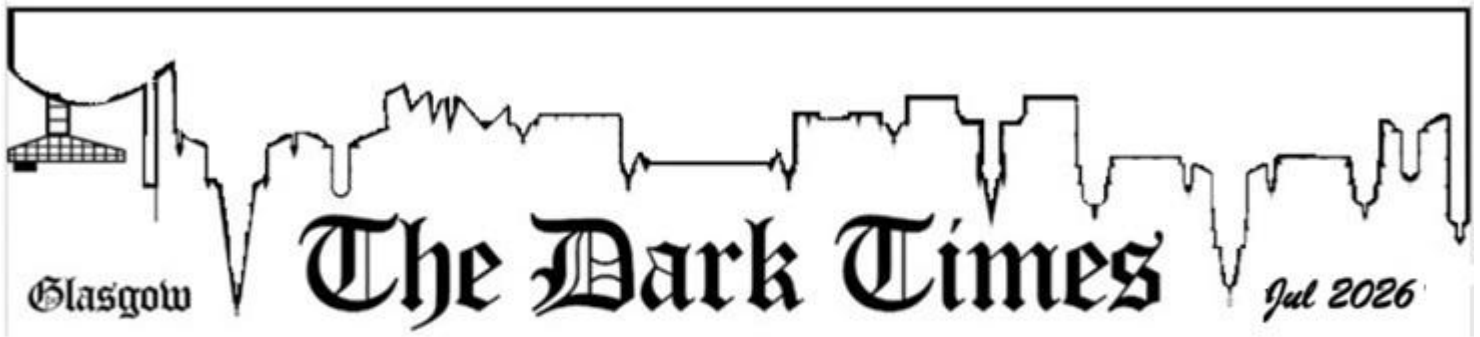




Kindred,

Let it be known that Calvin Pope of Clan Ventrue, the Pretender Prince of Glasgow, is unwelcome in any of the Domains of France. Hospitality will be refused in every instance.

Further, let it be known that I have called a Blood Hunt on the Kindred known as Tristen D'Oliviera of Clan Assamite. This Blood Hunt has been upheld in each of the Domains of France. The Toreador of France will not stop until the murderer of Elder Deacon of Clan Toreador is brought to justice.

Let me be clear. If evidence is found that ties Calvin Pope to the Assamite contract on Deacon, I will call a Blood Hunt on Pope also.

Francios Villon,
Prince of Paris.

With Regrets

When I claimed Praxis I looked forward to an amicable transition, that my rivals would accept the momentum I had gained and recognise the clear strength and support I so obviously had. In such a vision they would have been welcomed to court, and granted Hospitality like so many of you all enjoyed at

our June gathering. I'll not be offended if you verify that for yourselves - speak to my closest allies, who expected - some even counseled - me to go after them before they could come after me. I said no. To my rivals, I said "the floor is yours". But we all heard what they had to say.

Whether you personally respect me or not, is of no consequence. For some of you I couldn't care less what company you keep. That being said, we have only seven basic expectations for your continued existence - our six Traditions and the Pax Vampirica, the ancient, unwritten treaty that outlines how to behave on Elysium grounds. Beyond those seven, you are largely free to act as you will. I won't accept lip service, I won't tolerate fair weather adherents. The Camarilla does not ask a lot of you, so in those areas of your unlives where it does, I expect you to live them.

And with that in mind I regret that I convey the following update concerning the Kindred known as Nathaira.

Her crimes are many - not to mention that she has not been granted Hospitality as laid out in the Fifth. We all read with our own eyes, what was tantamount to a Breach of the Second Tradition, in Dark Times. If it were just these infractions, I would perhaps offer her a draught of my blood, but her other crimes make that impossible. The Conspiracy to Break the Sixth Tradition cannot go unchallenged. I am sure, like me, you wondered "who dunit?" Who stepped up and ended that stain that was Deacon of Clan Toreador, Elder of the Camarilla? And I am sure you must have thought it was probably me. Don't worry,

thinking your Prince isn't above cold blooded murder is not a breach of the Second. However you would be wrong. At least, on this occasion.

It did puzzle me why certain Kindred wanted it to be me so badly. Despite all the evidence to the contrary. But then it hit me, of course, it had to be me. For if it was not, Kindred would wonder, questions would be asked - questions which had no easy answers. So I resolved to carefully examine those questions. And what they revealed shocked me to my core. I knew that I had no hand in Deacon's demise. I simply had no motive, in fact it's more than that, there was counter-motive. For you see, Court intrigue being as it was, it had been arranged that he was going to throw his support behind me. In the challenge that had been set before us by my predecessor, my victory depended on his support. This has been verified by Prince Carmichael of Edinburgh. Besides - if it were me, I'd have hired the assassin to kill the organ grinder, not the monkey.

So with that knowledge in hand, who was it? I questioned, after listening to her long list of accolades and with so many venerable companions - how could the interloper stalk its quarry, slay it and make good its escape, without let or hindrance? It doesn't make sense - unless you consider that there were two enemies. One known, and one unknown. A secret accomplice. Someone able to confound the senses, and cause confusion with the powers of her blood. Fighting with an illusory blindfold, how could that group of stalwart elders have stood a chance?

But why? Cui bono? Why would Nathaira have anything to do with the Destruction of her Coterie mate? Simple - for the same reason they project upon myself. Her determination to win. You heard it from her own mouth - "I take what I want", in other words *I'll kill you for this*. I stood in her way, and Deacon stood with me. He recognised how chaotic it would be to have her as Prince. And she simply could not take the betrayal. This revelation was supported by one of the remaining elements of her inner circle, who under sharp questioning was unable to deny - she knew Deacon was set to betray her.

Means, motive and opportunity. It didn't need to be this way, but she made her bed. She must lie in it. Nathaira of Clan Ravnos is to be Blood Hunted from the Domain of Glasgow. Any Kindred found offering her quarter will join her, on the run as an Outlaw. For those who are bold enough to join the Hunt, the Domain offers a reward to whomever claims her blood for their own.

I had attempted to Summon Giulianianna, to put this evidence before her, and see what she knew of the affair. But it seems I was not quick enough. Nathaira had already begun covering her tracks. Ever the canny operator she killed two birds with one stone - Giulianianna was a loose end, but she was also airfare. Seeing that other Domains were preparing to uphold the Blood Hunt, she couldn't know where was safe. It has been confirmed that in a meeting just outside Paris, the Torpored remains of Lady Giulianianna were gifted to representatives of the Giovanni Clan.

However this only serves as insight into Nathaira's character, it in itself is not a crime. Unlike my predecessor, if you capture members of my court and send them to their hated enemies in the hopes that they are killed, I will consider it a breach of the Sixth. However, Giulianianna did not have Hospitality, so at the time this heinous act was committed, she was nothing.

Neither does Evan Dunsirn, yet. He has failed to secure Hospitality. And by the plain words of our Fifth Tradition, is nothing. I wait to see if he is ready to ask properly or if he will go and join his cousins? I hear Giulianianna was having a wonderful time since returning to her family in Venice. Though sadly short lived, latest reports tell me of a terrible accident. She was struck by a speeding canal boat and lies near death. Please join me in sending Gondolences.

Calvin Pope



It is with great pleasure that I announce the return of our wayward daughter Guiliana Dunsirn to the bosom of the Clan. It has been far too long since we have had the pleasure of her company in Venice, and we, as a Family, are overjoyed that this has now been addressed.

We are all looking forward to catching up with Guiliana and listening to all of the wonderful stories she has on her exploits and her challenges as the leader of the Giovanni Anti-Tribu in Britain.

And while it is a shame that our dear departed Cousin Laura Dunsirn can't be here for this Family visit, I'm happy to see the increasing numbers of Giovanni Anti-Tribu returning home in recent weeks and months, healing the fracture between us.

Eric Giovanni,
Venice.

History repeating itself is best viewed from the back row.

Emiel Hendriksen

In the Elysium soft light

You are hiding under your hat

For me you are glowing so bright

Don't be shy, I just want to chat

We share this strange attraction

This hunger unlike anything I know

I can't have you all, just a fraction

I want to devour you, but I can't show

Dance with me under the starry sky

I am here, you don't need to be afraid

We will be alone under a good moon eye

This night will bring us solace and aid

Hand to hand and heart to heart

A quiet reconciliation given to the night

Together until they tear us apart

They hate us just out of spite

My eyes are always on you

Whatever they're green, brown or blue

Carradus Harwood and the Antler Woman

Up on the hillside of An Dùn near Dalwhinnie, while out and about seeking old tales of place and people, I happened upon a hunter out uncommonly late one night.

"Hunting deer," he explains, with his military-grade thermal-scoped rifle, shiny new black SUV, and, as I later found out, a purse full of silver shot.

"At Night?" queries I.

He nods gravely, then seems surprised he readily admitted such illegality to a stranger such as I. A barrage of my folk and fairy tales later, and the dazed hunter claims he stalks no common deer, but one of the Cailleach's own herd. That seemed most unlikely to me, and unwise if true - all of which I voiced, my misgivings summarily dismissed. But then I wander these hills and forests without the mightily impressive skill of the hardy Gangrel, able to rest their heads in whatever earth they wish. Who am I to dissuade a man from folly while in search of his dreams.

We climb this storied hill together, the heather damp underfoot.

Keen-eyed I am, and it is I who first spot his target, a fine brown hind. The hunter lifts his rifle and peers through the scope.

There, no deer but the shape of a woman meets his eye (note, I do not say human), pale of complexion and red of curl. I admit to being surprised when I too witness this.

The hunter lowers his rifle, and his target is a once more a normal deer like every other.

He lifts his rifle again, and the shape of a woman returns. The how and why of it, I do not ken.

From his pouch he takes a single silver shot, clicked into his rifle. When he lifts it, we now see only a deer - silver is the key to piercing this illusion it seems. The point of it escapes me.

His grin is vicious - there is some personal grudge at play here, and I don't press the man on it. The shot rolls long and loud down the hillside, and his prey lies still and dead with a hole in her heart.

I keep my distance, watching him collect his kill and gleefully drag it down to his vehicle, perhaps as a trophy of his hunting prowess.

He does not notice the sharp-tined stagmen crest the rise, tall and angry, stalking their own prey this night.

They see me not, standing there in the shadowed fullness of my shattered blood.

But the old woman in a veil does, crouched on the peak of the hill. I nod and she...ignores me. That's for the best, I think.

Blood for blood: the stagmen hang the hunter by the feet, and with their tines they open him up from groin to sternum.

The distinct sensation that it would be unwise to linger steals upon me. Another story for my books, and I leave no wiser but perhaps not such a fool.

The Great Glasgow Stake Off

We are all trained to behave in polite society, but not all are trained in the effective means of basic defence incapacitating even the deadliest of foes. Inspired by the precision, not to mention sheer power, of my new favourite kindred I am looking to bring basic tactics to those less seasoned for their self-defence. If you are indeed interested or wish to share your own signature take down move come meet with us over the next few months. You never know you might discover something new or even like what you see and want more.

The Bostonian.

Fashionably Late

by Bartholomew Sinclair

Jazz month, I am glad to report, went rather well.

Bar Bacchus proved a fine choice. There were multiple attendees, with Clan Tremere putting in a notably good showing, and the conversation stayed mostly light — save for a hopeful eye toward a future presentation from one of our number, which I'll say nothing more about for now. Watch this space. Beyond that, charity, music, and culture were the evening's recurring topics, which I take to be the mark of a good evening.

So — onward.

THIS MONTH — CULTURE NIGHT: MANOEUVRES
IN THE DARK

Thursday 30th July

Glasgow's outdoor concert season is in full swing, and OMD are closing out the month with a rare open-air date — synth pioneers a good deal older than most of us pretend to be, still touring, still worth hearing. I did not book this for the name. I am not going to pretend the name didn't help.

Live music outdoors carries differently than it does indoors — less precise, more honest. We won't be first through the gate; support acts are for people with somewhere better to be beforehand. We arrive as the sky finishes catching up with the rest of us, in time for the headline set and not a great deal before it.

Be at Elysium for collection.

Dress code: whatever you'd wear to stand on grass for a couple of hours and not think about it again. Practical over precious — there will be spilled drinks and questionable dancing, and no obligation to join in on either unless you want to.

WHAT FOLLOWS

For those who find the prospect agreeable, here is a flavour of what remains this year:

August is for the spiritual, mystic, and the curious. If you know where to look, there are folk trading in stock rather stranger than anything sold in daylight...

September is spectacle — extraordinary costumes, extraordinary voices, and a great deal of controlled drama. Rather like court, but with a more reliable interval.

October — the city does something rather wonderful with the dark at this time of year. Wear something you don't mind getting atmospheric in.

November has a wartime spirit to it. Glamour under pressure. I have always found that combination compelling, and the kine have done something rather good with it.

December we walk. Glasgow has stories older than most of us in this room, and I intend to hear some of them properly. Wear good shoes and a coat worth wearing.

Same terms as before. I will not be taking names, keeping lists, or noting absences. Come if it appeals. Bring someone interesting if you like.

I hope to see some of you on the 30th.

— Bartholomew Sinclair

Kindred,

Let it be known that Rotten Tom of Clan Nosferatu is owed a Major Boon by Venn Jörmungandr of the Followers of Set for services rendered.

Margaret Stewart,
Harpy of Glasgow.



“The Canines Might”

Canine instinct-

Dogs have served people in more ways than most ever think about. Certain breeds excel at certain tasks... hunting fox or rabbit, guarding a homestead, guiding the blind, or standing firm beside soldiers in the worst of wartime. I've seen dogs show great courage that would shame many men, facing down danger with teeth bared and hearts steady, sometimes giving their lives to protect their Masters.

There's a loyalty in them that doesn't waver, a trust; a steadiness of temperament that makes them companions, guardians, and sometimes the first to sense when something in the night isn't quite right. My own dogs, Shadow and Darkness, are proof enough of that; Shadow has been with me a while now, and Darkness.... still young, still learning... he's already shown more heart than many full-grown hounds, I'm glad he's safe again.

Dogs know things, they feel the shift in the air before we do, they hear the change in a stranger's step & they smell fear, sickness, storms, and sometimes... other things.... Things that walk the edges of our world.

Advanced K9 tactics-

It's why I've put time into building a proper K9 security unit at the racetrack. Not just for show, and not just for the kine. A well-trained dog can calm a crowd, track a trespasser, or warn of danger long before a human notices. And with the right guidance... patience, discipline, and instinct... they become more than animals. They become the first line of the night's defence.

Black Shuck History-

Folktales across these cities speak of black dogs too... not the loyal kind, but the ones that walk between worlds. Churchyard hounds like the great Black Shuck of Norfolk, said to be the size of a horse with eyes like burning coals. Some called it a demon. Some a guardian. Some an omen of change. Whatever the truth, the stories linger for a reason. The truth about this is even darker, it seems that the unfortunate Dog is possessed, It takes real evil to twist and contort an animal's mind & body so brutally against its will like that and use it in that way.

Gangrel instinct-

And then there are the shapes we Gangrel take when the Beast rises; Some become wolves, some become great cats, some take the form of a black dog or a shadowed hound, slipping through the night on four paws instead of two. The form says something about the soul... about what we fear, what we protect, or what we're meant to face.

Dogs... real or folkloric, living or shaped by the Beast - have always stood at the threshold... between home and wild, between safety and danger, between what we know and what we'd rather not see, They guard, They warn, They endure.

And sometimes, if you listen closely, they tell you when the night is about to change.

Recon- I have attempted my usual readings of the night, looking for answers to no avail; I've taken to great heights this Month to scan and scour the city with not even a whisper to show and now it looks like despite all our attempts to track it down were for nothing, but the threat still seems to linger.

I am hoping for more Intel about this so hopefully the hunt is still on but...

If all of this comes to nothing I am still grateful (as much as my humanity allows) for the help I have received from my fellow kindred in the hunt.

Alex Caimbeul

Sun, Storm and Moon Water

June was a wonderful month for energy, I am sure you felt it too. Perhaps you are a pagan and forgot to celebrate the Summer Solstice, or maybe you desire some water for your own reasons.

If you would like any of the following, it will be near the entrance of Elysium:

- **Sun Water**: Soaked in the sunlight during Litha the Summer Solstice, June 21st 2026, the longest day of the year. Sun Water is filled with the sun's energy and creative light. Use it for a new and a fresh start that might make you feel enthusiastic once more. Wash your paintbrushes in it or rinse your hair with it! Apollo was invoked in its creation.

- **Storm Water**: On June 25th and 26th a lightning and thunder storm with harsh rain occurred across the central belt of Scotland. Such an unusual and beautiful occurrence for our region! Storm Water is perfect for banishing ill-intentions and work that requires protection. The Morrigan was invoked in its creation.

- **Moon Water**: The full moon during June is called a 'Strawberry', 'Honey' or 'Rose' moon. It occurred on June 29th-30th 2026 this year. It is considered to be connected to prosperity and an abundant harvest. Using it in attempts at divination, such as the Auspex discipline, is encouraged. Hekate was invoked in its creation.

I was thinking 1-2 jars for a Trivial Boon, so if you have taken a bottle please speak to a Harpy to confirm the boon as well as putting your name in the Honesty Box.

May the turning of the cycle towards longer nights once more bring you peace.

- Amelia Campbell of Clan Tremere

Post Scriptum

If you would like me to turn one of the bottles into a necklace for you, please let me know and I will be happy to do so inclusive of the boon already paid and return the bottle to you next month. Once you have used the water and if you have no need of the jar itself, please recycle the glass by either handing it back to myself or putting it into a glass recycle bin.

Furthermore, please note that this water should **NOT** be given to ghouls or mortals to drink without being sterilised as it has been exposed to the elements. Please keep mortals safe and protected, both those in and outwith your care.

Finally, while I do not wish to undermine the power of intention nor the practices I followed as a mortal myself, these bottles do not have any inherent Thaumaturgical powers within them. Please speak to a member of Clan Tremere should you desire concrete assistance with a problem or need information pertaining the occult and esoteric.

Be that as it may, using water, the seasons and celestial bodies to cleanse and charge has a rich history. Whilst many of these practices and references to things like 'Moon Water' began in the 19th century and have grown popular in the past couple of decades, they have roots in ancient practices such as in India and Mesopotamia amongst others. So in many ways, they can be seen as modern takes on ancient wisdom.

Amelia Campbell

From the Desk of Draven Southsea

Discreet international shipping and travel services available at reasonable rates, negotiable on an individual basis.
Contact me for further information.

Hi there,

My Dark Times,

Thank you to everyone who attended our first gathering in Elysium under my watch as Keeper. Walking into a room should feel like walking into somewhere that matters. Respectful. Civil. Somewhere you can put aside whatever feud you've carried through the streets for just a few hours.

I hope we managed that. And for those of you with an eye for ceremony, yes... the introductions were deliberate. Every Kindred announced properly as they entered.

Who'd have thought Jimmy Riddler could do pomp?

Now then...

A caretaker notices things. Not because he's looking for trouble. Because when trouble happens, he's the one left putting the chairs back where they belong. Standards slipped a little.

I found myself having to remind one Kindred that Dominate has no place being casually thrown around inside Elysium. Someone who, frankly, should have known better.

I'll assume it was simply a test of my resolve. You asked the question. You got the answer.

More disappointing still was what happened after court had concluded.

I strongly assume a Discipline was used outside the gathering to deliver what was unmistakably a Kindred message. Now... if that's meant for Kindred eyes alone, then fair enough. That's politics. Gods know we all enjoy a bit of gothic theatre now and then.

But here's the problem. It wasn't just Kindred watching. The Glasgow Life staff.

The security team. The cleaners. The folk locking doors and emptying bins so the rest of us can attend some great venues in the middle of the night.

They saw it too.

And unlike us, they asked questions. Questions I then had to answer. Questions that simply shouldn't have existed. That's not politics.

That's making work for everyone else. I'll expect better in future and trust those responsible will reflect on the consequences of their actions before deciding to put on another supernatural fireworks display.

Truth be told, I'm not much of a political animal. I like good company, terrible music played far too loudly, and watching people dance badly enough that they forget the world outside for a few hours.

That's why P45 exists.

It's why I spend so much time sweeping floors instead of standing on podiums. But if you're going to play politics... Keep a tighter hold on your followers. Keep a shorter leash on your supporters. Because whether you like it or not, their behaviour reflects on you.

Leadership isn't measured by the speeches you make. It's measured by the mess you leave behind.

Talking of P45...

It is starting to feel like home. The kettle's always on, somebody's usually arguing over music, and I'm fairly sure one of the sofas has achieved sentience.

Exactly as intended. Doors are open as always.

Whether you're looking for conversation, somewhere to disappear for an hour, or just a decent cup of tea before another evening of pretending, we've all got everything under control...

You'll be welcome. Until next time. Keep your fangs clean. And if you're going to make a scene...

At least have the decency to clean up after yourself.

Jimmy Riddle

The masks we choose, and the masks chosen for us

By Rotten Tom

There is a little game played at every court, though no Prince has ever placed it among the evening's entertainments.

A Kindred enters the room. Before they have spoken, the company decides what they are. A Brujah is angry. A Ventrue is ambitious. A Malkavian is dangerous in the wrong sort of way. A Toreador is vain, though usually forgiven for it if the result is pleasing. A Nosferatu is assumed to know something unpleasant and to have acquired it by means no one wishes described over refreshments.

It saves time. We are busy creatures, after all. Eternity allows no leisure.

These judgements are called manners when they are polite, wisdom when spoken by an Elder, and prejudice when applied to oneself. Yet they perform the same function. They place a mask upon the face of another and spare us the labour of looking beneath it.

This is not always an act of malice. Many masks are useful. Some are necessary. A court cannot function if every conversation begins with a complete excavation of the soul. Titles, clans, reputations and offices give shape to an otherwise shapeless gathering.

The difficulty begins when we forget that the shape was made by hand.

Consider the newly appointed officer who discovers that every opinion is now interpreted as policy. Consider the child praised for resembling their sire until resemblance becomes obligation. Consider the Kindred whose single public failure becomes the lens through which all later conduct is viewed. Consider the reliable

brute, the charming fool, the useful coward, the harmless gossip and the loyal subordinate.

It is remarkable how readily we become what others find convenient.

A mask repeated often enough ceases to feel like an object placed upon us. It settles into the flesh. We begin to defend it. We polish it. We punish those who suggest it might be removable.

This is particularly true of flattering masks.

Few object to being called honourable. Fewer still ask who benefits from their honour. A reputation for loyalty is a handsome thing, right up until everyone assumes your obedience. A reputation for restraint earns admiration, though it also ensures others may provoke you safely. Wisdom is celebrated, provided it does not produce inconvenient conclusions. Courage is praised most warmly by those who intend to stand behind it.

The court is generous with virtues that make us manageable.

None of this means that honour, loyalty, restraint or courage are false. It means only that a virtue chosen freely is not the same thing as a virtue assigned by committee.

The distinction is worth examining.

There are masks we choose because they allow us to move through the world. Courtesy is one. Silence is another. Ferocity, elegance, humility and frivolity all have their uses. A chosen mask may conceal, protect, tempt, reassure or misdirect. Its wearer knows where the ties are knotted. They may remove it when the occasion changes.

A mask chosen for us behaves differently.

It does not ask for permission. It is fitted through repetition.

“You have always been the reasonable one.”

“You are not the sort to object.”

“Your clan understands these matters.”

“Everyone knows where your loyalties lie.”

“You would never risk your standing over something so small.”

Each phrase appears harmless, yet each carries an instruction.

The most effective cages are built from expectations rather than iron. Iron invites resistance. Expectation persuades the prisoner to guard the door.

This may explain why certain Kindred react so violently when described in unfamiliar terms. Call a brute perceptive, and they may suspect mockery. Call a courtier honest, and they may search for the accusation. Suggest that a coward has shown courage, and the room will often rush to correct you.

A fixed identity comforts more than its owner.

The court likes to know who may be ignored, who may be trusted, who may be blamed, and who may be used. A Kindred who departs from their assigned role creates uncertainty. Uncertainty demands attention, and attention is expensive.

So, the mask is pressed back into place.

One should not become melodramatic about this. We all participate. I have made good use of assumptions attached to my face, my clan and my manner. I expect most readers have done the same. There is pleasure in being underestimated, and profit in allowing others to believe they understand you.

But there is danger in believing them.

A useful exercise, then. Ask yourself three questions.

What do others expect you to do?

What would surprise them?

What would you choose if neither praise nor punishment followed?

The first question reveals the mask placed upon you. The second questions show its edges. The third may reveal the face beneath it.

Answers need not be noble. Nobility is another mask, and one of the heavier sort. The face beneath may be vain, hungry, frightened, cruel, tender, ambitious or merely tired. Better an unpleasant truth held knowingly than a pleasant fiction worn at another's convenience.

We speak often of freedom, though usually in the language of territory, prestation and privilege. These are important matters. Yet there is a smaller freedom that precedes them. The freedom to decide what one is.

Not what one's clan requires. Not what one's sire intended. Not what one's enemies accuse. Not what one's allies find useful.

What one is.

A dangerous indulgence, some will say.

Perhaps.

But a Kindred who has never examined the mask upon their face cannot know whether they are wearing it or whether it is wearing them.

I will rule.

On the shores, a force, a carrion call

The enemy comes, to fight, to destroy us all

The hero call, a charge, the roar of a gun

clash of sword, evil fall, they are on the run.

I will rule,

I will guide you

I will protect,

I will defend you

A runaway, a foe, a horror to befall

A bark, a flame, another monster to fall

Fear strikes, men cower, a leader was born

Charge forth, a hero, a man born of ventrue

I will rule,

I will guide you

I will protect,

I will defend you

I will rule,

I will guide you

I will protect,

I will defend you

Farewell

This is likely the last any of you shall hear from me, or the Dunsirn Family.

Do not seek us, you shall not find us. Do keep reading - I know many of you skim this paper, but this is not an article to skip, especially if you enjoy scandal.

A Prince may have the right to destroy any who come into their Domain for any reason, but my family has been respectful to this city and its newest prince, even if we think him a bastard. We sequestered

ourselves to ensure the safety of the other residents of this Domain, but if Calvin required us to seek Hospitality in person, we were more than willing to do so, just not at the risk of the rest of the Court. Calvin Pope has ignored my Family's petitions for Hospitality, using this as cover for his attempted assassination of my cousin, to give some feeble justification for his tyrannical behaviour and attempts to remove those who might actually oppose him. However, I *hate* to be the bearer of bad news, but he will not be able to claim her death as his work, for Giuliana Dunsirn is dead. Some might entertain that she instead has been bloodbound and Dominated into the service of the Venetians - I call those people fools. She would burn herself before submitting to those bastards.

Kidnapped by the Giovanni of Venice, in direct violation of the Promise of 1528 on the borders of Paris - Violating the Domain and Hospitality of Prince Villion, in addition to the Promise.

I am sure Mr Pope will be *elated* to hear that the surviving Dunsirn have left 'his' city. But I thought it prudent to leave you all with some parting words, some from my late cousin's writings, some from my own pen. I will not explain which is which.

Many Kindred are unaware of the true purpose of the Giovanni Antitribu, despite the Antitribu publishing the reasons in this very paper - June 2021 for those who keep records, but for those unaware of the concept of The Endless Night, it is the ultimate goal of the Giovanni - To tear down the veil between the lands of the living and the dead, and to rule over the ashes as Necromancer Kings. The purpose of The Promise of 1528 is to ensure the Camarilla cannot impede this goal without significant repercussions, but The Promise is ending soon - 2028, to be exact - and when it does, chaos will break. It was made when 500 years seemed an eternity away. When 'Clan Giovanni' was less than 85 years old, and the Camarilla a mewling babe at 35 years. The survival of either could not be guaranteed, and the Camarilla didn't have the same negotiating

strength then that they do now, still licking their wounds after the chaos the Anarchs had inflicted against their Elders. Appeasing the Venetian bastards by giving them freedom of trade and self-governance for a time, peace-weaving via a contract to avoid getting into another war - you can see how it made sense.

But a backdoor was included in the small print - everything hints at it.

The Doomsday Clock is ticking and we're long past the comfy spot of being merely one-minute-to-midnight. This cold war is about to get red-hot. When that protection fails - it's going to be chaos.

Across the world, Princes are going to simultaneously all try to evict long-hated Giovanni from their domains. Giovanni are going to fight back - without any alternative location to retreat to, and unwilling to cede hard-won assets - and suddenly be able to challenge for Praxis because they're no longer barred from politics. Much as the clan may disdain the wasteful nonsense of claiming praxis - if threatened by a Prince, it suddenly looks like the only option.

Can you imagine the chaos of every domain across the world erupting at once?

Glasgow and Edinburgh together were bad enough - and that was with Glasgow at least nominally being a civil affair.

And that's assuming it even gets as far as this expiration date. When either side recognises that this is coming - there's going to be pre-emptive strikes. And even if it turns out to only be a conspiracy theory - once events are in motion, the *actual* truth of five hundred years ago isn't going to matter.

Giuliana took the courageous first steps in establishing the Antitribu, ultimately culminating in the creation of the Louvre Treaty of October 2021. I won't reprint the Treaty in its entirety, but I shall highlight the key points:

1. *The rebels and traitors of the Dunsirn family and their allies are recognised as Giovanni*

Anti-Tribu, as a result of irreconcilable philosophical differences

2. *The protections and obligations of the Promise of 1528, previously granted to them by birth and embrace, are withdrawn from the Giovanni Anti-tribu.*
3. *Individuals from the Anti-Tribu are agreed to be truly independent, and free to join other sects. Should they join the Camarilla, they will become subject to the Promise as members of that sect.*
4. *Accordingly, those Giovanni that remain resident in the British Isles are considered Anti-Tribu, and outside the Promise, until such time as their sect membership alters this.*

This Treaty was signed on October 5th. Giuliana Dunsirn was sworn into the Camarilla on October 6th by Archon Barca of Clan Brujah.

We left the Giovanni, and many of us joined the Camarilla to use the very same protections the Giovanni used to progress their plans to build the power necessary to stop them, and to prove to the Camarilla that there are those among the Giovanni capable of not following the examples of their ancestors and could be a respectable member-clan of the Camarilla and to help fight against our cousins who would bring chaos to the world when the Promise would end.

But now we are destroyed.

So when the Promise breaks and the walls holding back the dead come down, do not seek us, for we will not shield you from the consequences of your actions. Pain is a most effective teacher, to learn from one's mistakes one must *feel* them.

Notes About Those in the Domain

While my Family and I may be leaving this Domain, we are not doing so without leaving gifts. So I humbly offer these gifts of insight into Kindred who have made Glasgow inhospitable for my Family:

Calvin Pope

- There's a good reason he uses Presence not Dominate; and sidesteps telling his lineage. Assuming he wasn't lying - he's the childe of Sir Geoffrey Collingwood, and broodmate of Isaac Becker. June 2022 Dark Times, Becker gives their lineage. Pope's what some call the 10th generation. There's every chance if he tries to Dominate someone, they'll be of more potent blood and just ignore him - humiliation, and a massive weakness in a Prince, especially given how much he can be Dominated himself.

- His sire 'spontaneously combusted' according to him. That sounds like the Tremere, and/or mortal mages, had him in their sights. He witnessed this, and despite any claims of sadness and horror, seems mostly to have focused on looting his sire's library for Noddist texts. He doesn't even deny his beliefs.

Areas of incomplete research, that may be of interest to Clan Tremere in particular:

- He was possessed by Mithras; and as a Dominate clan, we don't even know how that's possible, especially as his lineage doesn't, allegedly, trace back to Mithras. Giuliana saw the protections that John Dee put up over Mithras' torpid body - but they seemed to be to stop anyone getting to him. Plausibly one of that age is still influencing the one he previously possessed. It's as good an explanation as any other for where the extraordinary political support for one who has repeatedly played turncoat - Camarilla, Anarch, Camarilla again - abruptly came from. Bizarre of course that the Ambers refuse to voice any support for him, whilst all of Anne's supporters (and Anne herself) can't give enough sloppy kisses to his traitorous and cowardly ass.

- He may not be a Ventrue at all! If he *is* one, he's also picked up a *lot* of Potence and Obfuscate from someone. At the very least he's been sucking on Daniel and Zev like there's no tomorrow (suspicions of Vaulderie)

- Alternatively, he's not a Ventrue at all, and all this clan supremacy is just a protests-too-much act. Nosferatu would be an option on the basis of those disciplines. With his reliance on Presence as

well, possibility of Setite. Guess if he gives his blood to the Tremere they could confirm. They might need more than one measure of blood to check against each suspected clan though!

Daniel Rodgers

- Threatened to commit acts of an unspeakable nature against Bea while utilising powers of the blood and that we 'couldn't stop him'.

- Damned idiot - he'd have shown up on CCTV in his full Nosferatu freak-face, and been a masquerade breach. He likely has done this several times.

- Pretty sure he tried to arrange for the Mansion to be attacked by a load of neds whilst Zev and Giuliana were bloodhunting that Gangrel Elder up in Oban. Zev and Syllas were the only people who knew she was away from home, and Syllas wouldn't have revealed my absence. Bea dealt with them like the competent woman she is, and we think that's why he threatened her.

- Possibly in a Vaulderie with Pope and Zev, possibly including Jemima and Kenzie. They jump to each other's defence and know one another's powers of the blood too readily.

Zev Ben-Zion

- Someone got in his head. He and Giuliana used to get along - she even offered him a minor boon for him to get his hounds to pay attention to their prestation, because it was important for the officers of the court to be all on the same page. He accepted it, then the next thing she knew he's chewing her out as a terrible Harpy.

- Possibly in a Vaulderie with Pope and Daniel, possibly including Jemima and Kenzie. They jump to each other's defence and know one another's powers of the blood too readily.

Kenzie Lex

- Unclear whether Sabbat, idiot, or both.

- Glasgow funds were getting funnelled through the Isle of Man to Ireland; and when questioned, she claimed to have the chief of police as a ghoul, so would get him to investigate. Either she's an idiot for ghouling

such a high profile public figure, or was lying to the Office of the Justicar about who she'd ghoulled. Either way she seems to think chiefs of police go round investigating things. Whether there's money laundering going on under her nose, or she's involved in it, we don't know.

- Her status when she arrived was solely based on having been Seneschal for a domain on the border of Camarilla/Anarch territories, that nobody on this side of the pond can either remember the name of or care about. Again, overblown to the point of being deeply suspicious.
- Loudly claims to be an elder when she's only about 60 or 70 years since embrace.
- Tried to get Millie executed by Magnus after Deacon's adoption of her became known, and wondered why Deacon hated her with a passion afterwards.

Jemina

- Not a Nosferatu. She was a Nosferatu ghoul, got embraced by the Toreador, then went running back to the sewers.
- Disappeared off to Spain after a major boon was called in on her requiring her to support Juliet and Giuliana in public and private for a year-and-a-day. Unclear whether she did that of her own accord or someone put her in a box and sent her away.
- Always weirdly supported Daniel, despite her claims to humanity and him being utterly grim.
(See suspicions about Vaulderie)

I hope these insights prove useful to some of you. They are the last that we, the remnants of the Antitribu, shall offer you. And I hope those of you who still cling to your Humanity remember, when we thought to stand against the darkness and the monsters, your leaders fought against us. For they care not for you, or for this world. They will do to you what they have done to us just as readily. This is a world of darkness, and light has no place in it.

Farewell,
Evan Dunsirn

Artwork is great no matter the size

recently found a poem written by one of the soldiers from the great war - it is believed to have been written into the lead up to something called the Big Push. Available for private readings and offers open to finding the artwork an appreciative home.

Daniel
Clan Nosferatu

Article Taken from Dark Times Tulln and translated
from the original German

Let it be known to all whose ears are worthy of hearing and whose tongues are wise enough to repeat only what should be remembered, that the matter concerning the Kindred Otto Schwarz has reached its conclusion through negotiations conducted by his respected Sire and the collected Anarch representatives.

Following deliberation, acknowledgment of circumstance, and acceptance of consequence, the following accords have been reached:

- Otto Schwarz shall remove himself from the company of the Damned and enter self-imposed exile for the duration of one year and one day.
- He shall relinquish all holdings, claims, and influence within the Domain of Tulln, surrendering them without contest.
- Henceforth, and for the duration deemed appropriate by those who remember, he shall bear the Alias "Touchstone", a name chosen in fitting reflection of the actions that have brought him to this unfortunate distinction.

May this serve as a reminder that every boon is counted, every slight remembered, and every choice casts a shadow longer than its maker intends. Reputation, once fractured, is seldom restored by protestations alone; rather, it is rebuilt through the slow and patient currency of humility.

The Harpies have taken notice.

Let those with ambition observe. Let those with wisdom remember.

On the Proper Use of Divination

I find it interesting that so many kindred use tarot for divination. Those cards are, by the standards of our kind, a recent invention; a novelty created but scant centuries ago. Hardly worthy of the reverence they are apparently ascribed by those who use them. Of course, those who have been publishing tarot-related articles do so only to serve ulterior motives. A foolish use of divination. I, a far more learned seer, have consulted my own far more potent tools.

1) Can an Anarch Prince really be considered loyal to our beloved Ivory Tower and our hidebound way of unlife?

"Don't count on it"

2) Would a Noddist make a fit ruler?

"Better not tell you now"

3) Can the Prince return the rule-of-law and enforce the traditions?

"As I see it, Yes"

Oh dear. Things aren't looking clear at all. I shall undertake a far more dangerous scrying of the future using an even more potent oracular invention. This method involves posing a question, and then choosing a number, a colour, and then a flap. I shall just have to divine those elements myself.

Oh mighty fortune-teller, what will become of the city? (3, Green, bottom left)

"Impotent threats will be made by blowhards while the real threats prepare their counter-coup indefinitely. Hopes that outside forces will remove the Prince will transpire to be in-vain, owing to the tremendous support he enjoys from other Princes. The ungrateful city will be dragged, kicking and screaming, into a more enlightened state under the President's benevolent guidance".

Oh, that's quite a long prophecy for such a small piece of paper. Still, the flaps do not lie as children on every playground knew before the invention of the smartphone.

Get on board, or get out of the way.

- Someone who sees the way the wind is blowing

Kine News

A local Russian businessman, Vlad Kumarin, 53, was found dead in the back of his Audi Q5 while being driven to a meeting with two colleagues.

The contract cleaning and waste disposal mogul was found to have suffered a head injury and died suddenly, but the cause of the head injury is still being investigated.

While Mr Kumarin's colleagues exited the car briefly to clear two groups of young hoodlums off of Partickhill Street to allow the group to drive to a client meeting, Mr Kumarin isn't believed to have exited the vehicle. And while the two groups of youths were throwing stones and bottles at each other, they did so at a distance from the car and the lack of broken windows in the vehicle would suggest that the head injury wasn't caused by the warring street gangs.

Police are currently working on the theory that Vlad fell or banged his head while inside his place of residence and then passed away after entering the car. The investigation continues.

Sean McDermot,
Evening Times.

Glasgow Times

Police have responded to an incident in Paisley on the 6th July 2026. Jacob Lyons was found dead in White Cart Water. Jacob Lyons was a member of the Notorious Lyons gang. The police suspect foul play involved and the investigation has been sent to the drugs and gangs unit.

Reports are coming in of a potential terror attack in the heart of Venice, Italy. A dinner party of international business professionals was allegedly attacked by an unknown number of assailants during the evening of 10th June as they networked after a three-day conference on the European Union's use of AI technology came to an end.

Attended by members of the Chamber of Commerce of Venice Rovigo, Confindustria Veneto Est, Venicexport, and the WHO European Office for Investment for Health and Development, as well as delegates from countries throughout Europe, North America, North Africa, and the Middle East, more than one hundred attendees were affected by the attack although the number of casualties is unknown at present.

BBC News Scotland

Faith+1 a resounding success.

The event Faith+1 concluded on the 28th of June, has resulted in a resounding success despite disastrous ticket sales on the lead up. Archbishop Nolan has confirmed that the preparations for next year are underway. The Vatican has also confirmed that additional security will be in place next year especially to combat the threat of cyber security.

Bands such as Mudhouse, RIDERS, Rivers & Robots and Cult of the Heaven received great turnouts from the audience.

Each of the bands have been offered a visit to the Vatican City as thanks for their time and efforts.

Interview with Brandon Peel of Vanguard Global Logistics

Pilita Clark Business Reporter FT

P - Thank you for attending this interview, Brandon. I think many people are wondering what Vanguard Global Logistics is and why it has appeared in the news so often recently?

B – Thank you Pilita for inviting me today. Well Vanguard Global Logistics is a logistical company based out of the London Gateway. Our aims are to reduce barriers and costs to trade between the United Kingdom and Europe and help SME with trade prospects. We are working directly with the EU and the UK government to review the current trade processes to see how we can improve the administrative process by leveraging technological innovations, big data and AI.

As for why we have appeared in the news. Well, it appears that we were targeted recently by an anonymous hacking group. However, we have determined that the attack originated from within the UK but was routed through North Korea as an attempt to miss direct investigations. However, the trail recently went dark. We are still investigating the attack to determine the motive. We can confirm that no data was leaked in the attack.

P – It appears that the attack had made some investors wary however that has not stopped others. Tell us a bit more about that?

B – Well it's understandable that investors are weary about an organisation that was subject to an attempted hack. Well unfortunately there are bad actors in the world who do not want to see progress made. We are not the only company to be subject to attacks in the past and there will be many others in the future. Let's remember that even the Department of Defence and Nasa were attacked by a teenager in 1999, PlayStation were hacked in 2011 even Yahoo in 2013. To prevent this going forward, we are heavily investing in our IT infrastructure and security protocols and processes.

We have however seen an increase in investments through private individuals and large businesses. We will strive to ensure that their investments are put to good use.

P – Rumours say that you're researching alternative energy solutions for shipping and offshore facilities. Is that true?

B – Yes, we are researching alternative energy solutions. Currently shipping is the most carbon-efficient means to transport cargo long distances however it has an issue with fuel. Merchant ships for a long time have run on heavy fuel oil which has the benefit of being cheap however is very polluting. This is good for our wallets but bad for the planet. One ship in a year can produce 1,000 million tonnes of CO2. We understand that customers want cheap shipping solutions and we understand that this also needs to be sustainable for generations to come. So, we have partnered with Easton Exploratory Energies to assess the viability of some alternative energy sources. This includes wind, nuclear and e fuels. Easton Exploratory Energies have had success in the production of experimental hydrogen fuels for the use in aviation resulting in both reductions in weight and increases in efficiency in jet engine efficiency. We believe they are a good partner in our quest for sustainable shipping.

P – There are small businesses in the north of Scotland that have been asking for improved shipping services. Do you plan to service their needs as well?

B – We are currently looking into multiple sites to open shipping services to provide coverage to Scottish highlands and islands. We want to improve connections to Lewis and Harris; Orkney, Shetland and the Faroe Islands. We also want to improve connections to Iceland and Norway. We believe that Glasgow has suitable ship building facilities and docks to maintain vessels and Aberdeen and Inverness have suitable infrastructure to manage these new shipping routes.

P – Thank you for your time, I believe the readers have much to take from this interview.