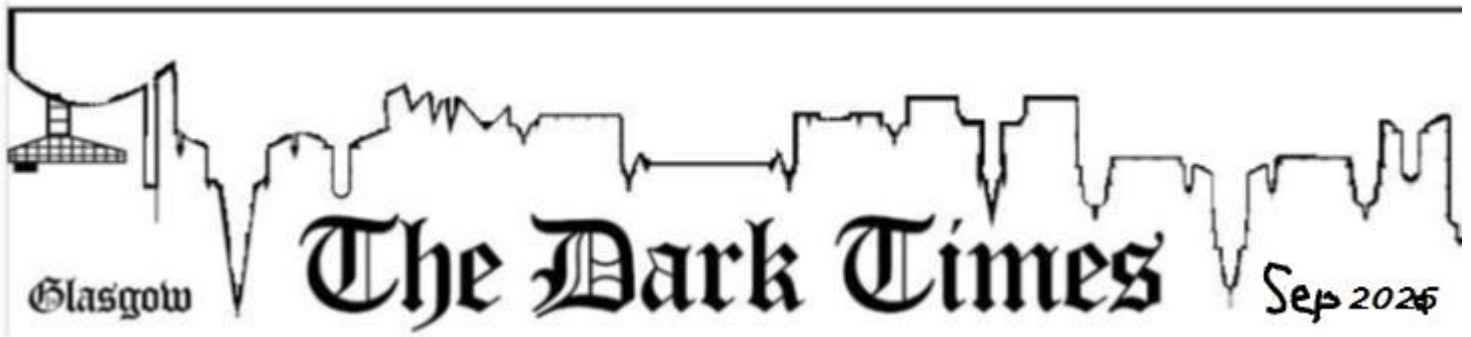




## **PRINCE LESLIE SLAIN**

Kindred,

Prince Alexander Leslie of Aberdeen has been murdered. His eternal enemy, the Black Spiral Dancer Tribe of Garou, staged a bold assassination attempt on the noble Prince as he left his Court in mid-August. Despite accounting for more than half a dozen Garou, Prince Leslie was brought low with sheer weight of numbers and slain.

The remainder of the war party were hunted down and killed by the members of the Court, including Archon Victor Crane, who reaped a fearsome tally of these vile beasts. Investigations by the Gangrel and Tremere found the Garou to be Bone Gnawers of The Swarm and the Bloodhounds allied with the Black Spiral Dancers.

As Senechal, I stepped in to take charge of the Domain in the short term. With the immediate period of crisis now over, I formally announce that I am taking Praxis of the Domain of Aberdeen.

I wish to extend my sincere thanks to Archon Crane for his swift and decisive actions on

the night, and my deep, personal thanks to Margaret Stewart for her enduring kindness to my dear friend. He loved you both very much.

I would like to confirm that Hospitality in the Domain remains unchanged. You may both visit without notice and stay for as long as you wish. Margaret, your Haven is still yours. In addition, I grant you Domain over Bielside. Victor, I grant you Domain over Peterculter.

Let it be known that Aberdeen will not rest until the death of Prince Leslie is avenged and the Black Spiral Dancers are purged from the Domain.

We go to war.

Prince Reginald Albertson of Aberdeen,  
Childe of Geraint,  
Childe of Mithras.

# The Rules Are Older Than Us

*By Jimmy Riddle, Keeper of Elysium*

I've been thinking about Elysium again. Probably comes with the job. There are a lot of opinions about what Elysium should be. Some think it's the Prince's court. Some think it's a place for the important people to gather. Some think it's simply somewhere we aren't allowed to fight.

I think we're missing the point. The rules of Elysium are older than us. Older than our Prince. Older than our Primogen. Older than most of the arguments we're having with each other. Perhaps there's a reason they've survived. Because Elysium isn't really about the building. It's about the agreement. For a little while, we agree to put something aside. Our politics. Our grudges. Our ambitions. Our instinct to solve every disagreement by making somebody else lose. We agree that, inside these walls, there is somewhere we can talk. That sounds simple, it isn't.

I've been lucky, I suppose, because I've spent a lot of time around another kind of Elysium. P45 isn't Elysium, obviously. It's a community organisation. A place where people come together, make things, talk, argue, drink coffee and occasionally try to fix whatever problem the world has thrown at them that week. But there is something very similar about it. People need places where they can feel safe. They need somewhere they can come through the door without having to check who else is in the room.

They need somewhere they can talk without everything becoming a transaction.

Someone has to look after that and that experience has probably made me better suited to being Keeper than I ever expected. I've learned that looking after a space isn't about controlling everyone in it, Quite the opposite. It's about making sure nobody needs to control it.

That's why I don't think of myself as the person who makes the rules of Elysium. I'm the person who

protects the conditions that allow it to exist. That is a difference. If you come to Elysium, you should be able to have a conversation without wondering whether I'm going to use it against you later. If you need to meet someone you don't particularly trust, you should know that the room itself is neutral. If you need to talk privately, I'll give you the privacy. If you need security, I'll provide it.... to a point, security always comes with a risk to the masquerade. If you need me to intervene because someone has broken the Tradition, I will. Otherwise? It's none of my business. That's what being Keeper means to me. Not being the most powerful person in the room. Being the person who makes sure the room remains somewhere people can come.

Perhaps that's why I've adapted to this job better than I expected. I've never been particularly good at hierarchy for hierarchy's sake. Maybes that is why I fit so well in the Camarilla, our hierarchy has a point, it has a purpose. I've never been especially interested in telling people what to do simply because I have a title. But I do understand the value of a place. I understand what happens when people trust that a door is safe to walk through. I've seen it with mortals. I've seen people who would never normally sit together share a table. I've seen people arrive angry and leave laughing.

I've seen strangers become friends because somebody created a space where that was possible. That's what Elysium should be. Not a place where everyone agrees. A place where disagreement doesn't automatically become conflict. That's a much harder thing to build. And perhaps a much more important one. So yes, the rules are old.

Older than me. Older than you. Older than whoever currently thinks they're important enough to change them. Maybe we should stop treating that as a weakness. Maybe some traditions survive because every generation eventually discovers that they were useful after all.

I'll keep the door open.

*Jimmy Riddle  
Keeper of Elysium*

## *The rustle of the night- Ominous Observations*

The night has fallen & the trees stir, as the wind  
thrashes branch & leaf,

Unrest drowns the canopy, something is  
happening or is about to happen- a change,  
maybe.

Something powerful and wrong is waiting,  
neither here nor there, Living nor dead,  
What will happen who knows but I also see a  
slither of hope.

The Moon shines fiercely through the Murky  
Miasma.

A window's glint reveals a lingering shadow  
telling all that a dark presence approaches.

An owl stalks its prey and snatches it up quickly  
only to lose its grip, a sign that even the most  
dangerous predator can falter. But who can tell,  
only the night can bow down to the fates of  
time, only the most fervent can displace the  
damned and survive its wrath.

As the red mist settles and the moon sinks,  
dawn gathers in the east then I sink down  
Myself into the bosom of the earth.

Lex's Notes

The banishing seal last month foretold the  
outcome-

Here are a few more runes to Ponder:

### Runes of Foreboding



*The demon is gone,  
but the cycle still turns,  
and the path remains open.*

*Remain vigilant.*



## **Six of the Best by Bartholomew Sinclair**

The Night Market lived up to its billing, and then some. Cottiers was packed stall to stall, and our number scattered through it like moths who'd found a considerably better flame than usual.

By the end of the evening it was hard to find anyone who hadn't come away with an armful of something — books, tarot decks, crystals, oddments with no obvious purpose beyond being lovely to hold. I did much the same. Past the theatrical and the merely decorative, I even managed to find something with a twinkle of the genuine amongst the mundane. What it does, precisely, I couldn't tell you. Perhaps someone of an occult inclination can help me find out.

So — onward, and this month changes the register entirely.

### **THIS MONTH — CULTURE NIGHT: SIX THE MUSICAL**

Tuesday 29th September

SIX turns history into a pop concert: the six wives of Henry VIII, handed the microphone at last, working through six centuries of being talked about rather than listened to. Olivier Award-winning, relentlessly staged, and not remotely interested in behaving like a chamber piece.

Choreography carrying that much narrative weight, that fast, is not an easy trick. I have a professional interest in how it's managed as much as a personal one, and no plans to pretend otherwise.

*Be at Elysium for collection.*

*Dress code: Cocktail. Smart evening wear. The audience will be dressed up for this one; blend accordingly.*

### **WHAT FOLLOWS**

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

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 29th.

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### **Wanted**

Artist whose medium is Stonemasonry or Sculpting; understanding of both disciplines most desired. If available contact Sir Douglas.

## A Treatise on the Protection of Humanity and Humans

At Court tonight, I plan to share copies of my philosophical treatise entitled: *"A Treatise on the Protection of Humanity and Humans: A humble challenge to those who mistreat mortals within the Camarilla and further afield."*

As my first foray into philosophy, I hope it will inspire others to engage in debate, critique and reflection. Yet, I recognise that I will undoubtedly leave tonight with ideas of improvement for my next project and already find many areas for improvement. My main premise within the piece is that for the sake of the masquerade, ourselves and mortals, we should all be less violent and more kind.

I would like to thank my Clan Mates for supporting me since I started working on this in May. Furthermore, a thank you to all those who already read the treatise and offered their thoughts - particularly Mr Kent of Clan Brujah, the honourable Archon Victor Crane of Clan Gangrel and also Mr Elias Paine of Clan Lasombra. Having so much excellent feedback from different perspectives will enable my continual growth and is appreciated, especially Mr Kent who challenged me to move away from more anglocentric philosophy in my next work. A final thank you to His Majesty Prince Calvin Pope for permitting this conversation to occur within his domain and allowing free debate to occur so long as it is not violent heresy or treason.

Any who would like a copy and are not in attendance may write to me and I shall be happy to send you a copy without my name attached with an understanding that the masquerade must be protected. All copies at Court will be collected in with the Dark Times to be destroyed.

*Amelia Campbell*

*Neonate of Clan Tremere*

### [OOC Note

Plenty of copies would be available at Elysium on the night of the game, but I will only have limited physical copies to hand out. I would appreciate it if they could be left around for others to read once your character has finished interacting with it as a prop. Tearing or messing with them is fine, just maybe print some spare copies yourself if you are going to do something too drastic IC.

Here is the PDF but let me know if you would like a digital copy in a different/more accessible format.  
[https://drive.google.com/file/d/1NQ1s2CcZuD8\\_nyBfDhGgSDWo6t1WIW3X/view?usp=sharing](https://drive.google.com/file/d/1NQ1s2CcZuD8_nyBfDhGgSDWo6t1WIW3X/view?usp=sharing) ]

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"Failure is often akin to choosing negligence, and so it must fall on you to be the consequence.  
There is no better teacher than suffering.  
Be kind.  
Teach them as a predator teaches prey.  
So they may be better."

Hendrik's lessons  
By Emiel Hendriksen

In decades of travel through Alba seeking ancient places, learning old stories and the odd shhh secret like when the [REDACTED] came north with the [REDACTED], I have seen the land change remarkably - for the worse in many ways. More kine means more blood to go round, but the ecosystem that supports them is on its last legs.

Runoff from farmer's fields pollutes the rivers and streams. Pesticides and light pollution destroy vast numbers of insect and moth species. The ancient forests have been replaced with monoculture conifer plantations that provide wildlife with little to sustain them. Those of you who command the beasts and have been around for a while will have witnessed this change for yourselves.

The taste of blood in the Highlands and Islands is simply better, with a vastly reduced level of pollutants compared to the big cities, and I very much suspect some kindred elder, Ventrue perhaps, with refined tastes played an instrumental role in the removal of lead from petrol...

Our kind has always played the long game, so to better sustain us all, I would urge you all to divert some of your formidable resources towards regenerating the land and restoring wildlife, cleaning up polluted rivers and lochs and the food supplies that all go into the blood of mortals. Try it, and taste the difference.

-Carradus Harwood

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## Vampires in the Bible

### Part 1: On the Spiritual Nature of Blood

Blood. There can be no denying our existence revolves around it. We drink it to sustain ourselves, yes. But we also share it, spill it, covet it.

"But you shall not eat flesh with its life, that is, its blood. And for your lifeblood I will require a reckoning: from every beast I will require it and from man. From his fellow man I will require a reckoning for the life of man. Whoever sheds the blood of man, by man shall his blood be shed, for God has made man in his own image." -Genesis 9: 4-6, ESV

"If any one of the house of Israel or of the strangers who sojourn among them eats any blood, I will set my face against that person who eats blood and will cut him off from among his people. For the life of the flesh is in the blood, and I have given it for you on the altar to make atonement for your souls, for it is the blood that makes atonement by the life" - Leviticus 17: 10-12, ESV

Blood is life. Blood is atonement. Blood is covenant.

As beings who consume blood, we are cut off from God's people. We should be dead. We are a parody of life, and so to go on with that parody we steal life from others. Our state of damnation is evident to us, though we may deny it, and so when we take blood we are metaphysically trying to take atonement in a gross parody of the sacrifice of blood for the reckoning of sin. But there is no amount of blood we can consume to be forgiven, because blood belongs to God. When we take blood from a mortal, are we not taking something that belongs to God, then?

Think on these things next time you hunt.

-Elias Paine, Minister to the Damned

Excerpt adapted for article format from my sermon series "Kindred in Christ: How do we fit into God's plan?"

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Kindred,

Now that I have had time to reacquaint myself with my dear Cousin Guiliana, I have had quite a few deep and meaningful conversations with no stone left unturned and no secret left unspoken. What an absolute horror! And that's coming from a Giovanni, so you know I know what I am talking about.

Unlike my Cousin, I am not one for excessive torrents of painful verbiage that no one bothers to read, so I will make this brief. I aim to clear up some baseless claims and offer comment on a recent high school social media rant in your Dark Times penned by the absolute nobody, Evan Dunsirn.

"Do not seek us, you shall not find us". Comical. The self-styled Giovanni Antitribu have been purged from existence almost entirely, be that by Camarilla-on-Camarilla violence or by Kindred recanting and returning to the Clan where they belong.

The Giovanni of Glasgow refused to attend the Prince to seek his Hospitality as per the Traditions. Evan stole the Domain's warchest. Which has now been stolen back from him. Is Guiliana dead? Or just wishing she was? I will ask her about a Breach of the Promise while we discuss her breach of her own Treaty of the Louvre by leaving Britain.

A time limit on the Promise is utter nonsense. This is nothing more than a rumour created by modern fools and touted by childish idiots. So... not too surprised to find it spouted in that article.

Prince Pope is indeed of the 10<sup>th</sup> Generation. And so are you Evan. And so is Guiliana. And you also both have command over Dominate as a Gift of the Family. Interesting to hear the noise of shattering glass as you know stones through the very walls of your glass house. Oh, also... the Ambers did declare for Pope as Prince.

Those venerable Elders did so by sending a messenger in person rather than sending a letter to the Dark Times. And you do know that Kindred can use their powers to benefit others, and even teach their powers to other Kindred?

So many mentions of suspected Valuderies that it just has to be a case of guilty projection. And sure enough, Tremere found a series of Vaulderies between the Giovanni and blood bonds with the rest of your little Coterie. You couldn't write it, could you?

Zev chewing out Guiliana as a terrible Harpy is still a bit of a mystery. Conspiracy theorists claim that it's because Guiliana was a disgustingly poor Harpy that was publicly humiliated by an Anarch and a non-entity that Caitiff looked down upon in open Court. And was then far too idiotic to even realise how bad she looked. She only held her position by calling in and offering Boons on an industrial scale. Prestation doesn't make you a Harpy.

Jemima isn't a Nosferatu but has turned her back on the Toreador. Why is anyone surprised at this? Strange to mention Jemima being protected from a Boon called in over her by an unworthy and untrustworthy Kindred by her friends when Guiliana was staked and smuggled out of Glasgow by her friends in the exact same way... but to greater effect. How are you Jemima? Enjoying being home in Glasgow once more? We will miss you in Toledo!

"Do not seek us, you shall not find us". Very comical indeed. Evan, there's a little ritual that newly Embraced Giovanni are taught called the Knowing Stone. My friends will explain it to you when they catch up with you... in 3... 2... 1... No one will bother to look for you. You will not be missed.

Eric Giovanni.

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My darling Kindred,

Glasgow's upper echelons have faced something of a shake up recently, with a new Prince, a new primogen council, two elders meeting their final deaths and another being exiled. It has left plenty of space for the ambitious and the talented (and the rare kindred who are both of these) to build their prestige and advantage of the vacuum. Whilst other domains will doubtlessly look on with bemusement or disdain, these shake ups and opportunities are why our domain has produced three Archons and a Justicar within the last decade alone.

It is also why we have a mortality rate you wouldn't otherwise find outside the trenches of the Somme.

Neonates and ancillae alike are about to join the great game. Whether that will be as pawns or players we will need to wait and see. But I thought I might draw on a few illustrative examples to highlight some recent brilliant moves and some blunders, in the hopes that the more promising Kindred will learn from them.

The first is about negotiations. I was recently approached by someone who sought to set up connections and build influence within my domains boundaries. This is all good and proper, and to be commended. The folly, however, came when recompense was discussed. The poor kindred wanted time to discuss with his clanmates before agreeing to pay the boon for access. He then, after less than half an hour of deliberation, decided that he would not be interested in gaining access to my domain after all. If you wish to test yourself, try and spot the three mistakes this kindred made?

The first is that he told me the areas of influence he sought to build, and then abandoned the negotiations. He has signalled a potential need, and I have already taken the opportunity to build

networks in that sphere of influence myself. Thus, should he or his clanmates ever seek to build upon their embryonic schemes, they will no longer be paying once for access, but have to negotiate with me as the kindred who holds sway over that previously overlooked sector. The cost will undoubtedly rise from what would have once been a promising investment. The lesson here is simple: only reveal your plans when you are ready, and never reveal more than you have to, especially to those placed to profit of your plans.

The second mistake is in revealing some of what his clanmates were doing to build influence and contacts in other organisations. Thus, I can see a wider tapestry, and can predict with greater accuracy not just some of the actions of one kindred, but of his entire chantry.

And the third is stalling negotiations because you do not know the value of services. If you do not know the basics of prestation, and cannot negotiate deals, you are at the mercy of more capable kindred. Daddy Douglas exploiting many a naive kindred to get boons on his ledger for a trifling service would be our local example. But struggling in a basic negotiation shows you lack either political experience or social prowess. And in kindred society, you do not want to expose your weaknesses to those outside a trusted coterie.

But there is an example for forethought and planning that has recently bore fruit that is worth highlighting for all to see. And long time readers may want to note that I'm being complimentary to none other than Kenzie Lex. Our Gangrel correctly noticed that the Isle of Mann was under no ones control, yet sat between several Camarilla domains and the disputed Anarch/Sabbat territory. She correctly predicted it would be important in any future conflicts between the two, and claimed the area as her

own before any others truly appreciated its value.

And now, thanks to her ability to predict an area's strategic importance, three domains need to look to her for their own security. She owes only one of those domains any duty of support, and is now in the position to leverage her domain for boons or other forms of support.

You may note she did not reveal to others why she thought the domain important. She did not tell others of her plans, or let them find ways to make her redundant. She just prepared for what she saw as inevitable, and then rightly said "I told you so" to those who doubted her.

I trust that the comparison between the two is easily made. And I pray some kindred learn from the two stories.

Abraza el abismo,

Kyros Wilde

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### **Book Review - The Midnight Library**

"And even if you were a pawn - maybe we all are - then you should remember that a pawn is the most magical piece of all. It might look small and ordinary but it isn't. Because a pawn is never just a pawn. A pawn is a queen-in-waiting. All you need to do is find a way to keep moving forward. One square after another. And you can get to the other side and unlock all kinds of power."

*Mrs. Elm to Nora Seed in 'The Midnight Library' by Matt Haig*

A book for those with questions, who wonder how their life might have turned out if they made different decisions.

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### **Architecture and Stonemasonry Services Available, Glasgow and surrounding areas**

Have a new building project you want designed? Maybe a building you want modified or modernised? Or a Listed Building you need restored? All building aspects of design, construction and redevelopment can be handled to a high standard. Expert Stonemasonry services are also available, whether renovating old or designing modern stonework. Please contact Maude to discuss further.

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From the desk of Draven Southsea

Seeking medical training of a expert level.

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Wish there was warning of this eclipse this month, many of my fellows of Iceland thought danger when awakened during daylight hours

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### **Calligraphy on offer**

If anyone is interested in adding a little flair to their letters, or wishes a special plaque, please contact Jemima of Clan Nosferatu.

Kindred,

I wish to express my thanks for the recent Camarilla intervention in the Anarch Domain of Ulster.

The destruction of Pack Havens, weapons caches, and redoubts, as well as the degradation of the Sabbat's command and control capabilities in Ulster has given us the time and space to manoeuvre, recover, and reorganise so that we can take the fight to the Sabbat once more rather than being forced to continually firefight on the defensive.

The assassination of notorious Templars Augustus and Raphael in Belfast gives me particular joy and a deeply personal satisfaction. Long had I dreamed of getting my claws into them in return for what they did to my friends, but I will take their Final Deaths any way I can.

I have asked my comrades in Paisley to extend my thanks to this Camarilla coterie for their works. If this is what you are capable of doing without setting foot in country, I can't wait to see what you can do when you are fully established over here!

I look forward to meeting you all in person soonest.

Decky S.

## KINE NEWS

An escalation in anti-immigrant violence has coincided with a renewed terrorist campaign in Northern Ireland.

A number of warehouses, farms, and slaughterhouses across Antrim, Down, and Tyrone have been gutted with arson attacks and are thought to have been targeted due to the large number of foreign workers living in the properties. More than a dozen foreign nationals, mainly from Spain and Portugal, are missing and believed dead. Their status as illegal immigrants will make confirming identities almost impossible, even if they appear elsewhere in the country, and as they are unlikely to contact the authorities, proof of life will be unlikely.

These arson attacks have coincided with a sudden spike in terror related attacks that may mark the beginning of a return to the Troubles. A number of shootings in Belfast have resulted in the deaths of known gangsters and suspected terrorists in West Belfast, Antrim, Lisburn, and Larne. Along with car bombs in East Belfast and Ballymena, PSNI believe there are potentially three or four cells of NIRA, UVF, and UDA now active in the country.

PSNI anti-terror specialists are rumoured to have sought assistance from the Met's counter-terrorism command and MI5 to stamp out this escalation in violence before it gets a foothold in Ulster once more.

Ardal O'Shea,  
Belfast Telegraph

## **NCA DEEPENS PROBE INTO GLASGOW GANGLAND VIOLENCE AS BODY COUNT MOUNTS**

The National Crime Agency has confirmed its Organised Crime Division is now leading a multi-strand investigation into a wave of violence that has convulsed Glasgow's criminal underworld over the past month, with detectives warning of a "rapidly escalating" gang conflict with no clear end in sight.

The inquiry began after the discovery of a dozen bodies at a property in Castlemilk, believed to include members of an Albanian criminal network alongside associates of the Daniels organisation. Sources suggest the killings may stem from a drug deal that collapsed into bloodshed, though the NCA has declined to confirm a motive.

Weeks later, Jacob Lyons - a senior figure in the Lyons family, long-standing rivals to the Daniels - was pulled from the White Cart Water. Investigators have not said whether Lyons drowned or was killed elsewhere before his body entered the river, leaving open the question of whether his death was retaliation for the Castlemilk massacre or an unconnected, albeit suspicious, tragedy.

Further complicating the picture is the death of Vladimir Kumarig, known in criminal circles as "the Russian Monster," who suffered a fatal head injury while seated in his car in full view of bystanders. No weapon or clear cause has been identified.

Detective Bradley, the NCA officer heading the case, has followed the trail beyond Castlemilk into the Calton - an area with no prior link to the unfolding conflict, but long associated with the Tongs. Asked about the connection, Bradley

offered only: "We're keeping an open mind. Nothing in this city happens in isolation." The NCA has stressed this investigation is being run separately from last month's raids on the Glasgow headquarters of Southsea Shipping, though it has not ruled out an eventual crossover between the two.

Excerpt from "The Digger".