



Graphic by James Johnson, US2002056000

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Coordinator Spotlight

Sean Roper, US2012100137

Sean Roper is the Coordinator Spotlight for November. Sean was born in New York and raised as a military brat. He spent 5 years in Germany during the 1980's. He was in Bamberg/Frankfurt when the wall came down in Berlin. Sean enlisted in the USAF in 2002 and got out in 2006 when his daughter was born. He moved back down to South Florida in 2012 and that is when he joined Minds Eye Society. It's hard for Sean to believe that it's been 2 years already.

When not involved with MES, Sean likes to game. A lot. He plays a lot of console shooters and World of Warcraft. "FOR THE HORDE!" Sean likes to play around in the kitchen with different recipes as well as fishing when the weather is good.

Sean recommends that other coordinators take time to just breathe. The position of Coordinator can be overwhelming if you let it. Sean suggests that coordinators take a step back for a few and just realize a lot of it is probably just you imagining things are worse than they are.

For Sean, the best part of being a coordinator is seeing a domain run smoothly with a site, players and everything all meshing well together. There is a feeling of accomplishment in seeing everything go so well, even if the coordinator only has a minor hand in it.

On the flip side, Sean's biggest challenge as a coordinator is making sure that the domain has a location to use for game and that the domain has enough members to participate in the domain. Luckily, Sean's Domain has a good game store that works with the domain to provide a site to use on game nights. Being in a smaller city, recruitment is a little harder, "but in the end it's totally worth it when you get a new player and by the end of the night they are excited to come back for the next game."

Crowning of the Scarlet King



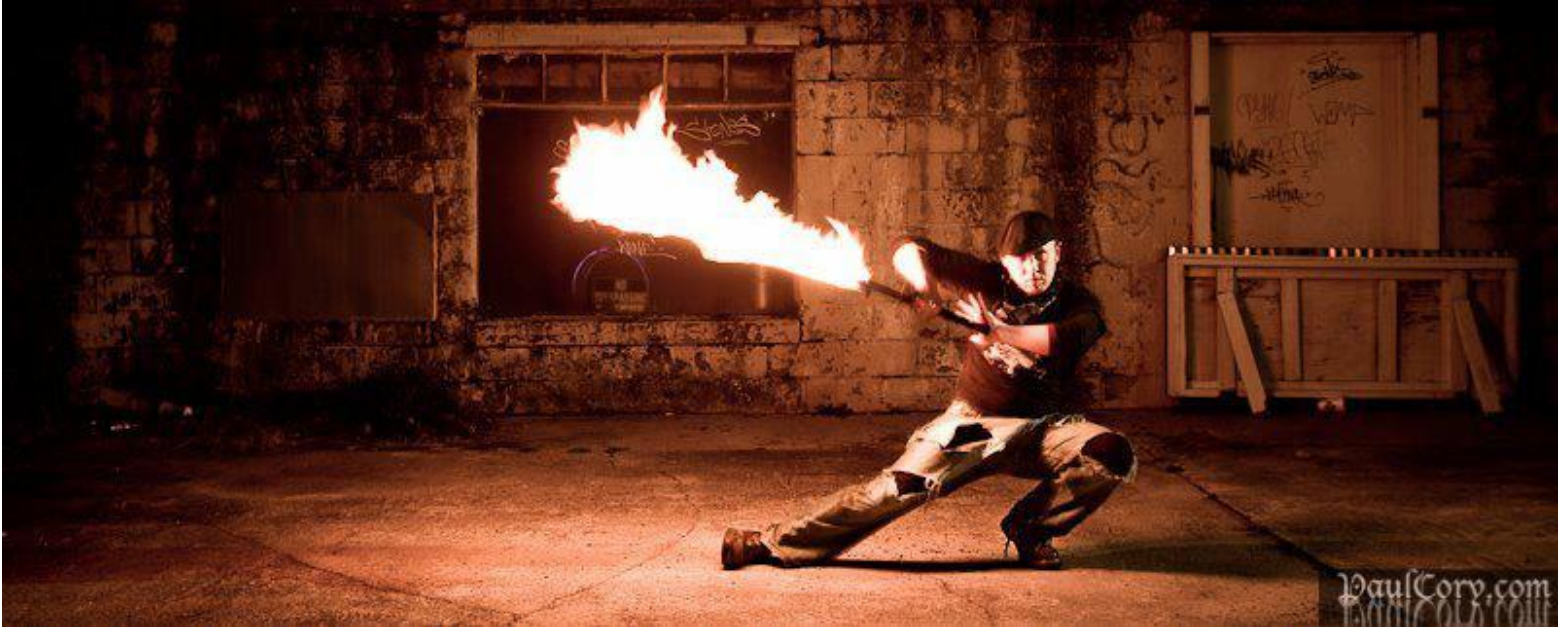
Accord- Charleston, SC

by James Johnson, US2002056000

The Blood Wars between the Lost and Kindred continue to rage with members of the Accord locked in the middle. The Wyrld chose a leader to protect the Lost but with protection comes his insane blood thrust. His symbol will be burned into the minds that stand against him.

Playing with Fire

Photos of Andrew Hermann, US2005022960



Member Spotlight

Lena Tudor, US2009104933



Lena advises new members to get involved, play big scary characters and don't be intimidated by the Member Class System. "LARP and playing high-rolling characters comes down to what you think you can get away with. If you act like the big bad, they'll fall in line."

Lena has recently seen members of the MES rally around other members in need and suggest that members remember that, "no one will get you like your fellow nerds will, and we take care of our own."

For Lena the best part about being in the MES has been turning gaming acquaintances into real-life friendships.

Lena Tudor is the Southeast Region Member Spotlight for November. Lena has been a member of MES since 2009. Her first game was ICC 2009. At that time she was pursuing her Master's degree in Women's Studies at the University of Alabama and she was writing her thesis as a participant-observer of a LARP. Lena is now half way through her Ph.D. in History and is still attending the University of Alabama.

Because of her studies, Lena doesn't have any spare time, but if she did she would play more Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2 and "plot to rule the world as your worst feminist lesbian nightmare."



November Regional Charity Drive



Charities: Reaching Out

by Kat Lone, US2008032102



National, Regional and Local Charity Drives happen in the MES every month. Members might feel like they are in Charity overload at times. Here are a few examples of how my local Domain has gotten more involved in the charities we participate in and really made the difference we make, make a difference in our own lives.

We try to make the charity mean more than just dropping off clothes or food. Many times, our Domain chooses someplace local to deliver our items to that allows us to actually see the good we are doing. One of our favorites is Poinsett House. This is a home for disabled, low income seniors. Last year, during the Remembering the Elderly Regional Drive, we had decided to deliver flowers and candy to the residence. There was one problem... Mother Nature. We had a huge snow and ice storm the week of Valentine's Day and were not able to make our deliveries on time.

When we arrived to deliver our Valentine surprises, we found out from one of the residents that Meals on Wheels had not run for that entire week and many of the residents were out of food. We offered to drive residents to the store so they could get what was needed. As two of the ladies were getting in the truck, I discovered that one was wearing slippers and another sandals and there was still a lot of snow on the ground. When I asked about this, they told me that they didn't have anything better to wear. So we made a stop at the shoe store and the domain bought shoes and socks for the ladies before taking them to the grocery store.

We had a little money left over from the donations for candy and flowers and were able to buy some of the basic grocery needs for the folks at Poinsett House. This winter is expected to be colder and wetter than last year. Our Domain has decided that for our canned food drive, all of our donations will go to the residents at Poinsett House to help them stock up in case Meals on Wheels is unable to reach them again this winter.

My advice to members is to find a way to make the charity you participate in touch your members in a personal way. Make it so the members have the opportunity, when able, to really see how their good deeds help those in the community. Please send pictures and stories about your charities into the Regional Newsletter to help inspire others.

Portraits of the Camarilla

Through the Eyes of a Neonate Toreador

by Robert Nunley, US2014010019



Part Eight: Caitiff

Trash; Noun; discarded matter; refuse.
The words you use have power, you know.
Me? I know. My sire was a poet of the Rose.
I rose above those below and shone so brightly
that she couldn't let me go, no.
But I showed her, it seems.
Showed her that her curse had
something different in mind for me,
but she couldn't see,
that I had become free.
Perhaps she failed somehow,
she mused, while she abused
me.
Perhaps my blood was just too thin,
she asked no one in particular,
as though water would have been a better
substitute for that which flows
through the rivers of my
tainted corpse. No.
I am who I was meant to be.
I challenge you. Find a rose whose power flows
like mine.
Unique; Adjective; being the only one of its kind;
The words you use have power, you know.

Unspoken Vows

(In Collaboration with Touch of Emerald)

by Krista Garrett, US2012050048



"Thump thump. Thump thump."

Of all the things I have been through, how does this even register. It's not like I'm getting shot at it.... Anymore.

Sitting out side the bookstore on a lovely fall day. Hard to believe that I'm sweating like a freaking idiot. It's just a girl.

She walked into the store with her boss. Looking lively, feisty even. Strawberry hair framing and falling around her sun kissed face. Gods be cruel, I wouldn't want her any other way.

Her crystal blue eyes catch me as she glances up at me from talking with her stupid boss. He eyes me again. Same look. Always the same look.

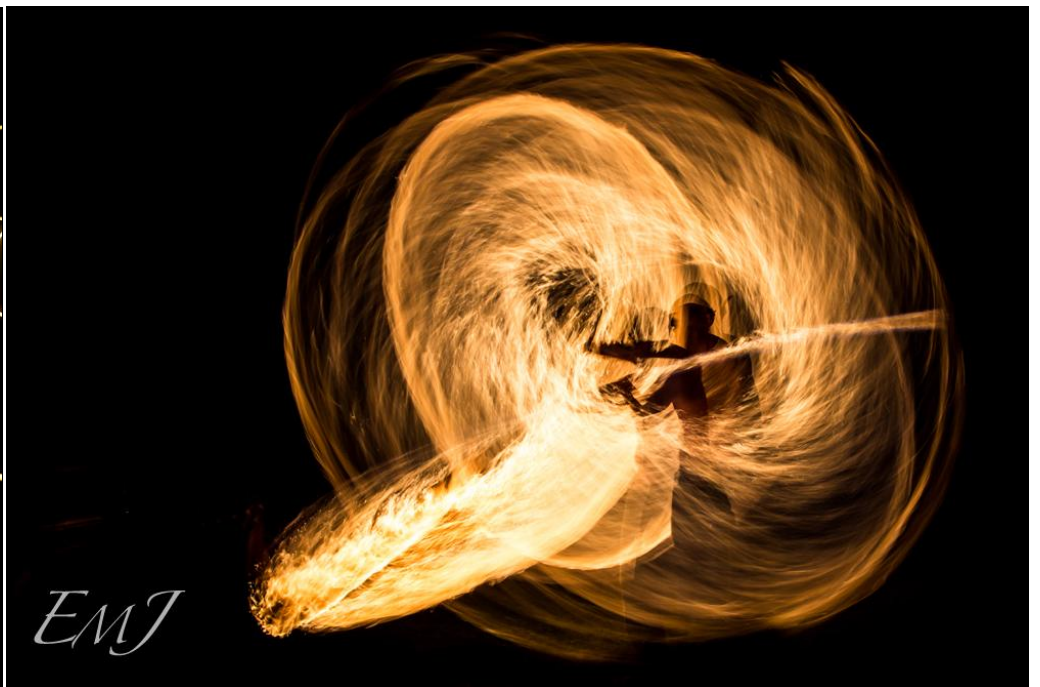
I am gonna be late if I don't leave but at least now I know she made it to work safe. Insists on taking that god forsaken bus to work. I have tried time and time again. She never listens.

Smirking to myself, I run off before I am late.

Emma's Photo Booth

By Emma Finley, US2013040105

"The world is full of magic things, patiently waiting for our senses to grow sharper."
-W.B.Yeats



Claimed: Part One

By Khorl Duvall



I rested my head on the cool glass of the back window of the new Lincoln town car that still had the new car smell that I loved so much as the plush leather seat hugged my body like a glove and watched the light posts zipping past. I sighed as I contemplated the city that we had moved to only a few short months ago so that I could finish my internship on the way to becoming a medical examiner. It was a grand and sprawling city with stunning skyscrapers and green trees for as far as I could see and a night life that never seemed to die down. There were always other cars on the road any time of night. I loved it already though without the GPS in the car I would have been totally lost because this was the largest place that I had ever lived. My father for whatever reason always avoided large cities as if they were the plague but had made the move here with me when I was accepted at the local university hospital despite my arguments that he let me go alone. I was twenty five, a woman grown and about to be a full fledged doctor, doubtless it was time I learned to live on my own. Sadly when your father is a vampire that was around before World War I you will always be a little girl and fathers will be fathers, always looking to protect you. Despite how frustrating it was at times I couldn't be mad, my father had lived in constant fear of losing me ever since my mother, his ghoul and wife, had died in a horrific car crash when I was ten. Since then I hadn't been allowed to go anywhere on my own and so me, my father, my father's ghoul (also my bodyguard), and our two maids had all moved to a new pre-furnished home in the richest and most fashionable area of the city. Slowly I looked over at my bodyguard, from the back seat I could only see his profile highlighted by the passing street lights as he drove me home from dinner and a movie. He always knew when I had a bad day at class or a bad round at the hospital even if I didn't tell him. Today hadn't been a very good one and without a word he had taken me for a night out to help me relax before taking me home. From the back seat I regarded my life long companion, he was even older than my father by almost seventy years but had stopped aging somewhere in his early fifties. His short black hair was streaked with grey but just as thick as it had been in his youth. His tall broad frame was still solid under his perfect charcoal grey Armani suit that hid the two guns worn in a shoulder rig at all times. He had been ghoulled by my father's Sire before my father had even been born to his human family, his life then was much as it was now, a servant. I had asked my father several questions over the years about vampires, ghouls, and that whole world that I only knew a tiny part of. My father would become upset and refuse to answer any of my questions at all but once or twice I had managed to get his ghoul to answer a few small things that when I pieced them together made a slightly bigger picture. My father was not like other vampires, something had 'gone wrong' when he was turned and he was known as a Caitiff, shunned by others of his kind.

Artwork

by Andrew Hermann, US2005022960



Gathering of Clan Gangrel

September 2014

Photos by Destiny Nancy, US2014010063

Shields made by Katie Nancy, US2006027361 and Joseph Schill, US2013120065

This gathering was hosted by Clan Gangrel on September the 27th. It consisted of 3 games. 1st was a test of strength, where each clan had three shields. Two kindred would go against each other, only hitting the shields and whoever broke three shields first, won that round and so on. The winner of this game was Drago Giovanni. The second game was riddles. The riddles (ones I cannot recall at this moment) were of people who had tokens, you had to figure out who it was a challenge them to get it. Whoever had the tokens by the end of the night got a prize. The winners of this was Ashad Wicker and Anastasia Sticks Martin. The third game was to hunt a deer. You could use a bow and arrow or disciplines but no guns. Too loud. Many kindred fought hard to get this deer for their Prince but in the end, the one who got it was Cosette St Marie, our domain's own sheriff. This night was full of laughter, drama and yelling but all around full of so much fun! I wish I could have gotten more photos but I was so caught up in enjoying myself, I forgot. This is a night that will always be remembered.



Surviving the Night: A Netherworld Firsthand Experience

by Tommie Boatwright, US2013100140



Left to Right: Michael Barker, Aldea Boaz, Holly Houtekier, Tommie Boatwright

It was a dark and moonless night when the members of the Atlanta Domain descended upon a poorly lit parking lot to brave the horrors of Netherworld. A realm very similar to the world of darkness we commonly portray ourselves within as characters in an evolving story. The sound of screams and chainsaws filled the air as we huddled together for safety as we braved the horrors of Atlanta's premiere haunted house. Our hair stood on end as we entered the blood stained halls of Spliced. Where creatures were experimented on and cloned, yet the creatures had overcome their creators turning the halls into a place out of nightmare. We faced the horrors with what little courage we could muster and more than once the creatures nearly claimed the lives of one of my companions. The further we progressed into this madhouse the more terrifying and dangerous the clones became. Yet we persevered and survived the horror only to stumble directly into something even worse.

Witches threw curses and hexes at us while summoning undead and worse to torment us as we sought to survive the horrors we had stumbled upon. Spores filled the air as we sought to escape a forest of carnivorous plants that nearly claimed my leg. However beautiful maidens made of plants aided us briefly only to attempt to turn the tables as the dryads only wanted us for their own consumption. As we set fire to the forest and fled we stumbled into a decrepit tomb that was filled with ogres arguing over which of us they would consume first! I wouldn't wish this fate on my worst foes but for those seeking adventure I believe Netherworld is willing to provide it in spades. Go and enjoy all the horrors it has to offer before it's too late!

Recipe of the Month

Cranberry Glazed Ham

by Michael Lone, US2006088415



Ingredients:

Half smoked ham
20-30 whole cloves
12 oz bag whole fresh cranberries
1 orange, juiced and zested
1/2 cup orange juice
1/4 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup pineapple juice
1 cup dark brown sugar

Score the ham by making cross hatches about 1/2 inch apart. Press a clove into the center of each square between the score marks. Place the ham into a roasting pan and bake at 350 for two hours. While the ham is baking, in a medium saucepan combine fresh

cranberries, orange juice and zest, and lemon juice 1/2 cup pineapple juice. Cook these down over low heat stirring occasionally until it has reduced and the cranberries have burst and become soft. You can strain out the seeds of you would like at this point but I usually leave them in. Add the brown sugar and cook on low heat for another ten minutes or until the mixture is smooth. At the end of the two hours, pour the cranberry glaze mixture over the ham and bake for another 30 minutes.

This makes a delicious, somewhat tart and not overly sweet glaze that will impress your Thanksgiving Dinner guests and pairs well with a cranberry martini.

Cranberry Martini

1 shot vodka
1/2 shot orange liqueur
1/2 shot dry vermouth
2 shots cranberry juice
1 cup of ice

Orange slices
Fresh cranberries

In a Combine ingredients in a shaker and shake gently holding the shaker sideways then strain into a martini glass and garnish with orange slice and cranberries



Ask Madame Dixie

by Elizabeth Namiotko, US2010076348

Dear Madame Dixie,
How long should an Elder keep a neonate waiting for a meeting to emphasize their relative lack of importance? An hour? A week? A decade?
Sincerely,
Time is no Barrier (Mark Zohn US2011097999)

Well Now,
I'm curious as to how long this Elder has already kept you waiting. I can tell you I never keep people waiting for more than a week, maybe two, without updating the person I'm supposed to be speaking with. Neonate or not, you deserve the common decency of letting a person know that they are not simply being ignored. Of course, if they're actually ignoring you, that could be another issue all together...
Ever Polite,
Madame Dixie

Dear Madame Dixie,
My cabal mate wants to pee on everything. Being Kindred and all, seems like an unnecessary waste of vitae. How do you stop this behavior without getting Gangrel claws to the face?
Signed,
I'm Not Paper Training That (Tony LoneFight US2007029471)

Not Paper Training,
What, exactly, does your cabal mate seem to think he will accomplish by putting his blood on everything? Is there some sort of predator or other Kindred he is attempting to keep away with the scent of his blood? You'll likely need to navigate the situation with some care, as I doubt he wishes to be told that his need to mark his territory is really just not appropriate. Perhaps you could tell him you're concerned about his blood being all over the place bringing Hunters or being the cause of some accidental animal ghoulings...
Kindred Don't Pee On Things,
Madame Dixie

Dear Madame Dixie,
I got told I was in a Gangrel coterie. I didn't seem to have much choice, so I agreed. Does that make me the bitch?
Signed,
What are the Bitch's Duties? (Tony LoneFight US2007029471)

Dear Bitch,
Oh wait, perhaps I should answer the question before I answer the question...
Yes, dear, I believe a Coterie of Gangrel inducting you without giving you a choice makes you the bitch of the 'pack'. Hopefully, your new family is not inclined to make too many messes you'll have to clean up...
If we ever meet, I'll give you belly rubs,
Madame Dixie

Dear Madame Dixie,
I find myself in an unusual situation. An old "friend," as in very close friend, has recently come out of the closet, so to speak. She now has fur in places I never thought could have fur. And fangs, and claws. She likes to howl at the moon now, if you catch my drift.
Well, since then I have never felt more alive, if you will excuse the pun. It's like everything is more vivid and I have more energy in my step. Heck, I don't mind going to court anymore. My problem is that my sire would not look very kindly on this sort of relationship, not to mention the rest of my Elders. And I've seen what happens to those who the Elders do not approve of. Who do I do?
Furry Friend From Down South (Gary Hicks US2002023506)

Furry Friend,
Let me begin by expressing my concern for your safety, and not just from your Elders. Your friend's family is not likely to take very kindly to her dating a 'leech'. Also, if you think Kindred can have a nasty temper, the temper of her ilk can be quite a bit more vicious. You'd better get very accustomed to lying about how good that dress makes her butt look.
As for your Elders, learn to keep secrets. Don't mention your friend's condition to other Kindred, and don't bring her around anyone who might pick up on it. I'm sure the whole thing is quite exciting, and if you're getting a nibble off her here and there, that's likely the reason for your new joie de vivre. Enjoy yourself, but be careful... and get used to having to take a little me time after rolling about in the hay.
Curious & Concerned,
Madame Dixie

Dear Madame Dixie,
I am a newly embraced Kindred. My family is unaware of what I have become, but my mother wants me to come to Thanksgiving Dinner. For as long as I can remember my family has had dinner at 2:00pm. Do you have advice on how I can handle not drawing my mother's ire by not attending our family's annual gathering?

Young One,
There are two angles to approach this from. The first is that most Kindred find a reason to no longer be connected to their families. Really, it's a threat to your existence, as they could eventually become keen to the changes you've undergone, and that could prove dangerous for you and those around you.
Now, from the angle of actually answering your question...
You could tell her you have a new beau, and that he works a job where holidays are not given, and he is unable to attend such an early time. Go find yourself a nice attractive partner, give him a little vitae, and convince him to lie on your behalf. Tell your parents that you'd really like for them to meet your new boyfriend, but you simply won't be able to make it if they schedule such an early Thanksgiving. If your parents are like most, they'll be so concerned over the boyfriend, they'll put aside causing headache over event times.
Spinner of Tales,
Madame Dixie

NOVEMBER 2014



Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1 All Saints Day
2 Daylight Savings Time Ends	3	4 Election Day	5 Regional Office Hours on IRC	6	7	8
9	10	11 Veterans' Day	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27 Thanksgiving Day	28 Black Friday	29
30 Advent Begins						

Special Thanks to everyone who sent in Contributions for the Newsletter!

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**Please send submissions for the newsletter to searc.newsletter@gmail.com
 Please send your questions for Madame Dixie to enamiotkomes@gmail.com**