

Wright Notes. Prince Edition.

February 11, 2008

Well then. I, Eugene Christian Wright (Known somewhat more commonly in the Kindred community as Brody Day Jackson) ascended to Princeship of the Domain of New York City on the first of this month. In the past week, when I have not been shoring up details with former Prince Rogerson, yelling at Elijah White and Brian Vale about the glaring flaws in Elysium's security procedures, or wondering aloud just *what* precisely the hell I have gotten myself into - I have been reviewing the many things left by my predecessors - some useful, others bizarre, and nearly *all* of them disquieting.

One item that fits all the above criteria would be a collection of notes left by a former Sheriff, one *Lillian Greer*. She was by every account (including her own) mad, sadistic, cruel, and megalomaniacal. From reading her notes, I am tempted to add 'lonely' (perhaps even pathetically so) to that list, but it's not really my place to speak ill of the dead. What I feel no one would argue though, is her *efficiency*. History doesn't even attempt to challenge that point.

So as I sit in this office, casually wondering if the ghosts of my many, *many* slain predecessors are hanging about (*Note: get the G's to do a sweep of this place*) trying to sort out the convoluted, bloody history of this office, I find myself needing to clear my thoughts. And for the moment, duplicating Ms. Greer's chronicles seems as good a way as any. (I've been wanting to fire up this old typewriter anyhow)

Morbidly, I wonder if someone else is going to read these notes someday, attempting to piece together where and how I went wrong, *just as I've been doing in regards to Darren West all week.*

And with that encouraging thought...

Assamites

Azlam ibn Umar

Showed up on the first of February, 2008, and announced his presence in the city, seeking hospitality roughly 45 seconds after my 'Coronation', or whatever. Is from Iraq, apparently.

Asked to speak with all the Brujah, which didn't happen due to Elisa's tardiness. *(Note: Yell at her regarding this. No one in this Domain has harped as much about Etiquette, and Respecting The Office And Structure Of The Camarilla, and when I set 90% of the Domain aside to speak with her, she can't be bothered to show up. Curious.)*

Is (SURPRISE!) actually an Assamite, follower of *Haqim*, and *Al-Ashrad* – one of the Schismatics. His Sire is a member in good standing with the Camarilla, *Acknowledged, and Respected* so I don't know why all the poorly-contrived cloak and dagger routine seems necessary to him.

It is possible that he is:

- A fool
- A coward
- Ignorant
- Naive

It is likely that he is:

- Going to cause problems
- A capable fighter
- Going to bend over backwards attempting to curry favor with me

There's a nice synergy with those last two, though.

Bottom Line: We need fighters. Hopefully, whatever *faux pas* he makes will be overlooked in light of him regularly putting his life on the line for the safety of the civilians. And no, I do not intend to give him much choice in that.

Brujah

Andas Worang

- Acknowledged
- Retarded

Elisa Groy:

Arrived a while ago, and is used to a much more rigid and formal domain than New York. Currently owes me a trivial boon for setting up a meeting with Helen Rogerson in regards to her Childe spending a few days in the domain. The meeting never happened, as Helen was in Aspen on vacation (and in retrospect, I imagine doing something of a trial run to see if the city would burn to the ground under my guidance. For the record, as of 2.15.2008, this has not occurred) **Update: as of 4.6.2008, it still has not. That's got to count for something.**

Elisa is old, over one hundred years. They have jaded her somewhat. Her Childe is older than that by far, somewhere around 300, if I heard right. He was a ghoul as I understand it, for a good long time before even meeting Elisa. I have not heard the story.

I doubt it is terribly heartwarming.

It should be noted that the night of my 'coronation,' I was attempting to gather the Brujah to speak as a Clan, primarily for her benefit. She elected not to come, and the meeting has been postponed again. This strikes me as odd and contradictory to my perception of her.

Update: Lucius Agrippa. Pre-dates the Camasilla. Could likely kill us all en route to killing Elisa. LOVELY.

It should also be noted that on this night, she got piss-ass drunk, and proceeded to spy on the Cam at large for me, completely unbidden. This, it bears noting, is terribly endearing from my perspective.

It is possible that she is:

- Going to criticize constantly, over small things
- Jaded beyond repair

It is likely that she is:

- A snitch
- An ass-beater (She *walks* like an ass-beater. Like she gives *no fucks*)

Update: Is in fact, an ass-beater. Offers trivial boons for the privilege of punching idiots.

Bottom Line: She's a huge proponent of Tradition, and Respect - and this domain is in dire need of someone to champion said causes. Elisa is good for the domain in that regard. There is more going on here than I'm aware of - this situation needs to be rectified before it comes back to bite us in the ass.

**Bojan Petrov:
Sheriff, Primogen**

Bojan is an institution in this city, like MSG, or Central Park. And much like those places, bad things seem to happen around, and to Petrov. You wouldn't always guess this by talking to him.

Example: In preparation for my planned ascension from Seneschal to Prince, we discussed many things, one of which being the Giovanni Presence in the city. He mentioned, offhandedly, that there had been some bad experiences in the past, and I didn't think too much of it.

Upon reading the notes left by our respective predecessors, I learn about *Vojislav Fucking Giovanni*, the man who intended to 'awaken' Bojan to a higher truth of reality *through pain, torture, and intense suffering*. Fields in which it should be noted, Vojislav was regarded as an expert of the highest order. And what do I get from Bojan about this man? An offhand mention of 'bad experiences' that makes it sound like some Giovanni didn't like his shirt or something.

(Note: I need to go over these notes and accounts again, but it would behoove us to confirm that Vojislav is ~~actually~~ dead, as I'm not sure that was ever proven one way or another)

Bojan is one of the pillars that's holding this Ivory Tower aloft - his work regarding the Sabbat has been exemplary - he is quite frankly, everything I could hope the Sheriff of my Domain might be. Oh. There is also the part about the Conclave, in which he shrugged off Magic Arrows, ran over someone with more status than some *Domains*, was unimpressed by his Justicar's Dread Gaze, and punched Hadrian Evans right in his goddamn stupid face, until a ball of Archons eventually restrained him. Sort of.

It is possible that he is:

- Coming apart at the seams - honestly, how much can one man take?
- Cursed. (It's the most logical explanation. No one's *that* unlucky)
- Unstoppable

It is likely that he is:

- The main thing keeping the Sabbat off our balls at the moment
- Going to remove someone's midsection with a crowbar before this is over
- Seriously - in like, one clean chunk
- Actually stoppable after all

Bottom Line: When Bojan speaks, we really ought to be listening, because if psychopathic madmen bent on his misery *aren't important enough to mention*, that speaks a few volumes in itself.

**Eugene Christian Wright, A.K.A. Brody Day Jackson:
Prince**

Cunting Mother Of Christ, *what have I gotten myself into?*

For the record, I will state some things here, for whoever inherits these notes when I die/abdicate/flee in terror. Since I've committed my thoughts to ink regarding everyone else, it seems only fair to subject myself to the same treatment.

I have yet to actually *seek out* any power in the Camarilla. I know, right? Devil's own truth - Power was offered (occasionally forced on) me, and power I seized. Hebrew guilt notwithstanding, where is the wrong in that?

It seems lame to wail about how you want to make a difference, and then when the tools to *actually* make said difference fall in your goddamn lap, to turn them down. (It also seems lame to try to justify to yourself that you are not, in fact, *The Man* now)

But a weak and divided Camarilla is *exactly* what the Sabbat needs to see. A city ruled by the Primogen council indeed! The Sabbat would fall on them like a *Motherfucking Freight Train*, the second they heard the news. I *will not* allow this domain to be lost, its citizens slaughtered like so many lambs - all because of petty jealousies and vain ambitions. Let us hope that no one's planning any coups, and we can go forward with this thing now.

Those who are concerned about my possibly being 'too compassionate' should view the *entire resume* before jumping to said conclusions. I have generally done what was in my power to prevent any loss of human life on our part - fervently so, at times. This will continue. This does *not* mean that I have the slightest qualm about setting a *Kindred* on fire while he begs for nonexistent mercy - I am of the very strong opinion that Mankind should not be burdened with *our* shit, and especially not in NYC! The masquerade is *paper-fucking-thin* here due to the city's troubled history - and after Madison Square Garden, Devil's Friday, Lucasta/T.J./The End of the World, we *can not afford* to make things any worse than they already are, or we could be looking at global consequences.

Helen's lessons were not lost on me - while I would certainly prefer to be loved, respected, *and* feared by those in my Domain, if I have to choose one, I'll go with feared every time. My job is to keep these motherfuckers alive - at no point does anyone have to like me for it.

I admit I am curious what Fiona would think of me now - stragglers under my accounting, and suddenly prince of NYC. Actually, if she's watching, she's probably pissed off that I have yet to avenge her murder, and purchase her rest in blood. This matter is not forgotten, not by a long fucking shot.

However.

Prudence is what will win this day, not impetuosity. I have an avalanche of resources under which to trap the bastard now - when the hammer falls this time, he'll have no recourse for escape.

But Fiona? Honestly, she'd probably just be happy I picked the guitar back up, giving little thought to Princeship and bloody vengeance. It is a pleasant thought, if a hopelessly indulgent one. Regardless, it doesn't matter now - and if she *were* around somehow, there's not a bloody thing I'd be doing differently. So I suppose that closes the topic.

It is possible that I am:

- In over my head
- Prone to acting rashly
- Going to stop the Sabbath from killing us, or the citizens of NYC
- Too lenient with the independents
- Especially Piscina Nadya
- Still worried about living up to Helen

It is likely that I am:

- A dick
- Going to catch crazy flak from the cam at large about my Heritage
- Going to be effective, if not terribly well liked
- Going to make some decisions that are very unpopular

If past Princes are any indication, I might:

- Get someone close to me killed

- Get progressively more paranoid
- Have the occasional poorly-planned attempt on my life

Bottom Line: For good or ill, I have risen to meet fortune's demands of me. Having done that, I can no longer rely on her for anything, the fickle slut.

The time is at hand where I will not always be able to worry about whether something is *right*, so much as whether it is *effective*. This upsets me, but not enough to change course. When the moment comes, my words must be certain, my hand firm, my resolve absolute.

I have the most uncomfortable impression that my legacy, such as it is, will be written in blood.

Victor Roske Emergacy
Left the city

I am not aware what order Roske's names go in, nor if one or more of them is an alias. Regardless, he's in Cleveland now, hopefully enjoying the rest that was so dearly purchased.

Having said that, I have no doubt in my mind that Roske with one hand and an eye patch is still a better shot than most men I will meet in my lifetime. It would do well to remember this.

The city seems odd without him. Bojan seems odd without him. We could certainly have used his help against the coming storm.

It is possible that he is:

- Going to come out of retirement when I need things killed
- Going to get a new country full of assassins angry at him

It is likely that he is:

- *Not* going to come out of retirement
- Get a city full of kindred mad at him, who will remain too frightened to do anything about it

Bottom Line: I wish him well, but can't count on him for any support. If he does lend aid of any sort, that's strictly a bonus. Would be nice, though.

Gangrel

**OJAWASHKOZI MAHIGAN (I don't know how to pronounce that),
A.K.A. Green Wolf**

My handwritten notes from Mr. Wolf's first night in New York read as follows:

Green-Wolf

- *Anachronistic*
- *Native American*
- *Gangrel*
- *Has his shit together*
- *Kind of a prick*

I have known him some time since then, and I feel that all of the above still applies. I have seen him bring Malkavians to tears regarding the plight of the Native Tribes. I have seen him try to talk some sense into John Doe, with more success than the rest of us (for all the good it did), and I have seen him make at least passing attempts at seeming useful.

What I have seen the most, however, is Mr. Wolf slowly and surely gathering up supporters. Support for what? Regardless, people are beginning to amass in his corner, whether they realize it or not. I am under the assumption that *he* realizes.

It is entirely possible that he simply wants allies in an unfamiliar world. Either way, I feel it would be imprudent to ignore the man.

It is possible that he is:

- Plotting a coup of some sort
- Just fucking lonely

It is likely that he is:

- A scrapper
- Going to be ally or adversary depending upon how he is managed

The Bottom Line: I have found that underestimating Gangrel is a bad idea. Keeping him busy, and marginally involved in **Beatdown Crew 2.0** is probably the best way to turn a potential problem into an asset.

**John Doe
Deceased**

Called me on 2.1.08, as he was new to the city. (Why do they always call *me?*) Myself, Mr. Wolf, and Mr. Haldor went to meet him at the Sebau.

Turns out that he had numerous government agencies (Including the one that knows about *us*) after his hide. Yet he didn't quite 'trust' the Cam. He continued saying outlandish things until myself and Mr. Gently could no longer endure to listen.

Well son, if you don't want the Camarilla's protection, you can't really say we didn't warn you.

The Bottom Line: When certain individuals inquired about Mr. Doe, let it not be said that we weren't good 'Sports' about it.

Zack Askel
Under My Accounting

Zack arrived on our doorstep, confused and befuddled by his newfound condition. Yet another hit-and-run Embracee. (*Note: we need a Scourge something fierce right now. People aren't afraid to violate the Traditions, well, we'll give them a Good Reason to be. Mr. Haldor is probably the guy to do that.*)

I took him under my accounting shortly thereafter, and he currently resides with myself, Miss Brokehouse, and Andrea. He had been making great strides, but he is having a terribly difficult time when it came down to the reality of saying goodbye to his family and friends. It sounds a lot easier in theory than in practice, and the kid's only 17. Even so, this cannot go on much longer - if he can't bring himself to do it, than it shall be done for him, and we'll send him away, Cleveland or somewhere. I will not have him visiting his sister, or sending his family messages 'beyond the grave'.

He is my stepchilde. I am not unsympathetic to his plight. But if he can't pull himself together, my options are limited to exiling him, or executing him.

It is possible that he is

- Going to get it
- Never going to get it

It is likely that he is

- On his way out of NYC

Don't force my hand, kid. **Update: right concern, wrong kid.**

Malkavians

Dylan, A.K.A. Mistress Lisa

Possessed of a history within the city well before I got here, Dylan is a bloodthirsty Diablerist, disguised as an adorable little girl. Or, a cute young adult that acts like a kid, with a *really* unfortunate streak. Or both. Or neither.

To be honest, the girl is difficult to get a consistent read on. Part of me thinks she's a victim of sorts in all this. Part of me is chastising the previous part for not having her taken out yet. It's very difficult to stay angry with her in her presence. Well, *Presence* is a concept I can understand, at least. Regardless, here's the story as I've put it together.

'Dylan' was a Sabbat member under Layla Reese's pack. Her (as well as the Gangrel Alex) were exiled from the Sabbat for, as I understand it, going to Club Sebau to meet new people. Whether Ms. Reese was being paranoid in this case, or whether there was a legitimate chance that some of ours were going to make Manchurians out of them, or whether *they* were supposed to be the infiltrators, I couldn't say. (*Note: find out*)

At any rate, the two of them took up residence with the renegade Tremere Lucas Brighton (Or Lucas Montgomery, I never was clear on which was the alias) in addition to the Ravnos illusionist Piscina, and the lunatic Setite T.J. Phillips. The exact details elude me (*Note: get Pisces' side of the story*) however, some manner of conflict between Dylan and Nadya escalated, and Dylan fled the Brighton compound. (This takes place after the Devil's Friday anniversary Lucasta-Madness that T.J. orchestrated)

Assumes the identity 'Mistress Lisa', changes her appearance (I assume through the illusionary capabilities the Moonies share with the Nos) and takes up residence with the Setites. Befriends Mona Ramsey... or Collette, or whatever her real name is. Was.

Fuck.

According to Dylan, Mona begged, pleaded, coerced and cajoled her into devouring her heart's blood. Nihilism is one thing, but *Jesus fucking Christ*, what goes on in someone's head to make any of that sound reasonable on *either* side? Dylan/Lisa claims that the traitor, Auberon Xerices, wrote some kind of legal document, cementing the agreement. (I imagine much after the effect of Mr. Jones' contracts) At this point, finding out that Mr. Xerices consented upon and oversaw an act of Diablerie is among the least surprising secrets the former Harpy held, and I do not doubt the tale's authenticity. Due to the intervention of Myself and Mr. Gently, Helgiorimir was made aware of the above facts, and in asking my counsel on the matter, I asked if he wouldn't mind 'making the bitch suffer.' As I understand it, this is in fact, going on now.

These facts remain:

- Dylan murdered Mona Ramsey
- Dylan Diablerized Mona Ramsey
- Mona Ramsey was one of the few Kindred I would have dared call 'my friend' in this godforsaken place
- Dylan's departure from the Sabbat strikes me as off - who's to say Layla didn't kick the two of them out on trumped-up charges to gather intel on the cam? The best spy is someone who *doesn't know they're spying*
- Layla Reese isn't running things here anymore - who's to say Dylan won't run back into the welcoming arms of her former sect?

I know better than anyone what it's like to have someone close start begging you to kill them. I'm not saying it's easy. But Mona could walk, she could form sentences, her mind seemed more or less intact - whatever was eating away at her could have, *should have* been addressed and dealt with. We've got nothing but time, right? Immortality. What a fucking joke *that* is.

I do not exaggerate when I say that Dylan's death would please me a great deal. That is a power, an authority that I wield now - if I intend to see her die, I should like to know just who precisely would try to stop me. Would anyone even miss her? Who would care? She's a monster.

So why can't I shake the feeling that she's still a victim in all of this?

Bottom Line: Fucked if I know. But this issue needs resolved soon: I'm running out of reasons not to kill her. **Update:** Ms. Jones's unique contracts ought to be employed.

Leon Gorski ***Left the city***

Mr. Gorski is a fucking nutjob – there's no nice way to say it. He's occasionally coherent- but most of the time, he's a gibbering idiot.

How? How did this man come to hold public office? Primogenship I can understand – he's the only one I recall sticking around, and there *are* those flashes of Lucidity... All I have are Helen's faith in him, and her eventual disappointment.

It is possible that he is

- Getting progressively madder
- Simply the most competent Moonie at a given time
- A gibbering idiot

It is likely that he is

- Possessed of some method beneath it all
- Very skilled at *something*, whatever that may be

Bottom line: Find out what he did to garner that faith in the first place. And find a new goddamn keeper. **Update:** found a new Keeper. **He's good at causing trouble through his contacts - the man bankrupted Layla Rossa. He's been instructed to work with Bojan. Update:** ***Something went south, and it went there quickly. He left in an awful hurry.***

Aitun Atriodon

Arrived in the city recently. Soft-spoken, and prone to telling oddly stirring stories. Weeps openly regarding, well, many things. Irritating.

It is possible that he is:

- A gibbering idiot

It is likely that he is

- Going to freak out if we have to do something drastic, like say, fight to defend ourselves.

Bottom line: So long as he doesn't wind up in a position to throw wrenches into gears, he should be okay. If he becomes Primogen, nothing will get done without someone running him over every time he voices an opinion. Primogen Gently and Haldor could handle that, I'm sure - but it's still a situation to avoid.

Silas

Arrived 2.1.08, following Altus around like a puppy. The two of them seem to feed off of each other, which is annoying, but not hurting anybody.

I don't know much else about him.

It is possible that he is

- A gibbering idiot
- Not a gibbering idiot

It is likely that he is

- Going to stick with Altus for the foreseeable future.

Bottom line: Wait and see. **Update:** Waited, saw - he hasn't returned.
Pity.

Arthur Clarke

Under Delaine's Accounting

So. Moonies are generally understood to be crazy, but it's accepted that some are a 'useful' kind of crazy, the mad prophets and seers of yore. Mr. Clarke doubtlessly considers himself one of these.

Like a sham psychic, he makes vague generalizations, and people are horrifically impressed by his ability to pierce time and space.

He's a huckster.

And having said that, he's hit me closer to home on one or more occasion than makes me entirely comfortable. Still: you can find out about *my* life: it isn't hard. Quite literally a matter of public record in places.

Expressed interest in joining the Cam - is currently under Delaine's accounting. No idea how that's going. His Childe is just kind of there: smiling like she's got her hand in the cookie jar.

Bottom line: Watch him. Every phony psychic's got an angle, usually monetary. I can't say what he might *want*, but all the sleight of hand leads me to believe he's working the misdirection. Don't trust him until given *substantial* evidence, or you figure out his game.

Don't ignore him either.

Kaya Miskoda A.K.A. Juliano
Left the city

Diego's 'sister,' Kaya has provided me with many an interesting perspective in her time. Let me clarify that: she is batshit fucking crazy, her blood forces her to view Diego as a hero, and she has whatever passes for the opposite of common sense.

Was indirectly responsible for the single greatest coterie of all time, that being the KKK, OR Kill Kaya Koterie. (consisting of Brian Wu, Lynn Gladius-Xerices, and myself)

We couldn't spell, but we were *Awesome*.

Her insatiable curiosity nearly brought ruin to us all many times, and I never *could* figure out why McCoy and Auberon kept her around. Oddly enough, villain though she is, she sort of became the victim in all of this, unlikely as that seems.

(Note: this is probably why I'm hesitant with Dylan)

Regardless, she's off in Europe somewhere, bothering people who aren't me. That'll do.

Nosferatu

Ash Gently

Primogen, Temporary Harpy.

Mr. Gently is a capable person, possessed of a striking ability to make people feel dumb. I am not excluded from this treatment, which is fine. Talking to Primogen Gently for any length of time, will leave you feeling thoroughly *disdained*, which may or may not be intentional.

I assume it's intentional.

He's always produced solid results, seems to be in the know about things you'd hope a Nos would be in the know about - and he has a very positive effect on new arrivals - mainly, that they ought not be idiots.

It is possible that he is

- An irredeemable prick

It is likely that he is

- Our very best candidate for Harpy
- The greatest asset in this domain that goes relatively unnoticed

Bottom Line: He pretty much delivers what you'd hope the Nos would deliver - and he's the only one in the city. Capable and abrasive.

DuSable

Made little enough impact his first attendance in court - Gently all but forgot he was there. Still was at Wu's 'Pizza Party' - which means he's gotta be a big shot in finance somehow, as I'd never seen them exchange so much as a word.

Covers himself in a hat and a scarf like the Phantom from the old radio dramas. Either can't hide, or won't.

Seems like a total cockbag, who overestimates his own importance.

But an honest one. I like that.

Ravnos

Piscina Nadya A.K.A. Pisces

A self-proclaimed dream-monger, Pisces makes a living, such as it is, by tossing about illusions that fool the senses with varying degrees of accuracy.

Used to go all out doing idiotic things – I did my very best during this time to disbelieve her creations into oblivion.

Had her revenge for my piercing of her illusions by returning the favor – for reasons I cannot guess, Piscina came to me in a time of great trouble, seeking not aid so much as sympathy. What makes someone seek out an individual who professed surprise at the fact that all your ilk weren't being hunted down and killed, and *cry in their arms* for an hour?

Whatever led to it, that's what happened. Her utter vulnerability was completely disarming to me, caught me totally off guard. Still does, on occasion. I find myself confiding in her, things that I probably shouldn't. I find that I trust her, although I probably shouldn't. She's come to look to me for emotional support, which she *definitely* shouldn't. The nature of our relationship, such as it is, puzzles and irritates me. Still, she offers a pleasant respite from the insanity swirling around the city. Sometimes, talking to her almost makes the world feel normal.

Which is proof that she's peddling illusions of a higher quality these nights.

Update: Claims that a 'demon' is harassing her. I don't know whether to think that she's finally gone insane, or if NYC's finally gone completely retarded. Both seem plausible.

It is possible that she is

- Lonely

It is likely that she is

- Using me to protect herself
- Using me to further some hidden agenda
- Gathering information at someone else's behest
- Attempting to paint the Independents in a better light on the whole
- Hoping to use our association to get away with things in Elysium

Bottom Line: Greater caution must be exercised, now that my ear is a thing worth having.

Followers of Set

Mona Ramsey, A.K.A. Colletto
Deceased

God, I miss her. Imagine what a kick she'd get out of me being in charge...
Thought (correctly) that all our politics, and posturing were stupid.

Apparently became suicidal... I don't know why she didn't fucking *say*
something to me. (*Note: It's possible that my manner is off-putting.*
Okay, it's likely. STILL, we were supposed to be friends.)

Committed suicide by way of Dylan – and I have no idea what to do
about that. She'd probably yell at me for caring about some stupid twat
that didn't care enough about *me* to throw out so much as a goodbye.

God, I miss her.

Theris

Is always rubbing his hands together. Reminds me of a very large praying Mantis.

Arrived months ahead of the current Setite influx, and has offered his *Truth in Words* service to anyone who will listen. (Gives the Dirge a discount, which I appreciate, despite its obvious motives. I suppose it's good to be king)

It is likely that he is:

- Power-Hungry
- *Actually* clever beneath the weaselly demeanor

It is likely that he is:

- Wearing thin on the other Setites.

The bottom line: Be careful that he isn't sneaking something of substance beneath all the wheedling. Magic is just misdirection.

Danny

A waifish kid in a bowl cut, I confess to some initial confusion regarding Danny's (Dani's?) gender. Same thing happened with Andréa.

Dammit.

Anyway, the kid apparently wields some considerable sway in the area of transportation - made some offers of bulletproof limos, that manner of thing. I told her (him? *Fuck*) to cook up something I'd like. I guess we'll see what (s)he does with that, and how the Setites that aren't Theris operate.

Ruwi

Another Setite I know dick about. Creepy, but pleasant in her own way.

Update: Steals hats. Whoop-dee-fucking-do

Simon Brent

Slightly awkward Bartender of Club Sebau.

- Makes a decent Bloody Lemonade
- Has always done right by me
- Has a loose tongue - tell him nothing of import, glean what you can.

Lord Helgiorimir

Unsure if 'Lord' is a Setite title, or if that's an old Viking thing.

- Anachronistic as hell, but working on it
- Apparently likes to put things in people's butts. (Presumably his cock. God I hate this city)
- Presumably a sorcerer of immense power (Great and terrible Oz?)

Helgiorimir and I have always been pretty chill, for whatever that's worth. I got him The Terminator movies in a box set, and our review copy of Halo 3 (from the Dirge). He put in a durable steel plate when I lost my temper and fucked up his nightclub, so I'd have something to punch.

All in all, I could be on much *worse* terms with an Elder Setite Sorcerer.

**Lynn Gladus (Xoticos?)
Former Minor Happy
Left the city**

Lynn is All Fucking Right in my book. Seemingly a trashy, drugged out slut, I found in Lynn a disarming candidity, and about as much respect for Camarilla tradition as one might expect from a Follower Of Set.

We hit it off immediately.

Along with Wu, was part of my only coterie - the pleasantly acronymic Kill Kaya Koterie.

I hope she finds some semblance of peace, wherever the hell she's off to now.

Toreador

Anastasia Rothe Primogen

A professional Ballerina, Rothe is equal parts tiny, energetic, domineering, and annoying. Seems to be a bit more 'together' since taking the Primogenship – I guess that's a side effect of responsibility. I should know. Has gotten oddly creepy following the departure of her Childe Maria.

Update: We have all been blind. For several weeks now, Lusha (the Yzimico Ductus of the Sabbat) has been impersonating Anastasia – and no one really noticed. It's not like we ever interacted that much, but still... we /fucked up royally on this one.

Update: We got her back, what's left of her, anyway. God forgive me. Sending her to San Antonio. Saint is a masked man.

God help me.

**Andrea
Deceased**

While not formally under my accounting, Andrea lives in my Apt. and takes lessons with Zack and Whit. His antics seem to endear him to Ms. Brokehouse, for reasons I cannot understand. Me, I can't help but feel that his devil-may-care attitude is one breath away from a heinous Masquerade breach. Fucking kid doesn't listen, and he's gonna get himself (and possibly the rest of us) killed.

In Cleveland, I would've been told to 'address' the problem, and probably woulda chased the kid off. Well, the buck stops with me now. How do you deal with a problem like Andrea when you can't pass his dumb ass around anymore?

Update: apparently, you let him be until he fucks up beyond repair, then you murder your stepchild's boyfriend on Valentine's day. Nice job with that one.

Ervee

Mute. Seems nice enough, but I haven't really looked into that myself.
Plays the violin. **Update: a frontrunner for the now-vacant Primogenitorship.**
Works well in tandem with Elia and Sencia.

Whitney Brokehouse Whip

When I met Miss Brokehouse, she was entirely mortal. A busker who juggled knives, she and her partner Sandy were some of the brighter kids on the street. Turns out that was literal - Whit was living out of her car at the time.

Anyhow, things went wrong (it's New York) and she got shot. (bullet's still lodged in her chest) Some kid embraced her, and dropped her off on Elysium's doorstep. She had *no idea* what was going on..

I took her under my accounting, which had honestly not even occurred to me until Frenchy attempted to do it himself - I didn't think I was the *right* man for the job - just that I was a much better choice than the alternative.

Unbeknownst to me, this would come to define my rise to office. Best and brightest plan C out there.

Whit is very much a pendulum: one day she's cool and effective, the next day she's irrationally silly, and impossible to get through to. Whit very badly wants to be a Brujah, and I think everybody would be happier if she and Elizibeth Whitcomb could switch lineage - unfortunately, that's not an option.. Specifically, she seems to emulate Roske in moments of extreme duress.

Whatever else might be said, she is my stepchilde, and I care for the girl much more than I like to admit. **Update: Goddamn strange way to show it.**

Tremere

Adam Jones
Regent

Greer described him thus:

'Adam Jones is an acutely paranoid, socially maladjusted, insectlike little man. He was born in Britain (I'm guessing at least the turn of the 20th century, if not before). He appears to have spent the majority of his Embraced life working in occult circles and has had very little human or Kindred contact outside of them. He has picked up some sort of bizarre mental illness from his continued exposure to the mystical which apparently causes him to speak "higher truths" when agitated. He is deeply, deeply fearful of other Kindred becoming a threat and has tentative plans to destroy most of NYC's Camarilla if they should pose a problem to him. The only person, however, who he came close to enacting such a plan upon was JAMES HAWTHORNE.

Personal Note: Jones' occult specialty actually involves mystical applications of insects. Appropriate.'

I have found nothing about him that contradicts any of this, but Greer was hardly the type to see the best in folks. I see a man understandably concerned, and justifiably paranoid. He's convinced that should I succeed against the Sabbat, we'll both lose our positions. I'm *fine* with that, honestly.

Probably intends to extort me for every last drop of assistance his clan offers. Made veiled threats about past Princes not understanding what it means to work with the Tremere, and how his Clanmates need 'proper rewards'.

Way I see it, his Clanmates look like idiots thanks to Mr. Xerices. They really ought to worry more about looking loyal than 'proper rewards.'

Reino Haldor
Primogen, Scourge

An excerpt from my notes when I was still fairly new to the city:

Reino Haldor may well be my closest friend in the city, and that thought ~~together~~ me. If the only people I get along with are a psychopathic pyromaniacal Tremere and a nihilistic Setite fetishist, that doesn't say anything good about me.

Now replace that friendship with public office. Reino is often seen as my right hand man (Haus is my right hand Woman. There's a *distinction*) and the fact that my right hand is often balled up into a fist, well... Reino's burned down entire villages to kill one man. He's gunned down helpless children after encountering kids with bombs strapped to them. Reino will always take efficiency over morality. This doesn't mean he's a bad person.

Shit, maybe it does.

Dr. Scott's De Sang

Elisa's 'BFF' (the words are Ms. Grey's, not mine) Dr. De Sang is a hemotologist who unsurprisingly specializes in Kindred *Vite* (Vitaecology?) and has worked with Dr. Netchurch in the past.

She displays acute social difficulties: anxiety, a speech impediment, and occasionally looks like a deer in headlights.

She is nonetheless competent and skilled. And my sidekick's BFF. That counts for something, I'm sure.

Ventruë

Delaine Haus
Primogen, Keeper

I will be honest: I did not care much for Keeper Haus when we met. She struck me as a stone cold bitch who placed inordinate importance on her own clan. While she still strikes me as such, I find that I value her input more than I would have anticipated.

Ms. Haus made a motion for the Princeship when Helen announced her intentions to abdicate, and have me succeed her. It was half-hearted at best, and she knew she didn't have the support needed to keep that claim. Was also present when I told Helen that I certainly did *not* want the position, and she claims to feel the same way.

If there's a coup in the making, Delaine is the one who'd organize it. I confess that part of my reasons for appointing her as Keeper is to keep her close to me, and hopefully to satiate whatever ambitions she holds for the time being. Also, because she's a capable woman, who'll do a good job. Despite everything else, Delaine remains (along with Scourge Haldor) one of the only legitimate candidates for Seneschal, should I decide to appoint one. I value her input, trust her opinions, and disagree with her more often than not.

For better or worse, she exemplifies her Clan.

Dr. Jack Harker

Harker did a smart thing on 2.15.08 (one of the few people who could say as much, myself included) – he approached me in a subtle, discreet manner, and offered his services, offered to help in any way he could.

Works in 'Kindred Physiology', which is a potentially useful thing.

Update: Dr. Harker (under my supervision, and with my assistance and blessing) Successfully removed the bullet that was lodged in Whit's Chest. Glad to have someone do it, though I confess that he looked utterly perplexed at times.

Hopefully, this will be a turning point for Whit. Hopefully, Dr. Harker is more than just lucky.

Seth Samuel
Whip

I dislike Seth Samuel. I dislike him very much.

Whether he's offering the Giovanni seats on the Primogen Council, announcing Helen's abdication before it happens, harassing people with his racism, or just generally being a dickhole, Mr. Samuel finds new and interesting ways to earn my ire every time that I see him.

Haus is convinced of his potential – I believe that she has Grand Designs for him. Any grand designs I may have for him will likely involve a cannon that could fire him into the heart of the sun. (See if Wu can make this)