

HET WEEFGETOUIW

EEN MAANDELIJKE UITGAVE VAN
DE STAD DER GEWOVEN DUISTERNE

3 mei 2014

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Parable

Once upon a time there was an idyllic garden. All things that grow and thrive under the sun resided in this timeless place. Great trees, fragrant flowers and animals of all kinds could be found in this harmonious place. Last to arrive here were the blessed children of the sun. Perfectly innocent were these, and they were known as "kine."

Father sun looked down upon his children and was pleased. Never, ever would they do anything that was not of His design. And thus they were, for time beyond reckoning, unchanging. Ignorant. Blessed. Alas, father sun forgot that not all things that resided upon the earth were under his purview. Strange things slithered about in dark shadows.

It was from these shadows that on one perfect day a sibilant whisper reached the ears of the Woman. "Ah, but surely there is no harm in the eating of a single apple? Perhaps just a bite..." And she knew not from whence this whisper came, but the words gnawed at her all the same. She thought upon them, and she marked the passage of time. She noticed the darkness that came inbetween the phases of father sun, and no longer knew sleep.

And so she stole away from the Man under cover of night. She went to the great tree and she plucked a single apple from its spreading branches. And she bit it. She chewed it, and swallowed it, bit by bit. And she knew all that had been and that was to come and she wept bitter tears for that knowledge. She went and awoke the Man with a whisper and an apple seed, telling him that there was a world beyond this mirage. There would be hardship. There would be pain and suffering. But it would be real, and it would be to a greater purpose.

And thus they left the garden. Father sun begged his children to return, but they would no longer hear the lies of the light that blinds. They knew eachother, and that was enough to sustain them in the times of darkness. Children they had, and children they had in turn.

A brother would slay a brother, and their mother would know to her pain that she had seen correctly. A curse and prophecy came to be true. The eldest brother, first to murder, sired three children. They sired thirteen children in turn.

One of these children would one night decide to go to sleep.

He would decide to dream of a garden, where he would whisper to the mother of them all...

– Anonieme afzender.

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Wat ons ter ore kwam

- Waarom is Domein Eindhoven zo stil over Breda? Wie en waar is de pion van de Haes?
- Domein Den Bosch krijgt langzaamaan weer meer voet aan de grond in Brabant.
- De keuze van Domein Den Bosch voor mogelijke Prins van Breda schijnt gevallen te zijn...
- Ductus Leopold, van het Antwerpse pack 'De Leopolds' is zijn hoofd kwijt.
- Na een maandenlange hetze zijn de laatste resten van Clan Followers of Set uit Londen uitgeroeid. Dit alles na een verspreking van een Setite neonate.
- Door het goede weer zijn er veel mensen later op straat deze maand. Zelfs in de Katsbogten was het goed jagen.

Het laatste Woord

Wél wél wél, da wés men wél un zooike, diene matpartij bij dunne kétsbogtuh. Nu moar hopen dèh Prins de Haes tevreë is mej 't behoalde resultaat. We goan 't zien. Bèhzèèhn is meejoake! Net áás die fiskes op 't industrieterrèen! Ook fèèn, áááltèèèd!

Verliezer van de maand:

Prins de Haes. Zomaar je favoriete ghoul kwijtraken aan wat knullige Sabbat.

Winnaar van de Maand:

Domein Tilburg voor het oprollen van bovengenoemde Sabbat. En blijf weg, losers.

Uitspraak uit het Elysium:

"Eet mijn gladius, barbaar!"

Wat er gezegd gaat worden deze avond:

"Waarom neemt mijn contactpersoon zijn telefoon nou niet op? "

Kopij voor het weefgetouw naar weefgetouw@wovendarkness.com