

DARK TIMES

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CUT THROAT COUTURE - MARY JEZABELLE

Hello Cuties,

There are many varied ways in which to meet your end in Glasgow. In recent years you really have been spoiled for choice as a Kine. You could be ritually murdered and eaten. You could be torn apart by pet dogs gone mad. You could be beaten to death by vigilante mobs. What about shot in the head, or your house burned down with you in it? Murdered after the fashion of a century old serial killer was another popular choice.

My personal favourite has to be the classic "Set on Fire by a crazy Hobo with a petrol bomb" look, that IS unique. However, a new option has come about this month. So....let me tell you a little gossip. "What your up and coming fates might be this Spring Season."

People are being hunted through parks in Glasgow at night, and not just for dogging.

Speaking of dogging, they were all found with terrible wounds on their bodies, as if savaged by wild animals. Ripped limbs: VERY in this season.

However, there was surprisingly little blood on ground. Talented puppy? Have the bodies been moved? Or is red just NOT IN? I for one can't even guess this designers secrets.

No doubt Sheriff Angus will want to see

this handled, since the parks are his feeding grounds. Also, one can't imagine a better catwalk for such a handsome beast.

So here is the real question ladies and gentlemen; just what is the most fashionable way to die???



This is a dress to die for? Or to die in...

Now of course we are all fans of the Vintage Killings – Or at least we seemed to be with how long we let the, so called Ripper carnage continue.

By the way, is that STILL continuing? So passé. Some people just lack inventiveness; ripping off Old Jack's killings. No pun intended. But I digress.

With one Ripper out of the picture, has he merely been replaced with another? And a slightly messier one at that.

Is it REALLY time for a new killer on the block? Or would you be interested in hitting back with some Hipster Home Fashion and selecting your own Ghoul's fates?

Maybe even push the boat out and choose your own! For what fate is befitting of a kindred if we cannot in the end choose our own. For like it or not friends, Old as we are, we WILL die.

BOON TRADING:

- *Major Boon granted by William Chauncey to Augustus Trenchard*
- *Minor Boon granted by William Chauncey to Augustus Trenchard*
- *Minor Boon granted by Jonathan-Alexander Turpy to Prince Dominik Wallace*

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CUT THROAT COUTURE CONT...



The scene of one of the horrific hunts through a Glasgow park.

You can at least choose not to be a fashion victim on your way out.

With these troubled times looming their ugly heads, many mere mortals have taken to falling off their perches like ducks to water, or more accurately canaries to the cage floor. Is this merely a sect of very messy suicide-ists? Are they just suffering from

more gang related rough housing?

I don't know. But I'm sure the brave Kindred of the court will be more than willing to venture into the Parks and save us all from destruction.

I'll be sure to review your outfits later.

Stay Safe, Stay Sexy.

GLASGOW IN MARCH 2012 - SIMON HAILE

Last month I wrote my initial impressions of the court of Glasgow and the dichotomy of its attendees. I have been asked to continue providing my experiences at court and I am only too happy to comply. It is difficult to know where to start as there were, once more, many interesting and in part shocking revelations.

I should start with the werewolves and their dark destructive rituals. I must profess not to be an expert on werewolves. In fact ever since learning about their existence I have made it a conscious decision to avoid those creatures and thus far my efforts seem to have been effective. Glasgow has a reputation for being unusual, uncivilised and extremely dangerous. This fact could simply not have been more elegantly illustrated than by having werewolves come into the city and prey on its inhabitants. The sigils and markings left at their death rites apparently are focussed towards a destructive element but the brightest in the city are currently at a loss to what it might be targeting. At least though something is being done about the situation. According to popular rumours the Tremere should be able to predict both time and place of the next attack and Clan Gangrel as a whole has been volunteered to slay the beasts in more or less honourable combat. After all it seems to be tradition that whilst the Ventrue and Tremere plan and scheme and the Gangrel and Brujah actually risk their unives on the forefront of the protection of the Camarilla. I am sure anyone who partakes in this dan-

gerous scheme will be richly rewarded by his excellency and the domain for their valiant service.

Undoubtedly another highlight of the evening was a rude interruption of the prince by one of the resident anarchs. I believe the nature of the interruption was said Anarch confirming whether the prince did indeed not see the anarchs as respected and upstanding members of the Camarilla. A brief moment of quiet settled over the court; after all Prince Aldworth has a fearsome reputation, but instead of the expected reaction his excellency simply calmly stated that the anarchs were members of the Camarilla but that they were not regarded with respect.

This though was not where the matter ended. The outburst along with other similar unsuitable behaviour had roused the ire of a venerable elder newly arrived at court. He petitioned the sheriff to eject the trouble-makers. A simple matter one might say but alas, not in Glasgow. Instead of ejecting the pair the sheriff brought the matter to his excellency and Prince Aldworth judged that their continued attendance at the function was more important than the request made by an elder of the Camarilla. Far be it for me to question the motivations of my betters but there simply must be more to it than meets the eye here, otherwise why would anyone risk an elder of his court losing face by siding with the anarchs above them, especially with his excellency's reputation as a traditionalist.

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GLASGOW IN MARCH 2012 CONT...

Later on I heard from sources close to the prince that apparently the anarchs were welcome to stay and enjoy the prince's court, in spite their behaviour, until the moment that evidence was provided of them breaking the tradition of the masquerade or evidence that their risk to clan or Camarilla outweighs the possible loss of their unlife. I heard that, as always, the domain will richly reward those vigilant enough to identify those threats to the Camarilla and potential breaches to the masquerade.

The anarchs were not the only ones making light of our traditions and there were still other voices of decent against the domain and the Prince in particular. Some of these criticisms came from established ancillae in the Camarilla. At least they had the decency to lower their voices and speak away from most upstanding members of our society. It might stand to reason that they believe the court is held at an Elysium and that hence using the powers of the blood to listen into certain conversations would be prohibited. His excellency has chosen to hold the court away from the protection of Elysium and therefore anything discussed at court is available to those who wish that information. I much rather though believe that these continued and conscious statements are intentionally designed to undermine his excellency's authority to show that he is unable to command the respect worthy of a prince even in his own court and that is quite a dangerous game.

Not all though is doom and gloom, ignorance and failure or challenges to our rightful leader. There are signs of improvement; signs that the changes Prince Aldworth envisaged for the domain are starting to take hold. Amongst all the riff raff we have some right honourable people in our midst. I am not only speaking about the recently arrived elder whose illustrious reputation of course preceded him. I hope he graces us with his presence for a while longer as he could be a grand influence on the more aggressive and martial minded kindred of the court. A shining example what one could achieve should one have the sense required to survive not only wild beasts but the courtly intrigues.

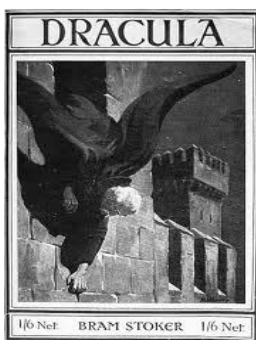
Then we have the prince's child, Philip Amaclock. His return to Glasgow had sparked a

number of rumours. Did his excellency not trust his own child not to get entangled in the triangle of Houblon, Anne and Wallace? Did he require him to be somewhere supervised lest he bring shame to his sire's name? The simple matter of fact seems to be though that he came back to be an ally in his excellency's plans for Glasgow. After all Philip Amaclock has managed to stay in a number of domains over the last few years and in none of them has he come to any negative attention. In fact this young kindred has shown both business acumen and the ability to deliver on his promises. I predict that given the sheer amount of opportunities for advancement Glasgow offers he will go far in the next couple of decades assuming he can stay clear of those who wish to besmirch his name in an attempt to harm his sire.

Looking towards the future for Glasgow the changes I have been speaking about coming events cast their shadows before. I would not be surprised if sooner rather than later illustrious guests from other domains were to visit us here. Their mere presence showing that Glasgow is no longer the place where elders send misbehaving childer to perish but that instead that Glasgow has become a domain prized for its opportunities and the qualities of those who rise to the top here.

"GLASGOW IS NO LONGER THE PLACE WHERE ELDERS SEND MISBEHAVING CHILDER TO PERISH."

I would have preferred to end on a high note but Clan Tremere and in particular the parvenu Levi Tius make that unfortunately impossible. Do not be fooled, Levi Tius is not a member of our society, like an unreleased childe he is simply not allowed to speak for himself and any promises or bargains made with him are meaningless. One must wonder why Regent Chauncey allows and encourages such an embarrassment to show himself in polite society. But then Regent Chauncey's own failings and incompetence in recent months have been amassing and one has to wonder what hold he has over his excellency to stay in his current position at court. Nevertheless from hence forth let it be known that the cur known as Levi Tius, a member of Camarilla of no standing, is an untrustworthy dog. His word means nothing to him and his creditors gnash their teeth in frustration! All who meet this kindred should



Bram Stoker's How-to guide for killing vampires.

DRACULA SCHMACULA

We've all heard the name Dracula. Or Vlad "the Impaler" Tepes, as he was known as a mortal. His notorious antics cost our kind our advantage against our enemies, laid our weaknesses for anyone to read, as in Bram Stoker's tale. Only now, with the Twilight rubbish and its like, are we finally seeing some of the damage repaired.

But many have questioned, over the years, how even a Kindred with Dracula's fearsome reputation, could have displayed so many varied powers of the blood, so soon after his siring. Well maybe the answers to some of those questions are to be found in a new arrival to the Courts of Europe.

Dracula's Tzimisce heritage, and his conduct against the Camarilla in its formative years were infamous in Eastern Europe. But the Camarilla's knowledge of its new enemy was limited. Until a group of Elders chose their own new addition to the ranks of the Kindred. Rumour spread that these Elders had uncovered a way to collectively sire one new childe between them. Unlikely sounding, and not an easy prospect to form and maintain that nature of group. But a very particular target was intended.

Dracula had in life been a member of a knightly order, one which was led by his father, Vlad Dracul, who was later to take the name of Vladimir. Vladimir was an obvious choice, the only person who might have enough knowledge to counter his son's transgressions. And despite a general disbelief of the rumours of his siring, with no concrete information of those Elders involved, Vladimir did display a breadth of talents which confounded his critics.

The war between father and son was waged from Constantinople to Buda, throughout Eastern Europe and even reaching to London at one stage, while the distinction between father and son was blurred. Yet as suddenly as it had arisen, it ended, and both Kindred disappeared into the annals of history, and all involved heaved a sigh of relief.

But now it seems that Vladimir has come out into the night once more. He was seen in Courts across Europe in the last couple of years. And now he has arrived on our shores, although where he will make his home is still to be seen. He has been making friends since his return though, trading with younger Kindred for the knowledge he holds, although what benefit he is gaining for his efforts remains to be seen.

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JUSTICAR UNMASKED?

This month saw finally a few details emerge of the new Malkavian Justicar, although those were still too sparse to provide much insight into the holder of one of the most senior positions in the Camarilla.

Garland Greene, (still the only name he has been referred to by) chose to make his first official action a visit to the troubled domain of Ulster, from which little has been heard in the past few years. It was widely believed that some significant political upheaval had taken place in the aftermath of the eruption of the Icelandic volcano Eyjafjallajökull, while all air travel in Europe was grounded.

The truth of what happened at that time re-

mains unclear, but Greene's visit does appear to have at least made public the details of Ulster's present formation, although it is hardly one which is likely to appeal to any upstanding Kindred. As was widely thought, an Anarch council holds sway over the domain and has been attracting followers and interest from their brethren throughout the UK.

What was not known though was the identity of the head of this council; the longstanding and infamous Anarch Peter Fraser. Capable, competent and openly contemptuous of the Camarilla's ideals and structures, he has run afoul of many an Elder in his time. How he will now conduct himself in his new role awaits to be seen, in particular who



How many years of bad luck await?

DRUMMING THE MONKEY OUT OF TOWN?

Among the gang violence, the murderous park hunts, receding but still present vigilantism and ritualistic cannibal murders (although interestingly there were none of these this month), a simple robbery-gone-wrong-murder almost went entirely unnoticed.

Indeed, if it wasn't for the fact that this took place in a popular city centre venue, it would have barely made the first ten pages of the mortal newspapers. The events themselves are hardly unusual. The door was broken open a while after closing time, despite a new security door being fitted only the previous week.

Inside, the barman had already called the police, and stood waiting for them to arrive, when the assailant burst through, and blasted the barman in the chest with a shotgun. The unfortunate employee died instantly. And then even his body was not left in peace, as his ring finger on his left hand was hacked off, before the burglar fled, without having opportunity to take any of the money in the till on the counter.

Was this a botched robbery by a criminal enraged at an obstinate barman? Or a sign connected with Glasgow's bubbling underground feuds? We leave the reader to draw their own conclusions.



The scene of the brutal attack/bungled robbery.



HARPY HOUR

So things settled down a bit in Glasgow this month, with a few less changes in the membership and a little more polite conversation - with a few notable exceptions of course. Everyone will be very interested how the court settles down and will the Prince begin to impose some etiquette upon his residents. Or will the Anarchs be setting the tone?

There was a hive of activity at the Prince's table too, as an assortment of Kindred bent their efforts to solving the troubles of the domain. But beneath this helpful and cooperative façade, how long until tensions build enough to tear it apart? Given Glasgow's history, that seems inevitable...here's hoping they can overcome this prejudice of history.

~

As one would expect, given recent times in Norfolk, this month's Court was an eventful

one. It seems that the residents of Norfolk weren't looking forward, as they attended the monthly Court which was held in a restored Roman Villa, out in the countryside. The night began on 31st March...and those quick thinkers among you will have already worked out what event was to occur half way through the evening.

At the turn of midnight, the beginning of April Fool's day, the clocks struck 12. Or...didn't. Instead the bells tolled, only 5 times. 5am? All clocks and watches said the same. Less than an hour to sunrise? And the members of the Court were suddenly filled with that dread that strikes any Kindred who is out of doors near dawn. The members scattered and fled, and by all accounts were back in their havens (several speeding tickets later) before the feeling faded and they realised their mis-

"WILL THE PRINCE BEGIN TO IMPOSE SOME ETIQUETTE UPON HIS RESIDENTS. OR WILL THE ANARCHS BE SETTING THE TONE?"



What's the time, Mr Branch?

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The Dark Times accepts submissions, and any Kindred should forward their contribution to the address to the left. We look forward to your efforts.

Yours,

Editor in Chief of the Dark Times

DARK TIMES - BRINGING LIGHT TO
THE SHADOWS

HARPY HOUR CONT...

Carter Branch has since made a carefully worded apology to the residents; funny, charming, self-deprecating. And of course, what more could his residents expect from a Malkavian Prince than a prank which is fast becoming legendary. So most of them are left in the difficult position of refusing to accept Branch's apology, and lose face, or to swallow their pride, and the pain they no doubt all felt at Branch's mocking laughter chasing them from Court. A difficult choice.

~

I am informed that Nathan Kyte is deceased. Mary Jezebel of Glasgow must be relieved... I recall she owed him a number of minor favours. Augustus Trenchard must conversely be disappointed as he was one of the rare kindred to be owed by Nathan. Boon trading seems to have now ground to a halt in Glasgow. I have heard of nothing since the end of December. Is anyone still there or has stagnation finally crept in? - Lucretia Reflection, Malkavian Harpy of Manchester and Liverpool

~

"It seems Elders Simon Haile and Bohdan Mykhailovych Nechai are both in Glasgow to stay. This can only be a positive for a domain so tumultuous as Scotland's second Court. Their stabilising influence will be of great

assistance to Prince Aldworth, and no doubt he will work to make the domain hospitable for them.

"Along with those dependable Kindred in the domain, like Sheriff Macdonald, Scourge Turpy and Hound Marcellus, they will provide a solid base upon which the Court can grow and regain its name of old.

"In other news, I have heard that Lady Eleanor Plunkett of Edinburgh is anticipating a performance of a generation to be dedicated to her, and I have been advised that I shall be among a privileged few invited to attend. I must say, this is an event I am looking forward to greatly - Lady Eleanor is a fine judge of talent, some say this is her particular skill, and great performances are so few and far between, I would hate to miss this one." - Edward Williams, Harpy of Severn

~

Best Regards,
Editor in Chief



A monthly summary of
British Camarilla news,
politics, gossip and rumour,
straight from the Harpy's
mouth.