

The
Book
of
Mord

My name is Amedeo and I have been commanded to write these words and all those that shall follow. The Wanderer over my shoulder begs your attention. For Him, I act not only as scribe, but also as translator. There are few in our time left who master His verse. Thus have I been chosen and thus I may die content.

The Chronicle of

Caine

The First Times

I dream of the first times, the longest memory. I speak of the first times, the oldest Father. I sing of the first times and the dawn of Darkness. In Eden, where the light of Paradise lit up the night sky and the tears of our parents wet the ground each of us, in our way, set about to live and take our sustenance from the land. And I first-born Cain, I, with sharp things, planted the dark seeds wet them in earth tended them, watched them grow. And Abel second-born Abel tended the animals aided their bloody births fed them, watched them grow. I loved him, my Brother. He was the brightest. The sweetest. The strongest. He was the first part of all my joy. Then one day our

Father said to us. 'Caine, Abel to Him Above you must make a sacrifice a gift of the first part of all that you have.' And I, first-born Caine, I gathered the tender shoots the brightest fruits the sweetest grass. And Abel, second-born, Abel slaughtered the youngest, the strongest, the sweetest of his animals. On the altar of our Father we laid our sacrifices and lit fire under them and watched the smoke carry them up to the One Above. The sacrifice of Abel, second-born, smelled sweet to the One Above and Abel was blessed. And, I, first-born Caine, I was struck from beyond by a harsh word and a curse, for my sacrifice was unworthy. I looked at Abel's sacrifice, still smoking the flesh, the blood. I cried, I held my eyes. I prayed in night and day. And then Father said the time for Sacrifice has come again. And Abel led his youngest, his sweetest, his most beloved to

the sacrificial fire. I did not bring my youngest, my sweetest, for I knew the One Above would not want them. And my brother, beloved Abel said to me, 'Caine, you did not bring a sacrifice, a gift of the first part of your joy, to burn on the altar of the One Above.' I cried tears of love as I, with sharp things, sacrificed that which was the first part of my joy, my brother. And the Blood of Abel covered the altar and smelled sweet as it burned. But my Father said, 'Cursed are you, Caine, who killed your brother. As I was cast out so shall you be.' And He exiled me to wander in Darkness, the land of Nod. I flew into the Darkness. I saw no source of light and I was afraid. And alone.

The Coming of Lilith

I was alone in the Darkness. And I grew hungry. I was alone in the Darkness. And I grew cold. I was alone in the Darkness. And I cried. Then there came to me a sweet voice, a honey voice. Words of succor. Words of surcease. A woman, dark and lovely, with eyes that pierced the Darkness came to me. "I know your story. Caine of Nod." She said this smiling. "You are hungry. Come. I have food. You are cold. Come! I have clothes. You are sad. Come! I have comfort." "Who would comfort one so Cursed as I? Who would clothe me? Who would feed me?" "I am your Father's first wife, who disagreed with the One Above and gained Freedom in the

Darkness. I am Lilith. Once, I was cold, and there was no warmth for me. Once, I was hungry and there was no food for me. Once, I was sad, and there was no comfort for me." She took me in, she fed me. She clothed me. In her arms. I found comfort. I cried until blood trickled from my eyes and she kissed them away.

Lilith's Magick

And I dwelt for a time in the House of Lilith and asked her, "Out of Darkness, how did you build this place? How did you make clothes? How did you grow food?" And Lilith smiled and said, "Unlike you, I am enlightened. I see the Threads that spin all around you, I make that which I need out of Power." "Enlighten me, then, Lilith." I said. "I have need for this Power. Then, I can make my own clothes, make my own food, make my own House." Worry creased Lilith's brow. "I do not know what the Enlightenment will do for you, for you are truly Cursed by your Father. You could die. You could be forever changed." I said, "Even so, a life without Power will not be

worth living. I would die without your gifts. I will not live as your Thrall." Lilith loved me, and I knew this. Lilith would do what I asked, though she did not wish it. And so, Lilith, bright-eyed Lilith. Awakened me. She cut herself with a knife and bled for me into a bowl. I drank deep. It was sweet. And then I fell into the Abyss. I fell forever, falling into the deepest darkness.

The Temptation of Caine

And from the Darkness came a bright shining light, fire in the night. And the archangel Michael revealed himself to me. I was unafraid. I asked his business. Michael, General of Heaven, wielder of the holy Flame, said unto me, "Son of Adam, Son of Eve, thy crime is great, and yet the mercy of my Father is also great. Will you not repent the evil that you have done, and let his mercy wash you clean?" And I said to Michael, "Not by the One Above's grace, but mine own will I live, in pride." Michael cursed me, saying "Then, for as long as you walk this earth, you and your children will fear my living flame, and it will bite deep and savor your flesh." And on the morning, Raphael

came on lambent wings, light over the horizon. The driver of the Sun, ward of the East. Raphael spoke, saying, "Caine, son of Adam, son of Eve, your brother Abel forgives you your sin. Will you not repent, and accept the mercy of the Almighty?" And I said to Raphael, "Not by Abel's forgiveness, but mine own, will be forgiven." Raphael cursed me, saying, "Then, for as long as you walk this earth, you and your children will fear the dawn, and the sun's rays will seek to burn you like fire where ever you hide always. Hide now for the Sun rises to take its wrath on you." But I found a secret place in the earth and hid from the burning light of the Sun. Deep in the earth, I slept until the Light of the World was hidden behind the mountain of Night. When I awoke from my day of sleep, I heard the sound of gentle rushing wings. And I saw the black

wings of Vriel draped around me. Vriel, reaper, angel of Death, dark Vriel who dwells in darkness. Vriel spoke to me quietly, saying, "Son of Adam. Son of Eve. God Almighty has forgiven you your sin. Will you accept his mercy and let me take you to your reward, no longer cursed?" And I said to dark-winged Vriel, "Not by God's mercy, but my own, will I live. I am what I am, I did what I did, and that will never change." And then, through dread Vriel God Almighty cursed me, saying, "Then, for as long as you walk this earth, you and your children will cling to Darkness. You will drink only blood. You will eat only ashes You will be always as you were at death, never dying, living on. You will walk forever in Darkness, all you touch will crumble into nothing, until the last days." I gave a cry of anguish at this terrible curse and tore at my flesh. I wept

blood. I caught the tears in a cup and drank them. When I looked up from my drink of sorrow the archangel Gabriel, gentle Gabriel, Gabriel, Lord of Mercy appeared to me. The archangel Gabriel said unto me, "Son of Adam, Son of Eve, Behold, the mercy of the Father is greater than you can ever know for even now there is a path opened, a road of Mercy and you shall call this road Golconda. Tell you children of it, for by that road may they come once again dwell in the Light." And with that, the darkness was lifted like a veil and the only light was Lilith's bright eyes. Looking around me, I knew that I was Enlightened. When my energies first surged through me I discovered how to move like lightning, how to borrow the strength of the earth, how to be as stone. These were like breathing once was to me. Lilith then showed me how she hides herself from

hunters, how she commands obedience, and how she demands respect. Then, Enlightening myself further, I found the way to alter forms, the way to have dominion over animals, the way to make eyes see past sight. Then Lilith commanded that I stop, saying that I had overreached my bounds. That I had gone too far. That I threatened my very essence. She used her powers and commanded me to stop. Because of her power, I heeded her, but deep within me a seed was planted a seed of rebellion. And when she turned her face from me, I opened myself up once more to the Night, and saw the infinite possibilities in the stars and knew that Power was mine for the taking. With this newest power, I broke the bonds that the Lady of Night put on me. I left the Damned Queen that evening, cloaking myself in shadows. I fled the lands of Nod

and came at last to a place where not even
her demons could find me.

Zillah's Tale

Let me tell the tale of Zillah. First loved of Caine, first wife of Caine, the sweetest blood, the softest skin, the clearest eyes. Alone of Caine's newest Childer, did Caine desire Her. And she was not mindful of his desire, turning away from Him. Not gifts, not sacrifices, not perfumes, not doves, not beautiful dancers, not singers, not oren, not sculpture, not beautiful clothes, nothing would turn Zillah's heart from stone to sweet fruit. So Caine pulled at his beard and tore at his hair and took to roaming the wilderness at night, thinking of her, burning for her. And one night Caine came upon an old Crone singing to the moon. Caine said to the Crone, "Why do you sing so?" And the

Crone replied, "Because I yearn for what I cannot have..." Caine said to the Crone, "I yearn also. What can one do?" The Crone smiled and said, "Drink of my blood this night, Caine, Father of Kindred, and return tomorrow night. Then will I tell you the wisdom of the Moon." Caine drank at the Crone's bare neck, and departed. The next night, Caine found the Crone sleeping on a rock. "Wake up, Crone." Caine said. "I have returned." The Crone opened one eye and said, "I dream of the solution for you this night. Drink once more of me, and then return tomorrow night. Bring a bowl of clay. Bring a sharp knife. I will have your answer then." Once again, Caine took blood from the Crone, who immediately fell back into a deep slumber. When Caine returned the next night, the Crone looked up at him and smiled. "Greetings, Lord of the Beast," the Crone said. "I have the

wisdom you seek." "Take some of my blood, into the bowl you have, and mix in these berries and these herbs, and drink deep of the elixir." "You will be irresistible. You will be potent. You will be masterful. You will be ardent. You will be glowing. The heart of Zillah will melt like the snows in spring." And so Caine drank from the Crone's elixir, because he was so in love with Zillah, and he so desired her love in return. And the Crone laughed. The Crone laughed aloud. Caine was angry beyond compare. Caine reached out with his powers, to rend this Crone apart with his strength. The Crone cackled and said, "Do not." And Caine could do nothing against her. The Crone chuckled and said, "Love me." And Caine could do nothing but stare into her ancient eyes, desire her leathery skin. The Crone laughed and said, "Share your Power with me." And Caine obeyed.

She cackled again, laughed with the pure ecstasy of it, for it did not pain her. "I have made you powerful. Caine of Enoch, Caine of Nod, but you will forever be bound to me. I have made you master of all, but you will never forget me!" "Your blood, potent as it is now, will bond those who drink it, as you did, once a night for three nights. You will be the master." "They will be your thrall, as you are mine." "For though Zillah will love you, you will love me, forever. Go now, and claim your lovely bride, I will wait for you in the darkest places, while I brew more potions for your health." And so, with a heavy heart, Caine returned to Enoch. And each night, for three nights, Zillah drank from her Sire, though she did not know it. And, on the third night, Caine announced he would marry Zillah, his sweetest bride, and she agreed.

The Tale of the Crone

For a year and a day Caine labored in service to a Crone, who with blood-wisdom, bound him as surely as any prisoner. She would visit him at night and force him to give up his blood for her secret elixirs and potent formulas. She would take his Childer's Childer, and they would never be heard from again. But Caine was wise. He did not drink from her ever again. And she did not ask him to, thinking that he was ever in her Thrall. One night Caine went to the Crone in the forest, and told her of terrible dreams that he had during his sleep. "I fear for my life, Crone. I fear the prophecy of Vriel, and my Children's lust for my blood. Tell me secret knowledge, that I might be powerful against my own."

And the Crone went to a tree made of gopher wood, and broke off a limb. She took a sharp knife and sharpened the limb. "Take this piece of living wood, sharp, strong. Pierce the heart of your wayward Childe. It will render him still, and yours to command. Instead of feasting on your heart's blood, he will feel the weight of your justice." Caine said. "Thank you, Mother," and with that, moving in quick movements, Caine took the stake of gopher wood, seized it and drove it deep within the Crone's heart. Because Caine had fed not upon her for a year and a day and because he forced his Will through his hands, he broke the Bond she held on him. She laughed again, as blood welled up and poured out of her mouth. Her eyes poured out hate. Caine kissed her once, kissed her cold, withered lips, and left her there to Raphael's gentle smile: the sun that rises.

The Tale of the First City

In the beginning there was only Caine. Caine who released his brother out of love. Caine who was cast out. Caine who was cursed forever with immortality. Caine who was cursed with the lust for blood. It is Caine from whom we all come, our Sire's Sire. For the passing of an age he lived in the land of Nod. In loneliness and suffering, for an eon he remained alone. But the passing of memory drowned his sorrow. And so he returned to the world of mortals, to the world his brother Seth, third-born of Eve, and Seth's children had created. He returned and was made welcome. For none would turn against him due to the Mark that was laid upon him. The people saw his

power and worshiped him. He grew powerful, and his power was strong, his ways of awe and command were great. And the Children of Seth made him King of their great City, The First City. But Caine grew lonely in his Power. Deep within him, the seed of loneliness blossomed, and grew a dark flower. He saw within his blood the potency of fertility. By calling up demons and listening to whispered wisdom, he learned the way to make a child for his own. He came to know its power, and, doing so, decided to Embrace one of those near him. And, lo, Vriel, Dread Vriel, revealed himself to Caine that very night and said to him, "Caine, though powerful you are, and marked of God, know you this: that any Childe you make will bear your curse, that any of your Progeny will forever walk in the Land of Nod, and fear flame and sun, drinking blood only and eating ashes only.

And since they will carry their father's jealous seed, they will forever plot and fight amongst themselves. Doom not those of Adam's grandchildren who seek to walk in righteousness. Caine! Stay your dread Embrace!" Still, Caine knew what he must do, and a young man named Enosh, who was the most beloved of Seth's kin, begged to be made Son to the dark Father. And Caine, mindful though he was of Uriel's words, seized Enosh, and wrapped him in the dark Embrace. And so, it came to pass that Caine begot Enoch and, so doing, named the First City Enoch. And so doing, did Enoch beg for a brother, a sister, and Caine, indulgent Father, gave these to him, and their names were Zillah, whose blood was most-favored of Caine, and Irad, whose strength served Caine's arm. And these Kindred of Caine learned the ways of making Progeny of their own, and

they Embraced more of Seth's sin, unthinking. And then wise Caine said, "An end to this crime. There shall be no more." And as Caine's word was the law, his Brood obeyed him. The city stood for many ages and became the center of a mighty Empire. Caine grew close to those not like him. The children of Seth knew him. And he, in turn, knew them. But the world grew dark with sin. Caine's Children wandered here and there, indulging their dark ways. Caine felt anger when his children fought. He discovered deceit when he saw them make word-war. He knew sadness when he saw them abuse the children of Seth. Caine read the signs in the darkening sky, but said nothing. Then came the great Deluge, a great flood that washed over the world. The City was destroyed, the children of Seth with it. Again, Caine fell into great sorrow and went into solitude. And he left us, his

Progeny, to our own ends. We found him, after much searching, deep in the earth, and he bade us go, saying that the Flood was a punishment, for his having returned to the world of life. For subverting the true law. He asked us to go, so that he might sleep. So we returned alone to find the children of Noah, and announced that we were the new rulers. Each created a Brood. All in order to claim the glory of Caine. Yet we did not have his wisdom or restraint. A great war was waged, the Elders against their Children, just as Vriel had said. And the Children slew their parents. They rose up. They used fire and wood, swords and claws. All to destroy those who had created them. The rebels then built a new city. Out of the fallen Empire, they collected the Thirteen clans that had been scattered by the Great War, and brought them all together. They brought in the Kingship

Clan, the Beast Clan, the Moon Clan, the Hidden Clan, the Wanderer Clan, the Clan of the Blossom, the Night Clan, the Shaper Clan, the Snake Clan, the Clan of Death, the Healer's Clan, the Clan of the Hunt, and the Learned Clan. They made a beautiful city, and the people worshiped them as gods. They created new Progeny of their own, the Fourth Generation of Cainites. But they feared the Tyhad, the Prophecy of Vriel. And it was forbidden for those Children to create others of their kind. This power their Elders kept for themselves. When a Childe was created, it was hunted down and killed, and its Sire with it. Although Caine was away from us, we did feel his careful eye watching us. And we knew that he marked our movements and our ways. He cursed Chandra, when that one defamed his image and doomed him to insanity, forever. When Absimiliard was

found indulging his tastes in foul ways with his own Children, Caine laid his hand on him, and told him that he would forever wear his evil and twisted his visage. He cursed us all, for killing the first part of his Children, the Second Generation, as we had hunted them down one by one, Zillah the Beautiful, Brad the Strong, and Enoch First-Ruler. And we mourned them all, as we were all of a kind, and all kin of Caine's Childer. Though this city was as great as Caine's, eventually it grew old. As do all living things, it slowly began to die. The gods at first did not see the truth. And when they at last looked about them it was too late. For, as Vriel had said, the seed of Evil planted blossomed as a blood-red rose. And Troile, the Child of his Child's Child rose up, and slew his Father, Syles. And ate of his flesh. Then war wracked the city. And nothing could ever be as it was. The

Thirteen saw their city destroyed and their power extinguished. And they were forced to flee, their Progeny along with them. But many were killed in the flight, for they had grown weak. With their authority gone, all were free create their own Broods. And soon there were many new Kindred, who ruled across the face of the Earth. But this could not last. Over time, there came to be too many of the Kindred. And then there was war once again. The Elders were already deep in hiding. For they had learned caution. But their Children had founded their own cities and Broods. And it is they who were killed in the great wave of war. There was war so total, that there are none of that Generation. To speak of themselves any longer. Waves of mortal flesh were sent across continents. In order to crush and burn the cities of the Kindred. Mortals thought they were fighting their

own wars. But it is for us that they spilled their blood. Once this war was over, all of the Kindred hid from one another. And as well from the humans that surrounded them. In hiding we remain today, for the Tychad continues still. And none will say when Caine will arise again, from his sleep in the earth, and call for the city Gehenna, the East City, the City of Judgment. The Tychad continues still.

The Chronicle of

Shadows

Of Progeny

These are the words that Caine said, regarding our Progeny as he ruled in Enoch, as King. Hear the words of Caine Law-Giver: "Thou shalt not make Progeny against My will and if you are given leave, then choose of those Children of Adam well. Think of them as your future Brother or Sister. Look to the everlasting night ahead, and know Vriel's Prophecy: that forever shall Childe rise up to slay Sire. Know thou that. As in all things, the Father overcomes the Childe, the Mother her Daughter. Only through Me will you come to the Truth. Only through Me will you come to know Peace. Only through Me will you become Enlightened. Know thou that the right of life or death, as it was in

My times, will ever be the Sire's over the Childe's, for it has been set in Heaven as well as in this world, the way of things. My Father, Adam, over me, I, over you, You, my Children, over all Progeny you get. Thou shalt not suffer your Childe to live if it is found that he has killed one of your Brothers and has drunk his hearts blood. This is the Serpent's Way, and I will not abide it. Thou shalt not Embrace those who are unworthy. Thou shalt not use the Embrace as punishment. Neither shall you Embrace the youngest, who should live long before being brought into My family, so that the wisdom of our line will grow. Thou shalt not Embrace those who are diseased, insane, or full of ill humors, for they will taint the Blood. Never shall there be more Kindred of Caine than Kindred of Seth in a place, neither should there be one of Caine for every three of Seth. All

Childer should learn from their Sire the Law and the Traditions, the Rites and the Customs, as I have given them to you. Thou shalt not Embrace the Moon-Beasts, for these should be outcast and called Abomination. Neither should you taste of their blood, for they are forbidden, they bring Death to our door. Embrace not the blood of the Holy, rather listen to their words, watch their actions, and move swiftly against them should they strike: a useful sword, but often too sharp. Taste not the blood of the Wild Ones, for in it is Madness, neither should you Embrace them: for you will not survive it. Embrace not in Love, for Love in My Embrace will grow cold, wither, and die.”

Of the Canaille

These are the words that Caine said, regarding our Progeny as he ruled in Enoch, as King. Hear the words of Caine Law-Giver: "We are given Dominion over the line of Seth, third son of Adam, as he is our youngest Brother. We will watch over his Children as if they were our own, we will show them the right way, and in return, they will serve us all of their days. They will serve us while the Sun rides the sky, and watch over our houses, with quenching water, against Michael's Fire. They will feed us. And provide us with clothes. They will dance for us, and provide us with song. They will lay with us, and provide us with comfort. They will advise us, and we will listen to their

advice. They will worship us, and we must not allow their worship. Thou shalt not become as a God to the Children of Seth. For the One Above, growing jealous in his sky, will strike down the line of Cain forever. Remember gentle-faced Ashtareth. Remember goldenfaced Baal. Remember strong Tammauz. Know thou that the Children of Seth will rise up with weapons from the One Above, and conquer us, should we be as Gods to them. Thou shalt guide the Children of Seth as a shepherd guides his flock, and cull them as they are needed. Thou shalt cleanse their blood, and keep all of them free from disease. Find you a place that is yours, and the mortals that dwell there, let them be your sheepfold, let them be your cup, let them be your holy bread."

Of the Gifts of Caine

These are the words that Caine said, regarding our Progeny as he ruled in Enoch, as King. Hear the words of Caine Law-Giver: "Mark well a Mortal who, marked with the Power of another Cainite, does a thing, he does it as if that Childe of Caine did it, and that Kindred will pay the price of crime or retribution, just as he had done the thing, for in this way, there is an Accounting to be made, and the Children of Seth not be merely swords in the hands of dark strangers. Mark well the threefold drinking, the Bond of Blood, and let those of Seth's Children with great skill, come to serve the Children of Caine, as it is we are the first part of Wisdom, and should be served. As

well, in Blood Bonds, know that there is no greater Bond than Caine has with his Childer, and through Me, all chains are broken, all shackles are shattered. Mark well the Children of the One Above, the Cherubs, the Seraphs, the Archangels, for their touch will burn you as does the Flame of Michael. Mark well the Children of the One Below, the Serpent's Kin, for their touch will burn you as well, and their tongues will delude and deceive you. In need, you may feed the Beasts of the field, of your Blood, and husband them. They will grow strong and loyal, but beware of the Beast with the Beast within, and feed not a Hunger that may not abate."

Of Those Who Serve

These are the words that Caine said, regarding our Progeny as he ruled in Enoch, as King. Hear the words of Caine Law-Giver: "Those you choose to bless with the Potence of Caine may come to live within your house, to protect you. Let no one Embrace these guardians, let them be given blood at the appropriate time. Let their Strength be your Strength, Strength that does not abate with the sun. Let their Eyes be your Eyes, Eyes that can see in the day. Let their Ears be your Ears, Ears that can hear while you slumber. Let those who serve be named greatest of the Children of Seth. And most privileged. Let them enjoy the fine cloth of the Kindred. Let them enjoy the gentle

music of the Kindred. Let them know the sweetness of our wine. Let us protect them from those who would hinder and hurt them, and let us all rise up in outrage should one of those-who-serve be slain by another Kindred, for no Kindred has the right to kill another's Servant without provocation.

Of the Commandments

These are the words that Caine said, regarding our Progeny as he ruled in Enoch, as King. Hear the words of Caine Law-Giver: "Thou shalt not slay thy Sire and drink his heart's blood. Thou shalt hold the eldest among you as Lord, even as I am your Father, the eldest is closest to me. Thou shalt honor each other's Domain. Thou shalt not reveal yourselves as Gods to the Children of Seth. Honor always your Sire. Thou shalt teach your progeny the ways of the Kindred. Thou shalt not Embrace in Love. Thou shalt not feed of the Moon-Beasts, the Wild Ones, the diseased, the insane, or the drunken. Thou shalt protect always those-who-serve. Lo your Brothers and Sisters, always

give hospitality. To your Sire's Brothers and Sisters, always give the best part of your house, to your Progeny's Brothers and Sisters give a roof from the Sun and the blood of a sheep, no more. Never forget your Sire's Sire, Caine the Wanderer.

The Words of the Clan Chiefs

Ilyes' Commandments

Lhrow off the shackles of the mind, reach into thyself and see the truth revealed. The Truth, as truth is seen, will illuminate your soul and heal your wounds. Know who you are, first, and be true to your self. You are my children, all, but I would sooner shatter you like flawed pottery than have your weakness be that you are but a flawed copy out of my mold.

Ennoia's Words

My Children, you will walk the earth, wander far and carry

these Words. Move one step before those who see by the moon. Never abide weakness. Keep your children loyal. Walk with your head high. Let the Beast rule you. Mark where you hunt, so that your brothers and sisters will know and not intrude. Take all you need, but be mindful that the hunter can become the hunted and that there are those who find us no matter how we flee. Should you become confused go and eat only of animals for a moon. Sleep in the earth and drink in sweet water. You will hear my voice in your ears like a distant bird's cry or lion's roar. And you will know what to do. Allow no one to say that you are not honorable, child. Allow no one to say that you are not brave, child. Allow no one to say that you are not fair, child. You, a child of the Beast, a child of Darkness, are first among Kindred.

Chandra's Words

Bring about the change so quickly.
Bring about the terror's night.
Bring about the blood of lovers.
Bring about the smell of fright. I see you
watching where I walk through the moonlit
jasmine field. Listen closely as I talk
about the stars and their lovers past. Past
fields of poppies, burning bright, into
towers of Blackened Bone, follow me,
Bastard of Caine. Come with me, I have
no home. As I drain your life's blood
sweetly, as you sigh into my warm hands,
as I suck your madness nearly, streaming
down like crimson bands, I dance the dance
of the fool. And pray you find me mad. For
if you lay hands upon the root, you'll know
me without illusion. And find me guilty of
the truth.

Absimiliard's Words

You are the children of Shadow. You are the sons and daughters of Darkness. Seek the darkest place. Make it your own. Feed on the wicked, feed on the sinful. Feed on the ugly souls. For such is our diet, such is our Father's wish, our preordained meal. My Childer, look not at your visage to curse me, for I know the beauty that lies within, and no greater beauty will there ever be.

Arikel's Words

In quiet, you will know beauty. In beauty you will know truth. In truth, you will know love. In love, you will know quiet. My children, my creations, my beautiful things, watch and listen, listen and watch. Use your sight, to see the truth in beauty. Use your speed, to

stay still. Use your beauty, to know truth. My children, my creations, gentle blossoms all, I have called for your sculpture. I have called for your song. I have called for your dancing. Beautiful children, beautiful creations. Gold is not as precious, honey not as sweet, milk not as pure. Beautiful predators, taste virgin's blood and find bliss. Find your greatest part of Joy. Follow your greatest part of Joy, and know that I watch you, enthralled, my children, my creations, my beautiful ones.

Meddatha's Words

We ruled in Enoch. We ruled in the Second City. Dumuzi and Gilgamesh and Zeus and Jupiter, we are every great man, every perfect man. We rule, not by strength, but by right. Be the law-giver, the tool-maker. Carry the sacred Patron to the people. Keep the

covenant. Bind those that rebel. Glory in those who fight and win. Keep strong swords about you always, and sharp eyes at your back. Cower not in fear of the Sun. Shrink not from Fire. Though cursed we may be, we are the Lords of the Earth, and all things fall under our dominion.

Saulot's Words

Rnow that you are made to be unmade. You are the white lamb, the gentle sacrifice. You are the greatest part of the bounty of Caine. And on your shoulders shall be his greatest Sin, for alone among the children of Caine I have asked the One Above for forgiveness, and I have been visited by the worst of the One Below's demons. Those snakes, which bit me in my sleeping, those foul dragons who suck my blood, I learned from them to take the blackness from the blood, the wounds

from the flesh, the evil from the soul. And though I may die, you, my Childer will live on. Open thy Eye, and see the world truly, and know that what you do now goes on to heal another generation.

Valediction

And the enemies of Caine were great, and fell to fighting over his trail like hounds. The scent would not abate through flood and moon and much travail. The hunter's skill was great, as all looked for their Father. They came at last to that secret place where Caine hid, amongst the waters. Showing himself, Caine called them under, "Gentle sons, gentle daughters, why do you disturb my slumber?" And they tried to embrace their Father with things of flint and things of wood, but darkest Caine, terrible Caine, would not be stopped by such as them. Under the curling, blasting waters, beyond the pool, in the grotto did they gather, to embrace their sleeping Father's form. Found him sleeping?

Found him wakeful, battle-ready, eyes
abright, smiling at his ancient Childer
waging war in the waring light. Now the
stars they one by one blot their ways into
lightning sky. Now the fires burn hell and
cinder. Now the heat reveals the pyre. Too
long, the hunters waited further. Too long,
they tarried to see the light of Dawn upon
their Father's Face. And in the turning,
burning Mark, they saw the Finger of
God's own hate, twisting, curling. God's
own Word it set apart Caine's lonely fate.
And as they burned in hell-bright fires, as
they saw the melted flesh, as they burned
with their own Kindred, Caine blessed more
funeral pyres, taking in his bloody
Sacrament. Seek not the blood of the
Elder. Seek not the blood of the Sire's
Sire. Seek not the blood that makes Kin.
For those will feel the funeral pyre. When
the hunter pays for immortal sin.

Caine's Law and Punishment

It is very hard, my children, to prescribe for you the punishment of burning, of exsanguination, of beheading, of torture, of the sun-death. You are my Childer. Alone among the rest of existence, you are my only companions, forever will we be locked in the way that fathers are bonded to their sons and sons to their fathers. And yet I will root out the bad seed. I will weed out the worst of you. I will prune my dark tree, in the manner that my Father, Adam, taught me. Blade in Hand, I wander always. Not a patch of earth remains where I have not tread before or will not tread again. Judgment awaits you all. Falter and you will meet your father. There is no strain of my seed I

cannot reclaim. There is not one of you who
will escape my will.

The Chronicle of

Secrets

The Signs of Gehenna

The stillness of the wind rises hot on the street. The towers hide the darkness of the day. When Typhon's dreams come true on the day when the moon runs as blood and the sun rises black in the sky, that is the day of the Damned, when Caine's children will rise again. And the world will turn cold and unclean things will boil up from the ground and great storms will roll, lightning will light fires, animals will fester and their bodies, twisted, will fall. So, too, our greatest Sires will rise from the ground. They will break their fast on the first part of us. They will consume us whole. On the second day, Caine will return. And call his Children to the meeting place on the site of

the First City he will beckon them, sitting on his basalt throne. And Caine will call aloud the names of those to be destroyed, for their crimes are too great. And all those who have consumed the heart's blood of their Sire will be brought before the Black Throne and made to drink of Caine's blood. And Caine's blood will eat their blood. And the Dark Mother herself will be brought forth and there, in the valley of Enoch, will there be a battle of Dark Father and Dark Mother. The Demon Queen will bite deep. The Damned King will bite deeper. We will not know the thing which will happen, but the sky will tear apart, and the earth below. And the forces of Hell will pour up out of the ground. On the Third Day, there will be silence. The crows will feed on the carrion plague. And the Antediluvians will make for themselves an Empire of Blood. They will rule with

iron talons. They will wrench the hearts of all still alive. And the full sum of the earth's living will come and live in the East City, called Gehenna. And there will be a reign of one thousand years, and there will be no love, nor life, nor pity. The mighty will be as slaves. The virtuous will be made foul. Every good gift and every perfect gift will be tainted by the Father of Darkness, whose power will come from the nether realms. When the snows consume the earth and the sun gutters like a candle in the wind then, and only then, will there be born a woman, the last Daughter of Eve, and in her there will be decided the fate of all. And you will not know this woman, except by the mark of the Moon on her, and she will face treachery, hatred, and pain. But in her is the last hope. And you will know these last times by the Time of Thin Blood, which will mark vampires that

cannot Beget. You will know them by the Clanless, who will come to rule. You will know them by the awaking of some of the eldest. The Crone will awaken and consume all. You will know these times for a Black Hand will rise up and choke all those who oppose it and those who eat heart's blood will flourish and the Kindred will crowd each to his own, and blood will be no more. Mark these signs. They are coming. Gehenna will be on earth. Mark the shadow which flies. Mark the dragon which rises. Mark the darkness which moves. Mark the shadow of the moon. Mark the angel that dies. Mark the maiden who weeps. Mark the children Embraced. Mark the Clanless who run. And there will be a time when Sire will drive out Childer, when Sire will abandon Childer to the sun's mercy. There will be no mercy for the Clanless. For the Clanless there will be

none. Though they are the mongrel, upon their forgotten Sires shall be the curse of Vriel. Upon their hateful Sires shall be the curse that comes of crossing Caine. Upon their lazy Sires shall be the curse of the hunters hunted. Those among the Clanless will have no path to follow, no family to name, no generation to hold, no traditions to keep, no customs to give, no hospitality to grant. Why do you make these orphans? Why do you leave them in the street? They are the dark seed of our undoing. They will band together with those who hate us. They will follow rebellious Childer. They will make the blood run red. They are going to kill the dead. They are going to eat our kin. They will scream and bash on our doors. They will cry aloud for justice. Clanless, all, they will wash over our walls. Clanless, all, they will know secret ways. Clanless, all, they are Lilith's foul get.

Clanless, all, they are newly awake.
Clanless, all, no family, no sign, no
loyalty, no elder. Beware those who walk
without a clan, for they will be our
undoing. Pity them, adopt the orphans
where you can and watch them. In them is
the bad seed of their Sire.

Of Love

And they asked Caine the old Father, "Why do you command us to not Embrace those we love?" And Caine said to them, "Love is the sweet rain which falls down from the One Above. Love is the gift of life. Do you not heed Vriel's Curse? That we are to eat only ashes, drink only blood? Blood is not sweet rain. Our drink takes Life." And then Caine's eyes got the look of Visions, and he quieted, then he spoke: "But if ever one of us is gifted with the love of a mortal without command or awe, without compulsion, a Love given freely, then that Love will be as the gentle rain to even the lowliest of us. And though we shall not Embrace it, it will feed us as if we supped at our

Father's table. It will satisfy our deepest thirst. But this is not to be. The Children of Seth will always hate us, again and again, for we are their predators. We are their Masters and they know this, deep in their soul. Look not for Love among them! They will not give it. Be not a fool."

The Time of Thin Blood

There will come a time, when the Curse of the One Above will not be tolerated further, when the Lineage of Caine will end, when the Blood of Caine will be weak. And there will be no Embracing for these Childer for their blood will run like water. And the potence in it will wither. Then, you know in this time that Gehenna will soon be upon you, the Awakening of the Dark Father. There will come a time, when the heads of three Princes will watch the burning of the dawn on a pillar of white. There will come a time when an ancient hunger will awaken deep in the northern woods and consume all Her Childer. There will come a time when an Elder Darkness will stir deep below a city

which has forgotten. And It will surprise the Elder as well as its children. Of these signs, you will know, the Dark Father, bastard of Caine, will awaken, and drink deep of blood sacrificed to it. Of these signs, you will know that the time has come to lay claim to your Clan's safety, to fight the Dark Father. On these signs, you must know, that Gehenna waits, even at the door, as an actor waits in the wings It is coming. It is near. Shine black the sun. Shine blood the moon. Gehenna is coming.