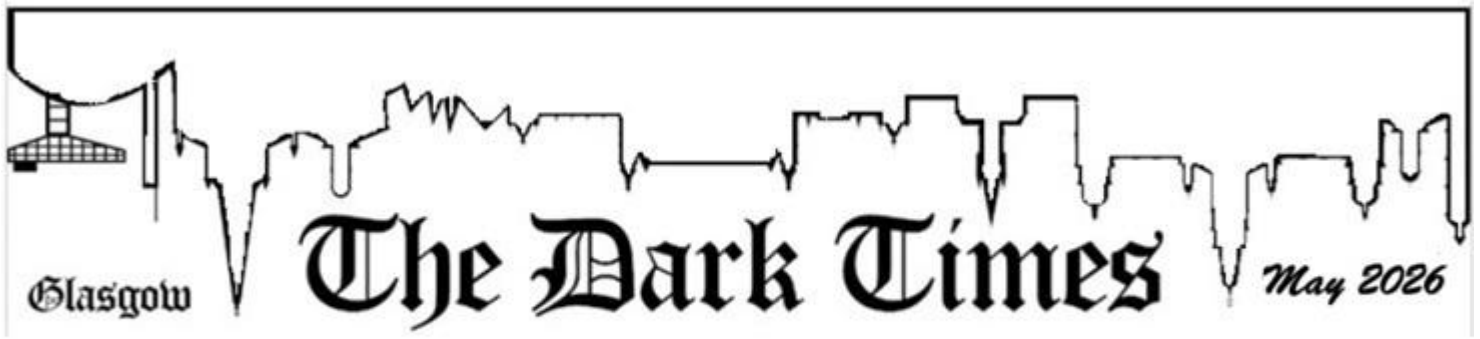




Kindred,

I would like to take some precious time out of hiding from the wrath of Prince Laura Dunsirn to thank the esteemed and respected Harpy, Guiliana Dunsirn, for her insightful and decisive action recently when she tried to help her beloved Cousin.

Armed with nothing more than a spanner to throw in the works and some petrol to throw on the fire, Guiliana managed to undo weeks of gentle calming and placating in seconds.

Laura Dunsirn tried to physically attack Guiliana after the Glasgow Elder, concerned for her Cousin's mental health, asked her to come with her to Glasgow to rest and recover. A frankly ridiculous proposal to make to a Prince that is wracked by paranoia, spiralling horribly, and terrified of being deposed at best and murdered at worst, for her Throne...

Hopefully Guiliana will be available when I speak to the Brujah Primogen, raging on the cusp of frenzy, so she can tell my esteemed colleague to calm down!

So thank you Guiliana, for everything you have done and all the help you have so selflessly given. And please, tell the ghost that is most certainly watching me write this that I forgive them. They are a slave to

the Dunsirn and it's not their fault. I will give them a little nod when I'm dragged from my hidey hole and executed for some bullshit reason by the spiralling, paranoid, dictator currently squatting on the throne of my cherished Domain.

Yours,

Anonymous (of course, I'm not bloody stupid!)

To whom it may concern,

I fully endorse Calvin Pope as Prince of Glasgow.

Anne,

Prince of London.

Kindred,

I whole heartedly support Calvin Pope of Clan Ventrue in his bid for Praxis of the Domain of Glasgow.

Calvin is truly the only real candidate that could be an acceptable Prince when looking at the competition.

Alexander Leslie,
Prince of Aberdeen.

Kindred of Scotland,

Let it be known that I fully support the Ventrue Calvin Pope as Prince of Glasgow.

Although I would enjoy seeing how many nights one of the others would last if they won the vote for Prince, peace and stability is a better way forward to the benefit of the Camarilla as a whole.

Good luck Calvin!

Prince Mikkelson of Carlisle.

My esteemed Elders and Kindred of Glasgow,

Please know that Calvin Pope of Clan Ventrue has my support in his bid to become Prince of Glasgow. I look forward to a long and peaceful working relationship as neighbours in Scotland.

Although strange to see Elders voting on who takes Praxis, like this is some sort of democracy, rather than seizing Praxis for themselves, this IS Glasgow so maybe not too unexpected after all.

I will watch with interest to see if the "winner" of this experiment actually survives the week or if sense will prevail and we see a return to the tried and tested old ways.

Thomas Carmichael,
Prince of Dundee.

Hooray for Progress

It's been quite some time since there has been as much attention on Glasgow as there is at the moment, I must say. One does rather enjoy looking on with amusement. Though I, more than most, certainly do understand the feeling of wondering quite what everyone else is laughing about. It is good to have observed The Second City of the Empire since I left it, all those years ago - I have witnessed terrible princes follow me and good ones. Though never would I have believed to see the night where a committee was summoned to deal with the issue of Praxis - trust the pyramid to come up with a harebrained scheme like that.

Progress will have its way with the world. Whether we like it or not, this will be no different. If that's how it is to be done, then so be it. We will all watch on to see how this unfolds. I will refrain from choosing a favourite, however. This is Glasgow's affair. Let them choose.

It does just warm my cockles that there won't be a Warlock in my old seat for very much longer. Hooray for progress indeed.

Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth
Prince of Birmingham

From the office of Archon Victor "Wilfspite", "The Bastard Son" Crain

The Puppeting mage is Dead. His spells Broken, and those who still stood, their minds have been freed from his spells. For those who had fallen, their ashes are being sought through to be returned to their next of kin within their clans.

But most pleasingly, there was no casualties among my team who executed the plan. Amongst this coterie, we have Archon Icarus of Clan Ventrue, primogen Travis Moon of Clan Malkavian, Danni of Clan Brujah, Sheriff Zev Ben Zion and Hieronymus Baasch of Clan Assamite, and my fellow Gangrel, Robin, Blomkavist, Zaniyah, and Sheriff Dawson Langdon.

Each are a credit to their Clans, and the Camarilla itself.

Friends, Kindred of Glasgow

,
A time of change is upon us; as the Elders of your city consider the needs and desires of our domain. I am quite sure that our next court will be one of high passion.

Unless I take to standing on a table, I am at the shoulders of giants - which is rarely the best stance from which to make speeches. Accordingly, I pray that you will allow me to demand a little of your time via the pen, and address the elephant in the room - since it is possible that after next court, I will not be your Primogen.

Glasgow's praxis - or at least, the variability of it - has at times been a matter of international scorn. The phrase *'They change their Prince more often than their underwear'* has been used

- and invariably descended into discussions about whether a Scotsman wears any braies at all. I can certainly tell you from personal experience and mere comparison of records (rather than any prince's dirty laundry) - that in the thirteen years I was in governance over Venice as Consiglieria, Glasgow had thirteen Princes. Indeed, the praxis changed so swiftly that in the time between the ink drying in Venice and my feet touching Glasgow's soil, my own letter of introduction proved to have been changed from being respectfully and appropriately addressed to Prince Francis Doyle of Glasgow, to being awkwardly presented to Prince Primrose Thassalo of Glasgow despite being addressed to her newly-dead predecessor.

Such was our domain. At times those of the domain tried to defend this, arguing that surviving a year in Glasgow is like surviving a century in any other domain. And that may very well be true - for under Prince Magnus Burton we have seen three years of comparative stability that under such re-measurement might be counted an era, an aeon.

I have often called upon all of us to 'do better, be better' - and as I have listened to and read the opinions of the country, I am pleased to say the influence of our departing Prince and the respected residents of Glasgow has been noticed and viewed with approval. The country is not clutching its pearls in horror at a likely descent into chaos - but is instead buzzing with excitement, speaking with approval of (and doubtless making wagers upon) multiple names as possible Princes for our domain

We approach the crossroads now, and
doubtless there will be tears (and perhaps
blood) spilt before bedtime - so let us take this
moment of stillness to reflect upon how we have
learnt and improved, and
how we may continue to do so.

I invite you, as this change comes upon our
Glasgow, our 'green place', once again - to not
merely be on the defensive. Embrace what we
are. Be proud and celebrate it. We are as
(un)changing as the seasons - and our changes
of praxis are not a sign of instability, but of
dynamic resilience and adaptation.

And like the seasons - there is a time for all
things. I invite you to dream, and to dare. To
consider what can be learnt from the past and
woven into the future.

We are not a democracy, and with good reason.
But your Primogen are as much your
representatives - and in some cases teachers
and mentors - as they are the Prince's advisors.
You do not have a 'vote' - but you do have a
voice; and the Primogen have ears. If you have
not yet done so, reach out to your Primogen. Let
the Council know of your dreams for - and
nightmares about - the domain's future.
Decisions may be made behind closed doors,
but they should never be made in darkness.
I remain, for now at least, your Primogen and
Harpy.

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

Ex-Consigliera of Venice
Capo of the Giovanni Anti-Tribu
Elder of Glasgow

The wise prince left his ancient chair,
For those who crave the prince's might,
May Glasgow's power be their share.

He left a throne beyond compare,
To face the coming, fading light,
The wise prince left his ancient chair.

No longer would his presence there
Awaken shadows in the night,
For those who crave the prince's might.

Let Camrilla's name declare
A reign of strength, a hopeful sight,
The wise prince left his ancient chair.

In these new times, they may find flair,
And grasp the power, burning bright,
For those who crave the prince's might.

May all who seek it freely dare,
And find their destiny's delight.
The wise prince left his ancient chair,
For those who crave the prince's might.

Alexander McGregory

Hobby Group

Group for those who have passion for crafts and
hobbies of all types. Come along and bring an
example of your hobby, an interesting collectable or
story of exploits in your field of interest. Never know
might find someone with the same interest to
collaborate with or even better make them a convert!
Until then, whatever your passion may be celebrate it
with gusto.

Solomon Ward

Political Prognostications from the Harpy of Edinburgh

Dear readers, as Harpy, I feel compelled to comment on the upcoming battle for the Domain of Glasgow. When first I sat to pen this article, I thought to give my opinions with no use of my oracular talents, yet my predictions have been so incredibly accurate of late that I would be doing you a disservice if I were not to bestow the insights of the Tarot upon you. Therefore, I have resolved to draw a card for each of the major players involved.

Yet, I get ahead of myself. Let me first explain the situation. Prince Magnus Burton has proclaimed that his Clan have need of him and so he has determined to choose a worthy successor by use of an unconventional election. To that end, he has chosen to give a vote to his Seneschal, his four Primogen, the Sheriff, the Scourge and the Keeper of Elysium. Eight votes in total. In order to stand, a candidate must have a nomination and a second from one of these eight persons, and any of the eight who choose to stand will forfeit their power to vote. And once the candidates are decided, the others must vote to approve their favoured candidate.

While some may speculate that this is some manner of ploy by Prince Magnus to root out dissidents, I believe my forthcoming predictions will dismiss this possibility. And while the officers of the court may choose any kindred to stand, I am of the firm belief that the candidates will rise from their own ranks, for surely anyone with any serious designs on the position of Prince would have some manner of court position already.

And so, to the candidates. Let us journey from the least likely future Prince to the most probable.

Firstly, let us dismiss the laughable notion of Prince Travis Moon. Even as a puppet Prince in thrall to a wiser master, the dangers of Malkavian leadership should be all too obvious. If installed as Prince, this creature would no doubt insist on holding Court on some manner of highly flammable Maunsell sea fort. And yet, for this animal, I drew Justice. A Card portending even-handedness and careful decision making. The implication is clear. If this creature will make a sound and well-considered decision, then its decisions are not its own. There are many ways to manipulate Kindred and I have no doubt that Primogen Moon will be Dominated, Blood Bonded, bribed or simply threatened into making a decision too wise and reasonable to have come from within its own diseased mind.

Secondly, we have the Scourge, Kenzie Alexander. While regarded in some quarters as an Elder, the responsibility of this vote may be the first time young miss Alexander has been taken seriously within the Domain of Glasgow. It is then fitting that for her, I drew the Five of Pentacles, indicating dire need. It seems clear that her desperation for recognition will drive her to vote for whichever candidate can pander to her need for importance. Candidates hoping to secure her votes would be wise to offer her dominion over a portion of Glasgow or a seat on the Primogen Council.

Thirdly we have the Keeper of Elysium, Amelia Howard. Miss Howard has a reputation as a meek and sentimental wet blanket, and aptly enough, I drew the Six of Pentacles for her, indicating charity. While a good and loyal Childe should support her Sire, it seems that Miss Howard is in danger of throwing her vote away in support of some unlikely candidate or abstaining altogether in order to avoid upsetting any particular individual.

Fourthly, we move to the Sheriff, Zev Ben-Zion. Of course, nobody in their right mind would nominate an Assamite to be a Camarilla Prince. But such a person needs no vote. For him, I drew The Tower, the single most disastrous Card of the Tarot, portending chaos, destruction and death. The only positive reading of this card is a phoenix-like return from the ashes after the collapse. It seems obvious that this deadly assassin plans to vote whichever way will cause the most strife and division, and once Prince Magnus has left the city, he will challenge Praxis the old fashioned way, attempting to butcher the newly-minted Prince and snatch the crown for himself.

Fifthly, we have Primogen and Harpy Giuliana Dunsirn. This political powerhouse is no stranger to authority, having served for 13 years as Consigliera of Venice, but could the Camarilla of Scotland bear to see a Giovanni Prince in both the capital city and the largest city? Yet, it seems unlikely that she will step forward herself, seeing as how she has been building the reputation of both Seneschal Calvin Pope and Primogen Nathaira. For her, I drew the High Priestess, a woman of great divine authority who works in mysterious ways. It seems clear to me that her inflation of Calvin Pope's reputation, seen by some as a way of severing the former warlord's ties to the Anarch movement, was no accident. I am certain that when the moment comes, he will have her vote.

Sixthly, we have Primogen Nathaira. Would that I were in position to vote myself, for this upstanding and enlightened pillar of the Camarilla would have my nomination, not least because of her experience as Prince of Ciudad Real. For her, I drew the Lovers. She *must* stand for Prince, as it is her very heart's desire. But the

greatest desires oft carry the greatest price tags. What deals might she be willing to strike and what concessions might she be willing to make in order to secure power? And will it be enough? After all, she has some very serious competition.

Next we come to the Seneschal, Calvin Pope. As Seneschal, he would be the obvious contender, and many may take it for granted that there will be white smoke flowing from the Elysium's chimney come the next court. Indeed, for him, I drew the Seven of Pentacles. A clear sign that he has all of his ducks in the proverbial row. As a Ventrue, he is the traditional choice, he has secured the position of Seneschal, he has the backing of the formidable Giuliana Dunsirn, his connection to the Anarch movement is all but forgotten and his standing within the Camarilla has never been stronger. Thus, he can now rest and enjoy the fruits of his labours as the votes come rolling in. Or can he?

Finally, we come to my dear friend Primogen Deacon. As grandchilde and Protégé of François Villon, Deacon is an Elder of great standing. For him, I drew the Nine of Staves, the card that portends winning at all costs, whatever the odds. I have no doubt that it will cost him greatly, but I am absolutely certain that we can eagerly await the coronation of Prince Deacon, and long may he reign!

Yours faithfully,

Eamon Grant, Oracle and Harpy of Edinburgh.

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The Night Speaks...

I studied the bright night sky and the Lyrid
meteor shower and it all pointed towards a
crossroads, this is clear,
What isn't clear is what's to come.

I searched for hints of the beyond and all I saw
was change and blood and unquiet breath.
Faces come and go, names fade and freshen
then fade again,

The woods were uneasy, the wind changed and
an Owl ruffled its feathers & turned its head as if
to say, it is already written.

Pain is the reality, undercurrents whisper,
a Hare then darts past almost like a flicker of a
dream, things are happening fast and it is
important to be cautious,
do not stir the beast, let the nights come and
gently pass like a stream.

it is over! 'The night says'.

Lex's notes.
Clan Gangrel

To whom it may concern,

I want to give my reassurances to the Anarchs
that their sacrifices for the good of the whole
domain will not be easily forgotten, The Anarch
movement has its strengths and we should all

strengthen each other especially in times of
unrest and confusion, From fire comes rock, and
rock is solid, Thank you once again to the
Anarchs who helped me train again, & i know
things are hard for you guys so i appreciate it
even more, it's a testament to the fighting spirit
you all hold. I also want to thank Albrecht, we
should all strengthen each other, Kindred &
Clan.

Alex Caimbeul

Black Shuck Comes... A Terrible Omen

In the darkest of nights with the Flower Moon &
Stars hidden behind a shroud, I could hear faint
whispers, & with my hammer in hand I
concentrated fully, getting lost in the curious
elixir of the unknown.

Hours passed suddenly as if like seconds, then
the clouds parted & from the depths shrieked in
an unholy manner

'Beware, Beware, Black Shuck Comes!'

In my terror i had to flee, led by instinct &
senses i didn't know i had, Dawn was coming &
shaken as i was i quickly hid myself from its
glare underfoot.

If anyone has any knowledge about who or what
Black Shuck could be then please let me know.

Lex

The Isle of Lewis and a rather large explosion

Who is Carradus Harwood you don't ask? Well, I shall tell you anyway. So there.

As an archaeologist, historian and folklorist, I have spent the last ten years sailing up and down the highlands and Islands of Scotland recording all manner of myths and legends and local folk tales. A mobile haven with a fine crew of robust scallywags is a grand thing for such an endeavour.

For those of us with a keen interest in the past, the Isle of Lewis boasts a large number of historical destinations to pique your curiosity. A word to the wise, however: not all of these stone circles, cairns and sacred places of yore are unoccupied. Avoid the vibrant-souled and those with the sparky scent of lightning about them. Speaking of lightning, In ancient days before ever a stone was raised, a most mighty bolt of power from the heavens struck the land that would in later years be crowned by the Callanish stones. Some now claim it to be the site of an ancient temple, while others suggest it to be an attempt at arcane containment of some eldritch being that fell from above. Perhaps both are true. Certainly, something lingers there still, setting my nose sparking with the scent of sea air after a dreadful storm. Then there is the unhuman gaze you may feel upon your back. Yes, be careful not to wake that which slumbers there beneath the ground. The stones talk, but it is not something you might wish to hear...

Near Bayble lies the chambered neolithic cairn of Dursainean. Across a moonlight moor I climbed the rise to record the stones there, steadfastly enduring the mournful cries of the dead and the half-felt hands that wrapped around my boots, trying to pull me down into the sucking bog to join them in some manner of unnatural eternity. After a brisk, brief chat the rosters apparently decided they didn't much fancy the idea of spending an eternity with the likes of me. Uncultured swine, the lot of them.

On return to my ship, with the crew ashore for the night ready to return with supplies in the morn, there was an incident most unpleasant that explains my return to Glasgow after many years away. Settling in for a few hours of recording research, my stones sent me warning of danger approaching. Up on deck, why, I found a motorboat of ne'er-do-wells making right for me! Big and hairy they were and smelling all wrong. Like wet dog with the rot in them. Setting light to my fuse of last resort, I grabbed a waterproof go-bag and took a plunge off the other side of my ship. As I sank, the surface lit up bright and beautiful, a hard and personal loss to be sure but better than letting those beasts despoil her. Chum in the water left me not wishing to stay to see what else showed up. It was a harrowing, slow walk of many nights until my hands found the fishing nets and dragged me back up into the moonlight. It was not an expedition I would care to repeat.

There are many dangers in uncovering the hidden nature of Scotland, but everybody needs a purpose, and this one is mine.

Kindred of Glasgow,

thank you for your hospitality. My visit to your city was most educational. My interactions with other kindred are frequently limited to my own clan, and the ivory tower is so diverse. I found myself particularly interested in the Gangrel, who tell good stories.

My own story, regarding why I was dressed as I was, was politely asked after. Lamentably, time was short and I was unable to properly share it. Fortunately, your wonderful paper gives me the chance to correct that.

In life, I was a naval chaplain. I tended to the souls of coarse sailors whose interests were mostly in drinking, gambling, and whoring. When I was embraced, my faith remained. It was tempered, transformed, refined in the crucible of adversity that is the curse of Caine. In my time the existence of God was rarely questioned; at least not as it is now. But if I had any doubts, they were extinguished. How could I doubt a God who had cursed me?

During a voyage to the West Indies I witnessed the atrocity of a boiling house on a sugar plantation. Upon my embrace I sought out the English gentleman who owned the plantation and who profited from that suffering. No man is closer to God than when he is begging for mercy, except for when he is begging for forgiveness.

Are we damned? Certainly. Are we irrecoverable in that damnation? I do not know. But we are created by God, and everything God creates, he does so with good purpose.

That is why I still wear the collar.

If you have questions or thoughts on spiritual matters, you can reach me at PO box 316, Plymouth. My ghouls check it regularly.

Faithfully,

Elias Paine, Minister to the Damned

Wordsmith wanted

Greetings honourable kindred of Glasgow, my name is Amelia Campbell.

I am searching for any poets or wordsmiths who can assist in penning traumatic experiences. Having faced a Sabbat attack where I was separated from my esteemed sire, having someone with more creative expertise who could help guide me to explore this pain would be greatly appreciated. I consider myself to be a patron of the arts, whilst my own skills are humble, any who dedicate their time to help me grow and flourish will be paid accordingly.

Please leave any missives for me at Elysium or with a member of Clan Tremere.

Dark Times, Last Call and What Comes Next

First things first thank you.

P45 last month... that wasn't just a good night. That was a *finale*. You could feel it in the room. The way people moved, the way conversations lingered just a second too long. Everyone knew whether they said it out loud or not we were closing something.

And you all showed up for it. That matters. Because places like that? Nights like that? They don't just happen. They're built on trust, on reputation, on people being willing to step into something a bit bigger than themselves and see what happens.

So if you were there you were part of it. Simple as that. Now... we move on.

You don't need me to tell you things are shifting. You can feel that too. The Court's changing. The tone's changing. And when the tone changes, everything else follows. Before anything else gets said, respect where it's due.

Prince Magnus held this city together. No drama, no theatrics just control. The kind you only notice when it's gone. That's not easy, and it's not something you replace overnight. So whatever comes next, that standard's sitting there. Whether people admit it or not. Now here's the interesting bit. Everyone's talking about what happens next like it's already decided. Like it's a neat little process, boxes getting ticked, voices politely heard.

It's not. It never is.

What happens next comes down to who's in the room... and who the room *listens* to.

Titles help. Of course they do. But don't kid yourself recognition doesn't come from a title alone. It comes

from presence. From weight. From the moment someone speaks and the rest of the room, whether they like it or not, pays attention.

That's where we are now. So watch closely. Listen carefully. And think about where you're standing when it all lands. Because these nights? These moments? They decide things. Dark times, sure. But if you know what you're doing... they're the only times that really matter.

KINE NEWS

FAITH +1 LOSES FAITH IN I.T. !

Organisers of the Faith+1 event were embarrassed recently over incorrect dates on their publicity materials.

I.T. issues were blamed - aren't they always? - and the organisation has reassured all of its adherents that the correct dates are now showing on the website.

Bright Lights Of Glasgow Fashion Seen At Obsidian

By Eloise Doorn, Fashion Editor

It appears a long time Glasgow nightclub in Shawlands, recently reopened by new management after extensive renovations, has become a new hotspot for Glasgow's fashion scene.

Several well respected up and coming designers were seen entering The Obsidian where, reports suggest, they were given the VIP treatment by the usually reclusive new owner himself in a private room that is part of the already exclusive Umbra members only lounge.