



## **Notice from the Prince**

### **Officers of the Court**

I have appointed kindred to hold offices within my domain. Each of them answers only to me in the discharge of their duties. As representatives of my court, their actions reflect on me. Those who work to undermine them work to undermine me.

Seneschal - none

Sheriff – Zev Ben-Zion of Clan Assamite

Scourge – Kenzie Lex of Clan Gangrel

Keeper of Elysium – Amelia Howard of Clan Toreador

### **Primogen of Glasgow**

I recognise the following Kindred as Primogen.

Nathaira of Clan Ravnos

Giuliana Dunsirn of Clan Giovanni *Antitribu*

Mary Graham of Clan Toreador

Travis Moon of Clan Malkavian

## **A Statement to the Domain of Glasgow**

By Icarus, Childe of Atlas, Clan Ventrue

Kindred of Glasgow,

Change, as ever, is the one constant our Requiems cannot elude.

It is with both humility and certainty of purpose that I announce my appointment as Archon. I accept this charge with the full weight of responsibility it demands, and with a clarity of vision honed through decades of service within the Camarilla's most intricate courts.

As such, I formally relinquish the position of Seneschal of Glasgow.

My gratitude is extended to Prince Magnus, whose trust in my judgement allowed me to uphold the duties of Seneschal with diligence befitting Clan Ventrue. It was an honour to serve his praxis directly, and I remain indebted for the opportunity to contribute to the stability and advancement of this domain.

During my tenure, I strove to maintain a standard worthy of the Blue Bloods—measured, unwavering, and without compromise. Whether I succeeded is not for me to declare; the results speak plainly enough, and time has a habit of sharpening truth rather than dulling it.

I now step aside, though not away.

An Archon does not abandon his home, nor forget the domain that shaped his resolve. I shall be watching with keen and vested eyes as my successor assumes the mantle. It is my sincere hope that they meet, and ideally surpass, the standard I leave behind. At the very least, I trust they shall keep the bar precisely where I set it—high enough that only the worthy may reach it.

My service continues, albeit on a broader stage. Glasgow will, however, always be within my consideration.

— Icarus

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### Seeking

Services of a practitioner of both Auspex and Protean. If available contact Sir Douglas.

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Antiquities of distinguished pedigree desired. I seek objects that embody authentic history: pieces that speak of the events they have been carried through and present for. Any medium will be considered, provided it has genuine legacy.

- Theodore Harrison

Kindred,

Following the discussions held by the Princes of Scotland regarding their Domains, I shall be meeting with other Harpies of Scotland to discuss the prestatation effects of their negotiations, ensuring that our records are in alignment regarding any and all compensation offered and concessions made. Should you have any boons with kindred in other domains of Scotland that you wish to be cross-checked, or that have fallen into dispute, please contact me privately and I will ensure that those also receive our full attention.

Naturally we shall also be comparing our observations on the 'hots and nots' of the Winter Ball - but quills before claws!

Sadly this means I will not be in attendance at Prince Magnus' upcoming December court - but my colleague Juliet Samson should still be available to you to record any newly arranged or settled local boons. If for any reason she is also absent, please do write to me regarding your business.

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn  
For the Harpies of Glasgow

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Good evening,

Kindred business dealings rely on reputation, competence, and on word of mouth.

As a "satisfied customer" I cannot speak highly enough about the transportation services offered by Corporal Draven Southsea.

Whether the gentleman is shipping artwork, materials, or any other form of cargo his service remains exemplary and professional.

I would not hesitate to recommend him to other artists shipping their work, or Kindred looking for personal transportation in style.

Deacon

## **Ruminations and Reflections from The Harpy of Edinburgh**

Dear reader,

Often have I provided my insights on the future in my role as the well-respected Oracle of Edinburgh. But in my role as Harpy, I must now set the Cards aside and reflect upon recent events.

First, a word of clarification. In a recent article, I castigated a Primogen of Glasgow as a mad thing with flashing lights lashed to its forelimbs. Some assumed that I was speaking of the good lady Nathaira. I was not. However, I must forgive readers of the Dark Times for overlooking the Malkavian Primogen, as they surely forgot that such a creature was ever made Primogen in the first place, owing to its foolish antics and unbecoming behaviour.

I have heard whispers from the many kindred who attended the Winter Ball and it seems the aforementioned antics appear only to have worsened. Apparently the creature went so far as to blunder around the stately setting in some sort of science fiction getup, blatantly disrespecting the stipulated theme and talking to itself, claiming it was conversing with fairies. While I am no sceptic of the existence of the Fae, one must also take more rational explanations into account and ponder whether the prevalence of talk of fairies at the ball may simply be attributed to the ghastly work of Dementation rather than any actual otherworldly presence.

Yet one cannot hold the creature solely responsible for its behaviour. Other members of the Glaswegian court have coddled it in a manner most foolish, even allowing it to win a contest in which there were no other contestants. I therefore prevail upon Primogen Nathaira to revoke the creature's winnings and hold a new contest so that the reward may be granted to an individual more deserving of her talents.

But lest I devote my entire article to the moon creature, allow me to extend my congratulations to my clanmate Icarus, whose meteoric rise continues unimpeded. He ascends closer and closer to the proverbial sun and yet his wings show no sign of melting. It seems some new name may be in order. Of course, his departure from the role of Seneschal raises interesting questions over his successor. Who might Prince Magnus choose? There are many fine choices. Perhaps he shall elect to elevate one of his Primogen? Mary Graham and Nathaira would both be fine choices. Perhaps the good lady Giuliana could be prised away from her position as Harpy? And of course, my good friend Deacon remains surprisingly bereft of any court position. Mayhaps this is just the role that he has been waiting for?

Yours faithfully,

Eamon Grant, Harpy of Edinburgh

## Travis' Odyssey

What an excellent Winter Ball! I especially want to thank Giuliana and Ishoe for their dances, and my fellow Primogen Nathaira for pronouncing me the winner of her contest. However, I am a little disappointed that I didn't have anyone else to contend with. Who wouldn't want to earn a use of Nathaira's talents? Or are interesting kine artefacts just really hard to come by?

Anyway, I thought I might explain a bit about my entry. What was in that big box Lexy was hauling around? What is the Mechanism and what's so Antikythera about it?

Well, the name's the easy part. Antikythera is a Greek island and a mysterious mechanism was discovered in an ancient shipwreck near there in 1901. At first, it just seemed to be a lump of old wood and metal, but the following year, a bloke by the name of Spyridon Stais noticed it had a gear in it. Now, for an object from the 2nd century BC, that's pretty damn significant. That makes it the earliest known clockwork mechanism. But it gets *even more* damn significant! A chap named Albert Rehm realised that it wasn't just the first known clockwork mechanism, but an actual analogue computer, capable of calculating celestial events decades in advance, though sadly, it was incomplete.

So how did I get involved? Well, after the daring raid on the Redlister Alexis's hideout, I and the kindred I was with managed to find some of her notes about mysterious artefacts. It took me quite some time to find out what one of these cryptic clues meant, but eventually I made contact with a clanmate of mine named Michael Whrong, who had been working on the problem for years. Together, we reconstructed a fully functional model of the mechanism, though we couldn't have done it without an actual sailor from Ancient Greece – Elder Adamantios. Though he had

tragically died the Final Death at the hands of the Sabbat in Portugal, my old friend, the reclusive scholar Henry Delucare, turned out to be a contact of his and was able to provide some vital info.

And well, from there, things got *even more* even more damn significant! It wasn't just the oldest known clockwork mechanism. It wasn't just the oldest known computer. It could be used for navigation, and it revealed coordinates to a cave in southeast Sicily. And what a cave it was! There was some real Indiana Jones shit in there. Spike pits, flying darts, rolling boulders, you name it! And at the end, a huge coffin. Like, a really huge fuck off stone coffin just oozing with mysterious power. And all around, a bunch of Ghostly buildings started appearing out of nowhere, just like in that movie Return of the King. Great movie by the way. Real shame that cave collapsed on the way out, otherwise I'd be running guided tours.

Thing is, the whole *ancient dead building* thing didn't stop for a while. For months afterwards, I was seeing dead shit everywhere. Kindred looked dead and rotten. Kine looked dead and rotten. Buildings looked like they were crumbling to bits. I was seeing rusty bashed up cars driving on the road all over the place. Giuliana called it "Death Sight" but thankfully it's worn off now. But something else happened to me in that cave, and it's still happening now. I can sense ghosts and, well, other spooky shit. Can't exactly see them, but we can chat, so that's pretty handy.

Not really sure how to wrap this up, but I hope Nathaira finds a nice place for my Antikythera Mechanism replica and I hope my teammates Michael and Lexy tell me what they end up doing with a bit of help from Nathaira's talents.

Cheers,

-Travis Moon

# **Conspiracy, Lies and Murder: The Reign of Magnus Burton**

**By Christopher Napier**

It has been brought to my attention at various times throughout the year, that I have a tendency towards verbosity, so before we get into the nitty-gritty of my research over the last 8 months, let me state my contention here in plain and simple language. In April of this year, our Prince, Magnus of the Tremere murdered an anarch under false pretenses before the entire court. He has subsequently spread lies about the man he killed and the anarchs as an organisation. He has used the threat of the Sabbat as a cover to coerce kindred into revealing their personal finances to his agents. He has instilled an atmosphere of fear and silence over his court. Now, we find him in a position of concentrating even greater power under his domain. His actions are those not of a just and reasonable leader but those of the incipient tyrant. He should not be prince, and I would urge anyone in a position to seize control of the domain to do so now before he is able to advance his schemes further and ensure his position is completely secure.

Our story begins in March of this year, where a curious piece appeared in these very pages. A kindred calling himself Jumble issued an article under the name of the Anarch Star. In it, he laid out a number of pieces of the court's dirty laundry, laying the blame for them squarely at Magnus's feet. He ended his piece by denouncing Magnus as a weak prince and encouraging the kindred of Glasgow to join the Anarch movement. At the time, I found the piece to be amusing, if not particularly insightful. Jumble had clearly thrown the most recent examples of standard court drama and threw them in Magnus's face, very much in the tradition of baiting that the anarchs have often indulged in.

When a prince is challenged like this, they of course have the right to exact retribution, however to even the most loyal member of the court, the summary nature by which Magnus simply executed Jumble in front of the court would seem excessive. Of course, Magnus had a justification. Jumble was not, he claimed, a member of the Anarchs, but rather a member of the Sabbat, using the Anarch movement as a cover in an attempt to infiltrate and weaken our court.

This was quite a revelation and one that I felt compelled to look into. After the dust had settled, I approached Magnus and made a simple proposal. I would write an article on his behalf, refuting Jumble's claims and defending the Camarilla traditions. I asked to see what evidence he had that tied Jumble to the Sabbat, as this obviously affects the light in which his writing could be read. This evidence was never supplied. I kept to my side of the agreement however and wrote my refutation of Jumble's statement.

Eagle eyed readers may note that I was scrupulous to only address Jumble's accusations from the perspective of him as an Anarch, as I had seen no proof of his ties to the Sabbat.

I have since discovered that I was not the only one to request this information. Calvin Pope of the Paisley Anarchs had also requested this. He was assured it would be provided, but nothing was ever presented. In conversation with me, he stated that he had at the time thought it stemmed from a communication breakdown between the Anarchs and the Glasgow court that he has worked to fix in the interim months, but given the similarity to my own experience, it suggests a more coordinated effort to control the information.

Now, all that being said, I was at this point prepared to let the issue go. An anarch baited the wrong prince, and learned the Fuck Around and Find Out lesson well. While it may seem excessive, I certainly couldn't claim Magnus wasn't within his rights. But something else about that evening stood out to me. You see, while explaining to me that Jumble had been a crypto-sabbat, masquerading as an anarch in order to further spread his agenda, Magnus made an additional claim that stuck out to me.

Magnus claimed to my face that the Sabbat movement actually created the Anarchs for this very purpose, as a means of exposing the Camarilla by finding an excuse to infiltrate their courts under false pretenses.

Now, I didn't know Jumble from Adam so it didn't bother me at all to believe that he was secretly a Sabbat, but while I have always considered myself a member of the Camarilla, I have always had a great fondness for the Anarch Movement. This claim would be staggering if true. So I began to ask around.

I will admit that in the past I've been more than a little disinterested in Kindred history. But as any researcher will be able to tell you, your best place to start is with a primary source. I spoke with a number of figures during my trip to California last month who were there. As I was accompanied by a number of other kindred, the veracity of my reporting would be simple enough to check.

Firstly, the claim that the Sabbat were behind the formation of the Anarch movement is flatly untrue. Indeed, it seems to be the opposite. When a portion of the Anarchs were displeased with how the negotiations were going, they attacked the mortals of the town of Thorns and splintered off into their own organisation to become the Sabbat. Nobody from

either the Anarchs or the Sabbat is aware of any direct links between the organisations.

To be clear, yes, some Anarchs do leave that faction and become Sabbat. Some Anarchs are more willing to tolerate the presence of Sabbat. But that is guilt by association, it is plainly false to pretend that one organisation controls the other.

As to Jumble, I have spoken to multiple people who knew him, indeed even before he arrived in Glasgow. Not one soul has ever been able to suggest they had any awareness of links between himself and the Sabbat. In describing his behaviour however they have described him as a hothead with a predilection for speaking truth to power.

Now perhaps, dear readers, none of this is particularly bothersome to you. An Anarch loudmouth let his words get himself into more trouble than he intended to and paid the price for it. Fair enough. As Prince, it is within Magnus's right to do so. But that only begs the question, why the lie? Why frame someone for something when you are already within your rights to punish them for what they actually did?

At last, we arrive at the point. Magnus demonstrates all the signs of someone whose grasp on power is tightening. A tyrant, who wishes to have his court live in fear. I have spoken to Kindred about these issues from all around the world, but the person who I most remember actually said very little on the topic. After Jumble's execution I sat down with Sir Charles at court and told him what Magnus has said, asked him if he was aware of that. Sir Charles, who was apparently present when the treaty was signed and who is not a man who I would consider fearful in demeanour, immediately told me that if that was

what the prince had said, then that was what happened.

This cannot be how a prince behaves. They are a leader, not a tyrant, and if they lie about something and their followers are too cowed even to challenge that lie, then something is going wrong. I believe in the Camarilla and the system of Princes, but their words do not shape reality and we cannot let them pretend that they do. In the months since we had seen Magnus use the threat of Sabbat infiltration to coerce kindred into giving access to their finances to the Prince's agents. We have seen him collaborate to expand his domain massively.

Magnus has had the longest reign since Bartolome Murillo, more than two decades ago now. He crossed that line in May of this year. It has surely not escaped his notice that the two year mark is when the wheels start to come off. Traditionally, the easiest way for the would be dictator to shore up his power base during times like this is to identify an internal group to other and redirect built up resentment towards someone other than himself. Considering his lies about Sabbat infiltration of the Anarchs, it doesn't take a lot to imagine just who Magnus might see as an easy target.

Perhaps I am off base, tilting at windmills. Perhaps Magnus truly does have evidence linking Jumble to the Sabbat. Perhaps he has valid reasons for not providing it to myself or Calvin after providing assurances that he would. Perhaps he feels it beneficial to inculcate his court with such an atmosphere of fear that his word is unquestioned.

But as I write these words, I am making preparations to leave my home in Glasgow to relocate to Paisley because even with the benefit of eight months of research, preparation and belief that my words are

truth, I cannot be certain that Magnus will not respond to this article by murdering me, just as he did with Jumble.

Is this how we wish to live? Under the boot of a tyrannical dictator who will casually execute anyone who wishes to challenge him?

It is time for a change, for a new prince.

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### **From the desk of Corporal Draven Southsea.**

After considering some much appreciated advice I am revising the prices of my emergency transport services.

The cost for travel within the Domain of Glasgow remains 1 Trivial Boon.

Travel to all further Domains within the British Isles is now 2 Trivial Boons.

Users are responsible for providing a driver after the vehicle has been delivered.

Users found to have damaged a vehicle or caused injury to one of my employees, either by their actions or by calling for a van in a dangerous situation, is liable for further charges of no less than 1 Minor Boon depending on the severity of the damage.

Users will be responsible for making sure they have permission to enter a Domain.

Users will not be permitted to use my vehicles to leave the British Isles without prior approval.

Users are responsible for making sure the vehicle is returned in a timely manner, unreasonable tardiness will result in a charge of at least 1 Trivial Boon.

## Self reflection on Homelessness as a kindred

A few nights ago, I took a stroll along the Clyde past the New Barclays building and noticed a homeless encampment that had set itself up on Windmillcroft Quay. It was a vivid representation of the dichotomy of those who have and those who have not. The bank and the homeless. The security and warmth of the building vs the cold and fragility of the homeless encampment.

This has given me much to think about in regards to my own unlife. Many a year I have spent without a proper home for myself. Living like a scavenger and using my skills to ensure a good day's sleep away from the prying eyes of mortals and enemies alike.

Though through retrospect, this way of life is a dangerous one. If a kindred was to become homeless, how would they protect themselves from the dangers of hunters, thugs, sabbat and the sun. Some kindred resort to sleeping in the sewer tunnels in hidden, deep and forgotten sections, safe from kine and kindred. Others use their gifts to make nests under earth and dirt. For those unable to do that, the risk to one's unlife is very high.

My recommendation is to maintain and protect your resources. Allow it to nourish and grow. Protect your havens from those who hunt us and seek to destroy us. Do you really want to spend the rest of eternity sleeping rough?

I can protect myself but is it worth maintaining a life on the road? At this stage I think it's better to set up shop more permanently. Maybe learn finance, or how to paint and contribute more to kindred society.

On that note, any generous elder willing to lend me some resources in exchange for a favour down the line? Speak to Robin.

## Tiz the season

The Winterball was very heartwarming (as much as it could be for a kindreds undead body)

Anyway, after assisting Travis with his Artefact which I handled with extreme care.

I found myself In the Presence of the Prince of Inverness & Aberdeen, t'was a very steely interaction, not in any sense but i was very aware of the beast within, suppressing, The Prince had a commanding aire and encouraged me to follow my sires wishes for me to learn Botany, giving me some quick encouragement, I told him about my upcoming visit to his domain to update my Sire about my studies & he seemed hospitable.

Later that night I was drawn to the Queen of Oban having heard mention she had staked Oban. She shared some things with me that night. She is a survivor from a bygone age when her clan were hunted into extinction by Gangrel, for this reason she hates Gangrel, even though they have some things in common. Tbh, she seemed more flirtatious than a powerful staker, still, I did have dreams of dancing with her the following nights, & my visions can be wild.

*The ancient beauty never fades*

*Never sealed nor bound*

*No clay pots ever made*

*From Jade could be found*

*Deep & deeper in the ground.*

Later that Month: My Sire, after I met with her in Inverness advised caution when it comes to that, all that Glimmers is not Gold she said, don't be bound to the past like a relic, i do have a fascination for shiny things though & i love the wild.

The journey to and from Inverness was like a breath of fresh air though & I would like to do it more often; I really miss the wild rugged landscapes, forests and open spaces. Winter in the outskirts of the city reminds me of a domesticated Horse. it's not all bad i suppose, i kinda feel like i'm between 2 worlds.

Alex Caimbeul



# *From the Desk of Jimmy Riddle*

## “New Faces, Old Habits, and the Pulse of a City”

By **Jimmy Riddle** (Caitiff, Proprietor of P45)

Evening, friends and fellow night-owls.

Some of you will have seen me skulking about the edges of court these past months-the tall one in the jacket that cost less than he claims and more than he should’ve spent. I thought it about time I introduced myself properly, in the spirit of transparency, civic pride, and making sure you all know which nightclub to blame for the noise complaints.

My name’s **Jimmy Riddle**.  
Caitiff.  
Club owner.  
General fixer.  
Occasional miracle worker.  
Professional over-promiser.

I’ve been in Glasgow only a short while, but cities like this- places with history in their bones and hunger in their veins- suit me. They understand ambition, graft, and the art of making something out of nothing.

I should know.  
*I’ve had a lifetime of practice.*

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## A Little About My Past (But Not Too Much)

Before I washed up on your fine shores, I served- unofficially, quietly, and without fanfare as a sort of **factotum to the Prince of Carlisle**. Now, I won’t claim grand titles or overstate my importance. Carlisle was... let’s say *idiosyncratic*. A Caitiff Prince and a Caitiff right-hand man would have looked more like political satire than sensible governance, so we kept things subtle.

But if you ever needed something in Carlisle, a meeting arranged, a problem smoothed over, a deal discreetly pushed through the pipes- odds are you spoke to me even if you didn’t realise it. And if you *did* realise it, you probably pretended you didn’t. Everyone’s safer that way.

Glasgow, I’m told, is a bit more structured, a bit more proper. That’s fine.

I can behave when the moment calls for it.  
(Well... I can *try*.)

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## Introducing: P45 — A Nightclub With a Pulse

Now for the exciting part.

Next month I’ll be opening **P45**, a new nightspot for the mortal crowd and, with the right introductions, a perfectly discrete place for the Kindred who appreciate a place where the music’s loud, the lighting’s flattering, and nobody asks too many questions.

P45 comes with two guiding principles:

1. **If you’re running from your problems, at least run somewhere with decent music.**
2. **Everyone is welcome- unless they give me a reason not to.**

The venue will operate as a functional community space during the daylight hours- dance classes, workshops, a wee social club for the Govan locals. Keeps the Masquerade tidy and the neighbours friendly. Makes feeding easier too, though obviously I would *never* hint at such a thing in a published article. Ahem.

At night, expect a mixture of punk nostalgia, grubby electronica, and whatever underground scene I can coax through the doors. Think neon sweat, think last-train regrets, think memories that smell like vodka and poor decisions. I call it ambience.

I’ll also be formalising some **supply chains**, entirely above-board, naturally, to ensure the club has the right kind of clientele. Energetic. Euphoric. Compliant. The sort of folk that give a place “atmosphere.”

(You know what I mean. Let’s not pretend we don’t.)

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## Why I'm Here

I didn't come to Glasgow to climb thrones or start wars.  
I came to be **useful**.

Some domains need hammer blows.

This one just needs a bloke who can open doors, shake hands, make introductions, and help the gears turn without too much grinding.

If you ever need a venue, an ear, a neutral table for negotiations, or someone to whisper the right thing in the right direction... Jimmy Riddle is your man. My office is the booth by the fire exit, second table on the left. The one with the good view of the room and the terrible coffee.

And if you're new to the city, or new to court, or new to Praxis politics entirely? You will always find a welcome at P45. I remember what it's like to be fresh out the ground, we all started somewhere, even if we pretend we didn't.

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## Final Words

Thank you for letting me into your domain.  
I hope, in time, to be more than a face in the corner.

Until then, if you hear a bassline thumping somewhere in Govan in the dead of night, don't worry it's probably just me, making rent.

See you at P45.

*Jimmy Riddle*  
(Always standing when the Prince stands. Always.)

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## Servant Leadership

Paisley has long been home to the Anarchs of Glasgow, a territory we hold, in trust from the Prince of the Domain. A strange, albeit lopsided, symbiotic relationship that is the benefit of us all. Or at least, has the potential to be, if allowed to flourish.

However that chance does not fall to the Prince, as some errant landlord that lives up the close - but to the Anarchs of Paisley themselves. While it is in our nature to do as we please, that can often have disparate and unpredictable affects. In the current climate we all find ourselves in, with Sabbat knocking on our door, traveling frequently across from our neighbour across the water, government entities, hunters and other supernatural personages that would make unlife unpleasant, we cannot allow each other to add ourselves to that list. And so, it has been decided that an element of structure will be adopted amongst the Buddies.

This is paying off in great dividends already. A Sweeper has been installed, to oversee who resides in the town, so that interlopers may be identified more readily, security protocols have been designed to support our movements, and communications and cooperation with our friends in Glasgow has been established. Intelligence and logistics are shared in our struggle against the Sabbat, and members of both of our factions bleed on the same streets in that fight.

Make no mistake, the Anarchs of Paisley stand organised and armed. Heavily. Ready to take this fight head on. This is a different creature than has been known before in these parts. And under my leadership, I will exist to serve.

We are the Anarch Movement, and we stride from strength to strength.

Baron Calvin, Warlord of Paisley