



The Nocturnal Information Source

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SOCIETY MATTERS

Rogan attacking Tremere, caitiff attacking Tremere, Garou, Nosferatu and Gangrel wading in (how surprising), blood and limbs flying everywhere, blah blah blah blah. Actually that would probably be enough to summarise the whole evening, apart from the one glaring omission. I was injured! Yes, you read correctly, me, your very own social butterfly and purveyor of all good things of a gossipy nature was hit in the arm by the evil caitiff, armed with a sword of all things. There we were Valek, myself and I believe Simon Kline standing well out of (what we thought was) the danger area, only having to duck occasionally as a stray Tremere limb flew past; actually on that note, apparently a Nos, the new clan head I believe said he "fell" against the Tremere and the poor chap's leg dropped off...almost unbelievable one might say. But I digress. As I was saying, we had decided to move out of the way even further when the caitiff went mad and started to lay about himself with said sword. This is, I point out, after he had already slain a member of Clan Tremere (their only fatality amazingly). Valek went first and ended up hamstrung, I was injured in the arm and of course our good Simon Kline managed to escape injury, thank goodness! The guilty party obviously then paid the price of such a vile act, and was set upon by clan Gangrel and torn to pieces, hurrah!

Anyway gentle reader, I'm back right as rain you will all be delighted to know, although apparently Rogan made a slightly less successful recovery from his injuries...In addition the Garou seem to be a trifle upset with our Prince. Let us hope this does not destabilise the fragile truce-cum-alliance that exists in our war-torn city. Such a difficult position to be Prince, a slippery political tightrope at best, hmmm? Thankfully he himself was far enough back from the danger area to not be personally injured, although with all this fighting and people being allowed to wield weapons at Court it would probably do for all of the less war-like Elders of the city to follow his example and stay as far away from collections of Brujah/Nos/Gangrel/Garou etc as possible. Who knows what might happen after all?

Anyway, sweeties, other social matters are on the back burner at the moment, as it is always rather difficult to talk about art when one is in danger of being disembowelled. Hopefully all this unpleasantness will have died down by the time we next meet and you are reading this. I shall of course be putting a brave face on my injury and the events surrounding it, so never fear I will be there at Court to show that it never does to hide in one's bolt-hole in times of strife. Like the Queen Mother in WWII, where a few commoners getting randomly slaughtered didn't stop her enjoying a life of luxury, I too shall be there, cheering our good people on.

'Til next time darlings

Alexander Paul
Clan Toreador

GLASGOW BEGGARS

The following is a typical view from an average Glasgow resident:

It is now not possible, it seems, to walk a city centre street of Glasgow without being asked to part with your hard-earned cash in some way or another. What has happened in recent years to cause such a huge increase in aggressive in-your-face begging? Has the Big Issue anything to do with it or are the people who give them money only creating a market for it? Are they now some sort of organised underground business linked to the world of drugs? Should the police do something? I find them intimidating and God knows what any tourists think?

Karen

I would suggest that if you find yourself in the same position as Karen that you give the beggar a few coins as this will allow him to Beg on.

James MacPherson

HOROSCOPE FOR THE MONTH

Stomping Sagittarius

Quick off the hoof this month are the beloved Sagittarians in your life with their dreaming and scheming. How can you resist their soft look of temptation as they twist you round their finger. BUT be warned as not only can they deal a nasty kick, but a nasty nip. Watch out for that person with the letter S in their first name, tut-tut, naughty horsie!

Mystic As-Hur

DUAL ANARCHY/DARK TIMES

Well this is a turn up for the books isn't it? A unique dual issue and just in time for Christmas too! I bet you are asking "what did I do to deserve this in my Christmas Stocking?" and the answer would be "you did nothing", because that's exactly what's happening, nothing. DT and also Anarchy flourish when players, like you, yes you, submit articles, stories, slander & other rants and raves. If you wish to pen a piece to Dark Times, just send it to me at james@devlin.net. If you want to vent your spleen in Anarchy, well then, Colm is yer man to see. If there is a lack of articles there will be a lack of Dark Times or Anarchy. It's as simple as that. Even one of Santa's elves could figure that one out, and the reason it's on one sheet of paper this month? It's to appease all those treehugging liberals out there who want to commune with nature... Save the planet.. pah! Anyway... Thanks to Paul McKie for coming thru at the last minute, otherwise there would've been NO Dark Times this month.

ANARCHY



Unite!

We are the bane of the corrupt, the friends of the truth, the speakers for the dead. We are the Anarchic Commune and we shall not be silenced.

Welcome from Your Guide

Buëno, buëno. Welcome my friends, to this new edition today. I have a little bad news I'm afraid, see, we the commune are having to move home. It seems that our little guerrilla war is being put on hold. Some homebros that we respect think its not a good idea at the moment, so we are moving up to California for the time being. This means that means that it is harder for us to get this out over the next little while until we get settled, so we are looking for our brethren out there to publish it in your own city. If you get in touch with us, we'll have a database of worldwide stories you can keep adding, and it means that you guys can have things in the paper more of your city. So aaai, my friends, this is your chance to join the Commune! Bueno, Bueno!

Jose Julio Jesus Enrique Mendosa Gonzales.

Get Stuck In There Boys!

Mymim mim mim mim mya... Genetic crops are bad.

Mymim mim mim mim mya... Hug the trees.

Mymim mim mim mim mya... I died a virgin...

Mymim mim mim mim mya... My sire ditched me for being a freak.

Mymim mim mim mim mya... No one likes me so I hide behind my pen-name.

Mymim mim mim mim mya... My name is X.

What a freak you are X.
Malchieniven,

Think.

The latest Red List makes some pretty bad reading; it's a list compiled by the World Conservation Union that shows what species, that we know of, are facing extinction.

Some 11,167 species are now threatened with extinction, an increase of 121 since 2000.

Many kindred and kine out there would say that this is just the natural order of things; species die out after there cycle on the earth has been completed, but the vast majority are being routed out of their homes at an accelerated rate, due to us. We are all running towards a cliff at a great speed, and divided, neither humanity and the Kindred have a chance of stopping before we hit the edge; we need to work together, like we did in the old days, and maybe we can turn this world around.

On a personal note, if you really think I'm a pussy, and that you're so great Malchien, why don't you come find me, and we'll sort all this bother out once and for all.

X

You know who you are. We know who you are. They will soon know us.

NEXT ISSUE COMING SOON.