



Kindred,

I have granted the right of Domain over the Calton to Travis Moon.

Magnus Burton

Greetings,

I have two things to talk about. The first of which is an aspect of the identity of the Toreador. On one level, we are artists par excellence, but that is only on one level. Others are statesmen, others duelists, others academics, and many beyond. Some even embody many or all of these aspects. From the Kings of Minos, to the masters of the renaissance, to the modern street artist, we embody one thing above all else ... dedication towards perfection in our craft.

In that mould of dedication, I wish to sing the praises of one of my Clan. Mr Michael Rogers. He is truly a paragon of selfless service to his Domain, and where others may choose to reap the benefits of his hard work - I choose to recognise and applaud it.

With that said, time for business. As nights grew longer, we come to party season for our kind. Whether that be the recently resurgent winter balls in Glasgow, the more selective Hogmanay celebrations in Edinburgh, or the celebrations of

the Winter Solstice in Paris, one simply cannot go underdressed.

I have a limited availability to tailor a truly unique outfit for Kindred who are interested in my services. It is hardly a party without someone wearing one of my creations; from luminaries of the Camarilla such as the Juaticars Guile, Edelstein and Iadanza, Princes like of Villon of France, Dunsirn of Edinburgh, or Bowesley of London, many Harpies (including even Eloise Kane, who looked fabulous in white - proving it to be her colour not mine, despite her assertion to the contrary.) The Elders and officers of our own Domain have often been seen in my creations, Seneschal Icarus, both of our Harpies, our darling Keeper of Elysium, and even Archon Victor once upon a time (another dashing figure in white.) If you wish to make a statement with your outfit, with your accessories, or even with a piece of art embedded in ink on your skin ... you know where to find me. Perhaps ask our Harpies to tell you of many "satisfied customers."

I have a hankering to use the colour orange, or perhaps yellow. If someone were in the market to indulge me in this, there may be incentive.

Deacon.

PS - Giuliana. Further to your advertisement last month, I offer one dress. Something off the rack of course, unless you would sweeten the deal to make it worth a new creation.

From the desk of the Harpy

My darlings,

It has been most discreetly suggested that I have been sparing the rod and spoiling the children, by teaching rather than chastising. As a change of pace, let us leave the classroom in favour of a fieldtrip, venturing into the jungle of society - and see what has been seen of late. Perhaps in future we will bring home some trophies for the wall.

Our quarry tonight, the lesser-spotted and elusive tribe of Anonymous. Pause, take stock. Observe them carefully. Identify them, if you can. Recognise the risks of becoming one, if you will.

They may hoot like baboons, feral and undisciplined. But we should not dismiss them as wholly animalistic and primitive - for they have at least succeeded in such basic tool-use as is required to use the postal system. Why, one of them has even begun to furiously wave M-dashes when it feels frustrated! What a fearsome *punctuation* display, fluffing its fur and extending its claws - almost like a farting cat, as the French say!

Let us see which of the tribe we can recognise. Tempting as it is to offer scientific names - *triste dictu, iocos Latine facere ipsa artis morientis definitio est* - and so I shall use something a little more accessible.

Aha! There, in the lower corner, we spy the first...

The 'Psst, please notice me'

It proudly deposits its prize - and then, disappointed that nobody has noticed it, begins to howl pitifully. Were it a puppy, it would be whining for attention and praise, nudging

forward the very impressive lost sock that it battled under the sofa, and jumping back and forward to indicate the threat it has so bravely saved the whole jungle from - and growling in pantomime at what dreadful fate now awaits the limp hosiery.

Now, if we retrace our steps - we find an Anon of even lesser conviction:

The 'Don't hurt me, I'm just a wean'

This one wants so very badly to sing from the treetops - but, still in a juvenile's moulting plumage, it fears the predators it may attract if it does so. Instead, it chatters nervously, trying to hide its own name, but by offering such a multitude of others that it identifies itself. It perches uncomfortably upon the very edge of the forest - manifestly unready for the open field, yet placing itself in danger and losing the protections that survival instinct first offered it, in favour of unwisely following others of the tribe. Returning our gaze to the very dregs of recent Times - one can scarcely have failed to notice the Anon I first mentioned.

The 'Trust me, bro!'

Perhaps this is the most contradictory of the set. In the animal kingdom, there are many harmless creatures who attempt to emulate threats to preserve their own skins - the hoverfly who pretends at being a wasp, for example. Far less common is the loudly self-proclaimed apex predator, who despite these boasts believes they will be treated with *greater* respect by camouflaging themselves amongst the inconsequential. They snarl loudly, claiming to be well-informed - yet give others no reason to give credence to that claim.

...Perhaps, if you watch carefully at court, you will be able to catch another glimpse of these

fascinating, albeit timorous, creatures - or others of their kind. When you believe you have done so, I do urge you to compare your Attenborough-like field notes with others, to see whether you and your fellows are in agreement. I certainly have my own views on who each of them are - but consider such revelations to be, in that finest of academic traditions, an 'Exercise left to the reader'.

Nevertheless - I'd be delighted to see whether we have all reached the same conclusions. I remain,

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

Harpy of Glasgow

Portentous Prognostications from The Oracle of Edinburgh

Kindred of Glasgow, long has it been since I, Eamon Grant, the Oracle of Edinburgh, have imparted sage wisdom to those in need of it. So today, I have opted to perform a reading for my close personal friend Deacon, using my preferred reading style – the Hand of Fate.

The first Card of the reading signifies the thumb, giving an imprint of the current situation. Here, I drew the Four of Wands in the reversed position. Upright, this Card displays a merry celebration set before a castle, but inverted, it indicates that this may not be the right time to celebrate. Why might that be? Why should such a celebrated member of kindred society feel unable to revel in his myriad accomplishments and how might he

be able to celebrate once more? Surely the following Cards will have all the answers.

The next Card is the index finger, pointing to the most positive element at play. Here, I drew another reversed Card – the Page of Wands. This headstrong young man represents bold new ideas, idealism and change, but inverted, he seems to suggest that the best thing for Deacon would be to fly under the proverbial radar and work with subtlety to achieve his aims.

Next, we come to the middle finger, unshyly indicating the most negative aspect. Here, my hand alighted upon the Three of Cups, a Card which displays three proud ladies raising goblets in a toast to sisterhood. Indeed, it is true that kindred are judged by the company they keep, and it may not have escaped notice that Deacon has been keeping some rather unsavoury company of late. Well informed kindred will know of what I speak – he has been seen touring the courts of Paris with a ramshackle ragamuffin creature that prances about with gaudy lights lashed to its forelimbs, as if to advertise its vulgar madness to any person unfortunate enough to encounter it. While I appreciate the humour of parading this animal around in respectable company, and applaud him in reviving the age-old hilarity of the Victorian freakshow, I understand that this nuance has been lost on some of the Parisian kindred. Of course, this is only compounded by the fact that Prince Magnus of Glasgow elevated the self-same creature to the position of Primogen, though I believe such a wise Prince must have done so only as a joke, and I sincerely doubt

that he would listen to its advice with anything other than scornful amusement.

But let us not dwell on such matters, but move on to the ring finger – a ring of truth, but not the end. Here, we come to the Magician in the reversed position. Upright, this resourceful fellow urges one to use tools to their greatest effect. A small change here leading to a greater effect there. But turned upon his head, it seems that the time for subtlety will soon draw to a close and Deacon will yet surprise us all with a grand gesture with equally grand consequences!

Finally, we come to the little finger, but do not be fooled by its size, as it is the base of a curled fist, bringing a decisive end to the reading! Here, my hand alighted upon The Emperor. This auspicious Card signifies wealth, authority and power. What form this glorious ascension will ultimately take, only time will tell, but Deacon my friend, true greatness is in your future!

So there you have it, a seemingly beleaguered Deacon, working quietly away while being criticised over his friendships in a manner most unfair, only to rise with a grand gesture and awe his fellow kindred with his resourcefulness, majesty and true greatness! Any who seek to outmanoeuvre my friend will be well advised to keep this reading in mind and make trouble elsewhere, as he is a force to be reckoned with, and the true magnitude of his superiority is yet to be seen.

Yours faithfully,

Eamon Grant, The Oracle of Edinburgh

For sale: A Major Boon over Kenzie 'Lex' Alexander of Clan Gangrel. Both prestation and in-kind offers considered. Prospective buyers should contact Lady Giuliana Dunsirn privately to outline their offer and negotiate terms. This is being advertised for the second consecutive month.

Calligraphy available

Want to have a quote to display? Need a document to be special? Contact me for rates. For a limited time, available on quality vellum.

Jemima

One month in your fine city and I'm excited to discover the rumours I heard about it seem to be, if anything, watered down! I do so look forward to continued exploration and painting the town red, red, red.

The Bostonian.

From the desk of Corporal Draven Southsea

With the opening of the Obsidian coming soon I shall be issuing temporary access cards for the Members Only Umbra lounge to all Kindred in good standing, along with permanent access cards to members of the fringe clans and court officers.

A ship in the night.

It was a cold dark night. The stench of rotten fish in the air. The slippery sludge on the pier. Just another evening on the docks.

On this night I had been tasked with observing a fishing vessel that moored up at night. There it sat, its waterline low in the harbour water. From behind me Kenzie appears, silently, deadly.

“Has it moved?” She questions.

“It doesn’t appear to have. The captain hasn’t left the ship since it arrived.” I responded.

Earlier that night I had checked the crates that were prepared for the fishing vessel. Mostly fuel. Some food. And CO2 scrubbers.

“She’s got some unusual cargo waiting for her.” I say. “Im pretty sure it’s the ship that’s being used to supply the submarine.”

Looking back up to Kenzie, I see that she is focused, a predator coiled up and ready to spring, a far cry from Kenzie at court.

“Are you ready to take the boat?” She says.

“Yes,” I responded.

I move away from the vantage point. The cameras in the harbour were decommissioned.

A rat made sure of that. Each step made across the pier was one closer to danger.

I could smell blood now. It's an acrid smell cutting across the pier. Looking over to Kenzie who was approaching from the other side, I could tell she noticed too.

As I reached the ship. Blood could be seen awash the deck on its port side and a trail could be seen coming from one of the hatches. No blood was visible on the pier. So clearly someone was dumped overboard at sea.

Kenzie reached the hatch.

“Listen,” she whispers.

“This Durant” can be heard from inside. The static in his voice recognisable as having come from the onboard ship radio. “We are approaching the meeting point. Meet us for resupply”.

“Rodger” a deep male voice responds.

Kenzie looks over to me.

“I think we are on the right ship.” She grins.

Robin

“Cadence Over Content: A Treatise on the Art of Saying Nothing Beautifully”

*By An Unnamed Enthusiast of Eloquence
and Evasion*

There exists a rare breed of Kindred whose prose glides like blood over marble—elegant, poised, and utterly devoid of nutritional value. These authors, cloaked in anonymity and armed with thesauruses sharpened to a lethal edge, have mastered the sacred art of cadence: the ability to sound profound while saying absolutely nothing.

Their work is a triumph of tone over truth. Each sentence is a performance, each paragraph a pirouette of passive aggression. One might read an entire essay on “Kindred Decorum in the Age of Anarch Aesthetics” and emerge with no clearer understanding of etiquette, but a deep appreciation for alliteration.

We applaud their commitment to ambiguity. Their metaphors are so layered they collapse under their own weight. Their critiques are so veiled they require a decoder ring forged in Elysium’s gossip furnace.

And yet, we must ask: Is cadence a substitute for conviction? Is tone a mask for mediocrity?

Or are we simply too gauche to grasp the brilliance of a sentence like:

“Power, when perfumed with restraint, becomes the most intoxicating of poisons.”

(Which, incidentally, appears in three separate articles under three separate pseudonyms. Coincidence? Surely.)

In the end, we raise a toast to these literary phantoms. May their words continue to echo through marble halls, reminding us that in Kindred society, it’s not what you say—it’s how dramatically you say it.

Have You Heard?

That Deacon offered me a duel? Cause I hadn't.
That's fine. I accept, see you outside.

Calvin Pope