Note: I don’t have access currently to any of those posts that include my sire’s name. It has been replaced by [[Sire]]. I will fix this as soon as I can.

Born in 1880 to farmers in south central Illinois, Martin Tiberius Lear had a fairly uneventful childhood. Options for a country boy in the 19th century were limited at best, and it became clear to everyone involved that this was going to pose a problem. Young Martin showed a resistance to farm work that could only be described as extreme. Initially, his parents simply thought he was lazy, and hoped that time and the occasional application of an applewood switch would cure his sloth. However, their perception changed when he entered school and began to show an almost mad devotion to his studies. His parents were content to let him study, as he proved a singularly bright child and was not against spending long hours researching academics.

His only brother died in 1897, killed in a botched home invasion. Martin was home but couldn’t stop the bleeding in time. His parents began to worry about who would take over the family farm. They considered making him drop out of school, but he had already decided he wanted to become a doctor. It took some discussion to get his parents to accept that the farm wouldn’t stay in the family, but by this time it was clear Martin and farm work would never get along, and his parents eventually realized the prestige and money of having a doctor in the family is not a minor detail.

Martin began studying at Johns Hopkins University in 1903. He did well, and was into his second year when his family suffered tragedy again. Martin arrived home for the holidays in the winter of 1904 to a silent house with broken windows. A quick search of his home revealed his parents butchered in bed, their bedroom covered in blood. Some cabinets were turned out, and jewelry and money was missing. It was clear another robbery had happened, this one successful, and the culprit had claimed their lives.

He booked a train the same day back to his school, intent on suppressing his memories by focusing on his work. He went well beyond what his classes taught, focusing particularly on curing what might ail those in rural areas – farm accidents, pneumonia, gun and knife wounds…. He did particularly detailed research on blood transfusion, though the technology was still theoretical.

When he graduated, he went back to small-town Illinois (upstate this time) to set up a practice. He took care of everyone, and charged what people could pay, but given that he didn’t have a hospital to work in his procedures weren’t very expensive anyway. He organized a neighborhood watch, and enlisted volunteers to act as an ambulance service when needed. It was from this service that he came to treat [[Sire]].

Very late one night, in the early AMs, a rider came to his house with a rather strange passenger. He could see she wasn’t bleeding even from open wounds, and figured it meant she was extremely dead. But he figured he could try to do what he could. He took her inside, treated her as best he could, and when nothing worked tried to start his most recent experimental method of transfusion. He was electrified when she immediately woke up.

He was mortified when she smiled and he saw fangs.

It was fairly obvious he had just raised a vampire, albeit he quickly discovered a quite erudite one. After answering some of her questions – someone had found her, he has no idea where, she seemed hurt, he has no idea why – she simply shrugged and went at his throat. As he passed out, he figured he would never wake up. He did, and again knew pretty much immediately what that meant. All he found from his sire was a note with a single address, in Bloomington.

He kept up his practice, and simply sent out a missive that he would be working strictly from home in the future. By constructing an entranceway, he was able to move about inside during the day when needed, and by rigging a doorbell to release a knife over his leg he was able to wake up when someone absolutely needed help. It happened seldom, however, people realized that he was a better doctor at night, and he was clearly a nocturnal fellow. He began to make money by treating those members of the underworld who didn’t want to go to an on-the-books doctor, and kept himself fed by taking blood from those ordinary folk he treated (for work on transfusions, of course).

It was years before he decided it was worthwhile to check out the Bloomington address. By this time, he was rather well-off from his practice, and could simply drive over. He arrived at a somewhat nondescript building, went inside, and found a gentleman who would answer no questions but would show him how to learn what magic he wanted to. He decided to learn to create fire, for sterilization, and how to preserve blood.

He lived this way for another decade or so, until those he treated began to wonder about this nocturnal recluse who didn’t seem to age. He decided time away was necessary – he needed to learn about his curse while he still had plausible deniability, before he had to move on for good.