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## Greetings!

This last quarter saw two major South Eastern Regional events, and we have a third major event in just a few short months.

South Eastern Regional Event went very well this year with a good attendance, a wonderful staff, and of course the life's blood of the event, great players. It will be another two years before we host another South Eastern Regional Event, but don't be concerned about the length of time. There are some things in the works currently to bring something different to the table. We'll be sure to give you more information as it becomes available.

South Eastern Forsaken Regional Event also went very well this year. Although the attendance was hurt by the last minute schedule changes, the incredible role play, storytelling and wonderful people made the event truly memorable. We're working on another similar regional event in the future. Would you like a full immersion game of Mage, Promethean or a kickoff game for Changeling? As you can see, we're working hard on ideas for some regional events to help bring a better gaming experience to you.

For both events, the staff

really pulled it together doing a phenomenal job with the resources available. Thank you all for showing just how much the South East Region raises the bar on events!

**A Note to Coordinators:** Check the CRD and make sure your expiration dates are correct in your reports. Also be sure to include your members' address information.

**A Note to Members:** Please take a moment in the near future to check your records in the CRD and make sure your address is correct. It's important for you to get your membership card and information. This package will be sent to the address listed on the CRD, so please take a moment to be sure it is correct.

With Clint Hauser's term coming to a close, I'm glad that we got the results in early enough to make the newsletter. I'm very happy to introduce your new South East Regional Storyteller, Christian Stephenson. Christian comes in after serving the South East Region as the Assistant Regional Storyteller for Requiem. I'm sure within the next few weeks he'll be well settled in and have his staff ready to go.

This year is also having two new venues opening up. Recently we saw the opening of

Promethean: The Created, and in a little more than a month we'll be seeing Changeling: The Lost. With six venues open, there will be several options for everyone. Sample each one and see what works for you best, and above all, have a great time with them.

In addition to the game, I also highly encourage you all as members of the Camarilla to take some out of game time to get to know each other outside of the characters you portray. Also, take some time to see what sorts of things you can do to both help the organization and your local communities through volunteer work and donations.

On a final related note, the upcoming regional charity event centers around schools. With the upcoming school year, we're asking you to donate school supplies (boxes of pencils, pens, reams of paper, backpacks and the like) to your local schools to help those in need. I hope to see a good turnout for this charity drive.

Overall, I'm very happy with the last quarter, and am looking forward to the upcoming quarter. The South East Region is doing very well, and I look forward to it just picking up steam.



## Memories of SEFRE 2007 - by Debbie Pelletier

Or:

### "How to Kill a Spirit in 10 Pinecones or Less"

So the trip to SEFRE started out relatively early this year, say 6:30am. Amongst the getting lost in auburn, finding the State Park which my first thought on was out in the boondocks, nearly running out of gas, my hopes for the event were not high. I arrived a little early to the area, drove around some (no I did not get lost again, I followed pavement and turned on no dirt roads) and then met up with other Cammies at the pre-destined information/office area. We then play follow the leader to an even further out campsite, (tunes of deliverance can begin playing here); my hopes once again were still sinking on all of this. We make the final turn, which seems like an hour of driving to arrive at our campsite. I am shocked, speechless in



fact as we look about the wonderful campsite. At least 6 or 7 large cabins plus a huge mess hall including a full industrial size kitchen, and smaller mess hall are to be found. There was one building behind the mess hall, which were the bathrooms and showers. We all shuddered and walked into them thinking the worse. The ooo's and ahhh's could be heard around the area. What we had were huge bathrooms, showers and sinks but the main thing was that the entire bathrooms on

both sides, male and female were clean. I mean no smell in the air, toilets, floors, sinks, and shower stalls all clean.

Everyone picks a cabin and begins unloading their own stuff and then we meet up at the main mess hall for check in. After signing in I get handed a dog tag with SEFRE 2007 and FDR State park stamped into them. Now this was a fantastic idea for name badges. Kudos to the person that thought of this one. I bounce around for a while, people arrive and we have opening ceremonies before game on is called and the hard-core gaming ensues.

Now while many decided to do the all weekend non-stop gaming, I actually chose my sleeping area to be out of character so I could sleep non disturbed. The small group of us who actually wanted to sleep were put into separate cabins from



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## Memories of SEFRE (Continued)



the rest. All 4 of us. Game that night was excellent. The storyteller and support superb and the role-playing amazing.

Upon awaking the next day, the stories begin to circulate about the 3:00amish attack on the forsaken camp. Well not my cabin because I choose the out of character gets to sleep some cabin. I love story-

tellers. Bleary-eyed people begin to drag themselves to the mess hall. Which we all find has cappuccino powered coffee, which while is good, is not my favorite and is not real home brewed coffee. Michael takes off and makes a run to the store (blessings for him can begin now). The good part is that he came back with coffee; bad part is that all they had was instant.

But hey! Its coffee so we all rejoiced. Food the entire weekend was excellent.

More role-playing ensues through out the day, plots, puzzles, stones appearing with Auspex signs on them and loons (no not the mental health kind of loons, but some say that can be debatable). Once again the role-playing was amazing, best I have seen in years. There is a two-hour break in the afternoon and we start right back up. Intense scenes, screaming, arguing, stabbing is about (yes all IC, J ) We end up fighting the bad evil spirit and her minions. After much wackiness, pulling ideas out of our asses and trees that would throw pinecones at the minions we were victorious. We all yell with glee and then cheesecake follows. The field where the final battle occurred was amazing. Rope

lights had been strung out and the affect was wonderful.

So to name just a few of the more memorable moments from SEFRE; Chuck licking the Cahalith stone, the sonic boom raccoon, Ed's IC rant, Selena walking up to run a npc scene and apologizing that she will have to kill your character, (which we survived, yay) the pine cone incident there are so many to name here was just a few. If you missed SEFRE you missed an amazing time. My hat is off to all the staff and members for making all of this possible.

- Deb Pelletier-Clark



## Submit Your Artwork or Story!

We're always looking for new submissions. What should you submit? Anything you think will entertain or inform is the extremely short version. As you can see in this issue, there's information regarding new venues, poetry by members, and some further short stories. Art is always welcome, otherwise you're stuck with my stock photos. Have photos of members during cons or games? Feel free to include those as well!

All submissions should be submitted to [SENewsletter@cfl.rr.com](mailto:SENewsletter@cfl.rr.com). If your submissions are included in the final edit of a newsletter, you will be recommended for regional prestige for your contribution!

So, take a few moments and send some of your creative works to be published in this newsletter!



*Do you have something to contribute to the newsletter?*

## Stories (continued)

### *A Moment In The Circle*

Sophia hangs suspended between heaven and earth, I go back over and check the locks on her chains. It would be embarrassing if, right as progress was being made, they opened



and dumped her to the floor. She's looking at me curiously, with an expression that says, *l e t s g e t* this over with, nothing you have to show me is anything new and I'm bored already. I walk around her for a few minutes tracing with my hands the lay of her aura, making note of the places that have to be changed. To anyone not of the circle it would look like some sort of sexual contact, and my hands do touch her near those places, but she has no interest in that kind of contact, and I am not seeing her flesh at this point anyway.

After making sure that everything is ready I turn on the water, not much just enough to keep her wet from head to toe. This got me a questioning look as the water washes away the make up her servants have applied to her. It's like the water has washed away the beautiful woman in front of me and left in it's place a cold, pale, inhumane creature. I smile at her, I'm sure it was cold and un-

feeling, my smiles have been like that lately. I take a few minutes to check the leads and my gloves for nicks or holes, then inspect the sponge, so many things can go wrong if the sponge isn't perfect. Once everything was too my satisfaction I hook up the leads and attach the sponge. Holding the handle in one hand I approach this creature in front of me. As I suspected she's gotten bored waiting on me to finish my inspections. So few people understand the need to be completely prepared, but her wait is over. The fun is about to begin.

I thank her for her willingness to accept this pain and then trace the sponge down the line I had decided would be the first to be cleared. The electricity makes her body jump and shake, and a low moan of pain escapes her lips. After a brief pause I trace the second and then the third slowly, watching the energy with my sight, making sure that the correct changes are being made, the naked woman giving way to whirls and lines of energy, I notice that the first line is starting to cloud already and make a note that several passes might need to be done before it ran the way I wanted.

She's been strong so far, I smell only a-little blood

probably from her eyes, I trace the 4th and final line from her chin to her vulva and am rewarded with the sweet sound of her voice raised in screams. I let my vision fade back into the mundane, and watch her for a few moments, twitching and jerking, bloody froth coming from her mouth as I hold the sponge tight against her vulva. I smile again, shifting my sight back into the spiritual and begin the second pass over the lines, I think to myself that there are times my life is good, she is such a lovely monster, and her

there could be no protection for any if she could not first balance her own heart. And for that, there had to be many lessons learned.

But no lesson can truly be learned without first a mission of trust. Though it had taken death, He had finally found her. She had finally learned her true destiny. And it all began when she stood from the pits of despair and reached out for his hand.

"Lord Gwydion." Maragath knelt at his feet, her head bent to the floor at his boot, her ivory skin completely bare. No armor protected her, no cloth marred her perfection. The only things which kept her from being exposed completely to the hawkish Sidhe's steel grey eyes was her long, auburn hair and her very stance. She trembled, afraid of why he had asked

## BORN IN STEEL

She had never believed that Death would suit her as well as it did. The crying child that rallied against the inevitable had certainly changed since she had lain at her son's bed, somehow trying to cling to the

skin of the world even though her destiny lay on the other side. She had sought to protect them all: to protect her lands, to protect her son, to protect her



Artwork by Nolan Segrest

Liege, to protect her oath husband. But, as she had learned over what seemed as an entire second lifetime,

her to disrobe and kneel before him in his bedchambers. She had no aspirations of her own seductiveness, nothing except the prickle of fear and anxiety before his calm

gaze. She was not used to bowing her head in front of any man, though for him she would have done it a thousand times over. Though, at

## Stories (Continued)

this time, not for the reasons that he wished.

She heard him stand, a rustle of cloth and the scrape of metal. Her heart raced and her eyes squeezed shut tightly, a few tears threatening to spill over the corners. She refused to cry in fear in front of anyone, even one of such regal stature that it caused her heart to ache. Doubts spread through her mind, doubt as to her own mettle, her own courage, her own fierceness. She wished for her sword to somehow prove to him her own worth, and yet still she didn't feel that she had that right. In her heart there was turmoil. The haughtiness of her former life rose unbidden to protect her inner conflict, and the blackened sneer of the Ailil rose to her lips. She was the warleader that brought about the coming Autumn. The softness of that former life was forgotten, the truth clouded. She would drown in her own fire and steel until he killed her. She had been his prisoner before, she thought, and this time her end would come. This time, she would have some dignity deep inside as he removed her head from her shoulders.

His voice was soft and sad behind her. "Born from Steel. Tempered in Nightmare. Bathed in Blood. I know you, Sidhe. Why do you not know

yourself? You fight your nature, you fight your memory, you fight your legacy. I cannot teach you as you are. Until you remember why you were in the Autumn World, I cannot proceed. I cannot even speak your name. Give me your hand, Dream-born."

Maragath curled further into herself, trembling from his words and the very ring of his voice. Slowly she reached up with her hand. She felt his own hand take hold of hers and was surprised at the difference. Her hand was tiny, smooth, delicate; his rough, hard, strong. Hers was the hand of a Duchess and Warlord, and yet the hand of a King...no, an Emperor was more calloused and battle hardened than her own. She felt ashamed and unworthy, and that emotion rallied inside of her until once again she hid behind her own misconceptions.

His fingers lightly traced the palm of her hand, and she tried to jerk away. His hand held hers fast, though his fingers were less gentle than before. She felt cold metal placed on the palm of her hand before those strong fingers gently curled her fingers around the small shape. Lord Gwydion bent down to her ear and whispered gently through the curly curtain of fire. "You hide behind something, Sidhe. I pray that you

remove it before it is too late. Until then, we shall remove it piece by piece. Your appearance is one of higher born, and not fitting your current strife. Please remedy this immediately." He turned his heel and she heard the heels of his boots clicking hollowly on the stone floor. Through her hair she watched him leave, the cape of dark greens and golds swirling about his feet as he left the room and shut the door behind him, leaving her alone in his bedchamber. He was dressed regally, and she was not dressed at all. That, she would not question, for even rags were too regal for her in the castle of the Griffin.

She brought her hand closer to her and slowly opened her fingers, peering at the object within. There, in the palm of her hand, was a pair of sharp scissors. Now, she did begin to cry, understanding fully what Gwydion's statement had been. She prized her hair above all else, ever since she was a childling, ever since she could first remember. Even from before, her hair had been her pride. And now, lying naked on a cold, stone floor, she was to clip her hair down to that of a Page. With each snip came a lock like autumn leaves falling from a tree.

She finally felt the cycle bear down on her and Winter enter into her heart.

Her teeth clicked across her tongue as she fell backwards onto the dirt of the sparring grounds. Mara, as she was now called by the other Pages, grimaced at the pain and tasted her own blood as bright copper in her mouth. She turned her head and spat it out, running her hand through her now jaw length hair to keep her eyes on the circling knight to her left. The other Pages, Squires, and Knights laughed and cheered on the Knight as he was prepared to give her a beating that she would not forget. Only one Knight refused to join in the jest, and it was he who whispered furiously to her now. "By Dougal's Beard, Mara, stay down." His dark eyes narrowed further, contrasting against the brilliant blue of his skin, the white eyebrows knitting into a tight knot on his forehead.



Mara shook her head, moving her fingertips to the bloody pool above her lip, and still she would not use her Arts to heal herself. With

calculated movements she raised her body in the most inoffensive manner possible, placing her hands to either

## Born in Steel (Continued)

side of her body. Her green eyes were calm still, but no longer downcast. Months, perhaps even years of drudgery had tempered her fire in tongue and demeanor, but in this she would not be beaten. She had done right in having Sir Arnwyth's sword reforged, regardless of his wishes or what his Squire had asked. There had been a very obvious flaw in the young Sidhe's blade which would have cost him his life on the battlefield, all because of the ornaments that the Knight had asked for. She had tried to warn him against his decision when he had first asked her to commission for it, but he had boxed her ears so badly that she had ran the order anyway. Never had she been treated so badly, but she had borne it all in silence. And yet, now was when she had decided to make her point.

"I said give me my blade, churl, or I shall beat it out of you." The haughty sound of the knight's voice neither made her angry or fright-

ened. Instead it struck a chord with her and she shook her head, more out of finally realizing what she had sounded like all along. The fist caught her in the stomach and she went down to her knees with it, coughing into the sand. He kicked the sand at her and she choked further at the gritty taste of it in her mouth.

Her breath found her once again, and she rose to her feet. "The blade is faulty, my lord. If you carry it in battle, it will break." She raised her head level with his, not out of defiance but in knowing that she was in the right. She did not flinch as she saw Sir Arnwyth's fist come in for another volley...

"ENOUGH!" The yell was loud, bolstered by the art of Sovereign behind it. Everybody in the grounds stood with backs straight as Baron Heirgaard walked into the circle. Mara respectfully lowered her eyes to the Elder Satyr, though her chin never

dipped. The Grump Satyr's hooves stopped in front of her and her Knight and he heard him cluck his tongue in disapproval. "What is happening here?"

Mara felt Arnwyth's hands push her forwards onto her knees in front of the Baron, and she let herself fall thus, eyes still downcast. The Wilder's haughty voice rang in her pointy ears. "This Page wench has hidden my sword and given me this one instead." He thrust the blade into the Baron's waiting hands.

Baron Heirgaard turned the blade this way and that, inspecting it with a warrior's glance. "It is a sturdy blade, Sit Arnwyth. Why do you hold grievance with it?"

"Why? WHY? It is not what I asked for! I asked for the blade that I had commissioned, not this. I demand to know where the little wench has put it!" Mara's ears were turning scarlet. Never had she treated a fellow Fae like this before, and yet she understood that it had always been a possibility.

Heirgaard addressed her directly. "Page Mara, why did you give this blade to your Knight?"

Mara raised her eyes and met the Satyr's directly. "Upon inspection of the blade

I found there to be a fatal flaw in its craftsmanship. I gave Sir Arnwyth a more trustworthy blade."

The Satyr nodded sagely, his eyes lingering on the emerald green of the Sidhe lady kneeling before him even as he heard the prattle of the young Knight in front of him. Finally he raised a gauntleted hand. "Perhaps the best way to settle this dispute is through combat. Page Mara, fetch your Knight his blade and ready yourself with the weapon that you chose for him." The cheers were near deafening as Mara rushed into the storeroom to do just that. When she returned, the Knight had already slid on the rest of his armor and helm and was waiting for her. She knelt on one knee to give him his blade even as he threw the one that she had picked for him to the floor. She stood with it in her hands, marveling at the chance to hold a sword in her hands once again. It seemed so long ago that she had held *Bas Engle* in battle. This was not her old weapon, but it was sturdy and trustworthy, and she placed the flat of the blade to her forehead in greeting.

The assembled laughed at her reverence even as Sir Pwyth, the troll who had asked her to lie down before, addressed the good Baron. "My Lord



## Stories (Continued)

Baron, I ask that this battle be reconsidered. Sir Arnwyth is in full armor and Page Mara is only in tunic and breeches. Let her be given armor."

"A Page wear armor?! One of her station should know their place, and inside a suit of armor made for the glorious is not one of them." Arnwyth's blue eyes flashed at her angrily as he said it, his teeth bared in malice.

The Baron stopped and looked at Mara. "What say you, Page? Will you don armor for this fight?"

Mara's green eyes never left the Satyr's as she spoke in a strong voice. "No, my lord. I do know my place, and I shall conduct myself with as much honor as my station decrees."

Mara was led into the bedchamber once again, but this time was not told to disrobe. She was alone, the blood and sweat dried and sticky on her face and brow. Her breath came in slow and deep, her posture tense and yet more at peace than the last time she was here. She stood there waiting, but not for long. She heard the door behind her open and close, the sounds of his boots clicking on the stone floor beneath her feet. As he rounded to her front, she bent to both knees, lowering her eyes. Her back was tall and

straight as she felt his eyes slide over her body. She felt her breath catch in her throat and she swallowed hard.

His voice was carefully guarded and yet tender. "I hear that you have fought your Knight this day and you bested him. I commend you. What say you about your victory?"

"It was useless, my Liege." Her voice was careful and even.

"I see. Why do you feel that it was useless?"

Mara took a deep breath. "A Knight's greatest allies on the field of battle are his Squire and Page. Even more so than the weapons themselves. It is they that clean the weapons and the horses; it is they that prepare him for battle. Without them and their experience, he is a danger to himself, his comrades, and his cause. If he cannot trust their judgment, then he is lost."

The silence ate away at her and began to make her doubt her courage once again. After what seemed like an eternity, she heard his voice behind her. "Disrobe, Page Mara."

With shaking fingers, Mara began to remove her tunic, breeches, and her undergarments, exposing herself to her liege, blushing all the while. Her dirty clothing lay in a

heap about her feet and her hands strayed across her frame in their attempt to hide her from his eyes. From behind her she felt him step closer, and she kept her eyes to the floor. When he reached out to touch the fiery curls of her hair, she gave a start, her heart hammering in her chest.

His outstretched fingers retreated and she heard his own breath come out in a sigh. She heard him walk away and return in mere instances, and still she would not raise her eyes to him. After a time, she heard him address her. "Born from Steel.

Tempered in Nightmare. Bathed in Blood. You will find your new raiment's on the bed, Dame. One day I hope that you will understand fully the words that you have said this night and remember yourself."

She heard him walk away again, and she could not help looking at him as he left his bedchamber once again. His rich tunic and breeches were spectacular in their greens and golds, but she could not help but notice that he no longer had his royal cape.

- by Selena McDevitt



# Featured Games of the Month

## JULY 2007

MS-001-D Starkville, MS

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

For more information, contact Carole Nail at [msstatechapter@yahoo.com](mailto:msstatechapter@yahoo.com)

## AUGUST 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

To Be Announced: Possible IRC Game

## SEPTEMBER 2007

AL-001-D Auburn, AL

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30						

For more information, contact Charlie Vick at [charlie@inkofgods.com](mailto:charlie@inkofgods.com)

### *A Word on Featured Games of the Month*

We began the Featured Game of the Month with a lot of success and continue to have great experiences with them. They're usually filled with good plot, good players, good staff, and good times. By now, I'm sure you've heard stories from several games and probably have attended a few of them. If not, we highly encourage you to do so.

Each Featured Game of the Month gives you a lot of benefits, both in and out of character. It can offer prestige, extra experience, and most of all, socialization.

First, you can get some additional experience points based on how many people show up to the game. It's beneficial to have a high turnout because your experience caps go up, and more importantly, it's just a lot more fun with so many people there.

Secondly, many of the regional plots begin at Featured Games of the Month. If you're looking to get your character active in the venue,

there's no better place than one that's touting a regional or national plotline.

Thirdly (and certainly not the least important), there is a charity involved with nearly all Featured Games of the Month. This allows you to get involved in the charitable aspect of the Camarilla (and maybe earn some of that elusive prestige you're all looking for...).

The real appeal to them though is getting together with friends and just having a good time. Many of the Featured Games of the Month bring a larger crowd and in doing so certainly let you meet more people around your region as well as get together with friends who live a little too far to get together regularly with.

If you haven't yet been to a Featured Game of the Month, we highly encourage you to take some time to attend one. They are without a doubt exciting and fun. We hope to see you at a Featured Game of the Month!



### *Want to host a Featured Game of the Month?*

We invite your domain to host a Featured Game of the Month. If your domain is interested in this, please contact the Regional Coordinator at [whitewynd@yahoo.com](mailto:whitewynd@yahoo.com) and the Regional Storyteller at [serst@jyhad.net](mailto:serst@jyhad.net). Be sure to include the following information: Chapter/Domain, Requested Date, Venue(s), Game Location, Charity and Game Premise for each venue.

