

*Conspiracy Suites*  
*Prague, Czech Republic*

*30 April 2012*

*Tonight has been like a homecoming and I am so very happy. Some of the more mystically oriented call this Walpurgis Night. It is a night of magical significance. It is also significant for being the last time we stood on this same bridge together. My pack...er Conspiracy as they call multi-sect groups now... The Camarilla cannot handle the Sabbat reference of a pack. Truly it is embarrassing how myopic "we" have become. Either way, the coterie of Anarchs which once fought together over five centuries ago has reunited this night.*

*We met as discussed on the Charles Bridge, though this time we each came with our own retinue. I was reminding the girls that Krzysztof would likely bring something not at all human with him, so try not to stare. As I turned back I had to stop short, realizing we had arrived. Šárka stood waiting with a smile at the center of the bridge in a black leather jacket, matching leather pants (which I both enjoyed and admired), and a well worn t-shirt. Krzysztof lumbered up from behind and to her left, wearing what I believe was the same overcoat and hat I last saw him in. He stood alone, his elephantine hands casting massive shadows. Eleanor seemed to emerge from a drifting fog bank to my left in her signature dark gray suit, Eli and Prudence as well as another very handsome man following behind. Her cold eyes softened as soon as she beheld Šárka, Krzysztof, and myself. Jocelin slipped up behind Šárka to her right, his fangs still glinting as he smiled. He wore a tailored shirt, though it was not tailored for him. The fine linen was unbuttoned perhaps a bit more than it should have been, but he struck a rugged pose nonetheless. Percival perched overhead while Tara walked next to his master. Also a house cat wound its way past the still gargantuan hound and circled my feet. Lastly, Rosabella wandered up to my right, three lovely ladies of her*

own in tow. Though, these women seemed to be more keeping track of her instead of her leading them. Also Rosabella seemed wet, though her raggedy dress did not. Krzysztof, of course, made some mention of it and the Malkavian, of course, seemed confused. It was as though we were never apart.

Introductions followed, given all the new faces. I presented Fiona, Leona, and Triona to the others. Fiona smiled, Leona curtsied, and Triona played with the cat. The gloriously beautiful man with Eleanor was Gabriel, and how fitting he should be named after an angel. Jocelin confirmed for me that this was in fact the same Tara which I shied away from years ago.

Rosabella introduced her sisters to us, though I'm not sure if she means that literally or if this is yet another part of her mental corruption. Valentina, a very toned, raven-haired, olive-skinned woman, seemed to have leash duties for Rosabella. The rosy-cheeked, bespectacled, bookish girl was Monalisa, though thankfully her smile was more cheerful than that dreadful smirk of her namesake. And last came Agatha, a pale, unassuming girl with an untarnished, natural attractiveness. Other than Valentina, I have no idea if these women have special duties, though I suppose we will all find out more as the nights pass.

Next we moved to examine our palace. Along the way, we past a hiker's hostel. Šárka pointed it out to us and gave each Conspirator an odd plastic key-card. She said it would open her secret haven beneath her hostel. We were all very impressed and appreciative. As we arrived at the Tuscany Palace, a beautiful young woman ran up from Hradčanské Square and embraced Krzysztof. Not only did he not kill her for touching him, he seemed to tolerate her affection; accepting it, if very distantly. She was flawless with hair the color of a starless midnight, skin as smooth and as pale as marble, eyes so deep I felt vertigo, and lips so full...obviously someone had increased his abilities with Vicissitude. As we all looked on, our blinking filling the

thunderous silence, she released him before he grunted an acknowledgment. I made mention of her looking different that I had expected. Before even Krzysztof could respond, she smiled at me as if she'd known me almost as long as her master and informed me that she had previously been a large man with a bone sword for an arm. How could this be?! Even with Krzysztof's undoubtedly advanced knowledge of Vicissitude, how could Gerwazy become this stunning creature. My shock must have shone on my face for she laughed for a moment before our Fiend introduced Theodosia Zantosa. As he never specified, I had to assume this was his new servant. I felt that I should probably mourn Gerwazy. But then I realized that he probably went out in a gore-spattered orgy of carnage, just as he would have wanted. I think I shall like Theodosia. Also, Sárka introduced the golden haired Dane waiting outside as Annika Nørgaard, she served as the Setite's main assistant. Annika tried to bring as little attention to herself as possible, that made me want to keep an eye on her.

The palace was a beautiful work, though it possessed all the modern mortal amenities. After we could survey the floors, I intended to make sure it possessed all the immortal amenities as well. We discussed sleeping quarters and eventually agreed that we should all be together, so we selected a wing of interconnected suites. Leona made some mention of Conspiracy Suites. I'm not sure what she was referencing, but I liked the name. We all chose our suite, with Rosabella choosing based on the size of the closet. At first, I was impressed with her decision, then she informed me she would sleep there where it was quiet and dark. When I asked about the rest of the actual room, she waved her hand and said something about how Valentina could have it. I looked at the ghoul in confusion, but she had no answer either. Once we had our rooms, Krzysztof performed one of his Koldunic rituals and awakened the spirits of the palace. He declared he did not have time to bother with opening doors. As he finished, the doors opened for all of us. Next he asked that we gather all our retinue as he had no intention of doing this more than once.

With everyone present including Luc, Jocelin's human retainer, and three more of Šárka's ghouls, the Koldun warded all the entrances to the palace. Perhaps when the Setite can focus on more than Eleanor we will learn the names of her other servants. After all these years, I suspect now Šárka has more than an infatuation with Eleanor. That is sweet though the two beauties together is a work of art which could inspire or cripple a man, depending on his bent. Perhaps I will be lucky enough to learn which it will be. But I digress. Our thief received a message on her phone just after we started moving through the palace. She became very excited due to a vampire movie being filmed in nearby Vyšehrad, another local castle. We had to convince the Malkavian that now was not the time to rush off. One of Šárka's ghouls mentioned offhandedly dropping acid while we moved through the palace. I was appalled that she was so unconcerned for the well being of the estate. Based on the rather sardonic look I received, I assumed I misunderstood something and thus let it go. Meanwhile, Šárka tapped a cask of her beer so we drank while I noted structural changes we would need to make throughout the palace. Jocelin may have appreciated this gesture even more than I, as he commented that it was not yet even Christmas. Rosabella showed a disturbing cruel streak while we explored, by almost sitting, causing a chair to move out for her, then moving quickly to mock sit again. Eventually Krzysztof chastised her for it, but then she just went to torment a door out of sight. I made a list of the various materials and tools I would need so that the girls could place the order in the daylight hours. There was still the task of presentation and I suggested that we all go together, always politically appearing as a single bloc. The others agreed and Eleanor suggested that we send them a message so more Primogen would be in attendance. I asked Leona to deliver the message to Elysium that we intended to arrive tomorrow evening. She came back shortly with a message asking us to wait until tomorrow night, when the Primogen could properly assemble. This was acceptable to everyone so we simply used the time to settle in more. We also discussed Šárka removing our hearts and giving us magical protection against fire. How could anyone really

say no to such an offer? She and Eleanor left before dawn to spend the day in Šárka's hidden lair. It was quite romantic really. I hope my supplies are delivered soon, as I am anxious to get started truly making this place our own.

I should note, I've changed my dating practices. The Gregorian calendar will do but also I shall date the writings based on the date at the start of the night, not the date at dawn. I've been told that was very confusing to those whom receive my letters. But for now, I believe I shall discover how well I enjoy this king sized bed filled with slumbering redheads.

*Conspiracy Suites  
Prague, Czech Republic*

*1 May 2012*

*This evening was quite refreshing. And perhaps a bit unnecessary, but it was great fun.*

*Once Fiona coaxed me out of bed, I went shopping with Rosabella and Valentina in search of proper Elysium attire. For the Malkavian which saved my unlife, I found an appropriately attractive dress to make her look innocent and hopefully be underestimated. While we were out, I noticed a suit that I knew immediately would make Krzysztof look even more intimidating than normal. Plus it would get him out of the same set of clothes he's worn since before the Italian discovered the New World. I have some experience in men's sizes so I used my best judgment. He was appreciative, in his own way, and even accepted the gesture as it made him more frightening while meeting with the most powerful vampires in the city. I was proud that it fit him as well as I imagined.*

*We entered Elysium together as planned. Šárka wore a very traditional Egyptian outfit, which at first she looked ridiculous in, to be honest. She explained that it comforted some Camarilla to find a Setite appearing as they expect them too, even if they never dress that way normally. Krzysztof, while not actually objecting, pointed out his disappointment in coddling the Camarilla dogs. She then used some of her own Blood Sorcery and took on a more regal demeanor as well as changed the color of her hair from coal dark to vibrant red. The outfit together with the completed change was quite spectacular. Had we not known the Setite before, I doubt many of us could have identified her as Šárka. I'm not sure at that point if Krzysztof*

approved or simply found it best not to return to the topic. Several of our ghoults and Prudence accompanied us, though Valentina did have to check her weapons at the door. She is heavily armed for ...well anyone really. The Seneschal, Yordana, greeted us and asked if we would have any specific concerns to be addressed. As there were none, she bid us wait while she informed the Prince of our arrival. We had a brief wait before she returned and led us to see Prince Vasily. Vasily gave us his vision of the city and let us know that we seemed to embody some of the more lofty ideals of his vision. He was well versed in the Sabbat as he knew more about Krzysztof's position than I did and was very polite and courteous, though I would expect no less from a successful Toreador Prince.

Vasily led us into a specially prepared room to meet the assembled Primogen Council as well as the Sheriff, one of his Hounds, and surprisingly two resident Anarchs. I spoke at least briefly with all present in the respected gathering. Anna Belle was warm and welcoming. Unlike other cities aware of my past, there seemed to be no backhanded compliments, which I liked. Tariq was surprised when I addressed him in proper Arabic. He was very pleased to make my acquaintance and even discussed the possibility of commissioning works of art. I like that very much. As I worked my way through the Council, I noticed that Krzysztof, either out of spite or in an earnest attempt at civility, spoke at some length with Ardan of Golden Lane. Eventually I came to the Anarchs as Krzysztof was leaving them. Eleanor approached about the same time. Erica Storm and Jean-Claude, Brujah and Alexanderite Ravnos respectively, were the representatives of the local Anarchs. I jokingly feigned annoyance at losing my audience when Eleanor confirmed her Sire. They were both attractive in different ways and for very different reasons. Jean-Claude was apparently only present in an advisory role and it looked as though Erica may need such. He gently touched her shoulder at different points in what I suspect was a reminder to reign herself back in if she began to get outside of her talking points. I think we all may have some

minor interest in the Anarchs, though for different reasons than in most cities. What I have seen in the extremely short time here is a city that doesn't immediately need changing. I'd like to think it will continue to be that way. Next I moved on to a very tall, rocky skinned woman with wings. Petra was a very flirtatious Gargoyle; I admit, I was intrigued. She explained how she earned her freedom and now the Tremere no longer try to kill her and she returns the same favor. Apparently she was concerned that I was trying to manipulate her as she rather abruptly warned me not to do anything to get the Sheriff unhappy with me. She had no desire to have to hurt me. Though I believe she was being sincere, the echo of a threat was definitely there. Still, I am intrigued.

While not everything will be this simple, it was nice to be honestly welcomed into a city. That it is this city only makes the sensation all the sweeter. But now I feel the sun ascending, so I should end here before I collapse ...and awaken to Triona frantically scolding me for sleeping in the chair. Again.

*Conspiracy Suites*  
*Prague, Czech Republic*

*2 May 2012*

*Last night I apparently spoke too soon. First of all, the sun was not yet ready to destroy us and secondly we were not yet finished with the evening. Rosabella very enthusiastically volunteered for the Chill of Oblivion ritual Šárka offered, so the Conspiracy gathered at Rajská Zahrada. The Setite had only just given us a tour of her lair before returning to the palace, but such is the way the mind of a Malkavian works. The sun did indeed rise while we were waiting however. One of Šárka's ghouls, Annika I believe, showed us to some rooms. I started to unbutton my shirt when I realized the ghoul was still there. I remember feeling slightly uncomfortable as she stood in the doorway watching me groggily sit on the bed. Eventually she blinked, as if remembering something, and closed the door after I stared back blankly for a few moments. The interior of the room I found myself was very spartan, though understandable for a bomb shelter. I briefly thought I should offer to help Šárka decorate the unfeeling concrete, but as I attempted to stand I remembered why I was there. I dimly recall sliding from a sitting position to laying flat, then nothing...*

*I confess when next I heard Eleanor calling my name, at first I smiled then remembered the last time she awakened me. I quickly shielded my face as I scrambled to a sitting position. Eleanor was in fact still on the other side of the room, a small but mischievous smile sliding across her lips. Krzysztof, behind her in the doorway, grunted in what I believe to be amusement. It is so hard to tell with him, especially so soon after dusk. Šárka had worked well into the day on the ritual for Rosabella, and thus was not yet ready to meet with us. I totally understood as I was not ready myself. We made our way perhaps a block, or that again, back to the palace. As I knew we were*

expecting to be busy, I set about getting ready for the night.

Unlike our meeting the previous evening, we were less trying to dress to impress, and more dressing to make sure we could survive should things go badly. Krzysztof, wearing his normal clothing, did warn us as we moved about that we should not take our ghouls should we wish to keep them. He admitted that he, like us, had not met these Sabbat and a ghoul could be seen as a "party favor." I had no intention of taking the girls but it was a testament to Krzysztof's character that he should be so kind. It is also likely he realized the same thing in relation to his Theodosia and passed the information along, but I like my interpretation better. Eleanor dressed more masculine than before, but still in a tasteful gray suit. Sárka dressed down from her usual, though also not her Egyptian attire from the night before. Rosabella dressed as she always does, which in this case may have benefited her. For my part, I wore a pair of black linen trousers and a black cotton shirt. I did not want to look feeble or foppish, but I had no desire to seem tasteless either. Jocelin of course had no need to worry about his attire. Likely one of the Hand has more important concerns among his own. Prudence came along as well, so Eleanor tasked her with keeping Rosabella from running off during the meeting. The younger Brujah seemed entirely too pleased by this. I felt it best not to ask.

Petrín Hill, a popular recreation spot for mortals by day, grew exceptionally dark after dusk as the many parks and even the mirror maze do not provide much of what they now call light pollution. We arrived at the base of the hill and took a motorized trolley to the top. As the final of eleven church bells chimed, we stepped off and were immediately greeted by a man with wide eyes and a noble bearing. Cornelia Dulca introduced himself briefly before leading us inside St. Laurence Church. The Bishop, one Feliciano Maria Gómez y Alvarez of clan Lasombra, welcomed us. When introduced, I knew immediately I was in the presence of a proper Spaniard and I was instantly

pleased. She dressed in an oddly revealing black habit, I believe intended to be both enticing and distracting. Regardless of her dress, Her Excellency was quite beautiful. She greeted Krzysztof very formally, so much so he finally asked that she simply address him by name and reiterated that he had no interest in a sweeping power play among the Sabbat. Her Excellency proceeded to introduce us to White Jade Princess, an antitribu of my own Blood, Nadejda, a Fiend who glared rather ominously throughout our stay, Gavriil, a regal and imposing man with a third eye, and finally Cornelia, also a Tzimisce and Pack Priest for the collected House of Whispers. About that time, a roar of engines echoed from the blackened woods outside and shortly, several leather-clad men and a very tall lady entered. Though they immediately appeared fearsome, they took a seat on the circle of pews without further interruption. The Bishop then introduced us to the Sacred Band, another pack in good standing which often but not always took Haven within Prague. Jude Hill, the Ductus of their pack, did the honors of introducing his pack as well, though he did not provide Clan. Krzysztof then introduced each of us to the growing assembly. We learned through the Bishop that White Jade Princess was a tutor in the ways of morality, having studied under the famed Widows of Montreal. I had absolutely no idea what that meant, but it sounded impressive. The antitribu's services, while graciously open to us, did include the risk of Blood Bond since, as the Bishop put it, we were not protected by the Vaulderie. It was a most generous invitation, though I suspect there was little interest. Next Jude explained that for the most part, his pack "bashed the gay bashers" in and around Central and Eastern Europe. A worthy enough purpose, though I found it surprising that an established Sabbat pack still held concerns such as those. I would hazard to guess that most of Jude's pack were Brujah antitribu except for Glory, their Priest who was the exceptionally tall lady. The presence of an Adam's Apple simply meant she was a lady of her own decision. Glory was another of my own antitribu, though she did not seem to display the cruel and degenerate attitude I had most often heard referenced

by others. Harry Hammer, a shorter, well built man in a black leather garrison cap also bore the mark of the Black Hand on his right palm. We were warned of another pack operating in the area which called themselves the Natural Born Killers. I felt my tongue sharpen, but discretion thankfully won out. They were not well received among their peers, apparently hailing from America and acting the part as if by definition. Jude made a comment that suggested his pack had beaten them into Torpor at least once already. With that, we dispersed to mingle. I caught the beginning of a conversation with Jude and Sárka involving something to do with a bar. Sadly I felt it was not as important as paying very close attention to Nadejda. She did not speak when spoken to and I sensed she only allowed our presence without assault due to the truce...or perhaps a strong mystic tie to the Bishop through their blood rites. Also she wore clothing that noticeably drew breath. I decided to move along and leave her to her thoughts. Rosabella seemed quite drawn to Glory, striking up one of the most comfortable and lengthy conversations between groups. Soon I found myself before the Bishop. Her Excellency and I shared a bit of delightful Spanish camaraderie. She felt as do I, that it is always a moment of pride when we can speak in a proper tongue about issues of home. Perhaps foolishly I pointed out that, having known many Lasombra through the centuries, I believed the differences in our Sects were to be seen as a political opinion. I knew immediately this was not a conversation Her Excellency wished to have, as she accepted my opinion and quickly changed the subject. Had I thought, I would have realized that that discussion, while surrounded by her subjects was poor form at best. I shall endeavor to remember this in the future. Once I moved from the Bishop, I made my rounds as I did before with the Primogen. But as the bells tolled midnight, the Priests began to gather with Krzysztof. He came and invited us, as he has in the past, to cast off the shackles of the Camarilla by joining them in the Vaulderie. As none of us were interested (though honestly we have come to see this as a true sign of Krzysztof's respect for each of us), we thanked our hosts and Sárka, Eleanor, Prudence, Rosabella, and myself

took our leave.

I left Petrín Hill with more questions than I expected. Were these antitribu as unusual as I thought or had I unwittingly subscribed to Founder propaganda for my basis of knowledge. Jocelin has always existed outside of any stereotype for those of the Gangrel Clan and certainly Sárka defies almost all accepted thought on Followers of Set. In many ways, I too do not fit neatly into the mold expected for those of my Clan. Perhaps I shall have to learn more about these Cainites myself to know if I have been duped or if we share Prague with truly inspired Sabbat.

Rosabella checked her phone once we arrived at the base of the hill and declared she was going to talk to the Nosferatu. How she knew them already was beyond me, but we let her go. I returned to the palace and started work on what would become the entrance to our Occult Library. As I verified my measurements and double checked for pipes and wiring, Valentina approached and asked if she could help. I could think of no reason why not, so I gave her various minor tasks which allowed me to finish my planning. Before I completed the design, Krzysztof and Jocelin returned. They each wished to help, though Krzysztof was very determined to be involved. While delicate is not exactly a word normally used in construction, it does apply in that we managed not to mar any surface not involved in the project. With my group of rather strong workers, we managed to rip out the wall and begin to rebuild the passageway to my specifications. While it is not yet complete, I was very pleased with our progress. I apparently learned more from Koca than I could teach.

Now I believe I shall retire before the baneful rays of the sun make the decision for me yet again.

*Vyšehrad Basement  
Prague, Czech Republic*

*3 May 2012*

*Joyfully, I found myself waking from my own bed without interruption this evening. When I emerged, Rosabella immediately informed me it was movie night. So once all our interested ghouls were together, we walked to Vyšehrad. As we gazed upon the castle from the roped off viewing area, Krzysztof and I gave a brief history to our Conspiracy. The castle had been the site of battle between a powerful Voivode and several other vampires of the city. Specifically a Brujah named Cristof, an accomplished Crusader and childe of Ecaterina the Wise, fought the Voivode before that section of the castle collapsed due to their combined might. While both vampires eventually emerged from the rubble, no one is completely sure that "leftovers" aren't still buried within.*

*Šárka used her influence in broadcasting to gain entrance as well as copies of the script. At first, I was delighted to receive such an inside look at the creation of a modern work of art. Unfortunately, this was not art. The script was positively dreadful. Šárka described it as an "established model," though I could tell from her tone of voice she was equally displeased. The premise, if that much thought had been given, was that an ancient vampire Embraces one of a pair of friends without so much as learning her name. Then this new vampire pursues her mortal friend while the elder vampire stalks a nearly clueless but very masculine boyfriend. Somehow the boyfriend learns enough to craft a plan to destroy the elder vampire and save his girlfriend from also being Embraced. For reasons I cannot fathom, there are unexplained romantic scenes between the women, even after the first is Embraced and supposedly trying to kill and Embrace the other. What may have been even more offensive was that I was led to believe this was a quality production. I*

decided on the spot that I would have to find the director and convince him, one way or another, to make subtle changes so that this foul mockery of both life and unlife could be redeemed.

Several of the others learned that most of the actors were very uncomfortable working in the basement, less due to safety issues and more just uneasiness. That the director was oddly determined to work down there sent up warning flags. Eleanor apparently had a similar thought as she found the director first. And while I worried for David's life briefly, she managed to steer him away from the basement and back out into the courtyard. I took over from there giving him lighting suggestions and proper camera angles for the most evocative shots. Once filming began again, the Conspiracy moved to investigate the basement. Krzysztof carried the torch and we all followed behind.

We immediately noticed it was much colder when we entered the basement. Our retinue all clustered together while not moving to conserve heat and still I could see their breath. The basement contained a strange amount of flowing air for a sealed chamber so we followed the movement to the far southern wall. There we found cracks in the wall and the frigid wind seemed to originate from the other side. Krzysztof began to stare at Šárka and her ghouls then Rosabella, and finally Eleanor before complimenting the Setite on her work. Apparently our Fiend could visualize sorcerous effects through some effort. He noted in French that the spirits were watching us. We moved away from the wall to discuss this further. Though he could not say which one, Krzysztof knew of three possible Kolduns in the city which could produce such an effect. While we also mentioned that something older and less recognized could be here, Krzysztof scoffed and stated that not every castle hid an ancient vampire beneath it. I accepted this as a logical statement though I shared a look of mild concern with the others.

Jocelin and Krzysztof, changing their form to mist and blood respectively, flowed through the cracks in the wall to investigate further. From the other side of the wall I could hear Krzysztof speaking to Jocelin with a bubbling sound. They mentioned something about a tunnel which collapsed into an ancient chamber below. This must be where the biting wind originates. While the ghouls have happily held the torch, I've used the time to scribe this missive. I believe there is talk of sending a spirit to announce us, but hopefully we will simply leave for now. Proper introductions should not be through a broken wall after all. I can hear Krzysztof flowing now so I shall leave off here as a distant bell tolls twelve.