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By Liz Namiotko, US2010076348

Should we take risks? Our unives allow us to exist for centuries, if not millennia, whereas mortals might live only a few decades and so if look at from the perspective of centuries and millenniums, then not much is lost if their lives are cut short (not saying I subscribe to this line of thought, simply presenting it's premise). So with that in mind, would taking risks with our unives be a waste of possibly unlimited potential?

I withhold my opinion on the subject as I'm simply curious what our eminent sage Madame Dixie thinks.

-Alexander Grant  
Anarch Brujah (Matthew Price US2010015204)

Alexander Grant,

What is life without risks? What is the purpose for living centuries upon centuries if there is no joy or excitement in that long life? Those who never take risks are doomed to a long life of boredom, and will likely never rise among the ranks of their peers. That is not to say that one should put themselves alone in the midst of a large grouping of powerful enemies, or that one should commit political suicide just to see if they can get away with it, but smaller risks, manageable risks; overcoming these can be the highlight of our long unives.

Ever Enjoying my Unlife,  
Madame Dixie

Hello Dixie!!  
So I have a question for you. I am a young vampire, relatively speaking, but my sire is very old and set in his ways. I'm attempting to get him to use public transit at least once in his unlife time. It's a great way to meet a meal but he doesn't believe me. Any advice?  
(Pherell Archer)

Dear Young Vampire,

Does your sire fear public transport? Perhaps there is a source for his reticence and his clinging to old methods. Perhaps you should engineer a situation. If he has a particular taste he prefers in his dining, you could ensure that he notices such a being making use of public transport. Point them out, and lead him to realize that he won't have a chance to sample such a delicacy if he's not willing to follow.

Or, start with something a bit more antiquated. Get him on an old train that's still running, and let him enjoy the dining cars and the like before you push him toward more modern iterations.

Best of Luck,  
Madame Dixie

Dear Madam Dixie,

If you knew you were going to die, what would your last words be?

-Curious Neonate (James Johnson US2002056000)

Curious Neonate,

I suppose it depends on the circumstances.  
To an enemy: 'May my ash stick in your throat.'  
To a friend: 'May your nights be longer than mine.'  
To no one at all: 'What a fantastic ride. I look forward to another.'

Hopefully, you don't find yourself having to worry about what to say at the time of your death any time soon.

Living Forever,  
Madame Dixie

# LARPer Stereotypes to Avoid

by Michael Lone, US2006088415



## The Drama Queen

Drama Queens can take several forms, but the most common is the player that takes center stage in and out of play. Gossip is the spice of life that she lives for and can be found passing tidbits of her choice spice out to fellow players. This player will often times have a certain amount of popularity with a few select click members of the player base. Playing politics, stirring the rumor mill, making mean spirited comments, laughing and whispering are common practices of the Drama Queen. Drama Queens have a low self-esteem that they mask by striking out socially at anyone they see as a threat.

Being popular is fun. We all want to feel like we belong. If you find yourself tearing someone else down just to make you feel better it may be time to take a closer look at why you would say or do the things that might hurt others. Don't use the club as a way to build yourself up by lashing out or belittling others.

## The Rules Lawyer

Are you that guy who has memorized every line of the rule book? Do you find yourself telling everyone about all the obscure rules and recite the book line and verse? Perhaps you pride yourself on your ability to find, and abuse, every possible loophole and broken rule that exists.

While a vast and in-depth knowledge of the rules is a good thing, but verbally whacking fellow players and storytellers over the head with your unmatched knowledge of the rules will destroy a game. By focusing on the letter of the rules rather than the spirit of the rules will drag a game down into the depths of frustration. Arguing with staff, especially in a scene, keeps everyone from enjoying the game.

## The Player who Lives and Breathes the Game

Have you found yourself so preoccupied with the game that you want to LARP every waking hour of the day? Do you find yourself telling anyone who will listen about how cool, awesome, and badass your character is? Are you the guy who feels his entire real life persona is just a mask for his character. Are the lines between fantasy and reality blurred to the point that the game has stopped being a hobby? A player should never find himself living as his character and isolating yourself from reality.

Unfortunately, this is all too common. It isn't healthy and can lead to some very real problems. If you find yourself neglecting your family, your job or even your friends just to play a game, it is time to take a break. Don't let your hobby take over your life. Keep a healthy perspective and remember that real life ALWAYS comes first.

Whether the player is a Drama Queen, Rules Lawyer or Someone Who Lives for the Game, being aware of player types that can ruin a game will help us to grow as players and not become one of these player types ourselves. While these players may seem harmless at times, they can cause a great deal of strife within a game. Don't be the player that ruins the fun for everyone else. Play hard and be kind to your fellow members.

# Claimed: Part Seven



By Khorl Duvall

Warm electricity flowed through me and the taste on my tongue was better than anything I had ever had. I wanted more. I wasn't fighting him anymore as I sucked and licked at his wrist, my whole body screaming out that I had to have more. Eventually and all too soon he pulled away and licked his wrist to heal it, letting me go and looking at me for a moment as I recovered. Shuddering I wiped at my lips and then looked at him feeling slightly calmer and not wanting to run as much. But I wasn't some mindless slave either... maybe I had it wrong?

"What did that just do to me?!" I demanded as he picked up all three of my bags in one hand and gripped my arm in the other as we headed out of the house.

"I will be able to find you no matter where you go in the world now. It will let me know if you are in danger, makes it easier for me to protect you." he said all of this calmly as he walked me out to the back of a new model black camaro with windows so dark they probably weren't legal. He popped the trunk and put my bags in then walked with me to the passenger door. Opening it like a gentleman he motioned for me to get in. "If you would please."

I looked along the street in either direction and noticed a flatbed truck from a wrecker service coming to take away the cars. Sucking in another breath I covered my mouth with a hand and got into the car so I wouldn't start to sob again. He closed the door behind me and then got in on the other side and started up the engine. I jumped as the doors locked and then cringed away from him as far as I could, shoulders hunched and hair falling into my face. As he pulled out onto the main road I felt him reach out to gently tuck my hair behind my ear. It startled me enough that I jerked away and hit my head on the window with a soft yelp.

"I'm not going to hurt you my pet and I'm very sorry that you had to see that. It is my job to police the rogue vampires in this area. Your father broke our laws and had to be punished for it. I know its going to take time but if you work with me and not against me I think you will find that I have a lot to offer you." He went on like that for some time, asking me questions about myself and my school work, about places that we had lived and even the types of things I liked to eat because he would have to have food brought to the house he was taking me to. All the while he kept calling me 'My pet', as if to sear the word into my brain. As if he was going to remind me as often as possible that I was now his and that I was something he had to look after, feed, clothe, and keep properly in it's place, yes a pet.

# Recipe of the Month

Strawberries are in season and my fondest memories of Mother's Day is going to pick strawberries then coming home and spending the day making all sorts of delicious strawberry laden food with my mom. Here are some of my all time favorite strawberry dishes.

## Crepes

- 2 large eggs
- 1 ¼ cup whole milk
- 1 cup flour
- 3 Tablespoons melted butter
- Hazelnut spread
- Fresh sliced strawberries
- Whipped cream



Combine all of the ingredients in a blender and mix for about 20 seconds, scrape the sides and pulse about 5 more seconds. Let the mixture rest for 1-2 hours in the fridge. Prepare a griddle and brush lightly with butter. When the pan is hot (careful not to let the butter smoke) pour about a half cup of the crepe mixture onto the griddle and spread it out into a round shape. When the edges just start turning golden in color, flip the crepe. The second side will only take about 30 seconds. Repeat this process with the rest of the crepes. Spread a small amount of hazelnut spread inside the crepe and add some sliced strawberries. Roll or fold your crepe and add a dollop of whipped cream.

## Southern Strawberry Shortcake

- 2 cups flour
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 Tablespoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 stick of cold butter cut into cubes
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 lb sliced strawberries
- Whipped cream



Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Add dry ingredients to a food processor and pulse a couple of times. Then add the butter. Pulse until the butter forms a coarse texture with the dry ingredients. Slowly add the cream taking time to scrape down the sides of the bowl. Turn the mixture out onto a floured surface and roll out to about 1 inch thick. Using a biscuit cutter, cut out the short cakes and place them on a greased cookie sheet. Bake for 15 minutes or until lightly golden on top. Remove and let cool. Cut the short cakes in half and layer strawberries and whipped cream in between the halves.

# Regional Charity for May 2015



## Stuffed Animal Drive

A stuffed animal can often bring a smile to a child, but it is not just during holidays that stuffed animals are needed. As law enforcement officers and other officials respond to traumatic events, sometimes children can be found sitting to the side of the emergency, feeling lonely and scared. Officers have often comforted these children with stuffed animals. A stuffed animal can really make a difference for a child in great need!

Stuffed animals can be donated to Emergency Services Agencies such as Police and Fire.

Drive Begins May 1, 2015 and Ends on May 31, 2015

Prestige Guidelines:

1R for small stuffed animals (around 6 inches)

2R for large stuffed animals (anything larger than 6 inches)



# Southeast Regional Calendar

## May 2015

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1 <b>May Day</b>	2
3	4 <b>Star Wars Day</b>	5	6 <b>Regional Office Hours IRC</b>	7	8 <b>VE Day</b>	9 <b>Feature Game of the Month TN-015-D</b>
10 <b>Mother's Day</b>	11	12	13	14	15	16 <b>Armed Forces Day</b>
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25 <b>Memorial Day</b>	26	27	28	29	30
31						

Special Thanks to everyone who sent in Contributions for the Newsletter!

Khoru Duvall

Liz Namiotko, US2010076348

Michael Lone, US2006088415

Please send Submissions for the Newsletter to [searc.newsletter@gmail.com](mailto:searc.newsletter@gmail.com)

Please send your questions for Madame Dixie to [enamiotkomes@gmail.com](mailto:enamiotkomes@gmail.com)