

Dark Times

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Museum Goes Up In Flames

A Glasgow museum was the site of an apparent fire bomb attack. The authorities and members of the board of St Mungos have yet to make any statement regarding this attack.

There are unconfirmed reports that the fire began in the basement – destroying several works of art that were being stored there before being shipped to a fine arts and paintings exhibition in Amsterdam.

One source has confirmed that one of the pieces destroyed was in fact an unknown work by Rembrandt that was due to exhibit for the first time ever.

The actual damage and

loss has not been calculated but it is thought that the cost in damages and losses will run into the hundreds of thousands.

In a bizarre twist to this story, there were also reports of strangely mutilated bodies found surrounding the building – the police however, have yet to confirm or identify the bodies .



Council bans Suggestive Billboard

Earlier last month, Glasgow city council banned a billboard poster from being displayed in George Square. The enormous poster depicted a voluptuous, scantily clad woman with her hands down a toilet.

The provocative poster was for a product called “Leviathan & Behemoth Scum Stripper” The sug-

gestive slogan for the said product was “Keeps your inner chambers clean!!!!”

A spokesperson for the council said that the poster was taken down because there had been several complaints from members of the public and from some persons of standing within the council.

Special points of interest:

- Old Jack Magic—Part 3
- News articles
- Sudoku
- Calendar

Threats to Amateur Dramatics No Act

By Billy Redstone

A local production of Kiss Me Kate has met with a sinister twist as Police received a note threatening to kill a member of the cast. The show set to perform at the Gilmour Hill Theatre

between 2nd and 6th October has been selling out fast due to the publicity.

A cast member who prefers to remain anonymous said "whilst the threat is being taken seriously the show must go on."

Bloodbath in Partick

By Billy Redstone

Police were warning the public to be on their guard after receiving photographs of a grizzly

murder scene. Bodies were hung from the ceiling and blood was spattered across the room.

Casino plans

A SUPER casino would create 2,500 jobs for Glasgow and attract more than half a million visitors a year, city leaders have claimed.

The figures were part of Glasgow City Council's leading argument during the third in a series of hearings to judge the merits of the seven venues competing for the licence to host the UK's first Las Vegas-style super casino

But as Steven Purcell, the council leader, talked up Glasgow's bid to the Casino Advisory Panel in the city's Hilton Hotel, Jack McConnell, the First Minister, again refused to endorse the campaign.

Mr Purcell said: "Glasgow has been transformed. Its modern-day renaissance has delivered a record number of jobs. A regional casino would add to this."

Based on figures from casino operators, he said: "Casino visitors are expected to contribute as much as £26 million towards Glasgow's economy, attract as many as 600,000 visitors each year and create as many as 2,500 jobs."

Among those addressing the panel in support of the bid were representatives from Glasgow Chamber of Commerce, Scottish Enterprise, Glasgow City Marketing Bureau, Rangers Football Club and VisitScotland.

Speaking against the plan were Councillor Mary Paris, who said there had not been enough consultation or information given to the public, and Ken Rolwegan, a church elder from Scotstoun, who objected on moral and social grounds.



Mr McConnell, asked about the Glasgow casino bid at a news conference in Edinburgh, said the Executive's position would be announced later this year, and he added that measures put in place by Westminster would help alleviate some of the concerns expressed.

But he added: "Clearly, we need to assess the positive and negative impacts of such a development. Deputy First Minister Nicol Stephen has made a recommendation to Cabinet on the position that we should submit to the review, and he will be announcing that soon."

The SNP MSP Fergus Ewing, who has campaigned against a super casino, described the First Minister's unwillingness to give an opinion as "pathetic".

He said "Instead of giving either a moral lead by condemning the idea of a super casino or just backing a super casino on the business case, he swithers and says nothing."

The city's four potential casino sites are Glasgow Harbour, the SECC, St Enoch's and an area near Ibrox Stadium..

That Old Jack Magle

by Mirabella Cunnilingua

Chapter Three: Critical Hit

Languishing in the patchouli - scented depths of Voluptua's Loire Valley, Regent Jack was shocked back into consciousness by the sensation of his kilt being unceremoniously ripped from his delicate, vulnerable frame. In a detached, almost out - of - body sort of way, he became aware that his lily - white limbs were being contorted on ways which, several hundred years previously, had led to the practitioners thereof being burned as heretics.

How could he have allowed this to happen, he thought, and for the first time in his mortal and immortal existence, wished that he had spent his formative years in nightclubs with his peers, learning how to physically deal with the opposite sex, instead of alone in his bedroom, grasping his palpating member as his Level 15 mage rolled that vital critical hit to vanquish the Carbonium Dragon.

All, however, was not lost. From the memory of the cruel tutelage of Dr Jim Bee came swimming the one incantation which would save him. Drawing a deep breath, Jack raised his head from the fleshly cushions which confined it and cried aloud:

"FANJITA REPELLO!"

The spell had more than the desired effect. As Jack's vision returned, he became aware that he could move and breathe once again as, blasted across the room by the magical force, Voluptua writhed on the floor, still baying with lust. With not one second to lose, clutching a wall - hanging of embroidered pink damask to cover his modesty, Regent Jack Llewellyn - Bowen beat an undignified and thoroughly violated retreat to his chauffeur - driven car as fast as his fractured pelvis could carry him. Voluptua's frustrated wail still rang in his ears as he collapsed in the back seat. "The chantry!" he rasped to his waiting ghoul, "And don't you DARE tell anyone!"

It was but a few steps from the car to his chantry. Just a few steps until he was safe again and could unwind by smothering himself in the "Sheer Tremere" men's fragrance he'd been developing and watching all of Alan Rickman's scenes from the Harry Potter movies.

But Regent Jack's adventures were not over yet. From the shadows of a nearby alley loomed a towering mass of black leather, whiplash muscle and undesirable body odour, which thrust forward a fist the size of a pork joint and seized Jack by his protuberant Adam's apple. It was only when a deranged, whiskey - laden voice rasped in his ear: "Whit huv ye bin daein' wi ma burd?!" that Jack recognised Condor, the testosterone - fuelled, diplomatically - challenged Brujah who had of late become enamoured of Voluptua's womanly flesh.

"I....I..." whimpered Jack, his as yet brief unlife flashing before him. Perhaps, though, death would be preferable to an eternity spent with the memory of what had been done to him a short time ago.

"Ye've been shaggin' her, huven't ye?" bel-lowed Condor, red mists of fury and frustrated longing (although of course he would not have known long words like those) clouding his vision. "Ah!ll tear ye a new one Ike Ah did that Tain gayblade!"

What an evening, reflected Regent Jack, his mind unhinged with terror. Escaping from the depraved appetites of an oversexed, overfed ex - burlesque performer, only to land in the murderous clutches of a malodorous Neanderthal. Gathering the last vestiges of his dignity, he howled: "She was after me, you fool!"

"Ah!l show ye whit happens when ye mess wi ma burd!" growled Condor, and his enraged roar blended with Jack's girlish scream as he hefted the Regent's elfin frame through the air and into a ship at the far end of the street. Mingled with the sound of crashing metal ringing in Jack's ears came Condor's mocking cry of: "Mon the Solar Lupines!" as he lumbered off into the night.

"Regaining consciousness once more, Jack used his one unbroken limb to reach for his phone and summon his ghouls to stretcher him home. Through the feelings of agony, shame and wounded pride which battled for supremacy in his mind, there shimmered despite it all the sneaking sensation of pride at no longer being a virgin.

The End





GVLARP

GVLARP

52 Fulmar Brae
Livingston
EH54 6UU

Phone: 07801520344
Email: admin@gvlarp.org.uk

We're on the Web
www.gvlarp.org.uk

Glasgow Vampire Live
Action Role-playing

Dark Times Sudoku

	3	7				6	5	
			4		7			
			9		5			
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5	7			8			1	9
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The Wicker Man (2006)

A sheriff investigating the disappearance of a young girl from a small island discovers there's a larger mystery to solve among the island's secretive, neo-pagan community.

This has got to be one of the worst films I've ever seen and I've seen a few. It is slow, boring, amateurish - not even consistent within its own simplistic reading of the plot. The actors do not act. I can't blame them - they have been given a script of such utter banality all they can do is trudge through it with a pain behind their eyes which has nothing to do with the evil

goings on in Summersisle.

There is not one moment in this film that rings true - not an honest line nor a single instant where one is moved. The Nicholas Cage character is so badly drawn that one feels not a smidgeon of compassion for him through all his tribulations. I have no doubt that I was seeing a suffering man up there but it was Nicholas Cage fully aware of the fact that he was in the worst movie of his entire career.

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September 2006

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