

BRINY EN GARDE!

Being in the Main a Game of the Life of a Gentleman Seeking Fame & Fortune in the Royal Navy at the Time of the Napoleonic Wars, and his Several Companions

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We are all in the same boat in a stormy sea, and we owe each other a terrible loyalty. ~G. K. Chesterton



New Season Sees Changes in the Navy

THE ROYAL NAVY IS INFLUENCED; Recruits arrive and crew seek higher berths.

Letters arrived from the desk of influential persons in London, believed to be relatives of Serena Samuels. It is known that Miss Samuels was seen on the arm of Midshipman Douglas of the Royal Oak and both wished the ship to go to sea. While it would part this young couple, Douglas is known for his patriotic fervour and ambitions, and Miss Samuels may have her eye on the monetary rewards that come from campaigns.

While newcomer Yastak Oharrah Yalesford was accepted and purchased a Lieutenant's commission aboard the Mercury, Private Heywood of the Royal Marines seemed to forget that he was also assigned to the Mercury, and both were on the ship as it sailed in March. Lieutenant Dai Llwydium-Crystal sailed with

the Enterprise, and the Hornet rounded out the blockade squadron for the next three seasons.

George Osgood Peabody joined the Glenmorangie as a sailor, but opted to sail with the Caligula for the season, along with volunteer James Blonde. Harold Byng-Crosby remained aboard the Tickler, joined by newcomer Andy Boddy.

On shore, the gregarious Mr McBean was finally seen applying for a position on a ship and found himself with a Lieutenancy on the Dreadnought. With a bit of coin for motivation, the tailor found a uniform in the perfect size for the gentleman. Shipmates Matthew Alistair Pratingly and Philip Cecile Roberts were determined to upgrade themselves from sailors to able seamen, and Sebastian Bracegirdle did the same on the Berwickshire. One week less of duty should allow them more time for improvements!

Royal Marine Private Patrick Stern likewise wished to trade his weeks of duty for other activities, and submitted a polite request to his Lordship, Captain

Viscount O'Mally. Stern's lesson is one many other young gentlemen should learn: higher-ups seldom regard such requests without some influence applied.

Hercules Kimberley Steptoe was accepted as a

Royal Marine and assigned to the Nemesis. There was much talk around the recruitment office of gross incompetence; the standards had been inadvertently lowered and there was some shake-up as current Marines were reconsidered and the matter corrected.*

Spring Season Begins

“BLOODYHELL! THEY’RE GOING TO RACK US BOTH. Get down you bastards if you want to be even remotely close to alive in ten seconds time!”

Two weeks earlier...

Sam sat in his usual chair near the window but for once his attention wasn't on the street below but on the letter before him. He had been enjoying a quiet few days at his country estate, away from the parties and planning of London, when it had arrived. He had travelled swiftly to the Royal Oak and left Sum Yun Gai in charge of the preparations needed for such a voyage. But who was the author of the letter and what opportunities awaited him as a consequence of his willingness to put to sea?

“Captain Marvell?”

The tenor of the voice surprised him, especially when it came from such a large man, but the utterance of his name did not. After all the man was late.

“Yes... and you are?”

“My name is unimportant but my employers would be most grateful if you would put the Royal Oak to sea.”

As the conversation developed Sam quickly learnt that at least one member of his crew could call upon influential friends.

“All is made ready Sir.”

“Thank you, Lieutenant Sum. Please set a course for Nantes. We are to spend the season exercising the ship off the French coast and perhaps even sinking a Frog or two.”

A midshipman was ushered in as they ate breakfast.

“The blockade squadron is in sight from the masthead, sir,” he reported to Sum.



“Very good, Mr Douglas... Captain, your orders?”

“Signal the squadron and invite Livonwater, Robust, Farrell, Trower, and Ames aboard for a supper in my cabin, with one promising officer each.”

“So gentleman, we are clear as to our objectives?”

“Yes, Samuel... but...” It was Trower who spoke, a whip happy near incompetent of a man who relied as much on the high ability of his marine commander when at sea as he did on his

well-placed family when he was in London.

“Yes Morris? But what...?” replied Sam knowing that the man wanted to express his confusion while lacking the mind to do so politely.

“Nothing... um...”

“Very well, keep safe gentleman and more importantly keep the French in France.”

“Eight Bells, sir.”

Sam came back into consciousness and immediately knew that something was different.

“Spit it out man!”

“The French are trying their luck, sir. A Ship of the Line, 2nd rater the Lieutenant thinks, and a number of smaller ships, 32 guns or thereabouts, are under sail and trying to heading out, sir.”

“Thank you Gaines, Please inform Lieutenant Bradley I shall be on deck shortly.”

“What’s happening?”

“Captain Livonwater and Mercury have the wind and the enemy seem unprepared to engage in anything but stalling tactics.”

“Yes, I can see now. Yet the French man seems set on dragging Mercury east and exposing a gap around and

about *Tickler* and *Caligula*. A gap that the 2nd rater will hit in the next hour or two. I just hope that Livonwater knows that because I doubt that Trower has a clue.”

On board *The Mercury*

“Three points to Starboard, hold that course... *come on you bastard stop playing games.*”

“Captain.”

“Yes, Lieutenant Yalesford. How can I help?”

“Signal from *Royal Oak*, Sir. Hold the line if at all possible.”

“I must thank Marvell for pointing out the obvious but... Call on hands,” said Livonwater suddenly, “Beat to Quarters.”

The drums roared and the hands came pouring to their required stations.

“Run out the guns,” shouted Yalesford, “One broadside into her, and she’s ours”

The trucks roared as one hundred tons of metal were run out. At the breech of every gun there clustered an eager group. The linstocks smouldered sullenly.

“A rolling barrage, Mr Fitzgerald, I want three broadsides inside five minutes and keep the marines firing from the mast.”

Out to the port side Captain Robust and *Hornet* remained unengaged and frustrated.

“Will the French not share out the fun?” The words were spoken near silently but they didn’t disguise the frustration of the man. It was clear that *Hornet* posed a threat to the French but dispatches would only say that its part in the battle, and therefore the part of its captain and its men, were inconclusive.

“Keep the wind.”

“Aye, Aye sir. Three points to port Mr Smyth if you would. Keep us between then French and that growing avenue on the port bow of *Mercury*. We can’t take *Turenne* ourselves but if we can steer her towards *Caligula* and *Tickler* then they stand a chance between them of halting her progress.”

“And what of *Enterprise*?”

“We get the credit for nothing beyond playing our part in the battle... that will have to be enough for today.”

“Where’s *Hornet* going?”

“He’s going to turn back the *Cassandra*... leaving us, with the help of *Tickler*, to hold *Turenne*.”

“Us... against a 2nd Rater... what...”

“As you can see sir, we have the wind and between us we match her almost ton for ton...”

“Almost... they don’t sound like the best odds I could get at a table at the Dolphin or Lloyds.”

“No sir but *Caligula* is a fighting ship and we are all ready to do just that.”

Suddenly there was a tremendous crash as *Turenne* fired her port-side battery all together. She heaved with the recall and Trower and his men could only watch as the tons of metal raced across the sea towards them. Most drop short but one skipped across the surface and hit the side with a shocking reverberation.

“At the edge of her range, sir, but we will be brought to battle soon enough.”

“*Caligula* is moving to engage, but the French have stolen the wind” mused Ames, “Suggestions Mr Potts?”

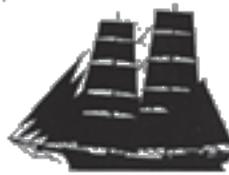
“We need to help ‘er, sir, and that means engagement as well, sir” replied the young midshipman.

“I fear you are right Mr Potts but these are certainly not the conditions I would have chosen. *Turenne* out guns, out manoeuvres us both and I am afraid out thinks at least one of us.”

“Square away and sound to quarters.”

“Bloody hell! They’re going to rack us both. Get down you bastards if you want to be even remotely close to alive in ten seconds time!”

The voice was that of the bosun on *Tickler* or had been as he was quickly laid so far past death as to be mush as the broadside of the *Turenne* hit. Ball and chain, and grape shot tore through wood and flesh with equal disdain and soon a fighting ship of the blockade was battered. One shard of wood the size of a mature bull ripped through sailor Byng-Crosby before he could take any of the bosun’s advice. The blood of his friend covered Sailor Boddy but he didn’t flinch. His first shot took a frog in the throat and he flung away his gun and used Crosby’s to take out a second Frenchie. Around him men either died, screamed or fought and Boddy had no intention of doing either of the first two so he fought (an action that would later see him promoted to able seaman).



“Fire!”

The explosion was different. The guns to left and right erupted in a cloud of smoke and noise and the recoil rocked the world itself. However, the gun in front of him merely exploded sending near molten metal ripping through his chest. Peabody knew he was dead but his gun mates were dead as well and the other crews were too busy trying to stay alive to realise it themselves.

Caligula was engaged and Blonde kept focused on his task. Ram the ball. Ram the ball. How many bloody balls had he rammed? Not enough. He had heard of some captains who spend their own money on spare shot and powder so their crews could practice but not Trower. He was too tight for that so the crews were shoddy in comparison to some in the navy. *Not ever when I'm a captain* he thought, *if I live long enough to become one.*

God, *Caligula* and *Tickler* were both hit. The two ships, change in a moment from fighting vessels to near wrecks. Both had lost their towering mainmasts just above the deck, masts and shrouds, and the yards of canvas they carried were now either trailing over the quarter and hanging down from the side.

“Back the maintops’l” roared Sum.

“Helm-a-lee,” said Marvell, “Cut them off, we have the wind and they need to pay for the damage they just did to our boys.”

The range was a little over a thousand yards now, Sam judged—a long cannon shot. Nine hundred, eight hundred, seven, six. The *Turenne* disappeared in a cloud of smoke and moments later the sound of the broadside hit them, moments later it was the spray of water and the screaming of dying men. Five hundred, four hundred. A second cloud and more men died but not as many, not nearly as many who were about to die on the *Turenne*.

“Fire, full broadside.”

The recoil was immense but the collateral damage on the *Turenne* paid hundred fold for that little discomfort.

“Hard to Port... Fire, second broadside”

Where moments before there had been a splendid vessel of the line their now stood a shattered, burning ship with nothing to do but turn tail and run for the safety of port.

THE ROYAL OAK, NANTES

23rd March 1795

TO THE LORDS COMMISSIONER OF THE ADMIRALTY,

I am writing with my report from the blockade of Nantes. On the 22nd Day of March the French vessel *Turenne* and her escorts sought to break the blockade and I am happy to report that none were successful. As a result of the action I would make the following recommendations. Aboard HMS Royal Oak I recommend the promotion of Midshipmen Oates and Douglas to 5th and 4th Lieutenant respectively. On *Mercury* the promotion of Private Heywood RM to Subaltern. On *Enterprise* Captain Farrell to be given his steps and promoted to command of the *Alexander* and Lieutenant Llwydium-Crystal to replace him as commander of the *Enterprise*. Other men served with distinction but their names are recalled in greater detail in the attached packages from each ship.

Your obed't servant,

S.A. Marvell

Captain, Royal Oak

Editors note: Due to the skills of the builders, the shipyards report that the *Tickler* and *Caligula* are repaired and will continue their service at Sea in April.



Flashing Blades

In the misty morning of the first of the month, a group of men met due to a matter of honour between Able Seaman Matthew Pratingly and Harold Taylor due to a dispute over a lady's affections. Wisdom Codrington, acting as second for Mr Pratingly, confirmed the terms of the duel with Mr Taylor who stood on his own. After checking to be sure no authorities were about, “En

Garde!” was heard and it was on. Pratingly struck first with his sabre before accepting a blow from Harold's heavy cutlass. The ungainliness of the cutlass unfortunately left Harold open for the final telling blow. Bleeding and in severe pain, he had no choice but to yield to his adversary, Matthew Pratingly.

It is said that two's a company but three's a crowd and this was never as true as outside the dwellings of several lovely ladies in the first week of the month.

Not one, but two Lieutenants arrived to pay court to Janet Carter. Lt. Sylvester McMonkey McBean of the good ship Dreadnought and Lt. Royston Darkwing of His Majesties ship Berwickshire were well-turned-out in their neat uniforms and polished accoutrements. Needing no further reason to exchange pleasantries, the gentlemen bristled and swords were drawn to settle the matter. Darkwing swung his blade, catching his opponent in the calf. Not to be outdone, McBean responded with a blow of his own, drawing his foe's blood. These two well-matched combatants swapped blow for blow until a final blow from Darkwing brought McMonkey to his knees and he surrendered. Not only did Sylvester lose the fight, rumours of the debacle came to the ears of his lady friend, Miss Stevens; naturally she immediately terminated their friendship. This was not the only meeting of the two Lieutenants this month.

Samantha Stevens saw a similar showing outside her residence with a crewman from the Dreadnought, Able Seaman Philippe Cecile Roberts, meeting Lieutenant Shaun O'Leary of the good ship Halcyon. Although both men apparently had equal skills, the Gods of Fate seemed to have abandoned Mr Roberts. Almost every action of his, no matter how well performed, seemed to fail! An overhand slash missed its target, leaving him open to a thrust from O'Leary which drew blood; his attempted block of the lieutenant's own overhand slash merely redirected the blow, leaving a crimson ribbon appearing on his chest. For a minute it seemed luck had returned to him and blocked his opponents next attack, spinning around to deliver a stunning riposte to O'Leary. But alas, fate was just lulling him, before he could drive home his ascendance, his sword slipped in his blood-soaked hands and Roberts could not prevent O'Leary from landing another slashing cut. Bleeding and exhausted, Roberts sank to one knee and offered his surrender, which O'Leary accepted gladly.

Lloyds club seemed this month to see actions that would be more at home at the Pit. During the second week Royston Darkwing, visiting Lloyds on his own, took the opportunity to reacquaint himself with a guest at Wisdom Codrington's party, one Lt. McBean. Al-



though both were carrying mementos of their previous encounter, they looked at each other with disdain; no doubt fostered by the well known rivalry between their two ships! In the back garden of the club, they fell on each other with the fury of two demons. Darkwing landed a blow first, then McBean responded by landing one of his own. Next their weapons arc'd through the air and found their mark at the same time. McBean staggered back, feeling hot blood covering his face; it took several moments for him to discover the majority was not his but that of poor Darkwing, who knelt in front of him trying to staunch the flow of blood that came from his wrist which still had McBean's blade wedged in it. Porters quickly arrange for Lt. Darkwing to be taken by carriage to the Berwickshire's surgeon where, we are told, there was no choice but to amputate his injured hand.

Not to be outdone, Midshipman Callum McTavish of the Berwickshire drew swords with Matthew Pratingly of HMS Dreadnought. The Scotsman's opening assault of a Coup de Grace was completely misread by his opponent – first blood to McTavish! The skilful Scot followed this up with a Flashing Steel attack, which again found its mark, however it did leave him open to a blow from Mr Pratingly. Before McTavish could draw breath, another sledgehammer of a blow from Pratingly dropped the Highlander and brought his surrender.

The party was further blighted by a row between Able Seamen Sebastian Bracegirdle of the Berwickshire and Philippe Cecile Roberts of HMS Dreadnought. This meeting was over within moments after Roberts, carrying injuries from an earlier run in with a rival beau, failed to fully block a thrust from Mr Bracegirdle. The resulting injury was too much and he immediately yielded to Bracegirdle, who seemed rather disappointed that the dance was over so soon.

Sylvester McBean's party at the Pit at the end of the month saw our last duel, again down to our old friend, inter-ship rivalry. McBean himself, perhaps wisely, de-



clined to enter any arguments as he continued to heal from his own exercise earlier in the month. Proving that Celtic emotions run strong in him, Callum McTavish found himself drawn up against his earlier adversary, Matthew Pratingly. Again, the skilful Scot started with a Coup de Grace, but not to be outdone, Pratingly soon ensured his sword fed on the blood of the Berwickshire man. A final flurry from both swordsmen and Pratingly was ready offer his surrender, only to discover the feisty Scotsman dead at his feet! Midshipman Timmins stepped forward to continue the ‘who’s ship is best’ discussion with Mr Pratingly but was persuaded to stand down on discovering his opponent too badly injured to face him.

DUELING!!	Wins	Losses	Notes
Matthew Alistair Pratingly	4		Killed 1
Horatio D'Ascoyne	3		
Patrick Stern	2		Killed 1
Sylvester McMonkey McBean	2	1	
Philip Cecile Roberts	2	3	
Sean O'Leary	1		
Sebastian Bracegirdle	1		
William Fredrick Lawford	1		
Richard Antony Timmons	1	2	
Royston Darkwing	1	1	
Jonathon Ignatius Brooke		1	
Neville Hunter		1	
Charles Algernon Digby		2	
Harold Taylor		2	
Callum McTavish		4	RIP
Cuthbert Collywobble		1	RIP

Matters of the Heart

ALERT READERS ARE ALREADY WELL AWARE of the conflict between Lieutenants Darkwing and McBean, which began on the doorstep of Janet Carter. With McBean’s knowledge of trade, he was able to buy some of the finest silks in London straight from the dockside (and from the private collections of petty officers who ensure that the British merchant navy is the success that it is). The cost would be prohibitive to a lesser man, but McBean knew that nothing but the very best would persuade Janet of his worthiness. Alas, he did not have the chance to even knock upon her door.

Lieutenant Royston Darkwing straightened his neck stock and looked himself over to be sure nothing was awry. One might imagine that he, too, had some connections in international trade when he presented Miss Carter with a chunky gold bracelet from darkest



Africa. She looked at his uniform, she looked at the coach that brought him, and despite the earlier violence she realized this gentleman was a good catch! The pair were seen together that week, frequently on excursions in the coach.

Philip Cecile Roberts found himself bested by Shaun O’Leary on Samantha Stevens’ doorstep and,

alas, never will know her reaction to the gifts he sent. In the blustery weather, O’Leary started declaiming “The Golden Road to Samarkand” on Samantha’s doorstep, and then the rain began. He called her name again and again, until her maid finally told him that Samantha was not feeling up to visitors.

Samantha was dismayed to hear the gossip that her McMonkey was fighting over a different lady. Some women would react by flaunting another man, and others will sulk. This week, Samantha chose the latter.

HMS Berwickshire’s Sebastian Bracegirdle courted Beatrice Chippendale. Despite her known love of outrageous hats, Bracegirdle took the expensive-but-subtle approach and gave her a gold ring. She was delighted and would not let her new beau out of her apartments all week!

Matthew Alistair Pratingly upgraded his rural wardrobe with an elegant jacket and boots before calling upon Sophia Williams. He began by presenting her a bouquet of spring flowers, and hidden within was a pair of sapphire earrings, “to match your famously beautiful eyes.” The lady swooned and accepted his further invitation of a boat ride on the lake.

Very little is known about Stephen Hills, other than that he appears to be a “Man of few words.” He tried to get the attention of Pippa Middleton by buying her flattering clothes. She was not impressed, and if servants’ gossip is to be believed, Hills did not have enough money and purchased the items at a secondhand dealer!

⁶⁶ Arriving by carriage and with shoes and dress, in sparkling style, presented to the lovely lady with a flourish and a smile, off to my club in nothing but a while.” That was the verse running through the mind of Midshipman William Hornchurch Oglby, on his way to the home of Rebecca Dorrit. It was from one of several books of poetry that he brought for her. She enjoyed his soothing tones and they read verses to each other all week.

Bill Bull, using all the guts he was noted for in fighting the French, courted a women way beyond his station. He was heard saying the line “Mr. William Bull is unworthy of your hand dear Caroline; however, subaltern William Bull of the Royal Marines, as mentioned in dispatches, is a different matter!” He said these words to Caroline Cadger’s maid, not being able to access the lady herself. “If only I was younger,” sighed the elderly maid, and she suggested several others who might be better suited to the dashing Subaltern.

Business picked up again in the luxury goods shops in the third week with Horatio Matthew Stevens’s purchase of a box full of sweets and red roses. He called on Alice Wunderlich with determination and would stand down for no one. Alice found Horatio to be the just right combination of charm and strength, and accepted his advances.

Pippa Middleton’s doorstep was again graced with a gentleman, this time Midshipman Callum McTavish. While we don’t know what sweet nothings he whispered to her, rumour had it that she was intrigued by the way he rolled his “Rs.”

Stephen Hills was enamoured with Mary Lamb, and

The Seedier Side of London

THE BAWDYHOUSES SAW BRISK BUSINESS this month, and unfortunately so did the thieves. Midshipman Richard Antony Timmons and Dick X, fortified by drink and their own prowess at the Broken Drum, opted to walk home. They were set upon by robbers, and whilst Timmons was relieved of all his cash, X was partially saved by the Press Gang showing up. Dick diverted their attention to the thieves, pointing out that the larger group was a better catch.

Name	Title	Att	SL	Gent
Muriel Merrywea ther			15.0	
Caroline Cadger		W	15.0	
Serena Samuels		B I	14.0	RED
Flora de Bries		B W	13.0	CAD
Harriet Hilfinger			13.0	
Irene Castle		W	13.0	
Elsie Taylor			12.0	
Octavia Marvell		B I	11.0	ABC
Rebecca Morrison			11.0	
Alice Wunderlich			11.0	HMS
Janet Carter		B	11.0	RD
Joan Fullins		B	10.0	
Beatrice Chippendale			10.0	SB
Eugenie Windsor			10.0	
Emily Westmoor		W	10.0	WC
Sophia Williams		B	9.0	MAP
Nancy Hall		I	9.0	HDA
Leta Blair		B	9.0	
Pippa Middleton		I	8.0	
Anne Bonny		W	8.0	HT
Rebecca Dorrit			8.0	WHO
Samantha Stevens		B I	7.0	
Helena Troy		B W	6.0	NQ
Gwendolyn Hotspur			5.0	
Mary Lamb			5.0	BB
Catherine Lane		I	5.0	IK
Sara Pati			4.0	
Agnes Nutter			3.0	

had he any money perhaps he could have bought her something nice and made his case. Instead he could only admire her from afar in the third week.

Subaltern Bull must have taken Miss Cadger’s maid’s words to heart when he pitched his woo to Mary Lamb in the fourth week of March. Miss Lamb was impressed with his bravado and declared herself to be his. No comment on what caricaturists might draw with Lamb and Bull.

Sailor William Frederick Lawford also enjoyed the company at The Broken Drum, trying out a few things he’d read about in a novel. It was bad news for Berkeley Square, who overheard the stories and giggling after the fact. Wolff du Lac and Patrick Stern managed to find more discreet girls, apparently none are talking but all arrived home safely.

Carriages were seen in the better end of the district, bringing the more cautious gentlemen to the Drunken Monkey. Arthur Chance had his regular appointment

with Betsy and Sally. They complimented him on his driving abilities.

Private Hercules Kimberley Steptoe and Gordon Ottershaw met up at Madame Fifi's. They went their separate ways once inside, of course.

Horatio Whistleblower was quite pleased with himself at The Oriental in the third week. Nervousness aside, he managed to bring enough money and asked the girls to show him the ropes. After he managed to wriggle out of their knots they showed him a good time in the conventional fashion.

The Royal Marines at the Red Coat

Week two got off to a bad start when the government grimly announced another ten percent rise in the price of bread. The downtrodden masses replied with protest marches, which soon got out of hand; By Wednesday, the Lord Mayor had to cut short his hols as vicious mobs were roaming the streets at will and fighting (knives and all) amongst themselves as long as no better target was on offer. Many shops and several pubs were looted (mobs get thirsty, too); Some licensed premises were put to the torch as well.

Not the best of times to brave the streets of London, but this is just what Private Stern of the Royal Marines did. A party has been announced, with him as the host, and he would rather be d...ed than disappoint his friends and fellow Marines. However, he took the precaution of hiring a coach, and arrived safely at the door of The Red Coat. So did Messr. Bill Bull and Norwich Quilliam (who brought Miss Helen Troy along), sharing the coach with their host. Another coach brought Mr. Hercules Kimberley Steptoe to complete the gathering.

I'd say that with four tough-looking Marines at hand, the landlord felt a lot easier in his mind than he had since the riots started. So much that, when early in the evening Mr. Bull proposed a toast "...to the memory of my late good friend Puisse D'Assinute, whose name sounded french but whose deeds more than made up

Fig. 014



Improvements

Lieutenant Royston Darkwing did not let his injury get in the way as he attended the Naval Academy for two weeks. "Good thing my mind is still sound for strategy," he was heard to comment, though the dark sketches in the margins of his paper seemed to show a different attitude. Lieutenant Abrey Bertrim Childers joined the courses in the fourth week, his carriage arriving shortly after Darkwing's. Their dedication to the Naval arts will no doubt mean victory in the summer campaign.

for it — may Heaven never run out of frog ships for him to board in the swirling smoke of musket fire!" the landlord asked to be allowed to stand the round himself. As the evening wore on, however, he came to rue that rash action.

It came to a boil soon after supper. The loyal toast was drunk standing (as is customary) and Mr. Bull next proposed a toast to Mr. Stern's fencing skills... which somehow led to a demonstration of said skills, and an impromptu mock duel between the toaster and the toastee, in which Mr. Quilliam joined with the cry: "One for all and all for one!" BOINGGOINGGOINGG! went a number of pewter plates, tumbling from their rack high up on the wall to the floor. CRACK! went the landlord's most prized possession, a porcelain oil lamp said to have been brought to England by an ancestor during the Bloodless Revolution. And "EEEEEEEEEEHHHHHK!" went Miss Troy because she believed to have espied a mouse! The sight of the young lady, perched precariously on a stool, was too much for the men — as one man, they burst out laughing!

Later on, Mr. Stern did his duty as the host and apologized to the landlord for the damage done to his establishment, while Mr. Quilliam did his duty as her suitor by apologizing to Miss Troy for the damage done to her self-esteem (no girl likes to be ignored, much less laughed at); And although he had to use a good many more soft words — and some hard coin too, I shouldn't wonder — he eventually managed to get them accepted as well. With midnight gone, and the rioters currently off duty (or busy elsewhere), the members of the party then decided that a good time was had by all and departed to their various abodes.

Tempers Flare at Lloyds

With the Lord Mayor back from his hols, the mob redoubled its efforts... but ran into a snag. A good many ships were still in port, and they were desperate for men. Pressgangs went out in unprecedented numbers, in all weather, at all hours, and they went anywhere! And they did what no Lord Mayor could have done — they quelled the riots!

On Saturday, when Mr. Wisdom Codrington had engaged for a large room at Lloyd's to hold his party, the streets were safe again. And a good thing this was, too, since Mr. Codrington had, prior to directing his footsteps towards the well-known club, paid a visit to his banker and drawn out a good deal of his savings; After all, he had announced his intention to pay for all the drinks (or pay the drinks for all?) and it doesn't do to be caught short of cash on such an occasion.

Imagine him waiting there, in his best suit of clothes, with a glass in his hand and a grin on his face... oh, and the fair Miss Westmoor at his side. And he didn't wait in vain, either. First through the door was Lieutenant O'Leary of the Halcyon, who made a beeline for the bar but found time to pinch Emily's bottom while greeting his host. Hot on his heels were Lt. Horatio D'Ascoyne of the Fiddler's Green, escorting Nancy Hall and Horatio Matthew Stevens with Joan Fullins on his arm (how comes she puts up with a mere civilian?). And there was Lt. Abrey Bertrim Childers of the Achilles, helping Miss Octavia Marvell (rumoured to be a relation to Captain Marvell of HMS Royal Oak) out of a coach, closely watched by Lt. Sylvester McMonkey McBean of HMS Dreadnought... and do I spy, with my little eye, the fair Samantha Stevens on his arm? No I don't, and that may account for the unfriendly stare he directed at his more fortunate rivals.

McBean has brought several of his ship's company, however, and it was just then that the party of HMS Berwickshire rounded the corner. Looks were exchanged, then words. Swords were drawn, and first to

pair off were Lt. McMonkey McBean and Lt. Royston Darkwing... and I am sure, Dear Reader, that you have already read the results of the encounter. Darkwing's shipmates, Midshipman McTavish and Seaman Sebastian Bracegirdle, had the devil of a time calming him down and tying a tourniquet round the injured extremity. Let us hope that Mr. Darkwing will find some consolation in the fact that he is the first to acquire some notoriety and a new nickname to go with it: "Hook" Darkwing!



Other duels between the Berwickshire and Dreadnought crew managed to satisfy the requirements of their ship's honour without additional bloodletting. All then repaired indoors, where Mr. Codrington gave a short speech welcoming all and particularly those who had spent the last three months on blockade duty. That would be Mr. Pratingly, who sported the fair Miss Williams on his arm and a new "shooting jacket" — courtesy of the French! He then raised his glass and declared the bazaar... er, buffet, open... and open it stayed, until the wee hours!

Mr. Roberts again entertained the company with his musical skills, ably assisted by Mr. Stephen Hills, who poured his pint of Admiral's Flip down the hatch to improve the tuning; Messr. Arthur Chance, Harold Taylor, Isaac Kellett and William Hornchurch Oglby formed an impromptu barbershop quartet, and later joined Messr. Wolff du Lac (now there's a french sounding name for you!), Gordon Ottershaw, and Dick X in a hornpipe — much to the amusement of Misses Anne Bonny, Catherine Lane, and Rebecca Dorrit. To cut a long story short (and the editor is breathing down my neck) a good time was had by all — even young Horatio Whistleblower, who sat in a corner nursing his ale in a quiet and refined manner all night long!

Letter to the managers and owners: The Pit – London.

COMPLAINT WEEK THREE PARTY.

Dear Sir, I feel that I must put pen to paper to complain about the "standards" or should I say "the lack of standards" from some members of this club.

During week three I had invited my dear old mother to attend luncheon at The Pit, but instead of being

greeted by gentle folk enjoying fine wine and dine, she was entertained by disgusting behaviour, which made her quite ill.

I understand that a Mr Sebastian Bracegirdle (a common seaman on HMS Berwickshire) and his latest girlfriend Beatrice Chippendale had lain on a free party for anyone they knew. He never stopped to think for a moment that if certain crew members of some ships met, there would be fighting and maybe murder.

This did happen I am sad to say. Quite few of the host's shipmates from Berwickshire were in attendance. William Fredrick Lawford, an inebriated friend from the lower deck, and a drunken Richard Antony Timmons were observed, after sinking so much free beer, to enter the realms of acting the cad. All three of these so called "KINGS OFFICERS AND MEN" tried to pick a duel with a wounded fellow naval officer. This poor brave man, Lft Sylvester McMonkey McBean from HMS Dreadnought was being poked in the ribs by three different blades, while being called "coward" for not fighting for his ships honour. Even though McBean was fighting drunk himself, owing to his excess of free drink, he constantly refused to draw his sword due to his exercise the previous weeks. It was to save him that Shaun O'Leary, Lieutenant from HMS Halcyon, with assistance from Simon Asscroft-Dipper, Able Seaman HMS Glenmorangie, threw down their drinks and rushed to part the scrum, and to prevent murder most foul.

I am sorry to report that Lft O'Leary was so drunk (the drinks are free, after all), that while rushing across the room to act as the peace maker he completely missed the mêlée and in fact ran full tilt into a corner table where a number of civilians also attending the party were sitting.

Asscroft-Dipper who was one of the few punters NOT to have drunk to excess the free drinks then had the delicate problem of sorting out the bullies on his own. Fair play to his personal bravery for acting, and a credit to his ship he was.

Sitting at the corner table before it was flatted by the sprawling O'Leary was Isaac Kellett with his female friend Catherine Lane. He might have had companionship, but this did not stop him from over indulging in the free grape. Miss Lane I am sorry to

report ended up with three pints of beer, two glasses of wine and a cup of tea in her lap, when the table was destroyed and was not impressed to say the least.

Wisdom Codrington and his girlfriend Emily Westmoor were returning from the bar with landlord helping to carry a few pints of the free drink and they also added their liquid to the spreading lake on the clubs floor, as they both slipped in the mess. Emily was heard to ask Wisdom to call their carriage early so that they could "have an early night away from this mess," but alas, he was too far in drink to hear the subtle promise of a "early night bit of fun."

Berkeley Square and Dick X were also sat in this corner table, holding an amicable discussion about the new tax laws. As both had drunk in moderation, their debate was both a well conducted and articulate one, which sadly went right over the heads of the last two party goers Wolff du Lac and Arthur Chance. These two, sadly worse for wear, spent most of the time trying to hike up the petticoats of the serving girls, and generally acting like drunken louts. At one time, BOTH of them whispered disgusting suggestions into my mother's ear. As the table disaster was being sorted out, Sebastian Bracegirdle stood on top of the bar hatch and raised a toast to the King. This act signalled the end of the party and with pre-booked transport turning up at the door to take Bracegirdle and Beatrice Chippendale home.

Even then the loutish behaviour did not stop as Arthur Chance tried to race them in his hired cab down the crowded streets, nearly running over Mother and myself walking home.

Sir, I implore you to take action against your members or I will be forced to resign my own membership and find a new place to dine away from home. *Your servant,*
Sir Charles Emerson Winchester, London

TRAGEDY Mars a GATHERING at THE PIT

THIS PAPER IS PLEASED TO REPORT on the party hosted by that well monetary endowed playboy, Lft. Sylvester "McMonkey" McBean, to celebrate his entry into the King's Navy on HMS Dreadnaught.

Once again McBean opened his purse strings and hosted a free party to all who wanted to come. We are sorry to report that Callum McTavish, Midshipman HMS Berwickshire who attended with Pippa Middleton, had nasty words with Matthew Alistair Pratingly of HMS Dreadnought who attended with Sophia Wil-

liams. Even though the ladies tried desperately to stop it, a fight broke out between these ships rivals as you, dear reader, likely read already on page six.

It must also be reported that Richard Antony Timmons, Midshipman HMS Berwickshire who was carousing with McBean, tried frantically to give life-saving aid to the deceased party, but failed in his heroic efforts to save life. The survivor was too ill to stand, and was saved from other duels by being removed to a side room and murmured agreements that it was a fair fight. Lft McBean, earlier on in the night had declined to fight owing to his injuries from last month, was overwrought at seeing the results of ship rivalry first hand.

There was a bit of a snag at the start of the party, as owing to the bad weather a number of punters had ordered coach transport. Sylvester McBean arrived on his own, causing quite a stir with his carriage. Somehow he had got his hands on the private transport of Earl Kill-ingross. The outstanding workmanship of gold leaf and shiny blue paint set his uniform off a treat. He entered The Pit and mixed with his guests.

Gordon Ottershaw turned up in a fine carriage hired from Smith and Sons and they had done the man proud by providing a two horse cab with private windows.

Wisdom Codrington with Emily Westmoor were the next to arrive. Emily looking a fine young lady on the arm of Wisdom. They had a small pony and trap which Emily was driving, and her horsemanship would put many a cab driver to shame. They all entered the party and Codrington went forth to Carouse and with Mr Ottershaw to partake of alcoholic refreshment.

Norwich Quilliam (Private RM) and Helena Troy turned up next. Somewhat above his station, Quilliam had proceeded to impress Miss Troy by hiring a brand new yellow painted hansom cab. Unknown to Miss Troy, he had done a bit of a deal with the owner, who's son was also serving in the Royal Marines. Miss Troy and her gallant partner did make a striking number when they entered The Pit together, and many drinkers watched them dance all night together.

Mr Arthur Chance then came riding into the courtyard whipping his small town cab. He had paid the coachman a few bod to be allowed to take control of the reins and had wiped the horses repeatedly to obtain a full gallop down the high street. Using his small amount of horse skills, he turned into the sharp entrance of the Pit's courtyard. The problem was that he had failed to slow down. The resulting damage between all cabs is still being assessed, and writs might be served soon. The London Taxi Co did a find trade that night taking the entire above home in common taxi cabs.

Horatio Matthew Stevens, Dick X, Wolff du Lac, Berkeley Square, Simon Asscroft-Dipper, and Stephen Hills also attended the party, and all took full advantage of the free night out. The six single men were on their best behaviour, and were an often found asking the hand of one of the ladies for a dance. It has been rumoured that one or two members of the fairer sex had been heard to compare their present partner with a few of these single males, and the single folk coming up with better scores. Mr Stevens cut a fine dash in a brand

new suit, while Mr X was spotted wearing new dancing shoes, which were soon broken in by his constant use of the dance floor. Mr du Lac stood out in the crowd by sporting a new form of Macaroni haircut, which some mistook for a wig, if the truth be told. Mr Hills then played along with a tune on the spoons, which tickled a few people present.

The surprise of the night's entertainment was while Midshipman William Hornchurch Oglby and his belle Rebecca Dorrit read the long poem, "It was a dark day in France when they cut off the Kings Head." Mr Square and Able Seaman Asscroft-Dipper with help from Sailor Matthew Alistair Pratingly and his lady Sophia Williams, did all the actions and acted out all the characters. The fine reading and the great acting brought the house down, and all of them have been asked to perform again sometime in the future.

Isaac Kellett and Catherine Lane were the last to leave the party that night. Mr Kellett took Miss Lane's (and also most of the other ladies) breath away with his skill in dancing. Unbeknownst to her Issac had been taking lessons, and the results were well worth the money he had spent on his dancing master.

Once again Mr McBean had hosted a great party, and this paper wish's him all well as his new role as Lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

ELSEWHERE AT THE CLUBS, Midshipman Digby was seen at the Dolphin with Flora de Bries for two weeks. Lloyds saw Lt. D'Ascoyne and Nancy Hall, Mr Codrington and Miss Westmoor. At the Pit, Isaac Kellett entertained Catherine Lane and Mr Whistleblower was on his own. Avoiding the parties at their respective clubs were Lft. Darkwing in week 2 (though he still found conflict), Lft Childers and Miss Marvell, and Midshipman Oglby and Rebecca Dorrit in week 3.

Harold Taylor took the budget approach of visiting Anne Bonny at her home for three weeks. Is the lady growing tired of his reluctance to take her out on the town? Gordon Ottershaw soberly remained at home in the third week. At the end of the month, Horatio Whistleblower was in his garret grunting and groaning, perhaps moving furniture about for the landlady? Apparently the man is too shy to meet people until he has performed some act of bravery.

Abbr	Name	Title	Wealth	SL	SP	Club	Housing	NA	Rank	Ship/Sqd	Appoint
RED	Robert Erasmus Douglas		OK	10	Asea	-	Apt Camden	5	Lieutenant	Royal Oak	
CAD	Charles Algernon Digby		Poor	10	20	Dolphin	Apt Camden	2	Midshipman	Nemesis	
HDA	Horatio D'Ascoyne		Poor	8	14	Lloyds	Gar Hackney	5	Lieutenant	Fiddler's Green	
WC	Wisdom Codrington		OK	7+	29	Lloyds	Gar Southwk	3	-	-	
RD	Royston Darkwing		OK	7	21	Lloyds	Gar Southwk	4	Lieutenant	Berwickshire	
SMM	Sylvester McMonkey McBean		Poor	6+	28	Pit	Gar Southwk	5	Lieutenant	Dreadnought	
ABC	Abrey Bertrim Childers		Poor	6+	20	Pit	Gar Southwk	4	Lieutenant	Achilles	
FOG	Finlay Oliver Gilkyson	NMR2	OK	6	6	Red Coat	TH Hackney	3	Private	RM Ind	
SB	Sebastian Bracegirdle		OK	5+	35	Pit	TH Southwk	4	Able Seaman	Berwickshire	
MAP	Matthew Alistair Pratingly		OK	5+	29	Pit	Gar Southwk	4	Able Seaman	Dreadnought	
HMS	Horatio Matthew Stevens		OK	5	15	Pit	TH Southwk	6	-	-	
CMT	Callum McTavish			5	RIP						
SOL	Shaun O'Leary		Poor	5	11	Pit	Gar Southwk	5	Lieutenant	Halcyon	
RAT	Richard Antony Timmons		Poor	5	11	Pit	Gar Southwk	1	Midshipman	Berwickshire	
WHO	William Hornchurch Oglby		Poor	4+	20	Pit	TH Southwk	4	Midshipman	Alexander	
IK	Isaac Kellett		Poor	4+	14	Pit	Gar Southwk	5	-	-	
NQ	Norwich Quilliam		Poor	4+	14	Red Coat	Gar Southwk	3	Private	RM Van	
HT	Harold Taylor		Poor	4+	13	Pit	Gar Southwk	5	-	-	
AC	Arthur Chance		Poor	4+	12	Pit	Gar Southwk	5	-	-	
BS	Berkeley Square		Poor	4+	12	Pit	Gar Southwk	3	-	-	
PS	Patrick Stern		OK	4+	12	Red Coat	Gar Southwk	3	Private	RM FG	
WFL	William Fredrick Lawford		Poor	4	9	Pit	Gar Southwk	5	Sailor	Berwickshire	
PH	Peter Heywood		Poor	4	Asea	Red Coat	TH Southwk	2	Private	RM Mer	
SAD	Simon Asscroft-Dipper		OK	4	7	Pit	Apt Southwk	3	Able Seaman	Glenmorangie	
DLC	Dai Llwydium-Crystal		OK	4	Asea	-	Gar Southwk	6	Mast & Comm	Enterprise	
GOP	George Osgood Peabody			4	RIP						
SH	Stephen Hills		Poor	4	5	Pit	Gar Southwk	4	-	-	
DX	Dick X		Poor	3+	13	-	Gar Southwk	1	-	-	
HKS	Hercules Kimberley Steptoe		Poor	3	11	Pit	TH Southwk	2	Private	RM Nem	
GO	Gordon Ottershaw		Poor	3+	10	-	Gar Southwk	3	-	-	
PCR	Philip Cecile Roberts		Poor	3	10	Pit	TH Southwk	5	Able Seaman	Dreadnought	
JB	James Blonde		Poor	3	Asea	Pit	Gar Southwk	3	Private	RM Alx	
HW	Horatio Whistleblower		Poor	3	9	Pit	Gar Southwk	6	-	-	
HBC	Harold Byng-Crosby			3	RIP						
AB	Andy Boddy		Poor	3	Asea	-	Gar Southwk	3	Able Seaman	(Blockade)	
YOY	Yastak Oharrah Yalesford		Poor	3	Asea	-	Gar Southwk	1	-	-	
WDL	Wolff du Lac		Poor	2+	15	-	Gar Southwk	6	-	-	
BB	Bill Bull		OK	2+	12	-	Gar Southwk	2	Subaltern	RM Tic	
JIB	Jonathon Ignatius Brooke	NMR2	OK	2-	0	Pit	Gar Southwk	1	Sailor	Dreadnought	

Wealth Level: poor= 0-250 GC, ok up to 1,000, comfy up to 5,000, wealthy up to 10,000, rich up to 25,000 and filthy is 25,000+
SP = social points earned, NMR = No Move (orders) Received, RIP = Dead!



First Sea Lord		Baron Lucius Hawke (N6)	
Admiral	Ogle (N6)	Goodman (N6)	O'Groats (N6)
Aide to Admiral		Jackson (N5)	Gai (N6)
Vice Admiral	Sandwich (N6)	Marlowe (N6)	Awkwright (N6)
Aide to Vice Admiral	Warwick (N6)		
Rear Admiral	Pipovitch (N6)	Jorgens (N6)	Miller (N6)
Aide to Rear Admiral			Scarlett (N2)
	White Squadron	Red Squadron	Blue Squadron

	Royal Oak	Indomitable	Berwickshire	Halcyon	Ferocious	Fiddler's Green	Dreadnought	Achilles	Nemesis	Vanguard
	SoL 1 st Class	SoL 2 nd Class	SoL 4 th Class	SoL 5 th Class	SoL 2nd Class	SoL 3rd Class	SoL 4th Class	SoL 5th Class	SoL 2nd Class	SoL 3rd Class
Captain/M&C	<i>Bn. Marvell(N6)</i>	<i>Coal(N5)</i>	<i>Armstrong(N5)</i>	<i>Bracegirdle(N4)</i>		<i>Vis. O'Mally(N6)</i>	<i>Tulkinghorn(N6)</i>	<i>Dover(N6)</i>	<i>Smythe(N3)</i>	<i>3n. Colingwd(N6)</i>
LT 1	<i>Sir Gai(N6)</i>	<i>Warwick(N6)</i>	<i>Cornwall(N2)</i>	<i>Tooker(N7)</i>	<i>Hackett(N2)</i>	<i>Smith(N6)</i>	<i>Keynes(N6)</i>	<i>Teague(N3)</i>	<i>Povey(N4)</i>	<i>Coote(N6)</i>
LT 2	<i>Bradley(N3)</i>	<i>Jackson(N5)</i>	RD	SOL	<i>Marshall(N4)</i>	<i>Mountjoy(N6)</i>	<i>Nolan(N3)</i>	ABC	<i>Blowhard(N3)</i>	<i>Drake(N4)</i>
LT 3	<i>Ames(N2)</i>	<i>Moule(N5)</i>		***	<i>Dixon(N2)</i>	HDA	SMM	***	<i>James(N2)</i>	<i>Lake(N1)</i>
LT 4	RED		***	***			***	***	CAD	
LT 5	<i>Oates(N2)</i>		***	***		***	***	***		***
Midshipman	<i>Clarke(N4)</i>	<i>Wellinboro(N5)</i>	<i>Gates(N3)</i>	<i>Allard(N4)</i>	<i>Parker(N3)</i>	<i>Ivy(N5)</i>		<i>Westcott(N4)</i>	<i>Adams(N6)</i>	
Midshipman	<i>Gaines(N2)</i>	<i>Hall(N4)</i>	RAT		<i>Carthew(N3)</i>					
Midshipman				***				***		
Midshipman			***	***			***	***		
Midshipman			***	***		***	***	***		***
Able Seaman			SB				MAP			
Able Seaman							PCR			
Able Seaman				***				***		
Able Seaman			***	***		***	***	***		***
Able Seaman			***	***		***	***	***		***
Sailor			WFL				JIB			

	Vanguard	Glenmorangie	Alexander	Mercury	Hornet	Enterprise	Caligula	Tickler	Royal Marines	
	SoL 3rd Class	SoL 4th Class	SoL 5th Class	SoL 5th Class	Sloop	Sloop	SoL 4th Class	SoL 5th Class		
Captain/M&C	<i>3n. Colingwd(N6)</i>	<i>King(N5)</i>	<i>Farrell(N5)</i>	<i>Livonwater(N5)</i>	<i>Robust(N6)</i>	DLC	<i>Trower(N2)</i>	<i>Ames(N4)</i>	<i>Wolfe(N8)</i>	General
LT 1	<i>Coote(N6)</i>	<i>Pratt(N1)</i>	<i>Spratt(N5)</i>	YOY	<i>MacRory(N3)</i>			<i>Potts(N1)</i>	<i>Trollope(N5)</i>	Lt General
LT 2	<i>Drake(N4)</i>		<i>Edwards(N1)</i>	<i>Fitzgerald(N6)</i>					<i>Sir Hollowhead(N10)</i>	Bgde General
LT 3	<i>Lake(N1)</i>		***	***	***	***	<i>Tull(N3)</i>	***	<i>Albytyross(N4)</i>	Colonel RO
LT 4		***	***	***	***	***	***	***	<i>Vis. Davis(N10)</i>	Lt Col Fer
LT 5	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	<i>Adams(N9)</i>	Major 1 Nem
Midshipman		<i>Wick(N6)</i>	<i>Marsh (N3)</i>						<i>Cunning(N6)</i>	Major 2 Ind
Midshipman		<i>Hunter(N6)</i>	WHO						<i>Scarlett(N3)</i>	Major 3 FG
Midshipman			***	***	***	***	***	***		Major 4 Van
Midshipman		***	***	***	***	***	***	***		Capt 1 Ber
Midshipman	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***		Capt 2 Dre
Able Seaman		SAD					<i>Brooks(N5)</i>			Capt 3 Gle
Able Seaman			***	***	***	***	AB	***	<i>Carter(N6)</i>	Capt 4 Hal
Able Seaman			***	***	***	***	***	***		Capt 5 Alx
Able Seaman	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	<i>Starbuck(N6)</i>	Capt 6 Ach
Able Seaman	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	***	<i>Strudwick(N7)</i>	Lt 1 Cal
Sailor										Lt 2 Mer
Sailor										Lt 3 Tic
Sailor										Lt 4 Hor
Sailor										Lt 5 Ent
Sailor									BB (Dre)	Subaltern
Sailor									PH (Mer)	Subaltern
Sailor										Subaltern
Sailor									JB (Alx)	Private
Sailor									PS (FG)	Private
Sailor									NQ (Van)	Private
Sailor									FOG (Ind)	Private

Coordinator pancakes (you were expecting a waffle?)

Thanks to the writers, and as always to Terry for the website! There are some changes to the rules.

*Marines, oops, I realized that with the stat compression, what we had as minimums for the Marines meant they were no longer elite. This only affected one character (sorry!). Please check the new rules if you want to join the Marines. There is also a new potential for Marines to join in ship rivalry duels.

- **Dueling: we are going back to the original En Garde! Dueling system.** Several reasons, including that it appeared that not everyone was following the new system. The original gives the players control over the duel rather than relying on a die roll. I did my best to apply the improvements to the right weapon for each character. If you think it should be different, let me know. If you want a different default weapon, let me know that too. In the original system, while there are some default elements, but you DO need to submit a routine. If you don't, your actions will be "random," which is not recommended.

- There are a few changes with the Nelson Touch rule.

- One last thing, there still is some confusion regarding announced actions. Two things need to happen with influenceable actions: they need to be announced on the Forum: http://www.brinyengarde.co.uk/e107_plugins/forum/forum_viewtopic.php?550 and then you also need to include the action in your orders. Posting it to the Yahoo group does not count as an announcement. If you can't access the Forum, you may e-mail me (aquazoo) and specifically request that I put it on the Forum for you. And check the rules, you may need to apply influence to make the action happen!

Please look over your character sheet and let me know ASAP any errors. Send to (aquazoo@patriot.net).

Deadlines for April, 1795 • Announcements: Monday, Aug. 29th • Orders: Friday, Sept. 2nd