



Personality _____
Strengths _____
Weaknesses _____
Romantic Interests _____
Role Within the Group _____
Short Term Goals _____
Long Term Goals _____

Gender Female Height Black Apparent Age 21 Income _____
Age 350 Weight 5'4" Ethnicity African Property _____
Eyes Brown Hair 110

CHARACTER HISTORY

It's been at least 347 years since I've seen the light of the sun outside of a television or movie screen. I said goodbye to that when I became what I am. A vampire. It was my choice.

It was 1656 when I met the vampire that sired me. I was a nineteen year old slave here in the states, although then it was still just colonies. I was housed in a plantation outside of New Orleans by a rich cotton farmer. He always made sure that I knew where my place was. I was his house slave and I would bow to his every wish or pay the price. I was tortured and raped whenever the mood fancied him. And I hated him with every cell of my body.

One night, a traveler was welcomed into the house, introducing himself as Vladimir. As you might have guessed, he was a vampire. He was going to kill my master but I begged him not to for one simple reason.

I wanted to do it myself.

Impressed by the depth of my hatred, Vladimir kept my master alive but tied him up in another room. He then offered me an immortality of power. And I took it with barely a hesitation. Vladimir killed and buried the slave named Katie. The next night when I arose, I was a different person.

Whatever pain my master had inflicted on me paled in comparison to the agonizing pain I put him through for three days before I killed him. When he was finally dead, Vladimir applauded me and named me Isabella.

I was more deadly than any plague that swept the colonies. And I knew that I was more powerful than any force I came up against. Vladimir and I spent a glorious seventy-five years making the colonies a bloodbath. Bit once we hit a native village, things spiraled out of control. Powerful magics were something I had no experience with. When I began to feed from members of this village, they retaliated. To cut the details of the ritual, I was given a soul. As was Vladimir.

There is no torment for a vampire more painful than a soul. I cried for weeks, feeding off of animals when I needed to. Vladimir told me he wanted to watch a sunrise and I let him go.

I made my way as far west as I could, away from the colonies. The United States sprung up around me and soon I was an American. Years of mourning over my actions ensued but I eventually came to grips with what I was.

I don't kill humans anymore but I still feed from the. I really should retract part of that. I have killed murderers and rapists. In some way it makes me feel as if another woman is saved like I was.

In time I migrated to California. I was thinking that the increased sunlight would keep the demon activity down but I could still help with the violent crimes. Well, I didn't say I was entirely perceptive. When I found out that Sunnydale was a Hellmouth, I made my way there. I've been monitoring activity, never really making myself known.

Am I bitter? No. I have learned that everything in life – or death – is a lesson. And I spent my time looking for these lessons. I've even killed my own kind once or twice. I don't know. Maybe there is no black and white. Just gray.
