Hannah Maxson

Overview

Overview

default-avatar.jpg
Image not found or type unknown
A former ghost hunter turned Nosferatu, Hannah struggles to get a foothold in the tenuous world of the vampire, post-embrace. As these are her first nights, Hannah is a *fledgling* - and therefore, is among some of the most inexperienced in the world of the vampire. Her fascination with the supernatural has persisted into her unlife - though her first encounter with a vampire has definitely left her mentally scarred.

FREEBIES: 15
-4 (two points in occult)
-1 (1 point in Resources)
-5 (+1 Stamina)
-2 for Ability Point (Firearms)
-3 for GEN Background

Basics

Basics

Name
 Hannah Maxson
Player
 The Deltarune System
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark
Nature
 Bon Vivant
Demeanor
 Rogue

Concept
Fuck around and Find Out Feat. GHOSTBUSTERS
Clan
Nosferatu
Generation
8
Sire
Sabbat turning (Rory)

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
p
Strength
Specialization
11000
Dexterity
Parkour
11110
Stamina

11100
Social
s
Charisma
Specialization
11100
Manipulation

11000
Appearance

00000
Mental
t
Perception
Specialization
11100

Intelligence
Subj Authority: Computers
11110
Wits

11100

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness
Specialization
11000
Athletics

11000
Awareness

11100
Brawl

11000
Empathy

00000
Expression
Conversation
10000
Intimidation

10000
Leadership

00000
Streetwise

00000

Subterfuge

11000

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken
Specialization
00000
Crafts

00000
Drive

00000
Etiquette

00000
Firearms

11000
Larceny

10000
Melee

10000
Performance

00000
Stealth

11000
Survival

00000

00000
Knowledge

t
Academics
Programming 11000
Computers

11100
Finance

00000
Investigation

11000
Law

00000
Medicine

00000
Occult

11000
Politics

00000
Science

00000
Technology (Computers)

11000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Obfuscate

11100

Potence
10000

Animalism
10000

00000

00000

00000
Backgrounds

RESOURCES
11100

GENERATION
11111

00000

00000

00000

00000
Virtues
Conscience/Conviction
11100
Self-Control/Instinct

11100
Courage

11110

Humanity/Path
11111 10000
Path
Humanity
Bearing
6
Willpower
11111 10000
▣▣▣▣▣ ▣0000
Blood Pool (15)
11111 11111
11111 00000
Blood/Turn
3

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
Coldly Logical
Mental
1
Computer Aptitude
Mental
2
Sabbat Survivor
Social
1
Monstrous Maw
Physical
1
Eidetic Memory
Mental
2

Flaw
Type
Bonus
 Phobia (Heights)
 Mental
-2
 New Kid
 Social
-1
 Impatient
Mental
-1
 Smell of the Grave
 Physical
-1
 Phobia (Claustrophobia)
 Social
 -2

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level

Path

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

Experience & Derangements

DUMB THINGS I SPENT EXP ON

Total
 20
Spent
 15
Notes
- 5 Obfuscate 2
 -10 Obfuscate 3

Derangements

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Herd

Influence

Mentor

Resources
Works from home for various programming contracts and gigs for her primary source of income. As her work is remote, she doesn't have to worry about going outside unless she needs to feed.
Retainers

Status

Other

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)
Sig Sauer P226 (.357, also accepts .38)
(Pistol, Hvy. 5 DAM, 25 RANGE, 3 RATE, CAPACITY 14+1, CONCEALABILITY: JACKET)

Feeding Grounds

Havens
Townhouse: "The Lair", 3 Bedroom, 2 Bath, 1650 SQ FT. Probably the comfiest nerd lair you can imagine, complete with LED lights and a whole fireplace.
Equipment (Owned)
Gaming Rig, Supplementary Laptop(s), Motorcycle Helmet (Full) & Pads
Vehicles
2006 Suzuki GSX-R 1000K6 (Motorbike)
Other
  Cat: French Fry

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age
27
Apparent Age
Indeterminable.
D.O.B.
04/13/1995
R.I.P.
05/16/2022
Hair
Black, Greasy.
Eyes
Golden
Race
Indeterminable.
Nationality
American.
Height
6'1"
Build
Jacked
Gender
Female
Face Claim
https://vartiusdraws.tumblr.com/image/612419021002981376

History

History

Born in Syracuse, New York on April 13th, 1995, Hannah was born to two fairly uninteresting parents and began the start of her life in the 'burbs. Her early childhood was fairly normal - average even, for someone born into a middleclass family.

Her fascination with the supernatural began early - though it was mostly discouraged by her parents since it was something 'weird' that they thought would effect their daughter's chances at getting friends; as such, they tried to stamp it out - only to fail miserably when Hannah began walking to the

library. As time went on, Hannah's casual interest in scary stories and folklore legends branched out into the many, many, many mostly useless books on the Arcane - never really gleaning much more than the presented stereotypes at first.

As her parents expected, having such an 'out there' interest such as aliens, monsters, and ghosts kind of separated her from her peers, though for the most part she didn't seem to take much notice.

Hannah's childhood was lonely.

When Hannah was twelve, she was pushed to pursue an interest in computers - and miraculously, it stuck. When before she only had eyes for the spooky and terrifying, now she was wondering how it all worked.

By the time that highschool had ended, Hannah had long learned how to build a computer - and had in fact, secured a place in MIT; though whether this was from her good grades, or her parents engaging in some form of bribery is unknown.

For the next four years, Hannah went quiet, nearly cutting off contact with her parents due to how apocalyptically busy she was between her studies, and meeting her deadlines. In the end, she emerged with a bachelor's degree in Computer Science - and in a stroke of good luck, it didn't take her long to find steady employment through contracted work and other side-gigs.

Before she knew it, she was working at home in a rented townhome, and she finally had her own space where she could do whatever she wanted, whenever she wanted. For a time, things seemed good - it even seemed like things were looking up; but as the years dragged on, the question of ***'is this all there is'*** seemed to stick out. Reality was cruel, people were often monsters. Politicians stomped on the less fortunate, while the rich exploited everyone else.

The mundanity of life was a crushing and surreal thing that she couldn't escape, as much as she tried. It wasn't enough that she be safe or secure, stability was fine - but stagnancy was not. For a time, Hannah tried new hobbies - but in the end, it seemed like very little gave her any sense of meaning. Dice games were great, but her schedule didn't allow for it. Gardening was *fine,* but all it was, was just passing time and waiting for something green to grow. It was unfulfilling.

In time, Hannah was left with a clear idea of what she wanted to do. The supernatural was out there, it had to be; this couldn't be all there was - she refused to accept it. And so, over the course of the next few years, Hannah began to hunt for the supernatural, if nothing else but to prove to herself that it existed - that the real world was much stranger and fantastical than she had been led to believe. Her adventures ranged from urban exploration to flat-out trespassing - and over time, she began to see things. Abnormal things...and she began to talk about them on a reddit forum.

Eventually, this would lead to her *death.*

The night was crisp - there was an absolute lack of moisture in the atmosphere, while Hannah rode down the street on her motorbike. One thirty AM and she was out on her bike, riding through near-deserted streets, streetlamp halos passing her by, as if it were some kind of omen - a spotlight of

sorts. A nervous energy seized in Hannah's gut, as she leaned forward. She'd come too far now to back out. Sure, maybe the tip she'd gotten was a bit sudden and strangely worded - but her source had been reliable in the past - at least for the past two hunts. The supernatural was within her grasp - the world seemed to be ever expanding; and everything she had seen so far hinted toward some fabulous and unnamable power.

The feeling of terror was washed away with the feeling of power that ***knowing*** *brought her. How could she document the world if she didn't approach it for what it was? Knowledge was power. It was her game. The world of ghosts had opened up an entirely new world - one where monsters existed. She'd never met one - not for real - not outside of a few angry ghosts.*

She hoped to keep it that way.

Hannah came back to the present, as her bike sped to the upwards of fifty eight miles an hour. Pumping the breaks gently slowed the craft down, as the cracked, old road turned to gravel, leading up to what looked to be a manor overgrown with vines - nearly erased by time. The purr of the engine died, as she kicked out the stand. "Fine. I guess this is as far as we get there." The helmet was the first thing to go. Brushing her hair back, Hannah was slow to put the helmet onto the bike's seat - even slower to approach the gate. By the time the Go-Pro was rolling - mounted on her shoulder as it was - she had only barely passed through the rusted gates.

Something filled her with an intense dread - approaching terror. The hairs on her skin stood on end - and for a second, she swore she saw something moving in the brush. Her hands tightened into fists - before she relaxed her left hand, and grabbed a small flashlight from her bag - clicking it on. At a glance, the manor looked even more unwelcoming than it had from her headlights. Her hand unconsciously inched for the leather bound satchel at her side. Among other things, it contained her handgun, and her field journal. One could never be too careful out here. Especially not when it felt like this.

On some level, Hannah was used to this. A feeling of dread wasn't unusual when it meant that the supernatural was about - though it had never felt ***quite like this.*** *Something was wrong - but she couldn't find it within herself to resist a mystery - even if she was creeped out. "I just...have to check out the tip, and that'll be it. We can go home." Everything screamed at her to run - to turn around - on a primal level. Her nails dug into the palms of her fists, and she quieted her breath, the gravel crunching underneath her heal, as her hand tightened into a deathgrip around her flashlight - her knuckles whitening.*

The tip had said that something new was in this location - something she'd never seen before. The wording had been vague - more so than the last few tips had been. It felt...wrong, but in her excitement to document something new, she hadn't listened to what her gut was telling her. This road wasn't on the map. This entire structure wasn't listed when she tried to search for the address.

Hannah took a moment to breathe. Remaining calm was key to surviving in almost any situation involving the supernatural, or...well, mostly the dead. She hadn't encountered much more than

ghosts, in all honesty.

Slowly, Hannah began to move again, creeping up the rotting stairs onto a deck that had mostly fallen into disrepair. It was clear that no-one had been here in quite some time. That alone was enough to make her feel a little bit better. If no-one living had gone up the stairs, then that meant she was probably alone with a possibly violent and deranged spectre.

"*Okay. Key is to not touch anything. They get way more mad when you touch anything that belonged to them. Otherwise they might just ignore you, which is kind of what we're aiming for.*"

For a moment, everything seemed like the normal abandoned house. Sometimes people died, and there was no-one to inherit the land. The government usually snatched it up, but sometimes things were just left to rot like this. It was sad in a way - for the manor must have looked beautiful in its prime. So caught up in the aesthetics of the ruined manor she was, that Hannah didn't notice the doorway closing behind her, or the shadow that had appeared.

Heavy breathing is what caught her attention first. With a jerk of her neck, her eyes filled with terror. The creature looked emaciated - and a burlap sack was upon it's head - soaked in a large blood splatter. The seam of the sack had been split to reveal a single gleaming eye - though Hannah's gaze was more drawn to the sickle in its hand. Panic filled her, and she was sent scrambling down the hallway. Various debris had either blocked the windows, or covered them completely. In the end, she was funneled downwards - into the cellar. Hannah could feel her heart beating in her chest, as her heavy boots punched down onto the wooden floor. In her haste, she didn't realize that she'd been pushed into another trap.

The a metal door slammed down behind her, as she entered down into where the basement should have been. The basement, or whatever this *was, looked to be a large underground space that stretched beyond what one might imagine being beneath the building above. The first thing that stood out was pungent scent of rot; the second was the yellow buzzing lights above, and the slightly moist carpet below.*

Her panic was quick to return, when she heard footsteps in the distance.

Hannah ran the maze for what felt like hours, never feeling like she was getting anywhere. Always there was something just out of sight, stomping behind her, no matter where she turned - no matter how fast she ran.

Sweat ran down Hannah's face as she ran. She'd never been hurting for stamina before, and she'd become pretty athletic during the course of her adventures - but the maze seemed to stretch on and on without end. She wasn't a slouch but...she could only run for so long, and she was fast approaching her limit. She was slowing down - she knew it. It wasn't long before she came to a stop - breathing ragged. She couldn't catch her breath. It felt like the walls were closing in.

It took Hannah a few moments for her to realize that she wasn't hearing footsteps. In her exhaustion,

she had let her guard down. Wiping the sweat from her forehead, Hannah opened her satchel - pulling free her handgun. "Alright...fine. Let's see what you're made of." Bravery wasn't the absence of fear - but the ability to act in spite of it. Running hadn't worked out very well for her so far - it was time to face up to the challenge - whatever it was. The lights went out for all of a second - before a second set of lights turned on - painting the walls with a red light.

For a fleeting second, Hannah had the naïve hope that it didn't mean anything bad for her.

The sound of thudding boots rapidly approaching rang out until Hannah was all but sure that the monster was all but upon her. For a second, all Hannah could hear was the rapid beating of her heart, as she raised her handgun - pointing it down the hallway she'd just entered from. A hand burst from her left - through the wall - and grabbed her by the throat. Hannah hardly had any time to figure out what was going on, before she was on the ground again, in a different hallway.

Being thrown was definitely a new experience - and a bad one, to say the least. Hannah was quick to recover - in time enough to roll to her side - out of the way of an oncoming sickle blade. "Fuck!" Scrambling to her right, Hannah would back herself into a wall - only to realize that the monster was gone. "What the fuck...?" She didn't imagine that. She didn't just somehow throw herself through a wall. The monster had turned invisible or had fled. "Oh, I don't like how clever you are." The words came out shakily, as her grip tightened again on the handgun in her grip.

Her visibility was already reduced from the lights - but if this thing was sneaky enough to disappear into the darkness - or whatever it had done - she was in trouble. In the moment, her mind shut down. "Come on then!" The monster's hand appeared on her gun, and in all of a second, it was taken away from her. A wordless yell of terror and adrenaline escaped Hannah's chest - and a left hook was sent for the bagman's head. Her fist collided with something hard and unyielding.

She barely had time to react before it was upon her.

Revision #27
Created 14 May 2022 21:41:50 by atomicSunshine
Updated 19 May 2025 21:43:58 by QuinnTalon