

ANOTHER

CHILL

PRODUCT

VAMPIRES



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By Gali Sanchez and Michael Williams

**Pacesetter**

VAMPIRES

by Gali Sanchez and Michael Williams



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Contents

<i>Introduction:</i> Desmond Kearney.....	4	Gathered Information.....	52
What Is A Vampire?.....	4	Advice for S.A.V.E. Envoys.....	52
Life Without Hope.....	6	CM's Page.....	53
Lust Without Love.....	8		
Death Without Peace.....	10	<i>Elizabeth Bathory:</i> Dr. Wilhelm Geistmann.....	54
Concluding Remarks.....	12	<i>In the Arms of the Countess</i> , from <i>Letters to</i>	
Acknowledgements.....	12	<i>Brother Georg:</i> Miroslav Gorba.....	55
CM's Page.....	13	The History of Elizabeth Bathory.....	57
		1947: The Pavlovic Expedition.....	59
<i>Count Dracula:</i> Desmond Kearney.....	14	Bathory Today.....	59
First Sightings: Transylvania.....	14	Bathory and Dracula: The Missing Link?.....	60
<i>"Suddenly with a single bound..":</i> Bram Stoker.....	15	CM's Page.....	61
The 19th Century.....	18		
Dracula Today.....	19	<i>The Vampire Ninja:</i> Henry Katayama.....	62
CM's Page.....	21	<i>In the Blackout of Kyoto</i> from <i>The Heart's Camera:</i>	
		Oshiri Fujikawa.....	63
<i>Anton Garnier:</i> Jacques LeChance.....	22	The Oddities of this Vampire.....	64
1875: The Schmidt Expedition.....	22	Description.....	64
<i>Garnier's Feast</i> , from <i>Devices of the Enemy:</i>		Addendum to the Article.....	68
Michael O'Boylan.....	23	Warding off a Vampire: the Traditions of Japanese	
1898: The O'Boylan Expedition—First Sighting.....	24	Folklore.....	68
Baron Anton Garnier: Physical Appearance.....	24	CM's Page.....	69
Baron Garnier: Unusual Traits.....	24		
The Personality of the Alpine Vampire.....	25	<i>Ezra Cabot:</i> Professor Ellsworth Smythe III.....	70
What Happened to Garnier after 1898?.....	27	<i>The Mysterious Stranger</i> , from <i>The Journals of</i>	
How to Destroy the Alpine Vampire.....	28	<i>Nathanael Hill:</i> Nathanael Hill.....	71
Garnier: A Conclusion.....	28	The Vampire's Origin.....	72
CM's Page.....	29	Identification of Mr. Cabot.....	72
		Ezra P. Cabot: Portrait of a Vampire.....	75
<i>Bhima Gupta:</i> Dr. Pandit Ray.....	30	CM's Page.....	77
From <i>The Garden of Many Darknesses</i>	31		
The Rakshasa Connection.....	32	<i>Oriental Vampire:</i> Teri Yih.....	78
Bhima Gupta.....	32	<i>Bandits of the Min</i> , from <i>The Journal of</i>	
The Tales of Miss Gupta.....	32	<i>Giacomo della Napoli:</i>	
The Narrow Escape.....	35	Giacomo della Napoli.....	79
CM's Page.....	37	<i>Li Chang and the Golden Triangle</i> , from <i>In the</i>	
		<i>Eagle's Nest:</i> Jack Naples.....	79
<i>Jackson Jammer:</i> Pablo Rodriguez.....	38	Origin and Location of the Oriental Vampire.....	80
From <i>Here to Stay: Rock'n'Roll Interviews 1965-</i>		Siu Wong and Li Chang: First Impressions.....	80
1982: Todd Foxx.....	39	Actions of the Creature: Traditional and	
<i>Concert Tour Claims 5th Victim</i>	40	Contemporary.....	80
<i>Local Concert Death Linked to "Concert Vampire</i>		Li Chang: The "Translated Vampire".....	82
<i>Killings"</i>	40	How to Destroy the Oriental Vampire.....	83
The History of Jackson De La Croix.....	41	CM's Page.....	85
After the Civil War.....	42		
Jackson Jammer Today.....	43	<i>Hephaistion:</i> Jefferson Turner.....	86
Jackson De La Croix and S.A.V.E.....	44	The Origin of the Macedonian Vampire.....	86
CM's Page.....	45	From the <i>Bella Troiana:</i> Philoteas of Mytilene.....	87
		The Identification of the Macedonian Vampire.....	89
<i>Huitzotl:</i> Dr. Jose Sotero Guevara.....	46	The Macedonian Vampire: Special	
Tlaxcala: Land of Vampires.....	46	Characteristics.....	89
From <i>Nocturno:</i> Terevaldo Roberto Flechero		How to Destroy the Macedonian Vampire.....	91
Lunares.....	47	The History of Hephaistion.....	91
My Introduction to the Vampire.....	49	CM's Page.....	93
Further Observations.....	49		
The Second Encounter.....	49	Evil Way Disciplines.....	94
The Cocktail Party.....	51		

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, S.A.V.E. Central Archives

Our fascination with vampires is a dark preoccupation, mysterious in nature, shadowy in origin. They people our folktales, 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 and fears, our 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 Albae Viae Eternitata, is an organization sourcebook for information on what is perhaps the most frightening of creatures from the Unknown—the vampire.

The following pages present the exploits and crimes of eleven vampires, each of whom 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, that 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 change 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 S.A.V.E.'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,” and it is a term we hear throughout the region and into Switzerland itself; Hephais-tion 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 S.A.V.E. justifiably calls the Cradle of Vampires.

Despite compelling evidence, we cannot conclude that vampirism originated in the Cradle of Vampires, only that the peoples of this region were the first to name the creatures (or that, at least, their names 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 language:

These Vampyres are supposed to be the Bodies of deceased Persons, animated by evil Spirits, which come out of the Graves, in the Night-time, suck the blood of many of the

Instructions for the CM

Throughout this book, you will find pages which are screened (shaded) like this: these pages provide you with the information you need to use a particular vampire or vampires as NPC villains in your CHILL™ adventure or campaign.

The other material in the anthology 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 enjoy them. Of course, the vampires are even better if you do play the game.

2. **Background.** When you decide to use one of these vampires in your CHILL 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 campaign: richness and atmosphere.

Now, to help you get started, there's one of these screened pages at the end of the introduction (page 13) which provides a list of the abbreviations used on the other CM pages, and an explanation for the listings.

Have fun!



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 Augustin 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 Organization, have modified considerably: at that time, 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 (as we said above).
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. After this common ground, the traits vary (some vampires share them, some do not), but center usually around some of the following elements:

1. *Vulnerability to sunlight.* Some vampires are unaffected

by sunlight, but most find their powers diminished in it; some are destroyed outright by the light of the sun. As creatures of darkness, vampires have a strained relation at best with light. This may account for the fact that many of them cannot cast an image in a mirror or on film.

2. *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 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 it 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 or her twisted afterlife when he or she faces these symbols. Religious symbols include crosses and crucifixes, the Star of David, and the incense used in many Oriental religious ceremonies.

3. *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 obviously arises the vampire’s warped argument that “nobody becomes a vampire without wanting to”—this 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 them.

4. *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, 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 the S.A.V.E. organization, has uncovered vampirism in far-flung places, radically different in nature to the vampirism recorded by 18th 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 Augustin Calmet, when the vampire was first introduced and explained to Western Europe, down to 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, more attuned to the inner landscapes of desires and fears, 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 fears; however, the forms these fears have taken are, again, as various 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 have 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 manners. 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) remains in the Central Archives in Dublin, and reveals more of his personal feelings about the experience than the account he presents in this anthology (pp. 86-93). Still, we feel that what he says is worthy of notice by more members of the organization than those on the Central Board:

I'm used to horror by this time, Dr. Kearney. You know about the ghost in Pompeii, the were-jaguars and onaghi 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 down below 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: 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 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.

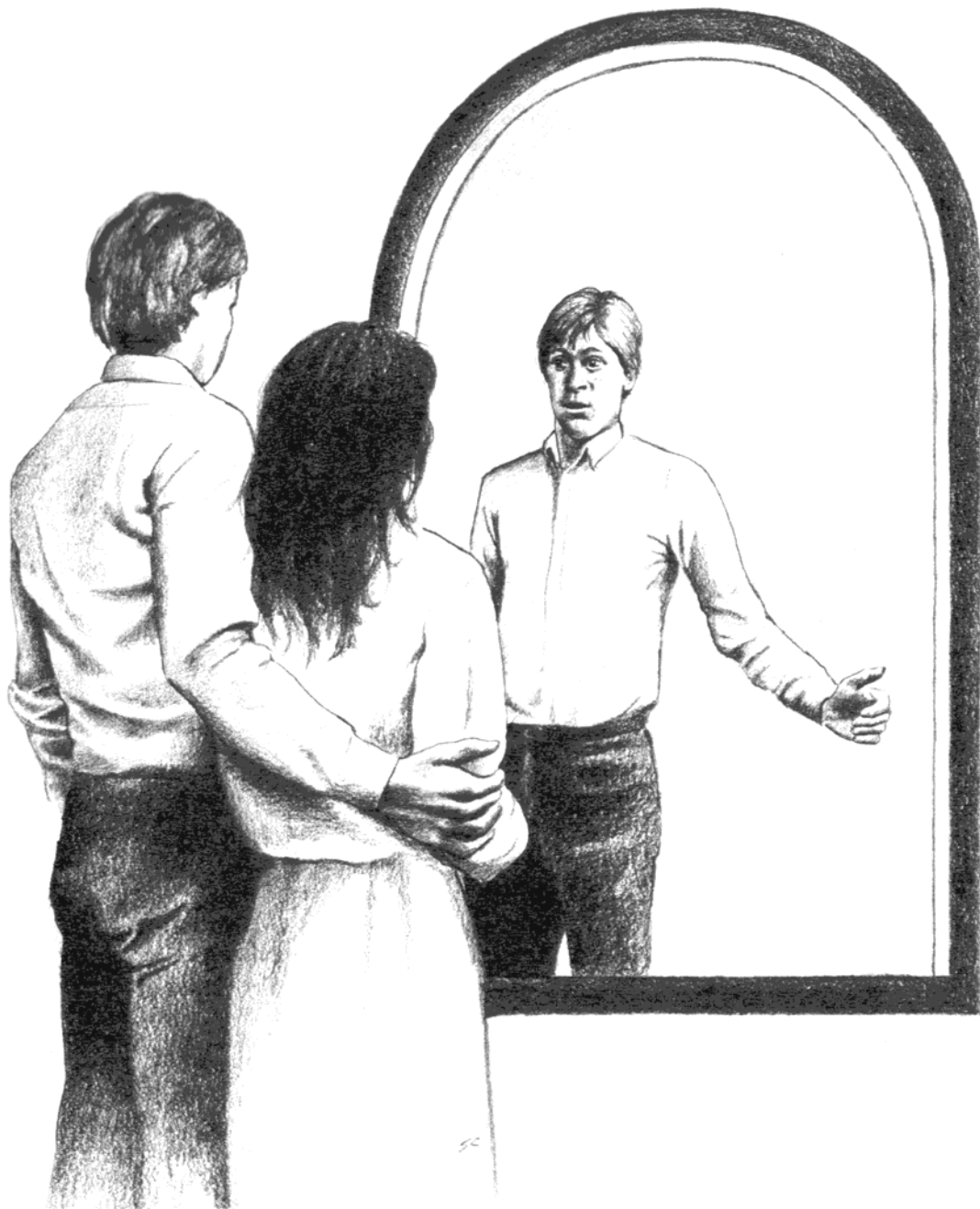
Perhaps nowhere is this expressed more desperately than in the situation of Elizabeth Bathory, certainly one of the most powerful vampires the organization has encountered. The documents included in this anthology (pp. 54-61) offer us clues to this desperation, and the same dreadful denial that Turner 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 in drinking the blood of young women to preserve her own beauty suggests a way of life as frenzied as that of the Macedonian Vampire, but in some ways even worse: while Hephaestion 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 Gorka (see pp.55-56) was probably her victim, and novelist/S.A.V.E. envoy Terevaldo Roberto Flechero Lunares, who met Bathory in Budapest (see pp.60-61), 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 Gorka and Lunares) 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 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 it means nothing in his endless and pointless search, he denies it also.

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 page 23), and in speaking on the subject of lust, he is a man of his time, but

in his indignation (and, indeed, his 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 of 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 any 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," 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.78-84). The life of the addict, insofar that it involves a loveless search for relief, for gratification, 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!), and 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 the Courtier, the poet, 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, sure that despite all Michael's high ideals, that the time was coming in which 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, more cautious, could be a valid one. It is, however, doubtful that he will abandon the desire to reduce all values, all ideals, 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.46-53) 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 religious 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 in 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 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 S.A.V.E. 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 their 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, survival the only virtue.

Death without Peace

*But first, on earth as Vampire sent,
Thy corse 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 or her 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 above, 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 more 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—indeed we do not even know if they *have* thoughts—and in this we may count ourselves lucky.

Other vampires, such as the Indian Bhima Gupta, do not pass on their affliction, but visit a restlessness and weariness upon the living (see accounts of how she disturbs the sleep and dreams of victims, pp.30-37) through dreams. This is a process as draining as the loss of blood, for robbed of rest, the victim lives in fatigue, in 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, must acknowledge her presence in one way or another. In a strange way it 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, than the frenzied activities of the Macedonian Vampire or the animated dead of the Oriental Vampire, it is the existence of Ezra Cabot, the New England Vampire (see pp.70-76), 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 on Cabot 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” up 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, through his charitable gifts, and through 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 S.A.V.E. has noticed for years the series of suspicious circumstances that surround Cabot's activities, the people of Salem, who live beside the source of the 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 misty, half-remembered, half-forgotten recollections of the townspeople, Cabot resembles nothing so much as 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 stay that will last forever.

Concluding Remarks

Use this book wisely and well. Although S.A.V.E. must concede that the information contained herein is incomplete, 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 Hephaestion, 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 Jammer'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, of 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? Is she, indeed, still in Hungary?

Love 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.

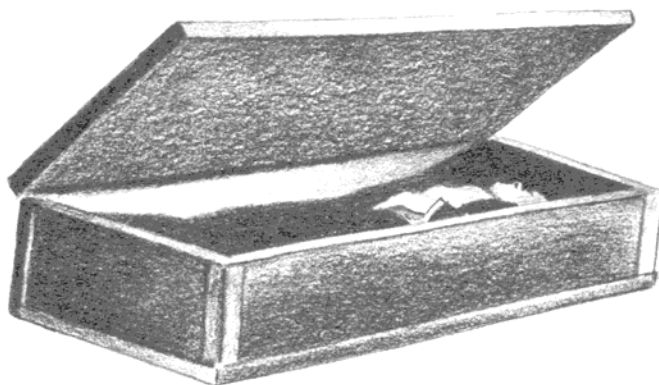
Acknowledgements

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

Certainly we must begin with the Director of the Societas Viae Albae Eternitata, Dr. Wilhelm Geistmann, whose assistance in the retrieval of classified documents was invaluable and whose essay on Elizabeth Bathory is impeccable.

S.A.V.E. 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. So, too, Jefferson Turner, for permission to use the perceptive verbal testimony he presented to the S.A.V.E. 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, of 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 Pacesetter's CHILL™ game may use any of these vampires as the villain in a campaign or adventure. This information is presented for these vampires in basically the same way it was presented for the creatures in the books *Horrors From The Unknown* and *Things*. These are the abbreviations and statistics used in describing each creature.

Basic Ability Scores

Basic Ability scores for a vampire are always listed in the same order near the top of the page. The abbreviations used are:

STR = Strength
DEX = Dexterity
AGL = Agility
WPR = Willpower
PER = Personality
PCN = Perception
STA = Stamina

The Basic Ability listings should be read exactly as described in *Horrors From The Unknown*.

Evil Way Scores

The abbreviation EWS is used for a vampire's Evil Way score. All vampires of the same type have the same EWS.

The FEAR Number

A vampire's Fear number, abbreviated as FEAR, is the number of the column on the Action Table which characters should use when making a fear check when the vampire has just come into the area. In some cases characters may not know that the vampire is in fact a vampire; in such cases, no fear check is needed until the characters find out the true nature of the creature.

Attack Numbers

The Attack numbers, abbreviated ATT, are shown divided by a slash. For example:

ATT 1/64%

The number to the left of the slash is the number of attacks the vampire can make in one round. The number to the right of the slash is the Unskilled Melee score for a typical vampire of this type. Unless specified otherwise, attacks by vampires cause armed combat damage.

Movement

The Movement listing shows the speed in feet at which the creature can move on land (L), in the air (A), and over or through water (W).

Disciplines

This section lists all the disciplines of the Evil Way which the vampire can use (if any). Disciplines the vampire uses normally are listed in *italic* type. Disciplines the vampire uses automatically are listed in regular type.

Manipulation

This part of the description simply states whether the vampire can move things about in the Known World. It does not refer to manual dexterity; a handless creature could still move a solid object by bumping against it.

IPs

The number listed here is the Insight Point value of the vampire or animal. Characters receive the full point value for destroying the vampire, half that amount for driving it away or thwarting its intentions in a scenario.

Skills

This listing provides the skills and skill scores of the vampire, plus the level of his or her skill. Abbreviations used are as follows:

S = Specialist
T = Teacher
M = Master



Dr. Desmond Kearney

Dr. Kearney is Curator of the S.A.V.E. Central Archives in Dublin. He is also 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 Indalo Press, and is working on a biography of Dr. Olaf Gunderhagen.

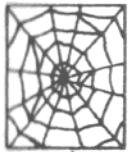
Trying to sort through the wealth of information regarding Count Dracula,

with the intention of presenting an essay that will be useful to the S.A.V.E. 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 Romania), during the mid-15th Century. Here after a long imprisonment by the

Continued



Suddenly with a single bound he leaped into the room, winning a way past us before any of us could raise a hand to stay him. There was something so pantherlike 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 organised 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 of 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, ere his blow could fall, and, grasping a handful of the money from the floor, dashed across the room, 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



Turks, 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 a 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 all to death. The methods of killing and torture were so crazed and diabolical that they defy the belief of some very experienced soldiers. They show the barbarism of war at its most barbarous.

In *Dracula: a True History of Dracula and Vampire Legends* (Greenwich, 1972), Dracula scholars Raymond T. McNally and Radu Florescu cite numerous accounts, folktales, 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, payed 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, and told the merchant that his fate would have been similar had he proved 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 had mere physical attraction, 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, hoping obviously 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 their prince, 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" suggests at one of the darkest. 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 would 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, with the dull moans that followed as the bodies of the victims were left hanging on the poles. Because of the horrible shock to their system, the people no longer felt pain; they would die within a few 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.

So 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 simply tells that Dracula was confronted by a force of other enemies and—despite the efforts of his loyal troops—was 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 stands today, but nobody has uncovered the remains of Dracula. Nor will they, for if the vampirism that has joined the name of "Dracula" for centuries, did not begin some time before the events on the hill not far from Bucharest, it began its nightmarish journey shortly afterwards.

Some arguable evidence of Dracula's vampirism appears during his stay on the throne of Wallachia. He was known to drink the blood of victims, 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 below). 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 other things than blood. On the other hand, perhaps historical accounts of the 15th 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 events that occur during or after the death of an individual may cause that person to become a vampire. Some of these events indeed occur with the death of Dracula.

The 19th Century

Dracula's next documented appearance, recorded by Jonathan Harker (and by the novelist Bram Stoker in his justifiably famous *Dracula*), is in the year 1885, in a

ruined castle located outside the Saxon town of Bistrita, in the Borgo Pass (see map). 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 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 caravan. Quickly Harker and his American friend Quincey 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 like 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 writes 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 pursued the vampire seven years earlier. He returned to England, to Carfax Abbey, to a relentless series of murders. This appearance of Dracula occasioned the first direct contact between S.A.V.E. and the vampire. We all know the outcome of the Vengeance of Dracula.

Dracula Today

There are scattered reports that Dracula still moves 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 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 separate 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.

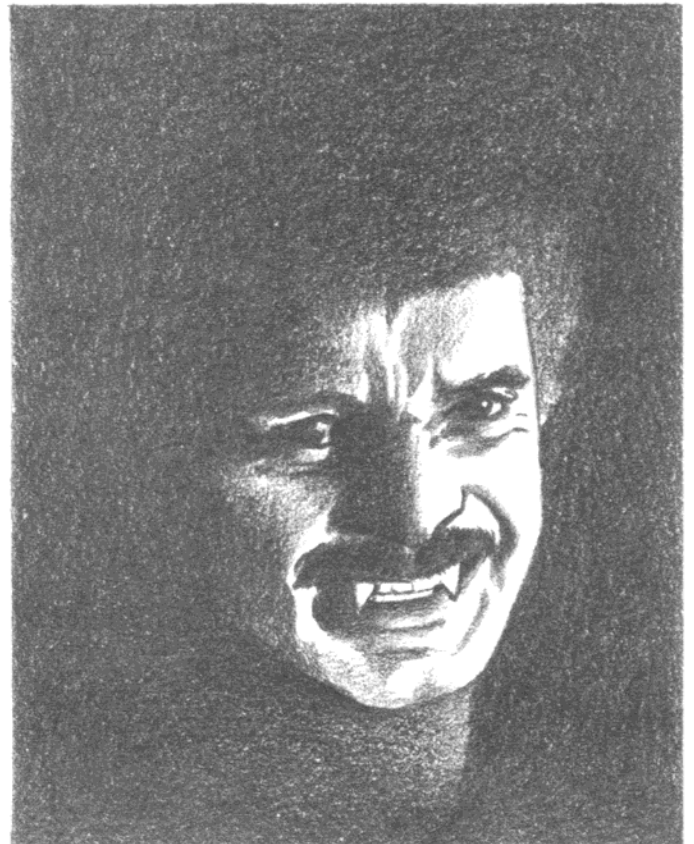
Because of the Count's habit of persistence, S.A.V.E. believes that he would most likely be in England, the scene of his last confrontation with the Known World. We know for certain that a S.A.V.E. expedition was organized some seven years after Dracula's supposed destruction by Harker's friends, at 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 cloudy issue of the S.A.V.E. expedition: the organization 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 one of the most harrowing expeditions in organization history, we don't know for certain whether Dracula was destroyed. However, judging from the shattered 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, S.A.V.E. 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, S.A.V.E. cannot state with certainty 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 S.A.V.E. 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 is 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 to an American, a Mr. Bertram Russell, who 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). S.A.V.E., however, gained another possible clue. Sir Alfred kept very meticulous records of everything he did, and kept S.A.V.E. 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 following passage:

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.

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 S.A.V.E. 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

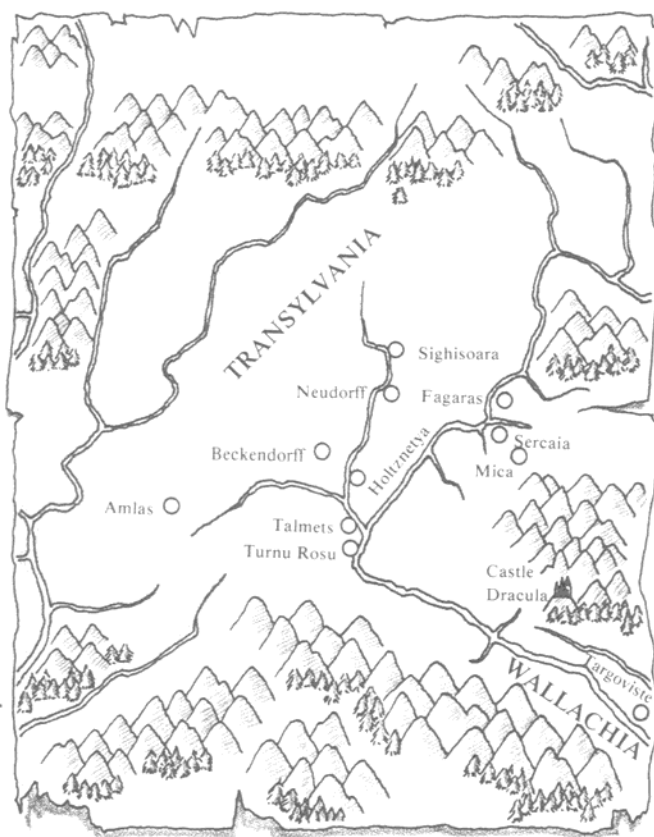
quarantined the animal, suspecting that it might possibly be rabid, and at any rate wanting to identify its owner.

Apparently the dog/wolf was either stolen or escaped. The night watchman was murdered (his neck 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 animal's ferocity, allowed it to escape. Despite alerts, the dog vanished completely, nor could the police 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.

S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. could destroy him for once and for all.

It is the intent of S.A.V.E. to explore both England and America in search of Dracula. Perhaps, this exploration will be the assignment of your next S.A.V.E. expedition.



Dracula

STR	110	DEX	65	AGL	80
PER	70	WPR	120	PCN	100
STA	150	EWS	150	FEAR	6**
ATT	*/95				

*Number of attacks depends on form Dracula takes.

** Fear Checks. Characters need not make a fear check when they encounter Dracula as a normal human appearing character.

Movement: Varies with form: can sprint in human form without STA loss, move as mist or fog 75' per round.

Evil Way Disciplines: Animation of the Dead, Appear Dead (self), Change Self (to large bat, wolf, Great Dane, cloud of fog), *Change Temperature*, *Change the Weather*, Create a Feast, *Darken*, *Dreamsend* (see p.94), *Flight*¹, *Gnarl*, *Halt*, *Influence*, *Lightning Call*, *Purified Shell*, *Raise Wind*, *Second Light*, *Slam* (see p.94), *Sleep*, *Steal Memory*, *Swarm*, *Teleport*, *Terrorize*, *Wave of Fog*, *White Heat*.

¹ Dracula 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.

Manipulation: Yes, in human form

IPs: 3300

Skills: Anthropology/ Archaeology (M) 130; Art Criticism (M) 165; History (M) 165; Hypnotism (M) 140; Investigation (M) 145; Language, Contemporary [English, German, and all eastern European Languages] (M) 165; Legend/Lore (M) 165; Modeling (M) 135; Disguise (M) 123; Filching (M) 138

Characteristics

1. Like the Common Carpathian Vampire, Dracula cannot cast a reflection. This also means that his image does not appear on film or any other device that requires light (or heat) 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.

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 *Change Self*, *Flight*, or *Animate Dead* 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 do so at night. He

must rest for 8 hours to regain 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 must be taken into account regarding what disciplines can and cannot be used.

5. The following items offer protection against Dracula:

— *A crucifix* (the image of Christ nailed to the cross. 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 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 *Influence*).

— *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" in *Horrors from the Unknown*. 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 common Carpathian vampire. He can control people who have 5 or fewer Stamina points due to his bite. The extent of control equals the "C" result under the discipline *Influence*. In this state, the victim also has the desire and ability to drink blood as a Common Carpathian, has an EWS of 125, and can use the disciplines *Sleep* and *Steal Memory*. 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 common 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 *Change Self*. Dracula can use *Change Self* at the next available time to reassume corporeal form.

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 S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. with this article concerning Anton Garnier, the Alpine Vampire.—Ed.

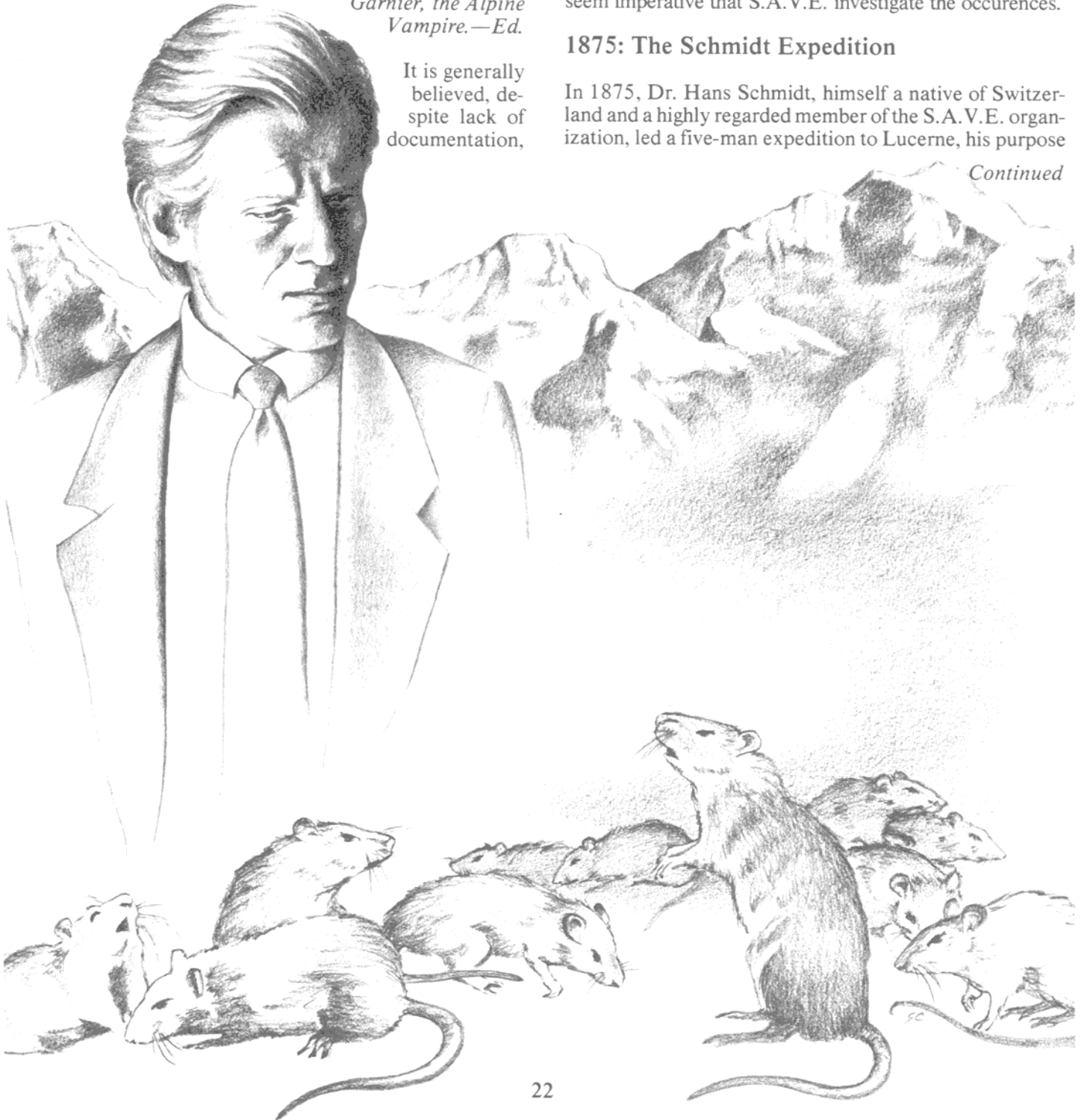
It is generally believed, despite lack of documentation,

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 they reveal an uncanny consistency of detail. The consistency of these folktales, coupled with more recent and unsettling accounts of "first-hand observation" by Swiss villagers and even some foreign travelers, made it seem imperative that S.A.V.E. investigate the occurrences.

1875: The Schmidt Expedition

In 1875, Dr. Hans Schmidt, himself a native of Switzerland and a highly regarded member of the S.A.V.E. organization, led a five-man expedition to Lucerne, his purpose

Continued



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 manservant Evan Williams spent at the villa 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 the 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 marvelled 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 began one of the least comfortable meals of 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, as it were, 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 pointedly. His eyes, which had never met mine before, seemed to glow red in the dim light 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.

to shed light on the mysterious legends mentioned above. 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 next. 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. S.A.V.E. 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: 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 Swiss tourist trade. Then, in 1897, the bizarre murders resumed; soon the organization returned to the Swiss Alps, intending to finish what Dr. Schmidt had begun. This time, S.A.V.E. was more successful; the expedition resulted in the first accepted sighting of an Alpine Vampire.

In January, 1898 S.A.V.E. 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, without being destroyed by the vampire. 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 our knowledge concerning the Alpine Vampire. We have confirmed that the Alpine Vampire has travelled beyond the boundaries of its homelands during this century; S.A.V.E. 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 20th century sightings of the creature, the Alpine Vampire is very similar in appearance to the common 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 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 Garnier: Unusual Traits

According to medieval Swiss and Northern Italian folktales, the Alpine Vampire sometimes kept company with mountain bandits who served its needs. This practice seems to have stopped with the spread of law and order to even the most remote reaches of Europe. However, S.A.V.E. believes that the vampires have simply "gone underground": 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 the S.A.V.E. investigators. (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 a tough opponent: even his punches are capable of wounding an individual critically, 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 folktales 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 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 firmly 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 attempt, 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; these, however, 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. But that is another story.

At any rate, Garnier masks this arrogance as aristocratic charm—a strategy he has used effectively against S.A.V.E. envoys, many of whom (especially in the previous century) come from the European and American leisure class, and 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 record only "Anton Garnier's" as Barons of Kriens—whether his ancestors or his own reappearances is impossible to tell). This bearing, combined with the Baron's wealth, prestige, and the luxurious surroundings he prefers, conspires 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 totally 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, 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 cause fear and anxiety on the part of 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 are raised 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, a fifth painting incomplete, awaiting the detail of the woman's face, but 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, though 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 are just as helpless to come up with a sound explanation. But none-theless, 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, defending the baron's actions even when they became clearly evil, taking offense at imagined slights,

and, in essence, dragging 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.

Desperate and disarmed, clinging to a window ledge as Garnier approached, O'Boylan broke an icicle from the overhanging roof and plunged it into the heart of the oncoming vampire. Immediately the vampire collapsed, reeling backwards against the far wall. Slowly his form changed, as the human features melted into the misty shape of a cloud, hovering in the room as if pinned down by the icicle.

To the horror of O'Boylan, Lise jumped forward before he could react, pulling the ice weapon from the churning cloud. The cloud floated through the air, out the window, and disappeared into the darkness. 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, held in general by the lesser vampires, may 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: a state of existence the vampire confuses 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, losing his false sense of security.

Perhaps it is possible to use the vampires' own arrogance against them. Most vampires never realize their vulnerability until 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 S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. was able to determine the whereabouts of Baron Garnier was in 1924, in St-Die, France. No direct contact took place between S.A.V.E. and the baron. Instead, envoy Jean Didier accidentally discovered that the Baron had been in the area, but 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 S.A.V.E. 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, 1923. S.A.V.E. 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.

S.A.V.E. 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 Stein-



schloss, on the shore of Lake Neuchatel, Switzerland. S.A.V.E. believes that the Alpine Vampire, Baron Anton Garnier, may be residing in the Lake Neuchatel mansion. An investigatory expedition will probably embark shortly.

How to Destroy the Alpine Vampire

To date, no S.A.V.E. envoy has destroyed an Alpine Vampire. Therefore, our suggestions are based upon a combination of observation, hypothesis, and guesswork. Though complete success has eluded the organization, Michael O'Boylan managed to defeat Baron Garnier, or at least handed 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, dropping 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 sharp 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 those of other vampire types (such as the Common Carpathian) at the edge of destruction. Garnier

appeared to be immobilized and changed to a 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.

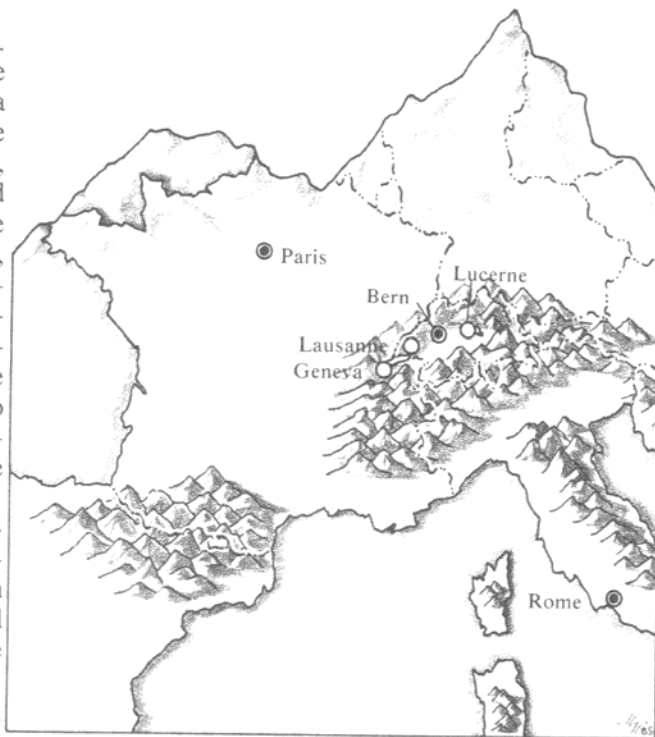
Other vampires are immobilized by various forms of stakes driven through the chest. Usually the remainder of the task involves decapitation and/or burning. Sometimes salt or a holy symbol is necessary to the process.

Of course, the above suggestions 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

STR	105	DEX	65	AGL	80
PER	60	WPR	90	PCN	90
STA	135	EWS	135	FEAR	6
ATT	2/93%				

Movement: Variable according to the form assumed by the vampire; can move as mist, fog, or wind driven snow 150' per round. Sprints in human form without Stamina loss.

Evil Way Disciplines: *Animation of the Dead*, *Change Self* (into cloud of mist or fog, driven snow, or rat), *Change Temperature*, *Change Weather*, *Create a Feast*, *Gnarl*, *Halt*, *Influence*, *Raise Wind*, *Second Light*, *Sleep*, *Steal Memory*, *Swarm*, *Wave of Fog*

Manipulation: Yes

IPs: 3780

Skills: Acting/Drama (M) 135; Anthropology/Archaeology (M) 145; Antiques (M) 125; Art Criticism (M) 145; History (M) 145; Hypnotism (M) 130; Investigation (M) 132; Language, Ancient (M) 145; Language, Contemporary [German (M) 145, English (T) 120, Italian (T) 120, Serbo-Croatian (T) 120]; Legend/Lore (M) 145; Modeling (M) 122; Tracking (M) 125; Disguise (M) 118; Gambling (M) 125; Graphology/Forgery (M) 133

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. Faced with any reflective surface, the Alpine Vampire goes into a frenzy, destroying the item by any way possible.

2. At least three days out of every seven, the Alpine Vampire must rest from sunrise to sunset in a coffin that contains at least one ounce of ice taken from a peak in the Alps Mountains.

3. A cross turns aside the vampire if the creature fails to pass a general Willpower check (no substitutes—such as holding two sticks together—will do). If the vampire passes the Willpower check, 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. It cannot, however, *Change Self* while exposed to sunlight.

5. The creature can be immobilized by driving a stake of ice through its heart or by placing a freshly cut edelweiss blossom on its chest or coffin lid. The creature can still use

its Evil Way disciplines while immobilized, provided it uses no discipline that causes it, the stake, or the blossom to be moved directly. For example, it can *Change Self* to mist, but cannot leave its coffin while the stake remains.

6. The Alpine Vampire can be destroyed only by severing its 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; it always reappears seeking vengeance in 1d10 weeks.

7. This species of 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 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 tight, narrow openings. The vampire can climb sheer walls at a rate of 30' per round. Running water poses no barrier to the Alpine Vampire as it sometimes does with those of other species.

9. The Alpine Vampire drains 1d10 Stamina points 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 it drains the blood of a PC, the Alpine Vampire drinks for 1d10 minutes, or as the CM judges to be effective in the adventure scenario.

The blood always comes from a major artery; therefore, treat the blood drain as a critical wound. However, the victim suffers no continual Stamina drain (the vampire dresses the wound itself to keep the character—its supply of blood—alive).

Characters killed by the vampire's blood drain attack become Alpine Vampires themselves in 1d10 weeks. Usually, however, Alpine Vampires drink from the chosen victim a number of times, keeping him or her alive for as many feedings as possible, then kill the victim with a physical attack; in this manner, they disguise signs of vampirism, while keeping down competition for his precious food.

10. The creature suffers Stamina loss but no wound damage from physical attacks. If reduced to zero current Stamina, the creature automatically changes to fog, mist or driven snow and returns to its resting place, where it regenerates all lost Stamina at a rate of 2d10 points 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 he has Student skill rank with the weapon.

Bhima Gupta

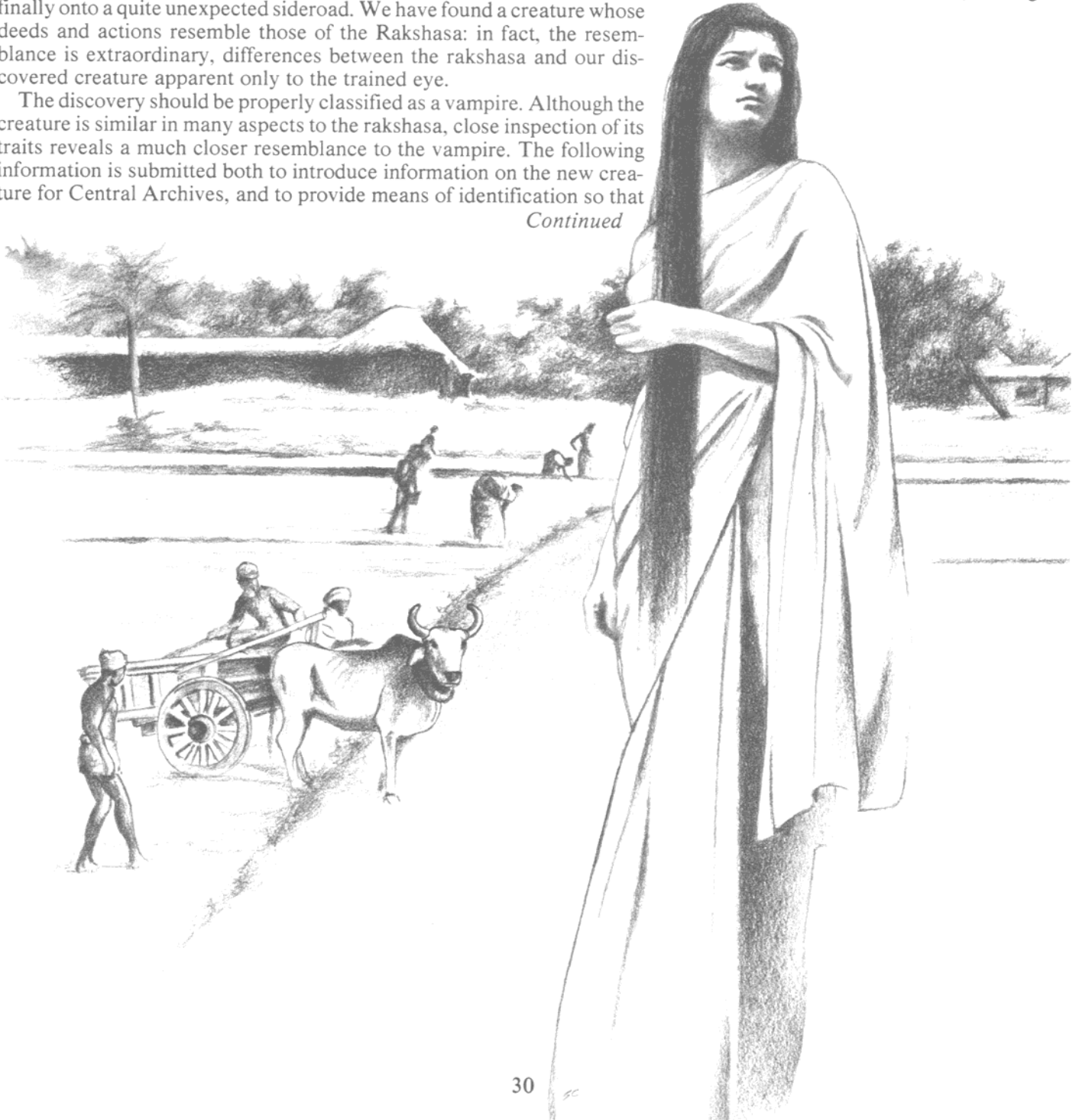
by Pandit Ray, M.D.

Doctor Pandit Ray has participated in a number of S.A.V.E. missions, the latest being 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 S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. 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 sideroad. 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 a vampire. Although the creature is similar in many aspects to the rakshasa, close inspection of its traits reveals a much closer resemblance to the vampire. The following information is submitted both to introduce information on the new creature for Central Archives, and to provide means of identification so that

Continued



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, 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 you blood, 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, 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, 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. Though 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. Though 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 in a dream the lady of the tiger came to him, saying, "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 though 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 though 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 in a dream the lady of the tiger came to him, saying, "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 though you are only a merchant, her 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.

envoys do not err in their pursuit of the creature—an error 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, from 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, the more we researched, it became clear that this creature was completely different from the rakshasa.

The behaviour of the new creature resembles very closely 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 or her 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, astonished herself at her findings, made the initial breakthrough in research that occasioned our discovery.

Ms. Suryamatra discovered astonishing 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

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 the movements of the creature—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 to have dealt with Gupta claims that she is physically beautiful. Her skin is dark, her complexion 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 the dwelling of a victim.

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

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

There once was a proud young prince who lived a life of wealth and splendor. The prince's name was Baji Sindhia. Prince Baji was stubborn and headstrong. He was used to giving orders and commands, and 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. At once he was 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, until he could no longer leave his own bed without help.

Then Prince Baji 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. All of his blood was missing. The body was put on display for the mourners of

the town. But on the morning when the body was to be taken and cremated, the townspeople discovered it desecrated, eaten by some 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 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.

The Death of Rajiib Calukyas

Personal account by Bhoja Kalacuris, Kanpur laborer, translated by Dr. Pandit Ray, 1984. Official records list Calukyas' 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 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, of disbelief. This too changed to an expression of terror and then, finally, a blank stare, the stare of a dead man. All of this 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 in the silence.

"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 questions, 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 up to the fields where we were to 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 ate first.

Rampur Police Notes

The following notes were kept by a Captain Mahmud of the Central Constabulary of Rampur. It is important to remember that each one of the twelve police officers who were dispatched and found the dead bodies of their comrades died one at a time over the next years. 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. After the twelve men died, the killings ceased. 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 worshippers of Kali posing as gypsies) were responsible for the deaths. There is no explanation for why the string of murders stopped.

16 July 1933. 9 pm—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 complied with standard procedure.

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

The second party returned at 3 am, reporting that those officers dispatched at 8 pm 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. 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, under the belief 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 above accounts became suddenly more meaningful to the author, when on 12 January 1985, he met the fabled Bhima Gupta.

It is a hard 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, never capture our thoughts or experiences. How would I ever know the true thoughts and feelings of Kalacuris, who had aged thirty 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 should have done so without hesitating. Most certainly (and most disturbingly), I should 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 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. Slowly her tongue 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 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 absolutely certain conclusion, and that more unpublished evidence is currently under review at S.A.V.E. 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. The 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. Although 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: it 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 these examples contradict identifying Gupta as a rakshasa, despite the fact that native Indians, some eyewitnesses to her deeds, call this creature "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 S.A.V.E. envoy?

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

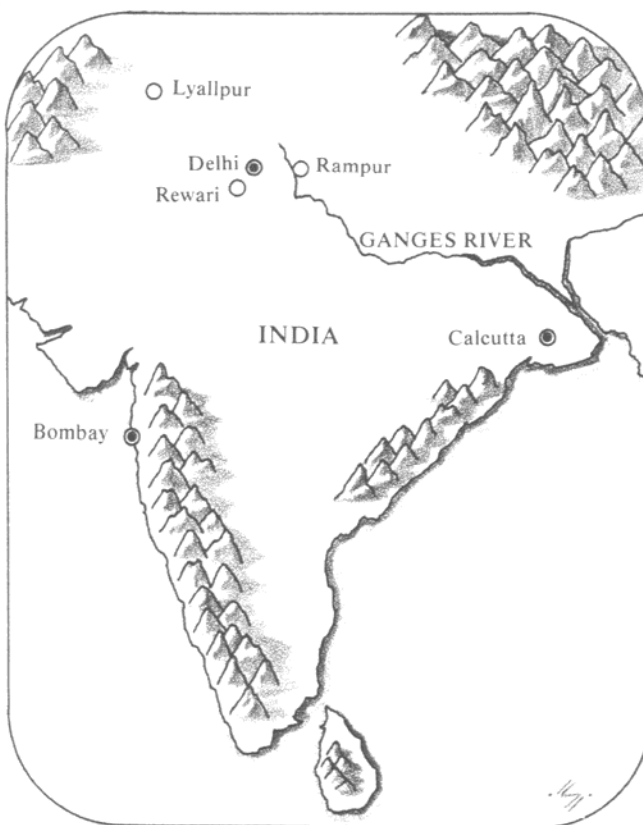
1. Do not speak to her, look into her eyes, or acknowledge her presence in any way. We do not know if these warnings are based completely on superstition, but the interviews suggest very strongly that those who spoke to or acknowledged Bhima Gupta could do nothing to avoid becoming her victims. Therefore 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 water, water specifically from the Ganges (which holds religious significance for several Indian religions), or something else 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, spend any possible time observing Bhima Gupta. Perhaps this creature rests during the day. Perhaps she is vulnerable during daylight, as some other vampires are.



Bhima Gupta Indian Vampire

STR	100	DEX	80	AGL	80
PER	100	WPR	80	PCN	100
STA	100	EWS	135	FEAR	6*
ATT	**/90%				

* 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.

Movement: Varies with form vampire takes: tiger 240'/round; cow 150'/round; cobra 90'/round. Can sprint in human form without Stamina loss.

Evil Way Disciplines: *Blind*, *Blur Vision*, *Change Self* (into cow, cobra, or tiger), *Create a Feast*, *Deadly Dreams* (see p. 94), *Halt*, *Haywire*, *Hound*, *Influence*, *Invisibility*, *Kiss of Death* (see p. 94), *Purified Shell*, *Steal Memory*, *Teleport*, *Throw Voice*, *Total Illusion*, *Wound*.

IPs: 4590

Skills: Acting/Drama (M) 149; Anthropology/Archaeology (M) 145; Antiques (M) 130; Art Criticism (M) 145; History (M) 145; Hypnotism (M) 155; Investigation (M) 132; Language, Contemporary [English, French, Portuguese, Urdu] (M) 145; Legend/Lore (M) 145; Modeling (M) 132; Disguise (M) 145; Filching (M) 145; Graphology/Forgery (M) 145; Lockpicking (M) 145

Special 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 loses 1d10 Stamina per round of exposure.
4. She must rest during daylight hours to regain 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 *Influence*) 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 by a subject.

—*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 medium wound with normal damage (Stamina loss). The wound total never rises above two medium wounds, but Stamina loss continues until Gupta's Stamina runs out. She is not destroyed, because she cannot sustain a critical wound directly from the salt, nor can the wound total accumulate to a critical wound.

6. Gupta can climb anything (at a rate of 20'/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' per round.

7. Gupta's attack involves two steps. First, she chooses a victim with an unusually high Personality score (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 or her mind in every way imaginable, Gupta begins to drain the victim's blood without his or her knowledge. To do this, she uses *Steal Memory*. Gupta will drain 1d10 points of 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 one point from her EWS score. Of course, as her EWS score falls below certain levels, she loses appropriate Evil Way disciplines.

When Gupta's victim dies, he does *not* become a vampire.

8. Gupta is destroyed if she comes into direct contact with any amount of 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 her no wounds or loss of Stamina.

Jackson De La Croix

By Pablo Rodriguez

Pablo "Bubba" Rodriguez is one of S.A.V.E'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, Divison III, by the Sporting Times.

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

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.

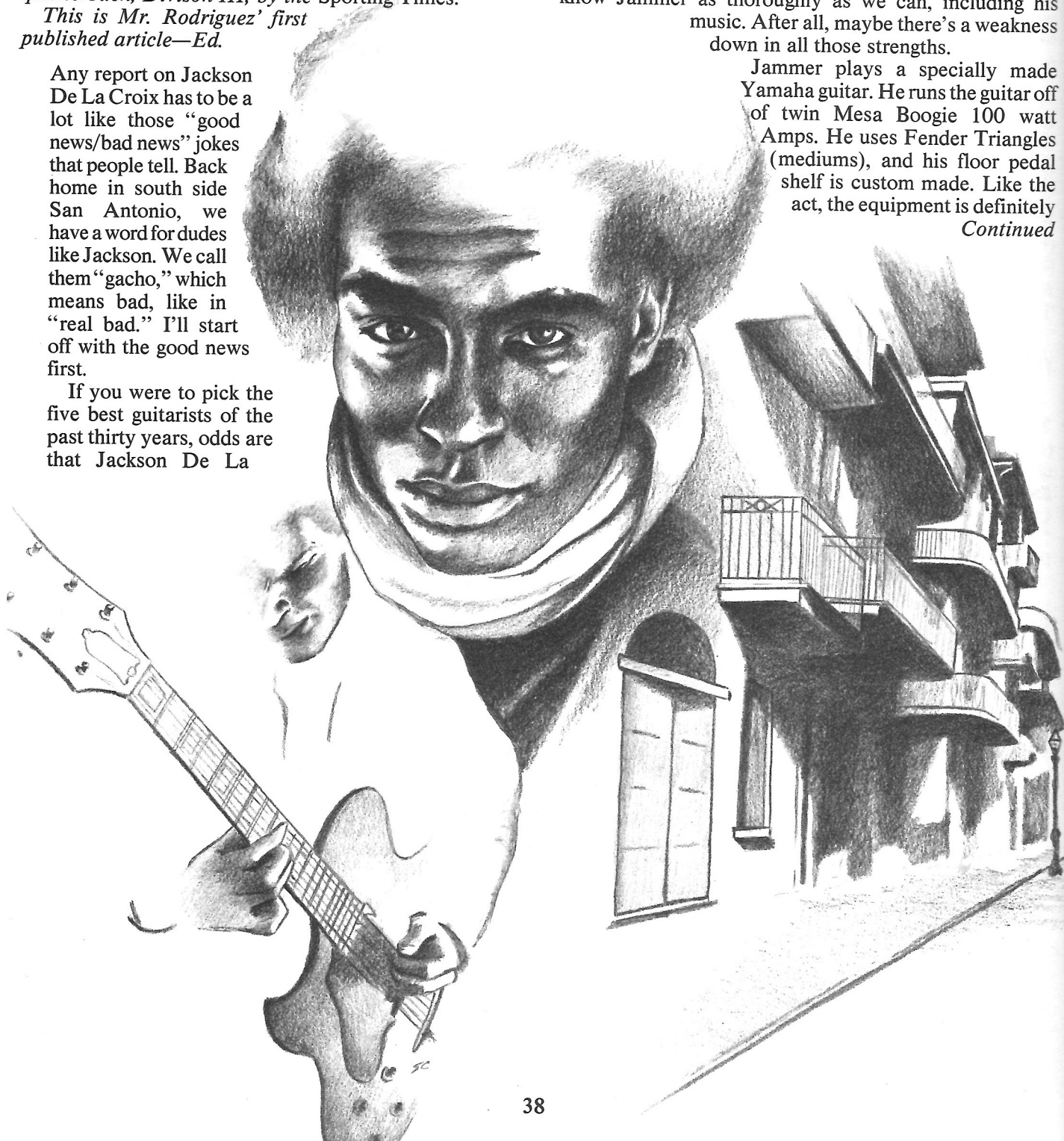
If you were to pick the five best guitarists of the past thirty years, odds are that Jackson De La

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

Continued





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 S.A.V.E. 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 "good"s 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, Whereabout Unknown, Jack.

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

JJ: That bother you, Foxx? That jock 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 twelve 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.



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, about medium complexion. He stands about six foot tall, and is pretty slender. His eyes are red (but that's common for a lot of musicians) 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, never cries. He simply continues that same dull stare. Most people attribute the expressionless face to drugs. But 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 sports 5 gold albums, 3 of which have gone platinum (the other 2 will shortly go platinum as well), and boasts 12 top 10 songs, including 7 that have reached number 1.

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 below). Although I don't know how he does it, I am certain that Jackson Jammer is somehow behind the deaths.

Concert Tour Claims 5th Victim

AP Landover 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 four 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 refering 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 18. This was followed by two deaths at Freedom Hall, Louisville, Kentucky, on January 23. The last fatality before last night's occured 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 lack of clues and witnesses to the deaths 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 F.B.I. 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."

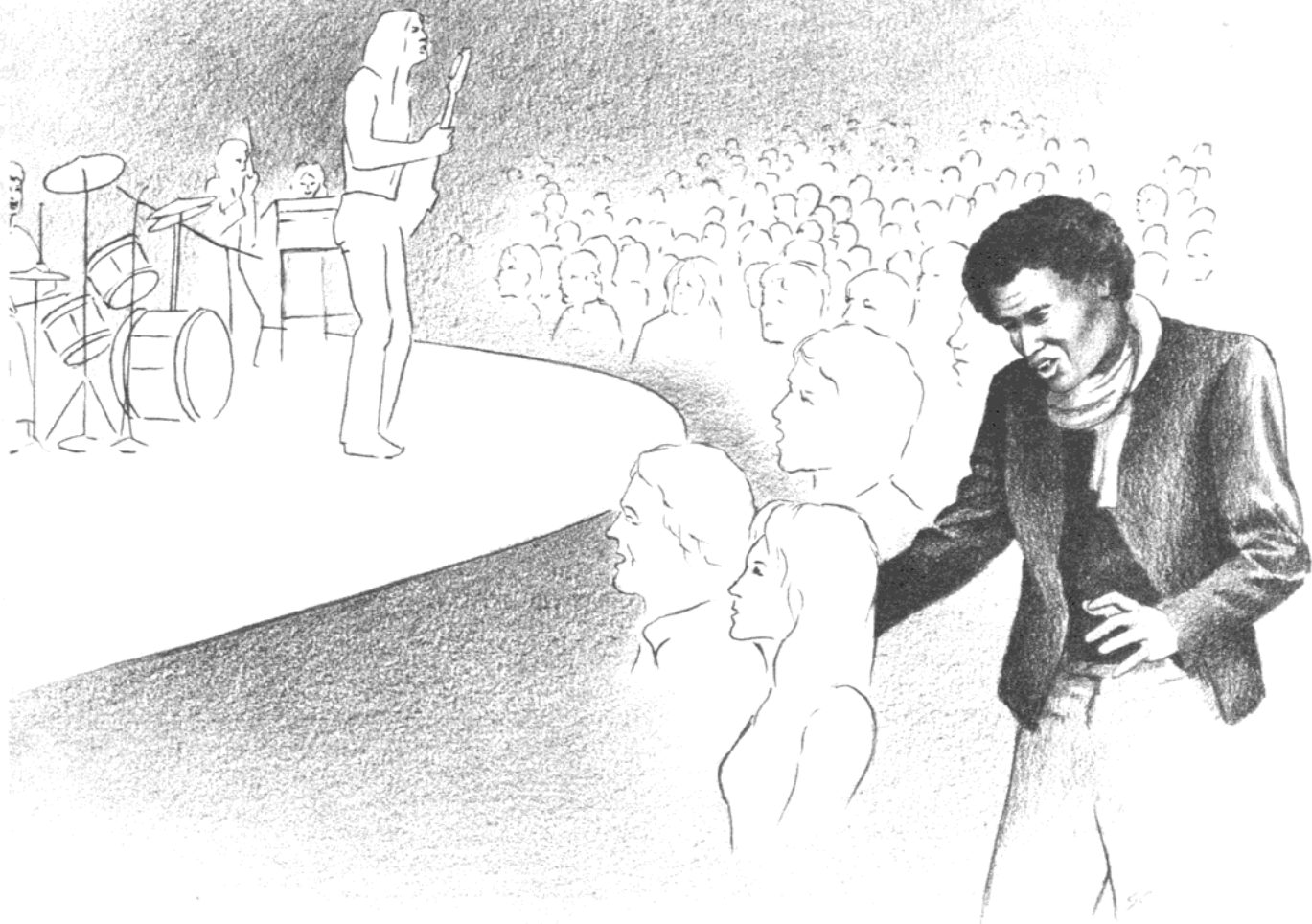
In the meantime, the popularity of the rock group Van Helsing and the resulting publicity from the mysterious deaths have made this tour the most lucrative in the history of rock music. The entire concert tour is officially sold out; scalpers are asking \$500.00 for poor seats and even more for the better seats. Many concert goers are simply attending 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 dead. Nobody did anything to her or anything. She was just suddenly dead."

Local Concert Death Linked to "Concert Vampire Killings"

AP-Landover. Prince Georges County Police have officially linked the Feb. 1 death of Misty Fields at the Capital Center during the Van Helsing concert to the string of "Concert Vampire Killings" that have plagued the successful rock tour.

"We have received the autopsy report," stated Prince Georges County Police Chief Greg Nahmens, "and it confirms what we suspected. The cause of death was



loss of blood, the same as in the previous four killings.”

“We are operating from the premise that the cause of death could not have occurred naturally,” Nahmens continued. “Homicide is officially taking over the investigation at this point.”

Nahmens has not determined how the deaths were induced, however. “The only links we have been able to establish are the neck wounds and the blood loss, causing death. We have no idea as to who or what is causing the wounds because eyewitnesses state that nobody touched the girl. Furthermore, a body can’t operate without any blood. So we are convinced that the killing took place in the Capital Center. All we have to do is figure out how the killings took place, what happened to all the blood, and we’ll probably get the killer

or killers.”

Nahmens appeared visibly disturbed during the press conference. “Look, I don’t like to stand here and look like an idiot. I don’t know the answers. I’m as baffled as you are. This whole thing is just too hard to believe, except we have five corpses to prove it happened.”

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 Delacroix. The same plantation records show that by the age of 8 the slave boy was the plantation entertainer. 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. The pallbearers were supposed to spin the coffin around and around at every intersection on the way to the burial site. This was 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 that caused him to turn into a vampire. The following account, taken from the journal of Christopher Rochateau, owner of Belle Marche, explains what happened.

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, 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 happened that work was not the most noteworthy event of the day: that 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, sills, and every other conceivable way in and out of his quarters.

Later, as the records were kept, it becomes clear that the funeral of Jackson Delacroix literally came back to haunt the plantation. Slaves are frightened, complaining to Rochateau that they can hear Jackson playing in the swamps at night when everyone is supposed to be asleep. Slaves, members of the Rochateau family, and especially the overseers, mysteriously disappear at night or die of anemia. The slaves continually blame Jackson for the tragedies. Most of the slaves are willing to risk their own lives in attempts to escape the plantation before they too become victims of Jackson Delacroix.

Eventually, the plantation goes under, the Civil War breaks out, and the swamp grows over the Rochateau plantation.

After the Civil War

In 1867 Jackson Delacroix actually appeared in public and was recognized by a former slave from Belle Marche. The event takes 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.

A certain black man, 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, 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 looking for someone, pretended that he could not find the person, and walked out. Evidently Jackson Delacroix didn't recognize Cecil, because Cecil died peacefully 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 Delacroix 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 and then loses himself in hiding places backstage. 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 neatly 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 Mary McGill was certain that Jackson was dead, and was shouting this to the guards, when she suddenly collapsed dead in 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, his 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, who is going to 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 1940's, as has Jackson De La Croix. But there was a time in the late 40's and early 50's where 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 Perdidos." 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

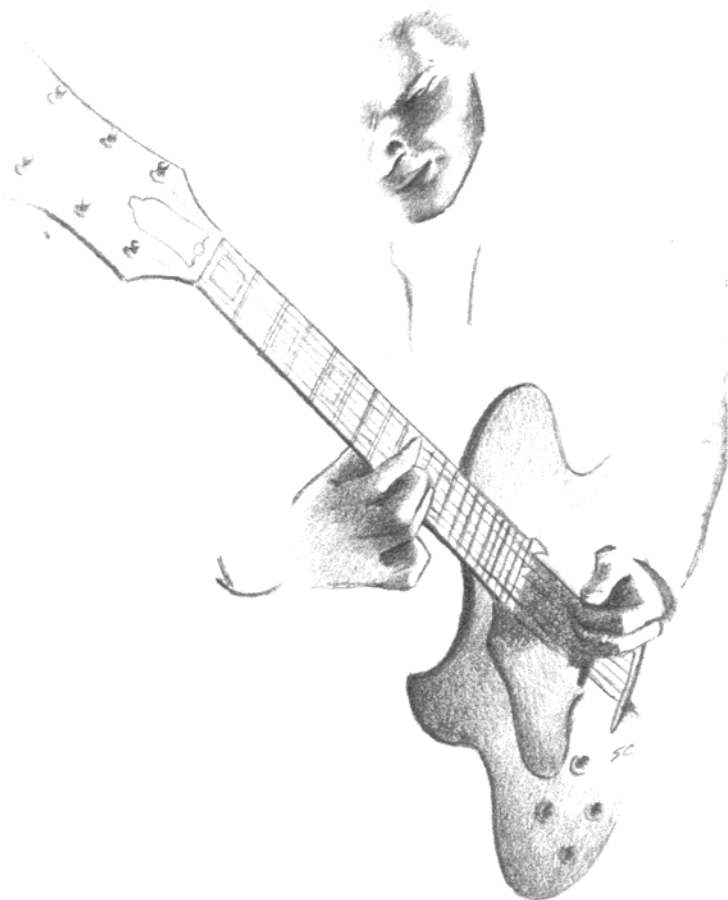
autopsies performed. Therefore, we cannot be sure that Jackson was operating in the Rio Grande area.

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, at 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 victims was female, and each 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 were 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 60's, 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 70's Jackson Jammer skipped through the big time. Occasionally he recorded as a guest musician on somebody else's album, or he would appear as a sur-



prise 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, Neil Schon, and Pete Townsend.

Jackson De La Croix and S.A.V.E.

S.A.V.E. 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, S.A.V.E. never tried to destroy this vampire. Now the organization feels that a mission can be successful and should be supported.

One of the reasons why S.A.V.E. never went after Jackson Jammer was because they were not sure how he did what he does. Now, I believe I have found solid evidence.

The secret lies in one of our standard S.A.V.E. texts, *Devices of the Enemy*, by Michael O'Boylan:

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. 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 shopping 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.

Now that the organization 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.

Though 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 S.A.V.E. 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.

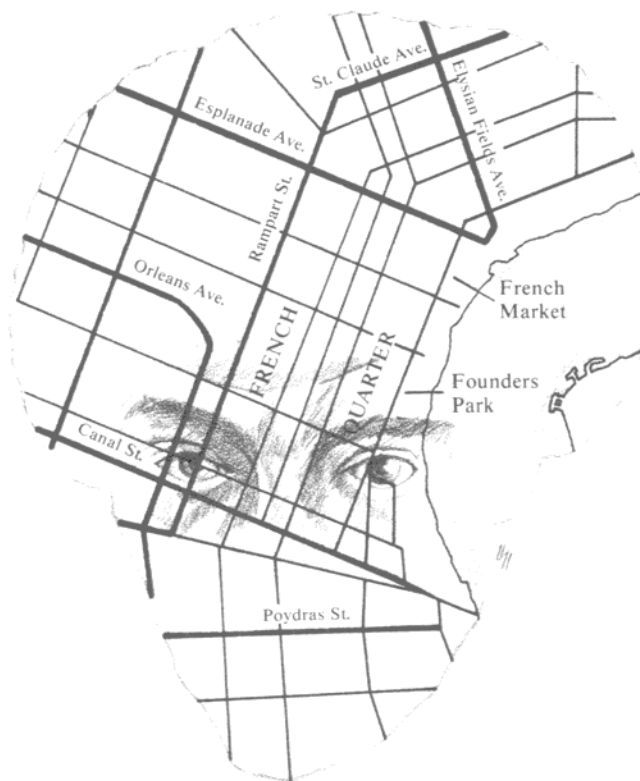
Getting to Jackson Jammer will be extremely tough. To begin with, each concert is patrolled by security people and police. None of these people are likely to let you in the dressing rooms to kill a vampire. Furthermore, once you are inside, you'll have to deal with the production crew. Everyone from 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 discipline *Time Stop*. 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 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 will have 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

STR	40	DEX	135	AGL	40
PER	100	WPR	80	PCN	100
STA	60	EWS	135	FEAR	6
ATT	2/40%				

Movement: Variable according to form: can sprint in human form without Stamina loss; can move as mist or fog 75' per round.

Evil Way Disciplines: Change Self (to mist or fog), Time Stop*.

Manipulation: Yes, when in human form.

IPs: 540

* This form of *Time Stop* is automatically successful as with a "C" result within the intended range and area. Even S.A.V.E. envoys are automatically affected. However, any character wearing a silver indalo is totally immune to the effects of this discipline.

Skills: Javelin (M) 190; Acting/Drama (M) 149; Anthropology/Archaeology (M) 145; Antiques (M) 130; Art Criticism (M) 145; History (M) 145; Legend/Lore (M) 145; Modeling (M) 132

Special Characteristics

1. Unlike Dracula, the common Carpathian, and many other kinds of vampires, De La Croix casts a reflection and reproduces an image on film and video tape. 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 eight hours to regain 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 a character approaches. (Use a general Perception Check for the resting vampire to see if he awakens when a character approaches).

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

A *Silver Indalo* makes the wearer immune to De La Croix's use of the Evil Way discipline *Time Stop*.

Any *religious symbol* (these include 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 comes 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.

Garlic has 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 two weeks in order to survive. Failure to feed this often 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 cannot be wounded. If he nears or reaches zero Stamina, 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 return 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.

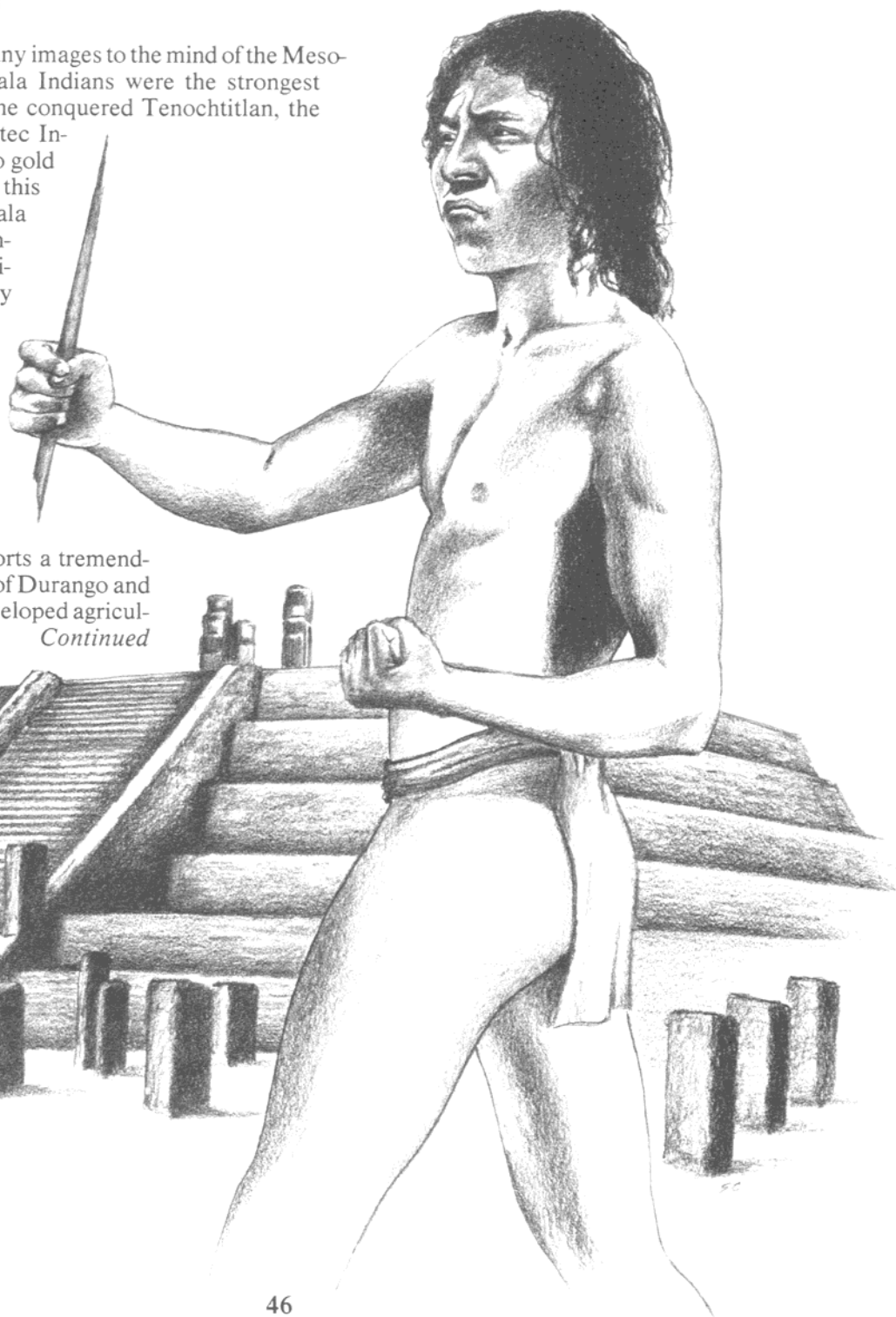
By Jose Sotero Guevara, Ph.D.

It has been said that no S.A.V.E. 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.

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 agricul-

Continued



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

Terevaldo 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 S.A.V.E. envoy).

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 nightfallen reasons.

So it was that Don Roberto arrived the second time at Josue Maldicho's glitterball, resplendent in lies and magnificent 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. All the while 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, a mural depicting 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 Josue Maldicho, if not in reverence: "Yes, 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.



ture 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 Monterrey 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-Columbian ancestors, but aspects of the ancient religion as well—including the worship of pre-Columbian 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 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 of perhaps 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 S.A.V.E., I might well have been converted to the ancient religion on the spot. However, I sensed the presence of the Unknown and recognized certain disciplines of the Evil Way. 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.

My next encounter with the creature was 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 to figure out the nature of the creature.

Once again I was surprised that a ceremony of the sun god Tezcatlipoca would be held in the evening, 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, which was soon picked up by the crowd. The chant 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. It 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 disappeared.

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 on the altar. 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 sects of Islam.

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 had 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 strange ceremony had 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. I needed more answers. Despite my rising horror, I needed to stay and observe more, though 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, walking 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. Immediately he 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. 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, 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 begins any acquaintance 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.

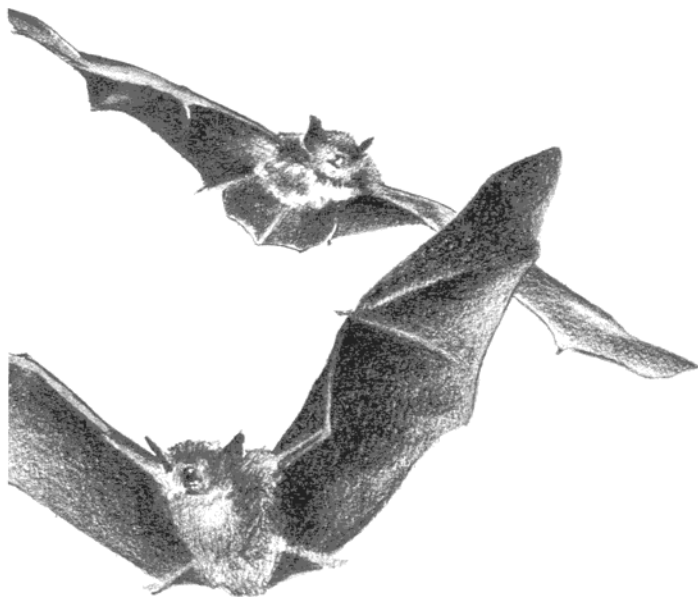
I was far too human: Don Roberto's surprising statement played directly to my vanity. My audience listened attentively (I believed, admiringly) as I rambled on, trying to sound important and scholarly. When it came his time to talk, Don Roberto explained that he had come all the way from his home in 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 S.A.V.E. 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 occurred after my own passing. Whatever the circumstances, the conclusions I had reached should be set forth—for the sake of the Organization 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 S.A.V.E. 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/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 S.A.V.E. 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 back yard.

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, for hundreds of years. 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

STR	90	DEX	90	AGL	90
PER	90	WPR	90	PCN	90
STA	90	EWS	135	FEAR	6*
ATT	4/90%				

Movement: Varies with form vampire takes: can sprint in human form without STA loss.

Evil Way Disciplines: *Animation of the Dead*, Change Self (to bat, eagle, hummingbird, jaguar, fish, rattlesnake, man or woman of any race)¹, Change Temperature, Change Weather, Darken, *Deadly Dreams* (see p. 94), *Deadly Remains* (see p. 94), Enormity, *Evil Eye*, Flight, *Haywire*, *Influence*, Invisibility, Lightning Call, Quiet, Rain (see p. 94), Raise Wind, Shake the Earth, *Steal Memory*, *Swarm*², Telekinesis, Teleport, Throw Voice, Wave of Fog, Write.

¹ These changes can only take place after sunset and before sunrise.

² Can *Swarm* animals described in *Horrors from the Unknown*, as well as bats, eagles, hummingbirds, and rattlesnakes.

Manipulation: Yes, when in human form

IPs: 6750

Skills: Acting/Drama (M) 145; Anthropology/Archaeology (M) 145; Antiques (M) 125; History (M) 145; Language, Contemporary [Spanish, English, and French] (M) 145; Legend/Lore (M) 145; Medicine (M) 135; Disguise (M) 145; Graphology/Forgery (M) 145; Swimming (Automatic: Huitzotl cannot drown)

Special Characteristics

1. 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 Don Roberto, his reflection appears in the mirror, but not the reflection of the smoke.

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

3. Unlike his inferior vampire cousins, Don Roberto 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 discipline 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 Don Roberto has used *Change Self* to become a fish just before sunrise, and the sun then rises,

Don Roberto must remain in the shape of a fish until the sun sets.)

4. Don Roberto must rest for 8 hours in order to regain 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. Don Roberto prefers to rest during the daylight hours when he is most vulnerable to attack. During his rest, Don Roberto will appear dead, but he is fully aware of everything that is going on around him.

5. The following items offer protection against Don Roberto:

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

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

—*Salt*. Don Roberto 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 Don Roberto can cross.

6. Don Roberto can make four attacks per round, not just two.

7. Don Roberto's blood drain causes the victim to lose 1d10 Stamina points per minute. He will drink for 1d10 minutes, or as the CM judges to be effective in the adventure scenario. A victim who dies from Don Roberto's bite does not become a vampire.

8. Don Roberto suffers normal Stamina loss from all forms of attacks, but cannot be wounded by weapons of any type.

9. To destroy Don Roberto, a character must burn the heart of the vampire. The problem is locating the heart which has been separated from the vampire's body for centuries. The heart will begin to 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. Don Roberto's powers are not diminished (although the vampire is not able to extinguish the fire himself) until the heart is completely burned, at which point the vampire is destroyed.

Elizabeth Bathory

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 S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. 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*.*

In all of the S.A.V.E. records, the case of Elizabeth Bathory is perhaps the most horrifying. To her contemporaries of the 17th 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.

Continued





In the Arms of the Countess

From *Letters to Brother Georg*, by Miroslav Gorba

Translated by Dr. Wilhelm Geistmann

The works of 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.

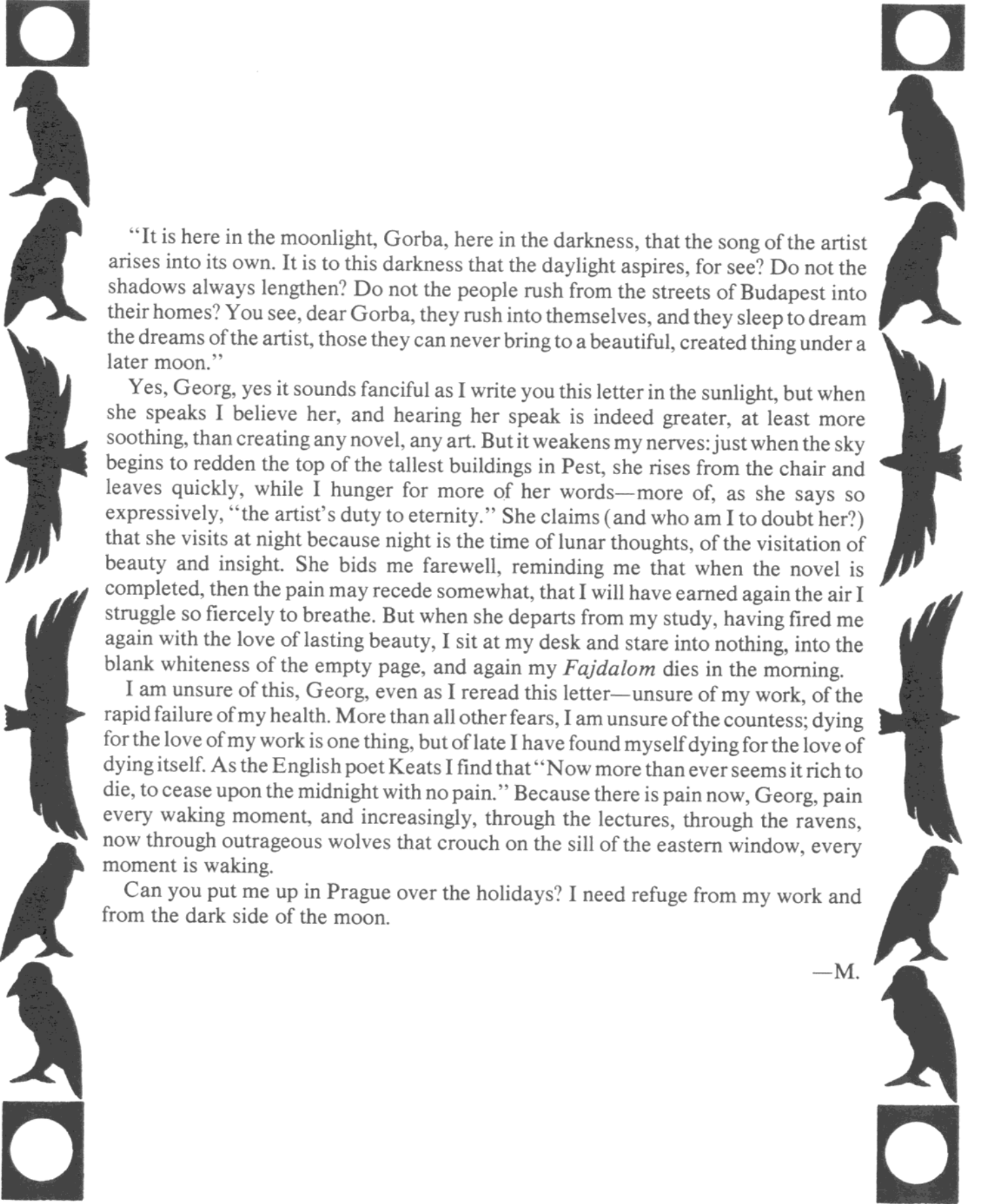
Dismissed by many as the hallucinations of a man wracked with the pain of tuberculosis, the Letters have been an invaluable S.A. V.E. document, especially on the subject of Elizabeth Bathory. From this excerpt, and from the later account of novelist Flechero Lunares, we begin to see that, although Bathory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

12 December, 1929

Again, Georg, I am 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, Elisabeth (she allows me to call her Elisabeth, 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 after 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, 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.

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 Stephan 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 herself.

As a child, Elizabeth was betrothed to Count Ferencz Nadasdy. She was married, on May 8, 1575, at 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 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 her husband's jealous tendencies, the Countess Elizabeth was almost a prisoner in her own home. This 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 voodoolike 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. S.A.V.E., 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. S.A.V.E. has not been able to identify the "dark stranger," but certain possibilities arise, none of them all that reassuring. First of all, 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 his "death" as the Prince of Wallachia in 1476 until the time of his identification by Jonathan Harker in the late 19th century. If this stranger were indeed Dracula, it would easily account for the strange and bizarre 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 Szentcs, 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, suddenly, 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, 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 a 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 swift-ness 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 countess' 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 needs 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 one of the intended victims somehow managed to escape the castle. She informed the authorities of the gruesome rituals in Castle Csejthe, of the horrifying needs of the "Blood Countess." Eventually the word 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, 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 toothmarks on the bodies, 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.

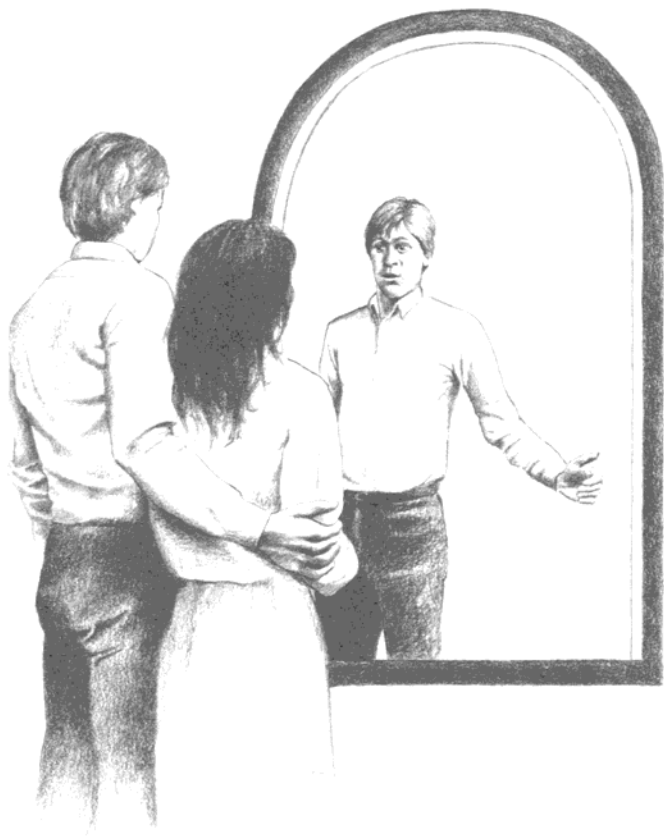
The trial itself was held in Bitse during January and February of 1611. Elizabeth never appeared in her own trial. In fact, she refused to plead guilty or innocent, perhaps relying upon her family name and the belief that the nobles were above the law. The complete original transcript of the trial still 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—this 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 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, assuring that the vampire was not destroyed—that she would return at a later time.

1947: The Pavlovic Expedition

In 1947, S.A.V.E. 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 Organization. A S.A.V.E. 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 vampiress and shot Hazi. When he realized that Hazi had not doublecrossed 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 remains highly unfamiliar to most Westerners. It maintains the same strange

blend of Europe and Asia that characterizes many Eastern European cities under the Soviet influence.

Under the Soviet influence it is: the National Assembly, supposedly the chief governing body in Hungary, must remain answerable to Moscow. The Soviets, as the phrase goes, "have a substantial military advisory presence," and keep a close eye on Hungarian nationalists and political dissidents.

One would suppose, given the tight security inside Hungary, that the country would no longer be a safe home for vampires. The most recent S.A.V.E. evidence seems to indicate that vampires are alive and well indeed, still plaguing the lands in which they have risen to their greatest infamy.

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 went unknown: he was one of S.A.V.E.'s most courageous and resourceful field envoys until his recent disappearance).

Lunares was between expeditions for the organization, and although he had some misgivings about the trip, saw it as a potential "exchange of literary and political ideas," not to mention a welcome rest from his continual search for the Latin American vampire Huitzotl. Fortunately for S.A.V.E., he found the trip anything but restful, as this excerpt from his report to S.A.V.E. Central indicates:

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, member of the Hungarian General Assembly. Politicians in the Northern Hemisphere usually have the intellect and ethics of sheep rustlers, but the Assembly-woman's stunning beauty made me suspend my judgement for the moment. As the conversation continued, Comrade Dosza 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 glamor 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 Dosza 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 Dosza noticed 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, Dmitriu, and the others...

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 well 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 during the time of the countess.

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 S.A.V.E. 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 of 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. 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.



Elizabeth Bathory

STR	90	DEX	80	AGL	90
PER	120	WPR	110	PCN	100
STA	120	EWS	150	FEAR	6*
ATT	2/90%				

* See text below

Movement: Varies according to form: in human form, can sprint without Stamina loss; can move 75' per round as mist or fog, 225' as raven or wolf.

Disciplines: Animation of the Dead, Appear Dead (Self), Change Self (to large raven, white wolf, woman of any race, cloud of fog), Create a Feast, *Darken*, *Dreamsend*, *Evil Eye*, *Flight*¹, *Gnarl*, *Halt*, *Haywire*, *Influence*, *Purified Shell*, *Quiet*, *Slam*, *Sleep*, *Steal Memory*, *Summon*, *Swarm*, *Telekinesis*, *Teleport*, *Total Illusion*, *Wave of Fog*, *White Heat*.

¹ Bathory can use *Flight* any time, day or night, except for one hour after sunrise and one 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.

IPs: 7200

Skills: Dagger/Knife (M) 145; Acting/Drama (M) 165; Anthropology/Archaeology (M) 160; Antiques (M) 130; Art Criticism (M) 160; History (M) 160; Hypnotism (M) 165; Investigation (M) 142; Language, Contemporary [all European and Indo-Chinese languages] (M) 160; Language, Ancient (M) 160; Legend Lore (M) 160; Modeling (M) 142; Disguise (M) 155; Filching (M) 145; Graphology/Forgery (M) 145

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

2. Daylight does not harm or affect Bathory; however, she cannot use the Evil Way for one hour immediately following sunrise, and one hour immediately following sunset.

3. Bathory can control people who are reduced to 5 or fewer Stamina points by her bite. The extent of this control equals a "C" result under the discipline *Influence*.

4. Bathory must rest once her Stamina or Willpower goes below 10. 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 restore all lost Willpower and Stamina. If Bathory is disturbed before the 12 hours have passed, her Stamina and Willpower remain where they were when she began resting; she must start all over again and rest for an entire 12 hours in order to recuperate 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 the Greek Orthodox Church. Upon seeing this item, Bathory cowers and leaves the room or area in any manner available. Bathory cannot approach within 2-1/2' 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 a bulb of garlic within 2-1/2 feet causes Bathory to leave the room or immediate area. She will use the Evil Way (particularly the discipline *Influence*) or her Hypnosis 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 causes an automatic critical wound to Bathory with full damage results (including Stamina loss).

—*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 still use the Evil Way, except for any discipline that 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 three young (younger than 25 years old) female victims a week, or her Personality score drops by 50 points for one week. She will appear to have aged 25 years from her usual appearance (that of a beautiful 25 year old woman). For one 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 loses another 50 points from her Personality score. If she fails to claim three 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 falls to zero. 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 points of Stamina per minute. The blood drain lasts for 1d10 minutes.

8. There are several ways to destroy Bathory. If she sustains enough wound damage from table salt, she eventually dies.

A wooden stake driven through her heart leaves her completely helpless for one 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 wounds or Stamina loss from normal weapons.

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. How-

ever, 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. Manzanori Minowara, a biologist from Japan, wrote a letter to S.A.V.E. 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

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In the Blackout of Kyoto

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.

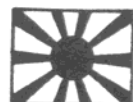
The bombings of 1944 were only episodes to me. The memories of a six-year-old, especially when recalled from a distance of forty years, are a series of high points and crises. In wartime, such perceptions are even more fragmented, or so they tell me. For the life of me, I seldom can connect event with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



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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 S.A.V.E. ceased. Dr. Minowara himself was killed in a U.S. bombing run over Osaka in December, 1944.

Before the S.A.V.E. 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 its 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 to be comfortable in all aspects of the night. They were like cats—seeing in the dark, travelling unnoticed in the shadows, 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 seem 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 S.A.V.E., we can assume that the creature, while he may possess Evil Way powers, 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 abilities and skills. The vampire’s strength, general 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 martial arts skill, 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 through 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, allowing the Death Ninja to mingle among the living without being detected. As regards 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 or so. 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 “corpselike.” 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, nor could they attach the odor to a specific origin. One witness, however—a man who worked in wartime by burying 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 certainly can 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 S.A.V.E. 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.

First Hand Accounts

Nishi Oka in Osaka (1789)

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 dreamed 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.

Nishi Oka in Kyoto(1880)

First hand 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 caused one to remember 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 torn 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 I should join their ranks.

I remember running faster than I could run when young. I had no idea where to run to, 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 large container—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 black-

ness. 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, and saw it. It was not human. The ninja had rotten, unblinking eyes. The flesh on his face had long been dead. Even the bone that protruded from his cheek was whitened, dried and decayed. His hair was clumped and tangled with terrible things.

Everything seemed to be frozen, frozen for hours. The ninja creature stood poised above me, evidently enjoying my suffering and panic 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 yet 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.

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 compelling.

—Ed.

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 felt that inability to use the Evil Way 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 Evil Way disciplines means that one cannot detect the vampire though his use of such phenomena.

The lack of use of the Evil Way has also caused one important tendency in 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, 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 19th century account of Shigenobu, reprinted above), the creature is indiscriminate in his choice of victims. He happens upon a likely victim, and 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.



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;

field envoys should think twice before staking their lives on any of these defenses.

1. A bowl of uncooked rice will keep a vampire out of a room.
2. The crowing of a rooster will scare away a vampire (this might well be borne out by the Shigenobu account).
3. A raw fish will keep a vampire out of a room.
4. A open bottle or glass of saki will keep a vampire out of a room. Some say the saki must be the sweet Mi-Rin saki (this, in turn, might well be borne out by the account of the gravedigger presented above).
5. A vampire will not cross a line of salt.
6. Three lies told to a vampire will confuse the creature and allow the victim time to escape.

Nishi Oka

STR	100	DEX	100	AGL	100
PER	100	WPR	100	PCN	100
STA	150	EWS	NA	FEAR	*
ATT	2/100[6/155]**				

* Oka's FEAR Column 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 the 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 two attacks per round. However, when using his Martial Arts skill, he can make six attacks per round.

Movement: As human, but can sprint without Stamina loss.

IPs: 1600

SKILLS: Martial Arts (MA) 155; Dagger/Knife (MA) 155; Longsword (MA) 155; Mace/Club (MA) 155; Shortsword (MA) 155; Spear (MA) 155; Sword, 2-handed (MA) 155; Longbow (MA) 155; Shortbow (MA) 155; Dagger/Knife (MA) 155; Javelin (MA) 155; Spear (MA) 155; Acting/Drama (MA) 172; Anthropology/Archaeology (MA) 180; Hypnotism (MA) 155; Investigation (MA) 139; Mechanics (MA) 155; Medicine (MA) 155; Outdoor Survival (MA) 155; Tracking (MA) 130; Disguise (MA) 155; Explosives (MA) 155; Filching (MA) 155; Graphology/Forgery (MA) 155; Lockpicking (MA) 155; Long-distance running#; Swimming#

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.

Special Characteristics

As CM, you should become familiar with the following qualities:

1. Nishi Oka cannot cast a reflection in a mirror or any other device that requires a light image, such as a camera, a video tape 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 with full lighting. 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 below).

4. The following items offer protection 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 of entry, 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.

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

Nishi Oka makes two attacks per round unless he is employing his Martial Arts skill, in which case he is permitted six attacks per round. He suffers neither Stamina nor wound damage 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 rolls a "C" result for Oka on a Strength check, using column 2 of the CHILL™ Action Table. As the result of this unique vampire 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: One, he or she must drive a wooden stake through the heart of the vampire while the creature is in his helpless "meditative state." Two, he or she 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.

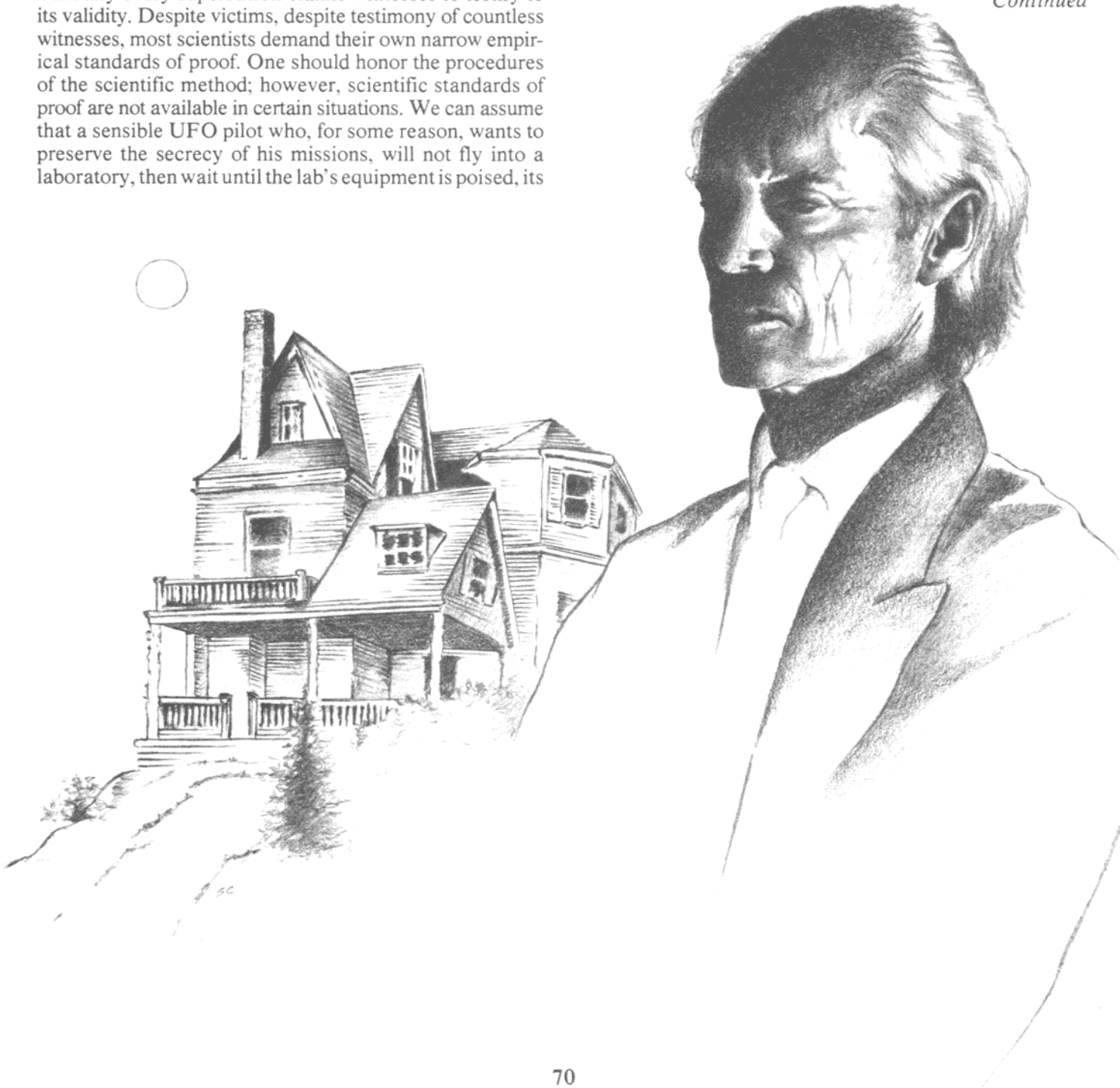
(Excerpted from unpublished manuscript *Ancient Superstitions in Modern Society*, by Ellsworth Smythe III, Ph.D.)

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 break-

Continued



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 Vermonter, 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. S.A.V.E. 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 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. I resolve to remain stalwart, no matter the temptation. If she is Cabot's servant (or worse, 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.

Have decided to confront Mr. Cabot with my desertion, rather than having him find out from another 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 with me in that bed—the feelings of weakness, of helplessness, of one of night's most dreaded creature 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 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.

through 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, had 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 the Puritan habit of maintaining intricate records concerning even the most mundane circumstances.

The American historian Anthony Doldrum claims in his study *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 folktale superstition gone wild.

Ironically, the general hysteria of the time, finding, as it were, a witch under every rock, 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 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 June 4, 1693, "...I had occaysion to passe 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 Cleanly 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 slyde into Middle Age."³ This as Cabot nears his 90th 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.

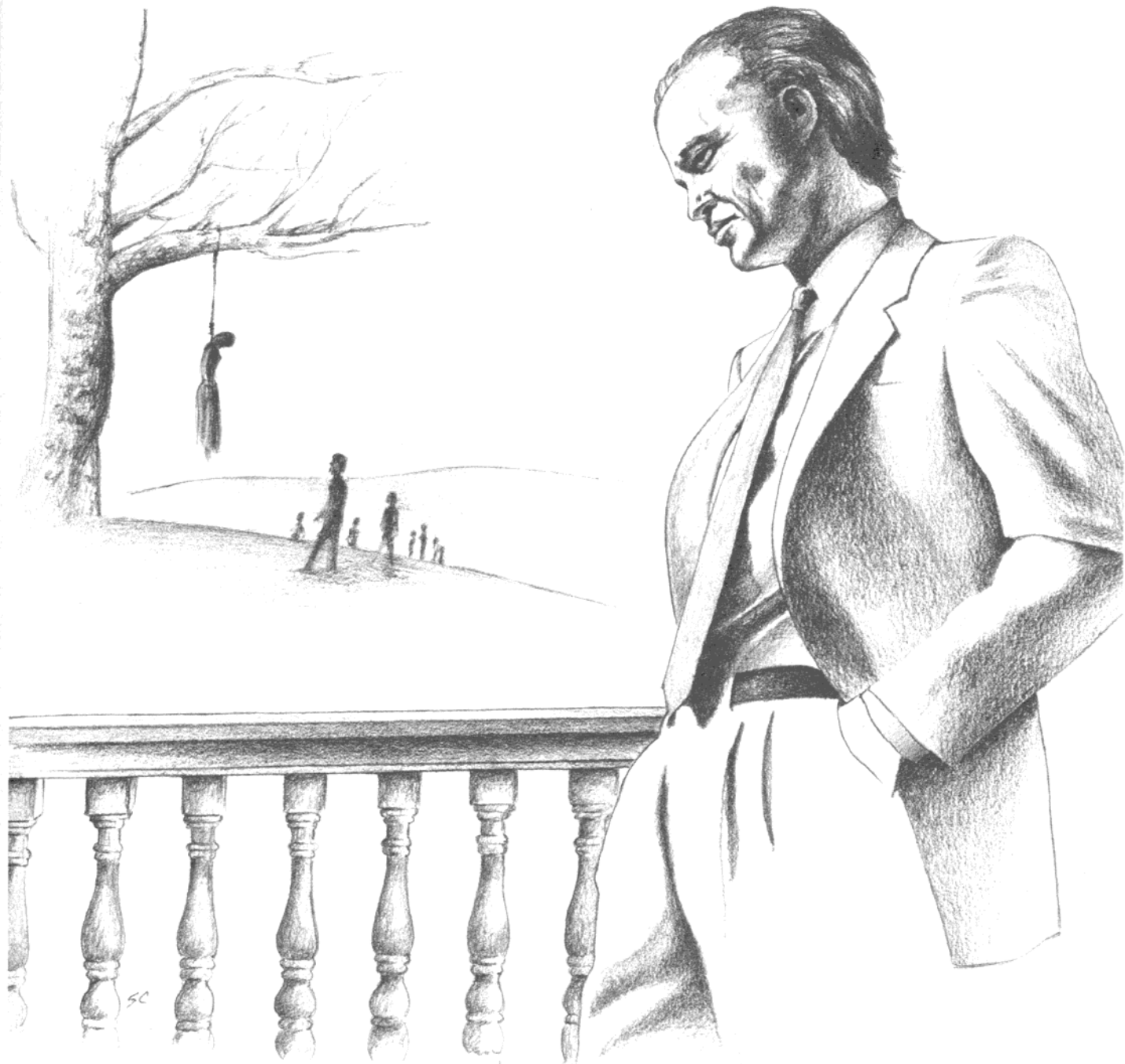
The cycle continues to this day, bringing us to the conclusion that Ezra Providence Cabot is alive, and residing in Salem, Massachusetts.

The Identification of Mr. Cabot

By 1846, the eighth American branch of the Societas Albae Viae Eternitata (S.A.V.E.) had been established in Boston. Though he lived less than 20 miles from the front door of Boston's S.A.V.E. Central Offices, Cabot himself was so private, so secretive, that it was over 40 years before he aroused enough suspicion to merit a genuine S.A.V.E. 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. S.A.V.E. officials in Boston, particularly Mr. Dennis Cunningham, a childhood friend of S.A.V.E. mainstay Michael O'Boylan, decided the situation was worth investigating.

At first, S.A.V.E. 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,



S.A.V.E. began investigating Ezra P. Cabot. A period of research into various Salem archives ended in the death of S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. 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 following letter to his friend and fellow

S.A.V.E. envoy, Michael O’Boylan:

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; twelve times we watched, and twelve 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 crawl-space 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,

D—⁶



Within a week, Cunningham and his cohorts were all found dead—supposed “victims of the plague.” Of course, S.A.V.E. was hardly convinced of this explanation; still, the organization 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, should collect information thoroughly and cautiously; else the organization will send more envoys to a grisly death.

Since the disastrous Cunningham mission, S.A.V.E. has made no all-out effort to destroy Cabot. The fear has been (and justifiably so) that this vampire is too powerful an enemy, that more research is necessary. Instead, a number of envoys embarked to gather as much information as they possibly could on Ezra Cabot. Some of the envoys, such as 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 S.A.V.E. form a portrait of the 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 S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. experts. Some believe that the woman was some sort of minion of the vampire, others that she was a victim unaware of her impending fate when she opened the door for Paula. Still others believe that the woman could have been the vampire, Ezra Cabot himself.

Habits of the Vampire

Ezra Cabot rarely appears in the daytime, although he has been known to walk in sunlight. We assume that he prefers to rest during the day, when apparently he is most vulnerable, then moves about during the night. Unfortunately, we do not know exactly how the daylight weakens him.

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, S.A.V.E. has arrived at a curious conclusion: it seems that this particular vampire is not as bound to his bloodlust as others: our 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 the 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. S.A.V.E. 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. S.A.V.E. experts believe the "power" to be the vampire's use of Evil Way, most likely something close to the 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 a 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 currently understand it, does not affect the user's substance, and Cabot would have been forced to dodge the S.A.V.E. envoys in impossibly close quarters). Shape change is a more likely explanation for how Cabot managed to elude Cunningham: perhaps the black 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. S.A.V.E. envoys in the field should be cautious, assuming that Cabot possesses all of these powers.

Concluding Remarks

The preceding information, assembled to assist future S.A.V.E. field 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 laid down 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 still stand in the half-light of ignorance.

We do know that Cabot is extremely powerful: from what we have experienced, almost as powerful as Dracula, and perhaps (though I shudder to speak it!) 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 17th century witchhunters 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 S.A.V.E.

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 fitful and dim, indeed.

Those who are sent, 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

Court records—Record of birth of subject in Her Majesty's Colony, records of baptism et. al 1630, Salem, Mass.

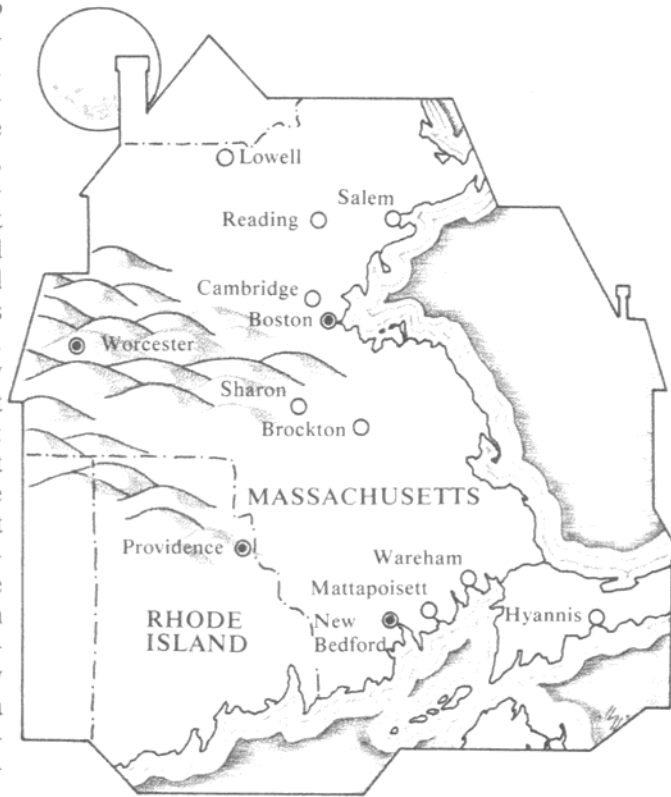
² "Private Journal of Nathan Radford," Collected private works of Nathan Radford (1690-1693) -from the Wm. Bradford Collection, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

³ Letter from Prudence Winthrop to Elizabeth Hutchinson, 1720,-from the Wm. Bradford Collection, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

⁴ Volume IV, Number 2, pp.643, *Essex County-Records of Births and Deaths*, Salem, Mass.

⁵ Volume III, Number 8, pp.1032, *Essex County-Records of Births and Deaths*, Salem, Mass.

⁶ *Complete Correspondence of Michael O'Boylan*, vol. III. Ed. Desmond Kearney (Dublin: Indalo Press, 1962), p. 129.



Ezra Providence Cabot: New England Vampire

STR	100	DEX	60	AGL	80
PER	60	WPR	130	PCN	100
STA	125	EWS	135	FEAR	6*
ATT	3/90%				

* Usually, characters do not need to make a fear check when they encounter Cabot, because he appears as a human being. However, when he reveals himself as a vampire, PCs may make a fear check (CM's discretion).

Movement: Varies according to form: bat 100', black snake 90', fog 75'. Sprints in human form without Stamina loss.

Evil Way Disciplines: *Animation of the Dead*, *Appear Dead* (Other), *Blind*, *Blur Vision*, *Change Self* (to bat, black snake [use Mamba stats; black snake is, however, nonpoisonous], cloud of fog, young woman), *Create a Feast*, *Darken*, *Dreamsend* (see p.94), *Evil Eye*, *Ghostly Lights*, *Halt*, *Haywire*, *Influence*, *Invisibility*, *Quiet*, *Second Light*, *Slam* (see p.94), *Steal Memory*, *Telekinesis*, *Teleport*, *Throw Voice*, *Write*.

Manipulation: Yes, when in human form
IPs: 2970

Skills: Club (M) 145; Musket (M) 115; Acting/Drama (M) 152; Antiques (M) 130; Art Criticism (M) 170; History (M) 170; Investigation (M) 149; Modeling (M) 149; Tracking (M) 130; Disguise (M) 115; Filching (M) 135; Graphology/Forgery (M) 135; Lockpicking (M) 135

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 purposefully used to "detect vampires."

2. Sunlight affects Cabot only in that he is unable to use the Evil Way discipline *Change Self* to alter his shape during daytime: if he is in his black snake form when the sun rises, he remains in the shape of the snake until the sun sets.

3. Cabot must rest in his coffin for 8 hours in order to regain lost Stamina and Willpower. He prefers to rest by day, because his inability to *Change Self* makes him more vulnerable then. 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 (upside down) at a rate of 20' per round, while in any of his forms.

5. Ezra Cabot's blood drain attack drains 1d10 Stamina points 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 *Influence* or some other means. When drinking the blood of a PC, Cabot drinks for 1d10 minutes, or as the CM judges to be effective in the adventure scenario.

Cabot can control people reduced to 5 or fewer Stamina points by his bite. The extent of control equals the "C" result under the discipline *Influence*.

Ezra Cabot gets three 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 six months or he will be destroyed. Since the vampire knows this, he is extraordinarily cautious, searching for a new victim every three months.

7. The following items offer protection against Ezra 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 the Evil Way (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:

I. Drive wooden stakes through him. The stakes cause normal wound and Stamina loss. When the vampire reaches zero Stamina and has a Critical wound, he is destroyed.

II. Place a cross or crucifix upon his chest while he is resting. This causes an immediate and automatic critical wound, with normal wound damage and Stamina loss. Cabot remains helpless, continually losing Stamina 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 causes normal wounds on him, regardless of the location of the hit. Therefore, Cabot can die from multiple attacks using either crosses or stakes.

The Oriental Vampire

A Comparative Study of the Oriental Vampires Siu Wong and Li Chang.

by Terri Yih

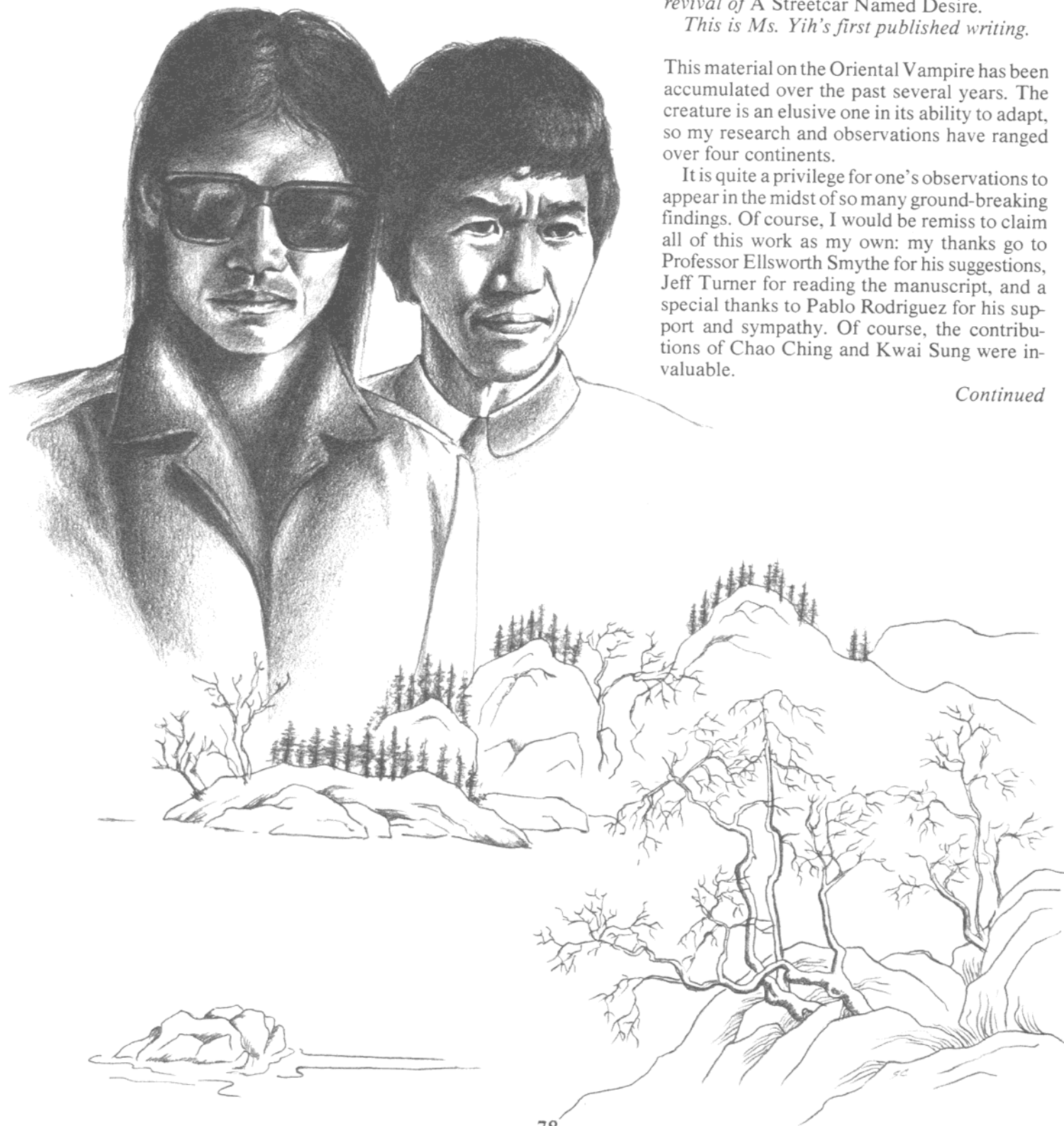
Terri Yih, native of New York City, now teaches only part-time in her old post at Severn College. More of her time is spent on Broadway, where she has appeared in some highly acclaimed supporting roles—especially that of Stella in British director Paul Stream's long-running revival of A Streetcar Named Desire.

This is Ms. Yih's first published writing.

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.

Continued



The Bandits of the Min

from *The Journal of Giacomo della Napoli*

Giacomo 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 forests 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 was sorrow. We opened our arms, crying greetings to brothers, to sons, 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. Then how we wished to 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. S.A.V.E. has no political interest in the question, but has evidence leading to a more accurate 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'll call him Capt. Falcon.

About '72, around the time of the Watergate break-in stateside, we found out 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 materielle coming stateside via Marseille we had reasonable grounds for suspicion. So they dropped us near the jungles north of Chiang Rai in Thailand, and we crossed into Burma by nightfall.

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 that 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 twelve 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

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 unfortunates 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 can only make educated guesses) the Oriental Vampire first appeared somewhere in the Yellow River valley of China almost simultaneously with the 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 moustache and fingernail—which would now be 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.

S.A.V.E. 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, unnaturally strong. Photographs of Li are extraordinarily rare—not surprisingly, considering his under-world connections. What photographs we have are dynamic and (one might say) attractive: Li has shoulder length black hair. He wears dark colors, mostly blacks and greys, often dressing 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 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 shape the better to use a strange, hypnotic song that exercises a control over its victims. This mysterious song may very well be a new or unique use of the Evil Way, or perhaps a modified and refined form of the Influence 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 rare bird inside. (The couple, Eddie and Rachel Lamb, barely escaped with their lives. Today they work as S.A.V.E. 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 his 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, the victim dying at the end of the ordeal. The vampire keeps the victim conscious up to the end, most likely through some 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 belonging to some type of organized crime 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 water does not harm it. Often, Oriental Vampires are active in business, which, given their abilities to disguise themselves, adapt, and interact, 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 F.B.I. Finally, Li’s ability to bargain, thanks to his skill in hypnotism and in use of the Evil Way, allows him to manipulate people and circumstances around him. This 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 F.B.I., I.R.S., Federal Drug Enforcement Agency, as well as numerous California law enforcement agencies are all interested in various aspects of 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.

Attempts to uncover Li’s activities have always resulted in total failure. Infiltrators and undercover investigators die mysteriously; 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 S.A.V.E. first became aware

of the Oriental Vampire. Evidence showed 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 there 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 S.A.V.E. Through its anonymous connections in high government positions, the organization obtained all the available documentation, as well as some documentation that was not supposed to be available. Under the specialized perspective of the S.A.V.E. investigator, the mystery surrounding the crime suddenly became clear, became obvious: a creature was operating in the Bay area and had used its Evil Way disciplines to animate the dead. After obtaining more information regarding the police investigations, S.A.V.E. investigators 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, S.A.V.E. 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 S.A.V.E. 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.

S.A.V.E. 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 haunting down and destroying the vampire is to discover the creature's 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 claimed as a victim by an Oriental Vampire. If it is the will of the Oriental Vampire to make his victim into an Oriental Vampire as well, 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 a new Oriental Vampire appears.

After the new vampire emerges to begin to walk among the living, he often takes smudges of these ashes, placing them in many different urns. Then the creature 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, nor does it 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 re-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, S.A.V.E. knows of only three ways to destroy an Oriental Vampire. Two of the methods involve the burial urn in some way or another. 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 one 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 very 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 behaviour, 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. Though keeping the vampire in one place is guaranteed to destroy it, the method of containment may well turn the hunter to 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 filled with salt water, 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 the passing of 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 S.A.V.E. 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

STR	75	DEX	75	AGL	45
PER	60	WPR	50	PCN	90
STA	90	EWS	135	FEAR	6*
ATT	1/60%				

* No fear check required unless character recognizes the vampire as a creature

Movement: Varies according to form; sprints in human form without STA loss. Moves 150' per round as driven rain.

Evil Way Disciplines: *Animation of the Dead*, *Birdsong* (unique: see below), *Change Self* (to rat, songbird, firefly or driven rain), *Create a Feast*, *Deadly Remains* (see p.94), *Dreamsend* (see p.94), *Halt*, *Influence*, *Sleep*, *Steal Memory*, *Swarm*

Manipulation: Yes, when in human form.
IPs: 2970

Skills: Acting/Drama (M) 135; Anthropology/Archaeology (M) 145; Antiques (M) 125; Art Criticism (M) 145; History (M) 145; Hypnotism (M) 130; Investigation (M) 132; Language, Contemporary [All Chinese dialects (M) 145, English (S) 105, French (T) 120, Russian (S) 105]; Legend/Lore (M) 145; Medicine (M) 138; Modeling (M) 122; Tracking (M) 125; Disguise (M) 123; Filching (M) 138; Gambling (M) 110; Graphology/Forgery (M) 138; Lock-picking (M) 138

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 Subjection discipline, *Birdsong*, to produce beautiful song. Each use costs the creature 20 points of Willpower. The song lasts 1d10 minutes. During this time, the result of the discipline use goes into effect. Each person who hears the song must check, although only one dice roll need be made per use. Use the key below to determine results:

S = The listener likes the song. The next time the discipline is used, the listener's Willpower is considered 5 points lower for purposes of obtaining a result.

L = Same as "S" result, but WPR penalty = 10.

M = Same as "S," but WPR penalty = 15.

H = Same as "S," but WPR penalty = 20.

C = The character invites the bird inside.

All Willpower penalties for successive uses of this discipline are cumulative: if a character suffers an "S" result from the first use and an "M" result from the next use, his Willpower is considered 20 points lower than its actual current score at the time of the third use of the discipline.

Additional Characteristics

1. They cast reflections in mirrors and can be photographed normally.

2. Once per day (24 hours) the creature must spend one hour in a large 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 creature is not turned aside by garlic, wolfsbane or any form of religious symbol. It is however, turned aside by incense smoke, just as the Common Carpathian is affected by garlic.

4. The creature is unaffected by sunlight or water.

5. Unlike other types of vampires, the Oriental cannot make itself thin, and has no special climbing ability. However, running water does not hamper its movement.

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.

The actual blood drain of an Oriental Vampire is frighteningly slow; the creature must spend 1d10 hours per day feeding; it drains only 1d10 Stamina points per hour from its victim, pricking the victim's vein or artery with its long fingernails, then lapping the blood that trickles to the surface of the skin. Typically, the victim is kept awake while this is done.

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 *Animation of the Dead* to gather animated corpses, who enter the victim's house, seize him or her, and bring the person to the vampire's dwelling as a captive, constant source of blood.

7. The creature suffers normal Stamina loss but no wounds from physical attacks. If driven to 0 current Stamina, it *Changes Self* to driven rain and returns to its urn, where it regenerates all Stamina in only hour.

This vampire can be destroyed in only three ways:

1. Preventing the creature from drinking human blood for 24 hours destroys it as soon as the 24 hours have expired.

2. Destroying all of its burial urns, so that it cannot rest in a trace of its ashes for the required one hour per day completely destroys the creature. However, it should be noted that old, experienced Oriental Vampires have hundreds of such urns stashed in scores of locations.

3. Immersing the urn in salt water for one 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 powers, and the salt water no longer affects it.

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 S.A.V.E. in between his various adventures—Ed.

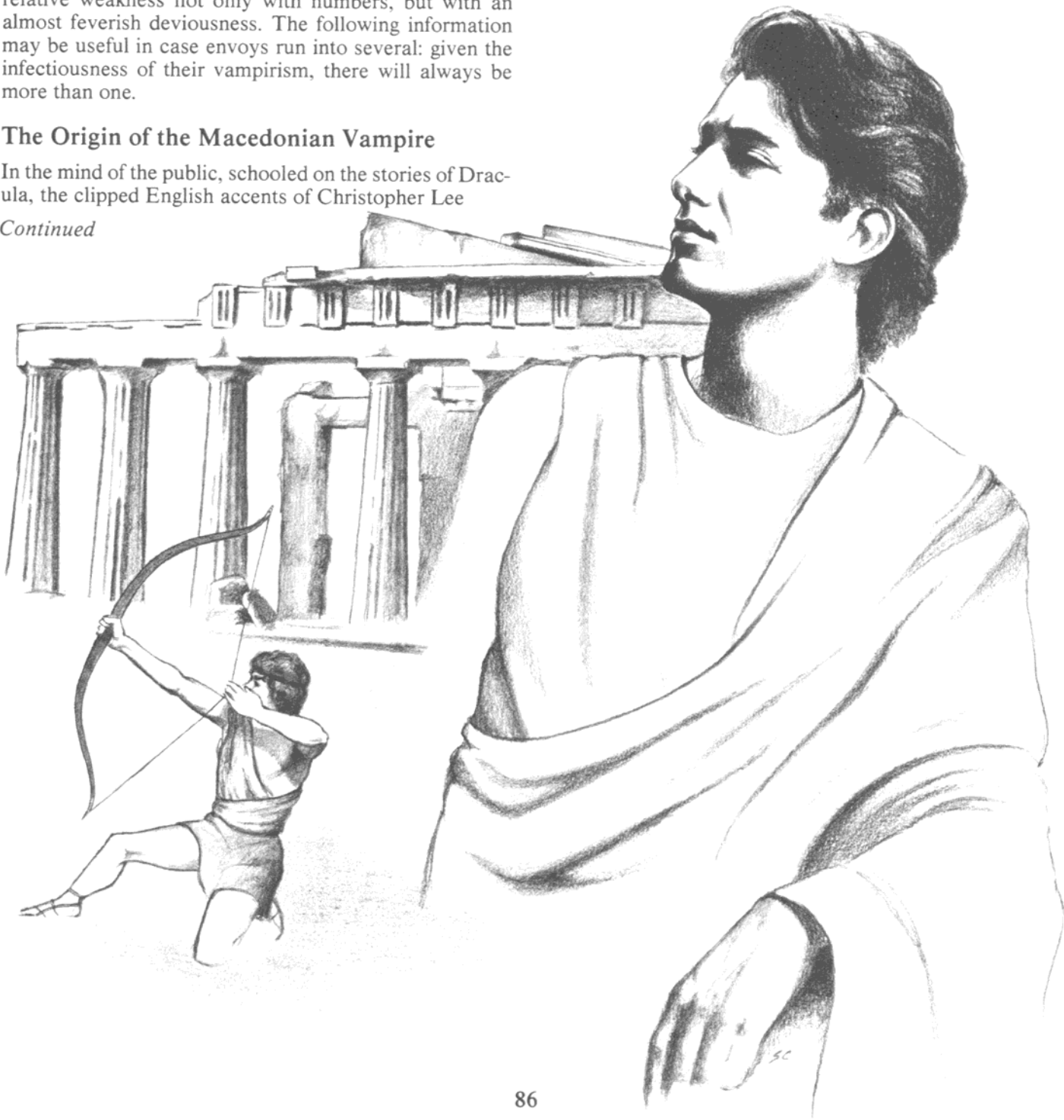
The Macedonian Vampire is the vermin of the Unknown. Relatively weak when compared to the likes of Dracula, Anton Garnier, or others who have branded the mountainous regions of Europe with undying infamy, it is dangerous above all in its numbers. If one appears, rest assured that fifty more await in the shadows nearby.

My experiences at Vanderbilt, in numerous summers on the Aegean, and in service to the Organization 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

Continued



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.

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 on 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 the 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 greaves 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.



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."

The saying sheds light on what we already know: the inhabitants of Santorini simply did not question the existence of vampires, knowing all too well, many from personal experience, that death had built a stronghold on their island.

Today, Thira is a booming tourist center, attracting tourists from all over Europe, from the States, from the Orient. Most of the tourists are young men and women, usually around college age, who gather to meet one another, 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 moveable.

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 *vrupalakos*.

Obviously, a person can fit in any or all of these descriptions and still not be *vrupalakos*. 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 above, 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 being who dies as the 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.

Though 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, though

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 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, 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 revives and 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 some changes: the eyes turn a very light 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, speak the language 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 19th and early 20th century, 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, to reach any place within a day. For some reason, however, the Macedonian Vampire prefers the area of 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. All of the known methods are listed below:

1. *Any religious symbol* (such as a cross or Star of David) placed in the burial place of a Macedonian Vampire prevents the creature from returning to rest. Eventually, the vampire will be destroyed by exposure to sunlight.

2. *A Wild Rose*. This flower destroys the vampire immediately when placed upon the chest of the resting creature.

3. *Mountain Ash*. When placed upon the resting Macedonian Vampire, this leaf has the same effect as a wild rose.

4. *Deprivation*. Causing the vampire to go more than one week without feeding on human blood destroys the creature.

5. *Confusing the Vampire*. Although this does not actually destroy the creature outright, turning the vampire upside down in its coffin or burial place so that its face points toward the ground confuses the creature so that it is unable to find its way out of the burial site. After one week passes, the vampire is destroyed because of its lack of human blood. (See number 4 above.)

6. *A Wooden Stake*. A wooden stake driven through the chest of the vampire destroys the creature.

7. *Any 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, causes normal wound damage to a Macedonian vampire, including Stamina loss. Such weapons could even destroy the creature.

8. *Sunlight*.

The following items offer protection against a Macedonian Vampire:

1. *Any religious symbol* (such as a cross, Star of David, or a crucifix). The vampire cowers in front of the object, immediately withdrawing and fleeing from it.

2. *Garlic*. The odor of the bulb causes the vampire to leave the room or immediate area. However, be on guard: the vampire will use the Evil Way in an attempt to make you discard or remove the garlic.

3. *Salt*. The Macedonian Vampire cannot cross a line of table salt. If the salt is arranged in an unbroken line across a doorway or window, the vampire cannot enter through the entrance. However, if the line of salt is somehow broken (such as by a gust of wind), the vampire can cross through the break in the line and enter freely. (Again, watch out for the Evil Way!)

4. *Wolfsbane*. The vampire reacts to wolfsbane in the same manner as to garlic.

5. *Running Water*. A Macedonian Vampire cannot cross running water under its own power—for example, walking over a footbridge.

As you can see, we have discovered a number of easy ways to dispose of the Macedonian Vampire, or at least to control the creature temporarily. The real trick is more strategic than tactical—finding out whether you have found and destroyed every single vampire in the area. If only one of these creatures escapes, the area will be repopulated with the hideous things in a matter of months.

It is also important to remember that, should any S.A.V.E. 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 above, 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 3000 years—certainly, there are suggestions that he (or at least one of his kind) was alive and well in Homeric times (see the selection from 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; S.A.V.E. 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, protect-

ing 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 S.A.V.E. 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—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 S.A.V.E. 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, 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 kapitaniós."

"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 "kapitaniós"—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 S.A.V.E. psychiatrist Dr. Alfonso Fernandez Ruiz that the truth became clear. Thus S.A.V.E. was able to piece together the facts, separate them from Rodriguez' temporary hysteria, and draw the conclusion that "the kapitaniós" was Hephaistion himself.



Macedonian Vampire

STR	90	DEX	75	AGL	90
PER	45	WPR	90	PCN	90
STA	120	EWS	135	FEAR	6
ATT	2/90%				

Movement: Varies with form vampire takes: can sprint in human form without STA loss, move as mist or fog 75' per round.

Evil Way Disciplines: *Appear Dead (self), Appear Dead (other), Blind, Blur Vision, Change Self (to mist or fog), Change Temperature, Change Weather, Darken, Dreamsend* (see p. 94), *Evil Eye, Halt, Haywire, Influence, Lightning Call, Purified Shell, Quiet, Rain, Raise Wind, Shake the Earth, Sleep, Steal Memory, Swarm, Wave of Fog.*

Manipulation: Yes, when in human form.

IPs: 3105

The following are weaknesses of the Macedonian Vampire:

1. It casts no reflection. Its image does not appear on a mirror, film, or any other object requiring light for reproduction.

2. Direct contact with sunlight destroys the vampire. Once exposed, the creature dies in 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 recuperate lost Stamina and Willpower and loses one point of each per hour, until the Abilities reach zero. This decline continues until the creature returns to its burial place or is destroyed. When the vampire's Stamina reaches zero (whether through these processes or through combat), it is destroyed.

4. The following items protect against or destroy a Macedonian Vampire:

Sunlight. See above.

Any religious symbol (a cross, Star of David, crucifix). 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 discipline *Influence*) to try to make the subject remove the garlic.

Salt. The creature cannot cross an unbroken line of table 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 that he cannot leave the burial site.

A Wooden Stake. A wooden stake driven through the chest of the vampire destroys it.

Any 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 causes normal wound damage to a Macedonian vampire, including Stamina loss. Such weapons can destroy the vampire.

Running Water. A Macedonian Vampire cannot cross running water on foot, as, for example, over a footbridge.

The special powers of the Macedonian Vampire are as follows:

1. By using *Change Self*, 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' per round, but cannot walk on ceilings.

3. The Macedonian Vampire makes two attacks per round, using Evil Way disciplines, 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 points per minute. When it uses blood drain on a PC, the vampire drinks for 1d10 minutes, or as the CM judges effective in the adventure scenario.

The blood is drawn from a major artery; therefore, treat the bite as a critical wound in which the victim suffers no continual Stamina drain (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 drain (unless wounded by a blessed weapon: see Weakness 4 above). Vampires nearing 0 Stamina for any reason 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 Macedonian Vampires (in any manner) becomes a Macedonian Vampire. If a PC becomes a Macedonian Vampire, the CM must play the character.

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.

The following Evil Way disciplines are included in Pacesetter's *THINGS* supplement, but not in the original *Horrors from the Unknown*. Some of the vampires in this book use these disciplines; therefore, for your convenience, we reprint them here.

Deadly Remains

Type:	DIS	Column:	1
Cost:	1 Wpr/min.	Range:	Sight
EWS:	85	Area:	Body parts

The user of this discipline may animate up to 10 severed body parts, each of which must come from a different corpse.

The discipline works in much the same way as *Animation of the Dead*. The body parts move in whatever manner suits them best: limbs in a snakelike fashion, heads shifting from side to side (or even rolling).

The limbs may carry on unarmed combat. Hands brawl or punch, feet kick or trip, heads bite or butt.

Some body parts can make use of weapons to cause armed combat damage. A hand can wield a weapon; its major problem is hitting anything above the knees when attacking from the ground. Body parts cannot, however, use missile weapons.

The limbs suffer normal wound damage and Stamina loss from all forms of combat. The exact statistics for the severed limbs can vary at the CM's discretion, although a STR and DEX of 30, AGL of 15, STA of 10, FEAR number of 5 and Attack value of 1/18% are recommended.

Dreamsend

Type:	SUB	Column:	Will
Cost:	5 Wpr/use	Range:	1000'
EWS:	85	Area:	One person

This discipline allows the user to "send" a dream to any particular sleeping character. The dream is of whatever nature the sender wishes.

Although the dreams that arise from this discipline have no actual reality, the user may cause the dreams to "come true" by using other disciplines.

A victim of *Dreamsend* remembers the dream (and any emotions such as terror or fear) vividly. The victim does not regenerate or heal during that sleeping period. In addition, the victim of *Dreamsend* suffers the following effects, depending upon the success of the discipline:

S = Character loses 1d10 Willpower.

L = Character loses 1d10x2 Willpower.

M = Character loses 2d10x2 Willpower.

H = Character loses 3d10x2 Willpower.

C = Character loses 3d10x2 Willpower. He or she awakens screaming or upset, as appropriate, and cannot tell the dream from reality for 1d10 rounds after waking; that is, the character is still dreaming and believes the dream is the reality after awakening.

Kiss of Death

Type:	SUB	Column:	Will
Cost:	10 Wpr/use	Range:	Touch
EWS:	110	Area:	One person

This discipline allows a creature to wound its victim by kissing that character somewhere on the face or head. The wound is treated in all respects as a normal armed combat result. However, the effects of the wound are delayed; the wound and the Stamina loss it causes do not begin immediately, but proceed according to these results:

S = Scratch; effect delayed 1d10 rounds.

L = Light wound; effect delayed 1d10 minutes.

M = Medium wound; effect delayed 1d10 hours.

H = Heavy wound; effect delayed 1d10 days.

C = Critical wound; effect delayed 2d10 days.

The wound suddenly and mysteriously appears on the victim in the place on the head or face where the victim was kissed. Once the victim has been kissed and a result obtained, nothing can prevent the wound from occurring. Some creatures may make multiple use of this discipline, repeatedly kissing a victim farewell, for example. The CM should make careful notes as to when the wounds appear on the victim.

Rain

Type:	DIS (SP)	Column:	3
Cost:	5 Wpr/rnd	Range:	Sight
EWS:	120	Area:	10' radius

Successful use of this discipline causes one type of corporeal object to materialize out of thin air at a height of 30'. The number of objects increases with each successful use of the discipline. The objects materialized can be living or non-living. All of these objects must be of the same type, and each object must weigh one ounce or less.

These objects "rain" on characters in 10' radius area of effect. The number of objects landing on or hitting each character increases as the discipline use progresses:

First round: 1 to 5 (1d10÷2, rounded up) objects land on each character up to a maximum of 3d10 objects.

Second round: 1d10 objects land on each character, up to a maximum of 3d10 objects.

Third round: 2d10 objects land on each character, up to a maximum of 3d10x2 objects.

Fourth and successive rounds: 3d10 objects land on each character, up to a maximum of 6d10x2 objects.

Characters may prevent objects from landing on them by using umbrellas, moving beneath cover, or other appropriate action. Note, however, that the creature can cause the center of the area of effect to move at will, as long as this point remains within the creature's sight.

Favorite items for creatures to *Rain* are brain worms, hot coals, cockroaches, slime, and drops of blood.

Slam

Type:	DIS	Column:	3
Cost:	1 Wpr/use	Range:	1/4 mile
EWS:	125	Area:	1 portal

A creature using this discipline can cause any portal—door, window, or gate—within 1/4 mile to slam shut. The portal holds fast; only the creature can open it, no matter how much force is used. The user may simply reach out and open the portal, just as anyone would do normally.

INDEX

- Alpine Vampire, (*see Garnier, Anton*)
- Attack Numbers
defined, 13
for individual vampires, see vampire
- Basic Abilities
defined
for individual vampires, see vampire
- bat (form assumed by vampire)
by Bathory, 61
by Dracula, 21
by Garnier, 29
by Huitzotl, 53
- Bathory, Elizabeth, 7, 12, 54-61
Attack Number, 61
Basic Abilities, 61
Evil Way Disciplines, 61
Evil Way Score, 61
FEAR Number, 61
forms assumed, 61
history of, 57-59
Insight Points (IPs), 61
Manipulation, 61
means of destruction, 61
movement, 61
restrictions on, 61
personality, 55-56, 59-60
Skills, 61
- black snake (form assumed by vampire)
by Cabot, 71, 74, 77
- Cabot, Ezra (New England Vampire), 10-11, 12, 70-77
Attack Number, 77
Basic Abilities, 77
Evil Way Disciplines, 77
Evil Way Scores, 77
FEAR Number, 77
forms assumed, 77
history of, 72-75
Insight Points (IPs), 77
Manipulation, 77
means of destruction, 77
movement, 77
restrictions on, 77
personality, 75-76
Skills, 77
- Cow (form assumed by vampire)
by Bhima Gupta, 37
- De La Croix, Jackson, 7-8, 38-45
Appearance, 40
Attack Number, 45
Basic Abilities, 45
Evil Way Disciplines, 45
Evil Way Scores, 45
FEAR Number, 45
history of, 41-43
- Insight Points (IPs), 45
Manipulation, 45
means of destruction, 45
movement, 45
restrictions on, 45
Skills, 45
- della Napoli, Giacomo, 79
quoted, 79
- dog (form assumed by vampire)
by Bathory, 61
by Dracula, 21
- Dracula, 14-21,
Appearance, 15
Attack Number, 21
Basic Abilities, 21
Evil Way Disciplines, 21
Evil Way Scores, 21
FEAR Number, 21
forms assumed by, 21
history of, 16-20
Insight Points (IPs), 21
Manipulation, 21
means of destruction, 21
movement, 21
restrictions on, 21
personality, 16-20
Skills, 21
- eagle (form assumed by vampire)
by Huitzotl, 48, 53
- Evil Way Disciplines
defined, 13
for individual vampires, see vampire
- Evil Way Scores
defined, 13
for individual vampires, see vampire
- FEAR Number
defined, 13
for individual vampires, see vampire
- firefly (form assumed by vampire)
by Oriental Vampire, 80, 81, 85
- fog (form assumed by vampire)
by Bathory, 61
by Cabot, 77
by Dracula, 21
by Garnier, 27, 28, 29
by Hephaistion, 93
- Foxx, Todd, 39
Here To Stay, 39
- Fujikawa, Oshiri, 63
"In the Blackout of Kyoto"
(account), 63
- Garnier, Anton (Alpine Vampire), 8-9, 22-29
Appearance, 24
Attack Number, 29
Basic Abilities, 29
- Evil Way Disciplines, 27, 28, 29
Evil Way Scores, 29
FEAR Number, 29
forms assumed by, 29
Insight Points (IPs), 29
Manipulation, 29
means of destruction, 28, 29
movement, 29
restrictions on, 29
personality, 25-27
Skills, 29
- Geistmann, Wilhelm, 12, 54
"Elizabeth Bathory" (article), 54, 57-60
- Gorba, Miroslav, 7, 12, 55
from *Letters to Brother Georg*, 55-56
- Guevara, Jose Sotero, 30, 46
"Huitzotl" (article), 46, 49-52
- Gupta, Bhima (Indian Vampire), 10, 30-37
Appearance, 32
Attack Number, 37
Basic Abilities, 37
Evil Way Disciplines, 32, 36, 37
Evil Way Scores, 37
FEAR Number, 37
forms assumed by, 30, 37
Insight Points (IPs), 37
Manipulation, 37
means of destruction, 36, 37
movement, 37
restrictions on, 37
personality, 32ff.
Skills, 37
- Harker, Jonathan, 18-19
- Hephaistion (Macedonian Vampire) 7, 10, 12, 86-93
Attack Number, 93
Basic Abilities, 93
Evil Way Disciplines, 93
Evil Way Scores, 93
FEAR Number, 93
history of, 91-92
Insight Points (IPs), 93
Manipulation, 93
means of destruction, 91, 93
movement, 93
restrictions on, 93
Skills, 93
- Hill, Nathanael, 71
quoted, 71
- Huitzotl (Roberto de la Torre), 10, 12, 46-53
Attack Number, 53
Basic Abilities, 53
Evil Way Disciplines, 49, 50, 53

- Evil Way Scores, 53
 FEAR Number, 53
 forms assumed by, 53
 Insight Points (IPs), 53
 Manipulation, 53
 means of destruction, 53
 movement, 53
 restrictions on, 53
 personality, 51-52
 Skills, 53
 hummingbird (form assumed by vampire) by Huitzotl, 47, 53
- Indian Vampire (*see Bhima Gupta*)
 IPs (Insight Points)
 defined, 13
for individual vampires, see vampire
- jaguar (form assumed by vampire)
 by Huitzotl, 53
 Jammer, Jackson (*see Jackson De La Croix*)
- Katayama, Henry, 12, 62
 “In the Blackout of Kyoto” (trans.), 63
 Nocturno (translation), 47-48
 “The Vampire Ninja” (article), 62, 64-68
- Kearney, Desmond, 14, n.76
 “Introduction” (article), 4-12
 “Dracula” (article), 14, 16-20
- LeChance, Jacques, 9, 22
 “Anton Garnier” (article), 22, 24-28
 quoted, 9
- Li Chang (*see Oriental Vampire*)
- Lunares, Terevaldo, 7, 47, 59-60
 from *Nocturno* (novel), 47-48
 quoted, 59-60
- mist (form assumed by vampire)
 by Anton Garnier, 27, 28, 29
- Movement, 6
 defined, 13
for individual vampires, see vampire
- Naples, Jack, 79
 quoted, 79
- O’Boylan, Michael, 8-9, 12, 14, 23, 24, 25, 26-27, 44, 72-74, n.76
 “Garnier’s Feast” (account), 23
 quoted, 9, 23, 44
- Oka, Nishi (*see Vampire Ninja*)
- Oriental Vampire (Siu Wong, Li Chang), 10, 78-85
 Appearance, 80
- Attack Number, 85
 Basic Abilities, 85
 Evil Way Disciplines, 85
 Evil Way Scores, 85
 FEAR Number, 85
 history of, 80-81
 Insight Points (IPs), 85
 Manipulation, 85
 means of destruction, 85
 movement, 85
 restrictions on, 85
 personality, 82
 Skills, 85
- Philoteas of Mytilene, 87
 Bella Troiana, 87-88
- rat (form assumed by vampire)
 by Anton Garnier, 29
 by Oriental Vampire, 81, 85
- raven (form assumed by vampire)
 by Elizabeth Bathory, 61
- Ray, Dr. Pandit, 30, 36, 90
 “Bhima Gupta” (article), 30, 32-36
 Garden of Many Darkneses (translation), 31
- Rodriguez, Pablo, 7, 38, 78
 “Jackson De La Croix” (article), 38, 40-44
- Siu Wong (*see Oriental Vampire*)
- Skills
 defined, 13
for individual vampires, see vampire
- Smythe, Ellsworth, 10, 70, 78
 “Ezra Cabot” (article), 70, 72-76
- snow (form assumed by vampire)
 by Anton Garnier, 29
- songbird (form assumed by vampire)
 by Oriental vampire, 80, 81, 85
- Stoker, Bram, 18
 quoted, 15, 18
- sunlight, vulnerability to, 5-6
 Alpine Vampire (Anton Garnier), 29
 Elizabeth Bathory, 61
 Dracula, 21
 Huitzotl, 53
 Indian Vampire (Bhima Gupta), 37
 Jackson De La Croix, 45
 Macedonian Vampire (Hephaistion), 93
 New England Vampire (Ezra Cabot), 77
 Ninja Vampire (Nishi Oka), 69
 Oriental Vampire, 85
- Symbols, aversion to, 6
- Tiger (form assumed by vampire)
- by Bhima Gupta, 31, 37
 Turner, Jefferson, 7, 78, 86
 Bella Troiana (trans.) 87-88
 “Hephaistion,” (article) 86, 88-93
 quoted, 7
- Vampire, 4, *passim*
 definition, 4-5
 general characteristics, 5-6
- Vampire, Japanese (*see Vampire Ninja*)
- Vampire, New England (*see Cabot, Ezra*)
- Vampire Ninja, 7, 62-69
 Appearance, 64-65
 Attack Number, 69
 Basic Abilities, 69
 FEAR Number, 69
 Insight Points (IPs), 69
 Manipulation, 69
 means of destruction, 69
 movement, 69
 restrictions on, 69
 personality, 66-67
 Skills, 69
- Van Helsing, Dr. Abraham, 18-19
- Van Helsing (rock band), 39, 40-41, 43
- wolf (form assumed by vampire)
 by Elizabeth Bathory, 61
 by Dracula, 21
- Yih, Terri, 78
 “The Oriental Vampire” (article), 78, 80-84

VAMPIRES

By Gali Sanchez and Michael Williams

... suddenly the moonlight broke through the clouds, showing me that I was in a graveyard, and that the square object before me was a great massive tomb of marble, as white as the snow that lay on and all around it. With the moonlight there came a fierce sigh of the storm, which appeared to resume its course with a long, low howl, as of many dogs or wolves. I was awed and shocked, and felt the cold perceptibly grow upon me till it seemed to grip me by the heart. Then while the flood of moonlight still fell on the marble tomb, the storm gave further evidence of renewing, as though it was returning on its track. Impelled by some sort of fascination, I approached the sepulchre to see what it was, and why such a thing stood alone in such a place. I walked around it and read, over the Doric door, in German—

Countess Dolingen of Gratz
In Styria
Sought and Found Death
1801

Over the top of the tomb, seemingly driven though the solid marble—the structure was composed of a few vast blocks of stone—was a great iron spike or stake. On going to the back I saw, graven in great Russian letters:

"The dead travel fast"

—from "Dracula's Guest"
by Bram Stoker



VAMPIRES is a collection of stories, portraits, and accounts of ten bloodcurdling creatures who haunt the nights of our legends, the wastelands of our fears. Each of these vampires is not only the center of horrific reports and tales, but is also a fully drawn non-player character designed for use with the CHILL™ role-playing system.

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