

DARK TIMES

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AUGUST 06

A READER'S LETTER

Ha...Ha...ha...ha...!!!!!! Please don't make me laugh but I do like a good story and to joke about the Tremere Regent like that, a big around of applause to this Mirabella Cunnilinga but I hope for the person that wrote this that they have bigger balls than the Regent or they are going to get Fireballed off probably which would also make me laugh to watch and here is little old me trying to take the piss out of the Toreador and Brujah when I submitted that article on Etiquette. Please drop me a line I would love to shake the hand of the person that opening takes the piss out of the Tremere Regent.

Ok. Myself, personally, haven't met the Regent so how can I judge someone on

what has been written about them, come on, with the title Regent Jack Llewellyn-Bowen, Guardian of the Sacred Flame of Arnor, Jedi Master, Leader of the Death Eaters and Level 20 Wizard. I bet you any money you probably could fit Master of the Universe in there somewhere. Well, it's the Tremere we are talking about. I thought they did think of them selves as Master of something or other but I wouldn't say the Universe quite yet.

Signed

The Spectator

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- *Old Jack Magic—Part 2*
- *Interview with the Prince*
- *Sudoku*
- *News Articles*
- *Letters*
- *Calendar of Events*

MIRACLE AT THE ROYAL INFIRMARY!

A seeming miracle has occurred at Glasgow Royal Infirmary – early reports indicate that the sick, dying and injured were miraculously healed, rose up and went home perfectly healed and healthy. Early reports indicate that the phenomenon occurred on Tuesday evening.

One report given anonymously by a surgeons' assistant tells of a patient they were operating on at the time – apparently the incisions that had been made sealed up themselves without leaving a scar – the patient then woke up, arose from the operating table and left the operating theatre, he got back to his room, dressed and discharged himself and went home.

The phenomenon seems to have affected all the patients that were staying at the hospital, from those with minor ailments

to those with serious illness and health problems. Doctors seem to be stumped in finding the cause of this strange occurrence. One possibility that has been suggested, though disregarded by most of the medical profession is that it may have been caused by some sort of reverse super-bug – but instead of affecting people adversely, it actually cured them. Other people out-with the medical establishment have put out other theories such as a new experimental drug being tested by the government upon unwitting citizens

However, the hospital priest, Father Thomas O'Malley claims that this is "A true act of a benevolent and divine God – a miracle." He intends to contact the Vatican to send someone to investigate this and to have it confirmed as a true miracle.

UNDER THE SPOTLIGHT: PRINCE MURILLO

BY BILLY REDSTONE



My Lord Prince, thank you for agreeing to my request. None of the questions is intended to give offence either directly or inferred; if any do I formally apologise. It is assumed you will ignore any questions you don't wish to answer.

Lets begin with some background.

Billy: Where were you born as a mortal?

Prince: Spain

Billy: What did your parents do for a living?

Prince: Independently wealthy

Billy: What did you do for a living as a mortal?

Prince: Entrepreneur & duellist

Billy: Would you share for us any memories of your mortal existence you have?

Prince: No

Billy: Who was your sire and how was the Embrace explained to you?

Prince: That would be telling & in detail

Now some questions about your position.

Billy: How long have you been Prince?

Prince: 4 Years

Billy: Why did you become Prince?

Prince: No one else would take the Job

Billy: What were the circumstances of your ascendancy to the throne?

Prince: Michael Thomson stepped down, feeling he had other priorities to deal with.

Billy: In relation to vampires, mortals and other non vampire supernaturals what do you consider your role as Prince to be?

Prince: Keep a balance as the guideline and rules of the Camarilla tell us all to do.

Billy: Should there be peace between supernatural races, should we silently co-exist or should we be at war with the other races?

Prince: As with all things in life and unlife, we should try to get on, but shit happens!

Billy: What notable changes have you seen in society over your existence?

Prince: A definite lack of respect for others and very recently an "I want it now" attitude.

Billy: Mortal politics is currently turning towards a new war in the Middle East. If there is a war it will affect us as Kindred. I have heard the view that we

should not be involved in mortal politics. What is your view?

Prince: Should we seek to control mortal society or let them rule themselves? There needs to be some influence there after all the other supernaturals dabble and we need to try and keep things on a more steady, even keel.

Now some questions about you, My Lord.

Billy: I put to you the same question I recently put to Billy Boyd. Your intelligence, continued good health or natural charisma; which could you sacrifice to keep the other two traits and why?

Prince: We are Vampires, Mr Redstone, there is no need to sacrifice any of them!!

Billy: What do you do to relax?

Prince: Breathe, its quite difficult you know when you haven't done it for a few centuries.

Billy: What do you like about being a vampire?

Prince: Time, lots of it!!!

Billy: What do you dislike about being a vampire?

Prince: Feeding, I know we all get a great rush out of it, but there is so much more we could be doing with our time every night, maybe scientists can invent a pill, eh?

Billy: What is the next unfulfilled ambition that you intend to fulfil?

Prince: Wait and see, stop being so hasty, wanting to know everything now.

Billy: Do you have any ambition to expand your territory? Perhaps Edinburgh, Inverness or Aberdeen?

Prince: Good Heavens No, don't you think there is enough going on in Glasgow and the surrounds without adding more!

Billy: What advice would you give a new Kindred entering your city?

Prince: Keep your head down and learn about the city, its people, Kindred and recent events so you avoid making the mistakes of past residents

THAT OLD JACK MAGIC

by Mirabella Cunnilingua

CHAPTER TWO: "A WIZARD UN-DONE"

Regent Jack reached out and parted the heavy purple curtains which shielded the entrance to Voluptua's inner sanctum. Stepping through the yawning archway, he paused in the semi - darkness and cleared his throat, partly to announce his presence and partly to dispel the acrid cloud of Fatal Kiss perfume which billowed towards him from an unknown source. Surveying the erotic playground before him, Jack was not yet gripped with anxiety, but he was definitely aware of its tightening hold on his scrotum.

"Is...anyone here?" Jack raised his voice slightly and endeavoured not to sound like a frightened schoolgirl on her first visit to an over 18s nightclub. His call was answered as, accompanied by the mingled sounds of achingly sweet harp music and creaking corsetry, Voluptua emerged, a lusty leviathan rising from nameless, shadowed depths.

"Regent Llewellyn - Bowen," she purred, shaking back her mass of raven hair. "I am so glad you have come."

Bowing over her hand, it took all of Jack's powers of self-control not to flinch as another wave of Voluptua's perfume made an airborne assault on his olfactory system. To still his shaking hands and calm his quivering spirit, he mentally repeated the soothing mantra: "I am Ahab, I am Ahab...."

"I've, err, come about your wardings" he said, praying that his voice would come out sounding gritty and manful rather than half-choked.

"Of course, of course," replied Voluptua with a throaty laugh that made the boy wizard's colon knot with apprehension. "But first, please make yourself comfortable. A woman on her own...." she widened her eyes and fluttered her lashes, blending innocence with heady erotic promise, "becomes starved for good.....company." Beckoning Jack to follow in her wake, Voluptua sa-shayed across to her chaise-longue, sat down,

artfully crossing her legs so that her satin skirt fell open to reveal an expanse of dimpled flesh and fishnet stocking. She uncorked a crystal decanter in the shape of the Venus de Milo containing her tried and tested seduction formula of vintage vitae, Rohypnol and Toilet Duck. "Come, my dear Regent. We who know the darker powers cannot help but draw close to one another...."

Regent Jack's features had taken on the glazed look, not, as Voluptua dearly hoped, of mounting desire, but of disbelief and abject fear. Banishing the urge to squeal like a Vestal Virgin at a Chippendales show and run away, he somewhat shakily said: "Err, no thank you madam, I'd rather get straight down to it - err, to business, I mean! Yes, that's it, to business."

"That was slick, Jack" mocked his subconscious. "Saruman the White would have handled things better than that!" Swallowing his angst, Jack continued: "Where would you like to begin?"

"Why," said Voluptua, "we can begin right here in my boudoir!" She cast her arms wide, thrusting forward the mountainous vista of her bosom as it struggled to escape from its steel - boned prison. "You don't mind if I watch, do you?" Her voice dropped to a provocative whisper. "I have so longed to see you in....action."

Jack strode to the centre of the room, shaking his head to dispel images of puppies wrestling in bags and bald men engaging in head-butting contests. He raised his arms and began to enunciate the magical syllables, feeling as he did so an enchanted breeze rising and playfully rustling the hem of his ceremonial kilt.

"Why, Regent Llewellyn - Bowen!" gasped Voluptua, rising from her seat with much pouting and heaving. "Your endowments are spectacular!"

The cold, cold hands of fear began to play a requiem to Jack's lost innocence upon the nerves of his spine. "Excuse me?" he squeaked.



(Continued on page 4)



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That Old Jack Magic... continued from page 3

"Never have I seen such power!" cried Voluptua. Relief flooded through the stripling mage like sweet spring rain, but it was to be short - lived.

Voluptua stepped forward. "Come, sorcerer, let us truly embrace the darkness!" Jack began to whimper as her arsenal of corsetry dropped to the floor with a resounding **CLUNK**, only to be followed by innumerable scraps of silk and lace held together by leather straps which he supposed must constitute an outfit. Through his panic, Jack

realised that Voluptua was still speaking.

"We are solitary creatures of the night," she whispered between lascivious moans. "Too long have I lingered in seclusion. Now you have quickened me again, with a fire that burns angel wings to dust. Let us come together and be devoured by ecstasy!" Her quivering contours loomed ever closer to Jack as she reached forward and caught him in a purple - scented embrace that stunned him, or as doctors would later tell him, cut off his circulation entirely.

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: 30 August 2006

Email: admin@gvlarp.org.uk



August 2006

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