

*If we don't  
print it,  
it's not worth  
knowing!*



THE **LEX**



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# The Mid Month Gather

*More Thigh's than a Bucket of Chicken*

*By Harpy Clu*

This last Gathering began well enough I suppose, I was a wee bit late due to Traffic. What can you do? Sigh... But thankfully my Talons were there to assist...oh wait...

But as luck would have it Primogen Lukas, that wonderful man, was there to give me the scoop on the most exciting part of the evening, and folks, let me just say the situation was as tense as a Lasombra's personal Abyss. So, as the Primogen told the tale, there he sat, looking Fabulous as always, contemplating his next ski trip when all of a sudden this brute of a man walked up and just completely and rather rudely interrupted the Primogen's revelry by speaking to the Officer without Invite or Introduction.

Well, Constant Readers, to say that I was shocked is an understatement. I, at the Primogen's request for aid...how could I deny you?...leaped forth into action to save the poor Officer from the Injustice of a lack of Prestation! This man who later was **Confirmed** to be none other than **THE** Samuel Knight of Clan Ventrue, stated his case but what he said isn't important due to his Lack of Acknowledgment within the Domain. Mr. Knight then engaged in a social sparring match over the Validity of Boons and his decision to not show proper chiminage after purportedly apologizing.

Now I cant say for certain even if anything he said was fact considering his opinions on Boons but suffice it to say, it was much ado about nothing as he eventually apologized to Primogen Lukas and accompanied it with an appropriate Minor Boon for the Offense. I called it good and the most exciting part of the evening was over.

The second most exciting moment in the evening was just before then when the power went out and when it came back on...there were dead birds on the floor. I'm not sure what occurred exactly but man I hope someone has checked in the Ghoul Lost and Found room. Can someone say *Cleanup on isle 4!*

## Things are Never as they Seem

*By Harpy Clu*

There is a saying, we've all heard it at least once in our lives and its one such saying that...as they say...should go without saying (*Good Lord that is a mouth full...heh*)

**"If it seems too good to be true, it probably is"** Since the last Gathering the Primogen met to discuss several issues His Majesty wished addressed. The first being locations for a new Gathering Hall specifically for the Primogen Council to meet and discuss topics of Clan and Domain within relative comfort and free of prying ears and eyes. Primogen Lukas offered to look into Toreador Clan holding to find such a location and the Council agreed that this was agreeable. Another subject that came up was that of the Non Pillar within the Domain. Who would represent them? The spark that lit this match was a discussion of the reemerging Clan Gangrel under the leadership of the, as Yet Unacknowledged, Thamur Graves who has been residing near the Domain in Anarch Territory. The growing Gangrel population has decided they want their land back and Mr Graves is leading the charge to regain what it rightfully theirs. Personally, this Harpies opinion is, while they may no longer be considered a Pillar Clan, they are still members of the Tower and more deserving of that land than any number of Anarchs could hope to be.

This topic leads us into our next segment...How to break a Domain in 1 easy step. While the Primogen debated the representation of the Non Pillar and the Prince...yes you read that right...The Prince pushed his own Personal agenda on the council, I sat back and thought of something funny. **"No way they could ever go for it"** I thought so...I spoke up and simply asked **"Why not allow the Office of the Harpy to represent the Non Pillar, that way the entire Council has control over the Non Pillar through its agent, The Harpy"...**

Now to be fair I said I was expecting jeers, screams, thrown furniture, Bloodhunt's...but what happened next was much more shocking. His Majesty seeing the Council begin to crack under the illusion of freedom this request presented, did his best to curtail the train's momentum but, alas...that Train had already left the station and was chugging right along. But this is the Primogen Council and they **SHOULD** have the ability to make decisions on their own, as a collective without fear of outside influence from that of the Praxis. So, I shooed the Prince from the Council Chambers and allowed the Train to derail. To their Credit some did protest at first...not loudly mind you...but there was some resistance. The first was Primogen Nora who seemed to want to ask more questions but was easily squashed by peer pressure. The second was Primogen Lisper but as soon as her Prince and Elder was out of the room she voted in favor of the move.

Subsequently I must admit that the others who followed suit only did so for a lack of attention. These meetings can be long and attention spans get short. After a while you are willing to vote in favor of anything simply to end the monotony. So don't be too angry at them. You see, Constant Readers, the Non Pillar Clans are probably the greatest source of power for the Council. That's right, you heard me correctly. Through the admittance and representation of the Non Pillar, the Primogen can collect Boons and garner political backing from outside their own Clans, not to mention expanded skill sets and expertise unknown inside that Primogen's own Clan. So essentially what the Council voted in favor of was to unanimously Hand over their Power...to their Butler.

I give you a moment to let that fully sink in...

So, what was mentioned as a joke ended up becoming a policy due to a lack of foresight and general apathy...a theme that if you read past Harpy reports...tends to crop up a lot. Truthfully I never thought in a million years it would fly, but there it was and I was shocked. I thought long and hard on how to approach the matter and so I came to the decision after a couple of nights to inform the Primogen of what they had done, what they had given up and that I would not be holding onto such great power. We need a **Strong Primogen Council** not a overly Politically Powerful Harpy.

The Primogen gathered to hear my Words, His Majesty receiving an invitation appeared as well, and after it was said and done I sat and I expected to be fired. Frankly I got mixed reviews and that's fine. Two Primogen Apologized and Thanked me, Nora and Lisper...Though im not sure I really deserve as such. One Primogen walked out without so much as a kiss my ass, Primogen Kellor, the rest simply sat benumbed, unable or unwilling to voice their thoughts. His Majesty also said a few words and thanked me for being Honorable and giving up ill

gotten political power. Again...I'm not so sure I deserve that thanks.

I manipulated the system thinking that someone would stop it from happening but in the end no one really tried. So I put an end to it myself.

For the record, There is no Scandal here. This is what happens when you get too comfortable. Try as you may, bad things will always slip through the cracks when you aren't paying attention.

It was decided that Clan Gangrel will remain represented by Clan Nosferatu and any Caitiff in the Domain will fall under Clan Brujah. Thank you Primogen Nora.

It must also be stated His Majesty is requiring all Primogen to appear the coming Gathering. No Whip substitutes will suffice. Those Primogen that fail to show shall be seen as **Disgraced**. Those Clans of to few membership to have Proper Representation on the Council will find themselves the responsibility of another Primogen.



"Bad guy comin' in, Arnie! ... Minor key!"

## The Hits Keep Coming

By Harpy Clu

Last report I mentioned that Primogen Agememnon of Clan Tremere was Warned due to his failure to appear at Courts and Primogen Council meetings. I gave Mr Agememnon the chance to correct the mistake by making the appropriate apologies within one weeks time from the last announcement. Sadly that time has come and gone and so...its time to pay the Piper.

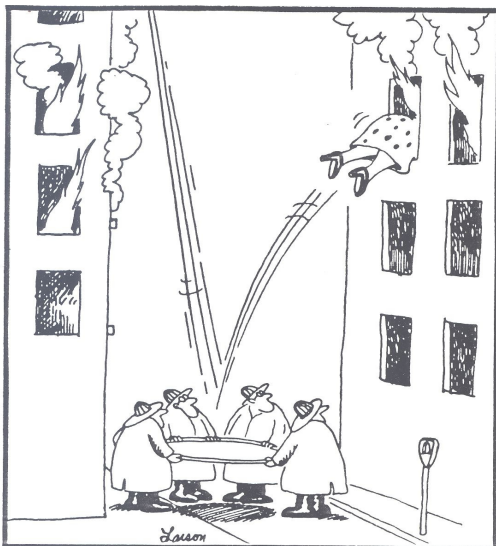
As the Office of the Harpy is a **Guardian** of all things Social and Traditional within the Tower, I find Primogen Agememnon of Clan Tremere **Disgraced** for his failure to appear as commanded by the Harpy of this Domain. Shame really.

## Another One Bites the Dust

By Harpy Clu

Well it had to happen at some point, along with the Tremere Primogen's absence also came Primogen Dissonance's absence from the Council. It had been so great an amount of time since I had seen and or spoken to the Primogen, I was beginning to wonder if he too was in need of a reminder that he has duties to attend. Sadly, he finally reached out to explain that he would no longer be representing Clan Malkavian within Orlando due to declining clan numbers.

This is acceptable...though I'm almost positive the Primogen Council and His Grace would have appreciated this notice a month prior when he decided to sequester himself away in his padded basement.



## Beneath its Glassy Surface Exists a World of Monsters

By Harpy Clu

So anyone who has been in this Domain for any length of time would know that Lake Lousia has a sordid history of all things unnatural. Well as History loves to repeat itself here, unfortunately the time has come once again for the *Weird* to rear its ugly head.

Recently reported by Mr Graves, a creature of unknown origin lurks just beneath the waters surface waiting to drag any and all unsuspecting bystanders to a watery demise. It seems to subsist on blood, has Claws and red eyes...hmm...Gangrel perhaps? But if it was a lost Gangrel...you would think Mr Graves would know by the cut of a fellow Clan mate's Jib. Though in all fairness some Gangrel are so feral they are indistinguishable between the beasts they venerate. No more information is known to the Office of the Harpy at this time but it is advised that you avoid Lake Lousia until the creature can be assessed as Friend or Foe.

If you have any unique skills that may come in handy in Identifying this creature, Contact Mr Thamur or Primogen Lisper, Gangrel's Official representation within Orlando.



"Hello, Emily. This is Gladys Murphy up the street. Fine, thanks . . . Say, could you go to your window and describe what's in my front yard?"

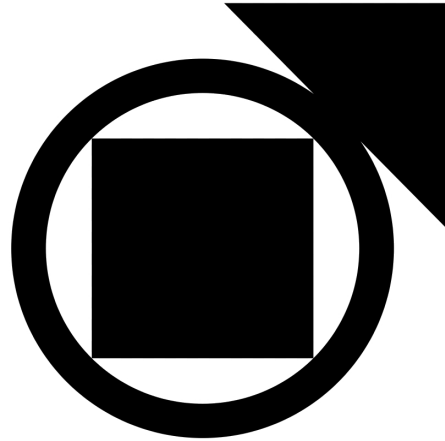
# Tha-Tha-Thats All Folks

*By Harpy Clu*

As you can see from my above report, Orlando remains an Interesting, if not an Unconventional place despite The Princes best efforts. I cant say I'm shocked or surprised but I can honestly say this...I've had my fill. The Domain needs a Harpy, but between Primogen who barely come out of their havens to Talons that seem to think they are above the rules, I've hit my limit so it is here and now...only 4 reports in...that I tender my resignation. I know, its sad, its a shame, its yet another position that again needs filling. But the fact is, while this Domain **NEEDS** a Harpy, I'm afraid it just cant be me. I refuse to work for a Council that cant seem to get out of its own way and do the Job they themselves took. My Job was to be the Harpy and yet I spent more of my time as a Primogen wrangler than I did as this Domains Harpy. And add into that a long standing Talon that wasn't ever available to assist that I was Handcuffed to by Council Decision simply because...well...I'm a Caitiff right? Regardless I powered through with all the piss and vinegar I could muster. But my tank is on empty and I've got nothing left My Constant Readers. I will continue to perform my Duties as Harpy until this Next Official Gathering where I will pass off the logs to another Sacrafi...Uh Harpy. I do hope that whoever the Council chooses will do the Job and I also hope that the Council will get their asses in gear.

P.S....

I'm not a Caitiff...

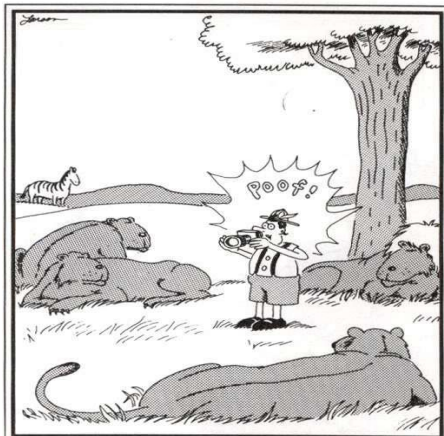


My Final word of advice to all the Clans. Choose your leadership wisely. To the Primogen, Do the Job or step aside so another can step up.

Its been Fun, Its been Real...but it hasn't been real Fun...

Oh I'm lying, its been an absolute gasser. Love you Orlando.

Harpy Clu...I'm Out.



While vacationing in Africa, Pinocchio has his longtime wish to be a real boy suddenly and unexpectedly granted.