



CATASTROPHE IN GLASGOW

From the Desk of the DT Editor

If you've been living on Mars or under a rock, you may have missed the excitement earlier this month. But for everyone else, you'll have no doubt have noticed the "terrorist attack" in Glasgow. With the worst death toll in any attack against a NATO member since 9/11, it has been the attention of the international media.

As far as the official story goes, a small terrorist cell went on a spectacular rampage through the streets of Glasgow; breaking and entering homes only to butcher all inside. The police were unprepared for such an assault and it took over six hours for the violence to quell. Though not all are accounted for, early estimates of the death toll stood at between 800 and 1000 (the exact count now sits at 1048 for anyone who pays attention to the official figures).

The cell has been connected to the IRA, and seems to have gathered its weapons from there, though the Scottish Government insists it has received no demands and does not know why this attack took place. In response to the catastrophe, the Scottish Government has declared a state of emergency, and welcomed support from NATO allies in order to better police its streets until more facts become available.

The actual story is much more horrifying!

For whatever reason, Stoyo Kakabadze, the Tzimisce Ambassador for the Sabbat, decided to launch an attack against the domain with shovelheads and a half dozen szlachta. His motives remain a mystery, though there is a rumour that he was attacked on his way home from an Elysium site and this is a form of protest at the violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the pax vampirica.

The szlachta began to break in to homes in the west end, slaughtering anyone they found, whilst the shovelheads fanned out into smaller packs across the east and south sides of the city and attacked everyone they could find on the streets. The assault lasted for six hours, as the residents of the city were forced to hunt out these invaders one at a time and kill them and the slow process lead to a staggering number of kine and kindred deaths.

What's worse is that as the attack went on, the frenzied shovelheads managed to diablerise a few kindred, growing noticeably stronger towards the end of the night. Thus making the attack seem far more deadly than it would have been if the city had a dedicated defence force that was in position.

Police were off course no match for shovelheads and Szlachta, and woefully unprepared for a six hour game of hide and seek with supernatural horrors intent on repurposing their intestines as scarves. The burnt out husks of vehicles and the ruined corpses of officers stand testament to their inability to deal with the sabbat effectively.

As the situation deteriorated more of Glasgow's kindred responded to the crisis. There were minor battles and carnage across many parts of the city, focussed mostly around the Kelvingrove Park. It was three hours into the battle, when the residents of Glasgow were rallying and clearing that the Malkavians of Soteria arrived. While we may question the wisdom of their action, their mass charges effectively blocked off the Sabbat packs - preventing them from outflanking the defenders of the city. This came at a terrible cost, we are led to understand, with many Malkavians dying under the fangs and claws of the frenzied Sabbat.

What this means for Malkavians, the Domain, and indeed the Maquerade, is a frankly terrifying question. For those this author would want to salute their bravery in flying to the defence of Glasgow, the ramifications are certain to be grave, for them and for us.

All this happened on Prince Esteban's first week from having declared praxis. No doubt his detractors have much to say on the matter. Indeed, we have been informed that Esteban has been banished from Edinburgh as a symbolic display of contempt for his handling of this attack, and Prince Auldsworth has declared a blood hunt on "Princess Teban" (apparently the new prince of Glasgow is so well known that other princes can't even get his gender, much less his name, correct).

Regardless, Glasgow continues to be the wild west of kindred society, and all kindred are well advised to stay well away.

FROM THE OFFICE OF THE SENESCHAL -MANCHESTER

It is with deep regret that I must inform you that our fair Prince Kane has been torpored during the recent Sabbat incursions into our domain. Whilst we had some assistance from kindred from Glasgow (seven of whom were able to successfully kill two intruders before being forced to withdraw) and our own defences, we were sadly unable to save our prince.

I'm given to understand that one of the sabbat simply stepped out of a shadow, seemingly from nowhere, to challenge Kane to a duel. Though an experienced fighter, she was overwhelmed by the abomination, who sliced her almost in half. Fortunately, others were nearby and had rushed to the commotion to assist, forcing the Lasombra to withdraw before he could execute her. The keeper of Elysium has also been kidnapped, and we remain uncertain if they are still alive.

Until such time as the Prince awakens, I shall rule in her stead. It is my hope that in these trying times, I prove a better leader than what some other domains have been burdened with.

Seneschal Bran

- Acting Prince of Manchester

DEFIANT WE STAND

Kindred of the Camarilla, I am sure many of you are aware of the recent attack which my domain has suffered. For those who aren't, the Sabbat launched an attack on Glasgow. Unleashing their monstrosities which until now have most recently been kept to their operations in Spain and Portugal.

While the Sabbat succeeded in killing a significant amount of mortals and causing some havoc amongst the local authorities, their attack was fought off by the residents of this domain and our allies. Their monsters and shovel-heads hunted down like the vermin they are and slaughtered.

Due to the valiant efforts of many of my court officials and their deputies, including those kindred drafted in at short notice, the Masquerade was also upheld.

I would like to give special mention, to those of clan Malkavian who arrived during the fighting to assist us against the Sabbat assailants and mourn for those who lost their lives in doing so.

This attack on Glasgow was in retaliation for the assistance we have given to our neighbours in England and Europe. At every turn we have thwarted the plans of the ancient enemy, driven them from their holes and staved off their assassins where we have found them. And we will continue to do so, for we cannot allow this filth to take a foothold in our lands once more.

Our domain is strong and will not fall easily nor quietly.

Esteban Korsgaard, Prince of Glasgow

A WARNING

By Faith Harper

It can't have escaped anyone's notice that in last months Dark Times, two threats were made against my life. One was made by a werewolf (and I question the editors decision to publish that, but I guess we all love stirring the pot sometimes). The other was made by a kindred who up until recently was a ghoul who decided to make a threat of diablerie.

In case my rant about the late butcher Angus didn't make it clear, I take a dim view towards those who would violate one of the cornerstones of the camarilla. As such, she is now safely staked, awaiting transport back to Madrid where Heiku can look after her and teach her about the laws that govern our society. I won't show mercy to her, or anyone else, intent on inflicting the amaranth next time.

To the wolf who managed to write an entire letter; you once asked what I had achieved, so let me answer. I've killed two Black Spiral Dancers. Not my movement. Not my coterie. Me. Bear that in mind should you be so foolish to actually try and carry out your threats. Unlike with your 'sister' I have no compunctions against butchering you outright if necessary.

But there is a wider lesson to be learned. In the past month, we have seen Glasgow, Manchester, and Spain all face camarilla attack. Is now really the time for anyone to start a fight with an allied sect (or sect within a sect) in the an-archs? Might I instead council unity? Now is the time to put aside petty squabbles and unite to face the oncoming storm. For if we cannot, we shall all face destruction...

RULES OF THE DOMAIN OF GLASGOW

Let it be known to all those who are visiting or plan to visit the domain of Glasgow, the following rules are to be adhered to in addition to the Traditions, whilst in my domain. Transgressors will be considered to be in breach of the Fifth Tradition - that of Hospitality. Punishments for breaches may be severe and leniency shall not be granted for pleas of ignorance.

Should you have any misunderstanding on the rules of my domain, I would advise to contact my Seneschal Judith Key or my Sheriff, Sir Charles Douglas for clarifications.

Admittance

All kindred of standing within the Camarilla may enter the Domain of Glasgow under invite. Their host must inform the Scourge and provide a detailed description of their guest.

All kindred who do not have an invite, or are not a member of the Camarilla must contact the Seneschal to ensure proper arrangements are made for their arrival.

Kindred found within the domain without permission shall be apprehended by the Scourge.

Acceptance

All kindred wishing to reside within the Domain of Glasgow must first contact the Seneschal and inform them of the intent to reside in Glasgow. Providing letters of introduction or recommendation from notable members of the Camarilla in advance of your arrival is recommended.

The Prince or, in the Prince's absence, their Seneschal will decide on whether a kindred will be accepted into the Domain. This will be on a case-by-case basis.

Attending Court

While Courts are not always held at an Elysium, every Kindred is expected to conduct themselves appropriately and without breach to decorum.

Feeding Grounds

Residents and visitors to the Domain of Glasgow shall ensure they are familiar with the assigned Feeding Grounds in the city. A Kindred who has been assigned a Feeding Ground shall have the sole right to feed in that area, unless they agree otherwise. Kindred found to be feeding from or removing kine within a Feeding Ground not assigned to them, shall be brought to the Sheriff or Prince for punishment.

Kindred who own Feeding Grounds may exercise the right to defend their Feeding Grounds on any kindred found to be feeding within that area. However, the right of destruction is not permitted without the Prince's approval.

Feeding restrictions

No kindred may feed in the centre of Glasgow, commonly referred to as the "Rack". Any kindred caught doing so, will be treated as if in breach of the First Tradition.

No kindred is to feed from key workers such as medical and care staff. Any kindred who have ghouls or specific feeding requirements which would break this, must identify themselves to the Sheriff.

Duels

Where a matter cannot be settled by Kindred amicably, they may agree to a duel. The terms of such a duel will be set by the Prince or in their absence, the Prince's officials. The Outcome will be presided over by the Sheriff.

Ghouls

Kindred are free to create Ghouls as they see fit, but they are responsible for all actions of the Ghouls, and if a Ghoul causes any of the Traditions to be breached, it will be investigated as a breach of their maker.

Kindred found to be deliberately attacking a ghoul of another, with intent to cause harm or death, directly or through proxy, will be considered in breach of The Fifth Tradition.

Offices of the Domain and the Primogen Council

Any kindred who holds an office in another's Domain, cannot hold an office within the Domain of Glasgow. Any who are found to hold office in another Domain, shall be instantly stripped of their office within Glasgow along with any entitlements afforded them by the Prince.

No member of the Primogen council may hold the office of Sheriff, Scourge, Keeper of Elysium or Keeper of the Masquerade, within the Domain of Glasgow.

Security of the Domain

Any matter which comes to the attention of a Kindred, which represents a threat to the safety and security of the domain, shall be brought before the Prince or their officials.

Esteban Korsgaard, Prince of Glasgow

FROM JACK, SCOURGE OF GLASGOW

Arrivals in March:

- Ancilla Oskar Schaufel
- Neonate Robyn Davis

Probation:

- Francis Jacobi - arrived Feb

A final note for everyone who was at the last court. I want you to think back to everything you might have said in front of any guests, anything you might have said about travel plans, where you feed, where you sleep, what parties are being planned. And then maybe think about what a cunning enemy might do with that information. And then maybe consider changing travel plans, where you feed, where you sleep, party arrangements. But I suppose no one can be blamed if they let something slip, right? When the enemy sneaks in like that, how are you supposed to know they are maliciously listening to every word and taking notes? It was just a casual chat, after all. Boring stuff, right? Yeah, well, I hope you've all survived the month so you can actually read this.

The Following Residents have been accepted into the Domain of Glasgow as permanent residents:

Judith Key
Michael K Usher of Clan Nosferatu
Orlaigh of Caledonii of Clan Nosferatu
Mephistopheles the Thrice-Born of Clan Malkavian
Artemus Fell of Clan Gangrel
Clarity of Clan Malkavian

The following kindred are newly arrived and must prove themselves to the Prince and his officials:

Robyn Davis of Clan Brujah
Oskar Schaufel of Clan Tremere
Francis Jacobi of Clan Malkavian

MASTERCLASSES IN MANIPULATION.

Chapter Three :

Ghouls : Rhianna of clan Tremere

Ghouls. They're useful. They're also extremely dangerous if you don't control them properly.

Choose who you really need rather than just everyone who you want. Otherwise not only are you going to go through a ton of extra blood every month you're going to waste a phenomenal amount of time keeping them organised.

Don't quite get me? I'll explain.

If not handled with care (ie they don't get their fix of time and attention - it's a blood bond working on a mortal after all.) ghouls become like hyped up addicts and fixated stalkers. Don't spend any time with one because you're just too busy to do it? Expect to find them trying to follow you and acting like a jealous lover attempting to chase off all rivals when they do catch up to you.

Too many in one place? Think that means they'll be one upping each other and being hyper-efficient in their efforts to please you? Hmm, to begin with certainly. But if you don't keep a handle on that urge they have to vie for your attention? They'll switch to sabotaging each other to get ahead and you won't get anything done.

Think that telling them off or punishing them for it will stop them? Think again.

Attention is attention, no matter what kind. Once you slip into a cycle of only paying attention whenever there is a problem? They'll create one.

Better hope it's a small one and pray it doesn't breach the Masquerade. (I mean if you really want to have them compete until you have the most backstabbing cunning ghouls in creation, go ahead - see who survives. Some people (Icantha it is rumoured) apparently choose their next childe that way. But ... there are tales of caution to be had.)

Ever wonder what can happen if one of them gets truly over protective and decides that you must be protected at all costs?

Welcome to being staked in your own haven and 'looked after' like Snow White until someone comes looking for you! No , I really am not joking. So...

Define your relationship with them, have regular points in time where they have your attention and specific roles within your household or organisations so they know what is expected of them and how frequently they should expect to see you. Do try to warn them if you're running late, they get stupid anxious otherwise. Extra emphasis on the stupid.

Show them that they have value to you, but don't allow them to start manipulating you, if you're choosing them over your clan or your responsibilities? It's time to cut the cord. If they're really competent you might consider seeing if they can be embraced but really? That's just creating a whole other problem that's going to be around as long as you are.

A small handful is fine, but when you have one for every working day of the week ? Expect to start having to pay some serious attention to your calendar. (Just don't collect them like some Beanie Baby addict whatever you do or you will spend literally all your time running around keeping them from killing each other.

Clean up after yourself. If someone's got to go and you aren't in the position to dispose of a body (or you're just not that way inclined) You might want to have a word with someone skilled in wiping away memories, though remember to arrange a construction of where they have been that makes sense to them ... otherwise you might just find them sniffing around again trying to figure out what really happened.

Whatever you do? Don't just cut them loose , that sort of loose end is absolutely guaranteed to come back and bite you one way or another.

DARKNESS OVER MANCHESTER

By Francis Jacobi and Sir Charles Douglas

When news reaches one that a noble Prince of the Camarilla is threatened by a pack of diabolical Lasombra one is duty bound to act.

It is with great pride that can inform you that an attempt on the life of the most honourable and esteemed Prince Eloise Kane's has been foiled by the joint effort of her court officers and a team of brave, concerned citizens of the Domain of Glasgow.

Elder Victor Crane of clan Gangrel, Sheriff Sir Charles Douglas of clan Tzimicse, Seneschal Judith Key of clan Tzimicse, Keeper of the Masquerade Daniel Rodgers of clan Nosferatu and Mister Oskar Schaufel of clan Tremere heeded my call for action and joined me in traveling to Manchester to track the pack of diablerist.

Each and every one of them conducted themselves with utmost dignity and grace, rising courageously to the deadly challenge.

The Lasombra split their pack into three groups. One sought to attack Prince Kane's haven, one waited at an abandoned warehouse having issued a challenge to Prince Kane to face them in personal combat and the last laid in wait to Ambush her leaving Elysium.

Prince Kane's Sheriff, Scourge and their respective deputies engaged the Lasombra attacking her haven. They were victorious in defeating the vile creatures but at a steep cost. Her Scourge and Sheriff's deputy also met their final deaths, while her Sheriff was left deeply deranged by mind rending powers of the blood. I am sure all our readers will join me in offering our sincere condolences to Prince Kane and her court. She should be proud of the conduct of her officers. Their bravery and loyalty to her does her credit.

The team from Glasgow engaged the Lasombra surveilling Elysium. Daniel Rogers worked his technical wizardry to preserve the Masquerade, while Judith Key made me into a body double of Prince Kane with the flesh sculpting powers of her clan. Judith Key remained in Elysium at the Princes side while the rest of our team exited the building under cover of Daniel Rogers Obfuscation.

As we exited Elysium gunfire rained down from their position on a nearby rooftop. Daniels Obfuscate was matched by their mastery of Auspex. I myself suffered the brunt of the gunfire, taking two shots to the head which forced me to retreat back to Elysium. Meanwhile Sir Charles unleashed a devastating attack, while Daniel Rogers and Oskar Schaufel rushed forward to join the battle as swiftly as they could.

The battle was as swift and brutal as these things so often are. Ultimately however the Lasombra were no match for the strength not the Ivory Tower. Sir Charles' axe swung true, Oskar's trusty pickax aflame with magic was put about and Daniel struck from the shadows. Between them they dispatched both the would be attackers and ended the threat.

In a daring move Elder Victor Crane allowed the others of the team to show their worth by downplaying his true potential, masquerading as an unknown gangrel feigning terrible wounds. Elder Crane's faith was rewarded as the team worked together well and succeeded under pressure, slaying all enemies before them. Truly all involved have extreme potential.

The battle was won, but the War continues. Elder Victor Crane searched for the Craven Ductus and Priest of this dark pack. He was prepared to take the fight to them, the rest of our team however do not have his mighty prowess and were too battered and bruised from the fight. We are not mindless savages who throw lives away needlessly and so the two surviving and cowardly Lasombra escaped... for now.

FAMA CRESCIT EUNDO

From the sheltered heights of our marvellous peanut gallery we were delighted to see court being held at an Elysium once again. All the most wonderfully colourful characters come slithering out when that most ancient tradition is invoked.

We were not disappointed to learn the Sabbat had sent an ambassador to parley with the new Prince Esteban - but as later events would prove, this was no sign of peace, but little more than a mockery of both Elysium and the Pax Vampirica, intended to entrap the Camarilla within their own Traditions. The Prince's refusal of their absurd demands was not unexpected - but it was offered politely, and Elysium was respected to the very letter of the law by both sects. It seemed Glasgow was willing to face the Wrath of the Sword of Caine in support of their European colleagues - a heartwarming display of solidarity that many must now be questioning. The cynical might observe that had the Prince agreed to their demands, Glasgow would likely still have been attacked, after having first turned upon its own - but such hypotheticals are cold comfort.

As it is - Glasgow mourns. For its own; for those mortals who called this city home and were turned against it; and for those who came to its aid and died fighting. We are not privy to the names of the many Malkavians who came, already wearied from some other matter, and forever departed through the Veil than the domain's physical boundaries - but they will be remembered. Necromancers we may be - but we stand between this world and the next as few others do.

Being thoroughly mercenary profiteers - if we felt that there was commercial benefit to offering a neutral ground for Pax Vampirica peace talks, we would gladly offer a very reasonable quote. We would merely note that we would not care to speculate upon the full cost of hosting any such endeavour at this time, and leave such a qualified opinion to be interpreted by our gentle readers and fellow social hosts as you will. War is hell, dear friends.

Still. Hell has the best parties - and we still stand in this world.

Pat Faversham, the self described 'world class financial criminal', is back in Glasgow having been on the west coast of the States. He was seen sporting a new flaming hot wardrobe and brings with him a new culturally inoffensive business plan for Flavortown Kebab shops. We also hear that he is planning to pay the delightfully filthy Nosferatu Binjuice to stay away - perhaps others short of a boon or two should follow Binjuice's lead and see how far the largess will spread...

Clearly America is the place to be returning from as both Victor & Michael are also back from LA. We hear that Michael's not welcome amongst the anarchs, while Victor is not welcome amongst the Camarilla. Curious minds must ask, what did they get up to and does this herald the start of a bitter rivalry?

Speaking of Michael, it's been well known for some time that the poor lad has chunks of his memories missing - and we're now told it was them there dastardly lunatics that done it. Retrieving them seems to be a source of distress for the delicate rose. We'd normally recommend Ren's therapy expertise, but... awkward...

Proof that a fashionable dress sense isn't always enough to denote smarts - Faith Harper now owes a minor boon to Elder Rothschild, having lost a wager to him regarding who would become Prince Esteban's Seneschal.

Faith of course wasn't just at court to get 'into the red' in matters of prestation, but to bloody her hands as well. The Anarch firebrand delivered the severed head of her own ghoul to Prince Esteban, in answer for crimes committed by them. The act of brutal violence speaks volumes of the child's understanding of politics. Our good friend Oskar Schaufel was last seen with the gruesome trophy, tasked with seeing it laid to rest in an appropriate manner.

(Faith, darling - charmed to get your letter, but I'm afraid I can't claim responsibility for any sudden hauntings you may be experiencing. Much as I'm flattered, I don't control every wraith in the domain. However, if you've had a visitation, I'm sure the spirit had its reasons for a sudden interest in you... - Giuliana)

Working quickly, new arrival Robyn Davis of Clan Brujah has already been invited to the bizarre and isolated domain of Soteria. Our sources tell us she 'builds things' - movie props and light-proof travel vehicles. Seems an unusual combination but what do these old fogies know. Perhaps we shall see the next Masquerade-protecting movie project from Michael sport props made by Ms Davis?

But perhaps the invite shouldn't be such a surprise - Prince... sorry Protector Legion, not content with getting off the mainland has set his heart upon a flying castle to get off the planet. Madness we say but if anyone can make the implausibly insane a reality it's that disturbingly capable Malkavian. Or Elon Musk. Have we ever seen those two in the same place at the same time?

In parting we just wish to remind you that we remain available in our capacity as absolute 'Bankers' to handle all your prestation needs - the terms and conditions of the Dunsirn Boon Bank are available on request.

Don Alexander and Donna Giuliana

Kindred,

The gap between Elders and Neonates is greater than ever during these strange modern nights. Younger Kindred seem to be constantly outclassed in the realms of social manipulation that well-versed and highly practiced Elders use to get their way in almost every interaction. Their skills in manipulation are powerful enough without adding in the powers of Blood that see them routinely crush the wills, and toy with the emotions of, their unthinking or unprepared pawns.

As such, I feel obliged to highlight a list of the tactics Elders use to manipulate and control everyone, Kindred and Kine, that they can get their hooks into. If you can identify the behaviours directed towards you, you may have a chance to avoid the traps laid for you... or at least adopt the behaviours yourself in your dealings with Kine resources and Kindred rivals...

I intend to pen a series of articles that will highlight twenty of the most common tactics employed by Elders over the next ten months, Sabbat actions permitting.

Gaslighting

A firm favourite of most Elders, Gaslighting is a manipulative tactic that can be described in different variations of three words: "That didn't happen," "You imagined it," and "Are you crazy?" Gaslighting is perhaps one of the most insidious manipulative tactics out there because it works to distort and erode your sense of reality; it eats away at your ability to trust yourself and inevitably disables you from feeling justified in calling out abuse and mistreatment.

When an Elder gaslights you, you may be prone to gaslighting yourself as a way to reconcile the cognitive dissonance that might arise. Two conflicting beliefs battle it out: is this person right or can I trust what I experienced? A manipulative Elder will convince you that the former is an inevitable truth while the latter is a sign of dysfunction on your end.

In order to resist gaslighting, it's important to ground yourself in your own reality – sometimes writing things down as they happened, or telling a trusted friend or Ghoul can help to counteract the gaslighting effect. The power of having validating Retainers is that it can redirect you from the distorted reality of a malignant Elder and back to your own inner guidance. They can also highlight potential uses of Dominate and Presence to you as they analyse your actions with a critical eye.

Projection

One sure sign of Elder status is when a Kindred is chronically unwilling to see their own shortcomings and uses everything in their power to avoid being held accountable for them. This is known as projection. Projection is a defence mechanism used to displace responsibility of one's negative behaviour and traits by attributing them to someone else, often of a lower standing or position. It ultimately acts as a digression that avoids ownership and accountability.

While we all engage in projection to some extent, the projections of an Elder are often psychologically abusive. Rather than acknowledge their own flaws, imperfections and wrongdoings, Elders opt to dump their own traits on their unsuspecting suspects in a way that is painful and excessively cruel. Instead of admitting that self-improvement may be in order, they would prefer that their Neonate victims take responsibility for their behaviour and feel ashamed of themselves. This is a way for an Elder to project any toxic shame they have about themselves onto another.

For example, in Kine lives, a person who engages in pathological lying may accuse their partner of fibbing; a needy spouse may call their husband "clingy" in an attempt to depict them as the one who is dependent; a rude employee may call their boss ineffective in an effort to escape the truth about their own productivity.

Elders also love to play the "blameshifting game." Objectives of the game: they win, you lose, and you or the world at large is blamed for everything that's wrong with them. This way, you get to babysit their fragile ego while you're thrust into a sea of self-doubt. And what is the solution to this behaviour? Don't "project" your own sense of compassion or empathy onto an Elder and don't own any of their toxic projections either. Projecting your own conscience and value system onto Elders has the potential consequence of being met with further exploitation.

Elders on the extreme end of the spectrum usually have no interest in self-insight or change. It's important to cut ties and end interactions with toxic Elders as soon as possible so you can get centred in your own reality and validate your own identity. You don't have to live in someone else's cesspool of dysfunction. Except the Prince of your Domain's... But that's a whole other kettle of fish.

Mephistopheles the Thrice-Born,
Banquet of Ashes,
Prince of Crows.

Vigilance

This is not over. The city is not safe.

Avoid feeding in areas where deaths and violence occurred. Lean upon your herds where possible.

Avoid contact with police, criminal, media and government contacts unless essential.

Be aware and vigilant of your vulnerabilities, this was a potential breach of the most catastrophic scale. The UK government will make themselves involved. The Hunters will investigate. The media will dig for the foreseeable future. The Camarilla itself will seek ensure this can go no further. Glasgow will be in the eyes and minds of the kine and kindred for months if not years to come.

That the Masquerade held is a miracle and many are owed praise for their effort.

For now however such things must wait, we must look to how it was that this occurred and ensure that the situation escalates no further.

Follow the Traditions. Live by the Masquerade first and foremost.

We will not be known as the cause of a second inquisition.

Elder H B Rothschild.

Sweeties good news, we're back! Don't let those disgusting Giovanni put you off, it's just their evil plan to distract you while they rob your granny and fiddle your Childe like the pedos we all know they are.

Ozomene & Electra

H.B. Rothschilde - Just when we thought we were free from the tedious presence of the Tremere you have to crawl out of your dusty hole in the ground. Urrrgh.

Patrick Feversham - Speaking of holes in the ground, look who bothered to grace us with... no wait you're as dull as the Tremere.

Esteban - Appointing Tzemicse as both your Sheriff and Seneschal? How very... progressive of you.

Judith Key - It's impressive how quickly you have bewitched them all. Conquest by cultural assimilation is it?

He-who-must-not-be-named - My my you are going to have your work cut out for you. The Justicars are taking the Masquerade very seriously these nights so we hope you manage to keep on top of everything... or should we say everyone.

Faith Harper - So classy dripping blood everywhere like the toddler you are. Proving every criticism leveled at the Anarch movement true is a terrible tactic.

Madam Mab - Barely in the post and already such flagrant disrespect being shown to Elysium. We're watching very closely to see how you handle this.

Sammy Baby - Awww, you read our column. That's nice. All publicity is good publicity.

Jack - Our sympathy for the loss of your bike. Perhaps we should crowdfund for a replacement?



Stoyo - You must share your scale care routine darling. Simply radiant. Or you will be soon. (For those unclear, that's an 'on fire' joke sweeties)

Dear Princess Teban,

I write you this letter to wish you warm and congratulatory acclaim. You join a long list of esteemed characters that have ascended to the throne of that city. I being longest serving, surviving prince of the dear green place. I have not heard of your exploits, though with such an enchanting name, I am sure I will hear it ringing bells across the land. In Glasgow you certainly will have ample opportunity to get your name out there.

As a great supporter of the fairer amongst us taking positions of leadership, my long standing and undying devotion to Her Majesty, being testament to that, I cannot wait to see this nubile young Princess take to the stage of Kindred politics, the greatest stage of all; the Isles of Avalon.

It might be unknown to you, however I have a rather impressive lineage. From a towering line of Princes and storied Elders. The blood of kings pumps through my veins with an alacrity that makes my heart leap with passion. One would like, nay, one would be honoured if you would let me give you warm advice. I have so much to give, my thoughts unbound would positively ejaculate at you.

I hope I find myself being amongst the first of your neighbouring princes to you warmly and keenly congratulate you. And that if you so wish it, you are welcome the city of Birmingham in which we can get to know each other and generate a fluidity of ideas, impressing on one another into the late hours of the night. You may have heard, I stand in for our Lord Mithras, as Sensechal of Birmingham, don't you know?

My dearest Princess Teban until we meet in person. May I confide in you, something that I cannot exile from my mind. I long for you nightly. I have such a vivid picture of you in my mind's eye, it is well that I have such fortitude so that my stamina runs unrestrained. I wonder what far off exotic delights you bring to these shores, your delicious name "Teban", summoning all manner of thoughts to the forefront of my mind. I shall dream of you, dream of rescuing you from some horrid Sheikh or Sultan, perhaps a rough pirate on the high seas or noble savage of darkest Africa. Fighting past their henchmen and braves, cutting you loose from their swelling and grotesque harem. Besting our way to freedom, beating the brute that held you captive and bedding the princess, below decks, on our voyage home to England.

My unbeating heart waits for you, now and forever,

Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth,
Childe of Vannevar Thomas,
Childe of Quincy Cullen,
Childe of Titus Venturus Camillus,
Childe of Tinia,

You caged the bird and would not
let it fly but the bird called out.

You wanted to feel what it was like
to be free but where not ready for
freedom.

You thought yourself cunning and
powerful but where not ready for
the individualistic unity.

You thought you would win on
our terms but we never set any.

Do not try to enslave one of ours
again, there will not be a forth
warning.

Soteria Stands,

Protector Legion.
Childe of Ventru

Thirteen books sit silent for a
time,
Spines locked by chains of duty,
Seven times seven pages chart a
line,
Of history not marred by beauty.

To each I whisper, your time has
come,
Alas the books have no answer,
The dust remains, pages dumb,
Among the books is cancer.

While surgeon spares the knife,
Sickness spreads without cease,
The library learns of ancient
strife,
My shelf cannot know peace.

The Librarian

During the attack Soteria was asked for aid and we came.

65 of the 150 that we could spare met the final death that night to deal with the fallout of a bad decision Glasgow made.

The fallen will be remembered.

Those that fought along side us, you are thought of as friends of Soteria.

We ask that the ones that fell that day and the ones that survived in defence of Glasgow be given permission to come and go as they please within it's borders. They have earned this by fighting for a domain that cares little for them and is not their own domain in the first place. We stood and fought with you side by side, you do not need to like us. But you do need to respect us.

For though the planet may fall to ruin, Soteria will stand.

The knights of Soteria.

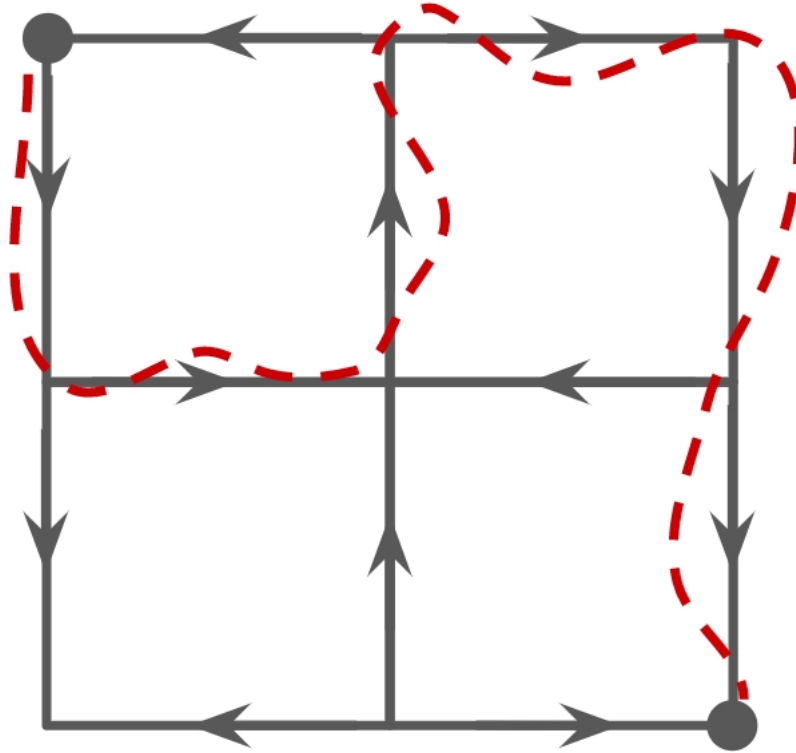
List of the dead:

| | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
| Md Whitworth | Izabelle Gallagher | Elliott Burris |
| Alissa Lawrence | Dawud Jones | Braydon Blanchard |
| Arabella Pike | Akaash Holmes | Kallum Mccoy |
| Gerrard Jackson | Mackenzie Farrington | Tobias Levy |
| Oliver Merritt | Benjamin Redmond | Zidan Sargent |
| Amelia-Grace Yoder | Kadie Lovell | Connar Meza |
| Haidar Lee | Dante Matthams | Shamas Wilkinson |
| Elicia Rigby | Carolina Forrest | |
| Deacon Sweeney | Baxter Ferry | |
| Beatrix Knowles | Veer Hodges | |
| Glenn Golden | Sapphire Winter | |
| Myles Ramsey | Nelly Walmsley | |
| Mia Skinner | Blaine Acevedo | |
| Rebekka Morrison | Mohammad Davidson | |
| Christie Curry | Inayah Millington | |
| Ruairi Harrington | Herbie Erickson | |
| Huey Whitney | Janae Hodgson | |
| Ruby Felix | Mahamed Brady | |
| Daisy-Mae Chapman | Abubakar Rosales | |
| Elyas Lowe | Zayna Lacey | |
| Winston Thorpe | Jaden Oneill | |
| Bradlee Craft | Viktor Obrien | |
| Arisha Hartley | Yara Levine | |
| Kaylie Ortega | Conah Peterson | |
| Zahra Dillon | Ravi Roy | |
| Mikaela Bush | Abigale Hays | |
| Alayna Sanders | Nojus Nava | |
| Pranav Sanderson | Rocky Henry | |
| | Eryk Rowley | |
| | Olly Hanson | |

RIDDLE - CAN YOU CREATE A PATH ON THESE ONE-WAY STREETS?

Imagine all the streets are currently two-way streets. But in an effort to make the metropolis friendlier for pedestrians and cyclists, the local Ventrue has decreed that all streets should be one-way. Meanwhile, a Malkavian overseeing this transition is not particularly invested in the project and will be randomly assigning every block of each street a random direction.

For your daily commute to work, you drive a car two blocks east and two blocks south, as shown in the diagram below. What is the probability that, after each block is randomly assigned a one-way direction, there will still be a way for you to commute to work while staying within this two-by-two block region (i.e., sticking to the 12 streets you see in the diagram)? Here is one such arrangement of one-way streets that lets you commute to work:



And no, you can't get out of your car and walk or use a bike. Or use any fancy special abilities.

Normal business hours a problem? Official MOT due?
Need some discreet modifications made...or overlooked?
A few repairs after a run in with something unmentionable?
Contact ROBYN D to make an appointment.

Harpy Quotes



Edinburgh – Farr- - *Our Prince seems to be having a bad time. Anyone know anyone looking for a new job?*

Aberdeen – Dougal Douglas– *Things are looking pretty warm for the new prince of Gjasgow!*

Inverness – David Griene – *Ouch, that has to sting!*

Glasgow– Raphael Ortega – *“would someone get round to replacing me? I left Glasgow four months ago for crying out loud...”*

Severn – Benedict & Algernon – *Well, well, well, another battle north of the border, is anyone surprised?*

Manchester – Lucrezia Reflection – *Here we go again!*

Norfolk – Carl – *It’s like waking up after a nightmare. Everything feels scary, but also hopeful
Thank you Soteria!*

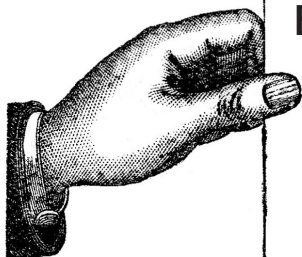
Birmingham – Bethany Trimble – *This is a turn up; Banks for Kindred? Do you think it’ll catch on?*

York – Anne Jacques – *We wish Mortimer Jones all the best in his new position.*

Carlisle – Looks like those wannabes in Glasgow have some sharp claws, lets hope they don’t cut themselves on all that edge!

Derry – Hilda Bern– *Remember us? We used to be part of Britain!*

Paris – Viola DuBois– *So, another war on the Peninsula, what is this 1810?*



BE THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE!

Join us in the war against lies,
defend the right of kindred to
know the real truth!

Submit your stories so you might
be heard! Have a voice!

VOX POPULI - VOX DEI

Dark Times
Chambre Dix, Hotel Britannique a Paris
75001 PARIS
FRANCE
Phone: +33 (1) 47 77 12 34
Fax: +33 (1) 47 77 98 76
E-mail: darktimes@gvlarp.com