

DARK TIMES

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GOOD EVENING, DARLINGS

By Lady Salisbury, Harpy of London

Good evening, darlings! Gather round, children of the night, because it's time for your monthly catch up from your Auntie S on all things delectable and detestable. Are you ready? Because it's a wild ride tonight!

We start, as all good things do, in London, where the hot and hunky Toreador Benedict de Maroc is back in town. This ideal inspiration for any aspiring Adonis has been out of the country for the past fifty years, sending all good Kindred into a terrible decline. But fear not, nightlings! The bastard boy is back, returning to Camarilla society with a bang and a celebration that her Grace, Queen Anne herself, referred to as 'the party of the century'. He has renovated the ancient Richmond Elysium, and rumour has it that the amber tiles he has decorated his quite amazing new home with are the very same amber tiles not seen since the Nazi invasion of St Petersburg.

Devilishly debonair as ever, there is no denying that the name of this Rose of Many Thorns is once again on the rise.

Next, on to Manchester where I was delighted to meet the charming Miss Kerry Black. Newly acknowledged by the Prince, this lovely little Ventruer has devoted herself to building a better night time economy of late opening cafes, shops and other such amenities for neonates and the like who lack the appropriate staff to deal with such matters during the day. A clever idea, I note, and one that suggests to me that this Miss Black may go far. A Kindred to watch.

Then, Glasgow, where the Domain appears to be boldly striding forward, or backwards (it's hard to tell with Glasgow) into the Dark Ages, with a cheery rejection of as much of the etiquette of the Camarilla as it can spit on. Growling Kindred frenzied with impunity in Elysium, deals brokered and broken, a confused Harpy who didn't seem quite sure if the poor dab was coming or going...

Rugged and manly Prince Doyle (who I won't deny, is a fine figure of a man and reminds me quite adorably of a stable boy I once had) informs me that he cares not for the Camarilla customs of 'status' or 'property', and once you step in his Domain, your shoes, car, purse and ghouls are his. Sadly, as I write this, I'm reminded that my stable boy had a terribly similar approach to private property. Such a waste.

But don't worry, my precious children of the Camarilla! Such a state of affairs does not take Glasgow off the map forever! I am assured by Prince Doyle that any precedent laid down by a Prince of Glasgow, any treaty, any deal made, is considered null and void should there be any change in the make up of the court of Glasgow, so I'm sure it'll all be completely different next week when the next (hopefully less faithless) Kindred takes up the Throne. Perhaps for the moment, however, we had better turn our eye aside from Glasgow and pretend it doesn't exist.

And finally, a spicy little tit-bit for all you ambitious younglings out there. A little bird tells me that a most notorious Lasombra with the initials A and C has been spotted in the United Kingdom, so keep an eye out for any new comers in your domain, especially those displaying an aversion to reflected surfaces. I couldn't recommend approaching her – she's quite terrible – but if you see any of your Elders who really should know better hovering where they should not be, I hear a rumour that she's been getting in touch with some of those old licks she knew before the Anarchs were quite as revolting as they are now. I'm sure no true Elder of the Camarilla would consider offering the faintest of succour to one of our greatest enemies, but if any should waver, do let me know. I promise it will be worth your while.

Until next time....

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WEDDING BELLS ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT AT ARDCHULLAIRE MORE HOTEL

By *Town Esquire Arthur C. James.*

The sleepy cove of Ardchullaire More was rocked by the mind shattering news of an assassination attempt early June 29th. At 2.12am the corner penthouse suite was the location of the shocking attack by what has been confirmed to be the room Col. Mark Evans (ret.), a guest of the Donovan-O'Neill wedding party. Col. Evans was on leave from his civilian security job in Glasgow attending his best friend's wedding when tragedy struck.

Eye witnesses saw "a few men" in the lobby and entering the wing of the corner penthouse suite just minutes before the attempted assassination. The scene after fire fighters secured the area was found to have no bodies so was believed all of the men managed to escape the attack. The carnage was significant however as chief fire fighter Marcus Caruthers report

indicated the room was devastated so badly with "everything burnt up and being reduced to ash... the sheer physics of the matter defy explanation of how the men could have survived. The device thought to be used is an enhanced RPG missile detonation with chemical explosives."

Col. Evans (ret.) is still missing.

The newlywed honeymooners of Saturday 29th Capt. James Patrick Donovan (ret.) and Sharon O'Malley O'Neill had the consummation of their marital status "interrupted" when Capt. Donovan "downed tools and dug in under the bed" afterward claiming extreme PTSD distress from his work as a soldier and his security job with Col. Evans. Mrs. O'Malley-Donovan-O'Neill stated "The war and this job has left my husband a broken man, now after this attack he's suicidal!" Crying heavily she added "We shall

probably never have children as when my husband sees me ready for action he wrestles me to the floor shouting "contact left" reliving IED and RPG attacks!"

Capt. Donovan (ret.) has been taken to an undisclosed mental facility for treatment for extreme PTSD.

Chief Superintendent Adrian Watson made a dramatic plea "If the men surviving the RPG missile attack come forward before September 2019 protection from prosecution is guaranteed in return for lawful testimony. The perpetrators of this most heinous terrorist crime must not be allowed to go



TROUBLE IN PARADISE

By *Serfeina Fox*

It has been noted, far and wide, in the corridors of power and pages of the papers that the rough, east end locale, known as the Calton has been coming on in the world. The life expectancy of those in the area has, for the first time increased against the average of the city as a whole. Crime in the area has fallen sharply, even accounting for the spike in sectarian related violence.

Locals put this incredible change of fortune down to the sterling work of the church and the community around St Alphonsus Catholic Church. "Fur the first time in ma puff I can go oot an leave ma door unlocked and nae c*nt will touch nuffin" said one local man that had lived in the area since 1982.

However, that may all be just a blip in the cosmos as there has been a dramatic downturn in fortunes of recent. The sharp increase of sectarian violence has rocked the community, culminating most recently with the murder of Father Wise, on secondment from Baltimore USA and the disappearance of 6 of their

parishioners. Prompting the church to hire private security that patrol the area. Although that has also drawn criticism and the claim that they operate with firearms and other illegal means.

There was a fight that quickly escalated to a shootout that took place in the shadow of the church. Confusion reigned when one of the parishioners fired into other members of the church. It was reported last month that one person shot and killed his best friend. However we can reveal that the chief suspect of that particular heinous crime had taken the opportunity to kill his love rival. Benny Lee, 22, was slain by his best friend Richard Dinnington, 23, because Benny had slept with Dinnington's fiancé.

The church building itself has also suddenly came into disrepair; with numerous call outs to pest control services and plumbers. There has also been several people that were hospitalized with 'food poisoning' like symptoms. This has been linked to the poor sanitation in the old building and the numerous sightings of rats.

The worst factor that has plagued

the area however, the overstepping of the vigilante groups that have replaced the police in the area. Police Scotland have been heavily criticized for effectively abandoning the area. 'Order' has been kept by roving bands of men loyal to the church. However, it has been hard to argue with the results...until now. Before now, the teams of 'security personnel' had only been a deterrent and reactionary force; recently they have escalated their M.O and have attacked another small group that has arisen arguing against the methods and means of the church. The word 'heretic' was even bandied about and it ended in bloodshed, that of course was not looked into by police. And it seems that someone has, indeed, had enough. There have been several reports of a lone man, attacking from the shadows, often escaping by running up buildings and across rooftops. The unknown figure will attack groups of 4 or 5 men. While he will badly injure or hurt them, often putting the men in hospital, he has always stopped short of causing any permanent or serious injuries.

THOSE PESKY ELDERS?

By A N ANARCH

Have you all seen the fucking shit show the Camarilla have become? I've always hated those lying bastards, but when they keep trying to kill us for just existing? It's time to dust some fuckers back!

So we've had a Camarilla elder send the Sabbat to our home – letting their sworn enemy live at their weakest moment instead of finishing them off! And now we must pay the price! We must give our blood to defend all of the British Isles, watch as our friends meet their final death because the Camarilla care more about their political games than kindred lives. And after centu-

ries of claiming that the anarchs are a part of the Camarilla, regardless of if we want to be, we can all see the truth. Our lives are worth nothing, and the elders who run the Cam are all hypocrites. Not news to me, but maybe some of the neonate sheep that support them will wake up and see what's happening.

And that's not the only thing those pricks have done. Did you all hear that elder nosferatu that asked for our help to rescue some kindred, then stabbed us in the back? Two of our sect helped to save two of theirs, yet that cunt Nos tried to pull some political bullshit and get one of our own executed for his troubles. One of our negotiators in Liverpool no less – that's

bad faith and bad craic. But if you want to play dirty? If you want to give up on any chance of peace? Fucking bring it on! We'll take Manchester as well as Liverpool from you arseholes!

Though speaking of that negotiator, I hear that gutless fucker has ran to get brown nosed with a justicar of all people. Fiver says he'll be an Archon or in a leash by next month. So maybe he should have just died anyways.

But with all this bullshit, our patience is running thin, and soon we will have nothing left to lose! Do you still want to fuck with us?

RESPONSE TO A N ANARCH

By King Angus MacDonald

Allow me to retort.

You are part of the Camarilla. The Convention of Thorns states so plainly. Just trying to exist are you? By attempting to subvert Liverpool away from its rightful Prince? Not one of you had the courage to challenge Prince Kane for Praxis. Just enough anonymous bravery to write some articles and to run around trying to persuade others to fight your battles for you. If you want Liverpool, stand up and take it. Stop whining and crying like spoilt, cowardly, children.

By Camarilla Elder, i'm assuming you mean me but are too afraid of summoning the bogeyman by naming me directly. Unfortunately, I can do many things, but sending the Sabbat anywhere apart from an early grave is beyond my power. Are the Sabbat my sworn enemy? Don't let a few years of conflict typecast me. All enemies of the Camarilla are my sworn enemies. As they should be every faithful Camarilla members sworn enemies. And, as part of the Camarilla, every Anarch's sworn enemies. You must pay the price of defending your own Domain. Every Kindred has that obligation. Maybe if the Anarchs volunteered their time and blood in Spain I would be more sympathetic. But you didn't. And I'm not. I'm sure the entire British Isles can do without your help. Just leave Liverpool, bring your small "army" back to your Domain of Ulster, and defend your home Domain. You do know that the Sabbat have attacked Ulster because the Anarchs stripped it of Kindred in order to try to strongarm the Prince of Manchester and Liverpool into allowing them to take Liverpool as an Anarch Domain by filling it with Anarchs, don't you? I must admit, I care almost nothing about

Kindred lives. Unless the Kindred in question have proved themselves worthy of respect. My Bellators, Princes, and veterans of Spain are all worthy of my respect. They are treated as the heroes they are. I would kill or die for them. Preferably kill, I admit... But you are finally correct in something, you're lives are worth nothing until you make them worth something. Being Embraced isn't enough of a qualification. Shovelheads are Embraced. Not exactly a high bar to surmount. I think hypocrite is a bit much. I have never pretended to have any care for anyone really. You are so utterly meaningless that nothing will change in the world if you live or die. Well, maybe a few less bleeding heart, pathetic outpourings of teen angst to laugh at in Dark Times. You haven't had the courage to even sign your name to this article. Which is just as well really. It saves everyone the effort of forgetting your name as soon as they finished reading it.

I can't really speak for the treacherous Nosferatu and his power plays. It surprised me as much as the next man that his entire contribution to the rescue of the Kindred prisoners from the home of the Inquisition was to have a Camarilla Elder exiled and an Anarch hunted for punishment. Both of which contributed to the rescue in a far more valuable way that the Nosferatu, Rathbone. I'm sure his stock will be worth about as much as you would imagine after he has showed how he treats his allies making the mistake of trusting him. A silly and shortsighted move by a player in a game where your reputation is everything.

You patience is running so this that you have penned a petulant article. Bravo! I'm sure if this was on social media you have have several "likes" and "retweets". Maybe even a few "shares". And you could sit in your little hovel basking in the perceived progress you had made in making the world

a place more to your liking, as your stock among your fellow creatures increased a bit. But you're not online. This is the real world. Your article is pathetic bullshit. No one cares about your levels of patience. It's my patience you should worry about. When my patience runs out, I will descend on Liverpool and purge it of every Anarch I find. Then I will turn my attention to Ireland. How long do you think it would take for me to leave Ulster a barren wasteland? A scorched earth with not one Anarch or Sabbat member left alive? And I mean just me. Not with my coterie. Not with my veterans from Spain. Not with my Clanmates. Not even with my Childe. How long? Because I'm thinking a week for Ulster and a month for Ireland. And that's just with the Sun taken into consideration at this time of year.

Your petty article is nothing more than a cowardly cry for help from the Camarilla. You are afraid. And rightly so. The Sabbat are coming for you. And now you must pay in Blood for the freedoms you enjoy under the Camarilla. The freedoms assured you by the Blood, suffering, and Final Deaths of countless other Camarilla members over the decades, both in Spain and in the British Isles. Now you will know what it is truly like to fight for your lives, your homes, your friends and your very way of life. And it's about time. Stand up and fight until you win or you die. And remember, you don't always need to survive to win.

If there is anything left of you after the Sabbat are finished, I'd be happy to fuck with you. Because I have no fear of death, no fear of fighting for what I believe in, and no fear of meaningless threats from desperate cowards.

You know where to find me...

CHAOS IN CONNACHT

By Ricky Hanlon, Sheriff of Connacht.

My Lord, Prince Rory Murphy wishes to extend the great thanks and gratitude to all those who came and offered support in Galway and defended the only Camarilla, proper, domain. Not only did we have to face the Sabbat on the battlefield, but we had to identify saboteurs within the ranks and oust them. As well as defend ourselves from rowdy Anarchs, taking a shot when the true and loyal forces of the Camarilla were distracted with the enemies of us all. Just like the Catholics took their shot when the decent folk were facing the German

war machine. Not since my days as a black and tan did I see such despicableness. But the brute Anarch rabble rouser Liam Mellows was finally put down for good. His dust and ash scattered over Eyre Square. Where he should have been for the last 90 years.

Connacht stands strong. The rest of the Anarchs of Connacht stand ready to fight for the Camarilla. The devious actions of some do not spoil the lot. We've rid our bad apples, the barrow is safe.

I'm not about to let the Sabbat come and steal my cider.

MASKED JUSTICE COMES FOR FAIR GLASGOW

By Daniel Edwards, crime reporter

There was a raid on an office building on Bath Street late yesterday morning. Local police and unmarked government agency cordoned off the street and forced entry with a search warrant. The office is for a non profit organisation known as Fair Glasgow.

The Glasgow charity focused on the wellbeing of the people of the city, especially those at risk, dwindling below the poverty line. It also had many celebrity and famous patrons. The work they did was always low key but profound. However it is unclear what the charges laid against them are. The government agency involved in the raid is also not immediately recognised.

The gunmetal grey armoured SWAT team led the raid and within minutes 7

members of staff, including director Steven Gilles, were arrested. Gilles could be heard raving and ranting as he was led away. The only understandable comment he made was something about "the new world order taking over..."

It is clear he is disturbed and hopefully he gets the help he needs. A Police Scotland spokesperson released a short statement:

"Officers from Police Scotland assisted security services in apprehending a dangerous and devious criminal who had been at large for quite some time. The raid was conducted with perfect professionalism and the utmost courage and duty. Glasgow is a safer, more stable city after this days work."

Civil liberties groups have clamoured to know what 'government agency' was involved in the arrest of people off the streets of Glasgow.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER?

By Evelyn Shultz, Royal Correspondent



Hugh Grosvenor, the 7th Duke of Westminster has been married to his beloved, in a secret and quiet ceremony. Some have even suggested scandal at the prospect of a baby on the way, hence the need for such an urgent marriage.

The Duke's paramour is said to be Lady Alice Beatrice Aldworth the youngest niece of Earl Gordon Aldworth, who died in a terrorist attack in Glasgow 10 years ago.

The English beauty is said to be a private person, who studied at Oxford and has been in private consulting since she graduated with a first. The couple met at a retreat in Norfolk some months ago.

However this is mere speculation as the Duke's office is remaining entirely tight lipped. We for one, will be keeping a very close eye on developments...and bumps in this arena.

THE WOLF OF WOLVERHAMPTON

By Keith MacDonald, Crime Correspondent

Tragedy and murder were the hallmarks of the this tragedy. It all started when a group of 6 teenagers went missing from the Alton Towers Hotel while on a summer break, celebrating the end of their school year. The teens from Edinburgh were last seen going to bed after a day out at the theme park. However none were seen again.

Security footage was removed from the scene and a security guard was found, brutally murdered at the scene. Police are still bamboozled by the crime and the park d remains closed.

In the following days, one of the group, Rebecca Longstreet was witnessed in Wolverhampton, 40 miles away from Alton Towers. Reports are confused and clashing, but the narrative that seems to keep returning is that Rebecca, 17, attacked a group of males in a lane in the town centre. Killing two of them and rendering one with life threatening injuries.

Chase was given, but she was nowhere to be found until the next night. A call to the police was made from SleepyOaks Residential Home in the town that a woman, fitting the description of Rebecca had attacked staff and residents there. 3 people were dead.

She was hunted and followed to Greenland Halls of Residence, where she began attacking foreign exchange students who were staying there. 6 were killed. The police surrounded the building and arm response unit cleared the building. Rebecca was believed to be arrested, suffered a gunshot wound to the chest, she was admitted to Birmingham City Hospital, under close protection and armed guard.

Chief Superintendent Charles Underwood has stated that they will get to the bottom of what happened to this poor girl, what drove her to commit these heinous crimes and what happened to the rest of her group.



ROBBERY AT THE AIRPORT

By Theodore Jacobs

Robbery at Glasgow Airport

Police were on high alert after they were called to Glasgow Airport amid reports of a heist. Roberto Giovanni, Director of Security for Glasgow Airport has stated there is nothing to be concerned about and flights were never in danger and there is no concern for passengers. The

break in was through a fence away from the runways, near a commercial section of the complex. The break in was detected almost straight away and the authorities informed immediately.

"Steps are already being taken to ensure this sort of thing won't happen again. We have already entered into a contract to have drone coverage cover the airport, for example," said Giovanni.

It is still unclear what was stolen.

INSULT AND INJURY

By Alexander Dunsirn

Just a few short nights ago Glasgow Airport was assaulted. A vicious attack that you might expect from the Sabbat, with no regard for the Masquerade. But it was not the Sabbat, it was Setites. Setites have invaded the sovereign territory of Glasgow for reasons known only to themselves in such a fashion that will no doubt affect many of you. The airport will be under increased scrutiny. Travel will be harder. Consider that. Consider the insult offered and the injury done. Consider that and what an appropriate response would be.

TERROR IN TALLAHASSEE

By Debbie Grant, CNBC News

It looks like the police were ambushed as they attempted to arrest several terrorist suspects. 2 SWAT armoured transports were destroyed. The area was littered in spent brass casings from pistols, rifles, assault rifles, and heavy machine guns. Explosions were reported by nearby college students and residents. LAWs and RPGs were found at the scene along with a large number of military grade weapons. How this terror

"It sounded like the 4th July up there!"

"It was like the first 20 minutes of Saving Private Ryan. God help our brave boys in blue!"

"I thought it was an active shooter in the college campus. Again."

During a hard fought gun battle, local members of the community grabbed their weapons and jumped into their pick up trucks and sped to the area to assist the overwhelmed police in their fight for survival against the terrorists. Sadly, almost

all of them were killed. The few survivors reported seeing the last of the terrorists detonate bomb vests as they realised they were about to be captured, leaving no survivors and not much in the way of evidence.

Current estimates have the body count at 52.

Further attacks have taken place in both Jacksonville and Tallahassee within a week of the massacre in Gainesville. Several warehouses in the Five Points area of Jacksonville were set on fire after the terror cell reacted to violence between two rival criminal gangs in the area. This three-way gun fight escalated even further as the police responded. The terror cell was annihilated and the few survivors from the gangs have been rounded up by the police. It is reported that the leader and inner circle of the Suicide Kings street gang were wiped out, but their rival gang, the Death's Headz, are in too weakened a state to capitalise on the fall of their rivals. There were 14 dead by the end of the firefight.

The terror attack in Tallahassee re-

volved around the Capital City Country Club, where it is believed that the terrorist cell attempted to kill local councillors and high society figures in the state capital during a fundraising party. The terrorists invaded the country club's main building and began killing the guests with guns and machetes before they were engaged by armed security. The situation had been resolved by the time police arrived on the scene with most of the armed guards dead at the cost of the lives of all the terrorists. 12 dead seems to be the final count in this atrocity.

The FBI have sent a task force to Florida to dig into any other potential cells that have remained undiscovered. They report that as yet, no terrorist organisation has taken responsibility for the attacks.

UK IMMIGRATION SAVE 40.

By Quentin Giles, Holy Roller Monthly

In late June armed response officers along with immigration officials raided a warehouse in the Tradeston area of Glasgow where a human trafficking cartel left a shipment of human resources heading for the sex trade. These men and women were saved from their fate with minor casualties. All cartel thugs were killed. Information has been found in regards to where the slaves were being sent or prostitute houses they were being sold to. Police Scotland are looking into the possibility that cartel leaders may still be hiding out in Scotland.

Working alongside Interpol and UK Immigration is the Buddy Boyle Mobile Mission (UK Chapter) led by Rev. Hezekiah Jackson, of that Jackson family, assist-

ing in the securing and new life given to rescue people from all across the eastern bloc sold into servitude and addicted to drugs.

"Long is the way and hard, that out of Hell leads up to light" Sayeth Rev. Hezekiah Jackson Spiritual light of the Buddy Boyle Mobile Mission (UK Chapter.) He continues "Descendants of Babylon the Great, the mother of prostitutes and sexually depraved abominations of the earth we will find and imprison you! For you are the disease spreading whores who have tainted the well of chastity and are an affront to holy matrimony. For your many sins may the fleas of one thousand camels infect your anus and the sexual diseases of one thousand unrepentant whores rot your body and your genitals!"

Chastity group leaders of Abstinence Protects Us, Benn Dover and Wilma Kruchett, say "Sex is a racket, and the balls in

God's court! With the Buddy Boyle Mobile Mission Purity Pledge all can all regain their virginity, no matter how previously depraved your slate is wiped clean, until they can receive relations in holy matrimony. If you, or anyone you know, would like to take the Purity Pledge do get in touch and have your virginity renewed today."

All in more than 40 men and women were saved from sex trade life, received purity pledges and have been set up in accommodations until either suitable immigration visas can be received or they are deported back home.

Any information on illegal activities related to the above should be given to Police Scotland via the normal methods or indeed via the Buddy Boyle Mobile Mission anonymously who shall make sure the proper authorities are informed.

THE VIEW FROM THE GUTTER

By Nathaira

I have spent such a short time as Harpy so far but I feel that so much drama has happened already that it can scarce be summarised in one short article. Some thrive on the downfall of others and some only deign to look down their dainty noses with a not so secret spiteful joy. I see it as an opportunity. A time to reshape and rebuild for better days ahead. We all have our parts to play and our responsibilities to uphold our fragile society. Some days this is easier than others but it must be done regardless. Or at least that is what tradition would have you believe. In a month where humans celebrate diversity and acceptance, I can only hope that kindred as wise as those that find themselves on the currently sunny shores of Britain would not count themselves as above such an attitude. After all do we not consider ourselves better than those whose lives can be a brief flash

compared to our own? Do we not have a duty to our own nature to be more?

I do not expect everyone to sit down in the dirt in a hippy drum circle and cuddle up but maybe we could stand to be a bit nicer to each other, even for a moment. Kindness is not a finite resource, although it is a matter of perspective I guess. What I call kindness could be construed as harsh by someone else. It is a kindness to be merciful, a kindness to be appreciative of those who have fought on your behalf and it is a kindness to yourself to stand with pride before those who would see you kneel. There is a time for kindness and a time for retribution however. I do not believe that some kind of fictitious karma will do the work for us. Instead we must take it upon ourselves to make the choice. Kindness or retribution? Your decision will define you for centuries to come. Do not make it lightly. I know which one I will choose, do you?

DRINK DEEPLY

By Kyros Wilde

Drink for me, these waters of Lethe
It holds the solemn promise of a silent renewal.
Drink, it is the chalice of oblivion,
A glorious nectar on the lips of the forsaken.

Drink for me, the blood from your hands,
The red iron, sweet salted adrenaline.
The final pulse of vitality ended,
It's fire burns as your sinners soul surely will.

Drink for me, the tears of the fallen,
Diamond drops that held the light of tomorrow.
Shards of those moments not lived,
Far worse than forgotten, they never were.

Drink for me, from the well of regret,
An eternity lost amidst the dream of a second calling.
Myriad choices not taken
That led you to this graveyard of hope.

Drink for me, my friend,
The bell tolls: last orders called.
Drink all the water of life,
As in desperation you run from yours...

YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHO WAS AT THE INAUGURAL BARCELONA COURT!

By Madam Madeline, Social Correspondent

They said it could not be done, they said it was impossible, they even laughed at his crusade.

Look who's laughing now.

You would think there would not be much desire to visit a war torn country only recently liberated from its previous horrific rulers, and yet it would appear that Spain, and in particular Barcelona, has become the new 'land of opportunity'.

The court was filled with veterans of King MacDonald's war and new arrivals alike, mingling with each other in the beautiful surroundings of twinkle lights, roses and an eclectic taste of music.

No backrooms of dingy little pubs for this court, only the finest would do for Barcelona's latest ruler; Prince Levi Tius.

No, you have not misread that, I said, *Levi Tius*. Rumours of his death were extremely exaggerated, but if you didn't know that already then really, what rock have you been living under for the past year?

Only this time he's popped up as Prince of Barcelona rather than that cesspit back in Scotland. How is it that a city only recently liberated from the Sabbat can still be more appealing and more exquisite than Glas-



gow? Well it certainly seemed that Prince Tius was not going to be out done by the beauty of his own city, sporting a new look himself. Having never met the man before I hardly had anything to compare it too but the rumours of others, but it was a look that I heard was utterly 'entrancing'.

The Prince mingled with the court, rather than favouring a top table, and seemed very much at ease with his guests, pulling a few of them up to the dance floor to the apparent delight and embarrassment

of his dancing partners.

However Prince Tius was not the only Prince in attendance, it would appear that Barcelona draws Prince's like a flame does to a moth.

Prince Augustus Trenchard, former Archon to the ex-Justicar Thraces and recently made Prince of Cartagena, could be heard laughing and chatting all the way from the other side of the room. The rather stoic gentleman of which I had heard of must have been left behind in Florence, for truly this Prince of Cartagena was a jolly

CONTD.

and amiable fellow. Perhaps it is the Spanish air, or perhaps he was simply relieved to be out from under the thumb of his 'harpy' wife.

Although he was not the only Ventru Prince, Charles Augustus Aldworth also popped by for a spell to say hello to his old friend, and if you believe him, protégé Prince Tius. It may have just been my imagination but has anyone else noticed those grey hairs? Were they always there? In any



case he was as charming as he usually is, seemingly causing at least one other Prince's heart to flutter a little.

That would be the Prince next door in Valencia, Prince Thassalo, former harpy of Birmingham who has also risen to the ranks of Prince. It seems she too has been affected by the Spanish air, oh not just because she seemed to hang on every word the Viscount spoke, or her dancing with Prince Tius or her hurried rush to the side of the King of Spain when he arrived.

Whilst all that too may be affecting her, it was her lack of black pvc boots that caught my attention. It seems that since she's been elevated to the position of Prince she's gone 'mainstream'. Is she trying to look the part so others believe she can be prince, or so that she can believe she's a prince?

All of them (with the exception of Charlie boy) have one man to thank for their new positions; King Angus MacDonald of Spain. At least I think it was King Angus that was there, it was hard to tell due to the amount of slashes still present on his face and his missing arm. It would appear that although the war in Spain is over, King Angus will still find new fronts to fight, most recently, Florida.

However, the warrior took it all in his stride and seemed to have just as pleasant an evening in the court as anyone else. Although he gave the dancing a miss, hard to hold someone in the correct pose when one is missing ones arm.

It appeared the court was already full enough with 'ex-princes of Glasgow' when Justicar Amadeus Edelstein, ex-prince of Glasgow and New Orleans, came barging into the room in his usual excitable way, dragging a young anarch (who I have been reliably informed goes by 'Kyros') with him by the hand.

The Justicar then proceeded to interrupt Prince Tius as he welcomed his guests, throwing his arms around the man declaring that he had 'Justicar business' to attend too with the Prince. However, as mentioned, Prince Tius was particularly 'entrancing' that evening and not even the Justicar was safe as on occasion he stopped, completely motionless to stare at the Prince.

So, hot tip for anyone that wants the Justicar to shut up for five seconds; put Levi Tius in front of him, or anything shiny I suppose, both are equally effective.

Of course, no party is complete without some party crashers, and that came in the form of a note left on one of the tables that simply said 'Revenge'. Oh, and it was written in blood. OH, and no one knows who put it there, and OH OH....apparently it was left by a Sabbat Cardinal...Well...you couldn't expect them to just up and leave without a little mischief could you?

Prince Tius did not seem all that concerned, in fact, no one seemed that concerned, except a small contingent of guests from the Domain of Glasgow, which was surprising. Given the history of that place you would have thought they'd be used to things like this by now. I don't like the Cardinals chances though, if this many Prince's, King's and Justicar's turn up for a 'pleasant evening', imagine how many might turn up to deal with a Cardinal.

Either way Prince Tius' old domain was well represented by visitors from his old stomping ground, including the Sheriff herself Heather Jackman, whose first name I have to admit to being completely unaware of until it was announced by Prince Aldworth. Dressed rather differently, sporting a very elegant black dress, she seemed unimpressed by the Viscount using her Sunday name, but still pulled herself out of her huff long enough to get up and dance with a couple of Prince's.

As I said there were a few other mem-



bers from the Glasgow domain in attendance, but sadly, the Viscount did not speak their names as loudly as he spoke heathers, so most of them escaped my notice. With the exception of the Giovanni and the Ventru Anarch (I kid you not! They're real! No I didn't believe it either!) having a little 'bust up' in the middle of the court. I noticed that.

I wasn't impressed, it fizzled out before it got really interesting, but then it was a Giovanni and a Ventru anarch (no, I still can't get over it, I can barely type from laughing) so I suppose I could be blamed for holding high hopes in the first place.

Either way, despite a few secret notes with foreboding messages, what looked like a temper tantrum from a Prince outside and a couple of ruffians from the north, it would be hard to deny that Prince Tius' first court in Barcelona was a great success, and I look forward to attending many more in the future. That is if a Cardinal doesn't turn up and reclaim the city first...

So where next? Come on Prince's of Spain, you're not going to let Prince Tius out do you all are you? It's a hard act to follow but I'm sure one of you could manage it, right?...Right?!



Dark Times

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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

Heather Jackman strikes again. What a useless and incompetent wretch.

Ann Jacques (York)

The opportunity that Prince Thassalo gave me was tremendous and I'll always owe her a debt. But the opportunity I have here is just too wonderful to pass up.

Bethany Trimble (Birmingham)

We always thought Rathbones meteoric rise to Esteemed Elder was bullshit. And the advice he's been feeding Doyle proves it.

Lucretia Reflection (Manchester)

It's been a rough old month. Certainly eye opening. But highly amusing.

Lady Salisbury (London)

Imagine having a sheriff that is allergic to onions. That is just a joke. Are you really Kindred or are you just a bad parody?

Carl (Norfolk)

HARPY HOUR



A Harpy, wings disclosed.

I think we are quite lucky to be so removed from outside affairs. Although I shall have to update my Liege Lord of the incompetence of the Ventrue Barker. They certainly don't make them like they used to.

Ryan Harding (Severn)

What a twit. Daniel Smith the Keeper of the Masquerade. Keeper of the Fuckupbrigade more like.

Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen)

With such talent abroad in the Glasgow domain, I think we should send someone to check it's not infested with Sabbat and Caitiff interlopers. Can we really trust that Scourge?

David Griene (Inverness)

Does it say more about the Prince or the Primogen of Glasgow that such decisions are made? Amateur hour a go-go. With almost a full complement of advisors, yet disaster is ploughed into, full steam ahead.

Vanessa Norton (Carlisle)

I think this is entirely ridiculous. Why doesn't Lady Salisbury just wear a sceptre instead of a rose and be done with it...

Farr (Edinburgh)

It's not just that I'm not excited about your existence, lets just say if I was a bird, I know exactly who I would shit on.

Nathaira (Glasgow)