

Dark Times

Finding truth in the turmoil

UK Edition

Feb 2018

Honouring Promises

My dear friends,

It is with a strange sadness that I must announce the departure of Miss Rosina Giovanni from the Domain. She has been recalled by her clan for repeated and egregious breaches of the Promise of 1528, a treaty of non-interference between the Camarilla and the Giovanni Clan.

While I am quite a friendly and placid fellow, I am a respected elder of the Camarilla and I will not tolerate any disrespect towards my person or my Clan, or indeed any wilful interference in my domain or my business interests. More than that, personally, I have absolutely no time for kak-handed manoeuvring, childish attempts at cover ups, and ridiculously obvious attempts at subterfuge. Such blatant incompetence positively rankles.

Some of you may remember when the former Prince Ricky Brown granted me personal domain over the docks and shipping. Some of you may also remember when I gave several months' notice that any Kindred

with any business interests should approach me and declare such interests and assets to avoid unnecessary and entirely unwanted clashes or interference in said business endeavours. I'd like to assure Miss Giovanni, and you all, that her one declared member of staff in the docks is still alive and well and working away. The rest of your business interests? Well, most of them were mine after this past year, and the rest of them will be mine in short order. And all this extra influence and revenue is now allowing me to expand my shipping concerns into South America! Thank you for that at least.

While I will never know what madness or skewed reasoning would have you make such a short-sighted, narrow-minded, and self-destructive decision as to involve yourself in the business and politics of a Camarilla elder in breach of The Promise, when all you had to do was simply declare your business interests to ensure non-interference, I truly hope that you dwell upon your choices and your behaviour so you can have a more successful time in whatever Domain you end up in.

Elder Finn Huxley

Boon Trade

Prince Mikelsen of Carlisle owes a major boon to Prince Savigny of Glasgow

Prince Mikelsen of Carlisle owes a major boon to Seneschal Fletcher of Glasgow

The following individuals owe a major boon to Levi Tius:

Alison Jane Ramsey, Ezra Menzel, James Black & Millie McCulloch, Esther Brock, Samantha Bradley, Mattie Daniels, Olga Oliver, Oscar May, Alyssa Love, Rita Sanchez & Myron Walton

The Fourth Estate

By Ethan Fletcher

I have often wondered if there is a court in the world where a certain question is forbidden? While I am sure there are Princes who will not tolerate being quizzed on certain topics this particular prohibition may increase harmony rather than simply provide a veneer of it. The question is often asked either directly or by subterfuge. To which clan do you belong? In many cases there is no need to ask. We carry our blood and inheritance proudly. I count myself amongst the luckiest to be of the Malkavian lineage. This is a common sight across most courts I have visited. We see pride at the mention of the heritage of the Ventrué or the cultural legacy of the Brujah. If we are all so satisfied with our family, why would such a subject be banned?

As the saying goes, "beat a dog for long enough and he will start to believe that he deserves it". I have observed members of clan Gangrel be referred to as dogs by others many times. Regardless of your position on canines, I think you will agree that the term is not intended to be a complimentary one. The image is that of the servile lackey, pleased with

any scraps donated by its master. If one ignores the poor taste of such a comment, it still raises certain troubling ideas. When mortals are treated as criminals for long enough, they very often turn to criminality. We may not be mortals but we are cut from the same cloth. We hold on to habits and modes of thinking long made obsolete by our change in state.

The force of our agreed upon truth is not to be taken lightly. If one of us calls you an outcast, your world is unchanged. If we all do for long enough, we can make you one. We reinforce our own perception of a kindred before we have even met them. We drift in a psychic current that was determined by words both kind and cruel, uttered centuries ago.

A counter argument to this may be that such perceptions arise for a reason. This may be true. Perhaps said reason is the very power of that perception. We have little way of knowing how they all started but we currently have no way of knowing how true it all is. I suspect such an experiment would be impossible to run apart from within one's own thoughts. However, that may be the only place that really counts?

The Room Where It Happened

By Primrose Thassalo

A prosperous court is a well-informed court.

A month does not seem such a long time for those that live forever, however, with the exception of a rare few, many of us experience that most annoying of human habits; a lapse in memory. As such, I will endeavour to provide a summary of what transpired a month ago at Prince Savingy's court for those of us who attended and indeed for those unfortunate enough to have missed it. Believe me when I say, you missed much.

We had a couple of visitors from out with the domain, the first of which was a young assistant to the Keeper of the Elysium from the domain of Carlisle. A Caitiff on the run as we soon discovered who had been given twenty four hours to flee her home domain and seek sanctuary in the large and welcoming bosom of Glasgow. This Caitiff told us about her recent misfortune, whereby a Giovanni turned up an hour late for a performance he was due to witness and was 'teased' by the Keepers assistants, herself included. Why would the young Caitiff have to run for her life from this you might ask? Well the visiting Mr Dunsirn had much to say on that matter, not least of which was that he claimed the assistant had broken the Promise and ruined the reputation of the visiting Giovanni. To hear the Dunsirn tell it the Caitiff and her friends made a complete mockery of the Giovanni using powers of the blood to humiliate him in front of his contacts.

As you can imagine many questions arose from this visit. Questions such as; how is it that the Giovanni's contacts were still there an hour after the concert had ended? Why did Prince Mikelsen make the decision he did? Has the Promise really been broken and if it has, given the wording of it, do the Giovanni have any right to ask for Veronica to be handed over?

Anyone looking to know the answers to these questions would do well to seek me out, although they may be disappointed with the results.

Nevertheless, our tale has a happy ending. Prince Savingy, despite appearing to be very *accommodating* to the visiting Dunsirn, sent him on his merry way with nothing to show for his troubles. Not only that but various members of the court rallied around the little Caitiff to ensure her safety was paramount, be they vultures or well-meaning young ladies of substance and character. Time will tell if that help pays off or only serves to drag us into more trouble; because what is Glasgow without a little trouble?

It was not just new faces in the court, but a few old faces (or so I am told) that arrived last month. One of which was Brujah Elder Heather Jackman, back from her trip down south in merry ol' England and ready to dive back in to the grime of Glasgow. Whether this arrival comes with a new official position remains to be seen, or rather announced. In fact the only official position I am aware of is that of Elder Tius becoming Keeper of Prestation, which he received with much the same reaction as anyone else bestowed such a position. Let us hope further announcements are made in due course given

that the old Sheriff Marshal Michel Ney left for pastures new and his position dangerously vacant. Our stalwart Keeper of the Masquerade, Daniel Smith, follows him across the pond meaning that this position also remains empty, as far as we know. Dancing his way back into the court is Damien Meyer, an Ancilla of particular interest to those with a keen curiosity in the finer arts and self-control. I am given to understand that he may periodically run meditation workshops in regards to the control that he has found and I hope to partake of one in the future; one never knows when one might require such things.

Meanwhile, I hope all you little neonates and my fellow Ancilla note that we are surrounded by giants. I would get yourselves acquainted with them as quickly as possible so you know who you should be giving up your chair for and who you absolutely should not be mouthing off too, lest you will have your Elder take you off for a 'quiet word'. For any neonate, or indeed Ancilla, who would like a steer in regards to this, I would be more than happy to help and for any Elder that might provide me with a few of their own pointers I am more than happy to listen. For example, perhaps an Elder can answer this query; should an Ancilla or Neonate of the court approach the Prince on their own or should they wait to be summoned or perhaps ask a kindly Elder to be an intermediary? Status is after all one of the foundations of our society, I should hate to be over or under stepping the mark, as I am sure many of my fellow Ancilla would agree. I look forward to your comments.

The Academy

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WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

Submitted anonymously

Editor's note:

The following article has been included exactly as received. Spelling & grammatical errors are so numerous it has been presumed to be a stylistic choice on the part of the author.

Its a dogs life, they used to be a mans best friend, used to be. A series of stunning and daring raids were carried out earlier this week on farms, dock lands and empty wharhouses. The targets animals. No not dogs. Man. Beasts have been using our oldest pals for bloody sport. Small wee dogs used to get their blood up, and the bigger dogs as the prized fighters. they even had dogs tooled up with razor collars and spikes to make the bouts even more viscous! Police Scotland the SIA and the SSPCA worked in close proximity during the raids, carried out simultanesuly ross half dozen locations across the west resulting in more than 20 arrests, packs of dogs



rescue dogs and more than £250k in cash seized. The legal lot are now lookin the into proceeds of crime act to seize dozens of veixhles and properties.

This is is the end wail the of montha of police work, investigative procedure and brace undercover officers and even concerned public testimony. The SSPCA Inspector spoke to the media saying "I have never seen such barbarity, on a commercial scale. Absolutely disgusted. Several of these dogs will have to be destroyed as they are now dangerous. The blood will be squarely on their hands. I know what I'd like to do."

jerry mctavish is a security guard based at the BELL-SHILL that was adjacent to the property that was raided. "I was just sitting in ma booth when oot'a nae where the blues and twos came oan and they whizz everywhere. Polis, the special plus ans other polis. Dug polis a hink. Mental man." This is is the highest operation that the police, the Scottish Intelegonxe agent ad the sspca worked on together. And it was far from a dogs dinner.



Bloodhawk & Quiet Removals

Editor's note: This article has been truncated due to length.

Maybe you have just snacked on the Pizza boy and due to his poor heart he died, or maybe your ghoul, drunk on his new power, has accidentally ripped out a street sign and beaten someone to death with it. Maybe your problem doesn't involve death at all and you find the street walkers and pushers in your neighbourhood such a drag or had some tool in the planning department block your plan to a new night club close to your haven to attract the right clientele to you or maybe someone just had you arrested and you know who to call on your one phone call.

All these and any manner of other problems you could solve yourself. You could hunt down family and loved ones, coworkers and the like and make sure no one asks questions, you could move the body a little and have his death declared accidental, but when it comes down to it, don't you have better things to do with your nights? One

phone call to Quiet Removals and we can begin to remove your problems. We already have crime scene cleaners that can remove (or add) the required forensic evidence from the scene of a crime (or make up an entirely new scene if needed). We have industrial incinerators and specialised vehicles designed to hide away bodies (or kindred caught up by the sunrise). We have people who know how to pick bits of brain out of your beloved rug without bleaching the colours and people who can get your liqueur license approved.

And before you get all worried, we are 100% discrete. No information learned during your job is available for sale not even the fact that you have hired us. The same is true for the second business we built on the success of Cain Removals; Blood Hawk.

Sure you know how to feed yourself. It was the main thing your sire taught you (or you had to learn quickly without your sire's help). You have routines, and now getting the blood you need is no longer the thrill of the hunt, but the same boring chore you run through night after night.

With Bloodhawk, all the sustenance

you might require is only a phone call away. Maybe you want to have a little party? Maybe you want to have a little stash in case the Brujah you ridiculed did actually follow through with his threat and flattened your legs with a hammer? Maybe you want to taste the difference between the rare AB negative and the common O positive? We can also fulfill most specialised requests. Maybe you would like Blood from someone suffering from a serious viral infection, maybe you want to re-live the 90ies and see what AIDS tastes like and maybe you want to try some blood which has all but been obliterated by stage 3 Leukemia. More commonly you might wish to have blood from people who were really frightened or happy when their blood was taken. We won't judge, and we won't tell but we will deliver.

And yes, we can happily provide the blood in any temperature with any common drinking vessel to yourselves or some representatives at a neutral location or any Elysium. The choice is yours.

*The Blood Hawk,
Otherwise known as Henry Randall*

Harpy Hour

Ann Jacques (York): its funny to see that they are as expendable to their own kind as they are to the rest of us...

Sarah Miles (Birmingham): Just great. The zombie has moved in up the road. That's the neighbourhood gone to shit. Although I do wonder why he is not being bunked near Her Maj!? Maybe she doesn't want anything more to do with him either, it'd be nice if we could all go back to having nothing more to do with him!

Lucretia Reflection (Manchester): Its good to see the turmoil up north. Maybe the north will side with our tartan cousins against our southern dandy friends.

Lady Salisbury (London): You must laugh. Prince? She isn't even one of us - disgusting. We all remember the last time an outsider ruled- Sabbat invasions and masquerade breaches every other month! Oh wait - nothing new for *that* Domain!

Lady Parsonage (Norfolk): Standing in for Joseph Carroll while personal issues are resolved! I am harpy until he is returned. Business as usual. We want the zombie and his dullard understudy punished! Major boon from my little coterie to whoever causes him the most grief in the next season!

Carl (Norfolk): That's what she thinks. I am the new Harpy. Joe Carroll's sire was a member of the Sabbat and defected with his newly sired childer, Joe! And Lady Parsonage is a Caitiff! You can trust me, after all I'm too slow to make up lies!

Ryan Harding (Severn): It must be noted and applauded the honour displayed by the former Prince of Glasgow,

Richard Brown of Clan Nosferatu. Resigned his position to, almost single headedly avoid great blood shed. Let's hope others follow his example so that it is not merely a delaying tactic.

Katie Redding (Dundee): A breath of fresh air if you ask me. Perhaps this one can keep them distracted long enough so that they don't try and tear the curtain down!

Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen): People think Carlisle is going to be the flower - but you need a good bed for the flower to thrive! It's maybe not as pretty, but if you want it to last

Morag Cunningham (Inverness): If that Horror Show from Dundee tries to throw his weight about like that again, it'll his funeral.

Dianne Duncan (Carlisle): Let it be known that the Giovanni clan and all known bloodlines are no longer welcome at court in the domain of Carlisle. Furthermore all court members in good standing with the he Camarilla are encouraged to cease trading with them!



Disclaimer

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