

A Proclamation to the Entire Camarilla,

From the Desk of the Inner Council.

In the year of 2018 the Inner Council of the Camarilla convened in the city of London to discuss matters of great importance to the sect at large.

At their meeting, the Justicars for the next 13 years were chosen. They are as follows;

Brujah - Manuela Cardoso Pinto

Gangrel - Vaevatosh

Malkavian - Iven Knaves

Nosferatu - Stanford Warwick

Toreador - Amadeus Edelstein

Tremere - Peiter Ovid

Ventrue - Marco Russo

Chosen by their respective clans and ratified by the council, they will now be the eyes, ears and hands of the council and ensure the keeping of our Traditions. Honour them.

Our Thoughts on the New Justicar Team;

By Graven Frost, Dark Times Political Analyst

So, the council have met and they have selected their new law men. What does that mean for you and me? Well. If we behave, hopefully not much. But we all have to live somewhere and well, sometimes shit happens.

Let's remember what the Justicars are, ostensibly, for. Life's easy in the Camarilla, we only have 6 real laws. A couple of treaties to keep in mind and a big agreement about Elysium. Right? And

your prince will keep you right on all of those? Well you better hope so.

The Justicars will keep them right. And if one of them comes to town to set an example, get out the way. Thy Own Domain is thy own concern reads one of them. Well, if you budding princes out there want to keep it that way, you better have an even hand when judging breaches of our Traditions.

Let's have quick look at the new team. Well only a few of them are new. The mysterious Vaevotosh stays on for the Gangrel, there's not much to know about them. But they've been kept on, so can't be too bad. I actually couldn't find any decisions they had made, but I believe Vaevotosh focuses on Africa, and we don't have a branch there. Iven Knaves and Peter Ovid of Malkavian and Tremere, respectively, both stay on. However, both were co-opted onto the board mid term for various reasons. Knaves to replace the rogue Garland Green, who famously rode through 3 states wearing a girls head as a hat (or something) and Carfax who resigned after a series of failings. We can presume that they will be given this opportunity of a full term to properly make their name.

Looking at some of the more interesting choices, Amadeus Edelstein replaces the robust and fierce Lady Guillotine for the Toreador. A terrifying choice replaced with an opera writer. Surely signals a grand change in policy direction. However the young prince is no slouch. Reining over Glasgow and later New Orleans. The Wild West of the UK and a former Sabbat Domain. It was rumoured he even was an Archon for the Lady Guillotine, perhaps a measure of betrayal. I hope she doesn't take anything personally.

Manuela Cardoso Pinto is probably the most junior Kindred to assume the mantle of the Justicar. The former Sheriff of Natal, Brazil, she has made a remarkable name for herself with battling the Sabbat and opposing the more outlandish overtures of the Anarchs.

The real surprise is the surfacing of Stanford Warwick. He was thought dead when the Sabbat took the Domain of Providence, Rhode Island is a blistering and surprise attack in the early '90s. He has not been heard from since, but there we go.

Ulisyan Thraces the staunch and dependable Ventrue has been replaced by the Prince of Naples, Marco Russo. Has been the prince of Naples for centuries. It will be interesting to see the reasoning behind moving from the stoic career agent of the council, to the little known elder of Italy.

We are willing to hear your theories. And remember, Honour them, but pray you have little dealing with them.

My Journeys across the Water.

By Prince Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth, Esteemed Elder of the Camarilla.

No, not west, but east. I spent a few nights over the Christmas period in Amsterdam where I represented Her Britannic Majesty, Queen Anne on a diplomatic mission to the leaders of the Consortium. I met with Prince Arjan Voorhies of Amsterdam and some of his Consortium Colleagues.

Prince Voorhies is an amiable and charming Kindred and is a great ambassador for his new group. There was an amount of caution raised at such an arrangement, and how it just isn't done. Which, I must confess, I did subscribe to myself. However as the leader of the delegation I can confirm that the Traditions are indeed held the highest of esteem. The Pax Vampirica is a cornerstone tenet, they give no cause for great concern on that account whatsoever.

Here in the courts of Avalon we look forward to working closely with our cousins across the water. Allowing them a little more clout to have their voice heard against the clamour of the Germans and twittering of the French. And, after all, who can really argue with that?

The city of Amsterdam is a wonderful and historic place. A real city of Elysium by any measure. As this was a business trip there was little time for leisure, but I did manage a little window shopping and some chatting with the locals at a lovely little coffee shop.

My favourite little nugget of my trip was hearing of the Montelbaanstoren. A 16th century tower, first erected as a fort to protect the town. Once the town grew in the later decades and the fort was no longer placed well for protection it became a tower and the rich merchants required a clock and bell tower, as befitting their station as the most preeminent merchants (for their day).

The trouble was, there was a slight snag and the mechanism for the bells malfunctioned causing the bells to chime at random and inappropriate times of day. The locals had a lovely, affectionate moniker for their beloved but

unpredictable and malfunctioning clock. Do you want to know what it was?

Silly Jack.

A Word...

*By Esteemed Elder Angus McDonald,
Regent of Orkney.*

Kindred of Glasgow,

I hear congratulations are in order for your recent battle against the Black Hand. I'm sorry I missed it! But I'm glad a small slice of the Spanish life has intruded upon your own. Well fought to all who chose to engage the enemy eye to eye, although I'm sure that Danial Smith will have his hands full fighting his own particular battle to save the Masquerade in the aftermath of the battle...

I've heard that Liverpool has recently experienced an influx of "reinforcements" from Ulster. If this increased population resorts again to open war, threatening the Masquerade, I will... stop it. Permanently.

I would be interested in speaking to anyone with links to California at the next Court.

Angus McDonald,
Regent of Orkney.

Sabbat Attack; Glasgow

By Elder Jack, Scourge of Glasgow.

This is my account of what happened when the Sabbat sent their shovelheads to attack Prince Doyle's club. It's in the style of a blog post since that's what I'm most familiar with. It's also from my perspective so I've missed some details on

what happened not in my direct sight, but be assured that everyone who answered the Prince's call contributed according to their skills and that without our combined actions the outcome would have been much worse. I hesitate to say that we won, even though there were few injuries on our side and many dead Sabbat. The Sabbat lost only what they consider as disposable soldiers and have pushed our abilities to keep their activities away from the mortals to the limit. Long term, however, they will not prevail and the more they make this personal for us then the more they will regret it.

So the whole thing kicks off when Sulli, Keeper of the Elysium, finds out from his monitoring of the city that people are popping out of the ground all over the place like daisies. Not only that, but that they are all heading to the same place... Doyle's club!

And the call goes out! Daniel, Keeper of the Masquerade, triggers "Operation Griffin" which gets the city centre evacuated due to a "terrorist attack" and the kindred of Glasgow converge on the club.

When I get there Teressa has already arrived and lets us know that all the cameras in the area are now pointed away from the club. She's had a chance to strategically look at the terrain and sets up everyone at either side of the alleyway entrance, as and when everyone arrives.

The Tremere were positioned on the roof. Also up there was the Caitiff Kyros, and a ghoul, carrying sniper rifles, and Ana Zaphira who was on a different section overlooking the side of the alley where Victor was positioned. He was at one end with Riley while Pelican, Teressa and I were at the other. Twig, or Stone, or

whoever he was, also stood on our side of the alley along with Miskal and Tiresias.

Then the hordes, multiple hordes it seemed, arrived and we were hard pushed to see them off but everyone contributed to take their little, or big, chunk out the enemy. The Tremere were encasing the shovelheads in ice and crushing them, waving a magic sword and doing something with fire, (thankfully out of the direct sight of those on the ground). Drones were flying about and firing automatic weapons on the enemy and Teressa used her sword and board to slice them up at the same time as she was ripping them apart with black tentacles. Twig had a weird knives-on-chains weapon that was surprisingly effective at maintaining distance while still dealing out pain. Madam Ana Zaphira screamed up into the air and call in an air strike by a seagull fighter squadron... who were also terrifyingly effective against the attacking Sabbat! The rest of us, Riley, Pelican and myself were a bit more pedestrian with our machetes while Victor had his claws. Kyros and his ghoul picked off individuals with their high-caliber rounds and Tiresias was using a shield and sword combo.

The shovelheads were arrayed with various weapons – most of which looked improvised – but didn't seem to do much to really hurt us. At that point, it got interesting when Victor frenzied and went for the closed target to him... Riley with a *nasty* claw attack.

Riley held it together and did the best thing he could – jump over Victor so that Victor was now facing a more useful enemy. On the downside, Riley was hurt and completely surrounded by Sabbat! He gave a damn-good account of himself but slowly the shovelheads were getting the better of him. The Tremere saw his plight

and used their telekinesis power to lift him out the fight. A still-frenzied Victor was also floated out the fight by them, still slashing sabbat and lopping off heads as he was held just above the crowd. Both were air-lifted to the roof and Victor composed himself on the way.

So now one side of the alley was completely open, Pelican had also just lost it to frenzy and Miskal was Rotzcheked out the alleyway back into the building. Discretion is the better part of valour and all that so I grabbed Pelican in a tight wrestling-style hold and we retreated in to the club.

Then WHOOSH! We hear the sound of some kind of ignition outside followed by the stench of smoke and gasoline that came from underneath the secure alleyway door that we closed moments before.

Then we heard the sound of more shovelheads crashing through the building towards the room we were in and we realised that no one had been guarding the front door!

Then WHUMP! There is a new detonation at the front of the building and I don't think that it was the Tremere this time... not that I can really see what's going on since Pelican is struggling like a motherfucker and I'm trying to work out how to get one of my stakes out without letting him go! I'm hearing shouts about bomb vests, more explosions followed by screaming from the lobby at the front of the building and more clouds of burnt gasoline.

The smoke clears and we can't hear the sounds of any more footsteps. Whimpering, cries of pain and the crackle of flames, but no one approaching our position. Has the attack stopped?

I hear at least one person heading to the basement, Ana Zaphira I think. There was an exit that way we could use if the front of the building became impassable. The Tremere came calmly down the stairs. They wave their arms or some shit and the sound of burning gets quieter.

Victor leaves the section of the building I'm in and goes to make sure that there are no more Sabbat at the front. By the sounds of the cries through there, some burnt and wounded shovelheads have made it but he dispatches them quickly.

Most kindred leave now that the way is clear and anyone else available helps Victor to sweep the whole area. They report back that all the Sabbat are either dead or fled.

Now is the time to review how they were to spectacularly able to gather such forces under out noses and to ensure that they cannot use this same tactic again. Please talk to your clan Primogen for ways you can contribute. This is for the survival of the whole city.

Jack
Scourge of Glasgow.

New Residents, And Those No Longer Welcome.

By Elder Jack, Scourge of Glasgow.

Glasgow welcomes these kindred to the city:

- Tiresias

These kindred have not presented themselves to Prince Doyle and therefore have not been accepted in the city:

- Gail Middlemass
- James Fitzhamilton
- Lilith Queen
- Marie
- Assadir El Seddic
- Cerys
- Dr Antoine Bouchard
- Jana Wagner
- Malcolm Ross
- Richard Fatherington
- William Alexander Mountbatten

I am also still interested in personally meeting with:

- Ruby

Jack
Scourge of Glasgow.

Continuing Travels

By Ancillae Torsten McKenzie

Well friends, after somehow managing to escape the escalating madness in Greece, I moved north to Switzerland to find out what all the whoohaa is about.

The ancient Brujah Methuselah Guillaume has indeed awoken. He has taken Geneva as his own and is moving on Bern. The embattled Ventre have taken drastic steps and have awoken the ancient Ventre Elder Purissimma Geiss from torpor and, rather than being the weapon they aimed for her to be, she has seized Praxis from Prince Bartolome of Bern and set about defending her Domain from Guillaume's advances.

My friend the Caliph seems to be secure in his rulership of Zurich and has been extremely hospitable to me during my stay. In fact, he seems to be quite excited to potentially being attacked by an ancient Methuselah or two for some reason. I think

I will stay here a while and see how things progress. There's something about chaos that I find hard to resist!

Your friend,
Torsten McKenzie.

City Centre Evacuated

By Greg Dalrymple

It was late on a Wednesday evening in early January that the call that many a restaurant and club feared was sent out. Evacuate the city.

Night clubs and restaurants across the city worked tirelessly with the local authorities to transport patrons out of the centre of the city to safety as quickly as possible. It was unclear at that point if this was a training exercise conducted by Police Scotland or a real life threat to the city centre.

A cordon was quickly put in place around the centre of the city blocking access to the main roads such as Hope Street, Renfield Street, St Vincent Street and Argyll Street. Alternative accommodation was set up in nearby areas for those who had been evacuated from their homes within the city centre.

The centre and the main roads were closed off to all until the next evening, however the area surrounding Renfield Street and West Nile Street continues to be closed off to the general public pending investigation.

Police Scotland have since released a statement which explains that a terrorist cell had entered the city to launch an attack on various nightclubs around the city, looking to cause maximum damage and casualties. A special unit was dispatched to locate the terrorists which centred on a nightclub on Renfield Street.

The police have indicated that the suspects were located however were unable to apprehend the suspect due to an explosion taking place in the lobby of the nightclub. The streets and buildings surrounding the nightclub have experienced significant fire damage and remain closed to the general public.

Prior to and during the evacuation pedestrians have reported to have seen many drones moving around the city. It is unclear if these were being used by the Police in order to assist the evacuation or by the terrorists or if they have any connection to the recent drone sightings near Gatwick Airport.

Police Scotland are continuing to investigate the attack and have asked all members of the public to remain alert to any further suspicious activity.

City Wide Riots in Belfast

By Declan O'Shea

In early January central Belfast has once again become the centre of rioting and civil unrest. In an unprecedented display of mass violence spanning such as aggravated assault, grand theft, GBH, looting and arson. Such civil unrest has not been noted in such a scale since the city's political and sectarian riots of 1969.

Unlike the unrest of 69' though the riots can be sourced to mainly Catholic areas being committed by Catholics themselves resulting in what the locals have dubbed "a civil war".

Fighting first broke out in the Ballymacarrett mixed ward and was initially thought to be sectarian in nature however later investigations showed the

true story of Catholic vs. Catholic infighting. Reasons for this "civil war" is unknown however like a fever the disorder spread rapidly engulfing the city in a scant few days.

The riots continued to escalate in severity culminating in several arson attacks and with a night time car bombing outside the Holy Cross Catholic Retreat on the Crumlin Rd.

In and of itself the civilian casualties were but a few considering the device used. Historically, especially in Northern Ireland, such a device is used for mass destruction, mayhem and panic however not this time it would appear.

Clearly the perpetrators wished to send a clear message but just what that message was leaves the authorities stumped. As the attack took place after dark on a normally busy road outside a chapel, however public gatherings are minimal late night and clearly mass was not in session. Perplexed authorities promise continued investigations.

Harpy Quotes

By Those Kindred Most Fabulous!

Ann Jacques (York) - Elder Teresa is certainly a force to be reckoned with. A master with a blade and courage of a lioness.

Sarah Miles (Birmingham) - Green just isn't your colour my dear. Stick to black hooker boots.

Lucretia Reflection (Manchester) - Something that would have maybe helped put everything back to the way it should be. Give everyone a chance to speak. If

only it wasn't abused. 78 individual cases brought against the Domain from various people linked to a certain blue blood with a dubious reputation. One even for a slow puncture on his Rolls Royce.

Lady Salisbury (London) - Can you feel that? That's the wind... Changing.

Primrose Thassalo - "Rumours of my troublesome nature have been greatly exaggerated by those that should not throw stones in glasshouses."

Carl (Norfolk) – never before, have those who stood alone, held so much in these United Kingdoms.

Ryan Harding (Severn) - On Valentines night, any and all who wish to prove their strength and might are welcomed to the Domain of Severn. It shall be a trial and challenge not seen for an age.

Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen) - a little burdy tells me that the sabbat are scared to come north.

David Griene (Inverness) - isn't winter a wonderful time of year. So sad to see the end of it again.

Vanessa Norton (Carlisle) - Poor Dianne. Murdered by the Sabbat. Such a shame. I shall take the mantle of social butterfly here in Carlisle. It's been a long time since I've been this side of the pond. But I look forward to meeting you all.

Farr (Edinburgh) - as the year comes to an end, its time to be reborn, rise a new. And one glorious phoenix rises. Our own Robert McLaren Davies steps up to the august roll of Justicar for the Toreador Clan.
