

A woman with dark hair, wearing a black strapless dress, stands in a snowy forest. She is holding a large bouquet of red roses. The background shows bare trees and a snow-covered ground.

South East Regional Newsletter

January 2016

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CHANGELING THE LOST

A Pledge is Born

By Mark Z. US2011097999

The following vignette is to announce that the Atlanta Domain has begun a Lost game. For more information email lostvst@atlantaworldofdarkness.org

Martin Johanson walked back to his cubicle in the planning department for the City of Kennesaw with a sigh, and straightened his rumpled suit, which hung a little loose on his skinny frame. Using the bathroom had been the only break he would take today- he ate lunch at his desk, and spent long hours getting paperwork done. He was determined to show them all what he could do, that he deserved to be promoted. Think of the good he could do for the city! He got ready to sit at his desk, and noticed a card sitting on his keyboard. He looked around- no one was near the desk, but he had only been gone for a minute.

He looked more closely at the card. It read, "Roger Weld, Answered Prayers, 724 High Street, Kennesaw, GA" He flipped the card over and saw that it had today's date and a time- 7pm. He found an itch of curiosity. He looked at some records for Roger Weld- he appeared to be a taxpayer with a modest income. There was no business license. 724 High Street was a modest building that had been run down for some time, and was being leased to a R. Weld.

In the end, he could not control himself. He left work and found himself standing outside a building on a side street, separated from all its neighbors by twisted and swaying trees. Martine shuddered and pulled his coat closer about him to fight off a cool fall breeze. The outside needed paint, and something had caused smoke staining on the side he

could see. There was no sign, just a number, and a small knocker in the shape of a leering creature on its front. He reached forth and knocked. Once.

The door swung open, and a strangely twisted man, not quite hunchbacked, but clearly not... right, stood before him. In a voice that was as twisted as his body, the man said, "Please come in, Mr. Johanson." Something about the man made Martin think about pleasant breezes, so despite his misgivings, he came in. The room had a small desk and many tables and cabinets. Everywhere there seemed to be curios, small items of bric-a-brac.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Johanson. I think that I can help you."

"I am not sure what is happening here, Mr. ... Weld?"

"I think it is time your career got a boost, Mr. Johanson. Haven't you worked incredibly hard, shown them the best you could give them? And all you get is more assignments, while your less competent and lazier coworkers get advancement. Is that fair?"

"No. It's not. But it's the way it works."

"It doesn't have to be."

"I won't have anything to do with anything illegal!"

"Of course not, Mr. Johanson. I wouldn't expect you to. But tell me- do you believe in Fortune?" With that Mr. Weld picked up a small, wooden box. On its lid was what looked like a Chinese symbol. "This says Fortune, Mr. Johanson, and within it..." he opened the box and took out a statue... "is the god Hotei." The statue was one he had seen before, mainly in Chinese restaurants. It was the happy buddha.

"Are you joking, Mr. Weld? Or trying to bribe me for something?"

"Neither. This statue brings Fortune to the one I give it. But it is not made of precious metals, so I cannot see how any could consider it a bribe."

Martin began to get angry, and moved to turn and leave.

"There is a promotion available in your department, Mr. Johanson, but it is going to Charlie Green."

"That lazy...!"

"Lazy, yes, but also related to several influential businessmen. Can you see the corruption? Can you allow that?"

"But what can I do?"

"Take my gift."

"Gift?"

"The statue is a gift to you. I do not charge, this is not a business. I don't even have a license! But you will find your status in the office much grown if you should do so."

"But.."

"What harm can it do? If there is no change, then it was just the ramblings of a strange man. But if not... think what good you can do, for the whole city, if you should rise."

Martin sighed. "Fine, I will take it, but nothing will come of it."

Mr. Weld smiled. "There are, of course, rules."

"Don't feed it after midnight?"

Mr. Weld burst out laughing. As he did Martin felt better as well. "No, no. Three rules though. First, every day you must rub the statue's belly. Second, you must let no other human being see the statue, except for the two of us. And third, you must not speak my name to anyone. If you do this, your Fortune will rise. Break these rules, and your Fortune will fall, and you will deeply regret it. In return for agreeing to these rules, I vow to give you the statue (Fortune strike me dumb if I do not), and so the Fortune you deserve, and which you can use on behalf of the city, for a year and a day. Do we have a deal?"

Martin nodded. "Deal." For a second, Martin thought he heard the ringing of a bell. He shook that off. He took the box with him, stopping to rub the belly of the statue before he went. Mr. Weld smiled in a friendly manner.

By the time he had slept the night, the whole thing seemed to be no more than a strange dream. He had hidden the box in a drawer, and put the whole thing out of his mind.

When he arrived at the office the next day, he was not the first person there as he was used to. His supervisor, Mr. Pettis, cornered him as he went to his cubicle. "Ah, Johanson, so glad you are here. There is a promotion available, and our first candidate, Green just resigned for health reasons. Are you interested?"

Still mostly numb with shock, Martin nodded.

"Good, good. I think you will go far Johanson. Now, let me show you your new office."

Martin let himself be carried along, but all he could think about were images of a man he could not speak of, and a statue he could not show, but needed to rub the belly of as soon as he went home.



First Quarter Charities



January 2016: Blood Drive

The Regional Charity for January 2016 is a blood drive. You can donate blood, provide transportation for another MES member to donate blood or donate snacks and juice to a donation site.

Drive begins January 1st and ends on January 31st.



February 2016: Remembering the Elderly

The Regional Charity for February 2016 is remembering the Elderly. It is easy to get so wrapped up in our busy lives that we overlook something as simple as the need for companionship. There are so many possible ways of giving your time, your attention and your youthful energy to an elderly person who just wants someone to talk to, or to feel important. Here are a few ideas that you can do to participate in this charity.

- Take flowers to a retirement home or community (Valentine's Day is a great chance to do this)
- Rake leaves or shovel snow for an elderly neighbor
- Volunteer with Meals on Wheels
- Donate care packages with toiletries to a local senior home

You can find more ways to remember the elderly at the National Council on Aging www.ncoa.org

Drive begins February 1st and ends on February 29th

Recipe of the Month

Doc's Super Bowl Favorites

by Michael Lone, US2006088415



Greek Cheese Ball

- 1 pack cream cheese, softened
- 2 tsp lemon juice
- 1 tsp Worcestershire sauce
- 4 ounces crumbled feta cheese
- ¼ cup Kalamata olives, pitted and chopped
- ½ tsp granulated garlic
- ½ tsp paprika
- 1 Tbs dry dill weed
- 2 scallions, finely chopped

Mix together all of the ingredients except the scallions until well incorporated. Form cheese into a ball and roll in the scallions. Wrap with plastic film and chill for at least one hour. Serve with your favorite crackers.



Bacon Wrapped Stuffed Dates

- 1 lb thick cut bacon
- 2 dozen Medjool dates
- ¼ cup goat cheese
- ¼ cup mascarpone cheese
- 2 tsp finely chopped parsley
- 2 dozen tooth picks

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Mix together cheeses and parsley. Slice the dates lengthwise on one side to create an opening and remove the pit. Stuff about half a tsp of cheese mixture into the date. Cut the bacon slices in half and wrap around the stuffed date. Secure the bacon with a tooth pick and place on a parchment lined sheet pan. Bake 10 minutes, then turn the dates and bake another 5 minutes. Place on a rack or paper towel to drain excess fat before serving.



Doc's Nacho Dip

- 1 lb ground beef browned and drained with taco seasoning
- 1 can refried beans
- 1 jar picante
- 1 med diced red onion
- 4 pickled jalapenos diced
- 2 mild green chilies diced
- 1 jar black olives sliced
- 1 Head of lettuce shredded
- 1 16 ounce pack of sour cream
- 1 lb finely shredded Colby jack cheese
- 2 large bags of tortilla chips
- Optional: Serve with Guacamole on the side

Layer the ingredients (except for chips) in a rectangular cake pan or similarly shaped dish. Keep chilled until ready to serve.



Madame Dixie

by Liz Namiotko, US2010076348

Dear Madame Dixie,

What does a mage taste like?

-Curious Hunter

Curious Hunter,

It seems someone left their computer open somewhere. I don't imagine they're still enjoying their unlife at this point. Mages, though, are an interesting little morsel. It's like sunshine and starbursts all the day down your throat. It's definitely an interesting little cocktail of crazy.

Apparently counseling Hunters now,

Madame Dixie

Dear Madame Dixie,

What do you think of Donald Trump? Do you think he will come for us next?

Concerned Neonate

Concerned Neonate,

I believe that, were Donald Trump to find out that we exist and operate in this country, he would certainly find some interesting things to say about us as well. I do have to wonder how Donald Trump would go about convincing a thousand year old vampire that he was an illegal immigrant and could no longer be here. As for my thoughts on the man? I think some Malkavian out there is having quite a lot of fun.

Not Voting for Trump,

Madame Dixie

Dear Madame Dixie,

Lately, I have found my connection to my humanity slipping. I'm tempted to just say, screw it, and find a new path. However, there is a part of me that misses the sweet innocent farm boy I was long ago in a land far, far away. I

have felt myself slipping from my human roots since losing my aunt and uncle, the last known family I had. Should I let go and give in to the dark side or is there a new hope I can grab onto?

Luke

Luke,

There is always hope. I am sure that, one day, you will meet your father and there will be balance restored to your life.

Wishing for a light saber,

Madame Dixie

Dear Madame Dixie,

I think I have run into a new form of supernatural. I was hunting the other night downtown and about to engage my dinner, when he turned to me and said, "You don't want to do this. You won't like me when I'm angry." I thought he was being coy. I found it amusing. However, as I moved in for the kill, things happened. Out of nowhere this big green monster appeared and threw me for three city blocks. I feel this is something that needs to be addressed before a breach occurs, but the Seneschal didn't believe me. What do I do?

Muscle Bound and Confused

Muscle Bound,

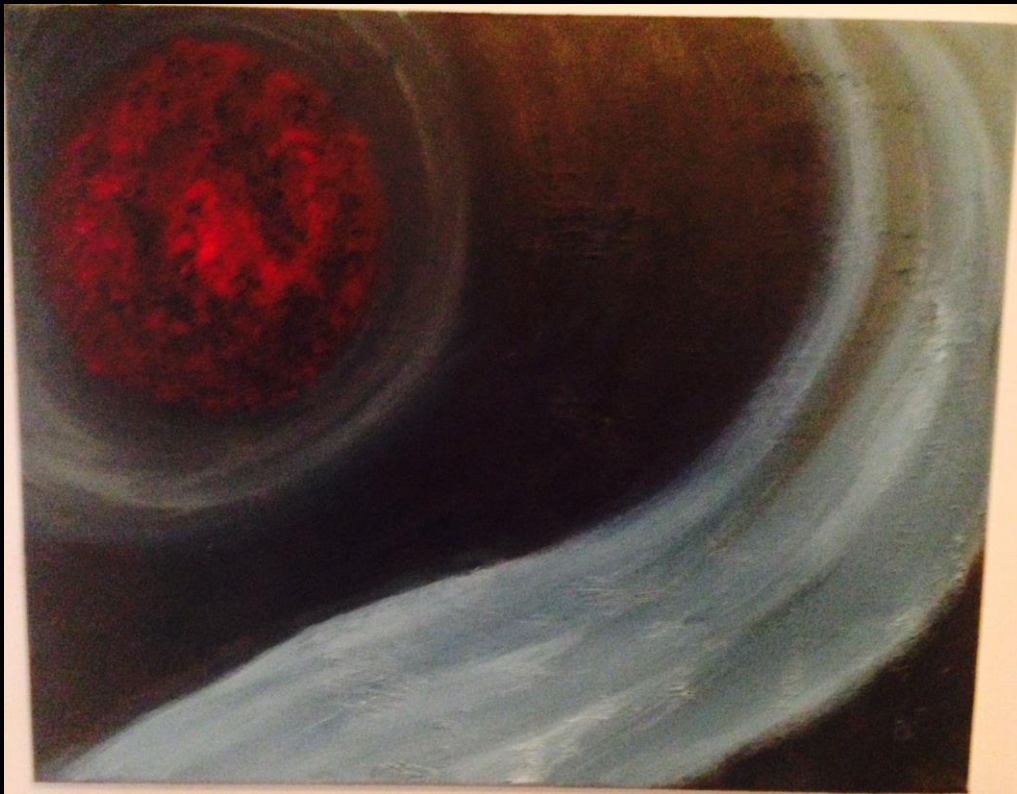
It would seem that you've found the living embodiment of the Hulk. If you haven't put your bum in a chair and watched the Avengers movies, you should find a little time and do so. That being said, I'm fairly certain that people would be far more interested in the Marvel Universe coming to life than our desire for their vitae were they to learn of something akin to The Hulk wandering around.

Looking for her Captain America,

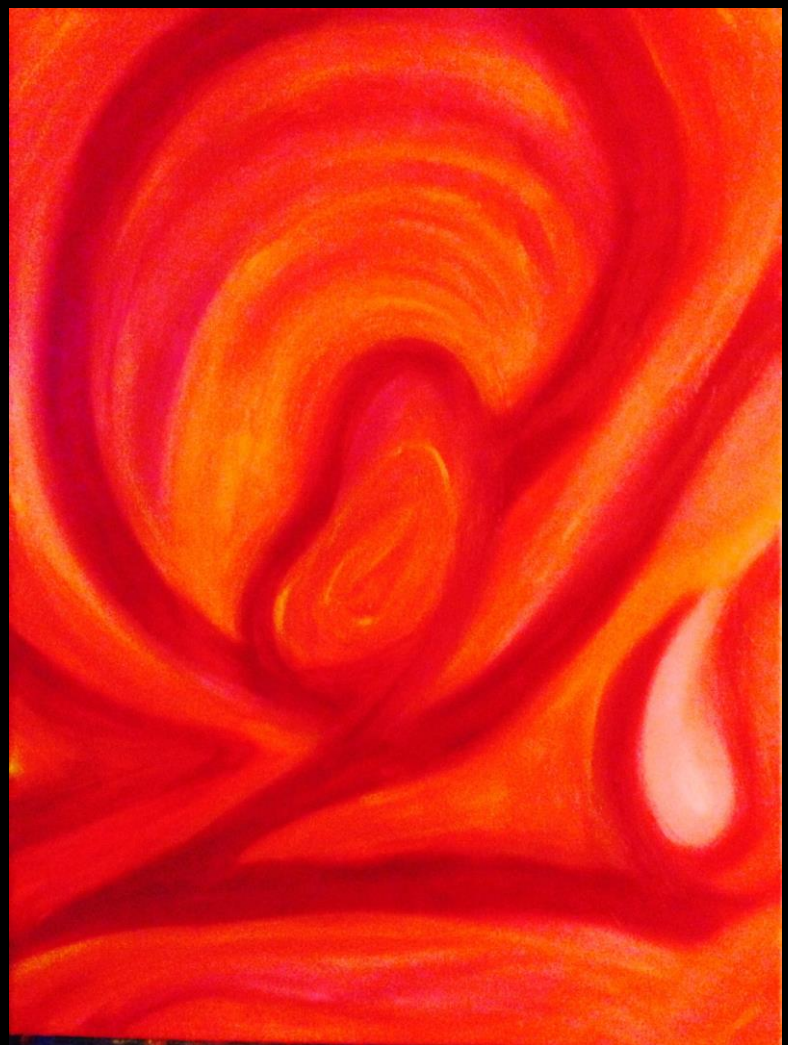
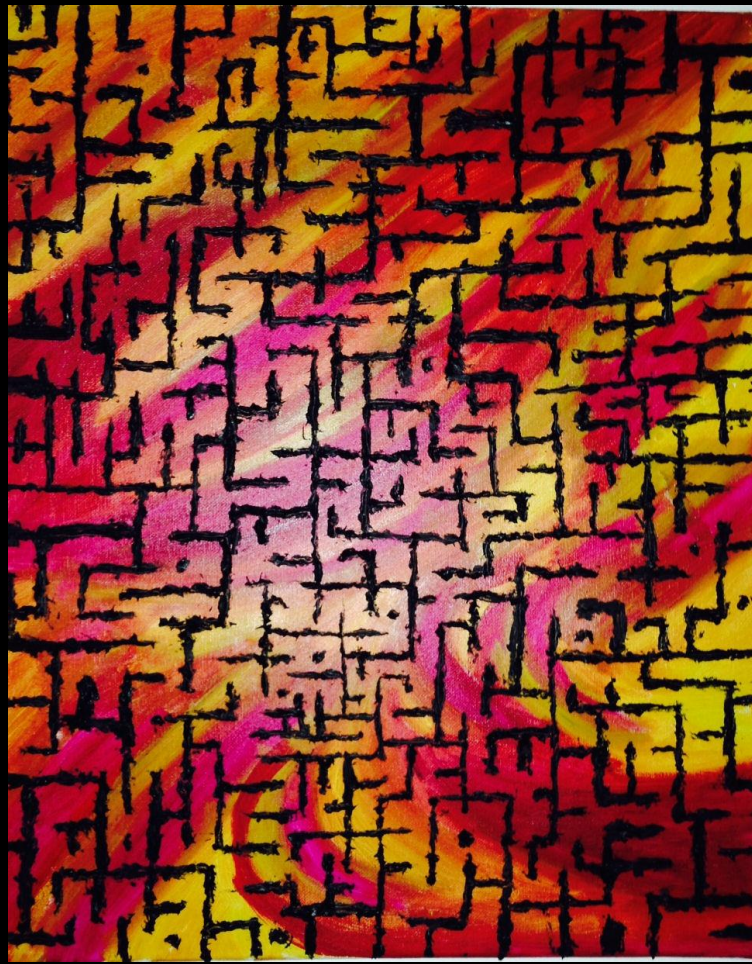
Madame Dixie

Painting Submissions

by A. T. Hermann, US 2005022960







Upcoming Events

January 2016

January 1, 2016 Blood Drive Begins

January 6, 2016 Regional Office Hours on IRC

January 31, 2016 Blood Drive Ends

February 2016

February 1, 2016 Remembering the Elderly Drive Begins

February 3, 2016 Regional Office Hours on IRC

February 29, 2016 Remembering the Elderly Drive Ends

March 2016

March 2, 2016 Regional Office Hours on IRC

March 12, 2016 Submissions for Newsletter Due

*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