

1.

This is a world of darkness.

It's a world much like our own. It has the same streets and the same television programs. But in this world, the creepy house down the street really is haunted. The mysterious murders that look like an animal attack were actually done by werewolves.

And there are vampires.

You have been chosen to become one of the undead, to join one of their "clans" as a newly created (or Embraced) vampire. One clan is the Gangrel, bestial vampires that can turn into beasts. Another is the Malkavians, seers and madmen all. And there are the Toreador, artists and dilettantes who value their ties to humanity.

Which kind of vampire will you be?

*If you choose Gangrel, turn to section 2.*

*If you choose Malkavian, turn to section 3.*

*If you choose Toreador, turn to section 4.*

2.

You're finally starting to relax after a long day at work, when you hear a loud knock at your door. Exhausted, you're about to ask your boyfriend Dennis to answer it, when you hear a deep voice calling your name.

You hop over and squint out a peephole. "Hello?"

A man, dressed in what can only be described as a study in black leather, flips a card in front of the hole.

"This is for you," he says with a sly smile.

You fasten the security chain and crack open the door. He slips a small card to you through the narrow gap.

"Tell no one about this," the man warns. "Not even that cute boyfriend of yours."

You slam the door shut and lock it. How did he know about Dennis? Curious, you examine the card in your sweaty hand. It appears to be handmade; it's decorated with paw prints

and pictures of animals. Opening it, you read the following:

YOUR WISH IS GRANTED. VISIT HYDE PARK AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT. COME ALONE. OR ELSE.

SIGNED, X

P.S. YOUR SAFETY IS NOT GUARANTEED.

"That's right," you mumble. "How could I forget?" It's been a while, but you do remember something about agreeing to become a Gangrel. Still, a private meeting at your local park with a stranger you've never met? Your head reels as you mull over your options. Just how badly did you want to become a vampire anyway? Hell, you're not even convinced vampires are real. Maybe this whole thing is a publicity stunt for a crappy movie studio. City park. Dark night. Cosmic joke?

You lift the curtains on your front window to see if the creepy guy's still there, but the streets are empty. Whoever he was, he's long gone by now.

"Who was that, babe?" Dennis calls from the kitchen. Good thing he volunteered to make dinner tonight: spaghetti and meatballs. If what the card said was right, maybe this will be your last meal.

You're not sure if you should tell him the truth, but you've got a good thing going and you don't want to mess it up. Do you? After all, it is your anniversary. Still, you're not in the habit of keeping secrets from him. It couldn't hurt, could it?

*To tell Dennis the truth and explain you want to become a vampire, turn to section 5.*

*To act like nothing happened and enjoy your anniversary dinner, turn to section 8.*

3.

Your choice seems to have surprised the masked man with the black silk top hat. His eyes widen, a gesture so strong that you can see it even through the oval eye-holes of the half-mask and when he speaks, his voice holds a darkness that it did not before.

"You're certain? You will take up the Broken Mirror?" The tone of his voice makes it clear that he thinks you're crazy, but somehow that only firms your resolve.

You nod, with more confidence than you feel. "I'm sure." After all, what are your other choices? You're no art snob, and animal fur makes you sneeze. Besides—prophecy and omens? How cool is that?

"So be it, then. Follow me." Without a further word, he turns and walks out of the room, with a steady gait that suggests the cane in his hand has some use other than support.

As you follow him, you realize you're not headed back out into the main area of the nightclub, but instead have passed into some sort of private zone towards the back of the building. The noise from the bar fades out, until the only sound is that of your own footsteps and the nervous pounding of your heart drumming in your ears.

You pass through dark halls and darker doorways as you follow the now-silent man deeper into the labyrinthine maze. Your earlier suspicion about his choice of accessory is confirmed as he murmurs a few words in some arcane tongue and the door-knob sized globe beneath his hand begins to emit a faint and flickering yellow-green glow.

You begin to ask him about it, but the expression he casts your direction silences your questions before they emerge from your lips.

The path forward is illuminated faintly by the cane's hellish flame as you continue into the darkness. You follow him down stairs, along hallways, and around corner after mind-numbing corner until you have no sense of direction or bearing.

At some point, you realize that the walls themselves have changed. Paint and plaster have been left behind, replaced first by grey brick, then rough-hewn stone. The tunnel itself takes on a surreal feel, as if the journey you are undergoing is no longer one person walking down a series of hallways.

You are an insect, crawling through the center of the earth, too small to be noticed by the human world above you.

You are a soul, transitioning from life to death, from Earth to the great beyond, from living to Limbo.

You are Everyman. The journey is eternal. It will never end. It never began. It only Is.

Or, perhaps you're just one human being, being led to an unknown fate.

After you've walked long enough that your legs are beginning to tire and you can no longer imagine where within the city, let alone the building, you've travelled, the masked man leads you to what appears to be a dead end. He pauses, fiddling with something in the center of the wall at the end of the tunnel. You bob and lean, trying to see past his shoulders, but before you can catch a glimpse of what he's doing, the entire wall groans and shudders.

He steps back to reveal a narrow gap, holding the light away so that only darkness appears beyond the opening.

"If you are certain... your destiny lies through there." His tone is ominous.

With more confidence than you feel, you nod and step through the gap, into the darkness. As the door slides shut behind you, you wonder just exactly what you've gotten into.

Without the glowing ball of light, the room appears at first to be pitch black inside. But as your eyes adjust, you realize that you can pick out shapes, even movement, around you.

You jump, and all around you, shadows and shapes parody your startled gesture. You squint and rub your eyes, and as the shadowy figures around you mock your actions, you realize that you are surrounded by mirrors.

Closer examination reveals that the room is filled with them. Mirrored tiles cover the walls, including the one that you think you just entered through. The floor and ceiling are similarly outfitted, giving a dizzying ambiguity of perspective. Floor-length mirrors, some in antique frames, some looking like they've just been ripped from a school gym locker room, are arranged at angles all around you. Some hang on the walls, others seem to float on thin air, are propped willy-nilly against one surface or are layered, partially covering another. Very subtle light

radiates from behind several of the mirrors, just enough to cast shadow and mar perspective.

"Forgive me," a voice echoes in the chamber, refracted like the light, making it impossible to tell exactly where it originated. "I know many find this room to be... pretentious. But I do believe that symbolism is just as important as ritual for truly embracing the depth and import of such a momentous occasion."

A man's image leaps into place in a hundred locations around the room. Dark and dour, his black clothing is only accessorized by a single white tab at the center of his collar. The priest is reflected over and over again until there is an army of clergy surrounding you on all sides and you are no longer certain which, if any, of them are real and which are illusion.

"The journey you are about to undertake is unlike any you have been upon in the past. Are you certain of your choice?" The crowd of identical priests waits for your answer.

You begin to nod, but before you've finished the gesture, the lights go out. You are grabbed, hard, from behind. A thousand hands, cold and unyielding, hold your body in place. A hundred mouths, full of icicle shards, cut into you. They pierce your neck, your wrists, your skin, stinging and slicing. For one endless moment, there is pain. For another lifetime, there is pleasure.

And finally, there is only the cold.

You wake to find yourself alone in the mirrored chamber once more. Or at least, you hope you're alone. Hundreds of eyes stare back at you, reflected in the mirrors. You're not entirely sure that all of them are truly yours.

You do know for certain, however, that you are hungrier than you could ever imagine being.

Several of the mirrors have been knocked askew. Their frames are slanted at strange angles, crooked angles, *wrong* angles. You realize that the placement of the mirrors seems to hold some sort of a message, but it's distorted because some of them have been disturbed.

The eyes follow you as you stand, waiting for you to make a decision. No matter where you turn, they're watching you. Judging you. Reading your thoughts. Finding you wanting.