



Sample file

Bolton 02

A Sacrament of Caine

You who are gathered this night to hear my sermon and share this sacrament, you who have come from domains and battlefields far and wide, do not look on me as a savior. Like you, I am but one of the Damned.

But even the Damned can pray for salvation. I walk the Road of Heaven in search of that salvation, and every night that I manage to stay upon this road constitutes another act of penance. Is not repentance the purview of the Damned? If one has not been cast into the belly of sin, then what is there to repent?

We, who walk the night and feed from the living, understand sin like none other, for it rages deep within us. We call this roiling sin the Beast, and it drives our kind to murder, conquest and war. Many of you have seen the wars that grip our kind, have seen undead princes clash in the names of their clans, faiths or monarchs. This is the Beast at work.

And the Beast is here, as well, in this holy chalice. In it is blood taken from breathing men and women who have angered God so much so that He cast them in front of a monster such as I. And to it, I add a drop of my own cursed blood. Thus in this chalice is the sin of breathing man and unbreathing Damned.

I am Father Anatole, and I beg you come forward and sip from this chalice, for it is the repository of all that has damned us and of all that can save us. Such was revealed to me by the angel, and such do I pass on to you.

Drink, and I will tell you of my visions.

The angel's first visitation came in the early nights of my damnation. Like all of us, I had once been a living man, descended from Seth, breathing the rich air and basking in the day's sun. Then, some forty years ago, a monster decided to make me as he was. An unwitting instrument of God's great machinations, he drained my life's blood and fed me a tiny fraction of his own. From that droplet of unholy vitae I gained a legacy of pain, of sin, of power and of sight.

Pain, as my living heart stopped its beating, my organs shriveled and my humors expelled themselves in racking spasms. Sin, as a hunger for more blood to join that droplet rose in me and led me to murder innocent and guilty alike. Power, as I drew demonic might from that very blood, making me hunger for it all the more.

Sight came only on the twelfth night, when I dared asked God Above why he had remade me thus. Then the angel came, and spoke thus:



In a time before time,

two brothers lived,
and enjoyed the light of the lasting sun
One a farmer, the other a herder.
Both knew God, and God looked down and knew them,
And knew what was to come. These two were called
Caine and Abel, born of Adam and Eve.
God asked for a sacrifice,
And Caine gave of his brother's blood to God.
He let his brother's blood seed the ground,
And rejoin with his creator above, while Caine toiled.
Now alone, like God, his brother's blood on his hands,
Our Dark Father thought he understood God.
But God was displeased: Death was his providence, his gift,
Not Caine's to take, and so a darkness came over Caine.



None can understand God. That was the sin of Caine, our forefather, and it is ours as well. From Adam and Eve, we inherit the Original Sin, but from Caine we inherit our Curse. This was the lesson of the angel when it came again on the day after my seventeenth night. It spoke thus:



n the darkness,

God spoke thus:

“Caine, you who have taken my gift, will be cursed by it.

Its embrace denied, for as long as the sun burns in my glory.

You are outcast.

Banished for all eternity from my light,

From the race of Adam and Eve

And condemned to blood, pride and darkness.

Now leave, leave to walk the wastelands and know that

A mark exists over you,

And all of my creatures shall know this mark.

They will shun you, fear you and never give you

The peace you will desire.

Now leave, beyond here, to the land of nothing — *God.*”

Like Caine, our Dark Father, I too wandered in the land of nothingness that is the night. I learned that the sun's rays burned my cold flesh, and I feared. But still, I had seen the angel of God twice in my damned existence (I cannot ever call it life, for that is behind me now), and I fought despair with prayer.

Traveling along pilgrims' routes rendered empty by the coming of night, through towns and fairs abandoned by the living for the sake of their beds, I sought a road through the eternity that lay before me.

Come, drink anew and hear further revelation. For, in the second year of my travels, the angel came again. It spoke thus:



When the sun set

On **Caine**, his shadow rushed out
To greet him, and the **Endless Night** began.
Three angels came to **Caine**, and three times
Caine cast them away.
And three times they echoed **God's Curse**.
Caine walked alone until he came
To a hut, and within it, awaited **Lilith**,
She, like him, an outcast.
However, she wrapped the darkness about her like a shawl
And taught **Caine** to do the same,
Knowing it would displease **God**, filling him with jealousy.
For three brief nights, **Caine** knew no hunger, no pain.
He was whole but also cursed, and **Lilith** knew this.
In time, they parted, vowing to return
In nights distant to right the wrongs
That **God** had visited on them.

As the angel had prophesied, I also found my dark lady and took comfort in her. She too wore shadows like a gown of finest silk and wielded the blood-hunger like a fine dagger. From her, I learned that the Curse could be a blessing as well, and from me she learned to pray anew. She delivered me from fear, but unlike Caine, our Dark Father, I would not abandon God for her sake.

We parted after years of travel, and I was alone once more. Then, the angel came again and spoke thus:



n a valley,

Caine came upon a city
Where the children of his second brother, Seth, lived.
From a distance he observed —
Enthralled by their short, brutal lives, filled with pain
But also love and light.

Caine decided that the time had come to stop wandering.
In this valley, he built mystical Enoch — the First City.
Here Caine did not hide his mark, and ruled as a mighty monarch,
And knew happiness. But soon, sorrow returned
For he was truly, terribly alone in Seth's city.
He longed for Lillith, but knew nothing of her.
In sorrow and longing, he committed a second sin, casting his lot to darkness forever.
Three were chosen by Caine, and so three became his Progeny,
And the Second Generation was born
And in time, the Three sired those of the Third Generation. And on, and on, and on.
However Caine knew what he had done, and in his mind, Lillith screamed.
And Caine pronounced: "An end to this, no more."
But it was too late, the First City teemed with his race and the sky opened up
And the rain fell. God has passed his second judgment,
And Caine ventured once more to the Wastes,
Leaving his city and Childer to drown.

From this fourth revelation, came my first understanding of God's plan. Caine, our Dark Father, had sinned anew by creating the line of blood-hungry Damned that I now numbered amongst. As had always been his way, he reacted to his sin by turning away from it, leaving his own brood to its dark fate.

I would not do the same. Just as I had guided my dark lady, I would guide others to see the role of God in their own cursed existence. My road was clear, and I took to it with vigor, seeking out those who had walked it before me and taking, in the thirteenth year of my curse, the frock of a priest of our kind.

Frooked and cassocked, I made a fine figure among the courts and churches of Cainites. I gave the sacraments and shared my visions, as I do with you now. But still, the angel was not done with me. He returned and spoke thus:



Nly Thirteen survived

The Great Deluge, calling themselves Antediluvians.
Of Caine and of the Thre nothing was known,
Their footsteps erased by the
Waters that covered the Earth.

In time, a Second City was born, and Caine's race prospered. But they were cursed. Sire distrusted childe, childe slew sire and blood flowed in the Second City. This time, as has been ever since, God did not destroy the Second City. It was Caine's childer, prophets of their own destruction, Who caused the Second City to collapse And all Thirteen clans to scatter in exodus. In their journey, the Thirteen came across Seth's Children, who had crafted empires across the world More majestic and mighty than Enoch or the Second City. Here, in cities of gold, the Children of Caine flocked In great numbers, ignoring Caine and God And set themselves as kings, queens and gods. And like kings, queen and gods, the Thirteen feuded and schemed against each other, Distrusting all and filling the night with tears and blood. Away from sight Caine wept for the War of Ages, The cursed mark of his race, had begun.

With the fifth revelation, my ministry changed. Where once I had warned our kind not to repeat the sins of Caine, the Dark Father who spawned us, now I called us to attest to the wisdom of Caine, the Wanderer who found a measure of wisdom in Lilit after his exile. It was in his settlement in the First City that he sinned anew. After the Flood, he wandered again and saw with fresh eyes his own sins repeated by his progeny.

- And in this revelation, Caine became a wandering penitent and showed me my path.

Drink one last time, my brothers and sisters, and seek your own forms of penance. For those who refuse to atone for the sins, both ancient and fresh, that flow in their cold veins will meet Caine anew, as the Dark Tyrant. For the angel has come to me again, and he has brought me a final revelation:



And Caine saw this,

And became angry.

Angry with his race for damning him with their sins.

And thus, he spoke: "You are all cursed, as I was cursed by God.

I have seen the future, writ in blood, when the nights will end,

And Judgment will come.

Not God's judgment but mine, and in it my absolution.

The signs will be clear, the world will become as Schema,

The worthy will be spared, the others will be consumed by the hunger of ancients,

Of my First Damned whom I know by name.

You will know this time, because mortals will

Burn down your cities of gold and bury your dreams

With ashes and soil. A time when Seth's Children

Will reclaim their world casting light into

The darkness, and the Blood will weaken, begetting

Fledglings, impure in damnation

And reeking of Seth's Lot.

Know these signs for they will signal the End.

The angel's holy words show us the truth. Mighty Constantinople, the City of Gold, has burned, and Seth's Children stir against the monsters who rule the night. Look around and know that all our kind know this time has come. The princes and knights of our kind ride to battle like never before, because they know the final war is coming. The schemers in courts across the lands weave schemes more intricate and murderous than ever before. With every moment, Caine's tyrannical final judgment draws closer, and we all struggle to prove ourselves worthy of his gaze.

Ask yourselves, my brothers and sisters, are you?

Dark Ages VAMPIRE



A Storytelling Game of Epic Horror

Vampire created by Mark Rein-Hagen

Credits

Authors: Bruce Baugh (Characters and Traits), Michael Butler (Storytelling), Chris Hartford (Drama), Steve Kenson (The Roads, Allies & Antagonists), James Kiley (Disciplines), Joshua Mosqueira Asheim (angelic revelations in "A Sacrament of Caine," A Dark Age), Adam Tinworth (Clans Brujah, Gangrel, Nosferatu and Toreador). Vampire and the World of Darkness created by Mark Rein•Hagen.

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Credit Where It's Due

Dark Ages: Vampire is the inheritor of the work of a great deal of people. Most directly it is an evolution of **Vampire: The Dark Ages**, by Jennifer Hartshorn, Ethan Skemp, Mark Rein•Hagen and Kevin Hassall (with Bill Bridges, Phil Brucato, Brian Campbell, Ken Cliffe, Richard E. Dansky, Ian Lemke, Kathleen Ryan, Stephen Wieck, Cynthia Summers and Robert Hatch). It also owes a great deal to **Vampire: The Masquerade**, in both its original inception (by Mark Rein•Hagen with Steven C. Brown, Tom Dowd, Andrew Greenberg, Chris McDonough, Lisa Stevens, Joshua Timbrook and Stewart Wieck), and in its 1999 revised edition (by Robert Hatch, Justin Achilli, Andrew Bates, Phil Brucato, Richard E. Dansky, Ed Hall, Michael B. Lee, Ian Lemke, Jim Moore, Ethan Skemp and Cynthia Summers). Much of Chapter Four, a few Discipline powers and several Merits and Flaws are taken from that edition.

The current edition also owes much to the line of products released in support of its predecessor, **Vampire: The Dark Ages**, as developed (in succession) by Jennifer Hartshorn, Robert Hatch, Justin Achilli, Richard E. Dansky, and yours truly, Philippe Boule. Various game systems have been appropriated from, among others, **World of Darkness: Blood & Silk**, **Veil of Night**, **Jerusalem by Night**, all four volumes of the **Libellus Sanguinis** series, **Clanbook: Assamite** (revised edition), **Clanbook: Gangrel** (revised edition), **Guide to the Camarilla** and **Guide to the Sabbat**. The quotes at the beginning of each chapter and on the back cover are taken from **The Erciyes Fragments**, written by C.S. Friedman.

Finally, and above all, **Dark Ages: Vampire** is a product of the support, enthusiasm and feedback of its players, Storytellers and fans. To all of you: Thanks.

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Dark Ages VAMPIRES™

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INTRODUCTION

He set the crown upon my head
He called for incense and music and offerings
He told the city I was to be their King,
And those who might speak against me did not,
For I showed them one portion of my power,
and they feared me.
—The Erciyes Fragments. IV (Enoch)

The Dark Ages.

Those words conjure images of ruined castles and dark forests, both foreboding and mysterious; of hilltops where armies clash amidst a sea of mud and blood; a time when monsters are made real and terrifying by the simple words, *Here there be dragons*. They paint a picture of a Europe shrouded in mists and superstition — an era when both kings and serfs fear the spirits of the night and pray for dawn to arrive. They speak of the darkness, both physical and spiritual, that descended across Europe during those long centuries between the fall of Rome and the Renaissance. This is the setting of **Dark Ages: Vampire**, a shadow play projected against the backdrop of the bloody 13th century — a time when vampires walked the lands as true masters of the night.