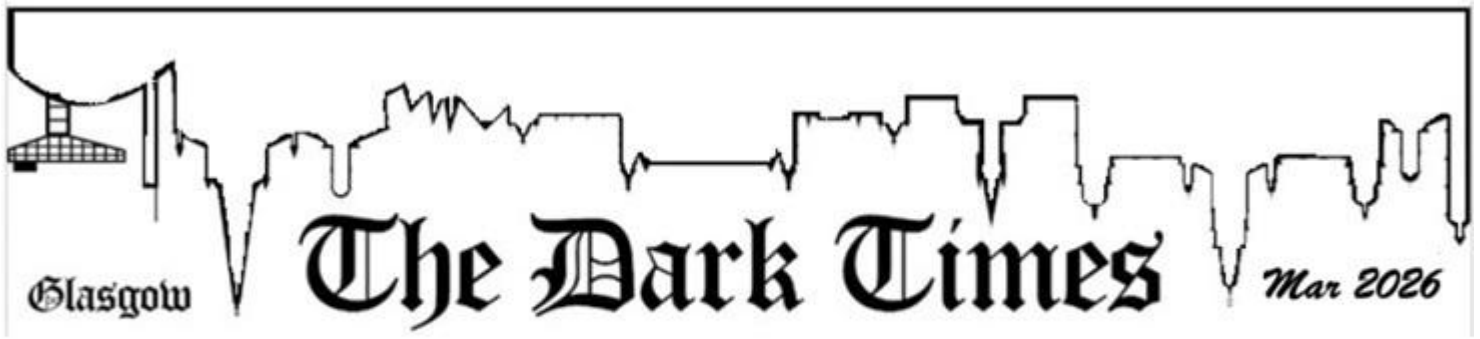




Victory and sacrifice

John Milton – Paradise Lost

“Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.”

To the Kindred of Glasgow,
The Sabbat — our great enemy and
anathema. Most have heard of them. Most
have been instructed in their atrocities. Few
have stood before them in open conflict.
Let it remain so.

For if every Kindred were forced to take up
arms against that dread sect, it would mean
the Camarilla — and those entrusted with the
Six Traditions — had failed at their very core.
Recently, six Sabbat sought to infiltrate our
domain of Glasgow.

Six Sabbat met their Final Death.

This was no accident. It was the result of
vigilance, unity, and resolve.

First, I extend my commendation to the Elders
of Glasgow, whose honed wisdom ensured
that the Masquerade remained paramount.

They oversaw the delicate logistics of this
operation with precision, maintaining the veil
that separates kine from Kindred. Without
such stewardship, victory might have birthed
chaos — like the hydra of old, where one
severed head invites two more in its place.

Second, I recognise the Seneschal and the
loyal members of the Camarilla who stood

shoulder to shoulder in defence of our domain.
Calvin Pope led the charge as one would
expect of blue blood — axe and firearm in
hand — claiming the heads of two
foul-blooded beasts. Theodore and Sir
Charles fought in near preternatural unison.
Robin demonstrated precisely why Clan
Gangrel command a reputation as warriors of
the wild. Travis Moon displayed powers that
defy simple description.

Lastly, I offer recognition to the Anarchs —
and to the six who relinquished eternity for a
battle they believed in. The divisions between
Camarilla and Anarch are not small; they are
ideological and enduring. Yet, in that decisive
moment, such differences were set aside in
defence of domain and ally alike.

That deserves respect.

May we continue to diminish the numbers of
the Sabbat’s profane cult.

May we continue to meet their incursions with
decisive destruction.

And may we remind them, again and again,
why they shall fail.

That is all.

Icarus of Clan Ventrue

Sire: Atlas

Archon to Justicar Lucinde

Good evening,

I intend to write to you on two particular topics.

I considered writing about these topics in reverse order, however, while the topic of art is near and dear to my heart I know that some will switch off at the length. I do not want this message to be lost to them, many of whom need to hear it the most.

On the subject of boons. I talk about this often, I guess one could say once (or more) a Harpy, always a Harpy... and despite the protestations of a particular Neonate on the evening, a Harpy's job is 100% to think and to judge, not merely to be a notebook and a muckraker.

Consider the value that you ascribe to your own Boons. It is how society will judge you. If you consider that a human life, no matter how useful you may consider it to be, is worth selling your own Life for (or in some cases, offering more than a Life Boon) then society will question your value as a Kindred for quite some time to come.

Furthermore, Major Boons are sizeable undertakings in and of themselves. To see 2, 3, 4, or more Major Boons being thrown around in bidding wars like eBay bid snipers with fangs... once again devalues the worth of your currency. Do consider that one could be asked to perform tasks that could encompass a dozen or more Minor Boons before meeting the threshold of service that would pay off a Major Boon... do not use them so lightly.

I will, I think, write something more in depth on the matter of Boon inflation and the dangers it can provide to your reputation over the years. But onto more joyous writings...

In praise of an evening of creativity. There were a number of interesting pieces of art on display at our last court which deserve some note. It would be a level of narcissism beyond even myself to take note of pieces where I was the artist or the model, so I shall refrain, however...

Archon Crane, and Mr Atticus Clark both provided exemplary works in my preferred medium of metal. There was a level of contrast between the two, with the Archon's broad, sweeping sculpture a reflection of his dynamic nature, where Mr Clark provided us with a showcase of precision and detail on a small scale.

My fellow Primogen, Nathaira, provided a contribution perfectly on theme to cameos of the court of Glasgow, with her collection of gifts and art pieces over her years within the Domain.

The Gangrel, Alex, provided us with evocative use of colour and shape through his paintings. What one takes away from a piece of art is often subjective, and this was reflected in the differing opinions heard on what this piece was depicting.

On the ashes attributed to, but not contributed by, Prince Magnus Burton himself. I am forever in awe of some Kindred's inability to contain themselves. The piece itself was a stark reminder of the nature of consequences in Kindred society.

The Paisley Art School provided us with some reminders of the mortal artistic community within our Domain. We are, after all, shepherds of the mortal community, so their output is eventually attributed to us via patronage and influence.

A genuine surprise was the poetry from Mr Jimmy Riddle. Even from humble beginnings can come

something quite special. Here we find one to watch perhaps for reasons other than originally thought. I do look forward to his death day celebrations and what that might entail.

Deacon.

From the desk of the Harpy

[OoC note: The Harpy merit has been invoked, temporarily increasing Calvin's Camarilla status from 0 to 1. His Anarch Status has temporarily dropped from 4 to 3]

Kindred,

I hope you will all join me in welcoming Seneschal Calvin Pope back to the heart of the Camarilla, and take a moment to reflect.

All kindred eventually find themselves tugged between the conflicting calls of Elders, caught at the crossroads. It can make the most decisive kindred feel torn. Trying to second-guess the strategies and the support structures of vampires that have been treading the *danse macabre* since before long before your embrace can drive some to madness, or to frozen indecision.

Calvin - already having braved the loss of his own sire under unusual circumstances a scant few years ago - was neither driven wild nor caught like a rabbit in the highlights. He chose Lord Mithras. He chose the ancient who had proven to have the capability to wear him like a puppet, to speak through him and demand the attention of a whole court to deliver his threats. A known quantity, and one he knew himself no way to protect himself against. One that he was already publicly assumed to be aligned with - and whose cats-paw he would have been presumed to be even if he had made any other choice.

In the end - despite that show of strength - Lord Mithras was placed into slumber by other Elders. I was there - and I witnessed the respect of all those around him, and the power invoked. It was not a thing done lightly.

It is the nature of the crossroads that not all will take the same path. For some - the choice they make proves fatal, as the *Jyhad* takes its toll. Kindred were killed and torpored in that conflict

between Ventrue elders. For others - they survive, but look back with frustration and anger, seek to find someone or something to blame. They lash out, and they make further choices in the moment that are still ultimately not in their own best interests. From the outside, those choices can seem peculiar - but anyone who has driven a car that is skidding knows how fast choices have to be made, how great the urge can be to spin the wheel and try to swerve - however much steering into the skid to regain control would be the correct action. Politically, that reflexive but unwise swerve can be a turn to the Anarch Movement.

It is to Seneschal Pope's credit that he has now redirected himself - and of course to Prince Burton's credit that he has recognised the value still to be found in Pope, despite the regrettable outbursts as Baron. In kindred terms, it has been but a moment.

It will naturally take our new Seneschal some time to return to his previous standing within the sect after this extended 'moment' - we may forgive but we do not forget. However - he is learning from experience. The sooner he begins to speak of being a pragmatist, rather than of holding his nose; and frowns out of such habits as table-thumping upon Elysium as if in a working men's club, the faster that recovery may occur.

Let me be clear - I consider both Calvin's initial choice to join the Anarchs, and his subsequent return to being an officer of the court of Glasgow, to be individually heartfelt matters of conscience and conviction. I support his having had the freedom to make those choices - provided that he now learns from them, and commits himself. We all recall how poorly my cousin Gus' political flip-flopping ended as he lost sympathy and allies on all sides.

However - I will be deeply disappointed if I hear any suggesting that he was merely 'slumming it' to take advantage of the Anarchs' welcoming

nature. Even after the recent destruction of a number of Sabbat, the 'dread' sect remains an active mutual threat to both the core of the Camarilla and to the Anarchs within it - and we must all strive together if we are to defeat them. Calvin has my condolences for the recent loss of a number of his Paisley comrades in that defence of the domain - and I hope he will extend an open invitation to the kindred of Glasgow to whatever memorial Paisley holds for their dead.

*ἀναστὰς πορεύσομαι πρὸς τὸν πατέρα μου καὶ ἔρῳ αὐτῷ· Πάτερ, ἡμαρτον εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν καὶ ἐνώπιόν σου, οὐκέτι εἰμὶ ἄξιος κληθῆναι υἱός σου· ποίησόν με ὡς ἓνα τῶν μισθίων σου. καὶ ἀναστὰς ἦλθεν πρὸς τὸν πατέρα ἑαυτοῦ. ἔτι δὲ αὐτοῦ μακρὰν ἀπέχοντος εἶδεν αὐτὸν ὁ πατήρ αὐτοῦ καὶ ἐσπλαγχνίσθη καὶ δραμὼν ἐπέπεσεν ἐπὶ τὸν τράχηλον αὐτοῦ καὶ κατεφίλησεν αὐτόν. --
ΚΑΤΑ ΛΟΥΚΑΝ 15:18-20*

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

Primogen and Harpy of Glasgow

Capo of the Giovanni Anti-tribu

FAO Financial Kindred

As I have been here a few months now it is apparent that money, as much as it not strictly necessary, makes existence that much easier. As such I am asking those with the proverbial money to burn to funnel some my way as that shall give me the boost required to get the ball rolling on things that are simply more achievable with a cash injection. Any who are able to assist will find working with me most lucrative in other avenues.

S. Ward.

Kindred of Glagsow -

The Domain has survived yet another threat. Veterans of the Dread Sect attempted to infiltrate the Domain through the ferry ports, as they have been doing in a small scale for some time now. This time though, it was different.

This was a serious force - a number of hard hitting monsters, the kind of beasts that *they* are known for. And they were destroyed. Not before inflicting grievous wounds on our own numbers, I report with regret, that six of our brothers, Anarchs of Paisley fell gloriously in battle. They willingly stepped up and defended the freedoms and culture that we enjoy as members of the Camarilla, something that our enemies across the water would take from us. Many sneer at the lifestyle and discipline Anarchs choose to live by, but it is times like these that we should all remember that we are on the same side and honour what they have sacrificed, for our very unlives.

Our home, the prince's domain, is safe for another night. Who knows what the future holds? But for today, we can sleep soundly in our havens. Just spare a thought for those Anarchs that stand on the line and bleed themselves to dust for you.

To honour their passing, I will be holding a candle lit vigil, in the nights to come. Join us in the Paisley Community Centre, in the spirit of camaraderie, all are welcome.

Calvin Pope
Seneschal of Glasgow

Ruminations and Reflections from The Harpy of Edinburgh

Kindred of Glasgow, I have heard of events from your Court of great interest to Harpies far and wide! Not only has my good friend Deacon been elevated to the well-deserved position of Primogen, it seems young Calvin Pope has given up his foolish sabre rattling as Baron and Warlord of the Anarch movement and has been welcomed into the bosom of the Camarilla proper as Seneschal of Glasgow. A wise move by Prince Magnus, who has not only vexed the Anarchs but also gained a skilled assistant.

Indeed, the new Seneschal demonstrated his prowess immediately, taking to the role like a duck to the proverbial water. He demanded the attention of the Primogen council to speak of matters of great import, but they refused, demanding his presence at an alternative location. Such action is certainly reminiscent of the childish contrarianism of Clan Malkavian, and as such I have no doubt as to which Primogen was behind it. The situation then escalated to the point that Archon Icarus himself had to become personally involved and remind the Primogen that the Seneschal speaks with the authority of the Prince and that his word should be heeded above all others when the Prince is not present. And so the Primogen were sent scurrying to the meeting with their tails between their legs, plaintively bleating craven excuses about the security of their alternative meeting place.

This beautifully teaches two lessons. Firstly that Calvin Pope is an excellent Seneschal who knows when to stand his ground and how to wield his authority. And secondly, it demonstrates that Primogen Deacon, Primogen Giuliana and Primogen Nathaira should take no notice of the fourth member of their council, save to scoff at its inane prattlings. I have previously observed that this creature's

appointment as Primogen may have been some manner of jest on the part of Prince Magnus, but I now see the true genius in his action, for he has installed an ongoing test of his Primogen Council's patience and good sense.

Yours faithfully,
Eamon Grant, Harpy of Edinburgh

A Notice to the Gentle Kindred of Glasgow

Mr. Bartholomew Sinclair of Clan Toreador proposes the establishment of a monthly **Gentlepersons' Parlour**, to be held between the Esteemed Prince's Courts, offering occasion for civil society beyond formal proceedings.

These informal evenings are intended for conversation among the Kindred of the city — discussion of current affairs, familiar philosophy, and those curiosities of modern unlife best considered in agreeable company.

Proposed First Topic:

Kindred Existence in the Digital Age — surveillance, anonymity, and adaptation as survival.

Date and location shall be confirmed pending consultation with the Keeper of Elysium.

Any Kindred wishing introduction or further particulars are invited to approach Mr. Sinclair directly.

Kindest regards,

Bartholomew Sinclair

Help Wanted

Hello dearies. I'm looking for a young technophile to make a website for me. Contact me, Grannzy Liz, if you are interested.

Dark Times – Ringside at the Art Night

Last night the curtain lifted on an evening where the arts and the Jyhad shared the same stage and both put on a show worth the ticket price.

First, the art.

Genuinely excellent. The sculpture in particular caught my attention the kind of piece that makes you stop, lean in, and feel like it might lean back. It was an honour to have my own work displayed alongside the students of Paisley. For a moment, I wasn't just an enthusiastic amateur scribbling in the margins of eternity... I was a student of the arts. And that matters. Presentation matters. Legacy matters.

Of course, next time I'll be bringing something with a little more bite. I'll be putting together some properly filthy limericks for the night at P45. You give the crowd what they want and what they deserve. But while the art was excellent... the politics were stunning.

A new Seneschal stepped into the ring: Calvin Pope. A solid choice. A steady choice. And he cut a promo like a man who knows the weight of the spotlight and the knives behind it. Me? I handled the chairs. Set them out. Put the room in order. I'm good with chairs. Always have been. Someone has to make sure the stage is ready before the performers start swinging.

Around 9:30, things got heated. The Primogen had to be verbally summoned never a quiet moment when that happens. Tension thickened the air. You could feel the crowd leaning forward, waiting for the next move, the next misstep, the next declaration.

I'd done my piece by then. Made sure everyone knew when and where the meeting was. Information moves. People move with it.

Then came the auction.

Now that was a show in itself. Boons traded hands. Favours weighed like championship belts. Every item had a story, and every bid carried another one beneath it. Lot 4 caught my eye, schematics of HMS *Terror*. There's symmetry there. P45 stands in the bones of the old Ship Builders Union, and the past has a way of surfacing when the right people start digging. History echoes. Steel remembers.

I saw the hunger in the room. The Ventrue circling. Draven watching the tide like a man who hears something the rest of us don't. I'll admit, I've never shared his love of the sea. Too vast. Too quiet. Too many things lost beneath it. So I stepped back.

I'm cash-only in the mortal world. But in our society? I deal in boons. Always have. Always will. And business is good.

South of the River, 1st of April (No Joke)

You're all invited. Yes, it's the 1st of April. No, it isn't a joke. Next month I'll be opening the doors of P45 for a bit of a do. A chance to cross the river, shake off the noise of court, and spend an evening in what I like to think of as my oasis of calm. I've been asked about dress code.

Well... we've always been free and easy. Light and breezy about that sort of thing. P45's a goth and punk hangout at heart, black denim, old band shirts, boots that have seen things — but for you, my friends, consider I've kept P45 exclusive to our families. However, you arrive, arrive as yourself.

I won't say too much about the night. Mystery keeps things interesting. There will be a bit of entertainment. A Craps School for those who like to understand the odds before they play them. A freshly painted wall and marker pens tradition, for those of you unfamiliar with punk pubs. Say something worth remembering. Or something worth erasing.

Behind the bar, we'll be serving Southside Soup. The price? Bring me one rumour.

One truth. Or introduce me to someone new. No pressure. That's simply how most of my patrons get my attention.

And because I do enjoy seeing people make connections, there'll be a notice board. Need a job done? Seeking a commission? Looking to collaborate? Pin it up. You never know who might be reading.

No speeches. No grandstanding. Just a night south of the river. Doors open after dark.

Jimmy

The Lost Pup — A Testament to the Forgotten!

My pup ran away, and I still don't know why.

I wasn't thinking about him.

If I'm honest, I'd even forgotten his name for a while.

That's on me.

I took my eyes off my pack.

He was the youngest, the smallest, the one who needed the most guidance,

and I didn't give it.

I should have known better.

Shadow, my oldest, is still here — patient, loyal —

but I haven't taken him out in too long either.

I've been neglecting them both.

Cork, my crow, still circles the haven,

still watches the shadows and reports anything strange.

He's the only one who hasn't drifted.

I'm writing this because it's frightening how easy it is,

especially for Kindred,

to get distracted.

To lose focus.

To forget the ones closest to us while we chase politics,

boons,

fear,

and the next crisis.

All I can say is this:

try not to forget your pack.

Try not to let the noise drown out the things that matter.

It only takes one moment of looking away for something small to slip through the cracks.

I hope I see the pup again someday.

Maybe by then I'll remember his name.

From the desk of Corporal Draven Southsea.

Kindred of Glasgow

It is my very great honour to host Prince Magnus' illustrious court this month at the Obsidian.

Whilst the Obsidian has no official sanction as such, I expect guests to treat my establishment as though it were Elysium, and I will enforce conditions on that basis independent of the Keeper of Elysium. I insist that no uninvited physical violence takes place, and that any arranged and agreed upon altercations are sanctioned by myself or the Prince in advance. While our Prince holds the Right of Destruction anyone abusing my hospitality, including any harm to the staff, will find that the consequences of doing so may be highly unpleasant while in full compliance with the 6th Tradition.

As this is a private event the dress code will be relaxed, but please note that Obsidian is usually a "no jeans, no trainers" establishment if you are visiting at other times.

The building has step free access from the front doors on Langside Avenue or from the car park at the rear if more discreet entry or direct access to the lift is required.

The Court will be held on the top floor in the Umbra lounge, the nightclub on the ground and first floors will be closed for the night to protect against breaches of The Masquerade.

To that end I would also like to thank the Keeper of Elysium for providing additional security for the night.

It is my sincere hope that you will all enjoy your stay.

KINE NEWS

FINANCIAL TIMES

Vanguard Global Logistics Suffer Largest Recorded Cyber Attack

On the 13th of February 2026, Vanguard Global Logistics suffered a record-breaking 7.9 terabits per second distributed denial-of-service attack which lasted over 15 minutes. It is currently unknown if any data has been leaked as part of this hack or where the hack originated from.

VGL has been invited to discuss the attack with the Intelligence and Security Committee of Parliament and the National Cyber Security Centre over the next few weeks.

This attack has resulted in VGL's stock prices taking a hit as investors lose confidence in the security of the firm.

BBC news

The Siege of Morrisons

Armed police response took back Morrisons Dumfries after a 5-hour siege. Reports show that a group of armed men entered the Morrisons on Brooms Road Dumfries at 9 pm in an attempt to rob the store. Pc Miles and McIntosh were the first on scene and negotiated the release of hostages in exchange for themselves.

Armed response units were quick to respond to the incident; however, the store had been turned into a fortress by the armed men.

At 2am, police armed units entered the facility and took back control. Of the 4 assailants 3 have been confirmed dead and 1 severely injured who has been secured at Dumfries &

Galloway Royal Infirmary. Both PC Miles and McIntosh sustained minor injuries.

AyrTimes

Firework Competition

Ayr city hosted its first ever firework competition that has attracted visitors from around the country. Contestants over 3 days were judged on the complexity and vibrancy of their displays.

Noise complaints were reported by Ayr police and environmental protesters have raised concerns with Ayrshire Council.

FastCar Entertainment

Scotland's Drift Racecourse

Located 15 miles from Ayr is the Shawsknowe Racecourse which is becoming a local hotspot for drift enthusiasts. The track is set up for beginners and experts alike with training days available and a weekly meet on Wednesdays.