

# NEW YORK

## BY NIGHT

### one sect falls, another rises

In the wake of the Sabbat's aggressive campaign along the East Coast of the United States, the sect has spread itself too thin. The clever Camarilla took advantage of the Black Hand's disorganization and reclaimed New York City as its own. But with established princes and entrenched elders claiming domains elsewhere, to which Kindred will this new prize fall?

### NEW YORK BY NIGHT includes:

- A wealth of new story ideas and Storyteller characters
- Plot lines positioning the players' characters to become movers and shakers in their city
- A host of thrilling story arcs, from zealous hunters to what may well be one of the founders of the 13 clans.



VAMPIRE  
THE MASQUERADE





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## BY NIGHT

TM

Sample file

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VAMPIRE® CREATED BY MARK REIN • HAGEN

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## A SOLEMN REMEMBRANCE

New York by Night was never intended to be a “high-powered” setting. You’ll see as you read through it that its focus is on the nightly struggle in the unives of young Kindred. It’s not the playground of ancient elders, moving pawns across the chessboard of the Jyhad. You’ll notice a lack of “power players,” both in the characters and in the environment itself. There’s no hidden vampire conspiracy revealed to be in the UN, no continent-spanning vendetta waiting to be settled by a Methuselah who dismantles the Statue of Liberty with her own talons.

Such being the case, we’ve continued with this book’s printing schedule despite the events of (as of this writing) Tuesday. For those of you not writing at this desk with me, that’s Tuesday, 11 September 2001, when the United States was made the victim of terror. None of the content in this book has been changed. There’s no cabal of supernatural creatures behind the events of that wretched day. Handling it at all in the context of the game would be the height of insensitivity, especially so closely to the time that these wounds were made. By not including those events, we are not denigrating the situation through omission, we are merely maintaining a respectful silence.

To everyone who lost loved ones or, worse, their own lives, you are in our thoughts and prayers.

-Justin Achilli

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When I think of New York I have a very different feeling. New York makes even a rich man feel his unimportance. New York is cold, glittering, malign. The buildings dominate. There is a sort of atomic frenzy to the activity going on; the more furious the pace, the more diminished the spirit. A constant ferment, but it might just as well be going on in a test tube. Nobody knows what it's all about. Nobody directs the energy. Stupendous. Bizarre. Baffling. A tremendous reactive urge, but absolutely uncoordinated.

When I think of this city where I was born and raised, this Manhattan that Whitman sang of, a blind, white rage licks my guts. New York! The white prisons, the sidewalks swarming with niggers, the breadlines, the opium joints that are built like palaces, the kikes that are there, the lepers, the thugs, and above all, the ennui, the monotony of faces, streets, legs, houses, skyscrapers, meals, posters, jobs, crimes, loves... A whole city erected over a hollow pit of nothingness. Meaningless. Absolutely meaningless. And Forty-Second Street! The top of the world, they call it. Where's the bottom, then? You can walk along with your hands out and they'll put cinders in your cap. Rich or poor, they walk along with heads thrown back and they almost break their necks looking up at their beautiful white prisons. They walk along like blind geese and the searchlights spray their empty faces with flecks of ecstasy.

— Henry Miller, *Tropic of Cancer*

Who would be the prince of chaos?