

Thomas Booth

Quote: “Sure, I can help you study. Come over around... seven?”

Virtue: Charity. Thomas can't resist helping those in need.

Vice: Lust. Thomas has a definite weakness for the ladies.

Background: A bright child, Thomas grew up on the university campus where his parents taught. His mother was an English professor, while his father coached the school's baseball team. Each of his parents made (what they thought were) subtle attempts to encourage Thom's interest in their chosen passion, but he never understood why he couldn't love both. Throughout school, Thomas pursued three things: knowledge, athletics and girls, not necessarily in that order. By the time he actually enrolled at the university he was already well-known to the faculty. They kept an eye on him like family, which turned out to be a double-edged sword. They were glad to help, but just as glad to dish out advice and meddle in his affairs. (“Oh Thomas, I don't mean to pry, but do you really mean to date *her*? She's a C student at best. You can do better.”)

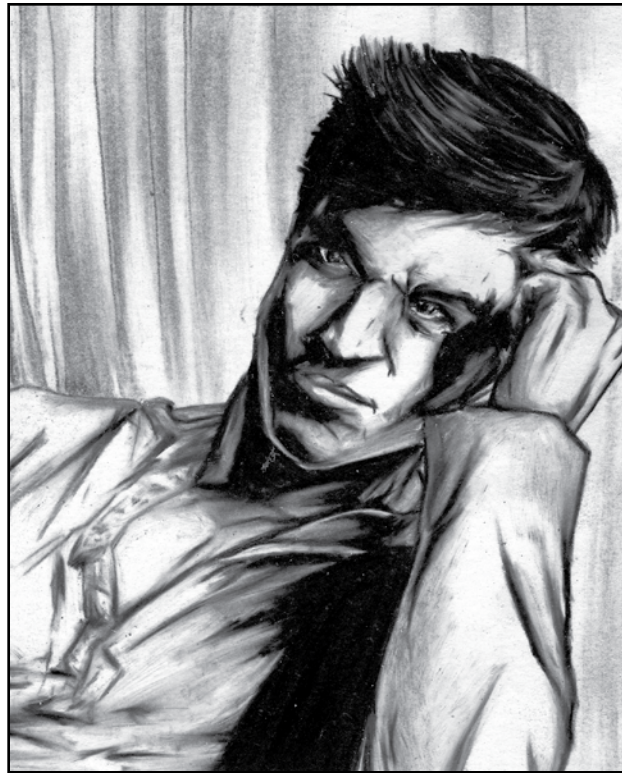
Eventually, it became something of a badge of honor for his professors to disapprove of his girlfriends. But that's where his rebellion stopped. He worked his way through the university and graduated with a degree in English before getting his masters in library science.

For Thomas, the decision was always easy. He knew he wasn't good enough to go pro, no matter how much he loved baseball. He also couldn't imagine leaving the halls of academia. It afforded him access to books and kept him on campus which means, at least for now, that it keeps him close to girls. Eventually, he'll grow up and settle down, but he sees no reason to do that just yet.

Thomas moved into Hill Manor Apartments just over a year ago. He likes the place; it's a far cry from the wood paneling and old world design of his parents' house, but the early 20th century architecture of the building feels familiar. Within a month, Thomas was recruited by Janice for the poker game. Another neighbor, Keenan is a student at the university, and Thomas knows him from the library.

Description: Thomas is a wiry man of average height, with brown hair. He plays to his strengths, dressing well, with a kind of geek *chic* that makes him attractive instead of nerdy. He carries himself with a grace and athleticism that surprises people who expect the awkward and clumsy stereotypical librarian.

Roleplaying Hints: You're smart, but not in a pedantic way. You use your observational skills and knowledge to surprise and impress people, particularly girls, not to make them feel stupid. On the other hand, you're nearly as comfortable on the field as in the library, so you're not afraid to get your hands dirty.



World of Darkness

Name: Thomas Booth

Virtue: Charity

Faction:

Concept: Rough and Tumble Librarian Vice: Lust

Group Name:

Intelligence ●●●●●	Strength ●●●●●	Presence ●●●●●
Wits ●●●●●	Dexterity ●●●●●	Manipulation ●●●●●
Resolve ●●●●●	Stamina ●●●●●	Composure ●●●●●

Skills

Academics (English lit)	●●●●●
Computer	●●●●●
Investigation	●●●●●
Occult	●●●●●
Science	●●●●●
Athletics (Running)	●●●●●
Brawl	●●●●●
Empathy	●●●●●
Expression	●●●●●
Persuasion (Flirting)	●●●●●
Socialize	●●●●●
Streetwise	●●●●●
	●●●●●
	●●●●●
	●●●●●
	●●●●●
	●●●●●
	●●●●●

Merits

Encyclopedic Knowledge	●●●●●
Fighting Style (Kung Fu)	●●●●●
Language (Latin)	●●●●●
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Health

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Willpower

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Morality	<u>7</u>
Size	<u>5</u>
Speed	<u>11</u>
Defense	<u>3</u>
Initiative Mod	<u>5</u>
Armor	<u> </u>

Notes



Nishan "Nicky Sims" Sadoyan

Quote: "I do what I gotta do."

Virtue: Fortitude. Nicky has a somewhat stoic, "it is what it is" mentality about hardship.

Vice: Wrath. Nishan tries to remain hopeful, to believe in another way, but his life has continually presented him with obstacles that needed to be knocked down.

Background: Nishan grew up a nomad. His father kept him moving, from one score to the next, across the rapidly changing landscape of the former Soviet Union. He sat in the back of a Lada Niva playing with toys while his father brokered drug deals in Gori. As a teen, he kept a lookout for Russian authorities while his father broke into a house in Moscow. When they came, he ran.

For a while, he bounced around the region on his own, stealing food to get by, squatting in abandoned factories and half-finished "luxury" apartment buildings. Eventually he fell into a smuggling operation and ended up on a ship bound for Canada. From there, he snuck across the border into the United States, and eventually wound up here.

Nishan tried to go legit. He called in a favor with someone he'd known in Chambarak, and got himself decent papers. He got a job, working in a convenience store on the late shift. People liked "Nicky," and Nicky liked people. Everything was going well, life was boring and predictable and oh, so peaceful.

Until the robbery.

He was there with the fucking gun in his stupid, shaking hand. He was strung out, looking for a score. Nicky knew that was the end of it. A junky like that is more dangerous than a pro—hand over the cash and the pro'll get the hell out without risking extra charges. "Never trust a junky, Nisha," his father used to say, so Nicky took the gun away from him. Stupid junky. Now the cops would come, and they'd look too closely at his ID and Nishan would have to move on. Nicky pulled the would-be robber over the counter. He was still beating him when Anton, the store's owner got there and pulled him off.

The cops never came. It turned out that the store was a front, used by Anton and his associates to launder money. Anton was, as he put it, "diversifying." And he was impressed with Nicky's performance. Nishan was told that the robber had died from the beating. A shame, but Anton's friends could channel Nicky's temper to more profitable ends.

Nicky started doing odd jobs for Anton. Nothing big, at first. Acting as a black-market gofer wasn't what he wanted for his life in America, but got used to it. Eventually he graduated to delivering strange, locked coolers that he suspected held more than a few sodas and ice. Finally, Anton sent Nicky out to do collections. He tried to make it simple. Pay the money or get out of town, he offered, but they always strung him along. "I'll pay you this Friday," they'd say, but then they wouldn't have it. They'd cajole and argue and, when that didn't work, they'd yell at Nicky. Like he was the one who got them so far in debt to someone like his boss. Like he was hassling them, when he had tried to do them a favor. So he hurt them, like Anton wanted.

He started to get used to that, too.

As the pay got better, Nicky moved into Hill Manor Apartments. He pays his rent on time, and keeps anything related to work at the convenience store in a lockbox hidden in the back of the freezer. Home is supposed to be quiet, a safe haven away from the inevitable demands Anton makes on him. He wasn't there a week before Janice started coming around, inviting him to poker games and socials. She's a nice person, and her poker game is actually kind of fun, when he can make it.

Description: Nicky is a thickly built, hirsute man who stands a few inches under six feet tall. He has a perpetual five o'clock shadow even just after shaving. He looks older than he is—the life of a vagabond stray took its toll before he found his way to Hill Manor Apartments.

Roleplaying Hints: You do your best to fit in. Nicky doesn't want to be remembered as "that foreign guy." Despite your Armenian accent, you try hard to be seen as American. Part of this is an attempt to forget your past and make a new life here in the United States, but another part of it is camouflage. You know Rachel is a cop, and the last thing you want is for her to find out about your extra-curricular activities. You don't actually want to be a criminal, but you will always do what's necessary to survive, and crime is where your skills lie.

World of Darkness

Name: Nicky Sims

Virtue: Fortitude

Faction:

Concept: Small Time Hood

Vice: Wrath

Group Name:

Intelligence ●●○○○	Strength ●●○○○	Presence ●●○○○
Wits ●●○○○	Dexterity ●●○○○	Manipulation ●●○○○
Resolve ●●○○○	Stamina ●●○○○	Composure ●●○○○

Skills

Computer	●○○○○
Crafts	●○○○○
Investigation	
(Casing)	●●○○○
Athletics	
(Escape)	●●○○○
Brawl	●●○○○
Firearms	●○○○○
Larceny	
(Lockpicking)	●●○○○
Stealth	●○○○○
Weaponry	●○○○○
Intimidation	●●○○○
Persuasion	●○○○○
Streetwise	●●○○○
Subterfuge	●●○○○
_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○

Merits

Language (English)	●○○○○
Resources	●●○○○
_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○
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Health

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Willpower

●●●●○○○○○○○
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Morality 7

Size 5

Speed 10

Defense 2

Initiative Mod 4

Armor _____

Flaws

_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○

Notes

Rachel O'Hara

Quote: "Put on the cuffs and I won't have to hurt you."

Virtue: Justice. Rachel feels fulfilled when things go right and justice is served.

Vice: Gluttony. When things get bad, Rachel drowns her sorrows in a bottle of whisky.

Background: Rachel comes from a cop family. Her father, Joe, was a good Irish Catholic boy, the favorite son. At least, he was until he married a Jewish girl named Irene. His brothers mocked him for it, but his dad just said, "at least she's not a Protestant." Irene's family threatened to disown her for marrying a gentile. So Rachel grew up here, away from the bulk of the family in Boston, just because her dad was tired of getting grief from both sides of the family.

Joe was a cop, old fashioned and hard-nosed. Rachel's granddad once told her that Joe'd been born with the nightstick in his hand. He'd been a cop too until he retired, along with her great-grandfather and his father before him. Joe figured the dynasty was done, but to Rachel, it was never a question. She joined the academy as soon as she was of age.

She worked her way up from pounding pavement on the street to her current position as a detective. When she got her detective badge, her granddad told her it was "adequate," despite the fact that he'd never made detective in his entire career.

Rachel moved into Hill Manor apartments with a guy, but they broke up. She liked the place, so she kept it. She even likes the poker game, though she has a feeling Mike's got a problem.

Description: Rachel has shoulder-length brown hair that she usually keeps pulled back into a ponytail, and a scattering of freckles across her strong face. Physically, she's pretty, but the tension in her—the intensity—makes her beautiful.

Roleplaying Hints: You're constantly trying to prove yourself. You grew up on the crossroads between two worlds, and you were never quite good enough for either. So you have to be better than both. Given the situation here, your first priority is to gather survivors and protect them while leading your people out of this.



World of Darkness

Name: Rachel O'Hara

Virtue: Justice

Faction:

Concept: Legacy Cop

Vice: Gluttony

Group Name:

Intelligence	●●●●●	Strength	●●●●●	Presence	●●●●●
Wits	●●●●●	Dexterity	●●●●●	Manipulation	●●●●●
Resolve	●●●●●	Stamina	●●●●●	Composure	●●●●●

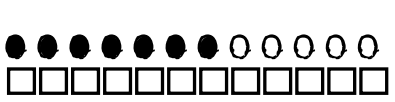
Skills

Academics	●●●●●
Computer	●●●●●
Investigation	●●●●●
Politics	●●●●●
Athletics	●●●●●
Brawl	●●●●●
Drive	●●●●●
Firearms	●●●●●
Larceny	●●●●●
Weaponry	●●●●●
Empathy	●●●●●
Intimidation	●●●●●
Streetwise	●●●●●
_____	00000
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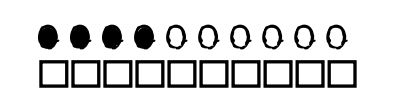
Merits

Resources	●●●●●
Status (Police)	●●●●●
Strong Lungs	●●●●●
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_____	00000
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Health



Willpower



Morality 7

Size 5

Speed 9

Defense 2

Initiative Mod 5

Armor _____

Flaws

_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000
_____	00000

Notes

WEAPONS/ATTACKS				
Type	Dmg	Range	Shots	Dice Pool
Pistol, Lt.	2	20/40/80	17+1	7



Michael Nero

Quote: “Apply pressure.”

Virtue: Faith. Michael has faith that in preserving life, he gives meaning to his own.

Vice: Gluttony. Michael’s got a weakness for painkillers.

Background: Michael’s a hard worker. He always has been. When he was young, Michael spent his summers helping his grandfather renovate the family’s vacation house. It was his escape from the harsh city and its dangers. He was convinced that everyone in his family was going to get mugged or hit by a drunk driver or any number of other morbid nightmares he had about the city’s horrors. But it was different here. Calm, soothing. He rehung walls with his grandfather, installed new windows and even helped out with the roofing. It was nice to do things with his hands, to see the immediate difference from his work.

One day, while he was on the roof, he saw his grandfather fall in the yard. He whispered to the boy that it felt like a demon was sitting on his chest. By the time the paramedics arrived, Michael’s grandfather was dead. They tried for twenty minutes to resuscitate him, but there was nothing they could do.

Michael never went out to the vacation house again. The family sold it a few summers later, but Michael had already learned a lesson from it and moved on: death comes everywhere. He blamed himself for failing his grandfather. *He* should have been able to help him. He read up on heart attacks, and if he had only done *this*, or given him *that*, he could have saved him. His family thought he was being noble when he started school to be a paramedic.

To Michael, death is meaningless violence, fear and indignity. Life has meaning, and must be preserved, if only to stave off the entropy of death. He started riding the night streets with his partner, and soon he discovered that he doesn’t actually have the resources to deal with the constant loss of patients.

But the pills take the edge off that.

Description: Michael has a gaunt look to him, like he doesn’t get nearly enough sleep. His uncombed hair is wild and thick. Three days of stubble is scattered across his cheeks and chin, and the worst part is, it works for him. He’s more attractive when everything’s just slightly askew than he is when he cleans up. Which is basically how he likes it.

Roleplaying Hints: You look like you don’t get enough sleep because you seriously don’t get enough sleep. Between the wonky hours of driving an ambulance and the dreams, you have severe insomnia most of the time. You’re tempted to blow off the ghost thing as hallucinations, whether from the drugs or the sleep deprivation, you don’t know.



World of Darkness

Name: Michael Nero

Virtue: Faith

Faction:

Concept: Strung Out Paramedic

Vice: Gluttony

Group Name:

Intelligence ●●○○○	Strength ●●○○○	Presence ●●○○○
Wits ●●○○○	Dexterity ●●○○○	Manipulation ●●○○○
Resolve ●●○○○	Stamina ●●○○○	Composure ●●○○○

Skills

Academics	●●○○○
Investigation	●●○○○
Medicine	
(Emergency Care)	●●○○○
Occult	●○○○○
Science	
(Chemistry)	●●○○○
Athletics	●●○○○
Brawl	
(Dirty Tricks)	●●○○○
Drive	●●○○○
Weaponry	●○○○○
Empathy	●●○○○
Persuasion	●○○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○
_____	○○○○○
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_____	○○○○○

Merits

Iron Stamina	●●○○○
Natural Immunity	●○○○○
Resources	●●○○○
Status (Paramedic)	●○○○○
_____	○○○○○
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_____	○○○○○
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_____	○○○○○

Health

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Willpower

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Morality	<u>7</u>
Size	<u>5</u>
Speed	<u>10</u>
Defense	<u>2</u>
Initiative Mod	<u>5</u>
Armor	_____

Flaws

_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○
_____	○○○○○

Notes