

Kindred of Glasgow,

I promised you vengeance for the murder of Prince Tius and Prince Carter. And I have delivered.

A cargo plane packed with drums of aviation fuel and explosives has been hijacked by an unknown terror cell from a Moroccan airfield and flown directly into the cathedral in Madrid.

According to the Kine news reports, "a raging tidal wave of burning fuel along with a superheated aerosol of scalding fuel vapour followed the monumental blast wave thrown out by the plane's impact and resulting explosion. Tides of burning fuel poured down stairs and access ways after the high pressure, superheated wave of burning gas was channelled throughout the surviving catacombs beneath the cathedral.

The huge crater that was the cathedral burned fiercely long into the night as dozens of fire crews battled to save the surrounding sites of historical significance. The palace is one of the many sites in the area to have been set on fire from below, as the waves of superheated gas and burning liquid fuel spread out through the network of tunnels and catacombs under the collection of ancient and contemporary buildings in the Centro, Chamberi, Retiro, and Latina areas of central Madrid. The damage was catastrophic and fires continued to burn for days underground as fire crews from all over Spain arrived at the capital to battle the firestorm."

There may well be survivors of the Sabbat leadership in Madrid, but on top of the Moroccan martyrs and their airborne sacrifice, my good friend Marcellus will even now be leading massed strike teams of Camarilla fighters into the Domain of Madrid to assault outlying Sabbat positions and to rake over the ashes of the dead under the cathedral to locate and finish off any torpored or incapacitated Sabbat they find there.

To my brothers and sisters in Spain... I thank you all for trusting me as I left the country for battles elsewhere. I will never forget our struggle in Spain and the sacrifices we have all endured there. But as I said at the time, I don't need to tread on Spanish soil to cause utter carnage to our

enemies. I am sure you are all as gratified by the results of my false flag mission as I am.

To the valiant martyrs who honourably died in striking a blow for their beliefs, dying for your cause furthered my own cause. And for that I thank you also.

To my opposite numbers in the Sabbat... Sending your assassins to Britain has directly resulted in the evisceration of your leadership, your eldest, and your heartland in Spain. When I kill your Black Hand pack here, I will be pushing for a holocaust of your kind, not only in Spain, but all of Europe. Prepare yourselves.

To the Anarchs waging a campaign of chaos in Manchester/Liverpool... I urge you to rein yourselves in and settle down. You've had your time in the sun. Further attacks on the Camarilla Domain of Birmingham and the person of my good friend Viscount Sir Charles Augustus Aldworth will stop immediately or you will force me to take valuable time out of my busy schedule to stop your childish antics in a very serious and permanent fashion.

Angus McDonald,

Regent of Orkney and Kindred of Glasgow.

Kindred!

A notice on new developments from the Continent. This notice has been found posted in the majority of Elysia across Europe in the past month:

"We, the undersigned, have come together in a union in which to better pool our Domain's resources and collaborate together to push the Benelux region out of the shadow of it's larger neighbours France and Germany, into the forefront of a modern Europe where it belongs. The Consortium, as we are now to be known, are happy to meet with others on a 6 monthly basis to discuss issues and opportunities relating to the Benelux region. Each Prince is still sovereign in their own Domain and we of course follow the precepts of the Camarilla and the Traditions as always, however, we stand united in all issues affecting our area."

Belgium

Brussels - Prince Samuel Maelle of Clan Brujah
Limburg - Prince Camille Martin of Clan Brujah
Antwerp - Prince Florian Ilias of Clan Toreador
Liege - Prince Mathilde Gauthier of Clan Ventrue
Namur - Prince Cyril Alexis of Clan Gangrel
Ghent - Prince Gaetan Aymeric of Clan Ventrue
Hainaut - Prince Chloe Peeters of Clan Nosferatu
Bruges - Prince Louise Van De Velde of Clan Toreador

Luxembourg

Luxembourg - Prince Erik Lyon of Clan Malkavian

The Netherlands

Amsterdam - Prince Arjan Voorhies of Clan Ventrue
Maastricht - Prince Anika Gerrit of Clan Malkavian
The Hague - Prince Markus Hendrik of Clan Ventrue
Utrecht - Prince Karianne Barend of Clan Brujah
Gelderland - Prince Ignace Bonifacius of Clan Toreador
Eindhoven - Prince Issac Espen of Clan Brujah
Zwolle - Prince Jan Karel of Clan Ventrue
Groningen - Prince Hendrik Jaap of Clan Gangrel

An Invitation

Submitted by Daniel Smith

Before the passing of the former Prince Regent, he made arrangements for a Winter Ball. In the time since his passing, arrangements have continued - the organisers respectfully extend an invitation to the residents of Glasgow.

While a wake for Levi Tius in name, the evening will be a celebration of the return of winter. Due to recent security concerns, details of the venue will be made available via elysia and officers of the court the evening before the event.

Kindred,

It is my duty to announce my appointment to the position of Alastor at the insistence of the Gangrel Justicar, Vaevatosh. In her infinite wisdom, she has required my service in the hunting down and slaying of the various enemies of the Camarilla on the Red List.

At the present moment, I name Heiku of Clan Assamite as my Bellator, and Torsten McKenzie of Clan Gangrel as my Servire.

Angus McDonald,

Regent of Orkney.

All Brujah take note,

The rising star in our Clan, Prince Doyle, is an utter fucking joke. He might prance around and act the big man, saying all the right things to the Anarchs and Elders, but his deeds tell the truth.

He had Rosina Giovanni in his grasp for a Breach of the Promise. Her Don even said so. And what does he do when he has this hated enemy of the Clan at his mercy with the power of life and death over her? He lets her go. Just lets her go. With her entire household of possessions and servants. Where is she now? Venice. Living it up in the lap of luxury, no doubt laughing at the Camarilla and the absolute fucking joke of a "Prince" she bent around her little finger and mugged off in front of the entire world.

I'm speaking now on behalf of all the Brujah, and i'm saying Doyle is a pathetic weak cunt. He only has his own snide interests at heart and he doesn't give a fuck about the Clan. Doyle had the chance to sort this shit out once and for all and the tiny wee guy shat it. Don't worry Doyle, real Brujah will take care of your fuck ups for you.

The Brujah of Manchester.

A PSA to the court of Glasgow

By Primrose Thassalo

If I decide that you are worth my time to come after, I promise you, it will be face to face, there will be no discussion and there will be fire.

Anything else would simply be a waste of your time and mine.

This I promise you.

I hope this has cleared matters up.

My friends,

Business gets in the way again I am afraid. I again missed Court as I was forced to travel to the Americas. After a round of rapid visits to a number of Courts around the southeastern United States, I discovered some disturbing news. A pack of nomadic Sabbat are rumoured to be on their way to Glasgow from the Anarch Free States to reinforce the Black Hand. I have no idea when they are supposed to arrive or even how many there are in the pack. Rumours vary on a lot of details, but they all agree that the 'Killjoys' pack are an absolute bunch of bastards and cause carnage wherever they go.

I will pass on more details if I hear anything more. Be on your guard Glasgow!

Torsten McKenzie,
Kindred of Glasgow.

It has come to my attention that there have been reports of an attack on His Majesty the Prince Carlisle of Edinburgh.

Features of the reports indicate that the powers used were likely sabbat in origin.

Investigation has confirmed that Primrose Thalasso was not involved in the attack on Prince Carlisle.

Daniel Smith,
Tremere Primogen, Glasgow.

Submitted by Mathew Riley,
Sheriff of Glasgow

Cold, our immortal blood is flowing,
Hard, our hearts of ageless rage.
Rage, to keep the dark from coming,
Feel the weight of war we wage.

Now, we go onto slaughter,
Hiding, what we really are are.
Taming, the beast for our future,
Strong, united, fighting 'till we fall.

Glory, to those who've fallen,
Respect, to the honored slain.
Fight, to keep the rage from rising,
Control, which we must maintain.

Battle, show our hearts are worthy,
Mercy, never sought and never given.
Wounds, only taken to the front
Death, falls on the unforgiven

And we've all lived, and we've all died, but we move on.
Through red mist, until we all fall, and to ash, are gone.

*A Proclamation from the Prince of Birmingham
Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth.*

It seems the Brujah of England do indeed have an insight into the ways of the Ventrue that I had not credited them with before. They understand that the lineage and pedigree is such a great influence on us. They have recognised my greatness, inspired by my Sire and more importantly my great grand sire, Titus Venturis Camillus. Not only was he Prince of Rome during the transition from the Republic to the Empire he also crushed and destroyed the infernal Brujah cesspool known as Carthage. And it is this great blood link they can smell in me.

I however commend the recent attempt on my unlife, despite my acknowledged greatness, that was made by a young upstart Brujah. A glorious, but flawed attempt to take my head from my shoulders. A fool. And now he lays in Torpor.

My admiration, however does not stretch as far to grant clemency. Leon Straker will meet his destruction when I grant him final death.

This insolence and pathetic unrest from the rabble is at an end. Let the death of your cousin be a testament to that.

Submitted by mIsKaL
Kindred of Glasgow

"The elders their power amassed
And each time the die it is cast
Then blood begets blood
And thicker than mud
Each thinks they're the one who laughs last"

Submitted by Michelle DuPont,
Dark Times contributor.

Kindred of Britain,

More fall out from the recent assassination of Prince Carter at the hands of the honourless Black Hand... the spiteful, ungrateful, Anarchs of Liverpool have raised a rebellion and actively gone to war with the Camarilla members of Manchester. Both factions have polarised rapidly and relocated exclusively to 'their' half of the former Domain: the Anarchs are exclusively based in Liverpool, with the Camarilla based in Manchester.

The Anarchs have been slow to unify as a Domain and there have been 4 Barons of Liverpool so far this month, and so Manchester has been gifted with breathing room to stabilise. Fortunately for Liverpool, Manchester is now on it's second Prince this month and has split its efforts between taking Liverpool back from the Anarchs and going to war with the Domain of Birmingham in an attempt to honour Prince Carter with the death of his most hated enemy, Viscount Sir Charles Augustus Aldsworth.

The Masquerade is stretched this over all 3 Domains as the body count continues to rise. And there are rumours of the Anarchs of Ulster eyeballing Manchester and Liverpool as the start of some sort of new idealistic crusade.

At the present minute, Baron Eileen of Ulster has kept quiet on her plans, but Baron Dan Hardy of Liverpool and Prince Eloise Kane of Manchester are both shouting of death and bloodshed at the top of their lungs. What's the worst that could happen?

Harpy Corner

Ann Jacques (York) - To any that have the ability to send such messages. Tell them the Duke of York will man the battlements personally. He is a Ventrue of Old. A Warlord. And in the manner of his once Leige Lord, Mithras, will claim the blood of any enemy that darkens the Gates of York.

Sarah Miles (Birmingham) - I can't believe they'd try that. How ghastly. They tried to execute my darling prince charming. They will suffer.

Lucretia Reflection (Manchester) - There are two leading contenders for Praxis of Manchester & Liverpool. I have seen the reflection of what might come. Without stability there will be chaos.

Lady Salisbury (London) - We do enjoy the safety and assuredness of the Southern domains. It is heartwarming to see so many reach out to any who require asylum from the frenzy. We take it that means no one will require such aid from the South. As none shall be given.

Primrose Thassalo (Glasgow) - Well it's not how I would have done it.'

Carl (Norfolk) – Anyone that wants to know any secrets, ask.

Ryan Harding (Severn) - The noble Prince Severn wishes to hold a tournament. Details will be forthcoming. Champions must make ready.

Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen) - the Highlands of Scotland stand ready to come to the aid of our southern friends in Edinburgh and England. Say the word and we will rescue you.

David Griene (Inverness) - With all else that's going on it's hard to lose sight of what's really at stake. Let's reflect on our humanity and know that we are truly better than they are.

Dianne Duncan (Carlisle) - The diversity and varied Kindred from all the walks of unlife really strengthen the defences we can muster in this awful time.

Farr (Edinburgh) - How dare they. How very dare they. Prince Carlisle gives a week from this publication for the heart's blood of Primrose Thassalo to be delivered to him.