**PLAYER CHARACTER GUIDE TO MEMORIES**

Dreams are tricky things. What can seem so clear and so real at one moment can fade into dim fragments of memory in the next. And upon waking, often those fragments of memory seem so elusive and so ephemeral, and are often simply forgotten.

You remember the clear night skies, the cool breezes, the land under your feet. It was sometime in the thirteenth century, most likely. Hard to say, memories can be such tricky things. But regardless, you can feel it through and through – the sense of calm that being in that land provided. You knew its fields, its forests, its hills and its coasts. You knew its denizens – both predator and prey. You were one of its masters, weaving the destinies of land and inhabitant with your secret designs and elusive desires.

And your friends….what of your friends? You were part of a coterie – a group of Kindred locked together in eternal cooperation and trust. It was your coterie that controlled the lands of a place you remember was called Lancashire, answered to the Prince in a place called London, the Baronies of Avalon. For two centuries it must have been – two centuries you existed in your unlife. You remember your embrace, in a year you think must have been the turn of the first millennium. So for two centuries, and perhaps more, you and your companions went from young neonates to masters and elders in your own right. But the memories begin to break apart there. Something happened at the end of these two centuries that placed a traumatic scar on your remembrances.

It must have been a terrible conflict. You remember cries of friends, slash of blades, taste of blood, and worst of all – the unassailable light of the true unholy. It must have been the servants of religion that assaulted your security, and brought you down into a long slumber. You remember movement, as if being carried by friends or allies, to a place far away from the shores of your beloved Avalon. You remember long nights of restless sleep, noiseless pleas for the aid of others, for your comrades long disappeared.

Then you awoke. This time your memory is clear. You awoke to find yourself in a cave, and your comrades there with you. All of them – all of your coterie. And you remember the taste of blood in your mouth, and the bodies of prey strewn about the place. From there you remember that your group, restored but dull of mind and vigor, visited immense, *modern* places. The lands had changed, and the Kine had multiplied and filled all of what used to be empty lands. And they constructed machines to do their hardest work, tools of magic and tools of technology. Times had indeed changed, places and names changed. Lands changed. But you felt the same.

You remember leading yourselves to the edge of civilization, from there encountering both mortals and kindred who would be your new friends, allies, even servants in time to come. They taught you about your new world – about skyscrapers, and planes, and *technology*, and medicine and science and so many other things. And you learned of the new power structures. It was both comforting and disconcerting that power structures among the world’s Kindred seemed so much the same as you remember. Oh, the names of places changed, and technology grew and advanced, but you found many of the same Clans, even a few names that were familiar to you – of ancient Elders ruling from their torpor in vast cities. You learned about these things, about the rules of the Masquerade, about avoiding those of the Faith, and you learned that it was the followers of the Faith that had put you into your long slumbers in the first place, all those centuries ago.

And then the True Believers came. And they came in large numbers, everywhere. It must have been sometime early in the 21st century. You remember the telling of a great worldwide purge, of a Masquerade revealed, of Cainites being destroyed or going underground. And you distinctly remember the plan to hide the few Kindred that remained from the scouring gaze of the Holy men and their minions. Some of the technology of this world was used to deliver you into restful sleep, and to protect you from long years, and you relied upon your loyal followers to hide you away or to take you to faraway places so that you may one day survive and walk again.

Your long slumber began again. You think it was the year 2020. And as the months began to give way to years and the years into centuries and beyond, your mind slipped into a weightless fog, and you can remember wondering to yourself whether you would ever awaken again. You remember feelings of fear, feelings of anticipation, feelings of anger and regret, and of longing and sadness. Many dreams came and went, but none were remembered, for dreams are tricky things.

And then on one night, just now in fact, you awoke again.…