

North Central Regional Newsletter

Volume: 1
Issue: 2

Welcome!

Hello everyone and welcome to this month's edition of the North Central Regional Newsletter. We've had submissions from all over the region (as well as some from outside our region) and hopefully you will enjoy reading it as much as I have had putting it together. One of the best parts about a Regional Newsletter like this is that it gives members a chance to get to know one another. Even though we're spread across a huge amount of land, we can still get to know our fellow members through their stories, or their featured spots or the pictures that they submit! When the call goes out every month, don't be afraid to submit anything you'd like! This is your chance to show off a bit and get to know others in the region. From poetry to character fiction to stories on why you joined the Camarilla – we'll be happy to take any of it!

April Douglas
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RST Address

Hello North Central Region!

I am John Pool, more commonly known as "Decker". I was recently chosen by the Domain Storytellers of the region to be the Regional Storyteller. While you will be seeing a lot more stuff from me and my assistants in the coming months, I just wanted to say Hello. According to my prestige log, it's been about 10 years for me in the Camarilla.

I started off as an assistant storyteller for Boulder, Colorado in the last Cam/Anarch chronicle then became an assistant in Denver for the same. While I have taken a year off here and there, I've been storytelling more or less the whole time I've been involved with the Camarilla. It's been a long strange trip, but one I've enjoyed. There have been some rough times, but I am happy to say that while we have work ahead of us as an organization, I haven't seen such an exciting time for the club itself as we have now.

Remember to have fun! It's the reason why we are all here for.

Decker, NC RST

Beginnings in Endings, Part II

A Sam Cole Serial... continued from May 2011

Sometime into the night, I woke up, or thought I did. Eventually, though, I pushed myself back up on my feet, splashed my face off with the rusty water from the bathroom sink, and stumbled back into my office.

The gun still lay on the table, and liquid courage named JD right beside it. I took a gulp of my old friend, loaded the cartridge into the gun, and held it to my temple. This was possibly the bravest act I was ever going to accomplish in my life. But that's when I heard his voice.

"You don't want to do that, really. We'd miss you too much, and besides, I'm calling your bluff."

I turned around to find a man sitting in my desk chair, calmly smoking a long cigar. He was dressed in a pin stripe suit, but the stripes looked like the rows of streetlamps I could see out my building windows. The suit looked like it came from the city itself, just impressed into fabric and stitches. A handsome man, really, and I stopped looking at mens' faces years ago. He calmly took a puff of his cigar, like he had all the time in the world, and waited for me to put down the gun. I could tell he was waiting, because he was staring more at my hand than my face. And he was right, I'd lost the courage. He'd called my bluff and I folded. I slowly lay the gun down on my desk and stared at him.

"Who are you?"

"I am the city. A pretty damned big part of it, at least. And I have a job for you to do."

"I charge 250 bucks a day, plus expenses." I quipped. Some how, I didn't think I'd be getting paid this time either.

"Funny. But, I think we're already working towards the same goal. I want to make this city a better place you want to make this city a better place. Let's start working on it together."

I laughed. Part of me wondered if the sleeping pills had actually worked and this was my own private hell I was sent to, to actually be stuck in this office the rest of my life. But part of me recognized the voice too. It was the same voice I heard behind those doorways. The same voice that screamed in the ambulances, begging for remembrance. This voice haunted my late night hours and what little sleep I ever managed to find. This was the voice of the city, and I had finally found him. Or more, it seemed he had found me.

He offered me his hand and I did the only thing I could do, take it. The man, who I somehow knew wasn't a man at all, led me out of my office and into the city. Suddenly all those things I'd seen in the shadows, the ghosts,

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spirits, little path and alleyways which weren't really there before all those things were alive. The shadows of the city seemed more real than the city itself. He walked with me as lovers would walk, winding down back streets, past graves, bars, through parks. He showed me all the corners that didn't exist in the world before. Sometimes it seemed as if we walked the city a hundred years ago. Sometimes a thousand. Were I mortal in this waking dream, I think I would have aged a century. But we walked, and I learned. I fell in love and in knowledge with the city even if I am sure I have forgotten half of it now. Eventually, he brought me to an ancient building which was being remodeled and updated while still retaining its old facade and structure. A building of history brushed by the modern age. People had died there, ashes were buried in the floor, I could feel the graves that gave the place power.

It was a building that encompassed all that Pittsburgh was and could be. He motioned for me to approach it.

Before I knew what I was doing, I leaned over and had my cigarette in my hand. Slowly, taking a puff to keep the cigarette going every few seconds, I burned my name into the side of the build. Samantha Francis Cole. I belong to that building, I belonged to this city and I belong to him. There was no going back. Then I woke up on my bathroom floor, oddly not feeling like hell at all. I felt wonderful. I felt like my life was ready to truly start, possibly for the first time ever.

Ericka Skirpan
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NCRE 2011 *5/26/2011-5/29/2011*

NCRE 2011 was in Denver, CO over Memorial Day weekend, 2011. The convention was a great success! Everyone had a fabulous time, the games were wonderful and the convention went off without a hitch.

Some numbers for you!

Total Attendees: 120
Mage Characters Checked-In: 3
Cam/Anarch Characters Checked-In: 67
Sabbat Characters Checked-In: 45
Requiem Characters Checked-In: 107
Forsaken Characters Checked-In: 30
Lost Characters Checked-In: 27

We raised \$6880 for Charity! Thank you everyone for the amazing weekend!

Predation: 1

The comforting sting of inhaled smoke offers only a placebo of satisfaction, but the illusion is complete. I stand alone on the corner; just another stranger paled by the cold, leaning casually against the lamp post like any other well-dressed man. The Denver winters are dry so, even at these low temperatures and at this hour, the streets are lively. The number of pedestrians is insignificant. What is significant, is that the number is about to be reduced by one.

His pocked nose tells me that his cheeks are reddened not from cold, but from drink. Though who can fault the man? 'Tis the season for high spirits, is it not? I follow his gait as his bulbous shadow bobs and weaves with his friends. At the corner, hand shakes and hugs, smiles and laughs, and then pats and waves as the group disperses. He whom caught my attention staggers alone down 16th. With a wobbling sway, he exits the well-lighted street into the double-layered darkness of a nighttime alley. He carries himself with confidence brought on by an inflated bank account and a trophy wife, drunk on thirty dollar martinis and saturated with the smoke from fifty dollar cigars; he doesn't notice my eyes upon him, only the full bladder which he relieves on the Ferrari parked in his path.

"I-talian trash," he mutters while the car alarm alerts that he's too close.

The flick of my lighter draws his attention as I spark another cigarette into action. I love the flame and that hint of fear while it burns; an awe-inspired appreciation akin to standing on an ocean shelf, gazing into the abyssal depths that seemingly go on forever.

Hearing my lighter, his head lolls to one side and his eyes roll to see my, undoubtedly, blurry form. No gifts are needed to obscure myself from sight; his drink-addled brain can barely keep him standing. With measured steps, I move towards him. With stumbling steps, he moves away.

"Excuse me, sir? I wonder if..." I start, but he interrupts.

"No change! Get a job, ya bum!" He waves me off, nearly falling into a dumpster as he swings.

"I'm sorry for the confusion, sir. You see, I wonder if I can buy you a drink. I..."

"I said I don't have any change, you worthless piece of..." He starts his retort, but I continue.

"...I've recently come into some money, and I'm looking to invest," I finish with a practiced grin.

"Oh, uh, invest you say?" He straightens his loosened tie while trying, and failing, to look less drunk.

"Yes sir, you come highly recommended. I saw you at the bar but didn't want to interrupt. Care for a nightcap? I know a great place just down here," I gesture with a nod deeper into the alley.

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"Lead the way, my good man," he slurs, "The market is ripe if you know where to pick, and my eyes are like harvest moons." Having no understanding of his metaphor, I turn towards the darkness and guide my morsel into the oblivion.

Peppy with prospects of profits and loose-lipped by liquor, my morsel continues,

"So, my good man, how much did you say you were looking to invest?"

"Nothing."

"Wha..." he starts, but it's too late.

Our eyes meet, and the last word he'll ever hear is, "Sleep."

Jack

Stella's Guide to Traditions around Cabals, Lex and Consilium (Part 2) – continued from May 2011

So you have a city with either a few Cabals or a few Awakened in them, what makes up a consilium?

Once a long time ago people got together because they realized that people had issues, and that throwing fireballs in front of Sleepers wasn't the best way to solve it. So consilium we're formed to keep peace in cities and deal not only with inter-Cabal/Awakened issues but also issues presented from Seers, Banishers, and other Supernatural things that decided to show up.

Things that are seen as universal today

Hierarch: Person that directs things for the most part, sometimes referred to as herder of cats or sheep (I.e. mages)

Sentinel: For the most part protects the Consilium Sanctum or Demense and are the enforcers of the Consilium's wishes.

Herald: Passes on the will of the Consilium to the Cabals and Solitaries of the consilium

Councilor: Representatives of the People to the Hierarch, chosen by path, order, or random.

Provost: Assistants to the Councilors

Let me guess, your trying to figure out how you go from the libraries and libraries of bodies of law and positions and political structures of the Sleepers to this simple Awakened system that seems to work that everyone behaves and does what their told..... nope that still exists in the Awakened system. Much like there is an over simplified system of the sleeper systems, this is an over simplified system of Awakened - the back bone of any of this much like any government is their laws. Each area determines those and such determines their government.

Part 3 - Our Lex Magicia and you

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Tears and Vodka

Lost Character Fiction

Ivan set the empty bottle of Monopolov vodka for which he had taken his last name and looked at it with a grunt, "Empty again.. I suppose I shall have to fix that.." He got up and took off his dress shirt and slacks and put on his jeans, suspenders and wife beater, along with his long dark green leather coat. He looked into the mirror and adjusted his scales carefully as well as his the spikes over his head that formed his comb, his lizard eyes blinking slightly, he then stretched just the very bit, his back cracking and his coming to stand at his full seven and a half feet tall. Then he cleared his throat and tried his Russian accent, "Neit.. is not good that Ivan is so drunk.. she will not be happy.." he shook his head and then headed for the door with thoughts of his wife filling his mind, "Of course, she will not be happy that I have drunk last bits of Vodka... Ivan must go get more." he said to himself and lumbered out of the small one bedroom apartment and headed down the dark dingy streets of Missoula, looking over his shoulder now and again as he walked.

He made his way through the trash littered streets till he finally got to the small liquor store with the q and the u burned out so it just said LI OR STORE, he smirked at that with a thought, that was so true.. the prices were jacked through the roof and the fat little man who sat behind the counter who was made of string and burlap and buttons.. who was certainly not truly human, was a rather unfortunate and despicable fetch, even for a fetch. Of course the fetch didn't know what it was, and so Ivan just grabbed his vodka and went to the counter and dug through his pocket and laid the money on the counter, "Ivan wants dis vodka, you will give it to him, da?" better that everyone who saw him thought he was an idiot, especially if there were any other Changelings who might be listening, better that they thought that because he was a Summer court he was an idiot. The man smiled his teeth yellowed with decay, "Yes Ivan.. I will sell you the vodka.." Ivan fought not to cringe at the squeaky voice that touched his ears, "You're goin' to fight this weekend, aren't you.. against Bull Rodriguez?" Ivan looked at the man and grinned his perfect albeit slightly pointed teeth "Da, Ivan will fight this weekend.. will make Bull into calf." The man nodded and took Ivans money and gave him a receipt "Hope you don't.. I'm betting on Bull." said the man. Ivan just grunted and grabbed his vodka and took off through the door.

As his feet hit the pavement he could feel the rain begin to hit his shoulders and head lightly, it was funny how life had turned him from a security guard to a boxer, how he had gone from being a Spring courtier full of life and joy to being a loud and angry Summer courtier bent on the destruction of those fools who had unwittingly agreed to help the True Fae. He thought of all of those who had been stolen, and then his thoughts went to the one woman who still made him happy, his wife. He thought of her beautiful skin and her long hair, how proud she was of him and how happy they were together. Their picking out baby books and a cradle, the excitement of getting ready to sign the adoption papers. She would make a wonderful mother, he knew it deep in his heart, and they would watch over their child and make certain that she was never stolen as they had

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been. The work that they did together to help protect others who had been stolen, how they had met doing such work and had fallen deeply in love.

Ivan made it home then and opened the door looking around with an almost hopeful glance and then his eyes fell on the small shrine he had made. He shrugged off his coat and hung it up, he walked to the shrine and lit the candles and looked into the picture. There she was smiling at him and his eyes began to feel wet, and it was certainly not simply the rain that had drenched his head as he thought of his wife and leaned on the table and shook his head. "Oh Joscelin.. I.. I miss you so."

Colin A. Douglas
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Spencer for Hire

A shadow bounced in the night sky reaching along the rooftops. Spencer growled in midair as he jumped the expanse between two buildings. The man in front of him landed, got his footing, and ran on, never looking back. Spencer landed, rolling to one knee, drew his gun and leveled it at his prey. The thought flashed through his mind, "I could just pull the trigger". His teeth ground together and he hesitated for half a second...

Not five minutes ago Spencer had sat outside the quaint little shop where he always met his clients. This client was probably another wife believing her husband was cheating. The life of a Private Investigator was not always glamorous. He promised himself one day he would stop taking the little cases, but there was some satisfaction in helping the little guy, that kind of thing kept him grounded. Every now and again he would even take the pro bono stints. Spencer sat there mulling over the news he had received tonight, the Prince and his close companions were making a move to take more territory then was reasonable. Reasonable Kindred were never reasonable; the machinations of the current Prince were starting to play on Spencer's nerves.

'Why now? Why so much?' he thought to himself. Spencer caught movement out of the corner of his eye. He turned towards the alley giving it his full attention and the concentration of his superior eyes. The silhouettes danced for a moment, but then a moment later he could see perfectly. A couple was being held at gun point. The man held out his wallet as he tried to keep the woman from hysterics.

Instinctively Spencer moved away from the lights and crowd of the coffee shop, sinking into the role of the predator swiftly. He stalked into an adjoining alley way and was enveloped by the darkness. Spencer closed distance between himself and the mugger, glad that the couple had been allowed to flee. The Mugger passed him, making a hasty retreat. Spencer watched him closely as he turned the corner into another alley. The man was only armed with the pistol he had used for the robbery. Rounding the corner Spencer cursed himself as he looked at a dead end.

'You have got to be kidding me', Spencer clenched his fist as he inhaled deeply. The scent of man was above him. He looked up and noticed it was feasible the man had used the pipe here to climb up. Shaking his head he followed, throwing caution to the wind he dropped his cloak of shadow. Climbing atop the roof clumsily he narrowed

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his eyes on the culprit who sat counting his loot. Spencer smiled coyly as the man stood up, pocketed his cash, and bolted for the edge of the rooftop. He stupidly jumped to the ledge of the next building.

Spencer stood there mouth gaping. "Wanker, who runs around jumping on rooftops, really?" his Irish accent blatant, showing his agitation. Spencer reached into his breast pocket and pulled out a cigarette, lighting it and taking a slight drag. Thoughts of what he should do to the imbecile crossed his mind as his body flung into motion jumping across the roof top, landing at full gallop in pursuit. He could see the man had already done two similar jumps. Spencer was not deterred; he repeated the man's steps in half the time. Closing distance between himself and the Mugger he watched him clear another jump. Spencer came along immediately behind him growling like an animal as he cleared the expanse between the buildings. The man landed in front of him, got his footing, and ran, never looking back. Spencer landed rolling to one knee his gun drawn and leveled it at his prey. The thought flashed through his mind, 'I could just pull the trigger'. His teeth grated as he hesitated.

Standing up and dropping his gun back into its holster Spencer continued pursuit. The next jump was monumental; the Mugger barely cleared the gap, catching the edge with his arms, clinging for dear life. Spencer stopped in his tracks smiling. Slowly the mugger began to crawl on to the next roof top, causing a frown from Spencer who in turn took a few large steps back. Spencer blazed towards the ledge, feeling the burning rush of vitae in his legs as he soared into the sky. Spencer stretched his legs fully out in front of him reaching desperately for the ledge. He found traction with the toes of his shoes, only the toes of his shoes. Spencer struggled with his small grip on the ledge, his arms flailing like a child's. His torso wobbled back and forth, his feet threatening to lose their purchase, then gravity seemed to find him. Spencer lost his footing and plummeted down into the waiting arms of a dumpster. He could hear the full hardy laughter of the Mugger above him.

Rising from the rubbish and clearing it from his clothing Spencer bounced out of the dumpster and came to the curbside, he heard the Mugger strolling to the opposite side of the building with heightened ears. Spencer smiled at a vendor, stealing half of the beverages stacked neatly on the edge of his cart. "Hey what the hell are ya doing!?" the Vendor hollered. Spencer ignored the vendor, not missing a beat as he wove through the crowd. When he reached the next alley Spencer focused listening for the Mugger to rear up for his next jump. Cupping a single can Spencer waited for the right moment, when he saw the Mugger in the air between the buildings Spencer let loose the can and hit the man square in the thigh, failing to stop him.

Spencer ran to the next break as fast as he could only to see the Mugger half way through the air. Spencer let loose a can anyway watching it cut through clean air.

'Who does this guy think he is?' Spencer bore down and ran as quickly as he could this time passing one break and stopping at the second. The tactic paid off as he watched the Mugger come into view. The Mugger also noticed Spencer, reconsidering the jump a moment too late, launching himself into a feeble ascent. Spencer connected with him also hitting him a second time in the chest. The Man fell wallowing as

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he came to hard ground. The hustle had drawn the streets attention. Spencer looked around to get his bearings suddenly feeling threatened by the crowd. Looking back to the Mugger as quickly as he could Spencer breathed a sigh of relief, seeing the Man still just lying there. Spencer nodded in self-reliance, but then rolled his eyes as the man got up.

The Mugger rose, his gun pointed at Spencer. 'Oh, yeah, that thing.' Spencer thought to himself, darting to the side. Spencer heard the spray of an exploding soda can, and also felt the burning metal's touch, in his chest. The sound of the gun shot rang in Spencer's ears as he reeled, wincing into cover. A red cloud began to cloud over Spencer's vision. Spinning round the corner Spencer blasted a can into the culprits face. The Muggers face exploded into a bloody mess, and he fell whimpering.

Blue lights flashed against the scene as a squad car pulled up behind Spencer. Spencer turned to the car. An Officer exited the car putting his cover on. Spencer turned from the Officer and proceeded back where he had just come from.

"Where are you going?" inquired the Officer.

"I have to go pay my tab off with the Vendor down the street." replied Spencer.

"We had a report of two goons jumping from roof top to roof top. I heard a gunshot you alright?"

"It hit the can" Spencer pointed down to the small heap of cans on the curb, some partially damaged by the gunshot. "The perp. is right in there, unconscious."

"I guess you got real lucky Spencer." The officer smiled looking at the cans and back to Spencer.

"Should I light the bat signal if I need you."

Spencer laughed at the irony of the Cops words.

"Take care of that guy, and get back to the Waffle House before you hurt yourself Carl."

Andrew J. Trujillo
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*Grand Masquerade 2011
September 15-18
New Orleans, LA*

<http://www.thegrandmasquerade.com/>



Upcoming Events and Conventions

The Grand Masquerade 2011 - The Vampire: The Masquerade 20th Anniversary Convention - www.thegrandmasquerade.com

The Grand Masquerade has taken the place of ICC for this year.

When: September 15-18, 2011

The Venue: The Hotel Monteleone – <http://hotelmonteleone.com>

Event Pricing: Tickets are on sale now! Please visit www.thegrandmasquerade.com for complete pricing information. Ticket prices range from \$50-\$350.

Hotel Pricing: White Wolf is excited to offer exceptional discounted room rates and services for its attendees. The main hotel is sold-out. However, an overflow hotel has been procured for attendees! The overflow hotel will be the Royal Sonesta – <http://www.sonesta.com/RoyalNewOrleans/>. Please use code 'Masquerade' when booking rooms. Rates start at \$99.00.

- Featured Games of the Month -

Featured games of the month are mini-regional events that are held throughout the region. Every region is allowed one per month. Bidding guidelines can be found through your regional office. These events offer overcap xp, as well as the chance to interact with members from your region! Here is a list of the upcoming featured games happening in the United States.

The wiki for Featured Games is

http://wiki.white-wolf.com/camwiki/index.php?title=Featured_Games

September 2-3, 2011 – Norfolk, VA
Sabbat, Cam/Anarch, Requiem

New Mailing Lists

After the failure of the Mailman mailing lists, all of the lists for the group have been transitioned to a new server. Membership of lists should have been automatically transferred for you. However, if you are having issues, you can now access the lists at

<http://listsmx.midnightdance.org/mailman/listinfo>

Charity Opportunities

North Central Charities

1st Quarter 08/01/2011 - 10/31/2011

Back to School Initiative

VOLUNTEER - 5 points per hour- max 30

Adopt a school and volunteer your time to prepare the school for the upcoming school year or with any other needs that they determine.

***DONATE *** - 2 points per item – max 30

Adopt a school and donate back to school supplies. Please work with the school to see specifically what is needed.

Disaster Relief

VOLUNTEER - 5 points per hour- max 30

With The American Red Cross <http://www.redcross.org/en/volunteer>

OR The Salvation Army <http://www.volunteermatch.org/>

***DONATE *** - 25 points per donation

Blood: <http://www.redcrossblood.org/>

Clothing: Call 1 (800) SA-Truck for details on how you can host a donation drop box. - 2 points per item – max 30

Food: Give to your local Salvation Army Food Pantry - 1 point per can – max 30

Miscellaneous Items: Check with your local Salvation Army and Red Cross chapters to find out what is currently needed for disaster relief efforts. They will coordinate collection and delivery. Unfortunately with areas in turmoil it is difficult to get donated items in and out of the disaster areas and once they are delivered storage is also a challenge. Both the Salvation Army and Red Cross coordinate donations from all over the country to go to areas in need, so donating locally helps disaster victims throughout the United States.

3 point per item average – max ? (e-mail nrcharity@gmail.com if you are donating something of higher value (tools, respirator, etc) and we will evaluate the donations on an individual basis)

2nd Quarter 11/01/2011 - 01/31/2012

Food Bank Drive

Toy Drive

3rd Quarter 02/01/2012 - 04/30/2012

Homeless

Medical (Domain's choice of medical charity; Cancer, Aids, MS, etc.)

4th Quarter 05/01/2012 - 07/31/2012

Environment

Community Building Initiative

Regional Contacts

NC Regional Website - <http://northcentralregion.info/index.html>

CO-001-I – Brighton, CO

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Regional Storyteller – John “Decker” Pool - ncrstcamarilla@gmail.com

ARST's are currently being hired