

## Item Descriptions for a 2-POV ‘Hunter vs Hunted’ Roleplaying Game within a Monster Infested 2000’s New York City

	<b>POV 1 (Young, Intelligent, Vampyre)</b>	<b>POV 2 (Old, Bitter, Slayer)</b>
<b>ITEM NAME</b>	<b>SPOKEN</b>	<b>ALOUD</b>
<b>‘Pyre Stake’</b>	‘Ah - a ceremonial firewood stake. Ha ha... Just the immortal bane of all Kindred; no biggie. Wow. I can’t help but feel uneasy, even with it sealed behind bulletproof museum glass.’	‘*Whistles* The flaming fang of man. Hard to believe this relic has slain more bloodsuckers than years I’ve been alive. It almost makes me sad it’s locked up here, dry of Vampyre blood.’
<b>‘Hemotoxin’</b>	‘One of the four naturally occurring types of toxin; this bloodthinning poison is preferred by Kindred for its vascularly deleterious symptoms & subtly sweet flavor profile !’	‘A rotten tool of the empiric bloodsucker regime - this Alchymic poison causes cuts and scrapes to bleed both faster and harder; all for those wretched leeches to feed on.’
<b>‘Silvered M911 Magazine’</b>	‘A masterpiece of Kin silver-smithing; a single modified M911 round will drop any Lupine attacker unwise enough to attack. [ <i>beat</i> ] Honestly, now that I think about it, I should probably learn to use a gun.’	‘It pains me to say it: but the Alchymy performed by that bloodsucker coterie is absolutely Top Notch. These here bullets could put down a Wolfie in just one or two shots ! If only I had a gun... I guess I’ll have to hit the pawn shop !’
<b>‘Bodega Sandwich’</b> [Human Healthpack / Trading Mat]	‘How I miss the taste of your bacon, egg, and cheesy goodness my dear mortal-food friend. Perhaps one of my warmblooded companions back at the lair might be able to appreciate you!’	‘Hell Yeah ! The beating heart of New Yorkers; a bacon egg & cheese on a roll. These bad boys got me through my last divorce, and they’ll get me through this wicked night too.’
<b>‘[O-Negative] Blood-bag’</b> [Vampyre Healthpack / Trading Mat]	‘Wow, that looks... delicious. Even cold and bagged-up as is, O-Negative is by far the most flavorful and rejuvenative of all the blood types. I guess it would be such a waste to just leave it here...’	‘A universal donor bag like this could save tens of lives - but a bloodsucker would happily keep it to themselves. Maybe the jailed leeches back at the Safehouse will spill some secrets for it.’
<b>‘Ms. Yzgba’s Cookbook’</b>	‘It doesn’t take a genius to figure out that this cookbook is actually a spell tome belonging to Baba Yzgba; the oldest witch in New York City, and the best damn tarot reader in Greenpoint.’	‘Ugh, Baba Yzgba’s spellbook. The fact that I’ve even come across this not-so-hidden grimoire is a sign that the Witchseer of Greenpoint has plans in mind for me. Incredible. F’ing great.’
<b>‘The Legacy of Helsing’</b>	‘Wow. Authored by Abraham Van Helsing; the father of both Alchymy & Kindred slaughter. A pioneer of potions and poisons, this journal contains notes and recipes for all his inventions & concoctions. I’m sure he’d hate that a Vampyre now has it’	‘He who penned this journal fathered the art of monster hunting; and now it is just... sitting in my hands. Dozens of recipes for elixirs and toxins, all for the express purpose of slaying. I can’t stop thinking of all the new things I’d like to brew - I feel like a kid on Christmas !’
<b>‘Heart of Dhampyr’</b>	‘Uh.. How is this heart still beating? Even Vampyre Barons can’t do that.’	‘Ew, it’s still beating; what the hell ? This is some nasty shit, even for me.’

ITEM NAME	IN-GAME	JOURNAL TEXT
<b>'A Invitation to Blüdfeast of Brooklyn'</b>	'An invitation to the premier vampyric gathering of New York given to me by a mysterious benefactor known as Abel.'	'A stolen invitation to a dark sacrificial ritual once belonging to the now slain (by my hand) Baron known as Abel.'
<b>'Rumination on the Necrotic Sanguisugis'</b>	'A grotesquely informative compilation of both data & studies regarding the taxonomic classification of vampyres bio-process & physiology. Horrific.'	'The research notes of a depraved man who did horrific things to vampyres that I have yet to see them do in turn to mortals; all in the name of <i>science</i> .'
<b>'Etherotoxin'</b>	'A non-natural poison of Alchymic concoction, this toxin attacks the soul of a creature; potentially ravaging its core ' <i>Essentia</i> ' regardless of mortality.'	'A mystical poison I don't entirely understand. Seems to infect the inner spirit of a creature - making it baleful to man and monster alike.'
<b>'Oceanic Lunar Charm'</b>	'A symbol of gratitude from the Staten Island clan of Lupines. Made of what I think is a conch shell, this resonating Talisman should hopefully lower directed hostility from werewolves.'	'A bauble from the Staten Island Werewolf clan showing that I, as a hunter, mean them (mostly) no harm. I think it's made of semi-supernatural shit they pulled out of the harbor.'
<b>'Fiendish Soot'</b>	'The ashy residue of a recently dispelled demonic entity. Reeks of sulfur and Newport Cigarettes: a tell-tale sign of the New Jersey Devil.'	'The cindery remnants of a banished daemon, still warm. Likely belonging to the infamous New Jersey Devil, who's made a mess across the whole city.'
<b>'Metro Card'</b>	'Unless you are a Baron that can turn into a bat; The MTA is still the fastest mode of Transport within the city.'	'Bloodsuckers (and ex-wives) come and go, but the trusty MTA will always stay the exact same.'
<b>'Broken Crucifix'</b>	'Technically a tool meant to ward Kindred like myself off, this Crucifix does a whole lot of nothing now that it is broken. It's made of silver though, so it would probably sell well or be useful in Alchymic crafting.'	'An essential tool in any slayer's belt; this Crucifix has unfortunately come to the end of its use as is. However it's made of silver and can likely be sold or used in Alchymic crafting ! A skilled metalworker might be able to fix it too.'
<b>'Draft of the Infernal Dealmaker'</b>	'A near completed 666 page document penned by Baron Abel Sinclair of the Brooklyn coterie of New York City. The legalese inside details a heinous agreement between the Baron and Lord Azaraphael of Hell to split dominion over New York City in exchange for allyship in a coming war between Vampyres, Magi, Lupines, Daemons, and mortals.'	'A 666 page stack of paralegal, quasi magical bullshit. Written by the now deceased Baron Abel Sinclair, this document appears to guarantee the allyship of the Brooklyn coterie with Lord Azaraphael of Hell in a mutual conquest of the City. According to subclauses it appears that a war is coming; a war between Vampyres, Lupines, Magi, Daemons, and Mortals.'
<b>'A Golden Shilling of Patrick O'Sean'</b>	'A literal IOU Token from the resident leprechaun of New York City (and owner of <u>Patty's</u> bar) Patrick O'Sean: Supernatural merchant, nosey knowitall, and superb cocktail mixer.'	'Supposedly the goodwill charm of a goddamn leprechaun - I reckon this'll gain me good favor with the irish prick. The coin is engraved with the phrase ' <i>Minted at Patty's</i> '