

DARK TIMES

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GLASGOW CONTINUES FIGHT AGAINST HATE CRIMES

By Veronica Guerin, Crime Reporter

Hope Not Hate, Right? Wrong! According to some anyway.

Glasgow is one of the greatest cities in the world with its long history of inventors, friendly people and just being miles better. Though that front is sadly tarnished with the very real and deep ridden veins of extreme sectarianism and full blown racism and unacceptance of all stripes by a shockingly large part of the population, known locally as the wanks and bams crowd.

Just last week Glasgow's more unsavoury elements, whose names are being kept private by the local authorities until they are sentenced, activated a concerted attack in Sighthill against the immigrant and asylum seeking communities. These hate groups represent everything that Glasgow is trying to remove from its past and sadly they are not going easily or quietly.

Many racist affiliated elements rose to underscore an already rising resentment in the area shouting racial slurs, throwing pig's blood and burning holy flags whilst looting local shops, burning storage cabins, robbing food banks, the local school of its supplies and wide variety of assault crimes. Thankfully nothing was too damaging or deadly for the area or its wider population with the culprits apprehended and the insurance companies alongside the local council covering the losses.

The police were swift in their arrival and apprehension of those responsible and those in the procedural now say that it smelled like a sting of some sort but no one is saying anything officially or unofficially so this is merely conjecture at this point. One thing is certain though the unsavoury animals that would put people's lives at stake for no reason other than hate, would rob food banks for profit and steal school supplies from children have been rounded up and are promised to be put away for a very, very long time.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

INVITATION TO COURT 2

SEÑOR DE TODAS LAS ENCUESTAS 2

THE ROOM WHERE IT IS HAPPENING 3

BLITZ ATTACK 4

A NEW ARRIVAL 4

HARPY QUOTES 5



SEÑOR DE TODAS LAS ENCUESTAS

By King Angus MacDonald, Lord of Spain, Regent of Orkney

Following last month's parlay with the Sabbath Cardinal De Santiago, I have accept the unconditional surrender of the Sabbath in Spain. All Sabbath personnel were given time to flee the country. Close investigation has confirmed that they have indeed left Spain in it's entirety. As such, I claim Praxis of Spain as Lord, as is my right. True to my word, I gift rank and privilege to the loyal Kindred who fought beside me in my Crusade. The following are added to the current list of Princes and Domains in Spain:

Primrose Thassalo of Clan Tremere, Prince of Valencia.

Ruby Reznikov of Clan Gangrel, Prince of Zaragoza.

Levi Tius of Clan Tremere, Prince of Barcelona.

Augustus Trenchard of Clan Ventruue, Prince of Cartagena.

Torsten Bloodbane of Clan Gangrel, Prince of Malaga.

Heiku of Clan Assamite, Prince is Cordoba.

Mathew Riley of Clan Brujah, Prince of Granada.

Marcellus of Clan Gangrel, Prince of Madrid.

Parmenion of Clan Toreador, Prince of Almerida.

Flavius Scipio Cunctator of Clan Ventruue, Prince of Albacete.

Isha Rondell of Clan Malkavian, Prince of Guadalajara.

And of course, Shitty Pete of Clan Nosferatu, Prince of Toledo.

Congratulations to you all. Each Prince in my Domain will run their city as they see fit according to the Traditions and the Lextalionis. I will establish a Haven in each Domain for my exclusive use. I expect loyalty from all of my Princes and the members of their Courts. I can be a reasonable man. I can also exhibit a violence so horrific that your ancestors will still talk about it thousands of years from now. Choose carefully how you wish to be addressed when matters of loyalty are concerned.

Challengers against my claim to Lord of Spain can make themselves known to me. All challenges will be to Final Death. No exceptions.

INVITATION TO COURT

By Prince Tius of Barcelona

Kind Residents of Glasgow,

You are invited to attend my first official court as Prince of Barcelona. It will be on 11/06 in the Museu Nacional D'art De Catalunya. If you could direct your requests to attend to either myself at the Glasgow

court or my Seneschal Ethan Fletcher. This is to prevent any unintended nastiness with my Scourge and Sheriff.

I welcome those who might have wanted to visit but the prior occupants always put you off. This is intended as a celebration so please keep your machiavellian machinations to a minimum.



CONGRATULATIONS TO THE PRINCE

By Prince Torsten, Prince of Malaga

My friends,

It is with the most solemn sense of honour that I take over as Prince of Malaga. It would be unbecoming of me to reveal any sense of sheer terror at how out of my depth I would be as a Prince... so I will keep quiet... Fake it till you make it, eh?

I will be holding my first Court at the

end of June. All who wish to visit are welcome. I have named my Seneschal and other Court officials. Please get in touch with one of them to arrange your acceptance into my Domain:

Seneschal - Hildi of Clan Gangrel.

Sheriff - Viga Brand of Clan Gangrel.

Scourge - Farouk al-Rahman of Clan Assamite.

A LETTER FROM A READER

By "Legion"

You are but dogs biting and railing against the chain that you have made for yourself.

You think you can crush anything, do anything. Pathetic. You are children, pups.

The society, the sabbat, each other and yourself. You will fight anything and think yourself powerful, You are not. In life, things flow... things are chaotic. Use this, for we flow just as the society and sabbat flow. We beat them here, they flow to another area, like fighting smoke. Step back, learn and then conquer.

Grow up or die.

SPANISH HISTORY AT LAST

By Leo Di Vinezia

When one is Italian, it might seem strange to long for the art of another country - after all, so many of the masters painted and sculpted right here and their art is on show for all to see. But when one truly appreciates art, you realise that there is always so much more if you are willing to step outside your front door.

Before, as a kindred, I wasn't.

That is to say, all of those wonderful masterpieces that Spain had to offer and they have been locked away from the Toreador - the Toreador! The very name is Spanish! Our progenitor is Spain, it is only fitting that we should be allowed to experience her beauties and her art.

Well now, thanks to the actions of a brave few to rid the cities of Spain of the Sabbath, we can.

No more must we be content only with photos of Bosch's Garden of Earthly Delights! Picasso's La Guernica! La Fuente de Cibeles and Puerta de Alcalá can be visited without fear - and all of this is just Madrid!

So join me, fellow kindred, in celebrating the new Princes of Spain by visiting their domains - and the art contained therein. You won't regret it.



THE ROOM WHERE IT IS HAPPENING; VALENCIA

By Primrose Thassalo, the future ex-harpy of Birmingham

I warn you all in advance, this is the last one. The last ever Room Where it Happens. After this I am hanging up my wings and retracting my claws in order to begin a new adventure. Why?

Thanks to the relentless determination of Elder MacDonald, and those that fought alongside him, Spain has been reclaimed for the Camarilla! Following a peace treaty that had just enough concessions (although not many) to be a peace treaty and not a declaration of surrender, the Sabbat have vacated the sunny plains of Spain and headed to their 'holiday homes' elsewhere to regroup, rethink and keep their heads down for a while. The sabbat's reign of terror is over, a new dawn for the Camarilla begins, and it starts with Elder MacDonald, Lord of Spain and Regent of Orkney, Alastor to the Gangrel Justicar, taking control of those once unruly lands and handing out the spoils to those that fought with him in his crusade.

One such 'prize' was Valencia, third largest city in Spain (after Madrid and Barcelona) which was once a thriving port city and will be again. Over 40

kindred flocked to the city to help root out the remnants of the barbarians and seek a place in this new domain; the land of opportunity. Many of those that travelled there were veterans of Elder MacDonald's war, some were younger kindred, looking for a new start to make a name for themselves, both were equally welcome. In speeches made to those gathered it seems that the new Prince is keen to make Valencia the thriving port town it once was in its past, boosting business and trade to bring the city out of its dark past to a brighter future. That Valencia will welcome anyone willing to put the work in to make the city a better place, and come down hard on anyone that gets in the way of that.

Elysia were quickly identified by the Prince and their new Keeper of Elysium, Bethany Trimble of Clan Toreador, and cleared of any influences of the city's former rulers. Similarly the Keeper of the Masquerade has been hard at work, investigating any current issues that have been left behind by the former residents of the city, the ever eager and ever dependable Austin of Clan Tremere. In rather extreme con-

trast to the bubbly smiling Toreador and the friendly face of Austin, the new Scourge Nagat, a man of formidable skill and stoic demeanour, stalked through the city ready to show just how deadly he is to any unwelcome and unannounced visitors. The position of Seneschal and Sheriff remain unfilled as the court begins to form, although rumour has it that Nicanor of Clan Asamite is a favourite for Seneschal, and that there are rumblings of some kind of 'contest' for the position of Sheriff.

As for the Prince themselves...well, one can't just keep talking about one's own room after all. However, how about you all come and see me in my new home of Valencia, I'm sure most of you would be welcome, with only one or two exceptions; you know who you are. And so I sign off and wish you all the best, I'll still drop by for a visit every now and then but really...I sort of have my hands full now.

Yours Fondly,
Primrose Thassalo,
Prince of Valencia



BURNING MIRRORS IN BUENOS ARIES

By Serfeina Fox

There have been reports of a number of mirrors in the city of Buenos Aries that have begun to burn.

Following reports last month of the 'explosion' of a Malkavian, many of the cities kindred have reported that the mirrors in their havens have first begun to smoke until flames have covered them.

However after a few seconds of burning the flames quickly disappear, the mirror goes black and is no longer

reflective.

The sight of burning flames in ones haven has caused many of the cities Kindred residents to fall into the red fear, which in turn has caused the occasional breach of the Masquerade.

The Sheriff has commanded that all mirrors be removed from all havens, until they can identify the source of this mysterious phenomenon.

There is currently nothing to indicate that the events of the previous month have any connection to the

burning mirrors however extensive investigations are now being carried out.

The Sheriff has asked for anyone who is knowledgeable in the arts of illusion to get in touch immediately as your talents are required.



BLITZ ATTACK

By Angie Montgomery, Dark Times staff writer

Shocking news just in from Ireland! With the massive influx of Anarchs into Liverpool in recent months in their ongoing efforts to secure an official Domain in Britain, it seems that the Sabbat have taken advantage of the lack of resistance in Ulster to launch their own bid for a new Domain!

Packs of ravening Sabbat from the Domain of Munster have taken advantage of recently redirected reinforcements from

Mexico and South America bound for Spain. With Spain suffering another serious blow in the fall of Murcia and the breaking of it's counter assault, it looks like the Sabbat have decided to avoid throwing away more of their troops in the Iberian meat-grinder and have instead launched a deadly Blitzkrieg across Ulster. Donegal has fallen to the Sabbat along with Fermanagh and Tyrone. Derry, Belfast, and Larne are besieged at last reports. Anarchs are fleeing all three cities by plane and ferry and relocating to Liverpool. Eileen, now Baron-in-Exile, is reported to be furious as only a

Brujah Methuselah can be.

With the sheer lack of numbers protecting Ulster, and the overwhelming speed and strength of the Sabbat assault, it could only be a matter of nights before the entire Domain of Ulster is the first proper foothold of the Sabbat in spitting distance to the Camarilla heartland of Britain.

Widespread riots have erupted all across Northern Ireland as the Anarch leadership attempt to cover the Masquerade and provide a screen for the combat between both sides of this surprise war.

POETRY BY MISAKL

We never can remember
By the fire's dying ember
Feel of sunlight on our faces
Or those once familiar places.

Without light and without hope
Without faith in fear we grope
Without truth and without love
Forsaken by those from above.

Driven by our reckless hate
Onwards to our final fate
Driven by unfeeling hands
Onwards over shifting sands.

Fighting with our inner beast
Nourished by unholy feast
Sanctified in mortal blood
Flowing thicker than black mud.

Never never to remember
By the fire's dying ember
Feel the sunlight on our faces
Or those once beloved places.

POETRY BY NATHAIRA, HARPY OF GLASGOW

Come see me sparkle for all to see
A bit of fairytale and fantasy
An easy stride, a complex move
A wild guess that you will approve

A thank you is due I must admit
To those of you who did permit
An after thought well misplaced
Interesting lies behind a face

To be unknown is to be free
to live outwith that fantasy
of courts and jesters, all are fine
To watch them dance is just divine

A touch of blood, a lot of laughs
A feral night that will not last
Do you dare to seek my home
Where a wild and dancing Ravnos roams?

A NEW ARRIVAL

By Akexander Dunsirn

The most generous Prince Doyle has granted me permission to attend court and do business with the fine kindred of Glasgow. As such I write this little piece by way of encouragement. Matters of souls and secrets of the dead are my stock in trade. I am always looking for exciting

new business opportunities so should you feel you may have reason to call upon my services do not hesitate to get in touch. I will be in and around the Elysium of the city should you wish to contact me.

Not all in death is business however. The charming, beautiful, intelligent and exotic should never feel they cannot impose upon my time. Good company and fine conversation is always welcome.

REMEMBRANCE MASS ATTACK

By The Digger, Suppressed Article in the Mortal Media, printed with permission

"This may be a case for Mulder and Scully" as the saying goes. As weird as it sounds the entire local community seem set that foulness is afoot and not just your run of the mill east end sectarian hooliganism but fully reported, documented and evidence of unexplained events by many eye witnesses.

It was a cold, wet night in the Calton at the end of May where the local community were holding remembrance mass paying respects to their beloved fallen priest Father Dennis Wise who was slain by unidentified gunmen earlier in May. After the attack on Father Wise St Alphonsus were provided a private security firm in case of further attacks and they were right to do so for the church's parishioners were indeed attacked once more.

During the mass a local girl was telling a story of how she was saved by Father Wise a man no one recognised walked into St Alphonsus and proclaimed that "we are responsible for your priests death come on outside if you fancy some more of the same." The hired security subdued the man, whom later swears to God that he was grabbed off the street and told to say these things even though he did not want to he could not stop himself, and the

rest of the hired security with Father Perino and members of the congregation making their way outside.

What proceeded to happen then was a style of violence that has not been reported on Glasgow's streets we think ever. Enough details are given proving a situation most odd with full details are with the proper authorities and also with a source or two just in case something happens to me but I digress.

After the message was delivered and the people made their way outside several commercial units exploded killing an unnamed person. Immediately after a gun fight erupted which claimed the life of one of the attackers, whom has been identified. Two attackers were shot and beaten showing little sign of being stopped when the most seasoned soldier lays at least winded from such attacks.

One attacker shouted commands to two of the security force, lifelong friends and comrades, at which they both opened fire on the crowd, in which were women and children and on each other. A survivor said "I remember doing it, everything oh God forgive me that guy's voice...I just could not help myself I just kept shooting and shooting my body not responding to my commands and just like BOOM back to control my body again and all those people dead. My best pal I would never have hurt him ever, that poor couple, that poor wee lassie of God I killed them all

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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

REMEMBRANCE MASS ATTACK CONTD

just because he told me to!"

Sounds outrageous right? Well there is far too many witness accounts and footage to rule this out, I would never have believed it myself. I spoke to them and saw the footage and I'm a believer that something just not right is going on in our

streets.

Father Perno the senior Priest at St Alphonsus had this to say. "These wretched souls have made a grave error in these times of tribulation and our lord God shall guide us through directed by his hand to those responsible delivering swift, heavenly justice. Let us pray. God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we call

upon Thy holy name, and we humbly implore Thy clemency, that by the intercession of Mary, ever Virgin Immaculate and our Mother, and of the glorious Archangel St. Michael, Thou wouldst deign to help us against Satan and all other unclean spirits, who wander about the world for the injury of the human race and the ruin of souls. Amen."

HARPY HOUR

It is looking very much like we have swapped one Sabbat domain for another. Trouble is, this one is an awful lot more closer.

Ann Jacques (York)

I thank Prince Aldworth for his very kind hospitality and though I may be off to parts unknown I very much hope to receive him as a visitor in Valencia very soon. I also look forward to seeing how Rufus goes about cleaning up the mess he has made for himself, if there is weight on my shoulders it is because you put it there.

Primrose Thassalo (Birmingham)

I must make my apologies for my recent strange behavior. There is a certain...disturbance in the eb and flow of things. Someone ancient has turned their eye on the United Kingdom.

Lucretia Reflection (Manchester)

My heart was broken when I learned of the untimely demise of Joshua. Such a sweet soul. He shall be missed. But I have heard such wonderful things about the new, would be, Harpy.

Lady Salisbury (London)

I am pleased that I am able to be.

Carl (Norfolk)

Peaceful. Very nice.

Ryan Harding (Severn)

It does very much look like the Rose is wilting.

Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen)

My own investigations have indicated the perpetrator of the Valentines Masacre is still at large.

David Griene (Inverness)

I have very much enjoyed the company of Lady Salisbury recently. My,

what a show she does put on. I do hope she can repair that broken heart of hers.

Vanessa Norton (Carlisle)

It seems Her Maj is bordering her repertoire of ways and means at getting north. Very insidious.

Farr (Edinburgh)

Sorry, I didn't realise you're an expert on my life and how to live it. Please continue while I take notes.

Nathaira (Glasgow)



A Harpy, wings disclosed.