

# Dark Times

## *Combining peers into something peerless*

UK Edition

March 2018

### The Fourth Estate

*Ethan Fletcher*

While vigilance is a highly prized asset at all times, it's application will serve you well these days. It seems work with the homeless is being penalised. If these are people you often find yourself amongst, I would take extra precautions. You won't die right away but that may or may not turn out to be a blessing?

On the plus side, bespoke tracking equipment might be about to become very profitable indeed.



### The Dark Apple Doesn't Fall Far From the Scary Tree

It was only a matter of time, we knew it would happen. Well sorry let me correct that, some of us knew it would happen. Don't get me wrong, the effort they have put in throughout Spain, and the rest. Bringing such damage to the enemy is wonderful and they need lauded with awards and plaudits and praise. However we should not be made to socialise with such monsters. Let us not forget that, for that is what they are. It is in all of us, but it is so present in them. Them? Yes Angus the warlord and his childe, Torsten. They both have the run of the courts of France, spreading their stories and prestige, how gracious. Until you question them, until you disagree, then their beasts come to the fore. Young Torsten with a beast in him you can actually see.

Send them back to Spain, and let them live there. Fight and fight and fight. I looked into the glorious warlord. I almost laughed when I learned he is reputedly only meant to be on the neonate generations. Can we really believe that? But then he has so many friends with a taste for, let's say, dark predilections. I can literally feel his childe look at me the same way I look at my herd.

Some of my friends at court are totally enraptured. The exciting, sexy and dangerous fellows are a great feather to the cap of any prince. But if you, like me, are a young and up and comer and just have to sit and hope that you don't become the next meal of such monsters.

Even the British had the good sense to get rid of their warlord once he was finished in '45. Why can't we?

*Guillaume Trudaus, Brujab Anillae of Paris*

### Anonymous Entries

*From the shy*

Information required on goings on in Liverpool. Kine are disappearing, acquaintances claim it to be "uncharacteristic". Disappearances are linked to programmes designed to get the homeless in to work. Relevant information should be left under a loose seat in the amphitheatre on Clyde Street.

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Cathedral Street Curse? Since the start of the year three Kine have been found dead at dawn near Cathedral Street, the deaths are considered suspicious and no motive is apparent. Local residents have begun to claim that the area is cursed. Information required, a loose brick near where the Bridewell Prison stood hides a cavity.

### A Capital idea

*James Fitzhamilton*

Looking to start your own business? Don't have the capital required? Worry not, the Caledonian Business Fund is here to help. With interest rates tailored to suit your needs, the Caledonian Business Fund is here to give you the perfect start to your new business venture.

# The Room Where It Happened

By Primrose Thassalo

**A Monthly segment in which a Tremere apprentice provides her perspective on the happenings of the previous court.**

The February court was the court of many faces and what faces there were. Not one but *two* coterie's dropped into the Glasgow Court to ask our most esteemed Prince for permission to reside within her bountiful domain. It would appear that despite the bad press kindred from all over still seek Glasgow out as their new 'Holiday Destination'. However given that both Coterie's have travelled to Glasgow from Spain, anything, even Glasgow, must seem better than that.

The first to arrive and the first to make an impression was the loud, brash and perfectly wonderful coterie of Brujah, led by the Glasgow born Brujah Doyle and comprising of Santiago (who is not Spanish and a word of warning to all to not make that mistake), Sofia (who has an enchanting and dangerous smile) and the incredibly charismatic Arkady ('Cady' to most). I will admit to having spent most of my evening conversing with these erudite and amusing gentlemen (and lady), who provided me with some insights into the Brujah hair code (from what I gather most of it means 'kill everyone in here') and about the worst form of art; Mime in the dark. A name for this particular coterie is still in the works, but I did hear the title 'La Famillia' being bandied about so we shall see if that sticks. The coterie, as mentioned, were previously fighting in Spain before deciding to come back to Doyle's hometown for a period of time.

However the bouncing Brujah of La Famillia is not the only Coterie to make their way across to Glasgow for a holiday. Another Coterie set down in Glasgow, seemingly (although not confirmed) led by the mysterious John Carter (of Spain, not of Mars) and comprises of more than just three Tremere, although that in itself is a trinity to make some eyes pop (according to Glasgow legend there is only ever two). If rumour is to be believed (and in this case I would definitely believe it) the

coterie also has two Lasombra and an Assamite amongst them. Now before panic sets in, the Lasombra in question are upstanding members of the Camarilla, fighting the good fight alongside the revered and terrifying Angus MacDonald in Spain, and of course members of Clan Assamite are more than welcome within the ranks of the UK Camarilla. Indeed, I had a very pleasant discussion with all members of the coterie, including having to explain what was meant by the phrase 'Wild West' with two other members of the coterie. I also had intriguing conversations with my own clan mates Marcus and fellow Deputy Keeper of the Masquerade Saul (I believe biblical names are the trend amongst Tremere at the moment, I really ought to get myself one). Apparently this is not the last of this coterie, with a few other members planning to make their arrival in the city following severe injuries they suffered on leaving Spain, and I am sure we all wait with baited breath for their arrival to this interesting melting pot of a coterie. No name as yet has been given to the coterie, but some of La Famillia were on hand to offer a few as well as a theme tune.

It is unclear as yet how long either coterie intend to stay within the domain but let us hope that it is for quite some time. Heaven knows Glasgow needs all the help it can get when it comes to the Sabbat and having two experienced Sabbat hunting coterie's on hand will be extremely useful. After all, it would appear that just by saying 'Sabbat' three times one could summon an entire pack from thin air when in the boundaries of Glasgow.

A little lost amongst these two large and interesting coterie's was the rude, crass and entertaining self-titled 'Three Sock Vin' who proclaimed to be 'not part of the club'. The kindred in question had been granted permission to reside within the domain under the rule of Prince Brown, but recently found his business to have been interfered with. It would appear that during the day several people had moved in to shut down his dog ring and the gentleman has unfortunately left the court with nothing. Personally, good riddance to bad rubbish, such things are an abomination and the whole dog ring thing is awful too. The kindred, whilst entertaining, seemed to

have his mind in the gutter and whilst I am sure that there are some that would have taken note and investigated his misfortune there were very few that seemed able to take him seriously. I wish Mr Vin all the best in his future, but I for one am not inclined to assist.

Members of the court also might have noticed our 'surprise' guest, a human no less, who wandered into our court looking lost and damaged. Investigations into this mysterious trespasser are ongoing and Seneschal Fletcher has asked that the details of the case remain confidential to protect the integrity of the enquiry.

In regards to official positions within the domain, I am given to understand that Elder Ethan Fletcher remains Seneschal and Ancilla Ethan 'Sully' Sullivan remains Keeper of Elysium. Or should it be Keeper of 'Elysia'? No, wait, we only have the one don't we, 'Elysium' it is. With the departure of Elder Marshal Ney Elder Middlemas will be stepping into his large army boots as Sheriff with Elder Jack as Deputy. If anyone would like me to point out these formidable looking women to them I will be happy to do so although you may be able to spot them for yourself. Well Elder Jack at least; Elder Middlemas must have been too busy ensuring our continued safety to attend court. How very diligent of her. Both are more than qualified for the position as Elder Middlemas and Elder Jack have previously held the position of Scourge, whilst the current scourge is another old hat to the position, Elder Brown.

Torsten McKenzie, childe of the well known Gangrel Angus MacDonald, remains Keeper of the Masquerade and has appointed the recently arrived Saul of clan Tremere as Deputy Keeper of the Masquerade. From the looks of the top table Elder Fitzhamilton is the only *visible* member of the Primogen, for what other role could he be filling by sitting so close to the Prince? Perhaps the other members are merely too modest or feel too much like a third wheel to sit at the top table? Perhaps that is why Elder Fletcher thought it much more comfortable to sit in a shadowy corner with Elder Tius, looking mysterious and intimidating, than playing second fiddle to the Ventrué and the *\*cough\** friend of the Toreador.

## Angus McDonald clears the Air

Kindred of Glasgow,

It is with no small measure of satisfaction that I can now announce to you all the crippling destruction of an underground Sabbat Railroad carrying Sabbat elders from Spain through a series of European countries allowing them to flee to Sabbat strongholds such as Milan, Mexico, Libya and Syria. My successes in Spain have been having a dramatic effect on the Sabbat leadership there.

During my coterie's investigation into this underground railroad, several Camarilla members in Domains throughout France, Italy, and central Europe were involved in facilitating the secure transport of Sabbat Elders and providing material support to this endeavour. These Kindred were identified in each Domain and persuaded to work for me in order to redirect a large number of Sabbat Elders into the welcoming arms of Camarilla war coterie's loyal to me in Europe, and the forces of my good friend Hank Williams, Prince of Memphis, in the Americas. When the ash settled, and after the final death of the orchestrator of this Railroad, it was time for the Camarilla Kindred in their respective Domains to face punishment for their treason. I presented each Prince with their traitorous Court members and allowed them to dispense their judgements as per the Lextalionis, which is only right and proper.

With the Underground Railroad cut, a raft of Sabbat Elders executed, and a push by an infamous Toreador Anti-tribu Archbishop and his packs south from Milan to Florence wiped out by myself and my Assamites in a night of the long knives, Spain is ripe for a more aggressive push and a change of tactics to speed the fall of the Sabbat there. As always, enterprising and competent Kindred are always welcome to attach themselves to the Crusade forces operating in Spain. The risks and rewards are equally significant. For more information you can always speak to our newly arrived coterie for details.

From a more personal perspective, I have heard gossip and grumblings from several sources on my continued presence in Glasgow. What am I up to? What do I want? Is the Prince safe? Why don't I just fuck off? As these Kindred continue to beat their breasts and lament their troubles to a higher power, I feel compelled to reply.

Well, I suppose the easiest reply would be... mind your own fucking business. Where I go, what I do, what my business

concerns are, and what my goals are have absolutely fuck all to do with any of you. I really have no reason to justify myself to anyone other than the Prince of any Domain I wish to reside in. If I have caused you personal harm or affected your business interests in a negative way then please feel free to sit down with me and we can work out some redress. I'm an honourable man and I won't bite. If not, and you just have an un-scratchable itch in your head at the sheer audacity of my existence, or if you feel your anus clench uncontrollably just at the thought of me being nearby, then grow the fuck up and try to deal with pathetic, petty, narrowmindedness of your thought processes. You are a discredit to your Clan and to yourself.

A more politic and elaborate reply would be... Glasgow is my home Domain. I have a huge sentimental attachment to the place. I have a Childe here. And friends here. And memories here. Memories of my very recent slaughter of Black Spiral Dancer Garou, Baali demon-worshipping vampires, and an almost unkillable demon... My decapitation of a Bishop of Madrid who was poised to assault Glasgow with packs of veteran Sabbat who were encamped on the outskirts of your city and well within this lovely Domain... the uncovering and killing of an Infernalist Tremere masquerading as a charming Malkavian... I could go on and on.

As for the Prince being safe, if I wanted to be Prince I wouldn't have supported Elder De Savigny as Prince publicly at the Conclave and all over Europe. "

And so, in summary:  
What am I up to? None of your fucking business.  
What do I want? None of your fucking business.  
Is the Prince safe? Don't be so fucking stupid.  
Why don't I just fuck off? Make me.

Or... keep it up. Keep it up and I might decide to focus all of my attention onto you. And I can guarantee that you'll have to work really fucking hard to justify your continued existence to me. As I'm sure no one will stand against me face to face, I hope your continued whining and crying to whatever higher power you pray to has some benefit for you. But beware, if your only source of grievance is that the big bad wolf scares you just be being around, maybe your gods will judge you as pathetic cowards and frown upon your future endeavours.

I look forward to seeing you all again soon.

*Angus McDonald,  
Kindred of the World.*

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## The Academy

Experts in a wide variety of skills are ready to aid in diagnostics and possible resolution of supernatural, occult, and mundane issues. Please contact the following mailbox with details and your query will be examined and evaluated. If appropriate an agent will be in touch to further the investigation as per your needs.

Investigations@theacademy.com



## Allegiances

*Henry Randall*

Over the last few weeks I have often thought about the problem of allegiances and the resulting conflicts. But let me step back a bit. I am Henry Randall, a service provider with a somewhat colourful past. If you take the time to ask around you will likely hear a bunch of things about me and they can't all be true. Well I am a proud member of Clan Ventrue, I am a productive ancilla of the Camarilla, I trade and honour me debts, I am the protege to Prince Carlisle of Edinburgh, I am the childe of the notorious Anarch Janus Spielmann and I never forget who my friends are. Now these things should work fine together, but alas more often than not it seems that different parts of who I am attempt to drag me into different directions.

What of the above is the most important? What the least? What comes first? In my mind first and foremost is the power of the word. That means if I have given my word to do a certain thing then I will do it. Likewise if you got me to agree that I won't do something I will stay away from it. Next, but closely related come my debts, as they are promises of future work or deals to be done. Unless prior obligation or promise prevents me from fulfilling a reasonable request I will do my best to provide what you ask of me, if you hold one of my debts, and I expect the same from you. I do not mind if at the outset you tell me that you cannot provide a certain service, because you are otherwise beholden, but if you accept the deal you better keep your word.

Next come those who I would call my friends, those who were willing to stand by me when things got rough, those who have shared adventures and escapades with me in the past and have proven themselves worthy. If you go above what is asked of you to assist me, I am going to remember and when I get a chance I will be in your corner.

Then pretty much jointly, come Clan and Camarilla, which some might say is dangerously late in this list. If you require hospitality or succour and you are in good standing with the clan or the Camarilla then I will attempt to provide it. If you have problems that I might be able to sort out, then I will do my best to assist. If you have an endeavour and it does not clash with anything higher on the list, then sure, I am game to assist you, and should for some reason I am not be able to assist you I will let you know as soon as I become aware of the conflict. Sure, these services might not be free, but promises are the grease that keeps the Camarilla turning, that allows us to call upon one another, safe in the knowledge that our requests will be heeded.

I often wonder how far we could get if other elements in the same group, in the same domain, sometimes even in the same clan would spend their efforts to improve the domain or sect as a whole, rather than attempting to look better by attempting to make others look bad. I know what I can do, and I have seen what my friends can do, now if we all pulled in the same direction, or at least stopped tripping each other up, I wonder what we could accomplish?

## A Rebuttal to Elder Huxley

Signore Huxley,

It is with some surprise that I read your letter in Dark Times. I have put together a response for you which I hope will clear up some misapprehensions you seem to have.

I assume that by my business interests you are referring to the Low Carbon Shipping Consortium? I put together the consortium while I was still Managing Director of Glasgow Airport. At that time, transport was of obvious importance to me. I brought together several local companies so that we could work together to reduce our op-

erating costs for our mutual benefit. I worked closely with these companies... but at no point did I own any of them.

I admit, with some embarrassment, that I had completely forgotten about the consortium when you were given Domain over the docks. This happened after I had been away from Glasgow for about 2 years and I was no longer involved with the airport and Giovanni Travel. At that time, the only contact I needed was the dock contact which helped me with certain armoured car deliveries; this was the one I communicated to you.

Unfortunately, when I realised my mistake I was more focused on making a profit than taking account of your feel-

ings. This was in May 2017 and I decided to try to sell off my influence over the consortium... to yourself. You can imagine my confusion when, instead of a quick sale, I was faced with more than 7 months of "battle" where I was trying to keep the sale on the table while dodging rigorous investigation. The whole thing culminated with me giving up and returning the influence back to the original companies and you kidnapping one of my ghouls.

Please accept my apologies for any distress my actions have caused you and I hope that you continue to find the Low Carbon Shipping Consortium worth the effort and money you have put into it.

Cordialmente,  
Rosina Provenzano-Giovanni

## **Elder Fitzhamilton offers of Service**

Do you have assets that need hidden? Large cash deposits that you need to break up? Looking to avoid those awkward questions from the tax-man? Duke's Palace Accounting might be for

you. We specialise in corporate finance, but also cater to personal finance for those not on the corporate ladder. Our staff are young, keen, discreet, and thrive on challenge and what greater challenge than those specialist requirements faced in modern nights?

With all the threats posed in a tumultuous city as Glasgow, we all have concerns about our safety. Whether it be home security, or an escort while travelling, Phantom Security has you covered. Our operatives are all highly skilled and our services are as discreet, or visible, as you need.

## Harpy Hour

**Ann Jacques (York):** How dreary and upsetting. I know they aren't one of us, but at least they are one of somebody.

**Sarah Miles (Birmingham):** I can't deny it. He has something about him. He certainly makes me feel like I've been brought back from the dead...it's actually really quite fun having him around. London's loss is our gain.

**Lucretia Reflection (Manchester):** It heats up. Some more moves and shakes perhaps Anne will not be one the to unite the isles.

**Lady Salisbury (London):** How funny is that little corner of the world causes so much stir. It's a curious little creature with so many colours to its stripes, let's watch it together, the funny bit is coming, we can laugh for nights,

**Carl (Norfolk):** Told you she was really a Caitiff. I'd like to thank the Viscount for his help and for recognising something in me and pushing me to get to this stage. I hope to meet many of you in the future.

**Ryan Harding (Severn):** We wonder why the Tremere are artificially inflating their prestation economy by spreading major boons amongst themselves so much. All should look closely at the warlocks and their dealings and think before adding to their counterfeiterly.

**Katie Redding (Dundee):** Our Prince was musing on the aid Glasgow sent to Dundee when the Sabbat were here, it was welcomed and a warm example of how the Camarilla works. Any from Glasgow are welcomed in Dundee, and soon I shall organise a party in your honour!

**Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen):** If those softie southerners

think we are to be forgotten then they will be sadly mistaken.

**Morag Cunningham (Inverness):** I'd avoid Dundee at all costs. Punish their overbearing at all costs, silly little place. It's disgusting with disgusting people.

**Dianne Duncan (Carlisle):** It's hard being a domain with a clanless at the head, we get nothing, we can count on nothing, take nothing for granted. But when we do get something, you are damn sure we earned it. So back off!

**Levi Tius (Glasgow):** Place your bets people, who do you think contender number 2 is going to be. A uniform front at the conclave might have been a nice show but is seems there's some dissonance. Let's see if they are bold enough to step into the light.

PS – Ryan, I'd have thought knowledge of business would be of interest to you. Maybe you're right and privacy is warranted..



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The editor of the UK edition is contactable via email via [editor@DT.mail.uk](mailto:editor@DT.mail.uk)

Should you wish to contact the editing staff for the wold wide edition then this can be arranged via the editor of your local region.