Simon Temple

Overview

Overview

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Simon is quiet and intense. He's not at all shy, he simply speaks when he feels he has something to say. His eyes are constantly roving and taking in data. There is a coldness about him that sets him apart from others. He dresses in casually in loose fitting clothing that is easy to move in. His clothing is universally black.

Basics

Basics

Name
Simon Temple
Player
Ben McInnis
Chronicle
Baltimore After Dark
Nature
Survivor
Demeanor
Eye of the Storm
Concept
Scholar Crusader
Clan
Tremere Antitribu
Generation
11
Sire
Clarissa

Attributes

Attributes

Physical
p
Strength

11100
Dexterity

11100
Stamina

11000
Social
s
Charisma

11000
Manipulation

11000
Appearance

11000
Mental
t
Perception

11100
Intelligence
Book Knowledge
11110
Wits

11100

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

00000
Athletics

00000
Awareness

00000
Brawl

11100
Empathy

00000
Expression

00000
Intimidation

00000
Leadership

10000
Streetwise

10000
Subterfuge

10000

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

00000
Crafts

00000
Drive

00000
Etiquette

00000
Firearms

00000
Larceny

11100
Melee

11000
Performance

00000
Stealth

11000
Survival

11000

00000
Knowledge
t
Academics

11100
Computers

11000
Finance

00000

Investigation

11000
Law

00000
Medicine

00000
Occult

11100
Politics

00000
Science

00000
Technology

11100

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Thaumaturgy
11100

Auspex
10000

00000

00000

00000

00000
Backgrounds

Generation
11000

Resources
11000

Rituals
11100

00000

00000

00000
Virtues
Conscience/Conviction

11000
Self-Control/Instinct

10000
Courage

11111

Humanity/Path
11100 00000
Path
Caine
Bearing

Faith. The righteousness of the Cainite is apparent to all. The bearing modifier affects all rolls that rely on the vampire’s image as a devout Kindred and scholar of Caine’s teachings.

Willpower
11111 00000
11111 00000

Blood Pool
11111111111
10000 00000

Blood/Turn
1

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
Unmarked Antitribu
Clan Specific
5

Flaw
Type

Bonus

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual	Level
Illuminate the Trail of Prey	1

Path

Path of Blood
11100
Lure of Flames
11000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total
1
Spent
14
Notes
Freebies: 5-Unmarked Antitribu 1- Generation to 2
7- Thaumaturgy to 3
1- Leadership to 1
Experience: 14- Lure of Flames to 2

Derangements

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Herd

Influence

Mentor

Resources
 Annuity left to him by his deceased parents
Retainers

Status

Other

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)
 Clothes, trench coat, machete, hunting knives, pocketknife, lockpicking kit, small precision tool kit, backpack, ritual supplies, burner phone
Feeding Grounds

Havens

Equipment (Owned)
Assortment of books, ritual equipment, toolbox, laptop
Vehicles

Other

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age

33
Apparent Age
23
D.O.B.
Oct. 3, 1991
R.I.P.
Sometime in spring of 2014
Hair
White
Eyes
Light pink
Race
Caucasian
Nationality
American
Height
6'2"
Build
Lean and well-muscled
Gender
Male
Face Claim
Original (Artbreeder AI)
Simon is tall with a lean, well-muscled frame. He slouches slightly and does not like to make eye contact. He dresses loose-fitting dark clothes that are good for traveling and sneaking around.

History

History

Simon was born to Elias and Myra Temple in Towson, Maryland. He was born albino and became the subject of ridicule for his strangeness. His parents were both high earners and Simon wanted for nothing except companionship. His parents were always working and his peers avoided him because of his strange looks, so Simon found solace in books. He developed an obsessive interest in history, particularly the time period of the Crusades. He found out he was descended from a Templar knight, and this fueled his interest even more.

His intellect got him ahead and he skipped grades. He started high school at age 12 and graduated with honors at 16. His parents were proud of his academic success, but still spent no greater time with him. He started college at Johns Hopkins with a double major in Engineering and History. He earned his bachelor's degree with honors, as well as a master’s degree. He was in his first year of doctoral studies when tragedy struck.

His parents died under mysterious circumstances. They had gone on vacation to the islands, but their plane crashed overseas and was never recovered. Simon was devastated on a number of levels; anger that his parents had now completely abandoned them and regret that he’d never gotten to reconcile their distance from him.

Luckily for Simon, his parents had left him an annuity that would pay out for the rest of his life, but he did not care. They were gone and there was nothing he could do to change that. He dropped out of school and drifted for a time. He got into the occult; at first as a chance to make contact with his parent’s ghosts, but as he got deeper into it, his natural curiosity took over. One night, he left a lecture from an occultist of some note who’d been discussing his theories on transubstantiation and bridging the physical and non-physical worlds. Simon was in his own head. The theories seemed sound, but he could not see how they could be actualized. As he mulled this over, he did not see the shadow that parted from the wall of an alley he passed. Suddenly, he was clocked over the head and the world went black.

He couldn’t move. Something surrounded him on all sides. Hunger like he’d never experienced before roared within him. Panic. Primitive fear of being trapped. His instincts kicked into overdrive. Animal frenzy blotted out his mind and he clawed and scratched through what he realized was dirt and bodies. Sheer terror flooded his body with adrenaline, and he screamed as he suffocated. It seemed like an eternity, but he finally broke through the nightmare morass into the open air. He gasped; shock rolled over him like an ice bath. He looked around. Others were struggling out of a writhing mass of half-buried bodies and detritus. There were others there. They were laughing. Rage. Simon lurched and pulled his legs from the pile. He charged at the ones who were laughing. He was in good shape. He’d had to fight against bullies his entire life and he’d realized quickly that the better shape he was in, the less likely the bullies were to pick on the albino kid.

Simon swung hard at the first figure he reached. They laughed harder and backhanded him with careless ease. Simon flew through the air and landed in a heap. One of the figures walked up to him and put his foot on Simon’s chest.

“He’s got fight", the figure said, still laughing, “we’ll keep this one.”

Without another word, the figure lifted Simon up into the air and bit into his neck. Simon expected pain, but it was the opposite. Pleasure beyond anything he’d ever imagined flooded his senses. He was drifting, but he didn’t care. It would be an end and he’d finally be able to ask his parents all the questions he’d wanted to. They would have forever to be together…

The pain returned. Something hot was pouring into his mouth. His nerve endings lit up like a livewire. Something within him drove him to drink and keep drinking. Too soon, the font was pulled away. Simon wasn’t thinking. All he wanted was that hot liquid. Someone tossed him into the back of a box truck with a number of others. He could tell they were as hungry as he was. They beat against the walls of the truck, desperate to escape and feed.

Not long after, the doors were opened. Simon did not know where they were. All he knew was they had to feed. He and the others ran into the streets and memory drowned in a sea of red.

When he came to himself, he was in a room. There was someone else in the room. He didn’t know how he knew, but he was sure of it. A candle flickered alight. For some reason, the sight of the candle unnerved Simon. There was a woman walking toward him. Some odd mark glowed on her forehead. He must be seeing things.

The woman introduced herself as Clarissa. Much of what she said flew over Simon’s head. What was a ‘Tremere’ or ‘House Goratrix’? She said something about thaumaturgy, but at that moment it all flew over his head. The one thing she said that stuck was that he was dead and was reborn as a child of Caine. He didn’t know what that meant, but he learned soon enough.

As the years passed, Simon learned exactly what Clarissa was talking about. He also learned that he was part of a sect called the Sabbat. They were an odd theocracy with the mission of eradicating the Antediluvians, the traitorous grand-childer of Caine, the first murderer and the first vampire. Clarissa encouraged him to study not only the arts of Thaumaturgy, the magical system created by their mutual clan of Cainites, the Tremere, but she also urged him to study the lore of Caine, their progenitor.

At first, Simon tried to hold on to who he was before. He remembered what it was like to be human and felt cheated that it was stolen from him. Yet, the more he studied and the more he became

entrenched in the nightly affairs of the Sword of Caine, the more his memory of humanity faded.

Clarissa taught him what it was to be a Cainite. He spent ten years with her and her coven before he decided to move on. He’d heard the Sword was building once again in Baltimore. He’d survived for a decade. It was time for him to thrive.

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