



REVENANTS

SABBAT: WAR NEVER CHANGES

"WHAT IF THIS WHOLE CRUSADE'S A CHARADE
AND BEHIND IT ALL, THERE'S A PRICE TO BE PAID.
FOR THE BLOOD, ON WHICH WE DINE.

JUSTIFIED IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY AND THE DIVINE."

- NINE INCH NAILS, 'THE HAND THAT FEEDS'

Table of Contents: Click the links below to navigate through the document quickly.

About	Perspectives	Details
Bloodlines	, NPCs	OOO Expectations
		Changelog

ABOUT REVENANTS

THE CHILDREN OF THE BLOOD

From his rocking chair that sat angled in the corner of the parlor, Istvan had watched many gatherings like tonight. One by one, his veritable army of descendants strode into the house, each one trying to make a more grandiose entrance than the last. It was a parade of vanity, wrapped in silks and wool, smelling of expensive perfumes that only barely covered the stink of their bodies and bearing an array of wines, whiskeys, and other vehicles of indemnity that they would offer to him along with an endless supply of platitudes and praise.

Istvan, venerable patriarch of the Zantosa family, hated every single one of them. He stared at them with dead eyes, his pale lips curled in a perpetual sneer, and yet they each summoned the falsest of smiles for him in the hope he might offer them some sign of favor. Even the smallest morsel was fodder for the dinner table, which they might lord over their siblings and cousins in the insipid little games they constantly played. They were all sycophants, from the youngest of the babies to the eldest of his children. Occasionally, he considered culling them all and starting over, but given his advanced age, he wasn't even sure that was possible any longer.

Istvan chuckled dryly and closed his eyes. A few moments later, he became aware of a presence nearby. Opening them, he gazed down at a small, round face with curly black hair, bright blue eyes, and an innocent's smile. She peered up at him





with the kind of love and admiration only the young could summon, and in a sweet voice, she whispered, “Opa, why are you so old?”.

Istvan responded with a low, sibilant laugh. “Oh, my child – there is so much for you to learn.” He blinked slowly, languidly moving his gaze to the dining room and to the mingled people gathered there. Well-dressed nieces, nephews, children, grandchildren, cousins, and more stood alongside the long table and its highbacked chairs, sipping on wine and idly nibbling on trays of snacks carried about by servants. They were obviously waiting on him to make his own entrance, signaling the beginning of the grand family dinner.

This little one needed to know the history of their family, and how they all came to be. Istvan gave the girl a smile, hoping that his jagged, broken teeth wouldn’t frighten the girl too terribly. He weakly patted his knee, and said, “Come, young one. Sit on Opa’s knee. I have a story to tell”.

They could all just fucking wait.

First Born, First Blood

They call us revenants. Any human being can become a ghoul with a simple drink of Cainite blood, but this process requires a regular infusion of vitae which can be tedious. None can say whom first decided to attempt to breed the perfect servants; however, it can be definitively said that the Tzimisce clan of vampires perfected the process. We were exceptional specimens of humanity who had come to serve the Cainite race, chosen for specific traits they had prized. Some of us were nobles; others were low-born commoners who proved worthy despite their blood. Our masters knew that these qualities they sought were rare, and they turned to selective breeding to make certain they had servants who exemplified those traits. Vampires would trade favored servants like cattle, pairing sires to mares in the hopes that these traits would breed true.

By the time of the Dark Ages, we had spread amongst the lords of the land, marrying into important lineages. This was in order to position our masters to manipulate mortal affairs and control the population. We were their eyes and ears among the daylight realm, straddling the line between the living and the dead. We have served them in such a capacity ever since.

Many Cainites consider us to be the perfect servants; ghouls that do not require the same level of maintenance and care that a regular ghoul would. However, we are much, much more than that. Thanks to the selective breeding forced upon us by our Cainite masters, we have become the next step in human evolution. We have all of the strengths of the vampire race but none of their weaknesses; in that same vein, whatever weaknesses we had as human beings have been lessened or even eliminated by the infusion of Cainite blood into our bodies. Whatever weakness remains in us can be alleviated by drinking actual vitae but comes at the cost of our will. Vampire blood is addictive, you see, and even the most addled opium fiend has nothing on the powerful shackles the blood will place on you.

We are not purely immortal, mind you. We still age, albeit slowly, and if we cannot withstand a wound in the first place, it will kill us all the same as it might any





other mortal. We are still susceptible to murder and war, and given our status as servants to vampires, we often find ourselves at the forefront of their squabbles. Thus, despite there being any number of revenant families at our inception, we have dwindled to just four known families.

Of course, firstly, there are the Zantosa. We are descended from lords and ladies who made dark deals to acquire the blood of Caine. Our ancestors stood as gods among men while kneeling before their vampire masters in the dark of night. Of course, as nobles we are free to do as we will, which many of us choose to exercise in the form of all the pleasures the world has to offer. Someday, you will discover a love for sin in all its forms; when that day comes, you will have come into your own power in full.

Then there's the Bratovich line. The Bratovich come from the stock of hunters and foot soldiers; theirs is a legacy of savagery and brutality. Because of this, they find an innate kinship with beasts; Bratovich commonly breed and train hellhounds for our Cainite masters. Curiously, this brutality has also endeared them to those same masters enough over the years that not only do the Bratovich exist as a revenant lineage, but they have also evolved further to become a bloodline within the Tzimisce clan (which I am told is an exciting development to our masters).

Following the Bratovich, we have the Grimaldi. Of all our kind, the Grimaldi remain the most human. They were merchants once. The Tzimisce have allowed this in order to maintain their tenuous grasp on the mortal world, and the Grimaldi's role as such has become even more pronounced with the rise of a faction among the Tzimisce ranks called the Order of Saint Blaze or some such thing. They apparently work to increase the Sabbat's hold on humanity. They tend to be rather sheltered and weak compared to the rest of us; be careful if you ever find yourself able to play with one. They break easily mentally, though they have developed a supernatural toughness over the years.

Finally, there are the Obertus. Plainly put, they are fucking weird. They were originally monks and scholars who served our clan in the gilded halls of Constantinople; there's an old connection to the Tzimisce who call themselves the Children of the Dracon, but I can't tell you what that connection is. These days, they keep to themselves; they tend to hole up in run down manors in the middle of nowhere, hoarding old books and ancient secrets. If you ever need to know something, and I mean anything, the Obertus can find it. Just make sure it's an answer you want to know; sometimes they dig so deep and so hard that what they find can't be buried again.

PERSPECTIVES





ON CAINITES

The relationship with our would-be masters is complicated, as you can imagine. On the one hand, they have molded us into the monsters we have become. On the other hand, if they had not, we would just be regular human beings. Perhaps we would have died out in obscurity. The world may never know. Regardless – serve them well, and you may live in relative freedom, only occasionally called upon to do their bidding. Anger them, and they have no compulsion against ending your life.

ON THE SECTS

The Sabbat – Look, I’m going to tell you straight; this is where our bread is buttered. We serve the Tzimisce, they serve the Sabbat. Some say they rule it, but I’m pretty sure the Lasombra clan would have a problem with anyone spreading that. If a Sabbat tells you to do something, you do it or else you might find the long life you were hoping to live getting real damned short.

The Camarilla – What a bunch of assholes. I’m not surprised they’re all but gone now; they were vampires trying to pretend to be humans. How laughable, right?

The Anarchs – I suppose it shouldn’t be shocking that even among vampires, the young will rebel against the old. The Anarchs were like angsty teenagers beating their heads against a brick wall while hoping that someday the wall will fall. Well, the wall fucking fell, only they weren’t the ones who brought it down. Now they’re all angsty against our masters.

ON OTHER CLANS

On the Lasombra – Over the years, we have often found ourselves at odds with the Lasombra as the primary rivals for the Tzimisce as the leaders of the Sabbat. I tell you this; if you do not treat them with respect and fear, they will destroy you. Their powers are made of nightmares; of all the ways I might leave this earth, strangled by my own shadow is not one of them that I care to consider.

On the Malkavians - The Obertus say that the Malkavians are seers and psychics of great power. That may be so, but I don’t have the patience to sit through a manic diatribe about the color blue invading the planet just to get a piece of that wisdom. Best you just leave them to their own devices.

On the Nosferatu - Nightmares made flesh, cursed so that not even the fleshcrafting arts of the Masters can repair their broken bodies. Pity them, if you have the humanity left in you to do so; fear them, you absolutely should. Most of them are as grotesque inside as they are on the outside.

On the Tremere – You must admire their sheer courage; they took the power of Caine’s blood from its rightful owners and forged their own path through the world of the vampire. Then, they managed to survive the absolute hatred of every vampire who ever considered choking them out of existence for their audacity. In some ways, I envy them. In every other way driven by reason, however, I hate them because our masters hate them. They were our enemies for a millennia; now, they are our allies.





We must stay our hands for now, but if the masters decide to turn on the Tremere I have no issues doing the same.

ON NON-VAMPIRIC SOCIETY

Humanity: Humanity is to the revenant as the revenant is to the Cainite. They are lesser than us, though we can't dismiss them entirely; with only four revenant families left, there isn't much in the way of genetic diversity for all of us to just keep breeding in the same pool.

Werewolves: If you're ever curious about werewolves, ask a Bratovich. I'm sure they'd love to tell you all about how their grandmother hunted one of them back in the old country. We learned a long time ago to avoid the wilds and stick to the cities; these are enemies I don't want to face if I don't have to.

IMPORTANT NPCS

Istvan Zantosa – Ancient patriarch of the Zantosa family, rumored by many to be close to the end of his life. Thus far, he has refused any further infusions of Cainite blood to extend his lifespan. He is a known associate of two Prisci; Lambach Ruthven of the Tzimisce, and Unre of the Harbinger of Skulls. In fact, it is known that Unre came to trust Istvan as an advisor for many years after she revealed herself to the Sabbat alongside the rest of the Harbingers of Skulls.

DOC EXPECTATIONS

ANTICIPATED PLAYSTYLES

A revenant character can be a great roleplaying challenge for the experienced player. As noted in the narrative, a revenant has all the advantages of a vampire with all the benefits of humanity, making them the ultimate tools for the enterprising vampire. Vampires realize this, however, and so they have put an extensive network of controls in place to ensure the revenants can never break free of their control. If you choose to play a revenant, understand that you are playing an character that others will largely consider to be a servant and treat accordingly – there's even status traits which implicitly state that they will force your character to do something that they may not want to do.

Level of National Plot - High. There will be several opportunities for revenant characters to become involved in national plotlines during the chronicle.

IMPORTANT CHRONICLE NOTE

Portrayal of a revenant character may touch upon themes of an inappropriate nature during play. It is imperative that anyone playing a revenant be aware of these themes and utilize the Check-In system to indicate their comfort levels during intense scenes.

denouement

The young girl stared at her Opa for a moment after he'd finished speaking, then turned and looked into the dining room. Most of the family had quietly





gathered in the doorway, listening to Istvan as he gave the girl a quick overview of life as a revenant. Her mother stepped through them and into the living room, taking a sip of her wine and shaking her head.

“Oh, Opa”, she said dismissively with a sigh, shaking her head. Istvan grimaced and gestured for the girl to slide off his lap.

“She would have had to learn sooner or later”, he grumbled, as he began to rise from the rocking chair. “Enough talk; time to eat. I’m starving.”

CHRONICLE CHANGELOG

Any fundamental changes made during the chronicle based on player action, along with details that would be public knowledge to members of this clan, will be listed here as they are updated in the guide along with the dates of the change.

Written by: Mykle McGovern

