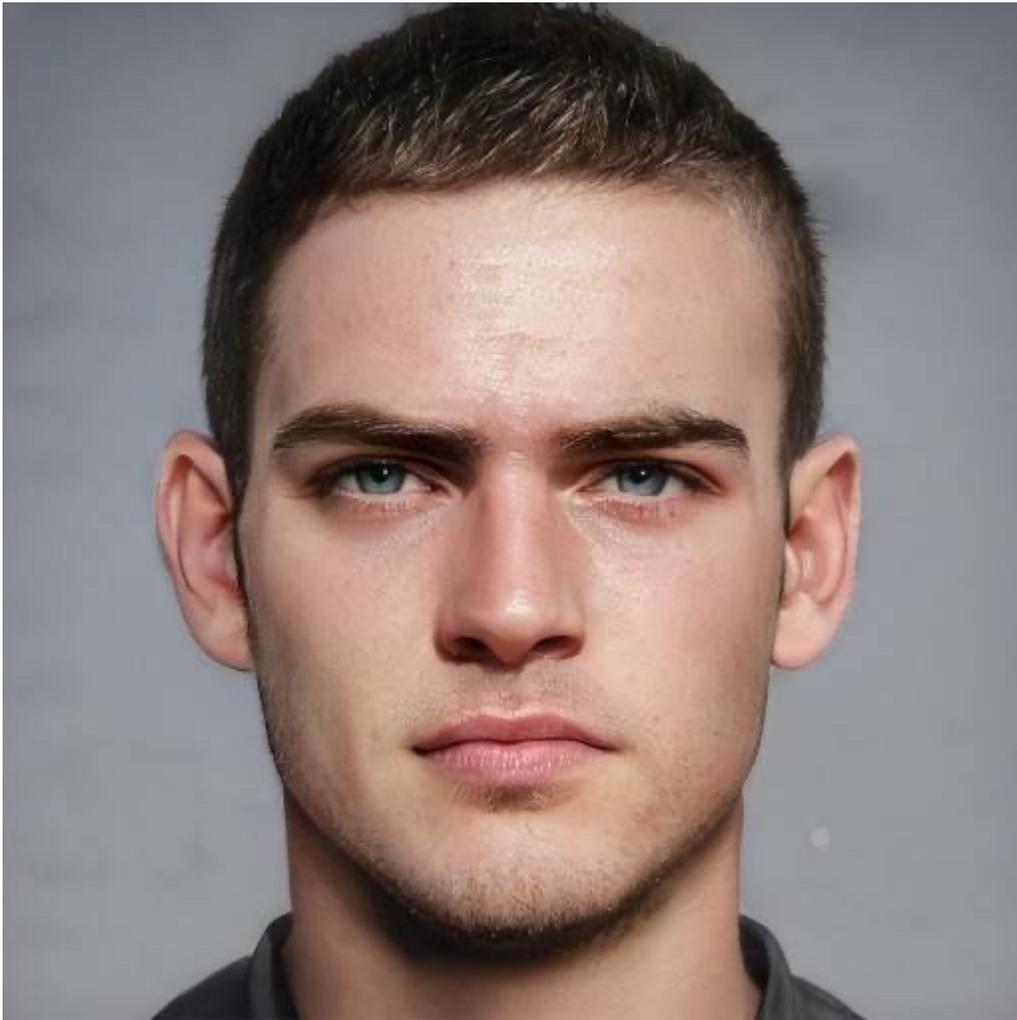


Clayton "Rook" Green

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 ghoulish 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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