



Second Quarter, 2007 Volume 1, Issue 2

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First Quarter of 2007

Welcome to the second issue of the new South East Regional Newsletter! The first quarter of 2007 has had some interesting things happen which we hope you're as excited about as we are, and the second quarter promises some exciting events!

Here in April, a large amount of renewals will be due.

Coordinators: Check the CRD and make sure your expiration dates are correct in your reports. Also be sure to include your members' address information.

Members: Please take a moment in the near future to check your records in the CRD and make sure your address is correct. It's important for you to get your membership card and information. This package will be sent to the address listed on the CRD, so please take a moment to be

sure it is correct.

In May, SERE will be held in the Holiday Inn in Atlanta, Georgia. If you plan on attending SERE, I highly recommend you pre-register as soon as possible. This allows us to put together a better convention experience by having funds in advance for all the things required to hold the convention, as well as being able to get you through check in with a minimum of waiting and hassle. Also, many of the leads will be needing support. If you can,

SEFRE's here again! The South East Regional Forsaken Event will be held May 25th to May 27th. We hope you will join us for the weekend and have a great time with all of us. It's being held at a beautiful park just outside of Atlanta Georgia. We're looking forward to a mostly totally in character game, with

some out of character places. With that much role-play, it's bound to be an experience you won't soon forget.

April will see the kick off of the new Promethean Venue. Hopefully you'll be joining in the new venue as it is gearing up and help get the venue moving. Soft background play will run through April, with the Venue tentatively going live in May. Check with your storyteller to see if your chapter will be supporting the venue, or join Steve Zelenty with his Dark Places on the Map game.

Our upcoming charities are a good way to get involved in the community service aspect of the Camarilla. Check the charity for this quarter! It's something we all can get involved in and feel really great about.

Also, remember that getting together to game is great, but it's also a good thing to get to know each other outside of the fictitious characters we portray. Take time to get together socially as well as getting together to game. It can make for a better rivalry knowing you'll laugh about bad things you did to each other at afters.

Finally, I'd like to thank you all for making this region a wonderful place to be a part of.

Upcoming Regional Charity Drive

The upcoming regional charity drive involves donations of stuffed animals. While it doesn't seem like that big of a deal right off hand, anyone who has ever seen a child in the hospital knows that the little bit of stitching, fluff, plastic and cloth can ease their fears.

The drive starts on April 1st

and ends on May 30th. Turn in your donations to your coordinator, and your coordinator will give the donations to the proper places.

You should receive your regional prestige on the June 15th regional report. A small stuffed toy is a phenomenal relief to a child. Donate.





promethean

A Venue Created

Life is like a wheel. Humans are born. They grow up. They have children of their own. They die. The wheel continues turning. We are the sins of those who would break the flow of that natural order.

Bringing life back to the dead is no small feat. It requires the divine fire that birthed the human race, but it is a tainted thing now. There is also the possibility that what we resurrect is even more monstrous than even us. We are nothing more than reanimated corpses, devoid of the one thing that truly makes one human; a soul.

It is our goal, our evolution, our responsibility to regain that last portion, that last remnant of what makes this body human. Through our transmutations we will one day take our experiences as a hammer and forge the fire that burns within us into that which makes every man special.

We will be whole again.

Venue Premise

The Promethean Venue surrounds the legends of those brought back from the dead. These poor creatures have no soul, and are rejected by man and nature alike. Men look upon them as unnatural, as something that simply should not exist. They know this on an instinctual level. Nature dies around them. Plants wither, and water stagnates with their very presence.

Even with this problem, the Promethean still has one of the greatest gifts man has ever had: Hope. They strive to eventually become mortal again, to change the fire that gives their resurrected bodies life, and make it into the one thing they lack; a soul.

Camarilla Venue

With the release of the latest addendum, the Promethean Venue has been sanc-

tioned for the Camarilla Chronicle, and you are cordially invited to be a part of the new venue. Taking place in the "Dark Places on the Map" in the South East Region, there will be a game held online for all who wish to participate, in addition to other chapter venues which you may be able to take part in. The new ARST of Promethean, Steve Zelenty, is the storyteller for the online venue. He can be reached at bale-fire47@gmail.com.

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A Mage's Commandments

We all know the major rules: don't break the veil, the Great Rites, avoid Paradox, don't muck about with someone else's soul. Here are some more minor things that a mage should know so he doesn't die.

THOU SHALL NOT...

Kidnap the lover of a Mastigos. He will find you.

THOU SHALL NOT...

Get into a pissing contest with a Thyrsus.

THOU SHALL NOT...

Ask an Obrimos to shock you.

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Tell an Acanthus "I don't believe in fairies."

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Give a Mastigos a piece of your mind. They might not give it back.

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Try to beggar a Moros.

THOU SHALL NOT...

Tell a Thyrsus "Fuck me" -- because most of them will.

THOU SHALL NOT...

Ask an Acanthus how to get to San Francisco.

THOU SHALL NOT...

Laugh when the Moros says he's going to raise you from the dead just to kill you.

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Wonder how the Obrimos is paying the power bill.

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Ask an Arrow "You and what army?"

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Ask a Guardian how to dance the seven veils.

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Demand that the Free Council make a fast decision by committee.

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Ask a Silver Ladder to wear a collar and leash.

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Invite a Mysterium to a book burning.

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Tell a member of the McCreek family to keep his pants up or her skirt down.

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Tell a vampire "Bite me."

THOU SHALL NOT ...

Call a werewolf a furry.

THOU SHALL NOT...

Say "Dance, Puppets, Dance!" where anyone can hear you.

Submit Your Artwork or Story!

We're always looking for new submissions. What should you submit? Anything you think will entertain or inform is the extremely short version. As you can see in this issue, there's information regarding new venues, poetry by members, and some further short stories. Art is always welcome, otherwise you're stuck with my stock photos. Have photos of members during cons or games? Feel free to include those as well!

All submissions should be submitted to SENNewsletter@cfl.rr.com. If your submissions are included in the final edit of a newsletter, you will be recommended for regional prestige for your contribution!

So, take a few moments and send some of your creative works to be published in this newsletter!

Bite

the blood
slowly drips
the wound
fresh and wet
my lips
still tremble
from the
taste of you

-By Rebecca
Feb. 21, 1995

Do you have something to
contribute to the newsletter?

South East Regional Event 2007



You are cordially invited to join us for SERE 2007.

Hosted by the Black Dog of the Camarilla domain in Atlanta GA in the spring of 2007 from May 10 to May 13, the event promises to be a spectacle that will be remarked upon for years to come.

There will be In-Character drama aplenty, thanks to our incredible RST staff, but why stop there? Even more Out-of-Character fun will be had with friends we only see a few times each year. We are hosting numerous charity opportunities, planning scrumptious meals and bringing in superior vendors from all over. There is even a field trip scheduled for those that like a touch of local scenery and history with their club travels.

So come join us in the spring and learn what horror in the South is really all about. It's time to take a peek inside your soul; time to get back to the roots of your fear.

HOTEL INFORMATION

Holiday Inn
Atlanta Airport, North

Hotel Contact Information:
1380 Virginia Avenue,
Atlanta GA 30344
Telephone: (404) 762-8411
Fax: (404) 762-6138

The rates are \$72 per night for one to four people. Both King and Double Rooms are available. Please specify that you are with "THE CAMARILLA" to get this rate.

Check-In Time : 3:00pm ET
Check-Out Time: 11:00am ET

No late check-out, but half-day rates are available if you call the front desk.

Cribs are available and kids eat for free at the hotel restaurant.

This is a pet friendly hotel. There is a \$50.00 non refundable deposit.

Other amenities include a complimentary High-speed Wireless Internet Access and complimentary outdoor parking available.

PRE REGISTRATION

Many people don't realize that pre-registration affects

many things including the event budget, props and food supplies, awards, swag and other freebies given out by the convention.

When more people pre-register for club conventions, it allows your Storytellers to better craft the game experience to the attendees. It allows the staff to stock the hospitality suite with tasty food rather than saltines and PB&Js. It allows us to offer quality merchandise for staff and attending members – your event T-shirts, the props and decorations for your games, souvenir program booklets and goodie bags.

Pre-Register for

SERE!

Prior to January 31:
\$25

Prior to April 10:
\$30

Onsite:
\$35

Hotel Contact:
(404) 762-8411

Hotel Address:
1380 Virginia Ave.
Atlanta, GA 30344



<http://sere2007.atlantacamarilla.com/>

Top 10 Reasons to Attend**SERE!** - By Wendy R.**Reason 10**

We have the busiest airport in the world - hundreds of flights each day.

Reason 9

In early May, experience Hotlanta without the scorching summer temps.

Reason 8

Earn 4XP over cap in each venue!

Reason 7

See a Trustee in their natural habitat - Atlanta has 5!

Reason 6

Three Words: Chicken and Waffles

Reason 5

Largest Aquarium in the world.

Reason 4

After Sherman, dealing with Jesse Morgan will be a cake walk.

Reason 3

Road trips from Florida, Tennessee and Alabama are easy.

Reason 2

There is a full liquor store directly across from the hotel.

Reason 1

The Prince of Atlanta is hot.

Blue - by Brian A. Jones

The rain fell down with hard, heavy splats against the sidewalk, further obscuring an already bleak night. Another long drag on the cigarette, and then Thomas stepped out from under the small alcove that protected him from the most enthusiastic raindrops. Thomas pulled his trench tight around his neck, in a small effort to keep dry. The rain fell straight down, with little life at all, until it pavement with hard, heavy sighs. Thomas preferred thunderstorms or at least rainstorms with a little more spirit. This was depressing, and the last thing anyone needed in this city was a reason to be more depressed. The rain washed the color out of everything, yet refused to make anything clean. Thomas resolved not to think too much about it, and trudged on, watching the rain fall on his shoes as he walked.

Thomas' ultimate destination was his apartment, and his bed, but he was in no hurry to get there. Nothing awaited him there, but dreams and memories, neither of which he was particularly interested in dealing with at the moment. So instead, he wandered aimlessly through the wet, dripping city, heading vaguely east, towards the docks. Here and there he passed others out in the city, in ones or twos, almost all silent, each with their own heads bowed under the weight of the city, or of

their own problems. Thomas didn't give them a thought once he was passed them. He had stopped noticing other people a long time ago.

Had it been that long ago? He wondered silently to himself. He remembered there was a time where it didn't seem to rain constantly, when there were other colors in the city, besides brown and gray and black. He remembered... blue.

Blue had been her favorite color. She had been practically obsessed with it. She collected blue like some boys collect comic books. Thomas had chastised it once or twice, about how if she could have it so, the whole world would be filled with various shades of blue. The only thing that wasn't blue and she didn't seem to have any desire to turn such was her stunning red hair.

Thomas dug his fingernails into his palms at the thought of her. Apparently, the memories waiting at home realized he was avoiding them, and came out looking for him. He

looked up from the sidewalk for one of the few neon signs that dotted the long avenue. The sign that answered his need was a strip club with some vaguely suggestive name. Thomas didn't really care about the name, as long as they had alcohol. With the clientele and the ladies that worked this side of town, alcohol was a necessity.

He traded the dull brown and grays of the outside world for the dull reds and tarnished gold of the inside. Lifting his head briefly to take in the view, he saw only six people in the bar. Two were dancers, each on a separate stage, both lethargically swaying to the pulsing beat that pervaded the bar. They both looked lost somewhere else, and neither paid any attention to the two patrons who gazed at them greedily. In one corner was a Mexican mopping off a third, unused stage. Thomas walked over to the bar, and sat directly in front of the bartender, the only remaining soul in the establishment. He looked up long enough to make eye

Don't forget to pre-register for SERE!
at: [http://sere2007.atlantacamarilla.com/](http://sere2007.atlantacamarilla.com/menu_registration.html)
menu_registration.html

Blue (continued)

contact with the bartender, a thin, greasy man, with brown hair and tired eyes. "You got Vodka?" he asked. The bartender just nodded. "Vodka Collins," he said, and slid a five dollar bill across the bar. He lowered his head as the bartender went off to make the drink. He tried to lose himself in the music, or at least find whatever grail that was distracting the girls from their own chosen profession. Sadly, it eluded him. He thought briefly about looking up and around for a distraction, but he lacked the will to make his body comply.

"You want to dance?" a slightly feminine voice asked from behind him. The voice was tired, like too little sleep and too many cigarettes packed into a life the liver had long since tired of. Thomas shook his head, and looked toward the bartender. He was walking back towards Thomas, drink in hand. "Suit yourself," came her answer from behind him.

Thomas slowly nursed the vodka, once again trying to keep the memories at bay. He wasn't very successful, but then, he never really was. They would stay away for a while, but then a word, or a phrase, or a smell, and then he was lost in them again. Now, for some reason, he was thinking about poetry.

She ruled in beauty o'er this heart of mine,

*A noble lady in a humble home,
And now her time for heavenly bliss has come,
'Tis I am mortal proved, and she divine.
The soul that all its blessings must resign,
And love whose light no more on earth finds room,
Might rend the rocks with pity for their doom,
Yet none their sorrows can in words enshrine;
They weep within my heart; and ears are deaf
Save mine alone, and I am crushed with care,
And naught remains to me save mournful breath.
Assuredly but dust and shade we are,
Assuredly desire is blind and brief,
Assuredly its hope but ends in death.*

He lost himself in the poetry that had been her first, and certainly her greatest love. So much so that she had even managed to get one or three snagged in his brain to sneak out and torment him on nights like this. Slowly, he returned to the real world, as he became aware that the music had stopped, and the lights were up. He looked around; saw the bartender looking at him. "Anything else?" he asked, more of a suggestion than a question. Thomas looked to the rest of the club, and saw the two dancers sitting at a table, counting their meager takings of the evening. He was about to stand an leave when he saw a flash out of the corner of his eye. A flash of blue, and a halo of red. His heart stopped. His eyes met hers, and smiled with the corner of her mouth. She knelt in front of him, and tied his shoes. He hadn't even realized they were unlaced. Suddenly the absurdity of this woman, kneeling in front of him, tying his shoes, in a strip

club, in a rainy, lost city struck him. He sat down, hard. "Don't I know your name?" she asked, the smile still creeping around the corner of her mouth. Thomas couldn't speak, when he realized he hadn't taken a breath since his eyes had met hers. Her eyes. Hers. They burned across his memory like flames the color of her hair. "You ok?" she asked.

Thomas forced himself to breathe, and to exhale an answer. "Yeah, I'm fine." He said, nodding. His mind was on fire, his thoughts caught in a thundering whirlwind. He wasn't sure if this was real, or if he'd completely lost himself in the memories. "You seem like the silent type, so I thought I'd say hello. I didn't think you ever would." He forced himself to tear his eyes away from hers. "I need to go." He said, each word labored, barely able to escape his lips. He managed to get up and aim himself at the door. Before he knew it, he was outside.

Then the memories came again. It couldn't be her, she was dead. He had seen her die, holding his hand, at the hospital. The day she spoke her last words. The day the color drained from the universe. She couldn't be here now. He had seen her car first, that day. His birthday, and she was on her way to take him to a surprise birth-

day party. She was never good at surprises, so he'd known about it. Not good at surprises, that is, until she managed to show up here, nearly three years after she had died, in some seedy strip club on a drab side of town. She had died, and with her, she had taken the color, and the life from Thomas' world. But he had seen her, there, in the bar, as clearly as he had on that last day of her life.

He walked, barely realizing he was moving, until he stood inside the door of his own apartment. The last bit of rain dripped off him in a puddle, as he leaned against the door. He thought back to her, lying in the hospital. By that point, it was certain she wasn't going to make it, but she didn't seem to be in pain. Maybe it was the drugs the doctor had given her. She kept just looking at him, and finally, she took a deep breath, and said to him, "Don't worry, honey, we'll meet again. Someday." And then she fell asleep. She never woke up. He never saw her again, until tonight. He sat down on the couch, and stared at the ceiling. It seemed like everything was an illusion now, even more so than before. He had to find her again. If she was out there, then he would find her. Finally, he slept. He did not wake up.

South East Forsaken 2007 Regional Event

Join us ... for the Southeast Region's first multi-day single-focus venue event of The Camarilla's New World of Darkness Chronicle!

The Southeast Forsaken Regional Event will be held at F.D. Roosevelt State Park in Southwest GA from Friday, May 25 through Sunday, May 27, 2007. We will offer opportunities for continuous role-play during the event, as well as a "Quiet Cabin" for those that prefer a less than fully submersive RP experience. Additionally, we will be collecting donations for

Horseshoe Creek Wildlife Foundation.

Your \$35 event registration fee pays for:

- ✓Event Badge & Plot Packet
- ✓Souvenir Dog Tags
- ✓Bunk Lodging for two (2) nights
- ✓GA Parks Dept Vehicle Pass
- ✓Five (5) catered meals (OMG, check out the incredible menu!)

Registration fees and event t-shirt pre-orders can be paid electronically through pre-

registration on the event website. The cut-off date for Event Pre-Registration is May 1, 2007. Price stays the same after that, but you'll have to bring cash since there's no ATM on park grounds.

The Event Stylesheet is currently in development, and there will be many opportunities to earn general and regional prestige at this event. Details are available at:

<http://sefre2007.atlantacamarilla.com>

We hope to see you there!

Pre-Register for

SEFRE!

Pre-Register for SEFRE and get a SEFRE 2007 Limited Edition T-Shirt for just \$10.00!

This T-Shirt is a limited deal, and not available at SEFRE, it is only available by pre-registering.



the change

with anticipation

i tremble

hot blood rushing

i change

my true self

revealing

as a wolf

reborn

-By Rebecca
Feb 27, 1994

Born of the Sea

by Lakshmi

Out of the blue Lukhee, a person she only chatted with on the school bus, invited her over to celebrate *Ghambar Maidyoshem*. Lukhee was a Parsi, Zah'ra's household was Hindu and though they respected each other's beliefs, it was common to simply let people practice their own thing separately. With Muslims in the neighborhood too, it's what was done to make sure that no boats got rocked.

So she thought about it and decided she'd go. She didn't have any other plans for that Tuesday night besides watching her brother play basketball and if you've seen one hopeless slaughter of pride and ego for the sake of sports achievement, you've seen them all. At least by going to Lukhee's she could cop to learning something new; the Zoroastrian celebration of the creation of Water sounded so much cooler in comparison. (I know, Zah'ra's a very strange girl.)

So she went. It was pretty neat, but ultimately ended up being a huge pain in the ass. Lukhee's guilty and apologetic glances were all the warning she'd had of the set-up. Turning around she found Luck-

hee's brother Aban standing there asking if she wanted something to eat. Not quite certain of the customs, she accepted. Aban was a senior at their high school, two grades a head of her, and from the moment he brought her the paper plate of fruit and bread, he had her cornered for the rest of the night and did nothing but talk about how awesome he was.

If only he was interesting, but he wasn't. Lame did not define him. He was probably going to be valedictorian and a rocket scientist, or something, but she didn't care. The few times she'd gotten a word in edge-wise to discuss the things she liked, like music, theatre, and dance, he pretty much demeaned her soft, artsy delusions and went back to speaking about how hard calculus was but how he was a freaking whiz at it. Finally, in desperation, she spilled her drink on her new jeans and excused herself to get the hell away.

But since that night, with Water on her mind, she kept having these nightmares.

She would stand at the pier with Coney Island, loud and obnoxious behind her. The smell of a decaying ocean wrapped around her despite

the fierce wind that threatened to push her into the water. It grew stronger and more biting; it began to steal her breath from her. She couldn't breathe. The wind was deafening and she knew that any shouting for help would be carried away where none could hear it. She fell to her knees, splinters driving into her skin and palms as she desperately gasped for air.

The wood beneath her gave way and she sank into the sea. Here, she could breathe the water. The water was warm and safe. She opened her eyes and saw lights beneath her. She began to swim toward it.

Hands wrapped around her ankles and dragged her kicking to the surface. She was pulled onto a beach of glass. The glass was beautiful but it cut her feet when she stood. She turned to look at who had dragged her to the surface. It was her mother and brother.

Her kind, tiny mother stood dressed in an immaculate white sari. Gold bracelets gently tinkling on her wrists. Gold glowing at her ears, around her neck, and in the part of her hair. She smiled sweetly and whispered in Hindi, "Not yet."

Mayur stood beside his mother, dressed in overly baggy white sweats. His baseball cap turned to the back on his shaved

head. He never smiled but instead, always smirked. (He thought it made him look "hard". She always thought it made him look 'constipated'.) He reached into the back of his waistband and pulled out a gun, pointing it at her. From behind her, she heard gunshots.

A crimson dot appeared in the center of her mother's forehead. It was not a bindi. It began to ooze. Crimson bled onto the fine fabric of the white sari. She fell stiffly, slowly backwards onto the glass and sank beneath its cold glitter.

Mayur opened his mouth to scream, crimson blood flowed in a small stream from his mouth and down the front of his sweats. He began to stiffly fall toward her, slowly. In horror, all she could do was watch. He also fell onto the glass and sank beneath.

Hearing the sound of a gun cocking, Zah'ra turned in its direction but found nothing but a sea of glass around her. In the distance, she saw a glass tower. She lifted her foot and stepped down ... only to feel herself sinking. She screamed..

And that is when she would wake. She'd had that dream every night since the party. And every night, it was ex-

Stories (Continued)

actly the same, except for the end. Every night, the sound of gunshots were louder and closer and when she turned around to see who had shot her family, she would see the tower in the distance. But it would be significantly closer. And every time she tried to step toward the tower, she would sink into the glass and wake.

The dreams stopped the night her mother and brother were murdered in a drive-by shooting. She'd been thirsting all day for water. She drank glass after glass but could never quite calm the thirst. She went to bed earlier than usual that night because she had a huge project due in class Monday that she hadn't even started. She fell asleep. A deep, dark sleep. There was no water, no glass, no Tower, no Mother and Brother. There was only darkness and thirst. She was thirsty again. The thirst brought her to near-wakefulness and after fighting the urge for at least an hour; she finally went downstairs and padded into the kitchen. She reached up into the cabinet for a glass and somehow managed to knock another glass off the shelf to crash onto the grey linoleum.

Careful to not cut herself, she skirted the glass and fetched the broom and dust pan.

When she returned, she swept the glass into one place and bent to collect the glass... And for a moment in the refraction of light, she thought she saw the Tower. She froze and then shook her head. She threw the glass into the basket and turned, only to feel something sting. She lifted her foot and found a small bit of glass, forgotten, imbedded. She picked the glass from her foot and threw it away, somehow cutting herself in the process. Frowning, she brought her finger to her lips and sucked the blood from the small wound.

Her thirst stopped.

The phone rang.

- by Janeka Rector



A Note From Your Prestige Auditor

Hello SE Members,

Just a brief note to remind you of prestige logs. I usually do them on weekends when my mind is fresh so I make fewer mistakes. A few points, however, as a reminder.

1. Please make certain that you have your log in the correct, nationally approved format. If you need a copy, it can be found here. <http://camarilla.white-wolf.com/usnc/documents/PrestigeTemplate-5-10-01.xls>

2. Please make certain that you enter your prestige awards in the month they were earned, not the month the awards were released.

Example. If you donated to a regional/ national charity event in the month of Feb 2007, list it in the month of Feb 2007 in your log. If the awards aren't released/ placed on a website until March 2007 or later, no big deal. But please make certain that you list it in the month of February. If the appropriate officer report hasn't posted yet, or if the awards haven't been posted to a website yet, I will either cut them until they can be verified then add them back later, or I will hold on to the log until the awards are released. Either way, I will contact you, the member, and/ or your supervising coordinator to find out which you would prefer before I do anything. Especially if the

awards are scheduled to be released soon... say in about a week when the RC report comes out.

3. If you ever have any prestige type questions, feel free to drop me a line at amy@tampabay.rr.com. I will answer to the best of my ability or connect you with the person who can.

4. Please make certain that any awards you have listed in your log match your coordinator's reports. I spot check the CSR/ DSR's when reviewing a prestige log and if something doesn't match, I will have to cut it. So, if you did something and reported it to your coordinator, make certain they put it in their report.

5. Coordinators and members both, please make observe line item and category caps for prestige awards. These can be found starting on page 18 in the Membership Handbook.

I think that about covers it for this issue. As mentioned before, if you have any questions either drop me an e-mail or I can be found in SE Regional Office Hours every other Monday night on IRC, usually at 9pm EST/ 8 pm CST. These dates are usually posted a month in advance in each SE RC report.

- Amy Osborne

Featured Games of the Month

APRIL 2007

Event Coordinator D. Lahey

canonization@yahoo.com

Event Storyteller Jake Tessler

Mordecai_neoton@yahoo.com

Location

Comfort Inn and Conference Center
Longwood, FL (407) 862-4000

Venues

Forsaken, Awakening, Requiem

Charity Event

Greater Orlando Food Bank
www.greaterorlandofoodbank.com

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20 Orlando, FL	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

MAY 2007



Event Coordinator To Be Announced

Event Storyteller To Be Announced

Location

Blue Angel Recreational Park
Pensacola, FL

Venues

Requiem, Mage

Charity Event

Manna Food Bank

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10 South East Regional Event	11	12
13 SERE	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25 SEFRE	26
27 SEFRE	28	29	30	31		

JUNE 2007

Event Coordinator To Be Announced

Location

Blue Angel Recreational Park
Pensacola, FL

Venues

Requiem, Mage

Charity Event

Manna Food Bank

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



Want to host a Featured Game of the Month?

We invite your domain to host a Featured Game of the Month. If your domain is interested in this, please contact the Regional Coordinator at whitewynd@yahoo.com and the Regional Storyteller at serst@jyhad.net. Be sure to include the following information: Chapter/Domain, Requested Date, Venue(s), Game Location, Charity and Game Premise for each venue.

