

DARK TIMES

ISSUE 2

FEBRUARY 2019

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN IS DEAD!

By Angel Sanchez, Harpy of San Diego.

Kindred!

The Midnight Queen is dead!

Variously known as Mistress Black... Lily Thorne... Ophelia Vine... Rose Thorne... Hollywood actor Karen Anatos has been killed in a tragic accident along with her long time director and friend, Karl Williams.

Last seen at a plush Hollywood party, the starlet was witnessed by many to be knocking back a huge amount of alcohol and is believed to have taken enough drugs to keep the cartels of several countries happy for a decade.

After becoming outrageously vocal about a variety of topics ranging from politics, through immigration, to the #MeToo movement, Karen was escorted from the party by Williams and poured into his car. The car drove off towards her home in the Hills and the gossip mill got to work for the next day.

What they didn't expect was to wake up to the news that the smashed up remains of Karl William's car was found after he had run off the road at high speed. Unfortunately Anatos and Williams seemed to have been killed on impact. An autopsy found that while Miss Anatos was almost 5 times over the limit with alcohol, and the cocktail of valium, cocaine, and heroin in her system could well have killed her in her sleep, Mr Williams was entirely sober.

Police believe that Williams was most likely disturbed by Anatos while driving, causing him to veer sharply off the road and into the wall, killing them both.

And why is this important to the Kindred who haven't been in love with her movies?

Well, because Karen Anatos was embraced in 1923 and had reinvented herself continually as a big Hollywood star from then till now. Added to the Red List several decades ago, Anatos survived by being too public to die. Her potential for blowing the Masquerade wide open only increased as the years went by.

And now, showing a discretion entirely at odds with his reputation, Alastor Angus McDonald has made his first foray into clearing the Red List of the worst enemies of the Camarilla in stirring fashion. Not only has the Red Lister been killed, but somehow she was replaced by a mortal doppelganger who died as a full human and not as an ever-young super star, thus avoiding in death the Masquerade Breach she was feared to cause in life.

Clan Gangrel must surely bestow the Trophy upon its favourite son for this supreme deed! Justicar Vaevatosh has made a tremendous decision in appointing McDonald as her first Alastor. And more importantly, now there is another space open on the Red List for another name! Who ever will it be?

How exciting!

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YOUR LOCAL DOMAIN NEWS

ON THE SUBJECT OF DRONES

By Ethan 'Sully' Sullivan, Keeper of Elysium, Glasgow

Kindred of Glasgow,
So, the secret's out. Yes, I have drones. Some of them are even armed. There are some who find this quite disturbing. Others may find it reassuring, or even nothing to be concerned about. But what does this mean for Glasgow?

The network of drones I created was founded when I was initially tasked with trying to track down the movements of some individuals who ended up in Glasgow via a shipping container whose origins appear to have been with the Black Hand now plaguing our city. It was due to the possible presence of the Sabbat that my first drones were built. It makes me wonder just how much of their trouble we could have avoided if there had been just such a surveillance network as my drones in place before their arrival.

Since then, I have continued to expand the network, and have armed a small percentage of those drones with weapons that stand at least a chance against our kind. Rest assured that they are few, and in some cases are not re-usable once sent out to do what they were made to do. Why did I do this? Because the Sabbat are a problem, and I can't be everywhere at once. With drones, however, I can effectively be in multiple places at any given point in time, and as those who were at the club battle can attest, I can direct the battle-drones to attack targets in tactically useful ways. Perhaps not expertly, but I'm an artist and engineer, not a fighter or general.

And it's a good thing I have those drones, too. My drones detected a Black Hand attack on Prince Doyle's club in October, which allowed me to send warning to appropriate parties before our enemies could truly gain the advantage of surprise. Similarly, the horde of newly-hatched Sabbat minions that attacked the same club last month would have hit the place long before anyone could have gotten sufficient warning out, if my little flying machines hadn't been in the air and watching, thus further proving their utility and the benefit of additional security for this Domain. But what about the mortal authorities, you might ask? It's being handled, and not just by myself. What happens when the Sabbat are finally dealt with? Well, my thought was that they will continue to serve a vital role in helping maintain the security of the domain, particularly the security of Elysium sites. What if someone tries to take control of them and cause trouble with them? I've taken measures to mitigate

that possibility, of that I can assure you. Many measures. I haven't invested the time, effort, and money in setting up the network to have someone swoop in and take my hard work and property away from me.

But what about the armed drones? Aren't they dangerous? Well, yes. They are, and will continue to be, dangerous weapons. For our enemies. I came to Glasgow three years ago, and the domain welcomed me. More than welcomed me, it gave me an opportunity to serve as one of the Court officers, in a fairly important (if not necessarily high-authority) role. And as long as I remain in Glasgow, I will work to keep it secure as best I am able from anyone who would take it from those of us dwelling here. Of course, if those who are worried about the potential of the drones outweigh the ones who find it comforting, or even some who just don't care either way, I will take care of the prob-



lem. I'll bring in the drones, disassemble the entire network, utterly destroy the archives with the software and data storage, and then spend a little while deciding if this domain still values my presence.

Because that's what it comes down to. Trust. Those who trust me to keep the Elysium sites in good order, but don't seem to trust me building and directing tools to aid in securing those same sites. I am trusted to not fill every Elysium with incendiary bombs and blow anyone gathered within straight to hell, but not trusted to build a network of surveillance, with a portion of those same drones armed but kept well out of public sight. But why the issue? How is it that such worry can come of such things, when we already have in our court some with the ability to create pillars of flame seemingly without limit, able to set dozens on fire with a thought, over and over again? Or how about the power to summon a hundred litres of petrol, which can be set on fire or left to vaporize until the

fumes are ignited, creating a fuel-air explosion that could wipe out a city block? What about those who can call forth a legion of animals to fight or spy for them, or those with the vast financial resources to hire entire companies of mercenaries with more powerful and numerous weapons than my drones can put into the field? Those with the power to level buildings with a well-placed fist, or the ones who can tear through stone and steel with their claws are surely at least as much of a danger as a (fairly) limited number of weaponized flying machines. Where then, truly, is the issue?

I think it's about control. Mortals, and even our kind, can be influenced, directly or indirectly, with our powers, sometimes even killed outright with very little effort. Drones answer only to the one who controls the signal, and that's me. With the safeguards I've put in place, and my constant efforts to keep the network itself secure, it will take dramatic, concerted effort to compromise my control of the drone network. And keeping it...well, if you try, and succeed, in taking it from me, you'll find out. And if it's one of our own that does it, I'm not so sure I'm willing to stay in a domain that betrays its own like that. There have already been clearly-coordinated attacks against my network, and while I can't prove anything about the source of such attacks, it leaves me wondering – if it is coming from members of our own court, can THEY be trusted? Attacking an officer of the court in good standing seems, to me, to be acting against the good of those within the court.

Furthermore, one of those strikes against my drones dropped evidence quite literally on the doorstep of the Society of Leopold, in all probability alerting them that they are being watched. So ask yourselves this: Do you think such an act is worth the price? Damage a portion of the domain's security, alert potential enemies that they are being watched, interfere with active law-enforcement assets, and risk losing a consistent and reliable Keeper of the Elysium in the process? And, above all else, prove that nobody is safe from even one's own supposed allies? Because that, fellow members of the Glasgow Domain, seems like a serious roll of the dice. And let the chips fall where they may.

Watch your backs, Kindred of Glasgow. I'm likely not the first to fall victim to such machinations, but I'm fairly certain I won't be the last. You might be next. And not necessarily at the hands of our enemies...

WE DON'T TRAVEL LIGHTLY

By Joshua Kilpatrick, Aspiring Harpy of Glasgow

We don't travel lightly.

It's a simple fact that to uproot and move is a difficult and dangerous operation. So it was with no little trepidation that I made the decision to leave my home in London and travel to the other end of the country to start a new life.

I won't dwell on the reason for leaving, it will come as no surprise to anyone that the capitol is a den of back stabbing, corruption and hatred that would turn the stomach of all but the most hardened politicians. Rather I will marvel at how my many fears of what awaited me in the wild wastes of Glasgow were most certainly unfounded.

I had heard that Glasgow was an uncouth place lacking in charm, sophistication or grace. I should have known better than to listen to the prattling jealousy of ignorant fools.

I arrived to a court of intellectuals, visionaries and warrior-poets. Since my arrival every court I have attended

has been filled with the sound of music, be that the hauntingly beautiful voice of Ana Zafira Telarana Vera-Lopez, the fun and cheekiness of Ruby or the joyful expressiveness of the most charming Primrose (I won't sing the praises of my Proxy Ms Sharp too much here... who am I kidding she too has got a fantastic voice).

One can rest assured that a Glasgow court is one of artistic excellence. I would have thought more Toreador would have found such a place a delight but then maybe it's such a thriving land of culture because the clans influence is not to be found so entrenched here.

Perhaps they will read this and rise to the challenge. Show me what you Degenerates have got.

It's not just the arts that thrive here. Few Prince's can boast such a strong sense of comradery among their subjects.

Prince Doyle however is a man that inspires loyalty, ambition and pride in one's work. His straightforward, no nonsense approach to law, order and justice makes your position clear and believe me it works. Such a feat would not be possible without his tremendous presence. His obvious strength and intimidating power is tempered but his effortless charm and dignity. He is truly a leader that one wants to follow.

Part of Prince Doyle's success must surely be his wise appointment of courtly officers.

I was deeply impressed by Scourge Jacks quiet dedication, Keeper of the Masquerade Daniel Smith's dignity, poise and intelligence and of course the good Prince's child Patrick serves the role of Seneschal with unfailing skill. The recent appointment of Teresa as the courts Sheriff is as yet untested but I have no doubt she will do a tremendous job.

And so there it is, my first impressions of Glasgow are of a well ordered domain with a thriving culture of art, music and intellectual pursuits. The rest of the country could do worse than to up their game or they might just find they are well and truly left behind.

TO AN ELDER

By Kyros Wilde

Blood and horror, striking out in fear,
Living off the strength stolen from others,

Shattered dreams and psyches reinforce your own.

Childhood warped by an uncaring world.

I used to be like you, I'm not anymore,

You shouldn't be either

Soon to heft metal, bringing death,

Close your eyes, pray, and strike

As red blossoms forth into scorched earth.

It's us or them, screams over cacophony!

Not this again, echo of yourself,

You shouldn't repeat

His blood separates your past,

Years on years of orders and strife,

Eyes leaden at the memory of humanity.

Are you a warrior or a monster

Enforcing pain for a sect,

Calling murder justice?

One day the future will hold the ghosts,

Following your mind and screaming

Until a bloodless quiescence takes hold

And the echoes of your past fall silent.

I used to be like you, I still am,

We shouldn't be either.



A MESSAGE FROM THE BLACK HAND

*Printed with permission***Attention!**

Worms of the Camarilla, you bask in your false righteousness while you are lied to and abused so much you have no conception of what true freedom actually is. You live lies and offer thanks and praise to your treacherous abusers, lauding them as Princes!

Your Prince Doyle is a traitor and a murderer. He staged a coup against your previous Prince Tius accompanied by Tius' Senechal Primrose and his Sheriff Riley. And now he has been confirmed in his position, he has cast both away and stripped them of their positions!

Doyle and his co-conspirators have blamed the murder of Tius on my Black Hand pack. This is patently untrue. At the time Doyle murdered Tius, we were operating in Manchester and Liverpool in preparation for the assassination of Prince Carter. I sent the ashed body of the Scourge of that Domain up to you several months ago for testing. That body is proof that the Black Hand were nowhere near Glasgow when the betrayal and murder of Prince Tius occurred.

Have none of you wondered why Doyle et als descriptions of us didn't actually match up with us in any way, shape, or form? HmMMMM...

Jurgen Von Greifwald,
Dominion of the Black Hand,
Pack of The Midnight Sorrow.



HOW TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE

*By Twig***The Ingredients:****The Cake:**

3 Eggs
100g Good Quality Dark Chocolate
350ml Freshly Brewed Coffee
350ml Buttermilk
1tsp Vanilla Extract
680g Caster Sugar
170ml Vegetable Oil
300g Plain Flour
170g Cocoa Powder
1tsp Salt
2tsp Bicarbonate Soda
0.5tsp Baking Powder
A pint of blood

The Glaze:

120g Good Quality Dark Chocolate
35g Icing Sugar
3 Eggs
60g Butter
0.5tsp Vanilla Extract
More blood

Recommended Equipment

Food Mixer (Or a big stick)
2 x 20cm Cake Tins
Bowls
Small Saucepan (preferably non stick)

The How-To:

Prepare all your ingredients.

Preheat oven to 140c.

In a small bowl pour the hot freshly brewed coffee. Add the finely chopped dark chocolate to this coffee.

Stir around a bit to start the melting process. Leave this aside for a few minutes.

In a mixer or large bowl beat the eggs until they are creamy.

While continuing to mix on a slow speed add the buttermilk, vanilla extract and blood.

Mix your coffee and chocolate mixture well to ensure all the lumps of chocolate have melted, now slowly pour this into the cake mixture while mixing on a low speed.

Slowly add the caster sugar and oil.

In a separate bowl sieve the flour, cocoa powder, baking powder, bicarbonate soda and salt.

Slowly fold this into the cake batter until the mixture is combined.

Pour the cake batter mixture into the two greased and lined cake tins.

Bake in the centre of the oven for approx 1hr or until a skewer inserted comes out

clean.

While the cake is cooking we can get on with making the glaze as it is fine to make in advance.

Break the chocolate up and place directly into a saucepan.

Place this on the lowest heat possible.

Stir every minute with a wooden spoon to ensure the chocolate doesn't burn.

As soon as the chocolate is fully melted add the sifted icing sugar.

In a separate small bowl beat the three eggs until well beaten.

Slowly add this to the melted chocolate mixture while stirring.

Add the butter in two halves mixing well after each addition.

Continue to stir over the heat for a further 2-3 minutes.

I find it best to pour this chocolate glaze into a jug, it makes covering the cake later a lot easier.

Once the cake has cooked it needs to completely cool, it can be over fragile when its still too warm.

Allow to cool for 15 mins in the cake tins before turning out onto a wire rack.

Once cooled transfer the bottom half onto whatever cake stand or container you are going to use.

Pour enough of the chocolate glaze onto the cake half to allow you to spread it over the surface and make it sticky.

Place the top half of the cake on top of the bottom. We recommend turning the top half upside down so that the new top of the cake is completely flat. This makes presentation so much nicer.

Pour the remaining chocolate glaze over the cake slowly allowing it to run down the sides and completely cover the cake.

Spoon some of the glaze over the sides to ensure everything is covered. Take some of the extra blood in hand and dash the cake, less is more here as this is more for the look of the thing.

If you can resist the temptation this cake is twice as nice the next day.

Keeps for around 5 days stored in an airtight container, but it wont hang around!

Remember to face plant in it daily.



NEWS FROM FURTHER AFIELD

VICTORIA'S GIANT SECRET! BARGAIN BLOOMERS AT £100,000.

By Jeremy Smithington, Fox Hunter's Gentleman's Club "Prime Fox" Hunter.

As all of the Greatest of Britain's know Queen Victoria was the truest and largest of us all, and of any King or Queen in History! She was the largest of us in a great many ways, the greatest of which was her 64 year reign as Queen until her death in 1901.

Much was set upon Queen Victoria's ideals, her issue's and of course her Empire! All of which led to coin the phrase "The Victorian age" which all sane minded historians agree was the greatest age in the world!

As one of the greatest of us fell to the tides of time one of her greatest achievements was left behind; Queen Victoria's Secret "Unmentionables." It was indeed discovered by legendary historian Cpt. Sir Charles Auldworthington Snr., father to the dash hand with a sword and smile Lt. Sir "Cheeky" Charles Auldworthington Jnr., that the late Queen was a fashion designer of ladies "unmentionables."

Of course "...what a lot of tosh, the Queen, a fashion designer..." many a noble and vagabond uttered until his son

"Cheeky" Charles uncovered evidence. Upon one of the several engagements to the stately homes of his peers Charles Jnr. made a discovery. In one of Queen Victoria's favourite hideouts he discovered the



late Queen's Unmentionables workshop.

After an independently friendly team of investigators looked at evidence they found all to be above board and legitimate.

Queen Alexandrina Victoria, Queen of the

United Kingdom and the Commonwealth, Empress of India was an inspired fashion designer whom created the designs for what every woman wears next to her "Unmentionables."

After the buzz of just what this new fame for our late Queen meant much of her items were being found up for auction, one such item was her favourite bloomers worn through her pregnancy with King Edward VII. In true form, and as a way to no doubt further vindicate his father, Lt. Sir Charles Auldworthington is the alleged buyer of the famous bloomers at £100,000 British Pounds!

Auldworthington's Oath.

Lt. Sir "Cheeky" Charles Auldworthington has declared that on behalf of his betters and peers in the nobility of Great Britain he shall be "...taking the law to the colonials who thought to tear Queen Victoria's Secret Unmentionables for ladies away from Britain and sue the buggers for all they're worth! Reparations shall of course be in British Pounds not any of your funny money like Euros or Dollars!"

THE OTHER ROOM WHERE IT HAPPENS; BIRMINGHAM

By Primrose Thassalo

Woe betide the Harpy that misses court.

Despite my most grievous mistake it would appear that the domain of Birmingham has not taken it personally and I was invited to all the most delightful little salons and evenings they had to offer. One particularly enjoyable evening was held by my now very dear friend Bethany Trimble of Clan Toreador who has a simply divine voice. Truly if you are looking for a teacher in the arts this girl has one hell of a set of pipes on her.

However, never one to be outdone, Prince Aldworth swooped in to really take the cake with him own little evening of wonders. On arriving at the Museum with Elder Wainwright and Austin Gomez I was surprised when the Prince himself made a beeline towards us and immediately regaled us with warm welcomes and his charming wit. Alas it was not to be for long as he received a rather urgent call which would take him away from his own party for the

evening and off to London to see the Queen. Perhaps my disappointment was obvious, perhaps he simply took a whim, or perhaps he too did not want the night to end just yet, but whatever the reason he extended an invitation to myself to join him on his little journey to London, and one never refuses such an invitation from a Prince.

And what a journey it was. It would appear that the viscount has a very loose meaning of the word 'urgent' as her journey saw us taking all sorts of modes of transport! First we took a Rolls Royce to an airfield, during which he regaled with tales of his past (if you get the chance, do ask him about the time he was kicked out of the Moulin Rouge), only to then hop on to a helicopter which touched down in front of a rather striking castle. Of course the heavens decided to open at this point of the journey and we were both of us soaked as he left the helicopter for the castle where his staff were battling the elements in order to greet their master on his return. Thankfully the dear

Viscount had a change of clothes for me, although I don't want to think too hard about why he had a little designer black dress lying around, from a past conquest perhaps? Either way once changed I met up with the Viscount again who had an interesting little journal with him that as you can imagine peaked my interest to no end. All this to pick up a book?

From the castle we travelled by road again, in another exquisite car, towards the coast where the most beautiful yacht I have ever seen was waiting. According to the Viscount it is one fastest in the world, or third fastest depending on the night. Like everything else that the Viscount had shown me thus far, it looked expensive, the wooden panelling alone looked like something out of the Titanic (pre-sinking of course). So much so I was suddenly very pleased about choosing to wear my heart necklace that evening, being shown the upper decks by my very own 'Cal Hockley'. Aboard this yacht were more eager staff awaited as well as a flock of long legged beautiful super models who were all

CONT.

very attentive and perhaps a little too handsy.

In no time at all the yacht was speeding along the coast and I was gripping the rail or the Prince (whatever was closest at the time) to ensure I didn't go overboard as we took some rather sharp turns at breakneck speed. During this leg of the journey the Prince took a call from the ever eccentric Prince Lytton of Norfolk, as well as taking the opportunity to regale me with more tales of his past, and a few thoughts on his future. I will admit it, I was taken in, the way he spoke of the future of his domain, his country, it would inspire poets and songwriters, alas I

am neither, but I was inspired none the less. There was honesty and truth in those words and I was momentarily taken aback that he had chosen me to impart them too.

Eventually our evening came to an end as the yacht pulled up outside of Westminster Palace on the Thames, which is where the Viscount took his leave of me. Alas I was not permitted into whatever 'urgent' meeting that called him there. Given the emblem on the front of the journal and a few other guesses I assume this was a clan matter, not a domain one, and thus a witch nor a harpy was required. Still, it was a wonderful experience and gave me a good opportunity to take the measure of the Prince of Birming-

ham, and no, I do not find him wanting. It really was magical, I wish you could have been there Sarah.

WARNING!

By Torsten McKenzie

I would thoroughly recommend avoiding Hamburg. I'm off to see what's going on in America.

Torsten McKenzie,
Kindred of anywhere but Hamburg.

HARPY HOUR

An Anarch primogen? What will that detestable domain think of next?

Ann Jacques (York)

This city isn't big enough for the both of us dear, a bit like one of those trashy dresses you like to wear.

Sarah Miles (Birmingham)

Two armed camps swell in the North of England. We hope that both see sense and dial it back and let the dogs of War sleep a while longer.

Lucretia Reflection (Manchester)

It was so good to see so many princes visit the capital. Having The Duke of

York, Prince Severn and Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth all at court at one time was a rare treat.

Lady Salisbury (London)

I can see the future. And I like what I see.

Carl (Norfolk)

let the tourney begin!

Ryan Harding (Severn)

How tragic. Now, let's see who comes out on top?

Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen)

That is a shame. We learn of the death of Richard Brown with regret. Our wishes and condolences.

David Griene (Inverness)

We are certainly moving up in the world. It's rather funny, having a caitiff Prince, yet still looking down our noses at Manchester. How very amusing.

Vanessa Norton (Carlisle)

The Harpy's Valentine ball will be divine. Really, who let that idiot charlatan, Carl of Norfolk, be a harpy? He's short a spoon or two never mind knowing which one to use...

Farr (Edinburgh)

Oh sweetheart, I've got a fake laugh with your name written all over it.

Joshua Kilpatrick - Glasgow

Darling, calm your tits.

Primrose Thassalo (Birmingham)



A Harpy, wings disclosed.



DEAR SAM RETURNS!!!!

**STRUGGLING WITH COMING TO TERMS WITH YOUR
NEW UNLIFE?**

**ARE YOU STILL NOT CLUED UP ON WHAT THE CAMA-
RILLA IS ABOUT?**

**DO YOU NEED A LITTLE ADVICE ABOUT HOW TO HIDE
THAT BODY?**

THEN ASK SAM!

**ALL QUESTIONS CAN BE KEPT ANONYMOUS AND WHO
KNOWS, MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE HAS THE SAME PROB-
LEM?**

**IF YOU HAVE QUESTIONS FOR SAM PLEASE CONTACT
DARK TIMES WITH REF: DRSAM616**

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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

Articles over 750 words may not be printed in full in the main publication

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

You may find that the Dark Times has returned somewhat to it's old look. I promise this is just a temporary arrangement until an alternative can be found. However as always we are looking for aspiring writers, photographers, artists that can help us reshape the Dark Times. In order to assist with this we are sending our representative Madam Madeline to be a point of contact for the Dark Times within your courts. If you have any questions about the articles or want to get involved with the Dark Times please speak to Madam Madeline.

Happy reading,

The Editor of the Dark Times

