

DARK TIMES

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CORRUPT TO THE CORE

By Harold McWhirter, Political Writer

Scandal wracked the Scottish parliament building this week, when it was revealed that dozens of civil servants and numerous high ranking staffers in multiple offices of the Scottish Government were implicated in bribery, blackmail and corruption scandals. The corruption stretches all the way to the office of the Prime Minister, herself. Nicola Sturgeons own Principal Private Secretary, Gillian Fraser has been implicated in a 'Cash for Questions' affair. The Scottish Crown Prosecution service is looking at whether to bring charges against her or not. However she has already been dismissed from her post.

Much of the case came together after a long investigation that was started by an anonymous tip. The evidence just grew and

grew, taking them in all directions, and none could have seen where it would lead. It is the biggest political scandal to hit Holyrood since it was formed in 1997. It has damaged the sterling reputation of Scotland on the international stage. It had always been punching above its class in diplomacy, but this has marred it.

It is not clear how this will be resolved, with the number of civil servants implicated, the day to day business of Government will be severely affected. One suggestion is to move the Parliament to Glasgow, temporarily, until the scandal is over and there is trust again from the public.

Whitehall has also made the offer of having personnel move up to assist in the immediate fall out from the scandal that has rocked Holyrood.

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ON THE PURPOSE OF DEATH

By Joshua Kilpatrick, Harpy of Glasgow

If you're careful you will live forever. It's an alluring thought and one that leads many of us to go to great lengths to protect ourselves. But what is the purpose of an eternal being? Our longevity all too frequently becomes our undoing. We grow bored or tired and so seek out diversions and entertainment. Before long we are engaged in a bitter rivalry the cause of which is long forgotten simply because it is something to do. I wish I could say I have avoided such diversion myself but the truth is I am just as guilty of partaking in the nightly dance macabre and I have two left feet. It's miraculous I have made it this far all things considered.

But what a waste it is. What an utter waste of potential. We who can live forever have no excuse to shy away from the greatest of achievements. We have no excuse to fear the unknown for we will, eventually, unravel any mystery we set our minds to, conquer any goal we set ourselves. You are eternal and so you have no excuse not to be striving to become the best possible being you can be. You have no excuse not to setback your sights on the grandest ambitions.

Given this fact we must then turn our minds to what the best possible kindred would look like. I encourage each of you to take a moment, an evening or two to examine your own thoughts on this and form an idea of who you want to be and what you need to do to become that person. Then we might all embark on a journey of discovery and unlock our true potential.

THE TIME HAS COME

By Ethan 'Sully' Sullivan, Keeper of Elyium

I have been Glasgow's Keeper of the Elyium for several years now, and at this time I have decided I could benefit from having a Deputy to assist me in ensuring that the Elyium sites of this fine city remain as well-kept, comfortable, secure and fully-staffed as possible. My eventual goal, of course, is to overshadow the other UK domains in such matters, and I would like a colleague to

A WORD FROM ANGUS

By Angus Macdonald, Regent of Orkney

First of all, I'd like to clear up some potential upcoming accusations or implications. Yes I was visiting Egypt recently with some friends. No I didn't kill anybody in Alexandria. We saw no evidence of any violence while we were there and we were treated most cordially and respectfully by Prince Abubakir during our stay.

My friends and I did, however, murder several dozen Sabbat in Georgia, USA recently. Quite the jaunt! I look forward to going back and meeting the Archbishops and Cardinal over there.

I would also like to point out the recent successes made in Spain as the push along the southern coast takes shape and gathers momentum. With the final pockets of resistance in Madrid finally wiped out in a hard fought campaign over the last 3 months, and the capture of Malaga and most re-

cently Granada, the Sabbat left in central Spain must really be feeling nervous that the Cordoba - Toledo salient will be soon pinched closed and the parasites remaining in those Domains trapped and exterminated. It might be time for me to visit my Spanish compadres again...

Notable praise goes to your very own Victor and Tius who took part in the assault on Granada this past month. It seems the kill team they were a part of was instrumental in not only delaying three packs of veteran Sabbat reinforcements, but actually wiping them out in their fortress-haven, even though they were outnumbered 3 to 1! By all accounts, 5 of the 6 kill team members were barely able to move with the amount of damage they had taken. Obviously young Tius just breezed his way through the drama without a scratch. Well done to you all, and Arnor, i'm sure your eye will grow back quicker than Tais' arm! Haha!

TUSSLE IN TENNESSEE

By Torsten McKenzie

It is with great pleasure that I report to you the absolute carnage that I was honoured to be a part of in the Americas recently. With a resurgent Sabbat in the southern states of the US, my Sire Angus McDonald took a small coterie of Kindred to Tennessee and Georgia to help out his good friend Prince Hank Wlliams of Memphis with stopping a Sabbat push on Atlanta.

Accompanied by Heiku the Assamite, Riley of Clan Brujah, Primrose the Tremere, and my Clanmate Ruby, we moved down the main highway between Atlanta and Augusta (now a

Sabbat stronghold), and smashed 5 different Sabbat packs to pieces in Madison, Covington, and Greesboro. I particularly loved the drive-by attack on the two Sabbat packs in Madison. They really weren't prepared for the shock of Tremere fireballs, Assamite acid vomit, or Brujah flare guns. And they especially weren't prepared for us all going toe-to-toe with the survivors!

Only the threat of daylight made us turn around and head back to our Haven. I'm sure the Sabbat leadership in Georgia and South Carolina will have noticed the lack of footsoldiers by now. And they can rest assured that we will be meeting them all soon enough.

assist in this endeavor.

Expectations: My Deputy will need to be good with people, particularly mortals, and will ideally also have skill and sufficient finances to assist in acquiring properties and getting them up to my basic standards before security systems and staff are in place.
Benefits: Proximity to Elders, Court officers, and visitors to the domain.

Good performance will contribute to the overall status of the domain, as well as your own status as part of the team providing extraordinary service to the city.

Come to me during the upcoming court, or at some point in the near future, for a chance to interview for the position.

ONE AND ONLY CHANCE

By Prince Elouise Kane, Prince of Manchester and Liverpool

To whom it may concern. We know you attacked the warehouse on Ellis Ashton St, Liverpool. I give you until the end of April to return Harry Francis. He is a reputable and upstanding Ancilla of Clan Brujah in good standing with the Camarilla, and if he is harmed, there will be hell to pay. We have the evidence of who orchestrated the attack, but we do not wish this to escalate. I shall meet you, at the warehouse, bring

whoever you need to secure your own insecurities. Bring the walking, talking Francis with you.

For the perpetrators of this crime to encroach on my sovereign domain of Manchester and Liverpool and insult my Hospitality and have such disregard for my Domain, is a grave concern for any Prince. I would counsel against escalating this further, I am giving you this one chance to make this right. Do not mistake my offer as a show of weakness.

AN OBITUARY

By A.N Anarch

All we wanted was a quiet word. Just see what was going on. A wee friendly chat from the neighbours and that. But no, the stuffy licks weren't really feeling it. That's a shame. But a simple no would have been suffice. We have it, on pretty reliable accounts that it wasn't us that started the shooting. Course, we didn't come to the party empty handed. Things got a little out of hand and we both got a bit out of hand. But the state of what was left was

fucking mental. When the boys arrived to back them up we found carnage and chaos. Could we get near the place for the filf? Could we fuck. By the time we got at it, it was clear.

John Hogarth has been destroyed. Staked, then beheaded. Executed. What is the possible excuse for this? This is a step too far. Kane and her cronies better best have an explanation for what happened and why Hogarth had his head chopped. Not to mention that Buddy is still missing. And if Buddy has met the same fate as Hoggie...you're all fucked.

THREE KINDRED MISSING AT LOURDES

By Rebecca Jones, International Correspondent

There have been reports that a group of wayward kindred have gone missing whilst unlawfully visiting the City of Lourdes to investigate the recent influx of mortals to the area.

Last month we reported an increase in mortal tourists flocking to the religious market town, designated 'out of bounds' by the Prince of Toulouse. The mortals are believed to have had visions or messages encouraging them to come to Lourdes and present themselves at the many religious buildings in the area.

Following these reports two kindred of the Paris court; Clare DuMarche of clan Nosferatu and Mattias Keroch of clan Gangrel, and one kindred of the court of Toulouse, Benjamin Morales of clan Toreador, took it upon themselves to investigate the rumours. The Seneschal of Toulouse, Maya Innaccone, has confirmed



that none of the three kindred had been granted permission by the Prince to attend the town and thus are in breach of the Prince's law that no kindred must visit

Lourdes without his permission. It is unknown how they were able to breach the many defences put in place by others to avoid such a situation but this is currently being investigated by the Scourge of the city; Simon. The scourge of Toulouse will also be putting together a team of volunteers to go in search of the three kindred and bring them back before the Prince so that justice can be served. Unsurprisingly the Scourge has found few kindred willing to visit the incredibly religious town known for attracting hunters and so has put out the call to anyone further afield that may be interested in assisting with this investigation and retrieval. Should anyone be crazy enough to do so they should get in touch with Simon, the Scourge of Toulouse.

that may be interested in assisting with this investigation and retrieval. Should anyone be crazy enough to do so they should get in touch with Simon, the Scourge of Toulouse.

BREACH OF ELYSIUM

By Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth, Prince of Birmingham

The Pax Vampirica, it's often considered the 7th Tradition. Our tradition of Elysium.

Where we all agree to play nice, to meet and discuss the politics of the night, to deal in intrigue and gossip, to revel in what we once were and what some still cling to. Whatever your use for it, it's there for all of us. Even the Anarchs. That's why it is vital that the rules and tenets of the Pax Vampirica be honoured by all. Every Prince, every Neonate. Failure to do so spells ruination for our very way of unlife.

Each Prince can interpret the main strictures in numerous ways and it is up to each to enforce their rules as they set; so long as no violence is committed on Elysium grounds and no Art is destroyed.

Some Princes disallow the carrying of weapons, arguing that having the means simply encourages the ends.

Others view using our powers of the blood, any of them as violence.

Some of the kine in the new world think speech is violence, so it can probably get worse.

However, all of you know full well, the great pains I have always taken never to be too strict, too rigid with the application of our laws, and as a consequence, have we not learned to live together in relative peace and harmony?

And this night's lawlessness is how I am to be repaid for my leniency. I was left with little choice.

For the grave and fatal sin of violence in an Elysium Sarah Miles was punished with Lex Talionis, she met with Final Death. An attack in an Elysium is greater than an attack on the Prince themselves. Furthermore this Tremere was armed with a myriad of different weapons and tools of destruction, most very discreet and very unassuming.

I can tolerate this no longer. From this night, forevermore, the baubles and chicanery of the Tremere are to be considered weapons, the need to require any, even for protection, will be taken as an insult to my hospitality and a breach of the Pax Vampirica.

FAREWELL

By Ana Zafira Lopez

Mil gracias to all those who attended the memorial service for Senor Ricky Brown, former Prince of Glasgow and legend of the Nosferatu clan. Special thanks are extended to Senor Tius, for his heartfelt and moving eulogy, reminding us all of Ricky's great deeds, and how fine a Kindred we have lost, as well as inspiring the attendees through his swearing vengeance on the dastardly Black Hand.

Particular thanks are extended also to nuestro Gangrel Senor Angus, recalling the special friendship he had with Ricky, and recounting his time as Scourge when he helped Ricky escape a terrible frame, by faking his execution and allowing Ricky to flee. Such deep trust between two friends is a special thing, and I could tell Angus had many more adventures he could have shared.

THE RULE OF LAW

By Elder Riley

As many of you will be aware, there has been considerable trouble in the area of Manchester and Liverpool, between Prince Kane and the Anarch group in Liverpool. I have been looking into the matter as i have been hearing all sorts of rumours of attacks and fighting.

As Justicar Edelstein has recognised me as an Elder I believe it is my duty to help sort out such matters so that the Camarilla and the Anarchs remain united and strong against our common enemies. From what i understand the course of the conflict has arisen because Liverpool was given over to the Anarchs by Prince Carter.

Now Prince Kane has claimed praxis is over Manchester and Liverpool. The

In addition I wish to acknowledge the presence of the esteemed Elder of Chicago, Senor Al Capone, who made the journey from America to pay final respects to his clanmate and fellow son of Chicago. Elder Capone has also taken a portion of Ricky's remains home to Chicago, and any visitors to the domain, if they wish, will be guided to a place where they may spend some moments in quiet contemplation of Ricky's life.

Finally, I have reason to believe that the Black Hand, although quelled for the moment, have not been fully cleared from our fine city. Do not allow Ricky's death to have been in vain; let us honour his memory by uniting as a Court, presenting a solid front to the Sabbat that cannot be broken.

Anarchs dispute the claim on Liverpool, but to my knowledge have not claimed praxis, they seem to dispute that Liverpool can be claimed. My knowledge of the law does not support the Anarchs position, and so Prince Kane's claim of praxis is the lawful one and thus I will support it. If i am wrong i would welcome conversation on the matter. However as it stand I can see 3 options for the Anarchs at this time.

1 Accept Prince Kane's claim of Praxis
 2 Negotiate with Prince Kane for the Domain of Liverpool. I highly support this option and if both parties are willing i am willing to safeguard both parties at any talks.
 3 The Anarchs may contest the Praxis with Prince Kane. There is long standing traditions regarding a contested praxis, a duel be-

COMMENDATIONS

By Levi Tius

Let it be known that the following Kindred performed admirably in the defeat of the Spanish Bishop of Almeira:-

Riley of clan Brujah
 Primon.rose of Clan Tremere
 Victor of Clan Gangrel
 Dave of Clan Gargoyle
 Kyros of the Anarchs

Through their bravery another enemy of the Camarilla was defeated and they should be praised for their contribution

Yours,
 Levi Tius

P.S – Kyros I've got your light right here mate..

WELCOME TO THE CITY

By Heather Jackman, Scourge of Glasgow

Glasgow welcomes Arden Sibelious, Lilian Grace Arlington and Broheim Summerisle after their Introduction to Prince Doyle at the March court.

ing the most famous, however there is previous example of of contested praxis being settled by more civilised means. I have heard of an case where an circle of Elders can arbitrate such disputes.

Let me clear on one thing. I want to see and quick and peaceful resolution to the matter. And i will support any lawful act aimed at this goal. That said, i will frown upon any further disruption or unnecessary violence. To those would seek to undermine or destabilise the situation further, will earn my wrath. While we squabble our enemies laugh.



GLASGOW GOES TO SPAIN

By Angus Macdonald, Regent of Orkney

Kindred of Glasgow,
I would like to congratulate some of your number for their recent exploits in Spain. Rather than being relegated to some minor duties in the recent assault on Almeria, the coterie of Kindred from Glasgow actually stepped up and attacked the cathedral housing the Bishop and his Templars.

Despite getting ambushed in the catacombs beneath the cathedral as they pursued the Bishop and his bodyguards, the coterie managed to react to the ambush and not only fight their way out, but carve through the Sabbat packs to reach the Bishop and tear him to shreds. Extremely commendable actions and all carried out with no losses surprisingly!

So to Tius, Primrose, Victor, Riley, David, and even Kyros... congratulations and well done. I look forward to your next foray in the Iberian peninsula.

"Have you got a light?"
Jesus Christ...

USA TONIGHT

By Torsten McKenzie

My friends,
It is with a great feeling of joy that I update you all on the latest efforts against the Sabbat in America.

Dedicated recon of the area around Augusta led us to discover a covert Sabbat training camp across the state line in South Carolina.

The Sabbat had a dedicated cadre of veterans under the direction of a Tzimizce Bishop that were training up the next generation of Sabbat fighters to reinforce their push on Atlanta, Georgia.

Unfortunately for them, we descended on that training camp with fire and fury and left it nothing but scorched earth.

The attack itself was a work of art, as Ruby and I herded groups of rallying trainees into an open killing ground under the watchful eye of Heiku the Assamite, while Angus,

REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH - RELIGIOUS GROUPS WORK TOGETHER "TO BUILD A BETTER COMMUNITY"

By Veronica Guerin, Crime Reporter

It is reported that for the last several months the works of the truly blessed have been taking place in Glasgow. Many pilgrims and a dressed down clergyman, seemingly dubbed one of this world's true humanitarians, has been walking "the hard edges" of Glasgow's streets. Several reports have been uncovered of lowering street hostilities and even influencing the so called gangsters and street thugs of all stripes preventing major criminal acts.

Numerous reports say this good Father Carmichael armed with many donations of food, money and local manpower has spent his time throughout much of Glasgow's worst homeless, violent and poverty stricken areas having a sense for organising funding and manpower for just what the unfortunates need such as soup kitchens and various shelters such as ones for the battered and homeless.

Jason Garvey, a spokesperson of the streets, had this to say "Long has it been father's goal to create an Inter Faith Initiative to help all peoples of all creeds. For God is the All-in-One and

One-in-All as regardless of what name you have for the Divine...the singular God is saviour to us all."

Such a radical, but heartfelt, ideal has not gone unnoticed with many resisting at first as the greatest hurdle has always been the sectarian "Fenians vs. Huns" in Glasgow. But somehow the good father's words have not only gotten the rivals to be in the same room but indeed put hostilities aside and actually get members of both congregations working together to serve the community making great headway for both groups leaving bigotry at the door!

This "pioneering padre" as he has become known, has also managed garner support from the Jewish and Muslim community and leaders who are in talks of joining with the Catholic and Protestant communities to undo much of the bigotry that causes many of the local hate crimes.

We offer Father Carmichael continued success in his excellent works for the flock are better off for the intervention of someone who truly gives a damn!

Riley, and Primrose carved through entire packs of Sabbat in seconds to close the trap.

I almost feel sorry for the enemy fighters as they were harried by wolf and bear and funnelled into the meat grinder of the main assault force.

I saw their will waver as Primrose lifted screaming Sabbat up into the air before casting them into a burning tree to die in agony.

I saw their will crumple as Angus and Heiku smashed into their defensive square formation, their only concern being the current kill count in their longstanding bet to win an Assamite heirloom.

I saw their will shatter as Riley finally took down the Bishop despite his caved in ribcage and massive loss of blood.

Although a few of the trainees es-

caped the slaughter, more than 90% of them were killed which must set back the Sabbat timescale for the attack on Atlanta.

And even more important, the loss of the entire veteran instructor pack and their Bishop will be a heavy blow to the Sabbat in the area and their plans for future training of recruits.

I am already looking forward to our next Sabbat target in the U.S. What a lovely country it is!

Your friend,
Torsten McKenzie.



THE OTHER ROOM WHERE IT HAPPENED; BIRMINGHAM

By Primrose Thassalo, *Harpy of Birmingham*

It is with regret that I inform you of the passing of the once Harpy of Birmingham and member of my clan; Sarah Miles.

It is true that in the past few months, since my arrival in Birmingham, I have engaged the enigmatic Sarah in a war of words as she worked to retain her position of Harpy and I sought to take it away from her. However I never expected things to end in the unfortunate way that they have. Sarah has been a formidable opponent; she had more than earned her position as Harpy of Birmingham before my arrival and I am certain she will not be forgotten. I underestimated her; that was my mistake. She overestimated the affection another held for her; that was hers.

The signs were all there and I had done nothing but continuously stir at them in order to distract her from holding on to her own position. I should have recognised that crazed look in her eye, that fanatical devotion; I should have known that she would have done anything, anything at all for the man that she loved.

However I believed too much in my own success and that with a few well-placed words she might come to see some reason in her love addled haze. I was a few steps from victory, but I did not want such a worthy opponent to leave with nothing. In the end, I wanted to help her. I encouraged her to meet with me, thinking the sacred space of Elysium would allow her to listen to what I had to say, to the offer I was making.

I was wrong. In my own arrogance I underestimated the love she believed she felt. Sarah had thrown a few curve balls during the course of our little cat fight, but I did not expect the one she threw at me that night. I did not expect what she did next, nor do I condone it, but I truly believe she did what she did because she thought she was in love and that they loved her enough to save her.

At the expense of my own defence I tried to remind her where she was, I continued to try and reason with her even as she acted against me, however it was to no avail, she was crazed with love and she would stop at nothing to destroy the woman that stood in the way of that. I could not blame her for that. I do not blame her for that, for was this not the beast that I had created?

It must have been quite the shock to keeper to enter that small room and see Sarah sitting on the ground on one side of

the room, breaking her heart as the blood tears rolled down her cheek, a clump of my hair in her hands and me on the other, barely able to stand, checking the extent of the wounds she had inflicted on me.

No wonder his next action was to summon the formidable Assamite Sheriff (who has a very nice sword by the way, pray you never have to see it), however even he did not seem keen to want to deal with the situation before him, unable to decipher what had happened from the wails of the hysterical woman and the perhaps a little curt and cold facts from the other.

There was only one man that could deal with this and we were taken to him directly. It was here where Sarah sought her salvation for breaking the rules of the Elysium, it was here that she threw herself on the mercy of her love which sadly brought her to her final destruction.

Needless to say the ever Charming Prince of Birmingham was not best pleased, and not just because he had been summoned from what was probably a rather entertaining party, but because events that transpired earlier in the month had already put him into a foul mood. As such the Prince charming wasn't so charming and more Prince furious as he entered the room, and who could blame him, anyone that knows him knows how much he values the tradition, the decorum, the etiquette of all things. She should have known this; but people do crazy things when they are in love.

Those gathered in the room were subjected to a speech that sent chills down every person's spine, even that of the robust looking Sheriff with the deadly looking sword. I had spent the last few months experiencing the charming Ventrule, now before me was the wrathful one I had heard so many stories about but had yet to experience for myself. It is an experience I would not like to repeat.

To hear such words of hate pour forth from the man she loved was too much for Sarah, she prostrated herself on the ground before him, begging him to be merciful, begging for him to believe that what she did was out of love for him and if he loved her he would spare her.

This was Sarah's real death; this is where I saw her truly broken. It was not when the Sheriff brought down his sword, it was not when the Prince pronounced her sentence, it was this moment when she realised how wrong she had been, how much the man she loved did not love her

back. I watched in horror as I saw her crumble before him, as he coldly and flatly explained to her how much he truly despised her and how much he could never love someone like her. That is when I saw Sarah Miles die.

We were each allowed to relay our account of what happened, but I could see that Sarah had no heart for it, and in my own account I made a plea for mercy on her behalf. I tried to argue that she did not know what she was doing, that she was not in possession of herself, of reason; I pleaded insanity on her behalf. I thought others might rally to her side as well, step in to try and ensure a lesser sentence, but I was the only one; the woman that she had attacked was the only one to stand with her.

And it was not enough. It could never be enough, she had broken the sanctity of Elysium and the man she loved could never forgive that. The sentence was pronounced and enacted almost in the same breathe.

When the ash had settled Prince Charming immediately returned, wishing us all well and sweeping out the room now that justice had been done. Others stepped forward then to help remove the remains of Sarah, but I waved them away, this was my duty. She had been my opponent, at one time she had been my friend, I would not have anyone else touch her now.

What Sarah did was wrong, Elysium cannot be broken lest we become like those we despise and the sentence that Prince Aldworth exacted was an expected one from a Prince such as he.

However, despite this, despite attacking me in Elysium, despite the insults she has hurled my way, despite the mess she has left me with; I cannot bring myself to hate her. What she did was wrong, why she did it was foolish, but the tragic end of Sarah Miles has opened my eyes and reminded me of the dangerous games that we play. Perhaps in another world, in another set of circumstances, without a few chance encounters and discussions it might not have been Sarah that now rests in a vase on my desk. It could have been anyone in that court, in that domain. It could have been me.

So what's the moral of the story boys and girls? There's quite a few in there but one thing really stands out.

Mind your manners in the domain of Birmingham.

Rest easy now Sarah; you were one hell of a harpy.

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,

Another bumper edition and as always we thank you for your contributions, we may not always have the room to display them as you wish but we will ensure that your words always reach out our readers. If anyone is looking for a full time job as one of our reporters or has an interest in developing a 'section' for the publication please do not hesitate to get in touch via our friendly local correspondent Madam Madeline, coming to a court near you very soon.

The Editor of the Dark Times.

HARPY HOUR

You might want to avoid hosting any parties in Glasgow, one hears that the scourge is a little pushy about getting to arrange the entertainment. Everything a little leather, very gauche.

Ann Jacques (York)

Aren't you a little far from home to be setting things on fire? Don't you know that's my thing?

Primrose Thassalo (Birmingham)

So it looks like the fighting is underway. Anarchs make the first move, but first blood to us.

*Lucretia Reflection
(Manchester)*



There. That should keep him quiet for a bit. Let him focus on more pressing matters.

Lady Salisbury (London)

No Submission

Carl (Norfolk)

My Lord Severn is grateful to the many faces that came to Severn in the recent nights, the entertainment was second to none. However his Lordship wishes to return to the quiet unlife that our, small, domain is more uncustomed to.

Ryan Harding (Severn)

The roses are lovely this time of year. All prickly and covered in shite.

Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen)

No Submission

David Griene (Inverness)

I've heard from a little butterfly that debts are being paid off left, right and centre.

Vanessa Norton (Carlisle)

The touch of class and panache that our new friends have displayed has really made a difference to the mood of the court. A warm welcome, to our Parisian friends.

Farr (Edinburgh)

She behaves with the sensitivity of a sex starved boa constrictor.

Joshua Kilpatrick (Glasgow)