



WANTED BY CLAN GIOVANNI

Guiliana Giovanni

Clan Giovanni wishes it to be known that Guiliana Giovanni (currently going by the name Guiliana Dunsirn) is currently wanted for questioning for crimes against the clan. Any member of the Camarilla found to be supporting or harbouring her will be deemed in breach of The Promise.

We would further seek to remind kindred of the camarilla that simply declaring independence from the family does not remove them from the auspices of The Promise.

We would therefore hope that the kindred of the Camarilla would value the centuries long treatise between our sects over the ramblings of a known diablerist and his blood bound daughter.

Lastly, we would remind our esteemed peers in the domain in Glasgow that holdings of Clan Giovanni remain our business interests, and interference in those business ventures would also be a breach of the promise

Andreas Rosellini

Andreas Rosellini,
On behalf of Augustus Giovanni

UPDATE FROM THE SCOURGE

Arrivals in June:

- - Ancilla Hugh Jackson
- - Neonate Mary Graham
- - Elder Kenzie Alexander

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Probation:

- - Ancilla Hugh Jackson
- - Elder Kenzie Alexander

Newly Accepted:

- - Neonate Mary Graham
- - Ancilla Oskar Schaufel

I'd also like to welcome Magnus Burton to the Scourge team as a Deputy.

He'll be balancing out some missing skills... cos sometimes it's good to talk to people before you stake them. Sometimes.

DEFENDERS OF THE REALM.

By now you have all witnessed first-hand the true horror of a concerted Sabbat attack. They truly are no joking matter being as awful in the tales our Elders tell, certainly not a 'cake run' or a 'glorious combat' as some kindred would let you believe. The sheer travesty of these walking abominations is plain and they must be challenged at every turn. There can be no compromise in these times especially as other age-old enemies are circling and must be stopped dead in their tracks with no quarter or mercy!

As Glasgow and the wider sect domains have shown we will prevail as we have for centuries though at what cost? It is for this reason I speak direct to you. As Sheriff I am seeking those whom are willing to go above and beyond becoming one of the Defenders of the Realm. This city, as all our sect's domains though Glasgow arguably more than most, requires defenders of every stripe ready and willing to identify enemies and repel borders in times of need. I speak of course of those not only combat ready but a healthy mixture of abilities as well as it functionally takes several specialists working in unison for the greatest of effect.

We are nightly at risk, each and every one of us, and now I ask are you willing to take that extra step and be one of the Kindred that is trained and ready to defend the city and its residents less fortunate than yourselves? If you are interested in such a position, working with kindred to your and their strengths, in the most efficient working parameter contact me directly. With duty comes recognition, with service comes benefits that would otherwise not be available.

I look forward to speaking with those interested over the coming nights.

Sheriff Douglas.

THE PROMISE, THE GIOVANNI AND THE CAPPADOCIANS.

The Promise of 1528 was the treaty between the Camarilla and the Giovanni. The treaty formally accepted the Giovanni as the successors of the Cappadocians. As such, simply declaring Cappadocian heritage is not enough to become independent. Both the Camarilla, of which we proudly proclaim our membership and whose laws we rightly uphold, and the Giovanni understand the terms of this treaty.

To offer aid or succour to the Dunsirn/Giovanni separatists would be clearly seen as a breach of the Promise. Take heed, lest you seek the ire of the Justicars or the Giovanni. These issues are greater than Glasgow.

H. B. Rothschild
Elder of Clan Tremere

THE TRUTH

Collected by Victor Crane, Gangrel Primogen of Glasgow, Ambassador of Helsinki

No doubt this won't be the only article here that addresses this topic. Our kind are, if nothing else, scavengers. Vultures who seek what they desire most, be it blood, riches, or rumours. And I know too well that many who use this say things that haven't got a lick of truth to it, but merely say any bullshit and claim it as fact. Well not here. I don't deal in half-truths or that shite. So, I'll just say it. Yes, it's true. King Angus is gone.

I was amongst a group of some of his closest and most trusted family when he took us to the North Pole. He knew he was going to die, as it was told to him, it being part of a grand plan to stop the end of the world. I watched him fight an ice giant as big as a mountain, and although finding it difficult, smashed it to shards while the rest of our group struggled to hold off a handful about double of a man. He fought hard and honourably, and defeated his foe in triumph. But in the end, he said his death was required. It was to prevent an apocalypse, and after saying his goodbyes, went to his death, without fear, and with honour.

Many of you will know him as a monster. a heartless killer who would slay an entire court if he felt like it. That was not all there was, and even then, it is not wholly in truth.

I've been to the domains of his closest friends and family so that they could be told from a friend instead of finding out here. And some have some things they want to be known.

His good friends, prince Leslie of Aberdeen and prince Williams of Memphis want it known he was a good friend, a natural leader as well as dependable in the face of hardship, and that they'll never forget is dealing of members of the red list. And those he led, the devourers, saw him as their honourable leader. A man with great martial prowess, and the tactical guide to ensure that the Camarilla was the victor of the war.

His daughters, Arsinoe and grey mane, want his softer side to be mentioned. The one that did movie nights in the Palace of Madrid, who looked after them and helped lessen their pain, and grow stronger out of their hardships. And family in Bergen, his mother, has put out that she hopes that we all weep for his passing, because that is why he died. To save us from something that may have ended everything.

As for myself? He's been more a father and sire to me than that of those who could claim these titles through blood, and I would not be the kindred I am today without his influence. His guidance has helped me through more hardship than his claws helped me in a fight. I will miss him.

MASTERCLASSES IN MANIPULATION.

Chapter Five: Blood

Felicity Matthews - Clan Nospheratu

Do you know the stupidest thing I get asked is 'What is my 'preference'?' If I have an actual preference am I seriously going to spread it around unless I absolutely have to? That's just insane. "Excuse me Mr Butcher, mind telling me what your 'preference' is so I can cut off your food supply?" Sure to some idiot it might sound like a good way to get him to go away but seriously? Next thing you'll find is 'El Matarife' banging on your door with an invitation to join him permanently in his larder cos he's hungry, an' you just volunteered for a job as a blood filter. No effin' thanks!

My 'preference' is for food that isn't going to get me caught, not by someone checkin up on the Masquerade, not by any damned hunters wandering about and not by any other effin' kindred on the prowl when I'm hungry. That means being careful, doing it in private and yes that also means choking down animal blood if and when you can stand it. Rats and rabbits breed at a prolific rate and you can always feed their corpses to the dog. Bigger animals you can bleed without having to kill them and they can't complain to anyone. So why doesn't everyone do it you ask? They taste a bit shit and usually you need to drink more of it, but drinking shit when there's Hunters about is better than being dead.

Look, I'm not being funny here, it's no joke trying to get blood if you've been fucked up in a fight and you don't have a Herd. That's the sort of thing that can land you in debt up to your eyeballs or land you with a charge of breachin' the Masquerade if you go runnin' around with your guts half out. So set yourself up with people you can get at in private who arn't going to complain or maybe won't realise about gettin' nommed on. Or get yourself an actual herd, like the kind that goes "Moo", you'll need to know how to handle animals and have people to look after them if you do that but in a bind it's a life-saver. And for pity's sake get them into a barn before you feed on them don't just start chowing down in the middle of the flipping field.

If you keep going back to the same stupid club all the time that's the sort of thing that means anyone with half a brain can track you down. Being too public with a regular route, a regular pattern and someone is going to set a snare on it eventually, might be Hunters, might be Sabbat, might be that Toreador you snubbed at court lookin for some payback... might even be the police cos that girl you drank a bit too much from got convinced to report an assault after you landed her in hospital.

Speakin' of , Toreador or whatever might use a club as a feedin ground but I'm damned certain they're normally in the private members only bit with their regular pets. An' they are the ones in control of whatever security is in the place. If you're just hunting the regular crowd for random pickups? Don't always follow the same damned pattern all the flippin' time it's not like most of you can change your appearance with a snap of your fingers is it? Mix it up a little for god's sake. If you must feed on randoms make sure you're not goin' to get recognised, arn't on camera and you've got a quick route out of there. Might want to invest in some fake number plates too seein' as you can't just disappear .

GLASGOW'S GUARDIAN

By now word of my being blood hunted from the Domain of Glasgow will have spread far and wide.

It saddens me that Prince Korsgaard felt compelled to take this course of action after all the work I have done in service to the Domain and the Camarilla. I was prepared to seek a mutually beneficial resolution to the alleged grievances against me but due to external pressure he was unable to entertain any such discussion.

I could speak at length of the people I have found when others could not, the battles I have fought and bled in, the tattered scraps of the Masquerade I have pieced back together, the intelligence I have provided and the funds I have given while asking precious little in return. I do not think I need to, given the great many kind words and the honourable conduct shown me by so many of you in the wake of Prince Korsgaard's decision. Each and everyone of you does Glasgow credit and I salute you for it.

I want you all to know that I bear no grudge against Prince Korsgaard nor any other resident of Glasgow. I am guilty of a great many crimes and deserving of death a thousand times over. I pray each night for guidance from Erzuile Dantor in my faltering steps to right my misdeeds and if it is my time to sail to the far shores of Oblivion then I am ready to embark upon that new adventure.

Let it be known that Glasgow is, and always will be, my home. It is very dear to my heart and so while I am yet able I shall see to it that she thrives. I may be denied the pleasure of walking her streets at night and drinking in all her majestic beauty but those of you who reside there are not. Enjoy that privilege for you never know when it may be snatched away.

You are forbidden from harboring me, offering me succour or lending me aid but I am forbidden nothing now for I am nothing in the eyes of the Camarilla. I offer you my succour, to harbor you from the coming storms and to lend you what aid I can. If you or Glasgow needs me then leave word with my family. I shall come as swift as I am able for my death means nothing compared to her, compared to you.

Erzuile bless you and keep you.

Alexander "The Anathema" Dunsirn, Cappadocian in exile, Guardian of Glasgow

P.S. Thank you Esteban, finally I am free.

Bed Time for Little Charlie

Once upon a time, a fancy young
lad named Charlie sat,
Who wore a crown in colours of
fool's motley hat.

Little Charlie had never been very
good at choosing enemies right,
In his urge to prove himself the
bearer of the biggest birthright,
Charlie called out to a mean old
Brujah Troll,
A Scandinavian devil named Mag-
nar who would take his toll.

Little Aldsworth, taunted the sav-
age from his throne on high,
Basking in the audience's raucous
cry.
And in but a second was sent to
bed for a long rest,
Sleep arriving in terrible the blow
of a Brujah's best.

Night Night Little Charlie, Time
for Bed.

It was only through the care of
Savages, Warlocks and Haunts

That Charlie could rouse himself
to wake again, face gaunt.
Slowly he woke, eyes dim from
rest, and considered his past, his
shattered nest.
"I did nothing wrong!" Charlie
did cry, as the months passed and
years rolled by.
From beneath Anne's watchful
eye, he had rested.
His former foes had long been
bested.

To the throne once more Little
Charlie sought
His face painted in the clown's
guise, a vagabond, long forgot.

It took no time at all for Charlie to
call err once more,
Another Brujah, tall and thin, with
Birmingham most sure.
And in his presence, Charlie spat
and pouted and cried upon his
knees.
"Watch me taunt him, adore me
please"
The Brujah put him on the floor,
and Charlie went to sleep once
more.

Night Night Little Charlie, Time
for bed.

How he arose from such a sleep?
None know.
But once again with charming for-
tune did Little Charlie show,
The same old words again he
spoke,
The same bluster, the same pale
smoke.
And upon another throne, he sat.
To Brujah far and wide he spat.

Perhaps the lesson now is plain.
Should he cease, and avoid the
pain?
Will he learn the truth at last?
Can the fool avoid errors past?

The hour grows late, his weary
eyes.
Perhaps it's time for Charlie to go
back to sleep.

Night Night Little Charlie, Time
for bed. Again

Anonymous

FAMA CRESCIT EUNDO

This month, I find myself (writing as I, not we) - in Rumour's most unevitable position: Of being, rather than spreading, the news.

Such bad form on my part! But for now - I am not yet dead. Perhaps I should host a salon. There is always gossip to be whispered - my dear fellows, of thousand eyes and thousand mouths, of wide-stretched wings and susurrations - would you place your calling above all else, and risk your own safety, even your reputation, for a sharp-tongued evening of such? Shall we put a new meaning to 'wanted'?

So, instead of speaking of recent Glasgow court events - charming as it was to have a Justicar drop by for a drop of tea - I shall therefore digress a little.

We often speak of the Jyhad. There are forever vendettas and feuds bubbling away - and when played well, they can be razor-edged art and entertainment - but when the political cauldron moves from a simmer to a boil - how is the Danse Macabre restored to its whirling equilibrium of silk and steel, rather than collapsing in a tangled and undignified brawl? How is it that we do not descend to constant savagery and slaughter?

For restored it is. There have been so many challenges, praxis seizures, petty rebellions and brief wars, over the centuries - and yet most fade, forgotten by most outside the affected parties, in a few decades. Remembered perhaps by a domain, a clan, a wounded faction - but the world as a whole spins on. Time and experience heal many things, my sweets. Not to mention a most pragmatic desire for survival by all parties.

Perhaps this should be a balm and a comfort - to the Prince accused of breaching the Pax Vampirica; to the nameless anathema bidding his farewells at a domain boundary; to the idealistic rebels and the furious tearaways: This too shall pass. The long nights and the short nights will pass one after another like wheel-spoke shadows - for so very many of society have such short lives and shorter memories. Survive this, and perhaps you will rise from the dirt - scarred, but stronger and wiser.

But in the crisis moment of frustration, of humiliation, of the Beast's paranoia and demands for satisfaction - how does this shift occur in practice? Left alone in the dark, perhaps that primal urge would gain the upper hand.

It does not: we have agreed standards of behaviour amongst us, that allow for parley, for banishment, for honour. Prestation is an explicit expression of this, policed by those who hold the books - but behind these debits and credits, a mutual understanding: that we hold ourselves to higher standards, to traditions and values. That is why we can, and we must, discipline those who fall short - not merely a tit-for-tat punishment for their own shortcomings, but because if we do not - how might such madness spread?

Let us consider how these things play out, by considering the actions of Ambassador Stoyo of the Sabbat, and the knock-on effects.

They attend an Elysium, their safety within that place sacrosanct. Their entry to it, however, lacked all grace - committing tradition-breaching atrocities in a Camarilla domain, and generally acting in every way that might be expected of the most stereotypical (and I believe the dear Gen Z would say 'basic') of their sect.

Their exit from the domain was managed equally within the letter of the law - enough has been said of that. They escalate - now embracing many shovelheads and setting them loose on said domain, together with fleshcrafted creations. We have all seen the statistics, the death toll amongst mortals and kindred alike - and thankfully the Masquerade-preserving terrorism explanation in the media that the domain of Glasgow was collectively able to arrange after destroying the physical threats.

Following this, and rather less publicly witnessed - they connive their way onto an Elysium site, and proceed to use powers of the blood to force court officers to attack one another. No longer any pretence at respecting the sacred nature of Elysium.

And in political 'outrage', Cardinal Nyssa Trevelyan of Clan Ventrue - currently rather busy in Iberia - has found time to reach across the political and philosophical divide and let her blue-blooded clanmates in Albion know that because of all this, she considers the Pax Vampirica to be grievously injured. Translation: no more little backroom deals across said divide without worrying about the knives being out. Naturally since such deals were purely hypothetical, nobody is at all upset by this change. Nobody is at all inclined to point fingers as to who broke the Pax first.

Nobody asks how it was that Prince Korsgaard was left literally cradling a baby pre-Court, after an innocent young mother was slaughtered by an illegal embrace (I did mention the tradition-breaking prior to attending Elysium, yes?)

Where can an Ambassador possibly go next, after adding such glorious assaults to their Sword Of Caine CV? Frankly, I'm surprised Esteban got his L'Enfant poster-boy moment - baby-eating would seem to have been a missed locker-room-bragging opportunity on Stoyo's behalf!

The answer, my friends? They can go nowhere.

Their Ambassadorial credentials are assuredly in the gutter. After attempting such blunt political moves, such drearily predictable B-movie gore - what Prince will now tolerate their presence? Naturally if they do reach an Elysium without first being removed by a domain's security patrols as a roving Sabbat, their safety on Elysium would be assured until such time as they breached it themselves - but even so, what Prince would find time to speak with them, rather than simply keeping them waiting all night for an audience?

They are still a potential sire for potential shovel-heads - but by their own actions, they are reduced to being a pair of fangs on legs - or whatever other limbs they choose to sprout. As an Ambassador, they are finished. While she might be reluctant to admit it and eager to try to blame others - they are now of little political value to the Pax-loving Cardinal, and had best consider regaining her good opinion in other countries.

Try to unbalance the Danse Macabre too far - and you may be left with nowhere to step next in the dance. Sometimes all that is left to do is cease to be seen for a time.

Giuliana Dunsirn

ANNOUNCEMENT

As the Primogen for Clan Nosferatu within the Domain of Glasgow,
I declare that we support the Praxis of Prince Esteban.

Grey

Open Letter to the Domain of Soteria

Prince Legion, Residents of HM Fort Roughts,

At our last court in Glasgow, the domain of HM Fort Roughts (aka Principality of Sealand, aka Soteria) was recognised by the Justicar of Clan Malkavian.

Congratulations are in order! And no doubt your open invitation to the kindred of Glasgow to attend your Elysium was intended as a celebration of sorts. Of course, given the relative disparity in the kindred and kine populations of your domain, I assume that it must have been a BYOB affair? Indeed it remains a mystery how a domain can exist without the ability to feed on a substantial kine population. Perhaps this explains the ongoing presence of your court in the domain of Glasgow? I'm not sure that Glasgow has ever asked any of your court to submit themselves to mental examination before attending, however. It certainly shows a degree of contempt towards your generous hosts.

On a more serious note, I caution any who will listen against travel to or from the domain of HM Fort Roughts. Its existence and operations have been noted by Hunters. Each visit in either direction presents an ongoing threat to the un-life of the kindred making the trip but also to the Masquerade.

How long will Glasgow tolerate a Prince in residence, and his court feeding at Glasgow's table while the Hunters circle? That remains to be seen. We might all do well to remember Matthew 6:24.

No man can serve two masters: for either he
will hate the one, and love the other; or else
he will hold to the one, and despise the other,
Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Yours faithfully,

Magnus Burton

Greetings Kindred,

Continuing on my series of articles to assist the Neonates and Ancillae among you be better able to identify and counter the awful manipulations of Elders, I turn now to two of the most infuriating behaviours I have personally encountered:

Nonsensical conversations

If you think you're going to have a thoughtful discussion with an Elder, be prepared for epic mind-fuckery rather than conversational mindfulness.

Elders and sociopaths use word salad, circular conversations, ad hominem arguments, projection and gaslighting (see last month's article) to disorient you and get you off track should you ever disagree with them, or challenge them in any way. They do this in order to discredit, confuse and frustrate you, distract you from the main problem and make you feel guilty for being a Kindred with actual thoughts and feelings that might differ from their own.

In their eyes, you, my dear Neonates and Ancillae, are the problem if you happen to exist. Spend even ten minutes arguing with an Elder and you'll find yourself wondering how the argument even began at all. You simply disagreed with them about their absurd claim that the sky is red and now your entire childhood, family, friends, Status, and lifestyle choices have come under attack. That is because your disagreement picked at their false belief that they are omnipotent and omniscient, resulting in an injury to their ego.

Remember: Elders don't argue with you, they essentially argue with themselves and you become privy to their long, draining monologues. They thrive off the drama and they live for it. Each and every time you attempt to provide a point that counters their ridiculous assertions, you feed them a supply of attention. Don't feed the Elders attention. Rather, supply yourself with the confirmation that their abusive behaviour is the problem, not you. Cut the interaction short as soon as you anticipate it escalating and use your energy on some decadent self-care instead. The more decadent the better, in my humble opinion.

Blanket statements and generalisations

Elders aren't always intellectual masterminds. Many of them are intellectually lazy. Rather than taking the time to carefully consider a different perspective, they generalize anything and everything you say, making blanket statements that don't acknowledge the nuances in your argument or take into account the multiple perspectives you've paid homage to. Better yet, why not put a label on you that dismisses your perspective altogether? You can imagine the labels in use in these modern nights. You may struggle to understand the import of more venerable labels from different centuries, cultures, or eras. For example, "May you live forever" isn't a sweet compliment. Rather it is the desire for the punishment for shameful and dishonourable behaviour. This Elder wishes you to live forever in an agonising purgatory where you flagellate yourself with guilt at your past conduct.

On a larger scale, generalisations and blanket statements invalidate experiences that don't fit in the unsupported assumptions, schemas and stereotypes of society; they are also used to maintain the status quo. This form of digression exaggerates one perspective to the point where an issue can become completely obscured. For example, accusations of a specific crime against well-liked figures are often met with the reminder that there are false reports of that type of crime that occur. While those do occur, they are rare, and in this case, the actions of one become labelled the behaviour of the majority, while the specific report itself remains unaddressed. These behaviours also happen in toxic relationships, so beware of this in your dealings with others of your Status and below.

If you bring up to an Elder that their behaviour is unacceptable for example, they will often make blanket generalizations about your hypersensitivity or make a generalization such as, "You are never satisfied," or "You're always too sensitive" rather than addressing the real issues at hand. It's possible that you are oversensitive at times, but it is also possible that the Elder is also insensitive and cruel the majority of the time.

Hold onto your truth and resist generalising statements by realising that they are, in fact, forms of black and white illogical thinking. Elders wielding blanket statements do not represent the full richness of experience. They represent the limited one of their singular experience and overinflated sense of self.

Mephistopheles The Thrice-Born,
The Prince of Crows.

Down on your luck?
Bullied by other clans?
Feel like space time is for losers?
Malk?

Become a knight of Soteria the
guardians of the dark and do your
part.

Want to know more?
Talk to one of our Knights.



THE CRAZY WORLD OF DR. ROULET



PROBLEMS SOLVED
OBSTACLES REMOVED
ITEMS RECOVERED
STRUGGLES OVERCOME
DARKNESS LIFTED

No. TWELVE,
HILLFOOT STREET,
GALLOWGATE,
GLASGOW.

SPIRITS CONTACTED
RITUALS PERFORMED
CURSES CAST
HOUSES PURIFIED
LIGHT EXTINGUISHED



Please allow me to wish a most good
evening to all,

It has come to my attention that some
of you may have heard rumours
about a new publication courtesy of
the fine people at the Dark Times.
It is my joy to announce that such
rumours are true. The Hive shall be
launching shortly, a magazine fo-
cusing on the best and most creative
voices our world has to offer. If you
would like to be a part of this wonder-
ful new venture, then I beg of you to
send your submissions, whether they
be poetry, short stories or informative
articles to

thehivegy@gmail.com

I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours sincerely,
Mab



SOMEONE IS BEING A BUTT-AROONI, PLEASE STOP!



Read a book
Write a letter
Don't be a butt!



Harpy Quotes



Edinburgh – Farr- *-We know you did it, Prince Many-Face. Don't think we don't.*

Aberdeen – Dougal Douglas– *I think our southern neighbour is getting the idea that he's a respectable member of society!*

Inverness – David Griene – *An alliance? After all that's happened? Dream on Princess!*

London– Duke Benedict – *A new bird joins the flock, and here's a corker to start with - did you know someone is having secret meetings with the Hunters? The Scandal!*

Glasgow– Francis Jacobi – *REDACTED BY ORDER OF THE JUSTICARLATE*

Glasgow– Raphael Ortega – *You took half a year to replace me, and my successor lasted a single month?!?! Glasgow, don't ever change!*

Severn – Benedict & Algernon – *Oh, such drama!*

Manchester – Lucrezia Reflection – *Folks charging off to start another war in Spain? Can't we all just get along?*

Norfolk – Carl – *You didn't hear it from me, but the Sabbat are getting desperate!*

Birmingham – Bethany Trimble – *Dance on the edge, your bound to fall sooner or later.*

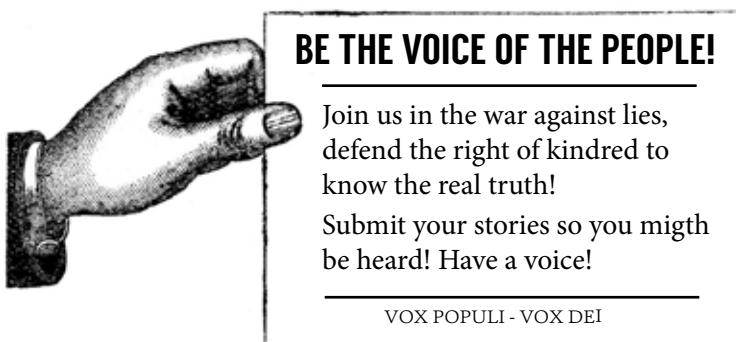
York – Anne Jacques – *Oh, can we just declare what clan we are now? Cool. I'm a Cappadocian too! And so's my wife!*

Carlisle – Samuel McAlpine – *We stand by the City of Glasgow, as they have stood by us.*

Derry – Hilda Bern– *No war yet, pray for us!*

Paris – Viola DuBois– *That's it? You got off so lightly you don't even know!*

Soteria – Wrath – *Perhaps a certain someone could actually deal with the hunters? Rather than hoping they'll take out the competition. No? Just a thought.*



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