

# Carthage – Rome Prophecy of Uriel

## *Dramatis Personae*

### **NPC's**

#### **Brujah**

**Troile:** sire Brujah sire of Maharet

**Anis:** sire Brujah sire of Serapis

**Kemintiri:** Setite, sire of Antigone

**Cybele:** Malkavian sire of Nicodemus

**Moloch:** Baali, lover of Troile

**Dramacus:** mortal father of Antigone

**Hardrubal:** second in command to Dramacus

**Camille:** Ventrue, “most powerful kindred in Rome” sire of Marcus, Lysander

**Mithras:** Ventrue

**Solanna:** Brujah, sired by Maharet

**Parnassus:** Assamite

**Neferu:** Setite

**Cainus:** Gangrel wolf dog from Jerusalem by Night

**Cailean:** Nosferatu

**Seeker:** Unknown

### *Player Characters*

*Antigone*

*Serapis*

*Nicodemus*

*Maharet*

*Marcus joined in Chapter II, Roman*

## *Carthage: Time of Darkness*

### *Omnipotent View I*

*Time and time gain Meleneus had warned them, as he made his way to Ramata in the interior of the continent, that the Baali had proven themselves to be far more manipulative than originally imagined. They gained a stranglehold over the populace through their infernal rights of sacrifice. Moloch placed himself as a god above all others, he believed himself to be a deity beyond compare, who had united Carthage's populace. But the truth will remain forever hidden from all.*

*In the depths of the Temple of Baal, behind closed chamber doors, belonging to the deity Moloch, Troile stood at the edge of a pit, known as an organ pit, at the center of the dimly lit room. Inside the pit were five children, whose small broken bodies lay haplessly scattered in the blackness, the remnants of the past week's sacrifice. Flies and other vermin scurried around the bodies. Moloch motioned to the female, not standing too far behind him. With little effort she heaved the large body onto her shoulder and tossed him like the others into the pit. Moloch looked up to catch a glimpse of Troile's expression, the Baali's lips curled on the sides to reveal small pointed incisors as a smile broke through his once passive demeanor, watching Troile's increasing bloodlust.*

*The man who now was at the bottom of the pit stirred ever so slightly, until his muscular body ached all over as if his muscles were atrophied from long periods of disuse. Near his head lay one of the children, his head spun with lack of blood and he felt a hunger rise in him, only to ravenously close his fangs into the dead body. One by one, he moved around the large pit emptying the bodies with increasing intensity. When he was done he looked up at the figures standing around the pit. He felt like he was in an arena, he bared his fangs at them, hissing like a wild animal. Troile's fierce gaze roots the imposing man to his spot. Troile leaped down and grabbed the man at the back of his neck and with prenatural speed he sunk his teeth into her*

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*newly flushed skin. Troile drank deeply until he held a husk in his arms that crumbled to the ground, leaving tendrils of dust floating the air.*

*Moloch who stood at the top of the pit smiled for he know that over these past few decades darkness had taken over Troile's conscience, allowing Troile to hunger for Cainite vitae.*

*Scripo stood looking out at the sea, his view as that of the sea, but not the dazzling crystalline waters of the Mediterranean in the middle of the day, but that of endless darkness, melding the horizon into one indistinct stretch of blackness. This night was different, the signs were evident. At midnight, a pale mist of red covered the moon, now it cast a blood red hue unto the waters. His officers stood at a distance watching him, feeling the pangs of nervousness and exhilaration all rolled into one, not one of them willing to disturb his thoughts. They knew he was communicating with her, Helena, the most beautiful woman in the entire world. The soldiers had passed rumors among themselves fueling the myth that Helena was indeed the woman who launched a thousand ships and caused the battle of Troy. Although Helena was revered as a goddess or princess in Rome, her beauty was undeniably a gift o Jupiter or perhaps Venus herself, or may she is actually a half-god, the speculation never ceased.*

*His soldiers waited impatiently for his orders, they shifted in their breastplates and swords clanked against their armor. Finally, after which seems like an eternity, Scripo looked around dazed as if he had just woken from a trance and began to speak to his men,*

*“We will reach the shore within the hour. We will go under the cover of night and attack the city. Starting near the coast and working our way inland, joining our camped forces just outside the Western Wall. I must warn everyone that there may be creatures, perhaps demons walking among them, who will savagely attack our forces, I plead, hold your ranks and don't falter, we will have Carthage.*

*And the orders continued...*

### ***Back in Carthage***

*Troile sat on the steps inside the temple. Two large bowls stood atop platforms on either side of the altar's steps, filled to the rim with fresh blood. Moloch came out of the darkness and approached Troile. His slender tall form slipped stealthy across the tiled floor to stand in front of Troile. Moloch reached down and gently took Troile by the shoulders and spoke,*

*“If you plague your mind with thoughts of failure they will indeed come to fruition. Now tell these neonates how to deal with Brujah and hopefully they will have little problem. The prophecy does indeed state that, Four will entered the lair of the god and attempt to subdue the god, but they will be slain and when the god deal final blows, the usurper god shall take his spirit and posses it for himself. So you see there is nothing to worry about these will be the ones, not yourself, Kemintiri, Cybele or Anis...”*

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*Moloch immediately ceased his conversation, turning towards the source of the noise at the entrance of the temple, only to see the neonates of whom he spoke, slowly and hesitantly they flooded into the temple.*

## **Game Notes Chapter I**

### **The Siege**

Carthage is on the brink of destruction, many mercenaries are called into Carthage in order to help fight Roman opposition. Baal Hammon, the great leader and god of Carthage in his eternal wisdom, sacrifices Dramcus Carthage's supreme military general, Antigone's father in a blood sacrifice in order to bring good luck to the battle ahead. Baal's actions had taken away their only hope of victory, leaving the young Hasdrubal, in a position of command, to take care of the impediment threat lurking just outside the walls of Carthage. Before Dramcus was slain, he had sent for Egyptian mercenaries, among them was a woman named Maharet. Serapis the scribe who worked for Baal in his temple, accounted for its coffers of riches as well as its blood, Serapis, was also a good friend with Dramcus and in turn Antigone. He acted as her eyes and ears, where a woman was not permitted to go.

The great playwright, Nicodemus is forced to put on a performance the same night as Dramcus' death in order to return a sense of hope and vigor back into its populace, Nicodemus and his troop put on a rousing performance, but was it wasn't enough to win the war.

That night, Antigone is embraced by Kemintiri, since she showed a great strength of character when her father was slain before her eyes. Maharet was embraced by Troile who desperately wanted to win the war against Rome and the Ventrue. Serapis was embraced by Anis for his noble efforts to chronicle and preserve the greatness of Carthage, and Nicodemus was embraced by Cybele, for her love of the Greek arts and was much pleased by Nicodemus' performance that night. The coterie is instructed in the ways of the Cainites and let loose on the city it is explained that those of the 3rd generation did not want them to create childe, but did so against their will. The night they are embraced they all have a similar dream of the coming of Helena and the burning of Carthage.

### **Troile's Mission**

Troile, warped by Baal or bent on vengeance sends the coterie after Brujah in order to slaughter him. They find Brujah's lair beneath a reflective pool in an upstanding villa. Before entering Brujah's secret haven, they encounter Brujah's ghoul, and decided to experiment with their newfound powers. Once they reach Brujah's lair, they encounter what seems to be a man, no a woman, resting on a sarcophagus, which is rather high, (higher than a bed), during this scene, the coterie are spoken to by Brujah but there memories of this event are vague and clouded with doubts but to Serapis' recollection Brujah said something along the lines of:

"Yes I did once say to my childer to throw off the elder's 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, and be true to yourself. You are my children, all, but I would sooner shatter you like flawed pottery than have your weakness be that you are but a flaws copy out of my mold, and in turn Caine's." They leave confused...

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Antigone and Nicodemus attempt to flee Carthage, to no avail, their passage is blocked by the arrival of Helena. Marharet and Serapis continue fighting.

*When you think you understand and elder's motivations, it is time to start worrying.*  
*Omnipotent View II*

*Troile stood in front of Brujah's haven. The populace of Carthage struggled through the streets as word spread like wildfire among the mortals as the Roman ships were spotted. Carelessly, Troile moved on into the lair. He was greeted by a young soldier whose disheveled appearance marked him as perhaps a mercenary or as he looked more closely that the man was perhaps dominated or perhaps presence was used on him. The man looked at Troile and immediately reached for his sword and quickly raised his short sword above his head and charged at Troile screaming,*

*"Intruder!"*

*Troile simply lifted his arm to the height of the man's stomach and let him impale himself on the long ornate dagger. The man's eyes grew wide, in shock and then fluttered in pain, Troile removed the dagger from the man's punctured stomach and liked the blade cutting his tongue and mingling his blood with that of the ghouls. The ghouls slumped to the floor, with a mixture of defeat and exhaustion, and did not continue to fight. Troile looked at the non-existent pool of water in the impluvium and immediately spotted the steps leading down.*

*Looking around him briefly before entering, he made sure the sounds of screaming and shouting were not directly at the doorstep, but definitely outside. He moved down the steps which were wet from drainage. At the bottom of the stairs, his sandaled feet were met with an inch of cold water. The torches on the wall illuminated the long passageway.*

*Troile entered the dimly lit room, glancing around him nervously, he clutched at a simple necklace around his neck, checking to make sure it is still with him. Brujah's familiar voice resonated in Troile mind, as if he were standing directly in front of him.*

*"Troile, my childer, why do you want to begin a war? Already we are at war with our enemies, Rome, the Ventrue, the Toreador and the Malkavians? You will never understand what is like to be a true elder, until one night, right before the dawn pierces the horizon, you will feel it within your chest, a burning, like no other, your past will come back to you, haunting you, like the spirits of the underworld, and you will realize the atrocities you have committed."*

*Troile remained silent looking about the room trying to find out where Brujah was hiding to no avail. Brujah continued,*

*"A new era will begin with the outcome of this small petty war between us."*

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*Still Troile remained silent. He thought that if he spoke words, his voice would tremble in fear, knowing that this plan was not what he had in mind. He did not want to speak to Brujah. He felt the older Cainite's presence in the room, along with another. The stone floor was still wet from the water which had washed over the floor earlier.*

*“My childer, think before you act, for your rashness will be carried unto your childer for all eternity, they will suffer the humiliation and be forever, by dishonoring your Sire and drinking of my heart's blood, you will be forever damned, no matter where you seek your redemption, it will never be granted to you.*

*With those words a formless shape emerged from the shadows, attacking with great speed Troile's inert form. The lightning reflexes, and the force of the attack, sent Troile reeling into a far corner, yet not enough to knock him to his feet. His body's blood instinctively healed the damage done by his sire's blows.*

*Troile engaged Brujah again and they continued in their immortal battle. Brujah's strength was obvious, but Troile knew what secrets he had on his side. Anis had taught him well. As Brujah wiped the blood from his eyes, Troile stood off to the side, ready to strike. Brujah's childer whispered something in Latin, and the ground beneath their feet shook as if an earthquake was just beginning. The underground lair began loosing some stones from the ceiling, and without warning a stalagmite shot up from the floor impaling Brujah in the back. His body broke with the impact, and no amount of blood would allow him to recover and remove himself from this living stone.*

*Troile knew it was time to act, but to control the stones he used a great amount of will, and he slowly maneuvered himself so that he was not far from Brujah's impaled body. He looked into Brujah's burning eyes. But Troile expected fear, panic, anger to emanate from his sire, but instead there was only sadness. Troile without waiting placed his fangs around Brujah's broken neck and began. Time seem to stop as Troile felt the blood which had given him everlasting life flow through him becoming one with him, completing the cycle of the unliving. Brujah's body crumpled and shriveled and dissipated like all those whom he had diablerized before him, surprisingly his first memory which come into being at this time, was the image of the general, Dramcus, each Cainite whose life Troile eliminated flooded through his body, unconsciously, Troile began to shiver and tears of blood ran down his already blood splatter cheeks. He felt suddenly, all of their presence's within him, their living memory floating through his own mind. Helplessly he lay on the ground, wondering if this was the way in which it was meant to be, perhaps his rashness will curse the Brujah after all. From his mind, Brujah's voice once again resonated like an echo within a cave, a cave of his mind.*

*“To find the greatest darkness seek within my child...”*

*The words trailed off and Troile in a fit of fury and rage slammed his fist unto the ground causing tremors to shake the entire isthmus and tears of blood spilt upon the stones, which bore him victory.*

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## Final Battle

The Brujah fought with all the tricks and evil magics that they had access to, and many of them met the Final Death in this final conflict. The fiercest and deadliest battles occurred in the hidden. Blood stained temples where Brujah and Baali held their sacrifices. With their last blood the Brujah cursed the city saying that from that night on whoever ruled Carthage would meet a bloody end. Ventrue set fire to the city and watched it burn for 17 nights. Then the Ventrue and their own sorcerous allies salted the earth ensuring that Cainites in torpor there would never rise again.

## *Excerpt from Cainite History; journal of Serapis of Carthage Omnipotent View III*

*Upon the fair soils of Carthage did the Roman soldiers and Cainite alike pour salt to impede not only the growth of any vegetation but to prevent the unearthing of Troile or his lover Moloch. All this was done at the behest of the Roman council, and Cato the censor's own words echoed in the halls of the capitol as well as in the hearts of every Roman, "Delenda est Carthago!", Carthage must be destroyed. Cato's strong words had swayed the council's decision, for every speech ended triumphantly with those words which foretold the future, "Delenda est Carthago!"*

### Aboard the Andromeda

#### *Serapis*

*The night we left Carthage to some of us on board the Andromeda, our heart sank, sank into the black seas. I felt the weight of an eternity ahead of me, as well as a past in flames, encroaching upon my conscience, but the distance between Carthage and my heart was growing, as were my feelings towards it. A true loss, not only to myself but to the others who are on board the ship bound for enemy Rome. Upon our arrival will we be chained and hung out for the morning sun? I have been told that the sun proves to be particularly fatal to our kind.*

#### *Antigone*

*In her eyes I see nothing. The absence of a soul, coldness like I have never seen. When I gaze upon her it is like a flower with nothing more than beauty. Her tears well up and I don't know if I want to bring her into my arms like a child or to stop her whimpering by sinking my teeth into her, and giving her life new meaning. I feel Anis' eyes upon me as I bring myself closer to the one called Solanna. I smell Anis' fear and jealousy. If only I could have a moment alone with Solanna, I could perhaps deduce what has brought her to being with this motley crew. When I look at her I can see myself, when I cried for my father, not 4 nights past, and now I stand over her. And I am the one, the only one who can feel her pain, even if I am not sure where it is coming from. But I have my suspicions. I think that she is afraid of Anis, or maybe something else.*

#### *Marharet*

*I could have stayed. I could have continued fighting. Combining my effort along with the Assamites we could have taken the Roman army. But now I am stuck going to Rome. Anis has been extremely friendly to me and it arouses suspicion in me. Although I was just a mercenary I*

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*still feel like I have lost. But I am told that the war was never meant to be won. Anis has spoken with me briefly about embracing Solanna, as she calls it. She looks like a pitiful creature, I can hardly understand why Anis would not do it herself. Anis assures me that Solanna is an extremely capable fighter, with little or no room needed for improvement. I cannot believe her lies. Perhaps I will investigate for myself.*

*Nicodemus*

*A play waiting to be written. I can feel my fingers already reaching for a quill and scribing the words and imagery that was Carthage. I will make a great play of this. My troops empowered by my precious newly acquired power will be the talk of every city we visit. I will start with Rome, their Amphitheater would need a bit of work, but I am sure I can make do, provided I have one week to prepare, the lighting at night might be a bit complicated especially for the scenes I wish to portray. I can make this play a dedication to the Romans, after all my loyalties will lie with those who pay for my supper...I mean vitae....*

*The lights were dimmed, Marhart's sense were beginning to make out the forms in the room. She was not alone, she immediately sprung from her small cot below deck, which had no windows. She raised her sword in an attempt to scare the intruder, but instead she heard a soft word, and Anis' voice rang through the ships' hold.*

*"Marhart...lay down your weapon, I have brought Solanna to you." Now I will instruct you, here let me light a small candle."*

*Kemintiri looks out over the darkened waters, her child Antigone stood beside her silently. Eventually they knew that one of them would break the silence. Finally, it was Antigone who broke the silence, she barely spoke above a whisper,*

*"What will we do to survive in Rome?" Kemintiri's beautiful green eyes sparkled with new hope. "There are not many of our kind in Rome, which will make it far easier for us to carve out our futures."*

## **Arrival in Rome** **Chapter II**

The ship stops in Alexandria, there Kemintiri, Anis and Solanna get off. Anis promises Maharet she will come back to Rome when she has put Solanna in a safe place.

The ship sails on to Ostia, the closest port city to Rome, where the coterie is supposed to get off. Cybele mysteriously disappears along the way.

In Ostia, they meet up with Marcus a night guard at the port of Ostia. Mithras wants to be aware of any Kindred coming and going into Rome.

Marcus takes the coterie to Mithradates (Mithras) That same evening they receive word that there were many prisoners of war transported to Rome, and that their bodies will be hung out in public for all to see.

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Mithradates mentions that the Camille is the “supposed” ruler of Rome, and his childer Tiberus and Parnassus his bodyguard are a great threat. If they wish to find secure havens for themselves in the city Mithras offers them help at a cost of course.

## ***The Curse of Raphael*** ***Omnipotent View IV***

### ***Beneath the earth***

*The earth felt cold and fresh, his body had adjusted to his surrounding quite naturally, but his limbs were still frozen in place, the packed earth surrounded him, caressing his form. He could almost feel each granule of soil upon his skin, and he knew that it was time to rise, he was called to the surface. Slowly he opened his eyes and was welcome with dirt and blackness. If he were mortal he would have immediately suffocated. He lay still not to alert the earth to his presence, in his hand he felt not earth but form, the hand of his lover. He closed his eyes again, letting soil and small pebbled poke at his eyes, and he concentrated. His body shifted and moved slowly upward, the earth was at his command, instinctively it moved and loosened around his form as he floated towards the surface like a fish in water. His progress was slow and eventually halted. He furrowed his brow and concentrated further attempting to make the soil move aside, with nervous agitation he began moving his arms clawing at the earth around him, until he became stuck, unable to move anything, he couldn't even open his eyes any longer.*

### ***On the surface***

*The man stood above the lifeless ground, starting down concentration his will upon the earth. He knew he could not dig up his brother, and he knew that if he did he would unearth the both of them, but he had to try anyway. His clawed fingers pulled back the infertile soils, he dug for what felt like an eternity. The man leaned over his task placing great emphasis in his work, with little more than claws to help him he dug furiously, the sun rose behind him unwittingly. Seker felt the sparks begin to rise within his body, clothes offered little resistance, and the heat of his body betrayed his clothing and flames erupted from his back, but he continued to dig fervently. The sun pierced his sight and Seker began to squint and it felt like hot torches were being poked in his eyes, the flames continued to leap and dance around his body, but Seker continued. His flesh was blistering and bubbling beneath his burnt clothes, trying desperately he attempted to use his blood to heal himself but Raphael's curse overcame him, when suddenly the flames instantaneously receded, as the earth turned black and the world was covered in darkness. Seker stopped and looked turned to his impossible luck, the sun was engulfed by a blackness engulfed. Broken by spell and lure of his brother, Seker immediately fled to the safety of his haven deep within the ruins of Carthage, screaming the name of his brother, Moloch as tear of blood flowed behind him.*

## **Rescuing Hasdrubal**

While the coterie wanders about the city, they notice a dog/wolf (Cainus) following them. That night Hasdrubal is placed in prison. During the night there are 5 soldiers protecting the 5 hung soldiers. They attempt to rescue Hasdrubal without causing a commotion, but fail, and they flee with Hasdrubal. Nicodemus wants to establish himself immediately in the theatrical world, and

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rents an Amphitheater from a man named Enobarbarus, a fellow Greek. Marharet feels terribly restless and is hired on as Antigone's personal body guard.

Hasdrubal explains that there are others which were captured although he does not understand why they are not being hung out in the *via publicus* or in the *Campus Martius*.

The coterie narrowly avoided Camille on several occasions.....

Serapis is in the employ of Mithras and his underground religion. Nicodemus partakes in the baths with Serapis to encounter the seductive Setite Neferu who tells him about her visions of flames and destruction. Marcus meets a woman walking along, and being a Roman gentleman asks her if she needs assistance, Pandora agrees and to thank him she stakes him, she mumbles something about not understanding by Camille would have embraced him.

Antigone begins getting visions of a man wrapped in bandages surrounded by flames, he seems unharmed by the flames, Marharet notices that Antigone is in pain and tells her to go rest.

The next evening, everyone receives a written summons to go see Mithradates, where he tells them that he thinks that Camille has captured his child Marcus, and Mithradates will consider the debt repaid if they agree to help him.

Marcus is dumped into a large pit, in an unknown location.

Cainus leads the rest of the coterie to a cave where there is an entrance to a cavern chamber, Marcus has been imprisoned by Lysander, they in turn capture Lysander, and write a ransom note.

Nicodemus and Serapis send the ransom note to Camille, and he sends a note back stating that his child's demise is just a "Casualty of War..."

Marharet attempts to instruct Alexander in fighting. Hasdrubal is embraced by Marharet. Serapis and Nicodemus leave Lysander with Mithras. Antigone makes "friends" with the local Setite, Neferu. Serapis finds the Nosferatu's Cailean's note amongst Mithradates' accounts about where to find the crystals.

An attempt is made on Antigone's life by Parnassus the Assamite on the instructions of Neferu and Marharet saves her. Antigone is contaminated with the silver death, which can only be cured by Lameth unbeknownst to her. Marharet gets Parnassus' sword (Silver Death).

Marharet goes off after the crystals herself, the instructions are to do through a sewer, and end up on the other side of the city in front of a villa. The door has a poem, and it is impossible to open via traditional means.

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Marharet thinks she might need help from Nicodemus or Serapis decoding the door written in Latin, the coterie goes to the villa, and they figure out the poem together and manage to enter Lameth's lair. Only the blood of his lover's childer, Serapis could open the door. There they meet Lameth and he explains that this elixir must be given to Anis in Africa. The Crystal contains the Elixir of Life which will grant the drinker the ability to become mortal, but maintain Cainite powers.

The coterie leave Lameth's lair and come upon the man (Seeker) wrapped in bandages his body in flame, yet not affected by the flames around him the coterie falls into torpor., just before being sent to torpor, Serapis throws the crystal down a sewer, in the hopes that it will not be found by Seeker.

## Chapter III

Historical Facts:

- Both Carthage and Greece fall to Roman dominance and become sucked into the Roman Empire
- There is not more military presence needed within the city walls, which means there is no more security and Rome's residents are forced to find their own protection when walking the streets, bodyguard become very common
- The Gracchi family comes to the forefront, Tiberus and Gaius, who are young boys yet show much promise in politics.
- There are many homeless throughout Rome, many of them are landless soldiers who have returned from the wars and have been forced off their land for now paying taxes, or being evicted.

Antigone falls into torpor for 1 month, and Setite Neferu takes over Antigone's life, she stakes her and keeps her in torpor. (I know this seems mean, but the player forgot her character sheet and since she could not remember all her stats, I figured this would make a good plot twist, hoping that the coterie will notice that Antigone is not herself.

Marcus Bironius leaves torpor one later also. 145 B.C. and Camille, his sire has kept him under in protection in his haven. Marcus plans on organizing the homeless soldiers into making an elite bodyguard mercenary patrol.

Serapis awakens 1 year later, 143 B.C, immediately he tries to go searching for the crystals. Serapis manages to map a good majority of the ancient sewers, and when he finally comes to the spot where the crystal was 1 year ago, he does not manage to find it, it is gone (surprise, surprise).

Nicodemus awakens 10 years later, to find out his theater and troupe have become the willing or unwilling servants, ghouls of a Cainite named Rutilius or Rutilia who actually is a woman posing as a man to be able to perform in the theater. Serapis and Nicodemus threaten Rutilia and Nicodemus says that he will be taking back the theater. Rutilia laughs at him, and is under the assumption that it is another imposter, claiming to be Nicodemus.

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Camille manages to find someone who is willing to help Marharet rise from torpor, since it is quite unnatural that she will not be waking anytime soon. Camille find Cecile, who is a Lamia who used Mortis on Marhart to awaken her.

Maharet goes back to her duties to Antigone, being her bodyguard, but she is not yet aware that the Setite Neferu has taken over Antigone's life.