



My Dear Ms. Kane,

Normally, I would send such a letter privately, but since this is how it began - we shall continue in such a way. Please do send an address where I can provide you with a small piece of artwork in recognition of the emotion your letter helped me to feel. Your letter gave me such amusement when calling me a "White Knight" of all things - as you should know, once you spend more time in Harpy circles, white is absolutely not my colour darling.

That said; it is not for me to stand up and defend a Harpy, or to "shut down" detractors. The Lady will do so entirely by herself, or she will not, that is the way of things. What I will say, though, is do not mistake my childe's refusal of a boon for anything more than manners and generosity.

What I will address in a more serious point is the matter of myself and Mr. Pope. We are in the Camarilla, my dear, we do not solve our every problem with violence. If you, as a newly minted Harpy, are going to suggest that any

verbal altercations are solved with immediate violence, I fear that may end badly. I have offered the gentleman the opportunity for a duel if he wishes so, because I feel it would be a wonderful spectacle, but I do not feel that a small raising of words necessitates immediate violence.

I have no wish for quarrel with you, Ms. Kane. You were a gracious host when once you were a Prince. I would thank you not to bring me into the conflicts of others, they are more than capable of handling them amongst themselves. Allow those who wish to show their qualities to do so.

Deacon.

From the desk of the Harpy

My darlings,
Let us get back to business.

News from the salons

Aberdeen and Dundee are progressing in talks to merge into a single domain. Place your bets now on whether it will go through - and if it does, what it will be called and who will hold praxis when the diplomatic construction dust settles. If the merger is agreed, there will be further

pressure on Inverness and Oban to merge into a 'Highlands and Islands' domain. Whether Perth would be wholly part of that as well, or end up carved up by its neighbours from all sides, we shall have to wait and see.

Carlisle has a new Seneschal waiting in the wings, and she's a *fascinating* choice - but it would be terribly gauche of me to publicly say who it is before Prince Mikkelson makes the official announcement. York has had some intriguing choices of visitors - but again that's one for private chats. Sabbat incursions down the west coast remain a concern for multiple domains - but appear to peter out south of Liverpool, with Exeter and The Severn remaining peaceful and prosperous at this time.

On Masks and Mischief

It had been my understanding that the Editor had placed a ban on anonymous submissions - let us speculate whether they have altered their guidelines without mentioning it, or whether the latest work-experience ghoul responsible for typesetting the piece by 'Anonymous' last month was unaware of the rule. Recruitment and retention can be such a *bind*, if you will excuse the wordplay - I do hope any punishment was appropriate. Perhaps our Editor would care to add a note clarifying their current preferences? Nevertheless - a little friendly advice to July's 'Anonymous'... When attempting to remain unknown, one must remember that identity is far more than just the name one signs with. Even in print, and without the benefit of handwriting - tone and cadence are as distinctive as a fingerprint. Either have the courage of your convictions and sign your name (for the chances are, you have already been recognised) - or fully disguise yourself under a properly developed pseudonym and writing style.

It's been some time since we were tormented by the Veil or the Archduchess of Agony - consider

this a light-hearted call from this reader for a *suitably* mischievous wit to try their hand at playing court jester, and risk the wrath of their fellows and being unmasked if they go too far...

On the insatiable curiosity of Harpies

Glasgow has a long history of becoming home to those who have come from the wilderness - both literally and figuratively - and as such we do find ourselves in a position of having to repeat education on matters that many would take for granted. This is a matter which I have addressed more discreetly a number of times in private, but since it was questioned in public, I shall answer Robin publicly.

My dear, as you age, you will - one hopes - have the opportunity to appreciate how long-lived kindred are, and over how many centuries their affairs may play out. Ask around, and you will discover that a Harpy asking whether a kindred is willing to offer more details regarding prestatation is quite normal, and most certainly not you being given different treatment. I will emphasise that it is a request, not a demand. Any kindred is, always, at liberty to refuse to give those details - and to accept the consequences of that.

Is the Harpy hoping to hear some hint of fascinating scandal? But, of course! To sniff out and expose slip-ups is our nature, and it would be disingenuous to claim otherwise - but we are not solely gossip-merchants.

First - consider it as maintaining a finger on the pulse of public opinion. In this case, about the skills of others. If someone is being regularly relied on for certain services, and has an extended list of satisfied clients, we wish to be aware - so that when someone approaches us for a recommendation, we speak from an assured position. I mentioned a number of such individuals and particular areas of expertise in my June column. Those were not embedded 'paid sponsorship' - they were based on my

extended observations. Those who choose to keep the details of prestation private as simply 'services provided' are entirely welcome to do so - but in doing so, they lose the opportunity to contribute to society's recognition of others. Second - debts may well remain on a Boon Book for decades or centuries. Whilst someone is capable of servicing their debts, this passing of time is not a concern to the Harpy - but having a hint of the context noted at the time may help to jog memories in later years, should there be any later dispute regarding which boon is being called in. That contextual hint need not be meaningful to the Harpy in question - although I will not deny that a cryptic note may pique curiosity! - so long it is meaningful to the debtor and creditor.

Third - Harpies advise and offer mediation on prestation. Whilst we *expect* older and more respected kindred to have a clear understanding of fair value and honourable behaviour in these matters without being dictated to - we wish to ensure that neonates are supported in gaining that understanding. A Harpy urging you to give details is seeking to ensure that you are not being exploited, or miseducated into what you should expect to pay or charge. Compare this, if you will, to a bank asking security questions before approving a payment - they are working to protect their clients.

So, there you go. A brief insight into Harpies as the vampiric equivalent of Trust-Pilot, Siri-Remind-Me, and Verified-By-Visa - we're a versatile bunch!

Boon trading

Continuing our domain's brisk prestation trade - a Major Boon over Kenzie 'Lex' Alexander of Clan Gangrel, formerly Scourge of this domain, has been offered for sale. Those with an interest in purchasing this are invited to contact me privately to offer and negotiate terms.

Whilst Minor Boons are often traded onwards, the sale of a Major is rarer, and may represent an opportunity for the right buyer.

Obligatory boilerplate: Those who seek to speculate by purchasing boons as commodities for onwards trading rather than personal utilisation are reminded that returns on investment are not guaranteed; and that market value can be volatile, with a small pool of buyers and a high reliance on public perceptions of the subject. Values of investments can fall as well as rise. Caveat Emptor.

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn
For the Harpies of Glasgow

Kindred,

I've noticed that among the Kine politicians and celebrities that are wracked with scandal, having the personal lives, trials and tribulations, broadcast into every home in every country on the planet, that there are two strategies that can be followed to resolve the issue in regard to the interest of the public...

1. you can issue a statement or apology on the matter and bow out of public life until the news cycle moves on and the public are now obsessed with the latest thing, or
2. Desperately try to cling on to power or your position without any recourse to reality or public opinion until the damage is even more considerable and there really is no coming back from your disaster.

After the horribly cringeworthy public humiliation of our very own Donna Guiliانا Dunsirn at the hands of the recently reputation-trashed nobody Scourge, Daniel Woods of Clan Nosferatu, and the Ventrue stalwart turned Anarch rabble rouser, Calvin Pope, the drama seems to not only have continued over the past few months

but has escalated to drag in Harpies and eminent Kindred from Domains spanning at least four countries, two Sects, and two Clans, that I am aware of.

While the celebrities and politicians choosing to follow strategy 1 are very often quickly forgotten and return to their previous roles and positions a year or two down the line when attention has moved on to other things, it seems that we can all enjoy strategy 2 in regard to Donna Guiliana's embarrassment at the hands of an Anarch and a Kindred with the same standing in the Camarilla as a Caitiff. Unsurprisingly, this bold choice of strategy has had the opposite effect to strategy 1, with battle lines apparently being drawn throughout the land that no delusion or splurge of Prestation can seem to address adequately.

Harpies aren't appointed by a Prince, Archon, or Justicar. They are Harpies because they act as Harpies. Kindred society trusts them to manage reputation and Prestation. But what happens when Kindred society loses trust in a Harpy? Is the Harpy still a Harpy? What happens when other Harpies come out and publicly state that one Harpy is no longer considered to be part of the club? Does Kindred society acknowledge how ridiculous it is for Harpies of external Domains to argue that Harpies from OTHER external Domains shouldn't be listened to because they come from external Domains as they support or don't support a particular Harpy? Should we care more about the opinion of Berlin or the opinion of New York, we who have never been to either Domain or who have never met or even heard of the Kindred who's opinion we should now take as gospel? Or should we make our own minds up about the affairs of our own Domain and the Kindred who reside in it?

Personally, the second hand embarrassment I felt for Guiliana Dunsirn still has a physical effect on me when I cast my mind back to it. A turning

of my stomach type of feeling. I can't help but think of how I would feel if I was publicly beaten to a pulp at Court by two children in front of you all. Strange, but there it is. And I am not the only one, it seems. A number of Kindred have expressed their new lack of trust in Guiliana as Harpy of Glasgow and have crafted a letter to that effect which I now share:

"We, Kindred of Glasgow, are proud of our domain. We realise recent events surrounding the recognition of our boons may have suggested that we do not uphold the standards expected of us.

We refute that. We as a domain learn. We adapt. And we continue to uphold those standards.

To that end, we recognise that the position of harpy is open. We welcome the opportunity to show our resilience."

I present the letter without the signatures of the Kindred who crafted the missive to spare the Kindred in question from being used as pawns in an apparent war among Harpies. While I understand the sentiment, and the wish to get on with their affairs uninterrupted and not being dragged into this further, as a recent convert to the Camarilla I find it strange that rumourmongery and reputation destruction are so prevalent while other methods of conflict are readily apparent. I'm sure there is a fine line and an intricate dance involved with all parties that avoids chaos between a scathing Harpy and the target of their ire when said target could set fires, boil blood, turn invisible, or open your curtains at noon with but a thought.

I'd like to avoid this escalating chaos, especially as I just took part in two hunts to kill and capture multiple Sabbat in our Domain over the past two nights. I don't have time for it. More important matters are foremost in my mind. But to make my personal position clear, I have no faith in

Guiliana Dunsirn as Harpy of Glasgow. I must stress that I haven't spoken to any of the parties involved in the public spectacle, haven't spoken to any Harpies, been compelled by Prestation, or influenced by another in this matter.

Weaponising her position to target Daniel was her own choice. Her inability to counter the arguments of Daniel or Calvin at Court after what seems to be a further, failed, attack on Daniel was mortifying to watch. And the desperate scrabbling to retain her role as Harpy was the final nail in the coffin for me.

Guiliana, I bear you no ill will, but I have lost my trust in you to be an effective Harpy for Glasgow. I won't be treating you as a Harpy and won't be taking on board your opinions on others or their Prestation. I will, of course, treat you with the courtesy and respect your standing in the Camarilla demands.

I may or may not suddenly retract this article or completely change my standpoint on this matter pending Prestation, blackmail, or the undue pressure of others. Is this the bit I shouldn't say out loud?

Zev Ben-Zion,
Sheriff of Glasgow.

New nightclub and members lounge coming soon:

The Obsidian, and Umbra Lounge

Details to follow, including opening night and security procedures for "members only" nights open to all Kindred in good standing residing in Glasgow and honoured guests.

A Letter about Harpies.

There is something to be said about use.

We all aim to serve a purpose. To make the long nights interesting, maybe to show loyalty to others or to try and improve humanity while we can.

I suppose if I had to think of a purpose... well I'm sure many would think that it is first and foremost to tread the line between arousing smiles of joy and grimaces of fear. Something I'm certainly not here to dissuade others of. I rather enjoy it and it certainly suits what I deem my own purpose to be.

For some kindred they feel a calling to other purposes. Princes feel the call of power, their purpose to maintain order. Primogen to advocate and advise. So what purpose does a Harpy fill?

I'm well aware that there has been ample debate over this between Elder Guiliana and figures of controversy.

But as a prolific office holder, once Harpy, once Soldier, once Prince, now Primogen, I feel somewhat qualified to give an opinion.

Yes, harpies mark status and boons but frankly any Prince could do that too. Hell, any ancilla who pays enough attention can do that. So what truly is a harpy's purpose?

There is a reason that so often Harpies hail from Clan Toreador. They are trendsetters. They are the ones you can rely on for the political landscape of the world. The landscape woven in words and posturing. But beyond that, their own words help to weave that tapestry.

A quote comes to mind:

"We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems."
—*Stanza 1 Ode by Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

A Harpy can make or break a kindred, a prince or even a domain should they become powerful enough. They do not just deal in bookkeeping. They certainly do not bow before those of foreign powers whose words hold no sway. Their purpose is their own, whether to cause chaos or order. The fact that there is a debate at all shows the power of our current harpies. There is no power given to a Harpy. It is claimed simply because they can.

Elder Guiliana and Juliet have done so and none who are powerful enough to replace them wish to do so. Their words hold the power to convince. Their choices hold the power to sway. They need no one to vouch for them.

And yet... there are some harpies, I remember them well from my time, who believe their words and choices hold sway so so far from their own little bubbles of power. I suppose it can be said that Harpies also have the power to amuse for sure. So here I am. Reminding everyone that only those with the power to claim being Harpy of Glasgow can be so and they have done so. To speak for them is to do them a disservice. To try and sabotage their power by acting as though either needs the support of others in

order to be what they have claimed for themselves is quite the tactic.

It is rare that any declare themselves so outright the enemy of another while using words of support.

Afterall only an enemy would try and so thoroughly strip Juliet of the power she has claimed for herself by writing words of support as though it would have any other effect than to minimise her and attempt to show her as a puppet of another ambitions. By acting as though their written words have more sway than the word of the harpy themselves, cannot be interpreted as anything but an attempted dagger in shadows and I expect this will be remembered by those it affects. To try and take down a harpy is no small thing. If no one else does, I will certainly remember it. I am certainly intrigued to see if this is the first steps of the writer styling themselves as a harpy.

For now at least, I can confirm that Juliet, just like Guiliana, needs no support. She is a harpy through and through. She claimed it as her own and continues to do so with no help from others.

A Harpy is self made. They need no permission from you, nor me.

Signed Primogen Nathaira of Clan Ravnos.

Bite-sized Reminders

The court is to be reminded to vigilant around unknown, unfamiliar and especially unwelcome Kindred.

When you salaciously gossip, trade secrets or cry wolf, please consider the weight of your words, veracity of your slander and the devils to whom you whisper it.

Everyone has their place, please do remember to respect it.

Now that's over, I would like to congratulate Draven, Kenzie and Alexander for their valiant effort against the Sabbat off the coast of the Isle of Man. You fought and you bled, and although Durant escaped into the shadows, all of you together showcased the might of the court of Glasgow.

Often, as of late, we seem to take pleasure and make a spectacle of tearing each other apart, but that will only leave us weaker to outside forces. Instead, we need to be celebrating our victories and heralding accomplishments, make it so that we know who to rely on and be seen for our hard work.

J.S.
One of the Harpies of Glasgow

Help Wanted - Codebreaker/Linguist

I still require the assistance of someone with knowledge of languages and cyphers. Specifically I believe fluency in Farsi, Latin, and Tamil will be of great help.

Prestation or exchange of services offered.

- *Atticus Clark*

As a Kindred of Glasgow, I am proud of our domain.

I realise recent events surrounding boons may have suggested that certain Glasgow kindred do not uphold the standards expected of us.

I refute that.

Every one of us must uphold those standards.

If it seems that we have faltered – then as a domain, we learn. As a domain, we adapt.

We stand together. We hold one another up, and we demand better.

I call upon the Harpies of Glasgow – Ladies Giuliana Dunsirn and Juliet Samson – to hold us to account. I do not fear that adversity. I do not believe others of the domain fear that adversity. I welcome the opportunity to show our resilience – and invite our Harpies to do the same, for they are bound by those same standards.

Jemima of Clan Nosferatu

Hound of Glasgow

A New Frontier

Good evening, Glasgow. My name is Solomon Ward. Some of you I have met at last court though most of you are for now still unknown to me though I am quite sure we will be intimately acquainted over the coming months. For this new frontier in my life, I aim to experience as much as this most adventurous city has to offer. That said if any of you have desire for a companion to share plans or simply a wish to experience the city's delights do, please make contact and together, we shall paint the town red.

ALTA, kindred edition

That's 'Am I The Asshole?' for those unaware. And it's got to be some filth for me to send it to the Dark Times rather than just run my mouth in Aberdeen.

NTA (Not the asshole): Juliet Samson. Braw quine. It's your *job* to spread the rumours and gossip - and when that resulted in blowback for your mentor, you stood up for her and owned your part in it. Showed your integrity and your loyalty, kept your nose clean, no notes.

ETA (Everyone's the asshole): Multiple Harpies of England. My sisters in Christ. This is Harpying 101, it's worse than making spelling mistakes when criticising someone else's: Do *your* damned research before accusing another Harpy of going off half-cocked, don't just run on rumour. You all jumped to be first to print, I get it. But you just ran with the gossip spread by a nepo-baby wannabe, who's still whining because Mommy Dearest wouldn't give him the Boon Book. Reckon Pope might be biased? Reckon an Anarch might be rubbing his hands at setting dignified Camarilla elders to scrapping? Christ on a fucking bike. You're running the risk of making us all look like credulous idiots who don't do due diligence, just to feed your hunger for drama and to give GD a kicking. Grow the fuck up.

NTA: Anne Jacques of York.
Benedict & Algernon of The Severn.

Whoever's got their hands on Exeter's boon book lately (write something, so we remember your name, won't you?) You all at least had the sense to stay quiet when the screeching mean girls were losing their goddamn minds. When's York re-drawing the boundary down from Berwick and defecting to Scotland? I'm for it! Not sure how we'll handle the south west, but let's call it the Celtic Connection!

YTA (You the asshole): Calvin Pope. Giuliana had already set a low bar for teenage rebellion behaviour (we all see you chasing the biker chick, G...) - but Calvin, your ongoing KGTOW (kindred going their own way) tantrum has just been embarrassing. Mithras got his ass kicked. Be realistic, man. Sometimes you're on the wrong side of a scrap. Get over it and stop fanboying for an ancient who's going to be out of commission for centuries. It's not punk to be simping - Daddy's not going to wake up and scratch your praise itch.

YTABWSLYA (You the asshole, but we still like your ass): Giuliana Dunsirn. Fucking hell. Was feuding with your own clan not enough for you? Aye aye, **you've** not got a vendetta for the whole of Clan Nosferatu - but do **they** know that? The word is that Princes and Elders from the Haunts called in boons to try to kick you back down the ladder! We didn't all need to see you getting that fine derrière spanked. Say it with me: He's not worth it!

NTA: Jack. Please don't kick my ass, cuz. You **are** a biker chick, and you and the Miniature Morticia(n) make an OTP that I would never dare to call cute without a solid head start. We're all just having a laugh here, yes? Yes??

Dougal Douglas
Harpy of Aberdeen
Clan Brujah

PS -
(Yes the serious bit is in the postscript)

For those at the back - I fucking do recognise and respect Lady Giuliana Dunsirn as Harpy of Glasgow, and the rising star Juliet Samson as her co-Harpy. Sure, we'll mock G for the pratfall over a sewer-dweller she should have been able to run rings round - but she's already got back up.

The Harpies of Scotland didn't say any of that last month - but we also didn't see the need to send anyone a memo that grass is still green, the sun will still burn you to ash, or that seagulls will still steal your chips if you're weird enough to still eat such things - because some things are just common sense.

Giul+Jul are Harpies, they're *our* Harpies - and we have their damned backs.

And I'll say the quiet bit out loud: Let's not act like the response from some southern Harpies was in any way proportionate to what actually

went down with some nothingburger Nos backed by his amateur anarchy buddy - that's all been just a paper-thin excuse for this ruck. If any of this nonsense is an English attempt to rough-woo the kindred of Scotland, then let's have a talk about that - because that would be serious. And is nobody going to mention how Margery H-S was seen fighting for Mithras in London just a few months back, and got her ass very firmly handed to her in that by the elders of Glasgow? If anything she should still be thanking them that she even got the chance to be woken up after it was all over - not co-signing against one of them. She could so easily have been ash.

Elysium Reflections: A Word from Keeper Millie

Kindred of Glasgow,

Firstly, I wish to express my sincere gratitude for the overwhelming kindness shown in the aftermath of the recent Elysium. Your thoughtful words regarding how I handled the situation, and the speech I gave have truly warmed my soul. I am deeply moved by your support and so so proud to serve a city filled with such grace and civility. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Now, I feel compelled to speak frankly about a matter that has been spinning through whispers, shadows and in the Dark Times since that night. During the incident between Giuliana and Daniel, I was not present in the main hall. I had stepped away briefly to socialise and was informed only once events had escalated. I returned to the scene immediately.

I will not revisit the details of what occurred, as doing so would only reopen wounds that I believe have already begun to heal. However, I must address how

the resolution was perceived, particularly in regard to the refusal of the boon from Giuliana.

Let me be clear, the initial refusal was not a slight to Giuliana, nor to Daniel. It was not a comment on the worth of their boons, their status, or their actions. In truth, it was my own misjudgement, and unfortunately, one born from my inexperience. As many of you know, this was not only one of the first Courts held on Elysium since the ball that I have hosted - but also one of my first time handling a situation like this.

Most of my time so far as Keeper has been spent quietly maintaining our Elysium sites, giving the Kindred of Glasgow private, neutral spaces to meet. (Anyone is welcome to request these spaces for private bookings. I will always do my best to facilitate to the highest degree.)

In that moment, on that night, I felt the situation - whilst unbecoming - did not rise to a level requiring such a penalty. So I made a call. I chose to use my words and end the situation there, with the parties hopefully reflecting on what I had said.

However, sometimes you make the wrong call. Upon conferring with members of the Primogen Council that night, it was recommended that boons should indeed be accepted. I followed their wisdom and amended my ruling. Both Giuliana and Daniel spoke to me that night in private, and I am pleased to say that both have offered - and I have accepted - appropriate boons in the spirit of appeasement and respect for the Elysium.

I did not take this lightly. I respect both parties immensely, and my only wish was to handle the matter with fairness and care. If my initial hesitation caused confusion or appeared disrespectful, I offer my sincere apologies; it was not my intent. It was not a move to disparage anyone.

I recognised Giuliana as Glasgow's Harpy at the time and I still so. She has fulfilled this role for Glasgow twice now and as far as I can see, serves our city

dutifully. So my actions were by no means intended to undermine her or her role. The situation at the time was fraught and did not need others to add to the unpleasantness, intentional or otherwise.

We are all navigating unlife together, and I am still learning, as we all must from time to time. I am thankful to our strong and steady Prince, whose leadership allows our city's Kindred to gather in peace and resolve such matters with dignity. I hope this puts the rumours and speculation to bed, and we can all begin to heal and move forward.

With warmest regards,

Amelia Howard

Keeper of Elysium

Kindred of Glasgow, it gives me great pleasure to announce that our wise and powerful Prince has seen fit to grant me a portion of his city to preside over - *the* Calton, a beautiful little triangle stretching from the corner of London Road and Abercromby Street to the bridge where Bellgrove Street passes over the railway to the place where London Road passes beneath the railway. This area boasts housing, pubs, shops and of course the famous Barras Market, not to mention the Barrowland Ballroom! Those wishing to do business or take up residence within the area are encouraged to find me at Court or drop me a message. I'm sure we can work out a mutually beneficial arrangement.

Yours,

-Primogen Moon

Finances & You: The Immortal's Guide to Capital

Evan Dunsirn

As we are all aware, the Sabbat are allegedly looking to target the financial sector of our city. So, I have some advice for the Court as a preventative measure. Should anyone require further guidance, or even direct assistance, I am happy to provide.

1. Fake your death

Let us start with the most obvious advice. Every Kindred of age should have done so already, but for our younger members, the longer your mortal life remains 'living' the more suspicious your activities will be. Do not be sentimental about such things. You will go through many identities in your unlife, your mortal one is only the first in a, hopefully, long list.

2. Obfuscate your involvement

Make use of shell corporations and 'paper identities'. This is the barest form of protection one can muster for their finances - Anything connected to you directly is a liability and a possible vector by which your enemies may uncover you. Of course, this is not an ironclad defense, all it takes is persistence and patience to unravel even the most tangled web of connections, but that time is often enough to stop the worst damages.

3. Use patsies and scapegoats

Eventually someone, somewhere will conduct an audit and your paper identities will be scrutinised, or an account you set up decades ago and forgot will be flagged and closed by an automated system. Prepare for this and make the blame easily pinnable on someone within the corporate structure. I find the CFO or one of the secretaries the most convenient

for this, but situations vary. Apply Occam's Razor - Is the 112 year old account really a vampire laundering their finances, or is someone committing fraud?

4. Do not take primary ownership of anything

Being the CEO may seem inviting, but it causes countless issues when it comes to the Masquerade. Bribery, bloodbonding, and blackmail are all much safer forms of control, and makes tip 3 all the easier to do.

5. When in doubt, ask an expert

The world of finance is complicated, and every Kindred's situation is unique, and the taxman is relentless - There is reason that the phrase "Death and Taxes" exists. Should you ever be in need of assistance, or trouble, it will *always* be better to owe a boon to an expert on the matter than to dig yourself a deeper hole.

This is not just advice for the financial world, but for all aspects of unlife.

This does bring me to an interesting observation I have made: There is a strange hesitancy I have noticed among some of the Kindred of Glasgow when it comes to Prestation. Yes, debt is scary, however those who prove themselves capable and valuable may find those they owe *rather* willing to protect their investments should the need arise. To not be offered a boon for one's services is an insult upon one's person. To not ask a boon of one's services is to undervalue oneself. To put it in terms that may be more understandable: If there are two people offering to do a task for you, which is likely to be of higher quality? The one offering to do so completely free of charge, or the one asking for a fee?

Kindred of Glasgow,

Permit me to write directly from my heart for just a moment before addressing tonight's subject letter.

Please forgive my sinful neglect of your most noble publication. One has been dealing with some unsavoury family drama, to use a rather vulgar term for it. Alas, the family member responsible for the drain of my most precious time is no longer with us. Said fool, unfortunately, was able to destroy several of your letters as they were shifted off this mortal coil. If your letter has not had a response in quite some time, I am afraid that it was the casualty of the spiteful fool's final act of self-righteousness.

Nevertheless, I am here now with the advice you so desperately need. Should the night present conundrums that befuddle you, you know of whom to address your queries.

I shall be waiting for your letters.

With utmost affection,

The Archduchess of Agony.

Dearest Archduchess,

I have a young upstart of a cousin who is throwing a temper tantrum akin to a mortal babe.

As you and all kindred worth their salt shall be well aware, our society runs on boons. In a way, it is the backbone of our community—a most sacred thing and something that must be respected. You pay back what you owe with no fuss. Well, it seems the subject of my stress does not understand that

concept. My cousin was recently called upon to fulfil a boon and had a full-blown blowup. They even sent a borderline threat to the one who called on the boon! Can you believe that? A grown kindred should know better—I blame the sires these nights. Spare the rod and spoil the childe.

The brat even demanded that their elder should address them in a certain way. I shudder at the thought of disrespecting my elder in such a way. My sire would have tourpored me at best, bestoned final death onto me at worst if I even thought about committing such a heinous action.

How do I stop him from lashing out like this in the future?

Yours eternally,

Embarrassed Elder.

Dearest Embarrassed,

It seems to be a lack of education that has afflicted many young upstarts. Back in my day, you would not be released into our society until these traditions were carved into your very bones. It does seem like this gentle sirehood trend might have produced some of the most entitled spawn I have seen in centuries.

Should you be called upon for a boon, you simply do as asked and you don't have a fit. From what it sounds like to me, they don't understand that, at the end of the day, boons are business deals that must be upheld. Your feelings do not matter, regardless of the circumstances. You may even be called upon to answer the call by someone you hate, but a deal is a deal. Breaking a boon is a sin of the highest order, and retaliation is petty and only makes you look

worse. You, of course, may sulk a bit quietly and in solitude, but to bite the hand that feeds is disgraceful conduct. You are entitled to feel however you like, but to lash out is a whole other matter.

It sounds to me that this lost soul is beyond salvation. His disrespect for those older than oneself is bad enough. To go so far as all but promising retaliation is an act that few will forgive and forget. I only hope for the fool's sake that they crossed a compassionate elder, else the consequence shall be most dire.

I believe Lady Guliana attempted to educate the new court members some time ago on the importance of boons and why they must be repaid. It seems this lost soul either forgot that lesson or failed to understand those wise words. That is, of course, no fault on her part, as you can't teach those who refuse to learn.

If I were this lost soul, I would be most careful in the future. Provided I survived long enough to see it.

Yours,

The Archduchess of Agony.

So who else saw the Bodie the Scourge brought in last time we all met? I for one am glad it was not me & i do not envy the questions they have to come.

I do hope the blood was managed to be cleaned up as it would have been a shame to make a mess of of such an esteemed & historic building with the essence of one so Low

Reporter for Glasgow
Anon

Under Moon
& Under stars,
A fullness inspired
By Neptune & Mars.
A vast array
Of colours and shine.
Nebula sparkling
As my gaze upward climbs
earth's dark & twisted vines.

Reaching up,
Reaching out,
Into the ether,
Up in the clouds.
Drifting like mist
In plumes of great measure,
Pulling on heartstrings
Attached like a tether.

Riding in waves
In seas of desire.
Falling into the flames
from the elusive dragon's fire.
Gliding on vapour
Where the air is so thin.
Falling from heaven
like the rest of my kin.

Dancing in raindrops
that nourishes the roots.
The Dazzling droplets
like Nature's recruits.
Replenish, resist
Enhance & subdue.
Great powers abound

Except for the few.

Alex Caimbeul

A Shadow Over Glasgow's Court: Giuliana Dunsirn's Fall from Grace

By An Anonymous but Well-Informed Kindred Observer

The once-untouchable Harpy of Glasgow, Giuliana Dunsirn, has begun her inevitable descent from the political heights she once reigned over. A position so coveted and fiercely defended by Kindred across the Camarilla domain, the title of Harpy represents the epitome of political acumen, influence, and most crucially, trust.. Unfortunately, Ms Dunsirn's recent actions have caused an irreversible fracture in that trust, leading many in the Court to question her loyalty, competence, and, above all, her true intentions. Truly, the recent scandal surrounding her public declaration of Daniel's alleged boons has not only shocked the domain of Glasgow—it has left many questioning whether Giuliana was ever fit to wear the mantle of Harpy to begin with

The Stain of Betrayal

For centuries, Harpies have been the moral compass of the Court, guardians of status and reputation, ever-watchful in their scrutiny of Kindred behaviour. Let me be clear: the position of Harpy is not a vanity title. It is the pulse of Elysium, the weaver of reputations, the enforcer of social debts and etiquette. When wielded properly, the Harpy's tongue is sharper than any dagger; when misused, it becomes a weapon turned on its wielder. Giuliana's actions represent not merely a lapse in decorum but a flagrant abuse of power.

Giuliana Dunsirn, until recently, held this role with grace and power. However, recent events have shown that her once sterling reputation was built

on a fragile foundation. Her betrayal began, as so many political falls do, with an insidious manipulation of information. A simple request to see what boons were recorded under his name - in order to make sure it was an accurate and up-to-date account - turned into a public witch hunt broadcasting Daniel's supposed boon obligations across domains without consensus or validation and declaring him practically boon-broken no less!

The sanctity of boons is paramount. To publicize a boon without the consent of either party, especially one of such murky origin as Daniel's supposed debt, is to undermine the very structure of Kindred society. And in doing so, Giuliana has effectively made a mockery of our ancient customs.

Let us not forget the ripple effect. Daniel—no neonate, but a seasoned manipulator in his own right—has gained not infamy, but sympathy. What should have been a quiet reckoning behind closed doors has turned into a public spectacle, one in which Giuliana appears not as a steward of tradition, but as a reckless firebrand with little regard for praxis.

One might ask: Why would a Harpy—someone entrusted with the reputation and welfare of the Court—engage in such reckless behaviour? The answer lies in Ms Dunsirn's ambition. Long known for her hunger for power, Giuliana's actions now suggest she has sought to use her position to control the flow of information, manipulating the reputations of those around her to secure her own advancement at any cost. This hunger for influence has clouded her judgment, leading her to trade loyalty for fleeting power.

A House Divided

The Camarilla in Glasgow has always been a delicate balance of power, and Giuliana's fall has created a rift within the Court that is unlikely to heal easily. Older members, who once saw her as a rising star, now openly question her integrity. Former allies in the Ventrue clan have distanced themselves, citing her reckless abandon in handling sensitive matters. Elders of all clans are considering their alliances with Ms Dunsirn carefully and whether now might be the time to finally let the house of cards indeed tumble.

More troubling is the reaction from the younger Kindred, those still trying to make their mark in Glasgow's intricate politics. They watch with bated breath as Giuliana's fall becomes a cautionary tale, a stark reminder that ambition without conscience is a dangerous game. Many of them now wonder: If a Harpy, once trusted by all, can lose her position so publicly, what hope is there for the rest of us?

The Court's Response

The blow to Giuliana's credibility has been swift and public. It has become clear that the court of Glasgow wish to denounce Giuliana as Harpy of Glasgow as several members have called for a motion to strip her of the title of Harpy—an action that is almost unheard of given the political stature of such an individual. Some believe that the motion will pass, and the Court will remove Dunsirn from her position for good. In an unexpected turn-of-events, many Harpies from all over the kindred world took to the Dark Times last month to publicly criticise Giuliana's actions, questioning whether she should continue to bear the title of Harpy. Perhaps, those few who are not so quick to chastise Ms Dunsirn still view their

alliance to her as useful for having a foot in Glasgow domain.

However, one thing is abundantly clear: Giuliana Dunsirn's time as Harpy is over. The echoes of betrayal have reverberated through every corner of the Court, and her position as the arbiter of Kindred reputation has been irreparably damaged. The road ahead for her is now filled with uncertainty. The trust she once held has turned to dust, and no amount of political manoeuvring will restore the standing she so carelessly lost.

A Cautionary Tale

As we have watched the Dunsirn's decline unfold, let it be a reminder to us all of the delicate balance between power and trust. In the ever-shifting tides of Kindred politics, ambition can be both a tool and a weapon. Those who rise too high, will eventually find themselves cast down by the very forces they once sought to control.

The downfall of Giuliana Dunsirn is not just the end of one individual's career; it is a moment that will define the future of Glasgow's Court for years to come. It serves as a warning to all: trust is the currency of the Kindred, and once it is lost, no amount of influence can buy it back.

