

# SOUTH EASTERN REGIONAL NEWSLETTER



~MARCH~  
Edition



Banner by James Johnson, US2002056000

## What's Inside

March Feature Game of the Month: Auburn, AL-001-D

SCARAB Con Feature Game of the Month Photos

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And James Mills, US2013050197

Styx's Bedtime Stories: by Lonnie Thompson, US2002022218

Recipe of the Month: by Michael Lone, US2006088415

Five Minutes: by Shaun Wittenburg, US2012110074

Claimed, Part Five: by Khorl Duvall

Ask Madame Dixie: by Elizabeth Namiotko, US2010076348

South East Regional Calendar



# March Feature Game

## Rage Across Auburn



Hosted by Auburn, AL-001-D

The Cities of Auburn and Opelika has stood a blight since the Ratkin War. The courage of the Garou managed to free Auburn from the taint of the Wyrms a year ago, but a much deeper darkness still rules over Opelika. The city will not be freed from its grip by simple force of arms. Only through understanding the past will the Garou gain the wisdom they need to shape the future.

Prelude

Friday March 20<sup>th</sup> 5pm – 12am

1273 Lee Rd 11, Opelika, AL 26804

Main Event

Saturday March 21<sup>st</sup> 11am-7pm

Kitchen 3810

3810 Pepperell Pkwy, Opelika, AL 36801

Event supports Alabama Husky Rescue

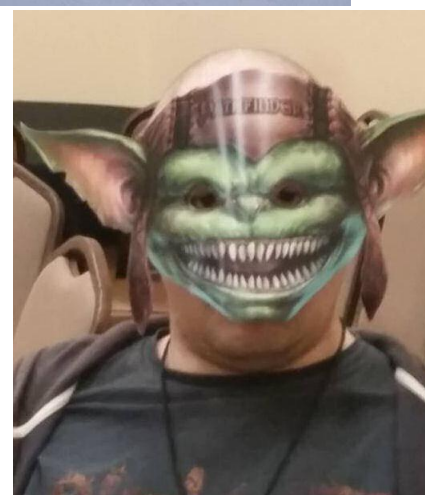
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# SCARAB January FGotM Photos









## *Styx's Bedtime Stories*

(OOC: To be read in a thick Brooklyn accent. Spelling and grammar mistakes intentional.)

### **The Two Brothuhs**

Once upon a time there was two little boys named Hanzel and Styx. They were brothuhs and lived with there caretaker Steve. Steve was always good and kind to them but because they were brothuhs sometimes they would pick on each other.

One day Hanzel thought it would be funny to draw a penis on Styxs fourhead with a sharpie marker while he was sleeping. Styx was very very cross with Hanzel because of this. Because it took him 2 hours with the buffer and a 110 grit sanding disk to get it off and it left a big nasty scab on his fourhead all night.

The next day Styx woke up early and dropped a Chevy 327 engine block on Hanzels head. And Styx laughed and laughed and they all lived happily evuh aftuh.

The end.

Gloom Patrol Rules!

Styx

### **The Cup Check Lesson**

Once upon a time there was two little boys named Rex and Styx. They were brothuhs and lived with there caretaker Steve. Steve was always good and kind to them but because they were brothuhs sometimes they would pick on each other.

Rex liked to cup check people and that means he would hit them in the grown growin crotch with his fists. This hurt very much because Rex was strong. One night Rex checked Styxs cup and Styx fell down and said it felt like his stomach was gonna explode. So Styx hit Rex with a tire iron. Steve came in

to see what all the comoshun noise was about, and put a buck fifty in the back of Rexs head. Styx laughed and felt bettuh and had change for the soda machine. And they all lived happily evuh aftuh.

The end.

Gloom Patrol Rules!

Styx

### **The Swimming Lesson**

Once upon a time there was two little boys named Joey and Styx. They were brothuhs and lived with there caretaker Steve. Steve was always good and kind to them but because they were brothuhs sometimes they would pick on each other.

One day Joey thawt it wuld be funny to throw Styx off the Charleston bridge because he new that Styx cuddint swim. Styx was very mad at Joey because he got tangled in seaweed and bit on the leg by a sand shark, and also he got hit in the head with a boat propelluh. When Styx got home he pretended to not be mad at Joey. Two nights latuh when Joey went to see his gumar, Styx waited and when Joey cam out of her house he ran over him once or twice with the van. Styx laughed and laughed about it but the joke was really on him because it took him 3 nights to fix the alignment because Joeys head is like a big hunk of metal. and they all lived happily ever after.

The end.

Gloom Patrol Rules!

Styx

# Recipe of the Month

By Michael Lone, US2006088415

## Irish Shortbread Cookies



- 2 cups softened butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 cups flour

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Cream butter until it is fluffy. Beat in sugar and add salt. Slowly add flour one cup at a time. Turn out onto a floured surface and roll to ½ inch thick. Cut into desired shape or use cookie cutters. Dock the top of the cookies with a fork if you don't want them too puffy on top. Place on parchment paper lined cookie sheet and bake for about 20 minutes or until just barely browned. Cool on a wire rack.

## Steak and Stout Pie

- 2 lbs lean steak
- 1 Tablespoon flour
- 1 pack finely chopped bacon
- 2 large onions minced
- 1 bell pepper minced
- 1 bottle of dark stout beer
- 1 Tablespoon thyme
- ½ teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1 pack pie crust



Cut steak into bite size pieces then coat with flour. Render bacon in a large skillet. Stir in steak and cook until browned. Scoop out the meat and set aside in a crock pot, leaving the fat behind. Cook onion and bell pepper until tender and add to steak mixture. Pour stout over meat mixture. Cover crock pot and let cook for about 2-3 hours.

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Line a deep dish pie pan with one pie crust and using a pie weight (or dry beans) bake in a preheated oven for about 10 minutes. Place steak filling in pie crust and cover with second crust sealing the edges of the pie by pinching the crust together. Cut slits in the top of the crust to vent and bake 15-20 minutes or until golden brown.

# Five Minutes



By Shaun Wittenburg, US2012110074

The woman looked at the clock nearly hidden in the navy gloom of the night. In the soft glow of the streetlamps she read the time, five minutes. She nodded slowly, as if not understanding the message before her as she sat on the bed. Cold sheets tossed aside and her legs drawn in tight. Gently, she rocked, thinking of times before this stygian darkness, of gayety and joy. Of happiness and light.

A passing car broke her from her thoughts. She stopped, drawing herself even closer in her fears and comforts. Her ears reached out, seeking sounds in the half-lit darkness of a murky twilight. The radio carried a tune to her, harsh and loud and angry. She shuddered, one hand wrapping around the discarded edge of the blanket. The clock ticked endlessly. Five minutes, she thought. The words holding no meaning to her fear stricken brain.

The car door slammed, the engine idling in the night. Headlamps danced long shadows across the room, bathing it in a lance of yellow between shades of blue. The minute hand moved with a dull thud, unheard over the cacophonous ministrations of the automobile.

There was a thud on the door, something past a knock, angry. The woman dared not move. Again, the pounding battered at the door, and the wood groaned for the man to go away. The woman crawled deeper into the darkness. Eyes glued upon that wood, a great cover over the maw of her tomb, silently, she prayed for silence.

The lock rattled, tumblers turned and the seconds chipped away. Haunted eyes took in the time as the minute hand ascended ever closer. Terror was in the woman's mind as the door began to slide. Five minutes, she thought to herself. It was her prayer now, no longer merely a passage of time.

The man swaggered, silently listing to either side. A glass club rested in his hand, hidden barely by the dark paper around it. The smell of spirits wafted across the still winds. The woman held back a gag.

Drunken and soiled, the man approached. The seconds passed and then, as he moved upon her, the final second struck. Five minutes had passed as the old church bell rang clearly. The notes struck out a dozen times as the woman's eyes saw white. She sat in the bath, remembering the dark of night. White flooded around her, listening to the tower ring. White marked with a single splash of red.



# Claimed: Part Five



By Khori Duvall

The vampire regarded me grimly.

"I didn't know about you. This is unfortunate and unexpected. I only have a few options on what to do with you." I hugged my arms to myself, cowering against the headboard like a child on my bed that was overflowing with stuffed animals and decorative pillows. "Did you know what he was? How long have you been with him? Has he ever used his powers in front of you?" the questions were fired at me so fast my mind had trouble keeping up with them in the state of shock that I was in.

"I... all my life.. my mother became his ghoul while she was pregnant with me.... Why? Why did you... Daddy never bothered anyone. He kept quiet and to himself!" The vampire at the foot of my bed scowled at me.

"He broke the Masquerade." I blinked several times. "What are you talking about?!" the vampire ran a blood covered hand through his hair making it stick up more. "That isn't important right now. Do you want to live?" he said it so calm and dead pan that it was like a slap to the face that left my jaw slack and my mouth dry. "You only have two options. I kill you like I did the old man down stairs or I take you into my possession."

"No! Just let me go! I won't tell anyone I promise! You will never see me again!" The vampire just shook his head no and crossed his arms. "I don't want to have to kill you but you know too much to erase your memory. It would leave you as a child at best or more likely a vegetable. So choose. Life or death."

"I-I." hanging my head I looked away from him as more tears came to my eyes making my vision blur. Wiping them away I took a deep breath. "I'll go with you." the words came out hollow and I hardly recognized my own voice.

"You have one hour to get cleaned up and packed. Who's name is the car in?" Starting to feel numb I slowly made my way off of the bed and drifted towards the walk in closet next to the bathroom door. "Which car?"

"The one you drive. What about the house?"

"Um... mine. Its the black cherry 370z in the garage. The house and other two cars are all in Dad's name." The vampire pulled out a cell phone from a case on his belt and started to dial a number, a look of frustration crossed his face as his claws grew back out as if he might stab the phone. With a small squeak I rushed into the bathroom and slammed the door behind me, locking it as if that would actually do any good at all. I never should have looked in the mirror. I was covered in blood. Sobbing I stripped and then showered, scrubbing until my skin was raw and the water going down the drain was no longer red or pink. My tormentor pounded on the door making me scream again as I clutched the loofah to my chest.

"You have forty minutes left." his voice rumbled through the door but didn't sound irritated in the slightest that I had just taken twenty minutes in the shower. Quickly turning off the water I stepped out of the shower with a very rushed. "Okay..okay... I'm sorry." Jerking a towel off the rack I wrapped up and then realized that I hadn't managed to get clothing out of my closet like I had first intended. My robe wasn't even in the bathroom!



Dear Madame Dixie,

I have only recently been introduced to our society and I seem to be having a difficult time fitting in. It always seems to be a problem with the way I look. I'm not creepy or anything, just something is off. How do I dress to avoid having the young and/or old to not look at me like I'm growing a second head?

Awkward Youngin  
(Gary Hicks US2002023506)

*Good evening, Youngin,*

*So, the first question would be what about you is off. I assume you are a Haunt, or that your issue is akin to theirs. If such is the case, the best that I can recommend is to find clothing that tastefully detracts from whatever it is that ails your appearance or the feeling you give off to those around you.*

*If your problem falls more into the realm of putting off an aura that makes people uncomfortable, you could try to wear warm and inviting colors in your wardrobe, and choose a manner of dialogue and conversation that keeps people happy in your presence so long as it's viable for the situation.*

*If you'd ever like to visit, perhaps I could get a better feel for your problem and we could go shopping.*

*Best of Luck,  
Madame Dixie*

Dead Madame Dixie,

I recently moved to a new city and started to get settled in just to find the city beset upon by a rather vicious enemy,

and then learn that the former big-man-in-charge likes to eat other people for lunch. So, fast forward a little: Former big man has been captured and turned over to those who were making big threats if they didn't get to be the ones beating his head in, and there's a contention for who gets to sit in his comfy chair. (Yes, I said comfy chair).

Now, herein lies the problem. Both make promises and talk a big game. One looks like a puppet who's managed to cut a few of his strings, and the other seems like he's got a vendetta and wants to teach the muckity mucks a lesson.

So, who do I back up for now? Mind you, at this point, the one with the vendetta has won the race, but I'm pretty sure that's not quite settled.

Rebel With a Cause

*Little Rebel,*

*What would further your 'cause'? It sounds to me as though you likely belong to a group that doesn't generally get along with the 'muckity mucks'. Would it be more prudent, then, to align yourself with them and convince them that looking at you in a better light would be beneficial to them? Or would it be more prudent to align yourself with the one who seems apt to teach them a lesson and make sure that lesson gets through their skulls?*

*I've always been a fan of showing those who think they're something special just how little they really matter in the grand scheme of things. Let me know how the lesson goes.*

*Oh, to be a fly on the wall,  
Madame Dixie*

# March 2015

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4 Regional IRC Office Hours	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17 St. Patrick's Day	18	19	20 Spring Begins	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29 Palm Sunday	30	31				

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

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Please send Newsletter Submissions to [searc.newsletter@gmail.com](mailto:searc.newsletter@gmail.com)

Send submissions for Madame Dixie to [enamiotkomes@gmail.com](mailto:enamiotkomes@gmail.com)