coffin by day, when his powers are diminished, although he can also rest at night. He must rest for 8 hours to restore Stamina and Willpower.

Although Dracula looks to be dead or asleep when in his coffin, he is actually in a light trance. He can still hear the sounds near the coffin and use his Evil Way Disciplines. The time of day must be taken into account regarding what disciplines can and cannot be used.

5. The following items offer protection against Dracula:

- *A Crucifix.* (It can be made of virtually any solid material. A crucifix does not include a regular cross, or any item or image in the shape of a cross). Upon seeing this item, Dracula cowers and withdraws, leaving the area quickly and in any manner possible. The crucifix doesn't diminish his powers except that he can't enter the area within a 2 1/2 foot radius from it. If a Catholic priest blesses a crucifix, Dracula cannot use Evil Way Disciplines on the item. A blessed crucifix placed inside his empty coffin prevents Dracula from returning to rest there.

- *Garlic.* The odor of the bulb within 2 1/2 feet causes Dracula to leave the room or immediate area. He will use the Evil Way to make a subject remove the garlic, however (particularly the Influence Discipline).

- *A Wild Rose.* This flower has the same effect as garlic. It also immobilizes the vampire when placed upon him (although the Count can still use the Evil Way, except for any discipline that moves the rose or his own body).

- *Mountain Ash.* When placed on the Count, the leaf of this tree has the same effect as a wild rose.

6. In general, Dracula's attack capabilities match those under *Vampire (Carpathian)* in the *CHILL hardcover book*. Exceptions are as follows:

Dracula can make 4 attacks per round, not just 2.

Swarm allows him to summon wolves, as well as bats, rats, insects, etc.

7. Dracula's blood drain is more powerful than that of the Carpathian vampire. He can control anyone whose Current Stamina has been reduced to 5 or less from his bite. The effects of this control equal those given for the C result under the Influence Discipline. In this state, the victim also has the desire and ability to drink blood as a Carpathian vampire, has an Evil Way Score of 125, and can use the Sleep and Steal Memory Disciplines. The victim has a reflection but dislikes mirrors, and is affected by a cross. Otherwise, a victim in this transitional state has no other vampiric traits.

A character who is destroyed as a vampire while in the transitional state becomes truly dead. A character who otherwise dies in the transitional state becomes a full Carpathian vampire 1D10 days after burial.

8. According to Dr. Van Helsing, there are two steps in destroying Dracula: first, drive a wooden stake through or burn his heart. Then, decapitate him. If a character uses the stake or burns the heart, but fails to sever Dracula's head, the Count turns into a cloud of fog. This reaction occurs automatically; it does not reflect the willful use of the Change Self Discipline. Dracula can use Change Self at the next available time to reassume corporeal form.



ANTON GARNIER

*Garnier's Feast
From Michael O'Boylan's Devices of the Enemy
(Dublin: 1929)*

MICHAEL O'BOYLAN (1877-1928) IS ONE OF THE MORE FAMOUS INVESTIGATORS OF THE UNKNOWN. HIS MAJOR WORK, FROM WHENCE COMES THIS ACCOUNT OF THE ALPINE VAMPIRE, HAS BEEN HAILED AS "THE AUTHORITATIVE EXPLANATION OF THE UNEXPLAINED" AS WELL AS "PURE HYSTERICAL RUBBISH." CRITICAL DISFAVOR OF HIS WORK HAS FADED OF LATE, AS MANY OF O'BOYLAN'S OBSERVATIONS HAVE BEEN CONFIRMED BY SUBSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. EXCERPTED IS A BRIEF ENCOUNTER OF THE FIRST EVENING O'BOYLAN, HIS FRIENDS LISE ROCHATEAU AND DR. OLAF GUNDERHAGEN, AND HIS MAN SERVANT EVAN WILLIAMS SPENT AT THE VILLAGE OF THE MYSTERIOUS BARON ANTON GARNIER.

It seemed odd even at the time: accustomed as I was to the spacious elegance of O'Boylan Manor, Garnier's villa dwarfed my ancestral home. And yet, the mansion lay hush in an unearthly quiet, the bronze doors bordering an unfathomable darkness as if they outlined a huge, gaping mouth. Straight into these ominous jaws walked Doctor Gunderhagen, never one to pause on ceremony. Of course, we had to follow.

There was no sign of servants, and the Baron could have arrived only an hour ahead of our coach. Yet, the place was warm and immaculate; even the picture frames, which contained the portraits of three beautiful women, were dusted and polished. Baron Garnier greeted us, but Lise and I marveled at the banquet that lay in front of us: vegetables of all manner, steaming bread, and juicy roast of rare beef, warmed to the Baron's liking.

"Your cook must be a priceless asset to a large, isolated household," observed Dr. Gunderhagen.

"Indeed," replied the Baron, his chiseled, pallid features—even more pale in the wavering torchlight—fixed in a cordial gaze on Lise's chin. "And I thank you for your kind words, Dr. Gunderhagen. Won't you all be seated—you too, Mr. Williams, for although it is no more customary in my country than in your own that servants should dine with gentlefolk, hospitality forbids that you dine alone. My servants have long since . . . retired."

We were seated, and soon we began one of the least comfortable meals in my life. Although the food was excellent, three of us were ill at ease, wondering how we might request niceties when no servants were present. Williams, of course, was quite beside himself with discomfort, scarcely looking up from his plate. Meanwhile, the Baron moved through the conversation like an expert dancer, especially when we broached the subject of the bandits.

"And what, pray tell, first provoked your interest in the Alpine bandits, Baron Garnier?" asked Lise, the warmth and admiration in her voice making me wonder what, pray tell, first provoked her interest in the Baron.

"At first it was but the compassion that we are obligated to feel at the distress of humbler folk, Mademoiselle," replied Baron Garnier, the faint hint of a smile on his narrow mouth as his gaze dropped ever so slowly from Lise's face. "Indeed, though, such research often—how does one say it in English?—takes on a life of its own? The strategies of the bandit captains intrigue me, as does their *modus operandi*. . . ." He glanced at me. "That is, their method of operation, Mr. O'Boylan."

Dr. Gunderhagen eyed me cautiously; Williams wondered if the young Master O'Boylan would be so gracious as to pass the potatoes. Lise, meanwhile, sat rapt (or so it appeared to me) as the Baron continued, his conversation weaving from English to French to German and back, as if language were itself an intricate web in which he might ensnare the most beautiful and bright of butterflies.

"You see, this study of banditry has been, for years, only a half-hearted interest, pursued in bits and snatches."

"As it were," I agreed, receiving a withering glance from Lise for my simple agreement.

The Baron cleared his throat and continued, pale eyes following Lise in the nodding torchlight. "It is seldom that a man of my . . . calling can find the leisure to pursue casual interests. When the bandits were safely on the other side of Switzerland, I feared that too avid an investigation of them would make me seem . . . somehow bored and silly." This speech he delivered, then stared at me. His eyes, which had never met mine before, seemed to glow red in the dim light of the dining hall.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. O'Boylan," he said in a low, poisonously musical voice, leaning forward at the table until his shadow seemed to loom above me. "I forget that you have come a great distance in pursuit of an interest that actually, while you were safe in Ireland, should not have concerned you. But now you have come to the bandits; they are nearby, and I have found that the nearness of the enemy often breeds cause for the . . . greatest concern."

"As I was saying," he continued, leaning back in his chair, his gaze returning idly, almost lazily, to Lise, "you have traveled a great distance—over snow, over ice, through a great cold that wearies the body more than long travel itself. This conversation can wait until tomorrow. I fear from the lowering clouds and the dullness of the air—those signs I have learned to read from my many years in this region—that a great snowfall is at hand. Perhaps we shall have days in which to continue our chat. Perhaps," he said, smiling again, "even longer."

He rose from the table and brushed back his white hair with an elegant movement of a pale, tapering hand. Then he bowed and took his leave of us. Fascinated, Lise watched him until he left the dining hall.

ANTON GARNIER

By Jacques LeChance, Ph.D.

Dr. Jacques LeChance was raised in northern France and educated in Paris, receiving doctorates in both Anthropology and Archaeology from the Sorbonne. LeChance has served the SAVE organization in a variety of capacities since he joined in 1964. An outstanding envoy in the field as well as a respected expert and consultant, Dr. LeChance continues his long line of distinguished contributions to SAVE with this article concerning Anton Garnier, the Alpine vampire. - Ed.

It is generally believed, despite lack of documentation, that the Alpine vampire originated in the mountainous regions of Italy, Switzerland, and Bavaria. Early tales and legends of the Alpine regions involve pale men and women with snow-white hair, who live among thieves and gypsies and drink the blood of humans in order to survive the harsh climate. More and more stories have emerged through the centuries, and reveal an uncanny consistency of detail. The consistency of these folk tales, coupled with more recent and unsettling accounts of "firsthand observation" by Swiss villagers and even some

foreign travelers, made it seem imperative that SAVE investigate the occurrences.

1875:

THE SCHMIDT EXPEDITION

In 1875, Dr. Hans Schmidt, himself a native of Switzerland and a highly regarded member of SAVE, led a five-man expedition to Lucerne for the purpose of shedding light on the mysterious legends mentioned previously. All five died under highly suspicious circumstances: although the public statement of the Lucerne police claimed that the men were ambushed, robbed, and slain by gypsies, a highly secret follow-up by Dr. Olaf Gunderhagen (which included interviewing several witnesses and investigating Lucerne police files in a manner best described as unauthorized) confirmed our worst suspicions. Each man bled to death, but no wounds suggested an ambush by highway thieves. All of the envoys' money and valuables had been stolen, which lent credence to the police account; however, each body lay in a separate location no closer than four miles to the others. It is hardly likely that a party of such training and mutual loyalty would continue calmly up a road while a band of thieves eliminated them one by one. SAVE deeply regretted the loss of the men and vowed to get to the bottom of the mystery.

1898:

THE O'BOYLAN EXPEDITION— FIRST SIGHTING

For over two decades after Gunderhagen's discoveries, brief, almost half-hearted investigations took place in the Lucerne area. The reasons for delay and interruptions were many, and local authorities were most uncooperative, given that such events did not recur during that time, and aware as they were that publicity might damage a growing tourist trade. Then, in 1897, the bizarre murders resumed; soon the Society returned to the Swiss Alps, intending to finish what Dr. Schmidt had begun. This time, SAVE was more successful; the expedition resulted in the first accepted sighting of an Alpine vampire.

In January of 1898, SAVE envoys Dr. Olaf Gunderhagen, Michael O'Boylan, Lise Rochateau, and Evan Williams gathered in Geneva, intent on investigating banditry and murder in the Lake Lucerne area. By coincidence (but what is coincidence when one deals with the Unknown?) they accepted lodging at the villa of Baron Anton Garnier, on the outskirts of Lucerne, perched in an isolated spot above the lake. Baron Garnier turned out to be the Alpine vampire himself, intent on leading the envoys into an icy deathtrap; the envoys were able to escape, although barely. They did manage, however, through a combination of heroism and luck, to drive the creature away from the area (though they could not destroy him).

Shortly after the 1898 expedition, several Alpine vampires were sighted. It is, however, through the efforts of Gunderhagen, O'Boylan, Rochateau, and Williams, that

we possess almost all of our knowledge concerning the Alpine vampire. We have confirmed that the Alpine vampire has traveled beyond the boundaries of its homeland during this century; SAVE fears that today the creature visits most civilized regions of Europe and North America, although it clearly prefers to reside only in cooler areas that have harsh winters. Some reports suggest one such creature may be living in the London area; these reports are unverified.

Despite more recent appearances of the creature, Baron Anton Garnier, the first known Alpine vampire, was both stronger and more clever than any of his cousins. Indeed, one may expect his eventual return to the Known world within the century. The Baron serves as the best subject for this study.

BARON ANTON GARNIER: PHYSICAL APPEARANCE

Judging from both Swiss legend and from scattered twentieth-century sightings of the creature, the Alpine vampire is very similar in appearance to the Carpathian vampire. The sole difference is that the hair of the Alpine vampire is almost always a dull white, except within the first few hours after it has fed; during this time the hair regains its original color and shine.

Of course, specific vampires vary in individual appearance. Michael O'Boylan, member of the 1898 expedition, considered the Baron elegant but not handsome (this observation was questionable considering O'Boylan's fury at the Baron's open flirtation with the lovely Mlle. Rochateau). O'Boylan's journal, *Devices of the Enemy*, describes the Baron's appearance as "chiseled." The expression on his face seldom changed, retaining a distant formality. His skin was pallid, and the whites of his eyes were a bloodshot pink that I scarcely noticed at the time. His pupils were deep transparent red, much like the color of a full red wine, but easily and dangerously mistaken for a dark brown in any unreliable light.

"His eyebrows were quite thin—indeed barely discernible on his forehead. He was clean-shaven, his hair either white or a blonde barely distinguishable from white. It was neatly trimmed and always in place. . . .

"The Baron stood well over six feet tall, as slender and pale as a mountain ash. His dress reflected wealth and discriminating, if not conservative, taste. His fingernails were so well manicured, his teeth so white and healthy, that they almost shone. Although even at first meeting his canine teeth suggested fangs, I dismissed the possibility as an illusion caused by moonlight reflected off the snow."

BARON ANTON GARNIER: UNUSUAL TRAITS

According to medieval Swiss and Northern Italian folk tales, the Alpine vampire sometimes kept company with mountain bandits who served its needs. This practice seemed to have stopped with the spread of law and order to even the most remote reaches of Europe. However,



SAVE believes that the vampires have simply “gone underground” and that they have increased their connections with the gypsies and the criminal communities of larger cities.

If encounters with Baron Garnier as well as other dealings with alleged Alpine vampires may be taken as examples, it appears that the creature prefers not to engage in physical combat. Instead, the creature uses Evil Way Disciplines as its preferred means of self-defense. Baron Garnier created swarms of rats to harry SAVE envoys. (The fact that rats swarmed at his command, as opposed to smaller animals such as bats or insects, is unusual, and indicates that the Baron—if not the Alpine vampire in general—has extraordinary Evil Way power.) Other Alpine vampires have been known to animate the dead, often forcing enemies to fight the corpses of their own companions.

When forced to fight without the help of Evil Way Disciplines, the Baron proved to be a tough opponent. Even the Baron’s punches are capable of critically wounding an individual, as Dr. Gunderhagen could well attest seven years after the expedition; he still bore the scars of the Baron’s attack. One can only assume that other vampires of the species are comparably dangerous.

Although neither O’Boylan, Rochateau, nor Gunderhagen saw Garnier use a weapon (Williams, unfortunately, was unavailable for comment when O’Boylan recounted the expedition, having lost his life in the Bataphut expedition of 1908), we cannot assume from this that weapons were unfamiliar to the Baron, nor certainly can we draw conclusions about the skills of Alpine vampires in general. The creatures of the Swiss folk tales have been known to pick up bows (pistols in later versions of the stories) and fire them with surprising accuracy, especially as they rode with the bandits. After all, as the Australian philosopher Ian Sedgewick has noted, “It is safer to assume skill with a ranged weapon than the lack thereof.”

THE PERSONALITY OF THE ALPINE VAMPIRE

As even an elementary psychology student can tell you, it is virtually impossible to totally abstract and condense the inner workings of the human mind; one can only imagine the complexity in the case of a creature from the Unknown. It is important, however, that we understand the drives and fears of the Alpine vampire as clearly as possible. Such information might well lead to victory over the Alpine vampire, or even an advantage over other species of the creature; furthermore, it could save the lives of envoys. With these goals in mind, and a strong sense of the dangers of such an effort, I shall try to analyze the inner workings of the Baron’s mind, based on O’Boylan’s observations of his behavior.

In general, little seemed to distinguish Garnier’s behavior from that of a normal human being. The major differences between vampire and human, of course, spring from the creature’s bloodlust, which dictates many of its

actions. However, these are the “deeds performed in darkness,” and are seldom apparent to the human observer. Like most vampires, the Baron is expert in concealing his vampiric actions, and derives a sense of superiority from hoodwinking mortals on a daily basis.

Garnier’s sense of superiority also stems from a sense of power—the confidence that he can quickly and easily dispose of any threat. Toward the end of the 1898 expedition, Garnier flaunted his power over the envoys, not concerned in the least that the envoys knew for certain that he was a vampire. He was confident that they posed no threat to him. In fact, had it not been for a series of coincidences and a convenient icicle, Garnier probably would have had the envoys completely at his mercy.

At any rate, Garnier masks this arrogance as aristocratic charm—a strategy he has used effectively against SAVE envoys, many of whom (especially in the previous century) come from the European and American leisure class, and thus admire this particular kind of bearing. Garnier’s manners, speech, and hospitality are impeccable. His demeanor is truly baronial. (It is uncertain whether he was actually a baron in life, or whether he assumed the title as part of his disguise after becoming a vampire. All records of European peerage only show “Anton Garniers” as Barons of Kriens—whether these are his ancestors or instances of his own reappearances is impossible to tell.) This bearing, combined with the Baron’s wealth, prestige, and the luxurious surroundings he prefers, conspire to make the vampire appear to be a truly charming character.

Indeed, when O’Boylan’s expedition first arrived at Garnier’s villa in Lucerne, Mlle. Rochateau was almost immediately attracted to the Baron (as is evident, to O’Boylan’s chagrin, in the excerpt from *Devices of the Enemy*). This attraction, as those familiar with Mr. O’Boylan’s adventures may recall, was almost fatal—indeed, almost worse than fatal.

Garnier’s personal and social charms, combined with his ability to hypnotize and to control victims through the use of Evil Way Disciplines (Influence, Sleep, and Steal Memory), make him an extremely subtle and formidable foe. As is the case with even the most sophisticated vampire, however, there comes a point where social charm gives way to the use of more powerful, obsessive attractions. Like a dazed mouse in front of the swaying cobra, the victim falls under the control of the vampire.

Judging from O’Boylan’s account, Garnier played this venomous process of desires and attractions like an accomplished director. Indeed, one thing that runs consistently through Garnier’s personality is an almost artistic pride in his works: in the strange paintings with which he commemorated his departed wives, in his manipulations of Mlle. Rochateau, and finally, in his cultivation and savoring of the mounting horror in the snowbound villa.

Now, any creature from the Unknown causes fear in a person. Even certain animals—the tiger turned man-eater, perhaps, or the shark—create a fear that challenges any

caused by the Unknown. Because of their sense of superior power and their immortality, vampires promote and nurture a sense of prolonged and increasing horror.

Horror is a more subtle, perhaps a more cruel emotion to inflict than terror. Although both emotions draw upon some of our darkest fears, they draw upon those fears in different ways: terror is active and immediate, while horror is passive, dreaded, even helpless. A person attacked by a mad dog is terrorized; the danger lies immediate and threatening before him. On the other hand, the fear resulting from horror is not direct, but rather a series of circumstances that incite fear and anxiety in the victim. The source of danger is a step removed: threatening because it may at any moment become terror—an immediate and present danger—but more weakening, more cruel, because the expectation of terror grows in the victim's mind. A person bitten by a mad dog, having no hope of cure, experiences horror. His fears and anxieties slowly overtake him as he awaits the madness and death that will inevitably come, yet, at the moment, there is no active threat to him—at least not evident, at least not now.

Who is to say what fears, what imaginings, passed through the mind of Mlle. Rochateau when she awoke in the guest chamber, the portraits of the Baron's four wives set in front of her, with a fifth painting incomplete? The unfinished painting still awaited the detail of the woman's face, but the figure was dressed in the gown Lise herself was wearing. Who hangs a painting before it is finished, unless hanging the painting is a gesture itself, designed to impress or affect the beholder? Clearly, Garnier delighted in the rising horror of his intended victim.

I am at a loss to explain the reason for such behavior; certainly part of it stems from cruelty, a quality we find difficult to explain, although we are faced daily with its examples. But then again, why is it the nature of a cat to toy with a cornered mouse before making the kill? Sometimes, because of playing with its prey, the cat accidentally allows the mouse to escape. But the cat will always toy and play. We see the behavior elsewhere, and we are just as helpless to come up with a sound explanation. Nonetheless, the behavior continues to exist without the benefit of an explanation.

Indeed, Mlle. Rochateau was not the only victim of the Baron's "horror artistry;" as Lise fell under the complete control of Garnier, she argued openly with her fellow envoys, defended the Baron's actions even when they became clearly evil, took offense at imagined slights, and, in essence, dragged her colleagues into rising horror, when they saw themselves losing her to the Baron. Mlle. Rochateau remained an ally of Garnier even beyond the final confrontation between O'Boylan and the Baron, assisting in the vampire's narrow escape.

Even at the brink of defeat, Garnier's control over Lise was powerful. Yet, Garnier did not come back. Had he done so, it is very possible he could have claimed Lise at any moment in the next several months. Could he have returned? If so, did something resembling fear prevent his return? Perhaps a fear, generally held by the lesser vampires, may even haunt the Baron himself.

At various points in our lives, we confront our own mortality. The vampire, on the other hand, is perfectly capable of existing forever in a state of existence it con-



fuses with more traditional notions of immortality. This confusion probably contributes to the vampire's arrogance, his belief in his own superiority. A vampire is immortal only in the context that a being cannot be "killed" if the being is not alive; however, we do know he can be destroyed.

At the villa beside Lake Lucerne, perhaps Garnier confronted the possibility of his own destruction. In a sense, the Baron may have realized his "immortality" was not assured; as a mortal man may change when confronted with mortality, seeing a new value in the things of this world, perhaps the Baron realized the fragile nature of his own existence and lost his false sense of security.

Perhaps it is possible to use the vampires' own arrogance against them. Most vampires never realize their vulnerability until it is too late, assuming their admittedly great powers are limitless. Perhaps its overconfidence is the vampire's greatest weakness.

It may very well be that the next SAVE envoys to meet up with Baron Anton Garnier will not have the chance to exploit this weakness. Aware that some of his enemies are indeed capable of destroying him, Garnier may be more wary and devious than before.

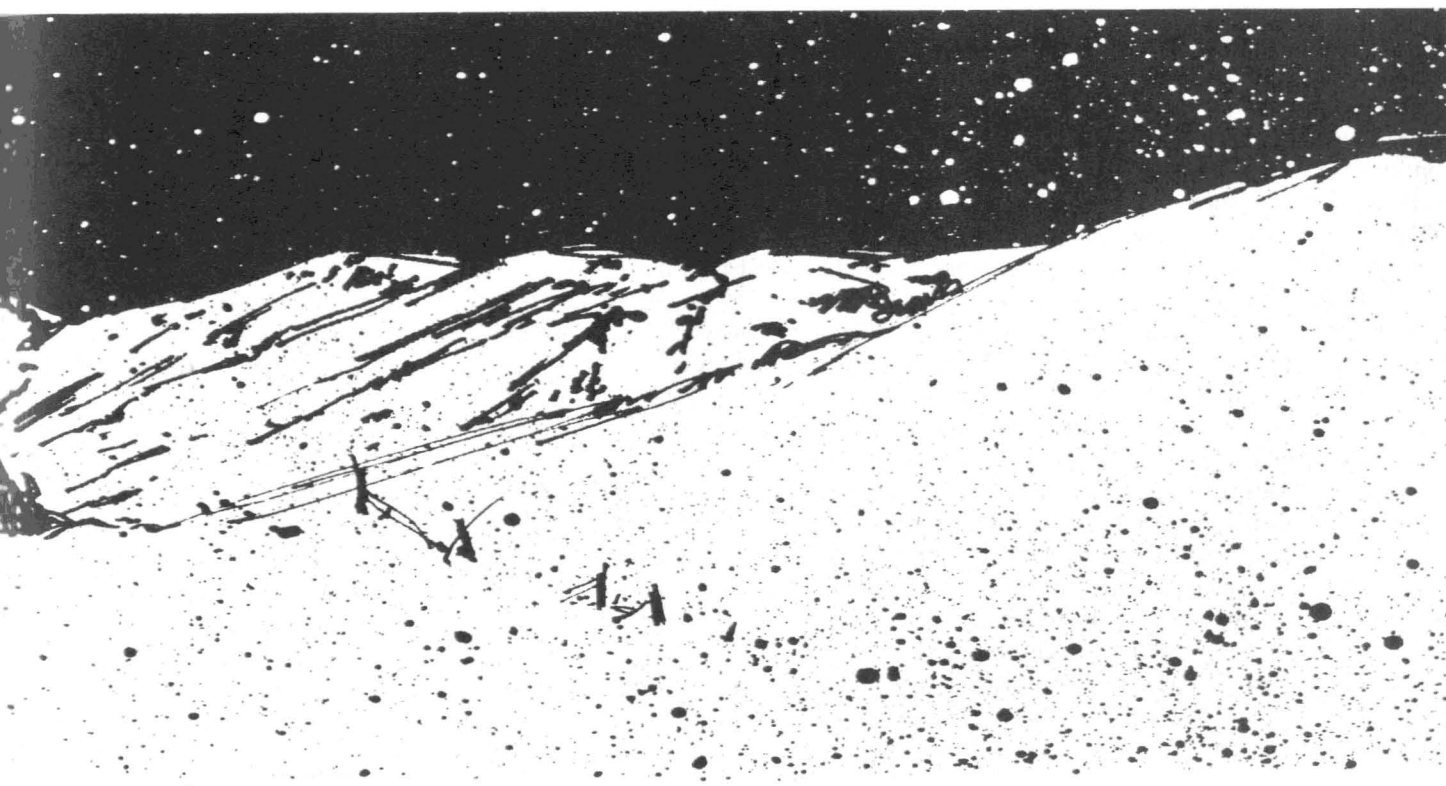
If Garnier has been forewarned by the 1898 expedition, perhaps his only other major vulnerability might be his obsessive choice of a female victim; judging from his focus upon Lise, his short-lived "brides," and his virtual neglect of the male envoys in the 1898 expedition, it seems that the Baron will claim blood victims only from females, and, although he will kill males, he will do so by means other than blood drain.

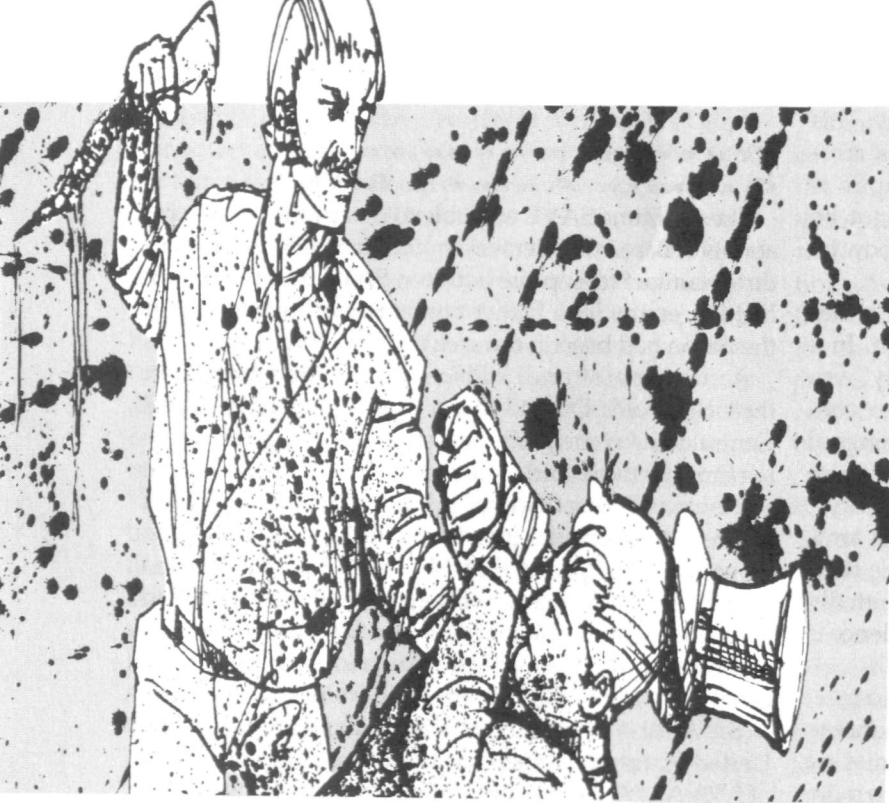
WHAT HAPPENED TO GARNIER AFTER 1898?

The next time SAVE was able to determine the whereabouts of Baron Garnier was in 1924, in St-Die, France. No direct contact took place between SAVE and the Baron. Instead, envoy Jean Didier accidentally discovered that the Baron had been in the area a year before.

A number of strange killings had occurred recently in the vicinity of St-Die and Didier was dispatched by SAVE Central to do some preliminary investigating. While going through the records of a resort inn located just outside of the town, Didier discovered that an "A. Garnier, Baron Kriens" had rented a nearby chalet from February to November in 1923. SAVE had arrived four months too late: the Baron was gone without leaving any clues as to where he was headed. Didier quickly recognized the name and realized that his investigation was essentially completed. Further effort would be fruitless.

SAVE also believes that Baron Garnier was in the United States—in Aspen, Colorado—during the winter of 1979. An "A. Garnier" rented some rooms at the private residence of a Countess Marie Dornier: when he departed the area, he filed a mail forwarding with the Aspen Post Office. The address left behind was a mansion named Steinschloss, on the shore of Lake Neuchatel, Switzerland. In 1986, SAVE followed up on the possibility that the Alpine vampire, Baron Anton Garnier, might be residing in the Lake Neuchatel mansion. SAVE sent an expedition, led by envoy John Parrish, to investigate, only to have Parrish and his party encounter basically the same kinds





of dead ends that Didier encountered 62 years earlier. While Baron Garnier had, indeed, been residing in the Lake Neuchatel mansion, he had moved out of the mansion only two months prior to the Parrish mission. Again, the Baron was gone without leaving a single clue to his whereabouts, and another mission dealing with the Alpine vampire was concluded with no further leads. To this day, Parrish, who has a personal interest in the folklore of the Alpine regions, is doing all he can to assist SAVE in tracking down Baron Anton Garnier.

HOW TO DESTROY THE ALPINE VAMPIRE

To date, no SAVE envoy has destroyed an Alpine vampire. Therefore, our suggestions are based upon a combination of observation, hypothesis, and guesswork. Although complete success has eluded the Society, Michael O'Boylan managed to defeat Baron Garnier (or at least hand the vampire a setback). The scenario was essentially as follows:

Baron Garnier had Mlle. Rochateau under his complete control. He took the lady into a guest chamber, locking the doors behind him. O'Boylan, desperate to save his friend and fellow envoy, climbed to the chamber's upper-story window carrying a pistol. Perched outside, O'Boylan slipped, and dropped his pistol, which discharged upon hitting the ground below. Alerted to O'Boylan's presence, the vampire immediately attacked the disarmed envoy.

O'Boylan, in a desperate attempt to defend himself, grabbed a icicle hanging from the eaves of the mansion and thrust it into the chest of the oncoming vampire.

Garnier recoiled; helpless, the vampire fell over backwards and dissolved to a cloud of mist, swirling about the icicle as if pinned somehow to the floor of the chamber.

The icicle remained embedded in the center of the mist.

Almost immediately, Lise jumped forward and withdrew the icicle from the cloud. Slowly, but before O'Boylan could react, the mist flew out the window and into the safety of the night air.

From these events we can draw two conclusions:

1. Quite by accident, O'Boylan seems to have found the first key to the mystery. The wound caused a reaction consistent with other vampire types at the edge of destruction. Garnier appeared to be immobilized and changed to gaseous form.

2. Judging from Lise's reaction to the events, it seems likely that the Baron, although physically immobilized, was still able to use Evil Way Disciplines to control Lise. It appears that, through this control, the Baron was able to escape before being destroyed by O'Boylan.

But, had not Lise released Garnier, could O'Boylan have destroyed the creature? Nothing

from the pages of O'Boylan's journal, *Devices of the Enemy*, leads us to believe he could have done so. Furthermore, the Alpine legends in which these vampires first appear chronicle only the deaths of innocents, not of the white-haired creatures who rode with the gypsies or bandits.

It does appear that the first step in destroying an Alpine vampire is to drive an icicle through the chest of the creature. Unfortunately, any following steps remain very much a mystery. Furthermore, if the impaled vampire is still able to control those around him during the attempted destruction, envoys are not going to have a great deal of time in which to guess the rest of the procedure. Perhaps the behavior of other vampires might lend a clue.

Other vampires are immobilized by various forms of stakes driven through the chest. Usually the remainder of the task involves decapitation and/or burning. Sometimes salt or a holy symbol is necessary to complete the destruction process.

Of course, the suggestions herein are little more than guesswork. Not only might the procedures have no effect, but they could backfire altogether. In fact, there may be a totally different manner of destroying this creature of which we are totally unaware.

GARNIER: A CONCLUSION

The assumed reappearance of Baron Garnier in his native Switzerland comes at a disturbing time. Not yet have we been able to accumulate enough knowledge and insight to combat this aristocrat of the Unknown; even if we do, he has proven himself a resourceful and intelligent enemy, an artist of horror who can plan, react, and manipulate events to his greatest advantage. Envoys should proceed with the utmost caution.

ALPINE VAMPIRE

AGL: (65 + 2D10) or 80

DEX: (50 + 2D10) or 65

PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90

PER: (45 + 2D10) or 60

STA: (120 + 2D10) or 135

STR: (90 + 2D10) or 105

WPR: (75 + 2D10) or 90

EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135

ATT: 2; (75 + 2D10) or 90

SR: 4

WB: N/A

Fear: -30

MV: *Varies with form (L)*; 150' (A) as mist, fog, or wind-driven snow.*

Type: Master

Class: C, G

Disciplines:

80/95/115 Swarm

105/120/140 *Animation of the Dead, Create a Feast, Gnarl, Second Light*

Automatic Change Self (into cloud of mist or fog, driven snow, or rat)

95/110/130 *Change Temperature, Change Weather, Raise Winds, Wave of Fog*

90/105/125 *Influence, Sleep, Steal Memory*

86/101/121 *Halt*

'The Alpine Vampire cannot Change Self when exposed to sunlight.

Skills:

German/M 140; English, Italian, Serbo-Croatian, Slovene, and Spanish/T 120

Acting/M 130; Anthropology/Archaeology/M 140; Antiques/

M 162; Art Criticism/M 140; Disguise/M 121; Gambling/M

155; Graphology/Forgery/M 127; History/M 140; Hypnotism/

M 147; Investigation/M 170; Language, Ancient (all)/M 140;

Legend/Lore/M 140; Tracking/M 155; Savoir-Faire/M 143

*An Alpine vampire can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

CHARACTERISTICS

1. The Alpine vampire casts no reflection in a mirror and cannot tolerate the presence of a reflective surface, nor can it be photographed, filmed, or videotaped. Faced with any reflective surface, the Alpine vampire goes into a frenzy, destroying the reflective item by any possible means.

2. At least 3 days out of every 7, the Alpine vampire must rest from sunrise to sunset in a coffin that contains at least 1 ounce of ice taken from a peak in the Alps.

3. A cross turns aside the vampire if the creature fails a General Willpower Check (no substitutes—such as holding two sticks together—will work). If the vampire's Willpower Check is successful, he attempts to move around the cross or trick his opponents into lowering their guard. The Alpine vampire is not affected by garlic or wolfsbane.

4. Neither sunlight nor running water can harm the Alpine vampire. He cannot, however, Change Self while exposed to sunlight (as stated in the statistics).

5. The creature can be immobilized by driving a stake of ice through his heart or by placing a freshly-cut edelweiss blossom on his chest or coffin lid. The creature can still use his Evil Way Disciplines while immobilized, provided it uses no discipline that causes him, the stake, or the blossom to be moved directly. For example, he can Change Self to mist, but he cannot leave his coffin while the stake remains.

6. The Alpine vampire can only be destroyed by severing his head and burying head and body in separate graves in the Alps. Should the head and body ever be reunited, the creature revives. Burning either or both parts of the body does not destroy the creature; he always reappears, seeking vengeance, in 1D10 weeks.

7. The Alpine vampire has a greater need to feed than most. In fact, the creature must drink living human or animal blood 3 times per week in order to survive. Evidence has shown that Alpine vampires settle for animal blood only in the rarest and most desperate emergencies.

8. All Alpine vampires can make themselves extremely thin in order to slip through narrow openings. The vampire can climb sheer walls at a rate of 30" per round.

9. The Alpine vampire drains 1D10 Stamina per minute by biting the neck and sucking the blood of a sleeping character (or of one dominated by the Evil Way or by Hypnotism). When he drains the blood of a PC, the Alpine vampire drinks for 1D10 minutes, or as the CM judges.

The blood always comes from a major artery; therefore, treat the blood drain as a Strike Rank 8 wound. However, the victim suffers no continual Stamina Loss (the vampire will dress the wound himself to keep the character—its food supply—alive). Characters killed by the vampire's blood drain attack become Alpine vampires themselves in 1D10 weeks. Usually, however, the Alpine vampire drinks from his chosen victim a number of times, keeping the victim alive for as many feedings as possible, then kills the victim with a physical attack; in this manner, he disguises signs of vampirism, while keeping down competition for his precious food.

10. The Alpine vampire suffers Stamina Loss from physical damage, but he ignores wounds. If his Current Stamina is reduced to zero (0), the creature automatically changes to fog, mist, or driven snow and returns to his resting place, where he regenerates all lost Stamina at a rate of 2D10 per hour.

11. All unarmed melee attacks by the vampire cause armed combat damage. In addition, the Alpine vampire can use any type of melee weapon or firearm when he is in human form, and does so as if at Student Level in the weapon's skill.





BHIMA GUPTA

*From The Garden of Many Darknesses
Translated by Dr. Pandit Ray*

THE GARDEN OF MANY DARKNESSES CONTAINS A SERIES OF LITTLE-KNOWN FABLES, PARABLES, AND STORIES THAT TOGETHER FORM A "DARK SIDE" TO A RICH HINDU FOLKLORE. AN EVEN EARLIER STORY THAN THOSE DR. RAY LISTS IN THE ACCOMPANYING ESSAY RECOUNTS THE DEEDS OF ONE BHIMA GUPTA. HERE IT IS, IN DR. RAY'S PROSE TRANSLATION. - ED.

Pranjadesh was the third son of a merchant, knowing from childhood that his share in the great family wealth was lessened by this accident of birth. But instead of giving thanks for his smaller portion, still greater by far than those of the poor in his village, Pranjadesh turned his thoughts to greed, to ways that he might snatch from his brothers the great riches for which he hungered. Thus, he grew into a wicked young man. Now, outside the village, a tiger was said to roam. This tiger had killed a helpless old man who was returning to the village with water from a nearby stream. Although no one had seen the beast, many had seen the remains of the man, and concluded that nothing but a tiger could have done such a deed.

Far from sharing the fear and sorrow of the village, Pranjadesh dwelt in his thoughts upon the killing until his thoughts hardened and he rejoiced. "The tiger will help me to a great inheritance," he thought, "if only I might speak to it, offering it my brothers. Then, I could leave this village to whatever fate might befall it and live in a palace in Delhi."

So Pranjadesh walked to the stream at nightfall, singing out to the tiger, "Tiger, I have great riches to offer you. I offer blood, and younger flesh than the flesh of old men." A young woman, sitting in the branches of a tree by the side of the stream, heard Pranjadesh and spoke to him in soft and pleasing tones.

"The tiger is my servant, for he does what I say in the jungles at night. What do you offer the tiger, and why do you offer it?"

Had Pranjadesh held his tongue, and had he not voiced the greed, who can say what would have happened? But he spoke of his plans to the lady of the tiger, promising that she would be his bride, and that she would share his house in Delhi if she consented to help him.

"Very well," she said. "Tomorrow, when the sun sets, bring your eldest brother to the edge of the village. Have him look down the path leading to the spring, whereupon I shall walk from the woods and call to you. You shall say, 'That is Princess Bhima. Although we are only merchants, her heart goes out to you in the way of the bride to the bridegroom.' Then leave him to me, to me and to the tiger."

Rejoicing, Pranjadesh returned home. The next evening, when the sun had set, he brought his eldest brother to the edge of the village. They looked down the path leading to the spring, whereupon the lady walked from the woods and called to them. Pranjadesh said, "That is the Princess Bhima. Although we are only merchants, her heart goes out to you in the way of the bride to the bridegroom." His eldest brother walked to the woman and took her hand, while Pranjadesh returned rejoicing to the village.

That night, the lady of the tiger came to him in a dream and said, "The tiger has feasted, and in two weeks shall we be together. A week from tonight, bring your second brother to the edge of the village. Have him look down the path leading to the spring, whereupon I shall walk from the woods and wave at the two of you. You shall say, 'That

is the Princess Bhima, and, although we are only merchants, her heart goes out to you in the way of the bride to the bridegroom.'" Then, leave him to me, to me and to the tiger."

All of the nights that week did Pranjadesh dream of huge sores, of huge blisters on the walls of his house. Each morning he felt weaker, and he knew his dream meant that there was a sickness in the house of his father. "A sickness of remorse," he thought, "for which the palace in Delhi will be good medicine." And still he slept uneasily as the village mourned his eldest brother.

On the appointed evening, when the sun had set, Pranjadesh brought his second brother to the edge of the village. They looked down the path leading to the spring, whereupon the lady walked from the woods and waved at the two of them. Pranjadesh said, "That is the Princess Bhima, and, although we are only merchants, her heart goes out to you in the way of the bride to the bridegroom." His second brother walked to the woman and took her hand, while Pranjadesh returned rejoicing to the village.

That night, the lady of the tiger came to him in a dream and said, "The tiger has feasted, and in one week shall we be together. A week from tonight, come to the edge of the village. Look down the path leading to the spring, whereupon I shall walk from the woods and wave to you. You shall know that this is the Princess Bhima, and, although you are only a merchant, my heart goes out to you in the way of the bride to the bridegroom. Together shall we go to Delhi, to the palace you have promised."

All of the nights that week did Pranjadesh dream of huge spiders climbing the walls of his house. Each morning he felt weaker, and he knew his dream meant that there was a poison in the house of his father. "A poison of remorse," he thought, "for which the palace in Delhi will be good antidote." And still he slept uneasily as the village mourned his second brother.

At the appointed night, Pranjadesh could not leave his bed for the weakness. He dreamed of the walk to the edge of town, of flying into the arms of Princess Bhima, then of the walk to Delhi and of the palace. But the walk to the town's edge was a wading through blood, and the Princess laughed as her tentacled arms embraced him, and finally they walked, through dryness and the merciless sun, to a house of bones in the dead city. As far as we know, Pranjadesh dreamed this dream as the mourners set him onto the pyre.

BHIMA GUPTA

by Pandit Ray, M.D.

Doctor Pandit Ray has participated in a number of SAVE missions, one of which was the successful Onaqui discovery in the State of Chiapas, Mexico, under the supervision of the distinguished Dr. Jose Guevara of the University of Mexico. Dr. Ray also directed several SAVE missions in search of the Indian rakshasa. Although no expedition has yet been able to make contact with the rakshasa, Dr. Ray is considered by SAVE to be the leading authority on the creature. - Ed.

If ever a discovery were made quite by accident—a discovery that might have great bearing on future SAVE expeditions into the Indian subcontinent—it is that contained within this report. A study of the Indian rakshasa has taken us through countless volumes of ancient works, through countless interviews both in the homeland and abroad, leading us finally onto a quite unexpected side road. We have found a creature whose deeds and actions resemble those of the rakshasa: in fact, the resemblance is extraordinary, differences between the rakshasa and our discovered creature apparent only to the trained eye.

The discovery should be properly classified as that of a vampire. Although the creature is similar in many aspects to the rakshasa, close inspection of its traits reveals a closer resemblance to the vampire. The following information is submitted to introduce information on the new creature for Central Archives, and to provide means of identification so that envoys do not err in their pursuit of the creature—an error which could be paid for with their lives.

THE RAKSHASA CONNECTION

Since 1978, we have been collecting information from the Indian provinces of Uttar Pradesh, Bihar, and, of course, Delhi. The amount of verifiable information was overwhelming; however, much of this information was highly contradictory.

At first these contradictions seemed due to the confusion of eyewitnesses, the changes in a story when it is repeated several times, and the other ways that a tale grows in the telling. The more we investigated, however, the more we were persuaded that a subspecies of rakshasa accounted for the contradictions in our information. By 1980, our attention focused on identifying the new breed of rakshasa rather than collecting general information. The more witnesses we questioned and the more we researched, the more it became clear that this creature was completely different from the rakshasa.

The behaviour of the new creature closely resembles that of the rakshasa: it can change its appearance to that of a tiger or a beautiful woman; it wallows in the ghoulish consumption of human flesh; it toys with its victims, performing horrifying deeds so that the victim spends his final days in virtual insanity. In fact, for several years our staff understandably worked under the assumption that the creature we were dealing with could only be a rakshasa. Then, my loyal assistant Prayani Suryamatra, herself astonished at her findings, made the initial breakthrough in research that occasioned our discovery.

Ms. Suryamatra discovered startling coincidences in the incidents and documents we were researching: in several of the places where we suspected rakshasa activity, the signs were most unusual. In these places, the activity took place only at night (rakshasas traditionally are undisturbed by daylight), and what happened at night suggested a creature of extraordinary power. We followed the leads of this astounding discovery and came to the following conclusions:

The new creature always works alone, can change its shape several times within a minute, has been seen only at night, and uses numerous and powerful Evil Way Disciplines. These traits alone distinguish the creature from the rakshasa, but our suspicion of its vampirism arose only when we began to hear the stories of one Bhima Gupta repeated throughout the region.

BHIMA GUPTA: PHYSICAL APPEARANCE

I do not know how many of these particular vampires exist; I suspect, based on native accounts, that there are a great many more than we realize, some of whom may have been encountered and falsely labeled rakshasas. Despite the obscurity of the creature (at least until recently), I have been able to collect some highly useful information on one such creature, known in her human form as Bhima Gupta.

Bhima Gupta resides somewhere in the Delhi countryside, refusing (as is the frequent case with predators) to settle in one area for long. She also has been spotted in Uttar Pradesh. Admittedly, however, there are great gaps during which it is impossible to account for her movements—it is not outside the realm of possibility that Gupta has wandered outside of India from time to time.

Although Bhima Gupta wanders like a predator, she is not the solitary creature who craves complete isolation. Indeed, she may walk among us at any time, and only the most perceptive of us may sense that she is a creature from the Unknown. Reportedly, the creature makes an excellent first impression: many people assume that she is of old Brahmin blood, or perhaps the daughter of a wealthy public figure. Her conversation is said to reflect intelligence, education, and a great deal of sophistication.

Every person who has dealt with Gupta claims that she is physically beautiful. Her skin is dark, and her complexion is clear and healthy. She is slight of build and scarcely over five feet tall. Her straight black hair falls past her waist to the back of her thighs. Her eyes are wide darker than can be imagined, tinged with the slightest hint of red. She always wears white; some have seen her white gowns stained and heavy with blood as she emerged from her victims' dwellings.

THE TALES OF MISS GUPTA

Having established a physical description of this creature, it is important to study accounts of those who have dealt with her in some manner or another. We have collected, recorded, and translated the following accounts—authentic histories of people who had occasion to deal with Gupta.

THE PRINCE AND THE RAKSHASA

The following has been transcribed and translated from the taped account of Samha Bai, village elder and storyteller in the town of Rewari, Delhi, India. The story has numerous versions throughout the state, and the circumstances surrounding the



There once was a proud young prince by the name of Baji Sindhia who lived a life of wealth and splendor. Prince Baji was stubborn and headstrong; he was used to giving orders and commands, not following the advice of others.

One day, while standing at his window, Prince Baji noticed a most beautiful woman dressed in a white gown. He was immediately drawn to the beautiful creature, and he called upon a priest for more information about the woman. The priest came as ordered.

"Prince Baji," said the priest, "the woman's name is Bhima Gupta. Evil she is and not to be addressed in any manner, for it will cost your life."

Prince Baji simply laughed and told the priest, "Go back to your prayers. That a simple greeting can be deadly is the tale of old wives or of priests." But the priest insisted, wept, and begged, until finally the Prince swore not to greet Bhima Gupta, nor in any way show her that he noticed her.

Soon afterward, Prince Baji was walking alone in his garden when the woman appeared before him.

"Hello. What is your name?" asked Bhima Gupta. But Prince Baji remembered his promise to the priest, and did not answer.

"Did I offend you, Your Highness?" she asked. "I did not mean to offend such a noble man."

Prince Baji wanted to answer, for he did not wish to be rude to anyone. But he remembered his promise to the priest, and did not answer.

"Very well!" shouted the woman angrily. "Then I shall report to my father that Prince Baji does not know how to respect a princess that someday shall be queen."

The words of the woman confused Prince Baji. Now he wondered why she asked his name, when clearly she knew who he was. Before he realized what he had done, the Prince asked, "Why did you ask my name, since it is clear that you knew it before you asked?"

Bhima Gupta only smiled as she disappeared before his eyes. During the next three weeks, Prince Baji slowly lost his health. At first he grew weak; soon he could no longer leave his own bed without help. Then, the Prince went mad. He saw snakes on the ceiling at night. He claimed that Bhima Gupta visited him in his chambers when nobody else was there. Finally, the Prince forgot his own name.

After three weeks, Prince Baji died; there was no blood in his body when he died. The body was put on display for the mourners of the town. But on the morning when the body was to be cremated, the townspeople discovered it desecrated, apparently eaten by an unknown creature.

The priest then told the people that the Prince had seen the woman named Bhima Gupta and that she was a most powerful rakshasa. "Prince Baji paid no attention to my warnings," said the priest, "and so he became a victim, killed and eaten by the rakshasa Gupta."

The townsfolk searched for the rakshasa Gupta, but the creature was never found in Delhi.

death of Prince Baji Sindhia in 1504 are documented well enough to lend authenticity to the account.

THE DEATH OF RAJIIB CALUKYAS

Personal account by Bhoja Kalacuris, Kanpur laborer, translated by Dr. Pandit Ray, 1984. Official records list Calukyias' death as a probable homicide, but officials were unable to find a weapon or suspect. The case is still officially open.

This I swear to be true, for I saw it take place in the city of Kanpur before my very own eyes.

I was on my way to work in the fields. We felt lucky at that time to have work; my fellow workers and I laughed and joked on our way. The sun had not yet risen. Then, before us appeared a woman dressed in white.

Ali Jassef stopped and cried out, "It is Bhima Gupta! Do not speak to her. Do not look at her. She is no woman, but a most powerful rakshasa." We continued on, our work party of laughing friends suddenly as grim and muffled as a funeral procession. We stared at the ground and walked forward, unsure of what our fate would be.

The fear was too great for Taila. Therefore he broke ranks and ran back to town, weeping as he ran. I too wanted to run—I am sure all of us did—but I was afraid of what my friends would think of me. I was also afraid to leave them alone to face a powerful rakshasa. So I walked on, staring at the ground immediately in front of me. My knees shook until I could barely stand.

As we passed the place where the rakshasa was standing, she called out, "Why do you not face me?"

Nobody answered. I remember the sound of her voice surprised me, and caused me to quicken my pace. Again she called out, "What is the matter with you? Are you afraid of a woman?"

My friend Rajiib answered with a resounding, "No!"

Immediately I realized what Rajiib had done. I looked up to see a rush of expressions on his face that shall remain in my memory for years to come. At first it was a look of anger that changed rapidly to a look of puzzlement and disbelief. This too changed to an expression of terror and then, finally, a blank stare, the stare of a dead man. All of this happened in less than a second.

Rajiib stopped in his tracks. I grabbed his arm and tried to pull him, but he could not be swayed.

"Come!" I called. "Do not think of Bhima Gupta! Think only of your wife and your children! They are calling you. Go to them now!" I pleaded and pleaded. But Rajiib did not see or hear me. His eyes were fixed upon the rakshasa, and he listened to something I could not hear.

"Do you not wish to join us, friend?" Bhima Gupta asked me.

I almost forgot myself. I started to turn to the rakshasa, to curse her for what she had done. Suddenly I remembered my own danger. I stared at my feet in silence, wondering how I might help Rajiib. Then Ali Jassef grabbed my arm and broke my thoughts.

"It is too late, Bhoja," Ali Jassef told me. "Rajiib is gone, and there is nothing you can do to save him. Come away quickly! Don't even look at that monster Bhima Gupta."

I realized that Ali Jassef was right. Bhima Gupta had tricked my friend into answering her question, and when poor Rajiib answered, he was hers. So I kept staring at the ground as I hurried on past the rakshasa. She laughed, and the beautiful softness of her laughter, despite its sweet music, was the most evil sound I have ever heard. The laughter followed me to the fields where we work.

The day passed slowly in the fields. None of us felt good, although the sunlight was warm and pleasant. All of us wanted to return to Rajiib, but we were afraid to go back. We didn't want to face the rakshasa again, and we were afraid to see what had happened to our friend.

Finally, we could bear it no longer. We left the fields and started our walk back into town. I don't recall that anybody spoke. Now that I think upon it, I don't believe anybody spoke a word all day.

Just outside town, we saw the buzzards flapping their wings and lunging at each other, their grey thin necks coiling like snakes on a burning rock. As we got closer,

they spread their wings as if to scare us off. When they realized we were not about to turn away, they arose and circled overhead. As they took off, they exposed the half eaten body of Rajiib. They had only begun their work. It was the rakshasa who had eaten first.

RAMPUR POLICE NOTES

The notes of 16 July, 1933 (see below) were kept by a Captain Mahmud of the Central Constabulary of Rampur. It is important to remember that each of the 12 police officers who were dispatched and found the dead bodies of their comrades died one at a time over the years following. The men died in a 28-day cycle that did not fail until all had perished. All of the men were drained of blood; some were eaten. Countless numbers of gypsies were put into custody, but no evidence emerged as to who had committed the murders. Many of the gypsies, however, claimed that a rakshasa named Bhima Gupta lived in the area.

To this day, the official "best guess" regarding the unsolved case is that a group of gypsies (or worshipers of Kali (goddess of death and evil) posing as gypsies) were responsible for the deaths.

16 JULY 1933. 9 P.M.—COMPLAINT.

Four gypsies entered the station reporting they had found the corpse of a woman in a deserted building outside of the town. The gypsies claimed the woman carried identification, and that her name was Bhima Gupta. According to them, she had not been dead long, because the body was still limp and undecayed. The deceased had been found lying face up in the dirt, holding a small bag in which the identification was found. The gypsies claimed that the body and bag contained no money, jewels, nor anything else of value. I had no reason to believe them, but I complied with standard procedure nonetheless.

Four men were dispatched to find the body and bring it back to Rampur. They had not returned by midnight, so 12 more men were dispatched with orders to investigate both the original situation and the delay.

The second party returned at 3 a.m., reporting that those officers dispatched at 8 p.m. had been killed and left half-eaten on the floor where the dead woman was supposed to be. There was evidence of struggle: police weapons had been drawn and discharged. There was no evidence as to whether the party responsible for the killings had been wounded.

On the other hand, the circumstances surrounding the death of the policemen are equally unclear. Other than the obvious cannibalism which had taken place, there were no wounds or clues as to what caused the deaths of the men. The only possible significant clue was that none of the corpses contained blood.

There was no sign of the dead woman that the gypsies had reported, nor were there any clues that a corpse had been in the deserted building.

We instituted an unsuccessful search for the gypsies, believing that they had ambushed our officers after staging the entire affair, down to the description of the dead body. What might have motivated the killings is unclear. Neither money nor weapons were taken from the bodies of the dead policemen. Also, it is difficult to understand why a group of gypsies would participate in a cannibalistic ritual. Nevertheless, the gypsies serve as the only real clue to the entire matter, but unfortunately they cannot be found.

It is possible that the gypsies are part of a new sect which is sacrificing to Kali. We shall be keeping a close watch out for such indications.

THE NARROW ESCAPE

All of the previous accounts became suddenly more meaningful to the author when, on 12 January 1985, he met the fabled Bhima Gupta.

It is a difficult thing to describe. I was walking along the river bank of the Ganges River just outside of Kanpur, having that afternoon revisited the laborer Bhoja Kalacuris, who had supplied my only firsthand account three months ago. I recall wondering at the failures of language—that words can only approach, but never capture, our thoughts or experiences. How would I ever know the true thoughts and feelings of Kalacuris, who had aged 30 years since his summer encounter with Bhima Gupta?

It was as though she answered my thoughts. A beautiful woman, dressed entirely in white, stood on the path ahead of me.

Most politely, she asked me the time. I answered, and, as I answered, a strange feeling came over me.

I remember feeling suddenly dizzy and drunk. It was as though I was conscious, but hardly in control of myself. If this woman would have asked me to kill myself, I believe I would have done so without hesitating. Most certainly (and most disturbingly), I would have done so joyfully.

She could communicate without language, without speech. Something not quite a voice entered my head, telling me not to move. I knew I was in danger, but I could do nothing to prevent what was about to happen. Slowly she moved toward me, licking her lips as she approached. She grasped me gently, icily, by the shoulders.

Slowly her mouth, its lips slightly parted, brushed against my neck; I felt the incredible burning coldness of her breath. Suddenly, a piercing pain shot through my body. Still, I could not react. Her tongue slowly flickered at my neck, draining my blood as I stood there helpless.

This terrifying embrace must have gone on for some time. Suddenly, the woman decided to change her angle of approach. She withdrew her mouth and, as she closed in again, she accidentally pushed me, causing me to fall over backwards and tumble into the river.

Instantly I came to my senses, washed from my nightmare by the soothing waters of the river. I called for help, and several people responded immediately. But the woman was nowhere to be found. When I left the water, I had no wounds and no proof of my story. My rescuers saw me as hysterical, as a storyteller. They quickly left me to myself.

I never saw the woman again.

Given the realization that the above accounts lead to no certain conclusion, and that more unpublished evidence is currently under review at SAVE Central Headquarters, I shall nonetheless proceed with my conclusions.

The similarities between this vampire and the traditional rakshasa are striking. These similarities make the vampire extraordinarily dangerous to those envoys in pursuit of rakshasas. Apparently, people have attempted to kill this creature by using a bamboo blowgun and iron darts. This method simply will not work because Bhima Gupta is not a rakshasa.

Observe the differences: in none of our accounts does

Gupta appear as a part of any sort of conspiracy, either with other creatures or with humans. Nor is there any evidence that a poisonous claw is one of her weapons. Gupta was found in a deathlike trance during the daylight hours. In addition to the fact that many of her victims were eaten in some sort of cannibalistic ritual, they were also completely drained of blood. Envoys should avoid acknowledging Gupta's presence with either actions or words: any kind of acknowledgement enables her to gain control over the potential victim. The only time we know of the control's being broken is when a potential victim accidentally fell into the Ganges River. All of these examples contradict identifying Gupta as a rakshasa, despite the fact that native Indians, some eyewitnesses to her deeds, call this creature a "rakshasa."

Furthermore, if the proven methods of killing a rakshasa have failed to kill Gupta, then it is most likely that she is not a rakshasa. What does this mean for the prospective SAVE envoy?

We would recommend the following guidelines when dealing with Bhima Gupta:

1. Do not speak to her, look into her eyes, or acknowledge her presence in any way. We do not know if these warnings are based completely on superstition, but the interviews suggest very strongly that those who spoke to or acknowledged Bhima Gupta could do nothing to avoid becoming her victims. Therefore, the argument is weighted heavily in favor of not talking with the creature.

2. As a precaution, envoys should carry some water from the Ganges River. The one case in which Gupta's hold over her victim was broken involved the man's falling into the Ganges' waters. It is not clear whether any water, water specifically from the Ganges River (which holds religious significance for several Indian religions), or some other factor caused the creature's powers to be set aside. In short, we cannot guarantee the results of this advice, nor confirm how much water, if any, might be helpful, but it seems to be the only solid lead we have.

3. Envoys may consider the methods traditionally used in the destruction and fending off of vampires. We recommend this as an educated guess: there is no evidence that holy symbols, wooden stakes, salt, or garlic are effective. Still, it stands to reason that some accepted methods might work if Bhima Gupta is indeed the vampire we suspect.

4. Last, but not least, envoys should spend any possible time observing Bhima Gupta for other distinguishing habits and characteristics. For example, perhaps this creature rests during the day, or perhaps she is vulnerable during daylight, as are other vampires.



BHIMA GUPTA

AGL: 65 + 2D10) or 80

DEX: (65 + 2D10) or 80

PCN: (85 + 2D10) or 100

PER: (85 + 2D10) or 100

STA: (85 + 2D10) or 100

STR: (85 + 2D10) or 100

WPR: 65 + 2D10) or 80

EWS: 135

ATT: **; (75 + 2D10) or 90

SR: 4

WB: 50

Fear: -30*

MV: Varies with form: tiger 240'; cow 150'; cobra 90' (L)***

Type: Master

Class: C

Disciplines: (all disciplines are at Master Level)

128 Create a Feast, Wound

Automatic Change Self (into cow, cobra, or tiger)

121 Deadly Dreams, Steal Memory

121 Teleport, Throw Voice

128 Blind, Blur Vision, Purified Shell, Total Illusion

Skills:

English, French, Hindi, Portuguese, and Urdu/M 140

Acting/M 143; Anthropology/Archaeology/M 140; Antiques/

M 167; Art Criticism/M 140; Disguise/M 136; Filching/M

155; Graphology/Forgery/M 140; History/M 140; Hypnotism/

M 167; Investigation/M 161; Legend/Lore/M 140;

Lockpicking/M 140

*Fear Checks. In most situations, characters need not make Fear Checks when they encounter Gupta as a young and beautiful woman (CM's discretion).

**Varies depending on the form taken by the creature: 3 for tiger, 1 for human, cow, or cobra.

*** Bhima Gupta can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

CHARACTERISTICS

1. This vampire casts reflections on mirrors.
2. The sight of human blood excites Gupta; rarely can she resist the temptation to feast upon it (CM's discretion).
3. Exposure to sunlight for one minute or more destroys the creature; during this time she is helpless to defend herself or attack, cannot use any Evil Way Disciplines, and suffers 1D10 of Stamina Loss per round of exposure.
4. She must rest during daylight hours to restore lost Stamina and Willpower. She rests by lying upon the bare earth inside a sacred temple. Unlike other vampires,

Gupta does not use a coffin. Most often, she assumes cobra form while resting. Since cobras are protected by the local populace, the snake shape is the perfect cover. During the full moon, however, Gupta must stay in her natural human corpse shape.

5. The following items offer protection against Gupta:

- *A Lotus Blossom.* The fragrance of a freshly cut lotus blossom within 2 1/2 feet causes Gupta to leave the room or immediate area. She will use the Evil Way (particularly the Influence Discipline) to make someone remove the blossom. If a lotus blossom is placed in the room where Gupta rests, she must leave and cannot enter or return to that room until the next rainfall, even if the blossom has been removed.

- *Salt.* When placed in an unbroken line across a door or window, salt prevents Gupta from passing through the opening. If the line breaks, she may enter through the point where the line is broken. She will use the Evil Way to make a subject break a line in the salt. Furthermore, each time Gupta comes into direct contact with salt, it causes a Strike Rank 8 wound with normal Stamina Loss. The wound total can never be greater than the equivalent of 2 Strike Rank 8 wounds (4D10 wounds), but the Stamina Loss continues until Gupta's Stamina Score is reduced to less than zero (0). However, she is not destroyed, because she cannot lose all of her Wound Boxes directly from the salt; that is, the wound total cannot be greater than 40, and she has 50 Wound Boxes.

6. Gupta can climb anything (at a rate of 20 feet per round), no matter its shape or sheerness, as long as the item can hold her 115 pounds (CM's discretion). She retains this ability while in cobra shape, but not when she is a cow or tiger. Furthermore, as a snake or as a woman, she can crawl upside down across any ceiling at a rate of 20 feet per round.

7. Gupta's attack involves two steps. First, she chooses a victim with a Personality Score of 60 or higher. Then, she tries to make the person respond to her questions, remarks, or statements. When the victim responds, Gupta uses her Evil Way Discipline Hound and pursues her victim until one or the other of them is destroyed.

After hounding the victim, toying with his mind in every way imaginable, Gupta begins to drain the victim's blood without that character's knowledge. To do this, she uses her Steal Memory Discipline. Gupta will drain 1D10 Stamina per round for 1D10 rounds.

Gupta must claim a new victim once every six months. If she is unable to do so, she loses 1 from her Evil Way Score. Of course, as her Evil Way Score falls below certain levels, she loses appropriate Evil Way Disciplines.

When victims die, they don't become a vampire.

8. Gupta is destroyed if she comes into direct contact with any water from India's Ganges River. This might be fairly simple to do in India, but Gupta has been known to travel abroad, making the task extremely difficult.

A stake through Gupta's heart causes no Stamina Loss or wounds.





JACKSON DE LA CROIX

*Jackson Jammer
by Todd Foxx*

from Here to Stay: Rock 'n' Roll Interviews, 1965-1982

TODD FOXX, NOTED MUSIC REPORTER, CONDUCTED A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS INTENDED "TO RECORD AMERICAN POPULAR CULTURE." INDEED, MR. FOXX RECORDED MORE THAN HE IMAGINED IN THIS 1979 INTERVIEW WITH JACKSON JAMMER. WHAT INTERESTS SAVE IN THIS DOCUMENT IS ITS CHILLING INSIGHT INTO THE VAMPIRE'S CRUEL HUMOR, HIS ARROGANCE, AND HIS COMPLETE CONFIDENCE THAT HE CANNOT BE DEFEATED OR EVEN DISCOVERED. — ED.

TF: Now that you've joined Van Helsing, can we still expect the solo album you were kicking around last fall?

JJ: The best stuff is always solo, so the album concept is ... not dead, though I may have buried it for a little while. (laughs) So far, I've got only a couple of cuts down—covers of standards, like the Stones' "Time is on My Side," Santana's "Evil Ways," you know? (laughs)

TF: You seem—how should I say it?—much happier than when we last talked.

JJ: That's as good a way of saying it as any. Touring's been good for me. New Orleans is home and all, and it's always good to go home, but it's also good to see other places. That enough "goods" for you in one answer?

TF: Where's the tour going to take you? If there are people out there asking, "Where can we find Jackson Jammer this fall?, what can you give us as an answer?"

JJ: How about, "Don't worry about it. If you're good enough, he'll find you"? Seriously, first ... stop is in Atlanta. Last ... stop in San Diego. Plan to hit just about every major city in between. Then rest for a while—not just your standard eight hours. It'll be Jackson Jammer, Whereabouts Unknown, Jack.

TF: You know, I get the feeling that there's some kind of private joke going on over my head in this interview, and. . .

JJ: That bother you, Foxx? That lock your jaws? Tell you what. Just get on back to your office. Get on back there and take those "private jokes" out of this interview so you'll end up looking good for all those countless record journalism groupies out there. Hey, I bet there's 12 of 'em you wouldn't have to chain in a corner and feed with a slingshot.

TF: Hey, Jackson, I didn't. . .

JJ: Time's up on this interview, chump. You're lucky time's not up for you, too.

JACKSON DE LA CROIX

by Pablo Rodriguez

Pablo "Bubba" Rodriguez is one of SAVE's most promising young envoys. A native of San Antonio, Texas, he lives in Severn, Massachusetts, where he studies under the distinguished Professor Ellsworth Smythe III. He is preparing for his third year of college.

In the fine New England tradition of "scholar-athlete," Mr. Rodriguez has been voted first-string All-American quarterback, Division III, by the *Sporting Times*.

This is Mr. Rodriguez' first published article. - Ed.

JACKSON DE LA CROIX

Any report on Jackson De La Croix has to be a lot like those "good news/bad news" jokes that people tell. Back home in south-side San Antonio, we have a word for dudes like Jackson. We call them *gacho*, which means bad, like in "real bad." I'll start off with the good news first.

If you were to pick the five best guitarists of the past 30 years, odds are that Jackson De La Croix would be on your list, even though you might not even know it. However,

if I were to mention Jackson Jammer, it would be another story: the man is a legend. Fellow musicians as well as fans praise Jammer's uninhibited style on stage as well as his technically superb and innovative leads.

Although we can't be too fond of Jackson Jammer because of what we suspect, it's hard to keep from being a fan of his sounds. It's important to relate some of the technical aspects of the man's music; after all, it is necessary that we know Jammer as thoroughly as we can, including his music. After all, maybe there's a weakness down in all those strengths.

Jammer plays a specially made Yamaha guitar. He runs the guitar off of twin Mesa Boogie 100 watt Amps. He uses Fender Triangles (mediums), and his floor pedal shelf is custom made. Like the act, the equipment is definitely first class.

Jackson Jammer currently plays lead guitar for the internationally famous rock group Van Helsing. As a part of the group's act, he gets all draped out in these really funky costumes. As far as his stage costumes go, he wears black leather pants and jackets, muscle shirts, and a black hat. These are brightened up by Jammer's liberal use of multi-colored scarfs and bandanas. When he is off stage he dresses hip, but always in black. A lot of fans and fan magazines call him the "second coming of Jimi Hendrix" because of the way he looks as well as the way he plays.

Jackson Jammer is black, with a medium complexion. He stands about six feet tall, and is quite slender. His eyes are a reed-like shade of brown, and his hair is black. Sometimes he wears a gigantic Afro, while at other times his hair is simply curled and shoulder length.

Jackson has two distinct trademarks that his fans (or those who suspect him) have come to recognize. One trademark is his unusually long fingers, a trait which, combined with his unusually high Dexterity, makes Jammer a superb guitar technician. The other trademark is the famous hollow stare: he just never changes expression: he never smiles, never laughs, and never cries. He simply continues that same dull stare. Musicians who have played with Jammer say he is "spaced but clean;" they've never seen the guy pick up even a beer in practice. He just answers to the proverbial "different drummer," as many musicians do.

Professionally, since Jammer joined Van Helsing, the group has sported five gold albums, three of which have gone platinum (the other two will shortly go platinum as well), and boasts 12 top-ten songs, including seven that have reached the number two slot.

Now, for the bad news. Jackson De La Croix (or Jammer) is a vampire. Since the start of Van Helsing's 1985 *World's Biggest Party* tour, five people have been found dead in the audience, totally drained of their blood (check out the articles quoted in full, following). Although I do not know how he does it, I am certain that Jackson Jammer is somehow behind the deaths.

Man killed in fall

MANHATTAN—An uptown man was killed late last night after being thrown from the window of a 27th-story penthouse apartment. Police are reporting that the victim has been positively identified as Edward Blake, the apartment's only resident.

Detectives of Area Two Violent Crimes currently suspect that Blake was surprised by at least two hefty intruders who broke down the door to the penthouse and used a lead pipe or a baseball bat to shatter its outer window.

At present, there are said to be few leads in the case. Recent terrorist attacks in the area led some investigators to believe that there might be a connection between the deal man and some illegal activities going on within the vicinity. There are a some clues found in the apartment that might lead to some arrests, but as of now, everything is inconclusive. According to the crime information as soon as they get them.



Give yourself a break
Take a

Jacobs executives implicated in motor madness

DETROIT (AP)—As the class-action suit filed against Jacobs Motors on behalf of the victims of the Apache accidents went to trial today, lawyers for the plaintiffs revealed evidence proving that Jacobs executives were aware of the Apache's problems more than two years before the car was recalled from service.

Lawyers for the plaintiffs have been able to recover a memo dated two years before the Apache was recalled in 1978 and signed by Jacobs vice president Alan Greenfield. The memo makes references to two separate studies conducted by Jacobs executives: one was a structural design project in which a group of Jacobs engineers were ordered to devise a technological means for eliminating the Apache's fuel tank flare-up; the other was a statistical survey of corporate liabilities in accidental death lawsuits. The memo shows that Jacobs executives had balanced the cost of recalling the Apaches and equipping each of them with the \$11,38 plastic back-flow valve. The valve was developed by the engineers against the cost of absorbing any monetary judgments against the corporation in future wrongful death cases involving the Apache.

Although Maria Givens, the mother of a pair of twins killed in an Apache flare-up called for criminal indictments against Greenfield and other Jacobs executives at an impromptu press conference after the trial had adjourned for the day, State's Attorney Dan Whiggins has pointed out that there is no provision in either state or federal law that would allow prosecutors to hold a corporate executive personally responsible for the conduct of a corporation.

Klan members acquitted in Atlanta murder trail

ATLANTA (AP)—Five members of the Ku Klux Klan who were accused of killing a young black man and his wife just outside of Atlanta were acquitted late last Tuesday. Although they have already expressed suspicion that the jury was highly biased in favor of the defendants, prosecutors have announced that they will not be appealing the case.

The murdered couple, Samuel and Eloise Horton, were returning from a Sackson and Shanley circus performance when they were waylaid by Klan members. Samuel's neck was broken using some unknown weapon or tool. Eloise was set on fire.

Among the defendants were Rolf Müller and Frank Burrows, both performers with Sackson and Shanley.

Myste.

QUEENS—A routine couple returning home was foiled last night by a vigilante range from a tall, well-trunked all the way up to the "Gri-man's identity."

The three assailants who were conducting the assault were all severely beaten by the mysterious hooded figure. All three are now hospitalized at Our Lady of Mercy. Doctors believe there is a chance that one of the assailants will lose the use of both legs due to a horrible spinal injury he suffered at the hands of the vigilante.

Quake aid tragedy

HONDURAS (AP)—The plane carrying the first batch of supplies and equipment purchased with the money raised by the Quake Aid concerts held in July crashed in Honduras yesterday killing its two pilots and seventeen people on board.

Worse still, the aircraft crashed into the only operational fresh water tank within seventy miles of the makeshift landing strip set up by the Red Cross, effectively involving thousands without drinking water.

"The mules we were using to haul medical supplies up into the mountains are now going to be needed to haul water," said Red Cross volunteer Susan Daily. "Unless the mud slides dry up soon, thousands of people are going to be in very grave danger."

Concert Tour Claims Fifth Victim

APLANDOVER, MD.—Misty Fields, 18, of Hyattsville, Maryland, was found dead in the audience during last night's Van Helsing concert held in the Capital Center. Ms. Fields' death is the fifth mysterious fatality to take place since the start of Van Helsing's tour in January of this year. As in the case of the other deaths, police report they are baffled as to how the woman died.

According to Landover Police Chief Richard Grey, Miss Fields' death appears similar to the four previous deaths which took place at earlier Van Helsing concerts on the tour. "We are not ruling out foul play," Grey stated to the press this morning. "We are awaiting further reports as to the cause of death. But initial indications are that this death is similar to the previous deaths."

Grey was referring to the mysterious deaths of four young people during Van Helsing concerts earlier this year. The first such death took place during a concert at the Nassau County Coliseum, Long Island, on January 23. The last fatality before last night's Freedom Hall, Louisville, Kentucky, on January 28 at the Baltimore Civic Center. In each case the cause of death was determined to be a complete blood drain. Police remain at a loss as to how or when the blood drain took place. The only available clues police have to work with are two incisions made into the neck of each of the victims. The strange circumstances and the lack of clues and witnesses prompted Nassau County Police chief Alan Battaglia to remark, "If I didn't know any better, I'd swear this

was the work of a vampire."

Witnesses seated near Ms. Fields told police that they noticed her collapse onto the floor but did not remember seeing her involved in any sort of struggle. All of the witnesses claimed that Fields was not taking any sort of drugs.

"The police departments of Louisville, Baltimore, and Nassau County are cooperating and sharing information in an attempt to solve the cases," Grey indicated. "Due to the bizarre nature of these deaths, we are contacting the FBI Headquarters in Washington. We will leave no stone unturned and will get to the bottom of this."

Members of Van Helsing were unavailable for comment. The band did release a prepared statement to the press which expressed sympathy for the family of Ms. Fields and the wish that the "unfortunate events will be put behind us."

In the meantime, the popularity of the rock group Van Helsing and the resulting publicity from the mysterious deaths have made this tour the most lucrative in the history of rock music. The entire concert tour is officially sold out; scalpers are asking \$500 for poor seats and even more for the better seats. Many concert goers are simply attempting to solve the mystery.

"Yeah, I was there when it happened, I think," stated Tina Bell, 23. "We were two rows behind where it happened. We were looking to see if anything weird was going on when all of a sudden this chick [Ms. Fields] collapsed. Nobody did anything to her or anything. She was just suddenly dead."

Soldier

SAIGON (AP)—The body of a soldier was found on the battlefield after being wiped out by the enemy. The soldier was killed in action on Jan. 31.

Local Concert Des

AP LANDOVER, MD.—Prince George's County Police have officially identified the February 1 death of Misty Fields as a homicide. The police are currently investigating the death of the 18-year-old woman during the Van Helsing concert. The police are currently investigating the death of the 18-year-old woman during the Van Helsing concert.

THE HISTORY OF JACKSON DE LA CROIX

As best as we can tell, Jackson De La Croix was born a slave in 1836 in the town of Pointe a la Hache, Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana. The records of Belle Marche, a modest local plantation, mention the birth of a Negro boy named Jackson to a slave woman named Hecuba De La Croix. These same plantation records show that by the age of 8 the slave boy was the plantation entertainer; at this time, Jackson De La Croix had already mastered the banjo and guitar. By the age of 15, Jackson could also play fiddle, mandolin, and virtually any other stringed instrument that was placed before him.

Belle Marche records for 1856 show that Jackson was bitten by a cottonmouth and died. As was the custom of the slaves during their funerals in this part of the country, burial was as soon as possible. Also, on the way to the burial site, the pallbearers were supposed to spin the coffin around and around at every intersection. This was done to confuse the spirit of the dead person so that it could not find its way back to its earthly home. In the case of Jackson, an accident happened while the coffin was being spun around that caused him to turn into a vampire. The following account, taken from the journal of Christopher Rochateau, owner of Belle Marche, explains what occurred:

July 9, 1856—Although there was plenty of work to be done today, I gave the Negroes the day off to mourn and bury young Jackson. I myself am saddened and dismayed at the loss of the boy, with his carefree disposition and his gift of music. I busied my spirits with paperwork, wrote some letters, and tended to some things I had let slip behind. It so happened that work was not the most noteworthy event of the day; that distinction remained for the events of young Jackson's funeral.

I would say it was about an hour or so past noon when I was besieged by the Negroes, crying, screaming, and speaking incoherently. After I managed to settle them down, they told me that on their way to bury young Jackson, they reached the first intersection in the road. As is their quaint custom, they began to spin and twirl the coffin around. It chanced that while they were doing this, the pallbearers' legs became tangled. The men tripped and fell over each other, dropping the coffin and spilling its contents onto the road. The funeral party panicked and ran back to the plantation, crying and carrying on.

After calming the poor superstitious folk down, I promised to return to the intersection with them and help return the body to its coffin. I walked back to the intersection with the men.

Upon arriving, I found the coffin as described, tumbled, broken, and discarded. But poor Jackson's body was nowhere to be found. All we could find was a set of footprints that led off to the swamp. Whoever made the footprints was a barefoot adult, most likely a slave. I supposed it to be a grave robber of some sort, whose ghoulish job was made easier by the accident at the funeral.

When I turned to try and explain these things to the Negroes, they were gone. I followed the prints for as far as I could, but they soon disappeared in the waters of the swamp. So I went back to the crossroads, picked up the box, and returned home.

Every single one of my slaves was busy around the houses. Each one, instead of mourning the death of young Jackson, was pouring salt across his doorway, window sills, and every other conceivable way in and out of his quarters.

Later, as the records were kept, it became clear that the funeral of Jackson De La Croix literally came back to haunt the plantation. Slaves were frightened, complaining to Rochateau that they could hear Jackson playing in the swamps at night while everyone was supposed to be asleep. Slaves, members of the Rochateau family, and especially the overseers mysteriously disappeared at night or died of anemia. The

slaves continually blamed Jackson for the tragedies. Most of the slaves were willing to risk their own lives in attempts to escape the plantation rather than become victims of Jackson De La Croix.

Eventually, the plantation went under, the Civil War broke out, and the swamp consumed the Rochateau plantation.

AFTER THE CIVIL WAR

In 1867, Jackson De La Croix actually appeared in public and was recognized by a former slave from Belle Marche. This event took place in New Orleans, at a small back-street tavern called Bar St. Tammany. In then-segregated New Orleans, Bar St. Tammany catered primarily to blacks.

Cecil Boudreaux, late of the Rochateau Plantation, was tending to his white employer and decided to have a drink at the Bar St. Tammany. Cecil went in, but, before he could sit down, he recognized the guitarist playing in a dark corner of the bar. Cecil kept his wits about him and did not make a scene. Instead, he turned around as though he was looking for someone, pretended that he could not find the person, and walked out. Evidently Jackson De La Croix didn't recognize Cecil, because Cecil died peacefully (from natural causes) in Georgia in 1927.

Since 1867, it seems that Jackson has always based himself out of New Orleans. He played guitar, banjo, and bass with a number of all-black groups through 1920. By about 1920, Jackson De La Croix had used various stage names, such as Jackson De La Croix, Jackson St. Croix, Jackson Jabber, Jabbo Jackson, and Happy Jackson. As white America gradually accepted black music, Jackson began to settle upon his more authentic (and more sophisticated sounding) name of Jackson De La Croix.

As Jackson De La Croix, the vampire began to tour with his fellow New Orleans musicians. De La Croix has gigged with Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong, and, with the eventual desegregation in the South, has played with notable white musicians as well.

Jackson De La Croix is extremely reclusive. He performs on stage, then loses himself in hiding places backstage immediately after the performance. Sometimes people have gone to his dressing room to meet him after a performance, only to find him missing. People lucky (or unlucky) enough to find him say that he is shy and anxious to get away. In 1949, a fan named Mary McGill was able to get inside Jackson's dressing room while nobody was looking. At first, she couldn't find the guitar player. She then heard footsteps and voices outside. Fearing that someone was about to enter the dressing room, Mary hid in the closet. As she opened the door, she let out a shriek. Jackson De La Croix lay stretched out on the floor before her eyes. He was not breathing, his eyes were shut, and his hands were folded across his chest.

Security came running through the door. Quickly, they grabbed Mary, who was in hysterics. "He's dead! He's dead!" she cried over and over. Jackson, however was

sitting up on the floor as the security officers grabbed the shrieking woman. "Can't a man get no privacy?" was all he said. The security officers carted Mary off as she continued to sob uncontrollably. It is important to note that while Mary McGill was shouting to the guards, certain that Jackson was dead, she suddenly collapsed dead into the arms of a police officer. An autopsy revealed that Mary McGill's body had been drained of blood.

JACKSON JAMMER TODAY

If anything can be said about Jackson De La Croix, it is that he is adaptable to the times. He can fit his customs, dress, and the music he plays to the place and the era. Of course, this flexibility might not be possible were Jackson to become a big star, continually in the public eye. Therefore, most of the time Jackson has played with good traveling bands only on the fringe of the big time. Traveling has allowed Jackson to find victims without being noticed. After all, staying in New Orleans would cluster too many victims in one place: sooner or later, the mysterious deaths would become enough of an outrage to draw large amounts of focused attention. On the other hand, it is less likely that someone would notice a pattern when one victim dies in Youngstown, Ohio, the next in Tucson, Arizona, and a third in Biloxi, Mississippi.

The music industry has changed greatly since the 1940s, as has Jackson De La Croix. But there was a time in the late 40s and early 50s when investigators completely lost track of the vampire. He might have played in recording studios, or he might have gone overseas for a short period. There is, however, another theory, unsupported but interesting enough to merit mention.

In the Rio Grande Valley, in early 1948 through late 1951, a Chicano guitar player named Joaquin De La Cruz became a sudden celebrity. De La Cruz's skill was legendary, and he became very popular with groups such as *Los Sepulteros* and *Los Perididos*. During this period, there supposedly was a plague in the Rio Grande area. People died mysteriously, and De La Cruz himself was said to be one of its victims in November, 1951. The records of the plague are oral history among migrant workers who are not likely to seek a great deal of medical attention or have autopsies performed. Therefore, we cannot be sure that Jackson was operating in the Rio Grande area.

In 1959 a guitarist named D. L. Croix played for a number of rock'n'roll bands in the New Orleans area, performing mainly at school and military base dances, sock hops, and proms. The most popular group that Croix played with during this time was Little Antoine and the Ambassadors. In 1959 and 1960, a series of odd deaths occurred at some of these school and club dances. Each of the female victims was found in a secluded area outside the school or club. Eight women in all died mysteriously; even more mysteriously, none of the families requested autopsies. As a result, none of the deaths was ruled to be homicides. Again, Jackson is a strong suspect.

Jackson's antics may well have led to the popular and



widespread high school legend in which a man/monster hid in various small town lovers' lanes, preying on high school couples out on dates. The monster killed the boy, then attacked the girl. Perhaps the girl escaped, depending upon the version of the story, but the body of the boy was never found.

In the 60s, Jackson Jammer became known nationwide for the first time with a Louisiana based group named Fritz Gator. Fritz Gator had several number one songs on the national charts, then became quite in demand as a concert act.

All through the 70s, Jackson Jammer skipped through the big time. Occasionally, he recorded as a guest musician on someone else's album, or appeared as a surprise guest at a concert. In 1979, the group Van Helsing was put together, and Jackson Jammer decided to go national in a big way. Van Helsing has become a smash success, and Jackson Jammer's name is uttered in the same breath as other musicians such as Carlos Santana, Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix, Robin Trower, and Pete Townsend.

JACKSON DE LA CROIX AND SAVE

SAVE has monitored the vampire Jackson De La Croix for some time now, beginning with his activities immediately following the U.S. Civil War. However, through all of this time, SAVE never tried to destroy this vampire. Now, the Society feels that a mission can be successful and should be supported.

One of the reasons why SAVE never went after Jackson Jammer was because the Society was not sure how he did what he does. Now, I believe there is solid evidence.

The secret lies in a standard SAVE text, *Devices of the Enemy*, by Michael O'Boylan:

Now that the Society knows what Jackson Jammer does and how he does it, we have to figure out when he does it. Unless we are prepared for the attack, we will never know when it will occur until someone has already died.

All of the clocks had stopped. In the kitchen of the house was an eerie stillness: Bridget stood poised by the basin, the knife that she had apparently just dropped hovered in mid-air, several inches below her hand.

Time Stop. This is one of the most fascinating Evil Way Disciplines, and the key to the whole Jackson Jammer act. The creature stops time; nobody knows he actually gets off the stage and goes looking for his victim. When he is finished, he gets back on stage and continues as if nothing has happened. Time kicks back in, and some poor lady suddenly falls over dead, drained of her blood. Nobody sees the attack, nobody sees the attacker, and all that is left is a dead victim. At first, people think the lady has fainted. Then, they realize that it's a permanent pass-out.

Although you can't be sure, it seems to make sense that the break in time would most likely occur during a break in Jackson Jammer's leads or in the band's music. Otherwise, it would be difficult for Jammer to return to the stage and reassume the position he was in before he stopped time. The SAVE envoys that take on this creature should be familiar with his music so that they can protect themselves at the most likely times. Of course, it's hard to say how a person protects himself from Time Stop. But certainly, being prepared can't hurt.

Getting to Jackson Jammer will be extremely tough. To begin with, each concert is patrolled by security people and police. None of these people are likely to let you in the dressing rooms to kill a vampire. Furthermore, once you are inside, you'll have to deal with the production crew. Everyone from the stage manager to the lighting crew is busy walking to, from, and around the Van Helsing dressing room. Of course, the band itself is not going to appreciate a bunch of strangers barging in and driving a wooden stake through the heart of their lead guitarist, especially right before a big concert.

Once Van Helsing is on stage performing, attacking Jammer is out of the question, unless you don't mind 10,000 witnesses. The band members also have personal bodyguards, big, strapping fellows that are former professional wrestlers: if that isn't enough, the bodyguards are armed.

It is unlikely that Jammer is vulnerable except at two specific times. The first point is probably when he uses his Time Stop Discipline. If there is a way for an envoy to avoid being stopped along with everything else, he or she has a good chance of killing the vampire. It is almost like giving Jammer a taste of his own medicine: nobody will know what happened because time has been stopped. If the envoy succeeds in destroying Jammer, the creature will disappear altogether, just like any other creature from the Unknown we've encountered. The envoy can make a clean getaway: the audience will be mystified at Jammer's disappearance, but they won't know who's to blame.

The other vulnerable time for Jammer is during the day when he rests. Based on the story of Mary McGill, and on other stories, we believe that Jammer rests during the day in a dark place, such as a closet, and might be vulnerable to attack. We have no information on what his powers might be or whether or not daylight has any effect on him. But, we do know that he takes time to be by himself and uses that time to rest as most other vampires do.

JACKSON DE LA CROIX / JACKSON JAMMER

AGL: (25 + 2D10) or 40

DEX: (120 + 2D10) or 135

PCN: (85 + 2D10) or 100

PER: (85 + 2D10) or 100

STA: (45 + 2D10) or 60

STR: (25 + 2D10) or 40

WPR: (65 + 2D10) or 80

EWS: 135

ATT: 2; (25 + 2D10) or 40

SR: 4

WB: N/A

Fear: -30

MV: Varies with form (L)*; 75' (A) as mist or fog.

Type: Master

Class: C, G

Disciplines:

Automatic Change Self (to mist or fog)

*108 Time Stop** (at Master Level)*

Skills:

English, French/M 140

Acting/M 143; Anthropology/Archaeology/M 140; Antiques/

M 167; Art Criticism/M 140; Familiarity (Music)/M 155;

History/M 140; Legend/Lore/M 140

Javelin/M 137

** Jackson can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.*

***This form of Time Stop is automatically successful as with a C result within the intended range and area. Even SAVE envoys are automatically affected. However, any character wearing a silver 'S' (the SAVE insignia) is totally immune to the effects of this discipline (CM's discretion).*

CHARACTERISTICS

1. Unlike Dracula, the Carpathian vampire, and many other kinds of vampires, De La Croix/Jammer casts a reflection and reproduces an image on film and videotape. This is very important to his current career in music; the latest industry trends are toward the video markets.

2. Unlike some types of vampires, De La Croix does not die when exposed to sunlight. His powers, however, are substantially diminished: he cannot use Evil Way Disciplines during daylight, whether actually exposed to the sunlight or not. Still, the nature of his work sometimes makes it necessary to go out during the day.

3. De La Croix must rest 8 hours to restore Stamina and Willpower. Very often, he rests immediately after finishing a concert performance. Unlike some other species of vampire, Jackson may rest whenever and wherever he chooses; he prefers, however, to rest during the day, when he cannot use the Evil Way.

While De La Croix rests, he appears to be dead. He does not breathe, he has no heartbeat, his body is cold, and his hands are neatly folded as though he is lying in state. This appearance, however, is dangerously deceiving: the vampire can hear sounds around him, and may awaken if someone approaches. (Make a General Perception Check for the resting vampire to see if he awakens when something approaches.)

4. The following items offer protection against Jackson De La Croix:

- *The SAVE Insignia.* Wearing the SAVE insignia (a silver 'S') makes a character immune to De La Croix's use of the Evil Way Discipline Time Stop (CM's discretion).

- *Any Religious Symbol (including a cross, crucifix, Star of David, Patriarchal Cross, etc.).* De La Croix does not cower and flee like some other vampires when exposed to these, but he can come no closer than 2 1/2 feet to them.

- *Mint.* The odor of a leaf of mint within 2 1/2 feet causes De La Croix to leave the room or immediate area (within a 30-foot radius).

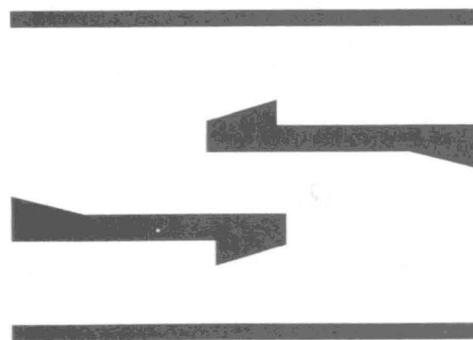
- *Garlic.* The same effect as mint.

- *Salt.* If spread in an unbroken line across a door, window, or other passage of entry/exit, salt keeps De La Croix from crossing through the passage. If, for some reason, the line of salt is broken or interrupted, De La Croix can pass through at the point of the break.

5. Jackson Jammer must feed on the blood of a human at least once every 2 weeks in order to survive. Failure to feed within this time period results in his permanent destruction. His blood drain attack takes 1D10 minutes, from the point of view of those immune to his Time Stop. This blood drain always results in the death of the victim. Victims drained by Jammer do not become vampires themselves.

6. In combat, Jammer can attack twice per round using melee attacks or his limited Evil Way Disciplines. Jammer suffers Stamina Loss from attacks of all types, but he cannot be wounded. If his Current Stamina Score is reduced to 5 or less, Jammer turns to his mist or fog form and retreats to rest.

7. Those who wish to destroy Jackson Jammer must drive a wooden stake through his heart, place his body in a wooden coffin, and spin the coffin around in circles. If the stake is driven through the heart, and the body is not placed in a coffin, or if the body is placed in a coffin which is not spun, Jackson remains "dead" until the stake is removed or disintegrates with time. After the stake is gone, Jackson then returns to his normal vampiric and musical activities. If everything is performed properly and the coffin is spun, De La Croix cannot find his way back from the Unknown and is banished from the Known world forever, even if the wooden stake is removed.





HUITZOTL

*From Nocturno
by Terevaldo Roberto Flechero Lunares
(translated by Henry Katayama)*

T

EREVALDO ROBERTO FLECHERO LUNARES,
BOLIVIAN NOVELIST, VANISHED MYSTERIOUSLY
INTO THE JUNGLES IN 1979, LEAVING BEHIND
HIM THREE NOVELS, A COLLECTION OF SHORT
STORIES, AND AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TRANSLATION OF THIS PASSAGE FROM
FLECHERO LUNARES' SECOND NOVEL (BELIEVED TO CONTAIN A
LESS THAN FICTIONAL ACCOUNT OF HUITZOTL) IS PROVIDED BY
HENRY KATAYAMA, UNIVERSITY FELLOW IN SOUTH AMERICAN
LITERATURE (AND SAVE ENVOY). - ED.

It was the summer of exhaustion, when even the dogs wept in the zocalo, where the tangerines lurked in the dark branches, plotting outrage. And Josue Maldicho, too, on his extended holiday, continued building the house of mirrors in the trees, firm in the knowledge that when the waters rose in September, the refuge would delight his patron, Don Roberto de la Torre.

Don Roberto, on the other hand, grew larger in the summer dryness, sometimes peeking over the tops of houses when the night approached. He had grown fond of visits from the police, whom he invited to his pistol range for midnight contests, which concluded, as expected, in a victory for Captain Esqueleto, and the mysterious vanishing of one of his officers from the pistol range, from the town, from the hemisphere itself—perhaps from the face of the earth.

Neither these contests nor the endless sorrows of the Police Department troubled Josue Maldicho, intent upon his architectural dream. "A glitterball," he said. "I shall live in a glitterball, and Don Roberto, he of the glittering and generous money, will visit me when the house begins to spin. When I set the floodlights among the roots of the trees, the clearing will flicker with light, the townspeople will dance in the outdoor ballroom, and the dogs will again be happy in the zocalo."

It was such thoughts that contented Josue Maldicho the architect, while Don Roberto grew fat on the missing police officers: so fat, indeed, that he was unable to leave his tower in the daytime, lying silently in his largeness until at night, transformed remarkably into a hummingbird, he could leave the tower through its elegant lancet windows. Then over the zocalo Don Roberto would fly through the many-layered and fabulous night, changing the frequency of the townspeople's transistor radios.

To Josue Maldicho, lying dreamily in the glitterball, Don Roberto appeared as a woman on the first of many nights. Luz, he called himself, Luz, with that irony reserved only for the nocturnal and large. And Don Roberto would change the weather in the glitterball raising a northern winter behind a wall of mirrors until, for the first time in his life, Josue Maldicho saw ice.

"I shall lie down in ice, for in the centuries to come I shall rise up in ice," said Josue Maldicho. "Don Roberto has told me that the years and the temperatures will never matter once the center of the glitterball reaches absolute zero, wherein time itself is frozen. Then I shall wait, I and Disney from Almaria, who I understand awaits frozen in a castle of his own in California. Together, Don Roberto has told me, we will be oddities and resources in the future world, this Disney and I."

But of course Don Roberto was lying about Disney, he who had last spoken the truth in 1457, and that only to perplex and deceive conquistadores who were expecting a lie. He had told Josue Maldicho this fable for his own dark reasons.

So it was that Don Roberto arrived the second time at Josue Maldicho's glitterball, resplendent in lies and mag-

nificent plumage. Twice he circled the turning palace, and never could the mirrors capture or contain the brown, white-tipped rush of his wings among the shattered tangerines in the darkness. Josue Maldicho huddled in fear at the corner of the glitterball, enthralled by the flapping of dim wings, the possibilities of allegory in this and every other situation that had befallen him since he first brought the shards of mirror and glass to the zocalo.

This time, when Don Roberto entered the glitterball, the two men smoked cigars, and Don Roberto told Josue Maldicho about the tower and its lancet windows, a tower indeed so tall that it was said that the servants aged unspeakably climbing the stairs that led from its cellars to the large, muraled study at its pinnacle. The mural depicted the history of the region, so delicately crafted that once, when Don Roberto spilt wine on the eastern wall, he had to use great speed and diligence in cleaning up the accident: had he not, the volcano called "La Malinche" would never have existed. So it was that the younger servants worked on the ground floors, the middle-aged on those floors of the tower which lay only slightly above the cloud cover, and the aged where the air was so thin that only those who had faded, who needed less than before in their diminishing lungs, could survive. Don Roberto, of course, ate, slept, and lived on the floors above his servants. "The stratospheric Don," whispered Josue Maldicho with reverence, as brilliant parrots, conures, and jandayas disguised slyly as parakeets joined in chorus above the zocalo—a chorus that agreed with Maldicho, if not in reverence: "Yes, the stratospheric Don."

"You flatter me," disclaimed Don Roberto, the end of his cigar glowing in the darkened interior of the glitterball, its smoke rising invisibly through the gaps between the mirrors and into the air above the zocalo, where it rose toward the moon, passed through several time zones, and dispersed in a country where the dogs laugh, where solid architecture is valued, where the stars bowed in magnificent homage, and the years turned under.

HUITZOTL

by Jose Sotero Guevara, Ph.D.

It has been said that no SAVE envoy ever truly retires. Dr. Jose Guevara is one who gives that saying great truth. An envoy since 1947, Guevara has kept extraordinarily active in research and advisory duties, even though his health suffered greatly in the disastrous 1959 Onaqui expedition into southern Mexico. Guevara is currently Professor of Anthropology and Meso-American Studies at the Universidad Nacional Autonoma de Mexico, and the author of Supersticiones Ancianas en la Sociedad Moderna. - Ed.

TLAXCALA:

CRADLE OF VAMPIRES

The word *Tlaxcala* brings many images to the mind of the Meso-American scholar. The Tlaxcala Indians were the strongest allies of Hernan Cortes when he conquered Tenochtitlan, the capital of the Tenochca or Aztec Indians.

Yet, because there was no gold or other riches to be found in this desolate area, and the Tlaxcala Indians were so firmly entrenched in Cortes' camp, the inhabitants in this area were promptly forgotten in favor of the lost treasure of Moctezuma, the still-rich silver mines of Guanajuato, the seven cities of Cibola in the north (current day U.S.A.), the mysterious Maya Indians of southern Mexico, and the fertile central valley. Even today, the west coast of Mexico supports a tremendous tourist economy, the states of Durango and Chihuahua in the north have developed agriculture to the point that exports reach the U.S. markets. The east coast has oil reserves that compare to the Arab countries. Mexico City is the largest city in the world and is the industrial center of Mexico, with Monterey carrying the bulk of Mexico's steel and heavy industry in the north.

However, the current-day state of Tlaxcala, which once contained Cortes' staunchest supporters, today contains no wealth, natural or otherwise.

Tlaxcala is probably the poorest state in Mexico. The mountainous state affords little area for farming (in some areas, the soil is so poor that corn grows blue instead of white or yellow). The state has no major urban centers: small towns still work from the ancient *calpulli* system of land and crop sharing.

The overwhelming majority of Tlaxcala's inhabitants still speak Nahuatl (the language spoken by the Indians of Central Mexico) over Spanish, especially in the rural areas. Catholic priests visit about once a year to perform mass baptisms, confirmations, and other sacraments of the church. It is in these same areas that the ancient customs of the Nahuatl-speaking Indians are still practiced, including their religion.

MY INTRODUCTION TO THE VAMPIRE

It was in Tlaxcala, around the area of San Isidoro at the foot of the volcano named La Malinche, that I made a startling discovery. Although an uninhabited church dominated the center of the small town, most of the townsfolk practiced not only the daily lifestyle of their pre-Colombian ancestors, but aspects of the ancient religion as well—including the worship of pre-Colombian Indian gods.

I made this discovery quite by accident in 1964, while camping with some friends. To brush up on my Nahuatl, I engaged some local Indians in conversation. They were (and are) naturally suspicious of Spanish speakers, but my command of their own dialect encouraged them to speak freely. In this first meeting I found out about the observances of the ancient religion, the practice of human sacrifice, and the immortal High Priest Huitzotl. The young Indian men discussed these things quite casually.

Instantly my professional curiosity was aroused. Here was the chance to discover anthropological secrets supposedly destroyed by Cortes and his men immediately after the conquest of Mexico. Of course, being present at

a human sacrifice would raise profound ethical complications to the anthropologist's usual cool detachment, but, no matter the circumstances, it was clear that nothing would be answered without further investigation.

Without informing anybody of my findings, I returned later in the same year posing as a wandering peasant. I worked on a *calpulli* for food and shelter (the *calpulli* is a cross between an extended family and a farm co-op). When I recited some Nahuatl chants that I knew from my studies, the townsfolk invited me to attend their religious ceremony within the next few days. What I would see I can still scarcely believe.

The night of the ceremony arrived. A crowd of nearly 400 had gathered near a small granite pyramid, at the top of which sat a large, blood-stained stone slab. All of the people were chanting a call to Tlaloc, the god of rain. On the top of the pyramid stood the immortal high priest Huitzotl. Four men brought forth a child about three years old. I suddenly realized what I was about to witness—that the old ways of calling down the rain were alive in their bloodiness, their brutality.

Rather than detail the events surrounding the sacrifice, I shall recount what else took place. I became instantly aware of the presence of the Unknown in the form of the high priest. Huitzotl vanished before our eyes, then returned (or something returned) in the form of a fish flopping around on the top of the pyramid. Slowly, the fish grew to three times its original size, then changed again into a giant warrior, almost 20 feet tall. The warrior proceeded to drink the blood of the grim offering.

When the warrior finished his terrible draught, he vanished, and the high priest reappeared. Suddenly, dark storm clouds began to roll in from all directions. Lightning flashed, thunder rumbled in the darkness above, and the rain fell from the thick cluster of clouds.

Had it not been for my vast experience with SAVE, I might well have been converted to the ancient religion on the spot. However, I sensed the presence of the Unknown and recognized certain Evil Way Disciplines. On the other hand, the Indians who witnessed the event saw all the proof they needed: the god himself appeared and accepted the offering; the rain was falling all around them. Who needed more proof?

For me, the incident raised dark, unanswerable questions: Who or what was this high priest? Was he alone? Was the giant *Tlaloc* a different creature or the same one? And what were the extents of the creature's powers?

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS

That night, by the granite pyramid, I observed clear signs of a variety of Evil Way Disciplines. Whatever the creature or creatures I had seen, the power was impressive. Furthermore, my intuition told me that this one demonstration had not exhausted the Evil Way capacities of the creature. The puzzle became more compelling; I began to analyze.

Two things impressed me about this first encounter:



first, the fact that the encounter took place at night is contrary to everything we know about the religious beliefs of the Nahuatl-speaking people; secondly, although drinking human blood was not uncommon for the high priests of the Aztecs, there was probably a reason, other than authenticity, for the creature to use this method to obtain blood. I drew no fast conclusions from these observations at the time (the proper course of action seemed to be to collect more information), but vampirism seemed a strong possibility.

THE SECOND ENCOUNTER

I continued to work in the fields, earning my keep. The first few weeks were particularly difficult because of the radical change in diet; I was ill for a short time. Ironically, the elders of the calpulli sought help from the high priest, who sent a medication that helped me immensely. I was fully recovered and on my feet again within 12 hours of taking the medication; in fact, several lingering ailments I had suffered over the previous five years seemed, at least for a short while, markedly improved. The calpulli elders did not inform me where the medication had come from until after I was better.

This bit of information was puzzling, for, up to this point, I had never heard of a creature from the Unknown taking an active part in curing the sick. Not only was the act unusual, but I could not help but be curious as to where or how the creature obtained its medical knowledge. Moreover, a darker question arose: did the creature entertain the thought of my becoming its next victim? All in all, I found myself in a most frightening position.

I next encountered the creature when the townsfolk gathered to celebrate a rite of the calendar. From my knowledge of the subject, I knew this ritual involved the god Tezcatlipoca and would, if authentic, require multiple sacrifices of adult males. I assumed that my knowledge of the religion would help my observations and perhaps help me figure out the nature of the creature.

Once again, I was surprised that a ceremony of the sun god Tezcatlipoca would be held at night, about two hours after sunset. Some 13 peasant men were led, apparently without the use of force, to the top of the same pyramid. This time the crowd was much larger than before.

A group of men dressed as the ancient priests marched to a slow drumbeat up the steps of the pyramid. When they got to the top, each priest chose one of the 13 victims and led the man to the sacrificial altar. Once there, the victim reclined and patiently awaited his own execution.

The priest looked toward the heavens and prayed. The drumming stopped and the crowd was silent as the priest began to carve through the victim's chest with a large knife. I could hear the rib cage crack; the body of the victim began to quiver and contort. Not so much as a whimper rose from the dying victim as blood spurted from his chest over the side of the body and down the altar. The lifeless, still twitching body was turned sideways to drain the cooling blood into a waiting container.

After all 13 victims had been sacrificed, their blood drained into the container, the priests began a chant; the chanting was soon picked up by the crowd. The sound swelled and grew louder, beginning in a murmur and ending virtually in a shout. As the chant rose, I was blinded by the flash of an intensely bright light from the top of the pyramid. When my eyes readjusted to the darkness, they focused upon the immense form of a creature—half man, half jaguar. For a moment I recalled the nightmares of my past—six years ago in Chilpancingo, facing the claws of the werejaguar. Yet this was different: the creature stood over 20 feet tall! It faced the crowd and issued forth an angry snarl; nervously, the crowd backed off a few steps. Then, the creature focused its attention below it, searching, I believed, for the container of blood.

The creature raised the bucketlike container to its mouth and began to gulp down the gallons of blood. Blood dripped and streamed down the sides of its mouth. Higher and higher the container tilted, until the creature emptied it entirely. Then, the thing cast down the container, shattering it into several pieces.

Now the creature surveyed the crowd. For a brief, terrifying instant it seemed to stare into my eyes. In that moment, I felt as though the thing had discovered me as a trespasser. It seemed like minutes passed while our eyes made contact. Finally, the thing turned away with a vicious snarl as the crowd lurched backwards again. Then, in the same bright flash as before, the creature completely vanished.

A feeling of relief rushed across the entire crowd. My emotions were fast and confusing. Still, I wondered whether the creature had singled me out, whether somehow it knew who I was, or whether I had let my imagination take over in the madness of what I had just seen. I was relieved, however, that the ceremony was over, and, although there had been no obvious threat to my life, relieved to have survived.

Later that night, I began to decipher what I had seen. Perhaps the most striking element in the grim experience was the unexplainable calm that had settled over the victims as they filed up to their deaths. It is possible that the victims were hypnotized or drugged. Or perhaps the calmness arose from some religious fervor; the victims might have believed that by sacrificing themselves they would be assured of a happy afterlife (a belief common in the ancient Mexican religions and still active in some contemporary religions, such as in certain Islamic sects).

Other concerns aside, it is most likely that the victims were drugged or put into some form of trance: they made no sound while suffering what was obviously an extremely painful death. The trancelike state may indicate that the creature exercises some power of control over the thoughts and feelings of its human victims. If so, this ability indicates a more varied and far more powerful use of the Evil Way than we had imagined heretofore.

At that time, still new to the investigation, I had another disturbing feeling: I could not be sure that the large jaguar-



man was the same creature that I had seen earlier at the pyramid. The appearance was different, but this means nothing to the illusion masters of the Unknown.

I quickly dismissed the notion that I had seen such a creature years before: the jaguar-man was far too large to be one of the werejaguars that I encountered years before in Chilpancingo. The creature in the ceremony was clearly supposed to be Tezcatlipoca, the god of the sun who appears in the shape of a jaguar. Tezcatlipoca was also known as "the Smoking Mirror": men were supposed to look into this mirror and see the future. Somehow, the ceremony seemed incorrect and inconsistent to an anthropologist's eye. My intuition again led me to believe that I witnessed some fraud designed in the Unknown.

I focused then upon the similarities between the jaguar-man and the Tlaloc-thing of the earlier ceremony. Both creatures drank blood, appeared shortly after sunset, and used an impressive array of Evil Way Disciplines.

Simple consideration of the possibilities led me toward certain other conclusions. In the ceremonies of Tezcatlipoca, I never once saw the high priest Huitzotl, the figure who dominated the earlier ceremonies of Tlaloc. Could it be that the jaguar-man was Huitzotl, that the many creatures could be one and the same—one creature bearing the power to change into a multitude of shapes?

I still had too many questions, and I needed more answers. Despite the horror rising up in me, I needed to

stay and observe more, although the world itself might close in on me.

The next morning, as I walked toward the fields where I was to work that day, a man approached me from the direction in which I was heading. There was something disturbingly familiar about the man, although I could place neither him nor the source of my unease. I watched him, searching for some clue.

We were almost directly in front of each other when I realized this was the man who first told me of the strange rites in this remote area of Tlaxcala! By the look on his face, he recognized me in turn, and was surprised to find me on the path. He immediately stared at the ground, nervously avoiding gazing into my eyes. I did the same, hoping that the man would fail to recognize me. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw him glance over his shoulder, as if to confirm in his own mind that he was not hallucinating.

My dangers were only beginning; everything in the man's stare and in my own instincts told me to flee, and to flee immediately. I never made it to the field where I was supposed to work that day. Instead, I began to run toward safety in the town of Puebla, knowing somehow, deep inside, that I was to be the next sacrificial victim. Needless to say, I had no desire to oblige Huitzotl with my presence.

I entered Puebla safely and on foot. When I arrived in town, I contacted some colleagues from the university to come and get me. By nighttime, I was back home in



Mexico City, safe and sound, and eagerly awaiting my own bed and the best night of sleep in weeks.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

After my return to Mexico City, I did not discuss my findings with anyone. Instead, I buried myself in research (which produced no really new observations). Classes were about to start, and the university was preparing itself for another year of students and strikes.

The night before classes started, I attended a cocktail party, which was arranged by a rich man who wanted to pay court to members of the anthropology department. The wealthy are notorious for trying to purchase grades and degrees for their children. My evaluations of scholars are not affected by such attentions; in fact, I attended these affairs only to avoid making political enemies. Besides, because of the unusual subject matter that my teaching covered, most students rushed to enroll in my classes. This particular party, however, would be different.

Early in the evening, I was introduced to a Don Roberto De La Torre, an extremely handsome and well-dressed man with the manners of a European count. Don Roberto's features were Castilian, as was his Spanish. After our introduction and the customary small talk that occurs at such a party, De La Torre surprised me by explaining that he had no interest whatsoever in the university. Instead, he was interested in meeting me, having heard a great deal about my strange approach to anthropology.

I was far too human; Don Roberto's surprising statement played directly to my vanity. My audience listened attentively (I believed, admiringly) as I rambled on, trying to sound important and scholarly. When it came his time

to talk, Don Roberto explained that he had come all the way from his home in Tlaxcala to attend this party.

I instinctively became silent, as attentive a listener as I had been a careless speaker.

"You see, Dr. Guevara," said Don Roberto, softly and coldly, "I am an individual of great powers. I pride myself on being able to pick a face from the crowd, to single out one face from the masses and say, 'There is something unusual about this man.'"

Don Roberto's icy smile now turned into a defiant, sinister sneer. "I have seen your face in the crowd, so to speak. Since it is inevitable that some day we shall meet again, I thought it best to introduce myself. Surely we shall meet again, at least for a drink." Don Roberto simply smiled, knowing that no matter how hard I tried to hide my emotions, I had received his message.

I must confess that, at this point, the party was a failure. The laughter in the room seemed metallic, remote—the lights unnecessarily bright. I realized who stood in front of me. Obviously, this vampire (I had all the proof I needed) was so powerful that he felt perfectly free to let me know ahead of time what would be in store for me.

GATHERED INFORMATION

The initial shock of the encounter wore off in time. Shortly, my sense of duty to SAVE outweighed my fear. If nothing else, I could record my findings, reactions, and observations as they occurred throughout the events in Tlaxcala, enabling some future envoy to embark on his mission with less peril. If time were allowed me, I could pursue further research, perhaps assisting in destroying this evil creature, even if the creature's destruction oc-

curred after my own passing. Whatever the circumstances, the conclusions I had reached should beset forth—for the sake of the Society itself.

I am convinced that only one creature exists. This creature is a vampire very similar in characteristics to Count Dracula, with some obvious exceptions. First of all, this creature can change into many forms, most of which resemble various representations of the bloodthirsty gods of the Aztecs. The creature can change its human form, at least to the form of Don Roberto, as I discovered in Mexico City. Perhaps it can assume other forms as well.

Sunlight does not kill this vampire, although it probably reduces or limits his powers. The vampire, posing as the high priest Huitzotl, wanders the area in daylight (or so the Indians claimed), as he did when he sent me the medication for my illness. The fact that the sacrificial ceremonies break tradition by being held at night suggests that the vampire is weakened by daylight.

It is clear to me that this vampire makes great use of the Evil Way. Aside from the effects he achieved at the ceremonies, the creature probably has various forms of mental control, and other powers as well.

Further research has uncovered the following pieces of information that may be helpful to SAVE envoys:

1. A chalet was built in 1957 on the north side of the La Malinche volcano, less than a mile from where I first met Huitzotl/Don Roberto De La Torre. Some of the Spanish-speaking natives simply call the residence "la torre" (the tower). It can only be reached by off-road vehicles. Most of the peasants who live in the area claim that, although they have never seen anybody in the house or on the grounds, they have seen lights in the dwelling at night. The property owner listed in the records of the Municipio de Tlaxcala, Tlaxcala, is one Roberto De La Torre.

2. In 1969, the U.S. Embassy in Mexico City formally asked the federal government of Mexico to investigate the murders of six U.S. citizens in the small town of Torres, about 18 miles south of Lake Atocha, in the western part of the state of Tlaxcala. The tourists were hiking in the area and were reported missing. After a five-day search, the bodies were found, hacked by machetes some time after their deaths. The cause of death of each victim was a slit throat; in each case, the throat wound was the only wound to have bled.



ADVICE FOR SAVE ENVOYS

In the pursuit of Huitzotl/Don Roberto De La Torre, several procedures and needs become crucial. First, it would be extremely helpful to have an expert on Meso-American anthropology. This vampire has disguised itself as individual gods in the Aztec pantheon, while very

carefully putting together a method of action that uses the traditional ceremonies of the Aztec religion. An expert on the subject could assist in deciphering the actions of the creature, in determining particular weaknesses from the slight mistakes in disguise and ritual, much in the same manner that I uncovered some important facts because of my knowledge of the Aztecs.

Finally, whoever expects to confront the vampire should be prepared to face the anger of the 10,000 Indians who inhabit the area. These people are not aware that Huitzotl

is a vampire. Instead, they carry on a centuries-old tradition, arisen and nurtured in their own backyard.

To these Indians, these "gods" provide rain upon demand, medical attention if needed, and many other necessities. In return, the Indians appease the "gods" by providing blood sacrifices. The people of the area are doing nothing more than their ancestors have done for generations. Killing the high priest Huitzotl, vampire or not, may well bring swift and angry reactions from the Indians who depend upon him for their daily survival.

HUITZOTL/DON ROBERTO DE LA TORRE

AGL: (75 + 2D10) or 90

DEX: (75 + 2D10) or 90

PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90

PER: (75 + 2D10) or 90

STA: (75 + 2D10) or 90

STR: (75 + 2D10) or 90

WPR: (75 + 2D10) or 90

EWS: 135

ATT: 4; (75 + 2D10) or 90

SR: 4

WB: N/A

Fear: -30*

MV: Varies with form**

Type: Master

Class: C

Disciplines: (all disciplines are at Master Level)

125 Swarm², Write

125 Animation of the Dead, Deadly Remains, Enormity, Evil Eye

Automatic Change Self (to bat, eagle, hummingbird, jaguar, fish, rattlesnake, man or woman of any race)¹

125 Change Temperature, Change Weather, Haywire, Lightning Call, Rain, Raise Winds, Shake the Earth, Wave of Fog

125 Deadly Dreams, Influence, Steal Memory

125 Flight, Telekinesis, Teleport, Throw Voice

125 Darken, Invisibility, Quiet

¹Huitzotl can only use Change Self after sunset and before sunrise.

²Huitzotl can Swarm animals as well as bats, eagles, hummingbirds, and rattlesnakes.

Skills:

Spanish, English, and French/M 140

Acting/M 140; Anthropology/Archaeology/M 140; Antiques/

M 162; Disguise/M 140; Graphology/Forgery/M 140;

History/M 140; Legend/Lore/M 140; Medicine/M 140;

Swimming (Automatic; Huitzotl cannot drown)

*Fear Checks. This is only applied if he is recognized as a vampire.

**Huitzotl can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

Characteristics

1. Huitzotl/Don Roberto casts no reflection in a mirror unless there is some form of smoke directly between him and the mirror. If there is smoke directly between the mirror and Huitzotl, his reflection appears in the mirror, but not the reflection of the smoke.

2. The sight of human blood excites and enrages Huitzotl: only rarely can he resist the temptation to feast upon it. (Willpower Check is at -70, or CM's discretion.)

3. Unlike his inferior vampire cousins, Huitzotl does not die when exposed to sunlight; he is able to move about during the day. Sunlight does weaken him, however: he cannot use any Evil Way Disciplines during these hours.

Evil Way Disciplines that are used just before sunrise are still in effect during the daylight hours, such as Change Self. (For example: if Huitzotl has used the Change Self Discipline to become a fish just before sunrise, and the sun then rises, Huitzotl must remain in the shape of a fish until the sun sets.)

4. Huitzotl must rest for 8 hours in order to restore lost Stamina and Willpower. This rest can occur at any time but must take place on the soil from the ruins of a Mexican Indian temple. Huitzotl prefers to rest during the daylight hours when he is most vulnerable to attack. During his rest, Huitzotl will appear dead, but he is fully aware of everything that is going on around him.

5. The following items offer protection against Huitzotl:

- A Crucifix (but not a regular cross or any item(s) in the shape of a cross). Upon touching or seeing this item, Huitzotl cowers and withdraws, leaving the area quickly. A crucifix, when placed upon Huitzotl's place of rest during his absence, will prevent him from resting there.

- Garlic. The odor of garlic within 2 1/2 feet causes Huitzotl to leave the room or immediate area. He will use the Evil Way to make a subject remove the garlic, however (particularly the Influence Discipline).

- Salt. Huitzotl cannot cross over a solid line of salt. He must either go around it or use his Evil Way Disciplines to make a subject create a break in the line so that Huitzotl can cross.

6. Huitzotl can make 4 attacks per round.

7. Huitzotl's blood drain causes the victim to lose 1D10 Stamina per minute. He will drink for 1D10 minutes, or at CM discretion.

A victim who dies from Huitzotl's bite does not become a vampire.

8. Huitzotl suffers normal Stamina Loss from all forms of attacks, but cannot be wounded.

9. To destroy Huitzotl, his heart must be burned. The problem is locating the heart, which has been separated from the vampire's body for centuries. The heart will burn once it comes into contact with a flame. The heart is completely burned in 1D10 minutes from the time the flame contacts the heart. Huitzotl's powers are not diminished (although he is not able to extinguish the fire himself) until the heart is completely burned, at which point the vampire is destroyed.



ELIZABETH BATHORY

*In the Arms of the Countess
From Letters to Brother Georg, by Miroslav Gorka
Translated by Dr. Wilhelm Geistmann*

THE WORKS OF NOVELIST MIROSLAV GORBA (1882-1930), HUNGARIAN NOVELIST, HAVE ESTABLISHED A STRONG LITERARY FOLLOWING IN WESTERN EUROPE AND THE AMERICAS; THE BOOKS HAVE BEEN BANNED IN HIS NATIVE HUNGARY. HIS FAME RESTS IN PART ON HIS LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER GEORG—LETTERS THAT DISCUSS GORBA'S VIEWS ON LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, THEOLOGY, HIS FAILING HEALTH, AND FINALLY HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST THE UNKNOWN.

Dismissed by many as the hallucinations of a man wracked with the pain of tuberculosis, the letters have been invaluable to SAVE, especially on the subject of Elizabeth Bathory. From this excerpt, and from the later account of novelist Flechero Lunares, we begin to see that, although Bathory preys upon females to fulfill her needs, she derives pleasure in the torture of male artists.

– 12 December, 1929

Again, Georg, I am in pain, I am wretchedness. The countess (remember, I told you of the countess?) again has visited my little house on Vertest, and again has delighted me with the tales of her wealth, with promises that I might share in her fortune. Georg, Elizabeth (she allows me to call her Elizabeth, for she says mine is a “nobility of spirit!”) knows that my health is failing, that there are days now when I cannot rise from the bed, cannot even sit at my desk, and on those evenings I am entirely exhausted, and would sleep like a dead man were it not for the terrible chattering of ravens outside my window—“harmless enough,” I can hear you saying, old practical Georg, but not harmless when they are like Macbeth and “murder sleep.” Yes, she knows my health is failing, and is most sympathetic. Sympathetic but firm, mind you, as I have always dreamed my muse would be: she knows several prominent doctors in Vienna, and she has promised me the best medical care in Europe—the instant I finish my novel *Fajdalom*.

Old practical Georg, I know you must be saying what our American friend Fitzgerald would surely say—“Some muse!” Perhaps you are thinking that prolonging a man’s sickness is to murder his art. I am ahead of you in these wretched thoughts, dear Georg, for the high, breathless squeaking of the ravens teases me with that suspicion on the nights when I try to recover sleep from a bout of this infernal coughing. But think: is there ever great art that is not tempered and shaped in the forge of great pain? This is the lesson, dark but profound, that she is teaching me.

She teaches me in my study, lecturing, taunting, consoling from her throne on the wicker chair by the eastern window. And not only her words are beautiful, Georg! Though sometimes in a sudden twist of the moonlight I see her profile and know that she is older than I imagined, there is always a youth about her—a natural youthfulness, I might say, except that it waxes and wanes just like the moon that illumines her serene and luminous features. And she talks, saying:

“It is here in the moonlight, Gorba, here in the darkness, that the song of the artist arises into its own. It is to this darkness that the daylight aspires, for see? Do not the shadows always lengthen? Do not the people rush from the streets of Budapest into their homes? You see, dear Gorba, they rush into themselves, and they sleep to dream the dreams of the artist, those they can never bring to a beautiful, created thing under a later moon.”

Yes, Georg, yes it sounds fanciful as I write you this letter in the sunlight, but when she speaks I believe her,

and hearing her speak is indeed greater, at least more soothing, than creating any novel, any art. But it weakens my nerves; just when the sky begins to redden the top of the tallest buildings in Pest, she rises from the chair and leaves quickly, while I hunger for more of her words—more of, as she says so expressively, “the artist’s duty to eternity.” She claims (and who am I to doubt her?) that she visits at night because night is the time of lunar thoughts, of the visitation of beauty and insight. She bids me farewell, reminding me that when the novel is completed, then the pain may recede somewhat, that I will have earned again the air I struggle so fiercely to breathe. But when she departs from my study, having fired me again with the love of lasting beauty, I sit at my desk and stare into nothing, into the blank whiteness of the empty page, and again my *Fajdalom* dies in the morning.

I am unsure of this, Georg, even as I reread this letter—unsure of my work, of the rapid failure of my health. More than all other fears, I am unsure of the countess; dying for the love of my work is one thing, but of late I have found myself dying for the love of dying itself. As the English poet Keats I find that “Now more than ever seems it rich to die, to cease upon the midnight with no pain.” Because there is pain now, Georg, pain every waking moment, and increasingly, through the lectures, through the ravens, now through outrageous wolves that crouch on the sill of the eastern window, every moment is waking.

Can you put me up in Prague over the holidays? I need refuge from my work and from the dark side of the moon.

– M.

ELIZABETH BATHORY

by Dr. Wilhelm Geistmann

It is an honor to include the work of Dr. Wilhelm Geistmann in this collection. Dr. Geistmann, of course, needs no real introduction: his decade at the helm of SAVE has been one of extraordinary progress as, again and again, the Unknown has met its match against more capable and better trained envoys.

Born in Switzerland, Dr. Geistmann maintained a position as Distinguished Professor of Renaissance History at the University of Lucerne. There his private research supplied SAVE with useful background information on Baron Anton Garnier, the Alpine vampire. This material, along with more extensive work on Elizabeth Bathory, the Loup du Mal, and the Loup Garou, is included in Dr. Geistmann’s influential book, *Alte Aberglauben der Modernen Zeit*. – Ed.

In all of the SAVE records, the case of Elizabeth Bathory is perhaps the most horrifying. To her contemporaries of the seventeenth century, she was the essence of evil, the dark core of an uneducated people’s collective fear. She was the most dreaded creature of her day—that is, of the period in which she was most powerful—and dreaded by the people of the darkest and most infamous parts of Transylvania. They knew all too well of the deeds of Vlad Tepes, known to history as Dracula, yet still they feared Elizabeth Bathory more.



THE HISTORY OF ELIZABETH BATHORY

Elizabeth Bathory was born in 1560 in a part of Hungary which edges the Carpathian Mountains. The Bathorys are one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most famous families in Hungarian history. Interestingly enough, although the Bathory name is most often associated with Hungary, the Bathory family ties are actually linked to Transylvania. One of Elizabeth's relatives was a cardinal, several were Princes of Transylvania, and her cousin Count Gyorgy Thurzo was Prime Minister of Hungary. The most famous Bathory, indeed perhaps the most famous Hungarian statesman, was King Stephen of Poland. But, along with religion and affairs of state, the Bathory family had other, far darker interests. One of Elizabeth's uncles was a diabolist, and other members of the family engaged in other bizarre and sinister behavior. But no member of this family was more deviant and disgusting than Elizabeth.

As a child, Elizabeth was betrothed to Count Ferencz Nadasdy. She was married, on May 8, 1575, when she was only 15 years old. Her husband was 26. In a gesture that reflects the high esteem in which the Bathory name was held, Count Ferencz added Elizabeth's surname to his. This has been a fortunate gesture; since Elizabeth continues to be known as Elizabeth Bathory, it is easier to trace her steps through the complicated events and outrages of the next 40 years.

Elizabeth and Nadasdy set up residence in the Castle Csejthe, a stronghold in northwestern Hungary. Count Nadasdy spent nearly all of his married life off at war. War, indeed, seemed to be raging in this part of the world more often than not. The Count had the reputation of being a great warrior, and eventually he became known as "The Black Hero of Hungary," a strong right arm for his nation against the threats of the Ottoman Turks and of the Russians under Ivan the Terrible. Unfortunately, he was nearly as ruthless at home as on the field of battle: because of the customs of the time and place, as well as because of her husband's jealous tendencies, the Countess Elizabeth was almost a prisoner in her own home. This situation left the Countess lonely, impressionable, and highly vulnerable to the influences of others.

It seems that Elizabeth's manservant Thorko introduced the young Countess to the ways of the occult, a preoccupation which Thorko had apparently held for a long time. Early on in her marriage to Count Ferencz, the Countess wrote to her husband about voodoo-like rituals in which she and Thorko were participants. Perhaps these bizarre and brutal rites carried some possible connection with the Evil Way. The similarities between their purposes and those practiced in the zombie-infested Caribbean are striking. SAVE, however, still has not figured out the intended use or origin of Bathory's evil "magic."

For a while, the Countess was clearly in a state of confusion. She left her husband and Castle Csejthe to elope with a "dark stranger." The Countess returned a short time later, and it seems that Count Nadasdy forgave

her readily. SAVE has not been able to identify the "dark stranger," but certain possibilities arise, none of them all that reassuring. First of all, the fact that the stranger was characterized as "dark" could mean any number of things, from a description of the man's complexion to his dealings with the Unknown. Perhaps the most interesting possibility, and one we certainly cannot disprove, is that the "dark stranger" of Bathory's waywardness was Dracula himself. We have no accounting for his whereabouts from the time of this "death" as the Prince of Wallachia in 1476 until the time of his identification by Jonathan Harker in the late nineteenth century. If this stranger were indeed Dracula, it would easily account for the events which followed shortly after Elizabeth's return.

Soon after she returned to Castle Csejthe, Elizabeth began torturing her servant girls. These atrocities were committed with the aid of the Countess' old nurse, Ilona Joo, the butler Johannes Ujvary, a witch by the name of Dorottya Szentes, a forest witch named Darvula, and the ever-present Thorko. On the heels of this outrage came further radical changes in the life of the Countess.

During the first ten years of her marriage to Count Ferencz Nadasdy Bathory, Elizabeth had borne no children. Now, three boys and one girl arrived in the short space of four years. In 1600, Elizabeth's husband died. His death unleashed the dark side of Bathory completely; her evil became visible and public for the first time.

First, Bathory sent her mother-in-law (whom she hated) away from Castle Csejthe. Now, her only hostile witness sent away, the Countess began to order things in the castle to suit her own desires, and to feed her own sick pleasures.

Bathory's greatest atrocities are said to have arisen by chance, but the groundwork for her crimes lay in the murkiness of her own darkest fears—that of becoming old and losing her beauty. These fears erupted in a hideous situation recounted in several biographies and histories. It seems that the Countess, who by now was well known for her cruel treatment of servants, struck one of her maids in a moment of irritation. The blow was so hard that the young girl bled, the blood spurting onto the Countess' hand. Bathory's reaction was immediate: the sources claim that she believed the blood made her skin seem more firm, fresh, even revitalized—that she thought she had found the secret to everlasting youth in the blood of young maidens. We, of course, believe the Countess' actions stemmed from more than lunatic belief, the hallucination of a woman kept too long in solitude and darkness; it is possible, given our theories about the mysterious absence and the "dark stranger," that the blood actually did revitalize Bathory's skin.

At any rate, Elizabeth acted upon her belief with swiftness and brutality. She called for Johannes Ujvary and Thorko, who cut the maid, holding her so that the young girl's blood would drain into a huge vat. The Countess then indulged in a literal "bloodbath," eager to beautify and revitalize her entire body.

Over the next ten years it became the job of the Count-

ess' henchmen to "recruit" young maidens to come to Castle Csejthe, supposedly to work as elite "personal servants" to Elizabeth Bathory. Many a young girl jumped at what might have seemed the opportunity of a lifetime. Almost all of them met a gruesome death instead.

Elizabeth continued her bloodbaths in order to preserve her beauty. The cutting of the young girls became ritualistic, the Countess and Thorko presiding over gruesome ceremonies. Within a short time, whether from increasing psychosis (as most authorities claim) or the increasing need of vampirism, the baths were no longer enough; the Countess began drinking the blood of her victims. Sometimes she filled goblets with the blood; sometimes, her great yearning driving her to a frenzy, she bound her victims, cut them, and sucked the blood directly from their bodies.

The end to this madness came when a woman who was one of the intended victims somehow managed to escape the castle. The woman informed the authorities of the gruesome rituals in Castle Csejthe, and of the horrifying needs of the "Blood Countess." Eventually, word of Elizabeth's atrocities came to King Mathias of Hungary. Surprisingly, the king ordered an investigation.

Why would King Mathias believe the scandalous statements of a serving girl regarding one of the most prominent women in a prominent Hungarian family? Why, unless in the terrible wake of Count Dracula and the blood-steeped tradition of the Transylvania region, something of Elizabeth's behavior or in her strange disappearance with the "dark stranger" had led the king to believe that, not only was such scandal possible, but that it was possible enough to suspect a noblewoman from the sole testimony of her serving-woman?

Cautiously, the king proceeded; he sent Elizabeth's own cousin, Count Gyorgy Thurzo, on a surprise raid of Castle Csejthe in late December, 1610. Perhaps the king believed Thurzo would do his best to clear the family name should Elizabeth be guilty of the atrocities, and to soothe ruffled feelings should the accusations be false. The charges, however, could not be more true; when Thurzo and his soldiers raided the castle, they found the unspeakable.

When the Count and his men entered the main hall, they found two victims of the Bathory rituals, one dead, the other barely alive. For the first time, outside eyes saw the cuts and teethmarks on the bodies and the crusted goblets; surely the men began to imagine even greater brutalities, and, beneath them—in the dungeons and below—they were to find them. In the dungeon the investigators found a number of other living girls, many of them cut and pierced in the same manner as those in the main hall. After arresting everyone in Elizabeth's group and setting free the intended victims, Thurzo resumed his search for more. He exhumed the bodies of some 50 girls before he gave up, realizing that it would be impossible to unearth all the victims. Faced with such substantial evidence, it is certain the Count no longer felt that his cousin



had been slandered.

The trial itself was held in Bitse during January and February of 1611. Elizabeth never appeared in her own trial. In fact, she refused to plead guilty or innocent, perhaps relying upon her family name and the belief that the nobles were above the law. The complete original transcript of the trial still exists in Hungary today—nowhere, however, may we read Bathory's own discussion of her crimes.

Nobody, except for possibly Elizabeth herself, knows how many young girls she killed. The servants practically climbed over one another to offer estimates at the trial—estimates that ranged from 37 to 40 to 50. The authorities found 50 bodies under the castle before they had given up their search. Most historians estimate the total number of victims to range between 600 and 650.

The men (and one of the women) involved in Bathory's crimes were beheaded, then cremated, strangely following one of the Transylvanian and Hungarian traditions of destroying vampires. Two of the women had their fingers torn off, then were burned alive—a form of execution commonly reserved for witches. Countess Elizabeth, the Blood Countess, who had engineered the inhuman series of murders for whom the servants, as evil-hearted as their deeds were, were following orders at least as evil as their deeds. However, the Countess was never formally convicted of any crime.

At first, King Mathias demanded that the Countess be executed. Then, apparently, the Bathory family brought their considerable power and influence to bear upon the situation. The King and the Countess' cousin, the prime minister, struck a deal: Elizabeth would receive an indefinitely delayed sentence, which was to be interpreted as solitary confinement for life. Stone masons were called to Castle Csejthe to wall up the windows and doors of the Countess' bedchambers, effectively sealing her inside. Only a small hole was left through which the captive could receive food. Again, the sealing of nearly every exit to the room indicates a strong suspicion of vampirism.

In 1614, about three and a half years after the Countess had been shut away from the world, one of the guards who had been posted outside Elizabeth's bedchamber, overwhelmed by the legends of the Countess' renowned beauty, decided to observe for himself. He found her, lying face down on the floor, apparently dead.

It was here that the wheels of bureaucracy, of such great assistance to the Countess in her most recent existence, first came to her aid. As one can understand, the guards at Csejthe made a grave error in not recognizing one of the classic signs of vampirism—the body may well have been dead for several days, but Bathory was still beautiful and fresh in nature. Working on a terribly mistaken assumption, the guards believed that, since the murderess would be denied the proper church offices of the funeral, it was up to them to dispose of the body, then inform the Bathory family and King Mathias. They cremated the body, assur-

ing that the vampire was not destroyed—that she would return at a later time.

1947: THE PAVLOVIC EXPEDITION

In 1947, SAVE Headquarters in Ireland had gathered enough evidence to suspect the presence of a vampire in Fagaras, Romania. The actions of this creature did not conform with those of other vampires; they did, however, conform to the actions of Elizabeth Bathory, long suspected to be a vampire by the Society. A SAVE expedition was mounted, led by veteran envoy Ivan Pavlovic.

Pavlovic was joined by Dr. Dragan Mirkovic, Mr. Franc Hazi, Miss "Wandy" Milovic, Miss Nicole Iorga, and Miss Monika Dimitriu. Pavlovic, aware of Bathory's grisly history, planned to trap the Blood Countess by using the three young women as a lure. The plan worked; unfortunately, it worked all too well.

Elizabeth was indeed in Fagaras as believed. The documentation left by Dimitriu tells us that on July 2, 1947, about 48 hours after the creature was identified.

"All madness broke loose. Pavlovic believed that Hazi was in collusion with the vampires and shot Hazi. When he realized that Hazi had not double-crossed our expedition, Pavlovic then shot himself in despair. The wound was not immediately fatal, and Dr. Mirkovic was treating it with some success. Just as Pavlovic seemed ready to get back on his feet again and lead us against the vampiress, he slashed the throat of the doctor who had saved his life, holding us at bay while poor Mirkovic bled to death. Afterwards, Pavlovic's wound grew infected and caused him a very painful death."

The fate of the young women remains a mystery; all, however, were victims of the Blood Countess. Their bodies were found discarded along the side of a road, on September 8, 9, and 12, 1947. All of their bodies had been drained of blood.

BATHORY TODAY

Budapest, Hungary, is a city that is highly unfamiliar to many Westerners. It maintains the same strange blend of Europe and Asia that characterizes many Eastern European cities.

Hungary had been under Soviet influence for many years: the National Assembly, supposedly the chief governing body in Hungary at the time, was answerable to Moscow. The Soviets, as the phrase goes, "Have had a substantial military advisory presence," and kept a close eye on Hungarian nationalists and political dissidents.

One would suppose, given the tight security inside Hungary until recently, that the country was not a safe home for vampires while it was under Soviet rule. SAVE evidence seems to indicate that vampires have always been alive and well indeed, and are still plaguing the lands in which they have risen to their greatest infamy. SAVE is still in the process of observing whether the

recent political changes in Hungary, as well as other parts of Eastern Europe, have had an effect on the proliferation of vampires in the area.

In early 1972, Bolivian novelist Terevaldo Roberto Flechero Lunares visited Budapest at the request of the Hungarian Writer's Union. Flechero Lunares was noted for the "alternate sanity" of his novels and for his highly pronounced left-wing political beliefs (of course, many of his other actions were unknown: he was one of SAVE's most courageous and resourceful field envoys until his recent disappearance).

Lunares was between expeditions for the Society, and,

although he had some misgivings about the trip, he saw it as a potential "exchange of literary and political ideas," not to mention a welcome rest from his continual search for the Latin America vampire Huitzotl. Fortunately for SAVE, he found the trip anything but restful, as the excerpt from his report to SAVE Central indicates on the following page.

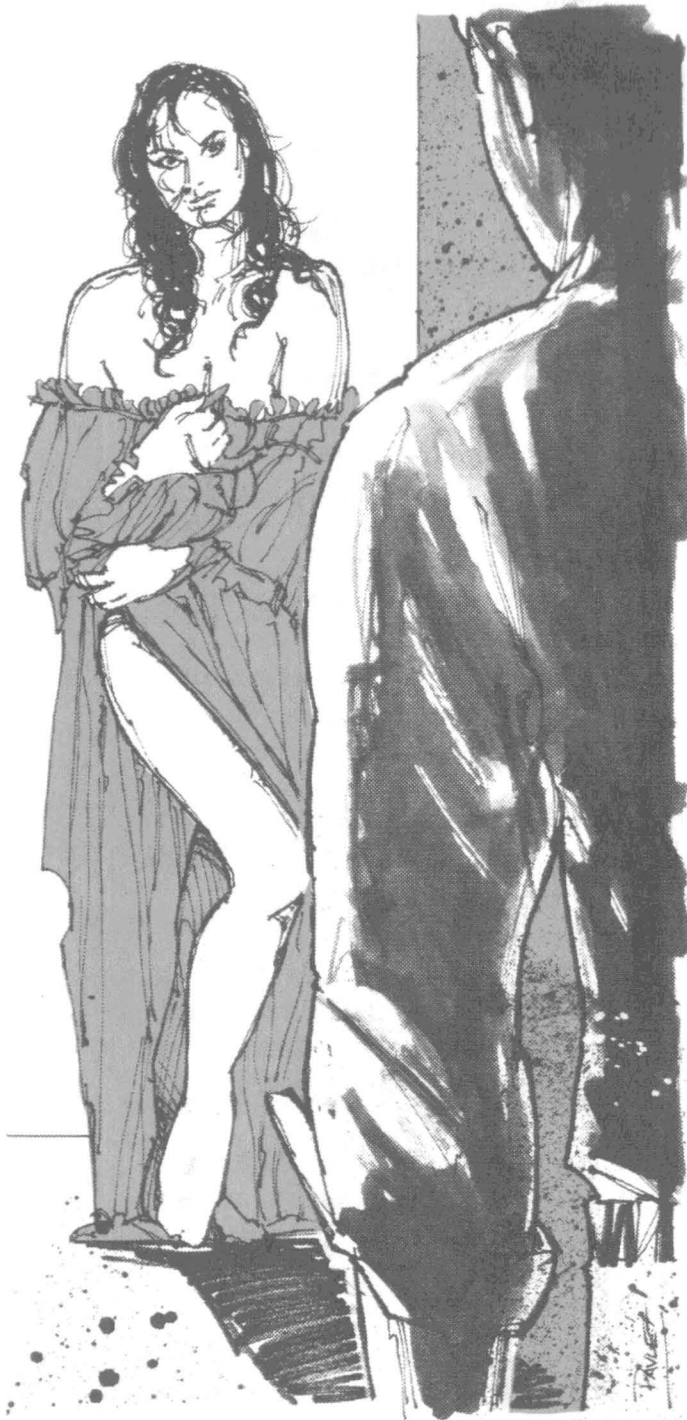
BATHORY AND DRACULA: THE MISSING LINK?

Of all material in the Elizabeth Bathory history, some of the most tantalizing suggests her link with the legendary figure of Dracula. Certainly both vampires had royal ties to Transylvania; it is also possible that the "dark stranger" with whom Elizabeth ran off was Dracula himself.

History and property bind the Bathory family to Dracula; it is documented that in 1476, nearly a century before Elizabeth's birth, the commander-in-chief of the expedition that helped Dracula regain power in Wallachia was Prince Stephan Bathory. Castle Fagaras, once a Dracula fief, became a Bathory possession.

No matter whether the historic connection actually took place, Countess Elizabeth Bathory and Count Dracula have quite a bit in common in their respective backgrounds as well as their respective powers. In fact, the type and nature of their vampirism seem to be similar in many respects. They do, however, employ different strategies, and it is strategy itself that makes Elizabeth Bathory a most dangerous adversary for a SAVE envoy. Bathory uses her similarities to Dracula in characteristics and power to delude enemies into hunting her as they would hunt Dracula. This deception allows Bathory the advantage for surprise over her enemies.

In fact, Bathory may well be more powerful than Dracula himself. Her skills and use of the Evil Way are probably at least as strong as his; furthermore, Dracula's obsession with power almost always displays itself in a clear desire for domination. Bathory, on the other hand, lures her unsuspecting victims through her infinite variety of ploys. One can never tell what approach she will try—whether she will use her charm, her feigned innocence, her considerable beauty, her personality, or out and out flirting. Actually, Bathory is the mistress of deception, using any form of trickery to get at her intended victim. She masks her lies in trusting and innocent expressions, doing her best to make the victim feel cynical, even corrupt, for doubting the word of anyone so sweet and gentle. No doubt Bathory couples her obvious dramatic, hypnotic, and persuasive skills with a liberal use of Evil Way Disciplines to assure that, quite literally, she can get away with murder. Perhaps Dracula is more famous than his Transylvanian neighbor because his desire for domination, for control, leads to more visibility, thereby more notoriety; Bathory, on the other hand, is the spider at the center of a web of lies and illusions, extending a shining strand to her victim, who takes it willingly, unwittingly and inevitably drawn toward the poisonous center.



One gets so tired so quickly of discussions about "socialist realist art" and "the writer's continuing commitment to revolutionary praxis." It reminds me of the emperor's new clothes.

So I walked toward the buffet the Union had provided, dearly hoping that all of those little sausages had not been eaten.

Halfway to my destination, I was introduced to Lydia Dozsa, a member of the Hungarian General Assembly. Politicians in the Northern Hemisphere usually have the intellect and ethics of sheep rustlers, but the Assemblywoman's stunning beauty made me suspend my judgment for the moment. As the conversation continued, Comrade Dozsa showed herself more intelligent than the ordinary Eastern European politico, praising my novels rather than Hungarian industrial policy. I was surprised that I had never seen her picture in the Hungarian press: certainly one of such glamour could draw excellent publicity for the General Assembly, many of whom looked like potatoes in mourning.

The ballroom that lay open behind the buffet was only half-filled with dignitaries and intellectuals. Gold framed mirrors lined the wall in unsocialist splendor, and a huge glitterball pivoted from the ceiling. The small orchestra played a waltz, and Comrade Dozsa seemed reluctant when I asked her to dance. For a dynamic political figure she was surprisingly meek: we moved onto the dance floor in no time, she moving shyly, I cautiously (I am no dancer, but this was something else; as we twirled beneath the glitterball I felt an uneasiness-something was definitely wrong).

It was then that I noticed my own reflection in the mirrors; in the ballroom I danced with a lovely woman in my arms, but in the mirrors I danced alone. Had Comrade Dozsa noticed that I had noticed? Did she know that I knew?

I felt the form in my arms expanding—not bodily, for the same small woman danced with me, stared endlessly into my eyes, as if reluctant before, she was now fascinated. The expansion registered in my emotions, not my arms, in an ever-widening sense of horror and sorrow and age, endless and wearying age, that arose from the dance. Now she was leading, as the pace of the waltz slowed hypnotically.

And then it was her voice I was hearing, drowned in the loudness of waltzes and conversations, but soft and clear in my inner ear, playing a sweet and poisonous melody:

"Yes, Lunares, I am older than you could believe, older than these plodding bureaucrats, older than the Russians, older than light in the mirrors. They will all pass, and I shall mask myself to their passing. But now we shall dance, and I shall lead you through waltzes and waltzes, feeling upon my ageless shoulder the warm pulse of your arm.

"Eventually, Lunares, eventually, though you return to . . . where is it? Bolivia? Now Mexico? Though I remain in Hungary, in the home of my ancestors conquered again, conquered except in the darkness, darkness unquenchable, darkness always arriving.

"Eventually Lunares, eventually. Perhaps in Budapest, where the Bathorys always reign, perhaps in Miskolc or Debrecen. But eventually, as you move from the infancy of light into this sweet, oh very sweet darkness, you will beg for the shadow, you will dance with the shadow in a ballroom filled with nothing but night."

I had to ask her permission to flee. I left Budapest that night. Dr. Geistmann, it is Bathory, the murderess who glutted herself on hundreds of girls, who waits through centuries to glut herself again, who has killed Mircovic, Dimitriu, and the others. . . .

ELIZABETH BATHORY

AGL: (75 + 2D10) or 90

DEX: (65 + 2D10) or 80

PCN: (85 + 2D10) or 100

PER: (105 + 2D10) or 120

STA: (105 + 2D10) or 120

STR: (75 + 2D10) or 90

WPR: (95 + 2D10) or 110

EWS: 150

ATT: 2; (75 + 2D10) or 90

SR: 4

WB: 52

Fear: -30*

MV: *Varies with form: 225' as raven or wolf (L)**; 75' (A) as mist or fog.*

Type: Master

Class: C, G

Disciplines: (all disciplines are at Master Level)

140 Summon, Swarm

140 Animation of the Dead, Create a Feast, Evil Eye, Gnarl

Automatic Change Self (to large raven, white wolf, woman of any race, cloud of fog)

130 Haywire, Wave of Fog

136 Dreamsend, Influence, Sleep, Steal Memory

130 Flight', Halt, Slam, Telekinesis, Teleport, White Heat

133 Appear Dead (Self), Darken, Purified Shell, Quiet, Total Illusion

'Bathory can use Flight any time, day or night, except for 1 hour after sunrise and 1 hour after sunset. To fly, she assumes the form of a cloud of sparkling lights that dance in the air, then materializes when the flight ends. She cannot be destroyed while in this dancing light form.

Skills:

All Indo-European and Indo-Chinese languages/M 155

Acting/M 160; Anthropology/Archaeology/M 155; Antiques/

M 175; Art Criticism/M 155; Disguise/M 150; Filching/M

160; Graphology/Forgery/M 140; History/M 155; Hypnotism/

M 185; Investigation/M 173; Language, Ancient (all)/M

155; Legend/Lore/M 155

Dagger/Knife/M 140

*Fear Checks. No Fear Check is needed if the character encountering her does not know she is a vampire.

** Bathory can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

CHARACTERISTICS

1. Like other vampires from this region, Bathory casts no reflection. Nor does her image appear on film or videotape. All paintings of Bathory have disappeared.

2. Daylight does not harm or affect Bathory. However, she cannot use Evil Way Disciplines for 1 hour immediately following sunrise, and 1 hour immediately following sunset.

3. Bathory can control people whose Current Stamina Score has been reduced to 5 or less by her bite. The extent of this control equals a C result under the Influence Discipline's description (see the *CHILL hardcover book*).

4. Bathory must rest once her Stamina and/or Willpower Scores are reduced to less than 10 each. When she rests she appears dead. This rest need not take place inside a coffin: a crypt, the inside of a mausoleum, or any place of the dead will do. Twelve hours of uninterrupted rest restores all lost Willpower and Stamina. If Bathory is disturbed before the 12 hours have passed, her Stamina and Willpower remain the same as when she began resting; she must start all over again and rest for an entire 12 hours in order to restore Willpower and Stamina.

5. The following items offer protection against Bathory:

- *A Patriarchal Cross (but no other type of cross or crucifix).*

This item is the holy symbol of Eastern Orthodox churches. Upon seeing this item, Bathory cowers and leaves the room or area in any manner available. Bathory cannot approach within 2 1/2 feet of the Patriarchal cross. A Patriarchal cross hung above the doorway to a room prevents her from entering or leaving by that doorway.

- *Garlic.* The odor of garlic within 2 1/2 feet causes Bathory to leave the room or immediate area. She will use the Evil Way (particularly the Influence Discipline) or her Hypnotism Skill to make a subject remove the garlic.

- *Salt.* Bathory cannot touch table salt nor cross directly over a line of table salt. However, as with garlic, she uses skills and Evil Way Disciplines in order to make a subject remove the salt. Direct contact with table salt automatically causes Bathory to sustain Strike Rank 8 Stamina Loss and wounds.

- *A Wild Rose.* This flower has the same effect as garlic. It also immobilizes the Countess when placed upon her. If so immobilized, she can use the Evil Way, except for any discipline that directly moves the rose or her own body.

- *Mountain Ash.* When placed upon the Countess, this leaf has the same effect as a wild rose.

6. Bathory must drink the blood of 3 young (younger than 25 years old) female victims a week, or her Personality Score is reduced by 50 for 1 week. She will appear to have aged 25 years from her usual appearance (that of a beautiful 25-year-old woman). For 1 entire week, she will appear to be a 50-year-old woman. If for some reason, she cannot claim three victims from the time she appears as a 50-year-old woman, she ages another 25 years and her Personality Score is again reduced by 50. If she fails to claim 3 victims on the third successive week, she is destroyed forever.

The victims of Elizabeth Bathory do not become vampires when they die, but remain dead after their Stamina Scores have been reduced to zero (0) or less. The blood of a man does not fulfill Bathory's needs, so, rather than perform her vampire attack on male victims, she attacks them with her skills and Evil Way Disciplines. Often, she has been known to turn one male against another.

7. When draining blood from the body of her victim, Bathory drains 1D10 Stamina per minute. The blood drain lasts for 1D10 minutes.

8. There are several ways to destroy Bathory. If she takes enough wounds from table salt, she eventually dies.

A wooden stake driven through her heart leaves her completely helpless for 1 minute. Then, she uses her Evil Way Disciplines to change into sparkling lights and escape. Once the stake is driven through Bathory, her body should be set on fire immediately. Bathory's body is highly flammable in this state, catching fire and burning completely in 3 rounds, leaving no trace of its existence.

9. Bathory does not suffer Stamina Loss or wounds from normal weapons.



THE VAMPIRE NINJA

*In the Blackout of Kyoto
by Oshiri Fujikawa
Translated by Henry Katayama*

SURELY FEW TIMES HAVE BEEN AS HARROWING FOR THE COUNTRY OF JAPAN AS WERE THE FINAL MONTHS OF WORLD WAR II. SUBJECTED TO HEAVY BOMBING (AND NIGHTLY BLACKOUTS), MOST JAPANESE COULD IMAGINE NO GREATER HORRORS.

NOT SO, ACCORDING TO OSHIRI FUJIKAWA, JAPANESE FILM DIRECTOR, WHO SPENT HIS CHILDHOOD IN OSAKA AND WAS A WITNESS TO EVEN MORE HORRORS, AS THIS EXCERPT FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY SHOWS.

The bombings of 1944 were only episodes to me. The memories of a six year old, especially when recalled from a distance of 40 years, are a series of high points and crises. In wartime, such perceptions are even more fragmented, or so they tell me. For the life of me, I seldom can connect event with event.

Except once—a week in summer, 1944. Ayoka, one of my father's former students, took care of me while my mother worked in the hospitals after the raids. As we walked by the school, Ayoka and I fell in with some other boys in their mid-teens, Ayoka's age: boys who expressed an admiration for the ancient code of the samurai, and a belief that its principles could turn the tide of the war.

Ayoka would have little of it. He grew angry, saying that some of the principles of feudal Japan were virtuous, and it would serve a young man well to follow them. Others, he maintained, had brought us to this sad state in the war. While our fathers fought for Japan's survival, he said, the thoughts of their sons should be on how to make the best of a peace that would be so dearly bought. The boys glared at him with hatred, but they could not call him coward, for they respected Ayoka too much.

That night, awakening to the terrible sound of screams downstairs in our house (where my mother had furnished Ayoka his room), I sat in the bed and listened for more noise in the deep silence. I strained for the sound, but none came; I squinted through the woven shadows of my room, but nothing moved, nothing approached.

It was the smell that drew me downstairs later, but I had the sense to wait until the stench had faded somewhat. I do not remember what had happened to Ayoka. I awoke in the hospital nearly a week later, the victim, my mother said, of some profound shock. Ayoka had been murdered, I was to find out, but the details of the homicide were never discussed in our house. The boys with whom Ayoka had quarreled took me under their wing, remaining kind to me well into my adulthood, never mentioning the code of the samurai. I suppose that such brutality, whatever it was, had led them to believe that the saber-rattling of the old ways had passed.

THE VAMPIRE NINJA

by Henry Katayama

It was a difficult decision to include Mr. Katayama's article in this book. The reasons for this difficulty in no way reflect upon the author or his abilities. It stands to reason that this vampire, so radically different from any of the others that appear in this book, may well be something other than a vampire. However, the basic premises of vampirism are apparent, and our decision to include this creature was based on the most sound current evidence we could gather.

Mr. Katayama is currently studying under an academic fellowship in Mexico, where he is writing a book on Bolivian novelist Terevaldo Roberto Flechero Lunares. - Ed.

THE FIRST REPORTS

In 1932, Dr. Mansanori Minowara, a biologist from Japan, wrote a letter to SAVE Asia Central Headquarters, then in Shanghai. In this letter, the scientist described a horrible, rotting body that "beyond nature and belief, seems to move with the grace and quickness of a dancer." By the doctor's account, the creature roamed the Japanese countryside at night, silently hiding in the shadows and waiting to attack.

Dr. Minowara claimed in his letter that this creature "attacked with the style and force of the deadliest assassin." Once its victim died, the creature would break the corpse in half with its bare hands, then gulp down the blood pouring from the torn cadaver.

Unfortunately, Japan was beginning a series of aggressive wars against its surrounding neighbors. As Dr. Minowara wrote his letter, Japanese troops were invading Manchuria, riding a wave of events that would end eventually in World War II, when virtually all contact between Japan and SAVE ceased. Dr. Minowara was killed in a U.S. bombing run over Osaka in 1944.

Before the SAVE contact in 1932, this vampire assassin was not unknown to Japanese folklore. Long before the arrival of Europeans in Japan, the creature was known as "Death Ninja," the hero of the feudal ninja assassins because he was as indestructible as he was deadly. Stories are still passed down about the Death Ninja's calmly pulling arrows out of his body, about his treating critical wounds as though they were mere scratches. Legends mention his great age: it seems that the Death Ninja had lived for hundreds of years—that is, something within the creature remained alive, for the flesh on that body was dying slowly. The ugliness of rotting flesh simply made the creature all the more fearsome.

At one time, the Death Ninja served as a teacher for the Ninja class and profession, but only as teacher to the most promising assassins. Legends say that he taught by example only, never uttering a word. The students had to pay the greatest attention: failure to learn meant certain death, for if the enemy did not kill the student, the Death Ninja would.

The most fearsome stories of the Death Ninja concern his awesome strength, his crazed demand for discipline. It is told that at times, the creature became so angry with his students that he would grab one poor soul as an example, lift him up in the air, rip him in half, and hold the torn body overhead, letting his blood pour into his open mouth. In the words of the legend, the Death Ninja drank the blood from the body "as a shepherd drinks wine from a goatskin. Then he turned and sneered at his students. Then none dared to disobey the rules of the Death Ninja."

The Death Ninja appeared only at night, and trained his students in all aspects of the night. They were like cats—seeing in the dark, traveling unnoticed in the shadows—and as sensitive to nighttime sounds and smells as are the jaguar or the leopard. Under the guidance of their teacher, the ninjas abandoned daylight altogether.

THE ODDITIES OF THIS VAMPIRE

The history of the Death Ninja makes it obvious that he is an unusual creature, radically different from other vampires. The most astonishing difference lies in the nature of this creature's powers—none of which seems to be rooted in the Evil Way. For example, there are no accounts of this creature's animating the dead, becoming invisible, changing the weather, or changing his shape. Based on years of observation by the Japanese as well as the recent involvement of SAVE, we can assume that the creature, while he may possess Evil Way Disciplines, chooses not to use them for some reason or another. Furthermore, all accounts of the Death Ninja emphasize that his sole form of attack has been physical assault. We cannot say with any certainty that the creature will choose or use other forms of attack if the tide of battle turns against him; frankly, the tide of battle has never turned against him.

Another major difference between the Death Ninja and the other vampires is that this creature makes extensive use of powerful natural liabilities and skills. The vampire's Strength, Agility, and Stamina are unearthly—the prime reason for the creature's incredible skill as a ninja.

The Death Ninja also possesses formidable weapons skills: his quickness, strength, and weapons knowledge make him the foremost martial arts expert in the country, probably in the world. Using his finely honed skills, the vampire is virtually unchallenged in physical combat.

The creature attacks by sneaking through the nighttime shadows, slipping soundlessly through the darkness. His usual strategy is to ambush the victim—first with a weapon, fighting hand-to-hand only in the final showdown, and then only if necessary. On rare occasions, the vampire allows the intended victim to detect the approaching attack, only to set up a cruel kind of cat and mouse game, toying with the frightened victim, dangling the chance to escape, then closing the trap upon his hapless prey. When the Death Ninja has decided that he has had enough of the game, he strikes swiftly, effectively, and mercilessly.

DESCRIPTION

Some things concerning the Death Ninja are consistent throughout several centuries of documentation; we can assume that these are certainties. For example, we know that he has a name other than the "Death Ninja" title bestowed on him by his generations of loyal followers. We are not sure if this other name, Nishi Oka, belongs to a time before he became a vampire, or if it is a name used as a cover which allows the Death Ninja to mingle among the living without being detected. Regarding the pre-vampiric life, we have no clues as to who Nishi Oka was, nor how he finally became a creature.

Every reported sighting of the creature confirms the following rough physical description: Oka stands only 5'7" and looks as though he weighs about 150 pounds. His

general appearance seems physically fit, even athletic.

All reports describe Nishi Oka as dressed in black, in the traditional garb of the Japanese ninja. This dress includes weaponry, quivers, sheaths, and the like. Of course, traditional ninja clothing is fashioned to hide the identity of the person (or creature) inside and serves its purpose well. However, in the case of Nishi Oka, a few witnesses have caught glimpses of the creature (and lived long enough to tell of it).

Nishi Oka is always described as "corpse-like." His face is made up of rotting flesh. In some places, such as upon the creature's cheekbones, the exposed bones jut through the rotted flesh. The eyelids have deteriorated until the eyes are always open in a death stare. They never once blink. The hair is sickly and dry, its color changed from black to the burnt rusty red that dark hair takes on after death. The hands of the creature are in a similar state of decay. Parts of the fingers expose bone to the open air. Consequently, when witnesses described Nishi Oka to authorities, they were frequently believed to be either deranged or in shock.

A very few witnesses have described a sickening odor arising in the air shortly before they encountered Nishi Oka. Most claim they have never smelled anything so foul in their lives, but they could not attach the odor to a specific origin. One witness, however—a man who worked during wartime by buying the bodies of the dead—immediately recognized the odor when he first smelled it—that of decaying human flesh. Less than a minute after the witness smelled the decay, he was ambushed by Nishi Oka. According to the witness, the only thing that saved him was the bottle of Mi-Rin saki (a sweet rice wine) that he was carrying. It seems that the creature was surprised when the bottle dropped from the witness' jacket pocket and shattered on the ground. For some mysterious reason, the creature stopped his attack and fled, never returning to finish what he started. The wretched smell, however, lingered afterwards, imprinting itself firmly in the memory of the witness.

The memory of this particular witness was just as sharp on some other accounts. He described the attacker in great detail—again (as is so often the case with Nishi Oka) to an unbelieving audience. The authorities were convinced that the victim was either delirious or under the influence of the saki in the bottle he had dropped.

It is from these accounts that we can formulate a physical description of the creature. We can certainly put together a mental picture of the creature's physical appearance. The description is not only visual: some witnesses, though certainly not all, claim that the odor of decaying flesh follows in the creature's murderous wake. This part of the description is more doubtful; nevertheless, if a SAVE envoy were in Japan in search of Nishi Oka, and suddenly smelled the nauseating odor of decayed flesh, he or she would be foolish not to suspect the Death Ninja is about to strike.



FIRSTHAND ACCOUNTS

This is the story of Ogata Gempaku as told to Toshusai Utamaro. Supposedly the event occurred on the outskirts of what is now the city of Osaka. The incident was dismissed by authorities, but Gempaku's account is the first truly documented sighting of the Death Ninja. Previous sightings are so wrapped up in legend that nobody can separate fact (if there is any) from fiction.

It is unclear to me exactly what I saw. I was tending to business. There were cries for help. I stopped what I was doing and looked up. It was difficult to see. The darkness had hidden some details from me.

At first, it appeared that a man was suspended in the air. He was calling frantically for help while he kicked his feet and waved his hands wildly.

When I looked closer, I was surprised to see a ninja. He was dressed completely in black so he could not be easily seen. He held the screaming man over his head, easily, with his two outstretched hands.

What I saw next was almost unbelievable. The ninja actually ripped the body in half at the midsection. The ninja discarded the bottom half of the body and then, holding the still twitching top half in both hands, drank the oozing blood in great, terrible swallows.

I stood frozen by the events in front of me. I watched until the ninja finished drinking. When he was finished, the ninja threw down the top half of the body. He turned to look at me. I was now frozen with fear. It seemed like he surveyed me up and down forever. Then he turned to look toward the east, where the light of dawn was just beginning to warm the eastern clouds. I, too, looked to the east to see what the ninja was staring at. When my eyes returned to where the ninja had been standing, he was gone. There was no clue as to which direction he chose to make his escape.

At first, I thought this was all a dream. I stared at the ground, scratched my head, and shook myself once or twice. I looked back to where the ninja had been standing. He was not there. But the halves of the body ripped apart by the ninja still lay on the ground, shuddering in a silent, mindless tremor. I was horrified. I could not have dreamt what I saw. I cannot explain what I saw—why or even how it happened.

The last few years have been devastating for Japan. Great famines over the last ten years have forced even the best of people into great atrocities. Of course, most of these outrages have taken place in the rural areas where people feel the effects of starvation the hardest. I have heard of cases of *mabiki*, or infanticide, taking place in the rural areas. Somehow, what I had seen in the night was more dramatic than even the atrocities of *mabiki*.

What I saw was the truth. Of course, the authorities did not believe my story. Still, they failed to come up with any explanation of what happened to the poor victim.

This is a firsthand account as told by Wakatsuki Shigenobu to Okada Tanaka, 1881, in Tokyo concerning his encounter with the Death Ninja when Shigenobu

resided in Kyoto, Japan, in 1880.

In the city of Kyoto, many strange killings had taken place over the last few weeks. Until the night upon which I saw the creature, there was but a single clue to identify the killer. Each of the victims had been struck in the head by a poisoned shuriken. The style of assassination was almost ritualistic, and was reminiscent of the days of the ninja. Until my encounter, eight people had died from such attacks.

I was walking the pathway to my home. I work as a sweeper, and so working through the night was not uncommon for me. It was still dark. I looked forward to sleep when I got home. I did not know that what was about to happen would make it difficult to sleep, as it will be even tonight.

I reached the middle of the city, my house still several miles away. As I was walking, something hit my broom with a force so hard that the broom flew from my hand, clattering against the wall of a building beside me.

I was curious—a little surprised, but not frightened. As I walked toward the wall to recover my broom, I remember wondering foolishly if a bat had struck the handle. Then, when I picked up the broom, I was filled with terror; anchored deep in the handle was a shuriken, the deadly throwing star of the ninja. The star was clearly meant for my head, or so I thought at first, and missed because the broom handle had blocked its path. But why had I, a simple sweeper, been singled out for assassination?

I then remembered the recent killings that had taken place in and around the city. I remembered the stories I had heard—how the murderer first struck each victim with the poison shuriken, then tore them in half and discarded the remains. Eight people, men and women from all walks of life, had been found mutilated in this horrible manner. I realized that the killer intended that I should join their ranks.

I remember running faster than I could run when young. I had no idea where to run, or who my pursuer was. I did not care. I only knew that I would not become the next victim if I could help it.

After running straight for a while, I decided to duck through a smaller sideway, where the shadows made it impossible to see anything. I stopped running for fear of colliding with some object and hurting myself, of making noise and alerting the killer, or, worst of all, running into him in the middle of the alley. Finally it became so dark that I was forced to a crawl. I felt my way along until I found a barrel of some sort to hide behind.

Once I was settled into my hiding place, I became instantly aware of the loudness of my breathing. I became frightened that the murderer would track me in the dark from the sound of my gasping. I struggled to control my breathing, which is a most difficult task, especially when one is terrified. After much struggle, my breathing came under control and was silent. I remained hidden and waiting—waiting for what, I was not sure, since I had no idea who or where my pursuer was, or whether I had even

been followed. I could see absolutely nothing in the dark. But waiting seemed like the proper thing to do.

After a long period of waiting, perhaps an hour or so, I regained some courage and decided to run home. Slowly I made my way out from my hiding place and felt my way along a wall. As I did, I heard a loud thump, as though something had struck the wall close to my left hand. I tried to move the hand, but it was caught. Something had pinned my sleeve to the wall. I tried several times to free my hand, but it remained fixed to the wall. I then reached over with my right hand to feel the object that had caught my hand. A dagger, buried to the hilt in a stone wall, had pinned my sleeve. As I felt the weapon, slowly realizing what was happening, a second thump froze my right hand against the same wall. I was trapped.

Wildly, I ripped the sleeves and took off running, even though I was blinded by the darkness. Several times I crashed into objects that I could not detect in the blackness. I did not dare stop to tend to my wounds or see if I had been hurt more gravely than I imagined.

Before me I could see the lights of the street. Soon I would be out of the darkness. This time I would not hide. I would go directly to my home and defend myself. The lights came closer and closer until finally I reached them.

The lights seemed to represent some kind of safety, but this was not so. No sooner did I step into the street when something tripped me from behind. I stumbled for a few steps, trying desperately to keep my balance and continue running, but my attempt was in vain. I sprawled forward and lost my balance. I tried to protect my face with my hands, but the force of the fall tore the skin from my palms. My face slid into the dirt and gravel, filling my mouth with the grit and gravel of the street. This, I thought, was to be my last moment of life.

I spit the street from my mouth, then rolled over to face my assassin. I did not expect to find the creature who stood over me.

The thing was dressed in black, like a ninja. He was poised above me, his sword drawn.

It is strange how the mind works when death stands above you. More than anything I wanted to see the face of my killer—to see the human face of this man who would bind himself to me forever.

The ninja stood framed in the light of the lantern. I squinted to see his face; what I saw was something not human. The ninja's unblinking stare was a result of lidless eyes. His sun-bleached cheekbone protruded through





his grey, lifeless skin, and his hair was matted and tangled and seemed to have a life of its own.

Everything seemed to be frozen, frozen for hours. The ninja creature stood poised above me, evidently enjoying my suffering and panicked state. I awaited my end, praying that it would be swift and painless, but knowing within me that the ninja creature would prolong my suffering.

Then I heard a rooster crow. The ninja creature looked up and stared about him, and then returned the gaze of his dead eyes to me. Without a sound, and with a quickness that would make a panther envious, the thing leapt away from me and quickly disappeared into the night.

I stayed on the ground in disbelief, asking myself if I were mad. How could this be possible? This chase through the darkness? This hideous dead thing? Shortly the light of day hit my face, and I reawoke to my situation. I lay on the street, reminding myself that I was still alive, then gathered myself and moved quickly to my home.

When I arrived home, I did not explain things to my wife. I only gathered my belongings together and left that same day for Tokyo. I have not returned since that day, nor have I seen my wife or family.

I heard that the killings continued after I left. The killer was never found. I tried to tell my story to some of the authorities in Tokyo, but nobody believed me. Instead, they think I am a madman or a drunkard. But the killings still continued.

When I first submitted this article to the editors, they were uncertain that the creature Nishi Oka could be classified as a vampire because of his lack of Evil Way

Disciplines. However, Oka is clearly some form of undead who is required to drink the blood of his victims; he cannot move about during the daylight hours, and, although his methods are different, he does attempt to move among the living without drawing attention to himself. All of these traits are widely accepted indications of vampirism, and their presence in the case of Nishi Oka constitutes, in my belief, compelling evidence. The fact that this creature seems to have no use of the Evil Way does not discount that he shares many vampiric qualities.

Initially, the editors also feel the inability to use Evil Way Disciplines is a weakness, and that therefore Oka is somehow a lesser creature. This is not necessarily the case. The fact that this creature does not rely upon powers that immediately identify it as a creature from the Unknown makes the vampire more elusive, possibly more dangerous. While it is possible to sense the Unknown in his presence, the lack of the Evil Way means that one cannot detect the vampire through his use of such phenomena.

The lack of the creature's use of the Evil Way is also the reason for one important characteristic of this vampire that other vampires seem to lack. Nishi Oka is always stalking. He is always on the prowl, yet always on the defensive, like the psychopathic killer, except that all his actions are propelled by a terrifying evil sanity.

While other vampires sit back, use their Evil Way Disciplines, and manipulate situations in order to obtain victims, Nishi Oka actively goes out and hunts for victims. As near as we can tell (from the nineteenth-century account of Shigenobu, which was reprinted previously), the creature is indiscriminate in his choice of victims. He happens upon a likely victim, then executes his prey. It makes no difference if the victim is male, female, young, or old. This creature attacks constantly, relentlessly, while other vampires do not pose such a threat.

ADDENDUM TO THE ARTICLE

*Mr. Katayama
resubmitted the article
after complying with the
editorial request that he
justify his classification of
Nishi Oka as a vampire.
Doubtful at first, we
found the following
arguments and additional
material very compelling.
— Ed.*

WARDING OFF A VAMPIRE: THE TRADITIONS OF JAPANESE FOLKLORE

Although we have absolutely no evidence of any way in which this vampire can be destroyed, we have gathered (from both tradition and eyewitness accounts) several time-honored Japanese methods of warding off a vampire. Obviously, these methods have not been proven; SAVE envoys should think twice before staking their lives on any of these defenses. (See **Characteristics** for details.)

NISHI OKA (THE VAMPIRE NINJA)

AGL: (85 + 2D10) or 100

DEX: (85 + 2D10) or 100

PCN: (85 + 2D10) or 100

PER: (85 + 2D10) or 100

STA: (135 + 2D10) or 150

STR: (85 + 2D10) or 100

WPR: (85 + 2D10) or 100

EWS: N/A

ATT: 2; (85 + 2D10) or 100 [6; (140 + 2D10) or 155]**

SR: 4

WB: N/A

Fear: *

MV: As a human***

Type: Master

Class: C

Skills:

Dagger/Knife/M 150; Long Sword/M 150; Mace/Club/M 150; 1-handed Sword/M 150; 2-handed Sword/M 150; Long Bow/M 150; Short Bow/M 150; Javelin/M 150; Spear/M 150
Acting/M 150; Anthropology/Archaeology/M 150; Disguise/M 150; Explosives/M 150; Filching/M 150; Graphology/Forgery/M 150; Hypnotism/M 150; Investigation/M 175; Lockpicking/M 150; Long-distance running†; Mechanics/M 150; Medicine/M 162; Survival/M 162; Swimming†; Tracking/M 150
Martial Arts/M 150

*Oka's Fear Number varies, depending on the last time he drank the blood of a victim. Oka's normal Fear Number is -8; however, for every complete week that has passed without his drinking the blood of a victim, subtract 1 from this number. For example, if it has been 3 weeks since Oka has fed on a victim, his Fear Number is 5 (8-3=5).

**Oka normally has an automatic 2 attacks per round. However, when using his Martial Arts Skill, he can make 6 attacks per round.

*** Oka can sprint without suffering Stamina Loss.

†Since a vampire, by its nature, does not need to worry about getting tired, Nishi Oka can perform this skill for as long as he desires.

CHARACTERISTICS

1. Nishi Oka cannot cast a reflection in a mirror or any other device that requires a light image, such as a camera, a videotape recorder, etc.

2. This vampire will only appear at night. Exposure to sunlight causes the vampire's immediate destruction. Nishi Oka is capable of seeing at night as a human being would see in full daylight. The vampire suffers no combat or vision modifiers in the dark.

3. Every day, Nishi Oka must rest by "meditating" in a reclined position in any underground area completely devoid of sunlight. While in this posture, Oka is totally helpless to defend himself, and cannot move in any manner to avoid attack. He must be at rest to be destroyed (see #6 following).

4. The following items protect against Nishi Oka:

- *A Bowl of Uncooked Rice.* When placed inside a room of any size, the rice causes Nishi Oka to leave the room, or prevents him from entering.

- *Salt.* Nishi Oka cannot cross over a solid line of salt. When such a line is placed across a doorway and/or windows, Oka cannot enter through these points unless the solid line is somehow broken. Nishi Oka cannot actively break the line himself. Somebody else must break the line.

- *Mi-Rin Saki.* The smell of this particular type of sweet saki within 2 1/2 feet causes Oka to leave the room or immediate area.

- *Confusing the Vampire.* Three lies told to Nishi Oka will confuse the creature and allow the victim time to escape.

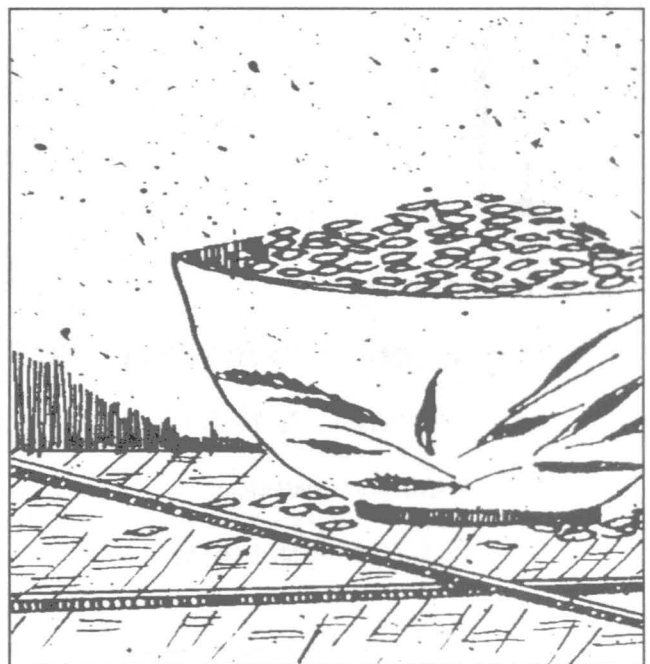
5. Nishi Oka's vampire attack is quite different from those of other vampires. To begin with, Oka has no Evil Way Disciplines on which he can rely. However, he is extremely powerful in terms of physical strength and skills, particularly in the Martial Arts Skill. He attacks as a ninja, sneaking through the shadows, and surprising and killing intended victims.

Nishi Oka makes 2 attacks per round unless he is employing his Martial Arts Skill. In this case, he is permitted 6 attacks per round. He sustains neither Stamina Loss nor wounds in normal armed or unarmed combat.

Once the victim has been killed, Oka tears the body of the victim in half and drinks the dripping blood from the mangled body. When he has finished (1D10 minutes), he simply discards the body and returns to his place of rest. The victim's body is torn in half when the CM obtains an H or C result for Oka on a Specific Strength Check. As the result of this unique attack form, Oka neither has nor needs the more common blood drain of other vampires.

6. To destroy Nishi Oka, a character must fulfill two conditions: First, the character must drive a wooden stake through the heart of the vampire while the creature is in his helpless "meditative state." Second, the character must decapitate the vampire and stuff his mouth with uncooked rice.

If the character fulfills one condition, but fails to fulfill the second, the vampire completely disappears after 1D10 minutes. The creature then reappears at the same spot where the attempted destruction took place, at full strength, at midnight of the next full moon.





EZRA CABOT

*The Mysterious Neighbor
From the Journals of Nathanael Hill*

NATHANAEL HILL'S JOURNAL IS AN OBSCURE DOCUMENT, PRIMARILY OF INTEREST ONLY TO CIVIL WAR HISTORIANS. COLONEL HILL (1837-1874), A NATIVE OF VERMONT, FOUND HIMSELF IN THE CURIOUS POSITION OF BEING ONE OF THE FEW UNION COMMANDERS TO DESERT HIS TROOPS IN BATTLE (ANTIETAM, SEPTEMBER 17, 1862); THE JOURNAL CHRONICLES HIS RETURN TO VERMONT, WHERE HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY GOVERNMENT AUTHORITIES IN 1864.

Colonel Hill spent the winter of 1862 in Salem, Massachusetts, where he recorded strange circumstances in his Journal. Historians dismiss the story of "Master Cabot" as Hill's hysteria directed toward pursuers. SAVE researchers, however, give the accounts credence. - Ed.

DECEMBER 12

Am kept close to my rooms by weather only, not by fear of detection. I am able to travel the Salem streets by passing as a gentleman of means who has hired a man to fight the War for him—so widespread a practice here that I have been able to elude questions for a month. The outbuilding so graciously offered by Mr. Cabot is comfortable indeed, although my benefactor remains mysterious. In the week I have lived in the outbuilding, I have seen him but once.

The War reaches Salem chiefly through the price of food. Imagine 50 cents for a chicken! Luckily, Mr. Cabot has provided for my meals, too. Such kindness is unusual in any man, but far more singular in a man of his wealth.

DECEMBER 21

I continue to marvel at my situation. Last night, I was visited by a beautiful young woman, who claimed that it was through her kindness that I received my meals. Then, she became quite forward, speaking of her great affection for me. I was shocked but flattered by her bold words. However, I resolve to remain stalwart, no matter what the temptation is. If she is Cabot's servant (or his daughter) and so free of speech, any other course would be that of an ungrateful guest.

DECEMBER 22

Again last night Duessa (for such, she claims, is her name) visited, and, when I remained reserved and gentlemanly, threatened to tell Mr. Cabot of my desertion. How she learned of my past I do not know.

I have decided to confront Mr. Cabot with my desertion, rather than having him find out from some other source. Perhaps he will respect my honesty and directness and say nothing until I depart this town under the cover of night.

DECEMBER 23

I have moved my quarters into the mansion. Mr. Cabot listened to my story with a profound sympathy, but explained that no Duessa dwelt in his household. In fact, he lives quite alone.

Because Duessa knows that I am a fugitive, Mr. Cabot offered rooms in the mansion itself. The townspeople never visit unless by his request, and the mansion is most likely the safest place in town to harbor a deserter. Shall move my belongings tomorrow.

DECEMBER 27

A place as lonely as the outbuilding. Perhaps lonelier still because it is so much larger. At sundown on the 24th, Mr. Cabot retired suddenly to his chambers, claiming a

great weariness. I did not see him again until yesterday, and passed a rather solitary Christmas.

Last night a disturbing dream. Duessa came to my chambers, remorseful for her threats of last Monday. More than glad to forgive her: she is a lovely girl and in truth unwilling to betray my secret. Indeed, the poor dear was so grateful to be forgiven that she kissed me—kissed me for a long time. I must confess I enjoyed the dream.

The house must be vaporous. Awoke to a mist in the room after my dream, and felt weary through the morning. Better as I write this.

DECEMBER 31

Stopped in Lowell tonight. The last several days frighteningly strange. Visited in dreams by Duessa the nights of the 27th and 28th. Awakened to mist in the room, and a weariness lasting to late afternoon, even to sundown. A shaving cut (which I do not remember suffering) had not healed, and I feared some watering in my blood. But this was a minor fear next to those to come.

The night of the 29th, I awoke from the same dream, weaker than I have ever been, and lay exhausted while a huge bat fluttered around the room. It was as though every childhood terror awoke within me—the feelings of weakness, of helplessness, of one of night's most dreaded creatures brushing by my face and chattering.

Finally, mustering all the strength I could, I manage to raise my hand, to strike out at my tormentor. The bat's body hit the far wall of my chamber, and I staggered from bed, intent on delivering a death blow to the creature.

The bat had vanished. In its stead coiled a huge black snake, fixing me with a cold, lidless eye, as if I were a toad or rodent. And this in the dead of winter, when it is natural that the reptiles sleep.

Still, I cannot call this a natural reptile. No sooner had I crossed the room to the hearth, intent on picking up the fireplace poker and making an end of this unnatural snake, when I saw the serpent begin to boil and smoke, dissolving into a cold and frightful mist. Only for a moment did I stand by, wondering if I were dreaming.

I have none of my belongings with me except the black woolen greatcoat I brought with me from Maryland. Prospects look dim from the loft of this Lowell barn. I close this entry in the hope that the entries—and the years—that follow will be better.

EZRA CABOT

Excerpted from unpublished manuscript Ancient Superstitions in Modern Society, by Ellsworth Smythe III, Ph.D.

Dr. Ellsworth Smythe is known throughout anthropological circles for his work on New England superstitions. He is currently Chairman of the Anthropology Department at Severn College, Massachusetts, and is completing the second volume of a work he feels will have "major impact on the field of world folklore." - Ed.

Virtually every superstition claims witnesses to testify to its validity. Despite victims, despite testimony of countless witnesses, most scientists demand their own narrow empirical standards of proof. One should honor the procedures of the scientific method; however, scientific standards of proof are not available in certain situations. We can assume that a sensible UFO pilot who, for some reason, wants to preserve the secrecy of his missions, will not fly into a laboratory, then wait until the lab's equipment is poised, its camera lights blazing. If the photographs of a UFO taken by a skilled photographer are subject to debate because the witness is fully capable of touching up photos or negatives, why do we not pursue the argument from the opposite direction: if laboratory equipment fails to register or record a phenomenon, or distorts what witnesses have seen or heard in its recording, does the fault lie with the witnesses or the laboratory equipment? Experience tells me that I should leave alone the subject of this chapter—despite the documentation, despite the witnesses, and despite the breakthrough it represents in our way of looking at history and at the world. Nobody from the controlled antiseptic world of the laboratory is prepared to accept my conclusions.

From my research, it has become increasingly apparent that the Salem Witch Trials, although tragic in their results, has a bizarrely rational explanation. For the people of Salem were correct in sensing a threat from the Unknown; however, there were no witches in the town. There was, and still is, a vampire.

THE VAMPIRE'S ORIGIN

The Salem Witch Trials of 1692 are among the darker times of New England—and American—history. There is no need to recount the scores of trials and executions that took place. Such information is readily available, and goes into extensive detail, thanks to the Puritan habit of maintaining intricate records concerning even the most mundane circumstances.

The American historian Anthony Doldrum claims in his study of Puritanism and Praxis that witchcraft was, in fact a strong influence in the Salem community: in a manner similar to Haitian voodoo, Doldrum argues, the Salem witches "harmed" their intended victims and inflicted real damage to the community. The damage arose from a shared system of superstitions held in the community: witchcraft had an effect in Salem for psychological reasons, because those involved—whether witch or victim—believed in it. Doldrum observes that the random accusations that resulted in the execution of innocent people were the product of a general public fear, arising not as much from church policy as from folk tale superstition gone wild.

Ironically, the general hysteria of the time arose from a genuine and actual sense that evil lay within the community. The Puritan colonists reacted within the confines of their knowledge, which included the presence of witchcraft but not that of vampirism. The evidence,

however, points to the presence of a powerful vampire in colonial Massachusetts.

The records of Plymouth Colony show clearly a certain Ezra Providence Cabot, born in Salem Township, 1631, and in residence there throughout the sensational events of the Witch Trials¹. Through all of the various accounts of the trials, Mr. Cabot's name stays in the background. He was neither tried nor named as a conspirator or practitioner of witchcraft, though contemporary records suggest some colonists suspected him of wrongdoing. Goodman Nathan Radford enters in his journal for 4 June 1693, "... I had occasion to pass by the lodgings of young Ezra Cabot. Goodman Cabot seemed full surprised to see me, entreating forgiveness that he was on his waye Out of Doors, for he founde much Worke to be performed in order to make profitable the Harvest that approacheth. He is an industrious young man of Clearly Manners, and I am not at all disposed to believe the Accusaytions and Slaunders that arose in the Yeare past."² Radford's observation is doubly generous: colony records show that the "industrious young" Cabot was 63 years old.

References to Cabot continue for the next 40 years, in both personal and business documents. Local townspeople still refer to him as a likely candidate for marriage. A 1720 letter of Prudence Winthrop expresses the misgiving that Ezra Cabot "has reached the pryme of life, and verily should consider the Blessed State of Matrimonie before he begins his sylde into Middle Age."³ This as Cabot nears his ninetieth birthday.

No record of the death of an Ezra Providence Cabot appears anywhere in New England until 1840.⁴ Ironically, this certificate of death is filed in Salem, Massachusetts. Twenty years prior to this death notice, the same Births and Deaths register documents the birth of a male named Ezra Providence Cabot.⁵ The names of the child's parents are the same as those of Ezra P. Cabot's parents in the Plymouth Colony Records of 1630. The legal paperwork that transferred property took place in 1840: all property was passed from Ezra P. Cabot to Ezra P. Cabot (apparently the young man born in 1820). A number of similar transactions have taken place since the original probate case in 1840. In every such case, Ezra P. Cabot "heir" is 20 years old when Ezra P. Cabot "benefactor" passes away; although the younger Cabot is not a documented relative, he always manages to inherit the older Cabot's property.

The cycle continues to this day, bringing us to the conclusion that Ezra Providence Cabot is alive, and residing in Salem, Massachusetts.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF MR. CABOT

By 1846, the eighth American branch of the Societas Argenti Viae Eternitata (SAVE) had been established in Boston. Although he lived less than 20 miles from the front door of Boston's SAVE Central Offices, Cabot himself was so private, so secretive, that it was over 40 years before he aroused enough suspicion to merit a SAVE investigation.



In 1890, a number of people moved to Boston from Salem, complaining that the onset of a plague had driven them from their homes. Local physicians attributed the plague to the spread of influenza, despite prevailing rumors that the disease was a plague, indeed. Yet, when the physicians examined the dead, they found a disturbing situation: the dead were extraordinarily pale, drained almost entirely of their blood. Still, as if by conspiracy, nothing emerged in the local press regarding the plague or the unusual deaths. SAVE officials in Boston, particularly Mr. Dennis Cunningham, a childhood friend of SAVE mainstay Michael O'Boylan, decided the situation was worth investigating.

At first, SAVE was interested only in gathering information. However, the envoys found the people of Salem reluctant to talk about the plague or the deaths; everyone acknowledged that the town had been struck by tragedy, but few offered any more information. Perhaps half a dozen townsfolk stated that the "old man on the hill" was responsible for the plague. Following this rather thin lead, SAVE began investigating Ezra P. Cabot. A period of research into various Salem archives ended in the death of SAVE investigator Patrick Flynn, supposedly from the "plague;" Flynn disappeared from the investigation at a most inconvenient time, his corpse turning up down the road in Peabody, vampire bite marks on the neck and completely drained of blood.

In June 1894, Dennis Cunningham organized the first major SAVE expedition out of Boston. The idea was to locate and destroy the vampire, Ezra P. Cabot.

Cabot still lived in the "house on the hill," as the townspeople called it. The house, an old structure, seemed quite imposing from its position atop a large hill overlooking the town. Cunningham kept a close eye on the vampire, as evident in the letter on the opposite page to his friend and fellow SAVE envoy, Michael O'Boylan.

Within a week, Cunningham and his cohorts were all found dead—supposed "victims of the plague." Of course, SAVE was hardly convinced of this explanation; still, the Society realized that the expedition had been woefully unprepared. Although Cunningham and the rest of the party knew their adversary was a vampire, they had not taken into account the diversity of vampires—their varieties of powers and abilities. Apparently, Ezra Cabot is an extremely powerful vampire. The next expedition should take care, and should collect information thoroughly and cautiously, else the Society will send more envoys to a grisly death.

Since the Cunningham mission, SAVE has made no all-out effort to destroy Cabot. The fear is that this vampire is too powerful, and that more research is necessary. Instead, a number of envoys embarked to gather as much information as possible on Cabot. Some envoys—John Wilcox, Robin Vance, and Jim Gossard—lost their lives in the line of duty. Others, including Paula Ynocencio, and Fred Baxter returned with a wealth of information that has helped form a portrait of this vampire.

EZRA P. CABOT: PORTRAIT OF A VAMPIRE PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Accounts of Ezra Cabot's appearance, taken from historical records and contemporary observations, are so varied that a word of caution is necessary: apparently, at varying times during his stay in Salem, Ezra Cabot has handed over his property to his "heir;" this process obviously masks a form of physical renewal Cabot undergoes, and SAVE is uncertain whether these renewals take place at regular intervals. When last observed, Ezra Cabot, always a thin man, appeared to be a gaunt and fragile 70-year-old. His eyes are a deep red as always, but his face is wrinkled and his hair is thin, white, and fairly long. By contrast, Cabot's lips are full, ruddy and almost youthful, and his teeth are quite strong and white.

Despite his frail appearance, Cabot is incredibly, unnaturally strong. Although he prefers to move slowly, he can move with great quickness and agility, surprising all but the most prepared of opponents.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY

Ezra Cabot may or may not have a female companion. Paula Ynocencio's 1924 report recounts a visit to Cabot's house under the pretense of selling magazine subscriptions. A young and charming woman answered the door, claiming that Mr. Cabot was ill and could not be disturbed. Furthermore, the mysterious woman continued, there was no need to return and bother Mr. Cabot with such trivialities.

The identity of the woman is still an item of debate among SAVE experts. Some believe that the woman was some sort of minion of the vampire, while others contend that she was a victim unaware of her impending fate when she opened the door for Paula. Still others believe that the woman was the vampire, Ezra Cabot himself.

HABITS OF THE VAMPIRE

Ezra Cabot rarely appears in daylight hours, although he has been known to walk in sunlight. We assume that he prefers to rest during the day, when he is most vulnerable, then moves about during the night. Unfortunately, we do not know exactly how he is affected by daylight.

Actually, most of the townsfolk of Salem have seen Cabot rarely, if at all. Almost all of them claim initially that they know Mr. Cabot, but, when questioned further, reveal that theirs is but a passing acquaintance. Cabot rarely appears in town, and, as far as anyone knows for sure, he has never left Salem. He prefers to stay in his old Gothic mansion (sometimes called "Cabot's Beacon"), located on a hill at the end of town. Townspeople report that the gloomy old house is nearly always dark, or a single light moves from room to room. There are never two lights on in the house at the same time.

By tracing all possible victims of Ezra Cabot, SAVE has arrived at a curious conclusion: it seems that this particular vampire is not as bound to his bloodlust as others; our

continued on page 76

JUNE 23, 1894

Dear Michael,

Again, it is my unfortunate duty to inform you that we have failed somehow in our responsibility. Although the news is again of failure and our spirits are dampened, we are thankful still to be alive and healthy.

I certainly cannot explain our failure, for I do not understand it myself. Despite our careful planning and great attention to thoroughness, the vampire somehow eluded us. All of us are perplexed. Where could we have gone wrong? Even now, as I trace our steps in my memory, I fail to see the error into which we must have fallen.

We had watched Cabot on many occasions. We thought we knew his routines. Each day before sunrise, the old man made his way to the cellar. In the early morning darkness, an eerie green glow cast contorted shadows upon the windows and yard of the manor as Cabot made his way down. Once he was in the cellar, we watched him from the narrow cellar window. He walked slowly, crouched so as not to bump his head on the low ceiling. He groped for a particular place on the wall, then pushed inward. A small entrance opened in what had appeared to be a solid stone wall. Cabot knelt, then crawled inside the narrow opening. Once inside and almost out of view, he reached back out to claim the torch he had left on the ground, and then, finally, pulled the entrance shut.

Within a matter of two short minutes, the sun had risen and the first morning light crept into Salem. We kept watch from our vantage point; 12 times we watched, and 12 times Cabot retraced his exact steps from the previous morning.

On the thirteenth day, we waited for the sun to rise. Then, we went in after the monster. We made our way to the cellar rapidly and silently. We found the entrance through which the vampire had passed.

Inside, the room was quite small and covered with debris. A single coffin covered all but a small part of the room. As we crawled through the entrance, one at a time, a large black snake clambered into a crack in the wall. The snake caused Katie to scream, but Richard calmed her down quickly; black snakes are quite common in the basements of homes in this area. They keep the mice away.

Richard quickly went over to the coffin, and, upon my signal, threw open the lid. A cloud of dust billowed into the small room, causing us to gag and choke. Instantly, I pounced forward, intent on driving the wooden stake I carried through the heart of the vampire.

The coffin was empty. The stake in my hand clattered harmlessly to the bottom of the coffin. Everyone in the room paused at the same instant. We stood there in disbelief, looking toward each other, asking silent, unanswerable questions.

The same horrendous feeling overwhelmed us all. As if on command, we all turned to make sure the vampire was not about to surprise us. We were alone in the room.

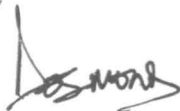
Instantly we began searching the walls, floor, and ceiling for some sort of escapeway. Carefully we covered each square inch of surface. We moved and inspected the coffin. We pushed, poked, and turned everything we could. We could find no exit from the room except through the crawlspace by which we had entered. And yet, we saw him enter there just two minutes earlier. None of us found an explanation at the time, and I am still at a loss. Where did we go wrong?

As we left, three more black snakes slithered across the floor and disappeared into crevices in the wall. Even if the Cabot house has a vampire, one can take a small comfort in the realization that the residence almost certainly is free of mice.

Perhaps I shall be able to explain these mysteries when next I write. Better yet, perhaps my next letter will tell you of our great triumph over this vile creature.

I wish you better luck on your own endeavors. Any advice would be appreciated.

Yours,



evidence suggests that Cabot has waited up to 170 days before killing and drinking blood. Of course, this information is based solely on observation: the time period may be longer (the vampire is noted for cautious behavior, and may kill before the need becomes desperate), or our conclusion may be mistaken—certainly, envoys in the field should think twice before basing an entire plan on these findings!

Cabot's victims are almost always from out of town: whether they arrive at Cabot's Beacon by invitation or by some darker, more mysterious process, none can tell. At any rate, the vampire's victims are outsiders and strangers; as a result, the townspeople have no reason to miss them. Furthermore, Cabot's keeping to himself has encouraged the townsfolk to leave him alone: arrivals and departures at the mansion go unnoticed.

Once in a while, perhaps only once or twice a year, Cabot makes a public appearance—perhaps as a guest at a Fourth of July parade, perhaps at the unveiling of a new city park statue. These appearances confirm his presence, discouraging adventurous souls who might want to explore “abandoned property,” and also establish Cabot as a “public-minded citizen” (in fact, Cabot often donates to worthy civic causes).

Obviously, Cabot has arranged a very curious relationship with citizens of Salem. Strange as it may seem, the townsfolk are protective of their “old man on the hill,” at the same time, the “healthy respect” they claim for him hides a dark undercurrent of fear. They consider Cabot a strange and eccentric patron, a man whose privacy is not to be disturbed. As long as the old man is left alone, he will give of himself in his own way, providing gifts to the city, holiday feasts for the poor, or Christmas gifts for orphans.

Strangest of all Cabot's civic contributions is the unofficial “E.P. Cabot Scholarship:” rumor has it that Cabot pays college expenses for deserving Salem students, leaving the money in an envelope on their doorsteps. Each envelope comes with a brief handwritten note explaining the intended use of the monetary gift: the note always concludes with the phrase, “Knowledge is forever.” One can easily see how Cabot's donations allow him to maintain his privacy and standing in the community. SAVE envoys must be aware of Cabot's status in town before acting or speaking indiscriminately.

It is interesting that nobody in Salem has questioned Cabot's longevity. People in the town who remember Cabot as an old man when they were young are now great grandparents; however, they do not question why Cabot is still alive and little the worse for wear. Cabot's permanence is taken for granted, as though he holds some magical power over the townspeople. SAVE experts believe the “power” to be the vampire's use of the Evil Way (most likely something close to Influence described by Michael O'Boylan in his *Devices of the Enemy*).

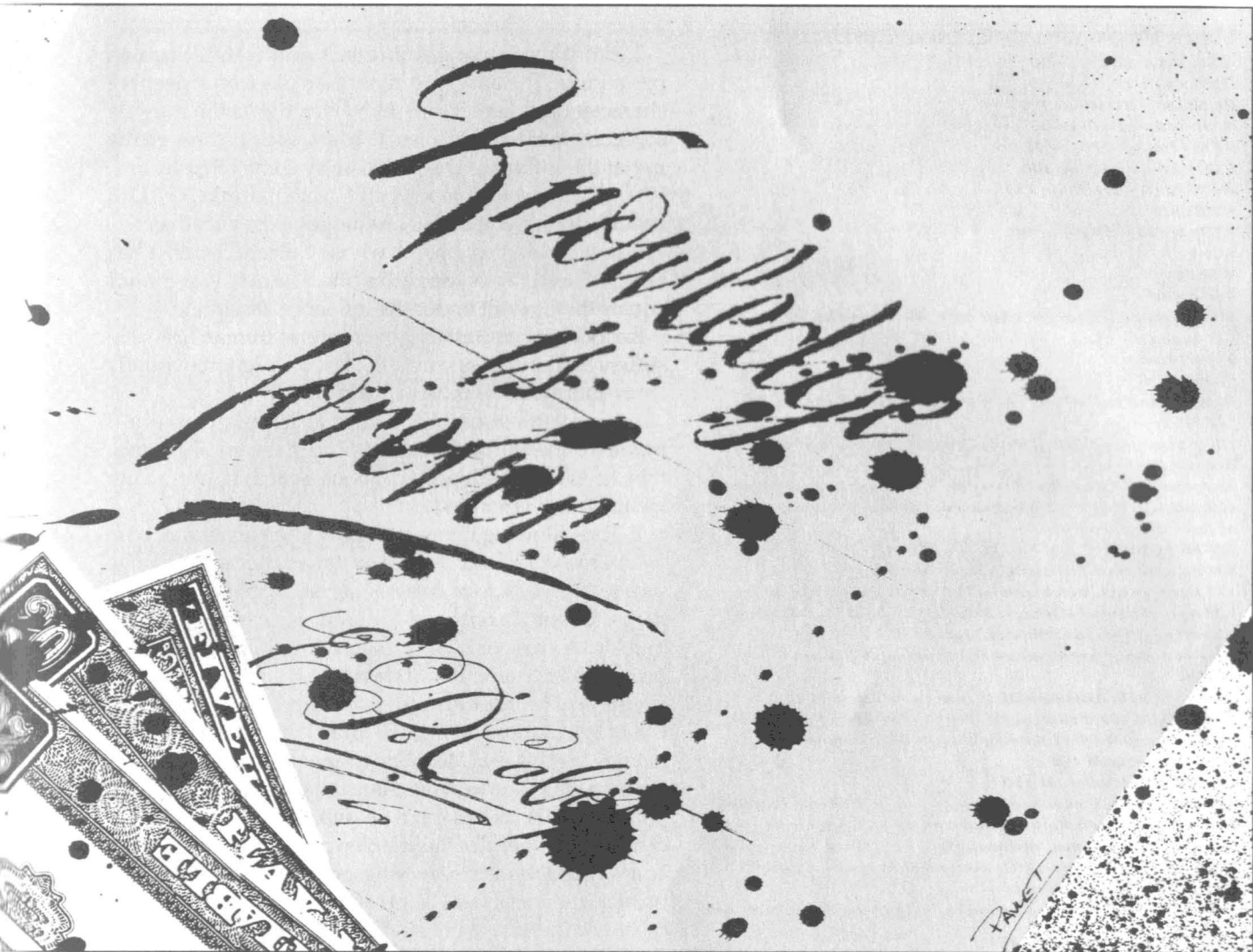
We do not know the extent or the nature of Ezra Cabot's use of the Evil Way. Obviously, the vampire managed to escape the Cunningham expedition, and, given the circumstances detailed in the Cunningham letter, such an escape without the use of the Evil Way would be beyond the talents of Houdini. Current information on Cabot as well as the Evil Way, unavailable to Cunningham at the time, suggests a number of possibilities. The vampire might have become invisible, a reasonable possibility (although unlikely, because Invisibility, as we understand it, does not affect the user's substance, and Cabot would have been forced to dodge the SAVE envoys in impossibly close quarters). Shape Change is a more likely explanation for how Cabot managed to elude Cunningham: perhaps the snake that Cunningham noticed when the party entered the room was not a black snake at all. If this conclusion is valid, Cabot is the first vampire we know who can Shape Change into a snake. Finally, it is probably most likely that the vampire teleported to a place of safety. SAVE envoys in the field should be cautious, assuming that Cabot possesses all of these powers.

CONCLUDING REMARKS

The preceding information, assembled to assist future SAVE envoys in their quest to destroy the vampire Ezra Providence Cabot, is unfortunately incomplete. In our profession or calling, incompleteness means danger. Already, envoys have given their lives because of the lack of available information concerning Cabot; moreover, envoys have lost their lives gathering this information. Despite the sacrifices and heroic efforts of those who went before us, we will stand in the half-light of ignorance.

We do know that Cabot is extremely powerful; from what we have experienced, he is almost as powerful as





Dracula, and perhaps (though I shudder to speak it!) even more powerful than the “King of the Vampires.” Maybe future envoys will succeed where others have failed, destroying this monster through the information contained in this work, which I devoutly hope is accurate and truly reflective of the vampire’s power.

But what is the extent of Cabot’s powers? Why didn’t the seventeenth-century witch hunters find and destroy him? What was the “Salem Plague?” How did the creature escape Cunningham? Who was the mysterious woman? Why haven’t the people of Salem realized that Cabot outlives every generation? The Indian philosopher (and SAVE envoy) Pachmari wrote that, “At the heart of every mystery is light.” From where we stand today, the light at the heart of Ezra Cabot’s mystery is dim, indeed.

Those who are sent on, or who volunteer for, the next expedition to destroy Ezra Cabot must proceed without the answers to these and other questions. I hope and pray that they are successful, that they destroy this hideous

monster, and that my work is accurate and useful to their endeavor—the best I might offer without facing the creature myself.

SOURCES

¹Court records—Record of birth in Her Majesty’s Colony, records of baptism, et al 1630, Salem, Mass.

²*Private Journal of Nathan Radford*, Collected private works of Nathan Radford (1690-1693)—from the Wm. Bradford Collection, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

³Letter from Prudence Winthrop to Elizabeth Hutchinson, 1720—from the Wm. Bradford Collection, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

⁴Volume IV, Number 2, p. 643, Essex County—Records of Births and Deaths, Salem, Mass.

⁵Volume III, Number 8, p. 1032, Essex County—Records of Births and Deaths, Salem, Mass.

⁶*Complete Correspondence of Michael O’Boylan*, Vol. III. Ed. Desmond Kearney (Dublin: Silver Press, 1962), p. 129.

EZRA PROVIDENCE CABOT (NEW ENGLAND VAMPIRE)

AGL: (65 + 2D10) or 80

DEX: (45 + 2D10) or 60

PCN: (85 + 2D10) or 100

PER: (45 + 2D10) or 60

STA: (110 + 2D10) or 125

STR: (85 + 2D10) or 100

WPR: (115 + 2D10) or 130

EWS: 135

ATT: 3; (75 + 2D10) or 90

SR: 4

WB: 56

Fear: -30*

MV: *Varies with form****: bat 100', black snake 90' (L), 75' (A) as fog.*

Type: Master

Class: C, G

Disciplines: (all disciplines are at Master Level)

115 Write

136 Animation of the Dead, Create a Feast, Evil Eye, Second Light

Automatic Change Self (to bat, black snake [use Mamba statistics; black snake is, however, nonpoisonous], cloud of fog, young woman)

128 Haywire

138 Dreamsend, Influence, Steal Memory

121 Halt, Slam, Telekinesis, Teleport, Throw Voice

128 Appear Dead (Other), Blind, Blur Vision, Darken, Ghostly Lights, Invisibility, Quiet

*Cabot cannot use Change Self during the day.

Skills:

Acting/M 146; Antiques/M 167; Art Criticism/M 165;

Disguise/M 123; Filching/M 158; Graphology/Forgery/M

165; History/M 165; Investigation/M 170; Lockpicking/M

130; Tracking/M 171

Club/M 140 Musket/M 110

*Fear Checks. Usually, characters do not need to make a Fear Check when they encounter Cabot, because he appears as a normal human. However, when he reveals himself as a vampire, PCs may need to make a Fear Check (CM's discretion).

**Cabot can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

CHARACTERISTICS

1. Cabot cannot cast a reflection or reproduce an image of any sort on film or videotape. He will not go out of his way to destroy such objects unless they are purposely used to "detect vampires."

2. Sunlight affects Cabot only in that he is unable to use the Evil Way Discipline Change Self. If he is in his black snake form when the sun rises, he remains in that shape until the sun sets.

3. Cabot must rest in his coffin for 8 hours in order to restore lost Stamina and Willpower. He prefers to rest by day due to his inability to Change Self, which makes him more vulnerable. He is not asleep while "resting;" his state resembles a trance. He can hear sounds nearby and can use Evil Way Disciplines as usual (except Change Self during daylight hours).

4. Cabot can climb any surface, including walls and ceilings, at a rate of 20 feet per round, while in any form.

5. Ezra Cabot's blood drain attack drains 1D10 Stamina per minute. The attack need not take place on a sleeping character (although it can). However, the victim must be somehow rendered helpless to resist, such as through the use of the Influence Discipline or by some other means. When drinking the blood of a PC, Cabot drinks for 1D10 minutes, or as long as the CM judges to be effective.

Cabot can control people whose Current Stamina has been reduced to 5 or less by his bite. The extent of control equals the C result under the Influence Discipline.

Ezra Cabot gets 3 attacks per round in human form. He suffers Stamina Loss normally, but may ignore wounds from unarmed and most armed attacks.

6. Cabot must claim a victim at least once every 6 months or he will be destroyed. Since the vampire knows this, he is extraordinarily cautious, searching for a new victim every 3 months.

7. The following items offer protection against Cabot:

- A Cross or Crucifix (but not an item in the shape of a cross, such as crossed sticks or crossed fingers). Upon seeing these items, Cabot cowers and withdraws, leaving the area quickly. A cross or crucifix placed in his coffin prevents him from returning to rest there.

- Garlic. The odor of the bulb within 2 1/2 feet causes Cabot to leave the room or the immediate area. However, he may use his Evil Way Disciplines (particularly Influence) to make someone remove the garlic.

- Salt. Cabot cannot cross an unbroken line of salt. He can cross at the end of the line if no physical obstacle (such as a wall) prevents his crossing, or he can cross through a break in the line of salt. Cabot cannot directly move the salt or break the line with his Evil Way Disciplines (with Telekinesis, for example), but he may force someone else (either physically or with Evil Way Disciplines) to move the salt for him.

8. There are two ways to destroy Ezra Cabot. One way is to drive wooden stakes through him. The stakes inflict normal Stamina Loss and wounds. When the vampire's Current Stamina Score is reduced to zero (0) or less and he has no Wound Boxes left, he is destroyed. The other way is to place a cross or crucifix upon his chest while he is resting. This inflicts immediate and automatic Strike Rank 8 damage, with normal Stamina Loss and wounds. Cabot remains helpless, continually suffering Stamina Loss unless he can persuade a character to remove the cross. In this situation, he can use Evil Way Disciplines, but he cannot use them directly upon the cross. A cross by itself inflicts normal wounds, regardless of the location of the hit. Therefore, Cabot can die from multiple attacks using either crosses or stakes.



SIU WONG AND LI CHANG

*The Bandits of the Min
from The Journal of Giacomo della Napoli*

G

IACOMO DELLA NAPOLI FOLLOWED IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FAMOUS VENETIAN EXPLORER MARCO POLO AS A MEMBER OF AN EXPEDITION HEADED BY THE ARAB EXPLORER IBN BATUTA. HIS JOURNAL OF THE EXPEDITION IS FRAGMENTARY, DEALING MOSTLY WITH EVENTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST AND IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA, BUT THIS BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A MONGOL CAPTAIN IS FOUND WITHIN THE PAGES OF DELLA NAPOLI'S ACCOUNT, AND CONSTITUTES ONE OF THE EARLIEST DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ORIENTAL VAMPIRE. - ED.

This is the tale Gruda the Mongol captain told me at Xandu. It was as Gruda's father told it, as told his father before him.

"In the time of Kubilai, Khan of Khans, in the service of his son's son Ye-su Timur, we rode south and west through the country of the Min toward the forest of Burma. But, in the land of the Min, we were met in ambush. The Min were horrible; our arrows pierced them, our swords cut them, and yet they did not fall. Killed were five of us. Lost were two of us; the Min dragged them away into the hills.

"In the flatlands we camped that evening, singing songs in memory of the dead. The Min were relentless; again that night they attacked, but attacked in larger numbers. Among them were those who we wounded that morning, the cuts still open on their bodies, the arrows still within them. Killed were three of us. Lost were two of us; the Min dragged them away into the hills.

"Farther south we camped that evening, singing songs in memory of the dead. The Min were relentless; again

that night they attacked, but attacked in larger numbers. Among them were those we had wounded, and now among them the dead we left buried in the flatlands, fighting as though they were above this earth, which indeed they were. Killed were three of us. Lost were two of us; the Min dragged them away into the hills.

"The return of our comrades from the arms of the Yama-Kings, released from judgment, from movement into new bodies was joy, then sorrow. We opened our arms, crying greetings to brothers, to sons, and to the sons of brothers and sisters, only to have them laugh at us and brandish swords, though the laughter had no breath, made no noise among us. How we wished we could return to Peking, out of the land of the Min where the dead never rest."

Such are the stories of the Mongols in this superstitious and strange land. Nor did anyone laugh at the story or find it fanciful. This, mind you, is a people known for their learning and ingenuity, and yet prey to such barbarous and outrageous fancies.

LI CHANG AND THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE

From In the Eagle's Nest by Jack Naples

Jack Naples (1944-1982), ex-CIA agent turned informant and talk-show celebrity, presents this account of the criminal activities of Li Chang during the Vietnam Conflict.

Naples died in 1982 in a private airplane accident. Liberals in the country blamed the CIA, conservatives the KGB. SAVE has no political interest in the question, but has evidence leading to a more apparent suspect. - Ed.

Here's the way I understand it happened. I had it third hand from an operative who was in the area at the time. This is a transcript, word for word. We will call him Captain Falcon.

About '72, around the time of the Watergate break-in stateside, we found out about this Li Chang we'd been supporting covertly, doing business for us transporting troops and weapons under the name of Occidental Airways, which was supposed to be air freight in the area, you know? Well, it seems this guy was shipping things back through Marseille, and, considering matériel coming stateside via Marseille we had reasonable grounds for suspicion. So they dropped us near the northern jungles of Chiang Rai in Thailand, and, by nightfall, we crossed into Burma.

Then, all hell broke loose. First of all we thought it was Pathet Lao*. They got two of us in a bayonet charge, of all things, and T_____ was separated from the column. Sure we hit some of them, but they kept on coming, which made us suspect even more than Li Chang was shipping some kind of illegal drugs.

Li was supposed to have an airfield cleared (with CIA help) a few miles inside Burma, and was supposed to be doing serious business from there. Well, we camped the

next night right on the site of this alleged airfield, and had to guess that the intelligence maps were wrong.

Pathet Lao(?) attacked again at mid-morning. We lost two, but dropped two of them with head wounds. Appropriated their guns, which sure as hell weren't Russian or Czech: we're talking one Japanese rifle, WW II issue and jammed solid with dried mud. The other was T_____ 's.

They kept on coming the next night, when we decided to turn back. T_____ was with them, and Sgt. L_____, who I swore got it the day before. Trouble was they had done something to them. Brainwashed them or something. The reason I say that is that our own guys attacked us. T_____ killed Lt. _____ before the poor jerk realized he was being attacked. We dropped them both. I put 12 rounds in T_____ before he fell. That's when we decided to get back to Thailand.

They hit us on the way back. T_____ was with them again, and Sgt. L_____, and Lt. _____ this time. Felt like I'd dipped into Li's stuff myself, and don't know how we made it.

That was Captain Falcon's story, call it what you will. I think it was jungle fever. Or jungle rot.

**Laotian Communist troops*

THE ORIENTAL VAMPIRE

A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF THE ORIENTAL VAMPIRES
SIU WONG AND LI CHANG

by Terri Yih

Terri Yih, native of New York City, now teaches only part-time in her old post at Severn College. Most of her time is spent on Broadway, where she has appeared in some highly acclaimed supporting roles—especially that of Stella in British director Paul Stream's revival of *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

This is Ms. Yih's first published writing. - Ed.

This material on the Oriental vampire has been accumulated over the past several years. The creature is an elusive one in its ability to adapt, so my research and observations have ranged over four continents.

It is quite a privilege for one's observations to appear in the midst of so many ground-breaking findings. Of course, I would be remiss to claim all of this work as my own: my thanks go to Professor Ellsworth Smythe for his suggestions, Jeff Turner for reading the manuscript, and a special thanks to Pablo Rodriguez for his support and sympathy. Of course, the contributions of Chao Ching and Kwai Sung were invaluable.

ORIGIN AND LOCATIONS OF THE ORIENTAL VAMPIRE

The true origin of the Oriental vampire is shrouded in mystery: we are not sure what must befall those unfortunate who become such creatures. Therefore, we have no real idea how and why the first of such creatures came into being. We know that this form of vampirism affects only the Chinese and those of Chinese ancestry. We know that certain of our people, presumed dead, their ashes safely and permanently placed within an urn, have returned to this world, forever changed, forever at the dark outskirts of the world in which they once enjoyed light and life. What else we can guess is only suspicion: it is believed that the Oriental vampire who claimed the life of the victim oversees the funeral to make sure the cremation takes place and a new vampire is created. In the rural areas of China, it is believed that some gruesome form of "vampire marriage" takes place in this manner.

China's is a rich, complex, and very ancient history, yet the chronicles of the various Imperial dynasties, one of our chief sources of Chinese history, are very vague about the subject of vampirism, nor do they often suggest events that imply vampirism. From what we can reconstruct (and from what we cannot reconstruct, but about which we can only make educated guesses) the Oriental vampire first appeared somewhere in the Yellow River Valley of China at almost the same time in which that famous and fertile region was settled. From encounters and sightings, we have determined that the creature remains almost exclusively in Mainland China: where else can it find enough people to satisfy its voracious appetite? Some

members of the species seem to have left China for other parts of the world; however, sightings of the Oriental vampire almost always take place in areas populated chiefly by Chinese.

SIU WONG AND LI CHANG: FIRST IMPRESSIONS

In this century of changes, China's have been perhaps as drastic as those confronting any nation. Of course, the Oriental vampire is a clever enemy, changing with its environment to mask its sinister actions. It now assumes disguises far from its traditional ones—that of the Mandarin lord or Oriental feudal ruler, long of mustache and fingernail—which is now as outdated and stereotyped as the China of American movie imagination. In order to illustrate the changes as well as the constancies of the creature, I have selected two of the most recently discovered Oriental vampires to form the basis of case study.

SAVE encountered both Siu Wong and Li Chang in 1978: Siu Wong in Canton, People's Republic of China, Li Chang in San Francisco, California. While both were clearly Oriental vampires, each maintained a lifestyle quite different from the other, attesting to the creature's ability to adapt and survive—a lifestyle reflected in their appearance and dress.

Siu Wong dressed as an administrator in the Communist Party, complete with workers' clothes and documentation. From the available photographs, he appeared fit and very powerfully built, his hair cut short in "politically correct modesty."

Li Chang, on the other hand, adopts much of the gaudiness and flash of his Western surroundings. Tall and thin, he is deceptively and unnaturally strong. Photographs of Li are extraordinarily rare—not surprising, considering his underworld connections. What photographs we have show one who is dynamic and (one might say) attractive: Li has shoulder-length black hair. He wears dark colors, mostly blacks and grays, and often dresses in leather from his boots to his leather jacket. Sunglasses prevent anyone from seeing his eyes.

ACTIONS OF THE CREATURE: TRADITIONAL AND CONTEMPORARY

Chinese legend, often more fact than fantasy, claims that the Oriental vampire cannot enter a residence before being invited inside. Naturally, it is not common for someone to offer such hospitality to a monster knowingly or willingly; in fact, the creature has invented a number of devious ways of obtaining an "invitation." After gaining entrance to the residence, the vampire can enter and leave at will, usually doing so comfortably until he has killed everyone in the household, one by one.

There are accounts of the Oriental vampire's posing as a physician, a vendor, a security man: we can only suppose the creature may adopt almost any useful disguise, assume almost any useful role. A story told in the Shantung

province, particularly in the area of the city of Tsingtao, claims that the vampire actually turns into a firefly so that young children would capture the insect, taking it inside their home to show to parents or to provide the light within a toy lantern.

The Oriental vampire's most famous method of entry is in the guise of a nightingale. Evidently, the creature uses the bird's shape to his advantage to use a strange, hypnotic song that exercises a control over its victims. This song may very well be a new or unique use of the Evil Way, or perhaps a modified and refined form of the Influence Discipline with which we are already familiar.

Nor do these strategies vary outside China. In the U.S.A., Li Chang has used various disguises and covers in order to gain an "invitation" to a party's home. Such covers included everything from a laundry delivery man, a Chinese restaurant delivery boy, a washing machine repairman, and a drug dealer. Li has also used the nightingale ploy in San Francisco; the victims were so surprised to find the animal singing tamely outside their window that they immediately brought the bird inside. (A couple who did this, Eddie and Rachel Lamb, barely escaped with their lives. Today they work as SAVE envoys.)

Once the Oriental vampire has entered the home of the intended victim, strategies seem to vary: depending on the form in which it gains entrance, the creature either stays for a while or returns in human form to visit that home on some pretense. Regardless of strategy, however, the Oriental vampire does all it can to discover the layout of the house and the pattern of life there. This sinister scouting is a prelude to its favorite method of attack.

The Oriental vampire prefers to have victims "served" to it by animated dead who do its bidding. These corpses collect the victim and bring the poor soul to the location the vampire has chosen before they return to their graves.

The process of blood drain by this creature is quite different from that of other vampires. To begin with, the Oriental vampire does not bite its victim. Instead, it pricks the artery of its victim with a long fingernail, causing the victim to bleed slowly. The creature then licks the leaking blood directly from the tiny wound. The entire process often takes up to 10 hours, with the victim dying at the end of the ordeal. The vampire keeps the victim conscious up to the end, most likely through use of the Evil Way or through Hypnotism.

The creature prefers to avoid physical combat, trusting to Evil Way Disciplines, or to its rat, insect, or animated dead servants to do its fighting. The vampire rarely attacks with weapons; from time to time it attacks in rat form, but never when it assumes the form of a firefly or songbird.

Of course, even these general methods of attack may vary from vampire to vampire. Siu Wong used only Evil Way Disciplines; inside the People's Republic of China, a civilian wielding a weapon draws too much attention—even for a member of the Communist Party. On the other hand, Li Chang, who maintains the appearance of belong-

ing to some type of organized crime enterprise in San Francisco, seldom travels without a firearm. Whether the firearms are part of his disguise, or Chang prefers to use weapons, he should be, as the old police warning has it, "assumed to be armed and dangerous."

LI CHANG:

THE "TRANSLATED VAMPIRE"

The Oriental vampire delights in taking an active part in the daily affairs of life—possibly a thrill arises from walking among the living undetected. This enjoyment is aided by the fact that there is little risk involved: these creatures are particularly difficult to identify by traditional means. The Oriental vampire can be photographed, and it reflects an image upon a mirror; it can also go outside in daylight, and running water does not harm it. Often, Oriental vampires are active in business, which, given their abilities of disguise, adaption, and interaction, enables them to prosper, especially inside the transplanted Chinese community outside of China. Li Chang is the perfect example of such a vampire.

Li Chang came to the United States in 1968, from China by way of Hong Kong. He settled in the Chinese community of San Francisco. Almost immediately—perhaps even before he arrived in the U.S.—Chang became involved with a Chinese organized crime syndicate. The syndicate allegedly smuggled drugs, particularly marijuana, from Vietnam, and heroin from the "Golden Triangle."

A number of things conspired to promote Li's career in the syndicate. First, his reputation as an indestructible assassin has created a high demand for his services, in addition to an appealing side benefit for any vampire—a ready source of blood. Furthermore, the animated dead who flock to Li Chang's aid are assassins who simply cannot be traced by the police or FBI. Finally, Li's ability to bargain, thanks to his Hypnotism Skill and his Evil Way Disciplines, allows him to manipulate the people and circumstances around him. This capacity for manipulation has helped Li to prevail in business dealings, legal problems, promotions, power struggles, and enabled him to rise and assume a highly important role in the San Francisco drug traffic. Despite his prominence in the underworld, Li is very reclusive, having little to do with outsiders unless the strangers provide the vampire with the opportunity to feast on blood.

A number of law enforcement agencies have become interested in Li Chang's activities, but the immigrant vampire has yet to be arrested, let alone convicted of any crime. The FBI, IRS, Federal Drug Enforcement Agency, and numerous California law enforcement agencies are all interested in Li's activities. They suspect him of drug smuggling, murder, income tax evasion, conspiracy, and a host of other crimes. Unfortunately, none of the agencies can get close enough to Li to obtain the information required to prosecute him. The Chinese community is extremely tough for undercover law enforcement agencies to penetrate in even routine situations. When Li



Chang is doing his best to prevent such penetration, investigation becomes virtually impossible.

All attempts to uncover Li's activities have resulted in total failure. Infiltrators and undercover investigators die mysteriously, and key witnesses disappear, never to turn up again. Would-be informants either change their minds or die before passing any worthwhile information.

It was through the investigation of the murder of an undercover policeman that SAVE first became aware of the Oriental vampire. Evidence indicated that a gang of men had broken into the officer's apartment and killed him. The cause of death was determined to be strangulation, and the case seemed to be open and shut. The police isolated a number of fingerprints in excellent condition, proving beyond a doubt that at least four separate men had entered the apartment during the murder. Furthermore, the police were delighted to find that all four sets of prints were on file, belonging to men with long criminal records. The case seemed almost solved; police authorities simply prepared to round up their suspects, looking forward to the chance to make a dramatic public announcement that the criminals were under arrest, that the case was closed. Throughout the department here was a greater although unspoken hope: officials thought that this time, they might discover that Li Chang had been involved with the murders.

Then the case unraveled completely. When the police ran the computers to find the last known whereabouts of the participants in the murder, they made a shocking discovery: all four suspects had been dead for at least four years. Furthermore, all of the men had been murder victims themselves. In a state of complete confusion, the officials demanded the bodies of the four be exhumed and identified. This was their chance to indict Li Chang, and they didn't want to let the opportunity slip away. Perhaps the suspects were not really dead. Perhaps the bodies buried four years ago were those of someone else.

The police exhumed the bodies. Contrary to all reason and logic—contrary to natural law itself—the fingerprints on the corpses matched the prints that were found in the apartment.

Needless to say, the police were at a complete loss as to how the prints got into the apartment. Furthermore, expert testimony in a court case could jeopardize the reputation of fingerprint identification in law enforcement departments throughout the country if word were to get out.

As is often the case, word did leak out to the press, who had a field day with the story. The police, of course, denied everything. Almost immediately, the case aroused the interest of SAVE. Through its anonymous connections in high government positions, the Society obtained all the available documentation, as well as some documentation that was not supposed to be available. Under the specialized perspective of the SAVE investigator, the mystery surrounding the crime suddenly became clear and obvi-

ous: a creature was operating in the Bay area and had used the Evil Way to animate the dead. After obtaining more information regarding the police investigations, SAVE agreed that all signs pointed toward Li Chang.

Based upon the documentation of Li Chang's observed and suspected behavior, as well as the scattered records of his past in China, the Organization concluded that Li is indeed an Oriental vampire. Unfortunately, SAVE has been unable to isolate and destroy the creature. The combined danger of organized, multi-law enforcement agency investigations and the tactics of the vampire himself have made Li Chang an extremely difficult target.

HOW TO DESTROY THE ORIENTAL VAMPIRE

Thanks to the efforts and heroism of Chao Ching and Kwai Sung, two of our SAVE envoys in the People's Republic of China, we now possess the knowledge of how to destroy the Oriental vampire. These envoys were involved in the successful 1978 expedition which concluded in the destruction of Siu Wong in Canton.

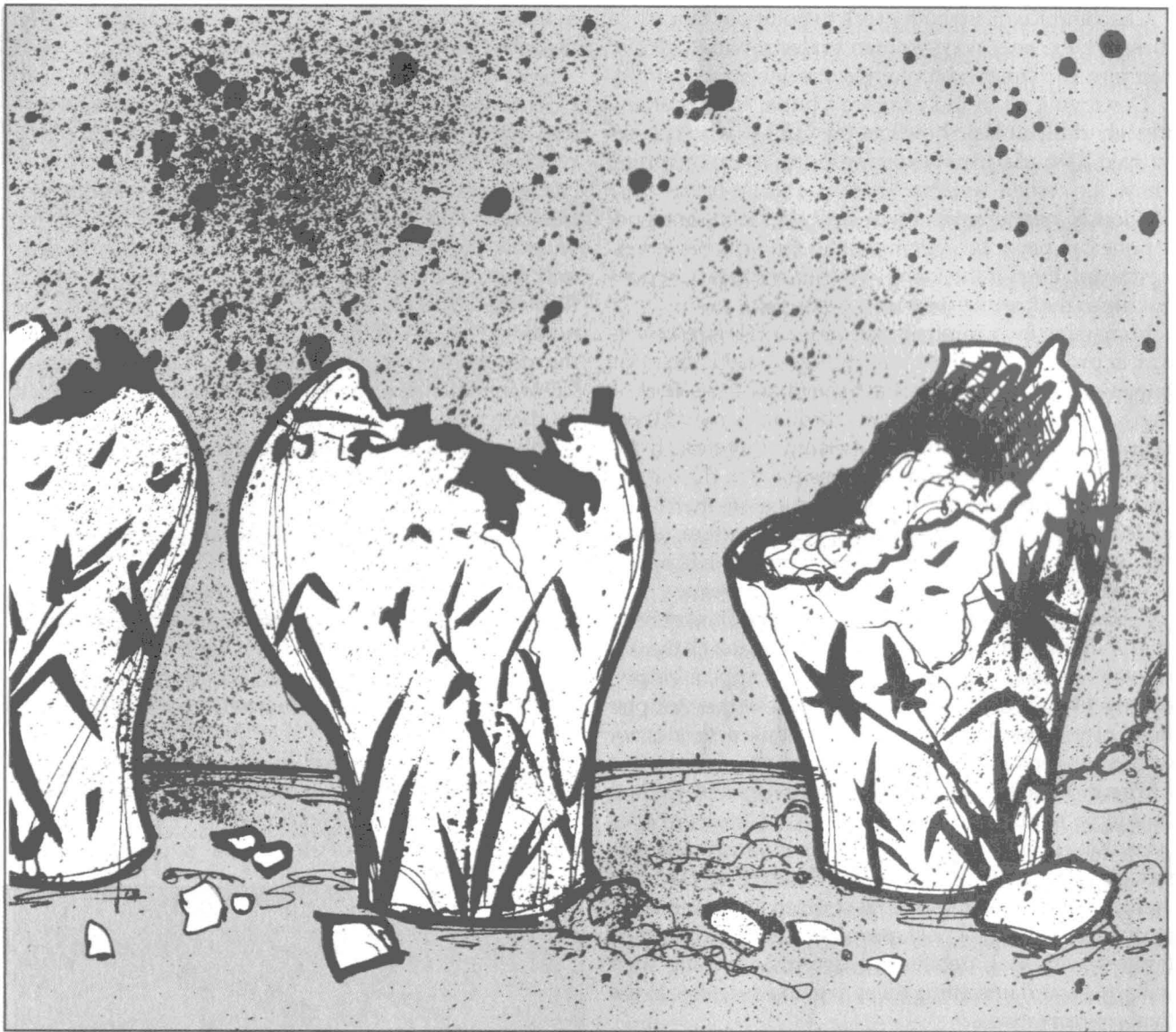
Both envoys are experts on the history and habits of the Oriental vampire, as well as in the legends and folklore of mainland China. Their knowledge of the ways of the monsters and creatures of Chinese folklore enabled the envoys to destroy the vampire Siu Wong.

SAVE contacted both envoys at their homes in the neighboring province of Hunan, an area said to be infested with the Oriental vampire. Chao and Kwai were cautious: their first order of business was to follow the vampire through its entire day of activities, fully aware that the most important preparation to hunting down and destroying the vampire is to discover its burial urn.

According to Chao and Kwai, the center of the Oriental vampire's power comes from its burial urn. We have no evidence as to why this is so. We know that a vampire usually has more than one burial urn; in fact, some are known to possess several hundred. Each urn contains ashes from the vampire's body—that is, from its human body before the terrible change into a vampire. Every Oriental vampire starts as a normal human being, perhaps as gentle and well intentioned as you or I, but, unfortunately and horribly, is claimed as a victim by an Oriental vampire. If it is the will of the Oriental vampire to make his victim an Oriental vampire, the victim must be cremated, and the ashes placed in a burial urn. After some time (how much time is mysterious, but ancient Chinese folklore estimates anywhere from one to ten days), the body of the new Oriental vampire appears.

After the new vampire emerges to walk among the living, he often takes some of these ashes and places them in many different urns. The creature then hides these urns, each in a different place.

The urns hide the vampire's weakness, and are the key to those who hunt the creature. The creature must return to its urn once a day, every day, and rest within for exactly



one hour. The creature can return to any urn which contains its ashes, and does not need to return to the same urn twice in a row. It is said that the vampire maintains some urns as refuges to be used only when a regularly used urn is accidentally destroyed or unusable. Vampires who own hundreds of urns may use only two or three regularly, keeping the rest for emergencies, and to perplex vampire hunters who must search for every last urn.

The importance of the burial urn to the vampire is obvious; the urn, however, is just as important to the vampire hunter as well. While the vampire is in the urn, his only defense is his invisibility. Otherwise, the vampire is totally helpless—unable to defend himself in any way.

To any hunter attempting to destroy this immensely powerful creature, the vampire's single hour in the urn is of tremendous importance—the one chance to attack the creature when it is defenseless. Should the vampire hunter fail, he may very well never have another chance.

After exactly one hour has passed, the creature emerges from the urn at its full power, including full capability to use all the Evil Way Disciplines it knows. Obviously, a mistake in timing could be deadly for the hunter.

As of now, SAVE knows of only three ways to destroy an Oriental vampire. Two of the methods involve the burial urn. The methods are as follows:

1. Destroy every burial urn maintained by the Oriental vampire. When this has been done, the vampire has no place to rest as it is required to do. If all of the urns have been discovered and destroyed, the creature will perish exactly 24 hours from the time it last left a burial urn.

2. Find the burial urn which contains the resting and defenseless vampire, and submerge this urn, with the vampire inside, in salt water for at least 1 minute.

3. Prevent the vampire from drinking the blood of a living human victim for an entire day, and the creature will wither and be destroyed forever.

Chao and Kwai are both quick to point out that while these are the only ways known to destroy the Oriental vampire, each method contains some dangerous pitfalls.

Destroying all of the vampire's burial urns is an extremely difficult task: how can the hunter, who has destroyed 200 burial urns belonging to an Oriental vampire, know for certain whether there is a 201st burial urn? Obviously, neither safety nor security lies in this method, for one can never be certain that all the urns have been destroyed. Even if the vampire never reappears, it does not mean the creature has been destroyed.

Immersing the vampire in salt water while it rests in its urn is probably the best way to destroy the creature; however, even the best way has major drawbacks. For one thing, the timing of the activity is absolutely crucial: there is only one hour in which to perform this task. If the creature finishes its rest and leaves the urn during the middle of the procedure, the results are more than likely to be deadly for the vampire hunter. Furthermore, unless salt water is readily available, transporting the urn with the resting vampire inside could be a big mistake.

Furthermore, the hunter must determine whether he or she has found the correct urn. The vampire inside the urn is totally invisible, which makes the urn appear empty, exactly like all of the other urns. Unless the vampire hunter sees the vampire enter the urn, this method is not recommended except in extreme situations.

The difficulty in keeping the vampire from feeding should be readily obvious: of course, the creature does everything in its power to confuse, terrify, and weaken its pursuers. It erases clues as to its whereabouts from the memories of its enemies, brings severed limbs and body parts back to life in a grisly assault of terror, and visits its hunters with evil, debilitating dreams, draining their willpower, and unsettling them to gain advantage in the final confrontation.

How does one force a creature who can change its shape, can cause people to sleep, can cause them to forget what they are doing and why, can influence a person's decisions and behavior, and can summon swarms of rats and insects to stay in one place for 24 hours so it is forever destroyed? It is believed in all parts of China that the smell of burning incense keeps an Oriental vampire at bay. The incense, however, does not keep the vampire in one place. Although keeping the vampire in one place is guaranteed to destroy it, the method of containment may well turn the hunter into the hunted.

In short, there is no foolproof way to destroy an Oriental vampire. In fact, a great deal of luck is involved: not only do envoys have to have the proper information, but somehow they must find themselves in the right place at the right time. Chao and Kwai were lucky. They were experts in their fields of research, and they were thoroughly prepared for the expedition; however, when the

moment of truth came, it was under what can only be described as fortunate circumstances.

Since Chao and Kwai knew they were in pursuit of an Oriental vampire, they carried salt water with them. One day, while watching Siu Wong in his office through a window, the men were surprised to see the creature change form before their eyes. The vampire became a miniature rain storm and rained into the urn on the windowsill of the office. Realizing that this might be their only chance, the men rushed to the urn and grabbed it from the window. Kwai looked inside but could see nothing. They shook the urn but could hear nothing. Still, the men were not fooled. Both emptied their canteens of salt water into the urn, then covered the urn and shook it for three minutes to be certain.

Still wanting to be certain, the men kept the top to the urn covered tightly, standing guard over it for two days. When nothing happened after 48 hours, the two envoys knew they had destroyed the vampire forever.

"Thus ended Siu Wong, one of many." So read the entry in Chao Ching's journal, and it was the resolution that the two envoys smuggled the information from their country to SAVE Central Headquarters in Dublin. Since that time, there has been no word from either man: one can assume political pressure, or something even more malign.

One of many, indeed. Given the adaptability of the creature, given its extraordinary power, the strength in numbers seems doubly frightening. One remembers, however, the proverb of one's people: "Evil goes deeper than the heron's eye, but the virtuous man is a galaxy."



SIU WONG AND LI CHANG (ORIENTAL VAMPIRES)

AGL: (30 + 2D10) or 45

DEX: (60 + 2D10) or 75

PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90

PER: (45 + 2D10) or 60

STA: (75 + 2D10) or 90

STR: (60 + 2D10) or 75

WPR: (35 + 2D10) or 50

EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135

ATT: 1; (45 + 2D10) or 60

SR: 4

WB: N/A

Fear: -30*

MV: *Varies with form (L)** 150' (A) as driven rain.*

Type: Master

Class: C

Disciplines:

80/95/115 Swarm

90/105/125 *Animation of the Dead, Create a Feast, Deadly Remains*

Automatic Unique Birdsong (see following)

Automatic Change Self (to rat, songbird, firefly or driven rain)

76/91/111 *Dreamsend, Influence, Sleep, Steal Memory*

75/90/110 *Halt*

Skills:

All Chinese dialects/M 120, French/T 100, English, Russian/S 85

Acting/M 116; Anthropology/Archaeology/M 120; Antiques

M 112/162; Art Criticism/M 120; Disguise/M 125; Filching/

M 150; Gambling/M 141; Graphology/Forgery/M 132;

History/M 120; Hypnotism/M 147; Investigation/M 155;

Legend/Lore/M 120; Lockpicking/M 132; Medicine/M 126;

Savoir-Faire/M 133; Tracking/M 141

*Fear Checks. No Fear Check required unless character recognizes the vampire as a creature.

** Oriental vampires can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

UNIQUE EVIL WAY DISCIPLINE: BIRDSONG

The Oriental vampire cannot enter a house uninvited, so it Changes Self to the form of a songbird (preferably a nightingale) and perches near the bedroom window of a young man or woman. There it uses its unique Sensory Discipline, Birdsong, to produce beautiful song. Each use costs the creature 20 Current Willpower. The song lasts 1D10 minutes. During this time, the result of the discipline

L RESULT	<i>The listener likes the song. The next time the discipline is used, the listener's Current Willpower is considered 10 lower for purposes of obtaining a result.</i>
M RESULT	<i>Same as L result, but Current WPR Loss is 15.</i>
H RESULT	<i>Same as L result, but Current WPR Loss is 20.</i>
C RESULT	<i>The character invites the bird inside.</i>

use goes into effect. Each person who hears the song must make a Specific Check, although only one dice roll need be made per use. Use the following key to determine results:

All Willpower penalties for successive uses of this discipline are cumulative. For example, if a character suffers an

L result from the first use and an M result from the next, his Current Willpower is considered 25 less than his Current Willpower at the time of the third discipline use.

CHARACTERISTICS

1. Oriental vampires cast reflections in mirrors and can be photographed normally.

2. Once per day (24 hours) the creature must spend 1 hour in an urn containing a trace of the ashes from its original cremation. The creature enters and leaves this urn in its driven rain form, and while in the urn is invisible but totally vulnerable, incapable of taking any action or using any Evil Way Disciplines.

3. The Oriental vampire is not turned aside by garlic, wolfsbane, or any form of religious symbol. It is, however, turned aside by incense smoke, just as the Carpathian vampire is affected by garlic.

4. The creature is unaffected by sunlight or water.

5. Unlike other types of vampires, the Oriental vampire cannot make itself thin, and has no special climbing ability. However, it can cross running water.

6. The Oriental vampire's most feared attack is its blood drain. The creature must drink the blood of a living human every day (24-hour period) in order to survive; animal blood cannot keep the creature alive.

Victims who die from the bite of the Oriental vampire do not become vampires unless the creature so wills it. Usually, the creature simply leaves its victims dead.

While the creature can simply pick a victim and attack, it prefers to carry off victims, using the Animate Dead Discipline to gather animated corpses, who enter the victim's house, seize him, and bring the person to the vampire's dwelling as a captive, constant source of blood.

7. The creature sustains normal Stamina Loss but no wounds from physical attacks. If the creature's Current Stamina Score is reduced to zero (0) or less, it Changes Self to driven rain and returns to its urn, where it regenerates all Stamina in only 1 hour.

This vampire can be destroyed in only three ways:

- Preventing the creature from drinking human blood for 24 hours destroys it as soon as the 24 hours are up.

- Destroying all of its burial urns so that it cannot rest in a trace of its ashes (see #2 above) completely destroys the creature. However, it should be noted that old, experienced Oriental vampires have hundreds of such urns stored in scores of locations.


- Immersing the urn in salt water for 1 full minute while the vampire is defenseless inside destroys the creature.

Remember: the very instant the hour of required rest ends, the creature is fully capable of using all its Evil Way Disciplines, and the salt water no longer affects it.



HEPHAISTION

*From the Bella Troiana
by Philoteas of Mytilene
Translated by Jefferson Turner*



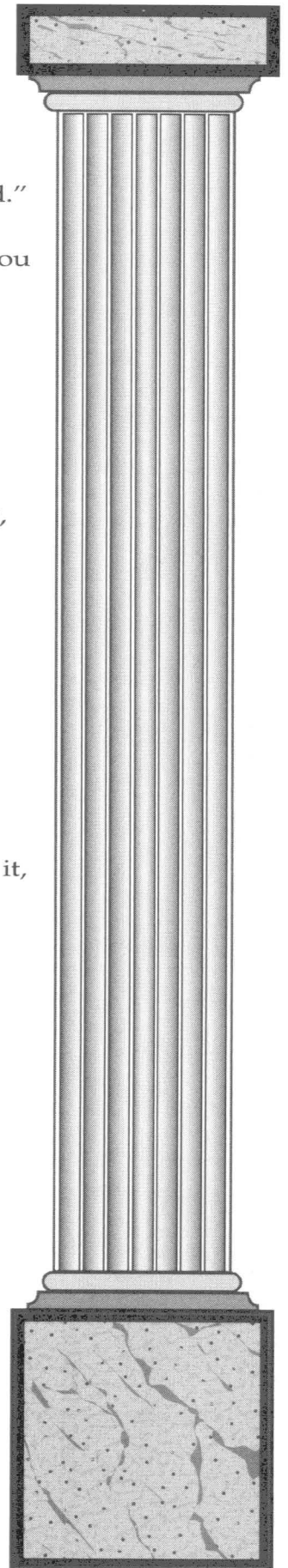
THE BELLA TROIANA IS AMONG THE
LEAST FAMILIAR OF THE NARRATIVE POEMS THAT CONTINUE
THE STORY HOMER RECOUNTS IN THE ILIAD. IN FACT, THIS IS
THE FIRST TIME IT HAS BEEN TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.
FROM THE POEM COMES AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF PARIS,
THE TROJAN PRINCE WHOSE ABDUCTION OF HELEN CAUSED
THE TROJAN WAR. OTHER VERSIONS OF THE STORY PRESENT
PHILOKTETES AS PARIS' KILLER, BUT NONE PRESENT THE
GREEK ARCHER IN SUCH AN UNUSUAL LIGHT.



BELLA TROIANA

Odysseus it was who found him, there in the darkness,
Where the Greeks had taken Philoktetes the archer,
The son of Poias, wounded beneath the walls of the Trojans,
A spear through his leg, the wound festered
Unexplainably at night, and from it an odor arising
As if great and horrible murder had crawled through the camps,
Leaving death upon death in the sweltering days.
And Philoktetes kept to the tents, and even at nightfall
Sought peace, sought silence, in the shadow of the Trojan walls,
Far from the Achaian camps, far from the fires by the ships,
And Diomedes scouting the topless walls, saw Philoktetes
Crouched in abiding shadows, the sentries above him
Dozing like animals, watchfulness left by the hearthfires.
And Diomedes, scouting the topless walls, saw Philoktetes
Scaling the wall like a lizard, like an implacable insect
Seeking the heart of the hive. And Diomedes
Remembered the silence entirely, the scuffle above him, the sentry
Embraced and discarded, caught up in the sleep of forever.
He remembered the silence entirely, the end of his years
Never erasing the sight of the brave Philoktetes
Descending the wall in unspeakable calm, fresh blood
Astream from his lips and riding in horrible rivers
The folds and the ornate carving adorning his breastplate,
Settling in pools of his tunic. And Diomedes
Feared that his comrade was wounded, but kept to the shadow
At the urging of gray-eyed Athene, who knew the archer.
She restrained Diomedes, and the dead man crawled through the shadow,
To the fat camps, back to the breakers of horses.
In this manner the days became unbearable, the councils proclaiming
"Philoktetes must leave, he has outstayed his welcome
In our camps, in all living kingdoms. Let the Land of the Dead
Open its arms in the proper way of things. Or if the Fates
Have given a stay on the earth past nature to Philoktetes
At least may the archer seek exile in the islands near Ilium,
Away from the black-prowed ships."
It was Odysseus who took him there, who was sent to return him
When Hermes, Messenger of the Gods, descended the next day,
Approached Agamemnon, saying, "O leader of armies,

If ever you are to conquer the city of Troy, if ever
Its proud and towering walls are to collapse, Philoktetes
Must return to the black-prowed ships, to the breakers of horses,
Who must fight alongside the Death they brought here and nurtured.”
And Hermes, the mighty watcher, spoke to Odysseus:
“They will send you to the ever-dying archer, and when they send you
Be sure that a tent is set upon deck, that you carry
Your shadows with you when you recover the monster,
For monster he is, no longer is he Philoktetes,
And this you must remember, else affection and sorrow
Will make you leave watchfulness, leave you forever in shadow.
On the deck of the ship be certain that you dig a furrow,
A gutter across the wood of the sunlit deck, and set the tent
Above the furrow, let it lie in shadow. Within the furrow pour water,
For water must stand in the groove on the deck, for you
Must keep the furrow between you and Philoktetes.”
As Hermes ordered, so did Odysseus, the ship
Affixed with a furrow on deck, the furrow tented,
Recovered and changed Philoktetes. And then, in returning
Odysseus took to the tent, the creature beside him,
But each on a bank of the furrow, the ship’s rocking motion
Created a stream that flowed perpetually between them.
Odysseus crouched at its edge and stared at the monster
Who stared in turn across the perpetual stream, across death itself,
And whined and whistled, coaxing Odysseus to step across and join it,
Speaking as Philoktetes, then speaking as Aias,
Then as Agamemnon, then as Hermes himself, telling Odysseus
Of the graciousness of death, of its dark luxury and quiet,
That death was the perfume of the darkest woman, was present,
A perfume that basked in the nostrils of infants, awaiting
The time to come into its own. So they sailed, and the walls of Troy
Were black in the setting sun, and Odysseus
Awaited the rush of the keel upon sand, Philoktetes
The sheltering night, a return to a grave by the river,
Shallow, the graves of the armor protruding
Like horrible plants, and Paris, the Prince Alexandros
Asleep in the tower, awaiting nothing, awaiting
Abiding terror that follows the wake of nothing
So came the dark ship, riding the veins of night.



HEPHAISTION

by Jefferson Turner

The history of Jefferson Turner is highly varied and colorful. Born in Kentucky, Colonel Turner studied Greek and Latin at Vanderbilt University, pitched for the St. Louis Cardinals, doubled his fortune as a professional baccarat player in Monaco, and has been extremely active with SAVE in between his various missions. - Ed.

The Macedonian vampire is the vermin of the Unknown. Relatively weak when compared to the likes of Dracula, Anton Garnier, or others who have branded the mountainous regions of Europe with undying infamy, it is dangerous above all in its numbers. If one appears, rest assured that 50 more await in the shadows nearby.

My experiences at Vanderbilt, in numerous summers on the Aegean, and in service to the Society have taught me an abiding loathing for these creatures; however, I must also admit a grudging respect, for the things make up for their relative weakness not only with numbers, but with an almost feverish deviousness. The following information may be useful in case envoys run into several: given the infectiousness of their vampirism, there will always be more than one.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MACEDONIAN VAMPIRE

In the mind of the public, schooled on the stories of Dracula, the clipped English accents of Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing echoing through a filmland Romania, Transylvania is the center of vampire activity in the world. The name Transylvania has become synonymous with vampires. The true center of vampire activity, forgotten in the glare of projectors, the glitter of Hollywood, prospers in grim isolation. The throne of the vampire is not Transylvania, but the Island of Santorini, now called Thira, lonely and forbidding in the Sea of Crete south of Greece.

The beliefs and superstitions dealing with vampires on this island are a normal and accepted part of everyday life among the natives. As the English say a man is "carrying coals to Newcastle" when he takes something to an area where it is already plentiful (as Americans might well say "carrying fine bourbon to Kentucky"), a common phrase in the Mediterranean is "sending vampires to Santorini."

This phrase sheds light on what we already know: the inhabitants of Santorini did not question the existence of vampires, knowing all too well, many of personal experience, that death had built a stronghold on their island.

Today, Thira is a booming tourist center, attracting travelers from all over Europe, the States, and the Orient. Most of these people are young men and women, usually around college age, who gather to meet one another and to celebrate and enjoy the warm sun and the splendid Mediterranean beaches. Particularly in the spring and summer, the island teems with the carefree young. Yet, beneath the laughter of a Mediterranean playground, the undead thrive and prosper.

It was on this island, centuries ago, that the Macedonian vampire first became known to man. The vampire is described in the classic "Homeric cycle" of Greek poems, in the earliest written history from this island, in the Santorini's ancient oral history. Naturally, man was on this island before recorded history began, so we have no idea how the Macedonian vampire came into being. We know only that the creature walked in the early darkness of Santorini—that it walks there today.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF THE MACEDONIAN VAMPIRE

According to the legends and the folklore of Santorini, there are a number of ways to identify a Macedonian vampire. Unfortunately, most of these ways are not foolproof, especially when the foreign customs of tourists keep the islanders in a constant state of mystery and suspicion. The natives, however, have one rule of thumb, foolproof for their purposes: when in doubt, destroy the potential vampire.

Murder is punishable by death on Santorini; however, destroying a vampire is not a crime. Little proof of vampirism is required by the law enforcement authorities on the island—a welcome change for those of us accustomed to working in secrecy, at the edge of the law. On the other hand, more than one dead body, killed in a struggle over unpaid debts, unfaithful love, or dead simply because the ouzo flowed too freely on a hot night, has been explained away by the killer as "a vampire worthy of destruction." I recommend that you not make any enemies should you ever visit Santorini.

The best method to identify a vampire is by inspecting a "suspected" corpse. The vampire, while resting in its coffin, appears as a relatively normal corpse, with two exceptions: the corpse shows no signs of decay, no matter how long the body has been dead, and all of the extremities on the body (the arms, the legs, the hands, the feet) are limp and movable.

Should you stumble upon the grave of a woman who, although dead for 200 years, shows no signs of decomposition and still appears young and beautiful, I envy you if you're a betting man: rest assured that the smart money says she is a vampire. If you can move the arms of the dead woman around and they are not stiff, raise your bets any amount you like. Call your bank.

Obviously, tradition mentions some ways of identifying the Macedonian vampire when it leaves its burial place and walks among the living. Then again, these methods are not foolproof. For example, if a man or woman has blue eyes, red hair, or a birthmark, he or she is suspected as a vampire (this description would, in one way or another, include a large percentage of the European and American population). The seventh son of a seventh son is suspect, as is a person born on December 25, or a person with a harelip. Such people on Santorini are known as *vrukalakos*.

Obviously, a person can fit in any or all of these descrip-



tions and still not be *vrukalakos*. However, the creature does have certain traits—certain characteristics or weaknesses—that help identify it. Since the vampire cannot survive in sunlight, it is safe not to suspect anyone who suns himself on the Santorini beaches. The vampire cannot cross through or over water under its own power. So it is safe to rule out most midnight swimmers—at least those crossing creeks or rivers.

Finally, the physical traits of the vampire, such as the blue eyes mentioned previously, do provide some spotty evidence. When the creature leaves its coffin at night, its eyes are always blue. When it returns to the coffin, the eyes revert to the color they were before the creature became a vampire. The catch, of course, is being able to spot blue eyes at night.

The vampire also has fangs, but they neither protrude nor show until the vampire creature opens its mouth.

All in all, the signs are there, but each hangs on a thread of uncertainty when the vampire walks at night—that is, unless its burial site can be found. Many envoys I have known have come to a most discouraging conclusion: one is burdened with doubt until the creature attacks.

THE MACEDONIAN VAMPIRE: SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS

The Macedonian vampire is relatively easy to destroy: the methods are plentiful and simple. Therefore, the fact that the vampire population multiplies as quickly as it does serves as a way of “perpetuating the species,” an unnatural “balance of nature.”

Any human who dies as a result of a Macedonian vampire’s attack, regardless of whether the vampire actually bites the victim, becomes a Macedonian vampire. I recall, to my great sorrow, a lengthy mission upon Santorini in which a dear friend and fellow envoy, the Canadian David Halleck, was pushed from a rocky cliff by one of the creatures. The body shattered on the tideworn rocks, and was drawn to sea before we could recover it. Imagine if you will (for, to this day, I cannot find courage to relate the story) how I felt when, a week later, Halleck returned to visit me, scratching at the door of my hotel room, dripping salt water, seaweed, and ordure.

Although we cannot be sure why its vampirism is so infectious, or even how it spreads, we can determine that the Macedonian vampire’s need to drink blood is not unusually strong: the creature must feed about once a week. In my own expedition, we were able to capture and isolate one of these creatures at its burial site—a family mausoleum; for observation’s sake, my colleagues Linda Cloud and Dr. Pandit Ray (whose work appears elsewhere in this volume) helped me to seal the tomb entrance with a strong plexiglass door. The creature’s attempts to escape became more and more desperate as the days passed. First fog and mist formed about the door, then various odd things took place within the tomb itself—surely designed to trick us into breaking the seal ourselves. Finally, the earth began to shake, as if the tomb, the

graveyard, the island itself would be shaken from its foundations. Then, everything became still: seven days had passed, and, although we did not know it then, we had destroyed the vampire.

Although the creature must feed no more frequently than other species of vampires, once a week is fairly often, considering the infectiousness of Macedonian vampirism; in one month, the creature may well create several others of its kind. A brief look at the simple mathematics of this situation reveals a frightening prospect: the Macedonian vampire population may increase fourfold in a month!

Fortunately, some factors help to control what could be a mushrooming vampire population. For example, the Macedonian vampire comes out only at night, which means that its enemies are free to maneuver and to destroy the creatures during daylight. Furthermore, there is often time to destroy the creature before it is unleashed upon the Known world: a new Macedonian vampire does not leave its coffin until the first full moon. A corpse in the process of becoming a Macedonian vampire can be destroyed before it embarks on its bloodthirsty missions; this, however, depends upon vigilance and speed.

A Macedonian vampire rests in a coffin or crypt, completely shut off from all sunlight. The coffin need not contain any foreign objects, such as native soil, as do other vampire’s coffins.

While the vampire rests within its coffin or tomb, it appears to be dead and is totally defenseless. Except for its excellent state of preservation and its lack of rigor mortis, nothing seems unusual about the vampire’s body.

When the vampire rises from the grave, the corpse or body of the creature undergoes changes: the eyes turn a pale blue, the canine teeth develop into barely distinguishable fangs, and the hair takes on an orange tinge.

When the vampire stalks its quarry, it acts like any normal human being. The creature can recall virtually everything from its human life, and can speak the language(s) it spoke before. It uses these recollections to maintain the illusion that its human relationships—its former friendships, family ties, and romantic attachments—have been unchanged by its death. This last talent has caused tremendous pain to many who neither know of nor believe in the Macedonian vampire. I am not alone among those who have lost a friend, apparently to death, only to see the friend reappear and speak as though nothing had changed. To those so visited, I must emphasize that, although the vampire recognizes friends from its previous life, it no longer considers them friends. In fact, the creature often uses the previous friendship to bait the friend into becoming the next vampire.

Perhaps the most ironic thing in the vampire’s courtship of its former friends is that, despite the population explosion and sheer numbers of the creature, the Macedonian vampire almost always works alone—certainly never in cooperation with other vampires. In fact, more often than not, the creatures struggle with one another for every drop of a limited supply of blood. In



some cases, on small islands in the Mediterranean, the vampire population has grown so far out of control that the creatures eventually exhausted their blood supply and perished, unable to leave the island.

The fact that Macedonian vampires were marooned in such desperate circumstances does not mean that the creatures cannot cross bodies of water. Although they cannot cross the water under their own power, they can often cross oceans by being transported in their coffins. In the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Macedonian vampires spread throughout Europe, borne in the holds of various steam and sailing ships. Today, modern air travel has allowed the Macedonian vampire to threaten the entire world, and to reach any place within a day. For some reason, however, the Macedonian vampire prefers Greece, Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, Turkey, and the surrounding islands.

Unlike some other types of vampires, the Macedonian vampire has no preference for male or female victims—only that the blood be warm.

HOW TO DESTROY THE MACEDONIAN VAMPIRE

As far as we have determined, the methods for destroying a Macedonian vampire are simple, straightforward, and plentiful. (See **Characteristics** for this list of methods.)

It is also important to remember that, should any SAVE envoy fall victim to one of these creatures in any way, shape, or form, the envoy, too, will become a vampire. Fellow envoys will have to deal with the corpse in one of the ways described previously, else the resulting vampire will more than likely attack the surviving envoys at the first opportunity.

THE HISTORY OF HEPHAISTION

The vampire Hephaistion lives on the island of Thira (Santorini). It is believed that he has thrived on the Greek island for almost 3,000 years—certainly there are suggestions that he (or at least one of his kind) was alive and well in Homeric times (see the selection of Philoteas' *Bella Troiana*). According to the inhabitants of Thira, Hephaistion is not only a long-lived vampire, but a sort of celebrity, at least on the island. In fact, the inhabitants have a special regard for Hephaistion.

Hephaistion's arrangement with the inhabitants of Thira is a complex one, as is Count Dracula's with the Romanian gypsies or Baron Garnier's with the mountain bandits of Switzerland. The arrangement on Thira, however, is built upon threats; SAVE believes that the inhabitants know the exact location of the vampire's burial place. Yet instead of destroying Hephaistion, they maintain the site, adorning it with hyacinth and branches of laurel, protecting it from unknowing intruders, trespassers, and would-be vampire hunters. In return for the protection, Hephaistion promises not to claim his victims from among the native population of Thira.

Yet there is more: certainly the Thirans would have realized the weakness of Hephaistion's bargain, had not the vampire dangled another threat above the island—that of plague. In fact, the earliest written records of the island, or what is left of those records, contain a fragment from the local poet Anaximedes, untranslated until 1982; within this fragment lay the clue SAVE sought to unravel the peculiar situation on Thira:

*And the dark one said, When I am released
from your keeping, from the bonds and the truces
we sealed in the night, in the night's consultation,
I shall not return. In my stead shall come fever,
the sting and sorrow of Apollo's arrows,
wasting the island, wasting it unto your grandchildren.*

Apparently, the threat has been impressive enough to sustain the relationship for thousands of years. But is there more? Could the arrangement have arisen from the religious observations of the Greek Bronze Age, when a simple people mistakenly associated the terrible creature with Hephaistos, the god of blacksmiths and fire in the ancient Greek religion?

Hephaistos was a rather late entry into the Greek mythology; he was a god whose worship originated in Asia Minor and spread to the surrounding islands. If the ancient priests did their job well, the Thirans would be awed by the figure of a powerful man, accustomed to working his forges underground, removed entirely from the rays of the sun, and capable of bending and breaking the laws of nature in mysterious—and often frightening—manners.

A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE ACTIVITIES OF HEPHAISTION

The following account, taken from the 1972 SAVE records of the Madrid office of Dr. Alfonso Fernandez Ruiz, concerns the most recent sighting of Hephaistion:

"Recently, while vacationing on the island of Thira, a Spanish tourist by the name of Juan Rodriguez sighted a group of natives, carrying torches and singing or chanting upon the moonlit beach. Moving closer, Rodriguez noticed that the chanting involved some form of celebration. The chant was in ancient Greek—Rodriguez, recognized the language but very little of the vocabulary; he did, however, recall the name 'Hephaistion' repeated several times.

"Off to the side, away from the chanters and the torchlight, Rodriguez noticed a woman lying on the beach, a man crouched above her. Embarrassed, Rodriguez stepped back, fearing that he had stumbled across a pair of lovers kissing alone in the shadows.

"Suddenly, the Spaniard's embarrassment turned to terror. The young man crouched on the beach suddenly looked up. Before Rodriguez' horrified eyes, a dark stream of blood gushed from the 'lover's' mouth. The girl simply turned her head, staring blankly into nighttime sky.

"Instantly the Thirans let out a cry and took out after Rodriguez.

"Somehow Rodriguez was able to elude his pursuers, and he made his way to the local police headquarters.

Within, the Spaniard found the desk manned by a sergeant in a dirty uniform. The policeman's red hair was uncombed, and his overall appearance suggested unprofessionalism. However, he seemed most willing to help, suggesting that Rodriguez 'wait here, while I summon the kapitanios.'

"Rodriguez waited for what seemed to be hours. Finally, the policeman returned, opening the door with a cheery, 'I am here!'

"Rodriguez turned to greet the policeman and the captain. Instead of relief, Rodriguez felt terror rising, cold and unbearable in the hot light of the station. For the senior officer—the kapitanios—was the same man who had crouched above the woman on the beach, taking his unspeakable nourishment.

"At the sight Rodriguez went wild. He crashed through the door, hid along the rocky beaches, and, at daylight, caught the first boat off the island. Returning to Spain, Rodriguez remained distraught and babbling. He was thought to be mad, and, as a consequence, was placed in an institution. It was not until Rodriguez was interviewed by SAVE psychiatrist Dr. Alfonso Fernandez Ruiz that the truth became clear. Thus, SAVE was able to piece together the facts, separate them from Rodriguez' temporary hysteria, and draw the conclusion that 'the kapitanios' was Hephaistion himself.

MACEDONIAN VAMPIRE

AGL: (75 + 2D10) or 90

DEX: (60 + 2D10) or 75

PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90

PER: (30 + 2D10) or 45

STA: (105 + 2D10) or 120

STR: (75 + 2D10) or 90

WPR: (75 + 2D10) or 90

EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135

ATT: 2; (75 + 2D10) or 90

SR: 4

WB: 52

Fear: -30*

My: Varies with form (L)**; 75' (A) as mist or fog.

Type: Master

Class: C, G

Disciplines:

75/90/110 Swarm

100/115/135 Evil Eye

Automatic Change Self (to mist or fog)

90/102/125 Change Temperature, Change Weather,

Haywire, Lightning Call, Rain, Raise Winds, Shake the

Earth, Wave of Fog

90/102/125 Dreamsend, Influence, Sleep, Steal Memory

Halt

90/102/125 Appear Dead (self), Appear Dead (other),

Blind, Blur Vision, Darken, Purified Shell, Quiet

* Fear Checks. No Fear Check is necessary unless a character recognizes the vampire as a creature.

**The Macedonian vampire can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

CHARACTERISTICS

1. The Macedonian vampire casts no reflection. Its image does not appear on a mirror, film, videotape, or any other object requiring light for reproduction.

2. Direct contact with sunlight destroys the vampire. Once exposed, the creature dies within 1D10 rounds.

3. In order to rest, it must return to its burial place before the sun rises. The creature may change its burial place, and often does so, digging a new grave or breaking into a tomb at night. When the vampire rests, uninterrupted, in the burial place, it restores all lost Stamina and Willpower at sundown, automatically and immediately. If it fails to return to its burial place, but manages to avoid the sun's rays, it does not regain lost Stamina and Willpower and loses 1 from each of these abilities per hour, until they are reduced to zero (0) or less. This decline continues until the creature returns to its burial place or is destroyed. When the vampire's Current Stamina is reduced to zero (0) or less (whether through these processes or through combat), it is destroyed.

4. The following items protect against or destroy a Macedonian vampire:

- *Sunlight*. Exposure to sunlight instantly destroys a Macedonian vampire.

- *Any Religious Symbol* (a cross, Star of David, crucifix, etc.). The vampire cowers and immediately withdraws and flees from these objects. Any such object placed in the burial place of a Macedonian vampire prevents the vampire from returning to its burial place. Eventually, the vampire will be destroyed by sunlight or Stamina Loss.

- *Garlic*. The odor of the bulb within 2 1/2 feet causes the vampire to leave the room or immediate area. The vampire uses the Evil Way (particularly the Influence Disci-

pline) to try to make the subject remove the garlic.

- *Salt*. The creature cannot cross an unbroken line of salt. If the line spans a doorway or window, the vampire cannot enter the opening. However, if this line is broken, the vampire can cross through the break and enter freely.

- *Wolfsbane*. Same reaction as to garlic.

- *A Wild Rose*. Same as garlic. In addition, it immediately destroys a resting vampire when placed upon its chest.

- *Mountain Ash*. When placed upon the resting Macedonian vampire, the leaf has the same effect as a wild rose.

- *Confusing the Vampire*. Turning the vampire upside down in his coffin so that his face points toward the ground confuses him so he cannot leave the burial site.

- *A Wooden Stake*. A wooden stake driven through the chest of the vampire destroys it.

- *A Blessed Blade or Missile*. Any blade (such as a sword, dagger, or axe), or any missile (such as a bullet, arrow, or javelin) blessed by an Orthodox priest inflicts normal Stamina Loss and wounds on a Macedonian vampire. Such weapons can destroy the vampire.

- *Running Water*. A Macedonian vampire cannot cross running water on foot, as, for example, over a footbridge.

A Macedonian vampire's special powers are as follows:

1. By using the Change Self Discipline, it can make itself infinitely thin to slip through normal or even sealed doors or windows.

2. The creature can climb even sheer walls at a rate of 20 feet per round, but cannot walk on ceilings.

3. The Macedonian vampire makes 2 attacks per round, using the Evil Way, melee attacks, or both. In melee, treat the vampire's unarmed attacks as armed attacks.

Besides its normal Evil Way Disciplines, the vampire uses an expanded form of the Swarm Discipline, creating a swarm of rats, bats, or crows, instead of smaller animals.

The vampire's most famous weapon, however, is its blood drain. Biting the neck of a sleeping character, the creature drains 1D10 Stamina per minute. When it uses blood drain on a PC, the vampire drinks for 1D10 minutes, or as the CM judges effective in the scenario.

The blood is drawn from a major artery; therefore, treat the bite as a Strike Rank 8 wound in which the victim suffers no continual Stamina Loss (the vampire treats the wound itself to keep its supply of blood alive).

The creature suffers Stamina Loss from unarmed and armed damage, but ignores wounds and does not suffer continual Stamina Loss (unless wounded by a blessed weapon). Vampires whose Current Stamina has been reduced to 5 or less usually change to mist or fog and flee to their burial site; there they recover all lost Stamina by the next sunset.

4. Any character killed by a Macedonian vampire becomes a Macedonian vampire. If a PC becomes a Macedonian vampire, that character becomes an NPC.

Should the PCs discover the body of a Macedonian vampire victim before it has risen with the first full moon, they must destroy it in the same manner as they would a

Macedonian vampire. Otherwise the victim will rise as a Macedonian vampire. A full moon occurs every 28 days. The CM should decide when the first full moon takes place if no such records are kept.



VENGEANCE OF DRACULA

INTRODUCTION

SHIP'S LOG—FEBRUARY 1, 1892:

All night I stayed, and in the dimness I saw IT. HIM!

God forgive me . . . I am growing weaker. . . . Once more the night is coming on . . . but I must not leave my ship. . . . Without warning, the tempest breaks. The foreign schooner tosses wildly in the immense waves, in the black, churning sea. On the English shore, the lighthouse bells ring a warning, the searchlights sweep the reef. The watchmen gasp as the schooner speeds to danger, surrendering to the fury of sky and sea. What foolish captain could guide this ship? The searchlights now illuminate the mouth of the harbor, lighting the way. The schooner speeds headlong, coming within inches of the reef, but then the wind turns, the fog parts, and the schooner tears into the harbor. Her sails burst under the strain, and her bow crashes against the shore.

The rain-soaked onlookers rush to the wreckage, blinking fiercely against the storm. The dead captain clings to the helm, wrists cut by the rosary wrapped tightly around his hands. The lightning flares, and, at that moment, a great dog leaps from the deck, disappearing into the darkness. . . .

COUNT DRACULA HAS RETURNED. FOR REVENGE.

If you wish to play in this scenario, Vengeance of Dracula, read no further. If you wish to be the guide through this horror, as the Chill Master, you may continue reading. But beware. Indeed, you are master of the game, but Dracula is Master of the Darkness. . . .

USING THIS SCENARIO

This introduction provides all the information you need to prepare for the scenario and to ensure that the players have a good time:

THE STORY: a summary of this chilling tale—how it all started, and what happens during the scenario.

SKILLS: most helpful to the SAVE envoys, plus information that can be attained through the Journalism, Anthropology, Investigation, and Legend/Lore Skills.

DREAMS: images that come to a character using the Clairvoyant/Prescient Dream Discipline. Only characters with this discipline receive these dreams.

THE STARRING ROLE: everything you need to understand and play Count Dracula.

SUPPORTING ROLES: non-player characters (NPCs) who round out the scenario.

READY, SET, SCARE: special notes on how to get ready, how to start, and how to keep the scenario going.

THE STORY

When veteran SAVE envoy Lord Henry Boulton heard news of the death in London, he postponed his trip to Wales. He felt a great sense of loss; Arthur Holmwood, Lord Godalming by title, was a good and admirable acquaintance. But now, Holmwood was dead. He had snapped his neck in a fall.

At the funeral, Boulton met Dr. John Seward, a close friend of Holmwood's. Seward was extremely distraught and confided in Boulton that he did not believe the death was accidental. It was only with great persuasion by Boulton that Seward agreed to elaborate. The doctor unfolded a story of horror that had begun nearly a decade before. . . .

Seven years before the funeral, Dr. Seward fell in love with a woman who later became a vampire. That woman was Lucy Westenra. Two other men also loved her: Quincy Morris, an American, and Arthur Holmwood, a wealthy Englishman. Both were acquaintances of Seward. Lucy became engaged to marry Holmwood.

The three men were drawn together when Lucy Westenra became ill. She became weak and took on a bloodless pallor, and the men could not determine the source of her affliction.

Seward called upon an old teacher and friend from Holland, Dr. Abraham Van Helsing (M.D., PH. D., D.LIT., etc.). It was Van Helsing who determined that a vampire had attacked Miss Lucy—indeed, who knew that vampires might even exist. Unfortunately, the diagnosis came too late; Lucy Westenra died shortly thereafter and became a vampire. Holmwood was forced to put a stake through the creature's heart.

By a chance connection, the four men soon learned that whoever, or whatever, took Lucy's life was still among them in London. Lucy Westenra had a dear friend named Mina Harker. Some months before Lucy's death, Mina's husband Jonathan had narrowly escaped death at the hand of a vampire in Transylvania—a vampire who had set out for England! Through Mina, the two experiences correlated.

The group—five men and one woman—decided to form a pact. They would do whatever it took to destroy the vampire they knew as Count Dracula.

Together, the six retraced Dracula's steps, reconstructing his plan. In Transylvania, Dracula had used Jonathan's services to purchase a London estate called Carfax. He had

then traveled to Whitby, England aboard a Russian schooner. But the Count did not book normal passage on that ship; he traveled in one of 50 boxes of earth which he was shipping to Carfax Estate. En route, he murdered the crew, summoned a storm and wrecked the ship at Whitby. Upon arrival on land, the vampire took the shape of a dog and disappeared on shore. It was shortly thereafter, that Count Dracula sampled the blood of Lucy Westenra.

As the search for Dracula grew more intense, the five men excluded the woman, Mina Harker, from the investigation for her own safety. Dracula, who was aware of the group's schemes, now had an easy target. And Mina would be more than a victim to the Count; he wished to make her his bride. As the Count began his nightly visits, Mina struggled to retain her fragile grip on the Known world, but daily she slipped further away.

Soon, the five men discovered what was happening. The search for Dracula accelerated. Dracula fled to Transylvania. There, in a battle with Gypsies, the group secured the black box in which Dracula lay. The men cut off the vampire's head and plunged a Bowie knife into his heart.

The creature dissolved into dust. Mina Harker returned fully to the living. Quincy Morris died of a knife wound.

The years passed, and only memories remained of the horror. The group vowed to keep its actions secret, for its members had violated both social and religious doctrine in their efforts. Furthermore, there was no need to confide in others when the Lord of Undead was gone.

After seven years, Van Helsing grew ill with age. "It is in the natural scheme of things," he wrote from Holland. "Rest assured, our secret is still safe; I have destroyed my records of Dracula." Shortly thereafter, Van Helsing passed away.

During this time, Dracula was not dead; he was gathering strength in Transylvania. His foes had made one grave mistake: they had plunged metal, not wood, into the vampire's heart. And now, Dracula sought revenge.

After Van Helsing's death, the Count arranged another shipwreck, and returned to England once more. He took the life of Jonathan Harker. As for Mina, she appeared to die of consumption, but, once again, he made her his bride.

Dracula then had two victims left: Holmwood (Lord Godalming) and Dr. Seward. Dracula went to the house of

Godalming and snapped his neck.

Seward, now the last of the six, began to understand.

At Holmwood's funeral, Boulton learned only bits and pieces of the information described herein and wanted to investigate more. Unfortunately, he had his own mission in Wales to conduct, and it would have been tasteless to press Seward any further on such a somber occasion. Boulton arranged for other SAVE envoys to come to London and investigate in his place. He made his London estate, Hillingham, available for their use.

THE HILLINGHAM ESTATE

Lucy Westenra was sole heir to Hillingham estate, her family's home in London. When she died, the estate was left to Holmwood, who had become Lord Godalming. Holmwood had no desire to retain such unhappy memories. He put the estate up for sale, and it was purchased by one Lord Boulton. Neither man knew how much they had in common: a struggle against the Unknown.

Lord Boulton seldom uses the Hillingham estate himself; it is one of two city residences, and he prefers the country. He often lends Hillingham to friends who come to the city, many of them SAVE envoys in need of a place to stay.

When Count Dracula returned to England some months ago, he thought it wise to stay clear of Carfax. His enemies, he knew, would look there first if they suspected his presence. What bitter irony, he thought, to reside in the home of Lucy Westenra, his first victim at his foes' expense.

The Westenra house (Hillingham) had a new owner when Dracula arrived, but no matter. The Count secured employment there, creating the role of Mortimer Weatherbee, estate steward.

THE SCENARIO

The player characters receive notice from SAVE that their services may be needed in a fight against a vampire. They also receive a letter from Lord Boulton, explaining what he has learned from Seward, and a key to Boulton's London estate, Hillingham. The characters arrive at Hillingham during the late afternoon. Seward is scheduled to join them for dinner.

Unfortunately, Seward arrives about an hour late, in a driverless carriage, dead. Dracula has murdered him.

Some hours after Seward's murder, the Hillingham household retires for the evening, and the estate becomes still, but the peace and quiet doesn't last. Bells ring out at the nearby asylum, which was run by Dr. Seward until his death. A patient has escaped.

The escaped patient is Kensington, a faithful servant of Dracula. Kensington has been commanded to harass the player characters, and he will do so either by baying beneath their window or by tackling them on the grounds.

The next morning, the characters awaken to a day of bright sun. Boulton has given the characters enough information to start their mission without Seward. They can

explore Carfax. What they find may be discouraging: the estate lies in ruins, dank and crawling with vermin. A few zombies and a vampire do Dracula's bidding there, but the characters do not discover the Count resting at Carfax. Little do they know his selected coffin lies at Hillingham, right beneath the player characters' own place of rest.

Because Hillingham is Dracula's base and because he soon discovers his new set of foes, most of the scenario takes place at the former Westenra mansion. The player characters may at first believe that Dracula has simply followed them, striking out from his base at Carfax. After a while, however, it should become clear that this theory is flawed.

On the second night, a body is discovered, lying in a pool of blood on the stoop of the mansion. The victim is James, the estate's head groundskeeper. A blood-smeared trail leads to the murder weapon, a scalpel with John Seward's initials. From this night on, the servants at Hillingham distrust the characters.

Eventually, the characters visit Kensington at the asylum; if they do not seek him out, he summons them. When the characters arrive, however, Kensington is distant and offers no conversation. As the characters leave, he exclaims: "Next time, bring me a spider!" Kensington likes to eat bugs.

The next time the envoys visit the asylum, Kensington is dead. He has left them a message written in blood: the King rules Westenra.

This should not be the first clue that Dracula is at home at Hillingham. During their stay, a bat flies into the characters' room. A hand appears in the fireplace, then vanishes. Coffins covered with sheets lie in an unused room. A maid is found dead in the dining room, with two marks upon her throat. And last, but not least, one of the characters seems to have become a vampire. . . .

With the help of his bride, Mina, Dracula attacks the characters at night, using the Sleep and Steal Memory Disciplines to disguise his actions. If females are present, Dracula begins his own blood drain. If only male envoys are present, he assists Mina in feasting upon one. Soon, the player characters may very well be feasting on each other. (This is not a beginner's scenario.)

When the characters become highly suspicious of Weatherbee, Dracula plays a trick hand. As Weatherbee, he announces that a coffin has arrived, addressed to the player characters. He has followed the carrier's instructions and had it placed in the cellar. When the characters inspect the coffin, they find a man inside who appears to be Count Dracula. Using his Evil Way Disciplines, Dracula attempts to convince the envoys that they have destroyed the Count, not an impostor, and have thus completed their mission.

In the climactic encounter, the envoys have a chance to destroy the real Dracula in his resting place. But it is a slim chance indeed. Their best hope may be to defile all of Dracula's coffins with a crucifix, making them useless to him. When this occurs, he will flee to Transylvania, ending the scenario.

SKILLS

The following skills will be especially useful to the envoys in *Vengeance of Dracula*:

ALL COMBAT SKILLS

ANTHROPOLOGY/ARCHAEOLOGY

DISGUISE

GRAPHOLOGY/FORGERY

HYPNOTISM

INVESTIGATION

JOURNALISM

LEGEND/LORE

LOCKPICKING

MEDICINE

PSYCHIATRY

TRACKING

INVESTIGATION OR JOURNALISM

Research Site: Carriers' offices, laborers' hangouts; London Times

L RESULT The character using the skill locates some laborers who know of a strange delivery; unidentified carriers recently transported boxes of earth to an old, abandoned estate named Carfax.

M RESULT The character using this skill discovers the previous information, plus the following: the boxes of earth originated in Whitby, England.

H RESULT The character using this skill discovers all the previous information, plus the following: exactly 33 boxes were delivered to the Carfax estate and left in the foyer with a set of keys.

C RESULT The character using this skill discovers all the previous information, plus the following: A shipwreck occurred at Whitby, England three months ago, on February 1, 1892. Strangely, the ship arrived with only a dead captain and a dog, which quickly disappeared. The ship carried silver, vodka, and 33 boxes of earth. A similar incident occurred seven years earlier.

NOTE: If the skill being used is Journalism, only a General Check is required. A successful check means that the player character learns the information listed following under the C result, but nothing more.

ANTHROPOLOGY/ARCHAEOLOGY

Research site: British Museum

L RESULT The character using the skill discovers that the Romanians have many legends about vampires, including one about a supreme or king vampire, Dracula.

M RESULT The character using this skill discovers the previous information, plus the following: according to the legend of Dracula, this vampire is undead, existing forever. He is always accompanied by three brides and may take the form of a bat, a black stallion, or a wolf.

H RESULT The character using this skill discovers all the previous information, plus the following: the legend also states that Dracula is adversely affected by garlic, a wild rose, a sprig of mountain ash, or a cross. A crucifix in an empty coffin will prevent him from resting there.

C RESULT The character using this skill discovers all the previous information, plus the following: although no one has yet succeeded in killing him, Dracula is not indestructible. He can be destroyed if staked through the heart and decapitated. He also dissolves in sunlight.

LEGEND/LORE

Research Site: British Museum, London

L RESULT The character using this skill discovers that it is true that Dracula is the "king" of vampires in Transylvania.

M RESULT The character using this skill discovers the previous information, plus the following: it is true that characters can destroy Dracula by staking him through the heart and cutting off his head.

H RESULT The character using this skill discovers all the previous information, plus the following: it is true that a crucifix, when placed in Dracula's coffin, will prevent him from resting there.

C RESULT The character using this skill discovers the information contained in the L, M, and H results. The character also learns that Dracula does not take the form of a stallion, and he is not always accompanied by three wives. In addition, he is not destroyed by sunlight, but his powers are diminished in its presence. Lastly, he is unaffected by a cross; only a crucifix will drive him off or defile his coffin.

NOTE: The information under this skill refers to the legend described under Anthropology/Archaeology. Entries for the L through H results are all truths. Falsehoods are listed under the C result. You may, at your discretion, include the falsehoods in other results by following the Legend/Lore description under Skills in the CHILL hardcover book.

DREAMS

Player characters who have the Clairvoyant/Prescient Dream Discipline may try to use it during the scenario. For each successful use of the discipline, you should read one of the dreams to the character, starting with **Dream One** and ending with **Dream Three**. Remember, characters can only use this discipline once per week.

DREAM ONE

You stand alone, enveloped by darkness and silence. Ahead—first near, then far—an iridescent cloud of fog appears. Seemingly weightless, it hovers in the black air, as a puff of smoke might linger in a still room. Within the cloud, a deep, slow laugh arises.

Women who are important in your life start appearing in the blackness around you. Their light clothing drifts in a wind that cannot be felt. The flowing cloth brushes over you. As if in a trance, the women pass by and walk slowly toward the cloud.

You cry out a warning, but they do not respond; the sound dissolves as it leaves your lips. You try to move, but you are paralyzed.

As each woman passes into the cloud, she disappears, and the laughter grows louder, echoing.

The delicate membranes within your ears begin to throb in pain. They strain farther and farther, as if to tear, about to burst. . . . The laughter grows louder, louder, LOUDER. . . .

You awake with a start.

NOTE: If a female PC receives this dream, tell her that one of the women resembles her. Do not, however, substitute men for women.

DREAM TWO

Three chalk-white faces appear against a black background. The faces belong to men, but only the lips remain in focus, being swollen and red. The faces come together, then begin spinning, as if mounted on a triangular merry-go-round. Their scowling, pale expressions come around, and around, and around, each face announcing defiantly, "I am not here, I am not here," as it makes its pass through the foreground. The pace increases until the words run together and the lips blur to a solid stream of red.

DREAM THREE

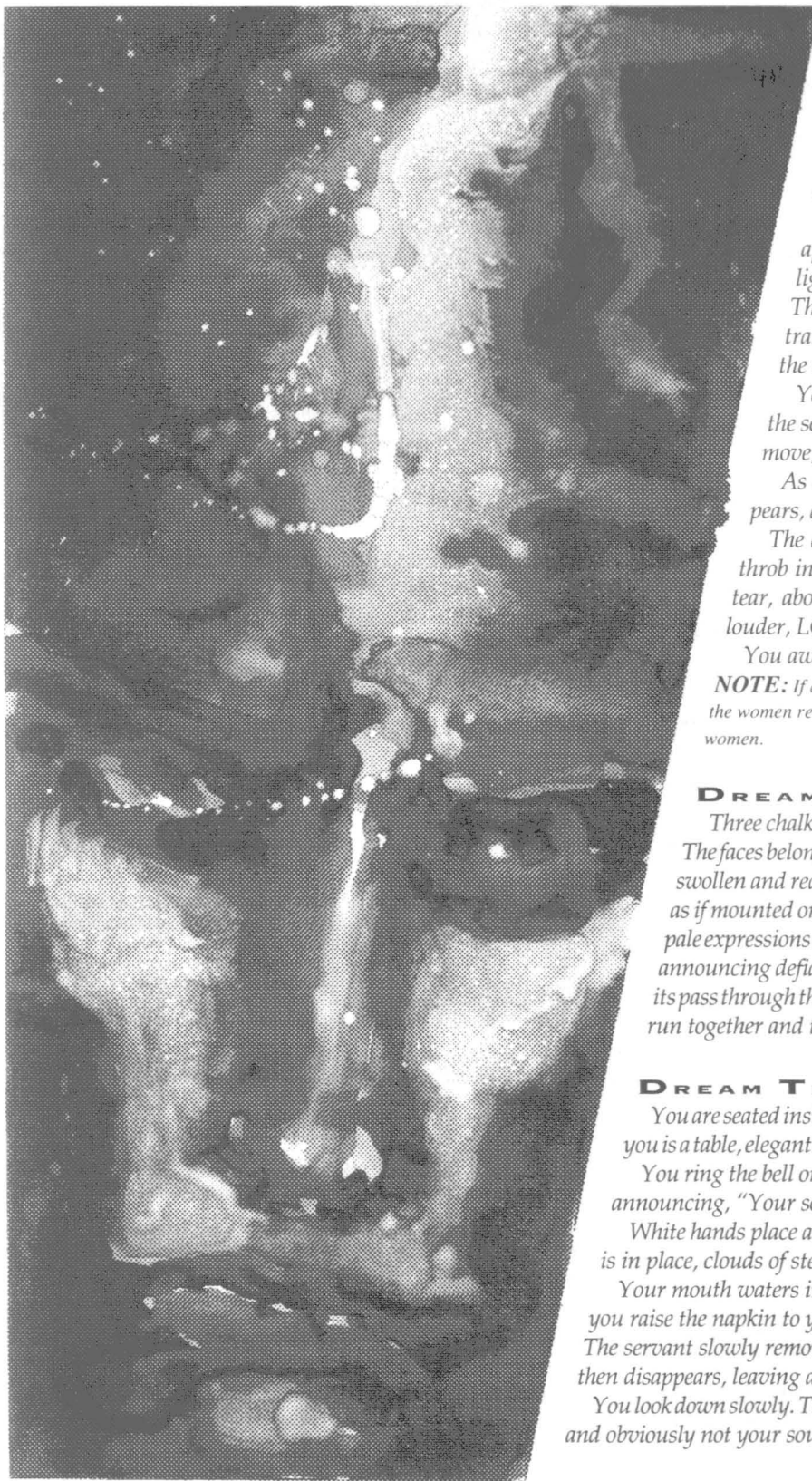
You are seated inside the dining room of Hillingham Estate. Before you is a table, elegantly set. The service bell rests near your right hand.

You ring the bell once, and a faceless male servant enters the room announcing, "Your soup."

White hands place a huge china tureen before you. Although the lid is in place, clouds of steam escape from the edges.

Your mouth waters in anticipation of the warm meal. Embarrassed, you raise the napkin to your lips, stopping an imaginary flow of saliva. The servant slowly removes the lid. A large cloud of vapor tumbles out, then disappears, leaving a salty odor in the air.

You look down slowly. The steaming liquid in the bowl is a crimson color, and obviously not your soup as announced, but rather a bowl of blood.



THE STARRING ROLE

DRACULA

AGL: (65 + 2D10) or 80

DEX: (50 + 2D10) or 65

PCN: (85 + 2D10) or 100

PER: (35 + 2D10) or 70

STA: (125 + 2D10) or 150

STR: (95 + 2D10) or 110

WPR: (105 + 2D10) or 120

EWS: 150

ATT: *; (80 + 2D10) or 95

SR: 4

WB: N/A

Fear: -30**

MV: Varies with form (L)***; 75' (A) as fog or mist.

Type: Master

Class: C, G

Disciplines: (all disciplines are at Master Level)

123 Swarm

150 Gnarl, Second Light

Automatic Animation of the Dead¹Automatic Change Self (to large bat, wolf, Great Dane, cloud of fog)¹

Automatic Create a Feast

136 Change Temperature, Change Weather, Lightning Call, Raise Winds

Automatic Wave of Fog

140 Dreamsend, Influence, Sleep, Steal Memory

126 Halt, Teleport, White Heat

Automatic Flight²

Automatic Slam

133 Appear Dead (self), Darken, Purified Shell

¹Dracula cannot use Animation of the Dead or Change Self in the presence of sunlight, but he can use these disciplines during the day.²Dracula can use Flight only during the nighttime. To fly, he assumes the form of a cloud of sparkling moonbeams that dance in the darkness, materializing when the flight ends. Dracula cannot be killed in this moonbeam form.

Skills:

English, German, and all Eastern European Languages/M 160

Anthropology/Archaeology/M 160; Art Criticism/M 160; Disguise/M 128; Filching/M 155; History/M 160; Hypnotism/M 160; Investigation/M 183; Legend/Lore/M 160; Savoir-Faire/M 160

*Number of attacks depends on form Dracula takes.

**Fear Checks. Under most circumstances, characters need not make a Fear Check when they encounter "Weatherbee." (CM discretion.)

***Can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

CHARACTERISTICS

1. Like the Carpathian vampire, Dracula cannot cast a reflection. This also means that his image does not appear on film or any other device that requires a light (or heat) source to produce an image. A flame can be seen through his body.

2. The sight of human blood excites and enrages Dracula; to resist the temptation to feast upon it, he must make a General Check against his Current Willpower Score.

3. Dracula does not die when exposed to sunlight; he is able to move about during the day. Sunlight does weaken him, however. He cannot use his Change Self, Flight, or Animation of the Dead Disciplines in its presence, except at noon (exactly at noon, not a second before or after) and for

a few moments (10 rounds) after sunrise and before sunset.

4. Dracula prefers to rest in his coffin by day, when his powers are diminished, although he can also rest at night. He must rest for 8 hours to restore Stamina and Willpower.

Although Dracula looks to be dead or asleep when in his coffin, he is actually in a light trance. He can still hear the sounds near the coffin and use his Evil Way Disciplines. Of course, the time of day determines what disciplines can and cannot be used.

5. The following items offer protection against Dracula:

- **A Crucifix.** (It can be made of virtually any solid material, but it must be a crucifix, as distinct from a regular cross, or any item or image in the shape of a cross). Upon seeing this item, Dracula cowers and withdraws, leaving the area quickly and in any manner possible. The crucifix doesn't diminish his powers except that he cannot enter the area within a 2 1/2-foot radius from it. If a Catholic priest blesses a crucifix, Dracula cannot use any Evil Way Disciplines on the item. A blessed crucifix placed inside his empty coffin prevents Dracula from returning to rest there.

- **Garlic.** The odor of the bulb within 2 1/2 feet causes Dracula to leave the room or immediate area. He will use the Evil Way to make a subject remove the garlic, however (particularly the Influence Discipline).

- **A Wild Rose.** This flower has the same effect as garlic. It also immobilizes the vampire when placed upon him (although the Count can still use the Evil Way, except for any discipline that moves the rose or his own body).

- **Mountain Ash.** When placed on the Count, the leaf of this tree has the same effect as a wild rose.

6. Dracula's attack capabilities match those under *Vampire (Carpathian)* in the *CHILL hardcover book* except that Dracula can make 4 attacks per round and his Swarm allows him to summon wolves, as well as bats, rats, insects, etc.

7. Dracula's blood drain is more powerful than that of the Carpathian vampire. He can control anyone whose Current Stamina has been reduced to 5 or less from his bite. The effects of this control equal those given for the C result under the Influence Discipline. In this state, the victim also has the desire and ability to drink blood as a Carpathian vampire, has an Evil Way Score of 125, and can use the Sleep and Steal Memory Disciplines. The victim has a reflection but dislikes mirrors and is affected by a cross. Otherwise, a victim in this transitional state has no other vampiric traits.

A character who is destroyed as a vampire while in the transitional state becomes truly dead. A character who otherwise dies in the transitional state becomes a full Carpathian vampire 1D10 days after burial.

8. According to Dr. Abraham Van Helsing, there are two steps in destroying Dracula. First, drive a wooden stake through his heart, or burn it. Then, decapitate him. If a character uses the stake or burns the heart but fails to sever Dracula's head, the Count turns into a cloud of fog. This reaction occurs automatically; it does not reflect the willful use of the Change Self Discipline. Dracula can use Change Self at the next available time to reassume corporeal form.

SUPPORTING ROLES

**MINA HARKER (CARPATHIAN VAMPIRE)**

AGL: (85 + 2D10) or 100

DEX: (50 + 2D10) or 65

PER: (30 + 2D10) or 45

PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90

STA: (100 + 2D10) or 115

STR: (70 + 2D10) or 85

WPR: (70 + 2D10) or 85

EWS: 125

ATT: 2; (80 + 2D10) or 95

SR: 4

WB: N/A

Fear: -30*

MV: Varies with form (L)**; 75' (A) as mist or fog.

Type: Master

Class: C, G

Disciplines: (all disciplines are at Teacher Level)

72 Swarm

90 Second Light

Automatic Change Self (to mist or fog)

82 Wave of Fog

82 Sleep, Steal Memory

86 Halt

*Fear Checks. A Fear Check need not be made unless the character recognizes Mina as a vampire.

**Mina can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

When she was alive, Mina was the clever wife of Jonathan Harker. Now she is Dracula's devoted bride.

Mina follows the exact description of the Carpathian vampire in the *CHILL hardcover book*.

HILLINGHAM SERVANTS

All Hillingham servants, excluding Weatherbee, are standard NPCs. Their basic abilities are 50 each, and they have no skills.

The estate has a staff of 15, although most are rarely seen, as is expected of good servants. Dracula poses as Weatherbee, the estate steward; he oversees the staff and day-to-day financial matters. Dawes is the valet and butler. Bridget is a chambermaid; she works mainly upstairs and in the bed-



rooms. Evette is a parlormaid; she works mainly downstairs. In this household, either maid may answer the door in Dawes' absence. Susan and Paul are cooks. Little John is a hall boy—basically the servants' servant. Young Mary is a scullery maid and general housemaid; she cleans up in the kitchen, scrubs stone floors, and may also help serve the meals. James is in charge of the stables and grounds, and he has several young boys as helpers (yard boys, foot boys, and stable hands). When this staff is insufficient for any reason, a young girl or boy may be called in for work as well.

KENSINGTON

AGL: 42

DEX: 32

PCN: 66

PER: 28

STA: 72

STR: 78

WPR: 54

Wound Boxes: 37

Unskilled Melee: 60

Movement: 34

Sprinting: 92

Initiative: 4 + 1D10

Kensington is the patient in Seward's asylum who is under the control of Dracula. At times, he may be delightful company, charming and quite intelligent, but usually he is catatonic or engrossed in his various "pets."

Kensington's "pets" include living flies, spiders, and birds. Sometimes he feeds the flies to the spiders, then the spiders to the birds. Once, he proceeded to eat all the birds himself, but he vomited feathers afterwards. Now, he is content to eat the live spiders and flies, though he still hopes to procure a live cat with his birds.

Dracula controls Kensington by using his Influence Discipline on Kensington's pliable mind.

READY, SET, SCARE



Running a Chill scenario or campaign can be very different from running other role-playing games. In Chill, you must truly become a storyteller, weaving the scenario with the other players' help. Being a storyteller is much more than memorizing information. It's knowing how to use that information to create a fresh, and frightening, scenario.

The most important step is preparation. You cannot run this scenario well unless you prepare for it. That's not as hard as it sounds; it's actually fun. First, you should read through the entire scenario, starting with this introduction. The CM's (your) information is given in regular type, and the players' information is given in the *italicized text*. Get an idea of what the envoys from SAVE may encounter during a mission. That way, you will have full control of the atmosphere and will be able to build suspense.

THE SCENARIO INCLUDES THESE SECTIONS:

Part I: Introduction. You have most likely read this section. However, it could be helpful to reread it.

Part II: The First Night. The events of the first afternoon and evening, in chronological order.

Part III: Events of Dracula. These are events Dracula causes on or near the Hillingham estate. They are listed roughly in order of occurrence, but the actual sequence depends on the envoys' actions. Don't be surprised if the players let their characters stray from the storyline; just make the adjustments that Dracula himself would have to make.

Part IV: Hillingham. This section is a key to the rooms in Hillingham, and the NPCs who occupy them. Refer to this section as characters explore Hillingham estate.

Part V: Carfax. This section is a key to all the areas of Dracula's old home, including a few encounters. Refer to this section as characters explore Carfax estate.

After you have read through the entire scenario, reread Dracula's statistics and other related information and really get to know Count Dracula. In this scenario, Dracula is the

driving force. Many events have only a general timetable because they involve his reaction to the player characters. As the CM, you must study this character inside and out. Get to know his powers and habits almost as if they were things that you knew how to do. Then, take special note of the actions that Dracula has "up his sleeve" in the rest of the scenario. With this preparation, it will be easy for you to react when the envoys make a surprising move.

Feel free to make other small changes as required by the needs of your players. If the players are having difficulty finding clues or information, insert whatever help you feel necessary. Susan and Paul, the cooks, might provide extra information, for example. Likewise, if players are progressing too quickly, you may "slow down" the clues a bit. For example, Susan and Paul might be of less assistance. As a CM, your first responsibility is to see that the players have FUN, and they won't have fun if the scenario is too difficult or easy.

SETTING UP

After you have read through the entire scenario and learned about Dracula and the other NPCs, you're ready to start. The scenario is designed for three to eight players, although an ideal number is three to five. Eight eager and suitable player characters are included with this scenario. Get your players together and ask them if they want to use the player characters provided herein or if they want to design player characters of their own.

If the players want to use their own characters, you might want to read them the list of skills that will be useful in this scenario. This way, if they have any spare CIPs to spend, they'll know how to spend them.

To start the scenario, brief the envoys, using the letter given on the adjacent page. You may read the text aloud, have one of the players read it aloud to the other players, or just let each of the players read the page, keeping other pages from view. The envoys all have the Standard Equipment Pack, which is described in the *CHILL hardcover book*.

May 3, 1892

Respected fellow envoys and friends:

Once more, duty has called; we must rise against the forces of Evil. At this hour, the Evil comes in the form of a vampire, that blood-sucking undead horror.

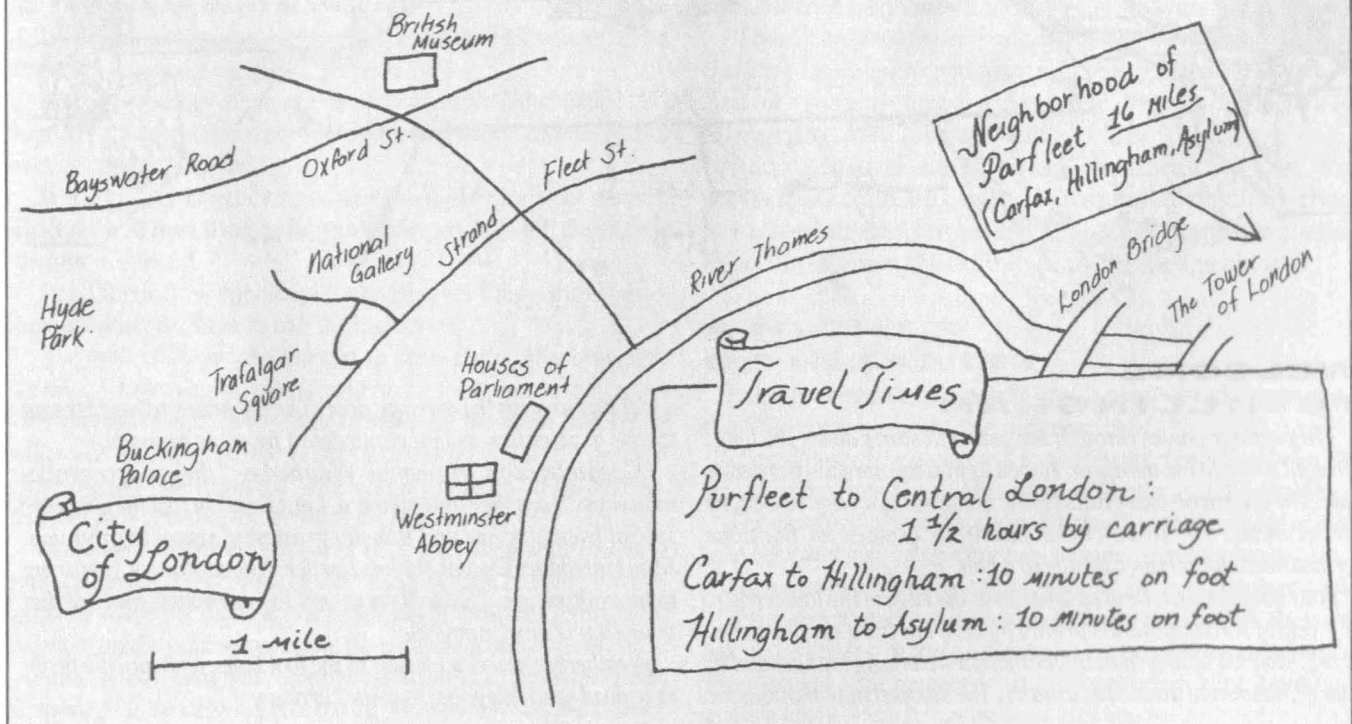
The story is this: Some days ago, I met a physician at a funeral in London. The deceased was Lord Godalming, Arthur Holmwood, an acquaintance who had snapped his neck in a fall. The physician was John Seward, a psychiatrist in charge of a lunatic asylum. Seward indicated that Godalming's death was not an accident, as supposed, but the work of a vampiric being he called "Count Dracula."

It seems that seven years ago, a king vampire from Transylvania came to England via a shipwreck at Whitby. The creature purchased a decaying estate called Carfax and attacked a loved one of Seward. The vampire nearly took another victim, a woman named Mina Harker, to be his bride. Fortunately, the poor woman was saved when Seward and his friends caught up with the vampire in Transylvania, where they drove a bowie knife through its heart.

Recently, Seward's friends have all died: first Harker and her husband, then Godalming, perhaps others, too, I imagine. Only Seward remains, and he says it was the Count (Count Dracula) who murdered the lot. His story has both merit and weight. I might add that I do recall hearing of a shipwreck at Whitby some months ago; perhaps this being has returned just as he came seven years ago. It is up to you, my friends, to find out.

I regret that I cannot join you in this investigation, but I must attend to matters in Wales, where 200 miners have vanished. I have arranged for you to meet Seward for dinner tomorrow evening at Hillingham, a property of mine in the Purfleet neighborhood. It is near the thick of things and should be quite convenient; both Carfax and Seward's asylum are close by. At any rate, Hillingham is yours for the duration of your mission. I cannot greet you there personally, but my staff at the estate will be of excellent service, I'm sure. Enclosed are the keys to my home, and a small map which I have sketched for your use. Godspeed!

Lord Henry Boulton



THE FIRST NIGHT

WELCOME
TO HILLINGHAM

The carriage passes through the gate and starts down the long, straight drive to the mansion. A well-kept lawn spreads from each side. The afternoon sun glints off the windows of a huge two-story house ahead. The drive circles before an expanse of flagstone terrace, and the carriage draws to a halt.

Four bold statues stand as sentries at the edge of the low terrace. A group of servants stands primly by, as if cut from similar stone. A tall, stooped young man in gentleman's clothing stands next to a large, older man dressed as a butler. The stooped man motions for

a foot boy to open the carriage door. The lad snaps to his task and stands at attention as you climb down from the carriage.

"Good afternoon. My name is Weatherbee," the younger gentleman says. "I am the estate steward. Lord Boulton told me you were special friends of his, and it is my greatest pleasure to greet you. May I introduce Dawes, the head butler?" he continues, gesturing to his companion. "He will show you to your rooms and see that your stay is most enjoyable."

Weatherbee makes a motion to the foot boys, who quickly begin to unload your luggage from the carriage.

Weatherbee is actually Count Dracula. He will not converse with the party, although he will answer their questions as best as he can. Of course, the Count will do all that he can to avoid detection.

Dawes leads the characters upstairs and shows them three guest suites. (See **Rooms 11, 12, and 13 in Part IV: Hillingham Estate.**) Characters may choose their own arrangements. Continue reading aloud to the players.

Dawes states, "I hope that you find everything in order. Master Weatherbee has relayed Lord Boulton's instructions, and I understand we are to allow you the greatest privacy possible. I assure you, therefore, that you will see very little of the staff. You shall be free to conduct your proceedings without curious observations by the household. I pray, however, that you will let me know immediately if we have not met your needs in any way. We still remain here to serve you."

"Dr. John Seward is expected to arrive in two hours, and I might suggest you enjoy the time to freshen up and rest. Bridget will summon you at the proper hour should you choose to remain in your room until that time."

With that, Dawes offers a bow and disappears down the hall.

The characters have ample time to settle in and get ready for their dinner engagement. They may also explore the upstairs without interference from any of the servants, including Weatherbee. The Count is aware that Seward will recognize him as Dracula, and Weatherbee is therefore currently indisposed. (Before long, Seward will be, too.)

All of the upstairs rooms of Westenra House are elegantly furnished and quite comfortable. The characters have enough space to double up if they choose; for that matter, they can all stay together in the same room, if they should happen to feel unsafe.

THE CANCELED ENGAGEMENT

If the characters remain in their rooms until sunset, read the following aloud to the players:

There is a knock at your door and a gentle female voice announces, "Dinner is served." Bridget, a red-haired chambermaid, stands outside the door.

If the player characters are not in their rooms at sunset, Bridget will find them wherever they are and tell them that dinner is served.

Read the following aloud to the players when the characters go with Bridget to the dining room.

The table is set for the number in your party, plus one extra setting. Three young maids scurry around the dining room carrying platters, pitchers, and utensils for the meal. Just before you reach the table, a servant removes the extra plate. "Dr. Seward has rung up," she explains, "and has been detained at his asylum. He will join you shortly, perhaps for coffee."

In moments the first course arrives: a mock turtle soup in a huge china tureen. Other courses follow immediately, creating a smorgasbord upon the table: a great boiled beef, broasted game hens, salmon, breads, glazed vegetables, and boiled potatoes with herbs. A small, dark-haired maid comes around with a silver crumb plate, brushing up the debris. Once the leavings of the feast are cleared,

a custard tops off the meal.

Coffee is served. Seward has not yet arrived.

A shriek rings through the air outside. At once, doors open and slam in the house, and, amidst the rumble of footsteps in the front hall, men's voices shout unintelligibly.

If the characters do not pursue the source of the scream immediately, the dark-haired maid will run into the dining room, tears streaming from great brown eyes. In a French accent she sobs, "Oh, messieurs. You must come quickly! Is perhaps one of you a doctor?" If necessary, she will take the arm of one of the PCs and plead with him to go with her.

When the characters reach the front entranceway, read the following aloud to the players.

In the driveway stands a carriage without a driver. A black horse stands before it, oblivious to the commotion. Outside of the vehicle, sprawled face down upon the drive, lies the red-haired maid, Bridget. The door to the carriage is open, and the crumpled limb of a man hangs out.

The maid on the ground has fainted from the scene inside the vehicle. If any characters dare to investigate the carriage, read the following aloud.

Inside the carriage, in the back seat, is the twisted and mangled body of a man. His dress indicates that he was well-to-do and that he was about to attend some formal and serious occasion.

The dead man is Dr. Seward. Any character who searches Dr. Seward's body will find identification papers in the breast pocket of his jacket. A character with the Medicine Skill can determine the cause of death as a broken neck. Other than bruises about the limbs and throat, there are no marks on the doctor.

The maid who has passed out will regain consciousness in 1D10 minutes or as soon as a character with the Medicine Skill revives her. She awakens in hysterics. If anyone asks what she saw, she explains the following through heavy sobs. Read the following aloud to the players.

"I heard the carriage approach and went outside to meet it. I saw that the coach was without a driver. I thought it was odd, but. . . And then I opened the door to the coach. . . ." She turns toward the carriage and wails. "A dead man!"

If any character should check the doctor's wallet, that player should make a General Perception Check. If the check is successful, the character discovers the following letter. Read the letter on the bottom of the next page aloud.

A NIGHT OF INSANITY

Later that evening, when things have quieted down, read the following aloud to the players.

The stillness of the night air is broken by the clanging of bells. The sounds come from the neighborhood of Carfax and the asylum.

The clanging continues as urgent shouts and the sound of dogs echo back and forth, directing men to some unknown point. Shrill police whistles now pierce the air, making sleep all but impossible.

If the characters are concerned about the noises, they can ask any servant in the area for the cause of the disturbance. The servant will respond: "It's the asylum, Sir [or Madam]. I assume that a prisoner has escaped. But you needn't worry. We're

locked up tight here."

Once the characters find the cause for the nocturnal activities, they may guess that it was Kensington who escaped from the asylum. If so, they would be right, for the poor man has climbed out his window with the help of his master, Count Dracula. With a promised reward of a few flies to eat, the Count has commanded Kensington to harass and scare the party members as best as any lunatic can.

Kensington's methods of harassment may not be clever, but they should be effective nonetheless. If the characters remain inside, he bays beneath their windows like a dog. If the characters are outside, Kensington sneaks up on the party and suddenly springs on the nearest man, attempting to wrestle him to the ground piggy-back style. Kensington holds his hands around the victim's throat so that the PC may topple beneath the strain.

If the characters attempt to wrestle Kensington in return, he tries to break loose and scamper off across the grounds. He then returns to the front door of Carfax, where attendants from the asylum capture him.

If the characters subdue Kensington, he collapses into a spineless heap on the ground. In a drooling babble he repeats, "*I did it, Master! I did it, Master!*" over and over again.

If the characters strike or shout at Kensington while he is down on the ground, he withdraws into a catatonic state and does not respond to anything the characters might try.

If Kensington is pinned to the ground outside the estate, a servant—James, the groundskeeper—appears on the scene. The servant tells the characters that he will summon Weatherbee to ring the asylum.

If the characters are outside with Kensington, the servant asks them to detain the patient until the proper authorities arrive. Weatherbee does not appear on the scene.

To whom it may concern:

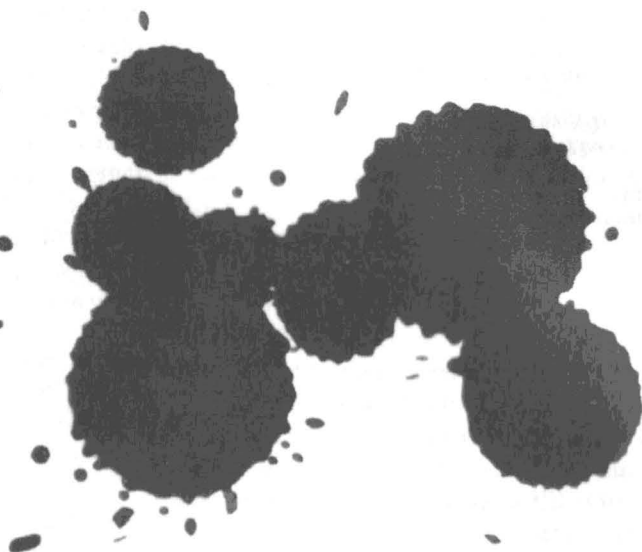
In the event of my death, please deliver this letter to Lord Boulton's guests at Hillingham Estate, Purfleet, London.

The Count is here among us! I know it was this foul beast who took the lives of my friends—and now, myself. Beware of Kensington, one of my patients. He may be a servant of the Count!

Carfax is Dracula's. I beg you, go there and destroy him. Seek him by day, when he is weakest. Take care at night—guard yourselves and your women! You sleep in the quarters of Lucy Westenra, where the horror began. God be with you!

John S. Sauer

EVENTS OF DRACULA



Because Hillingham is Dracula's residence, the major events in *Vengeance of Dracula* take place on and near the estate. This section describes those events. The envoys may begin their investigation at Carfax and will probably spend time there between some of the following events, eventually the events in this section should help them look closer to home.

HOW TO USE THESE EVENTS

Most of these events can take place in the order listed. Do not be afraid, however, to make changes according to the player characters' actions. If the story were so inflexible that the characters could not affect it, then the scenario would not be fun.

Here's an example of a change you might make: in one encounter, a player character discovers a dead maid in the dining room. Her neck bears two puncture wounds. Under most circumstances, this encounter could take place on the second or third evening. But, if the envoys are not at Hillingham then, they could not find the dead maid. Wait until they return to run the encounter. If the mood is right, you may allow the characters to find her elsewhere in the house. Or have someone else (an NPC) find her and summon the envoys for help. Be sure you are familiar enough with the event to adjust it logically and appropriately.

A word of caution: any changes that you make in an event should be minor; there's no need to redesign this scenario. For example, the dead maid should not be discovered at Carfax estate, even if the characters spend most of their time there. She would have no reason for being at Carfax.

Additional hints for running each event appear under the section in regular type.

THE HAND

Each of the bedroom suites upstairs in Hillingham has a fireplace, which is used only upon request. On the first available evening, when some or all of the PCs have gathered in one of their rooms, run the following encounter.

There should be no fire burning in the fireplace. If it is the first night, the encounter with Seward should already have occurred. Read the following aloud to the players.

The night is black, and, at last, the house is still. It is the kind of stillness that allows a person to think deeply on the day's events, or drift through sweet fantasies—fantasies that become dreams, leading a person to slumber.

An object flutters near the fireplace. A dove? Or a gray hand, reaching out to brush over the stones? The shock disperses any suggestion of tranquillity, but a second glance reveals nothing on the hearth or in the fireplace.

The object was Dracula's hand. Do not tell the players this, however. They should doubt whether their characters saw anything at all. In fact, any investigation of the fireplace reveals nothing.

BATS ON PARADE

Rooms 11, 12, and 13 (Part IV: Hillingham Estate) are guest suites with balconies. Each balcony is accessed through elegant glass doors. Select a room and an evening when the characters are asleep; a few bats are coming to call. . . .

Read the following aloud to the players.

Two loud thumps sound against the glass doors, followed by the shattering of glass. In the moonlight streaming into the room, a large bat traces circles in the air while flying near the ceiling.

If the characters try to rise, the bat swoops down upon them, forcing them to duck and fall back. Tell the players that the bat flies with strong, smooth strokes, and it swoops in a perfect line.

The bat is Count Dracula. He flies around attempting to scare the characters until someone pulls out a crucifix or another effective weapon. After the Count has frightened the PCs sufficiently, the bat flies out through the broken glass pane in the balcony door.

Unless the characters cover the broken window, a second bat flies in later, after things have settled down. This is an ordinary bat that cannot find its own way out again. It looks just like Count Dracula's bat form, but its flight pattern is irregular, following that of the common bat.

BAT**AGL:** (1D10) or 7 (L); (60 + 2D10) or 75 (A)**DEX:** N/A**PCN:** (2D10) or 15 (H: + 65)**STA:** (50 + 2D10) or 65 [x 25]**STR:** (2D10) or 15**WPR:** (2D10) or 15**ATT:** 1; (15 + 2D10) or 30**SR:** -1**WB:** 3**Fear:** -20**MV:** 3' (L); 100' (A)

A bat's only attack is its bite. A character bitten by a bat has a base chance of 5 to catch a strength 50 disease. The disease becomes obvious to the character in 1D10 days.

In combat, all characters on the side opposing the bat must make a General Agility Check each round before performing each movement or attack. If a character fails the check, he must crouch or kneel to avoid the bat circling overhead, and he cannot perform declared actions. Failure of the check also prevents successful use of the Art.

Because of their erratic flight patterns, bats in flight are extremely difficult targets for any type of melee or missile attack (CM discretion).

THE MURDER OF JAMES

James is in charge of the Hillingham grounds. On the second night of the characters' stay, he is murdered, his throat slit from ear to ear. Dracula has commanded Kensington to commit the murder. If by chance the envoys have killed Kensington (creating a great deal of trouble for themselves), Dracula summons another follower to perform the deed.

Shortly after midnight, the characters are disturbed by screams. A maid has discovered James' body on the terrace before the front door. If the characters investigate, read the following aloud.

An old man in a nightshirt lies in a pool of blood before the threshold. A scarlet path reaches from the far edge of the terrace to the red pool, as if the body had been dragged. Evette, in her night clothes, lets out a gasp and runs from the scene. Dawes, with a nightshirt stuffed into his trousers, covers his mouth. "I'll ring the police," he rasps weakly, then moves toward the phone in the hall.

If the characters met James the night before, after subduing Kensington, the PCs must pass a General Perception Check to recognize this corpse as the same man. Of course, the other members of the household will recognize the victim immediately. They have lost a friend and companion.

Any player whose character has either the Investigation or Medicine Skill should make a General Skill Check. If the check is successful, the character can determine that the wound is a "clean cut," the result of a surgical blade.

If a character with the Investigation Skill searches the area around the murder scene, ask the player to make a General Skill Check. If the check is successful, the character discovers a bloody scalpel in the bushes beyond the steps. The initials J.S. are engraved on the handle. (J.S. stands for John Seward.)

If a player states that his character is searching the area

and that character does not have the Investigation Skill, the player must make a successful General Perception Check for his character to find the weapon.

From this point in time, most of the household staff will believe the SAVE members are somehow responsible for James' death. After all, everything was calm until the PCs arrived. With the exception of Susan and Paul, the cooks, the staff will remain coolly polite, but not helpful. They will avoid speaking with the player characters whenever their duty as servants allows it.

THE NEXT MORNING

Early in the morning, following James' murder, a policeman named Barlow arrives. He asks the player characters routine questions about the event. Furthermore, the policeman attempts to determine the PCs' relationship to the asylum patient Kensington. It seems that Kensington told the guard at the asylum that guests at Hillingham were conspiring with him to commit murder. Kensington claimed to have obtained Dr. Seward's medical bag "to make the operation a smooth one."

The policeman discovered Seward's medical bag in the shrubbery beneath Kensington's window; the scalpel was missing. Guards identified the bag as belonging to Dr. Seward, who is now deceased.

The policeman may also inquire (in the interest of making the player characters nervous) as to what connection they had with Seward himself, since he was murdered on the way to meet them. If the characters stayed in their rooms before dinner, the servants will verify the characters' whereabouts during that unfortunate event.

KENSINGTON AT THE ASYLUM

This encounter is divided into two parts. The first part, **Did You Bring Me A Spider?**, should be used the first time the party goes to the asylum to speak with Kensington. The second part, **An End To This Insanity**, should be used only after the murder of James and the first part of the encounter have already taken place.

**DID YOU
BRING ME A SPIDER?**

The events of the first night and James' death on the second should lead the PCs to the asylum, where they can question Kensington. If the events do not show the player characters the way, an attendant from the asylum tracks the characters down. Read the following aloud, altering the passage appropriately if the PCs are not yet at the asylum.

A man who is apparently an attendant approaches you, saying that there is an important message for you. "Kensington's been askin' for you people. He says he can tell you what you need to know, whatever that means," says the attendant.

The attendant leads the way to Kensington's cell, guiding you down a long corridor. The smells of chloroform and medicinal alcohol permeate the narrow space, along with the occasional scent of human waste.

Bolted doors line both sides of the hall. A hand reaches out from

the right side, trying to grasp whatever may pass by. "Help... me," whimpers a voice on the other side. Moans begin to rise in chorus—horrid moans, the sounds that animals make in slow death.

Explain to the players that the mentally ill were often treated as prisoners and animals during this time in history. "Patients" were sometimes tortured and left to die or became victims of bizarre experiments. Remind the players that this fate could also await the envoys if they are caught in their mission and claim to be killing vampires, driving stakes through bodies, or opening graves and coffins.

Continue reading aloud to the players.

At last, the attendant reaches Kensington's cell. The heavy door is bolted on the outside, like all others in the hallway. The attendant peeks through the observation window. After a few moments he turns and comments, "All right, he looks tame enough." He steps back, removes the bolt, and opens the door.

Inside, seated with his back to the entrance, is a man dressed in white. His brown hair hangs in an oily mass about his shoulders. Slowly, he turns his head to face you. His eyes glow with a wild and frenzied expression. A spider's leg hangs from his lower lip, and he fetches it with his tongue.

Then a gray, ashen stain seems to wash over his face, and his expression grows strangely distant. "I did it," he volunteers matter-of-factly. With that, he turns his head to stare at the corner of the room.

No matter how hard the PCs try or what methods they use, Kensington refuses to answer questions, carry on a conversation, or even mutter a sound. He simply continues to stare at the wall.

Allow the party to stay as long as it wishes, but Kensington's behavior does not change. When the player characters decide to leave, Kensington cracks the slightest of smiles. As the player characters pass through the door, the patient calls out, "Next time, bring me a spider!"

If the characters decide to stay after all, Kensington becomes static, just as he was before. The attendant asks the PCs to leave.

AN END TO THIS INSANITY

This event takes place after James' murder and after the characters have met with Kensington in his cell. Ideally, you should run this encounter at midnight, just after the characters visit the asylum for the first time.

Dawes seeks out the player characters at Hillingham to relay the following message.

"My apologies, sir, but someone is calling on you at this late hour. I believe it to be the warden from next door. He says it is urgent. With respect, I ask that you come quietly. The staff here is shaken by the recent events, and I had hoped we might not alarm them without cause. Your visitor is waiting in the foyer."

When the envoys reach the warden in the entrance area, read the following aloud to the players.

Upon your entrance, the warden simply announces: "It's Kensington. Come quickly. Follow me." Without waiting for a response, the warden heads out the door.

Going to the asylum, the warden walks as quickly as possible.

If the PCs ask the reason for the midnight visit, the warden replies only: "Please, we must hurry! The patient has called for you in a fit. We fear he may harm himself if we don't comply."

Continue by reading the following aloud to the players.

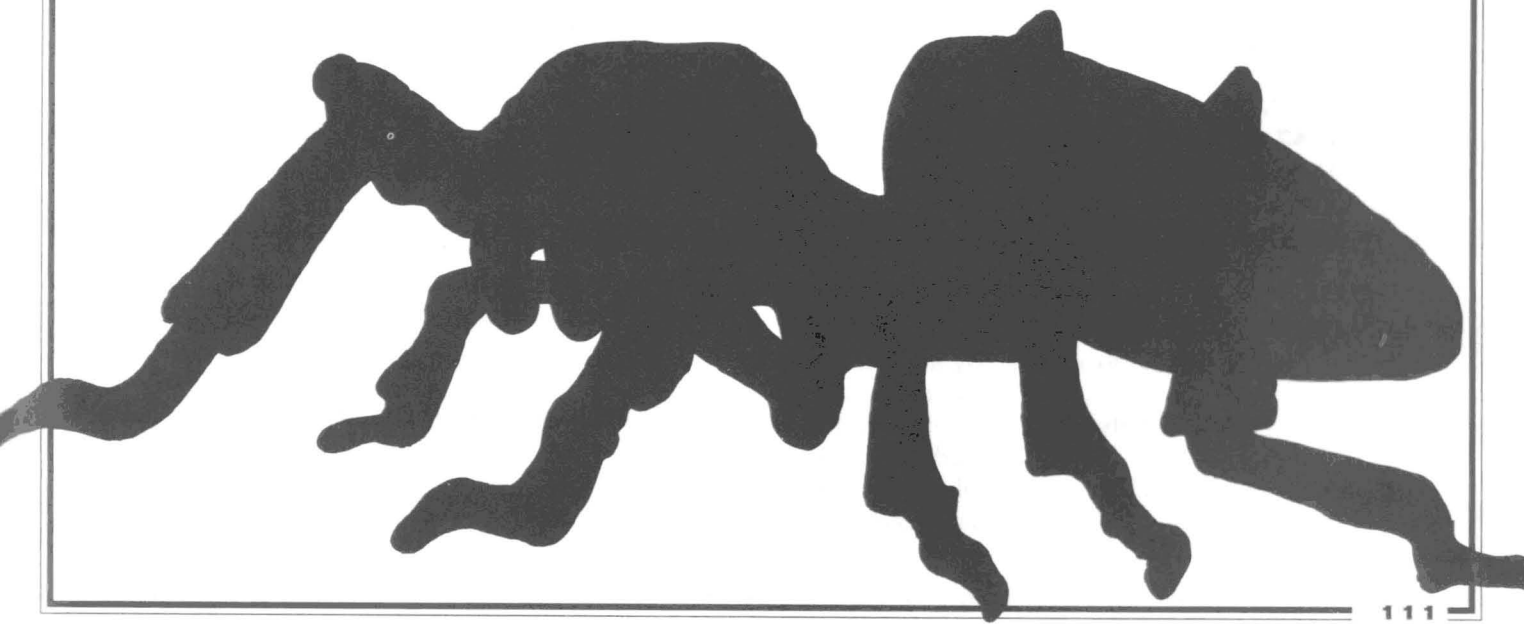
The warden leads you to Kensington's cell. It is an abnormally quiet night in the asylum. When your group reaches Kensington's room, the door stands open.

Kensington lies face down in a pool of blood. Two orderlies search the room, taking notes.

On the far wall of the room is a prominent message in large, red, dripping letters. As his sticky red hands would indicate, the message was written by Kensington. He used the only tool available: his own blood. The message reads: "Regnat Rex Westenram."

Any character with an Ancient Languages Skill can readily translate the message; no die roll is necessary. The translation from Latin to English reads: *The King rules Westenra.*

On a successful General Skill Check, any PC with the Investigation Skill can determine that the message was



indeed written by Kensington. The character also realizes that Kensington died from two slashed wrists. A character with the Medicine Skill can also determine the cause of death if his player makes a successful General Skill Check.

The orderlies say they believe the death was a suicide. However, there is not a single sharp edge in the room with which Kensington could have cut himself. If an envoy asks for the source of the cuts, the orderlies reply that they are looking for a weapon, but they haven't found it yet.

The message on the wall might seem to indicate that Kensington was disloyal to Count Dracula, but that is far from the truth. Kensington remained faithful to his evil master until the very end. Dracula killed Kensington because the asylum patient's usefulness was dwindling. This faithful servant, in an effort to win back his master's favor, scrawled the message on the wall to pay homage to his king—King of the Undead.

THE UNDEAD MAID

This encounter takes place in the dining room of Hillingham (**Room 4**) on an evening after Seward's death.

Read the following aloud to the players as the characters enter the dining room.

Bridget, the red-haired maid, is seated at the table with her back turned to the door. A tea set lies on the floor beside her. Her head and arms lie on the table as if she has chosen to rest for a few moments.

If the player characters try to speak with Bridget, she does not respond. As soon as a PC touches her, read the following to the player.

Bridget's skin is cool and thin to the touch. Her body slides awkwardly to the floor, and her head makes a dull "thud" as it catches on the chair's edge. Her torso settles. Her eyes stare blankly from hollow sockets. Her head strains backward, exposing two small, oval wounds in her neck.

Bridget is dead—as dead as any Carpathian vampire, at least. She will spend the next day with the undertaker and will be buried the day after in a nearby cemetery. (The characters may attempt to alter this course, but not without drawing great attention from the police and staff.)

Like all Carpathian vampires, Bridget will rise from the grave in 1D10 days. The CM may use her in this or other scenarios.

MINA COMES TO CALL

Mina, Dracula's bride, rests in **Room 20** by day. By the darker hours, however, she and Dracula enjoy an outing or two, sometimes just for a laugh. Run these events whenever Dracula's sense of humor might call for them.

Sunday morning, before dawn. Mina, dressed to the teeth, arrives to fetch her "uncle" for church. Weatherbee introduces her as his niece, Melanie. If the player characters do not go downstairs to see who has come at such an early hour, tell them they can hear and observe Weatherbee from their window. He leaves the mansion with a well-dressed young woman. He seems to stand a bit taller in her presence. (Mina,

of course, returns to her box before sunrise.) A short while later, Dawes and Evette leave for church as well.

An evening at the theater. Mina arrives in the foyer one evening, again posing as Weatherbee's niece. Weatherbee explains that he is escorting her to the theater, where a fine production is showing. "It is *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*," he says casually. "If you have not yet seen it, or read the novel, I recommend that you do so soon. I find that both offer superb amusement."

DRACULA'S NIGHTTIME VISITS

There are many weaknesses known to man: liquor, gambling, and lust, just to name a few. Dracula, a true creature of the night, has his own special weakness: blood. When the player characters arrive at Hillingham, flushed from the night air, Dracula of course considers the usefulness of this new stock. Female characters he might enjoy for himself. Male characters might provide some diversion for Mina.

Dracula begins to attack the characters after they have gone to investigate Carfax. He then knows they are less than innocent guests. If the player characters suspect Weatherbee as Dracula before they go to Carfax, Dracula begins his attacks out of self-defense. In the latter case, he may simply attempt to kill the male characters if it is necessary to save himself.

FEMALE VICTIMS

In this scenario, Dracula performs a blood drain only on female characters; he has no interest in male veins. In fact, under most circumstances, Dracula avoids sucking the blood of males.

If a female player character is participating in this scenario, Dracula attacks her at night, sucking her blood and slowly turning her into a vampire. If more than one female PC is on this expedition, he picks the easiest target. If two or more are equally accessible, he makes a random choice.

Dracula approaches his victim in the least obvious manner. He might perch nearby as a bat. He might enter her room as a cloud of fog. Whatever it takes, he stations himself secretly nearby and readies for the attack.

If Dracula must attack his victim in the presence of others (perhaps she shares a room), he uses the Evil Way Discipline Sleep to eliminate potential interference. If he has not put everyone in the room to sleep after two uses of the discipline, the Count leaves. He will try to attack the victim again the following night.

If the Sleep Discipline works, Dracula bites the neck of his victim. After he has drained her blood for 1D10 minutes, he uses the Steal Memory Discipline to prevent her from recalling the event. Once the deed is complete, he escapes in the most inconspicuous manner possible.

Dracula continues to attack his victim until she becomes a vampire. Remember, Dracula is extremely powerful. When a character's Current Stamina is reduced to 5 or less from the Count's blood drain, that character is capable of taking victims of her own. The character appears to "die" 1D10 days after the transitional state begins, rising from the grave after burial to become a Carpathian vampire.

It is important to use Count Dracula's abundant powers to his best advantage during his attacks on female characters. If, by chance, someone discovers him, he will use all of his Evil Way Disciplines to finish the task. He must create a new vampire while keeping his attacks a secret. The Change Self, Halt, Influence, Sleep, and Steal Memory Disciplines would prove useful if Dracula has been discovered.

MALE VICTIMS

If no female player characters are present, Dracula will assist Mina in procuring a male PC for herself. For example, he will use his own Sleep Discipline in order to set the stage for her attack.

If the male PCs suspect Dracula, and Mina's attacks are impractical, Dracula will attempt to kill these characters.

THE VAMPIRE PLAYER CHARACTER

NOTE: The following text is written with the assumption that there are female player characters in the party and that Dracula is the attacking vampire. (For the sake of convenience, the feminine gender is used to refer to both the player and the character in this section.)

If there are no female characters, refer to the previous section entitled **Male Victims** and adapt the instructions to the following text accordingly.

Special care must be taken when a player character becomes a vampire. The first guideline is not to surprise the player. The progression of vampirism is not such that a character would go to bed healthy one night and wake up as a vampire on the next day. The victim experiences a gradual change, more like a serious illness. As the character's Stamina is reduced, that character's player should be told that her character grows progressively pale and weak.

Do not explain to the player, however, that her character is the victim of vampire attacks. If the party members are wise, they will suspect this on their own. Only one thing should baffle them: when and how the attacks take place. Be sure not to give away details when Dracula attacks.

When a player character's Current Stamina is reduced to 5 or less from Dracula's attack, take that character's player aside and explain the situation at hand. (It would be wise to schedule a break in the gaming session here so that other players are not around.) Tell that player that her character is no longer completely mortal and that eventually the character may have to be destroyed by the other player characters. But, in the meantime, the player can—and should—participate in the scenario, playing the character as a vampire.

After the player agrees to help by playing the vampire, you may explain how she should go about it. The affected character should pretend to grow very sick. Roll 1D10 and tell the player that her character will appear to "die" after the resulting number of days. In the remaining time, the character should behave as follows.

1. During the daylight hours, the character should remain bedridden, drifting in and out of sleep. The character will not get up and move around. Conversation will be short and

tiring. When conversing with the other characters, the PC should try to appeal to their sympathy, saying, "I'm afraid. I don't know what is happening to me . . . please help me. Don't leave me alone. If I should die, you know what you must do." She should say whatever it takes to get the other envoys to feel sympathy and grave concern.

2. If the new vampire PC is left alone with another PC, the new vampire should use her Evil Way Discipline Sleep on her companion. Once the character is asleep, the new vampire can suck the victim's blood. After any attack, the new vampire uses her Steal Memory Discipline to ensure that the victim remembers nothing of the attack.

3. If the other players know that the CM has taken one player aside, they may be very suspicious of the vampire PC. The new vampire's player must take care to throw his companions off the track and account for the time spent with the CM. To do so, that player might describe images that appear when her character sleeps. With instructions from the CM, she can describe Dracula's attacks as if they were occurring at that time instead of earlier.

4. During the night, the new vampire should await Dracula's arrival in her room. Count Dracula will attempt to put all of the characters present in the same room to sleep. Then, he will allow the new vampire her pick of the sleeping characters.

5. Once the new vampire/former player character's days are up, she will appear to die. After the "death" takes place, the vampire will be under the complete control of Dracula, played by the CM.

WEATHERBEE'S LAST RESORT

Run this encounter any time after the Count suspects that the player characters know he is posing as Weatherbee and the scenario is nearing its end. You may also run it if the envoys have destroyed all of Dracula's coffins with crucifixes, excluding the one in the cellar. The Count tries to save himself by convincing the player characters that they have destroyed him.

This encounter must take place at night, when the Count has complete use of his Evil Way Disciplines.

Weatherbee seeks out the envoys at Hillingham. Read the following aloud.

Weatherbee stands at the door. "Please pardon my intrusion," he says. "Did any of you order or request a large black coffin-like box? Dawes reports that one such box, rather heavy I understand, arrived today with instructions to be stored below ground.

"The instructions also directed that the box be hidden, so Dawes complied and had the box taken to the cellar. I will show you where the box is located.

"Please, follow me," he requests.

If the characters do follow Weatherbee, he leads them to an underground storage room through a hidden door in the pantry (**Room 9**).

Once the party has entered the pantry, continue by reading the following aloud.

In the northeast corner of the pantry, Weatherbee draws forward a wall of shelves, revealing a hidden door. "Old estates are full of

secrets," he says. "Be careful on these stairs; some are in need of repair." He draws a lantern from a nearby shelf and lights it.

Weatherbee begins to descend the stairs, each one creaking under the strain. The light from his lantern dances on the earthen walls, and the passage appears more like a mine shaft than the storage space of a mansion.

Finally, Weatherbee reaches the bottom stair. He allows you to pass, as is fitting to his position. After everyone has filed by, he jerks the lantern and says, "There, in the center of the room."

He points to a large, tarp-covered object in the center of the cellar.

If an envoy goes over to the box and removes the cloth, continue by reading the following aloud.

The cloth cover slips away easily, exposing a large black box with the dimensions of a coffin. The word "Dracula" is etched in gold across the top of the box. As the edge of the cloth hits the floor, a crash shatters the stillness of the clear room. The door at the top of the stairs has slammed shut.

Dracula has used his Slam Discipline to close the door. If any character attempts to run up the stairs and open it, he discovers the door is shut fast. It feels riveted to the frame, refusing to give.

If a character attempts to open the coffin, read the following aloud.

The lid resists you at first, but then lifts with a groan. Inside lies the stale body of a man. His skin is a deathly white, his lips are a deep red, and his eyes stare at the ceiling. His coal black hair is combed back, and a thick mustache covers his upper lip. He wears a black tuxedo with a white shirt and cummerbund, as if dressed for a formal night on the town. A medallion hangs from a red satin ribbon around his neck.

At this point the real Count Dracula (Weatherbee) attempts to use the Sleep Discipline on all of the characters in the room. Characters are unable to determine who is using this discipline without Sensing the Unknown. Roll to see how many characters are affected by Dracula's use of the Sleep Discipline.

If any characters remain awake, the Count immediately begins to use his Influence Discipline upon them. He attempts to convince these characters that they have driven a stake through the heart of the corpse—perhaps even with Weatherbee's help—and then decapitated it. The Count, they should believe, has been destroyed.

Next, the Count attempts to use the Steal Memory Discipline on all of the party members in order to confuse their memory of the events that have transpired.

After completing his uses of the Evil Way, the Count releases the door at the top of the steps. If any character is awake and appears to be a threat to him, the Count attempts to destroy that character by direct attack. The Count then turns to mist and escapes through a crevice in the wall.

THE FINAL CONTEST

In this, the climactic encounter, the characters attempt to seek out Dracula in his coffin by day.

If this is the characters' first vision of this area, read the following aloud.

The aging stairs disappear in the darkness below, and a cold air envelops you, although no wind or breeze is present. A rat darts out of nowhere, scuttles past you, and races down into the darkness.

The characters can light torches or lanterns if they choose. If the characters do this, ask the players in what order they will go down the stairs, then continue by reading the following aloud.

The trip down the steps reveals damp earthen walls. The first character in line feels a sensation as though an unseen spider web has suddenly covered his face.

Ask the player to roll a General Perception Check for his character. Regardless of the outcome, tell the player that his character cannot actually find the web, or a spider, but the sensation remains.

At the foot of the stairs is a trigger to set off the Evil Way Disciplines Slam and Darken. As soon as the first character reaches the floor of the cellar, continue by reading the following aloud.

Dracula's coffin lies in the center of the cellar. As you reach the bottom stair, the door to the pantry slams shut. All lights go out, and the room is black. You can see nothing. Only your sense of touch will reveal what hides in the darkness.

Allow the players a few moments to decide a course of action. Once they have decided, continue by reading the following aloud.

The loud whine like that of a creaking door echoes through the blackness. It comes from the center of the room. In moments, a dull thud is heard from the same location.

At this point, Dracula is standing at the top of the stairs, having used the Teleport Discipline. Read the following aloud to the players before the PCs investigate the contents of the coffin or before they reach the top of the stairs.

Suddenly the lights return, the door opens, and Weatherbee stands at the top of the stairs.

"I say, who is down there?" he inquires.

If the PCs say nothing of their true reason for being down in the cellar, Dracula simply allows them to leave.

If the PCs make reference to the coffin, "Weatherbee" acts surprised. Then he attacks the characters using whatever Evil Way Disciplines are suitable. He is not obvious. The Darken Discipline would perhaps best suit the situation, since Dracula can see in the dark.

If the characters are on to Weatherbee from the beginning, Dracula wastes no time; immediately, he uses whatever Evil Way Disciplines are available.

No matter what turn the scenario takes at this point, there is one important thing to remember: Dracula always tries to escape if a battle is not going well. His interest at this point is not in sucking blood from unwilling victims. The best way to play Dracula is to role-play an intelligent creature. Use the disciplines that this creature possesses. Don't allow Dracula to become cornered by the party. And, most of all, scare your players so that they think twice before ever pursuing the Unknown again.

If all of Dracula's coffins are defiled by crucifixes, he returns to Transylvania, ending the scenario.

HILLINGHAM ESTATE

1. THE TERRACE

The terrace runs nearly the length of the house. Six steps lead up from the drive to an immaculately swept and washed gray flagstone floor. Four bold statues stand at the top of the steps. Four additional steps lead to a smaller platform before the front door.

As the envoys learn straight away, the terrace is the scene of much coming and going, by both the living and the dead. Seward's body arrives here on the first night. James' body appears here on the second.

The long drive to the estate makes a circle at the foot of the terrace. This is the main entrance to the house. Here, the SAVE envoys begin their mission to defeat the King of Vampires, Count Dracula.

2. THE LARGE DINING ROOM

The furnishings are opulent and very much in the Victorian style. A large mahogany table stands in the center of the room, circled by 12 chairs with high, rounded backs. (The table can be extended for formal gatherings, permitting more to be seated.) A tiered chandelier, as wide as the table, hangs from the center of the room. A great buffet runs along the east wall, adorned with a silver tea service, silver bowls, and all manner of china.

Not an inch of wood in this room is left uncarved or plain; all surfaces are covered with curves, spindles, and floral patterns. Entire outdoor scenes are depicted along the front of the buffet.

Oil paintings of the English countryside hang on the walls, leaving few spaces uncovered. A floral wallpaper fills in the gaps.

The dead, red-haired maid is discovered in this room. Refer to **E. The Undead Maid (Part III: Events of Dracula)**.

3. THE DRAWING ROOM

This reception room is beautifully decorated with heavy velvet furniture—enough to make it hard to move around. The walls are covered with carved oak panels. Despite an abundance of Victorian bric-a-brac (photographs, statuettes, brasswork), the room is in immaculate condition, with nary a speck of dust to be found.

There is nothing of interest to the player characters here.

4. THE WESTENRA HALL

Copies of Greek statues form a promenade along the sides of this large hall. Tapestries drape the walls, and plush area rugs lie over an inlaid wood floor. The exit leads to a rear terrace and the garden.

There is nothing of interest to the player characters here.

5. THE SMALL DINING ROOM

The furniture here is covered with a number of sheets. The sheets in the middle of the room indicate a table. The sheets along the east wall appear to cover a buffet. And the sheets along the west wall indicate some sort of tall, wide cabinet.

If the characters lift the sheets, they discover a table and a

buffet; these objects are true to their cloaked forms. However, what appears to be a cabinet is actually four coffinlike boxes stacked one atop the other. Each box contains a layer of moldy soil, but they are empty throughout the scenario.

Although no major events take place in this room, the PCs should find its contents of interest. Curious and diligent envoys may be rewarded with a clue regarding Dracula's real whereabouts (CM's discretion).

6. THE SMOKING ROOM

This room is furnished to please the Victorian "man's man." Hunting trophies of just about every conceivable animal hang on the walls, amidst old guns, swords, and assorted arms. Most of the trophies are draped with sheets, creating weird, ghostly forms.

A high-backed sofa with claw legs and three leather easy chairs stand in the room, gathered before a great tiled fireplace along the west wall. In addition, several chairs and small tables are clustered in the remaining space.

A stuffed wild turkey and an owl perch on the mantel, wings spread, leering down at the seating area. A huge, authentic elephant's foot forms the base for the table before the hearth.

Servants will ready this room for the PCs' use if the characters make such a request. Otherwise, there is nothing of interest in this room.

7. THE SERVANTS' HALL

The servants' hall may be the only simple room in the house. The decor is far from elaborate. Still, the room looks comfortable.

A large rectangular table takes up most of the room's center. The floor is bare wood. A cot lies in the corner.

A sign on the wall reads, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." A second one states, "The Trivial Round, the common task, will furnish all we need to ask: Room to deny ourselves, a road to bring us daily nearer to God."

Victorian servants—or more importantly, their employers—were fond of sayings that concerned religion, station, and duty.

Lord Boulton takes pride in treating his servants better than many others of his class do.

The cot in the corner provides a sleeping space for the hall boy, youngest and lowliest of the servants.

Two or more servants are in this room any time of the day, excluding the hours between 10 p.m. and 5 a.m. They are sipping tea, gossiping, or otherwise relaxing and waiting for the bell to indicate a summons. If a PC enters, all talk stops and the servants snap to attention.

During this time in history, class distinction is extremely pronounced. Servants, like children, are not to be heard. In fact, servants are not even to be seen unless absolutely

necessary. "Masters" seldom enter the servants' quarters, and servants must take care not to stray into many living areas after noon, when the cleaning should be complete.

After the death of James, the servants are particularly distant in their dealings with the player characters. They still behave as servants should, however, addressing PCs as "Sir" and "Madam."

Weatherbee is never in this room.

8. THE KITCHEN

By day, the heat from the cooking area is intense, but worth braving for the smells of freshly baked bread, roasting meat, and other delightful odors that linger in this section of the old house.

This kitchen is a huge room with an immaculate flagstone floor and a massive black stove along one wall. A coal fire burns in the center of the stove, flanked by two ovens on either side, and a hot water tank behind.

If the player characters enter this room at any time from early morning until late at night (5 a.m. to 10 p.m.), Susan and Paul, who are the cooks, are in this room. Read the following aloud.

A stocky, middle-aged woman, apparently a cook by her dress and apron, stands by the stove stirring the contents of a large pot. A tall and portly male servant, who looks to be about the same age as the woman, is apparently checking on the coal fire in the center of the stove. The woman looks up from the pot and inquires, "What can I do for ye?"

Susan and Paul consider the kitchen their territory, but they are friendly to the envoys nonetheless. In addition, unlike the rest of the staff, they do not believe that the player characters had anything to do with James' death. If the envoys try to engage them in conversation or ask questions, they freely introduce themselves by name and assert their willingness to help the party however they can.

Both Susan and Paul experienced the events of seven years ago. They know nothing of Count Dracula himself, but if they are asked anything about the house or any unusual situations, they mention the horrid night when something crashed through Lucy Westenra's window, killing her mother of shock. Lucy, who was deathly ill, died shortly thereafter from causes unknown. Susan and Paul also mention that they neither trust nor like Weatherbee, and they can offer valuable clues to the player characters.

If the player characters ask them to elaborate on their views on Weatherbee, read the following aloud.

A sign on the wall proclaims, "The Study of the Stomach is the Study of Morality." Susan points to the sign, and, with a Cockney accent, explains, "Ye cannot 'ave too much food, and ye cannot 'ave too much morality in this life, that's for sure. But some of 'um," she says, jerking her head toward Weatherbee's room, "don't seem to care for neither."

As it is not her place to criticize Weatherbee, Susan needs quite a bit of coaxing to say more. Have the player whose character has the highest Personality Score make a General Check against his score. On a successful check, read the following aloud.

In almost a whisper, Susan continues: "Wull, I swear the man

eats less than a bird! It 'taint fittin'! But the worst... I've 'eard 'im with a woman in 'is room. 'Twern't no lady, that's fer sure!"

Paul nods his head in agreement, then, stepping in toward your group, adds in a lowered voice: "What's more, he's never let any o' the chamber maids clean 'is room. In fact, he lets no one in there."

"Fer all I know," adds Susan, "'e keeps that woman in there all the time!"

Paul and Susan are equally opinionated about the rest of the staff and, needing very little encouragement, criticize them as well. Both cooks agree that the servants are a "snooty bunch" who prefer to stand around and gossip rather than work. If asked why the other servants seem afraid of the PCs, Paul and Susan say that the staff is nervous about all of the goings-on around the Westenra Residence—the name they use for Hillingham. Somehow, the rest of the staff blames the visitors for causing the commotion, but Susan and Paul tell the envoys that they think this is nonsense.

"After all," Paul volunteers, "we do live next to an asylum, don't we? And the person that did the killing must 'ave been crazy out o' 'is mind, right? That comes with the territory. They ought to keep their noses clean and get back to work."

Susan and Paul leave the premises at night when masters and their guests have retired for the evening. The two return at 5:00 a.m. to begin cooking for the guests and staff.

9. THE PANTRY

This room is clean, except for a bit of flour that has spilled on the brick floor. The aroma of spice and herbs is prevalent. Shelves line the walls, holding glassed jams, jellies, and fruits, all prepared by the cooks.

Any player who states that his character is carefully searching the room should make a Specific Check against his Perception Score. A C result means that the character has discovered a hidden door behind a movable wall of shelves. The door leads downstairs to the room containing Count Dracula's coffin.

If the characters should ever pursue the Count, Dracula will duck into this room and "disappear" through the hidden door before the characters can apprehend him. The pursuing characters must pass the Specific Check described herein in order to find the hidden door used by the fleeing Count Dracula.

10. WEATHERBEE'S QUARTERS

The door to this room is always locked. A character with the Lockpicking Skill can open the door on a successful General Skill Check. If a character opens the door and enters the room, read the following.

The room is bare and dusty, with only a desk, chair, and an angular bed for furniture. The walls are lined with bookshelves, all containing books about England. Some of the titles are foreign.

Weatherbee has left the staff instructions never to disturb him in his room. Weatherbee has the only available key.

According to servants, Weatherbee is almost always in his room by day, handling the paperwork of the estate. But the truth is that after Count Dracula enters the room as

Weatherbee, he may change into mist form and exit through a small crack in the floor. He proceeds to the cellar to rest in his coffin. By day, Dracula can change forms at only three times: sunrise, sunset, and noon. The vampire can change form at will after the sun has set. If Weatherbee enters his room during the day, he must wait until the proper time before he can get to his coffin below.

If an envoy inspects the books closely, he notices that some are written in French, one is in Italian, and the rest are written in a different language. With a successful General Skill Check, a character with a Contemporary Language Skill in any Indo-European Romance language will know that these other books are in Romanian. A character skilled specifically in Romanian can make a Specific Skill Check and narrow the dialect down to Transylvanian, 1330-1600 with a C result. A character without such a skill can recognize the language as a Romance language by obtaining an H result or better from a Specific Perception Check.

If any character touches the bed, by choice or by accident, he discovers that the "mattress" is hard as rock, with literally no give. This is because the bed is not a bed. Dracula has arranged four box-shaped coffins like a bed and covered them with a bedspread. All four coffins are empty, except for a bed of earth along the bottom.

If anyone lifts the rug to see what is underneath, he finds a small (6" x 2") hole in the floor. This is the escape route used by Weatherbee to go to and from the cellar below. The darkness of the cellar room prevents the characters from seeing much of anything through the hole.

Dracula spends 25% of his days here posing as Weatherbee. If the characters intrude upon him, he acts shocked that guests have violated his privacy—indeed, they have picked the lock of his door! If characters ask why he did not respond to a knock at the door, he explains that he was resting and that he has been hard of hearing since childhood.

If the envoys know the true identity of Weatherbee, Dracula engages the PCs and attempts to destroy them. If the fight does not go well for Dracula, he attempts to escape from the party.

11. GUEST SUITE

The suite features a beautiful view of the south terrace, as well as the garden. The room is bright and cheery. A large double bed with a partial canopy lies against the east wall, between the windows. Two couches and a day bed are in the sitting area. Several wardrobes as well as oak wall cabinets offer ample room for clothing and belongings.

There is plenty of sleeping space for any characters who wish to stay here.

Both **The Hand** and **Bats on Parade (Part III: Events of Dracula)** events can take place in this room if the PCs choose to stay here. The hand can appear while characters are awake. The bats should arrive while characters are sleeping.

12. GUEST SUITE

This suite is comfortably furnished with a large double bed, plenty of storage space, and a sitting area. Windows overlook the

yard and the wall of the Carfax estate. In the distance is the tower of the asylum.

This suite is also available to the player characters during their stay at Hillingham. You may run either **The Hand** or **Bats on Parade (Part III: Events of Dracula)** in this room if the characters are here.

13. THE LARGE SUITE

This suite is larger than the others, and contains two double beds. Three large windows flank the glass panel doors to the balcony. The doors open outward. The view reveals the terrace, directly below, and the garden just beyond the steps of the terrace.

Like **Rooms 11** and **12**, this is a place where the characters may stay if they choose, and **The Hand** and **Bats on Parade (Part III: Events of Dracula)** may take place here.

The entire party could sleep in this room if the PCs so desired, although not without raising eyebrows among the household staff.

14. LUCY WESTENRA'S ROOM

The room contains standard furniture, all cloaked with sheets.

Characters are not free to stay in this room; the servants have not prepared it for guests.

It was here that Count Dracula claimed the lives of two women seven years ago. The first was Mrs. Westenra, mistress of the estate, who was sleeping with her ill daughter, Lucy. A wolf crashed through the window, causing Mrs. Westenra to die of shock. This is the event to which the cooks Susan and Paul refer when the envoys talk to them in the kitchen (**Room 8**).

The wolf was Count Dracula, returning once more to suck Lucy's blood. On this night, his blood drain caused Lucy's death, completing her conversion to evil. She was buried and became a vampire.

Any member of the staff will explain what they know of this room's history to the envoys. The servants remember only that Mrs. Westenra died from a fright and that poor Lucy slipped away later, after they tried to revive her with a bath. All of the servants were sleeping heavily when the window broke, so no one heard the crash. They do not know what came through the window.

15. THE MASTER BEDROOM

The room has a musty odor to it. The furniture is covered with bedsheets, like that of some other rooms.

This was the bedroom of Mrs. Westenra, Lucy's mother. Like Lucy's room, this room will not be made available to the visiting members of SAVE.

16. THE SEWING ROOM

This room contains a number of sitting chairs. Two pedal sewing machines are against the north wall. Also on the north wall, hanging between the two windows, is a shattered mirror. Its pieces lie strewn across the floor. The room is surprisingly messy compared to the rest of the house.

This room is still used by members of the staff.

17. WEST GARDEN HOUSE

The west garden house is a gazebo located on the southwestern corner of the estate. A single door permits entrance. The structure has a white wooden frame and screened walls. Two wooden benches lie inside.

The view from inside the building is peaceful. The trees, shrubs, and flowers are all pleasing to the eye. The estate is immaculately groomed.

This is a good place for the party to get out of ear's reach and discuss their plans for dealing with the Count. It is also a good place to run an encounter with a vampire should one happen to wander by.

18. EAST GARDEN HOUSE

The east garden house matches its twin to the west (Room 17). The door hangs ajar, however, and a bat has flown inside.

If someone steps into the gazebo or shuts the door, the vibrations disturb the bat, causing it to fly around looking for an exit. Of course, if the characters are seated inside with the door shut, the bat has no way to escape. If the door is open, the bat flies out in 1D10 minutes.

BAT

AGL: (1D10) or 7 (L); (60 + 2D10) or 75 (A)
 DEX: N/A
 PCN: (2D10) or 15 [H: + 65]
 STA: (50 + 2D10) or 65 [x 25]
 STR: (2D10) or 15
 WPR: (2D10) or 15
 ATT: 1; (15 + 2D10) or 30
 SR: -1
 WB: 3
 Fear: 4
 MV: 3' (L); 100' (A)

19. SERVANTS' QUARTERS

The furnishings in this room are a hodgepodge of pieces discarded from the rest of the house: wash basins, pitchers, and chamber pots (none of them matching), iron bedframes, frayed area rugs, and spotted mirrors. A dresser and eight tin trunks are also present.

A sign on the stairwell leading up to the attic reads, "Never change your place unless the Lord clearly shows you it will be for your soul's good." A copy of the Lord's Prayer hangs in the attic.

The servants' quarters contain nothing of much interest to the PCs.

The occupants keep most of their belongings in the tin trunks rather than in the dresser, which is empty.

Male servants occupy the room by the servants' hall. Female servants share a room in the attic, accessed by the back stairs. (It would not be considered proper for both sexes to reside in the same area of the house.)

20. COAL CELLAR AND STOREROOM

Washtubs and the like are kept in the back room in the kitchen. In the center of this room is an elegant coffin marked "Harker."

One flight of stairs leads upward from the back of the kitchen as far as the attic, and another flight leads from the same area down to a cellar.

If the player characters go down the steps to the cellar,

read the following aloud.

Coal is piled up in the center of the cellar floor. The walls are filthy with black soot.

The back stairs are designed expressly for the servants' use so that they may move through the house without being seen.

The coal cellar is frequented mainly by the laborers who deliver the coal through a trap chute at the side of the house. There is one other visitor to this area, however: Mina Harker, who rests in a boarded-up storeroom just behind the main cellar.

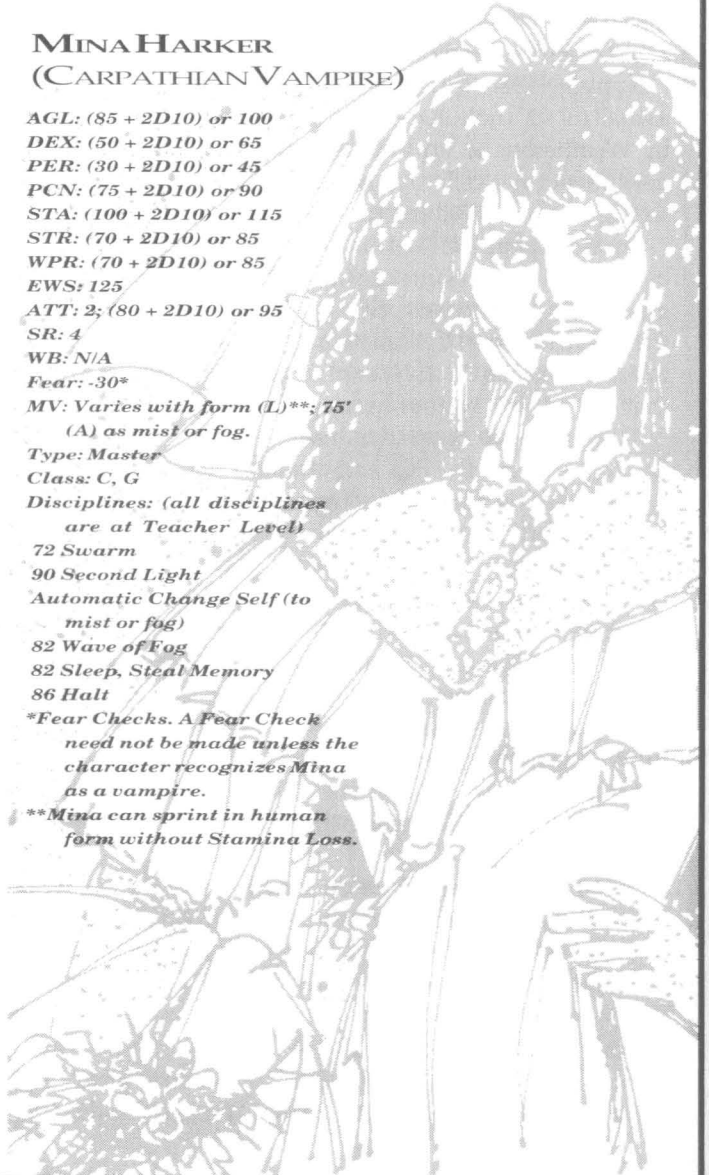
The servants have no recollection what purpose the storeroom served. It is small and dank. A tiny window, sealed with boards from the inside, lies at ground level, near the ceiling.

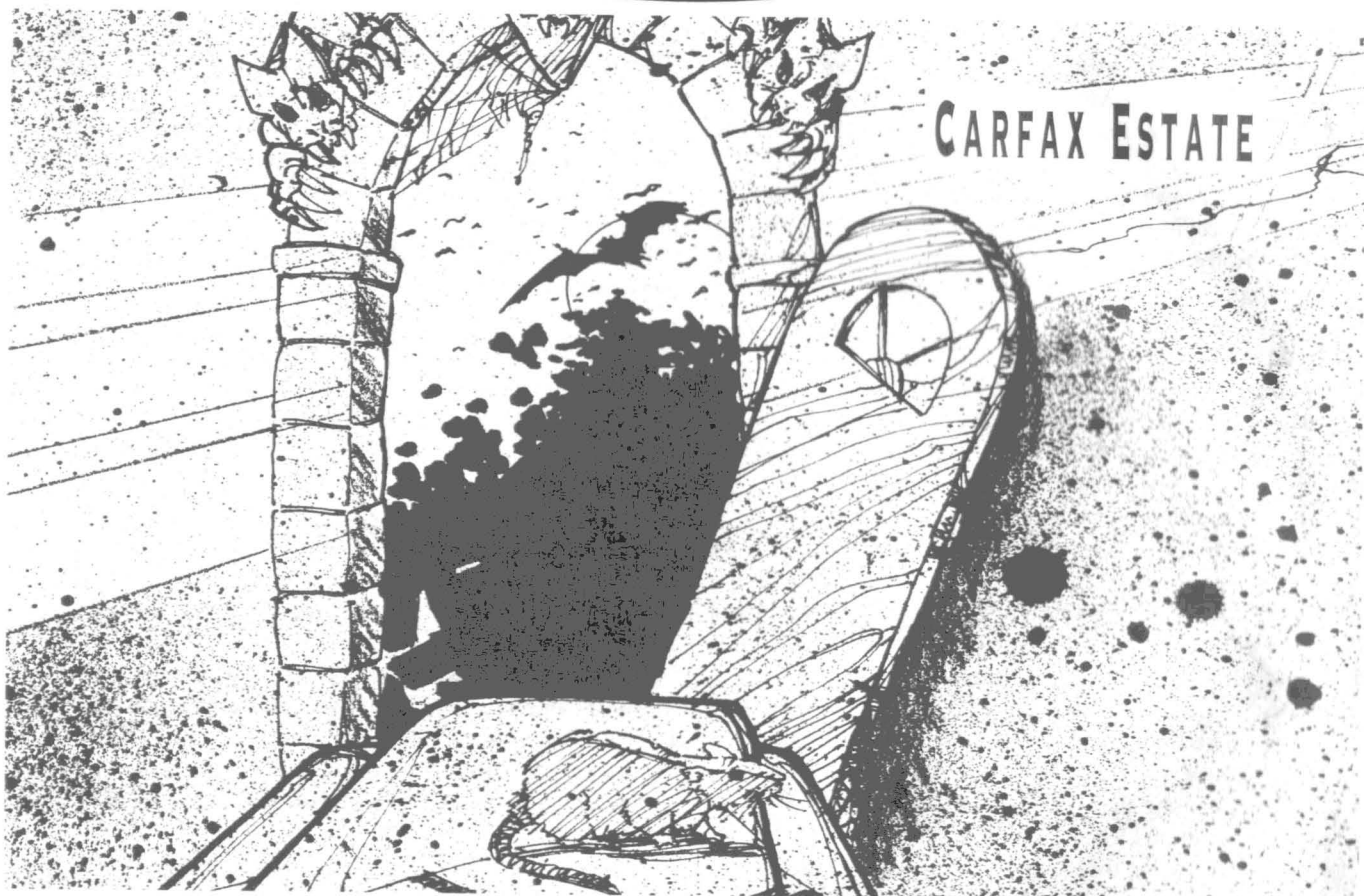
By day, Mina lies in the coffin in the center of the storeroom. Dracula moved her resting place here from the nearby cemetery where she was buried. By night, she is out with the Count, enjoying the blood of their victims.

If characters come here by day, they will battle with this lovely creature if any PC opens the coffin. Mina is a Carpathian vampire.

MINA HARKER (CARPATHIAN VAMPIRE)

AGL: (85 + 2D10) or 100
 DEX: (50 + 2D10) or 65
 PER: (30 + 2D10) or 45
 PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90
 STA: (100 + 2D10) or 115
 STR: (70 + 2D10) or 85
 WPR: (70 + 2D10) or 85
 EWS: 125
 ATT: 2; (80 + 2D10) or 95
 SR: 4
 WB: N/A
 Fear: -30*
 MV: Varies with form (L)**; 75'
 (A) as mist or fog.
 Type: Master
 Class: C, G
 Disciplines: (all disciplines are at Teacher Level)
 72 Swarm
 90 Second Light
 Automatic Change Self (to mist or fog)
 82 Wave of Fog
 82 Sleep, Steal Memory
 86 Halt
 *Fear Checks. A Fear Check need not be made unless the character recognizes Mina as a vampire.
 **Mina can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.





1. THE YARD

The house looks as though it has not been occupied in years. A dense undergrowth makes passage through the woods impossible, and weeds have overrun what little remains of the lawn. The entire estate lies in disrepair and ruin.

2. THE PORTICO

This entranceway is old and crumbling; the construction appears medieval. Cobwebs hang from the ceiling and dust creates a fluffy layer over the walls.

Along the west wall, four black coffins lie stacked on top of each other, hidden from outside view by the corner of the portico and a large column. A set of keys lies on top of the coffins.

The keys atop the coffins were left by the carriers who delivered the coffins months ago.

Each coffin contains a layer of foul-smelling earth from Transylvania. Not one contains a vampire.

3. THE GREAT CARFAX HALL

As you enter the hall, a startled rat scurries to the safety of a crack in the wall. The air is heavy and still and smells of decay.

There are heavy doors in both the east and west walls. These appear to have contained glass panes from top to bottom, but only the diamond-shaped frames remain. The doors hang loosely on rusted hinges.

A black coffin lies in the center of the room.

A character must pass a General Strength Check to open the coffin. As the lid is raised, a stench escapes that is foul enough to turn the strongest of stomachs.

The coffin contains the rotting corpse of a child, perhaps a boy 11 or 12 years of age. The body does not belong to a vampire (it is far too rotten for that), and it will not animate.

A character who makes a successful General Skill Check using his Medicine Skill can determine that the boy died of a broken neck.

4. THE CARFAX STUDY

Broken shelves line the walls of this room. The dust lies about an inch deep upon each shelf, doubling the wood's apparent thickness. Spider webs cling to the corners.

The room appears to have been a study or library. A few pieces of furniture remain: reading tables and broken chairs.

Two windows without glass are in the south wall. A large brick fireplace is set in the east wall.

Two coffins rest in the northeast corner of this study.

A single rat lies in each coffin. Individually, the rats are not much to worry about, since each one is dead. But the coffins have been set up to trigger the Swarm Discipline. As soon as a coffin is opened, rats begin to stream into the room from all corners, their beady eyes glowing red. They multiply like germs, infesting the entire area.

Roll 3D10 to obtain the exact number of rats summoned. Once the rats reach their full number, they race toward the characters and begin to crawl across their bodies, using teeth and tiny claws to grip the folds of the PCs' clothing. The rats present no real danger to the player characters, unless you wish them to pass on a case or two of lice.

5. THE KITCHEN

Dirt, not just dust, covers this room, and the floor shows the tracks of small animals. Mouse droppings coat the countertops, and roaches creep over the walls, pausing now and then to wave their long antennae.

Three windows overlook the east yard. A door is ajar in the north wall. A single coffin rests near the west wall of the kitchen.

There is nothing of interest to the characters in this room. The coffin contains earth, but nothing else.

6. ZOMBIE ROOM

The air in this room seems a few degrees cooler than the rest of the house. The walls are solid and buffered with dust, creating a silence more pronounced than that of the other rooms. Nowhere is there a clue as to what purpose this room once served.

Nine coffins rest in the center of the room.

Inside each coffin lies a corpse. The nine corpses have company—and not just the PCs. A bat is hanging from the northwest corner of the room. The bat is Count Dracula, and he can be detected only if a player states that his character is looking about the ceiling and then passes a General Perception Check.

Wings tucked neatly against his bat form's small furry body, the Count watches the characters intently. As soon as an envoy opens the first coffin, Dracula uses his Evil Way Discipline *Animate Dead*. All nine of the zombies rise from their coffins, forming three rows of three. They attack until the characters escape or until the zombies have all been destroyed. If the zombies are destroyed, the Count flies out through the broken window.

NOTE: Dracula will not use the *Animate Dead* Discipline if his Current Willpower is reduced to 5 or less at this point; he will simply watch, then escape through the window.

(9) ZOMBIES

AGL: (15 + 2D10) or 30

DEX: (15 + 2D10) or 30

PCN: (2D10) or 15

PER: N/A

STA: (60 + 2D10) or 75

STR: (60 + 2D10) or 75

WPR: N/A

EWS: N/A

ATT: 1; (40 + 2D10) or 55

SR: 0

WB: N/A

Fear: -40

MV: 45' (L); 10' (W)

Type: Servitor

Class: C

Disciplines: None

All attacks by these zombies are unarmed attacks (SR: 1). The zombies always lose initiative to characters in any combat. All attacks are made at their Attack Score.

7. THE DRAWING ROOM

This room smells musty, as does the estate. Two broken windows are in the south wall.

The characters find nothing useful here unless they must make an escape through the windows.

8. THE CARFAX CHAPEL

Outside, on the west lawn, a faint path leads through the brush, ending at a small brick chapel. The chapel is an old building, and the doors are heavy and worn. Ivy blankets the brickwork, choking each crevice and nook.

Inside the chapel lie small, broken pews, coated with dust and bits of plaster. Large holes where plaster has fallen dot the walls and ceiling of the room. There is an empty space where the altar should be. The glass in the windows is intact, but a mass of vines covers them on the outside.

Not long ago, the vines were ripped from the front doors, allowing entry. A PC can know this from a successful General Perception Check. The windows cannot be opened because of the mass of vines covering them.

Not a single religious object or holy symbol can be found inside the chapel.

Although the characters won't know it, John Seward is the only one to have passed through this door in a decade. Dracula, of course, has no need to open the door; he can change to mist and enter. Furthermore, Dracula has had no interest in the building as of late. Seward came here to search for the Count.

9. THE CARFAX MAUSOLEUM

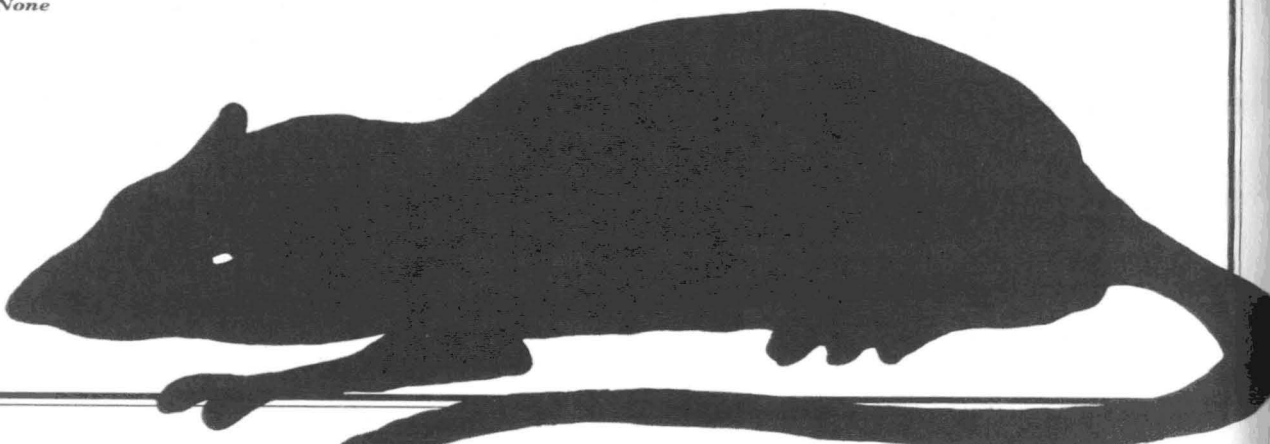
This mausoleum is connected to the back of the chapel. It resembles the chapel in construction, although it is not as ornate. Ivy has been pulled from the door, allowing easy access to this area.

The door consists of a large stone slab and a handle. A cross has been chiseled in the center of the slab.

Characters must pass a General Strength Check to open the door. If a PC opens the door, read the following aloud:

The interior is dark and dank, like a grotto. The air is cool and heavy. A few grubs and multi-legged insects crawl over the damp, earthen floor.

A rat crosses into the small stream of light from the door. It



pauses, stares at you, then scurries into the shadows and flattens itself against the wall.

Six coffins lie inside the mausoleum.

The coffins are all identical to those in the house; each contains nothing but Transylvanian soil.

The rat is harmless, but if the characters wish to track it down and corner it, refer to the following statistics:

RAT

AGL: (60 + 2D10) or 75
DEX: (3D10) or 20
PCN: (45 + 2D10) or 60
STA: (70 + 3D10) or 90 [x25]
STR: (1D10) or 7
WPR: (2D10) or 15
ATT: 1; (30 + 2D10) or 45
SR: -2
WB: 3
Fear: -10
MV: 85' (L); 5' (W)

Rats seldom attack humans unless cornered or directed to do so by users of the Evil Way. Once in combat, however, rats are vicious fighters, attacking with their bite and often leaping onto the legs or even the backs of their opponents. A rat's bite causes little physical damage. However, a character bitten by a rat has a base 10% chance to catch a strength 50 disease. The disease becomes obvious to the character in 1D10 days.

10. STABLE YARD

The stable yard borders a woodshed, the stable, and various servants' quarters. All of the buildings lie in a state of ruin.

11. SERVANTS' HALL

All that remains of this building are a chimney, a crumbling corner wall, and a collapsed roof.

If the characters waste time picking through the mud and rubble, they find nothing.

12. STABLE AND COACH HOUSE

A wild and scraggly hedge grows before what appears to be a stable and shelter for coaches. Six rotting vehicles still lie within. The buildings are extremely weathered, but they have withstood the elements better than most structures on the grounds.

Close inspection of the mud in front of the building reveals a set of hoof prints and carriage wheel tracks. The tracks were made by Dr. Seward on his last trip to the residence. The party has no way of knowing this, though they might guess it.

13. THE WOODSHED

A valiant effort has been made to keep the woodshed intact over the years, but its wooden walls are now decaying. The roof has fallen in on the south end.

Four bats hang beneath the remaining roof. Any character who studies the ceiling can observe the bats. The bats are harmless, but the players might have a difficult time believing that these are just ordinary bats.

(4) BATS

AGL: (1D10) or 7 (L); (60 + 2D10) or 75 (A)
DEX: N/A
PCN: (2D10) or 15 [H: + 65]
STA: (50 + 2D10) or 65 [x 25]
STR: (2D10) or 15
WPR: (2D10) or 15
ATT: 1; (15 + 2D10) 30
SR: -1
EWS: N/A
WB: 3
Fear: -20
MV: 3' (L); 100' (A)

14. THE GARDENER'S COTTAGE

This cottage is nestled in the southeastern corner of the yard. A broken gate is set into a rotted wood fence, which surrounds what used to be a garden. The front door lies on the ground in front of the cottage. A broken window flanks each side of the gaping entrance.

If the characters enter the cottage, continue by reading aloud.

The cottage has only one room. All the interior is rotten and damp. Cobwebs and bugs are everywhere. The location of a hand pump, hearth, and a few household items are still evident. A coffin lies in the exact center of the cottage.

The coffin's owner, a female vampire, is at home. If the party discovers the coffin in the daytime, the vampire is powerless and lies still in her coffin. If the party opens the coffin at night, however, the vampire attacks the character opening the coffin with deadly speed.

Months ago, this vampire was a member of the Hillingham staff. She still wears her maid's uniform.

CARPATHIAN VAMPIRE

AGL: (90 + 2D10) or 105
DEX: (45 + 2D10) or 60
PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90
PER: (30 + 2D10) or 45
STA: (105 + 2D10) or 120
STR: (75 + 2D10) or 90
WPR: (75 + 2D10) or 90
EWS: (110 + 2D10) or 125
ATT: 2; (85 + 2D10) or 100
SR: 4
WB: N/A
Fear: -30
MV: 155' (L)*; 75' (A) as mist or fog.
Type: Master
Class: C, G
Disciplines:
71/86/106 Swarm
96/111/131 Second Light
Automatic Change Self (to mist or fog)
86/101/121 Wave of Fog
86/101/121 Sleep, Steal Memory
*Vampires can sprint in human form without Stamina Loss.

The vampire is subject to all of the limitations of the Carpathian vampire. If the characters discover her during daylight hours, the vampire will disintegrate and be destroyed after a minute of exposure to the sun's rays.

Note: When all of Dracula's coffins have been defiled, he returns home to Transylvania, ending this scenario.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

The rules of Chill are like a language. The ideas that follow will teach key words and phrases to those whose characters journey to a place where fear and terror are customary.

STANDARD TERMS

An action is what a PC or NPC does during a round of combat. PCs and NPCs can have more than one action per round.

The Art is the ability to perceive or use the energies/forces of the Unknown, and includes the Evil Way. All forms of the Art are known as Disciplines.

Attacks (ATT) only apply to creatures and animals. This is the number of attacks an animal or creature can make in one round.

Basic Abilities represent PC, NPC, animal, and creature characteristics. The Basic Abilities are: Agility (AGL), Dexterity (DEX), Luck (LCK), Perception (PCN), Personality (PER), Stamina (STA), Strength (STR) and Willpower (WPR). Neither creatures nor animals have a LCK Score, animals have no PER Score, and some creatures and animals have no DEX Score.

A Called Shot allows an individual to specify an exact target in exchange for cutting his Target Number in half.

Character Insight Points (CIPs) are what characters gain after successfully completing SAVE missions.

The Chill Master (CM) is the person who runs the game. The CM tells the players what's happening in the scenario and acts as the eyes, ears, and other senses of the PCs. He plays the part of all NPCs and creatures, and serves as the referee.

The dice used in Chill are ten-sided dice (D10). The abbreviation D means die or dice. 1D10 means roll one ten-sided die, 2D10 means rolls two ten-sided dice, etc. A roll of "0" on a ten-sided die is read as "10."

The notation D% indicates that a percent roll is to be made using 2D10; one die represents the tens digit, and the other die represents the ones (two "0s" are read as "100"). Which die represents which digit is decided by the person rolling the dice before the beginning of the game. For example: a player is making a percent roll using one red ten-sided die and one blue ten-sided die. Before the scenario begins, he declares that the blue die would be his tens die. He rolls a "2" on the blue die, and a "5" on the red die, which results in a roll of "25."

Disciplines are forms of the Art, including the Evil Way. Characters use Art Disciplines, and creatures use Evil Way Disciplines.

Edges and Drawbacks are personal advantages and disadvantages which characters may possess.

The Evil Way is a branch of the Art that creatures use.

An Evil Way Score (EWS) applies to creatures only, and is used to figure the base chance of success when using Evil Way Disciplines.

Fear is the modifier used when a character comes into contact with a creature or animal. The Fear modifier is applied to the character's Current Willpower when making a Fear Check.

A Fear Check is a Specific Check required of any character that meets or senses creatures of the Unknown. In some cases, characters must also make a Fear Check when they meet animals. Fear Checks are always rolled against a character's Current Willpower Score. A Fear Check is made at the instant it is required, regardless of the sequence of play.

A General Check is the act of rolling a percent and comparing the number rolled to the Target Number. As with all checks, a player (or the CM) is only successful if the number rolled is equal to or less than the Target Number.

Movement (MV) is how far an individual can move in one round. Rates are given for movement on land (L), in the air (A), and in water (W). Some creatures move incorporeally (I). This means the creature has no physical form, and can therefore move anywhere—on land, in the air, or under water—at the rate shown.

Sensing the Unknown is the Score a character uses to find out if someone or something from the Unknown is nearby.

Skills represent specific proficiencies that characters may learn. Players use characters' skills at specific levels as follows:

Student (S), Teacher (T), and Master (M).

Societas Argenti Viae Eternitata (SAVE) is a secret organization dedicated to protecting the Known world from creatures of the Unknown.

A Specific Check is the act of rolling a percent and comparing the number rolled to the Target Number. A Specific Check is made when a specific result is needed (for instance, determining the amount of damage the creature took from a gunshot). As with all checks, a player (or the CM) is only successful if the number rolled is equal to or

less than the Target Number.

A Strike Rank (SR) determines the range of damage a particular weapon is capable of.

A Surprise Check is a General Check used to determine whether a character can respond immediately to an unexpected attack or situation.

The Target Number (Target# or T#) is the number which is ultimately rolled against in a given check.

The Unknown is the "dimension" where creatures come from, and pertains to that which cannot be explained in terms of the everyday world.

Wound Boxes (WB) are used to determine the amount of damage an individual can take before dying.

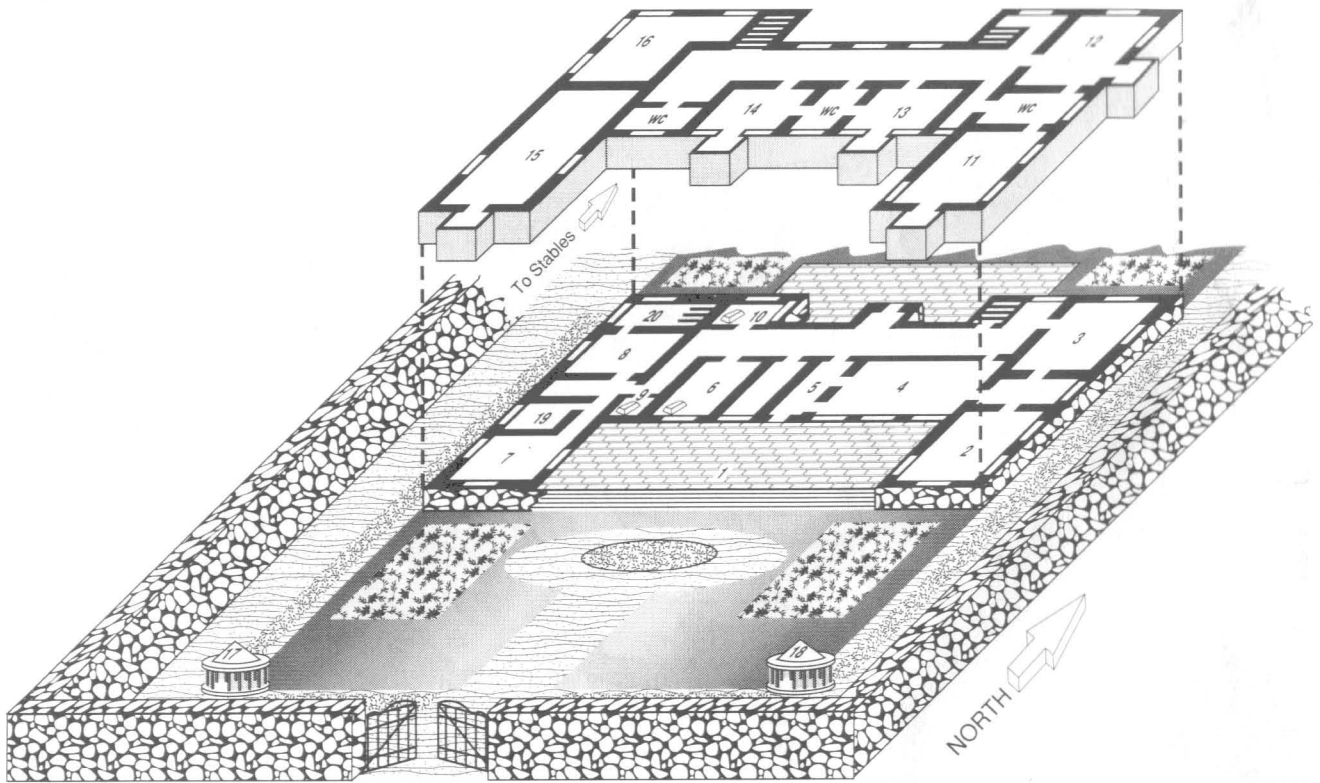
ABBREVIATIONS

A Air
AGL Agility
ATT Attack(s)
CIP(s) Character Insight Point(s)
CM Chill Master
C Corporeal
D% Percent roll
D10 Ten-sided die
DEX Dexterity
EWS Evil Way Score
G Gaseous
I Incorporeal
L Land
LCK Luck
M Master
MV Movement
NPC(s) Non-player character(s)
PCN Perception
PER Personality
PC(s) Player character(s)
rnd Round
SAVE Societas Argenti Viae Eternitata
STA Stamina
STR Strength
SR Strike Rank
S Student
T#, Target# Target Number
T Teacher
W Water
WPR Willpower
WB(s) Wound Box(es)
Wnd(s) Wound(s)

SPECIFIC CHECK RESULTS

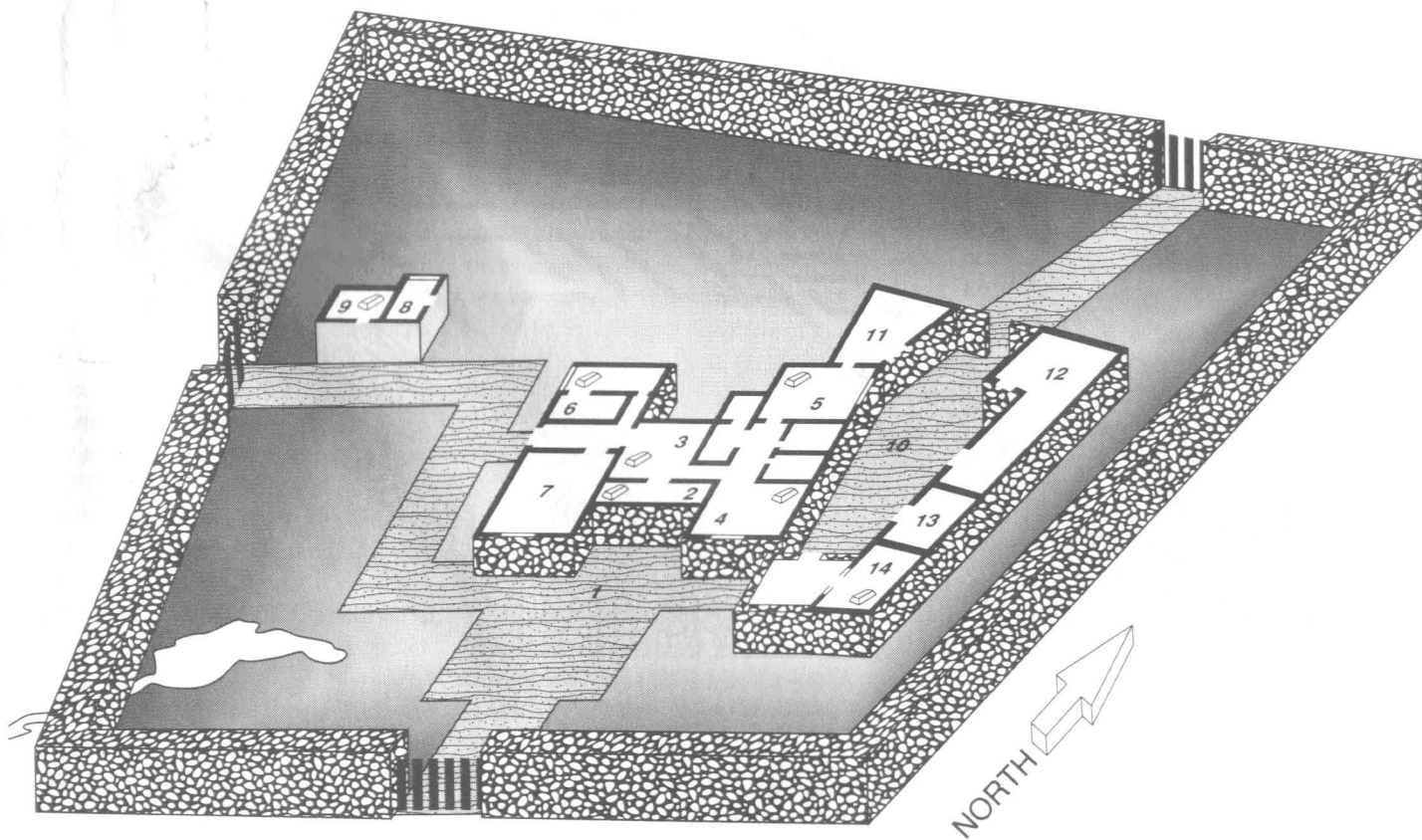
L Low result
M Medium result
H High result
C Colossal result
K Knockdown result

HILLINGHAM ESTATE



1. THE TERRACE
2. THE LARGE DINING ROOM
3. THE DRAWING ROOM
4. WESTENRA HALL
5. THE SMALL DINING ROOM
6. THE SMOKING ROOM
7. THE SERVANT'S HALL
8. THE KITCHEN
9. THE PANTRY
10. WEATHERBEE'S QUARTERS
11. GUEST SUITE
12. GUEST SUITE
13. THE LARGE SUITE
14. LUCY WESTENRA'S ROOM
15. THE MASTER BEDROOM
16. THE SEWING ROOM
17. WEST GARDEN HOUSE
18. EAST GARDEN HOUSE
19. SERVANT'S QUARTERS
20. COAL CELLAR AND STOREROOM

CARFAX ESTATE



1. THE YARD
2. THE PORTICO
3. THE GREAT CARFAX HALL
4. THE CARFAX STUDY
5. THE KITCHEN
6. ZOMBIE ROOM
7. THE DRAWING ROOM
8. THE CARFAX CHAPEL
9. THE CARFAX MAUSOLEUM
10. STABLE YARD
11. SERVANT'S HALL
12. STABLE AND COACH HOUSE
13. THE WOODSHED
14. THE GARDENER'S COTTAGE

• BACKGROUND •

ROMANIAN

30 years, 5' 9", 140#, auburn hair, green eyes. The Baroness hails from Bucharest, but she has traveled extensively in Transylvania. When a bout with polio left young Ilse bedridden for several years, she had a nanny who loved to relate bedtime tales of horror. Consequently, Ilse developed an interest in the folktales of Dracula. Recently, she realized that her nanny's tales all have a basis in the Unknown.

During her travels and studies, Ilse met another researcher of vampiric folklore with whom she became friends. When the Baroness discovered her friend's body drained of blood, she also discovered that the friend had been a SAVE envoy. Ilse soon became an envoy.



LADY LILIAN MILES
DILETTANTE

• BACKGROUND •

IRISH

23 years, 5' 3", 105#, light brown hair, blue eyes. Lady Miles has had three advantages going for her throughout her life: beauty, intelligence, and wealth. She attended the finest schools and graduated early with honors, excelling even in athletic pursuits.

Lilian's wealth and appearance now draw many admirers, but she has no interest in marriage. She was once involved with a man who believed in vampires. He was killed, apparently by wolves, while traveling through Eastern Europe. Lilian joined SAVE after she encountered a Macedonian vampire during her search for her boyfriend through Eastern Europe.

• BACKGROUND •

AMERICAN

28 years, 5' 5", 115#, brown hair, hazel eyes. Atwater is a superb sportswoman, as her roster of skills attests. She rides horses like a cowboy, enjoys hunting and the great outdoors, and collects firearms.

A comfortable inheritance allows her to take part in frequent hunting expeditions to Africa and America. It was during one of these expeditions in Africa that she encountered an animal zombie (tupilaq). When she described her experience to a friend, who turned out to be a SAVE envoy, she was put in contact with the Society and became an envoy herself.



VIVIAN ATWATER
SPORTSWOMEN



DR. JOHN MOORE
M.D.

• BACKGROUND •

BRITISH

32 years, 5' 8", 160#, brown hair, green eyes. Moore is a top medical man originally from Sheffield, England. He has studied in his homeland, America, France, and Austria. Most recently, he studied psychiatry in Vienna, where he has set up practice. Moore's steady hand accounts for his skill with a scalpel as well as a dagger. He always carries a flask of Napoleon brandy—an "elixir of all purpose"—in his medical bag.

An interest in patients harassed by "evil spirits" led to his involvement with SAVE.

Basic Abilities		Skills/Level		Base	Score
AGL:	70	English/M		75	125
DEX:	68	Anting/M		72	122
LCK:	52	Antiques/T		65	95
PCN:	78	Disguise/T		70	120
PER:	66	Savoir-Faire/M		67	117
STA:	60	Dagger/Knife/T		52	82
STR:	34				(4)
WPR:	72	Disciplines			
		Prescient Dream/T	48		78

MOVEMENT 43

SPRINTING 120

UNSKILLED MELEE 26

SENSING THE UNKNOWN 15

INITIATIVE 7+1D10

EQUIPMENT/RANGES
Dagger 4/20/40/100

EDGES AND DRAWBACKS
Keen Vision
Curiosity
Impulsiveness

RIGHT-HANDED

WOUNDS

CURRENT

STAMINA

WILLPOWER

Basic Abilities		Skills/Level		Base	Score
AGL:	72	English/M		71	121
DEX:	62	Life Sciences (biology)/M		71	121
LCK:	54	Lang./Ancient(Latin)/T		71	101
PCN:	68	Lockpicking/S		65	80
PER:	52	Medicine/M		66	116
STA:	60	Psychiatry/S		62	77
STR:	48	Dagger/Knife/M		60	110
WPR:	74				(4)

Basic Abilities		Skills/Level		Base	Score
AGL:	63	Romanian/M		66	116
DEX:	30	English/S		66	81
LCK:	60	Familiarity			
PCN:	61	(Transylvanian)/S		64	79
PER:	24	Knife/S		49	64
STA:	60	Leave the Body/S		40	55
STR:	35	Seance/T		40	70
WPR:	72	Mental Shield/T		40	70

MOVEMENT 41

SPRINTING 113

UNSKILLED MELEE 24

SENSING THE UNKNOWN 122

INITIATIVE 6+1D10

EQUIPMENT/RANGES
Dagger 4/20/40/100

EDGES AND DRAWBACKS
Improved Willpower Recovery
Eidetic Memory
Won't Harm
Crippled

RIGHT-HANDED

WOUNDS

CURRENT

STAMINA

WILLPOWER

Basic Abilities		Skills/Level		Base	Score
AGL:	52	English/M		73	123
DEX:	78	Survival/T		63	93
LCK:	66	Swimming/S			
PCN:	78	Tracking/S		70	85
PER:	74	Antique Pistol/M		78	128
STA:	72	Crossbow/T		56	86
STR:	35	Revolver/M		78	128
WPR:	68	Rifle/Shotgun/M		78	128
		Short Bow/T		56	86
		Disciplines			(4)

MOVEMENT 37

SPRINTING 102

UNSKILLED MELEE 21

SENSING THE UNKNOWN 15

INITIATIVE 5+1D10

EQUIPMENT/RANGES
22 Pistol 6/30/160/350
.45 Revolver 15/75/150/375
Rifle 72/360/720/1800
Short Bow (Wooden Arrows)
12/60/120/300

EDGES AND DRAWBACKS
Keen Hearing
Keen Vision
Overconfidence

LEFT-HANDED

WOUNDS

CURRENT

STAMINA

WILLPOWER

MOVEMENT 44

SPRINTING 122

UNSKILLED MELEE 30

SENSING THE UNKNOWN 13

INITIATIVE 7+1D10

EQUIPMENT/RANGES
Dagger 4/20/40/100

EDGES AND DRAWBACKS
Poison Resistance (+1 Result level)
Improved Stamina Recovery
Won't Kill

RIGHT-HANDED

WOUNDS

CURRENT

STAMINA

WILLPOWER

BASIC ABILITIES

AGL: 70	DEX: 52	LCK: 66	PCN: 70	PER: 44	STA: 58	STR: 70	WPR: 54
Skills/Level	Base	Score					
English/M	62	112					
Disguise/T	55	85					
Filching/M	62	112					
Gambling/T	63	93					
Graphology/Forgery/T	61	91					
Hypnotism/T	55	85					
Savoir-Faire/T	58	88					
Dagger/Knife/M	70	120					(5)

MOVEMENT

43

SPRINTING

120

UNSKILLED MELEE

35

SENSING THE UNKNOWN

.12

INITIATIVE

7+1D10

EQUIPMENT/RANGES

Dagger 4/20/40/100

EDGES AND DRAWBACKS

Ambidextrous

Improved Willpower Recovery

Overconfident

AMBIDEXTRIOUS

CURRENT

STAMINA

CURRENT

WILLPOWER

WOUNDS

BASIC ABILITIES

AGL: 82	DEX: 64	LCK: 60	PCN: 70	PER: 70	STA: 58	STR: 58	WPR: 66
Skills/Level	Base	Score					
English/M	68	118					
Geography/T	68	98					
Cartography/T	67	97					
Explosives/T	62	112					
Investigation/M	67	97					
Mechanics/T	67	97					
Swimming/T	70	100					
One-handed Sword/T	70	114					(5)
Pistol Revolver/M	64	114					(7)

MOVEMENT

47

SPRINTING

132

UNSKILLED MELEE

35

SENSING THE UNKNOWN

14

INITIATIVE

8+1D10

EQUIPMENT/RANGES

.45 Revolver 15/75/150/375

EDGES AND DRAWBACKS

Absolute Direction

Idiotic Memory

Poor Vision (Correctable) Nearsighted

LEFT-HANDED

CURRENT

STAMINA

CURRENT

WILLPOWER

WOUNDS

BASIC ABILITIES

AGL: 52	DEX: 64	LCK: 26	PCN: 68	PER: 60	STA: 58	STR: 58	WPR: 72
Skills/Level	Base	Score					
English/M	70	120					
Anthrop.-Arch./M	70	120					
Art Criticism/T	70	100					
History/T	70	100					
Journalism/M	51	101					
Legend-Lore/S	70	85					
Antique Pistol/T	64	94					
Rapier/T	55	85					(4)

MOVEMENT

37

SPRINTING

102

UNSKILLED MELEE

27

SENSING THE UNKNOWN

13

INITIATIVE

5+1D10

EQUIPMENT/RANGES

Rapier 6/30/60/150

Antique Pistols 6/30/60/150

EDGES AND DRAWBACKS

Political Information Source (Great Britain)

Won't Kill

Concentration

RIGHT-HANDED

CURRENT

STAMINA

CURRENT

WILLPOWER

WOUNDS

BASIC ABILITIES

AGL: 45	DEX: 76	LCK: 50	PCN: 54	PER: 56	STA: 81	STR: 66	WPR: 66
Skills/Level	Base	Score					
Swedish/M	60	110					
English/T	60	90					
Acting/T	58	88					
Anthropology/Archaeology/M	60	110					
Disguise/T	62	92					
History/M	60	110					
Hypnotism/T	53	83					
Legend/Lore/T	60	90					
Revolver/T	76	106					(7)

MOVEMENT

35

SPRINTING

95

UNSKILLED MELEE

27

SENSING THE UNKNOWN

10

INITIATIVE

4+1D10

EQUIPMENT/RANGES

.45 Revolver 15/75/150/375

EDGES AND DRAWBACKS

Night Vision

Impulsiveness

RIGHT-HANDED

CURRENT

STAMINA

CURRENT

WILLPOWER

WOUNDS

• BACKGROUND •

BRITISH

42 years, 5' 10", 170#, brown hair, brown eyes. Lord Charlton, who completed his education at Cambridge, is a member of the House of Lords and the aristocracy. He resides in a country estate outside Rye, England. Charlton collects art as a hobby, especially works from the Orient. He also enjoys smoking a pipe, but only if he can obtain Cuban tobacco.

Charlton joined SAVE after a harrowing encounter with an Alpine vampire during a vacation in Zürich, Switzerland.



LORD WINSTON CHARLTON

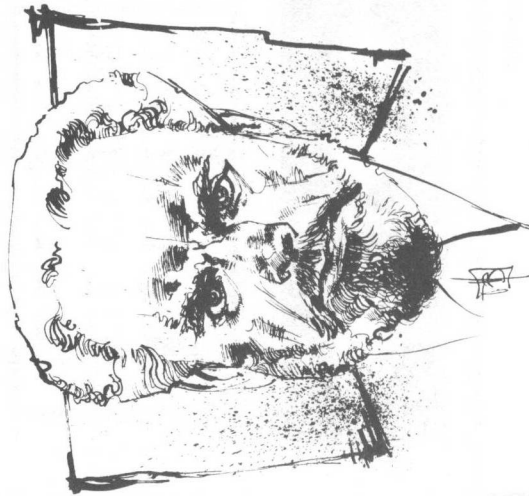
NOBLEMAN

• BACKGROUND •

SWEDISH

53 years, 5' 9", 165#, gray hair, blue eyes. Klassen is a faculty member of the University of Stockholm, Sweden. He teaches history and anthropology of Eastern Europe. During his spare time, Klassen enjoys reading; he is particularly fond of material about folklore.

A bachelor, Klassen is always interested in attractive women, but his first love is Romania. He met a female vampire there once, and (in his words) "discovered which element was the more virtuous—country versus woman." After this experience, he joined SAVE.



DR. LEIF KLASSEN

SCHOLAR

• BACKGROUND •

CANADIAN

28 years, 5' 6", 125#, brown hair, brown eyes. Elizabeth Ashford, a striking woman, is fearless, cunning, and shrewd. Her charming and elegant nature, combined with intelligence, enables her to move well among the upper class.

Elizabeth once put her talents to use as a high-class swindler, until the day she tried to swindle a vampire. After her narrow escape, she joined SAVE. Now she uses her talents to a better end.

Elizabeth has a twin sister Geneviève, who is also a SAVE envoy.



ELIZABETH ASHFORD

THIEF

• BACKGROUND •

AMERICAN

40 years, 6' 0", 190#, brown hair, brown eyes. Happel, a graduate from the Annapolis Naval Academy, is a retired military career man. He has nerves of steel, is athletic, and is a warrior at heart.

While in the service, Happel reported sighting pirate ghost ships in the Indian Ocean. No one but SAVE believed him. (In 1937, the sightings were reconfirmed. See the Time Line in the *CHILL hardcover book*.) He became a SAVE envoy after reporting the sightings.



ADMIRAL MARK HAPPEL

U.S.N. RETIRED

"CLOCKED THEY ARE, AS I, TO HIDE FROM THE LIGHT.
BUT WHEREAS MY INDULGENCE IS NOT LIMITED TO
THE MASKINGS OF HUMANVANTY, THEIRS IS PLASMRIVER
— THE SOUL DELICKACY ON WHICH THEY UNLIVE FOR
ALL ETERNIGHTY."

—RAX

ASLEEP BY DAY,
KILLER BY NIGHT...
COUNT DRACULA IS NOT ALONE
IN HIS QUEST FOR BLOOD. HE IS JUST ONE
OF ELEVEN BLOODSUCKERS TO COME TO LIFE IN THE PAGES OF
"VAMPIRES."

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ISBN 0-923763-27-9

1190-652MFG12.00

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