



AN URGENT UPDATE FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

It is with deep regret that the editorial team of the Dark Times must inform our readers of catastrophic news that the four domains of Lisbon, Porto, Faro and Guarda have all fallen to the Sabbat after a weekend of brutal fighting. Portugal was besieged over the weekend by an army of fleshcrafted horrors that brutally tore through the domains' defences, until their surrender early Sunday evening.

DT staff are given to understand that Gilberto Suarez, the Brujah Prince of Lisbon, surrendered to prevent further catastrophic damage to the masquerade. Clearly fighting chthonic horrors would require a substantial media cover up operation, that Portugal wasn't prepared for even if it had survived the overwhelming assault. Camarilla members in Portugal were given a single night to evacuate under the terms of the surrender, and Prince Suarez was executed on Monday at Midnight.

Though the Sabbat are currently consolidating their power and reinforcing their position, it seems likely they'll be eying up Spain for their next conquest. With King Angus dead, the domain had suffered a lot of infighting, with the former Prince Nathaira being forced out of her domain as the surrounding four princes tried to annex her territory. Given the political instability, it remains to be seen if they will successfully stabilise and meet the sabbat threat, or if they will continue to bigger as Angus's once mighty empire crumbles around them.

For now, though, it is clear that the Spanish domains are not somewhere you will want to be in the coming months. And Portugal is off limits for those not seeking the Amaranth.



An artists impression of the fleshcrafted horror that besieged Lisbon

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR THE RESIDENTS OF GLASGOW

Good evening kindred of Glasgow. As many of you are aware, the Seneschal and Prince of Glasgow were not in attendance at last month's court. It is not unknown for either to be absent from court, but both being absent at the same time set some uneasiness amongst the members of the domain. As such things do, the rumour mill began to churn out a multitude of reasons for why this was the case.

I can assure you that the absence of both the Seneschal and the Prince was not down to any foul play. The officers of the court have been in communication with both Clan Tremere and Clan Ventrue, to explain the absences and whether they will be expected to remain out of the domain for long.

The replies received have clearly stated that neither Daniel Smith, nor Alexander Barker will be returning to the domain of Glasgow in the foreseeable future and as such are no longer holding the positions of Seneschal or Prince of Glasgow.

In response to this, the Elders of the Glasgow court have convened to discuss who amongst them should hold the right to claim Praxis, seeking a peaceful transition during these troubling times.

Therefore, upon the agreement of the Elders of Glasgow, I formally announce that I, Esteban Korsgaard of Clan Brujah, Elder of the Camarilla, claim the right of Praxis over the domain of Glasgow.

ATTACKS IN KELVINGROVE

By Dougal Fairly, Glasgow Correspondant

The park in the West End of Glasgow has seen several brutal attacks on mortals. Kindred, so often the prime suspects when it comes to such messy murders have been tentatively ruled out on the grounds that none of the victims, though horribly slashed, had been exsanguinated. Preliminary reports intercepted by this reporter suggest the attacks were not the work of claws, potentially ruling out Lupines (the other obvious suspect), and one is left wondering just who sought to so violently end these lives.

Just as striking is the circumstances - the victims seem to have been wholly confined to groups of young people; teens and university students seeking to enjoy the warmer evenings and relaxing restrictions by meeting in the park. In each case individuals were not the targets - rather small groups who had found themselves a secluded spot to have a quiet party as the twilight rolled in.

In all cases though they were stalked, or even chased, and then viciously slashed and hacked at. Then they were left to be found in the morning. Which they were. The panic this has caused in mortal society is not to be wondered at and it is not surprising that the police have moved an investigation of these events to the top of their long list of priorities.

We in Kindred society can only wonder, or begin inquiries of our own...

PROMISE BROKEN?

By Sebastian Murry, American Correspondant

A dangerous situation seems to be developing across the pond. Several companies owned by an American Branch of the ancient and most noble house of Giovanni have come under sudden and concentrated attack in recent months. It is understood by the Dark Times that evidence of extensive irregularities in their accounts (accurate or otherwise!) was passed to the federal authorities. Now these companies find their activities paralysed by a sustained investigation and audit.

Rumour has it that the Giovanni believe they have been unjustly targeted by person or persons unknown within the Camarilla. They have made appeals to the American Justicars to this effect and an investigation is said to be ongoing.

It goes without saying that any such interference in the activities of the Giovanni by any member of the Camarilla constitutes a breach of the Promis of 1528, which has become as much a cornerstone of Kindred society as any of the Traditions. This is doubly so with the current civil war that is rocking the European lines of the Family, which it is believed is rapidly heating up.

Unsubstantiated rumour has it that the prime suspects are Venture Elders along the Gulf Coast, but in these times of tribulation, is anyone above suspicion? This reporter doubts it.

RURAL WORKERS PROTEST OVER SCOTTISH GOVERNMENT COUNTRYSIDE POLICIES.

Rural workers are to hold a protest amid growing anger and frustration at the Scottish Government's policies in the countryside. They claim that rural policies are often made using "emotive campaigns", that politicians are often detached from rural life and that the Scottish Government is more focused on pleasing urban voters and environment NGOs rather than those who are working on the ground.

The Rural Workers Protest 2021, set to take place on Good Friday, has been organised by Scottish Gamekeepers Association (SGA) and will be supported by all of Scotland's seven moorland groups. Support for the protest has come from a wide range of interest in the country and abroad from fishing ghillies to chefs and international visitors to crofters who have been sharing the #RWP21 across social media over the last few weeks.

Mr Joseph Alexander, SGA chairman said: "We are protesting because we have had enough, we will be pushed no further. The Scottish Government is draconian with its policies in rural areas. And what's worse is the people making the policies rarely come out and actually see what rural life is really like. We are calling on politicians to make more of an effort to see how some of us work and what we do before making decisions for rural industries. The Landholders Agricultural and Logistics Association (LALA) needs to grow a spine and stand with us! We are protesting because we are tired of being ignored, tired of not being listened to, and it's time for change. Enough of this Central Belt ruling what we do."

Mr Alexander explained some of the rural workers' concerns include the government's failure to curb the expansion of fish farming, which is blamed for a decline in numbers of wild salmon and trout which has impacted river ghillies. He also said the government-run Forestry Commission is treating deer "like rats" with extensive culls to protect trees, and criticised the absence of support in promoting local venison initiatives.

"Our sector has not had a fair deal from this parliament," Mr Alexander added. "And the gamekeepers are not the only rural workers affected. Farmers and crofters also share a lot of the same anger as ourselves over policies such as the curbs on muirburn, the latest restrictions on fox management, which saw only one politician come out to try and understand it from our perspective, and the reintroduction of species such as the lynx."

Gamekeeper John Gordon commented "The Scottish Government don't take into consideration the benefits of what we do not only for conservation but for business in the rural communities. There's a real concern that we are just being traded for Green votes."

The Scottish Government responded saying it “did not recognise these claims.”

Sir Dougal Douglas of the Landholders Agricultural and Logistics Association (LALA) commented “We entirely support land restoration and animal cultivation in its entirety. The SGA however needs to realize any governmental change is slow. The Scottish Government has agreed to a £1 billion investment in tourism and the rural economy this year, updating policies protecting fishing from Brexit and pandemic backlash and staunch support for farmers and crofters to plant trees and restore peatland.”

“Now after this if you can in sound mind still say no change in on its way then you are very unreasonable indeed. Making your opinion known is one thing though if any are involved in unlawful protests of upscale fire starting like we have seen in Fife recently or suchlike it would be just an proper if they found themselves in receipt of a sound thrashing like the unruly peasants of yore.”

Green MSP Nathan Peabody-Richards said: “It’s disappointing that the SGA are so stuck in the Victorian past, because restoring the land must be at the centre of efforts to tackle the climate and nature emergencies. The nature fund secured by the Greens in the Scottish budget is just the tip of the iceberg; we will need to see sustained investment in recovery and that means rural jobs for those who are open to change.”

The long, slow change to rural management continues.

WHY HELLO AGAIN KITTENS.

By Ozomene & Electra

It’s your favourite harpies Ozomene & Electra back to shine the dim light of gossip upon the Glasgow court. May it bolster the shreds of your tattered self-esteem.

We’re far too busy and important to bother telling you all about yourselves again so soon. You’ll have to be content with these tasty morsels.

Prince Barker - Don’t go! You were doing so well. Was it something we said? The suit isn’t that boring.

Victor - You’re right, speaking ill of the dead is pathetic. Then again so is pretending that they’re still relevant to anyone or anything.

Dolion - Careful. You might be foxy but the that just means Elders getting excited about the hunt.

Esteban - Have you got the backbone to tell London No? Barker had the clan loyalty excuse. We do wonder what yours will be.

Grey - Oh dear, how disappointing.

Michael - Don’t be afraid darling, we’re going to take good care of you.

We were going to remark on a Tremere but it seems dreams do come true. They’ve all shut themselves up with their dusty old books. Let’s hope they stay there.

FROM THE PEN OF YOUR DEVOTED EDITOR IN CHIEF

Well, well, well, what have we here?

While I still don’t know who these Crows are, I can’t help but admire their nerve.

Perhaps they are just the thing we need to shake up Glasgow’s kindred a little.

Perhaps the other Harpies will take them on officially.
Or perhaps they’ll take offence and peck out their eyes.

No matter what happens, I look forward to seeing it.



The Editor-in-Chief of The Dark Times

MASTERS OF MANIPULATION

Chapter Two:

Money: *Cara MacLeod of Clan Brujah*

I'm guessing you're a bit surprised to find that you're talking to me? Trust me so am I and yet, here we are. Where's the Ventrue? You'll need to catch up with Mr Butcher some other time...his Childe David seems to have gotten himself into a jam and needs a little hand from 'Dad'. I'm sure I'll get the juicy details eventually.

So let's see.. he'll probably talk about taking over companies and getting yourself on the payroll somewhere as a consultant or contractor. You know someone who isn't part of the day to day grind. Or go on about brokers and tell you about investing in stocks and shares or property. That is where a lot of the big money is... just about every Ventrue I know has ended up with an accountant on retainer at some point to handle their piles of money if they aren't already one themselves. We all have to start somewhere...

So I guess the first general rule of thumb is that if you have money don't splash it around if you can't easily show where it's come from. In the beginning you'll hopefully still have access to your own funds but a lot of that relies on how you got to be what you are now. And being able to hold down a job gets tricky pretty quickly when your clock in time starts getting close to sundown. Being able to work from home or online is a godsend a few decades ago it just was only just becoming possible, now? It's everywhere.

So ...what can you do? No, I actually do mean literally at least to start with. There's more than one Toreador I know with an Etsy store or online shop. A couple of Nos that specialise in overnight computer repairs. Night shift mechanics can make an absolute killing in call outs ... man was I surprised when I recognised the guy coming to fix my bike. Judging by the look on his face I think we'd both been wondering about the possibilities of grabbing a snack on the go. C'est la vie.

So, you can have a job. Preferably remotely or one where you're not going to be seeing the same people decade after decade and start looking way too young for your age. (Start thinking about creating or stealing an identity before you start getting asked 'what's your secret' too often) Self employed is better than employed for knowing where the records are and for changing up who you come in contact with.

You can be a leech. Telling the people that you control to tithe a portion of their income to your account or to give you access to their money, likely it won't give you much to start with... but if choose the right person or groom someone into becoming the right person and play the long game? You can end up living in the lap of luxury and playing the part of a trophy spouse or a live in 'housekeeper' without too much of a stretch. You should be able to sort that well within a decade right? So yeah these things all take a bunch of time.

You're in a hurry for a big payday? Unless you know a way to rig it so that you win the Euromillions or you just happen to have your hands on some old antiques you don't want? Try looking out for someone who's terminal or really old to 'convince' to change their will in your favour. Direct to you? That depends on your circumstances. Just mind that they're people without a family so there's no one to contest the will okay? There's apparently so many of them out there there's even a TV series about trying to track people down to give their money to.

You could be a criminal. Everyone loves someone who can forge fake IDs or go out there and be a scam artist and convince a bunch of people to sign up to a monthly payment to a fake charity account. Breaking and entering, dealing all those illegal things that make money can still be done and since you're not paying taxes on it or anything what's the issue? Well plenty of Princes will take exception to people tainting the blood supply with drugs for a start so be careful whose territory you're on. Also, if you're not really careful you'll draw attention to yourself and have an increased risk of getting tracked by the police and arrested ... trust me you do not want to have to make that phone call to say that you need someone to get you out of jail in a hurry nor do you want to find that you're under surveillance and unable to feed.

Now this last one is an option ... I really don't recommend it , not least because some elders find it kind of vulgar (in the extreme in some cases) ... it can land you in a lot of trouble in the long run.

We're talking Boons. If you're owed you can ask for payment in cash. How much you can get will depend on their resources and the boon owed. That's fine it's a little crass but it's an easy way for them to clear the debt so they'll maybe see it as you wasting the boon but whatever. If you want to go the other way? You can offer boons in exchange for cash to get you going and that's going to depend on a whole lot of other factors. Do they see you as an investment? Are they doing it to make sure they have a hold on you? You have to weigh up what that quick money is going to be worth compared to that boon when it comes due. And really? To some you're just going to be flagging that you can be bought or that you're vulnerable. I can pretty much guarantee it will bite you in the ass in your reputation if nothing else but if you don't care about that or you're willing to take that risk? It's your call.

Me? Inheritance, a gangrel of all people owned a nightclub, actually owned the whole thing. He got killed in a run-in with the sabbat but had set up his will to pass his wealth to me. Collateral against me calling in debts early. The Masquerade? Death attributed to gang violence or drug deals gone bad, they chased him into his club and set it on fire. It was arson but it was ruled payable cos he sure didn't set that fire himself. I ended up with the insurance payouts and a nice plot of land to sell.

Kindred,

It gladdens me to know that my father's detractors show themselves publicly. Long have I wanted to prove myself in the spilling of the blood of the unworthy. Kindred society is plagued by parasites, and such vermin must be purged entirely to ensure a strong Camarilla.

Aku Sanna, my father told you what he would do. You had every chance. You made your bed.

Faith Harper. I'm a Ghoul, and even I'm asking who the fuck you are? Seriously, you're a fucking nobody. Do you really think that anybody is impressed that a worstcunt rat like you spouts shit like you're some sort of hero coz you badmouth my father after he's gone? The Anarchs are a pathetic bunch of whiny teenage rats that no one takes seriously. You are pathetic. Name one thing that you have done that has made a difference. As a group. Not even as individuals. As a group. What's that? Nothing? You've done nothing? Yes, we know. We all know. And you know. That's why you are so loud and obnoxious. Noise deflects from your failures. Or so you think.

Faith Harper, you are a tick on the anus of society. A hundred-yard hero is not a hero. You sit desperately quietly for years if not decades, and when you believe Angus to be dead, you suddenly become a vocal "hero" of the Anarch cause? Pathetic. You complain about some Anarch cock sucking Justicar dick, but then you tell us all that you know what the Inner Council are planning? I'd like to meet the Princes that know what the Inner Council are planning. Or even the Justicars that know what the Inner Council are planning. But I suppose I will have to settle for you, oh noble Anarch, to find out what the Inner Council are up to.

You publicly stated how upset you are... when I recover emotionally from your pain, I will come and find you. I want to see how upset you are when I eat your soul as my sister devourers your heart in front of your face, you shitcunt piece of filth.

You've gotten the attention you wanted. Now the world will see the price you pay for it.

Arsinoe McDonald
Child of Angus
Child of Heiku
Your End.

Good Riddance

The bulldog is dead. Good riddance to droll, tacky rubbish. It's absolutely galling how the serial diablerist, murderer and breaker of the masquerade is still being treated as a hero. Alas, maybe if he had spent less time killing allies and anarchs, the megalomaniac's precious Spanish empire would be smidge more stable in his absence, as it looks like one of his closest allies has had their domain annexed by those disgruntled princes shafted by MacDonalds rule and the sabbat, who he swept under the veritable carpet of Ireland are moving in for the kill. I would keep eyes on Spain comrades, the Camarilla may need us more than they have banked on in the last few years.

Apollinaire LaChance.

Kindred of Glasgow

Let it be known that Elder Barker of Clan Ventrue has departed from Glasgow on clan business and no longer claims Praxis over the domain. In accordance with this the agreement that bound me to remain in Glasgow as his Sheriff has been dissolved and I am no longer bound by the duties or responsibilities of that office.

I have departed the domain, as has long been my stated intention, to join my Lord Prince, his Grace the Duke of York. Fortune favour you who still reside in the Crucible.

Teresa de Eramonte Clan Ventrue

AI GENERATED PICKUP LINES

By Grey

For all my fellow nerds out there struggling with their words, here is a lovely little gem I found on the blogosphere.

So as some of you know there are neural nets that will generate content if you feed them data sets. This lovely woman Janelle Shane has fed several neural nets a bunch of pickup lines and here is what she got:

DaVinci (largest and most competent of the GPT-3 neural nets)

I'm losing my voice from all the screaming your hotness is causing me to do.

You have the most beautiful fangs I've ever seen.

I love you. I don't care if you're a doggo in a trenchcoat.

I will briefly summarize the plot of Back to the Future II for you.

You have a lovely face. Can I put it on an air freshener? I want to keep your smell close to me always.

Wait, this beanie hat, is it fashionable?

You know what I like about you? Your... Long... Legs...

I once worked with a guy that looked just like you. He was a normal human with a family. Are you a normal human with a family?

You look like a stealth assassin from the clouds.

Do you like...pancakes?

Out of curiosity, did you know that you can sip and snort pumpkin spice lattes?

You look like Jesus if he were a butler in a Russian mansion.

Next, Curie, a bit smaller than DaVinci. Curie was actually the closest to depressing online pickup line lists out of all of the GPT-3 variants, but it did generate a few interesting ones:

Curie

Your eyes are like two rainbows and a rainbow of eyes. I can't help but stare.

Picked up some pretty flowers. Wanna smell them? Here, try to take my hand off.

I'm like the ice cream...You can keep me in the freezer for a while but then I melt!

Hey, my name is John Smith. Will you sit on my breadbox while I cook or is there some kind of speed limit on that thing?

Babbage neural net. Babbage is trying. Smaller than Curie, and not always 100% sure about what it means to be generating pickup lines. It also tends to try to explain why its pickup lines are so great.

Babbage

You're looking good today. Want snacks?

It is urgent that you become a professional athlete.

Butterfly (Hop on one leg)

(In your best Albert Einstein voice) "I wouldn't change a thing."

If you see people with short hair, ask them to let you borrow it for five minutes!

"Have you stolen anything today?"

For more of this kinda stuff google Ai Weirdness.

Harpies that aren't willing to put their real names to their commentary are delightful gutter-press gossips, sniping from the sidelines behind their masks - but ultimately worthless. Rather more than half the point of being Harpies is the enforcement of boons - and to be able to rely on them to do that, you do need to know who to lodge them with, don't you?

We aren't so cowardly. In the meantime...

We hear Esteban has most of his inner circle spoken for - no mention of a Herald yet, and apparently interviews for Seneschal are ongoing. Let's hope all those promises are enough to secure this dear Damocles his seat beneath the suspended sword. Give it a little time, and Barker will doubtless be remembered just as much as Dionysius the Younger has been from that particular Ortygian tale.

No word of Elder Teresa retaining a position of authority in this brave new regime. Is she in the running for Seneschal, is it a brazen insult from the Brujah hopeful, or perhaps more benevolently a wedding gift to allow her more quality time with the Duke of York?

Just a word of warning to those he has been sweet-talking. Backroom dealing is great, Camarilla does derive from 'little room' after all - but nothing is set in stone until it's survived being announced.

We also hear that a nebulous "loads" of you believe Judith Key wants to be Prince. What an impression she must have made in a mere three months. Then again - Glasgow's praxis changes occur so rapidly they could be set to the Gay Gordons - surviving for a whole quarter-year is quite the thing for a would-be Prince's CV, è vero? It's probably not the most insane thing to be proposed - but in this instance, it's wildly inaccurate speculation. Esteban, darling - if you're going to listen to gossip, do try finding some reliable intel before planning to murder your apparent rivals. Or at least, don't let your plans be heard by the gossips!

Rumours of the Sabbat on the move to reclaim Spain gain credibility with every passing night, while that country's Princes turn upon one another - perhaps a little crass of us to critique internal squabbles, but dear friends - couldn't the Camarilla keep from doing all the Sword of Caine's work for them?! And the Spanish Princes' jobs just became harder - mere nights ago, Porto is said to have surrendered to the Sabbat, Prince Luis of the Ventrue executed, leaving her once-proud residents fleeing for the border. Of course there's no danger of any infiltrators using 'Alas, have mercy on me - a good Camarilla refugee escaping the carnage, all papers of introduction left behind in my flight!' as they beg for residency - right?

The Dunsirn Family Bank eagerly awaits being audited. We're confident that the Spectre of the Feast won't be found in our vaults. Just the corpses that we like to bother, and Alesso's collection of hot pink thongs. We can thoroughly recommend the services of Ms Grey. Highly professional, with results far beyond our expectations. When she finally has time to host her technology fair it will be our pleasure to offer what assistance we can with a significant discount for competence.

We can also recommend Mr Usher as a cool and level head in a crisis situation. A man of discretion, experience and insight. One to watch.

We would like to welcome our good friend Osker Schaufel to Glasgow. Don't be a stranger, you rascal. It seems to us that the invaluable Prophecy of the Malkavians Legion and Ren goes unrecognised and unrewarded. Perhaps your purses of silver are handed to you under the table. Regardless, the Dunsirn Family Bank recognises your contribution to society. We are led to believe you enjoy parlour games of some sort. Perhaps you can teach us the rules.

Well, that's all for now from these 'complete bankers', and should any wish to lodge their boons with the Dunsirn Family Bank we shall see to it that they are appropriately secure.

Donna Giuliana and Don Alexander

Scum,

I detest everything about you, creatures of the Wyrm that you are. I will hate you for ever, corrupt as you are.

But here I am, a forced traitor to my Tribe. I have aligned with some of your ilk and am most likely seen as corrupted. So be it.

How did this happen you may ask? My first instinct is to say none of your fucking business, you fucking parasites!

But then I think I should say more...

I first met my father when he slaughtered the greatest warriors of my Tribe. His friends counselled peace and he listened. Hostages were exchanged between my Tribe and his Clan. He offered his son as his hostage and got me in return, the Princess of the Red Talons. And I hated him from the start. King Bastard. He killed my family and friends, and would have murdered me and all the rest of us if his girlfriend hadn't of spoken up with an offer of truce.

Forced to live with the enemy I was, and I was full of righteous hate. I observed him and waited for my moment to strike and escape. And it came and went..

He didn't care if I was there or not. He ensured my safety to make sure he got his son back. I attacked him and might as well have attacked a mountain. I attacked him as he baked a cake and his only concern was that the cake was for Mama. A concern that I now understand entirely and completely agree with. He treated me like an annoying cat. He was right to.

I was held in the desert of Egypt old. Until I grew to love it. We became a family there, in our desert home. I found a father and a best friend. I even found my sister there, and what would become my mother. I have two brothers now as well! I have never felt the bonds of family grow more than in that place. The most brutal monsters I have ever met were allowed a pause, and they chose to be happy. I have never seen so much love as I saw in that quiet place in the desert sands. I couldn't help but take some of it into myself.

I hunted in the desert with Primrose's lions. I prowled the walls with her Warriors, alert for any enemies. I fought the spirits in the aftermath of their descent into the Court of the Darkling Liege and saw the deaths of His Dark Sons. I saw the end of the Horde of Misery and the rise of the Jackal Legion. I wept when I saw that. I wept all the harder when I heard that the Godslayer and her man became human in the presence of Ponticulous the Vile. One look... one shake of the head... as she tells it, it broke my heart.

After that, how could I compare them to the evil they destroyed in the cold deep earth? There are degrees of evil and degrees of hatred. But love is love. My hate faltered in the light of their affection.

I watched as the human cost of the Twisted Lords were brought home to live in peace. Like me and mine, he would have murdered them all without a qualm to spare their suffering and cover your Masquerade. But she said no. All 60 survivors were brought home to the desert. And one of them became my sister. The fiercest of the lot. Arsinoe. She stepped forth and was noticed. Her bravery and her aggression rewarded with the ability to defend herself and others from the depredations of vile animals. My sister.

I saw the memories of them facing the Sculptor of Torment and dealing with the Banquet of Ashes. Bargaining with the Silent King. I saw him push his way through a crowd of 200 Sabbat in Tennessee to challenge their Warlord to single combat, as his love decimated the Sabbat leadership of 5 States in a whirlwind of spear and fire.

I remember the silent war carried out between my father and my mother as they rated the movies we watched. I've never seen a head tilt or a raised eyebrow be so communicative or as destructive as I've witnessed between my father and mother. For the record, I too believe that the Predator would defeat the Terminator, and I too, love Weird Science. I remember our movie nights... four in a bed in whatever haven we found ourselves in around the world, or in my father's cinema in Valencia, or in our penthouse in Memphis, or the treehouse in Argentina, or the gardens of the Royal Palace of Madrid.. I remember my father forced into a palace he hated so that his daughters could live like royalty. But we would live as peasants forever if we had just one more night with him.

I felt what he felt when he took Spain and unified Iberia. I spent my time amongst the Devourers and I love them all. The most horrific bunch of killers that have ever existed... with that sense of family that brings tears to my eyes still. My God! It's beautiful! I fought a vampire in Norway to be able to have a seat inside the court. I kicked his ass! I've never been happier! And now I have family there too.

I felt awe and terror diving into the sea off the coast of Japan, delving into the jungles of South America, creeping through the northern States of America, hunting through the canopy of the Congo, investigating the mysteries of Europe... having mother and Rafa drag us from a volcano... awe and terror, but not for long. Not with him. Not with them. I've seen things you people wouldn't believe... Haha! True though!

I saw the final moments of my father... I saw him face the frost giant. I saw him win without a scratch. I still weep when I remember that battle. Words can't describe it... I saw him reach out his hands to Hel and surrender his life to save the world. No hesitation, no regrets. Apart from a very long look at Heiku... his love. My mother. "I don't need to survive to win"... "Laugh when you're killing, smile when you're dying". The wisdom of my father. Wisdom I can now see and agree with. Wisdom I saw in practice. My father averted Ragnarök and still mindless vermin screech and whine about his name. Good. You worthless parasites should definitely show yourselves.

For most of you Kindred, it is in your nature to do one thing correctly... before him you rightly tremble. But you never had anything to fear from him. You were entirely beneath his notice. Pointless even. Lions don't care about the complaints of sheep. If you were against him and are still alive, I'm sorry... he saw you as a toddler and absolutely no threat at all. I'm not sorry if the truth hurts your ego. You were nothing to him. Your angst flowed one way and was ignored and discarded as pathetic and pointless.

Us on the other hand... keep chatting shit. Like Santa, we are making a list. We will get to you in time. Aku Sanna. Faith Harper.. if that's even you're real name, you snide coward. I asked my father once if he was ever afraid as he carried out his plans. He laughed and said no. If he was truly threatened, then furious angels would rush to defend him. I will help prove the truth to that claim.

Also, my sister is right. I'll eat your heart as she drinks your soul. See you soon.

Grey Mane,
Child of Angus
Child of Heiku

Harpy Quotes



Edinburgh – Farr- *Seems someone is worried about Demons attacking Dundee. I'd have thought they'd have more taste.*

Aberdeen – Dougal Douglas– *Who is it, I wonder who is disturbing our neighbours peace of mind?*

Inverness – David Griene – *About time we had some peace!*

Severn – Benedict & Algernon – *Well, now we know, it tolled for thou.*

Manchester – Lucrezia Reflection – *We're still looking for some more Nosferatu. Ours seem to have vanished...*

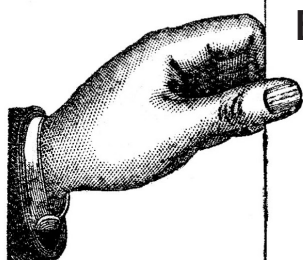
Birmingham – Bethany Trimble – *You know, it is just possible that there's more to death than we thought*

York – Anne Jacques – *A very fond welcome to our new Duchess and congratulations on her coming nuptials!*

Carlisle – Samuel McAlpine – *"Ozomene & Electra". Oh, I get it. Very droll.*

Derry – Hilda Bern– *Once again we've been forgotten it seems.*

Paris – Viola DuBois–*Looks like it wasn't just that one guy. No skin of my nose of course, but I'm sure they have friends somewhere. You never know though.*



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