



From the desk of the Harpy

My darlings,

Well, here we are, back again - discovering what consequences look like. Or as some are fond of saying - fuck around, and find out. I shall of course get around to that shortly - but let us first do a quick round-up of a few of our kindred of consequence around the country, before reaching for our waders and entering gutter-press mode.

Lady Anne Bowseley is bringing her court of London together in recovering from the damage done by the now-slumbering Mithras. A task that would be challenging to many, but one to which she is more than equal. As ever, Your Majesty, it is both a pleasure and a profit for my family and yours to do business.

Whilst their esteemed cousin focuses her attentions on London, the **Duke and Duchess of Amber** are certainly making York their own. I was honoured to be invited to dine some months ago, together with a modest entourage, and can report that they offer a **traditional and dominant** catering style that I have not seen favoured in some years. Should we perhaps use older names for the domains, and speak of Eboracum and Londinium? When the hosts lean so into the older ages, it would be rude not to consider it. Tragically, I found my diary a little too crammed to accept their invitation to ride out to the hunt the following month - but I am sure it was memorable for other guests.

In the Midlands, we shall watch with interest the careful balancing act now required of **Prince Maria of Manchester**, as she endeavours to support Liverpool against Sabbat incursions from Ireland - without said 'support' triggering a revolt in the very birthplace of the urban trades council. Will the firebrands amongst the Anarchs find themselves able to graciously accept such strategic support - or will they descend into infighting, leaving her reaching across fractured territory to make martial arrangements for the good of the Camarilla?

Looking north from the Central Belt, there are quiet whispers of re-drawing domain boundaries - **reducing Oban, Inverness, Aberdeen, Perth and Dundee to just two domains**. Rumour is fascinating, of course - but I do hope those whisperers have considered the practicalities of how short our Scottish nights can be in the summer months, and how long it already takes to traverse the existing domains - let alone the stalwart officers of those domains attempting to

maintain security over even larger geographies. Let us see whether it comes to anything!

Bringing our focus more locally to Glasgow - it comes to my mind that some people may wish to avoid reliance on a certain individual. As such, I would like to offer, **gratis**, the following positive notes:

For Haven Security: I have personally found Primogen Jack of Clan Brujah to be very greatly skilled.

For Private Investigation: Juliet Samson of the Malkavians comes highly recommended by multiple persons. I also recognise her as my fellow Harpy - so I would add the caveat that anyone who wishes to engage her PI services should be clear with her whether she is being engaged for her discretion, or for her gossip-harvesting skills.

For Information Technology: Atticus Clark's skills are relied upon by his clanmate, Prince Magnus of Clan Tremere - with such inferred references, competence may be assured, but you may have to compete with His Majesty for Mr Clark's time.

To act as an agent for the Nosferatu locally: Jemima is well-spoken of by Harpy Vanessa Norton of Clan Nosferatu of Carlisle.

Now. Having offered column inches to those whom society holds in high esteem, those of consequence and of talent - let us consider those who are rather less well-endowed.

Daniel Rodgers.

One might have expected that having been pre-warned that your behaviour was under scrutiny by the Harpies, you would endeavour to demonstrate that such interest was unwarranted. Instead, you chose to double down. You have publicly suggested that you would '*think on an improvement*' to the system of prestation. A bold move, certainly - and not one that would be appreciated by any respectable member of the Ivory Tower. Perhaps these 'thoughts' would be better received at some back-room Anarch gathering?

And less publicly... oh dear, oh dear. Is it possible that any true member of Clan Nosferatu could have forgotten that the walls have ears?

My informants tell me that you have been '*trying to pass around his debts off the books to any sucker who'd take them*'. A simply fascinating view of how these things work,

when considering debts that are already very much **on** the books.

Let us compare this to a mortal equivalent, since so many younger kindred still think of things in such a way.

Suppose Alice had taken a loan out from the bank, because she had got herself into some difficulty, and will now have to repay that loan in future. Do you suppose the bank will change their view of what she owes if she explains to them that actually, she's agreed with Bob down the pub that she'll just owe *him* for that loan instead, so she doesn't owe the bank any more? No, of course not - the bank does not care about Bob. Alice still owes them - and they have lawyers who will ensure that she is held to account for her debt.

Thankfully - your creditors are (mostly) more aware of this, and have no intention of losing the protection offered by these boons having already been registered with the Harpies. They are, unsurprisingly, unwilling to *officially* declare that your debts to them have been paid off, whilst *unofficially* trusting that you will be 'good for it' on the down-low. Any onwards trading (or gifting) of those boons to a third party will be done by your creditors. If they wish to sell them on to 'some sucker', like the holder of some subprime mortgage or payday loan, they are welcome to do so - but that control lies with them, not you. It would of course be polite and indeed pragmatic for them to inform you, avoiding a tedious chain of requests in future - but I have written of this in the past.

Unsurprisingly - harpies across this country and beyond are now recommending to their Princes (and rather ironically, to their Scourges) that should you visit their domains, you should be treated as an Undesirable. Even the traditional three nights of hospitality offered to kindred in good standing are rather more than you can expect. Disdain for you has grown so greatly that should you go travelling, you could even be publicly questioned on your familiarity with the Traditions - regardless of the respect that any past service to a domain might otherwise have afforded you. The quality of your sire's past training, and the wisdom of your allies' continued association with you, are all being speculated upon.

Do try to do better, Mr Rodgers.

You are becoming tedious for me to spend time upon - there are neonates and even fledglings who understand our society's norms better, and can offer more to it, than you do.

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

For the Harpies of Glasgow

(OoC note: The Harpy merit has been activated against Daniel Rodgers, dropping him temporarily from status 1 to status 0. That is not a typo - his perm status has dropped to 1, AND he is being hit by the Harpy merit. The mentions of other characters do not have a mechanical impact on their status)

Boon Repayment

Let it be known that Daniel Rogers of Clan Nosferatu has repaid to my full satisfaction One [1] Minor Boon.

Sir Charles Douglas.

I am briefly open to commissions of artwork, both beautiful and functional, for Kindred in Glasgow. Demand is increasing, but for those whom i share a Domain, I will always find a place on my dance card as it were.

While I can turn my hand to most things, I specialise in decorative and functional metalwork, in tailoring and dressmaking, and in tattoo work. For painting, I would recommend you my dear cousin Mary, a portrait artist par excellence.

I am especially interested in jewellery at the moment, and would consider that work a priority.

Recent "satisfied customers" for way of reference include our Seneschal Icarus, Mr Southsea of the Lasombra, and regularly dressed in my work you will find Lady Giuliana Dunsirn. Further afield look to outfits worn by the Princes of Paris and Edinburgh, Archon Victor wore one of my creations at Versailles, and at least two Justicars of my Clan have openly wore my creations. Indeed, your newest Harpy Juliet is the proud owner of a pair of ourfits I made for the Prince and Harpy of France.

Deacon, Elder Toreador of House Villon.

[Included for edification are design sketches for the outfits which Juliet purchased at auction.]

OOC NOTE: Please can Caroline be credited as having created the sketches. They are not my ooc work and I don't want to imply they are 😊



"On Nobility, Continuity, and the Future of the Clan"

By Theodore Harrison, Clan Ventrue,

I have long held the belief that a gentleman's name ought to grace the record only thrice—upon his birth, his marriage, and his death. Yet these nights are far from ideal, and circumstances demand that I speak.

Let it be known that I am deeply grateful to His Grace the Duke of Amber and Her Grace the Duchess of Amber, whose court in York has offered not only personal hospitality, but also a place for our project to continue unimpeded. In a time where stability is as precious as vitae, their presence has been a balm to the uncertainty that followed recent events.

With Queen Anne's decisive resolution of the situation in London, we see the close of one chapter and the opening of another. Her Majesty's long-standing devotion to the realm and our clan's legacy remains unquestionable, and it is my hope that in time, our shared blood will draw us again toward unity.

The Duke and Duchess, childer of Mithras, have stepped forward in this moment—not in defiance, but in duty. Their leadership in York has been marked not only by aristocratic refinement, but by pragmatic strength. That they have offered guidance and wisdom to those of us who still strive to serve our clan honorably speaks to their ongoing relevance and authority in these nights.

Let there be no doubt: the blue blood of Clan Ventrue flows strong in every corner of this isle. Whether in London, York, or beyond, we remain the stewards of civilisation, order, and kingship. May the nights ahead be filled not with division, but with dignified collaboration.

To the attention of Lady Giuliana Dunsirn,
Harpy of Glasgow.

Thank you for your piece on the current situation of Daniel Rodgers current debts. I had received your message advising me that I should speak to my debtor before you would release the information to the rest of the court.

As I had more than one debtor at the time, I was unaware which person to contact, so I decided to wait for your article. In the future, please let me know which debtor you're referring to before releasing information publicly.

Having spoken to Daniel about his debts, he has said "well nobody has asked me for anything as repayment yet". I asked him to repay his debts to me, and he paid it back without issue. I believe you were informed in the appropriate amount of time. I was a bit concerned that you requested information on the terms of the repayment.

Based on the tone of your article, it appears that you have some grievance with Daniel, and this does not represent the arm's length neutrality that you had espoused in your message. If anything, by publicly calling him out, you could create a run on the bank rather than avoid the run on the bank you talked about. I would recommend that you resolve any grievance you have with Daniel so that you can regain the neutrality that was mentioned in your message to me.

P.S. Never ask me how a debt has been repaid or how the debt has come to be, ever again. It is a faux pas in my opinion and I will not give you a response. Ever.

Robin

Neonate of Glasgow and aid to the Scourge of Glasgow

Emergency transport services available

Found yourself far from your haven with sunrise approaching too soon to get back in time?

Need to discreetly leave a location without attracting attention from prying eyes?

One call and I will gladly provide inconspicuous transport, for a reasonable fee.

Transport within the Domain of Glasgow: 1 trivial boon.

Transport to adjacent Domains (example Oban): 1 minor boon

Transport to further Domains (example London): 1 Major boon.

Leaving the British Isles with a vehicle is *not* permitted.

Users are responsible for providing their own driver after delivery.

Users are responsible for gaining permission to enter/transit through foreign Domains.

Users causing a vehicle to be damaged or a delivery driver to be endangered during delivery will be subject to a surcharge of at least 1 Major boon.

Users will be responsible for making sure the vehicle is returned to a designated drop off point on schedule, unreasonable tardiness will result in a surcharge of at least 1 Trivial boon.
If services are required call: [number]

Have You Herd?

Now that's how you take care of business.

I must thank everyone, or mostly everyone, for a warm reception back to Court. It was good to be home. But most importantly, thanks for the fight.

I have always been clear, Glasgow is my home and like any good Ventrue, we must defend it. It's in our blood. So, upon my return when the Sheriff told me of the looming threat, and how it tied into something I was already investigating, I jumped at the chance to collaborate. Anarch or not, I will always stand shoulder to shoulder with anyone that is willing to spill their blood to protect hearth and home.

The Toreador that was the ring leader of these attacks, against Anarch and Cammie alike has been put in the ground - dust in the wind, along with several of her monstrous allies. My thanks to the sheriff for including the Anarchs in resolving this issue - it is important that all those affected by her misdeeds have been able to participate in her downfall.

I shall forever remain vigilant. Keeping an eye on, what's *out there*.

Calvin Pope

(Ed - apologies for late publication of these articles by Alex Cambeul)

Gloves up

Aprils Fool

He didn't, did he?
Yes he did!
He opened the coffin,
The Ark of the Covenant Lid.

He released the beast
that feeds on the remnants
of others that bleed.
He released all the evil &
Bad deeds, as his consciousness
Falters & recedes, he festers & feeds.
Where evil breeds, in the dark corners of
his mind.

Time was not his friend
And to that i say again
It all depends.
In the context of
People's friends.
In his eyes though,
Time bends,
So I bare my soul to the fire.

Like enemies
Waiting for the prize
Overlooking
A convoluting disguise,
Creeping in jaded sheens,
And burlesque preens.
Dusty, glossy, murky
Fiends whispering
Behind vagrant screens.
In the darkest corners of his mind.

His fate was set, his destiny sealed
His power, his regret
His Fire, his water & their steel.

My Aorta hemorrhages.

Good Ole April's fool, the jokes on you!
Woof.

Twas the day after Fools day and we were in
court, We were at the Goma elysium
All eyes and no eyes were set on us, ears
everywhere but no cares to give
I had arranged a trade off with a fellow Kindred
the Month before & he upheld his bargain,
This speaks measures about the character of
this figure, I would like to think an element of
trust was involved as i carefully attached the
tool to my hand, a thing of enormous power
and prowess, humble yet assuredly this
kindred spoke of his device as if it were a
child's toy but i could see the potential of so
much more and as i attached it....

I could feel the power surging through my
blood, my senses were indeed heightened (as
much as they could be) i felt a strange aura all
around in the very fabric of time & space & it
did occur to me that maybe the Spacial glove
had hidden properties of the likes never before
seen, i felt privileged to be the first person
allowed to wear it even for just a few minutes, i
was on a high, i was tempted to try and use it
on myself but i was warned that it requires skill
and its not something i could just pick up and
use, i would have to practice.. We spoke about
how I could be taught its properties so I could
focus my energies through the glove. It was a
very interesting conversation..in order to
harness our full potential it sometimes needs
to be focused and delivered in a certain way.

There was however a disagreement between
us but not something I would dwell upon, I felt
that everything was connected in some way & i
could feel it but each Kindred would/ may/
could have a fierce debate about each of their
interpretations individually.

Alex Cambeul

Woof.