

# Dark Times

Volume 9, Issue 7

July 2008

## Masquerade Shattered!?

Dark Times Staff Writers

Experts from Forensic Services Glasgow have been working round the clock in response to the murders of two Glasgow police officers killed outside Springburn train station. Sergeant Murphy and PC Richardson were killed in the line of duty while trying to apprehend a group of vandals who have been targeting CCTV

cameras around the city. Police have described the deaths as "brutal and violent". Atlas Road remained closed for over 24 hours as forensic experts and police officers searched the scene and surrounding area. A number of witnesses describe a short, slight man who was wearing a hooded sweatshirt, dark trousers and a balaclava. As the CCTV footage is being analyzed the police are confident they will be able to add to that description. What they are not currently saying is that the crime was impossible.



The marks on the bodies do not resemble the marks one would expect to be made with the power tools left at the scene even if one was ignoring that neither of the tools had a single bit of blood on them. Staying on the point of blood there was surprisingly little blood found on the bodies at the scene. In the lead up to the murders one of the men held his angle

grinder wielding accomplice up into the air for a number of minutes to allow him to reach the camera mounting, a feat that one might expect from a professional weightlifter but not a short slight

man. Marks in the pavement suggest the weapon to be clawed and capable to ripping through concrete and metal. This entire affair paints an ugly picture and lets hope that the Police continue to stay quiet.

## Burning

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## Money

Dark Times Staff Writers

Earlier this week saw the controversial dismissal of the law suit against ScotWear Ltd, a fully owned subsidiary of Santos Ltd, an Australian oil company and proprietor of the recently burned down clothing factory in Tradeston. The blaze cost 22 lives; 16 workers and 6 fire fighters. It also took over twelve hours to be brought fully under control. Fire investigators found a number breaches of both fire regulations and work place directives but the case against ScotWear collapsed. Administrative errors in the investigation had made a large section of evidence inadmissible. Some of the key witnesses, the workers themselves who had been staying in the UK illegally, were deported before they could testify. What was left was a myriad of conflicting expert witnesses and after only three days in court the jury found a verdict of not proven. Since then a spokesperson for ScotWear has told the media that ScotWear is considering a counter suit against the fire service for deliberate and excessive property damage dealt during the rescue operation. Further details are currently not available.

## Disabling the Broken Record

Anonymous

... And hence this pen touches paper.

An echo  
A stain  
A mark upon your name!  
Out damned spot, out!  
Out damned spot, out!

Refrain from diverting this

Refrain

Waltz with Pavlovian idiosyncratic wit  
Or take the time  
To get in line  
And instead  
Shatter it!

Shard after shard  
Of conditioned response:

Three times  
Three times  
Three;

Broken  
Lies  
The pattern that defines thee.

Refrain from diverting this  
Refrain

... And hence this pen touches paper  
(A broken record later).

## The Soiree That Never Was

Tobias Weaver

As a member of clan Toreador, I consider artistic events in these rather dry and political times as moments to be cherished, diamonds in the rough as it were of a rather unrelenting Court. It was with crushing disappointment therefore that our esteemed colleagues from Edinburgh felt that due to the perceived 'instability' in Glasgow it was not prudent for the performance to go ahead.

The Court, whilst lively enough with debate of all sorts, was therefore strangely empty, notwithstanding a performance from our very own Mr Turpy in a brief attempt to lift our spirits. Such a pity our good Prince had pressing business elsewhere, as I feel his stalwart presence would have done much to restore the calm so keenly sought of late.

Let us hope that Glasgow can once again be known as our very own city of culture, and these difficult times can be put aside in a show of unity to our fellow cities.

With regards to my fellow kindred.

## Great Britain By Night

Margery Houndsworth-Stone, Clan Toreador, Ancilla, Harpy of London

So very little to report this month, darlings.

Rumors have reached me from the city of York that their sheriff is missing. Perhaps he has become derelict in his duty. Perhaps the anarch movement and its allies have taken revenge.

No surprises that Glasgow has managed to spoil a social gathering!

They should take a leaf from the book of Marcus Leavenholme, of Severn. His recent party in that domain was reputedly a great success.

## Society Matters – Keeping Etiquette

Dr Robert Douglas Hume

My fellow Kindred of Glasgow,

I write this month on behalf of my noble bloodline, particularly the noble Duchess Montague, who was much aggrieved by the events at last month's musically themed soiree. Her Ladyship was most offended by the actions of an Alistair Douglas, a rude and untutored Nosferatu, lacking entirely in the social graces a Camarilla member should have. By failing to treat the Duchess with the appropriate respect, which Her Ladyship has earned through her many services to the Camarilla, Mr Douglas provoked not only Her Ladyship's ire, but that of Mr Ulrichson, who also took offence with Mr Douglas' manner.

Given the opportunity to apologise by his honourable clan head Cosimo de Azerna, Mr Douglas compounded matters by refusing to acknowledge his mistakes, and provoking further confrontation. This is a most serious breach of etiquette for a Kindred of his standing, who should have been grateful for the opportunity to apologise to such highly placed Camarilla members, and that they did not simply seek to see his indiscretions punished. I feel that his actions should be widely known, so that those who wish to can avoid any social unpleasantness from associating with this gentleman. Should the gentleman wish to begin making reparations for his actions however, he should approach myself, and I may be able to aid him.

I had hoped that my presence in Glasgow would be unobtrusive for longer, but having witnessed breaches of custom and appropriate social behaviour, I feel compelled to step forward to call for a more civilised Court, which recognises the reputations of those noble Kindred who have earned their high standing, and which honours prestation. There are many traditions and protocols of the Camarilla, but these two above all hold our society together.

It seems that while the need for a Keeper of the Masquerade, or the Elysium is most obvious, the need for a similar keeper for these traditions and etiquettes often goes overlooked. I therefore offer myself for this role, and I offer my name, and my reputation should any Kindred require a witness to a grant of prestation. I hope the other Kindred of Glasgow will assist me in this task and feel free to approach me, I would like to help those with a legitimate complaint to air their voice, and also any who would like to make positive reference to another Kindred.

On this note, and as a reminder that I have also witnessed evidence of a positive Camarilla spirit, Mr Turpy's actions at last

month's gathering were heartening; he was able to end his dispute with clan Tremere, and performed a service to the Lady Eleanor, and to us all, by favouring us with a musical performance. For this month, let Mr Turpy's attitude be an example to us all.

## Game of Cat and Mouse

### Voice in the Night

Well well well, with the Prince not daring to attend there was no obvious movement on the Tremere/Aldworth feud, but that doesn't mean that this month's gathering wasn't eventful. After all, how often does an Edinburgh Toreador elder hold an event, and then not show face? Did the Toreador even notice? Or were they too busy brewing their own feud with a neonate.

Speaking of last month's Tremere fun, that pot boiled over again, with an attempted staking, a blatant breach of the rules of Elysium. Mark was his usual ineffective self, and his efforts achieved nothing, leaving it for Aldworth to sort out. So the question is, will he rightly demand the execution of the Tremere aggressor, or will he back down for fear of pushing the Tremere more than he has the guts to.

All together, an interesting mess for Aldworth to deal with next court. It seems when the cat

is away, the mice will come out to play, plot, bitch, bite each other, call themselves anarch mice, and apparently stand on each other's shoulders and declare themselves the new cat.

I'll end on that note, all hail Prince Rothchilde!

## Lost Hopes

### Lady Eleanor Plunkett

Kindred of Glasgow,

I wish to extend my thanks to Mr Turpy for his gracious welcome to the city. Also my best wishes to him for the wounds he suffered at my event, along with my sincere apologies.

How dare the sheriff of the domain allow such an insult to myself go unpunished! For such a reputedly well respected member of the Camarilla to be so lax seems disingenuous. Can your sheriff really be that famed Gangrel of old?

Those more civilised Kindred across Britain had hoped that Aldworth's reign would usher a new era of prosperity to the city of Glasgow. It seems those hope may have been unfounded.

Dark Times is accepting submissions. Send in writing to the address below:

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