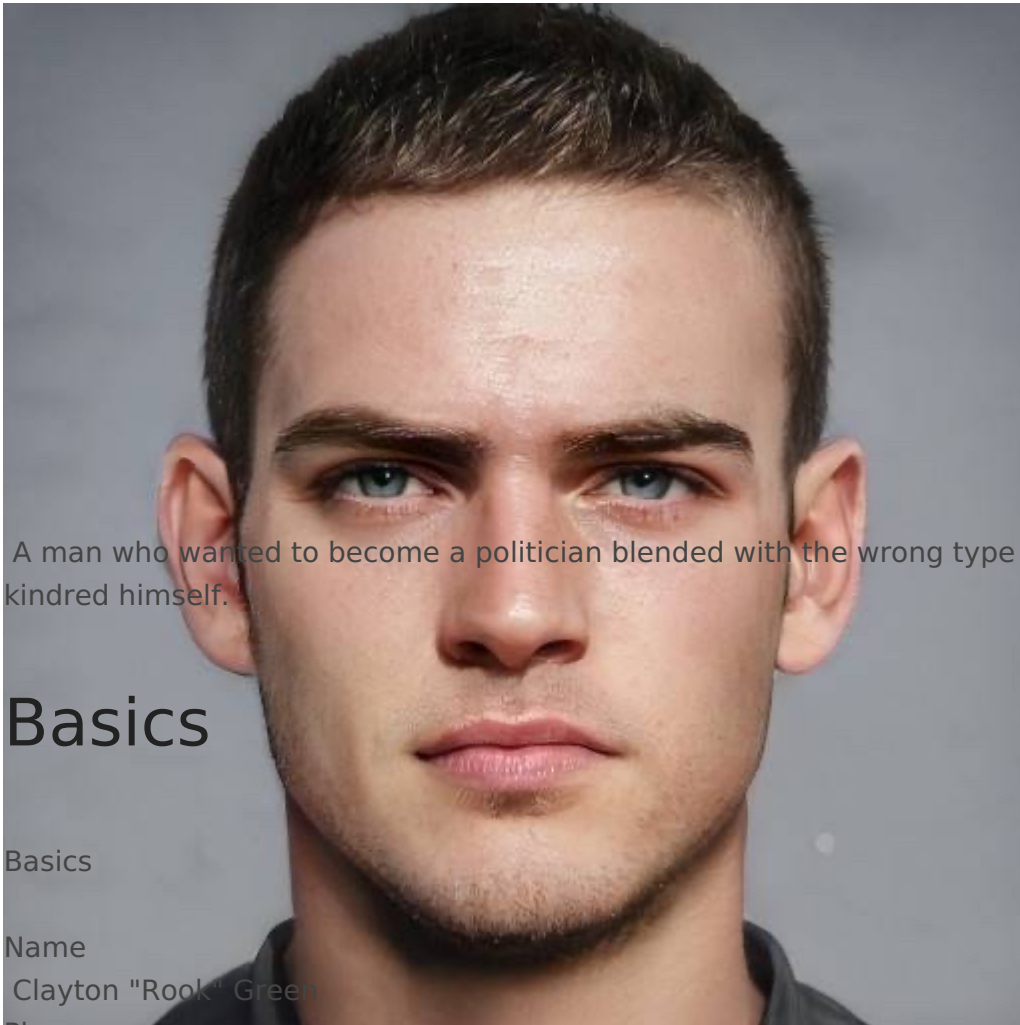


# Clayton "Rook" Green

## Overview

### Overview



A man who wanted to become a politician blended with the wrong type of Vampire and becomes kindred himself.

## Basics

### Basics

#### Name

Clayton "Rook" Green

#### Player

#### Meat

#### Chronicle

Baltimore After Dark

#### Nature

Soldier

Demeanor  
Comrade  
Concept  
Born to be Wild  
Clan  
Brujah(Unknowingly Gangrel)  
Generation  
11th  
Sire  
Unknown Kindred (Assumed Brujah)

# Attributes

Attributes

Physical  
p  
Strength

11100  
Dexterity

11100  
Stamina  
Strong Chin  
11110  
Social  
s  
Charisma

11100  
Manipulation

11000  
Appearance

11100  
Mental  
t  
Perception

11000  
Intelligence

11000  
Wits

11000

# Abilities

Abilities

Talents  
S  
Alertness

00000  
Athletics

00000  
Awareness

10000  
Brawl

11000  
Empathy

00000  
Expression

00000  
Intimidation

11000  
Leadership

11000  
Streetwise

10000  
Subterfuge

11000

00000  
Skills  
T  
Animal Ken

00000  
Crafts

00000  
Drive

11000  
Etiquette

00000  
Firearms

11100  
Larceny

11100  
Melee

11000  
Performance

00000  
Stealth

10000  
Survival

10000

00000  
Knowledge  
P  
Academics

11100  
Computers

11000  
Finance

11000  
Investigation

11000  
Law

11000  
Medicine

10000  
Occult

00000  
Politics

11100  
Science

00000  
Technology

11000

00000

# Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines  
Fortitude\*

11000  
Protean\*

10000

00000

00000

00000

00000  
Backgrounds  
Generation

11000  
Arsenal

10000  
Resources

11000  
Retainer

10000

00000

00000  
Virtues  
Conscience

11000  
Self-Control

11100  
Courage

11100

Humanity/Path  
11111 00000  
Path  
Humanity  
Bearing

Willpower  
11100 00000  
11100 00000  
Blood Pool  
11111 11111  
11000 00000  
Blood/Turn  
1

## Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit  
Type  
Cost  
Blush of Health  
Physical  
2  
Daredevil  
Physical  
3  
Sabbat Survivor  
Social  
1  
Open Road  
Social  
2

Flaw  
Type  
Bonus  
Addiction  
Physical  
3

# Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths  
  
Ritual  
Level



Path

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

# Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total

20

Spent

10

Notes

4-Investigation

6-Larceny

Derangements

# Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Herd

Influence

Mentor

Resources

Money from his mortal life, his parents were wealthy and would keep putting money into his bank account thinking he was trying to become a politician.

Retainers

A ghoul bartender named Philip

Status

Other

Addicted to smoking, not on good speaking terms with his Sire.

# Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

- Gear (Carried)
  - Just his clothes
- Feeding Grounds
  - The Rack
- Havens
  - (Jakes Place) Rooks Place
- Equipment (Owned)
  - A few basic 1911's and a sawed off shotgun he keeps at his Haven
- Vehicles
  - A 2022 Harley Davidson Road King
- Other

# Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To  
Rating

Bound To  
Rating

# Description

## Description

Age

22

Apparent Age

20

D.O.B.

July 30, 2000

R.I.P.

July 30, 2020

Hair

Brown

Eyes

Brown

Race

Caucasian

Nationality

American

Height

6'2"

Build

Muscular

Gender

Male

Face Claim

Rook wears a leather jacket over a t-shirt and some jeans. Around his head sometimes lays a bandana of the American flag and around his feet are a pair of combat boots, he usually wears a pair of aviators to protect his eyes while driving.

# History

## History

A devout man raised in the suburbs in New England, Clayton's family was wealthy and was able to give him the best education he was on his way to becoming a politician until the fateful day he was on his way to college the next state over and ended up getting in with the wrong crowd at a bar. After finishing up college he stayed at the bar more and more becoming friends and eventually a biker, joining with the group 'Vampiric Brotherhood' who would go around and be a general nuisance to the local populace but still be good people to them by hosting blood drives hence the name.

All was well and dandy but after a long day of biking and flipping off church goers Clayton rested in his tent and found someone sneaking about outside. Grabbing his sawed off shotgun that all bikers have he told the figure to politely 'fuck off' but the man didn't listen, beginning to stomp towards the lonesome biker. Clayton shot him riddling his chest with buckshot and the figure fell.. then slowly got back up. In pure shock Clayton failed several times to reload before the man grabbed the empty gun out of his hand and whacking him over the head with it.

He could hear voices but couldn't make anything out. Then the sound of shoveling, Clayton's eyes stayed shut for a few more minutes before the taste of dirt came from to his lips, and something more.. blood? He slowly pried his eyes open and couldn't see a thing, he was surrounded.. by dirt..? Was he buried alive? His fingers began to shift as his heartbeat picked up. He wasn't going to die here. His eyes looked back and forth trying to find something but only seeing a body buried next to him. He wasn't going to die here. He forced his body to start working again as he held what little breath he had left trying to stop the process of hyperventilation. He wasn't going to die here. He heard voices, people taking bets on who was going to come out first, he began to dig through towards the voices, his breath running out and his vision starting to blur. He wasn't going to die here.

Clayton's hand burst through the soil and following it was his head. Forcing both arms through the soil he pulled himself out to his lower torso and threw up, vomit mixed with dirt that had escaped down his throat as he began to sob, not noticing the soft clapping coming from one of the figures until he was grabbed by the head and forced to look at the being.

"You'll do"

The following events happened in quick succession. First he was as dragged out fully by someone who looked straight out of the Hapsburg bloodline and a strongman, then the figure bit into his neck. Clayton was in shock so there was little he could do in terms of fighting back, his body racked with exhaustion as he was turned. After an hour of waiting more people broke through but only three more in total, the rest stayed buried.

With the hiss of an branding iron on his skin Clayton was congratulated into the Sabbat as well as a priest and someone who looked like a former policeman. That day Clayton Green died, and Rook was born.

The next few months he was taught the ins and outs. The stupid Anarchs fighting for 'freedom' and the tight-ass Camarilla trying to keep everyone goody goody. Then the Sabbat. The Sword of Caine. He didn't like the idea but what choice did he have, within the next few months he began to learn more about the process and the other factions. Then Clayton alone was sent to Baltimore. "Do whatever you want dog. Don't fuck with the Prince.. yet."

Getting on his motorcycle Rook rode in the darkness, the brand still aching to this day. Setting up a camp on the outskirts of town and waiting. Debating on what his next move should be.

The next day he took what money was left in his former life's bank account and thanks to his

allowance up to this point, invested into buying a bar, "Jakes Place." Following the purchase, he quickly renamed it to 'Rooks Place' and ghouled one of the bartenders to make him a deal, he could stay and live at the bar so long as he did his job well. And so far there was no incidents, and after renovating the bar to fit his own personal fashion Clayton wasted no time taking the few firearms he already owned and hiding them around the bar, in front of his office there is a rug that says "come back with a warrant." As extra insurance.

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