



Kindred,

Those who know me well, know the importance that I place on Family, on Blood. I hold my Family to the highest of standards, and expect nothing but the best... the Toreador are nothing if we do not strive for perfection in all that we do, and all that we say.

You may have seen me extoll the virtues of the Toreador who have made Glasgow their home in recent years; of Mary and her vision, of Amelia's grace, of Michael's tireless dedication to duty, Malcolm's instinct behind a wheel, and Callum's strength of voice. I had even spoken in praise of young Mr Napier, his talent for critique. But...

It falls upon me to do the opposite now. In all we say and in all we do we ought to strive for perfection, for style, panache and finesse. In this, my young cousin was in deficit.

I have spent the last month, after a diatribe aimed at Prince Magnus of Glasgow missed the mark in comedic proportions, in discussions with our family. From the young to the old, from neonates, primogen, Elders, and harpies the messaging is clear:

Gauche. Uncouth. Without wit or finesse, in a way that is at odds with your own skill and prior ability. Many harpies using phrases such as "political suicide," were one to repeat only the more polite opinions.

The crux is this, my kinsman: regardless of what truth there may or may not be in anything you say.

That you publicly abjure a Prince out of some necessity to provide an explanation for their actions is ludicrous. Even the eldest among us would be unwise to do so, and you are far from that.

The hardest part to read of your article was your ending (of the article that is.) You call the necessity for a new Prince ... these are simply words. Your words imply an attempt at Praxis with no action. They are empty and hollow, with neither conviction nor purpose. If you wish to unseat a Prince, then attempt to do so - at least strive for something above sound and fury.

We have spoken locally, your blood, myself and Amelia, and Mary and Michael. We abjure your actions as your family. But you are family. The blackest of sheep.

I hope that you will do better, but I am aware that hope is often the first step towards bitter disappointment.

Deacon.

Seeking:

Artist whose medium is Stonemasonry or Sculpting required; understanding of both disciplines desirable.

If available contact Sir Douglas

Upcoming art exhibition - 'Cameos of Glasgow'

With the kind permission of Prince Burton of Glasgow. Keeper Amelia Howard and I are pleased to invite you to attend (and we hope, contribute to) a forthcoming art exhibition, to be held on Elysium in February of this year when we gather at His Majesty's court.

I have already sent out a more detailed invitation regarding this, but I would be delighted to discuss it further with you at court this month. Creation, admiration for the creations of others, and celebration of the spaces in which we may gather in safety and civility, can too easily become forgotten in times of crisis - but they are nourishment for our higher selves.

In 'praise' of Christopher Napier

I must congratulate Mr Napier. It takes great courage to nail one's colours to the mast and wholly abandon one's position in society for the dubious attractions of Paisley. It may, after all, be the last act of significance that society chooses to attribute to you.

That is not a threat - merely that Anarchs are rather common, and generally rather interchangeable, in our memory. So often they do the same few predictable things (calling for a new prince is of course THE most common) - and then disappear into back-room arguments about iconoclastic purity versus OG punk realism. Upon which, with any luck, someone closes the door so that the racket is drowned out.

However - courage and common sense do not always go hand in hand. Table-thumping confidence in one's position does not make that position right - it merely makes you confidently wrong. I am reminded of the visual motif of a certain cartoon coyote, dashing off a cliff top at high speed.

A wise Prince acts on their own information, instinct and advice from the elders around them. However - our courts are not some cross-talking mortal squabbling match between talking heads, where political leaders are obliged to play storytime for every individual who has their own pet conspiracy theory and a craving for public attention.

I have dealt with actual political infiltrators, so allow me to offer you some insight.

You do not share the full evidence you found. Even afterwards. To do so would be to advertise the weaknesses that gave them away - and that does nothing but allow their successors to learn from it.

Furthermore - if Prince Burton **had** actively sought to frame an Anarch as a Sabbat infiltrator - I have every confidence you would have 'uncovered' a whole host of most convincing, internally consistent, watertight evidence that his assertions were correct - because the man is efficient, practical, and does not leave such loose ends to unravel and spoil his work.

But as someone who has had cause to course-correct mortal perceptions of 'truth' on occasion - I can assure you, it is a messy business. Regardless of how police procedurals, murder mysteries and true crime reconstructions may have educated you - memories can be cloudy, and witness accounts inconsistent. Such investigations only ever really offer a nice clean narrative when someone has walked the path ahead of you and laid the breadcrumbs they want you to find.

I assure you - our Prince told the truth.

Jumble was an agent provocateur. An Anarch to all outward appearances - which is why that is what you discovered, because the man did have some level of competence at maintaining that life. However, he was dedicated at his core to setting Camarilla and Anarchs at one another's throats - regardless of how many Anarchs would suffer harm from such reckless stirring.

Now the question is - was he was doing so following directives from a Sabbat handler, and did not have either the wit to realise or the self-preservation to care that he would be the first fatality of the matter? Or was he merely an incredibly, almost unbelievably, stupid Anarch?

His competence in surviving in his unlife until Prince Burton dealt with him would strongly imply the former - but I do understand that some Anarchs would prefer to insist on the latter, upholding him as a martyr to the cause and an example to follow.

As a necromancer, I do naturally have an interest in the theory that no man is truly dead until his name is no longer spoken. Death, however final, has echoes.

Ask yourself - are you still being manipulated?
And whose cause does that serve?

Aren't you in a most marvellous Jumble of your own...

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn
Primogen and Harpy of Glasgow
Capo of the Giovanni Anti-Tribu

(OOC: The Harpy merit has been activated against Christopher Napier - his current status will be announced pre-game)

Concerning Eamon Grant

Dear Kindred

It seems I've caught the eye of a certain Eamon Grant, Harpy and Oracle of Edinburgh! What an honour! Of course, I had to take a little trip to Edinburgh to discuss his comments on my character, but it seems he must have been otherwise engaged. So, in his absence, I had to settle for asking other kindred about our oracular friend. And what an eye opener it was! I have to congratulate our mate Eamon on the spectacular feat of being known as a Harpy and an Oracle despite the fact that nobody in Edinburgh likes him, respects him or believes he can see the future. It's really quite remarkable.

Cheers,
-Travis

Notable Kine Words from Nathaira's Library:

Dedicated to any kindred unwilling to consider the alternative:

"It is a condition of monsters that they do not perceive themselves as such. The dragon, you know, hunkered in the village devouring maidens, heard the townsfolk cry 'Monster!' and looked behind him."
Laini Taylor - Daughter of Smoke and Bone

Cash Abashed

Spend money, spend blood
It's like honey, it's absurd.
Cash in credit, pools of red,
Direct debit- that's what they said.
Unwithdrawn inside the head.
No- it's in the black
& you're all fucking dead.

Bankrupt, disrupt, corruption and greed
Take with one hand and plant the seed,
Take with the other & now you're made
Back to my haven now, i lie depraved,
With zeros & ones inside the conclave.
& stocks and shares ready to trade
A man's worth is more
while a kindred's will fade.
A debt not forgotten
Unlikely repaid.

Along with the credit
Becomes the crunch.
The aura's displeasure
Is the lion's lunch.
The desire to conquer
The brave & the weak,
Fall into the deficit
Shackled irons & feet.

"Yet, it's a free market, I hear the herds bleat".

Alex Caimbeul

From the desk of Corporal Draven Southsea

I read Lady Giuliana's announcement of an art exhibition featuring the work of local Kindred with great interest.

Alas, I am not a particularly artistic individual myself, but I wish to support this endeavour any way I can. As such I will offer my services to help with the acquisition of any hard to get materials that might be required to bring our local artists' visions to fruition for a minimal fee.

Requesting

I'm looking for some old wood/ fixtures/ fittings, screws
if anyone has any spare that's in good condition, please approach
to trade- atm i have nothing to trade but maybe a Boon will do?
Alex Caimbeul.

“THE BELT IS EMPTY AND THE CROWD IS GETTING LOUD”

By Jimmy Riddle — Glasgow’s Least Official, Most Enthusiastic Commentary Talent

GOOD EVENING GLASGOW,

and welcome back to The Dark Times, where the vitae is warm, the rumours are hotter, and the political drama hits harder than a Gangrel doing a top-rope elbow.

Now listen, your pal Jimmy doesn’t claim to be the most important voice in the room, but I do know how to call a match, and right now we’ve got ourselves a main event brewing in the centre of the domain:

THE SENESCHAL’S CHAMPIONSHIP BELT IS VACANT.

That’s right. No contender. No interim titleholder. No plucky underdog stepping through the ropes. The second-most powerful office in the city is sitting on the mat like a dropped championship belt, shining under the lights and begging-begging-for someone to grab it and hoist it high.

Our former champ, Icarus, now soaring off to Archon territory, left the belt respectfully in the ring, nodded to the Prince, and walked out to a new theme song. No heel turn, no chair shots, no pyro. Just a clean exit.

A professional. A veteran. A Ventrue who actually knows how to sell a finish.

But that leaves Glasgow with one hell of a storyline gap.

THE CROWD IS CHANTING—WHO’S NEXT?

The Prince hasn’t made a call yet, and that’s fine, Jimmy respects Prince Magnus, and I ain’t paid enough to get dragged into any Tremere court politics. But even the most loyal fan can feel the tension in the air.

You ever been at a wrestling show where the arena goes dark, a spotlight hits the ramp, and everyone starts muttering, “Is someone about to debut?”

That’s the vibe tonight, folks.

Will a Primogen step forward? Will a dark horse rush the ring? Will someone backstage finally get their push? Your guess is as good as mine...but the crowd is restless.

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE RING: THE ANARCHS ARE BUILDING HEAT

Let’s be honest: the Anarchs?

They’re not sitting quietly in catering.

No, no, these lads and lasses have been cutting promos all year, and the pop they’re getting from certain corners? That’s what we in the biz call heat. And not the polite kind, the “boo them loudly enough and they get stronger” kind.

Whether they’re actually gaining ground or just shouting the loudest, the effect is the same: the arena feels charged, electric, unpredictable.

Every time someone mutters “Anarchs,” you can practically hear a steel chair being unfolded.

And with the Seneschal belt lying empty?
Oh, that’s a storyline gift-wrapped for chaos.

You can bet there are Anarch-minded folks watching the centre of the ring like hawks, waiting for the slightest stumble.

Stirring the pot. Hyping the crowd. Trying to get their moment.

Heat, friends. Pure, sizzling, crowd-pleasing heat.

BUT IN THE END—THE PRINCE CALLS THE FINISH

Let's not get it twisted. This isn't a free-for-all.
No one's going to superkick their way into this office.

Prince Magnus holds the book. The match won't end until
he gives the signal.

Until then? We wait. We grumble.
We speculate backstage like we're supposed to.

And every night the belt glints in the moonlight, tempting,
daring, demanding a champion worthy of wearing it.

FINAL WORD FROM JIMMY AT THE ANNOUNCE TABLE

Look, I've been around courts long enough to know that
titles don't stay empty for long. Nature abhors a vacuum,
but Kindred politics absolutely despise one.

Someone's going to step up.
Someone's going to reach down, pick up that belt, and the
whole domain is going to erupt, either in cheers, boos, or
both at once.

And when that happens?

I'll be there. Mic in hand. Calling the match.

Until then, keep your ears open, your Beast calm, and
your footwork light. Feels like we're heading for a
pay-per-view night sooner rather than later.

This is Jimmy Riddle, signing off.
Stay safe. Stay sharp. And for the love of undeath, don't
turn your back on someone holding a folding chair

THE SOCIAL CARD FOR NEXT YEAR — FOUR VENUES, ONE DOMAIN, AND ABSOLUTELY NAE WAY I'M SELLIN' CRISTAL

*By Jimmy Riddle, Announcer of Mayhem,
Purveyor of Reasonable Drink Prices*

Good evening again, creatures of the night,
political heavyweights, barfly neonates, and
anyone who can still remember what daylight
looks like.

It's your pal Jimmy Riddle, once again writing
from the announce desk here at *The Dark Times*,
where the ink is black, the news is bleaker, and
the commentary always comes with a hint o' beer
mats and regret.

And tonight's headline?

We're talking next year's social calendar, the big
one. The yearly card. The booking sheet.

The grand cluster of soirées, salons, gatherings,
and late-night skulduggery that keeps the domain
from tearing itself in half between Elysia.

And I've got a proposal.

MAIN EVENT: "THE FOUR-VENUE SHOWCASE TOUR"

We've got four Kindred in Glasgow with bars,
clubs, or dens of questionable sobriety:

Draven

Juliette

Danni

And yours truly, Jimmy bloody Riddle, owner
o' *P45*, purveyor of midweek Tennents, and
champion of keeping punters, living or dead,
hydrated.

Between us, that's a lot of square footage going
to waste if we're only using it to brood

attractively in corners.

So here's my pitch:

Why don't we each host a Court evening next year?

A rotating showcase. A tour of personal domains.

A chance to show off style, atmosphere, and what makes each of our haunts tick.

Think of it as the Circuit Tour of Unlife.

A little WrestleMania, a little Eurovision, a lot of passive-aggressive political tension soaked into the soft furnishings.

And honestly? It sounds fun.

And spirits forbid we have actual fun around here.

NOW — ABOUT THAT “BELT FOR HIGHEST TAKINGS” NONSENSE

At the last gathering, someone (I won't name names, but they know who they are and they were definitely three glasses past dignified) suggested:

“Whichever bar takes the most... wins the belt!”

Aye, very good. Except let's talk economics, shall we?

Because while *my* midweek Tennents promo does £2.50 a pint, I'm no' in the business of competing with £2,000 bottles of Cristal served in a velvet-lined coffin carried out by imported ghouls wearing silk gloves.

That's not competition. That's suicide. Financial Final Death.

And as I said in the moment and I'll say again here, That's no' how P45 rolls.

I'm not bankrupting my bar just to win a shiny belt I can't even wear in public.