Richter Jameson

Overview

Overview



Richter Jameson knows three things. He is Tremere. He is Camarilla. He listens to the letters that appear in his book.

These three facts are all he seems to know. All he can know, because every moment of his life before stepping foot over the city line into Baltimore never seemed to have happened. All he had to his name was a sword, a satchelbag, and a series of letters from an unknown author, detailing specific instructions in excruciating detail of what he was, who he was, and where to go.

Loyal to the Tremere, the tower, and his heart, Richter believes that despite everything, he is here for a reason... and the only way to learn it, is to survive.

Basics

Basics

Name
Richter Jameson
Player
LaternControler#6646
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark
Nature
Caregiver
Demeanor
Idealist
Concept
Devout Hero and Unknowing Puppet.
Clan
Tremere
Generation
8th
Sire
???

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
p
Strength
Reserves of Strength
11110
Dexterity
Swift
11110
Stamina

11000
Social
s
Charisma
Specialization
10000
Manipulation

11100
Appearance

11000
Mental
t
Perception

11000
Intelligence

11100
Wits

11100

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

10000
Athletics

11100
Awareness

10000
Brawl

10000
Empathy

11100
Expression

00000
Intimidation

00000
Leadership

00000
Streetwise

00000
Subterfuge

00000

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken
Specialization
00000
Crafts

00000
Drive

00000
Etiquette

00000
Firearms

00000
Larceny

00000
Melee

11100
Performance

00000

Stealth

11000
Survival

00000

00000
Knowledge
t
Academics
Specialization
11100
Computers

00000
Finance

00000
Investigation

00000
Law

00000
Medicine

00000
Occult

11100
Politics

00000
Science

00000
Technology

00000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Thamaturgy
11110

Auspex
00000

Dominate
00000

Celerity
00000

00000

00000
Backgrounds

Generation
11111

Mentor (PARAGON)
111111

00000

00000

00000

00000
Virtues
Conscience/Conviction

11111
Self-Control/Instinct

11000
Courage

11100

Humanity/Path
11111 11000
Path
 Humanity
Bearing
 +0
Willpower
11111 11100
00000 00000
Blood Pool
11111 11111
11111 00000
Blood/Turn
 3

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
 Additional Discipline (Celerity)
 Supernatural
5

Paragon (Mentor)	Social	7

Flaw	Type	Bonus
Nameless	Social	5
Bound (Mentor)	Social	2
Amnesia	Mental	0

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level
Communicate with Kindred Sire
1
Burning Blade
2
Pavis of Foul Presence
3
Ward Against Kindred
4

Path

Path of Blood
11110

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total
 15
Spent
 15
Notes
Freebies:
Merits; -12
 WP Freebies; -5
Mentor Freebies; -5
22/22

Exp:
Thamaturgy 4; -15 exp

Derangements

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Herd

Influence

Mentor

The letters arrive like clockwork, they just seem to appear when he's not looking, or maybe he put them there himself and he just doesn't remember.

He doesn't remember who his mentor is, or why they seem to be the only person who knows who he is, but they promise something no one else can provide; answers... if he can follow the 'simple' tasks asked of him.

Sometimes, he writes letters back, he doesn't know where to send them, so he often just... leaves them in his bag.

When the letters disappear and a reply sometimes appears, it never fails to make the hairs on the back of his neck crawl.

Still... whoever they are, so long as he does what they ask, it seems like maybe, just maybe, they'll help him out along the way.

Not that he has a choice when a letter comes and asks him to do something. He always ends up obeying... if he wants to or not.
Resources

Retainers

Status

Other

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)
Old Flip-phone.

Feeding Grounds
The Rack.
Havens
Hopefully... the Chantry is open.
Equipment (Owned)
Rapier (It has his name engraved on it, it's the only thing that really seems to be 'his')

Vehicles
 A Bike
Other

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating
 ??? (His mentor)
 3
 Clan Tremere
 2

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age
 ??? (He certainly can't remember)
Apparent Age
 22

D.O.B.
???
R.I.P.
???
Hair
Raven Black
Eyes
Hazel
Race
Caucasian
Nationality
Most likely American is his best guess.
Height
6'2
Build
Slim
Gender
Male
Face Claim
James Collier

History

History

There were too many questions Richter couldn't answer. So he tried to start from the beginning.

He's a Kindred, he knows what a Kindred is. He didn't lose that. He knows the traditions, which is something he's very thankful he can still remember. Most of his knowledge of the Camarilla remained untouched, actually, as did his Clan; he knows the Tremere Oath, he knows he took it. Richter must have been a reasonably well studied Tremere, he's found he has quite a bit of occult knowledge, that points to him definitely leaning his studies heavily on the subject. His disciplines agree with that. He tried to use Auspex and Dominate and found he had no skill in either, this tells Richter he had focused exclusively on learning Thaumaturgy. Though all he (remembers) knowing is the path of blood... so maybe he just wasn't that good of a Tremere at all.

He's also found he was quite physically gifted, he knows that's not inherently unusual, but for a Tremere, definitely a strange choice. Socially lacking? Very much in the spirit of a Tremere embrace,

and he's pretty sure he's not stupid. Or at least, he's smart enough to know there are people smarter then him.

He tried to use taste of blood on himself, he discovered he was of the 8th generation, which meant his sire was of the 7th, an elder. That was a good lead, he also learned he hadn't ever committed diablerie. That was... also very relieving to know.

The next step was his rituals. He remembered how to cast them, and then he remembered he knew Communicate with Kindred Sire, the mystery seemed solved. Richter learned it wasn't quite that easy. He tried the ritual with every object in his possession, and it failed each time. He needed something owned by his sire for it to work... and he didn't have anything at all.

It was... frustrating, but acceptable. He did have more information then before. It had been an hour since he had crossed the city line into Baltimore, he had found a bus shelter away from prying eyes, and was contemplating his next step. He had no money (that he remembered), He could sell his sword, but he... felt a sentimental attachment to the item. That was a good sign, maybe. It meant it was most likely important to him. It also had a name inscribed on it. Richter Jameson. So he hoped it was his.

The blade felt right in his hand, he didn't have anything to judge his reflexes against... but it felt like he had been doing it for a long time. He had be using at the very least, a weapon like this, for a long time.

There were too many questions Richter couldn't answer. So he tried to start from the letters.

They were the one thing that seemed to reference him, that knew who he was, what he was. They confirmed his theories. He was Tremere, he was Camarilla, he had come here to accomplish a task. He had agreed to come here to save people.

That felt right. Richter believed himself the kind of person who would try and save others. It felt right.

The letters promised great things, wealth, status, power, influence, and all he'd have to do is do as they asked. In exchange, everything would be revealed in time. He felt compelled to follow the letters. Maybe it was something more insidious, but Richter knew that if nothing else, whoever penned these letters knew him... and maybe in time, one day, they'd be revealed.

But he couldn't just wait around for that day, until then, he'd have to enter a new city, as a new person... and introduce himself to the prince.

He hoped one of the things he didn't remember about himself, was that he was lucky.

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