

Tegan Salgado

Overview

Overview



On the nights where her mind is intact, Tegan prefers to stay under the radar and avoid making ripples in her new unlife. She leads a quiet and curious life, often swayed by the whims of her inner workings. On the surface she can come off as simple, and at worst, completely helpless.

On other nights, Tegan is Annie. A young, college-aged human set on living her life for one more beautiful evening.

Basics

Basics

Name

Tegan Salgado

Player

moonstrewn

Chronicle

Baltimore After Dark

Nature

Enigma

Demeanor

Child

Concept

Survivor's Guilt

Clan

Malkavian

Generation

10th

Sire

Meredith Coffey

Attributes

Attributes

Physical

p

Strength

11000

Dexterity

11100

Stamina

11000

Social

s

Charisma

11100

Manipulation

11100

Appearance

11100

Mental
t
Perception
Insightful
11110
Intelligence

11100
Wits

11100

Abilities

Abilities

Talents
p
Alertness

11100
Athletics

10000
Awareness

11000
Brawl

10000
Empathy

11000
Expression

10000
Intimidation

00000
Leadership

00000
Streetwise

10000
Subterfuge

11000

00000
Skills
s
Animal Ken

00000
Crafts

00000
Drive

10000
Etiquette

00000
Firearms

00000
Larceny

10000
Melee

00000
Performance

00000
Stealth

11000
Survival

10000

00000

Knowledge

t

Academics

10000

Computers

11000

Finance

00000

Investigation

11100

Law

10000

Medicine

00000

Occult

11000

Politics

00000

Science

10000

Technology

10000

00000

Advantages

Advantages

Disciplines

Auspex *

10000

Dementation *

10000

Obfuscate *

10000

00000

00000

00000

Backgrounds

Generation

11100

Herd

10000

Retainer

10000

Mentor

10000

00000

00000

Virtues

Conscience

11110
Self-Control

11100
Courage

11100

Humanity/Path
11111 11000
Path

Bearing

Willpower
11110 00000
00000 00000
Blood Pool
11111 11111
11100 00000
Blood/Turn
1

Merits & Flaws

Merits & Flaws

Merit
Type
Cost
Eat Food
Physical
1
Harmless
Social
1
Blush of Health
Physical
2
Sanctity

Social

2

Deceptive Aura

Supernatural

1

Flaw

Type

Bonus

Deep Sleeper

Mental

1

Weak-Willed

Mental

3

Masquerade Breaker

Social

2

New Kid

Social

1

Rituals & Paths

Rituals & Paths

Ritual

Level

Path

00000

00000

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00000

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Experience & Derangements

Experience

Total

20

Spent

0

Notes

22/22 Freebies Spent

-1, Willpower 4

-5, Dex 3

-5, Manipulation 3

-7, Merits

-2, Law 1

-2, Investigation 3

Derangements

Multiple Personalities

Expanded Backgrounds

Expanded Backgrounds

Allies

Contacts

Fame

Herd

Some nerdy college boys.

Influence

Mentor

TBD

Resources

Retainers

TBD

Status

Other

Rights & Possessions

Rights & Possessions

Gear (Carried)

Feeding Grounds

Havens

Equipment (Owned)

Vehicles

None.

Other

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Blood Bonds/Vinculi

Bound To

Rating

Bound To

Rating

Description

Description

Age

Twenty

Apparent Age

Late teens / Early twenties

D.O.B.

February 5

R.I.P.

2022

Hair

Blonde

Eyes

Brown

Race

White

Nationality

American

Height

5'6"

Build

Slim

Gender

Female

Face Claim

Anya Taylor-Joy

History

History

Tegan was born and raised in a small town in Illinois by a single mother. Her father had been an older man with an existing family, and he had no interest in getting to know the product of his affair. Her mother later re-married and had another child, Tegan's little sister, and they lived a comfortable life in the suburbs.

Often overlooked by her peers for her strange features, she was a quiet and studious creature. She found herself envying the lives of other girls her age. She wanted to be like them: confident, happy, beautiful and full of life.

It wasn't until she met a girl named Annie in college that Tegan felt like she was finally living her own story. Annie was like the girls from her hometown, except she saw Tegan. They became fast friends, inseparable as they took on their new lives together as young adults. Tegan was learning she could be herself and everything she wanted, too.

It was one evening that Annie never returned to their dorm from a party that changed Tegan's life forever. A heavy thumping on the door woke Tegan from her sleep; she opened the door to the sight of two officers.

Annie had been found dead at dawn. Murdered. Someone had laid her down outside of a hospital, closed her eyes, covered her with a blanket, and tucked a battered stuffed toy under her arm. Her throat had been torn asunder and her body was drained completely of blood.

It was a sick display of savagery and love.

After intense questioning and searching, there were still no leads as to who killed Annie. Her face was everywhere: on the television, the computer, in the newspaper, on posters around campus— there was nowhere Tegan could go that Annie wasn't.

Least of all in her mind.

The only way to quell her guilt was to act. She looked into everyone Annie knew, everyone at the party that evening, every person that could have possibly been connected to her. Every lead led to a dead end.

Eventually, Tegan found herself at the warehouse the party had been at. It was void of light and life. Bottles, cans and red cups littered the ground. There was nothing left behind that the cops hadn't combed over, she knew, but if she followed Annie's steps, she had to find something. Anything. She walked the same path as Annie would have, imagining herself in Annie's place that night: party-weary, hot from dancing, the taste of beer on her tongue. The night was alive with potential rather than danger.

A weight slammed onto Tegan, taking her down onto the concrete. She heard screaming, shrieking, and she realized it was coming from her own lungs. Her head was yanked back, and her world bloomed with a pleasure unparalleled. And then darkness.

When Tegan woke in the darkness, hidden safely beneath a stairway, she was covered with a blanket and had a tattered toy resting in the space between her arm and torso. A stuffed doll, long since loved and forgotten by some child. Both it and the blanket were sticky with blood, as were her skin and clothes. But when she felt her throat, there was no wound. Just cold flesh.

"*You lived,*" a voice whispered, thin and soft. If Tegan's heart had been beating, it may have stopped at that moment.

"*I didn't think you would. The others didn't.*"

Tegan's eyes scanned the darkness as the voice continued, her weak limbs moving over the concrete floor to drag herself out from under the stairs.

It was then that she spotted the pale vision in the dark. A spindly woman with dark hair left in unclean clumps. She looked more ghost than human, and Tegan would learn why in time.

"My daughter."

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