

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 001 December 1790 - The Great Fire

Tyler Brock, son of an small opium trader and pressed aboard the *Sheik Yassouf* in Shanghai, stood at her lee railing as she was going up the Thames towards London - and couldn't believe his eyes. The whole city seemed to be engulfed in an extremely thick fog - a real peasouper. At first Tyler made light of it and told Private (RM) John Doe jokingly that he believed the captain had tripped over the longitude, smashed both clocks as well as his sextant, and had in fact brought them back to India - and in the middle of the monsoon season, to! Until they noticed the warmth emanating from the billowing whiteness. And the fact that most houses, if you got a glimpse of them, seemed to have no roofs. Besides, they looked even more dirty than usual. Downright sooty, if you came to think of it. Which observation would, after a second glance, turn out to be entirely correct, and it earned Tyler a Purser's billet (Master's Mate). John was unofficially rebuked for "credulity unbecoming a Royal Marine".

In fact, London had just been gutted by the second worst fire in its entire history. It had started on Boxing Day during the King's Salute, through a combination of bad luck and carelessness. To be more precise, a careless gunner on *Halcyon* had overcharged an old gun, and upon firing the gun had exploded, setting fire to the ship's sails (which were hung out to dry) and a burning piece of cloth fell down the hatch onto a heap of straw (bedding for the ship's livestock). From there, the fire soon reached the ship's magazine, and the ensuing explosion ripped a hole twixt wind and water on her larboard side where she moored against the quai. Quantities of water poured in, causing the *Halcyon* to list severely and her main mast went overboard - straight onto the thatch roof of the "Saracen's Head". Before anybody on board had so much as shouted "Fire!" three adjacent roofs had developed a bad case of measles ... well, orange-red splotches at least ... and the rest was inevitable.

True, the Tower still stood, the Royal family was safe, and so (presumably) were the Crown jewels.

But the Admiralty was gone, and Whitehall was a mess. By a miracle, Downing Street had remained intact. The House of Parliament was smoking, but seemed to have survived. Westminster Abbey didn't have a scratch. Part of Horse Guards was still standing. So was the Fish&Chips stall at its northern tip. But The Birdwalk has suffered cruelly ... and so had most other landmarks.

Many leading figures of government and of the Navy had perished in the flames, including the First Sea Lord, all Admirals and two Vice Admirals, all of whom had attended a briefing by the Head of Naval Intelligence, Sir Quincy Quango. Fortunately for the service Sir Rodney and Sir Louis (Vice Admiral Battersea of the White and Vice Admiral Beanpole of the Red) had left the building during a coffee break and had escaped by way of Hyde Park. However, a number of lesser officers (captains and lieutenants) had been assembled at the Admiralty for the court-martial of Captain X (since he is now dead, we will not reveal his name - *de mortuis nil nisi bene*). Once the alarm was out quite a number of them had tried to get to their ships, but the fire overtook them in the narrow streets of the Savoy Liberties. And gone was the great victualling depot in Chatham and the shipyards along the river bank.

As for the ships anchored in the Pool, they didn't really stand much of a chance. On the *Halcyon* things happened so fast, only half a dozen got away with their life (including the ship's cat), despite the fact that most of her people had been on deck. *Ferocious* had been moored ahead of the unlucky *Halcyon* and now became the victim of a freak gust which had burst through her open stern cabin windows and blazed right along her gun deck (the ship being cleared for action and all bulkheads struck), causing the powder in her guns to ignite at once. More quick-witted than most, her first Lieutenant led a party to the forecastle and they managed to hack through the anchor cables, but not to raise sail. This caused her to drift downstream, straight onto a sandbank in the middle of the river. On *Indomitable* and *Jupiter* most officers had attended a court martial at the Admiralty and although they immediately hurried back they found

the way was already blocked by a number of burning houses in the liberties of the Savoy (very narrow streets, and straw-thatched houses). Most of the crew had been ashore as well, and although the watch on board had done everything they could to save their ship, the intense heat had forced them to jump overboard and both vessels had blown up later on. The *Waakzaamheit* had tried a desperate manoeuvre to slip past the burning *Ferocious*, but a sudden squall made her lean over and her sails had caught fire. *Bellerophon*'s captain had even tried to have his ship towed upstream, and his men had plied the oars until their hands were bleeding, but to no avail.

Other ships were more lucky. On the *Droits de L'Homme* Private (RM) Johnny Albycross has noticed the distant flash and had run down to open the ship's flooding valves. Half an hour later the ship had settled nicely on the river's bottom, awash to the gunwale, all masts struck down and the deck sanded and wetted. For his quick thinking JA was promoted to Subaltern, but a stern reprimand from the Victualling Board robbed him of any chance of a MiD or monetary gain, seeing that the *Droits de L'Homme* had been fitting out to go far foreign and had just completed her cargo.

Two miles downriver from the *Droits de L'Homme* the *Fiddler's Green* was still moving sluggishly upriver against the making ebb towards her mooring place when her carpenter, a Jerseyman called Puisee D'Assinute burst into the great cabin with the news that half of London was on fire. Captain Doldrums immediately gave orders to clubhaul the ship and the *Sheik Yassouf* responded well, glad to exchange a dying breeze for the power of the river carrying her downstream and out of harm's way. In his report Captain Doldrum made little of the incident, but he did suggest that PDA should be promoted. And since a captain can do as he likes in many ways, he got a commission (to be confirmed by the Lords of the Admiralty at their

leisure) and had his sea chest moved into the young gentlemen's messroom.

Next day, he had went to aboard the *Swiftsure* and to relate the incident to his particular friend Guy Sandolls, one of her new crop of midshipmen (provisionally commissioned for his excellent performance during beever-time and while skylarking. "Bumpers!" cried GS and sent the gunroom steward for more wine. "Three times Three!" and "Wives and Sweethearts (and may the twain never meet)!" followed in rapid succession – but that proved PDA's undoing. When he regained consciousness he was in his own hammock aboard the *Sheik Yassouf* and none the wiser how he got there.

Nor was he the only one to suffer from seasickness. Young Andrew Goodman aboard the *Belle Poule* had a particularly bad dose of Neptun's curse and although the ship had the wind on her quarter and was moving nicely along under reefed topsails and topgallants he frequently had to get up from where he sat in order to "feede the fishes" as his sea-daddy put it. Teaching a youngster to not just to splice a rope but to adorn a rope's end with a handsome Matthew Walker was John Dory's speciality. And in AG he had a very attentive pupil. Nothing is secret for long in a ship and Andrew was called into the great cabin. He returned still holding the rope, but his other hand now held a crackling piece of paper – his commission as a midshipman.

Last but not least, man-about-town Fernando Ferghoot made an audible splash when he plunged for Miss Pamela Huntingdown-Jones. The lovely Pam played hard to get for a while, but when Fernando hired a Gypsie band and arrived himself in a chaise and four to croon under her window Pam couldn't resist joining him in the refrain "... saying something stupid like I love you!!". Then she jumped out of her first floor window straight into Fernando's arms (with a rose clenched between her teeth) and they went off to spend Christmas at Fernando's place in the Country.

Who's Who

ID	Name	eMail	SL	NA	
008	Wayne Rutledge	Wayne100@emirates.net.ae	9	5	Fernando Feeghoot (FF)
001	Tony Brooks	tony@brooks25.fsnet.co.uk	5	2	001
003	Glenn Galway	Glenn@ards1.demon.co.uk	5	3	003
009	Christian Schotmann	Christian@Schotmann.de	5	3	Tyler Brock (TB)
000	HaJo Schlosser	redhajo@aol.com	4	5	Guy Sandolls (GS)
007	James K. Blessing	briny@despres.co.uk	4	5	007
004	Steve Jackmann	cnfkomoff@hotmail.com	3	3	004
006	Neil Kendrick	HuwJorgens@aol.com	3	4	Puisee D'Assinunte (PDA)
002	Matthias Nitz	mattesn@01019freenet.de	2	4	Andrew Goodman (AG)
005	James Campbell	greyarea@apexmail.com	2	2	002
010	John Cosgrove	JACKAL@jcosgrave.freemove.co.uk	2	3	Jonah Albytross (JA)
011	Terry Crook	toppers@clara.co.uk	2	3	011

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	001
Gwendolyn Hotspur	5		
Mary Lamb	5		
Sara Pati	4		
Agnes Nutter	3		

Announcements

None

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 Domsday, KCB	NA 7
Chancellor of the Exchequer	---	
Minister of Justice	---	
Minister of War	---	
Commissioner of Public Safety	Sir Julian Parselmouth, KCB	NA 1

The Admiralty

The First Sea Lord

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

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

The Ships

White Squadron

	Droits de l'Homme	Ferocious	Richard Lionheart	Sheik Yassouf
Post Captain		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
1 st Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
2 nd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
3 rd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
4 th Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
5 th Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Master's Mate		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	TB
Master's Mate		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Master's Mate		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Master's Mate		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Master's Mate		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	

Red Squadron

	Indomitable	Jupiter	Fiddler's Green	Swiftsure
Post Captain				
1 st Lieutenant				
2 nd Lieutenant				
3 rd Lieutenant				
4 th Lieutenant				
5 th Lieutenant				XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman			PDA	GS
Midshipman				
Midshipman				
Midshipman				
Midshipman				XXXXXXXXXXXX
Carpenter				
Gunner				
Purser				
Sailmaster				XXXXXXXXXXXX
Crew				
Crew				
Crew				

Blue Squadron

	Waakzaamheit	Berwickshire	Bellerophon	Mars
Captain	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
1 st Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
2 nd Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
3 rd Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
4 th Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Carpenter	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Gunner	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Purser	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Crew	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	

Yellow Squadron

	Glenmoranie	Halcyon	Belle Poule	Alexander
Captain		XXXXXXXXXXXX		
1 st Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX		
2 nd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX		
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX		
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX		
Carpenter		XXXXXXXXXXXX		
Gunner		XXXXXXXXXXXX		
Crew		XXXXXXXXXXXX	AG	
Crew		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 : Jonah Albytross (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	---	

Letters:

(X001) Gentlemen of London, I give you greetings. I am recently arrived in this fair city, the very Heart of what makes England great. I am seeking adventure and excitement, after all one can only enjoy wealth if one has had a chance to experience deprivation and hardship, but I will draw the line at digging the weavils out of biscuits !!! Does anyone have any suggestion of how I can best spend my time or how to entertain myself and all the new friends I expect to make very quickly ?

Yours X001

(sorry, didn't have time to pick a name yet)

(FF) Any common man who wishes my friendship and my invitation to the Dolphin club will do me a silvery favor!

Soddin' aristo! Anybody invented lamp posts yet?

(TB) Aye Mates, Lets have a drink! As we seem to be the first couple heroes to defend our beloved King, we should get together for a little party. To start with a good example and maybe get the nobleman in our midst to follow it, I invite everyone in our favorite club "The Pit" in the second week of January for a nice mug of rum. Bring your ladies along.

To avoid any unpleasantness around The Pit (more than the usual at least) the Riff Raff from the *Jupiter* and *Bellerophon* is asked to leave their sorry butt at home.

Tyler Brock

The Pit will be closed for repairs for a while. There isn't half a pint of the stuff left in London.

The Management

GM Waffle:

Rise and shine, me hearties! Half of you made it despite the short notice, and I've floated the characters of those who couldn't meet the deadline. This is a test game, after all. Thanks to all those who took the pains to read the rules carefully and to point out my mistakes. The events of this issue may come as a bit of shock, despite the fact that many of you have played in other games of En Garde! before. However, I believe that one of the fundamental differences between a ship and a regiment is that a regiment may sustain (heavy) losses in battle but you can pick up the pieces afterwards (figuratively speaking), whereas the loss of a ship is irrevocable. On the other hand, all characters survived (some by a very narrow margin) and it says in the rules that new ships will appear from time to time, so there's something to look forward to. This issue sees John Cosgrave installed as our London correspondent (welcome aboard, John, but I'm afraid it's a bit dull right now. Easier to put in a para myself) while Richard Loutzenheiser was too swamped with work to help as much as he would have liked to (but that list of French ships was a goodie and we all hope you're back with us soon). And special thanks to Terry for his unfailing support in all things webby.

DEADLINE for ISSUE 002 : Friday September 13th 2002 (your lucky day)