

# ANARCHY

I recently met up with an old acquaintance of mine, Cassidy. Met him a several years back in the Free States when I was reporting from the front line, back when he was pretty wet around the ears. I'm glad to say in the following years he seems to have thrived and grown, becoming Clan Head of Brujah in Glasgow, and joining the fold as an Anarch. He has returned to the front line on a few occasions, his actions bringing his name to a few notable kindred and has had the pleasure of hanging out with Damien in Chicago, and banging together a few Sabbat skulls.

I was saddened to hear from him that a great number of Camarilla members in the Europe have little interest in helping the Free States in our current troubles, but as the conversation continued, my fears were confirmed that even in a supposedly cosmopolitan city like Glasgow, bigotry still exists. Cassidy agreed to continue the conversation on tape so that I could write this interview.

**Spider Jerusalem:** So Cassidy, please explain a little about your Anarch philosophy, and how you interact with Glasgow.

**Cassidy:** Well Spider, basically my belief is that everyone has the right to freedom. We should not be held slaves to the blood bond and be shackled by age and generation; we should act as we feel fit, as long as our actions do not impinge on the freedom of others. And if someone tries to stifle our freedom, or enslave us, then we should have the right to defend ourselves. I know that a city like Glasgow I'm never gonna make a big impact, and get the kindred joining the cause, but I feel it is my duty to show them that there is another way, and to make them think about their actions, not to just accept what they have been told.

**SJ:** Strong words. So tell the readers a little more about yourself.

**C:** I was born in Manchester, UK, near the start of the 20<sup>th</sup> century to an Irish Immigrant family, spent some time as a chimney sweep as a youngster, but when I was 15 felt it was time to leave the nest. So I moved down to Birmingham, but finding work was hard so to keep myself afloat, I took to a bit of burglary. It was during this period that I met my sire-to-be, half way through his window.

**SJ:** So how did he react?

**C:** After knocking me about for a bit, he recognised some of my potential, so brought me under his wing for a few years before finally embracing me.

**SJ:** What did you do for him?

**C:** I became his errand boy, collecting items he wanted from other peoples property, and this lasted for quite some time, through into the 30s, until, unbeknownst to me, he started sending me to steal from other kindred. When I got caught, he denied all knowledge of my actions and hung me out to dry.

**SJ:** So he shafted you.

**C:** Yeah, pretty much. He made this great big hoo ha about how he had failed as a sire, and how it was his duty to take care of me, so paid back the guy for damages, publicly punished me then exiled me from the city. So after that I bummed around Britain for a good long time, drifting around cos the guy that I'd been sent to steal from made sure that plenty of folk knew who I was, so I was given a frosty reception in plenty of cities and towns.

**SJ:** What happened to your sire?

**C:** Last I heard, he'd frenzied when someone called him a liar, ripped this guys throat out before getting staked. Good riddance I say.

**SJ:** You were kicking about Britain. What then?

**C:** I headed to Ireland for a while, spent some time in Dublin, pretty bummed out really. I had no motivation, no fire in my belly, until I started hearing about the Free States. I worked my way over, and spent 10 good years getting stuck into the Sabbat, and picked up a lot of the skills I use today.

**SJ:** Why did you leave the States?

**C:** At the time, I was a Camarilla member. I'd gone out thinking that I could help, I'd done my stint, thought it was time to et back to the UK and sort myself out there, though I did keep going back for short stints.

**SJ:** More than many of your European brethren would do.

**C:** Indeed.

**SJ:** Then you moved to Glasgow?

**C:** Yeah, I'd heard lots of good things about it, that it was a pretty chilled place to live, but with plenty of excitement waiting round the corner.

**SJ:** Excitement?

**C:** Plenty of that. In my time in Glasgow, there's been Garou, Wraiths, Demons, Infernalists, Magi, Fae, Unseely Court, there was even a Mummy at one point.

**SJ:** Not a place for the faint hearted then.

**C:** Well, there's always been plenty of guys ready to step up to the plate and take them on, whether to protect or to advance their own cause could be debated, but still, they shield the little guys.

**SJ:** Is that how you see yourself? As a protector of the little guys?

**C:** Definitely. There are far too many people out there getting shat on with no-one standing up for them.

**SJ:** So, to get to the main point of this interview, we were talking earlier and you were telling me about things that have happened recently.

**C:** Yeah. Yeah. I was.

**SJ:** So, go on.

**C:** Right. OK. Really starts a couple of years back, when people start getting attacked by hunters

**SJ:** In Glasgow?

**C:** Yeah. And well armed ones at that. So they take a couple of losses, nail a couple of our buys, giving a sniff that there are kindred about, so the Society move in.

**SJ:** That'd be the Society of Leopold then?

**C:** Exactly. They get into the city, start going for kindred.

**SJ:** What was the Camarilla's response?

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C: Hide and wait for them to go. So that's what people did, but then the society are like bloodhounds – once they've got a scent, they ain't giving up. The attacks continued, getting bolder as time went on. Various schemes have been suggested over time, but they've all been shot down by the prince.

SJ: Bartholomew Marillo, the Lasombra antitribu?

C: The one and only. So I'm keeping a low profile at this point, cos prince's can shove itself for all I care, but it makes sense with packs of the guys hunting us. But they still find me. This is the full outfit. Holy crossbows, dragon's breath, holy artifacts, the lot. So when these guys are going for you, you gotta get out fast. But fast ain't fast enough to get out in one piece, so I take a bit a blasting on the way out. Time to lay low methinks, until I get waylaid by a bunch of Sabbat.

SJ: Society & Sabbat on the one night? Looks like a stitch up to me.

C: I hope not. I'd like to think better of the denizens of Glasgow.

SJ: So what was it, 3, 4 on one? Gotta be good odds for you there?

C: 4 on 1 would've sounded good to me normally, but once I'd been shot full of Dragon's Breath, I had no desire to get a kicking, so I'm ashamed to admit I legged it. Pricks shot me in the back of course.

SJ: Their favourite way.

C: That it is.

SJ: You were heavily injured, after a run in with a group that the city was doing nothing about, and this new group that no-one had told you about, so what happened next?

C: Well, there's series of cameras around Glasgow....

SJ: So caught on camera breaching the masquerade?

C: ....yeah....

SJ: After taking a kicking off of a group that Camarilla members were instructed to leave alone?

C: Yes. Senior management leaving the little boys and non-affiliates to rot.

SJ: So was that it or were you caught out with anything else.

C: Well... there were a couple of other things that night that would've attracted undue attention if they hadn't been quashed.

SJ: That you wouldn't've done if you hadn't been seriously wounded by the Society.

C: Totally. No way would it've happened.

SJ: Because of a Society of Leopold given free run of the city by the Camarilla Prince

C: Well, I guess so.

SJ: So what happened next?

C: Well, you gotta take responsibility for your actions, so I stood up to take it on the chin... and he shat on me. Death of Life Boon. I don't run away, and my pride ain't that big, so I let myself be chained.

SJ: Well. Plenty of guys out there would call you a fool for doing what you did.

C: Some days I'd have to agree with them. See, I like to think that an agreement made in good faith will be kept in good faith.

SJ: And this wasn't?

C: Not so far.

SJ: Would you care to elaborate?

C: See, the Society gets wind of where the court is (gotta love that Camarilla security) and turn up. Everyone is grouped round the centre of the room, just chilling out, getting on with business, I'm off to the back with the Prince, trying to sort out this mess, when a grenade pops in, phosphorous, bang into the middle of the room. Then, through the doors pops all these hunters and priests, armed to the teeth, this one priest carrying like this ark holding a holy relic. So the Prince rushes in, and rather than taking the cowards way out and watching him get destroyed, I try to fulfil my promise. Also, left unchecked, these guys are gonna tear a hole through the Glasgow Kindred. There were five of them as I recall. One priest, four goons. As the Prince moves in on the priest with the ark, I take out the goons with the Dragon's Breath shotguns.

SJ: All four at the same time?

C: Naw, there were two behind him and two off to the side. So I take out the 2 behind him, and see that the priest and the prince are grappling with the box, and while he seems to holding his own, one of the guys off to his side is bringing his shotgun round on him. While he's pretty hard, a Dragon's Breath is gonna hurt some, and more importantly break his concentration, allowing the priest to overpower him. So I go for the guy, take a chunk out of the side of the priest, breaking his concentration and take a Dragon's Breath round in the chest for my troubles.

SJ: Blam. You've saved him.

C: Deffo. I then carry through, take out this guy, chop the fourth, and get blown out the door by the blast from a grenade.

SJ: Crispy fried Brujah. You still standing by this point?

C: Not quite. Kinda sitting there, trying to clear my head, but I figure I'm alright cos there was a couple more Brujah there, and I've got plenty of blood, so I'm not going to freak out. The other guys just weren't quick enough to get involved really.

SJ: So far, I see no problem.

C: Ah. The Prince, having wrested the ark from the priest, and topped him off for good measure...

SJ: After you'd taken a chunk out of him to break his concentration

C: after that, yes, he heads out the door and grabs me, while holding the ark in the other arm, and drags me out to a waiting car. This, he claims was saving my life, so it doesn't clear my debt.

SJ: Let me get this straight. You save his bacon, and he runs away with you, claiming this cancels out your actions.

C: Exactly

SJ: Did you ask for help.

C: No.

SJ: Did he wait to see if there were any other Brujah coming to help?

C: No. He claims there were none coming to help me.

SJ: So you're saying he's a liar.

C: No. Its just that we were through a doorway, and the side that they were coming from was on his blind side.

SJ: Blind side?

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C: He has only got one eye. So anyway, he did not stop and look properly, but whisked me off so that he could keep me in chains. Metaphorically of course.

SJ: Basically kidnapping you.

C: Well, no, in the sense that I was not held against my wishes, though he did stuff me in his basement for a couple of nights before I could arrange transport.

SJ: He stole you away from the people who would willingly help you. Anything else.

C: He tried to rape me.

SJ: That's a big charge. Care to elaborate.

C: He... forced his blood into my mouth. Tried to make me drink from him. He didn't ask, he just thought I'd be that desperate for blood that I'd accept his taint. That I'd let him use me and get inside me.

SJ: Pretty base act, I must say. So you sure you don't like him a little bit now

C: Deffo. (laughs) the prick was so quick to act that he didn't stop and think that i'd used fuck all blood – didn't need full celerity, and since all the damage I took was pretty hardcore, couldn't heal enough to need more blood (laughs). So I let it all drain out onto his leather interior. Have to say, a few times in the heat of battle I've used my teeth to rip out the odd Lasombra throat, and their blood never tastes good.

SJ: So basically, this Camarilla Lasombra antiribu is trying to screw you over, and turn you into his lapdog.

C: Yeah. I should've known better than to try and act honourably with a Lasombra. Antiribu or not, they're evil fucks. I acted honourably, risked my existence to preserve his to pay out a debt, and he won't acknowledge it. He has shown to me that his word is useless.

## The Anarchs want You!



The battle rages on in the states against the Sabbat and the forces from over the pacific and as hard as the Anarchs are fighting just now, it is a struggle. These battlegrounds may seem distant to you, but they protect the flank of the Camarilla, a barrier against the Sabbat that we are happy to maintain.

But we stand now at a crossroads. The tide is against us, and the enemy erode our defences. To protect us all from this darkness and the horror they would spread on the world, we need support.

We call for reinforcements, for arms, for funds. Anything that can aid us in the war against this encroaching night. Once they have taken our turf, they'll be moving on to Camarilla ground. Our ground is the warm-up. They are already looking beyond us to your hearts.

Advance groups have been launched to major European cities to prepare the way and distract you from what is happening in America. Do not be fooled. We must stop them now.