

# DARK TIMES

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## FROM THE PRINCE'S DESK

Three years ago I walked into this court as a new arrival eagerly hoping to be accepted into the domain. Today I walk in as Prince.

A lot has changed in the past three years, I have seen three Prince's rise and fall, I have been present when we were visited by over half of the seven that make up our Justicars and I have taken part in battles I was certain would be the end of me. However here I am, picking up the mantle and moving forward.

I would like to thank Elder MacDonald for everything he has done for this domain throughout the many years he has been a part of it. You have done much for this city Angus and know that Glasgow will always support you in your endeavours. I am sorry it ended for you the way it did, but I am sure you will find much enjoyment in Spain and I wish you all the best.

However, Elder MacDonald's departure marks a new era and whilst I shall continue much of the work he put in motion I intend to leave my own mark on this city. There will be a few changes, a little tweak here and there, a little fine tuning and perhaps a clean slate every now and then. All changes are to ensure the continued prosperity and improvement of the city and all of us who reside within it.

To begin with, there have been some changes to the domain officials within the court, please familiarise yourself with these now;

Seneschals – Ricky The Faceman, Alexander Barker

Ambassador – Elder Levi Tius

Sheriff – Ethan Fletcher

Scourge – Sebastian Fawkes

Keeper of the Masquerade – Daniel Smith

Keeper of Elysium – Niklas Takala

Elder Cosimo, Elder Tius and the Regent of the Tremere will make up the Primogen.

Other changes will be announced during this evening and at future courts.

Whilst the majority of the issues arising from the Masquerade Breach have been dealt with there are other dangers on our doorstep. The Hunters. Be aware that they are tracking us, watching us. Keep those that work for you under close scrutiny and report anything suspicious to Sheriff Fletcher. In the meantime we will deal with these hunters quickly to stop this infection before it spreads.

It is important, following recent events, that we do not allow the domain of Glasgow to slip back into poor standing within our society. There are many kindred within this domain that have worked tirelessly to improve it and I would ask all of you to continue this. Glasgow can be a great domain; don't let others try to drag it back down into the muck again.

Finally, this domain is still as strong as it ever was and in time will be even greater than it has ever been. Should anyone have any questions relating to the new regime change, please, come and speak with me, I will be more than happy to put your worried mind at ease.

## FROM ANGUS

Prince Edelstein, esteemed kindred of Glasgow, the rest of you,

Although we are territorial animals and everliving creatures of habit, I want to assure you that there most definitely is life after Glasgow. And plenty of death.

Pamplona has fallen. Our gracious host, the Prince of San Sebastián, has now expanded his border to include the city and the entirety of the Navarra region. The Bishop and the rest of its residents are slain and the stragglers are being picked up as they try to hide or flee. Not bad for a nights work, and a fitting announcement of Mr. Haile and I's arrival in this beautiful, rugged country.

My working holiday to Finland this month was also very rewarding. I am very proud to have led my warband in a series of actions against the Russian Brujah usurpers without loss. I would like to applaud your very own Sebastián Fawkes, whose kill count of 10 kindred rivalled my own... (He

just missed out on the other 10 I crippled or captured), Nikolai Takala shone in his skill as a sharpshooter. 6 confirmed kills and double that in crippled Cossacks was a great effort in taking his native country back. And of course Gail and my stalwart friend Marcellus were exemplars of the Gangrel as always.

But more than individual deeds and prowess, the success of my warband was down to our combined loyalty to each other and our working as a unified team playing to our collective strengths and covering each other's weaknesses. A Toreador, a Ventre, the Gangrel, and even a Tremere working together for a righteous cause all according to the principles of the Camarilla. A glorious sight to behold.

Angus McDonald of Pamplona.

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Dear Readers,

last month has found me rather confounded. My Prince has been dragged out of his court and placed on the front line with the war with the Sabbat. As his staunchest ally and bound to him by the debt of my existence I find myself at his side during this dangerous but ultimately thrilling period of time. Whilst I had worked on some say safer schemes of attempting to repay my debt to him this nevertheless should hopefully in good time grant me the opportunity to safe his existence and rid myself of this burden. Even should I do so I would though feel obligated to assist my Prince in his endeavors here, at least until he has carved out a stable domain for himself.

In a series of fortuitous event I have found myself traveling through San Sebastian and the neighboring Sabbat domains in the recent past and the skills I have since learned should hopefully allow us to make good inroads into the area and provide San Sebastian with a buffer from the Sabbat proper.

As an aside we were able to enjoy the hospitality and commiserations from the Prince of San Sebastian en route to here and he has not lost his touch. San Sebastian, whilst certainly currently on the border has the civilized kindred a lot to offer.

Hopefully next month I can actually report some progress on our campaign.

Elder Simon Haile  
Undisclosed location in Spain

## FROM SPAIN

Some of you will remember a time when Spain was free. Some, the fall of Spain to the hated Sabbat. But for most, like me and my paltry two centuries, the occupancy of my beautiful country by the foul creatures of the Sabbat is all we have known. But now... Hope! Hope at the most glorious news of the fall of Pamplona and the conquest of Navarra by the redoubtable kindred of San Sebastián. An event like this has not occurred in over a century!

Our beloved Sheriff Jesus Oliviarez and his Childe Carmen, Scourge of our fine Domain, led the forces of San Sebastián in a deadly raid to purge Pamplona of its packs of vile denizens while the two most recent members of our Court, Angus McDonald and Simon Haile, conducted a valiant decapitation strike against that painful thorn in our sides, Bishop Jose Bolivar Crespo, the Beast of Navarra!

And while our Sheriff, Scourge, and doughty fighters of San Sebastián acquitted themselves well in their conduct and their brave actions, the laurels of victory in this battle go to both Angus McDonald and Simon Haile.

Attacking the Bishop and his merciless Templars in his own haven, elder Haile occupied both Templars while Angus launched himself at the armoured might of the Bishop. This climactic duel had none of the chivalry and mutual respect we have come to expect from observing duelling kindred in the Camarilla. This ferocious battle was a nightmare vision of shadowy tentacles and frenzied blows as both the dread Bishop and the noble Angus struggled for any advantage in their contest. Both combatants suffered terrible wounds as they were crushed, hurled aside, and picked up and smashed into walls and columns by the abyssal tentacles.

Close range blows were exchanged at super-

human speeds... Claw versus long sword, a blade that has ended the un-lives of so many of our brothers and sisters... Rent armour versus deep, gaping wounds... Feral majesty versus monstrous soullessness... Until at last Angus lured the Bishop into thrusting his blade deep into his chest, trapping the blade in his body and allowing Angus to sink his claws into the Beasts neck, ending his reign of terror permanently with the removal of his head as he smashed the foul creature crashing back through the profane altar in his haven.

The last remaining Templar was painfully crushed to death by the black tentacles of the badly broken Angus as if he were an afterthought to the brutality that had just taken place, a wide grin on his ruined face as he painfully limped out of the Catbedral of Pamplona. "That should announce of arrival in a fitting fashion, eh Haile?"

And the most surprising thing? Rather than claim praxis as Prince of Navarra by right of conquest as the extalionis states, Angus named the Prince of San Sebastián as the rightful ruler f the newly won territory!

A more mean spirited Harpy than I would wonder if this noble gesture was as noble as it seems at first glance. Does Angus have his eye set on a greater Domain as a prize? Would the Justicars tolerate him being a Prince again so soon? Have recent events gotten to him and pushed him closer to his beast? Is he now set on a bloodbath to assuage his guilt at breaking the First Tradition so gievously?

These lesser kindred would all be wrong! Angus and Sinon are honoura-