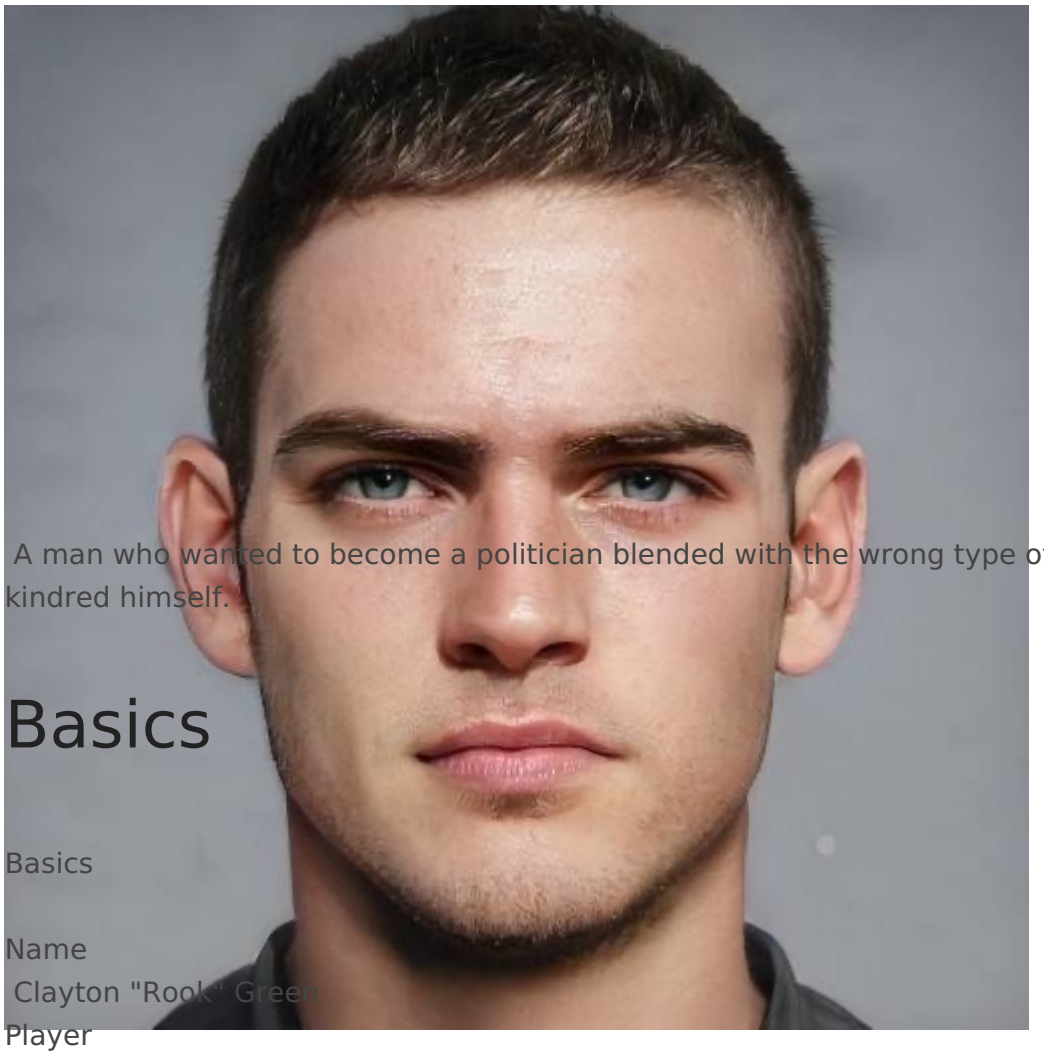
Clayton "Rook" Green

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
 Phyisical
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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