

GVLARP

Dark Times

Volume 7, Issue 6 July 06

A Reader's Letter

I'm back again I think I may start adding these articles to spice up the court as before with the auction and that. The previous courts were getting interesting some of the Brujah being stupid again having punch-ups with each other and to add to the tempo looking like they pissed off the Toreador into the bargain.

The way things are shaping up, with all these new Kindred; I hope the Sheriff is up to the task of keeping everyone in check. I know with a swell in numbers it can't be easy I've seen it before I must admit with three major contenders in clan numbers; Brujah begin numero uno I think, the Toreador in second and between the Tremere

and Gangrel for third. This looks like a nice feud could come out of it. Oops I almost forgot the Ventrue must not forget them and if you want to we could add the independents and of course the Nosferatu.

Finally I think I need a name; **The Observer** nope can't have that, means I sound like the paper, how about Eyes Only to '**Dark Angel**'/ '**James Bond**' let me see I know what I should be

Signed

The Spectator

Special points of interest:

- **Erotic Fiction!!**
- **Sudoku**
- **Film Reviews**
- **A Reader's letter**
- **Art Reviews**
- **News stories**
- **Current events**

Scots Invented beautiful game

SCOTLAND may not be at the World Cup, but the country can at least lay claim to having invented football, following the translation of a book written almost 400 years ago.

In 1633, more than 200 years before the Football Association was formed in England, David Wedderburn, a poet and teacher at Aberdeen Grammar School, described a match in his pocket-sized tome *Vocabula*.

While there are older descriptions of ball games involving kicking, historians say the Scottish manuscript, written in Latin, is the first to report on players passing the ball forward and attempting to score past a goalkeeper. A section of the book marks the kick-off: "Let's pick sides. Those who are on the outside, come over here. Kick off, so that we can begin the match ... Pass it here."

A 1711 edition of the manuscript was stored for years at the National Library of Scotland. But it was only recently translated

for a World Cup exhibition at the Museum für Völkerkunde in Hamburg, Germany. Historians say the translation has been a revelation.

Professor Wulf Koepke, of the Museum für Völkerkunde, said: "The influence of this book is quite tremendous - it rewrites part of football history. Passing wasn't supposed to have happened until the late 1860s and yet this Aberdeen book is talking about it centuries before."

Richard McBrearty, curator of the Scottish Football Museum, added: "The book is the first evidence we have come across of a game with goalkeepers and players passing the ball to score."

Mr McBrearty said: "Scotland has a fantastic claim to have developed the modern game. The book is, frankly, an amazing discovery and hard to dispute."

<http://heritage.scotsman.com/>

Glasgow's Art is a confusion of the senses

By Billy Redstone

Joshua Nash, 12 of Paisley, Glasgow has received rave reviews after his exhibition entitled 'Sundae'. His unique style is due to a medical condition. Joshua suffers from Synaesthesia. In a controversial move Joshuas' doctor is also present at the gallery. Dr Harold Johnson explains the condition.

'Synaesthesia is a feeling or perception described with words usually used for a totally different or opposite feeling or perception.

Joshua has moments when he experiences one sense and interprets the information with another sense. Ex: "The sky smelled blue." "The soft hum of fog."

He doesn't seem to be troubled by his condition so there is no attempt being made to discover a cure. Joshua's collection already reputed to be worth a 6 figure sum.

This reporter knows a cash-cow when he sees one!

Like something from a Sandman Comic

By Billy Redstone

Interpol report that a website organization a serial-killer convention in Larkfield Hall, Glasgow has received two types of reply. One type from those claiming to have killed more than 3

people, the other type from people who want to be used by attendees in a sick killer-Olympics. The event is apparently set for the weekend beginning Friday 23/06/06. Anyone approached to attend the event or with information should call their local police.

Strathclyde University to close Jordanhill

Strathclyde University management confirmed plans yesterday to close its historic Jordanhill teacher-training college and create a facility in Glasgow city centre.

The £50 million teacher-training college is to be built in George Street close to the main campus in Cathedral Street. The plans, in the pipeline for several years, have now been approved by the university's ruling court.

Girl Bleeds to Death

A birthday girl was found dead in the early hours of Friday morning. She had last been seen leaving to go home from her party at the Queen Margaret Student Union (The QMU).

The girl, in her early twenties, has not yet been named by the authorities. It is thought

that she was a haemophiliac and bled to death from minor wounds she received as she walked home. The wounds were inconsistent with the amount of blood found at the scene.

The authorities do not suspect foul play at this time.

School Museum Up In Smoke

Afternoon passers-by were shocked as the Scotland Street School Museum was engulfed in flame. Onlookers could only stare at the columns of smoke pouring out from the windows. Fortunately, visitors to the museum were able to evacuate the building in good order and no one was hurt seriously hurt although a few were treated for smoke inhalation.

An investigation has revealed that the sprinkler system had been filled with petrol. There was no structural damage to the building but it is estimated that upwards of 90% of the exhibitions were destroyed in the blaze.

There are currently no leads but police are not ruling out insurance fraud as a motive.

That Old Jack Magic

by Mirabella Cunnilingua

Chapter One: "Come Into My Parlour....Or Just Come, Please!"

Tossing his chestnut curls, Regent Jack Llewellyn - Bowen approached the looming Gothic mansion to which this evening's assignation had brought him and rapped sharply upon the door with all the authority befitting his title. He knew, of course, that the title of Regent, glorious accolade though it was, did not approach being worthy of intelligence, wit and magical power of such magnificence as his. In Jack's mind, therefore, his full title was Regent Jack Llewellyn - Bowen, Guardian of the Sacred Flame of Arnor, Jedi Master, Leader of the Death Eaters and Level 20 Wizard. To say nothing of Master of the Universe....

The door groaned open as it was answered by a retainer. The sound yanked sharply upon the choke - chain of Jack's slavering ego and recalled his mind to the here and now.

"Is the mistress of the house at home?" Jack intoned, investing his voice with all the charisma and latent power he could muster.

"Lady Voluptua is expecting you sir" the retainer replied. "She will receive you in her boudoir. Please come this way." Was there a look of commiseration on the aged retainer's face as he turned and shuffled down the hall?

Casting such idle speculations aside, Jack followed the retainer into the artfully shadowed interior and, as he did so, wondered just what he had gotten himself into.

He was coming. She knew of his presence by the dark arts which she and her fellow decadents had practiced for many long years in the sewage tunnels of Brussels. Voluptua raised herself slightly on the midnight purple chaise-longue on which she was reclining

and surveyed her inner chamber. The room was darkened, lit only by two large candelabra standing on either side of her mirror which almost reached up to the vaulted ceiling and a scattering of votive lights surrounding her satin - sheeted four - poster bed. Barely discernible in the soft, melancholy light which evoked so perfectly the exquisite tragedy of an eternal life upon the Dark Path were assorted works of weird and exotic art, carefully selected by Voluptua herself to enhance the aura of seduction. Pairs of sculptured Chimaeras sinuously entwined and devoured each other's tails, languorous burlesque beauties threw poses of abandon as they smiled superciliously down from gilt - framed canvasses adorning the walls. But all of this divine artistry paled before the painting which occupied the entire ceiling so as to command attention from every vantage point. A sensuous masterpiece in oils, it depicted the fair mistress of the house as the bejewelled, be-painted behemoth she had been in her own burlesque days, days she now recalled vividly as she lay positively stroking herself with gleeful anticipation of the beguiling seduction to come.

This was the right sort of man, she thought, the mechanism of her Raging Rodent pleasure device whining as it took the strain. A man of such standing and authority as to almost be worthy even of her ample charms, who with his magical prowess could initiate her into deeper mysteries. And she, in her turn, would take him in deeper than anyone had been before....

The scene was set. What man could resist?

Voluptua lay quivering from a triumphant climax when her retainer stepped into the room with the words: "Regent Jack Llewellyn - Bowen is here, madam."

Will the boy wizard be ensnared in the femme fatale's web of seduction? How many clichés can one mind stand? Find out only in....

Chapter Two: "A Wizard Undone"





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Glasgow Vampire Live
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Dog Soldiers (2002)

Imagine you're leading a six man squad on a routine army exercise. You're behind enemy lines. Your radio doesn't work. You're cut off and on foot in a vast, hostile wilderness. You hear something howling in the distance. Something's out there.. and it's hungry. Very hungry. And hairy.. very hairy. The sun is going down. And there's a full moon. You're missing the most important football match of the decade. And there's every chance that you're about to be eaten alive by a pack of

vicious, snarling, blood-lusting, seven-foot tall werewolves. What do you do?

"Dog Soldiers" is a well-made – though mindless – horror-mayhem film, pitting a group of British soldiers out on a training exercise in the Scottish Highlands against a blood-thirsty band of werewolves. The action is essentially by the numbers, but there is a welcome lack of pretension about the film, which very simply sets out to entertain and ends up delivering in good measure.

Submissions Accepted

Is there something you want to advertise or let everyone know about? If so, then Dark Times is willing to accept your submissions, articles and adverts.

Features:

- Guaranteed acceptance of articles
- City-wide distribution
- Anonymous submissions accepted

GVLARP

Deadline: 26 July 2006

Email: admin@gvlarp.org.uk



July 2006

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