

# 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 than 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 than 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 been 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.