Hayden "Loki" Ziepke

Overview

Overview

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 Loki likes to equate himself to a stray black cat on the alleyway, an omen of coming misfortune that is always short just one more plate of food, slowly knocking down a can of paint with its raised paw and running from its pursuers with a piece of fresh meat on its mouth. Still, it's not like he began liking being a little shit, Loki isn't THAT much of one to begin with... but well, he's already a fucking monster, right? Might as well sit on the Devil's lap, yeah?... Yeah?

At least, that's what one of Baltimore's newest arrivals tells himself, known thus far by the pseudonym of 'Loki', the homeless kid carves a path made of burnt wood and broken glass in his repertoire of senseless destruction, he doesn't know where the hell he's going, but if he lies to himself, then it's all part of the fun.

Basics

Basics

Name
 Hayden "Loki" Ziepke
Player
 CatMinister
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark
Nature
 Survivor
Demeanor
 Thrill-Seeker
Concept
 Vagrant Firebug

Clan
Ravnos
Generation
13th | Neonate
Sire
Unknown New Yorkian

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
s
Strength

10000
Dexterity
Fleetfoot
11110
Stamina

11100
Social
t
Charisma

10000
Manipulation

11100
Appearance

11000
Mental
p
Perception
Attentive
11110
Intelligence

10000
Wits
Nerves of Steel
11111

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

11100
Athletics

11100
Awareness

10000
Brawl

00000
Empathy

10000
Expression

00000
Intimidation

00000
Leadership

00000
Streetwise
Words on the Street
11110
Subterfuge

11100

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

00000
Crafts

10000
Drive

00000
Etiquette

00000
Firearms

00000
Larceny

11100
Melee

00000
Performance

00000
Stealth

11100
Survival

11100

00000
Knowledge
t
Academics

10000
Computers

00000
Finance

00000
Investigation

11100
Law

00000
Medicine

00000
Occult

00000
Politics

00000
Science

00000
Technology

10000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines
 Chimerstry
Clan Discipline
11110

Obfuscate
Clan Discipline
11000

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00000

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00000
Backgrounds
Fame
Petty Crime
11000
Herd
Junkies
11000
Allies

11000

00000

00000

00000
Virtues
Conscience

11000
Self-Control

11100
Courage

11111

Humanity
11111 00000
Path
Humanity
Bearing
Normalcy
Willpower
11111 00000
11111 00000
Blood Pool
11111 11111
00000 00000
Blood/Turn
1

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
Daredevil
Physical
-3
Catlike Balance
Physical
-1
Friend of the Underground
Social
-3

Flaw	Type	Bonus
Smell of the Grave	Physical	+1
Short Fuse	Mental	+2
New Arrival	Social	+1
Vulgar	Social	+1

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual	Level

Path

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Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total
 20 FREE, 15 XP
Spent
 20 FREE, 15 XP
Notes
 FREEBIE
  [-3] +Merit | Daredevil
  [-14] +Discipline | Chimerstry 4
  [-2] +Ability | Streetwise 4
  [-1] +Merit | Catlike Balance

XP

[-4] +Ability | Athletics 3
[-4] +Ability | Larceny 3
[-7] +Discipline | Obfuscate 2

Derangements

Clan Weakness: Vandalism

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies
More prolific criminals or gang members that have taken a particular liking to Loki.
Contacts

Fame
His acts of petty vandalism has incured some notoriety amongst the law and the underworld alike.
Herd
Loki's usual 'home' amongst the homeless has gotten him a few loyal drug addicts to get his fill incospicuously.
Influence

Mentor

Resources
Loki is essentially homeless, he has no Haven of his own and any money or supply he gets is more often than not stolen.
Retainers

Status
True to their name, the Anarchs have found his art of destruction a fine piece to observe thus far, if not childish.
Other

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)
 -Barely functioning phone
-One or two molotov cocktails
-Old lighter
-Screwdriver
-Matchbox full of clips and nails
Feeding Grounds
 Secluded alleyways, near parties or clubs but never inside, preferably with some sort of alcohol or drug.
Havens
 Whatever hidden spot within alleys or sewers or abandoned buildings he can find, he usually doesn't stay for many nights.
Equipment (Owned)
-Nailed baseball bat
-Stolen simple toolbox
-Gas can
-Hose
Vehicles

Other
 Most of his carried gear is always hidden over his weathered leather jacket.

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age
25
Apparent Age
19
D.O.B.
1999
R.I.P.
2018
Hair
Black
Eyes
Black
Race
Caucasian
Nationality
American
Height
5'7"
Build
Scrawny
Gender
Male
Face Claim

Nat Zang
Hayden, though he's actually fairly handsome, whether he doesn't care for upkeep or lacks the facilities for it, the matter of the fact is that he is constantly dirty and dishevelled, with messy hair and soot marks on his skin. The worse thing of all is a seemingly permanent smell of a rotting corpse dowsed in gasoline.

His closet also relays the same aesthetic, more often than not barefoot with shirts and pants that are nearly ripping apart, some with even worser smells, Hayden truly takes whatever he finds across the dumpster without any shame. Still, 'Loki' seems to find a liking to them, specifically a particular leather jacket and a pair of aviator glasses.

History

History

'Loki' doesn't talk about his past often, in his outlook, it's like whoever that guy was died that fateful night back in New York, where a strange-looking hobo showed him wonders he could only dream of on the nearly empty subway station, he still remembers that it was midnight as he saw the fluorescent light of the ad screen flow out into the air in a bizarre yet dazzling array of colorful mist, it's funny to reimagine how shocked his face was then, who in their right mind would say no to their offer of being able to make your wildest hallucinations reality? Maybe he should've seen it coming, people usually don't get THAT close to you if they want something, especially someone no one cares for... but to this day, Loki still can't hate whoever they were, despite everything, he can't imagine living like he did, alone and cold in the steel floors of the subway begging for a change of heart just to survive. He doesn't even know their name and they never asked for his own, but they taught them all they could, they weren't the best teacher, but Loki knows the general basics of the society and the Masquerade itself, but then, like they first promised in his training period, his sire left him to fulfill the prophecy of his 'blood', whatever the hell that meant, to find his own path throught the nights, alone, like a Ravnos should.
And so, Hayden died and became Loki, Nordic god of chaos, or at least, that's what he remembered from that slightly more interesting book, it was a cool name to take. Still, Loki found quite the creative ways to fend for himself, from making a distraction to get the cash register to inducing a trauma flashback on a vet to ransack his place for some goodies, and of course, his favorite past-time, setting shit on fire. It was hard at first, like water to rabies, suddenly getting afraid of his own toys wasn't a neat experience... but his desire to wreck havoc was stronger. In fact, stronger than ever before, Loki was already a menace of his own, but this was different, every whirlwind he made was far more satisfying than any high or bite he could ever take... so maybe it was obvious that he'd get enemies. Loki was, unfortunately, an unlikeable asshole.
An asshole that broke things, and even more worser, sometimes in Camarilla territory. Sometimes... he goes too far, not enough to cause a blood hunt, he never was THAT important in politics, but people were inconvenienced enough that they were willing to end him. So, in true Loki fashion, he did

what he does best. Run away as fast as he could.
Taking favors from people, hiding as nothing more than a shitty smell below the bus, actually being... 'friendly' with Kindred to get what he wants, Loki seems to have gotten himself in a cycle of constantly causing shit and instantly leaving once shit got too hot.

After a few shenanigans across New Jersey, Loki finds himself in his very first 'Anarch' town, he tentatively testes the water with his toes, causing one or two fires there as he gets himself situated within the town, whispers in the streets speak of tense relations between the big heads, and frankly, he doesn't want to be the spark that blows shit up... though... the more he thinks about it, the more he gets tempted to just go for it. However, as much as Loki wants to continue to stroke his most materialistic desires... he, in the bottom of his heart, just wants to live to see the next day, he doesn't really know why he's still living, but he doesn't want to die, and so, he lives life meaninglessly as he breaks and breaks more things, doing the same thing and expecting a different result.

At the end of the day, Loki has never changed from who Hayden was.
A scared kid that just wants to do good enough to do his own thing alone, whose parents kicked him out because all he ever knew what to do was scream and lash out, following a generational trend of 'pushing the chick out of the nest', even if that chick would go to fall with a pathetic splat on the ground, far away from the nest to ever know home again. Hayden faces the evenings with the knowledge that he'll never be loved or cared for, so Loki may as well do his own thing without a care in the world, if he believes in the glow of the fire hard enough, senseless destruction can be fun.
But the truth of the matter is, how many burnt villages will equal to the warmth he longs for?

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