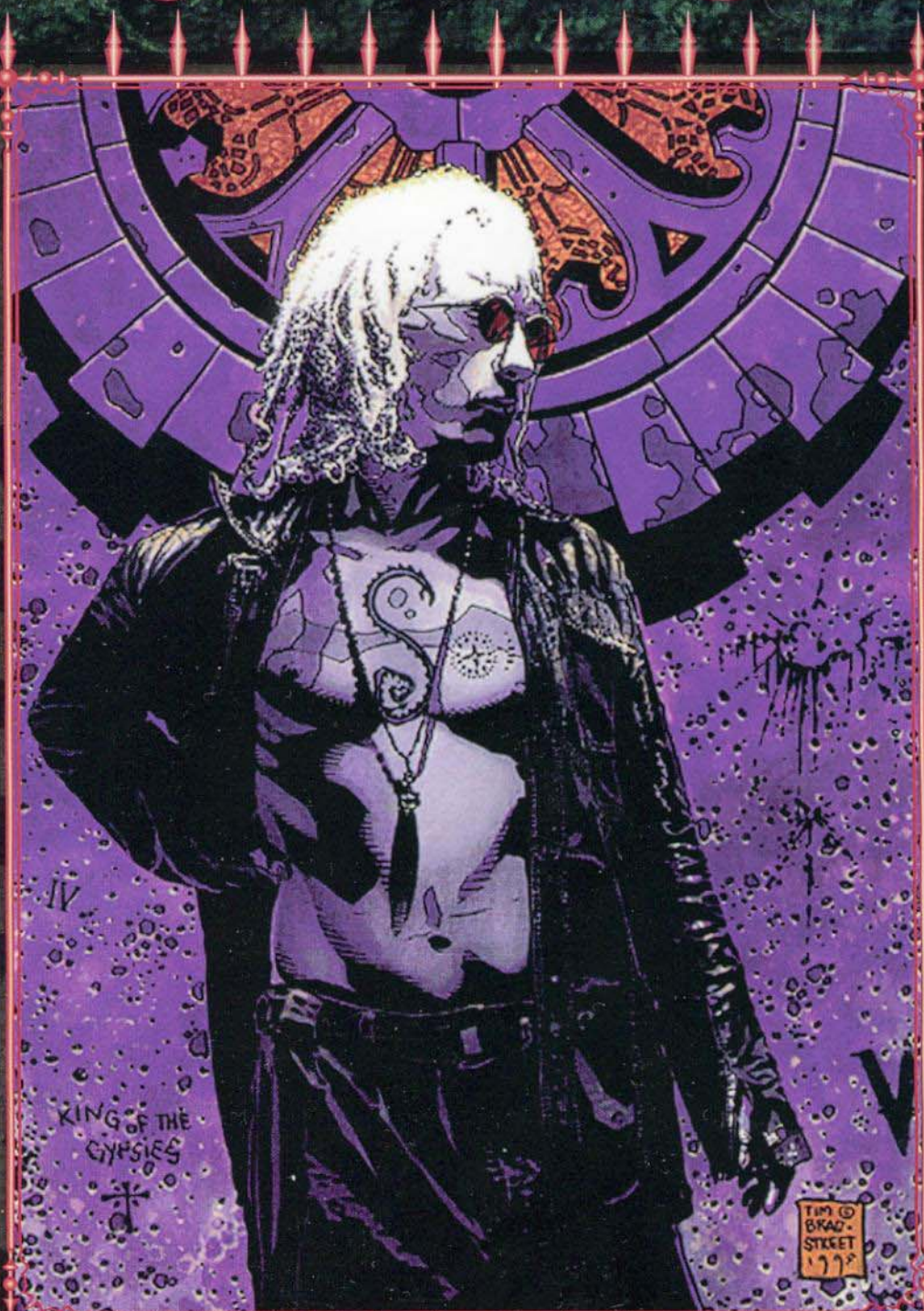


C L A N B O O K :

Ravnos

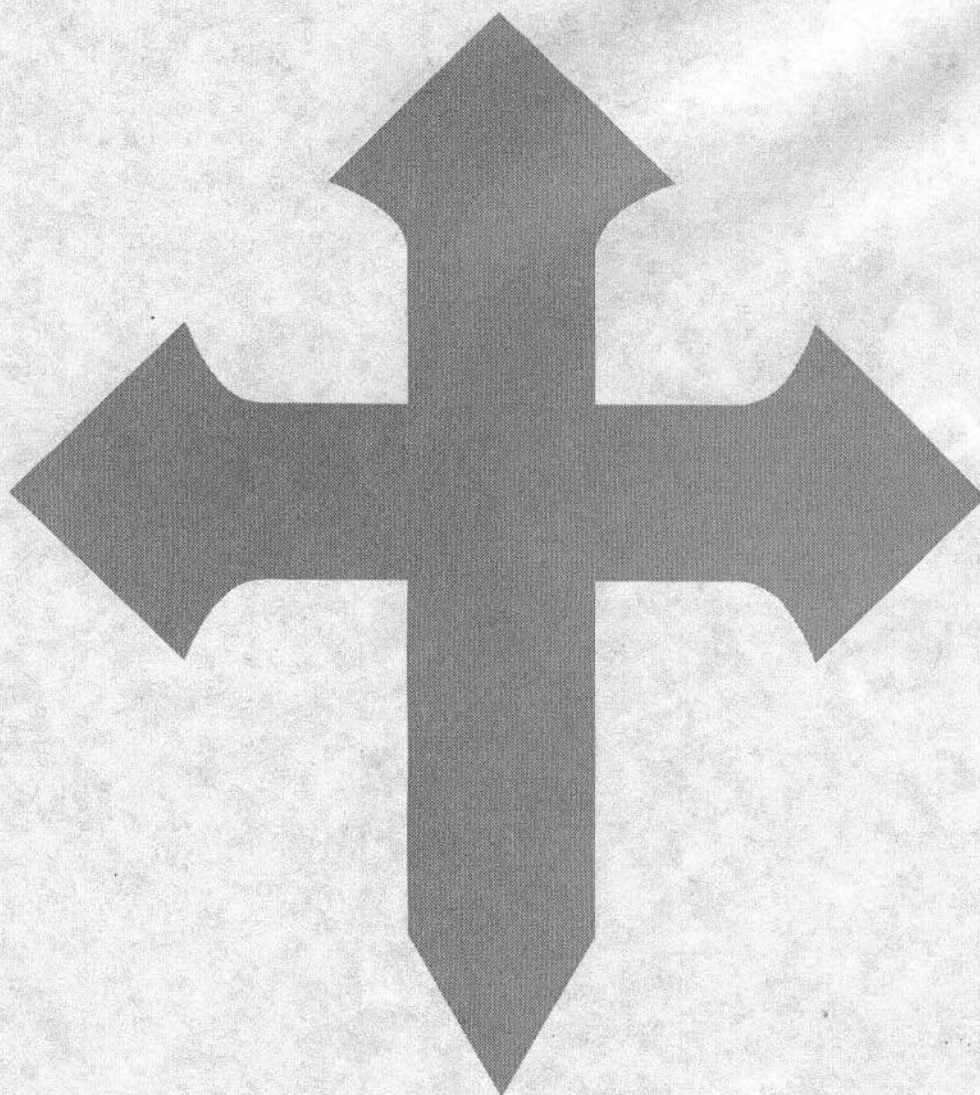


A Sourcebook for VAMPIRE: The Masquerade®

C L A N B O O K :

Ravnos

Pride and Prejudice



By Christopher Walters



Why do you persecute me?
Why do you spit on me?
Is it because my eyes are dark, and my hair gypsy black?
— Romani folksong

You have always seen us. Yes, there, on the outskirts of your city. Perhaps you have seen the archons drive us away, but in time we have always returned.

You marvel at our appearance, at the distant lands reflected in our eyes. You wonder about our mysteries, the powers you've heard we possess. Do not fool yourself. Those powers we traded long ago, for abilities far more monstrous. We are still proud, but our blood is gone, and we have known prejudice that even the Damned should never endure.



Credits

Author: Christopher Walters
Additional Material by: Robert Hatch
Developer: Robert Hatch
Editor: Ed Hall
Art Director: Lawrence Snelly
Layout and Typesetting: Aileen E. Miles
Interior Art: Christopher Shy
Front Cover Art: Tim Bradstreet & Grant Goleash
Back Cover Art: Christopher Shy
Cover Design: Aileen E. Miles



735 PARK NORTH BLVD.
SUITE 128
CLARKSTON, GA 30021
USA

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Special Thanks

Justin "Innsmouth" Achilli, for his ever-present, never-pleasant naming service.
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Ben "Louis Louis" Monk, for keeping his head at the Halloween gala.
Dinah "Madame Guillotine" Monk. Let them drink beer!
Brad "Seasick" Butkovich. Arr, take it easy on the grog, matie!

Word from the White Wolf Game Studio

Mummy 2nd: Three notes.

There should have been a blank character sheet at the back of the book, and there was not. For this egregious oversight we apologize; blank **Mummy 2nd** character sheets may be obtained from our Website and freely copied.

Our apologies to Mike Danza, for leaving him out of the credits. Thank you for the lovely full-page art.

Also, apologies to Steve Wieck, who originally came up with the concept of mummies in the World of Darkness (way back in **WoD: Mummy 1st**). He should have received a note to this effect in the credits, and did not. Sorry, Steve.

Note from the Author

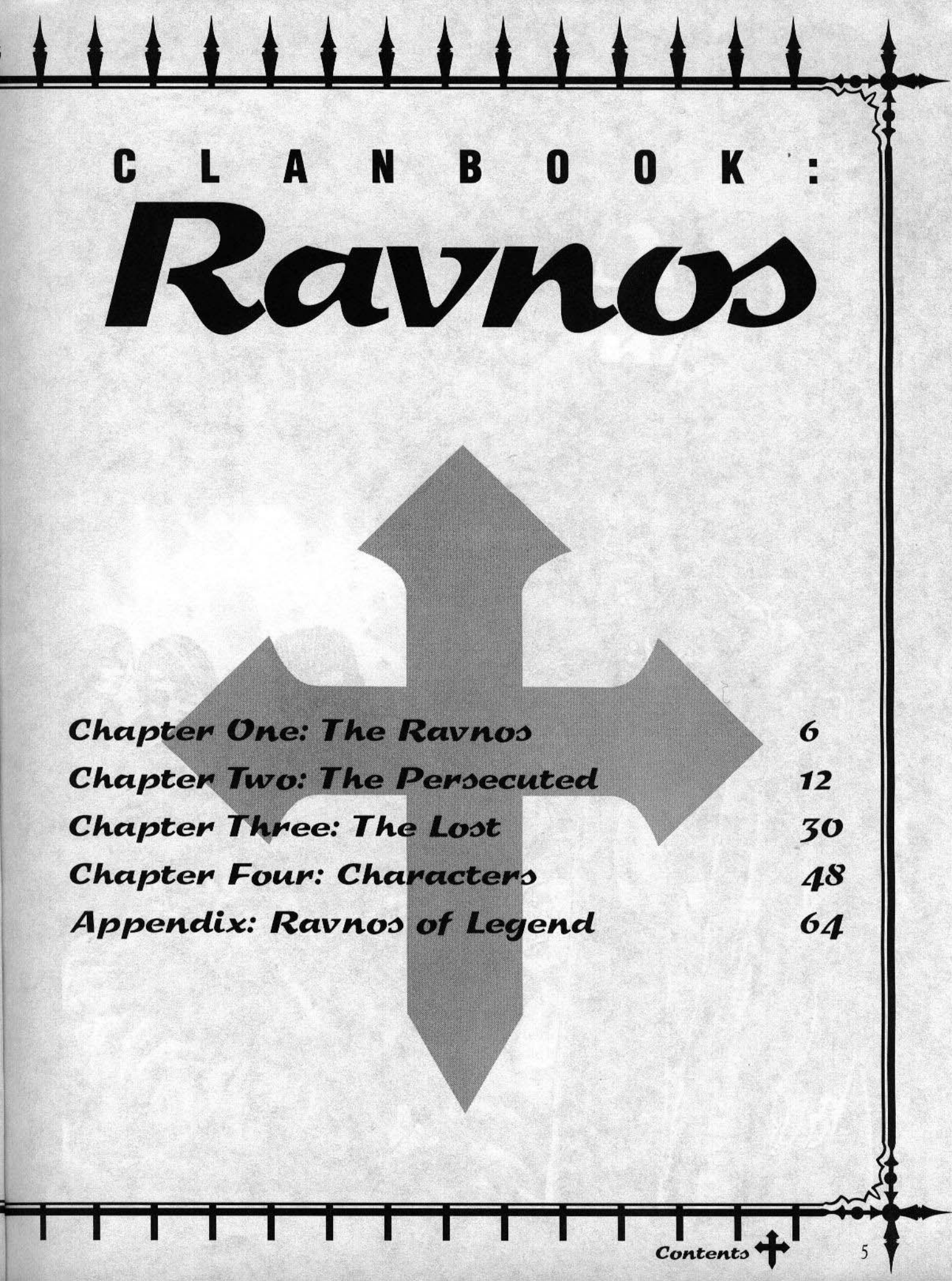
Of all the peoples of the world, the Gypsies have always been the most difficult for outsiders to understand. Many misconceptions have plagued them throughout time, and continue to follow them to this day.

Unfortunately, it is unreasonable to assume that all who wish to use Gypsies in their chronicles will have the benefit of an anthropology course. For this reason, certain liberties have been taken in the presentation of these enigmatic people, including the continuation of some of these misconceptions.

Largest among these is the misuse of the word *Rom*. The Rom are a family of Gypsies, different from the Gitanos or the Rudari. However, for game purposes, the word *Rom* is used to describe *all* Gypsies. In truth, this is not the case.

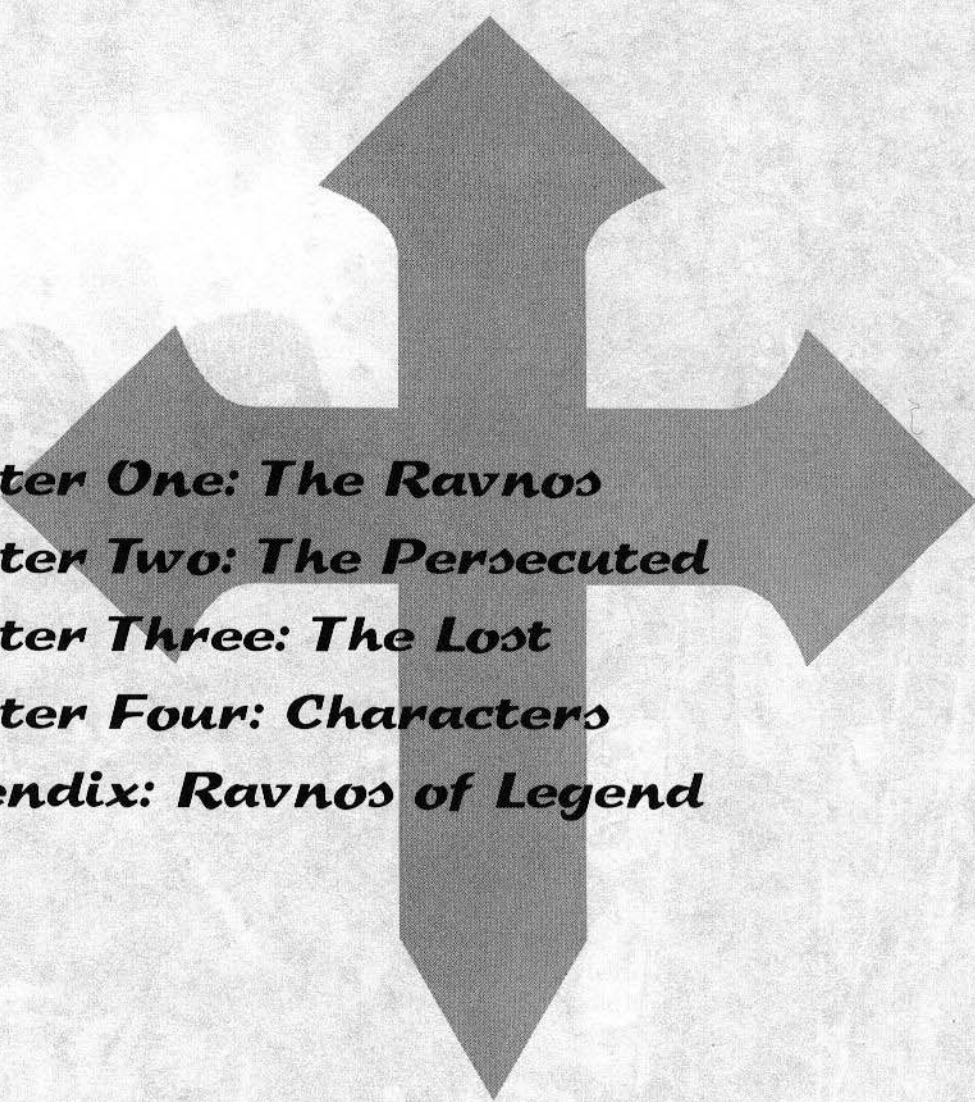
I would like to apologize for these errors in advance. I mean no offense to anyone in what I have written. However, I would like to stress emphatically that this is a *game*; the World of Darkness is not the real world. It has been created for entertainment, and for it to work properly, creative license must be taken to increase playability.





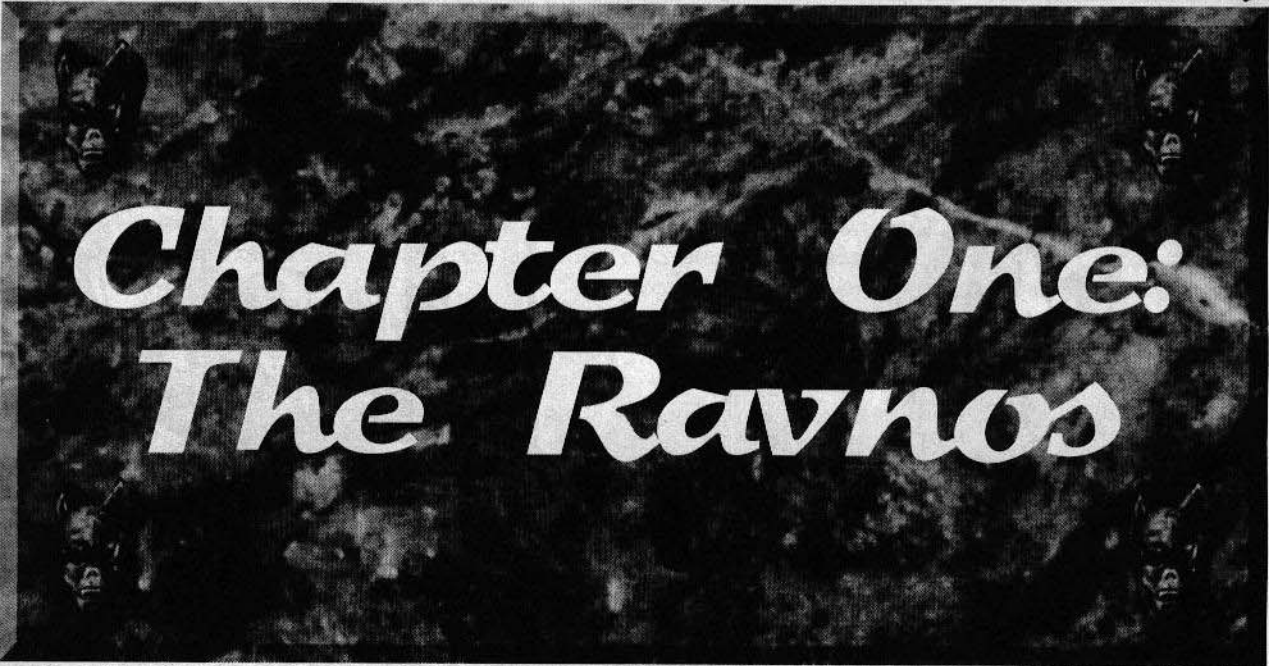
C L A N B O O K :

Ravnos

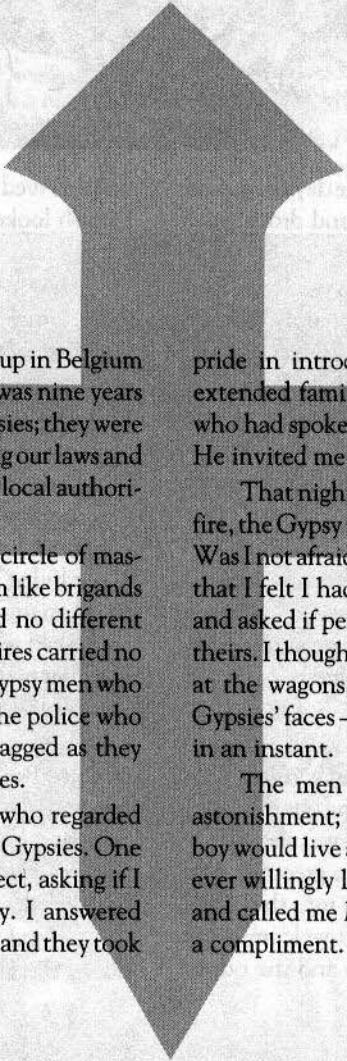


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Chapter One: The Ravnos



I first met the Gypsies as a child, growing up in Belgium after the First World War. It was 1923, and I was nine years old. My parents had warned me about the Gypsies; they were thieves and brigands who delighted in breaking our laws and traveled constantly to escape the wrath of the local authorities.

But the people gathered inside the semicircle of massive, horse-drawn covered wagons did not seem like brigands to me. The laughing, playing children acted no different than I. The old women clustered around the fires carried no air of malice about them. The dark-skinned Gypsy men who talked among themselves showed no fear of the police who would eventually come to drive them off. Ragged as they were, these people did not strike me as thieves.

I was approached by three Gypsy boys, who regarded me with the same awe that I attributed to the Gypsies. One of them spoke to me in a broken French dialect, asking if I were not afraid to be seen in their company. I answered truthfully that I was not. This delighted them, and they took

pride in introducing me to the other members of their extended family, which they called a *kumpania*. The boy who had spoken to me told me that he was named Panash. He invited me to dinner, and I gratefully accepted.

That night, eating from metal plates around the campfire, the Gypsy men made the same inquiry that Panash had: Was I not afraid to be seen with the Rom? Again, I answered that I felt I had nothing to fear. The men laughed deeply, and asked if perhaps I would like to trade my way of life for theirs. I thought for a moment, looking around the campsite at the wagons, the dogs, the firelight shining off of the Gypsies' faces — and I nodded, saying that I would trade all in an instant.

The men stopped laughing. They looked at me in astonishment; it seemed impossible to them that any *gaje* boy would live as they did. Certainly, no Romani boy would ever willingly lead the life of a *gajo*. Panash laughed shrilly and called me *Romani-gajo*, which I could only assume was a compliment.



I did not return home that night, nor the day after. And when the *kumpania* pulled up their roots and drove their wagons eastward, I went with them.

I spent nearly half a year traveling with the Rom until the police found me and returned me to my family. But the road had taken root in my heart, and I was no longer content to live as the *gaje* did. My mother wept, and my father and I had bitter words, but finally my parents ruefully allowed me to spend half of each year traveling with my Romani foster-family. This cycle of living continued for many years, until the outbreak of World War II, when I abruptly lost contact with the *kumpania*.

It was common knowledge that the Nazis hunted Gypsies just as they did Jews or homosexuals, and I assumed that this was the fate that had befallen my Rom family. They had been taken to the camps and put to death. I did not expect to see any of them again.

However, while traveling through the south of France on a cold autumn night in 1948, I stumbled across a Rom encampment. I approached the camp, calling out the traditional Romani greetings I had learned, and was shocked to see my boyhood friend Panash come out to greet me. We laughed at our good fortune, and he led me into the camp, where other members of my old *kumpania* welcomed me warmly. Excitedly, I asked Panash how he and the others

had survived the war, and why they had not kept in contact. Panash looked at me strangely, and told me he would not speak of it.

They invited me to sit with them, to tell them of my life since I had last seen them. I nodded, noticing that the members of my old *kumpania* sat at a fire a good distance away from the other Rom, who eyed us suspiciously. I wondered what they had done to be treated this way by other Gypsies.

I told them of my family's flight to Switzerland to escape Nazi occupation, and of my efforts to find any sign of the *kumpania* during the war. I told them of the work I had begun while living in Switzerland — of my plans to write a book based on my experiences among the Rom. Panash frowned, and asked why I would choose to write about them. I told him that perhaps other *gaje* would read my book, and see the Rom as I did.

A low, unsettling laughter passed through the assembled Rom, and Panash smiled darkly. He rose from the fire, and his face fell into shadow. He beckoned me to follow him, and he began to walk into the darkness. The other Gypsies watched me carefully, and for the first time in over two decades, I felt ill at ease in their company.

I stood uncertainly and asked Panash where he was taking me. He turned his head, the firelight reflecting in his

eyes. "Come," he said quietly. "Come and meet Jhienvé, and you will know how we survived the Holocaust."

I followed him, though at the time I did not know precisely why. We walked to the far edge of the camp, to a wagon that superficially seemed no different from any of the others: horse-drawn, cookpots and heavy skillets dangling from the sides, with a cloth awning and thick wooden doors. Panash knocked quietly, and a soft, weary voice bade him enter.

Jhienvé was an old Romani woman, dressed in flowing colored skirts and a loose-fitting blouse; charms and talismans adorned her ears and neck. Though tiny, she seemed to fill the wagon with her presence, and though purest Rom, she was exceedingly pale, as if in the grip of illness. She greeted Panash warmly, but her eyes turned cold and distrustful when she saw me enter the wagon behind him. Jhienvé looked scornfully at my blond hair and blue eyes, and asked Panash why he had brought a *gajo* to her. She spoke in a Romani dialect different from any I had ever heard; her words seemed purer than Panash's, less corrupted by the influence of other European languages. I could scarcely understand her.

Panash bowed and mumbled an apology, then explained to her that I was his foster-brother, of whom he had spoken so often. Jhienvé watched me closely for a moment, and then her stony eyes softened. She gestured to some pillows on the floor, and we sat.

Jhienvé asked me about myself: my family, my travels, my experiences with Panash and the *kumpania*. I answered her questions, but I was still uncomfortable with the way her dark, mournful eyes stared into mine. Finally I told her of my work, of my plans to offer a glimpse of the real Rom to the *gaje*, so that perhaps the two peoples could live in peace.

Jhienvé smiled, the wrinkles on her face becoming deep creases. Her mirthful grin did not match the pain and contempt in her eyes. She and Panash exchanged looks, then Jhienvé turned to me and asked me the same question that I had been asked so many years ago: Would I trade my way of life for theirs? I frowned, explaining that I already had. I was no more a *gajo*, I said, than she. Her smile only broadened, but her eyes hardened further.

"Would you know the truth of things, *Romani-gajo*?" Jhienvé whispered. "Would you know the hidden secrets of the Rom? Come closer," she hissed, crooking a finger, "and I will tell you what I know." At this change in her countenance I started, but Panash's hand on my back implacably urged me forward, and then Jhienvé's eyes swelled to such a size that I almost ignored her talons scrabbling at my clothes, or her fangs tearing at my throat.

I felt a tidal surge of euphoria; then it faded, and I felt dizzy, faint, such that I would surely die. I slipped to the floor, and Jhienvé knelt over me, spat into her palm and placed her palm to my mouth. "Know this, *Romani-gajo*," she mockingly intoned as I licked the salty fluid. "You have been



tricked. It were well that in the future you prove more cunning."

She told me then of the dead things that lurk on the edges of our lives. She told me of the Damned, and of Clan Ravnos: of its battles for survival and its persecution at the hands of the *gaje*, Kindred and kine alike. She told me of its origins in the nights of Eden and of its ceaseless struggle with the *mulo*. And when she finished, as the horizon had begun to lighten, I asked Jhienvé if I might use my newfound gift to chronicle the truth about the Ravnos, as I had intended to tell of the Rom — and upon hearing this she simply laughed, a dry and bitter sound.

When I left the camp, I was no longer human.

Since that time, I have traveled throughout Europe and the Americas, relearning what I once thought I knew. I have spent many years prying out the truth about my own clan: its customs, its factions, and its secrets. I have spoken with the elders of my clan and others like myself, and I have ever paid dearly. In truth, I know little more than I did when I breathed, and I am certain that half of my knowledge is but lies upon lies, for the Children of Caine are nothing if not false of tongue, and my family more so than many.

Nonetheless, what you hold in your hands is the fruit of my labors. This book compiles a fraction of the histories, tales and customs that have made Clan Ravnos as foreign to the other Kindred as the Rom are to the *gaje*.

I can only hope that my efforts will do some good. Prejudice runs deep and unyielding in the Damned, and no other clan has been so subject to bigotry as the Ravnos. Since the fabled Second City we have been hunted. Since our very origins we have lived apart from other Kindred. But in reading this, it is my hope that perhaps you will see why, and that understanding will temper your mistrust.

I will impart to you the only truths I know, and many a lie besides. With these truths and lies come responsibilities which you now share.

Ravnos Lexicon

The Ravnos share a language with the living Rom, a language that is unknown to outsiders. This language, called Romani, has its roots in Sanskrit, but has adapted many terms and inflections from other sources. A more complete lexicon of Romani terms can be found in *A World of Darkness: Gypsies*. However, there are a few words which the Ravnos use exclusively, or which hold a different meaning for them. Those terms are listed here.

Amria (AHM-ree-uh) — A Gypsy curse.

Baro (BAH-roh) — Literally, "big man." The leader of a Ravnos or Gypsy *kumpania*.

Draba (DRAH-bah) — Gypsy charms and talismans.

Gajo (GAH-zhoh) — Literally, "peasant." Any non-Gypsy, mortal or Kindred.





Gaje (GAH-zhay) — Plural of *gajo*.

Georgio (JOOR-jee-oh) — A Ravnos of non-Gypsy stock; a *gajo* Ravnos.

Juvindo (joo-VEEN-doh) — Literally, "alive." A member of the living Rom.

Kaen (KAIN) — The Romani spelling of Caine, the first vampire.

Kris (KREASE) — A Gypsy trial.

Krisatora (KREASE-ah-tor-ah) — Those who preside over a *kris*.

Kumpania (koom-pah-NEE-ah) — A band of Gypsies or Ravnos.

Kumpaniyi (koom-pah-NEE-yee) — Plural of *kumpania*.

Marhime (MAH-ree-may) — Literally, "tainted." The condition of an object or person being somehow unclean or corrupt.

Mulo (MOO-loh) — Literally, "dead." A contemptuous term for non-Ravnos vampires.

Patshiv (paht-SHEEV) — A kind of Ravnos "clan meeting": A feast and celebration that occur whenever two or more *kumpaniyi* happen to meet while traveling.

Patshiva (paht-SHEE-vah) — Plural of *patshiv*.

Phralmulo (FRAHL-moo-loh) — A Ravnos of Gypsy heritage.

Samadji (sah-MAHD-jee) — Literally, "heirloom." A powerful piece of *draba* passed from sire to childe among the Ravnos.

Sarrath (sah-RATH) — The Ravnos' name for the being who became the first Silent Strider Lupine.

Sarrath, Children of — The tribe of Lupines known as the Silent Striders.

Shanglo (SHAN-glo) — A policeman; the term can also mean a vampiric "law enforcement" officer: a Justicar, Seraph or sheriff of a city.

Tumnimos (tum-NEE-nos) — The vampire Embrace.

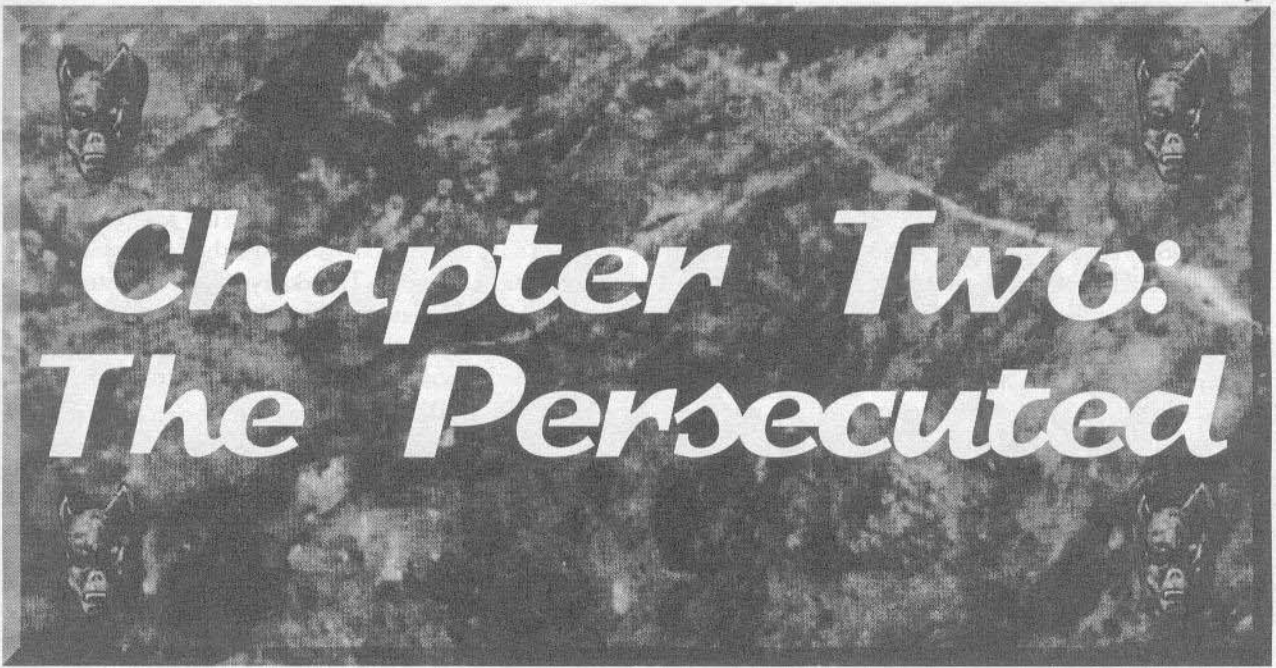
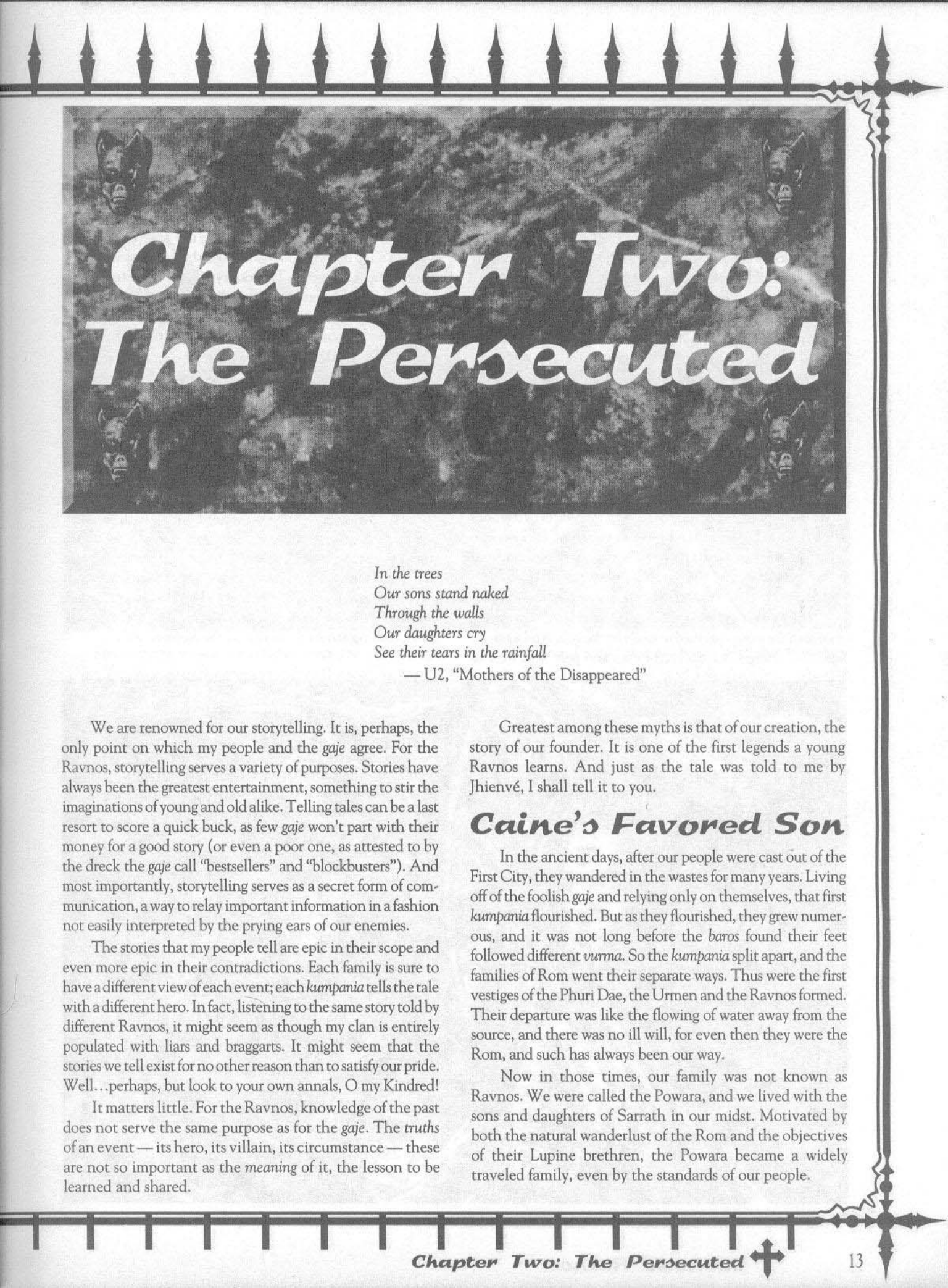
Tzaddik (TZAHD-deek) — Synonym for *baro*, used among Ravnos from Africa and Asia.

Vurdon (VER-dohn) — A Ravnos' vehicle and haven. In Europe, a covered wagon. In the Americas, *vurdon* are often station wagons or vans.

Vurma (VER-mah) — Literally, "trail." The routes which *kumpaniyi* travel.

Wuzho (WOOZ-oh) — Literally, "pure." The opposite of *marhime*. Also, a Ravnos from the Tsurara family of Gypsies, a radical sect which has dedicated itself to combating supernatural menaces.





Chapter Two: The Persecuted

*In the trees
Our sons stand naked
Through the walls
Our daughters cry
See their tears in the rainfall
— U2, "Mothers of the Disappeared"*

We are renowned for our storytelling. It is, perhaps, the only point on which my people and the *gaje* agree. For the Ravnos, storytelling serves a variety of purposes. Stories have always been the greatest entertainment, something to stir the imaginations of young and old alike. Telling tales can be a last resort to score a quick buck, as few *gaje* won't part with their money for a good story (or even a poor one, as attested to by the dreck the *gaje* call "bestsellers" and "blockbusters"). And most importantly, storytelling serves as a secret form of communication, a way to relay important information in a fashion not easily interpreted by the prying ears of our enemies.

The stories that my people tell are epic in their scope and even more epic in their contradictions. Each family is sure to have a different view of each event; each *kumpania* tells the tale with a different hero. In fact, listening to the same story told by different Ravnos, it might seem as though my clan is entirely populated with liars and braggarts. It might seem that the stories we tell exist for no other reason than to satisfy our pride. Well...perhaps, but look to your own annals, O my Kindred!

It matters little. For the Ravnos, knowledge of the past does not serve the same purpose as for the *gaje*. The *truths* of an event — its hero, its villain, its circumstance — these are not so important as the *meaning* of it, the lesson to be learned and shared.

Greatest among these myths is that of our creation, the story of our founder. It is one of the first legends a young Ravnos learns. And just as the tale was told to me by Jhienvé, I shall tell it to you.

Caine's Favored Son

In the ancient days, after our people were cast out of the First City, they wandered in the wastes for many years. Living off of the foolish *gaje* and relying only on themselves, that first *kumpania* flourished. But as they flourished, they grew numerous, and it was not long before the *baros* found their feet followed different *vurma*. So the *kumpania* split apart, and the families of Rom went their separate ways. Thus were the first vestiges of the Phuri Dae, the Urmen and the Ravnos formed. Their departure was like the flowing of water away from the source, and there was no ill will, for even then they were the Rom, and such has always been our way.

Now in those times, our family was not known as Ravnos. We were called the Powara, and we lived with the sons and daughters of Sarrath in our midst. Motivated by both the natural wanderlust of the Rom and the objectives of their Lupine brethren, the Powara became a widely traveled family, even by the standards of our people.

It came in time that the *baro* of the Powara was a man called Tshurka. He was well loved by the *kumpania*, for he was as insuperable as the Rom themselves, and he spoke with certainty and wisdom. He led the Powara with fiery eyes and an arrogant smile that put fear and bewilderment into the *gaje*, for he had learned to show them just the slightest hint of the power in his Blood.

Tshurka's brother was called Pujinka, and he was eldest among the children of Sarrath who traveled with the *kumpania*. For every reason that made Tshurka the *baro* of the Rom, Pujinka was the chieftain of the Lupines. In response to Tshurka's flashing smile, Pujinka displayed a fearsome scowl. Instead of Tshurka's gentle compassion, Pujinka was overfilled with the impassioned anger of his kind. He sometimes led the Lupines away from the *kumpania* for days, even weeks, only to return with but a handful of their number. Because of this, Tshurka favored him little, and a burning rivalry slowly smoldered between them as the *kumpania* roamed the land.

One night, as Tshurka and his people cooked their dinner around the fire, a stranger wandered from the darkness and stood at the edge of the camp, leaning on Tshurka's *vurdon*. The dogs in the camp ran toward him, barking and growling, but he calmed them with a sweep of his hand and a few gentle words; the hounds bowed their heads and crawled at his feet, their bellies dragging on the dusty earth.

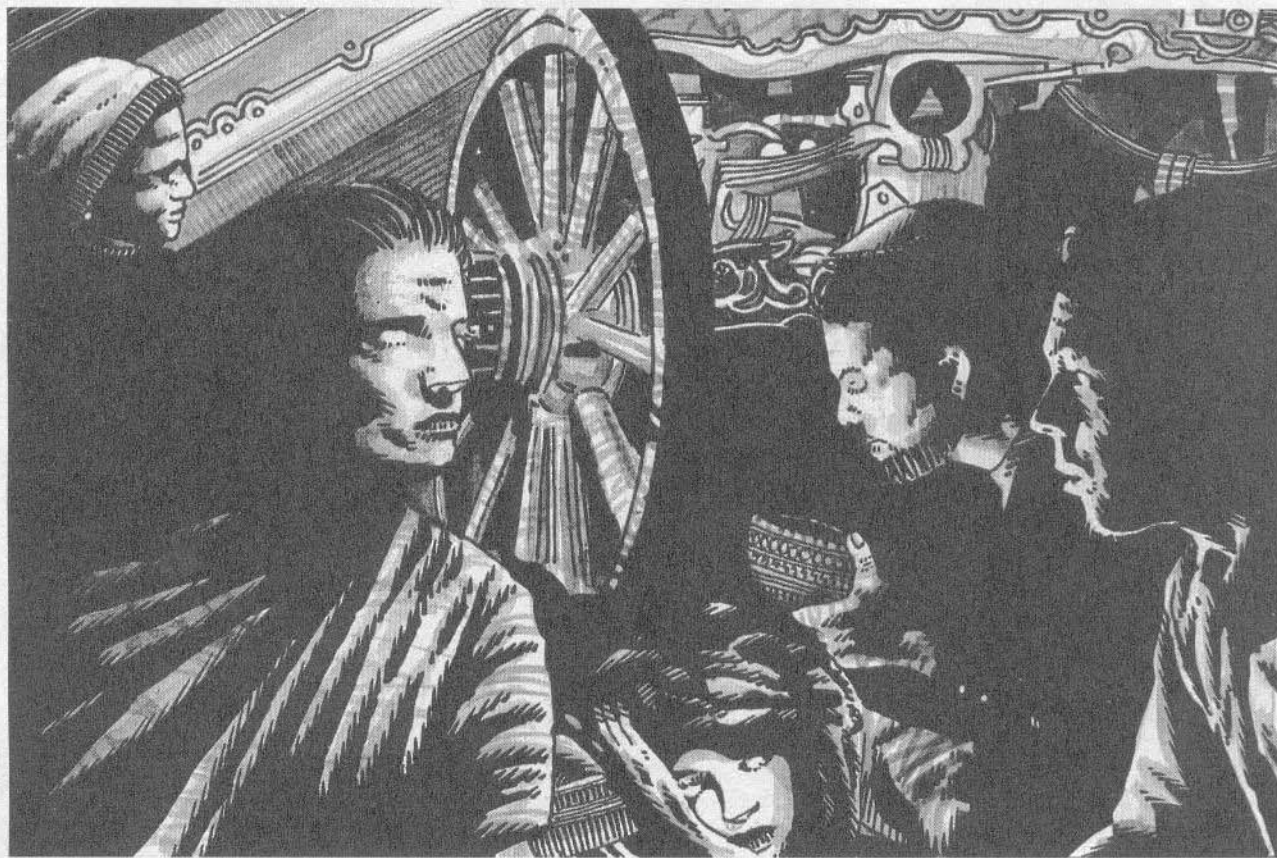
The Powara stared at the stranger, for never before had they seen their dogs pacified so easily by the *gaje*. And a *gajo* he was, this stranger, for his bright eyes and pale skin were as

foreign to the dark-skinned Rom as the full moon is to the noonday sun. For a moment, the Powara were held by the same vague fear with which the *gaje* viewed the Rom. Pujinka, however, smelled the taint of the *tumnimos* upon him, and angrily leapt from the fire to drive the intruder away.

No sooner had Pujinka risen to confront the stranger than a second figure appeared beside the *gajo* and tenderly reached up to take his cold hand. And the Powara watched in astonishment as Laetshi, Tshurka's youngest daughter, led the man into the camp and, smiling, asked him to sit with them at the fire. Snarling, Pujinka immediately confronted Tshurka, saying that he would not share his fire with the man.

Whether Tshurka was swayed by the stranger's power, or he held faith in the trust his daughter had shown, or he simply meant to anger Pujinka — this is unknown. But with an even gaze, the *baro* told his brother that to turn the stranger away was not the way of the Rom. Watching Pujinka's face darken, Tshurka added, with a smirk, that perhaps he would be so kind as to sit down again, before he brought dishonor upon the soul of their father.

The *gajo* watched Tshurka and Pujinka with interest, but said nothing as the brothers fought. Finally, Pujinka stormed away from the fire, hurling curses at the mysterious stranger. Several of the Lupines rushed after their leader, but soon the camp grew quiet again. For the second time, Laetshi asked the stranger to sit with them, and he complied, smiling strangely at the young Romani girl.





For a moment, silence reigned over the assemblage. Then Tshurka asked the *gaje* to speak to them of his travels. The stranger sighed deeply, but nodded, and began to tell his tale.

The stranger told the Powara of the destruction of the First City, of the deceit and treachery that had laid waste to the accomplishments of the *gaje*. He told them of his flight from the city shortly before its destruction — how he had been cast out by the other men, and bore his solitude like a beast of burden. He spoke of it with a distant sadness, as a condemned man recounts his crime.

The Powara asked the stranger why it burdened him so; they too had been cast out, but in their divorce from the *gaje* they had found pride, not regret. The stranger could only shake his weary head, for he had experienced nothing but guilt and contrition since his earliest memories. He was a monster, he said, a murderer who was cursed never again to walk among the children of Eve.

Tshurka dismissed these abuses and invited the stranger to travel with them for as long as he liked. After all, the *baro* concluded, you are so like us, save that you have no *kumpania*. The man gawked at Tshurka, for he had never thought he would find people who could accept him in his disgrace. With a broad smile, he accepted Tshurka's offer, and the stranger was welcomed into the Powara. Among the *gaje*, he was called Caine, son of Adam and brother of Abel. But to the Powara, he was known as Kaen.

Of course, Pujinka was not happy with these developments. However, at the urging of Tshurka's bride, Pujinka remained with the *kumpania*, though he vowed never to share his *vurdon* or his fire with Kaen. And this vow he kept, even as the months rolled by.

As they traveled together, Tshurka came to know what Kaen truly was: a *shilmulo*, one of the cold dead of myth and legend. Though Tshurka did not turn Kaen away from the *kumpania*, the *baro* forbade him to take nourishment from any of the Powara. Kaen agreed, but in his heart he had already begun to betray that promise.

Kaen grew to be well liked among the Powara, though Pujinka and the other werewolves still showed him nothing but scorn and aversion. Among the Rom who most admired Kaen was Ravnos, Tshurka's eldest son. He was considered a brash youth, with too much fire in his eyes and too many dreams clouding his thoughts. In time, they said, he would be an able *baro*, but not until the passions of his adolescence faded into the confidence of an adult.

Ravnos spent many nights with Kaen in his father's *vurdon*, learning what he could about the *shilmulo* and their ways. Tshurka grew uneasy at the way in which his son's eyes gleamed while Kaen spoke of his endless life, but he trusted in Kaen's vow. In his naïveté, Tshurka had unknowingly guaranteed the birth of our clan.

One night, as the *kumpania* camped outside one of the hamlets of the *gaje*, the Powara were startled by a distant cry for



help. Knowing that Tshurka and some of the other men had not returned from the village, Ravnos led a group of Rom toward the town, fearing in his heart for the safety of his father. When they arrived in the town square, Ravnos' fears were confirmed.

The Powara, it seemed, had not been the only nocturnal visitors in the town. A group of *shilmulo* had also come that night to feed off the sleeping *gaje*. When their feast was interrupted by Tshurka and his men, the *mulo* fell upon them like crazed animals, so drawn were they to the power in the Romani Blood. Though they fought with all their strength, Tshurka and the other Powara soon fell to the might of their undead attackers.

As Ravnos and his followers approached, the *shilmulo* rose from their victims and licked their bloody lips, anxious to drink more from the hearts of the Rom. One of the *mulo* held Tshurka's lifeless body in one hand, while the *baro*'s dark blood still dripped from the *shilmulo*'s teeth. The *mulo* laughed at the terrified Powara men, and tossed Tshurka's body at their feet. "This is the fate," the *shilmulo* said, "that awaits all of you wandering dogs."

Seeing his father lying still on the ground, Ravnos wept, and through his tears hurled a frightful *amria* upon the *mulo*. The *mulo* had never seen such a display of wrath, and they backed away, unexpectedly frightened and confused. Perhaps they sensed Kaen's mark upon the boy, or perhaps they saw the power in his Blood, but the *shilmulo* fled, fearing that the curse of Ravnos would blast them into the lowest hells.

Ravnos lifted the corpse of his father from the road, and slowly walked back to the camp. He walked with a set purpose, and his steps led him to the door of Kaen's *vurdon*. Kaen was waiting for him, for he had foreseen what had transpired that night.

Ravnos pleaded with the *shilmulo* to give his father the *tumnimos*, but Kaen already knew that Tshurka's corpse had grown cold, and his soul was gone, beyond even the beckoning of the eternal Embrace. Ravnos seethed in his futile rage, and then turned his fiery eyes toward Kaen. No words needed to be spoken between them; Kaen simply nodded and wrapped the youth in his arms. Kaen wept blood as he heard Ravnos' heart beat mightily inside his chest, then lowered his lips to the young man's neck.

When Ravnos emerged from the *vurdon*, he found Pujinka waiting. He wearily greeted his uncle, and told him of Tshurka's death, and of the new life granted him by Kaen. But Pujinka had already sensed the change in his young nephew, and he could contain his fury no further. His body rippled with the change, and he charged forward, claws bared for the attack.

In a swift rush of motion, Kaen interposed himself between Ravnos and Pujinka. Feeling the monster's teeth and claws tear into him, Kaen lifted the man-beast as if he were a child's toy and flung him across the camp. Pujinka howled in pain as he crashed to the ground. The other Lupines yielded to their rage and shifted into their mon-

strous forms. They turned their snarling faces upon Kaen, and murmured of his death as they began to approach the *urdon*. Ravnos, still weak from the *tumnimos*, was unable to summon the strength to act.

However, it was not Ravnos who halted the charging Lupines, nor was it the undead strength of Kaen. It was Laetshi, still just a child, who stepped between the angry werewolves and their *shilmulo* prey. It was Laetshi who barred the Lupines' way. And it was Laetshi who spoke then — of her visions, of her Sight. She spoke with a wisdom and grace belying her young body, and even the Children of Sarrath could not deny that they felt her power.

Laetshi told them of the dreams that had plagued her sleep: dreams of monstrous men who would destroy the Powara as they slept, drinking both their blood and their souls. She told them that she had seen Kaen in her dreams, and that she had sought him out, so that he might bring his blood to the Rom.

Ravnos had been chosen, she said, to lead a new family, to protect the Rom from all the other *shilmulo*. Without Ravnos, Laetshi continued, the Powara — and indeed, all the Rom — would come to serve the *mulo* as so many of the *gaje* did. Just as they had taken Tshurka, they would descend upon all the Rom, trying to capture the powers of the Blood. Only by accepting the blood of Kaen, she said, could Ravnos lead his new family to stop them. She begged Pujinka to put away his anger: They were all Rom, and as surely as he was her uncle, Ravnos was still her brother.

Pujinka was deeply moved by Laetshi's passion, and he backed away from the *urdon*. But his anger did not abate entirely. With a cruel tongue he damned Kaen and his blood, and he gathered his people around him as he spoke. The sons and daughters of Sarrath, he said, would not travel with the *shilmulo* anymore. If it was destiny that Ravnos lead a new family, so be it — but it was the ending of the Powara.

And indeed it was.

Pujinka led the werewolves away from Kaen and his childe, away from Laetshi, away from all the other Rom who chose to remain. He called his new family the Lupinos, and to this day they will not speak of the Powara. Though they know us to be their cousins, their anger is still strong, and their fight against their enemies has never ceased.

The remaining Rom looked to Ravnos as their *baro*; Ravnos, in turn, looked to Kaen. But Kaen had shared in Laetshi's vision, and he knew he could no longer travel among the Rom. He taught Ravnos to use the powers to which we have grown accustomed: to commune with the wild beasts, so that our horses would not fear us; to find the stamina to endure the punishment of the *shanglo* with an unnatural resilience. But the greatest gift, our Chimerstry, was unknown even to Kaen, the sire of all the *shilmulo*. It was Laetshi who would teach this gift to Ravnos, and it remains our most closely guarded secret. After Kaen had disappeared again into the desert, the young *baro* and his family continued their endless wandering. But from that day onward, we called ourselves the Ravnos.



Ravnos and Ennoia

Legends of our founder do not end in those distant nights. Many tales are told of our founder's suffering at the hands of the gaje, of his flight from angry *shilmulo* and his triumphs over the other foolhardy clans. Though these stories are plentiful, there is no proof of their validity. However, one myth stands as an accepted truth, and may explain the superficial similarities between Clans Ravnos and Gangrel.

After Kaen's departure, Ravnos led the *kumpania* with passion and imagination. Aided by his sister's visions, the family grew strong again, and Ravnos sired several childer from among them. However, Laetshi would not accept the *tumnimos* from her brother, and grew into a beautiful woman.

In time, Ravnos and his family came to stand before the gates of another great city. In beauty and majesty it rivaled Enoch, but in the streets hung the stale aura of death, and the Ravnos knew they had found the city of the *mulo*. Unafraid, the Ravnos set their camp outside the city, and prepared to venture into the city for the food and blood hoarded inside its walls.

As they began to light their campfires, however, their attention was drawn to a young woman being cast out of the city by the *shanglo*. Young and beautiful, she looked as though she might have been a child of the Rom, with dark eyes and raven hair. Several of the Rom approached her, with young Ravnos leading them.

They called out to her as she cursed the guards, who paid no attention to her venom. She turned to face the oncoming Rom, and suspiciously eyed their movements as Ravnos offered her their hospitality. At first, the young woman frowned skeptically, but upon seeing the children playing in the camp, she accepted Ravnos' invitation and joined them.

Her name, she said, was Ennoia, and she had been living in the great city for some time until one of her lovers, jealous of her infidelity, had used his influence to have her branded as a thief and banished from the city. Though Laetshi, now a full-grown woman, distrusted Ennoia's story, her brother was deeply moved by her plight, and impulsively invited her to stay among them. Ennoia accepted, and the downfall of our founder was thus ensured.

Ennoia and Ravnos became fast friends; she had traveled extensively, as he had, and they spent long nights regaling each other with stories of their journeys. Their secret forays into the city were filled with many adventures, but those stories have long been forgotten. Though the other Rom grew weary of their stay by the great city, Ravnos was reluctant to leave, caught as he was in Ennoia's spell. As time passed, the friendship between Ravnos and Ennoia gave way to deeper emotion, and they became lovers. It was not long before she too was of our blood.

As the Ravnos family dallied ever longer by the gates of the city, they attracted the attention of the city's masters, the other childer of Kaen. They became infuriated by the Ravnos' deception and trickery, for it was an embarrassment to their control over the *gaje*. When their spies learned that the leader of these Gypsies was *shilmulo*, they became even more incensed, and they set about to have him killed. These attempts failed, and the *mulo* could only scream out their fury to the cold, uncaring stars.

Ennoia, for her part, was also growing weary of her unlife with the Ravnos. As a child of Luth, she was not accustomed to following the orders of any man, even if he was the *baro* of her adopted family. The seeds of betrayal began to grow in her heart, until one night she ventured off alone into the great city, to seek out the *mulo* who ruled it.

She struck a terrible bargain with the ancient undead; she would deliver Ravnos to them, and with his death, she would be the new *baro*. They, in turn, would regain both their lost honor and control of the city's kine. She agreed to lead the troublesome Gypsies away from the city in exchange for their help, and with the deal thus resolved, she stole back to the Ravnos camp.

Ennoia went to Ravnos and told him of a great hoard of gold that the *shilmulo* of the city kept hidden in their treasury. It would be only fitting, she reasoned, to take the gold and hide it, then watch the foolish *mulo* tear down the walls of their own city to find it. Ravnos, still blinded by his love for Ennoia, agreed.



As they left the camp, Laetshi appeared before them. She bade her brother to stay; after all, dawn would soon be upon them. It would do him no good to find himself trapped inside the city when the sun rose. The *mulo*, she said, had many spies and agents loyal to them, who could easily find him while he slept. She reminded him of the attempts they had made to end his life, of the narrow escapes he had made in the preceding weeks.

"Fear not," Ravnos told her. "My destiny does not end here. By sunrise the *mulo* will be ravaging their own city, and I will be asleep back in my *vurdon* under the eiderdowns." And with that, he left Laetshi, and brazenly ventured into the city with Ennoia.

As his sister had feared, Ravnos and Ennoia did not return by sunrise.

Worried for her brother's life, Laetshi used her powerful Sight to find him. And find him she did, his body nailed to the rooftop of the great temple, burning in the sun. As his screams echoed in her mind, Laetshi wept, for she knew she could never reach him in time to save him. She reached out to him, and comforted her brother's frightened mind as his unlife was extinguished. As the last of his blood boiled, the siblings said farewell for the final time.

After he was gone, Laetshi dried her eyes and bid her visions cease — and a single thought passed through her like an icy wind. Where was Ennoia? Her brother had suffered in solitude upon that rooftop; Ennoia was not with him. Again, she used her Sight, this time to find her brother's lover, friend and child. Laetshi found her sleeping peacefully, wrapped in darkness deep within the lair of the *mulo*, dreaming of her return to the Ravnos to claim her place as *baro*.

Seeing this, Laetshi flew into a frenzy that would have put fear into the heart of the bravest Lupine. She destroyed the tools that provided her with the Sight; she clawed at her face with her hands until she bled. As the other *juvindo* watched in horror, she burned the *vurdon* that Ennoia shared with Ravnos, hurling curses into the flames. And when her fury finally subsided, Laetshi told the Ravnos what had occurred, and instructed them to make preparations for what was to follow.

The following night, Ennoia crept away from the havens of the *mulo*, rehearsing the story with which she would deceive the other Ravnos. In his recklessness, she would say, Ravnos had taken too long in the coffers of the city's Kindred, and had been captured by their minions. She had managed to escape, finding refuge in a granary nearby, where she had escaped both the ravages of the sun and the *mulo*'s servants. The last words Ravnos had spoken were that she should carry on in his place, as *baro*, and lead the Ravnos far from the city.

When she reached the camp, however, she quickly found that her crime had already been discovered. She was ambushed by several of Ravnos' childer, and they dragged her before an assemblage of the Rom. Presiding over the assembly were the elders that would serve as her *krisatora*.

Laetshi had done well: She had used what little strength remained to her to summon the elders of the families together, so that they might pass *solakh* upon so great a trespass. Even Pujinka had answered her call, and he smiled at Ennoia with a ferocious anger that chilled her blood.

And thus Ennoia's *kris* began. It lasted well into the night; Laetshi's accusations were vicious and detailed, and Ennoia found herself unable to respond. As the *krisatora* began to question her, she found her deceptions suddenly transparent, her excuses weak and useless. Laetshi spoke again, revealing the visions she had received of Ennoia's betrayal of her sire. Becoming impatient for her *solakh*, the assembled Rom hurled curses at Ennoia, who began to grow defiant as the ceremony continued. As the night wore on, she started to curse back at the Rom, until finally the *krisatora* was no longer able to maintain any order.

Suddenly, the assembled Rom felt a great power swell over them, and they fell silent. Ennoia too grew quiet with unease, as she felt the presence of a greater fury than all the Rom together had shown her. And from the shadows, Kaen stepped forward into the firelight. Several of the Ravnos bowed their heads to him, but all of his inhuman rage was focused on Ennoia, who shrank away from him as he approached.

In the silence that followed, Kaen addressed the *krisatora*. "I mean no disrespect," he began, "by intruding on this *kris*. Tshurka taught me well of this tradition. I have come to pass judgment on this wretched creature who has destroyed my best-loved son."

The *krisatora* was thrown into confusion. Who was this *gajo*, they said, to pass judgment? Never before had such an event occurred. As they argued among themselves, it was Dujinka's voice that rose, clear and strong, above the din.

"I am Dujinka, brother of Tshurka and *baro* of the Lupinos," he shouted. "I am uncle to Ravnos, and I am eldest among the Dowara. This *mulo* is as much Ravnos' father as Tshurka was. His *solakh* will stand in place of mine, for his anger with this woman is surely as great as our own."

The *krisatora* fell silent, for it had been many years since the Dowara family had been spoken of in private, let alone before a *kris*. After a moment, they relinquished the speaking of the *solakh* to the stranger standing before them.

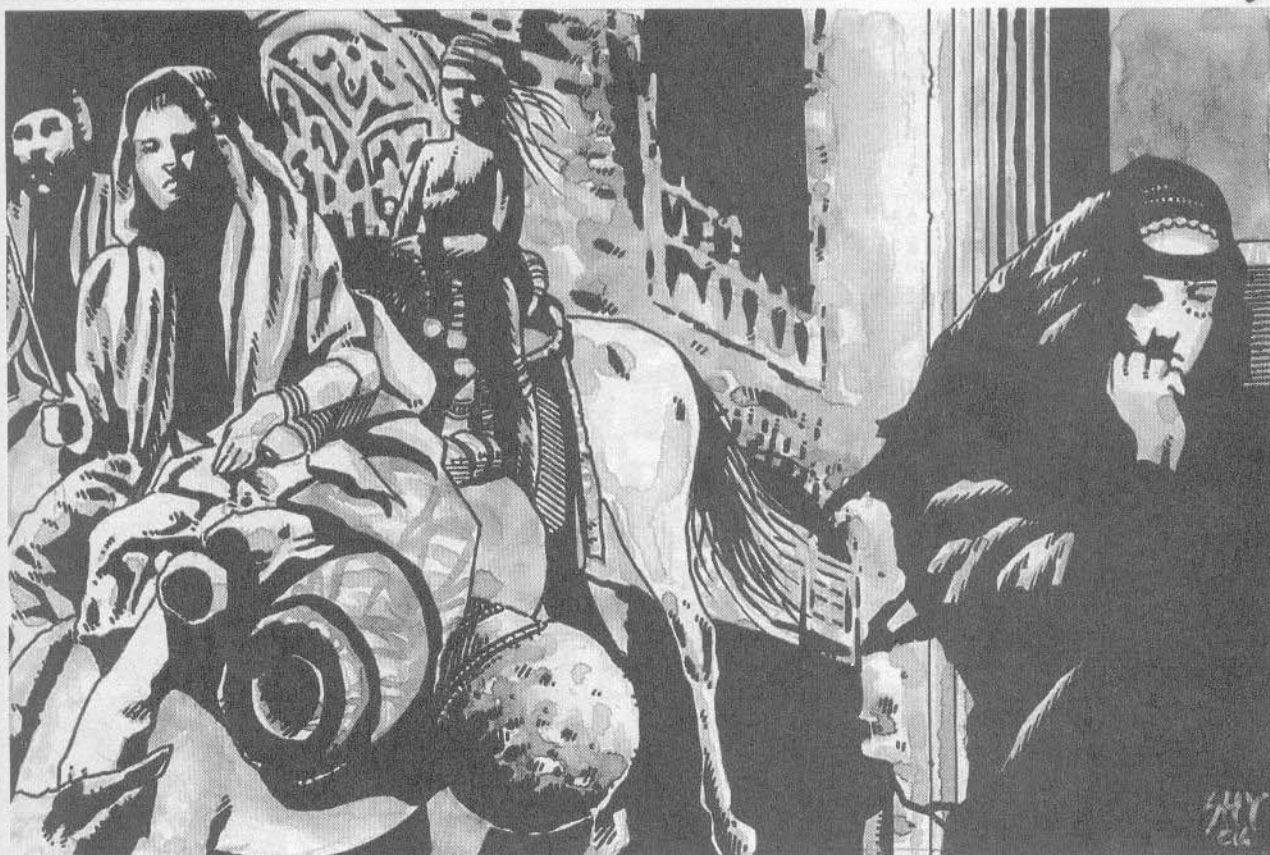
Nodding at Dujinka, Kaen slowly approached Ennoia. She shied away from him, but the power in his words held her transfixed. His voice was very soft, but his eyes betrayed his savage anger. Standing over her, Kaen began Ennoia's *solakh*.

You are like a beast — and so a beast you shall become. Stripped from you are the love and loyalty of family; though you may never stop your wandering, you will always travel alone. Never again will you know the joy of company. When your anger seizes you, when you give in to the temptations that made you lead my son to slaughter, then will you see more of the beast in your own face, until you will no longer be able to bear the sight of your own reflection. Gone, too, is the magic in the blood you stole from Ravnos. Instead, learn to imitate the animal you are. You will sleep beneath the soil, like the dead, for never again will you know the comfort of a vurdon. You are no longer of the Ravnos. Now go, and in going, know that you are nothing.

When Kaen had finished, the Rom remained silent, for never before had they heard such a terrible curse. Pausing only briefly to nod again at Dujinka, Kaen disappeared into the night.

Ennoia snarled speechlessly in rage and horror. Dropping to all fours like an animal, tears of blood streaming down a face already bearing resemblance to a snout, she padded away into the night. In the nights since then, Ennoia has spread her blood — and Kaen's curse. Once of Clan Ravnos, she wanders the world to this night, the founder of the clan called Gangrel.





Outsiders Looking In

Now you know of the ancient foundations of my clan; however, our story does not stop there. Throughout the history of the *gaje*, we Ravnos have always been present. Though the Kindred have ever tried to forbid us entrance to their walled prisons, we have laughed at their folly and gone among them all the same. Their treasures we have made our own, and their slaves have nourished our thirst, and their thralls we have beguiled to our service. And on the Last Night, when the dead gods rise ravaging from their crypts, we will leave the *gaje* to their gilded tombs with a laugh and wave.

The Ancient World

My clan came of age in the far lands, in the expanses of the South and East. The Ravnos tarried in the Indus Valley for a time, near that city which mortals have named Mohenjo Daro. They walked among the Dravidians, and they dealt with the ancient vampires who ruled them, and they saw the other Children of Caine lead their chariot-borne armies into the valley on missions of conquest and pillage. The vampires of Mohenjo Daro were overwhelmed, and fled into the uttermost East — but before they fled, they cursed their Cainite enemies, and swore to avenge themselves one

night, in the names of Kali and Yama. The others have forgotten this, but the Ravnos have not.

When the Children of Sarrath rose up to combat Set, many of their Ravnos cousins were present to aid them. Though the *shilmulo* were able to confuse Set's forces, even this combined effort between the two Gypsy families was not enough to thwart the Antediluvian.

When the Silent Striders were forced to flee Egypt, many of the Ravnos who had come to aid them were captured by the dark Antediluvian's forces. Through trickery, all but a handful of these *shilmulo* managed to escape, but those who could not escape were never heard from again.

In 420 BC, almost 10,000 Gypsy performers from India were "imported" to Persia by Bahram Gour, and the Ravnos were among them. These Ravnos made use of both their musical and Chimerstry talents, thereby winning over many of the kine. However, the Ravnos did not begin to travel out of the East and South *en masse* until much later. Though no accurate records remain detailing the reasons behind this sudden exodus, one story suggests that my clan was driven out of the desert by several Assamite campaigns staged to destroy the clan, and to enslave the few Ravnos who survived the massacres. When the touring Ravnos first encountered Clan Assamite, so the story goes, they welcomed the strangers into their camps, in an attempt to further their relations with the other *shilmulo*. This gesture was rewarded with bloody constraint; the Assassins, for



their part, saw my clan as but a stepping stone on which to continue their journey of diablerie.

For whatever reason, the *kumpaniyi* of Clan Ravnos slowly roamed out of their homeland, and began to wander the vast lands of the Old World.

The Middle Ages

By the Middle Ages, *georgio* Ravnos had spread across Eurasia, creating a network of black-market contacts and notorious so-called “free ports,” where trade flourished. Ravnos also cultivated the trade routes established between mainland Europe and the mysterious East, and profited greatly by the increasing European interest in foreign lands.

Along the shores of the Mediterranean, the Ravnos began to build strongholds in the cities of the *gaje*. Through their influence in the burgeoning underworld, my sires found themselves in competition with the Setites, who had also begun to take an active interest in the underground marketplace. In a rare gesture, the Ravnos struck a bargain with the Followers, and forgave (though they did not forget) any past offenses. Alas, my sires neglected to spit into their palms when so bargaining — and all know that the Setites have no honor. And so there were unavoidable misunderstandings, and violent disputes interrupted otherwise peaceful nights in Baghdad, Alexandria and Constantinople.

In Eastern Europe, the Ravnos brazenly infiltrated the crumbling domains of the Tzimisce. The *voivodes* found

themselves unable to control the influx of the Gypsy *shilmulo*, and began to use their *gaje* slaves to destroy them. In the chaotic battles that ensued, the Tzimisce often found their most prized artifacts falling into Ravnos hands. Many of those treasures are still passed among the Ravnos today, becoming priceless *samadji* to families lucky enough to control them — though it were well not to display these trinkets too boldly when passing through Sabbath territory.

When the Crusaders began to march, these foreign invaders found no resistance among my clan. As wars erupted around them, the Ravnos cheerfully welcomed their newfound “saviors.” Though their true religion did not change, the Ravnos accepted the preaching of the Crusaders, citing an age-old Gypsy proverb, “*May mishto les o thud katar i gurumni kai tordjol.*” (It is easier to milk a cow that stands still.) While the Setites and Assamites fought like jackals against the tide of Christianity, the Ravnos went about business as usual, in the process usurping the trades and markets left unattended by the squabbling Setites.

The Age of Gypsies

It was during the Renaissance that Gypsies became truly abundant in Western Europe. In fact, the nascent literature of the time began to romanticize the Rom for their foreign looks and mysterious abilities, and Romani performers were highly prized at *gaje* fairs and festivals. Of course, many of my clan came hidden among the *kumpaniyi* that flocked into the newly opened territory.

For the first time, Ravnos had access to the long-forbidden strongholds of the *mulo*, and were quick to reap the rewards of acceptance. Many members of my clan served as entertainers in the courts of the *mulo*, where they became known for their wondrous illusions and quick wit. Though the *gaje* mocked these Ravnos for their wild appearance and dark flesh, it was the Ravnos who laughed loudest as they walked away with the *mulo*'s gold.

However, Europe did not prove to be another Eden for my people, especially the *juvindo*. As they traveled, they encountered scorn and prejudice from the *gaje* townsfolk, who were unfamiliar with the Gypsies' lifestyle. In the conflicts that followed, many *kumpaniyi* were driven away from the communities of the *gaje*, and the swift retaliation of the Ravnos was more damaging than helpful; the Ravnos would sweep through a town, fleecing money, property and blood from the befuddled *gaje*. Though motivated by good intentions, their crimes only strengthened the *gaje* opinion of the Gypsies as brigands, liars, sorcerers and thieves.

The *georgio* walked here as well; many lone Ravnos predators caused no end of trouble for *mulo*, *gaje* and Romani alike, while the mysterious Chozzai family settled in the Jewish ghettos and *shtetls* of Eastern Europe. These insular Ravnos did what they could to protect a people nigh as oppressed as the Rom, and many Chozzai became formidably skilled in the kabbalistic arts.

The New World

Like all the *shilmulo* save the most malaise-ridden, the Ravnos quickly became fascinated with the idea of an unexplored continent. As colonies sprang up along the coast, ships from the Old Country bore entire *kumpaniyi* of Ravnos stowaways to the New World. Many of these were *georgio*, fleeing *gaje* or Romani justice for crimes and atrocities, and to this night the Ravnos of the Americas are best known as wastrels and marauders.

When these first Ravnos began to roam the land, they found a variety of surprises awaiting them. Clan Gangrel had already influenced the Native Americans, who shunned contact with any Ravnos they encountered. Many of the tribes also had allies among the Lupines, and the Ravnos were hard pressed to avoid outright slaughter by the Native American werewolves. Only through an ingenious use of Chimerstry to divert the nascent Camarilla, Sabbat and Lupine forces into a bloody three-way war did Clan Ravnos escape annihilation. Even then, many Ravnos felt it wise to cross the Appalachians into the unknown.

As the Ravnos traveled into the west, they made an astonishing discovery among the Native Americans of that region: Their tribes harbored *shilmulo* who possessed abilities much like those of the Ravnos. These Kindred had legends of their origins in a distant land, and they held the



trickster totems of Raven and Coyote in highest esteem. The Ravnos called these *shilmulo* the "Ravnos Neve" (New Ravnos), and more idealistic clan members allied themselves with these Native Americans in their bloody and ultimately unsuccessful resistance against the *gaje* settlers. (I am sad to say that just as many *georgio* "neglected to spit into their palms" when dealing with the Neve.) Strangely, stories of the Ravnos Neve persist, though that bloodline is largely thought to have been driven to extinction at the hands of *gaje* soldiers.

By the time of the American Revolution, all of the larger cities were fully controlled by the *mulo*, and the Ravnos stayed well away from what they perceived as a squabble of the *gaje*. To the Ravnos, it seemed ridiculous to swear allegiance to any government, as this was just a symptom of the *gaje*'s sickness. When America finally won its independence, my clan had no cause to celebrate; under the British governors, the Rom were largely ignored in the face of more urgent administrative concerns.

As time passed, however, the Ravnos grew accustomed to life in America. Many families continued to travel back and forth between New World and Old, maintaining contacts with the European Rom. Other *kumpaniyi* remained purely American, eventually losing their ties with the Ravnos of Europe. These families are not well loved by *phralmulo* traditionalists.

World War II

When the armies of the Third Reich began to march, the Ravnos plunged into a phase of denial along with thousands of the *juwindo*. After the initial shock of the troop movements, the Rom, and the Ravnos along with them, quickly became accustomed to the presence of the goose-stepping soldiers. And why not? They were polite, loved good drink and song, and let the Gypsies travel freely.

Then things changed. Food was rationed; many starved during the severe shortages that followed. Through trickery, *phralmulo* Ravnos were able to provide for their *kumpaniyi*, making alliances in the underground food trade and obtaining false papers. In short order, my clan began to form a monopoly on these criminal activities, and began supplying stolen ration cards and forged identification to several resistance groups.

However, as the deportations continued and the persecution of Jews and homosexuals whipped to a fever pitch, my clan faced a new dilemma: Entire *kumpaniyi* were also vanishing, and stories surfaced of the Nazis' infiltration by Camarilla parasites, in particular the Tremere. Soon, word reached them of the wholesale slaughter of Gypsies in the concentration camps, and the Ravnos' worst fears were confirmed: The Nazis intended to destroy the Rom outright — and the ever-opportunistic Tremere, seeking an end to





the Gypsy Kindred who remembered their crimes and outraged their sensibilities, planned to use the *gaje*'s genocide as a cover to eradicate the Ravnos. After centuries of persecution and defiance, it seemed that the Camarilla was preparing to play out the final trump.

This knowledge created a schism inside Clan Ravnos. Many felt that remaining in Europe would only hasten their destruction — that survival depended on fleeing to Northern Africa, or even farther, to America. Another group spoke out, preaching torpor as the method to escape Nazi persecution. While the war raged overhead, the Ravnos could slumber peacefully under the earth, and awaken to find the conflict resolved.

Other members of my clan were not so quick to admit defeat. Acquiring weapons and information from the resistance groups they had supplied, these Ravnos turned their energies away from criminal activities and launched themselves into direct insurgency and guerrilla war against the Nazis. The campaigns staged by my clan proved devastating; existing for countless generations in the shadows of the *gaje*, the Ravnos were able to travel in secrecy, strike out at their enemies, and disappear again without leaving a trace of their passing. Though guile in preparation and chaos in aggression, the Ravnos slowed the operations of their oppressors to

a crawl in many areas. But we were few, and the Reich's armies too vast to stop.

Many of the *juvindo* were not accustomed to such violence, and chose to try to live as they always had, traveling in peace. These nonaggressors were quickly blamed for the crimes of my clan, and were rounded up by Nazi troops. The Ravnos soon discovered that they could not continue to fight against the Nazis without sacrificing their people.

Driven by fear of extinction, a few Ravnos tried to assault certain concentration camps. They discovered an abominable truth: Many of Europe's vampires — yea, even the "noble" Inconnu — stalked the camps by night, exploiting the Nazis' barbed wire for their personal feeding pens. Against so many "Kindred" even the Ravnos could not prevail, and so Auschwitz and Belsen, Treblinka and Ponari and all the rest stood until the end of the war.

Adding insult to injury, other bands of *georgio* and *phralmulo* also infiltrated the camps, but fed on captured Rom rather than aiding them. They were not the sole reason why so many Rom fell to typhus, noma and dysentery, but their careless feeding certainly exacerbated the spread of countless loathsome diseases. Unfortunately, the entire clan paid a severe price for the attacks of these treacherous



shilmulo: Even today, many of the *juvindo* believe that the Ravnos were among the clans who used the camps for massive blood feasts.

Finally, the war ended, and my people began to pick up the pieces of their shattered lives — and unlives. The war had scattered my clan: Many families had fled to America, while those who had remained had brought disabled Rom and even *gaje* into the clan, disgracing and weakening the blood of Ravnos.

In the first months after the war, such an unreasoning hatred of the Camarilla existed that many Ravnos turned to the Sabbat, believing that the enemies of our enemies would be our friends. They are now entirely lost to us, drowned in the Vaulderie of their *marhime* allies. Other Ravnos became obsessed with vengeance, and they too became estranged from their families. The shame that the surviving elders felt could be heard in their dire predictions of the downfall of our entire clan. Yes, the appalling events of that time have dramatically altered the clan forever.

The Information Age

Today, the struggle to remain untraceable presents a constant challenge. With metal spying machines circling the globe, and billions of dollars poured into the pursuit of

such arcana as “demographics” and “market tracking,” the Ravnos have found that the simplest transaction in the *gaje* world can provide clues into their habits, patterns of movement, and even favorite swindles. Global telecommunications have enabled governments and police to keep up-to-the-minute files on millions of people; many Ravnos elders feel that it will only be a matter of time before the *shanglo* can track their very footprints.

However, though technology has made anonymity difficult, it has also made the modern tools of deception more accessible to members of my clan. A blip in a Ventrue’s database can be pilfered as easily as a Toreador’s El Greco original, and high-resolution computer programs have made the once-troublesome art of forgery much easier. Even in this modern age, Ravnos continue to keep close contacts among forgers and other high-technology criminals.

Even today, there are still vast regions of land in which the Ravnos can travel in relative freedom. Avoiding the cities of the *gaje* completely, many *kumpaniyi* live as they always have, under a veil of mystery and isolation. These Ravnos stick to regions of Eastern Europe, Northern Africa, and the rural Americas, where the technology of the times has been slow to surface.

A World of Gypsies

We are a widely traveled people. Clan Ravnos has never been much for settling down, after all.

Through our endless wandering, we Ravnos have experienced firsthand all the dangers, mysteries, enemies and allies that the timid *mulo* whisper of in their cloistered havens. Because of our continued goodwill with our *juvindo* families, we have vicariously enjoyed the daylight world as well.

However, everywhere that my clan has gone, we have encountered fear, prejudice and hatred. Often preceded by representatives of Clan Gangrel, Ravnos have faced great opposition resulting from the crimes and lies of that *marhime* clan. Soon, entire countries seemed determined to close their borders to my clan, though their attempts were laughably futile.

In spite of this adversity, the Ravnos have managed to spread their blood across the globe, and several families have risen into prominence in their chosen countries.

Europe

Ever since the Renaissance, the Ravnos have looked to Europe as a shining jewel of opportunity. Throughout the

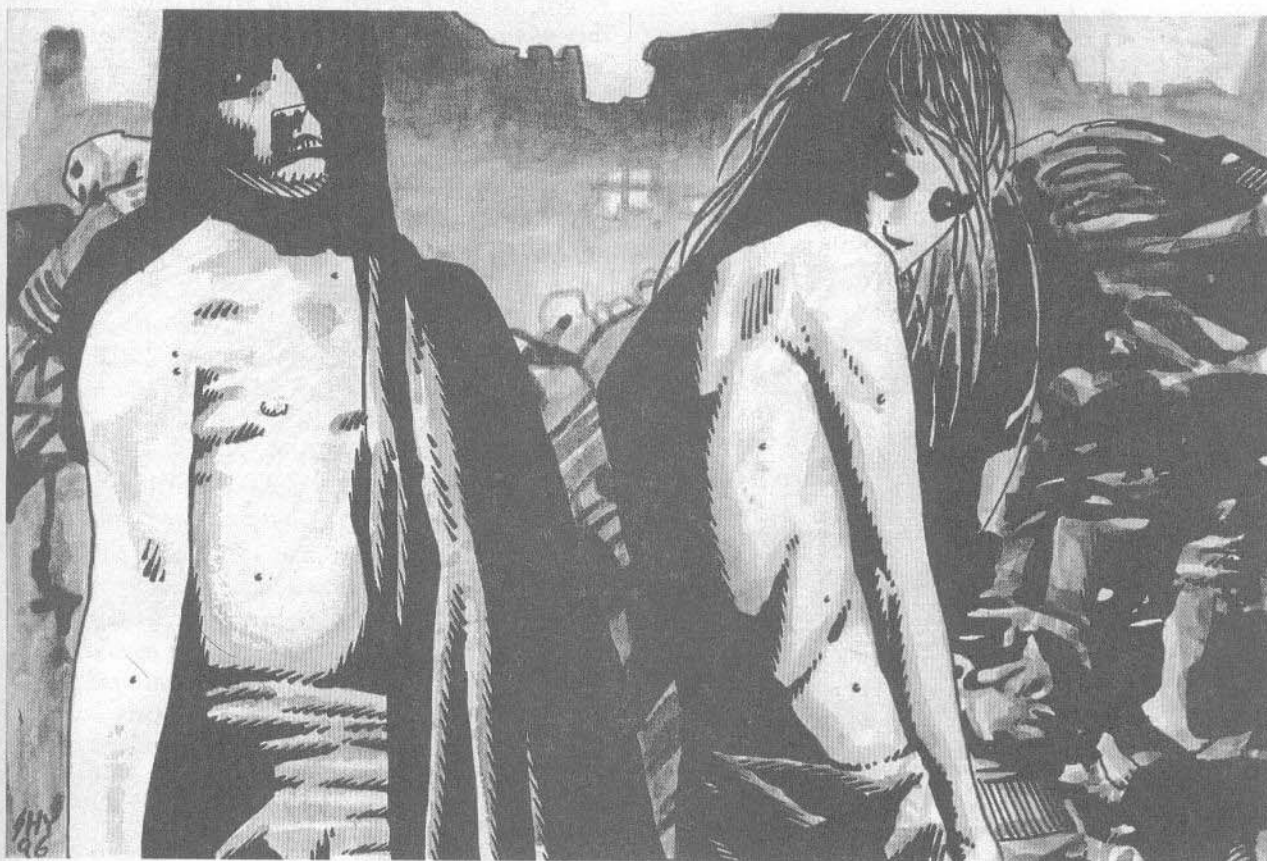
land, Ravnos have always found their "services" greatly in demand: fortunetelling, entertaining, or trafficking information or illegal merchandise. Though most Ravnos travel in and out of Europe indiscriminately, some *kumpaniyi* have become settled throughout the region, cultivating their ties among both the *gaje* and the *mulo*.

In Spain, Ravnos of the Gitano family are renowned for talents in song and dance, and continue to be invited to the parties of the Spanish Toreador. The Juna in England have survived the numerous attempts of the *mulo*-riddled monarchy to destroy them, and now travel freely among the rolling hills and majestic mountains of Great Britain. In Germany, the Sinti were once a potent force in the black markets of East Berlin. When the Berlin Wall fell, largely due to the influence of the Ventrue, they lost this sovereignty to the eager claws of the Giovanni and Lasombra.

To the Ravnos who have chosen to remain itinerant, Europe is still a favorite touring route, where the living is easy under the shadow of the powerful Camarilla. While the *mulo* scheme against the Sabbat and against each other, the Ravnos are often left unattended, an opportunity few of my clan would pass up carelessly.

Eastern Europe

Believed by the *gaje* to be the birthplace of the Rom, this region is populated with *phralmulo* of various families. In Hungary and Romania, touring families of Ravnos still



wander the countryside, though conflicts with Tzimisce, lone Gangrel or werewolf packs are not uncommon. The Ravnos of these countries still exist as they have for centuries; much of the countryside remains free from the influence of the modern age, and this is where many *kumpaniyi* still roam. However, most Ravnos scrupulously avoid the former Soviet bloc, as the events transpiring within are by all accounts not for the timid.

The Former Soviet Union

Long ago, the abundant steppe of Mother Russia was free and open country, inviting both the Ravnos and the *juvindo* into her fertile bosom. However, political turmoil and ethnic strife have turned the former Soviet Union into a wasteland. Many *shilmulo* vanished in the chaos of the times, and the Kindred began to whisper of dark forces, long dormant, that stirred behind the fallen Iron Curtain.

Because of this, the region is shunned by the *mulo*, but especially courageous Ravnos families still tour the vast lands once contained within the Soviet Bloc. These intrepid *phralmulo* bear allegiance to the legendary Ravnos elder Durga Syn, and she has allegedly told them many secrets of what is transpiring in old Russia.

Asia

Not for the Ravnos are the dank dungeons of the European *mulo*. The stars shining over desert caravans, the wail of flutes in jungle temples, the smell of lotus blossoms beside limpid pools — these things nurtured the Ravnos. Accordingly, Ravnos have long wandered the wastes of Asia, where other Children of Caine fear to walk. Of all clans, we Ravnos know the most about the mysterious Eastern Kindred — though even among my kind this knowledge is a closely guarded secret, and relations have been far from universally friendly. (After all, one can only view mounds of opals, golden statues of the Buddha and the Maharaja's emerald crown for so long before one must borrow these things....)

Many *georgio* families, and a few *phralmulo* besides, haunt the East. One in particular, the *Vritra*, is reputed to have merged the beliefs of Hinduism with the teachings of the Path of Paradox. The *Vritra* has developed tenuous alliances with some of the Indian *shilmulo*, and rumors have spread that these enigmatic Kindred are the newest converts onto the Path.

Though mainland Asia is shunned by the *mulo*, a few *kumpaniyi* are tolerated in these lands, especially the family *Kalderash*, whose travels have penetrated as far as Bactria





and Western China. However, the Kalderash have warned that the Kindred native to the region would not readily accept an influx of our clan. Unless they have business with the Kalderash, most families do not travel into the territory.

Africa

After centuries of struggle against the Setites and Assamites, all but the most traditional families have abandoned the desert, finding a greater promise for the future in the nations beyond the sands.

The Ravnos who have chosen to remain face the same dangers that threatened their sires. The Setites are firmly entrenched in Egypt, and do not tolerate the presence of the Ravnos in Cairo, their stronghold. However, during and after the Second World War, the Ravnos managed to secure a place for themselves in Tangiers, where Ravnos fleeing Europe still turn to obtain false papers or book hasty passage to another part of the world.

South of the Ivory Coast, roaming bands of hunter-gatherers are as old as time itself, and it is no surprise that Ravnos dwell among them. In constant conflict with Lupines and even more bizarre shapeshifters, these resilient *shilmulo* have managed to remain free, traveling with the Masai and other wandering tribes. Though they have accumulated neither wealth nor fame, these African Ravnos seem content to travel in lands seldom visited by the *mulo*.

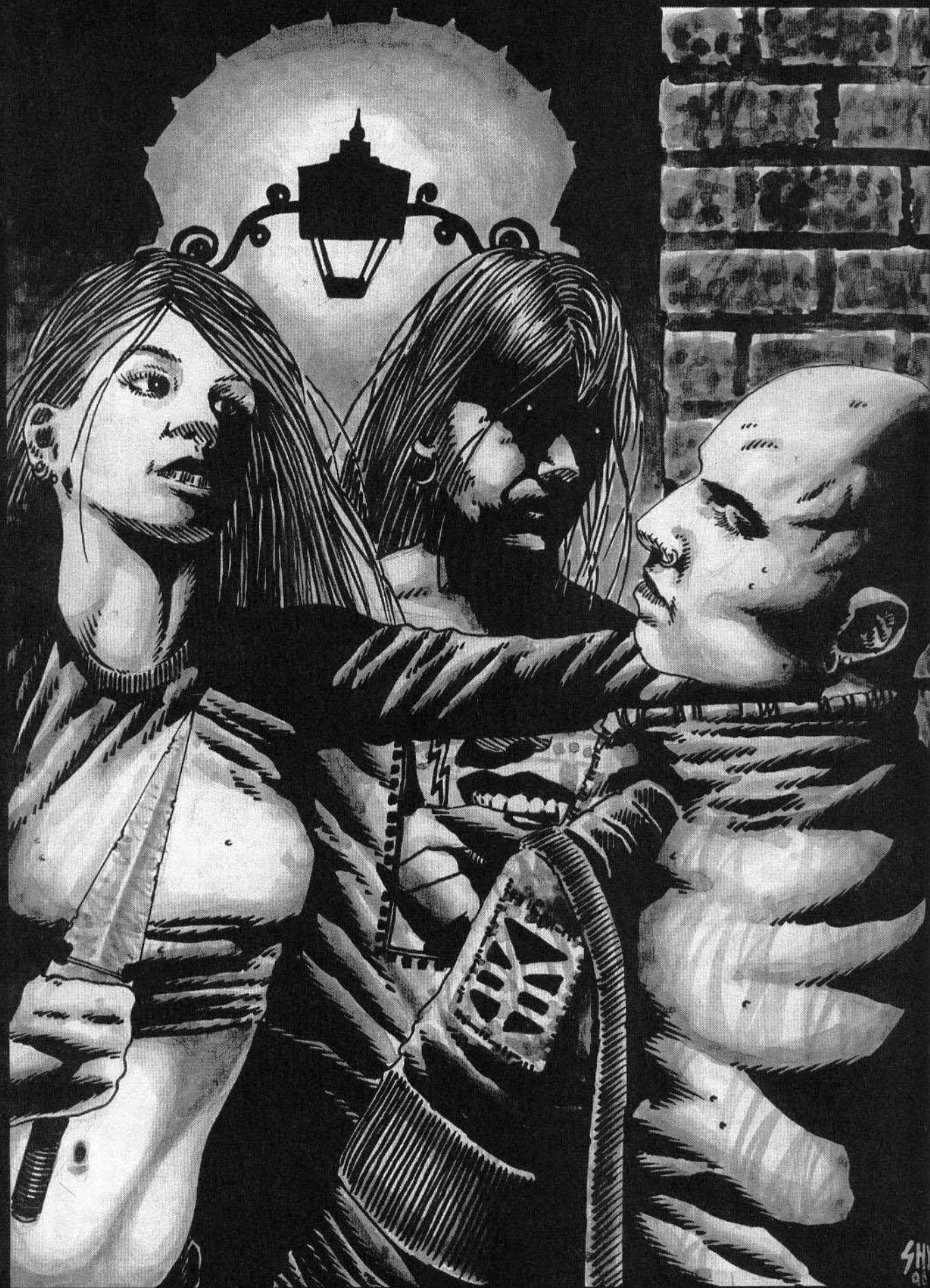
The Americas

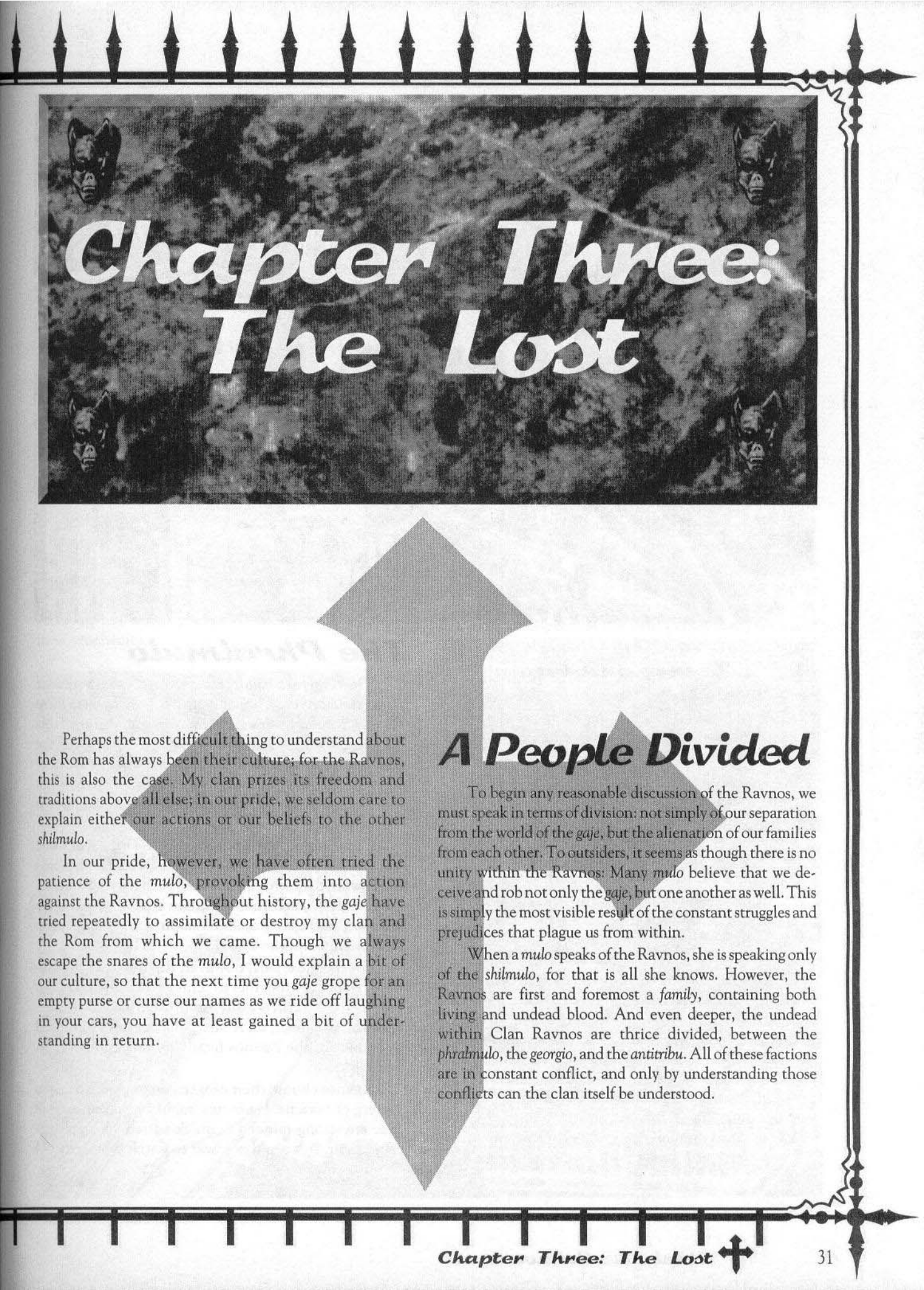
Though *kumpaniyi* from nearly all the Romani families tour the New World, both North and South America are truly controlled by the *georgio*.

In the United States, roving gangs of *georgio* terrorize the countryside, looting the treasure-troves of the Camarilla and Sabbat alike. To avoid capture, the *georgio* have allied themselves with *gaje* similarly motivated, forming splinter groups of large biker gangs like the Hell's Angels or sets of violent street gangs like the fabled Bloods and Crips. Other *georgio* have taken to following the droves of young people who tour with traveling festivals and musical groups.

All of these *georgio* seem inevitably drawn to the so-called "Free State" that was established by Clan Brujah in the 1950s. The "Idealists" rage rivals that of the most reactionary princes when they are the ones on the short end of our jests—but that makes the game all the more fun, I am told. The presence of the more violent *georgio* may help to explain the anarchistic nature of many of the cities in southern California.

In Sabbat-haunted South America, however, only chaos reigns. Little reliable information has leaked out of these regions, but stories tell of terrible blood feasts, and of the forcible conversion of many *georgio* into the ranks of the *antitribu*. Though the dangers of the area seem apparent, the *georgio* seem to think themselves invincible, and continually flock to cities like Cancun and Rio de Janeiro.





Chapter Three: The Lost

Perhaps the most difficult thing to understand about the Rom has always been their culture; for the Ravnos, this is also the case. My clan prizes its freedom and traditions above all else; in our pride, we seldom care to explain either our actions or our beliefs to the other *shilmulo*.

In our pride, however, we have often tried the patience of the *mulo*, provoking them into action against the Ravnos. Throughout history, the *gaje* have tried repeatedly to assimilate or destroy my clan and the Rom from which we came. Though we always escape the snares of the *mulo*, I would explain a bit of our culture, so that the next time you *gaje* grope for an empty purse or curse our names as we ride off laughing in your cars, you have at least gained a bit of understanding in return.

A People Divided

To begin any reasonable discussion of the Ravnos, we must speak in terms of division: not simply of our separation from the world of the *gaje*, but the alienation of our families from each other. To outsiders, it seems as though there is no unity within the Ravnos. Many *mulo* believe that we deceive and rob not only the *gaje*, but one another as well. This is simply the most visible result of the constant struggles and prejudices that plague us from within.

When a *mulo* speaks of the Ravnos, she is speaking only of the *shilmulo*, for that is all she knows. However, the Ravnos are first and foremost a *family*, containing both living and undead blood. And even deeper, the undead within Clan Ravnos are thrice divided, between the *phralmulo*, the *georgio*, and the *antitribu*. All of these factions are in constant conflict, and only by understanding those conflicts can the clan itself be understood.



Ravnos and Gaje

Why would Ravnos deign to consort with *gaje* at all, or vice versa? Though incorporating Ravnos into mixed coterie is tricky, it is far easier than introducing, say, Assamites.

Georgio Ravnos are the easiest characters to introduce; they live the same individualistic, picaresque unlives that many other neonate vampires do. A *georgio* might easily offer her special talents to a coterie in exchange for protection from her many enemies—including archons, angry victims, and *phralmulo*.

Phralmulo may also be introduced into the chronicle, though this requires a more convincing explanation. Perhaps a *phralmulo* seeks vengeance against the same powerful *georgio* who screwed over the other members of the troupe, and finds herself in an alliance of convenience with other vampires. Maybe a Sabbat vampire or pack has developed a taste for Romani blood, and so a neonate *phralmulo* joins a "posse" of Sabbat-hunting Camarilla vampires. Since a friend among the *phralmulo* is a friend until Final Death, the *phralmulo* will thereafter participate in the deeds and misdeeds of her adopted "family"—probably to the chagrin of more traditional Ravnos.

The Phralmulo

The term *phralmulo* refers to Ravnos who were once Rom themselves. Growing up in a *kumpania*, these Ravnos benefit from a rich tradition and culture. From childhood, many Rom, and especially those of the Ravnos family, are aware of the existence of *shilmulo*. Though this is a point of honor for the Ravnos, other families are ill at ease with the presence of vampires in a *kumpania*.

Chief among these families is the Tsurara, or Knife Tribe. They are one of the youngest Gypsy families, and have sworn to destroy all *shilmulo*, both *gaje* and Romani. Their elders teach their children that all *shilmulo* are *marhime*, and that Romani vampires are a disgrace to both nature and the Blood.

For the most part, however, Ravnos from all families of Rom work together to achieve their goals. Though they are not turned away from their *juvindo* families after the *tumnimos*, all Romani *shilmulo* are considered to be part of the Ravnos family following their death and rebirth.

Ravnos choose their progeny among the Rom for a variety of reasons. Neonates might be picked because they are strong-minded or quick-witted, or simply because their sires could not bear to watch them grow old



and die. Many Ravnos are granted the *tumnimos* to preserve their powers in the Blood. This may seem contradictory, since the Embrace denies the Ravnos the use of Blood Affinities (see **A World of Darkness: Gypsies**), but in rare cases these *phralmulo* are given the Romani blood they need to use the powerful talents for which they were Embraced. However, this is always done with great care, in order to prevent disaster.

Though the Ravnos (mortal and Kindred) is considered a family unto itself, the family also includes "subfamilies" created through marriage or the *tumnimos*. Most of these subfamilies comprise fairly typical *phralmulo*; a few of the more interesting ones follow.

Phuri Dae

Certain Ravnos Embraced from the far-seeing Phuri Dae maintain their own family ties, though their greater family is always the Ravnos. Phuri Dae Ravnos often include Auspex in their Discipline repertoire and are among the Ravnos most knowledgeable about the Jyhad (unlike many Ravnos, they understand themselves to be a part of it whether they like it or not). In recent years, certain Phuri Dae have begun speaking of Gehenna, and of a "daughter of Eve" possessing a crescent-shaped birthmark. Other Ravnos know not what to make of the Phuri Dae's visions, though the subfamily has always proved itself uncannily accurate in its prophecies.

Urmen

Likewise, there are those among the fae-loving Urmen who cannot bear to sever their ties to the sunlit world. Urmen Ravnos typically master their Chimerstry Discipline quickly, and prefer to spend their time amid the wilderness, consorting with their faerie kin. Certain unscrupulous Urmen, I am told, have a darker motive for doing this: They enjoy the intoxicating power of faerie blood, and these malicious Urmen often specialize in tracking down the elusive fae folk and murdering them for their vitae. Though this practice has understandably gained the Urmen many enemies, ingestion of fae blood often evokes all manner of bizarre powers. Ravnos "tripping" on fae blood have been known to go on insane and destructive rampages, blasting entire villages with wild magic.

Vritra

The Vritra family is not *phralmulo*, and does not follow our ways — but Vritra claim lineage from the most ancient Rom, and so we extend them honor. This ancient family, I am told, dwells among the cities and wilds of India and Pakistan. Their traditions are little known to us, but they seem to observe rigid rules of status, hunting and etiquette, and they are said to deal with the mysterious vampires indigenous to South Asia. Our elders whisper that the Vritra know many secrets of the Paradox way, and Vritra have occasionally emerged



from the East to aid us when dire trouble threatens the Rom. They have as yet asked for no similar aid from us.

Kalderash

The family Kalderash has wandered a distant *urma* indeed; its members' steps have taken them into the recesses of the uttermost East. Even more than the Vritra, the Kalderash truck with those vampires who plague the *mulo*'s expansion into China and Japan. (And therein lies the folly of the *mulo*, who would sooner throw away their unives than simply ask advice of the lowly Ravnos!)

The Kalderash is a wealthy clan; in its dealings (and, one suspects, less savory intercourse) with the Eastern *mulo*, its members have amassed riches and *samadji* of all sorts. But in their isolation they have become strange to us, and only rarely do they return to partake in the *patshiv*.

Wuzho

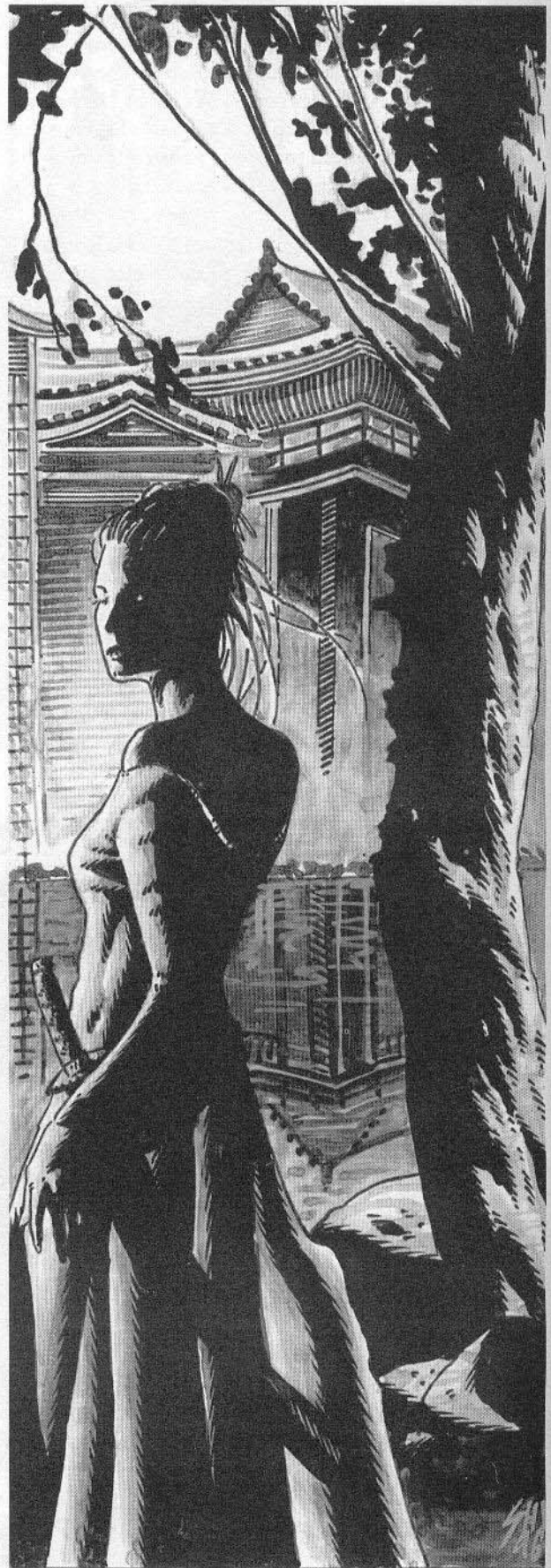
The *phralmulo* draw their numbers from every family — even the Tsurara. Tsurara Ravnos are a truly savage breed. Calling themselves the family Wuzho, these Kindred are the self-proclaimed protectors of the Ravnos, vowing the destruction of all other *shilmulo*. We fear these fanatics, for they have gone to great lengths in the past to “protect” the blood of the clan, destroying dozens of Kindred in their attempt to eliminate our enemies. Most Ravnos try to stay carefully informed of where Wuzho travel, knowing that Ravnos may suffer Blood Hunts in that region for many years to come.

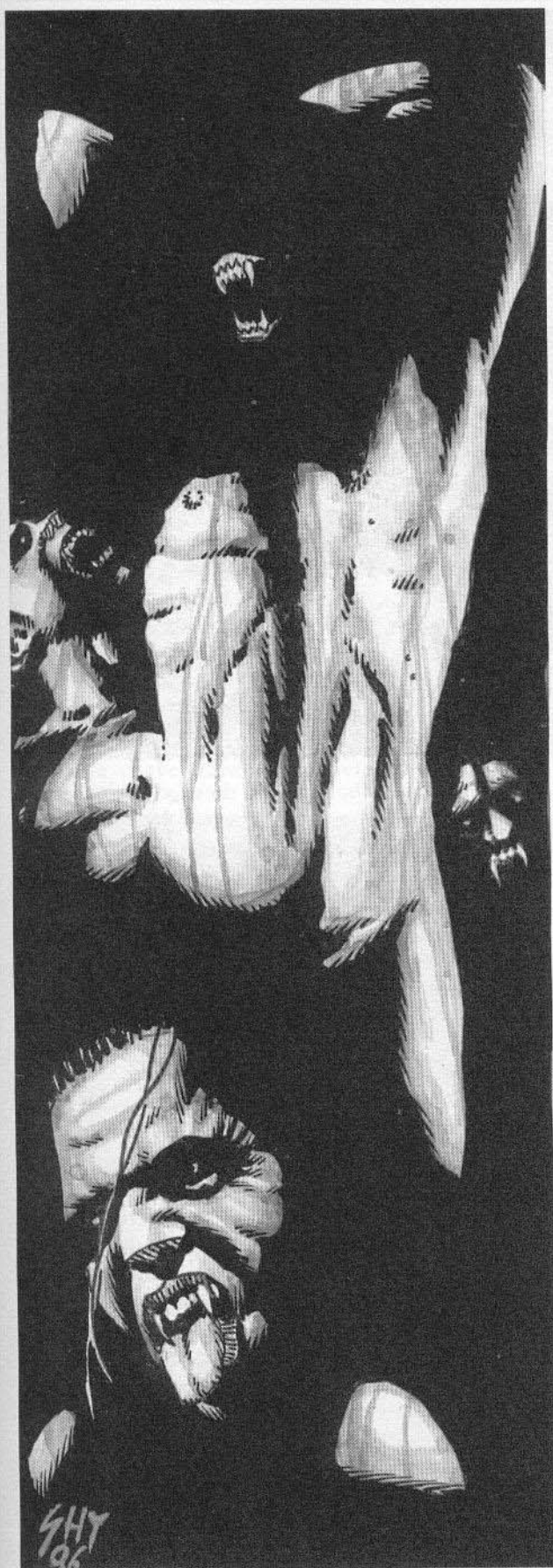
The Elders

It is often said of Ravnos that few reach their second century. Those who gain the name “elder,” however, earn an honored place in Ravnos society. They preserve clan lore and oversee the clan's destiny, acting with a wisdom and foresight garnered through centuries of experience.

Of all Ravnos, only the elders understand the clan's true purpose. Only they know that, just as the Gypsies were eternally forgiven for the sins of lying and theft by Christ, so were the Ravnos absolved of their damnation by Kaen. The Ravnos alone were Embraced to right the injustice of the *mulo*, and so they are to serve Kaen's will on the night of Gehenna, striving against the machinations of Kaen's wayward and ravenous childer.

Is this true, or merely a wishful fancy? Only on Gehenna, the elders whisper, will the truth be revealed.





The Duality of Lust

Cohabitation between traveling *kumpaniyi* of *juvindo* and their *shilmulo* relatives is always strained, due to the enormous temptations that lure the living to the undead and vice versa. In many cases, even a single vampire can spell disaster for an unprepared *kumpania*, unless careful steps are taken to prevent vampiric urges from becoming uncontrollable.

Shilmulo who travel with these *kumpaniyi* find it difficult to control the urge to feed from living Rom, and thus regain their Blood Affinities and the other powers lost in the *tumnimos*. Though it might seem harmless to take a little blood from the *juvindo*, the rush of Romani blood can become quite addictive. Entire families have been killed by a *shilmulo* they protected, as his bloodlust overpowered his mind and drove him into frenzy.

For the *juvindo*, the allure of the *tumnimos* itself can be difficult to resist. Confronted each night with the possibility of immortality, many young Rom find themselves allured to their Ravnos companions, and willingly become Blood Dolls for these *shilmulo*. Many young Rom have lost their lives, or have been given the *tumnimos* without their parents' consent, an act that can split an entire family apart.

The Georgio

These Ravnos share our blood without sharing our culture. Embraced from the world of the *gaje*, the *georgio* have brought shame upon Clan Ravnos and inspired nothing but contempt in eyes of other Kindred. Though the *georgio* are not an exclusively American bloodline, most of their number remain in the New World.

As the youngest sect of the Ravnos, they have no real history to speak of. They have developed no independent culture and have no uniform set of values or beliefs; only a few *georgio* families have even acknowledged their clan's history and traditions. Perhaps the only trait they have inherited is their pride. Like the *phralmulo*, they refuse to bow to the will of the other *mulo*. However, even in their defiance they disgrace their blood.

When the *mulo* speak of the treachery, thievery and impudence of the Ravnos, they are most likely speaking of the *georgio*. Without the benefit of Romani culture, these *shilmulo* cannot understand the urges of their blood, and resort to wanton theft and deceit.



Roving in gangs that they mistakenly call *kumpaniyi*, most *georgio* are not content until they have looted everything of value from their targets before moving on to another city, like locusts ruining the harvest.

In the years following the Second World War, American *georgio* allied themselves with anarchists, hoping to bring the Camarilla crashing to its knees. Occasionally, the *georgio* succeeded in their efforts, throwing princes and their primogen councils into confusion so that the anarchists could seize control. Though they were cautious enough to avoid extinction, they made unlife even more difficult for the *phralmulo*; many innocent Rom suffered for the crimes of their *gaje* clanmates.

Not to be outdone, the *georgio* then turned on their "allies," betraying their plans and havens to the *shanglo*. The resulting chaos plunged cities into strife for months or even years, allowing the *georgio* to pillage and plunder whatever they liked from the embattled cities. Packing their spoils into their *vurdons*, the *georgio* fled the cities, leaving the *mulo* caught in carefully orchestrated conflicts that had both sides guessing as to the identity of their adversaries.

In the late '60s, however, these *georgio* underwent an unexpected change. Motivated by the dramatic events of that time, bands of *georgio* found themselves traveling among a new breed of "American Gypsy," the wandering hippies and beatniks that protested the United States' involvement in the Vietnam War. Due to these unlikely acquaintances, a new generation of *georgio* was Embraced from within these groups. Of course, these young *Ravnos* could not shed the urges of their blood, and the sometimes violent confrontations between the *shanglo* and this peaceful movement of the *gaje* were likely exacerbated by the neonates' crimes against "the establishment."

Georgio most often choose their progeny based on their ability to trick or deceive others. They often attempt to con or swindle the prospective neonate before Embracing her, as a "test" of her ability. Hackers, conmen, professional thieves and gangbangers sully the ranks of the *georgio*. However, the *georgio* of the Woodstock era have openly Embraced neonates from among the ranks of alternative musicians, performance artists or poets.

The Blood Curse

Now, today, tomorrow and always

My only weakness is a list of crimes

— The Smiths, "Shoplifters of the World Unite"

We are thought to be a clan of thieves and liars. Most vampires believe our criminal tendencies are cemented by our blood — that our aspect of Kaen's curse provokes our flippant disregard for law and order.

Like so many opinions of the *gaje*, this is both scathingly accurate and remarkably shortsighted. The urges that flow in the blood of Clan Ravnos are criminal, yes, but only to the *gaje*. We Ravnos derive our ideas of what is right or wrong from our Gypsy heritage.

The Rom define *stealing* as taking out of greed. Grazing horses on someone else's land is not wrong; the grass would grow there anyway. Taking a pair of scissors is not a crime if one's hair needs cutting, and a Gypsy would not mourn the loss of such an item if its usefulness had waned. For the Rom, stealing becomes a crime only when motivated by desire; to take something simply because one *wants* it is wrong, and such offenses are severely punished among the Gypsies.

Like the Rom, we Ravnos place value not in possessions, or property, or status in government and business; the only thing of value is our *freedom*, the right to exist as we always have, traveling and living in a world apart

from the other *shilmulo*. However, countless generations of Ravnos have been forced to fight for their freedom — against governments who would hinder their movements or armies that would destroy them entirely. To my clan, these actions are criminal in nature, perpetrated against them by monstrous *gaje* and outright monsters.

To retaliate against those who would oppress us, then, we turn the tables, stealing or damaging those things which our adversaries value: their cars, their yachts, their money, even their careers and reputations. For Clan Ravnos, crime is not a way of unlfe, but a *weapon* to use against the *mulo* who would subjugate them. We Ravnos do not steal for the joy of stealing; we steal for the joy of knowing that we have injured our enemies, in whatever small capacity.

The blood of the *phralmulo*, however, differs greatly from the blood of the *georgio*. Though the *phralmulo* understand the purpose of our trickery, the *georgio* are often confused by the impulses in their Ravnos blood. Whereas it can be said that the Blood Curse of the *phralmulo* manifests in total and compulsive disregard for the foolish laws of the foolish *gaje*, the Blood Curse of the *georgio* truly *does* center on a particular breed of crime, which the *georgio* must constantly resist. This is the price the *georgio* pay for the dismissal of their heritage.



Yes, our blood compels us to lie, cheat and steal. But it should never be said that the Ravnos are an untrustworthy clan; by showing trust and faith in a Ravnos, you *gaje* can often alleviate the danger of having your possessions borrowed from you. Though this may be foolish when dealing with the lawless *georgio*, *phralmulo* are bound by a great sense of honor to those who honor them — most of the time. However, it should be noted that certain clans have committed such great offenses against the Ravnos that even goodwill cannot save them from our wrath. For these unfortunate *mulo*, I extend my pity, but not my sympathy.

Kris

To the *gaje* we seem a lawless people, constantly traveling in order to free ourselves from any burden of responsibility. In many ways, this is true; my people do not hold themselves accountable to the laws of the *gaje* or the Traditions of the *mulo*. However, every culture has its doctrines, and the Ravnos — and the Rom from which they came — are no exceptions.

To resolve disagreements, Ravnos present their argument before a council of their elders, in a ceremony known as the *kris*. It is a kind of trial, though it differs markedly from anything which *gaje* would consider law or justice.

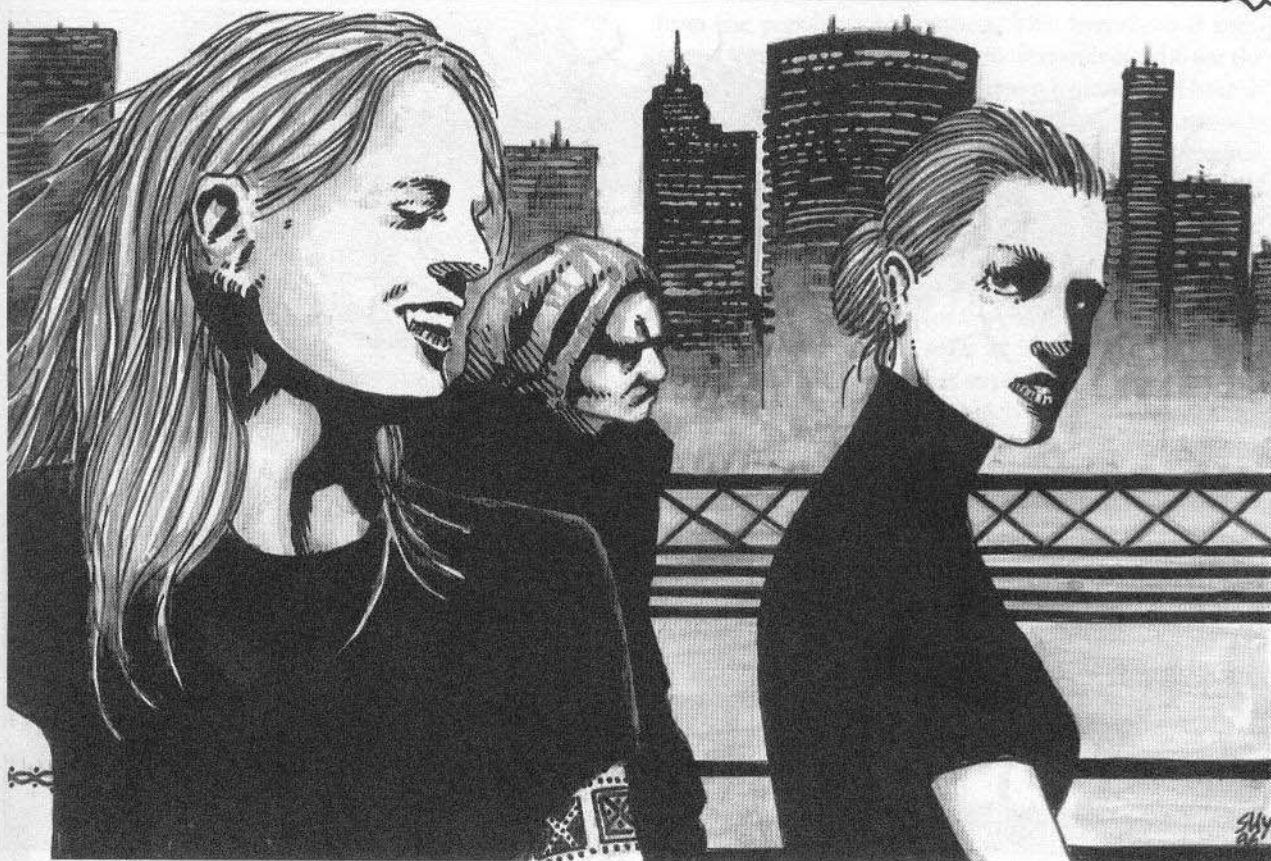
Few crimes dictate the formation of a *kris*, if for no other reason that it might be weeks or months before the dispute can be settled. Until several *kumpaniyi* meet along the road, there cannot be enough elders present to preside over the ceremony as the judges, the *krisatora*. These individuals are highly respected, and are never entirely composed of *shilmulo*. In fact, some *kris* are delayed even longer because tradition dictates the presence of no fewer than four *krisatora*, two living and two undead. (Hasty Ravnos have occasionally resorted to the tactic of nocturnally abducting and “pressing” *juvindo* into service, which can be quite disconcerting for those Rom who previously knew the undead only as legends.)

Accusal

When the *kris* finally convenes, the complaints and violations of tradition are presented in no particular order. The wronged party speaks to the assembled Rom, and to the *krisatora* in particular, stating the nature of the crimes and any other information she feels is important. She may also petition the *krisatora* for a particular resolution, or a judgment that would be favorable to her.

The most common offenses brought before a *kris* involve stealing. You may laugh, dear reader, but for a Ravnos to steal from another member of the clan is a most serious crime. Other offenses range from betrayal





of clan secrets, to breaking an oath (as opposed to a mere promise, which is not sealed by the sacred handshake), to imparting the *tumnimos* on an unwilling individual.

The accused is then given an opportunity to either defend himself or admit his guilt in the matter. If the defendant admits to his crimes, the *krisatora* passes judgment over him. By far the most prevalent judgment is the bestowing of curses, in a ceremony called the *solakh*, or sentencing. However, the nature of the offense can often influence the temperament and severity of the punishment, up to and including banishment.

If the accused pleads his innocence, the floor is open for any other speakers to add whatever additional information they know. If the charge is not dismissed by new evidence (which in some cases leads to the *solakh* of the original accuser), then the accused is again given the chance to respond. Should he maintain his innocence, the *solakh* will begin.

Solakh

It is at this point during the *kris* that outsiders would no longer recognize its value — for the *gaje* know nothing of honor, and so a curse would not seem a powerful sentence. For the Rom, and the Ravnos too, curses hold vital, dangerous power. They can lead to sickness, infirmity or even death. Among the Ravnos,

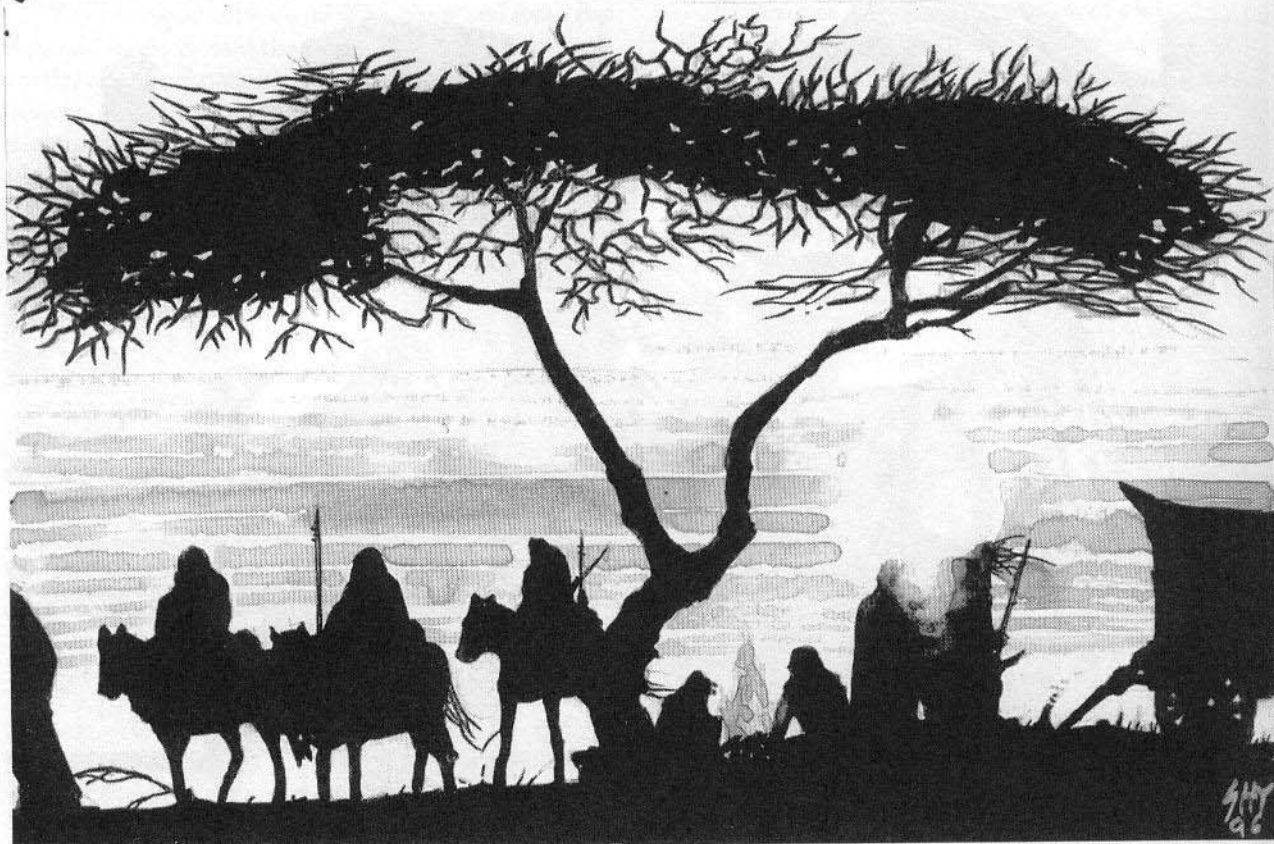
there are no prisons, no hangings, no forced labor or asylums. So the *solakh* remains the most effective way of meting out justice.

The accused is berated with a variety of curses, or *amria*, each one more terrible than the one before. After each curse, the accused acknowledges by saying, “*bater*,” which means, “may it be so.” The curses grow more and more horrifying until both the *krisatora* and the accuser are satisfied. Though the process is unsettling to outsiders, it should be noted that all of the curses are *conditional*; they are structured to take effect if the accused is actually guilty. If he is indeed innocent, the *solakh* will never haunt him.

The *solakh* is a powerful thing; tales abound of a *shilmulo* who burst into flames under the power of the *amria* heaped upon her. Even if the accused refuses to accept the power of the curses, that does not render them ineffective. Such is the power of our Blood, and the power of the *kris*.

Patshiva

Not every meeting of *kumpaniyi* along the road is cause for an event as grim as the *kris*. In fact, the *kris* is the exception to the rule — and the rule is the *patshiv*. Elaborate (and expensive) parties, *patshiva* strengthen the ties between the Ravnos. They provide opportuni-



ties to dance, to sing, and to share stories of our travels and exploits.

Some *patshiva* last for many nights, sustained by both the continued goodwill of the Ravnos and the amount of money they are able to fleece in the area. Extensive crime sprees often accompany a *patshiv*, and the cities that host them are sometimes thrown into confusion as the Ravnos gather the "supplies" they need. Supermarkets, blood banks and surplus stores bear the brunt of the damage, but it is not unknown for Ravnos to carry the festivities into whorehouses, art galleries and hospitals.

Patshiva are the closest things to true clan meetings that the Ravnos enjoy. They are as unpredictable as the traveling *kumpaniyi* themselves, occurring whenever touring bands of Ravnos encounter one another. Through storytelling and song, valuable information is passed among my people, and for as long as the *patshiv* lasts, no one in a *kumpania* knows hunger or gloom.

***Samadji:* Heirlooms of Power**

Many Rom are practiced in the art of making talismans, called *draba*. However, this too is lost to the *shilmulo* of the

Ravnos family. Though members of my clan are occasionally presented with *draba* by other Gypsies, these artifacts can lose their power over the course of a Ravnos' endless life. This is not so with the powerful *draba* called *samadji*. These items have retained their power for hundreds of years, passed from sire to childe throughout the history of the Ravnos.

Samadji, in fact, seem to draw their energy from the Ravnos who carry them. Though this process is impossible to explain, it is nonetheless true that *samadji* can acquire new powers through the experiences of their owners, eventually becoming powerful artifacts and closely guarded treasures among the families that hold them.

Stories abound of powerful *samadji* able to transport an entire *kumpania* out of danger, but more believable tales involve items that grant their owners miraculous luck or powers normally not associated with Ravnos Disciplines. There are also myths about cursed *samadji*, items which cause nothing but misfortune to those families bound to carry them. These items can only be given away through the grace of others, for those who carry cursed *samadji* are unable to rid themselves of the *draba* in any other fashion.

Amria

Among the Rom, there is great power in the curse. The *gaje* fear our evil eye, and even the *mulo* sometimes shy away from angering our clan lest we curse them. Though it is true that the Rom can bestow powerful curses with just an evil stare, this ability is rendered forfeit by the Embrace.

However, the art of *amria* is not lost entirely to the Ravnos. The true power of the curse is gone, but the Ravnos have developed a kind of scam in which *amria* is used. By elaborately cursing another (and rolling Wits + Intimidation against the target's Willpower), a Ravnos may attempt to provoke an opportunity in which to flee from her attackers. If the curse is violent and vulgar enough, even the *mulo* are sometimes so taken aback that the Ravnos might escape their claws.

Note: Using Chimerstry Level Six (see below), a Ravnos may attempt to place a far more lasting and destructive curse on a target.

The Path of Paradox

There is no right and wrong.

There is only fun and boring.

— The Plague, “Hackers”

Though the fundamentals of the Path of Paradox are already known to some among the Kindred (see *The Vampire Players Guide*), certain aspects of the Path are virtually unknown except to the Ravnos themselves. Through careful study, I have learned much about the Path, short of actually converting my beliefs. I have found that Ravnos who follow the Path are often more than willing to talk about their ideology, to the point where I was required to end several interviews because of their enormous length and meandering content. However, the most useful information I collected has been reproduced here, albeit in a much-edited form.

Origins and Beliefs of the Path

Many Kindred believe the Path to have originated in Rome, but the true origins of the Path are in fact much older, dating to the earliest nights of the Ravnos. Followers of the Path believe that reality is becoming more static as time goes on, and that creativity and free thought are fading

from the popular consciousness. This hypothesis is reinforced by the teachings of certain werewolves, who see the degradation of the natural world as a byproduct of human “progress,” as well as the Urmen family’s belief that magic is slowly leaving the world as science continues to “explain away” all of the phenomena that were once great sources of mystery. This effect, the Urmen say, proves damaging to the fae, driving them away from the world.

Followers of the Path believe that it is only a matter of time before reality itself grinds to a halt, becoming an entropic graveyard devoid of new ideas or inspirations. The stated tenets of the Path dictate that its primary goal is to “free” the primordial energies of change, which they call “weig,” through the destruction of objects and individuals that hoard it.

However, there is another belief, held by some followers of the Path, that may also help to explain a secondary goal of the Path of Paradox. They tell the story of “True Chimerstry,” the original power that Laetshi taught to Ravnos, and that Ravnos in turn taught us, his progeny. According to the story, when weig was truly abundant, the Ravnos could not only warp and shape the *perception* of reality, but could actually alter reality itself. However, as the Antediluvians grew more powerful, and stored more weig, this ability was lost to the Ravnos.

By releasing the trapped weig, the followers say, they will give magic and creative thought a “jump-start,” eventually resulting in the reformation of the vortex, the theoretical engine of the uncontrollable forces that once governed creation. The Silent Striders tell stories of an entity called the Wyld, which acts as a chaotic catalyst for creative thought and even evolution. The vortex and the Wyld, in turn, may be related to certain Urmen beliefs concerning the primal wellspring of the fae.

Followers of the Path

As the popularity of the Path has waxed and waned over time, it is not surprising that Ravnos who follow the Path of Paradox are of widely varied origin and heritage. Each time the Path has fallen into “vogue” within the clan, new converts are gained, but each new group distorts the tenets of the Path for its own ends.

Some of the oldest surviving Ravnos are followers of the Path, sworn to restore the power of the vortex to a world that has forgotten everything it once knew. These elders are quite powerful, and they continually hunt items of power and sleeping Methuselachs, in order to destroy them.

After World War II, a group of Ravnos survivors joined the followers of the Path, but for reasons which disgrace them in the eyes of their elders. These young Ravnos follow the Path for their own ends, often using its teachings as an excuse to drink the tainted blood of vampires from other clans.

Crafts of Power

I've seen things you people wouldn't believe.

— Roy Batty, "Blade Runner"

As my clan has aged, new powers have been discovered and refined. Through our endless wandering, we have found certain ways of reshaping or altering our Disciplines to better aid us in our struggles against the *gaje* and the *mulo*.

Deep Song (Animalism Level Six)

The origins of this power are unknown, but Gitano Ravnos have claimed responsibility for its creation. Similar to Song of Serenity, this power allows a vampire to influence the moods of his listeners by singing to them. However, at this level, any desired emotion may be produced; through the words of the song, a Ravnos may attempt to sway the passions of his audience. People affected by a Deep Song are often easily manipulated by the singer: If filled with love or regret, they can be fleeced of their money, and if filled with anger or hate, they can be provoked into violence, or even incited to riot.

System: The Ravnos rolls Manipulation + Music against a difficulty of the target's Willpower. Three successes are required to alter the listener's emotional state as desired. On a botch, the target manifests the desired emotion, but focuses it exclusively on the singer. The target of the song never clearly remembers its true power, recalling only that she was deeply moved by the performance. The effects of the Deep Song last for roughly one hour or, in the case of a botch, the remainder of the night.

Fata Amria (Chimerstry Level Six)

Using this power, a Ravnos may place a potent curse on a target. By evoking the power in her blood, the Ravnos essentially "locks" an illusory effect to the target, which manifests from time to time. The effects of Fata Amria can range from merely annoying to potentially lethal, depending on the severity of the curse and the number of successes rolled by the Ravnos.

System: A Fata Amria costs one Willpower point to initiate. The Ravnos verbally curses the target, then rolls Manipulation + Intimidation against a difficulty of the target's Willpower. The number of successes determines the strength of the effect, as shown on the table below. The example effect given is simply a guideline; the way in which the Fata Amria manifests is based solely upon the nature of the curse accompanying it.

Note: A Fata Amria is only as successful as the target believes it to be. If the target deeply fears the power of the curse, it manifests itself repeatedly until the target can master his fear.

- | | |
|-------------|--|
| 1 success | Inconvenient effects; target loses two dice from a given Dice Pool. |
| 2 successes | Minor effects; difficulty numbers are raised by two when in a given circumstance. |
| 3 successes | Major effects; target automatically fails a certain action at a pinnacle moment. |
| 4 successes | Serious effects; target automatically fails certain actions in any stressful situation. |
| 5 successes | Disastrous effects; target fails all actions involving a given Attribute, Ability or Discipline. |

Chimerstry and Changelings

Ravnos of the Urmen family have long known of the intrinsic connections between their Discipline of Chimerstry and the chimerical magic of the fae. In fact, use of Chimerstry can and often does result in lasting effects upon fae creatures, and changelings in particular.

Healthy Kithain (those not trapped in Banality or Bedlam) can instantly recognize Chimerstry for what it truly is. Therefore, any illusion created by a Ravnos cannot and does not fool the senses of most changelings. Kithain perceive the effect, but automatically know it to be wholly illusory. However, this does not mean that Chimerstry is useless against the Kithain. In fact, many changelings give Ravnos a wide berth, because they understand the potential danger of getting too close.

Simply put, Chimerstry's danger to fae creatures is that even the most simple Fata Morgana is potentially lethal if used correctly. If a Ravnos were to create an illusory knife, for example, he could strike at a Kithain for the same amount of damage the Kithain would suffer from a chimerical weapon of the same size (see **Changeling: The Dreaming** for details on chimerical weapons). Weapons and effects created via Horrid Reality are particularly lethal, inflicting an extra die of damage to Kithain.

Rumors have spread (as rumors are wont to do) of even more powerful Chimerstry effects, some fantastic, some frightening, that Ravnos who have studied the fae are able to produce. These effects, the rumors say, are enough to persuade (or perhaps force) Kithain to aid or ally with the Ravnos who produce them. Of course, these rumors are still largely unsubstantiated, but they seem to have caught the imagination of the clan. Whether there is any truth to these rumors, or if they are simply fanciful creations of a blood-drunk mind, remains unknown.



Sensory Overload **(Chimerstry Level Eight)**

By overstimulating all five senses, a Ravnos may physically incapacitate a target. Though the target may remain conscious, he is unable to move or speak coherently; he is effectively cut off from the outside world, save through his screams.

System: The character rolls Intelligence + Occult against a difficulty number of the target's Willpower. The duration of Sensory Overload is determined by the number of successes, shown on the table below.

1 success	One turn
2 successes	One scene
3 successes	One hour
4 successes	Six hours
5 successes	One day

Fatuus Mastery (Addendum):

In addition to the ability previously stated in *The Vampire Players Guide*, Ravnos gain an additional benefit from mastering this level of Chimerstry, though in most cases even the wielder herself will not know it. Upon attaining Fatuus Mastery, illusions created by the character also manifest in the Penumbra and the Shadowlands, and appear convincing to anyone viewing the scene from there. However, a Ravnos who cannot peer into these locations is still unable to affect them directly.

System: n/a

Pseudo-Blindness (Addendum):

In addition to the benefits previously stated for this power (see *The Vampire Players Guide*), a Ravnos who has mastered Pseudo-Blindness is also unmoved by the effects of the Delirium, nor is she affected by faerie seemings. The Ravnos can also see any chimerical items or animals drawn from the Dreaming as if she were *enchanted*.

System: n/a

New Abilities

At the Storyteller's option, *phralmulo* characters may opt to take any of the new Talents, Skills and Knowledges provided in *A World of Darkness: Gypsies*. These Abilities help to round out the character's mortal life as a Gypsy.

Characters Embraced into the clan from the *gaje* (and who are therefore *georgio*) may not begin with these Abilities, but may buy them normally with freebie points or experience.

Ravnos Merits and Flaws

Ravnos characters may take these Merits and Flaws in addition to those listed in *The Vampire Players Guide*.

Charmed Samadji (1-4 pt Merit)

Your family or sire has gifted you with an item of power. You are expected to carry this powerful *draba* until you sire your own progeny, then pass the gift to her. Power levels of *samadji* vary greatly; a *samadji* might reduce target numbers on certain actions (1-2 pt), or even provide the user with effects equivalent to low-level Disciplines, such as Unseen Presence (4 pt). *Samadji* may be activated in any of a number of ways. Design your *samadji* with the Storyteller, who will assign a final value to it.

Family Allegiance (2 pt Merit)

Through your travels, you have gained the favor of a mortal Gypsy family. The family aids you in your exploits whenever possible, providing shelter from enemies or acting as a method of transportation to or from a city. All difficulty numbers involving social interaction with the family in question are reduced by two. So long as you do not abuse your trust (such as using family members as steady sources of blood), the family will not turn away from you. **Note:** You may not take a Family Allegiance with the Tsurara or Ravnos families.

Phralmulo (3 pt Merit)

You were Embraced from within the Rom, from one of the families of power (see *A World of Darkness: Gypsies*). Because of your heritage, you may be able to regain Blood Affinities by feeding on Rom and may begin with Abilities or Backgrounds available only to Gypsy characters. In addition, *phralmulo* characters need not pick a specific crime as their weakness; the *phralmulo* show a general (but compulsive) contempt and disregard for all the laws of the *gaje*. **Note:** Without this Merit, a Ravnos player character is assumed to be *georgio*.

Family Enmity (2 pt Flaw)

By an act of betrayal, or perhaps a simple "misunderstanding," you have gained the scorn of one of the families. They will not offer any assistance to you, and

may even alert your enemies to your presence in a city. Until you redeem yourself, be it through unrewarded loyalty or perhaps remarkable cunning, they will interfere with your plans and darken your name wherever they travel. **Note:** You may not take a Family Enmity with the Tsurara or the Ravnos families.

Marhime (3 pt Flaw)

You have committed some grievous crime against the Rom, and are now shunned by their families (including the Ravnos). Though they do not work against you, they avoid contact, as you might contaminate them (difficulties of all Social rolls involving other Gypsies increase by two). Cleansing yourself of your crime is an arduous uphill battle; until you are redeemed by a *kris*, you are unable to travel in the company of your people for anything longer than a few nights before they drive you away.

Wuzho Enemy (2 pt Flaw)

You have drawn the attention of one of the Wuzho. This enemy is quite dangerous, as he wishes nothing more than to send you to your end. Though he does not confront you directly, he works to thwart your plans whenever possible — destroying family ties or angering other *mulo* against you — waiting for the night when you are no longer able to defend yourself against him.

Attitudes Toward Others

Herein I have included a variety of opinions from elder and youngling, *georgio* and *phralmulo* alike. These statements range from the wise to the incendiary, and I have made no attempt at parenthetical explanation. The truth? That, dear reader, is up to you.

Brujah

They talk a whole lot about changing things, but their words and threats are empty unless you get them mad. In that case, just throw them a small, shiny object to keep 'em busy while you get away.

Caitiff

Instead of finding any pride or conviction, they just bang on the Camarilla's door all night, begging to be let in. To their credit, the Clanless usually have a pretty good idea of what's going on in a city, and a little charity at the right moment will buy you a friend for unlife — his, of course, not yours.





Gangrel

We're supposed to be related, but they have a serious problem with us, don't ask me why. Since they never carry anything valuable and they have big, nasty fingernails, my advice is to leave them alone. Unless, of course, you see an opportunity to drive them into frenzy and watch fur sprout out of their ears.

Malkavian

Ignorant is the *mulo* who compares us to these sad undead. They are truly a blighted line. There is no artistry and, worse, no joy in their jests; their pranks are as blindly instinctive as a dog's pissing on his territory.

Nosferatu

We have an unspoken deal going with the Sewer Rats; we leave them alone (as if they had anything of value) and they conveniently "forget" that they saw us roll into town (as if we were any threat to *their* agenda). We let them have their sewers, they let us have our fun. Besides, they love watching us make fools of the stuffy Ventrue and the effete Toreador. If you find yourself unable to escape the wrath of the *shanglo*, you might find asylum among them — but the price, and the stink, will be high.

Toreador

Of all the clans that have denounced us as their enemies, the Toreador have done the least impressive job of showing it. Though they love the pomp and ceremony of their station, when their meetings are over and done with they would rather watch us dance than drive us off. Trick them, rob them, even pity them — but do not hate them. In truth, their hearts would break if we stopped dancing.

Tremere

Their musty old books make good kindling, and their little baubles bring a good price at a pawnshop. Trust me: They're more arrogant than powerful. They tried to wipe us out during Hitler's war, and they failed. Knowing that, don't pull any punches.

Ventrue

Feudal lords or corporate barons — some things never change, more's the pity. They hate us because we don't play the power-games they invented, so they kick us out of their cities. Poor us. Most of them are so hungry for power that they can't open their eyes, and the blind make easy marks. Here's a good one: Find out what their blood preference is, then use Chimerstry to make some rancid bum look that way. They make the funniest faces after just a few sips.



Lasombra

God has taken their reflections from them. It is only fitting, I think, for us to take the rest of their things.

Tzimisce

These has-beens look like such easy targets, don't they? Well, they're not. *Avoid them.* Avoid, avoid, avoid. It's tempting to trick them, but if you piss 'em off, they'll twist your head into a fucking balloon animal.

(Caveat the First: Sometimes they keep such cool stuff in their cobwebby old crypts that it's worth the risk.)

(Caveat the Second: If they catch you...well, you were warned.)

Ravnos Antitribu

As Sabbat go, they're not so bad. They think a lot like we do, and they pull a bait-and-switch with the best of us. But for all our similarities, be careful not to throw your lot in with 'em too quick. See, for them, their *pack* is their family, not *us*. Remember that before you powwow with 'em.

Assamite

These are the guys who give the *mulo* nightmares, and that suits us fine. They also don't seem to give a rat's ass about us, and that suits us even better. They

share our hatred for the Tremere, and I knew a Lick who used that angle to con an Assamite into bumping off a few enemies for him. It worked for him, but personally, I wouldn't recommend trying to duplicate it. You'd be dead faster than Kennedy if you got caught pulling a scam like that.

Giovanni

Okay, let me get this straight: They're big, hairy, overweight, immortal Mafiosi, with mansions in the 'burbs and beet-red Maseratis, strutting around with an air of mystery and control, hoarding art, money and blood in their safety-deposit boxes, and I'm supposed to be *scared*? With their oh-so-trendy occultism, they fall for the simplest cons. Let me tell you: The scariest thing about the Giovanni is that it takes 'em weeks to figure out they've been duped.

Followers of Set

I love these assholes. They're so fixated on "corrupting" you that they'll give you just about anything — money, drugs, guns, whatever. With enemies like these, who needs friends?

The Jyhad

Heh. What a foolish game the *gaje* play. When the last chapter of the Jyhad has been written, it will be the Ravnos who will tell the tale around the fire.



Silent Striders

You may sit across from them at the *kumpania*, and they will sheathe their talons and tolerate you. Do you likewise. Once away from the *kumpania*'s confines, all bets are off; the Lupines are their greater family, and the moon bids them destroy us. If cornered by a pack, plead for mercy in the name of your former kinship. It won't stop them, but they might pause long enough for you to evoke a phantasm and escape.

Mages

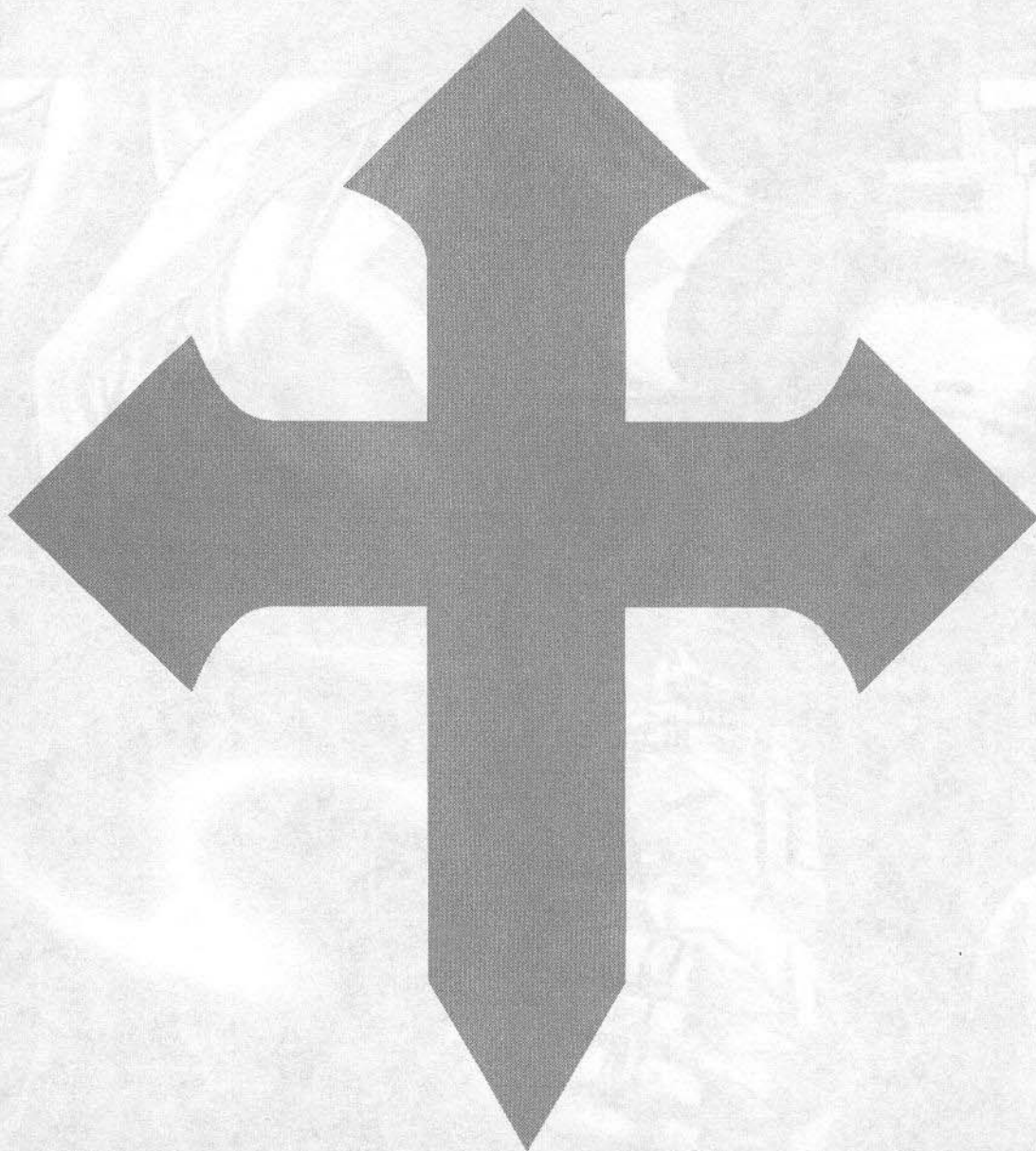
Most Licks think of mages as a bunch of bookworms; we know better. They're a bunch of bookworms with cool stuff well worth borrowing. That aside, I've heard rumors of a partnership forming between Ravnos on the Path of Paradox and a group of mages called Marauders; such an alliance could produce potent results.

Wraiths

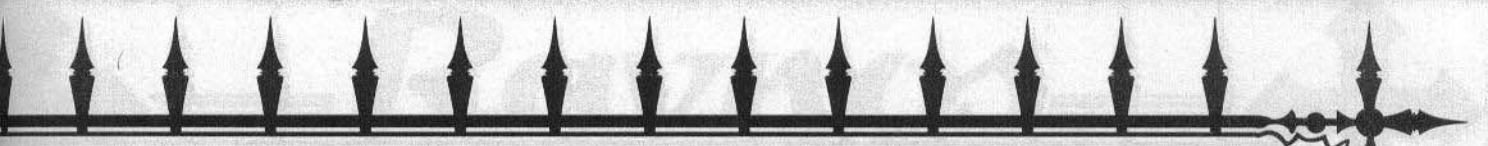
Though we praise the spirits of our ancestors, these wretched beings are called *trushale odji* — the thirsty souls. They are of little consequence to us, but there are mediums among the *juvindo* who often seek their guidance.

Faeries

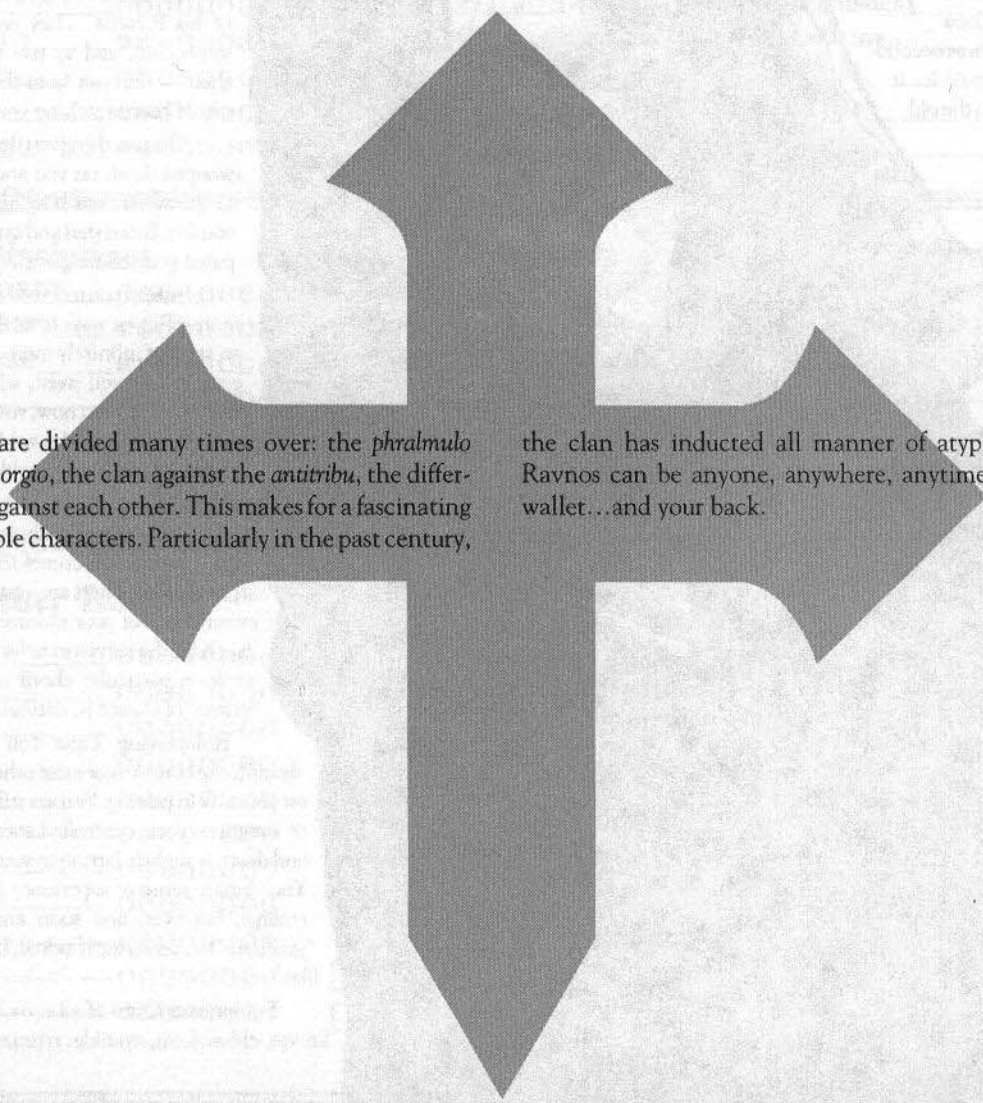
Certain families of Ravnos have dealings with faeries, and from what I hear, they're all dying. The faeries, that is, not the Ravnos. They make powerful allies, but they bring a ton of problems with 'em when they travel with our *kumpaniyi*. I've also heard that they're drawn to our Chimerstry, like they can smell it or something, but I don't like to think about that too much — it makes me paranoid.







Chapter Four: Characters



Ravnos are divided many times over: the *phralmulo* against the *georgio*, the clan against the *anutribu*, the different families against each other. This makes for a fascinating array of possible characters. Particularly in the past century,

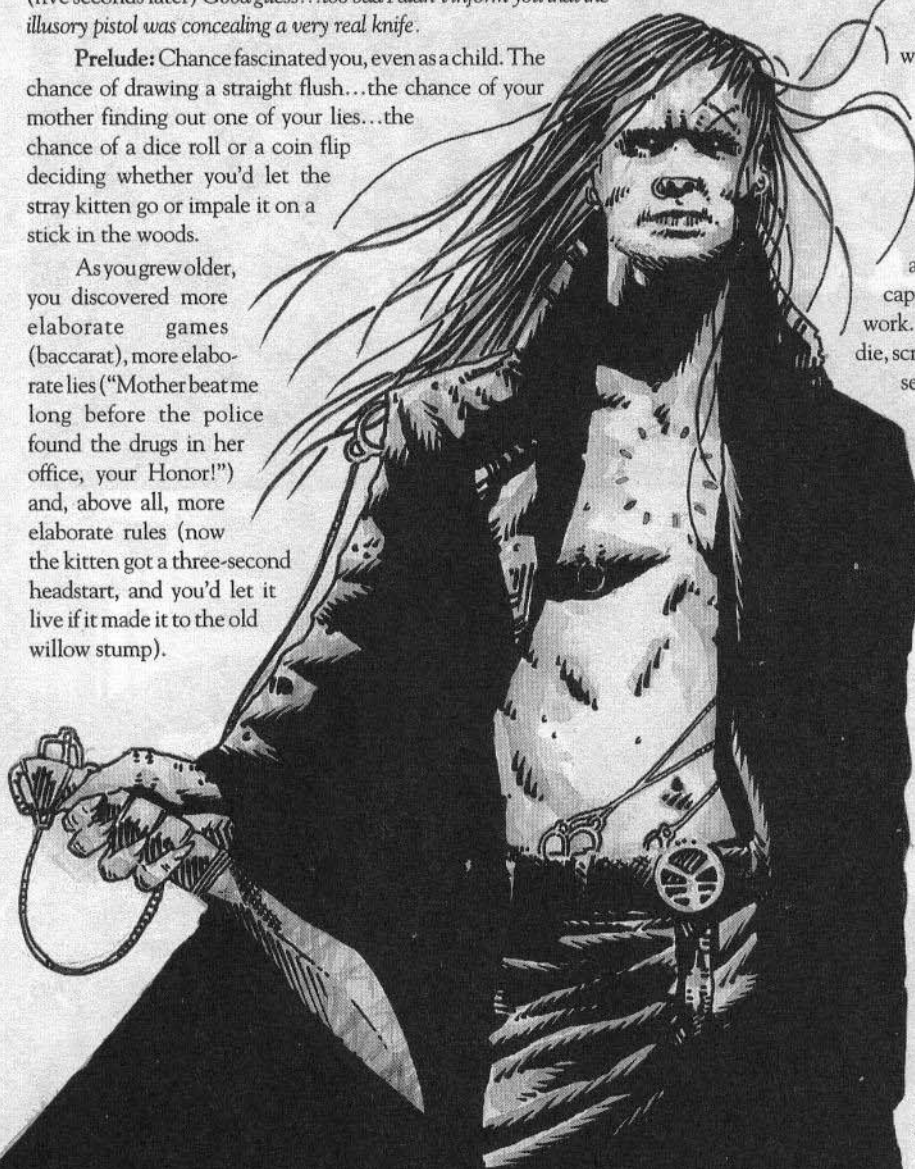
the clan has inducted all manner of atypical members. Ravnos can be anyone, anywhere, anytime. Watch your wallet...and your back.

Ace of Spades

Quote: *One of these guns is an illusion; the other is quite real. I will fire the one you select into your skull. Choose now, and choose carefully. (five seconds later) Good guess... too bad I didn't inform you that the illusory pistol was concealing a very real knife.*

Prelude: Chance fascinated you, even as a child. The chance of drawing a straight flush... the chance of your mother finding out one of your lies... the chance of a dice roll or a coin flip deciding whether you'd let the stray kitten go or impale it on a stick in the woods.

As you grew older, you discovered more elaborate games (baccarat), more elaborate lies ("Mother beat me long before the police found the drugs in her office, your Honor!") and, above all, more elaborate rules (now the kitten got a three-second headstart, and you'd let it live if it made it to the old willow stump).



You grew bored with baccarat at 16, bored with lies by graduation, and bored with kittens on your 21st birthday. You were ready to hunt pinstriped tigers now. Your chosen vocation whispered seductively every time you went to a bar, a mall, a board meeting.

Would you kill or wouldn't you? You see, you weren't one of those pathetic, pedophilic serotonin slaves like Dahmer and Chikatilo. Murder, for you, was not the means to some autoerotic or vengeful end; it was the end, the greatest of games.

Still, you had to find some way of financing your fun, and so you offered your services to the underworld. This had its ups and downs — your bosses appreciated your efficiency, but didn't care for the capricious way in which you went about your work. Philistines. One boring night, you rolled a die, scrutinized the result, and began arming yourself.

The police found one of your bosses in pieces in his office, another choked to death on the shards of an ouzo bottle, and a third burned to a crisp in the wreckage of his Porsche. They couldn't see the symbolism, and so you were safe from them — but not from the other hunter who'd been watching you.

The first thing you thought, when he swooped down on you and snatched you off the street, was how like your victims you felt. Interested and satisfied, you prepared yourself for death.

Instead you received endless life, and more efficient ways of dealing death, and an array of infinitely more interesting targets. Where you went, what you did — that was up to you now, your sire said. You were Wuzho now, he told you, and you could play any hand you liked.

Concept: You are not a lowly serial killer, leashed by your libido and inadequacies. You commit crimes to exalt yourself; the fact that others are hurt is simply irrelevant. Each of your murders is planned as much for the survivors as for the victims, to evoke a particular chord of horror. Your "crime" of choice is, naturally, murder.

Roleplaying Tips: You are somewhat distant; the concerns of most other beings interest you only in passing. You are still a little in awe of vampires; their controlled stasis between life and death is slightly jarring to your philosophies. Your innate sense of superiority is beginning to emerge, however, and soon enough you will "graduate" to murdering Kindred, Lupines and the like.

Equipment: Guns of all sorts, razor, butterfly knives, chloroform, cyanide, syringes, rope

Ravnos™

VAMPIRE: The Masquerade®

Name: *Ace of Spades*

Player:

Chronicle:

Nature: *Fanatic*

Demeanor: *Autist*

Concept: *Natural Born Killer*

Clan: *10th*

Generation:

Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●●○○○○○
Dexterity ●●●○○○○○
Stamina ●●○○○○○○○

Social

Charisma ●○○○○○○○
Manipulation ●●●○○○○○
Appearance ●●○○○○○○○

Mental

Perception ●●●○○○○○
Intelligence ●●●○○○○○
Wits ●●●○○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Acting ○○○○○○○○
Alertness ●●○○○○○○○
Athletics ●○○○○○○○
Brawl ●●○○○○○○○
Dodge ●●○○○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation ●●○○○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○○○○
Streetwise ●●○○○○○○○
Subterfuge ●●○○○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○
Drive ●○○○○○○○
Etiquette ○○○○○○○○
Firearms ●●●○○○○○
Melee ●●●○○○○○
Music ○○○○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○○○○
Security ○○○○○○○○
Stealth ●●●○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○○○○

Knowledges

Bureaucracy ○○○○○○○○
Computer ●●○○○○○○○
Finance ○○○○○○○○
Investigation ●●○○○○○○○
Law ●○○○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○○○○
Science ○○○○○○○○

Advantages

Disciplines

Animalism ○○○○○○○○
Chimerstry ●●○○○○○○○
Fortitude ●○○○○○○○
____ ○○○○○○○○
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Backgrounds

Contacts ●○○○○○○○
Generation ●●●○○○○○
Resources ●●○○○○○○○
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Virtues

Conscience ●○○○○○
Self-Control ●●●●●
Courage ●●●●○

Other Traits

____ ○○○○○○○○
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Path of

Paradox

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Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Blood Pool

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

Must make Self-Control roll not to commit crime of choice

The Carjacker

Quote: Attached to your car, huh? You got three seconds to get out or I'll make sure you're permanently attached to it.

Prelude: You grew up in the heart of the Miami slums. Your father was a mechanic, and he did his best to support the eight of you on a repairman's wage. Fuck that — you learned early on that you could support yourself nicely by using Papa's tools for altogether different endeavors. As far as the Miami cops were concerned, grand theft auto wasn't worth the bother of investigating — and if some asshole tried to put up a fight, well, you and your set carried tools that could open people as easily as they could open cars.

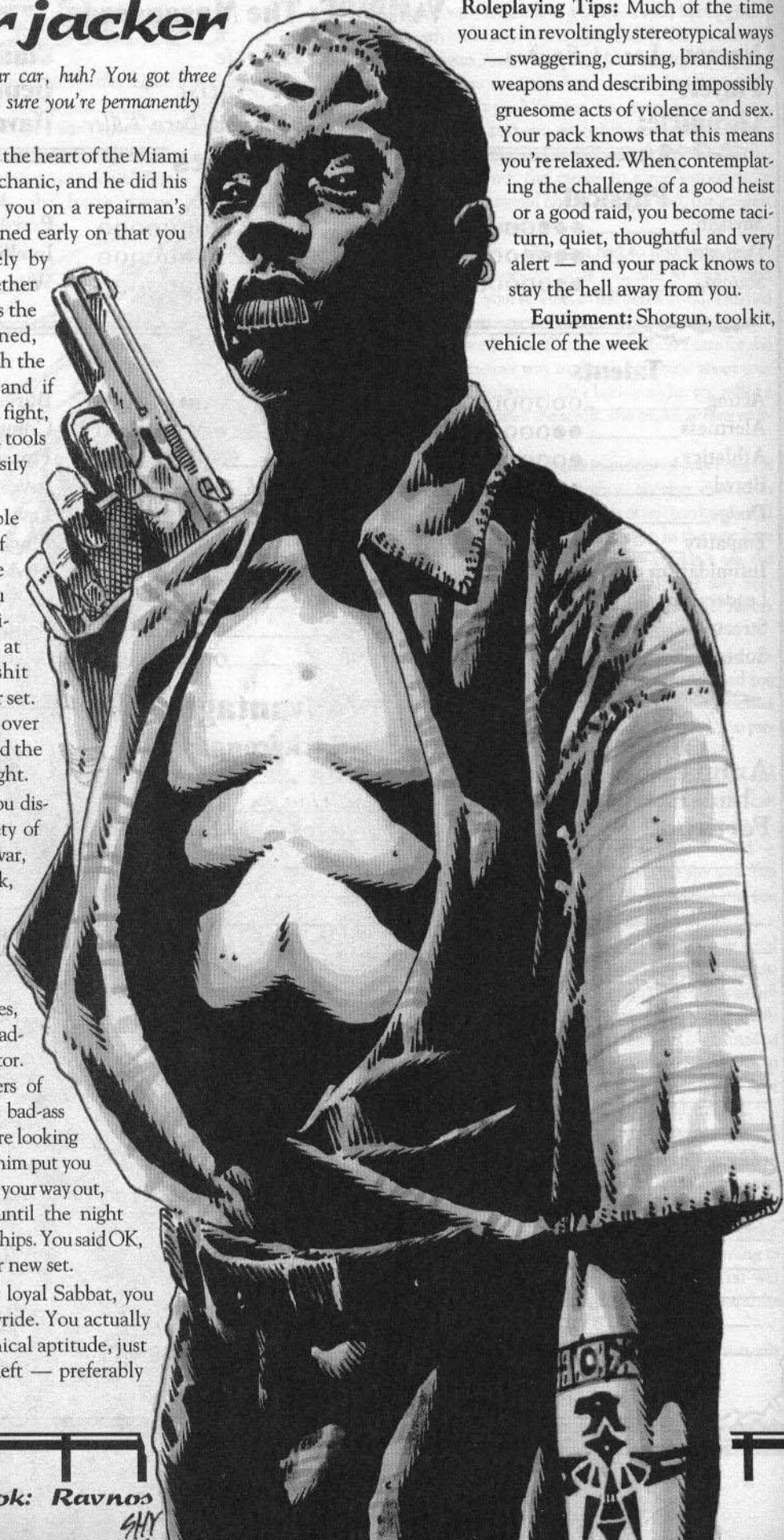
You went to juvie a couple of times, killed a couple of fools, and Papa said you were going to hell and tossed you out of the apartment, but basically business was good — at least until some serious shit started going down with your set. The Haitians were crossing over where they didn't belong, and the leaders said it was time to fight.

Over the next month you distinguished yourself in a variety of military activities. This was war, and you put your talents to work, disabling the Haitians' vehicles or stealing them outright. The gang leaders took notice of you — no, not the shitheads you followed, but the real ones, the ones who led from the shadows. One night you had a visitor. You'd pissed off the followers of some set or something — a bad-ass Haitian mafia — and they were looking to put you in the ground. Let him put you in the ground first, he said. Dig your way out, and you'd be stealing cars until the night everybody was riding in spaceships. You said OK, and he initiated you into your new set.

Concept: A brazen but loyal Sabbat, you live for the pack and the joyride. You actually have a fair degree of mechanical aptitude, just like Papa. Your crime is theft — preferably auto theft.

Roleplaying Tips: Much of the time you act in revoltingly stereotypical ways — swaggering, cursing, brandishing weapons and describing impossibly gruesome acts of violence and sex. Your pack knows that this means you're relaxed. When contemplating the challenge of a good heist or a good raid, you become taciturn, quiet, thoughtful and very alert — and your pack knows to stay the hell away from you.

Equipment: Shotgun, tool kit, vehicle of the week



Ravnos™

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Name: *Carjacker*

Nature: *Rebel*

Clan: *13th*

Player:

Demeanor: *Bravo*

Generation:

Chronicle:

Concept: *Young Thug*

Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●●●○○○○○
Dexterity ●●●●○○○○○
Stamina ●●○○○○○○○

Social

Charisma ●●○○○○○○○
Manipulation ●●○○○○○○○
Appearance ●●○○○○○○○

Mental

Perception ●●●○○○○○
Intelligence ●●○○○○○○○
Wits ●●●○○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Acting ○○○○○○○○
Alertness ●○○○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○○○○
Brawl ●●●○○○○○
Dodge ●○○○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation ●●●○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○○○○
Streetwise ●●○○○○○○○
Subterfuge ○○○○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○
Drive ●●●○○○○○
Etiquette ○○○○○○○○
Firearms ●●○○○○○○○
Melee ●○○○○○○○
Music ○○○○○○○○
Repair ●●●○○○○○
Security ●●●○○○○○
Stealth ●○○○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○○○○

Knowledges

Bureaucracy ○○○○○○○○
Computer ○○○○○○○○
Finance ●○○○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○○○○
Law ○○○○○○○○
Linguistics ●○○○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○○○○
Occult ●○○○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○○○○
Science ○○○○○○○○

Advantages

Disciplines

Animalism ○○○○○○○○
Chimerstry ●○○○○○○○
Fortitude ●●○○○○○○○
Celerity ●○○○○○○○
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Backgrounds

Contacts ●●○○○○○○○
Herd ●●●○○○○○
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Virtues

Callousness ●●○○○
Instincts ●●●○○
Morale ●●●○○

Other Traits

Military Science ●●○○○○○○○
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Path of

Honorable Accord

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
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Blood Pool

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Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

Must make Instincts roll not to commit crime of choice

The Dakini

Quote: *To obtain true enlightenment you must renounce the things of the world, bequeathing your possessions to one of the Seven-and-Seventy Immortal Asuras, who will use them in the pursuit of righteousness. As it so happens, I am Immortal Asura Number 76....*

Prelude: Your first memories were of Bombay's shantytowns: the squalid bazaars and dirt alleys where you ran with the beggar children who swarmed like flies about the stalls. You had a knack for being unseen by the police and visible for the CARE representatives; by the age of 12, fattened on other children's food packages, you had actually developed a haunting, if dirty and feral, beauty.

This provided the ticket to a career in Bombay's underworld, but it was your sharp mind and utter lack of scruples that carved your niche amid the slavery rings, bordellos and opium dens.

You weren't the only predator, nor the most formidable, but you proved to the liking of a Vritra Ravnos, who Embraced you and initiated you into the ways of the clan. Now you could deal in souls the same way you dealt in goods and bodies.

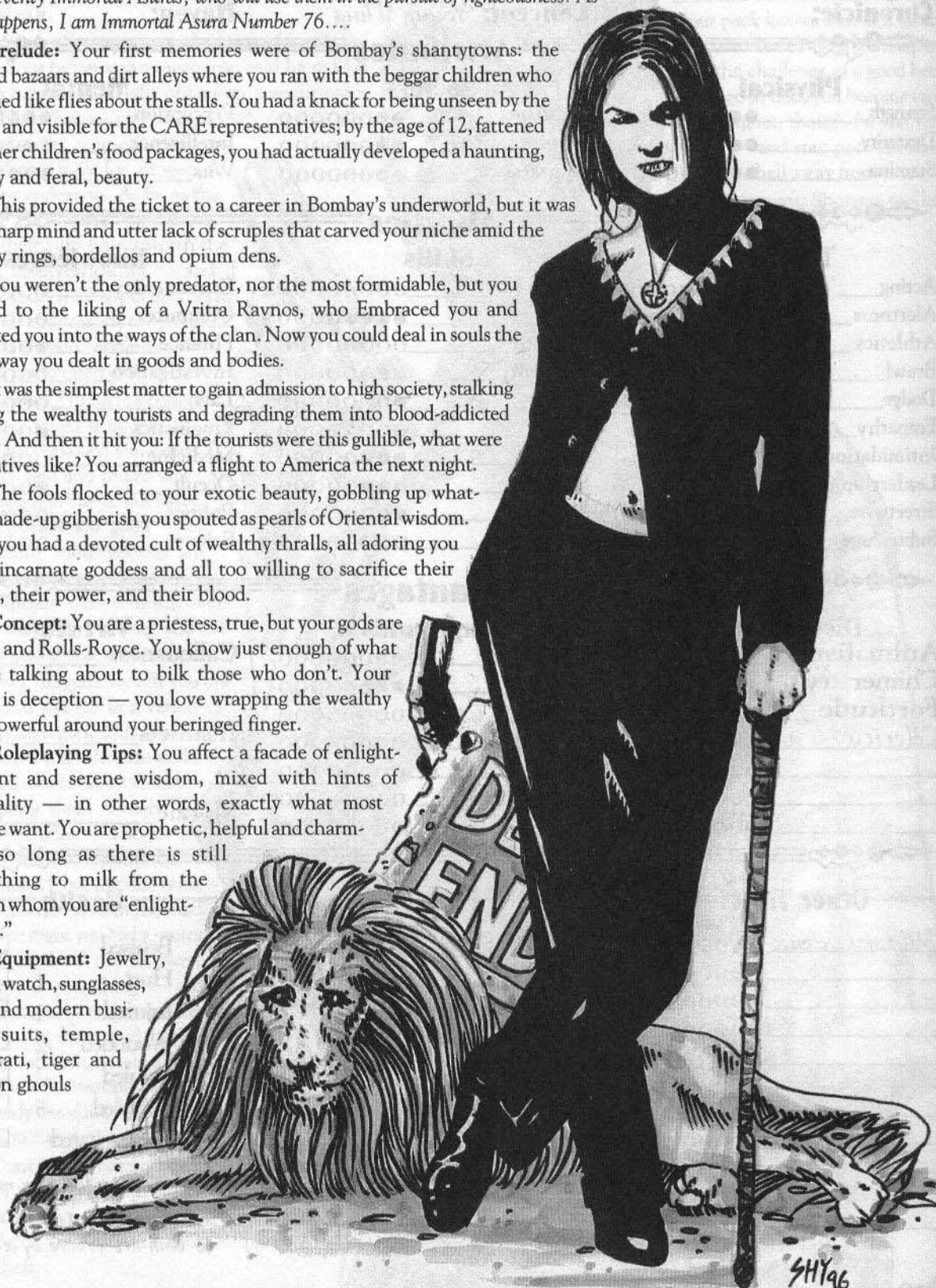
It was the simplest matter to gain admission to high society, stalking among the wealthy tourists and degrading them into blood-addicted slaves. And then it hit you: If the tourists were this gullible, what were the natives like? You arranged a flight to America the next night.

The fools flocked to your exotic beauty, gobbling up whatever made-up gibberish you spouted as pearls of Oriental wisdom. Soon you had a devoted cult of wealthy thralls, all adoring you as an incarnate goddess and all too willing to sacrifice their riches, their power, and their blood.

Concept: You are a priestess, true, but your gods are Rolex and Rolls-Royce. You know just enough of what you're talking about to bilk those who don't. Your crime is deception — you love wrapping the wealthy and powerful around your beringed finger.

Roleplaying Tips: You affect a facade of enlightenment and serene wisdom, mixed with hints of sensuality — in other words, exactly what most people want. You are prophetic, helpful and charming, so long as there is still something to milk from the person whom you are "enlightening."

Equipment: Jewelry, Rolex watch, sunglasses, saris and modern business suits, temple, Maserati, tiger and python ghouls



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Name: *The Dakini*

Nature: *Conniver*

Clan: *13th*

Player:

Demeanor: *Architect*

Generation:

Chronicle:

Concept: *False Prophet*

Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●○○○○○○○
Dexterity ●●●○○○○○
Stamina ●●○○○○○○○

Social

Charisma ●●○○○○○○○
Manipulation ●●●○○○○○
Appearance ●●●○○○○○

Mental

Perception ●●○○○○○○○
Intelligence ●●○○○○○○○
Wits ●●○○○○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Acting ●●○○○○○○○
Alertness ●○○○○○○○
Athletics ●○○○○○○○
Brawl ○○○○○○○○
Dodge ●●○○○○○○○
Empathy ●○○○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○○○○
Streetwise ●●●○○○○○
Subterfuge ●●●○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ●●○○○○○○○
Drive ●○○○○○○○
Etiquette ●●○○○○○○○
Firearms ○○○○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○○○○
Music ●○○○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○○○○
Security ○○○○○○○○
Stealth ●●○○○○○○○
Survival ●○○○○○○○

Knowledges

Bureaucracy ○○○○○○○○
Computer ○○○○○○○○
Finance ●○○○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○○○○
Law ○○○○○○○○
Linguistics ●●○○○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○○○○
Occult ●●○○○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○○○○
Science ○○○○○○○○

Advantages

Disciplines

Animalism ●●○○○○○○○
Chimerstry ●○○○○○○○
Fortitude ○○○○○○○○
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Backgrounds

Herd ●●●●●○○○
Influence ●●○○○○○○○
Resources ●●●●●○○○
Retainers ●●●○○○○○
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Virtues

Conscience ●●○○○
Self-Control ●●●●●
Courage ●●●○○

Other Traits

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Humanity

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○
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Blood Pool

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
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Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

*Must make Self-Control roll
not to commit crime of choice*



The FX Artist

Quote: *I am a lord of the Night, an unfulfilled waif of the grave, a master of the Demon Undead.*
Now watch this!

Prelude: When you were five, the other kids in your kindergarten class were dutifully staying in the lines while coloring their handouts of houses. You, by contrast, were drawing that same house being smashed and its inhabitants devoured by a lurid chartreuse stegosaurus. Worlds of wonder and horror blossomed in your soul; you devoured all the science fiction and horror cinema and literature you could, and did a fair job of creating your own.

You went to art school, then double-majored in graphic design and filmmaking. O'Brien, Harryhausen, Giger, Cameron — these were your idols, and you made a fair go toward a career as a special-effects designer.

You never dreamed, however, that the monsters you loved were anything more than wires and foam and pixels until that night you were working late on the set of *Cretaceous Carnage 3*. First came the gunshots — and the acrid scent of very real powder — and then the things rounded the corner. Pale, fanged, bloodied, wearing black leather and sporting bright red wounds — you didn't need Coppola or Romero to tell you what they were.

Nor did you have any doubts as to their intentions, as their eyes flared crimson and their very real talons extruded and their scarlet lips twisted into rictuses like the great white's in Spielberg's *Jaws*. So, with only a hint of hesitation, you flipped a switch, and the digitized stegosaurus materialized in the center of the studio.

Screaming in panic, the vampires fled the studio amid cries of "Shapeshifter!" and "Magus!" All except one — a tattered, pallid waif of a girl who looked sickly even for the undead. Righting herself against a console, she smiled weakly. Reassuring you as to her innocence, she thanked you for chasing off the "anarch gang." Your talents, combined with a little "Ravnos" magic, might take you far in the "free states," she said. Were you interested in life eternal?

You didn't understand half of what the vampire was babbling about, but if this was real, you were all for it. Saying goodbye to the sun, you entered a reality more thrilling than any movie.

Concept: You are more interested in your Chimerstry Discipline than in the unfortunate side effects of vampirism. You did grow up steeped in tales of the horrific, however, so you know a little about what to expect from unlife — and you are talented enough to wiggle your way out when your expectations prove wrong. Your crime is trickery; you love to fool others, and you have mastered the art of the bluff, both verbal and illusory.

Roleplaying Tips: Externally a little nervous and self-effacing, you are actually a lot more confident than you appear. You get wildly enthusiastic when "conjuring" Chimerstry-spun visions, and you avidly seek to learn more about the nocturnal world into which you have been thrown.

Equipment: Disguise kit, state-of-the-art computer system, explosives

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Name: *FX Artist*

Player:

Chronicle:

Nature: *Visionary*

Demeanor: *Gallant*

Concept: *Lovable Goob*

Clan: *12th*

Generation:

Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●○○○○○○○
Dexterity ●●●○○○○○
Stamina ●●●○○○○○

Social

Charisma ●●●○○○○○
Manipulation ●●○○○○○○
Appearance ●●○○○○○○

Mental

Perception ●●○○○○○○○
Intelligence ●●●○○○○○
Wits ●●●○○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Acting ●○○○○○○○
Alertness ●○○○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○○○○
Brawl ○○○○○○○○
Dodge ●○○○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○○○○
Streetwise ●○○○○○○○
Subterfuge ●○○○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○
Drive ●○○○○○○○
Etiquette ○○○○○○○○
Firearms ●○○○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○○○○
Music ○○○○○○○○
Repair ●●○○○○○○○
Security ●●○○○○○○○
Stealth ●○○○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○○○○

Knowledges

Bureaucracy ○○○○○○○○
Computer ●●●○○○○○
Finance ○○○○○○○○
Investigation ●●○○○○○○○
Law ○○○○○○○○
Linguistics ●○○○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○○○○
Occult ●●○○○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○○○○
Science ●○○○○○○○

Advantages

Disciplines

Animalism ●○○○○○○○
Chimerstry ●●●○○○○○
Fortitude ○○○○○○○○
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Backgrounds

Contacts ●●○○○○○○○
Generation ●○○○○○○○
Mentor ●○○○○○○○
Resources ●○○○○○○○
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Virtues

Conscience ●●●●○
Self-Control ●●●●○
Courage ●●●●○

Other Traits

Disguise ●●●○○○○○
Photography ●●●○○○○○
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Humanity

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○
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Blood Pool

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

Must make Self-Control roll
not to commit crime of choice

The Seer

Quote: Your signficator, *Knight of Swords*, shows that you are to play an important role in the Ancients' *Jyhad*, but — wait! Now I draw the *Tower* — great strife between *Ravnos* and *mulo* is nigh!

Prelude: Born into the *Phuri Dae* family, you manifested your *Second Sight* early on. Thus, you were always aware of the night-walkers hovering just beyond the firelight, even before your aunt told you the dreadful stories of the haunted *Ravnos* family. Even as a child, you felt their cold gaze piercing you from afar, and dreams of your fate tormented your sleep.

It happened one night while your *kumpania* traversed a particularly desolate region of Hungary. The authorities had proved unfriendly, and your *baro* felt it wise to move on, despite the evil omens you had noticed all day. The caravan wended its way into the Transylvanian foothills, and it was just about midnight when the monsters attacked.

They were frightful things: Though they stood on two legs, their eyes blazed like those of feral cats, and the teeth that they bared above blackened lips were even sharper than your nightmares had suggested. Their talons were sharp, too, as your family found out when they fell beneath the creatures' slashing assault. You screamed mindlessly as you watched them eviscerate and batten on your siblings, cousins, elders.

And then the night-walkers of your childhood appeared as if by magic, interposing themselves between you and the monsters. One of the night-walkers, a tall, lean woman who appeared to be the leader, spoke.

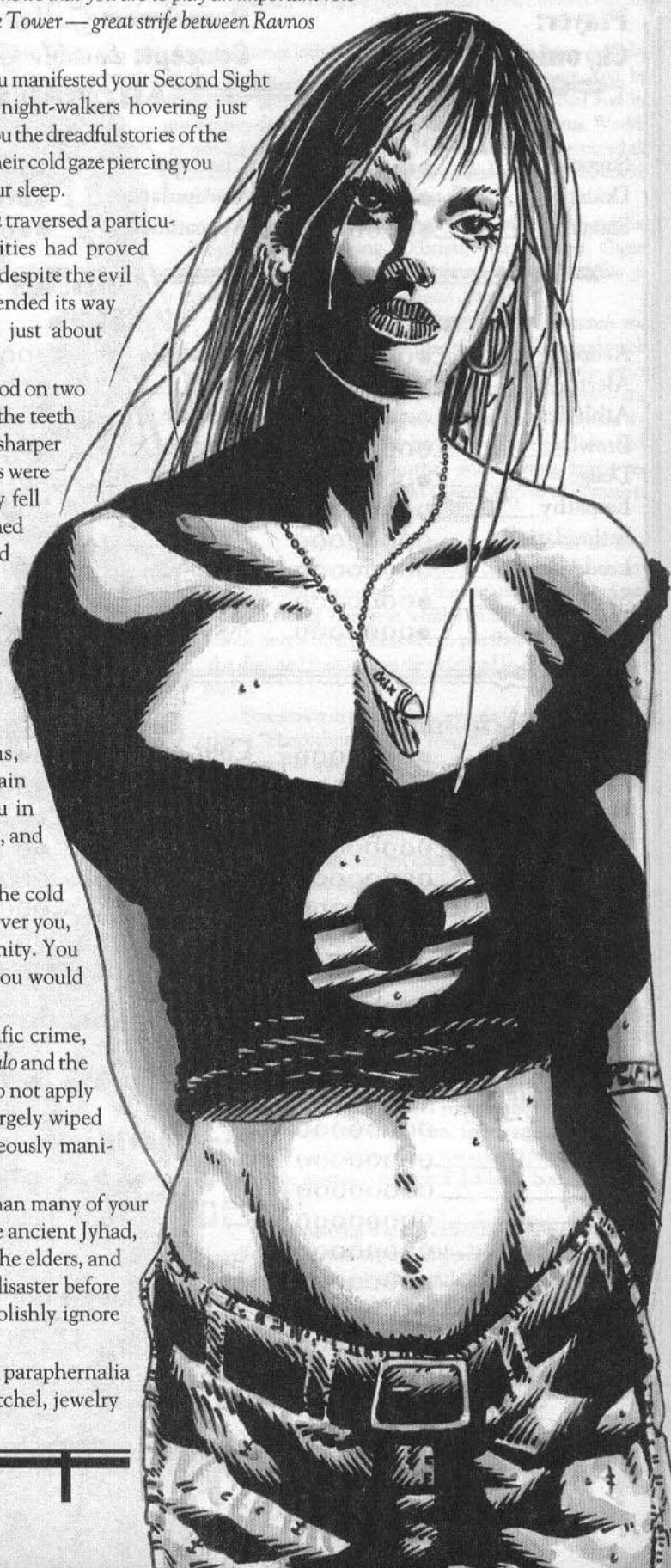
"You have chosen the wrong victims, Gangrel," she spat. "We will cause you more pain than your Sabbath masters could inflict on you in centuries." And with that, the *Ravnos* attacked, and you fainted in horror.

You woke to the salty taste of blood, and the cold grip of the *Ravnos*. The *shilmulo* woman stood over you, caked with gore but nonetheless radiating serenity. You could no longer be *Phuri Dae*, she said. Now you would use your talents in the service of the *Ravnos*.

Concept: As *phralmulo*, you have no specific crime, but compulsively flout the foolish laws of the *mulo* and the Six Traditions of Caine (which, you are sure, do not apply to *Ravnos* anyway). Your *Second Sight* was largely wiped away by the *tumnimos*, but you have spontaneously manifested *Auspex* to compensate.

Roleplaying Tips: You are more serious than many of your kin — they would believe themselves above the ancient *Jyhad*, but you have looked into the sorrowful eyes of the elders, and you know better. You try your best to prevent disaster before it happens, and it saddens you when others foolishly ignore your intuition.

Equipment: Tarot deck, fortunetelling paraphernalia (much for show, some quite real), minivan, satchel, jewelry



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Name: *The Seer*

Nature: *Martyr*

Clan: *12th*

Player:

Demeanor: *Loner*

Generation:

Chronicle:

Concept: *Ingenue*

Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●●●●●●●
Dexterity ●●●●●●●●
Stamina ●●●●●●●●

Social

Charisma ●●●●●●●●
Manipulation ●●●●●●●●
Appearance ●●●●●●●●

Mental

Perception ●●●●●●●●
Intelligence ●●●●●●●●
Wits ●●●●●●●●

Abilities

Talents

Acting ●●●●●●●●
Alertness ●●●●●●●●
Athletics ●●●●●●●●
Brawl ●●●●●●●●
Dodge ●●●●●●●●
Empathy ●●●●●●●●
Intimidation ●●●●●●●●
Leadership ●●●●●●●●
Streetwise ●●●●●●●●
Subterfuge ●●●●●●●●

Skills

Animal Ken ●●●●●●●●
Drive ●●●●●●●●
Etiquette ●●●●●●●●
Firearms ●●●●●●●●
Melee ●●●●●●●●
Music ●●●●●●●●
Repair ●●●●●●●●
Security ●●●●●●●●
Stealth ●●●●●●●●
Survival ●●●●●●●●

Knowledges

Bureaucracy ●●●●●●●●
Computer ●●●●●●●●
Finance ●●●●●●●●
Investigation ●●●●●●●●
Law ●●●●●●●●
Linguistics ●●●●●●●●
Medicine ●●●●●●●●
Occult ●●●●●●●●
Politics ●●●●●●●●
Science ●●●●●●●●

Advantages

Disciplines

Animalism ●●●●●●●●
Chimerstry ●●●●●●●●
Fortitude ●●●●●●●●
Auspex ●●●●●●●●
●●●●●●●●
●●●●●●●●
●●●●●●●●

Backgrounds

Allies ●●●●●●●●
Generation ●●●●●●●●
Mentor ●●●●●●●●
Resources ●●●●●●●●
●●●●●●●●
●●●●●●●●
●●●●●●●●

Virtues

Conscience ●●●●●●
Self-Control ●●●●●●
Courage ●●●●●●

Other Traits

Gypsy Lore ●●●●●●●●
Kindred Lore ●●●●●●●●
Lupine Lore ●●●●●●●●
●●●●●●●●
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Humanity

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
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Blood Pool

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

Must make Self-Control roll not to commit crime of choice

The Smuggler

Quote: No, you listen. I'm not one of your Vaulderie-besotted luses. If you want the primogen councilor through the Black Forest and in your bishop's manse, stake intact, by 2300 tomorrow, no strings attached...it'll cost you everything I asked for previously, plus that muscle-bound vessel you're so fond of. You have 20 seconds to agree or get off my boat.

Prelude: You grew up on the wharves of Amsterdam, and by the time you were an adolescent, you knew those wharves and the thieves that haunted them far better than did the police. Your underworld ascent was as meticulous as a mule run through Customs, and by the time you were 25 the crime bosses of Europe were entrusting you with fortunes.

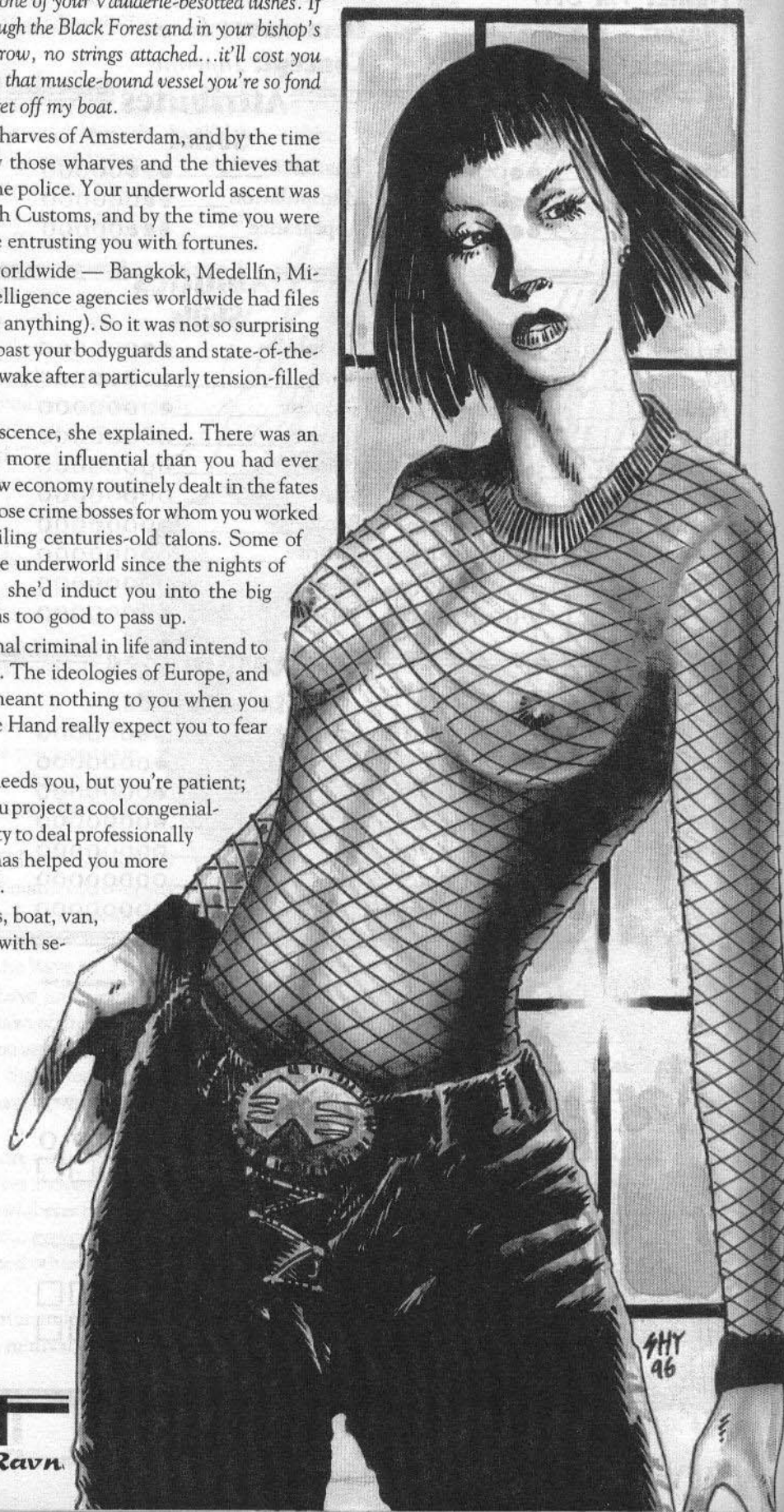
Naturally, you had contacts worldwide — Bangkok, Medellín, Miami, Moscow — and naturally, intelligence agencies worldwide had files on you (though no one could prove anything). So it was not so surprising when the nocturnal visitor slipped past your bodyguards and state-of-the-art security system and tapped you awake after a particularly tension-filled day.

After she lulled you into quiescence, she explained. There was an underworld deeper and vaster and more influential than you had ever imagined. The players in this shadow economy routinely dealt in the fates of cities, states, entire countries. Those crime bosses for whom you worked were the merest finger puppets veiling centuries-old talons. Some of these players had been working the underworld since the nights of Delilah — and if you were game, she'd induct you into the big picture. Naturally, such an offer was too good to pass up.

Concept: You were a professional criminal in life and intend to be even more professional in death. The ideologies of Europe, and the agencies that enforced them, meant nothing to you when you breathed — do the archons and the Hand really expect you to fear them now?

Roleplaying Tips: Everyone needs you, but you're patient; they'll come to you soon enough. You project a cool congeniality to everyone you meet. Your ability to deal professionally and unflinchingly with Nosferatu has helped you more than all your Disciplines combined.

Equipment: Ghoul bodyguards, boat, van, Luger, fashionable attire, briefcase with secret cryogenic compartment



Ravnos™

VAMPIRE: The Masquerade®

Name: *The Smuggler*

Player:

Chronicle:

Nature: *Survivor*

Demeanor: *Director*

Concept: *Criminal*

Clan: *12th*

Generation:

Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●○○○○○○○
Dexterity ●●○○○○○○○
Stamina ●●○○○○○○○

Social

Charisma ●●●○○○○○
Manipulation ●●●○○○○○
Appearance ●●●○○○○○

Mental

Perception ●●●○○○○○
Intelligence ●●○○○○○○○
Wits ●●○○○○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Acting ○○○○○○○○
Alertness ●●●○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○○○○
Brawl ●○○○○○○○
Dodge ●○○○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation ●○○○○○○○
Leadership ●○○○○○○○
Streetwise ●●●○○○○○
Subterfuge ●●●○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○
Drive ●●●○○○○○
Etiquette ●○○○○○○○
Firearms ●●○○○○○○○
Melee ●○○○○○○○
Music ○○○○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○○○○
Security ○○○○○○○○
Stealth ●●○○○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○○○○

Knowledges

Bureaucracy ○○○○○○○○
Computer ○○○○○○○○
Finance ●●●○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○○○○
Law ○○○○○○○○
Linguistics ●●○○○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○○○○
Science ○○○○○○○○

Advantages

Disciplines

Animalism ●○○○○○○○
Chimerstry ●○○○○○○○
Fortitude ●○○○○○○○
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Backgrounds

Contacts ●●●●●○○○
Generation ●○○○○○○○
Influence ●●○○○○○○○
Resources ●●●●●○○○
Retainers ●●○○○○○○○
Status ●○○○○○○○
○○○○○○○○○

Virtues

Conscience ●●○○○
Self-Control ●●●●○
Courage ●●●●○

Other Traits

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Humanity

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○
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Blood Pool

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Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

Must make Self-Control roll not to commit crime of choice

The Subway Conman

Quote: Spare a couple bucks, man? I lost my leg in 'Nam and — no, huh? Uh.... Well then, you wanna see a card trick?

Prelude: As a youth, you mastered three-card monte and made fast cash on the streetcorners of Manhattan. Pretty soon you were hustling the hustlers, fleecing them for every penny you could get. Your skill at the con was making more money in a week than your parents earned in a month. Sometimes it got rough, sure, but you learned to take care of yourself.

By the time you were a teenager, you were selling pieces of the Brooklyn Bridge to tourists. You mastered the bait-and-switch, the straight con, the smash-and-grab. On your 16th birthday, you celebrated by convincing some poor sucker that you'd been run over as he was driving by you.

As you grew older, you grew tired of the same old routines. You started to come up with new ones, playing blind on the bus or taping your legs behind you and rolling around in a stolen wheelchair.

One night, after you had finished a rather successful evening, some guy came up to you and launched into some wild story about muggers and cops and who knew what else, this guy was talking so fast. He was wearing a suit, but it was all messed up, and you started to actually feel bad for the guy. He asked you for money, to help him out, so he could get a cab. You started to reach into your pocket, and then it dawned on you: This was all a scam. You looked straight at him and told him so, and started to walk away.

Before you knew what had hit you, you were face down on the pavement. He dragged you off the street, and said something about how he'd been watching you. You were gonna work out just fine, he said. You had potential, he said. He would teach you how to run a *real* scam, he said.

And he did.

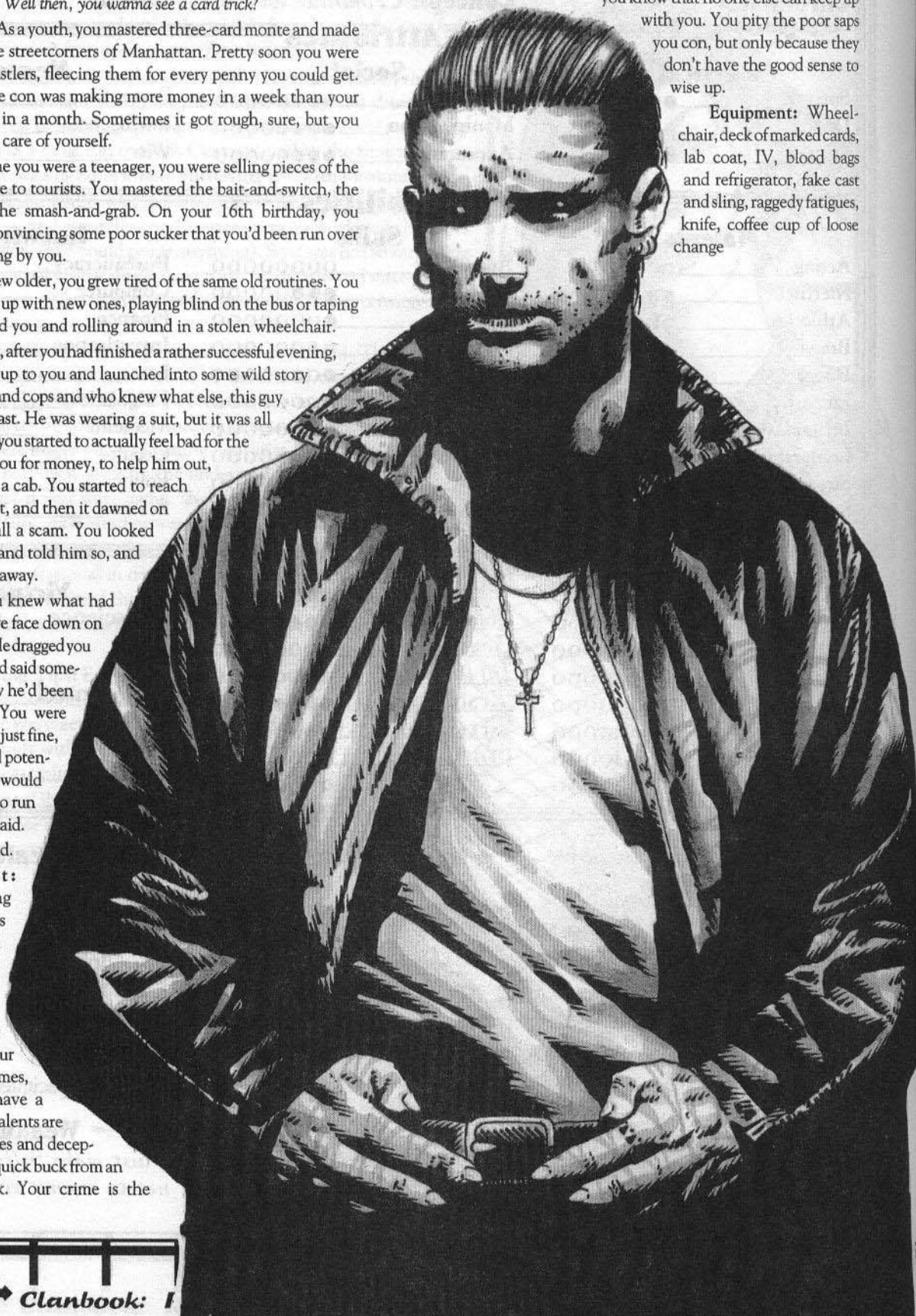
Concept:

You're a young street con who's been granted the abilities you always dreamed of. You miss your family and your old life sometimes, but now you have a new one. Your talents are best suited to lies and deception, making a quick buck from an unwitting mark. Your crime is the

confidence game — the more elaborate, the better — and you like nothing better than tricking people out of their most precious possession of all: their blood.

Roleplaying Tips: Life is a game to you, and you can make up the rules as you go along. You're a fast learner and a fast talker, and you know that no one else can keep up with you. You pity the poor saps you con, but only because they don't have the good sense to wise up.

Equipment: Wheelchair, deck of marked cards, lab coat, IV, blood bags and refrigerator, fake cast and sling, raggedy fatigues, knife, coffee cup of loose change



Ravnos™

VAMPIRE: The Masquerade®

Name: *The Subway Conman*

Player:

Chronicle:

Nature: *Conniver*

Demeanor: *Martyr*

Concept: *Bad Seed*

Clan: *9th*

Generation:

Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●●●●●●●
Dexterity ●●●●●●●●
Stamina ●●●●●●●●

Social

Charisma ●●●●●●●●
Manipulation ●●●●●●●●
Appearance ●●●●●●●●

Mental

Perception ●●●●●●●●
Intelligence ●●●●●●●●
Wits ●●●●●●●●

Abilities

Talents

Acting ●●●●●●●●
Alertness ●●●●●●●●
Athletics ●●●●●●●●
Brawl ●●●●●●●●
Dodge ●●●●●●●●
Empathy ●●●●●●●●
Intimidation ●●●●●●●●
Leadership ●●●●●●●●
Streetwise ●●●●●●●●
Subterfuge ●●●●●●●●

Skills

Animal Ken ●●●●●●●●
Drive ●●●●●●●●
Etiquette ●●●●●●●●
Firearms ●●●●●●●●
Melee ●●●●●●●●
Music ●●●●●●●●
Repair ●●●●●●●●
Security ●●●●●●●●
Stealth ●●●●●●●●
Survival ●●●●●●●●

Knowledges

Bureaucracy ●●●●●●●●
Computer ●●●●●●●●
Finance ●●●●●●●●
Investigation ●●●●●●●●
Law ●●●●●●●●
Linguistics ●●●●●●●●
Medicine ●●●●●●●●
Occult ●●●●●●●●
Politics ●●●●●●●●
Science ●●●●●●●●

Advantages

Disciplines

Animalism ●●●●●●●●
Chimerstry ●●●●●●●●
Fortitude ●●●●●●●●
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Backgrounds

Contacts ●●●●●●●●
Generation ●●●●●●●●
Resources ●●●●●●●●
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Virtues

Conscience ●●●●●●
Self-Control ●●●●●●
Courage ●●●●●●

Other Traits

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Humanity

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Willpower

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Blood Pool

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised ☐
Hurt -1 ☐
Injured -1 ☐
Wounded -2 ☐
Mauled -2 ☐
Crippled -5 ☐
Incapacitated ☐

Weakness

Must make Self-Control roll not to commit crime of choice



Appendix: Ravnos of Legend

Ivan Krenyenko

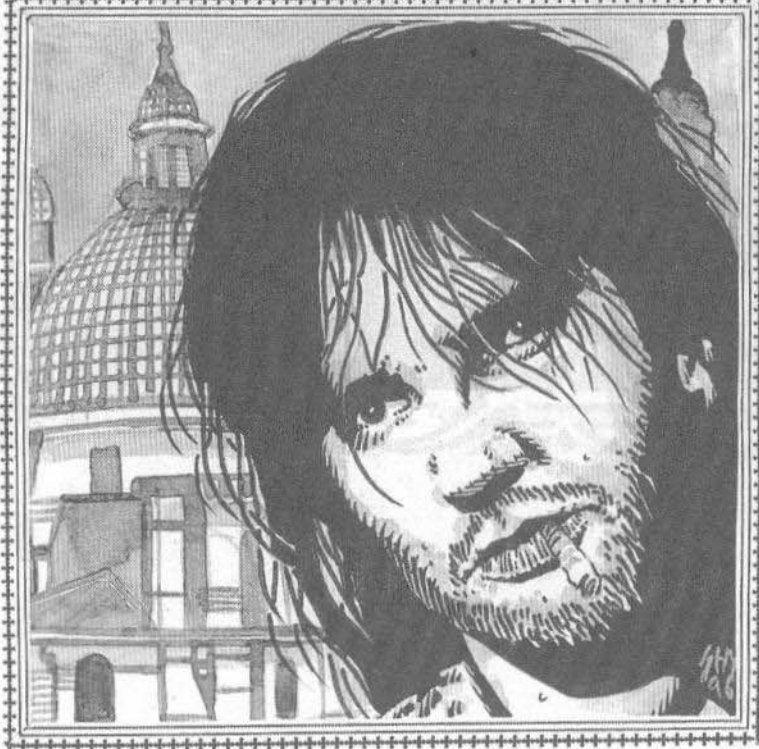
Camarilla Justicars and Black Hand Seraphim alike curse the name of Ivan Krenyenko — though this appellation is only the latest of many aliases under which the Ravnos rogue has committed crimes through the ages. Krenyenko is no stranger to adversity, having been hunted by every organization from the Inquisition to the Inner Circle to the KGB. To such pursuit the Gypsy typically responds with a wave and an infuriating laugh, and Krenyenko has made a personal enemy of the Gangrel Justicar.

Recently, Krenyenko has bedeviled the nascent power structures emerging in Eastern Europe, affiliating himself with the black markets and the Russian mob. He is

thought to have connections to his clanmate Durga Syn, and to aid her against the machinations of Baba Yaga; on the other hand, many of Krenyenko's exploits seem motivated by nothing more than whimsy and self-interest.

One thing is certain: Krenyenko, in any of a num-

ber of guises, has been present at many of the great events in Kindred history. It is believed that he and his Chimerstry were responsible for several Caine sightings, and the Gehenna Twilight Cult would very much like to question him regarding his knowledge of the "child of Eve." Given Krenyenko's disposition and history, it is unlikely that he will stop by and chat anytime soon.



Durga Syn

Few Kindred know the mysterious Ravnos wanderer and wisewoman called Durga Syn. Those who do are often uncertain of her motives, noting that the term "Durga" denotes an Indian death-goddess related to Kali. It matters little; Durga Syn has used countless aliases, and the annals of Kindred history are filled with her deeds, committed under a variety of guises.

Once beautiful, the priestess Durga Syn was cursed with premature age and ugliness by the Nosferatu Methuselah Baba Yaga. Since that fateful night, Durga Syn has waged an exhaustive campaign against the hag and her minions.

Recently, Durga Syn has discovered that her ancient foe has arisen from torpor. Those few vampires sufficiently knowledgeable in the Jyhad to be aware of Baba Yaga's return feel that Eastern Europe is ready to explode in long-postponed violence, as Durga deploys centuries-dormant pawns and marshals the formidable supernatural forces at her command.

For more information about Durga Syn, see **Children of the Inquisition**.





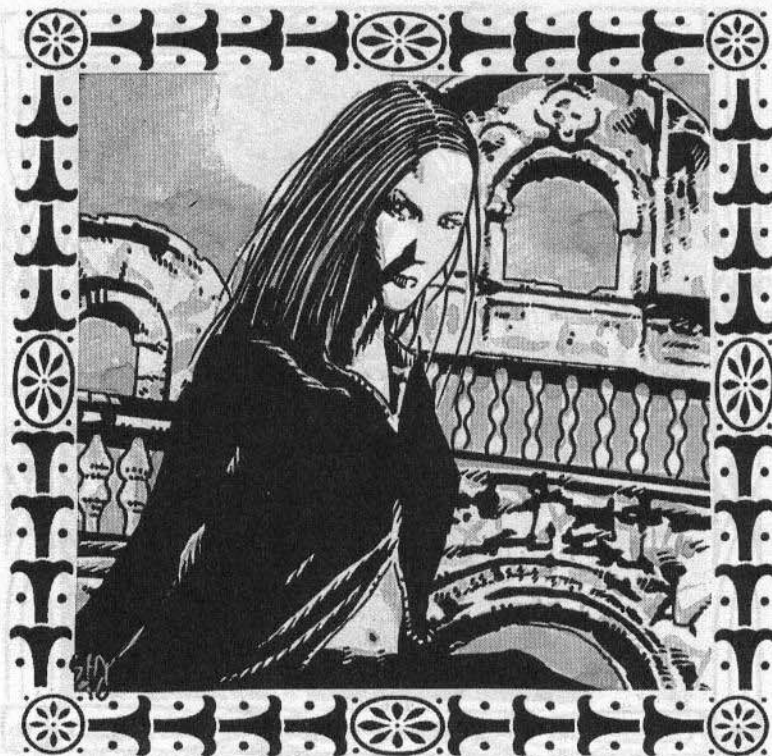
Spider-killer

Even other Ravnos know little about the enigmatic vampire called Spider-killer. He haunts the cities and wastes of the American Southwest, wreaking chaos and destruction wherever he travels. His mastery of illusions is well known and very powerful; many *mulo* have met their end trying to destroy him.

The earliest reports of Spider-killer's presence date from Tucson in 1894, and since then his reputation has risen to almost mythic proportions. Though he has struck against anarch and elder alike, his favorite targets seem to be the Setites and Mexican Sabbat, whom he has repeatedly, tenaciously and ingeniously disgraced. A famous story tells of his involvement in the revelation of a secret Setite community in Phoenix, knowledge for which the Camarilla prince was especially grateful.

If Spider-killer truly has any goals, they cannot be gleaned from the course of his actions; his appearances are seemingly random, as are his targets. His path wanders all across the desert, as far south as Mexico and as far west as California. Rumors often tell of Spider-killer accompanying other supernatural beings, including Lupines and magi, who aid him in his seemingly entropic agenda.

No one seems to know exactly who he is or from whence he came, though some of his reputed powers have led many elders to wonder if he is actually a remnant of the Ravnos Neve. Some *georgio* believe that he is not a Ravnos at all, but one of the Nuwisha, a legendary breed of coyote shapeshifters. Other stories suggest that he is inhabited by the spirit of the trickster Coyote himself, though this seems an improbable conclusion.



Ezmerelda

Whether Ezmerelda truly exists or not is unknown. However, there is no denying that she has played an important role, time and time again, to change the *gaje*'s perceptions of the Rom. Throughout the literature of the *gaje*, her name is used to represent the quintessential Gypsy woman. Ravnos elders are unwilling to discount this as mere coincidence.

She is always described as a beautiful Gypsy woman, with sparkling eyes, lustrous hair — and bearing a crescent-moon birthmark. Her ways are mysterious, her history unknown. Her visions are powerful, her mind and wit sharp, and her influence has always been great whenever she has surfaced.

Because of the elapsed time between her appearances, many elders maintain that she must be of Ravnos stock. Others argue that Ezmerelda

could be a series of different Romani girls, each borrowing the name for their dealings with the *gaje*. These arguments are further fueled by her supposed abilities: She is reported to possess the Sight and to have appeared in broad daylight, both of which would mark her as *juvindo*. These points are retorted with the capabilities of advanced Chimerstry; given sufficient mastery of the Discipline, these tricks would be child's play.

As this argument has continued, many Ravnos have tried to seek her out; all of these attempts have proved fruitless. Whether she is a single individual or a series of powerful Romani seers, her influence has nonetheless been profound. She has always been the heroine of the stories that include her, and in the minds of the *gaje*, the name "Ezmerelda" continues to be associated with the power of the Rom.

Ravnos™

VAMPIRE: The Masquerade®

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Nature:
Demeanor:
Concept:

Clan:
Generation:
Haven:

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●○○○○○○○
Dexterity ●○○○○○○○
Stamina ●○○○○○○○

Social

Charisma ●○○○○○○○
Manipulation ●○○○○○○○
Appearance ●○○○○○○○

Mental

Perception ●○○○○○○○
Intelligence ●○○○○○○○
Wits ●○○○○○○○

Abilities

Talents

Acting ○○○○○○○○
Alertness ○○○○○○○○
Athletics ○○○○○○○○
Brawl ○○○○○○○○
Dodge ○○○○○○○○
Empathy ○○○○○○○○
Intimidation ○○○○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○○○○
Streetwise ○○○○○○○○
Subterfuge ○○○○○○○○

Skills

Animal Ken ○○○○○○○○
Drive ○○○○○○○○
Etiquette ○○○○○○○○
Firearms ○○○○○○○○
Melee ○○○○○○○○
Music ○○○○○○○○
Repair ○○○○○○○○
Security ○○○○○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○○○○

Knowledges

Bureaucracy ○○○○○○○○
Computer ○○○○○○○○
Finance ○○○○○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○○○○
Law ○○○○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○○○○
Politics ○○○○○○○○
Science ○○○○○○○○

Advantages

Disciplines

Animalism ○○○○○○○○
Chimerstry ○○○○○○○○
Fortitude ○○○○○○○○
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Backgrounds

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Virtues

Conscience ●○○○○○
Self-Control ●○○○○○
Courage ●○○○○○

Other Traits

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Humanity/Path

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Willpower

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Blood Pool

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Health

Bruised □
Hurt -1 □
Injured -1 □
Wounded -2 □
Mauled -2 □
Crippled -5 □
Incapacitated □

Weakness

Must make Self-Control roll
not to commit crime of choice

Ravnos™

VAMPIRE: The Masquerade®

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Experience

TOTAL: _____

Gained From:

TOTAL SPENT: _____

Spent On:

Derangements

Name

Derangements

Name

Combat

Weapon	Difficulty	Damage	Conceal	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Table

Maneuver	Accuracy	Damage
Bite	5	Strength +1
Punch	6	Strength
Grapple	6	Strength
Claw	6	Strength +2
Kick	7	Strength +1
Body Slam	7	Special; See Options

Armor: _____

Ravnos™

VAMPIRE: The Masquerade®

Expanded Background

Allies

Influence

Clan Prestige

Mentor

Contacts, Minor

Resources

Contacts, Major

Retainers

Herd

Status

Possessions

Gear (Carried)

Equipment (Owned)

Feeding Grounds

Vehicles

Havens

Location

Description

Character Sketch

CLANBOOK: **Ravnos**



Gypsies, vagabonds and charlatans, the cunning vampires of Clan Ravnos roam the night as they indulge in the most dangerous of games — lying to the liars, tricking the tricksters, and gleefully receiving curses from the Damned. From Bel Air to Bombay, from Shanghai to Sarajevo, these nomadic vampires wander where their citybound Kindred fear to tread. Now learn of the Ravnos' secret arts, and the centuries of hate that can lie behind a jester's smile.

Clanbook: Ravnos includes:

- The history of the clan, from Mohenjo Daro to Birkenau.
- Information on Ravnos around the world, and the bitter schism between Gypsy and georgio.
- New Merits, Flaws and Chimerstry powers.



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