

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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Issue 03 – February 1791

“ ... a fine mess you landed us in!” Oliver Hardy, Purser HMS Hollywood

The storm was enjoying itself. Fate didn't ask you to do a solo performance in the Bay of Biscay every day. The dark clouds and the short, gusty blasts of a wind that felt like coming straight from the South pole without paying a call on Mr. Tropics were just right, the storm knew, and the sea was responding beautifully, throwing up that particular kind of waves known as “widowmakers” all along the western coast of France. But he'd have to pay attention to his instructions regarding the snow and sleet department, the storm knew. Fate had been very explicit about that. And about someone named Cliff ...!

Master's mate Wayne Kin-Madley at the wheel of HMS *Belle Poule* shook his head as another flurry of snowflakes hit him. Bloody weather! The storm had surprised them off La Rochelle, just after that large merchantman had appeared out of a squall on their weather side. About sixteen hundred tons Thames measurement, he had thought. Could be an Indiaman, a prize taken by one of these French commercial raiders and sent home to disgorge its riches into Boney's bottomless coffers. Yes, that would explain the way she had immediately put before the wind and the fact that she seemed to handle rather sluggish – no doubt due to the veritable forest of barnacle weeds under her bottom. But it must have been a bad shock to the Frogs to find HMS *Belle Poule* waiting practically on their doorstep.

And now both ships were scudding along under bare poles without so much as a scrap of sail set, heading towards Brest in the foulest weather WKN had ever known. Strange too, that the French hadn't extinguished the single light shining from the cabin. Yes there it was again. Not bobbing much, very steady ... surprisingly steady ... and with that thought a stab of ice-cold fear went through his heart. That wasn't a cabin light. That was the beacon from the lighthouse atop the Cliff off Creuze! The thought had hardly formed in his mind when the curtain of sleet suddenly split, revealing a row of rocky outcrops on the left side, well past the *Belle Poule's* stern. No way to regain the open sea, WKN saw. And no way an anchor would hold in this weather. They'd have to make their way to the jetty ahead. He turned to his companion at the wheel: “My compliments to the captain, Mr. Goodman, and we'll be paying Boney a visit soon. All secret documents must be flung overboard immediately and you better put all the money you can find into your pockets. And please ask Mr. O'Groats to do the same, including that marvellous Breguet repeater of his. Boney's minnions may not love us, but they still respect the convention regarding prisoners of war, last I heard. We'll be in London before the month is out. ...!”

And so they were. At the Admiralty a clerk took their reports and the letter from the French mayor, which commended Messrs. O'Groats and Goodmann for their exemplary conduct in the whole affair. In French, of course, but fortunately AG knew enough of the language to make a decent guess what the letter would say. This so impressed the Lords that they appointed him to the old HMS *Mars* and made him 2nd Lieutenant on the spot. WKN wasn't mentioned, but since he had a cool 700 Guineas in his pockets he didn't mind being left out. He did, however, invite his shipmates to dine with Emma and him at *Fladong's* during the first week of next month Both JOG and AG agreed readily - after a diet of salt beef and tack, dinner at Fladong's seemed a brilliant idea. And after dinner, perhaps a trip to the Opera ...?

Meanwhile, the storm continued to enjoy himself. Those “widowmaker” waves were really piling up now, and he was experimenting with an occasional cross sea. Fate had granted him another couple of hours to strut his stuff, and the storm was now looking for a new victim. He found it too – in the shape of HMS *Sheik Yassouf*. Again, the lookout and the officers and men on deck got a brief glimpse of a large ship to windward before a particularly nasty patch of snow (mixed with sleet) distracted them. Seconds later, a mountain of saltwater crashed against the ship's flank, broaching her instantly. Very few of the ship's company survived, but among

those who did were Master's mate Tyler Brooks, Sailor Owen Murney and Private John Doe of the RM, who all managed to cling to some wood for several days until a revenue cutter out of Brighton harbour picked them up. In their report to the Admiralty (written small in beautiful copperplate by OMY) both TB and JD stated that the ship looked like a Dutch Indiaman to them, that the topgallantmasts hadn't been struck down, and that they had seen no one at her wheel. By nightfall, the story of the "Flying Dutchman" was all over town, and JD was looking at a new stripe on his sleeve – subaltern at last!

By now, the storm was tiring fast. Soloing really takes it out of you, he thought. And he had had another visitor. Female, this time. But she had not wasted a second with small talk. "Enough!" The Lady had said. Nothing more. And the storm had wandered off towards the South American coast for a bit of well-earned R&R, while HMS *Berwickshire* had come pelting up past the Azores, crowding on sail in order to bring the news home: The French were out!

On HMS *Berwickshire*, 3rd Lieutenant Fernando Feghoot wrote in the ship's log: "February 11th, 38°35'N, 28°27'W, off Horta, Fayal, Azores. Wind SSE, variable strength, calm sea. People employed in painting gun strakes. Six bells Noon watch: Lookout reports two 74s and five Frigates, French Flag, Vice Admiral ensign at the Fore, going south. At once piped "all hands" to hoist in platforms and to weigh anchor ...". He didn't have to add that this would come as a nasty surprise to Jo'burg station. The only Vice Admiral the French had was Linois, a cunning old fox by all accounts. Even if the Admiralty could find the ships to deal with him, the East India Company would probably lose a few of theirs. And the Company didn't like losing ships. It would squeal and put every kind of pressure on Parliament, which would in turn put pressure on the Admiralty ... which probably meant that, once they were in London, he'd better get off the ship before a new set of orders arrived.

Although he didn't know it at the time, FF was right. HMS Fiddler's Green had been assigned station duty off Brest, and when the French slipped out Captain Collingwood followed them for a while to make sure of their intentions before he ordered his ship home. This earned him a severe reprimand from Rear Admiral Tom Collins (Rear Admiral pro tem. Red Squadron and much plagued by gout). Fortunately, Collingwood had taken Midshipman Puissee D'Assinute along. When PDA offered the Admiral a complete set of the signals the French had exchanged during the time HMS *Fiddler's Green* had followed them the old gentleman's wrath abated noticeably. He even gave PDA a sovereign and promised him to mention him in dispatches.

-- FIN --

The Guilty Parties

ID	Name		SL	NA	
012	Greg F.	X012	10	4	
008	Fernando Feghoot	FF	9	5	3 rd Lieutenant HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>
001	Wayne Kin-Madley	WKM	5	2	Masters Mate, late off HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
009	Tyler Brock	TB	5	3	Master's Mate, late off HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
000	Guy Sandolls	GS	4	5	Midshipman HMS <i>Swiftsure</i>
014	Craig Spence	X014	4	4	
006	Puissee D'Assinute	PDA	3	4	Midshipman HMS <i>Fiddler's Green</i>
004	Steve Jackman	OMY	3	3	Sailor, late off HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
013	Toby Whitty	X013	3	4	
002	Andrew Goodmann	AG	2	4	2 nd Lieutenant HMS <i>Mars</i>
005	John Doe	JD	2	2	Private RM, late off HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
010	Jonah Albytross	JA 2	3		Subaltern RM, HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>
011	John O'Groats	JOG	2	3	Master's Mate, late off HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>

The Ladies

	SL	Attributes	Current Suitor
<i>Lady</i> Isabella de Courcy	18	B I	
Rosemary Stilton-Major	17	W	
Prudence Petterson	16		
<i>Lady</i> Elizabeth Doolittle	16	B I	
Muriel Merryweather	15		
Caroline Cadger	15	W	
Jennifer Usher	14	I	
Victoria Watson-Holmes	14		
Flora de Bries	13	B W	
Harriet Hilfinger	13		
Ophelia Goolies	12	B	
Pamela Huntingdown-Jones	12	W I	FF
Rebecca Morrison	11		
Alice Wonderland	11		
Joan Fullins	10	B	
Doris Open	10		
Sophia Williams	9	B	
Diana Villiers	9	B	
Rebecca Dorrit	8		
Betty Grapples	8		
Moll Flanders	7		
Sue Briquette	7		
Emma Woodhouse	6	B	WKM
Gwendolyn Hotspur	5		
Mary Lamb	5		
Sara Pati	4		
Agnes Nutter	3		

Government

The King	Albert George III. of Hannover-Pumpnickel	
The Queen	Victoria Zephyra	
The Crown Prince	Charles William	
Prime Minister	Sir Havelock Brindle, Earl of Doomsday, KCB	NA 7
Chancellor of the Exchequer	---	
Minister of Justice	---	
Minister of War	---	
Commissioner of Public Safety	Sir Julian Parselmouth, KCB NA 1	

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The Admiralty

The First Sea Lord
N6

1st Lord of the Admiralty		
2nd Lord of the Admiralty		
3rd Lord of the Admiralty		
N2		

White Squadron	Red Squadron	Blue Squadron	Yellow Squadron
Admiral	Admiral	Admiral	Admiral
Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral
Sir Rodney Battersea, Marquis of Mayfair, NA 5	Sir Louis Beanpole, Baron of Whitefriars, NA 3		
Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral
N3	N1		N5

The Ships

White Squadron

	Droits de l'Homme	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Post Captain	N6	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
1st Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
2nd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
3rd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
4th Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
5th Lieutenant	AG	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Master's Mate		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Crew		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX

Red Squadron

	Indomitable	Jupiter	Fiddler's Green	Swiftsure
Post Captain			N3	N2
1st Lieutenant				
2nd Lieutenant				
3rd Lieutenant				
4th Lieutenant				

5th Lieutenant

			XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman			PDA	GS
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Blue Squadron

	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Berwickshire	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Mars
Captain	XXXXXXXXXXXX	N6	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
1 st Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
2 nd Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	AG
3 rd Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX	FF	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
4 th Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Master's Mate	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	

Yellow Squadron

	Glenmoranie	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Alexander
Captain		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
1 st Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
2 nd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Master's Mate		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	

Blockade Squadron

	Salisbury	Sauve Qui Peut	Surprise	Swordfish
Captain				
1 st Lieutenant				
2 nd Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Midshipman				
Crew				

The Royal Marines

General	
Lt-General	
Brigade General	

Colonel : XXX		
Lieutenant-Colonel :	Major :	Major :
Captain	Captain :	Captain :
Captain	Captain :	Captain :
Lieutenant	Lieutenant :	Lieutenant :
Lieutenant	Lieutenant :	Lieutenant :
Lieutenant	Lieutenant :	Lieutenant :
Lieutenant	Lieutenant :	Lieutenant :
Subalterns : JA (Droits de L'Homme)		

Privates : JD (Sheik Yassouf)

The Honorable Company

Chairman East India Company	---	
Director East India Company	---	

The Patriotic Fund

Chairman Patriotic Fund	---	
Commitee Mem. Patriotic Fund	---	

The Politicoes

Naval Estimates Spokesman	---	
Chairman Impress Service	---	
Naval Yards Supervisor	---	
Ordnance Board Supervisor	---	
Victualling Board Supervisor	---	
Port Admiral London	---	
Port Admiral Portsmouth	---	

The Blue Peter

February 1791	March 1791	April 1791	May 1791
HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i> HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>			
HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>			
ALL SHIPS HMS <i>Swiftsure</i> HMS <i>Swiftsure</i> HMS <i>Swiftsure</i>			
HMS <i>Glenmoranje</i>			
HMS <i>Mars</i> HMS <i>Mars</i> HMS <i>Mars</i>			

Who's Who

ID	Name	E-Mail		
013	Toby Whitty	yaledor@yahoo.com		X013
012	Greg F.	onasilverwind@yahoo.com		X012
011	Terry Crook	toppers@clara.co.uk	JOG	John O'Groats
010	John Cosgrave	JACK AL@j cosgr ave.fr eeserv e.co.u k JA	Jonah Albytross	
009	Christian Schotmann	Christian@Schotmann.de	TB	Tyler Brock
008	Wayne Rutledge	Wayne100@emirates.net.ae	FF	Fernando Feeghoot
006	Neil Kendrick	HuwJorgens@aol.com	PDA	Puisee D'Assinunte
005	James Campbell	greyarea@apexmail.com	JD	John Doe
004	Steve Jackmann	cnfkomoff@hotmail.com	OMY	Owen Murnay
002	Matthias Nitz	mattesn@01019freenet.de	AG	Andrew Goodman
001	Tony Brooks	tony@brooks25.fsnet.co.uk	WKM	Wayne Kin-Madley
000	HaJo Schlosser	redhajo@aol.com	GS	Guy Sandolls

Announcements

TB asks to be appointed Gunner, Purser or something like that on HMS *Sheik Yassouf*

Letters:

To my darling Emma,

How sorry I am to have to be at sea and away from your loving embrace, but the needs of King and Country dictate that I, with all true and patriotic Englishmen, must do my part to defend our beloved isle. I have penned a short poem for you and hope you will see just what love I feel for you.

My love is like a celery stalk,
Divided into two,
The leaves I give to the sea,
But the stalk I save for you !

(signed) WKM

Dear father,

I am writing this at sea aboard HMS *Sheik Yassouf*, as I have had the misfortune to be pressed into service. Please give my love to mother and the rest of the family. If you can find the funds, I may be able to better my position by purchasing a Midshipmans position.

Your obedient son (signed) Owen.

DESTROY NAPOLEON !! Keep the French away from our overseas colonies! And: FREE OPIUM TRADE!
This is what I am fighting for.

(signed) Tyler Brock
Masters Mate, HMS Sheik Yassouf

First he insists on having seen an imaginary Dutch ship, now he's full of Dutch courage! The Whispering Willow

To all RM,
New recruit looking for a friend or two in case some one gets smart wiv me. No hand of friendship refused, cause I is on me own! (signed) John O'Groats, RM

To FF
I am yer man sir, I is as common as they gets, pardon me English I ain't as educated as yer good self.

(signed) John O'Groats, RM

Dear Mam,
Well I came to London like you said and blow me down if I ain't been press ganged into the Marines! I just hope they are not a rowdy bunch of lads. I been here a month now and I seen a real big fire and things! I got a real smart uniform and stuff, even a gun!

Tell the cows I miss them and wont be home for a long, long time! Tell Brother Billy to make sure he warms his hands before he trys to milk Daisy she don't like cold hands and might kick him! Tell Da that if he can spare any more money I would be every so grateful and will pay him back when I've made a name for me self, gotta go some sort of God has just walked into the barrack room by the look of things and the way every one seems to be jumping around?

(signed) *Yer Lovin Son*, John

GM Waffle:

Phew ... talk about being murphied. I was all set to run the adjudication on time (October 12th / 13th), but only three of you had sent in orders before the deadline, hence I decided to wait and sort of lazed through the weekend (which I had carefully kept free of other engagements). Never did it enter my head that this might be the proverbial calm before all of Murphy's Hell broke loose ... but it was, and it did, and two very frantic weeks ensued (which sort of suggested this issue's major theme). By October 26th / 27th the worst seemed to be over and I actually found time to sit down and catch my breath – oh yes, and run the adjudication. Unfortunately, I sent an eMail to Terry (on Friday) boasting that the turn would hit his mailbox by Monday, guaranteed. Which was the signal for my computer to bog down just as I tried to upload the stuff ... which is also the reason why you didn't get a heads-up. Sorry folks, but you know the adage: "Against Death no simple grows!". Nor against Murphy.

Changing the topic entirely ... I have come to the conclusion that some changes are required in order to make the game more enjoyable. At present, a character is either at sea or on half pay. As a result there's no social life to speak of. I'm going to change that, starting this issue. At the beginning of each month I'll roll 1 d6 for each ship. In case I roll a 2, 4 or 6 the ship is ordered to sea and another roll decides the duration: 1, 4 = 1 month, 2, 5 = 2 months, 3, 6 = 3 months. EXAMPLE: The good ship *Briny Lover* rolls a 4 and a 5; She will leave at the beginning of next month and stay out for 2 months.

This means, of course, that characters already serving on a ship (or applying to join one) had better include orders for spending their time in London as well as for what to do on the High Seas. There's a new table called "The Blue Peter" listing the ships which stay in port (refitting) and those who go out. I don't plan to make this roll subject to influence, although I'm conscious of the detrimental effects it may have on characters enjoying the advantages of their MiDs. However, the good of the service takes precedence (or used to). Incidentally, please note that it is still possible to volunteer a ship, in which case it puts to sea at once!

Since this turn is the last month of the winter season all ships will be in London at the end of the month and characters will start there. Please check the "Blue Peter" table for ships going abroad. In case your ship is one of

them, please submit orders for what to do in a battle (deathroll, reckless bravery etc.). In case your ship is not listed in the table, a set of orders dealing with spending a month in London is all you need to submit (unless you think somebody is going to “volunteer” you). If you have any suggestions, comments etc. I’d be delighted to hear them, whether for or against the new scheme (or anything else, for that matter). However, I was mostly thinking of John Cosgrave, who had volunteered to be our “London Correspondent” and who has had very little opportunity to show his mettle up to now. Which brings me to the most important announcement:

**DEADLINE for ISSUE 004 : Friday November 22nd
2002**

Got that? Good. You saw what happened last time. Please don’t let it happen again!

Cheers

Red