

DARK TIMES

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GRAVE MATTERS

It seems that a fifth cannibal murder was interrupted this month, when a graveyard in the north of the city was the scene of at least one ritualised killing, and a violent battle which claimed over a dozen lives.

Police were alerted to the dark happenings when residents reported hearing two short bursts of gunfire from St. Kentigern's RC Cemetery towards the end of the night. Armed response units were on the scene shortly after, while regular units secured the area surrounding the graveyard.

At this point they came across a film crew, with permits in place to shoot scenes which were vital to their movie. They reported that they had been simulating gunfire, and this must have been the sounds which were heard. Police

proceeded to investigate the graveyard, only to be confronted by a confusing and horrifying set of circumstances within.

Upon first entering, they found two religious men, both shot to death, but laid out in respectful poses, hands clasped on their chests. It was soon established that these men had died within the hour, and must have been the targets of the shots which had been reported by residents. The ground surrounding the bodies was tramped by scores of footprints, while spent shell casings lay a small distance from the bodes.



St. Kentigern's R.C. Cemetery

There was more though, as police swiftly spread out to cover the rest of the graveyard, and came across the bodies of fifteen men, many of whom bore gang symbols, all of whom were armed with automatic firearms. Most of the men had been shot to death, others had been stabbed or bludgeoned. The bodies were arrayed in two distinct groups in separate areas of the graveyard, and their weapons were tested and found to have all been fired, but no residents reported these shots. A number of dead dogs were lying

around the dead, some with blood on their jaws. There were signs that other combatants had been involved and wounded, but either they all survived, or they removed their wounded from the area.

The strangest elements of the night were still to come

though, when police finally found the location of the ritual itself. It is assumed to be the work of the same parties as the previous slaughters, completing a pentagonal shape across the map of Glasgow, but they were unable to complete their foul works.

An 8 foot deep pit was discovered, deep within the graveyard, set back among some woods. The pit was and was scorched from a great heat. The edges of the pit had begun to collapse from the blaze, and the contents were scoured by the fire which had raged there but still forensics officers were able to establish

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HARPY HOUR 6

BOON TRADING:

- *Augustus Trenchard is substantially indebted to Madame Du Clair*
- *Philip Amacourt III is indebted to Simon Haile*
- *Augustus Trenchard is indebted to Dominic Leighton*
- *Dominic Leighton is indebted to Simon Haile*
- *William Chauncey has repaid his substantial debt to Augustus Trenchard*
- *Simon Haile has transferred his debt over Chauncey to Augustus Trenchard*
- *Augustus Trenchard is indebted to Simon Haile*

"SHATTERED
SHARD OF GLASS
COVERED THE
FLOOR OF THE
PIT"



Ghastly werewolves

GRAVE MATTERS CONT...

some of what had happened. Blackened bones of a tall man rested in the bottom, but he had died before the inferno began; his neck showed the marks of a sharp blade which had severed the head and the skull was not present. Instead, shattered shards of glass covered the floor of the pit.

So far police have been unable to piece together the exact chain of events, but their reasoning currently stands as follows. They believe that the cannibal murderers dug the pit, and took at least one body there to carry out their tainted occult madness. However, they were unable to complete their usual ritual, as they were interrupted by a group of armed men. Given the furious gun battle which raged, and that no shots were heard until later, they must have each used suppressors, though why these would have been taken, but the weapons themselves left is more of a puzzle.

The religious men are thought to have stumbled across the scene while visiting the

graveyard, and suffered a terrible fate for their ill fortune. The presence of the film crew is not thought to be a coincidence though; their activities were all above board, but their work made for an idea cover for gunfire, it seems likely that the location was chosen for that reason. The final detail, still to be ascertained, is which faction remained on the field, the murderers or their opponents.

The godly men were later established to be Minister Allan Logie, of the Church of Scotland, and Father Romano, a visiting priest recently arrived from Rome. The Minister was buried at Glasgow Cathedral once the police investigations were complete, with a vast congregation turning out to pay their respects, and mark their horror at the death of the respected clergyman. The body of the Priest was flown back to the Vatican, to rest there among crypts holding the remains of some of the most devout adherents to his religion.

A LETTER FROM PRINCE ALDWORTH

To those who wish to know,

I write this letter to honour one of Glasgow's most staunchest and longest standing residents. Miss Mary Jezabelle. Along with a scant few others Miss. Jezabelle has stood strong and resolute as a resident of Glasgow.

As a prominent member of her clan and the city she has built up a reputation here that far surpasses her standing in the greater Camarilla. She commands respect of many here and all will listen to her opinion on her clan and the social scene of the domain. She has also time and again put herself in harms way to aid the domain and safeguard it from unwanted advances, both under my own reign and that of Prince Rothschild. Most recently in an operation to rid the domain of ghastly werewolves, but as well to secure the masquerade and aiding us with the rip-

per solution.

However the greatest honour she has ever done for me personally was a letter she penned to me some years ago, during my first term as prince. When most either nodded yes or conspired against me from the shadows,

MJ, as we know her, stood loyal in the ranks of the Camarilla but counselled me in some hard facts. The detail of the letter remains between us, however it was her words that have aided me to remember why I got involved in the politics of the kindred.

MJ is an important and special member of my domain, as prince I value her word and advice and know that if I need to seek council on the overall feelings of the kindred here I can rely on her. Moreover, her social graces and spark are a tremendous boon to any oc-

casian, not to mention her delectable choice in hats.

On this evening, to mark 5 years as an official resident I salute her and wish her many more years yet to come.

Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth,
Prince of Glasgow.

THE FALL OF WILLIAM CHAUNCEY

There once was a Seneschal of Glasgow, a Tremere by the name of William Chauncey. Things seemed to be going well for him. After all he was an ancilla on the cusp of being recognised as an elder of the Camarilla. He had the support, confidence and ear of his Prince. He felt confident and secure in his position within the society. Maybe a little too confident, but I am getting ahead of myself.

Then, last year sometime, he had a falling out with Margery Houndsworth Stone, who had made a name for herself as a mouth piece of London and according to some mainland Britain's opinions. Why exactly they had a falling out is rather irrelevant to the story. What does matter is that come the time of the Winterball Mister Chauncey had not been invited and Margery gleefully made sure that this fact had been known. In her article about said Winterball in early January she wrote, "... it appears the ancilla Chauncey, of Glasgow, still acting as seneschal to Prince Aldworth had not been invited to this gathering ... I heard it mentioned that ancilla Chauncey has become a pariah in polite company ... one has to wonder how long prince Aldworth will suffer being closely associated with him."

This must have spurned Mister Chauncey on a notch as the following week or two he decided to show the Camarilla his true power, as he put it in a discussion with the esteemed Gangrel elder Farr of Edinburgh. In a few short days, he eliminated a stumbling block in his path, caused the destruction of his rival Julius Montgomery, became Regent of the Glasgow Tremere procuring an influx of apprentices. Sure somewhere along the lines he expended a major boon over elder Coleman Rashleigh of clan Tremere, the seneschal of London and made a statement that Margery in particular and Clan Toreador in

general had been, "... overstepping their bounds and believing that they controlled the politics, without recognising where the true power lay and what their place in the structure is."

I can tell you that this did indeed make for interesting reading on my first night at a court in Glasgow. Interesting reading indeed. I decided to test Chauncey's grasp of that true power that he insinuated was laying with him and found him truly wanting. First in his inability to control his apprentices, one of which even named him as the culprit in failing to keep his own bargains; then in his own inability to enter negotiations to repay a debt I borrowed from ancilla Trenchard. In short, Chauncey believed himself above the traditions (note the lower case t) of the Camarilla.

Now just a little over 3 months after me reading his comments on my clan and our place in the structure, I find myself in the position to see his true power. His position as seneschal is over, the official announcement will be at the next court Prince Aldworth holds. His standing as ancilla is gone, revoked by the elders of the domain. Margery in her words from January seemed to correct on all but one part. It is neonate Chauncey, not ancilla.

I leave you, my reader, to make up your own thoughts about where the true power lies and leave you with the note that I have just returned the minor debt I borrowed from Mister Trenchard to him, after all I would rather not be associated with the pariah Chauncey.

Simon Haile
Elder of Clan Toreador
Keeper of Elysium in Glasgow



On a soapbox

"CHAUNCEY
BELIEVED
HIMSELF ABOVE
THE
TRADITIONS"



Status is a fragile thing

GONE TO THE DOGS—MARY JEZABELLE



Who let the dogs out?

“WE ALL GOT
SHINY MEDALS
FOR IT AT LAST
COURT.”



Flash mob parties

Hey Cuties,

OMFG you will NEVER guess what I have been up to. Well maybe you might as we all got SHINY medals for it last court. But, let me clear up any rumours that have been flying around and give you the REAL inside gossip.

Whilst you pretty young things were tucked away in your beds or sucking on your latest heavy rimmed bespectacled faux vintage cattle. Angus – the sexy beast- McDonald, Darling Prince Charlie, Secret motor-biker Bohdan Mykhailovych Nechai, Sparkle Sweats Chauncy, Aaron – can't stake for toffee- Johnson and Myself all headed out to a mist covered graveyard in the back of beyond.

Anyway, we rock up with a bathtub of silver, courtesy of the only kindred with that kinda bling – but it would be rude to name names. *cough-Prin-cough-Ald-cough* (p.s ladies, he's single, get in there - talking to you Sister Black)

Once there, the learned gentlemen Nechai, tells us all that this MIST THING is the spirits of the dead. Oh, Oh HELLS NO. Do I LOOK like I want to drag my Gucci combats through dead people vapour. I mean COME ON, they are cold and clammy and they scream. If I had wanted that I would have hung in Paris with Christine for the weekend.

So let me tell you how brave, valiant and down right attractive these chaps were. Mr Chauncy in true ghetto “I Got This” style did some kind of whoodoovoodoo and liter-

ally surrounded himself with the spirit's of the dead. He started to SWEAT BLOOD and created a little bubble of non-dead folk to travel in. Then came the puppies. The mega violent, rip your arms off kinda puppies. TOTAL PROPS to Prince Aldworth. He took out pretty much every single one, almost one-handedly as they charged at him and tried to rip his throat out. He was however, kind enough to leave one to me....awww my cute little pup. ^.^

Then it all kinda got dark. Walls closed in and I could see his eyes.

Like tentacles of ice and despair. She ran around me. Through me. I won't go back.

Anyway, after the dogs were successfully dispatched, the chaps headed over to a massive hole in the ground. Seemed a bit OTT for me, but hey, WHATEVER, your ritual.

Basically, it seems that they very cleverly, and I hate to use vulgar parlance, but SHOT THE SHIT out of whatever was in that hole and on that altar. Saving us all from a VERY BAD TIME. Nechai, in true trophy style, took the head – and a stunning addition to his outfit it makes.

Aaron went back home after a slight, mistake. Is it in yet dear? Hmmm, Not really... Finally the Prince and The Sheriff did what they do to make thing fine and dandy and we all lived Happily Ever After.

Long story short. Those guys are dead. We are not.

Stay Safe, Stay Sexy.
MJ

PARTIES IN THE PARK

Glasgow's many parks have been disturbed over the month with a sporadic flurry of flash mob parties. On most nights, both weekdays and weekends, and always as night drew to an end, large groups of young people entered the parks, playing loud music and drinking.

Police were called by some nearby residents and dispersed many of these spontaneous gatherings, but no sooner had they been successful in bringing one such show of revelry to an end, when another had sprung up elsewhere. Many were held in more remote parks, and were only known of by the evi-

dence left behind – empty and broken bottles, and rubbish covering large areas.

No reason for the sudden upsurge in these flash mobs has been found, with dozens of teenagers promoting them on Twitter, Facebook and through ordinary word of mouth.

Given the dangers ordinarily associated with parks in Glasgow after dark, this foolhardy streak is an odd development. If more hunts are staged in the parks, it seems the number of quarry has increased dramatically.

PRESTATION—A VIEW FROM YORK

In the other domains within the United Kingdom, we occasionally read Glasgow's Dark Times. Mostly out of a sense of morbid curiosity, I admit. In May's edition, however, I was very impressed when I read Simon Haile's treatise on Prestation. It is rare to see Elders taking such time to explain Kindred etiquette and customs to the younger Neonates and Ancilla.

Simon excellently describes how to match size of boon with the size of favour by saying that anything can be asked for "that is in line with the original debt incurred". At one end of the scale, which some call "minor", are small favours that do not risk the givers life or standing. At a "major" level are boons that may incur significant risk or inconvenience. Finally, for a "life" boon, one must seriously question what your life means to you if you are repaying one of these favours. Additionally, Simon correctly states that inappropriate demands may be refused. In fact, any request to break the Traditions can only be refused.

Where my opinion differs from Simon's is in regards to how any disputes are reconciled between creditor and debtor. I struggle to understand how consistently referring one's arguments to the "inner council of the domain" would be practical. Of course, any disagreements made public will be discussed amongst local kindred and a consensus made. And of course, the opinions of influential Kindred will hold the greatest sway in such discussions. These two statements, on the surface, appear to agree with Simon's opin-

ion but there are a few points I would like to make. Firstly, the arrangements of the boon must first be made public. Considering the personal and private nature of most boons I find it hard to believe that this will be common practice. Secondly, Simon implies that a formal inner circle exists within every domain with which boons must be

registered and measured. It is my experience that any debate regarding boons is informal and entirely subject to reasoned opinion rather than inflexible rules.

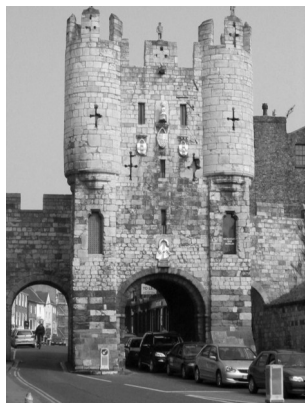
However boons are administered, it is entirely true that failing to honour a debt will lose you the respect of your peers and your status will be severely compromised.

I fear that Simon is optimistic with his notions of how holding boons automatically infer respect. His comments on respect are entirely good practice as your creditors hold certain power over their debtors. However, careful Kindred have been known to publically disagree with those to whom they owe even major debts and some find owing other Kindred to be a protection in and of itself. How can someone repay you if they are dead?

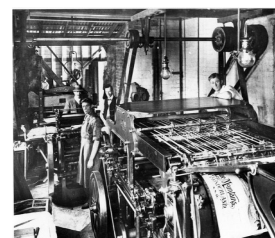
In summary, keep up the good work Simon and I hope that my comments provide some stimulating discussion in the court of Glasgow.

Anne Jacques
Harpy of York

"ANY REQUEST
TO BREAK THE
TRADITIONS
CAN ONLY BE
REFUSED"



The City Gates of York



New printers - let's
hope they make a good
job

ELBOWS OFF THE TABLE—MARY JEZABELL



And don't speak with
your mouth full

To The Kids

Okay Honies, It's Auntie MJ.
Now a lot of you are new to Glasvegas, and
before I start playing the "What brings you to
the city" drinking game and down my weight
in vintage revnants, I have a few things to tell
you.

It's OKAY to make Boons. They are curren-
cy, get over it.

It's NOT OKAY to break them. No one likes
a debtor.

It's OKAY to ask for help. That's how you
learn.

It's NOT OKAY to demand it. As any birth

mother would say, "This isn't a Tavern."

It's OKAY to go hunting. But c'mon, every
night? Been watching you. You need a bet-
ter plan then that. Get some herd for
Christ's sake.

It's NOT OKAY to blatantly use your disci-
plines in the court. Keep doing it and I
WILL pierce your eardrums so full of holes
they won't hold soup. And I will pour the
soup in MYSELF.

Need help?

Write to the Dark Times Problem Pages –
I'm busy.

Till then, Stay Safe, Stay Sexy.

A NOTE OF APOLOGY

I, Mr Augustus Trenchard, wish to make it
known that I fully and unconditionally apolo-
gize to Elder Hetman Bohdan Mykhailovych
Nechai.

At court last April I was speaking to Elder
Simon Haile and introduced Mr Alexander
Barker to Elder Haile. On this occasion I
failed to also introduce Mr Barker to Elder
Nechai. My explanation for this, although
certainly not my excuse or justification, is
that as Elder Nechai had not deigned to en-
gage me with his conversation then I did not
think it appropriate for a kindred of my own
humble status to assume familiarity with the
Elder and begin to introduce fellow neonates
to his association.

I have now been advised that this was a
breach of protocol and I apologise for this
error. It was a laps of etiquette on my part

and certainly not any intended insult. If my
actions have been taken as such then I regret
that it is so and ask for forgiveness from
Elder Nechai. I had hoped to make this apol-
ogy in person at the last court but sadly El-
der Nechai was not in attendance for me to
do so.

On matters of etiquette, it would be remiss
of me to not also take this opportunity to
thank Elder Haile for appointing me to As-
sistant Keeper of Elysium. I will conduct
myself in this office with dignity and will
help maintain the Elysia of Glasgow to the
highest standard for the use of our commu-
nity.

Augustus Trenchard, Assistant Keeper of
Elysium

"PRESTATION; A
SOCIETY
MEMBER'S
HONOUR AND
THE POWER OF
SOMEONE'S
WORD GIVEN
ON A MATTER."



The Golden Mask

HARPY HOUR

So May has come and gone, and still Haile's
vendetta against Chauncey features promi-
nently in Glasgow politics, as you will see
from his earlier article. He has also an-
nounced that Chauncey has failed to repay
the debt owed to Haile; wonder what he did
(or didn't do) to fail the repayment of a mi-
nor boon!

However, in an interesting twist, Haile also
seems to have swayed a number of the great
and the good in Glasgow to his cause and
formed a council of Elders to exert their
influence over the city. Their collective
letter to the Harpies of the UK has been
included as a supplement, for you to read at
your leisure. Others will be watching close-

Dark Times

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The Dark Times is a publication for the benefits of members of the Camarilla only and is made available at the monthly court held by the Prince of Glasgow. The newsletter should only be made available to other Kindred, and all care should be taken to ensure that it cannot breach the Masquerade.

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...

ly to see if this influence can be extended to the lower ranks of the city.

In other news, Garland Greene's visit to Glasgow was well worth a comment or two during the month, and the rumours around his identity (and his means of hiding that identity) continue to circulate. His fashion choice was an issue of particular note for Simon Haile; what are Justicars coming to these days?

"Farewell to Elder Dominic Leighton. Despite his handicap of disbelieving in the supernatural, he is skilled at cleaning up potential masquerade breaches. Given reports over the last year from Glasgow, I'm sure that Prince Aldworth will be able to make good use of him." - Sir Colman Rashleigh, Seneschal of London

"Mary Jezabelle, the well known and established member of our Clan in Glasgow, is this month celebrating a five year stay in that oft-challenging domain. In recognition of her achievement, and her contributions over the years, a few of our members will gather to help her commemorate the occasion. Those members of the Glasgow Court who are present, and those who are welcome in the city should join us for an enjoyable evening." - Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Seneschal of Norfolk

"Many of Edinburgh's younger Kindred were entertained this month by the Anarch Peter Fraser, and his war stories, as his continuing journey around the country made a stop in our fair city. A few heads were turned by his talk of brotherhood and common purpose, while others chose to talk at length regarding the many battles Fraser has found himself in over the years. All very vulgar to my tastes, but such matters will always appeal to a less developed mentality. He's off to Norfolk next this month, I'm not sure which of them I pity more." - Eleanor Plunkett, Harpy of Edinburgh

"Now we know where you have disappeared to, Dr. Burton. I don't think that the Tremere in Glasgow will be any friendlier than the ones in Aberdeen you offended. Our Prince may miss your legal counsel on his Primogen council but some won't miss your unpredictable behaviour." - Karen Mills, Secretary to Reginald Albertson of Aberdeen

"The harpies of Glasgow in conjunction with Prince Aldworth have decided that neonate Chauncey's attempts at repaying his debt have been insufficient. Much about this decision has been his attempts to wiggle out of his obligations. Therefore it has been decided that the debt it still owed. Simon Haile though has sold the debt back to ancilla Trenchard who in turn is now beholden to elder Haile. Let this be a lesson to all who attempt to squirm out of their debts." - Simon Haile

And finally, Peter Fraser's tour of Britain continues apace, as you'll see below, still causing waves. He and William Chauncey were seen talking when they met on a visit by Chauncey to the Court in Norfolk. Chauncey also visited London this month - he hasn't disappeared, so surely he'll have to respond to Haile sooner or later as his reputation is dragged through the mud.

Best Regards,
Editor in Chief



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

COPY OF A LETTER FROM SIMON HAILE TO THE HARPIES OF THE UK The Council of Elders

In response to the recent happenings at court and Elysium I have convened a council of elders of Glasgow. The council has the following announcements to make for the attention of all members of the Camarilla.

Firstly, let it be known:

The Elders of Glasgow chastise William Chauncey of Clan Tremere for his repeated failures to respect the traditions of prestation. He has been noted as attempting to wriggle out of the debts that he owes and it has taken in one instance the intervention of our Prince, and in another the supervisory presence of a respected elder to cause Chauncey to repay his debts. Even then he lacks good grace. Instead of welcoming a chance to pay his debts, he prevaricates and squirms. This is not the behaviour of an Ancilla of the Camarilla, and hereby we strip him of that title. Neonate Chauncey should consider carefully his actions and seek to redress them. In the fullness of time we hope he will, perhaps, regain the vaunted status of Ancilla. Until that night we pity those who hold his debts and those who are beholden unto him.

Secondly, let it also be known that the council deemed to name those within the domain of Glasgow who through their breeding, bearing and actions are worthy to be regarded as ancilla of the Camarilla. They are, Tobias Weaver of Clan Toreador, Augustus Trenchard childe of Nicolette Du Clair of Clan Ventrue, Marcellus of Clan Gangrel, Philip Armaclock childe of Prince Aldworth of Clan Ventrue and Malcom Campbell of Clan Nosferatu.

In the name of the Camarilla of Glasgow.

Angus, Elder of Clan Gangrel, Sheriff of Glasgow

Bohdan Mykhailovych, Elder of Clan Gangrel

Dominic Leighton, Elder of Clan Malkavian

Mary Jezabelle, Elder of Clan Malkavian

Simon Haile, Elder of Clan Toreador, Keeper of Elysium in Glasgow

DARK TIMES SUPPLEMENT