

# Southeastern Regional Newsletter

## Welcome to the Southeast Regional Newsletter for August/September, 2018!

*Welcome to the Regional Newsletter for the Southeast, and a slew of fun information, member submissions, and all the exciting things you can get up to in the following days!*

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## Editor's Notes

By Miranda Harrell

2018

Hello MESers! Happy End of Summer In the South. \*pehhhhh\* It's hot, y'all.

The last few months have seen some crazy fun Games and plot with Con Season, and I'd like to take a moment to thank all our volunteer staff both regionally for the Southeast, outside the Southeast and Nationally for all the hard work and hours that go into making a fun, engaging and entertaining story for us all to interact with. THANK YOU!

Thank you also to everyone who helped contribute to the newsletter this quarter, and I am very excited for you guys to see the results of the regional Short Story Contest, and the MESCON pictures!

If there are articles, blurbs, or information you'd like to see provided, or questions you'd like answered in the newsletters, feel free to send an email to the **ARC Newsletter address**. I will see what I can do about incorporating your requests and ideas in the future. What is a Regional Newsletter without submissions from the Region?! For submissions, please see the guidelines as outlined on Page 6.

*Have fun, and we'll see you at  
the game!*

*~Miranda Harrell U52002066179*





### ◆ Upcoming Events ◆

Date/Time	Event
03/14/2019 - 03/17/2019	SCRE 2019
DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Little Rock, Little Rock AR	
03/28/2019 - 03/31/2019	CAiNE 2019
The Fredericton Inn, Fredericton NB	
04/03/2019 - 04/07/2019	GLRE 2019
Crowne Plaza Grand Rapids Airport, Grand Rapids MI	
05/01/2019 - 05/05/2019	NERE 2019
Sheraton Hartford Hotel at the Bradley Airport, Windsor Locks CT	
07/17/2019 - 07/22/2019	MESCON 2019
The Scottsdale Resort at McCormick Ranch, Scottsdale AZ	

## All Call for 2020 Bids (NCRE, SERE, MESCON)

Hey all,

The All Call for the 2020 Bids are out! If you're interested in your domain hosting any of the following events, please read the attached All Calls.

MESCON can be hosted by any region not hosting a regional, so the SW, SC, GL, NE, or EC.

If you have any questions, please let me know!

### 2020 National Event All Call for Bids

[https://docs.google.com/a/nca.mindseyesociety.org/document/d/1Wh\\_8tCManFNfIM\\_mNI8kOXQ5fDpptzg\\_3Klloq2Uoj9c/edit?usp=drive\\_web](https://docs.google.com/a/nca.mindseyesociety.org/document/d/1Wh_8tCManFNfIM_mNI8kOXQ5fDpptzg_3Klloq2Uoj9c/edit?usp=drive_web)

### 2020 NCRE All Call for Bids

[https://docs.google.com/a/nca.mindseyesociety.org/document/d/15i\\_PJ4DKCDIFjAEhm5f5vkUcfirjXzGlbU\\_E6uRNBuGs/edit?usp=drive\\_web](https://docs.google.com/a/nca.mindseyesociety.org/document/d/15i_PJ4DKCDIFjAEhm5f5vkUcfirjXzGlbU_E6uRNBuGs/edit?usp=drive_web)

### 2020 SERE All Call for Bids

[https://docs.google.com/a/nca.mindseyesociety.org/document/d/14fmYQOBw2OuwgGrXXEFvjUavTLUmuRhSgaFZPKerR83E/edit?usp=drive\\_web](https://docs.google.com/a/nca.mindseyesociety.org/document/d/14fmYQOBw2OuwgGrXXEFvjUavTLUmuRhSgaFZPKerR83E/edit?usp=drive_web)

Jenn Eiland  
US2002023825

## CHANGES TO THE XP RULES AND SYSTEMS!

In an announcement from the National Storyteller earlier this quarter, the XP systems have been overhauled and as of Sept 1st, 2018 will go into effect.

How does this affect you and your characters across venues? In an excerpt from Travis A.'s (NST) announcement;

"For ease of reference moving forward, we have added a floor and a ceiling chart to the MES Vampire the Masquerade - Player Approval and Creation Document found here: <https://docs.google.com/document/d/1vp-MjxhFj5rxzC-E0HlqK0tduBleowkUjsrksS8Y1fM/edit?usp=sharing>

Apoc:

It is the same system as Masq except players will use the charts in the MES Werewolf the Apocalypse - Player Approval and Creation Document. Note that the chronicle cap and floor are slightly higher, to account for the extra months of this chronicle. The charts will be found here:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1HEkwYcp0VoimbtV5tXpUbykV2zCOvcGJWQ-pF4CeXkQ/edit?usp=sharing>

It should be noted for both BNS venues that downtime and teaching requirements for disciplines and gifts are still required to spend any XP gained under these new values.

As for Space and COD-X, we wanted to update some of the exp rules to bring a bit of parity between our chronicles. Updates will be found in the COD-X and Space Rules and Approvals Addenda here:

Space:

[https://docs.google.com/document/d/1mD-x7i9YDV7RH7YVzNGIYwm9H\\_x5DNQGjG8WB0eu15k/edit?usp=sharing](https://docs.google.com/document/d/1mD-x7i9YDV7RH7YVzNGIYwm9H_x5DNQGjG8WB0eu15k/edit?usp=sharing)

COD-X

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1m0PQ0wltCSAuTGuw19eQ1LUnjFV2L5tzTWUZpxf3pY0/edit?usp=sharing> "

If you have questions, be sure to get with your ST staff, or join the conversations on the National OOC lists for answers. There's always someone willing to help.

## Featured Games

**October 20** - GA-016-D Macon, Ga  
C/A, Sabbath

**CONTACT:** Pherell Archer  
[mesmacondc@gmail.com](mailto:mesmacondc@gmail.com)

**November 2-4** - SC-012-D  
Charleston, SC Cam/Anarch,  
Apoc, Space

**CONTACT:** Shawnda Herzog  
[dc.sc012d@gmail.com](mailto:dc.sc012d@gmail.com)

**December 7/8** - GA-010-D Atlanta  
Masq/Sabbat/Apoc

**CONTACT:** Sarah Gullett  
[dc@atlantaworldofdarkness.org](mailto:dc@atlantaworldofdarkness.org)

## REMINDERS !

- If you forget your sheet and the ST needs it, they will go by the sheet in the database. If your most recent downtime purchases aren't in there... well you may not get to use them. Make sure your characters are up to date in the Database!
- Have you submitted your Downtime(s)?
- Don't forget to bring cash or card for check in!
- Going to all day games for your Local Domain? Out-of-Town games? Featured Game? Don't forget to eat between!



## All Call aANC Arbitration Chief of Staff

The National Coordinator’s Arbitration Office is key to ensuring the Club maintains its commitment to a safe and welcoming environment for all members, and that members abide by the Code of Conduct listed in the Membership Handbook. The office handles ~30-40 inquiries a year (not all of which result in investigations) as well as provides advice to the National Officers on policies, precedents and conducts special projects. Projects for the office have included reviewing processes, suggesting revisions to the Membership Handbook, conducting requested reviews by the NC or BoD and other tasks as assigned. The Arbitration Chief of Staff is a new position for the Arbitration Office, reporting to the ANC Arbitration and acting as the key organizing role in the office. The Chief of Staff role is the designated representative of the ANC Arbitration when the ANC Arbitration is not available. The Chief of Staff may be in a succession-position to the ANC Arbitration to ensure a smooth transition if the ANC leaves the position. Or, if they do not desire that position, assisting in the identification and training of a successor assistant to help ensure continuity and uninterrupted support to the NC.

The AANC Arbitration CoS is *\*not\** required to conduct investigations. Theirs is an organizational support role of coordination. So if members are concerned about being thrust into uncomfortable positions of having to decide on other members – this is not that role.

### Qualifications:

- As this is a sensitive position discretion in handling club matters appropriately is required. A history of questionable behavior, inappropriate use of social media etc. will be considered disqualifying.
- Strong organization capabilities – including managing large groups of people working on different tasks, managing upwards, bringing order from chaos are key. Previous CoS or Assistant Roles at the Regional, National or Board Level are good – but not required.
- Strong network of relationship across multiple regions, venues, player groups. Ability to reach out and “find” people needed for work on panels, special projects etc.
- Patience and commitment to doing the hard, unrewarding and oft unobserved quiet work of improving the environment and culture of the club in alignment with our standards.

### Key Tasks:

- Day-to-day management of cases: including intake, identifying panelists and assigning them, ensuring the panels are moving the case long and updating the workflow tool (google sheet.)
- Help identify new panelists and bring them up to speed on processes/procedures.
- Provide advice and feedback on proposed policies and precedents.
- Coordinate projects.
- Support in reporting.

### Requirements:

- Regular access to internet, comfort working with Google Docs
- Schedule flexibility for weekly or bi-monthly coordination calls with the ANC Arbitration.

## Applications will be accepted until September 15

Please send in your MES Resume, any RL experience applicable to the position and a quick summary of why you want the position to [anc.arbitration@mindseyesociety.org](mailto:anc.arbitration@mindseyesociety.org) and [nc@mindseyesociety.org](mailto:nc@mindseyesociety.org)

Thank you  
Kay Stavis  
US NC  
US2002021633

## RECOMMENDED MEDIA

### Obsolete Oddities YouTube Channel

Channel Description:

**Oddie Beau's ODDNESS**

**Urban exploration, engineer of the macabre & creator of world famous historical features! ...and other weird stuff :)**

**.....a dusty store window, filled with ancient alluring oddities.**

**Once you've entered, you'll never want to leave.**

Like tales of the weird and historical? Looking for a new Character inspiration? Obsolete Oddities on YouTube specializes in the weird, macabre and unique tales that inspire fascination in us all.

### Book recommendation - [Staked by J.F. Lewis](#)

Book 1 of the Void City series by J.F. Lewis, I read this a long time ago, picking it up for “book candy” and getting so much more. Speaking as a member of Cold Red River, Rome GA Domain... y'all there are Werewolves in Rome in this book. Like, Rome, GA. I did a spit take when I read it. I enjoyed it.

### Movie Recommendations

(courtesy of Ryan Owens, GA-018-D)

#### Vampire

**30 Days of Night** - The gang is a good portrayal of a Sabbat pack.

**Blade** - Rave scene is very Sabbat. Frost's conflict with the ruling Elders is very reminiscent of Anarchs vs Camarilla. Familiar's are very similar to ghouls. Blade himself is a Dhampyr.

**Bram Stoker's Dracula** - Dracula himself is the classic Tzimisce.

**Dracula Untold** - Dracula himself is the classic Tzimisce.

**From Dusk Til Dawn** - The bar is a straight up Sabbat debacle.

**The Lost Boys** - The gang are a decent representation of an Anarch gang for the time period.

Near Dark - The group is a Sabbat pack for sure.

Underworld - Vampire society here is very much Camarilla. Ignore the werewolf parts, except for them being killing machines.

#### Werewolf

**An American Werewolf in London** - A great take on the body horror aspect of the transformation between man and monster, as well as the psychological damage inflicted upon someone trying to come to terms with their changes.

**The Howling** - Great transformation effects for its day, similar to An American Werewolf in London (both were released around the same time).

**The Howling III** - What if the Australian werewolves all fell to the Wyrms?

#### Anime

**Hellsing Ultimate** - No Spoilers, but clearly by the title, Dracula’s involved. Fun, animated violence, gore, and dark humor about the Organization that defends England from Supernatural Threats and how they have to fight Nazis. **SERIOUSLY DARK, VIOLENT TRIGGER WARNING** - there’s some really graphic stuff in this 10 ep series, but it’s one of my favorites of all time. Also answering the question, What if there was a combo discipline that allowed you to use Vicissitude, Obtenebration AND Dementation together! #AlucardIsBestPony

**Castlevania on Netflix** - If you’ve ever played the game series (Castlevania III: Dracula’s Curse specifically), this show is done actually super well IMO. However prior love of Castlevania is not required to enjoy the stunning artwork and intriguing story of Trevor Belmont and Cypha Belnades as they seek to end the horrific reign of Dracula before it’s too late.

#### Video Games

**Vampyr** - “...is an action role-playing video game developed by Dontnod Entertainment and published by Focus Home Interactive. It was released for Microsoft Windows, PlayStation 4, and Xbox One on 5 June 2018. The plot relates to how Jonathan Reid, a doctor who has turned into a vampire, comes to terms with his undead condition as he is torn between the Hippocratic Oath and his newfound bloodthirsty nature.” I personally have not yet played this one, but I want to, and it looks very cool.

◦ ■ :\*Player Spotlight\*: ■ ◦

Interview by Pherell Archer Aug 2018

Player: William Davis

Domain:

Q. When did you Join Mes?

A. 1997

Q. How long have you been LARPing?

A. Early 1991

Q. What do you enjoy most about the MES?

A. People

Q. What is your favorite character type to play? {Hero, villain, helper, ect.}

A. All depends in part what is needed.

Q. Do you hold any club positions?

A. Currently local COD-X IST

Q. What is your OOC job?

A. Environmental Engineer - Clean up-Hazwaste/Ordnance side of the House

Q. Anything else you would like to tell us about yourself?

A. 8 Grand Kids and Been married to the same woman for a bit over 50 year - yes am old fart but gaming a hobby that works he brain. My other Hobby tended to leave lots of discolorations -former SCA.

◦ ■ :\*Player Spotlight\*: ■ ◦

Interview by Pherell Archer

Aug 2018

Player: Miranda Harrell

Domain: GA018-D

Q. When did you Join Mes?

A. Back when it was The Cam in 2002. I was away for a few years and I honestly don't remember when I joined MES specifically... >>

Q. How long have you been LARPing?

A. 17 years. Get off my lawn...? \*fetches walker complete with tennis balls on the bottom\*

Q. What do you enjoy most about the MES?

A. National Collaborative storytelling with other players and building a cohesive world in a game we all enjoy together.

Q. What is your favorite character type to play? {Hero, villain, helper, ect.}

A. Yes. I have had many characters over the years from The Ingenue to the Malicious Villain, and I have loved them all - each new character is a new experience and I like trying new personality types and motivations on for size. If I had to pick Id probably say Anti-hero, or reluctant hero (where greatness is thrust upon type deal).

Q. Do you hold any club positions?

A. 2 currently - ADC Admin for my Domain, and SE-ARC Newsletter

Q. What is your OOC job?

A. Youtuber [GoNerds] with an extra day job [Software QA], Published Artist and Hobbyist Costumer by night.

Q. Anything else you would like to tell us about yourself?

A. Uhhh... I had to think way too long about this. I like Magic the Gathering, Anime, Comics, The Legend of Zelda everything, have a library of books that deserve their own room made up of mostly Anne Rice, Neil Gaiman and Terry Pratchett, more books on Mythology than might be healthy, and don't get to paint nearly as often as I would like to. IRL, would be Lasombra Anti as a Kindred, Fenrir in Concordat and Valkyria of Freya as a Garou, Probably a Satyr in Changeling, but would want to be a Sidhe (in it for the wardrobe), and at the end of the day would probably be a Hollow One reared by 90s Goths, in the shape of a recovered Emo Kid that would not actually lament having True Magic. I got a perfect score on the Essay of my SAT for graduation by writing about having milk and cookies with David Bowie.

❖ LET US ❖  
KNOW!

Is there an interview with someone you would like to see? Email the Newsletter, and tell us about it! We will see who we can talk to and what they have to share!

(ノ◡▽◡)ノ\*: ■ ◦ ✨

This is my cat on the bathtub, having knocked all things off the side. Enjoy.





# Your Regional Staff!

## **Regional Coordinator Staff**

**Regional Coordinator:** Chris Roberts  
**ARC Chief of Staff:** Deb Pelletier Clark  
**ARC Prestige:** Deb Pelletier Clark  
**ARC Arbitration:** Chris Roberts & Deb Pelletier Clark  
**ARC Election Admin:** Elizabeth Namiotko  
**ARC Newsletter:** Miranda Harrell  
**ARC Charity:** Jon Catron  
**ARC ListMod:** AJ Winters  
**ARC Social Media/Wiki:** Michelle Atkinson  
**ARC Special Projects:** Pherell Archer  
**ARC Tech Admin:** Greg Gullett  
**AARC Elections Proctor:** Eric Pridgen  
**AARC Elections Proctor:** *vacant*

## **Regional Storyteller Staff**

**Regional Storyteller:** Eric Mattson  
**ARST Chief of Staff:** Andrew Logan  
**ARST Admin:** Katherine Dubek  
**ARST Q/A:** Kristopher Marlow  
**ARST Rules:** Seth Steele  
**ARST Special Projects/QA:** V. Cross

### NWoD

**ARST NWoD:** Michael Bryan  
**ARST Accord:** Kristopher Marlow  
**AARST Requiem:** Michael Walton

### OWoD

**ARST Apocalypse:** Josh Graham  
**ARST Cam/Anarch:** Ed Seibert  
**ARST Sabbat:** Ed Coleman

### Space

**ARST Space:** Troy Lees

## **Regional Resources**

South East Region Website  
South East Region Facebook  
Newsletters  
Charity Events  
Connect to IRC Game

# ADVICE column (SORT OF)

By Miranda Harrell

Have you ever wondered how to become more involved in your Domain? The Region? National?

Talking to your Domain Officers and joining the Regional Office Hours meetings are both great ways to get answers to these questions. The Mailing Lists are also a valuable source of information, both OOC and IC.

You never know - maybe some of the best in character conversations could be waiting! It's also a great way to keep up to date with news, plot developments, in character and out of character climates, ask questions, and be involved!

Be it your local Domain, Region or National, IC & OOC lists have announcements, all calls, voting information and numerous ways to keep up with the club at large, no matter your interest.

To access the lists (Domain lists excluded), [Click this link](https://www.mindseyesociety.org/mailling-lists/) or go to;  
<https://www.mindseyesociety.org/mailling-lists/>



# MESCON 2018 - Event Pictures

From Greg Gullet, MESCON 2018 Media Lead;

\*drum roll\* \*queue the fanfare and applause\*

The MESCON photography team has finished processing all of the pictures they were tirelessly taking throughout the event. Andrew and Shy worked hard to make sure that every event had pictures.

Masq: <https://photos.mindseyesociety.org/2018/MesCon/Masq/n-K3sxvt>

Sabbat: <https://photos.mindseyesociety.org/2018/MesCon/Sabbat/n-z8dkVf>

Apoc: <https://photos.mindseyesociety.org/2018/MesCon/Apoc/n-kNgHTk>

Space: <https://photos.mindseyesociety.org/2018/MesCon/Space/n-qw94Zs>

CoD-X: <https://photos.mindseyesociety.org/2018/MesCon/CoD-X/n-TxjPkf>

If you wish for your picture to be removed, please contact the MESCON event lead and the Photography Lead (mescon.event.lead@nca.mindseyesociety.org; photography.armf@gmail.com) with a link to the picture(s) that you wish remove. Effort has been taken to ensure those with the "No Photo" badges were not uploaded.

Let's thank Andrew Fowler and Shy Dotson for their great work!

--  
Greg Gullett  
MESCON 2018 Media Lead  
US2006017179

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Thank you to Jen Eiland and Martin [Chamberlain] for answering questions and getting with me on including things in the regional newsletter. Clearly a lot of hard work went into these pics and the site, and you guys are awesome and super helpful.  
An additional thank you to the players who got with me about permissions for using their pictures from the MESCON pics site. YOU GUYS RULE.

## PHOTOS OF SE REGION PLAYERS AT MESCON 2018



Elder Ironsights (Black Fury) disapproves, and Buttons (Kitsune) is here for the bacon  
Image courtesy of Jill Baldwin GA018-D

## SUBMISSION

## GUIDELINES

**For all submissions, please adhere to the following guidelines;**

- Please send all submissions to [searc.newsletter@gmail.com](mailto:searc.newsletter@gmail.com), with the Subject reading [SE NEWSLETTER SUBMISSION] and YOUR NAME
- Submissions must be received by the announced deadline
- **No Explicit content will be accepted** and all submissions should follow the Code of Conduct outlined in the [Membership Handbook](#)
- While not limited to, submissions are highly recommended to be content involving the World of Darkness games - This includes New and Old WoD and even games not yet sanctioned, such as Mage: The Ascension and Changeling: The Dreaming.
- Please include your name, a title for the piece if there is one, and a few lines about the piece if you'd like. The latter may or may not make it in due to space, but I will try my best to include it.
- Do not use other people's characters without expressed permission of the player. This is including but not limited to fiction and story submissions, art work and prose
- Do not submit pictures of other players without their expressed permission. **If you send me a submission with a picture of multiple players, I expect them each to be copied on the email so that they can verify their permission, or the picture will not be used.**

I look forward to seeing all of your fun submissions and creativity!



**Cod-X**

(Used with permission - Josh Graham)





**SPACE!!!!**

Image courtesy of Jill Baldwin GA018-D



**Space** - Here we see Shade actively being thrown  
(Used with permission - Jill Baldwin and Sam Gerace)



**Cod-X** - “What did they just say?”  
(Image used with permission - Michael Hewitt)



**Apocalypse** - Kyle Waters [Rokea]  
(used with permission - Sam Gerace)



**Sabbat** - Caustantín Mac Drest  
(Used with permission - Sam Gerace)



**Cod-X**  
(Used with permission - Michael Hewitt and Jill Baldwn)



# Southeast Regional Short Story Contest

## SUBMISSIONS

### Welcome to the Southeast Regional Short Story Contest Submissions!

*You've seen Pherell sending rules and reminders out for a few months, and NOW you get to take a look at some of the talented authors we have in our Region. YOU get to pick your favorite, and YOU get to vote for who's story moves, captures or inspires you most! Submissions are currently anonymous, so that the writing itself is what is voted on. All submissions below are in the order in which they were received.*

#### **Submission rules to keep in mind were as follows:**

700 word count MAX.

Can be form any venue setting.

One submission per member.

Must be a member of the S.E. Region.

Submissions must be Code of Conduct appropriate {I.E. No Erotica}

Submissions must be original works that have never been published before.

You may NOT use Cannon NPCs from any venue.

You may NOT use a PC from the current chronicle as a character.

You may NOT use another players former PC as a character without permission. {If you have used another players former PC please provide the player's name and email address so that it can be verified.}

#### **Prizes**

1st place will receive 30R prestige

2nd place will receive 20R prestige

3rd place will receive 10R prestige

#### **How Do I Vote?**

[Click here for the voting form!](#)

*Thank you to all of our applicants, and good luck!*



# Entry #1 - Shade, Shadow and the Dark



The darkness was palpable as she stepped through the gaping portal. The old barn was abandoned and buckling under the weight of time. Damp earth and old wood permeated the cool night air, strong over the scent of honeysuckle in the Georgia Springtime.

Normally, Dr. Shade wouldn't be caught after dark, in the middle of the woods and miles from civilization in the hills of Floyd County. Her role in the Mysterium was not to adventure and investigate, but to catalog, research and study.

And yet, here she was.

"We don't have other operatives in the area, they said," Shade whispered to herself, "You're the most qualified, they said. Stupid, bureaucratic, layabouts with more status than they've any right to!"

One would have thought a dilapidated barn would have a shaft of moonlight here and there. But, no. Such was the way of magic. It didn't take an Awakened mind to recognize a haunting. Luckily the mind of a Moros, Master of Death could easily pinpoint the cause and source from which the haunting was originating.

With a few mumbled Rotes, Dr. Shade altered her eyes to see in the dark, and cast out her Death Senses to determine what exactly was going on. The ghost was... strong, but somehow degraded. Corrupted in some way, she had enough Prime to determine it was not Abyssal. That was the only good news. Much like her miniscule ability with Prime magic, she possessed the ability to merely observe Mind patterns. That was however enough to see that the Mind of the present haunt was twisted, no longer wholesome or human.

What she gleaned from cycling through her Sights was that the Ghost of an older male had been here for a while, ripped from the living world suddenly and violently. Specifically by Awakened Magic. That which had killed it, had also fettered it. Why there was an Atlantean Artifact tucked away in this decaying memory of a structure, she had no idea. Neither did she care, as the Angry Ghost noticed her in the wake of all the magical probing, and began to shriek.

The wraith rushed towards her, and time seemed to slow despite no Time Arcana effects being present. The Grayscale figure of an old miner transformed into a frightening black shadow with red eyes. His form seemed to be crafted to match the local legends of Shadow People in the area, but Shade remained unimpressed with this façade. Holding up one hand, she cast a Death Shield, and as the Ghost hit the magical barrier its mask of terror shattered, evaporating into thin air on the other side of the veil.

The old man's ghost was now venomous in expression, but had reverted to grayscale as all things of Twilight tended to be. "What are you?"

"A Master of Life and Death," she answered flatly, composure a touch icy for her irritation. "What happened to you?"

The Ghost began cursing and spitting and sputtering, insulting her upbringing, manners, and general misogyny spat into the night, giving him enough energy to manifest. He was clearly a product of his time, the late 1800s as far as she cared to notice, and used to being in control. With a muttered word and flick of her finger, she forced his manifestation to end. This earned her stunned silence and a look of fearful shock.

"Allow me to explain how this is going to go," she intoned evenly, brushing some dust from her coat. "You're going to tell me what happened to you, I am going to try and help you move on. I will remove the attachment you have to the thing binding you here, as well. Then, I'm going to take that thing and lock it up so it can never hurt anyone again. Either, you can volunteer to participate, or I can make you. I do not however plan to spend all night here, so this is the part where you agree. Clear?"

The old man eyed her a moment before finally nodding. Good. This was good. He was willing to work with her - maybe, just maybe, she would make it home in time for Game of Thrones.

# Entry #2 - A World Within



The werewolf bartender let out a low rumbling growl as trouble walked into -his- territory. Grey eyes flickered gold as he looked to the killer on the barstool across from him. Her black lips peeled back into an eight fanged smile over the rim of her double of Jack Daniel's as she gave him a wink.



“Filth. Turn yourself over to the justice of the Prince.” The dead man was bold and probably poorly informed if he had chosen -this- place to engage the Sanguine Barghest. Shae turned slowly around on the barstool and leaned back on the bar with her drink still in one clawed hand.

“This is neutral ground,” she pointed towards the sacred words over the door at the far end of the room. “Come in peace or leave in pieces. Your choice Scourge.” She was at least slightly flattered that he hadn’t come alone, eight, eight was a decent number... if she had been alone. “You broke the traditions, dog. For the crimes of murder and Diablare the Prince demands your ashes.” The man was a believer, solid and true, the truth probably would have turned his stomach and made him question everything.

“I’m sorry it had to be you, I liked your Sire. He had honor.” Shae threw back the entirety of her double, dog yellow eyes never leaving the third Scourge in as many months to come after her. Hell he had probably volunteered for the job. The solid thud of the empty glass hitting the bartop was like a gong signally the start of a match. The eight kindred rushed the fugitive as one but she only smiled, eyes turning red as stone grey skin morphed to obsidian. Shae caught the flaming fist aimed at her face, her claws digging into the other vampire’s flesh. He looked shocked for a moment, he hadn’t known she could match his strength. The first attack had been launched and the coterie of the Crossroads answered the insult to their sanctuary with a roar of outrage and flying fists. It became apparent quickly that ‘neutral’ didn’t apply to just Kindred when the bartender shifted to Crinos form to join the fray, followed shortly by a hedge mage throwing a ball of lightning into the chaos. The fun began, the blood flowed, joy and excitement radiated from the Sanguine Bargest as the main room turned into a glorious killing ground.

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The world froze as an air horn sounded and red light washed over the scene. Not a single figure moved, each held in position as if a pause button had been pressed. Even the blood flying from Shae’s mouth was held in the air.

“Time is up Synth. Get your scrawny ass back to work, the energy coils aren’t going to change themselves.” She felt the VR mask jerked from her face, bright blue and white light flooding her vision making her blink as the Recreation Virtual Reality Pod or RVRP came back into focus. The head mechanic looked down at her with something like annoyance as he grabbed her delicate chin and growled out.

“Where is it that you escape to, little no name Synthetic? A world where you have a real life without an expiration date and people to love you?” Glaring back up at him she shook her head as much as she could, messy blue hair falling over her eyes. “No. I go to a world of darkness... someplace I can bite back..” The head mechanic gave a snort of amusement. “Oh yeah? What’s the game called?” She smiled as she pushed past the burly man and headed for the door, back to her drudgery. But she halfway smiled back to him, “Vampire the Masquerade.”

### Entry #3 - Uploaded



You can lose track of time when having a full workload. The hours just fly by as body after body comes in those double doors. Young, gray-haired, rich, poor, or something else in the kaleidoscope of physical traits, they all are here for the same thing. They needed help. I would guide them in and tell them that the experience is painless. The procedure a routine exercise chosen by many before their quality of life improved forever. There would commonly be some apprehension or hesitation however everyone that arrives eventually signs up. They come in later that week or the next for their scheduled appointment. The procedure room is quick and easy to setup, before we have them come in and lay down on the medical bed. They would be worried about the experience or the possibility of a painful transition. I would provide more reassurances that the procedure is quick and painless for every human that came in to the clinic. They finally relax enough that I can check their vitals before we get started.

The excitement mixed with fear and anxiety merges on their facial expressions as this mess of human flesh transcends the physical limitations of existence. The body lays limp on the bed as the vitals flatlined and the stereotypical screech of the electronic warnings of no vital statistics fills the room before the machines are turned off. No one rushes to revive the corpse of a thirty-four-year-old man in the prime of his life. As a crew comes in to begin cleaning up the mess and preparing the body for incineration I move down the hall to one of the few human beings still left on the planet awaiting their procedure. As each of them transcend the physical form is left behind, there is no need to keep maintaining a human body when virtual is better in every visual way. At least that’s what we tell them.

### Entry #4 - A Father’s Embrace



I will always remember the distant wail echoing through the still corridors of my home.



It brought with it the chill of the night and drew me from my reverie, beckoning me from the hearth’s amber glow into the violet shadows of the hallway beyond. I stepped forth, leaving the comfort of my study behind and turning towards the voice in the darkness echoing from somewhere within. It sounded familiar; but, distorted somehow - and urgent.

I then realized: it was the voice of my child calling my name. My daughter, returned to me after these many months astray?

I hurried through the dim corridors, distorted by shadow and voyeuristic moonlight. The streaks of silver twisted and contorted along the hallways where the sanguine waterfalls of crimson curtains betray their duty and sanctity of my sanctuary. The silence in the air punctuated by the strange voice, and I pushed faster towards it. Perhaps reason would have stayed or possibly averted the feet of another man, but sanity had long since deserted me well before the sun had set on that night.

As I reached the railing overlooking the foyer, the scent of burgeoning autumn’s crisp air greeted me and drew my gaze to where the atrium’s twin doors sat ajar. There in the center of the patterned floor a figure what was at once known to me stumbled further inward, silhouetted in the waning moonlight that had followed her in. “Angel! Mon coeur!” I called to her.

“Aldéric!” The uncanny voice cried back, the same nuanced desperation still accenting it. I rushed down the curved stair to her, and it appeared she tried to move to meet me as well, though her motions were sluggish, pained, and clumsy. Dim moonlight had largely obscured her visage until I was upon her, and it was then that I clearly beheld the twisted creature what had entered my home. Sallow, shrunken skin alternately taught and draped across the unnatural skeleton what held a vague semblance to my Angel’s memory.

Though its face.... Sunken eyes fixed upon me from their dark sockets, and its lips --- shriveled and withdrawn to reveal protruding fangs, exaggerated mimicries of my own --- parted in her call to me. Shuffling forward, she reached out with long, grasping fingers.

Extending a hand, I took hers gently and drew her into an embrace. “Shhhh, mes ailes.” I held her shaking figure against me. “C’est pas grave, you are with me again.” Whether she trembled from sorrow, anger, or bitterness I could not say. Stroking her head, I felt her hold me in turn, clutching my vest tightly. As the embrace drew on, I ran my hand over the wisps of black hair still clinging to her scalp. The sparse threads draped through my fingers, I found myself awash in her scent: the sickly intermingling her familiar honeysuckle perfume now overtaken by molded earth and the long-forgotten dead.

She drew herself suddenly from me, affixing her otherworldly eyes upon mine, “I went to see my family, but they....” She paused before continuing, seeking the words. “...They were hung from the walls... all across the walls!” Her eyes darted between mine as though looking for answers she could not fathom, brow furrowed, and voice wavering. “Who--- What would do that?!” Her frustration and incredulity now poured forth in exclamations distorted by her disproportioned maw.

“I do not know as of yet, but I will find them so that you might exact recompense,” I said in as reassuring a tone as I could manage, but was unable to fully deter the invisible pull at the corners of my lips. “Come, let us get you properly bathed.” Taking her hand again, I led her to a nearby alcove, and with practiced motion brought the hidden mechanisms to life. “You are a noble Galloi, after all, and it is your birthright to bask in Cybele’s favor.” With a subdued grinding the wall slid aside unveiling the scent of wet copper, and I led her into the darkened stairway leading far below.

My child had returned, and she would not soon forget the folly of dismissing my care ever again.

## Entry #5 - Untitled



The cave was quiet, say for the soft clink of swaying chains and the dripping of water. There was no life here; no light. Even in this, Vlaishlava could see. Her eye wide, hard, seeking out even the slightest movement from the depths. The hallow socket of the second looked out like a horrid hole of nightmares. Nights without feeding, and a body torn by the ravages of war, left the Ventrue physically helpless in the prison. The iron around her wrists was nearly pointless; she couldn’t have pulled herself up to walk out even if she wasn’t chained.

She had not been alone here, not a first. She had watched the Hag torcher and destroy each and every one of her men; her knights. In this war against the Little Grandmother, Vlad had led her troops out knowing they might not return. She would defend this land until her last moments...and perhaps these were her last moments.

Yet, her iron will did not fade. She was not finished yet. Until her body crumbled into Ash, she was not finished yet. Vladishlava Saltykov, 6th generation , secret daughter of Catherin The Great of Russia. No, no she would not give up, even when her final death was but moments away.

“ I can help you, if you let me.”

Vlad flinched, the voice like a scream in her sensitive ears. Three times before it had called to her, and three times she had denied the whisper. She knew the voice, and it was no friend.

“Your child searches for you, even now. I could bring him.”



“ ...no.” The word was more a request than an order.

“ Torin cries for you dear, Vladishlava. Let me bring...him.”

She jerked in her chains. “Don’t touch him.”

In the distance, a light shown. Something flicking about like a sprite. The voice sounded like it was just behind her though. Like if she could just turn her head, the fae would be right there. Yes, she knew the voice of the fae queen’s little child of mischief. The girl had plagued Vlad, enjoying to watch her struggle and all the while offering kindness and help. The fae do not help for free.

“Fine. Then I shall untie you. You look simply awful.”

The chains suddenly loosened, and Vlad’s body slumped down to the floor of the cave. She felt ravenous, but she couldn’t force herself to move. Something held her firm there to the floor; an invisible hand. No, the fae girl stood on her, feet pressing down on the Vampire’s chest.

“ Oh, Vlad... she took your eye? How in the world did she do that hmm? I thought you all could regrow these things.” The voice was singsong, soft, and finished with a giggle. “ Silly queen of ash. “

“ Leave me be. “

There was another giggle. “ No, I can’t, you see, I don’t like that hag. I need you to fight her. I need you to... make her move on. This forest is mine, and she...is just a mess of disgusting trouble. “

It seemed like it came out of thin air, but a goblet did appear, and the fae was leaning down over the vampire, pouring its contents into her open lips. Vlad tried to spit it back at her, but it was too late. Her body needed it more than her mind wanted it, so it was consumed with greed none the less. The venture would sit up, grabbing the cup. She swallowed faster and faster yet the cup never seemed to empty. Then, it was gone, and Vlad was left lying there on the floor of the cave alone.

“ A gift I give, a gift I get. For one eye of mine, one of yours I take.” The words echoed through the cave. The cave that looks now so ...very different.

“ ...what?”

The walls laughed, and the voice faded. Vlad felt her body starting to heal. She would carry a dead eye forever after that, but her living eye would have the sight of the fae. The advantage, perhaps, they needed. Yet with one eye, the fae would forever hold her fate.

## Entry #6 - Untitled



"How can it even be real? What am I?! More importantly, where am I?!" He thought while looking around the decrepit, sodden alleyway. Markus felt like he was in a an alien world. Nothing made sense, where he was or how he got there. "Why does everything hurt? Why are hands covered in blood?" He continued to think, trying to concentrate enough to make sure that he could determine that it wasn't his own blood.

Everything brighter, louder and more pungent than he can ever remember. His eyes and head darted everywhere, responding to be blaring sounds but would have been minuscule before tonight. The beat of the rain pelting the pavement of the alley like a deafening metronome to his ears. The lightening above like explosions of light, almost blinding him as he stood there getting his bearings. He had gotten used to the smell of the city. Over the last few years it had never bothered him but now it was as if he were bathing in a pool of it's vast aromas and ichor created by the rainfall mixing with what would be anyone's guess.

With another radiant bolt of lightning, it was then that Markus realized that his body was not his own, or so it seemed. Fur, rippling muscles underneath, hands now replaced with wicked, lethal looking claws. His reflection in a low lying window confirmed his assumption the he was not himself, the face of what could only be described as a werewolf. Something out of movies he had seen before and only otherwise read about in books. The maw that was now his mouth parting and releasing what he intended to be a scream but came out as a hoarse, roaring howl.

"Quick! He's here!" A seemingly disembodied voice yelled, echoing off and down the alley Markus stood in. His body acted almost without thinking, taking off at a blinding speed. Behind him he heard the same voice, "Aw man! I hate chasing firsties! They're always such a pain!" Sounds of others coming in his direction from all around him. "Razor! Ayan! He's headed toward the street! Better stop 'im!"



"Come here!" Someone who was closer to him than he had first realized seemed to growl. Before his eyes another werewolf appeared out of thin air. "Take it easy kiddo, no one's here to hurt ya. Just wanna get you calmed down and out of the rain. What do ya say?" The beast had it's arms spread out, ready to grapple the newly born Garou.

Without retreating, Markus simply dodged around the other in front of him. Several leaping steps later he was almost out of the passageway and away from the other creature "Ayan! He's gonna be all yours soon at this rate!" He growled loudly, turning to go after Markus himself.

"Calm down sugar, what this boy needs is a little nap." Ayan's southern drawl rang out into the night, she leveled her sniper rifle and lined up the sight with her target. "Three should do the trick." She fired the gun in three rapid successions, the silencer on the weapon keeping the noise to a minimum but the thunder above helped mask it as well. She kept her eye in the sight waiting for confirmation that her target was hit. Once Markus his the pavement and toppled over himself several times it was time to collect him.

"Razor's-Edge, Specter ... I think you boys can handle this from here. Good thing our tribe doesn't really rely on the older methods of completing a chase and beating the rage out of the new babies. You boys would be more worn out than a one legged man in a marathon." She smirked as she shouldered her rifle and hopped down from the landing she perched on.

"Guess we dun bagged another one for the 'Den Mama'. I'm sure she'll be delighted for a new cub, it's been a few months since we had one back at home." She slapped Specter on the back as he bent to help Razor's-Edge pick up their target and get it to their vehicle to take it back to the caern with them.

## Entry #7 - Untitled



"Every night when I close my eyes, I hear her voice. I always see her, before her image slowly slips from view. I wish I could remember her fully... But the only clarity I have is when I dream. My dream is always the same. It's of that dreaded day, when she told me to run. I'll never forget the way she said my name." The soft drawl of her voice faded into silent remembrance as she ceased speaking to the empty air.

Darkness shrouded every inch of the room, an endless expanse that held no light and echoed with the sound of broken silence... For even though the sound of her crooning tone had ceased, there was the faintest sound of heavy droplets falling onto silken sheets. The bittersweet scent of copper was heady, polluting the air with its tainted essence. The tears she shed were not of the mortal kind, but the crimson vitae of one who had been kissed by the lips of immortality. Soon, the soft pattering of droplets fell prey to the beckoning hand of Hypnos who called ever so sweetly. Beneath closed eyelids, dreams awaited, as consciousness fled and swirled within the picture-esque, manufactured world of slumbering night.

"Little one. Oh, little one," called the one who was merely known as Mother. "Wake up, Aida." Her words were accompanied by a soft touch, beckoning her childe into the realm of reality with sweet caresses. Aida opened her eyes, peering up towards the beauteous face of her sire, who had the most radiant features of any Kindred that Aida had ever seen. Mother was a being of magnificent splendor, with eyes of what looked like pure obsidian, as if the blackness that surrounded the constellations had been placed into her sockets. She was almost too ravishing to behold, and yet there she stood, existing in a place that was not worthy of her.

Mother lingered there before embracing her childe, pulling Aida close to her breast to cradle her as one might a child. Perhaps because Aida was a child in her eyes. "Do you know what day it is?" When the newly embraced female shook her head, the Elder merely laughed in endless delight. "It is your birthday. On this day, five years ago, I gave you a new life. What would you like as a gift this year, Aida?" It should have been a simple question, but Aida wanted nothing more than to be held and coddled in Mother's arms, where love was abundant and where the monsters within the dark that crawled alongside them could not reach.

Yet all was not to be so peaceful, and the atmosphere of absolute adoration was stripped away mercilessly by the sound of booming thunder. Footsteps echoed harshly and shadows loomed ever closer as a masculine voice pierced the air. "Cybele! You've had the childe for long enough. You will not hide her from me." Each word was bellowed, sending white-hot fear through both Mother and her childe.

"Cybele!"

That thundering voice lingers within her mind as Aida awakens, fear still coursing through her veins. It has been nearly two centuries since that night, yet it still haunts her. The night that marked the end of her Sire, and the love they had shared. She remembers the cries her mother had made as she pleaded and demanded for her to run... Aida doesn't remember the events after that, but the one thing she remembers is her mother's look of horror.

In the obsidian darkness that lacks the illuminating beams of the moon, once more the sound of tears falling along silken sheets resumes. The memory of her sire will always be in the remnants of crimson smears and fear-riddled nights, where she dreams of a face she will never see again. Yet hope has blossomed still within the vestiges of her long dead heart, as voluntary Torpor begins to overtake every thought. She welcomes the weightless slumber, and in that induced stupor.. Mother's face grows ever clearer, and the broken heart of a child begins to mend.