

Gwenyth Hunter

Gwenyth Hunter was born April 7th 1900, on her family's farm on the northern outskirts of London. Her father Arthur and mother Judy ran a small sheep farm, with the help of Gwen's older brother Jimmy, and eventually Gwen too as soon as she was big enough to help. They also had a small garden section for growing their own food too, and although the work was tough, they were grateful to be self-sufficient and happily enjoyed their quiet country lives. Gwen had happy memories on the farm in her younger years, and grew up strong and independent. She was a rough child, much to her Mother's annoyance, always covered in mud or getting in a scrap with other kids. But as long as she was getting her chores done and keeping out of too much mischief, her Mother could never bring herself to scold that pretty smile when Gwen was swinging from trees and running wild.

By June of 1911 however, things started to go badly for the Hunter family. Her mother became sick, and passed away within a week. The sudden loss was difficult for her Father, and without the insistence of their Mother to make them, they all stopped attending church on Sundays. But despite the struggles, and with the help of his son and care of Gwen, they managed to still keep the farm running and life continued. Eventually things even settled into a new kind of normal for a while.

In 1914 World War 1 had taken hold of Britain, and to Father's dismay, Jimmy was willingly conscripted to fight overseas by the end of the year. Her brother was a good shot on the farm, and at just 19 years old he was brimming with naïve heroic notions of doing his country and family proud to go to war. Gwen and her Father struggled to keep the farm going with just the two of them, but with hard work and some help from neighbouring friends, they made things work for a while, but went to bed exhausted every night and it was taking its toll on them both. But then, news came that Jimmy wouldn't be returning home, and this broke poor Arthur.

Unable to keep the farm going with just himself and Gwen, her Father sold off most of the land to make way for a dog racing track, something Gwen knew her Mother would have hated from a moral standpoint. But they kept their home, enough room to still grow their own food, and with some dealings they were promised work from the new owners. It was enough to keep them going, but Gwen found herself taking on more and more responsibility as her Father started to drink more and more to cope with his losses in life.

By the time the race track was up and running, Gwen had taken on the hard honest work of running the house and their garden, along with working at the track to care for the dogs there. Her father, however, took to the race track recreationally. Desperate to claw back something in life, he'd waste money away on wishful thinking that the next race he'll win it big, that and more booze that fuelled his delusion. He became known as a thug, "security" for the race track to make sure bets were honoured and debts paid. That violent nature also eventually turned up at home, if Gwen ever dared nag about his drinking or say the wrong thing about how they were living, she'd find herself with a black eye or split lip, usually followed by the blubbing of a broken man asking for her forgiveness.

The local people at best pitted Gwen and her father, or at worst looked down their noses at them for how they were associated with crooks, thugs and gamblers. Though in truth, it started before then, their whole families absence at church hadn't gone unnoticed in the community when her mother died. In the background Gwen dutifully and quietly carried the burden and soldiered on, picking up the slack and caring as best she could in her mothers place. But her fathers violence and the company she had started to keep at the race track was rubbing off on her. But who wouldn't have some building anger for all she's been through? She'd often pick fights with anyone who dared try their luck with her, and soon found a reputation of her own for being a brute.

October 13th 1918, in place of caring for newborn lambs as a child, she was now putting down healthy poor dogs just for the sake of some losers' anger. She was tired, sad and angry. Alone behind the kennels on a dark cold night, she tilted her head back in the rain, and she'd sigh; wondering if she'd become so cruel to not care for the dog she'd just shot in the head, or if she was just too exhausted to cry at this point. Another drawn out breath and she braced herself to move forward and get to dragging the carcass away, but as she leaned down to grab at a paw, her eye caught the sight of two glowing red eyes in the shadows of nearby trees. The stare locked on her, she felt a chill run down her body and panic flutter in her heart, but before she could even attempt to lift her shotgun to aim, something had lunged from the darkness and grabbed hold of her with impossible strength. The agonising tear of teeth into her neck, quickly faded into what felt like a warm embrace, before all faded to black.

The next thing Gwen knew, she was waking up cold and alone in a small mausoleum of her local cemetery. She was barely able to stumble out the broken door to realise where she was, before she felt an aching pit in her stomach, hunger like she'd never felt before. Her thoughts became a jumbled mess of confusion being drowned out by the gnawing in her gut, the only prevailing sense she could think of was to get home. Something wasn't right, she didn't know what was happening to her, and her father was all she had. He would help her, right?

That frenzied first meal is something she tries to blackout from her memory, a gruesome and traumatic scene of eating her poor father; blood, flesh, heart and all, like a ravenous feral animal. But that taste of melancholy on her tongue seemed to fill her up so much it overflowed and poured out of her eyes. But then, as her hunger sated and mind cleared, and she could see what she had done, it was replaced with utter horror. Gwen took off running, no plan or destination in mind, just overwhelming fear and instincts seeming to take over for her. She found herself hiding in the same mausoleum she'd woken up in, hoping to find clues or at least just hide from what she'd done.

Gwen's Sire, Owen Wood, happened to be in the same area as Gwen that night on October 13th, as he was fleeing from his own coterie. It had become a known issue, that Owen was losing control of himself, and on the verge of becoming a wight. It was a previously agreed upon terms of his coterie, that should any of them fall victim to such a state, the others should put an end to them before it became a problem. His bestial instincts of course didn't want that now the time had come however, and he fled from London to try and escape the fate he'd put upon himself. But the trail of bodies he was leaving in his wake, it wasn't that hard for them to track him down. The same night he ran into Gwen, he shortly after met his final death with his coterie.

The deed done, his coterie took rest in the area for a short time, but much to their surprise, the bodies were continuing to appear in the area. While the Toreador and Nosferatu of the group wanted to go home, they relented to the Malkavian and Tremere who thought it prudent to ensure there was no further problems, as the Tremere had hypothesised perhaps Owen had been fleeing to a nest of wights. Imagine their surprise to find Owen's childe, a wreck of emotions and feral, hiding in some graveyard.

Nobody could for sure say why he turned Gwen, but his coterie like to believe it was a last act of his humanity to spare her, so they couldn't bring themselves to just kill her. Instead, the Malkavian of the group calmed her, and took to being something of a surrogate Sire in her freshly turned state. They took Gwen with them back to London, and that's where she started her new unlife under the guidance of her adopted Sire, Henry Wyatt, Chairman of Middlesex County Lunatic Asylum.

Unknown to Gwen however, Henry had been the whole reason for her fate. A sadistic and self-serving man, he'd moved on from mortal patients that he experimented on, to a childe of his own he tormented and toyed with, a young woman by the name of Dizzy. However, greedy for a

second childe that he could mould as a guard dog of sorts, and sister for his childe, that's when he started to manipulate and mentally warp his own coterie member, a gangrel by the name of Owen Wood. Henry slowly broke him down to his baser instincts, pushing him to the brink of becoming a wight. Only then, did Henry guide him to a girl he'd chosen for her apparent ruthlessness he'd observed from a distance. Gwen had no idea she'd been stalked months in advance and carefully considered for her new position in life.

Gwen was never quite sure of what to make of her new unlife, but thinking about it too hard just made it more difficult, so she tried to make the best of it and just focus on what was ahead of her. She was lost and without much thought to her own needs beyond just surviving and carrying on as she always had, so it was all too easy for Henry to shape her into what he wanted. He would drill it into Gwen how kindred society was dangerous, that she needed to be able to protect herself and her new family. Being forced into fighting a pack of dogs to the death, and trained to treat people with the same inhumane detachment.. the cruel and monstrous things he put Gwen through as a means to toughen and strengthen her, despite the violent horror of it all, it seemed to work. Gwen saw the difference in herself and her sister, that they both suffered in different ways with their Sire, but it was something that bonded them in solidarity. Dizzy was a light in the darkness for Gwen and a comfort to her, her humanity and caring nature was something Gwen felt she needed to protect. She would endure the dirty work and sacrifice her own humanity, if it meant she could protect others from also sliding further into the maw of the beast. But Dizzy also anchored Gwen to her humanity, and reminded her that anger and violence isn't all that she is.

Just as they were starting to get to know each other better as siblings however, they were taken from their Sire who was cast out and exiled by the cult of Mithras, most likely for a number of crimes and miss-deeds. From then on, they were taken in by the cult of Mithras, and so begins our story in "The Fall of London".

Notes

Gwen's Beast:

Manifests as a primal violent urge and mostly feels like a pack of dogs like at the race track, going mad for the race about to start in their cages. A lot of barking, yapping, growling and simple animalistic short commands like 'Eat', 'Bite' or 'Kill' on repeat. On some occasions can sound like a gruff and wolf like young man, that she assumes to be her true Sire's voice, which is a lot more calm and slick talking with simple pushes for violence, encouraging her to look out for herself and survive; *"You'd have better chances just killing them, they're holding you back"*, *"Imagine how good their heart would taste, and you wouldn't have to put up with this bullshit"*, or *"There's Daddy's lil' girl, see how good that felt, to just be the wild thing that you are?"* (I imagine mentioning her Dad would be a fun twist of the knife for rare occasions).

Gangrel Animal forms:

1st form – Huge black dog, similar to a Silken Windhound, with slender features, pointed ears and shaggy fur mostly on the neck, chest and tail.

2nd form – Golden Eagle. Large dark brown bird of prey with golden eyes. Some tones of yellow, lighter brown and tan.

Because of how her Beast manifests, Gwen is a gangrel that doesn't enjoy using her animal forms. Especially her dog form, as to her it feels like she's becoming more like that inner voice when she uses it. She much prefers her golden eagle form, if she even uses an animal form at all, as that feels at least more like her when she's in control of her feral side.