

# DARK TIMES

Volume 8, Issue 4

APRIL 2007

## GANG VIOLENCE ESCALATES

Violent gang clashes are on the increase in the Possil Park area of Glasgow. Groups of youths are regularly attacking each other with brutal and often lethal force. The gangs are thought to come from different areas of Possil Park and it seems as if a turf war is taking place between these gangs.

With clashes between youths on the increase the numbers of wounded, injured and dead are rising. The police have responded to criticism by saying that they are already stretched too thinly and that it is impossible for their officers to mount a campaign to curb the violence.

## SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST:

- *News*
- *Sudoku*
- *Caledonia Nocturnus*
- *Short story competition*

## EXPERTS REVEAL 'ANCIENT MASSACRE'

Bones found at a prehistoric burial site indicate they belonged to victims of an ancient massacre, say scientists.

Remains of 14 people were discovered at Wayland's Smithy, near Uffington White Horse, Oxfordshire, in the 1960s. Latest techniques date the bones at between 3590 BC and 3560 BC, and have led experts to believe the people may have died in a Neolithic Age massacre.

English Heritage carried out the work with the help of Cardiff University and the University of Central Lancashire.

### Flint arrowhead

Michael Wysocki of the University of Central Lancashire says the findings suggest the Neolithic Age was more violent than previously thought. The victims - three of them probably killed by arrows - could have died in a rush for land or livestock, he added.

He said: "We know one person was shot through the lower abdomen because we have found the tiny tip of a flint arrowhead embedded in their pelvic bone.

"We also know that the bodies of two people were scavenged and partially dismembered by dogs or wolves before their

remains were buried in the monument.

"All this new evidence suggests that the period between 3625 BC and 3590 BC may have been one of increasing social tension and upheaval."

The research also indicates that the use of Neolithic long barrows was short-lived - and did not take place over hundreds of years as previously thought.

English Heritage radiocarbon dating expert Alex Bayliss said: "With this research, we can now think about the Neolithic period in terms of individuals and communities and make useful and revealing comparisons between their choices and behaviour in the remote past.

"This dating programme demands a revolution in our thinking about prehistory and not just that of early Neolithic burial monuments in southern Britain."



## MILLIONAIRE DEATH DIVE

Eccentric millionaire David Daniel Lewis tragically died last week at the age of 46. It is reported that he was on the balcony of his £1.5 million mansion when he jumped from the said balcony. Mr. Lewis inherited his wealth from his family who owned a thriving business in Ostrich

farms. He is survived by his wife Rita 23, and his twin sons James and Jonah aged 3. At the reading of his will however, it was discovered that all his money was missing and as yet no trace of it can be found.

## BODY HORROR AT LOCH LOMOND

The body of a young woman has been found by the shores of Loch Lomond. The body was found by a group of Ramblers on a day walk around the shore of the Loch. Police were called immediately after the discovery of the shallow grave.



The body of the woman said to be in her early twenties has been taken by a forensic team for a thorough examination. As of yet the identity of the woman has not been released by the authori-

## CATHEDRAL ROBBERY

St. Mungos Cathedral has been the scene of a most heinous crime. It appears as though several Neds attempted to steal the cathedrals altar cross. One of the priests caught sight of the hooded and track-suited neds as they made their

getaway with the large religious icon. The Police picked them up before they had made it two blocks away. Father Michaels of St Mungos' branded the thieves as blasphemers whose souls will surely burn in the eternal fires of hell.

## CALEDONIA NOCTURNUS 2007

*You know, the chinese have a curse... something about living in interesting times. It doesn't get more "interesting" than war, I suppose. The Sabbat are attacking the Anarch and Camarilla cities all along the east coast of America and this time it looks like they are starting to win. What we need is a concerted plan. Something we can agree on and implement together with full force. Of course, agreement is probably the hardest part...*

The Anarchs are getting together to discuss the war with the Sabbat in the US. They've picked somewhere sparsely populated with kindred where no one can disturb them. There will be representatives from all along the American east coast and the rest of the world. This is a War Council. At the end of the meeting there should be a plan on how the Anarchs, and hopefully the Camarilla, will deal with the Sabbat incursion.

**Location:** Pitlochry Youth Hostel

**Arrive:** 7pm Fri 23rd November 2007

**Depart:** 11:30am Sun 25th November 2007

Tickets for GVLARP players will be £35. For non-GVLARP players it will cost £45. There will be a non-returnable deposit of £10 to secure your place.

Payment can be made in instalments to the Treasurer (Ellissa McIntosh, who plays Marchesa Vilanova) in either cash or cheque.

## SHORT STORY COMPETITION

Here is the winner of the short story competition that was run on the forums.

The rules were simple:

- Tell a short story, of any nature, from start to finish using no more than 200 words!
- It's not to be related to any in character people and is not an excuse to rip someone to shreds
- The best story wins.

There were five entries, and first prize went to **Cristal Codona** (who plays Celeste) for her Cthulhu-esque piece..



There it was again. She definitely felt it. It had touched her arm this time!

She contemplated what could be in the water with her that would feel so cold, so oddly textured and so strangely organic and forced down the bile rising in her throat.

Did she really want to find out? Looking down into the water everything was so murky. She couldn't see the bottom and didn't even want to consider might be down there. What she'd felt might only have been a small part of the thing she'd come into contact with. She knew she should have worn her wetsuit rather than her shorts and t-shirt when she'd started this and it was getting late.

Wasn't the water temperature dropping as well?

All alone, she knew no-one would hear her cries for help and if it was up to her she wouldn't even be here in the first place. This would be the last favour she did anyone.

A few bubbles floated up and popped around her hand releasing a smell like carrion.

The next time she did the washing up for her flat mate, she was going to invest in some industrial strength washing up liquid.

\* \* \*

However, the quality of the entries was very high so I felt I had to include the rest of them! Read for yourself if you don't believe me.

**By Connor Maclean.** Fuck, this is getting intense. I landed a blow in the first ones gut as his fist impacted Ryan's face. He doubles up. Good, only a sea of bodies minus 1 to deal with now. Someone hits me in the back of the head; the dull pain stuns me for a moment, enough time for whoever is behind me to land another. I spin around in time to narrowly avoid a third. My fist lashes out, the time for trying to hold half this mob back has been and gone. "Bastard!" The punch to the face is enough to send him and a few people behind him tumbling to the floor.

I leap and swing at another but he narrowly dodges my attack and my elbow makes a sickening crunch as it collides with his unlucky comrade's nose. Fuck it, it's his fault, he shouldn't be there in the first place. I risk a glance over my shoulder. Fuck, he's barely holding his ground.

My view returns to the sea of trackie tops and bleached blond hair. Rage over comes me. How dare these imbeciles attack my friend when they outnumber him 40 to one! I launch myself into them, throwing punches and elbows at anyone of them unfortunate enough to be within my grasp. I pause for breath just as the deputy head charges through the crowd. "Break it up!"

**By Tracy Paterson.** Barely a word had passed between them as they entered the dark room, their hands locked together. The door closes and in an instant he presses her insistently against the wall, the lust growing within him as his lips clash against hers. He had been watching her all night, her body moving sinuously as the lights glistened around her. This body, which he now held in his arms, he was eager to explore.

She returned his lustful kisses with equal fervour, savouring his musky, rich scent. Her hands equally anxious to explore his body and feel his growing ardour. They remained locked together in this carnal embrace, giving themselves over to the temptation and sin.

With a deft quickness he had succeeded in releasing himself from his trousers and guided himself into her. Holding her up against the wall their lovemaking was desperate and frantic, loud and reckless. His animalistic urges mirroring her own, their groans and screams of pleasure impossible to conceal as they plunged headlong over the abyss into bliss.

Their passion subsiding, he tenderly places her on the ground once more and rearranges his attire while she does the same. Glancing at his watch he grins, as the front door clicks open and his parents come home.

**By Alexander Hinman.** In a large, dark mass -a storm cloud, actually- a water droplet glided amongst others of its kind. Its kin. They bounced and collided, and this water droplet froze, solidified, collecting others to its cause, bonding with them, making its hard, icy shell.

It collected its smaller siblings, finally becoming almost the size of a baseball. A perfect, shimmering globe of ice, now at the top of the cloud, the sunlight piercing it, and splintering within. Then the wind that suspended the droplet, now the



GVLARP

52 Fulmar Brae  
Livingston  
EH54 6UU

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

We're on the Web  
[www.gvlarp.org.uk](http://www.gvlarp.org.uk)

GLASGOW VAMPIRE LIVE ACTION  
ROLE-PLAYING

## DARK TIMES SUDOKU (HARD)

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centre of a ball of hail, its very core, failed to lift it any higher.

And now this ball plummeted, the tiniest amounts of ice shaving away instant by instant.

As this sphere headed downward, faster and faster, flanked by its smaller brethren, if it could say anything to its target, the pavement below, its voice would have broken the clouds with its volume in the single phrase, 'I'm gonna get you.'

But then an obstruction appeared, and the golfball-sized globe of hail broke my foot.

**By Cristal Codona (entry 2)** He slouched home in the dark, avoiding the main routes. He didn't want to be caught heading home at this time. Her indoors wouldn't like it. Out all night again.

He realised he'd been living with her for 5 years. She must be used to his night time liaisons by now? Maybe she was happily living in ignorance. He doubted she would recognise any of his conquests if they walked right up to her, anyway. It wasn't like she didn't have her own little 'distractions'. He'd seen the guy leaving their house the other night. He hadn't let on, but there'd be a little sabotage to one of her favourite dresses later.

He felt a vague sense of guilt. She'd be awake in bed worrying herself sick. More fool her. He had his roof over his head, his dinners ready, he could come and go as he pleased and he didn't contribute anything. No doubt when he joined her in the bedroom she wouldn't be able to keep her pawing hands off him. A small sacrifice. He supposed he loved her in a dutiful kind of way.

He slunk in through the cat flap, careful not to trap his tail.

## 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



Email: admin@gvlarp.org.uk

## April 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4 Court	5	6	7
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