



The Times

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A Year Under The Fence: A Retrospective

It is now a year since the return of our Most Glorious Rulers of Old The Immortal and Immaculate Children of Tanis, most Wise and Noble of Serpents and that most senior amongst them, our Empress, *SheWhoActsWithWisdom* and her senior consort *DrenchedInTheBloodofTraitors*. In the spirit of this anniversary, this whole edition of the *Times* is turned over to a celebration of the last year, but this editorial will remind our Loyal Readers and the citizens of this Sceptred Serpent Isle of the wonder that our rulers have brought us.

The Arrival

A year to the day the Great Hero commander...now First Sea Lord of course...Suckling landed with our most Sage and Illustrious rulers at Greenwich. Immediately *SheWhoActsWithWisdom* and those twenty or so true Serpent Folk with her were hailed as the rightful rulers, not only of London and its connected Realms, but also of the human race as a whole. At least, they were so hailed by all right thinking people: a few would have none of it, notably Bollingbroke and his army. He marched upon the Glorious Snakes to give battle, but by their Cunning and Sage artifice they brought from the depths the first of the Ancient Ones, those serpent people who had once ruled England. This Ancient One, a magnificent specimen of Fossil and Crystals confronted Bollingbroke and his army, and soon convinced them to stand down, though a few were killed. Bollingbroke was immediately taken to the tower where he lives comfortably and still awaits the pleasure of the Empress. His assistant, the one called The Ragged Woman, is reported, however, to have fled.

Parliament was likewise found to be a nest of traitors and, whilst they swore allegiance to our ever lasting Empress most were eaten, as is proper, during the much celebrated 'Night of the Feast of the Corrupt'. London was quickly brought under control, with the one single incident being the foul murder of three of *SheWhoActsWithWisdom's* consorts by the arch murderer and traitor Fraser. He was driven off, though he remains at large to this day. A magnificent pyramid now stands in the centre of Bromley to commemorate the dead.

The connected Realms were slow in realising that our rulers of old were just and true, and some rebellion took place, but such rebellion was brief, and little fighting was seen as more of the Great Crystal Ancient Serpents of Stone were called from their slumber and confront the so called 'Realm Wardens' of these places. Soon, the King and Mistress Westminster were seen in the constant company of these Great Ones and Brighton and Winchester soon saw the error of their ways ~ though isolated murders still occur in Winchester to this day, and a second pyramid has been built to commemorate the dead. Attempts on the life of the Great One there, however, failed.

Peterloo proved a little more problematic, with the Great One there taking on a curious malaise, unwilling to stir himself and debating with any who meet with him peculiar points of Philosophy and Fancy. His sleep clearly imparted to him a deep wisdom beyond our ken. His seeming indifference has made the clearing of the population of Peterloo somewhat difficult, though many have been moved into London to work on roads and monuments and the more recalcitrant and lazy have been, quite properly, hunted down and eaten. From somewhere in Peterloo Thomas Paine writes scurrilous pamphlets claiming the Serpent people have *mesmerised* the population, of all things.

In Little Germania there was isolated fighting, and battles between these forest hiding thugs and the Roman garrison persists to this day, though they are little more than raids and annoyances.

Aztecia, traitorous fools that they are, cut off all links with London just before the Serpent People arrived, even going so far as to somehow sever the Sea Lane.

Canute and his Vikings remained in the marshes beyond Dartford, cowering in his persistent rain.

Using the routes charted by the Royal Navy, First Sea Lord Suckling was soon able to bring many of the Children of the Snake to our most welcoming shores.

The Fence

With London still besieged by attacks from Formorians and Welsh Dragon Men (though the latter was less frequent) *SheWhoActsWithWisdom* soon acted to defend us all. Constructing the great Crystal Power station – which was partially masterminded by Professor Brandy, though mostly controlled by the Children of the Serpent - at Battersea required the galvanic essence of many men, women and children - but they were either the old or infirm who went willing in order to make such a valuable contribution or those condemned for some crime. The Great Pylons erected around London then channelled this force and, since its completion London and its connected Realms has suffered no external attack. Lives go to fuel the power station, which now also provides crystal lights to the homes of the wealthy, but only a few compared with those that would be lost ~ and criminals rather than our brave troops. Though Brandy made an attempt to sabotage the place, he has been forgiven, and is now allowed to work under house arrest. Thankfully the Fence also keeps out the uncultured rebels from Calais which is situated outside its boundaries.

Under The Fence

In the six months since the Fence was complete attention has been turned to repairing the appalling road systems of London and to the building of appropriate monuments ~ the most magnificent of which will stand above Kew Gardens, the Serpent Sphinx mostly complete, the Great Pyramid well under way. Huge boulevards have been built running North South and East West, the *Boulevard of Dawn and Dusk* and the *Boulevard of the North Star*.

Attention has also been turned to Canute and his Vikings: the army masses, supported by great Galvanic Wind Cannons to push back the rain, ready to take back the land beyond Dartford.



