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

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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 two 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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