

ETERNAL
TIMES



Table of Contents:

Intro.....3

Gang Violence.....4

Fiction By: Brian Fallehy, US2002056510

**Featured Game of the Month
Review.....9**

Editorial By: Brian Fallehy, US2002056510

Contacts.....10

Cover Art Photo by: Linda Stiles, US2003122618

Photo of: Nicko D, US2003122606



Intro

Hello South West! It is that time again for another issue of the Eternal Times. You may notice something peculiar about this issue and that is that I am the only writer this month. Now this isn't because I think I am a great writer, as a matter of fact I think of myself as a rather mediocre writer though I enjoy doing it I know there are several of you out there who are far better than I. So I want all of you who have read my work and thought to yourself "I can do better than that," to show me how much better than me you truly are.

This month you will get to read a story about my character from the Requiem Venue. Brick is the character I have been playing for over the last two years and this is a little story that I wrote that I thought some of you might like to read, if I am right enjoy and if not just skip it.

The next article is again written by myself. This month I was able to attend the Featured Game of the Month hosted by Sacramento. First I would like to thank everyone in Sacramento Game for making it a wonderful time for everyone there. I know I had a good

time and from the looks of it others were having a great time as well. Normally I don't get a chance to visit other domain, work schedules being what they are, and I took this opportunity to visit one of the close games by me and I had a great time. I encourage anyone who has the opportunity to swing by any of the Nor Cal games, we all would love to have you.

Last there have been changes to the contacts page so if you have need of any of the regional staff check out the last page as it has all the updated contact info for all of the lovely people on the Regional Staff. So if you have taken the time to copy down the old contact info sheet it is time to replace it with the new and improved one.

So thanks again for taking time out of your busy days and sitting down to read our nice little newsletter. So enjoy and have a great time. I will visit with you all next month.

Gang Violence

Brick had just gotten back into town after being away for a couple of weeks and it was already back to work. The streets had not quieted down during his absence and to the contrary things were picking up with the local gangs. Most of the time the gang activity wouldn't cause any concern from Bricks employers but this time it was starting to get out of hand and it was beginning to disturb other interests in the domain. It was time that something was done about the violence and well Brick was just the right wrecking ball for the job.

Brick grabbed his things, body armor, a .45 at his hip, and a note pad for taking down info and decided it was time to visit the family.

La Familia Rouge was a small gang of Mexican bangers who not surprisingly were all related in some way or another. Brick entered their territory and could tell they were already watching him. The last time he had had a run in with these guys they had shot at him, granted he had also but a bullet in the young leaders foot before he even asked him a question but Brick felt it was a good way to start the interrogation.

Brick found the parking lot most of the familia was hanging out at and figured those who had been watching him would not be far behind. This was going to be fun he could tell as he pulled up on his bike and immediately car trunks were being opened and he could see baseball bats, chains, bottles, and even a couple of guns being pulled out.

The young leader stepped forward, still wearing an oversized shoe on his right foot were Brick had shot him over a month ago. "What you doing here ESE? I thought we told you this was our territory and you weren't to come back." His confidence was due to all the men he had at his back, it was really kind of cute and Brick was surprised he had managed to maintain the reigns of control after getting punked so bad last time.

"Listen Paco! Like I told you the last time we met. This is my domain you live here because I you. Now I let you live last time we met because you gave me some good info and I might be generous and allow you to live again if you can do the same this time." Brick climbed off his bike and walked towards the young leader without even flinching at the numbers that were standing being him. Brick knew that he had to be the bigger predator to survive this, if he showed them fear it would be all over and he would have to run to stay alive there were just to many of them. It wouldn't be a concern if Brick had the rest of Section Eight here but they had their own business to deal with this week.

"Man we don't have to take this shit from this fucking gringo." One of the younger men that Brick hadn't met yet started to step forward, he had a nice length of chain wrapped around his hand and looked like he was intending on using it.

"Yo Junior! Step back and watch your mouth or all you will be getting is a closed casket funeral." Brick didn't back down he just kept walking up to the man he called Paco. "Tell your boy to step back, I am not here to fight. From what I have heard you all have been doing a lot of that lately and I was here to find out what has gotten up your ass to start all this shit?" Brick was now standing less than three feet from the leader, he knew that if he could get into this guess personal space just his size would be intimidating enough to keep the chance of a physical confrontation to a minimum.

"Yo man, we just guarding our turf you know. It was a week ago or so this stoner punk comes in here startin shit. This guy was crazy he just started swinging, he didn't know what he was doing but he just didn't seem to get hurt by anything. He just kept throwing my boys like they was dolls. If you want to know how started this you better go light up one of the Sebtown white-boys." Brick could tell this kid didn't want to tell him anything but he didn't want Brick to embarrass him in front of his boys

again, he managed to keep his place on top once but he knew he wouldn't be able to do that a second time.

"Thanks Jeffe, you and your boys lay low for a couple of days alright. I think I am going to go and check out the Sebtown Rebels see what they know about this little thing. If this white boy comes back you let me know, I would like to have a word with him." Brick said this and turned to walk away, "oh and boys, you ever pull weapons on me again you better be ready to use them or I will make you all choke on them."

Bricks Harley fired to life and he was out of La Familia territory in less than a minute. The ride over to Sebtown territory was not that long but it got Brick to thinking, who was this one kid who had gone in and started busting up La Familia? Brick didn't know Sebtown too well, they were a bunch of white boys that smoked weed and didn't really do much else. Brick had considered them to be as threatening as a kick me dog. So who was this monster that they had recruited that could take down half the Familia, well Brick was going to find out soon.

Sebtown Rebels hung out in a park about a mile north of La Familia territory. Brick pulled into a parking lot near one end of the park and started walking in to where he knew there were some secluded picnic benches that he was sure the Rebels were hanging out at. Sure enough as soon as he came up the path he spotted half a dozen of them, bad news is they spotted Brick as well.

"Cops! Run!" One of the kids shouted and bolted off the bench like a scared deer. It was funny Brick could feel the beast in him want to hunt, they was prey in flight it was time to chase.

With all the kids running in different directions Brick had to choose one and stick with him, the first one to spot him was probably a good choice and he was the farthest away so it would be a fun chase. Brick started running and added power to his speed. He was on top of the boy in a matter of seconds, he leaped and took him down like a big cat would take down an

antelope on the plains of Africa. Brick flipped the boy over to look him in the face, he had to take a quick second to calm his beast. It clawed at the surface and wanted to eat this poor boy, and Brick could see in the boys face that he could see that in Bricks eyes.

"Now boy I am going to ask you some questions, and you are going to tell me all I want to know. And if I don't think you are telling me the truth..." Brick grabbed one of the boys' hands and wrapped his immense hand around the boys pinky, "you have ten chances to make sure you tell me the absolute truth. Understand?"

The boy went white with the realization of what Brick was talking about doing. "Sure man... Whatever you want, just don't kill me." He was scared shitless this was going to be an easy interrogation, Brick just hoped this kid knew something.

"Ok kid, why have you and your boys started tangling with La Familia?" Brick figured no point beating around the bush about it.

"What? Man they have been coming after us!" The boy looked honestly confused, Brick didn't even need to read the kids aura for lies he didn't know what he was talking about.

"One of your boys went into La Familias territory and busted a bunch of them up, that is why they have been coming after you." Brick let more slip then he wanted but he was honestly confused at how little this kid knew about what his gang was doing.

"Dude I don't know what you are talking about, maybe you got us confused with the bible thumping barstards. One of them came in here a week ago and started doing the same thing. He even killed my girl, fucking knocked her to the ground then stabbed her in the throat and left her for dead. If I find him I am going to fucking kill that guy." The kid was really getting upset and started struggling against Brick even more now. He didn't want to show him he was upset, the kid even had tears starting to poke out of his closed eyes.

Brick got up and lifted the boy to his feet, “so you guys had nothing to do with the fight with La Familia, it was another gang that came after you?”

“Yeh, the Brother of Christ, a bunch of Catholic whacko’s if you ask me.” The kid was speaking a little freer now.

Brick could sense the kid sneaking up behind him before the knife cut into what used to be his kidney, he reached around and grabbed the hand while it still held the knife and pulled the blade out of his side and turned around to face the little backstabbing punk. The boy looked to be no more than 16 put small for his age. Brick crushed the kids’ hand around the knife and leaned in close, so close in fact the boy could feel the bristle of Bricks beard on his face.

“There is an old saying you should learn boy, Don’t hurt what you can’t kill.” And with that Brick lifted the boy and flung him against a tree about 5 feet away. And turned to look at the kid he had been talking too only to see him have a block away already, he could have chased him but he had already gotten all the info out of him he was going to get. He turned back to the kid who had stabbed him and stocked over to him. He had a dazed look on his face, he had hit his head against the tree pretty hard.

“Well it looks like it is just you and me.” Brick said as he picked up the boys knife and grabbed a hold of his hand. He held the boys hand up against the tree. “So you think you can tell me more than your buddy was able too?” Shank, the knife slid clean through the boys hand and was buried a good three inches into the tree.

“AHHHHHH!!!” the boy screamed

Brick whipped some of the blood off of his hands before starting his bike and heading out of this part of town. Apparently the screams had gotten someone’s attention because he could hear the faint sound of police sirens starting a few blocks away but he knew he had time to get out of here before any of them would show up.

Poor kid, Brick thought to himself, wrong place wrong time. He seemed like a good kid and should have never been in a place to run into a guy like me. Guess it was true what JP said about him, Brick was a Necessary Evil; he had even given Brick a lighter to remind him of that.

All Brick could think of now was that he had one more stop for the night. Unfortunately since he had spent so much time playing with La Familia and the Sebtown Rebels the streets were pretty empty. These kids stayed out late but even they went home or in doors at some time and then it was a little more difficult to find them. Brick figured he would roll around there hood for a little while and see if he could see any punks flying colors, if he did he would stop them and ask them a few questions.

Brick was now looking for the Brothers of Christ, he didn’t know much about them except that they had a weird way of looking at the bible and what it had to say. Somehow they were able to find passages that made it ok for them to sell drugs, pimp out woman, and basically cause overall mischief, funny thing is they would probably get along great with the Lancea, same twisted look at religion.

It was no use, none of the boys were out and it didn’t look like he was going to find any places they were hanging out. Like Brick had thought it was just too late and most of them had already gone in. It was time to head home anyway, there was enough time for one patrol of the wrack before the sun would be coming up and Brick was hoping to catch a bite to eat before turning in for the day.

Heading home for the night Brick remembered that if he didn’t get some food for Tiny he would just gnaw on Bricks leg all day till he got him something. So he swung by a fast food place to pick up a dozen cheeseburgers, hopefully that would keep Tiny happy for the day. That is when the hair on the back of his neck started to rise. Brick new this feeling, it saved his life several times already, someone was watching him.

Brick started to look around; he focused his senses to pick up on the smallest of things. He sniffed the air trying to pick up on a familiar scent, there had been kindred here but none recently and all of them he recognized. He was also unable to spot anything out of the ordinary around the area. If there was someone there they were very good at hiding, Brick realized staying in one place would be the worst thing he could do.

He grabbed his burgers and started off. Brick decided to take a long route home in an attempt to lose anyone who might be following him, though he still was unable to spot anyone on his tail. The feeling wasn't going away and it was really starting to bother Brick but he would be home soon and well he knew no one was getting past Tiny without him at least hearing it.

The Motel that Brick made his home was on Santa Rosa Ave just south of downtown. He figured it would be one of the best places to live since he didn't want to have to travel too far to do his job and this was a nice central location for all the cities in the domain. Plus the motel was all one floor and it was cheap carpet covering a concrete slab so there was a good place for Brick to sleep. He unlocked the front door and walked in.

"Food?" Tiny looked eyes with Brick and he didn't even need the ability to talk to animals to know what his dog was thinking.

"Yeh I got your food right here." Brick tossed the sack of cheeseburgers on the coffee table in front of Tiny.

"Ok, now unwrap them stupid. You know the wrappers bind me up." Tiny was being a little bit of a dick today, there must have been an Oprah rerun on that he had already seen.

"Fine you four legged garbage disposal." Brick crossed the room after locking the door behind him and sat down on the couch next to Tiny, picking up the first of the burgers and unwrapping it for his big dog.

While Tiny was eating Brick flipped channels trying to find something on. This Tivo thing is kind of cool but it is full with reruns of

soaps and Oprah because Tiny never can delete anything. Brick started to think about the recent events, it had been Lafayette that had gotten him this Tivo thing. It isn't like Brick was close to Lafayette but the guy still didn't need to die. Brick sat around thinking about things and watching TV until just before sun up, which really wasn't that long. He gave Tiny a scratch behind the ears and gave him his usual good night and headed to his bedroom.

Brick had pulled the carpet up on one corner of the room so that he could get to the concrete slab, he threw his coat and hat on the bed took off his boots and removed his holster and gun. The armor he almost never took off, but then it didn't bother him to sleep in. Brick stood over the concrete slab and sunk into it just as the first rays of sun were coming over the horizon outside.

: Later that Day :

:Thump... Thump... Thump... :

Brick was sleeping the sleep of the dead when the hammering on his stone tomb came. Then all of a sudden he was ejected from his bed an instant before the wrecking bar came crashing back down to his concrete floor. Brick tried to roll out of the way but was too slow and was impaled on the steel bar as it drove deep and crashed into the stone underneath him.

"Ahhh!" Brick snarled, the pain that shot through his side brought his body to life and he was now fully awake. "Tiny, did you let this asshole in?" Brick screamed hoping Tiny was ok and just asleep.

The man standing above Brick stomped on his stomach and began to yank the steel bar out of his side twisting it to wrench it free. Brick slid to the side and tried to kick the man as he did, the strength in his legs lacked its normal umph. It was still day, Brick thought to himself, this bastard is trying to whack me during the day. The man apparently decided to change tactics at this point, he had gotten the bar free and jumped back from Bricks pitiful excuse at a

kick and started swinging the wrecking bar like an axe, this kid was looking to chop some wood and apparently Brick looked like a cord ready for chopping.

Brick rolled to his feet as the first swing came down. Big stick equals long reach, brick thought, have to get in close to limit his power. So Brick stepped in and got within arms reach of the guy and tried to grab him. This has worked in the past, but Bricks grip wasn't what it normally was. When the sun is down Brick is a world-class weight lifter, but when it is up he just can't keep up with most people.

Brick didn't even see the fist full of steel coming till it hit him square in the jaw.
: Thwack...:

The man turned with the blow and followed it up with a sweeping motion from the bar taking Brick clean off his feet. There he was, stars in his eye flat on his back in the middle of his bedroom with a crazy wrecking bar wielding lunatic trying to kill him. Brick then remembered his emergency energy drink. He had made a potion of Sanguine Strength yesterday before he went out in case he needed it. It was still in his coat from the night before, I only hope it is still good he thought.

Brick scrambled across the floor trying to avoid the steel bar falling across his back. He just couldn't move fast enough and each blow just took a little more out of him. It was getting harder and harder to move, his coat was so close.

: GRRRRR...:

Now it was the mans turn to cry out. Tiny apparently woke up and was not happy to hear Brick getting the crap kicked out of him and decided to join the party. While Brick lie on the ground trying to crawl across the floor to his discarded coat Tiny came flying in the room and jumped over him to come crashing into the man. I don't care how tough you think you are but when a 300lbs+ wolfhound comes crashing into you, you fall down. Brick was able to take this opportunity and get to his coat, the potion was right were he had left it and still looked to be

good. He sucked it down just in time to hear Tiny get slammed against the wall, he turned and the man was back on his feet wrecking bar still in hand taking a stance like a big league hitter getting ready to knock Tiny right out of the park.

“Don't touch my dog!” The potion mixed with Bricks own rage brought the beast right to the surface, it was fully awake and clawing to take control if only Brick would let it, and for a second he considered it.

Brick crossed the room in what seemed like one step his claws were out and his skin had turned a shiny black with thin hair like spines all over it. The man swung and Brick was just able to get in the way of the blow meant for Tiny. The spines dug into the steal as it slammed into him. The man pulled back and swung at Brick, instead of dodging out of the way Brick stood there taking the blow right to the head, the mans face visibly contorting when he saw the hardened steal bar bend over Bricks head. One more strike and the wrecking bar was wrecked. Only one problem with this turn of events.

The end that flew off of the wrecking bar went crashing through the bedroom window letting a stream of light flood into the room. Brick could feel his back erupt in pain as his skin began to sear at the sight of the sun. Instead of running Brick drove forward crushing the man against the wall driving his claws deep into his chest and then flinging him across the room.

Brick dove for cover, trying to get out of the direct path of the sun. The man lay in a heap on the other side of the room, Tiny was already on top of him and had him by the throat. He wasn't going anywhere and Brick could feel the adrenaline seeping out of him, the beast was tired and was going to drag Brick into the darkness with him soon.

“Watch him Tiny” was all Brick could get out before sinking back into the floor to avoid the sun. Sleep came quickly but the dreams did nothing to quiet his mind.

By Brian Fallehy, US2002056150

Featured Game of the Month Review

This month I was able to attend the Featured Game of the Month. This month it was held in Sacramento and according to the sign it looks as though members from as much as seven domains were able to attend this month. I have to say I enjoyed being able to meet people who I had previously only spoken with online. These games are a wonderful chance to make those face to face connections with members who you would normally never meet or only see at cons, and in my opinion it is really hard to see people at cons because there are just so many people and so many things to do that you end up getting a little overwhelmed. Maybe that is just me though.



Anyway the game was held in the court of the new prince of the city and other than a few hair raising events was rather quite, just what you would like to meet those people you wanted to talk to. There was action for those who wanted to involve themselves in action and plenty of quite places for those just interested in doing some of the networking that these games allow for.

One event that I will tell you about I found to be very entertaining. I play one of the Ordo Dracul, for those of you who do not know, and I was with the rest of the Ordo standing around shooting the shit as so many of us are known to

do. And one of the members of the domain pushes his way through the circle and declares he is attempting to stake one of the Ordo in the circle. Now I have to admit that I don't know all of the specifics of what led to this but I can think of at least a dozen better times to try and stake someone than when he is standing in a circle with more than half a dozen would be protectors. When a great number of us decided we were going to get in on this little fight the would be assailant started to look around and if he hadn't noticed it before he sure did now. The majority of the Ordo in the circle were wearing red of some variety, now for those of you who don't understand this red indicated sworn of the axe, the military arm of the Ordo. So needless to say that combat did not last

long and the individual who had intended on assaulting a member of the Ordo found him self beaten soundly into torpor. And that is my interesting little story about that game, I also believe there is a lesson in this. When attempting to attack someone at a gather, make sure the people he is

standing with are standing with him.

I would love to continue with some other exciting events from the evening but unfortunately I had to leave early, plus I wasn't really a part of the main flow of plot. So I hope you have all enjoyed this little description of the Featured Game of the Month and if you thought it was lame and needs to be better I challenge you to do better. So to you out there who attend the featured games of the month, write me up something and let me know how it was. I would love to read about it and I am sure there are others in the region who would like to read about it as well.

Contacts

RC Staff

RC:

Kara Swenson
cam.swrc@gmail.com

ARC: Chief of Staff:

Jeremy White
US2002022396
jwhite316@cox.net

ARC: Communications:

Brian Fallehy
US2002056150
bfallehy@gmail.com

ARC: Reports:

Liz Lovett
US2005012683
perangelfire@gmail.com

ARC: Administration:

Mike McGough
US2002021192
Evilqueenmike@gmail.com

ARC: Events:

Anthony Fuentes
US2002021852
jinnsluck_27@yahoo.com

ARC: Technologies:

Nicko D
US2003122606
Nickodm@gmail.com

ARC: Arbitration:

Brian LaMere
US2002021365
brianlamere@gmail.com

ARC: Outreach:

Dan Luboff
US2002021370
dluboff@hotmail.com

ARC: Independents:

Chris Avila
US2005127008
swarcindy@gmail.com

ARC: Charities:

Amanda Humble
US2003031380
losangelesdc@gmail.com

ARC: Prestige:

Paul Hackett
US2002021986
lordfubar9@yahoo.com

Member Advocates

Arizona

Lori Herrin
lherrin@cox.net
US2002116861

Hawaii

Zarli Win
dev_null@ryusenkai.org
US2004071604

Utah

Christian Gurholt
kai@kindred.net
US2002021786

California: North

Jared Royka
jroyka@hotmail.com
US2002096663

New Mexico

Mark Truman
Mark.truman@gmail.com
US2006057761

California: South

Mark Adams
mark@ddelta.net
US2005116858

Nevada

Aaron Gomez
noraaboy@gmail.com
US2002021788