



## Harpy Announcements

Sold - By Lady Giuliana Dunsirn to Elder Deacon of the House of Villon - One Major Boon over Kenzie Alexander, formerly Scourge of the domain of Glasgow, for the price of one off-the-shelf gown.

This boon was offered at arm's length on the open market in the August and September editions of the Dark Times; and the offer to buy also published in the September edition of the same. No other offers to purchase were made, and accordingly the sale has been made to the highest bidder.

Congratulations and condolences are offered respectfully to the impacted parties.

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn  
Harpy of Glasgow

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I am seeking historic texts on the fabric production methods of the Bengal region, circa 17th and 18th century.

I am willing to return on a quid pro quo basis with a garment from my existing collection, what would normally be described as "off the rack." Normally I would charge a trivial boon for such an item, for they are far from worthless, unless it were a gift. Someone with the right texts who does not wish such an outfit, I am happy to recompense with a single trivial boon.

Deacon.

## A Fervant dream

The crunch & crack of bone so dear,  
The pain and transformation fears.  
Popping, twisting, Unknown wrath  
Contorting, elongating path.

The pain fills, blood pours &  
Secrets haunt forever more.  
Wolf taunts & pain still follows  
Discontented, embalmed & hollow.

Looking on my innocent sweet  
A shadow longing for a treat,  
But horror filled each steely hackle  
It ran for life as a petrified debacle.  
My lesson learned,  
My bane still shackled.

Pack'd away.

Alex Caimbeul

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Discreet international shipping and travel services available at reasonable rates, negotiable on an individual basis.

Contact Corporal Draven Southsea for further information.



Heritage walks of Glasgow were very informative and well ran, for how could they not be when they are self-guided! The treasure hunt section however was a hot pile of garbage. The 'Friends of Glasgow' tour of Glasgow Necropolis was extremely interesting, garnering the warmest welcome I've had so far for one from across the pond. We all had a great time uncovering the history and plain eeriness of the area. What made things really, really interesting was when we discovered that a member of the group had disappeared. When investigated they were not even on the walk.

How spooky is that?! I cannot wait to see what the true spooky season brings.

The Bostonian.

Dear Archduchess of Agony,

A supposed "oracle" publicly called me an animal, said I belonged in a Victorian freakshow, and questioned my position as Primogen. Should I go for some kind of fiery vengeance, or is brawling with a jumped-up fortune teller beneath me?

With thanks,

Perplexed Primogen.

Dearest Perplexed,

I understand why you are conflicted, this is a most delicate situation. Or at least that is what this so-called oracle seems to be betting on.

They called you an animal? Then they can't act surprised that you fought back. I have seen kindred lose their temper over far less. You are a kindred who has earned a title that deserves respect. Should fools question that, then you must teach them to respect you. You may wish to be the bigger person, but that kind of soft-hearted nonsense is reserved for those with a pulse. If you permit these actions to go unpunished, it will show weakness to others, and they will respond in kind.

They sound like the petty kind, who are envious that they rank below you in our society. They want to lash out, then play the victim when justice strikes them. No. Foolish logic. Titles are earned and must be defended at all costs. It would be less of an indignity to lose one's life than one's title. I shudder at the thought.

I say you must strike hard. Prove them to be the fraud they are and burn their flimsy little cards with a flaming sword of righteous fury.

For an oracle, they seem to lack the foresight to see how badly this may turn out for them.

I wish you good fortune in this endeavor, my friend. May they learn to regret their words and hold their tongue from this point forward.

With endless devotion,

The Archduchess of Agony.