

# DARK TIMES

ISSUE 3

MARCH 2019

## VALENTINE'S NIGHT VIOLENCE

By Harold McWhirter, Crime Writer

Toreador Massacred in Edinburgh. Unconfirmed reports have the dust count at 10. Prince Carlisle is leading the investigation himself into who is responsible. However leading theories is of course the Black Hand that are currently plaguing the city. However it has been reported that Primrose Thassalo was in attendance, and with the control over fire, one of our greatest bane, can we rule out her as a culprit?

The romantic, rose and gold decorated ballroom was the very picture of romance and opulence in the magnificent surroundings of the Witchery by the Castle. The who's who of the Harpies of the UK descended on the Scottish capital with dozens of Toreador. Second only to Prince Carlisle's Winter Ball, this is the social event not to be missed. Or rather, one many wish they did miss.

It was at the end of the night and after a wonderful social back and forth and many reputations were built and demolished in one sitting. However the social avalanche of snide remarks and cutting retorts were vastly overshadowed by the massacre.

Lady Salisbury, often referred to as The Harpy of Britain, who left early to return to London, barely escaping with her life. Catching up with her in the safe Salons of the Capital she told us "...it's simply just awful. Disgraceful. I'm glad those Black Handers are terrible time keepers, or I might have been for the chop too. That would be simply unacceptable."

Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth, Prince of Birmingham, let us know that he thought "It is a complete travesty. Those scoundrels didn't have the courage to attack while I was present. No, sir. They know what for. Those in The Dread Sect, they don't like it up 'em."

As colourful as these comments are, it does beg the question of the Prince's leading theory. Other than the unacceptable nature or cowardice of the Black Hand, why would they wait until there was only a collection of Toreador left at the Party to strike?

All eyes will be upon the City of Elysia to see how the embattled Toreador of Scotland manage to handle this latest tragedy.

### INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

LOCAL NEWS 2

A MESSAGE FROM QUEEN ANNE 2

NEWS FROM FURTHER AFIELD 4

ATTACK IN AL-EXANDRIA 4

HARPY HOUR 5

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR 6



## CONGRATULATIONS AND COMMENDATIONS

### *From Her Majesty Queen Anne, Prince of London*

Her Majesty wishes to pass on her most warmest congratulations and heartfelt commendations to the Domain of Glasgow, Prince Doyle and all who took part in the decisive raid on the Sabbat stronghold that is plaguing

these Isles these past nights. The pack, for that is what they are, dogs, have been eliminated, vengeance for those who we have lost and safety once more, for those who remain. For that, we all have Glasgow to thank.

## SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

*By Matthew Riley*

As many of you know there was a tournament, for the favour of Justicar Edelstein. A fine contest of skill and ability. A contest I enjoyed, and would like to thank the Justicar for the opportunity to compete. I entered the tournament, with no desire to win, only to engage in honourable combat with respectable fighters. My first bout was against Victor, a young and eager member of Glasgow, who has proven his worth to the domain many times. It was a fun fight, fists and claws going back and forth. Now I have been on the receiving end of those Gangrel claws before, and not eager to repeat the experience. I do not wish to naysay such an honourable opponent, but Victor's technique, while potent, requires some refinement. After several exchanges it was clear who was the better. In order to not take away Victor's fighting prowess from Glasgow, I offered him a chance to surrender, which he accepted. Now some might look down on Victor for such an action, and to them I would ask 'were you in the tournament?' Victor is a respectful Kindred and strong fighter. I think he will achieve great things in the future

My Second opponent was the animistic Ruby. She took the shape of large bear, an impressive sight. Ruby was clearly used to fighting in such a form and those claws combined with her long reach was most certainly a concern. There was plenty of back and forth, and I must say I enjoyed the scrap. But I saw my opening and managed to grapple Ruby and pin her arms. Once it became clear she could-

n't break my hold she ceded the match. I do not know Ruby as well as Victor, but she has my respect, and look forward to maybe having a rematch in the future.

My third fight was a joust, against the champion of Prince Carlisle, Declan. Now I have no experience with joust or horse, and was told the idea was to charge each other and try and knock the other off their horse. Fair enough. So I charged. Declan decided to draw and number of pistol and shoot first my horse then myself. The weight of fire was enough to down me. I can acknowledge my defeat. I will even acknowledge Declan skill with his guns. I can't however condone his actions. While not cheating or breaking the rules, I think many would be hard pressed to say it was honourable or in the spirit of the tournament. What happened next though is what truly brings shame to Declan and Prince Carlisle. After spitting on my torpored form, Declan proceeded to greet the Justicar in person. And then shot the Justicar in the head. Thankfully the Justicar is fine, but Declan, apparently under orders from Prince Carlisle, attacked a Justicar! I not which is worse, the sniveling gretin, Declan, or the cowardly Prince of Carlisle. Truly despicable behaviour! I write this so that any who would have dealing with Prince Carlisle know exactly what kind of kindred he is. And that while Gangrel claws are deadly, they are nothing compared to the politics of the unscrupulous.

## MESSAGE FROM THE SCOURGE

*By Jack, Scourge of Glasgow*

Over the last few months, these kindred have been accepted in Glasgow:

- ◆ Quinn Thornman
- ◆ Xander
- ◆ Clarice Beaufort
- ◆ Tiresias
- ◆ Fletcher Smith

## A SCENE

*By a kindred of Glasgow*

\*clears throat\*

"Here Jurgen,  
Fuck up mate.  
Pelican"

\*end scene\*

## GOOD EVENING,

To the jubilation of some and the vexation of many I can confirm that the Blackhand didn't kill Tius, indeed no one has.. yet. I am alive and quite well in Glasgow. Fortunately my premature outing at court last month didn't compromise the operation against the Black hand and I was able to fully martial my forces for the fight against them. The Company of Heroes and I stormed the Blackhand's latest residence and justice was dealt to them.

My personal thanks goes to Prince Doyle, who didn't out me when he could have some time ago. I would like to assuage any who hold either Prince Doyle or Primrose in a suspicious light. They did not betray me and in fact supported my works, in their own ways.

I will be continuing to reside in Glasgow and any who have questions should seek me out. I've had something of a facelift so don't be surprised when I look older.

Yours,  
Levi Tius

## FAIR IS FAIR

*Social Commentary by Duncan Carlisle, Prince of Edinburgh*

He may have creatively interpreted the rules of the little game, but he beat your champion fair and square my dear Justicar. And if it wasn't for your little scally dog, I hear he'd have beaten you too. Best you watch that tongue of yours now. I am sure the salons across Europe will find it most amusing that the Toreador Justicar favours sacked Brujah Sheriffs over their own illustrious figures.

Once he had humiliated your chosen champion and bested him in a singular moment of triumph over Riley, he had completed his service to me. Fortunately, I hear that he has found new employ. The bitter and defeated Justicar, using her new position to press gang one of her own clan into service. How very...sad.

## TO MY OLD TEACHER

Before we head down a path that will no doubt lead to dark places I wanted to reach out to you to see if we can resolve this in a far more amicable manner. After all, are we not Gentlemen? Or do you not practice what you teach?

I can honestly say that I had no intention of intervening in your schemes. I was unaware of your plan and had I known about it I would have spent far less time working against your interests and, as I have always done, worked towards them. Perhaps you thought I was too close to the situation to be trusted, however surely after all the storms we have weathered together you could have trusted me with this? I was hardly all that subtle about my own aspirations, no doubt you saw them coming, I am certain your sire did, so why not reach out to me then? You need not have even given a reason, if you had simply said 'No my friend, not right now' then I would have conceded and returned to my usual nightly duties. However, for whatever reason, you did not, so I continued.

Then, at the moment of my ascen-

## THE OTHER ROOM WHERE IT HAPPENED; THE VALENTINES BALL

*By Primrose Thassalo*

The ballgown's, the music, the dancing and the laughter; it was all a bit hollow, don't you think so? Then again, what else did I suspect from the heartless snake of a lacklustre kingdom. The bright lights of the Auld Reekie sure are waning fast and it seems that the usual sparkle in those albeit pretty eyes is starting to fade. This was only made more apparent by the somewhat dull affair that I am sure the Prince intended to be the 'event of the season'. Little Bethany's salon in Birmingham had more shine than this train wreck.

Now I know I have a bias, the Roses have never been particularly high on my list of favourite clans, but I am warming to their scent. It just appears to be those roses grown on the east coast that I can't seem to stop sneezing over. There were of course some highlights to the evening, my initial arrival being one of them; it seemed my appearance at the ball was unexpected, something the Seneschal of Edinburgh really did try hard to conceal, however I saw that look; fear does not suit you darling. Then again, perhaps it was my companion for the evening that they were surprised to see; the ever charming Prince of Birmingham Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth. Once again I was honoured to be asked to accompany him, and I

believe I would have been terribly bored if I did not have the company of his wonderful wit for the evening.

Another highlight was seeing my new friend and Harpy of Glasgow; Joshua Kilpatrick. Joshua, I am so incredibly pleased to see you rising up the ladder so quickly. You certainly know how to make the most of the position and I do hope you know that yourself and Ms Sharp forever have a friend and ally in myself. Your suit looked nice too. There were a few other faces I recognised from my old domain in attendance, however I am afraid much of my time was occupied by the Viscount and one would not wish to be seen to be unprofessional, I was there to work in my capacity as a harpy after all.

Of course all the real action seemed to happen after I left, I wonder if Prince Carlisle knew that the party in question was something of a train wreck and wanted to spice it up a little. He does seem to enjoy going to the extreme.

However other than this I struggle to remember anything else truly memorable about the evening other than the scintillating company of my Prince.

Such a pity you couldn't come Sarah.

sion, which if you recall you assisted with in your own words of support, you choose to turn against me? Was it not I that brought the Gangrel to your table? Was it not I that brought you the boon you needed? Was it not I that filled your court with more and more beauty? What part of our shared history made you think that I would not continue to act in your interests?

My success is a testament to how well you taught me. I did not screw you over, your own success in me did, but it does not need to remain that way.

You once valued my opinion; my opinion is that there is an easier option for both us here. Rather than spend

months going back and forth in a colossal waste of time, we can instead sit down and talk like the two Elders we are.

Do not mistake this for weakness; if anything it is sentimentality from the pupil who used to so admire his mentor. If you believe that this is beyond repair then do not think that my longing for what is lost will stop me from showing you just how well I learned my lessons from you.

For now however I extend my hand to you one last time teacher, I pray that you do not refuse it.

Yours truthfully,  
Your student.

# NEWS FROM FURTHER AFIELD

## ATTACK IN ALEXANDRIA

*By Gerald Calder, Justice Reporter*

The bustling and sunny, dusty streets of Alexandria were rocked this month. Not since the library fell into the sea has the residents of this Egyptian city been so shocked. A massacre most foul. Many kine and Kindred were found massacred, seemingly at prayer. As usual the Followers of Set are closing ranks and the local Camarilla contingent are claiming ignorance. The facts of the case are spartan, and efforts have already been made to clear up any danger to Masquerade, perhaps the only thing that might save the Young King, Assamite Prince Hassan Abubakir.

With this number of unexplained deaths of unknown kindred in one incident it is rumoured that the Gangrel Justicar, who operates in Africa, is moving to investigate. Vaevatosh is a renowned hunter and beast master. She has reportedly declared that she will investigate these heinous crimes

and find the culprit and bring swift, merciless and decisive justice to the perpetrator.

Vaevatosh has a long and storied career, battling the Sabbat insurrections as an Archon for her predecessor. She then took up the mantle of Justicar, after the death of the previous Justicar in the line of duty. Ever since she has brutally and doggedly pursued Justice and the enforcement of the Traditions and this multiple breach of the sixth is the first big test of her new term.

In a country that is chalk full of Setities and a shadowy and secretive Camarilla group it will be hard to get to the bottom of what happened, but if anyone can discover what is truly going on in Egypt, it's Vaevatosh. After all, with those claws, she won't be scratching the surface for long before she's scraping the bottom of the barrel.



## NSA AGENT DIES IN LONDON

*By Primrose Thassalo*

Steven McAvoy, a deputy director of the United States National Security Agency was in the United Kingdom to deliver a keynote speech at a United Nations conference on Cyber Terrorism and National Security in the Virtual Age. But the MIT graduate and former FBI Special Agent was found dead in his hotel room the morning of the day he was due to speak.

The Dorchester Hotel in London's Mayfair declined to comment, other than that sadly a guest had 'unfortunately passed away, peacefully in the night.' The Metro-

politan Police confirmed that a 58 year old man had died, and while investigations are ongoing, foul play is not suspected at this stage.

McAvoy was a strong proponent of further government checks and controls, especially online. His critics have argued that his proposed measures and policies are moving further and further into a police state. What is clear, however, is his death is a blow to national security and a loss to the intelligence community, but a boon for the libertarians amongst us.

He leaves behind a wife and 3 children.

## EXPLODING MALK IN BUENOS ARIES

*By Serafina Fox*

In the early hours of Monday 28th January the Malkavian known as Frankie Danillo walked into the court of Buenos Aries and proceeded to tear out his eyes before finally exploding. Eye witnesses reported that prior to his sudden end in the middle of the court he had been ranting and raving about the darkness that would consume us all, and one particular member believed that he referred to the dark mirror of mist. The reason that there was uncertainty regarding his words was because he was believed to have been speaking in a lost ancient language.

Danillo's acquaintances amongst his home court in New York claim that, by Malkavian standards he was a fairly reasonable and quiet fellow who did not like to cause trouble. It is unknown why or how the Malkavian found himself in Argentina, although there were some that believed that the Malkavian had been investigating ancient civilisations before his untimely demise.

The incident caused no damage to the court other than the remains that required clean up, however it has been noted that security is being ramped up in this area in case this turns into a Malkavian 'fad'. When enquiries were made as to whether there would be further investigation of this unusual case the Sheriff replied, "It was a Malk, what is there to investigate?"



## INFLUX OF THE DEVOTED TO LOURDES

By *Rebecca Jones*

There have been reports of a higher density of Mortals gathering within the small market town of Lourdes, France. The town is a popular tourist destination due to the high number of reports of apparitions and unexplained (to the mortals at least) events in the area, however officials have reported that the numbers currently present in the town exceed even the highest footfall during the summer months. Many mortals in the area claim that they received messages from an unknown source to visit the market town and present themselves at many of the religious establishments in that area.

Lourdes is generally considered 'out of

bounds' by the Prince of Toulouse who lays claim to the area and who only grants permission in exceptional circumstances to those kindred wishing to visit the town. The Seneschal of the Prince of Toulouse, Maya Iannaccone stated, "The area is rich with rumour and superstition, we do not need to add to it with our presence. Whilst amongst ourselves many of the 'miracles' and 'apparitions' the mortals have claimed to experience have been debunked it does not do to poke the beast, especially not in such a religious area."

After speaking with some of the kindred residents within Toulouse it is clear that this advice is taken very seriously within the region. One resident, Benjamin Mo-

rales, informed that 50 years ago a Toreador tried to start their own following in the area which is said to have attracted hunters to the area en masse resulting in the entire area remaining in lockdown for over a decade. The situation eventually calmed but since various protections have been in place to stop anyone else from attempting to approach and act in the town without the Prince's permission.

It is uncertain at the moment if the Prince of Toulouse plans to send in anyone to investigate this recent influx but given the history and past experiences, many believe it is unlikely.

## OBITUARY: COMTE GUILIANO PAZZI DI FIRENZE AND THE GREAT COLLECTION

by *Leo Di Venezia*

By all accounts Comte Giuliano Pazzi, resident Ventrue of Florence was an unremarkable man in an unremarkable time, with unremarkable looks and very little in the way of Charm and Wit one tends to expect from the clan of kings. However what he did have was one of the greatest collections of antiquities in all of Europe, which following his demise are now passed on to his only surviving childe, Bartholomew Ascannio. However it would appear that the somewhat more charming and

good looking Ancilla does not share the great love of art and history as his sire did and has since put out the word that he plans to offload this mighty collection to the highest bidder.

It is said he started his collection quite by accident, having met an unusual hawker of wears in a court in Berlin who sold to him one of the original texts produced during the Court of Thorns Conclave, written by the hand of Rafael Du Corazon himself. From here he caught the collectors bug, not satisfied with this one memento

from that famous conclave, the first conclave one might say, he proceeded to search for any other item that was present during that time. It was not just a time of discussion and tradition, many of the best minds and artists were there to witness the events, and when they were doing all the boring stuff they had to do other things to keep them busy.

Guiliano was reportedly very strict about whom could view the collection never mind which special folks actually got to handle the items. As such there is not a complete list of all the items contained within it, and many of it may just be rumour and hearsay. One such rumour is that within it he has a painting of the Toreador who launched a thousand Ventrue, Helena. The portrait, if it is indeed in the collection, is rumoured to entrance even those who don't share the blood of the clan of the Rose. Another item contained within the collection is rumoured to be a series of diaries which detail the formation and founding of the youngest of all the Camarilla clans, the dear little wizards.

Whatever the collection holds it would appear that Bartholomew is in no mood to provide a list of contents prior to the auction, not least of all because he has already received several requests to purchase the entire collection outright. One of these rumoured bidders is suspected to be Prince Francois Villon of Paris, who perhaps hopes that Giuliano might have some artefacts belonging to Villon's predecessor in the city, given his lineage. It is believed that the auction will take place during the summer nights at some points and interested collectors should make themselves known to Bartholomew currently residing in Florence.

## HARPY HOUR

We had the misfortune to play hosts to some rather tiresome Setites. Loathsome creatures. But rather helpful.

*Ann Jacques (York)*

This is war you nasty little cockroach  
*Sarah Miles (Birmingham)*

I suddenly feel like everyone thinks we're the most important domain. And it's not a good feeling. Like the juiciest steak.

*Lucretia Reflection (Manchester)*

Perhaps London should host the Winter Ball this year, you know....just in case.

*Lady Salisbury (London)*

Its funny, some of the harpies didn't want me to be there, said I didn't know what I was doing... But after that ball... Who the fuck would want to go back?

*Carl (Norfolk)*

Lord and Lady Salisbury would like to extend their thanks and heartfelt joy and happiness at the wonders they were so fortunate to observe. Asta, the Gangrel Seneschal of a Helsinki is a worthy Champion of Severn.

*Ryan Harding (Severn)*

We here well done and congratulations are in order. The Black Hand that have been dispatched.

*Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen)*

No submission

*David Griene (Inverness)*

We're going from strength to strength. So many friends visiting our little court. It was lovely to see you all.

*Vanessa Norton (Carlisle)*

So much blood. A layer of dust does cover the rose garden. Such a waste.

*Farr (Edinburgh)*

I won't engage in a battle of wits with an unarmed opponent

*Joshua Kilpatrick (Glasgow)*

Dolly, you're sick, seek help, Jolene.

*Primrose Thassalo (Birmingham)*



A Harpy, wings disclosed.

# 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

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

### LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

You will note that following the unfortunate incident back in August 2017 publication and editing of the Dark Time has fallen to individual regions and editors. These Editors have done an exemplary job of producing the highest standard of Journalism that I know you have come to expect from your nightly editions. It is a tradition that we hope to continue however for various different reasons editorial duties have returned to ourselves here in Paris and our own core team of budding journalists. However as always we still accept all submissions and should there be amongst you a budding reporter we would very much like to speak to you.

We are still keen to engage with our readers and so in light of this we plan to send our representative, Madam Madeleine, to each of your courts as a point of contact. She will be conducting her own reporting with specific interest in our new section 'Camarilla Member of the Month'.

We have heard of burgeoning alternative publications that claim to be 'down with the kids'. We are very interested in speaking to the creators of these publications to see if we can collaborate on future content.

The Editor of the Dark Times.

