

TBA

Overview

Overview

Basics

Basics

Name

TBA

Player

Val

Chronicle

Baltimore After Dark

Nature

Rogue

Demeanor

Eye of the Storm

Concept

Blood As Ink

Clan

Toreador Antitribu

Generation

12th

Sire

Kelly Cole

Attributes

Attributes

Physical

p
Strength

10000
Dexterity

11000
Stamina

11100
Social
s
Charisma

11100
Manipulation
Investment
11110
Appearance

11100
Mental
t
Perception

11000
Intelligence

11100
Wits

11100

Abilities

Abilities

Talents

p

Alertness

11000

Athletics

00000

Awareness

00000

Brawl

00000

Empathy

10000

Expression

11100

Intimidation

00000

Leadership

00000

Streetwise

00000

Subterfuge

11100

00000

Skills

s

Animal Ken

00000

Crafts

00000

Drive

00000

Etiquette

11000

Firearms

00000

Larceny

10000

Melee

00000

Performance

11000

Stealth

00000

Survival

00000

00000

Knowledge

t

Academics

Journalism

11000

Computers

Cyberstalking

11000

Finance

Predictions and Patterns

11000

Investigation
Security Clearance
11000
Law
Law as Violence
11000
Medicine

00000
Occult

00000
Politics
Finding Scandals
11000
Science
Finding Actual Experts
10000
Technology

00000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Auspex
10000

Presence
10000

Celerity
10000

00000

00000

00000
Backgrounds

Generation
10000

Contacts
11000

Fame
10000

Resources
10000

Mentor
10000

00000
Virtues
Conscience

11000
Self-Control

11110
Courage

11110

Humanity/Path
11111 10000
Path
Humanity
Bearing

Willpower
11110 00000
00000 00000
Blood Pool
11111 11111
10000 00000
Blood/Turn
1/p Turn

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost

Flaw
Type
Bonus
Slow Healing
Physical

3
Phobia (Anthophobia)
Mental
2
Vengeful
Mental
2

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual
Level

Path

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

00000

Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total

Spent

Notes

Derangements

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Herd

Influence

Mentor

Resources

Retainers

Status

Other

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)

Feeding Grounds

Havens

Equipment (Owned)

Vehicles

Other

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To
Rating

Bound To
Rating

Description

Description

Age

Apparent Age

D.O.B.

R.I.P.

Hair

Eyes

Race

Nationality

Height

Build

Gender

Face Claim

History

History

When she was young, something bad happened to her. Someone did something to her. But she learned that it was the kind of thing you aren't allowed to talk about. You aren't allowed to put words to that, to let other people know that's a thing that's happening around them. This silencing ruined her life, every single day, for decades.

But then she was able to find a voice. She found the ability to put words to things, to *make* people understand. She found herself wielding the power to change reality through the appraisal of it, through the permission granted when you can *speak*. This power helped her put her life back together. It was a power she was never given, but now it's *hers*.

There was a day where she went to a field of flowers. It was a beautiful day, warm and bright and green. She was taking her time. But then the flowers gave way, and she came to dirt, and then a pit, and then bodies. A pile of bodies with dented heads and torn throats. The flowers tore and scratched at her as she sprinted through them in escape.

She learned very quickly that this was a story she was not allowed to talk about. People, messages, they came her way, and permission was carefully, violently taken from her. Just a touch, just the act of

witnessing, took everything from her again. She went mad.

She took a break from work. Just some time to get her head straight. But it was three months that she was gone, and she was losing her mind. The world was broken for her. Flowers were ruined. She was made silent.

Her life degraded over those three months. Cigarettes and booze and bad decisions and neglect. Got into an accident, sent flowers, her mind broke. She couldn't take it. She wanted to understand, she wanted to speak, but she couldn't. She was never going to speak again. She was never going to be strong again.

But then a woman came. She took her life, gave her a new one. And the world opened again. In this rebirth, she found herself with permission in her hands, the right to know and see and speak, her power came back. But one catch:

Don't say the wrong thing at the wrong place, or we will fucking kill you.

She's through with this. She's done.

She is going to make this a world where no one is silenced again. Where losing the right to even speak about, even understand, what's happening to you can be taken away. Damn the Camarilla. Damn the Sabbat.

People have the right to know about the world they're living in.

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