

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*

GM "Red"HaJo Schlosser, eMail:horseguards@brinyengarde.co.uk
GM Matthias Nitz, eMail:matthias.nitz@helimail.de

Issue 10 – September 1791

"Good Golly, Miss Molly ...!" Guy Sandolls to the barmaid in the snugery of *The Old Ship* in Brighton

Three bells in the morning watch, a dark and moonless night, the wind coming from NW generally although the closeness of the land frequently played tricks upon it, causing small shifts – but HMS *Swordfish* rode easily at anchor off the South Headland, a dark shadow against the darker background of the looming cliffs. Suddenly, the night was split by no less than four signalling rockets and their glow revealed another ship on larboard, perhaps four miles distant. But hark – wasn't there something moving over the water between them? The lookout in the top took a long time to make sure, but then he hollered: "On deck, there! Deal boat coming in!" and the HMS *Swordfish* sprang into action. She was ideally placed to pick up the smuggler, if she could win her anchor in time. The Deal boat was going right into the wind and the pursuing ship had clearly given up all hope of catching it – hence the fireworks – but she was coming up fast, if only to be in for the kill (and a share of the prize money). But HMS *Swordfish* had only to turn round and the wind would send her straight towards the boat. Or rather, it would send her to a point where the boat would fetch up right under her guns. And this was precisely what her captain intended to do. "Away aloft" – Trice up and lay out" – "Let fall and sheet home" the well-known commands came in steady and regular order, and as the wind filled her sails, HMS *Swordfish* began to pick up speed – but so did the Deal boat, putting everything she had left into a desperate dash past the new obstacle. However, HMS *Swordfish* was ready for this. "Man the bow chaser – we'll give her a shot across the bow!" – "Cast loose your gun" – "Out tompion" – "Prime your gun" – "Point your gun" – "Fire!" and the ball flew straight and true in the direction of the smuggling craft, skipped once, twice, and with a final skip struck the flimsy craft, sinking her at once! No prize money after all. Convinced of having failed his people Guy Sandolls refused the promotion offered by the Admiralty at the insistence of the Revenue Service, but he did accept a minor MiD as a small consolation.

Meanwhile, E.I.C. La Poubelle had rounded the Cape and left the southern tip of Madagascar behind her, heading for Mauritius, that " ... precious stone set in the silver sea", home of dusky maidens, cheap Planter's punch and the One Penny Dark Blue stamp. Surely the Royal Society would pay handsomely for a fine specimen? In anticipation, John O'Groats had not only brought his stamp collection book but also invested in a lead pencil and several sheets of blank paper – now blank no longer, but covered with splashes of tar, pea soup, a few drops of rum (the work of a right awkward move by John's tail-mate Jock) and last but not least John O'Groats's spidery handwriting.

Day Sixty one

All quiet, too quiet and me knee is playing up and that's always a bad sign of summat awful gonna happen!

Day Sixty three

Knee still hurts but even more now ...! Jock has picked up on the feeling as well, muttering "we're all doomed, I tell ya ...doomed" this followed by cries from the crew of "shut up ya haggis shagger". But things feel bad and I agree with Jock on this one.....

Day Sixty Four

What did I tell ya, bad news all round - we've been spotted by Pirates and they're chasing us, its gonna be close but I think they're faster..... gotta go, Bosun is calling all hands to make more sail ...!

Day Sixty Five

I'm alive, I tell ya ... alive! Them bloody Pirates finally caught up with us and a right scrap it was, too. We fought tooth and nail to beat them off but it was the Captain's steward who saved the day. In a daring act he ran out along the starboard topgallant boom to cut the rope of a grapnel but his leg got caught in't and when the pirates fell off he took a dive – right past our gun port. I made a grab for him as he fell but only caught his shirt which ripped at once (the fabric being very thin) and he vanished in the sea shouting: "Now you've ruined my best shirt, you bastaaaarrgghh!" because the sharks now had their teeth into him. I don't think any one else heard him though in all the confusion, but that's me story and I'm sticking to it.

The day after, E.I.C. La Poubelle met a friendly American who promised to carry her mail (including the fruits of John O'Groats's penmanship) to the Cape – the first step on the way home where, we regret to inform our readers, the Royal Society unanimously dismissed John O'Groats's description of knee-ache accurately predicting trouble to come (the physician of the Fleet was heard muttering something about old wives' tales), but the British Anti-Shark-League received his tale of determined efforts to deprive the vicious beasts of a good meal ... er, to save the life of a brave shipmate, with more sympathy! The BASL chairman himself told it to a reporter of the Brighton & Hove Gazette who was looking for a bit of human interest to add to his stories.

At the same time, the other Indiaman E.I.C. *Shangri-La* hadn't left the Bay of Biscay behind, and both Peter Cunning and Thomas O'Malley managed to show signs of growing accustomed to ship life (NA +1). More precisely, Tom was now able to find his way to the head unaided and usually got there ahead (no pun intended) of his messmates whenever the cry of "Sweepers! Sweepers!" rang through the ship. In addition, his ability to make his skin take on the exact colour of pease pudding (a very difficult shade of greenish yellow) at the mere sight of a weevil was admired by all. But even Tom proclaimed himself beaten by Pete's trick of showing up in his accustomed place at the lee side gunwhale as soon as the smell of roast beef (the gunroom's invariable dinner) wafted about – regular as a Black Forest cuckoo clock and a good deal more amusing for his shipmates, who at first tried to cheer him up by remarking that seasickness was nothing really serious, i.e. you didn't die from it. "Oh my god" was Pete's choking reply "The hope of dying is all that's keeping me alive!".

The London Gazette

Issue 6 by J.C.

The Boys are back in town.

At long last things are beginning to return to normal in the city. The barricades have been dismantled and our seafaring Gentlemen have returned. I have even managed to secure myself a new desk – my previous one was used as part of a barricade to block Pageantmaster Court and prevent the invaders from sneaking past the main lines of defence and on to Ludgate Hill. I myself saw some of the fighting at fairly close quarters (although it never actually reached my position) and I must say I now have even more respect for the members of our army and navy.

But as I said our brave chaps are back in our nations' great capital and all over the city the bunting is up. Both north and south of Old Father Thames the riversides were heaving under the throng of people waiting to cheer the ships into port. But I must admit, that even though the multitude there were in joyous mood there were a few faces tinged with sadness at the news that two

of the city's brightest lights were not returning – John Doe and Puisse D'Assinute. Church services are yet to be announced, but as soon as they are they will, of course, be published in these pages.

As soon as the multitude of Navy ships arrived the gangplanks were swarming with sailors rushing ashore into the arms of their loved ones, or rushing into the nearest watering hole. The application desks of the City Clubs were also busy with Miles Attenborough-Davis signing of at The Red Coat and Dae Dastardly at The Pit. Although a slightly red faced Jack Sandwich was seen leaving The Singapore Sling after being informed that he did not fulfil the requirements for membership. In order to cheer himself up after this affront he promptly bought 2 magnificent horses – so fitting for a man of his position. The horse traders were doing good business this month with Josiah Kerr also picking up a fine looking animal. It was not only the clubs that saw movement though, several chaps also decided that it might be in their best interests to change ships – Jack Tar

moving to the HMS Berwickshire and Josiah Kerr to the HMS Belle Poule where he was warmly welcomed by Sir Fernando Feghoot.

But enough of this – on with the festivities. Miles Attenborough-Davis threw the first of the month on board HMS Mars which was very well attended. I recall spotting Wayne Kin-Madly talking animatedly with Sir Fernando, Wayne Kin-Madley talking animatedly with Josiah Kerr, and Andrew Goodman chatting with a blank faced Jonah Albytross about the finer points of ship board accounting. In fact I believe it was Andrew Goodman who raised the question with Miles of “who exactly was going to clean up the residue of such a wonderful party on board one of His Majesties ships?”. Miles was soon after rescued by Wayne Kin-Madly and encouraged by him to make a speech; He did so and dedicated the first round of the evening to the memory of all colleagues lost in the campaign – namely John Doe and Puisee D’Assinute. The toast was completed by all present.

Not all of our famous gentlemen were in the mood for partying: some of them took their first steps ashore in the direction of different company from the sort that they would have been used to on ship. Dae Dastardly booked a carriage and visited Sophia Williams, surprising her with a troupe of minstrels to complete a romantic evening. After a bad start to his shore leave Jack Sandwich thought that he also would like to be seen with a society lady on his arm and wooed Lady Elizabeth Doolittle, only to find that his ambition outstretched his purse. So for the second time in a matter of days he was seen retreating with rather a red face.

The second party of the month was held at The Pit by Jack Tar, and was attended in even greater numbers. The most notable event of a rather hazy evening for all concerned was the moment that Josiah Kerr retrieved his cane from where it had been left since he was press ganged a few months ago outside this very establishment. The cane was still hanging above the bar and Jonah Albytross (who felt slightly responsible as Josiah was pressed after drinking with him) hoisted Josiah onto his shoulders so he could retrieve the item. He held his prize aloft to the cheers of the entire ensemble. The barman insisted that the cane was being held as security until Josiah had settled the bill for his last visit, but in a spirit of companionship that can only be found in our armed forces all the partygoers tossed coins over the bar to settle the account – to the point where the staff had to take cover! A further toast was held to “absent friends” by Josiah and Jonah, speaking of the last time that they were in the pit with John Doe and John O’Groats. Jack Tarr seconded the motion and called for another round. Seeking a quieter life elsewhere in the city though, Tyler Brock was seen on the steps of the house of Ophelia Goolies with a small but very expensive looking gift. What it was we don’t know but it had the desired affect as he was invited inside. Dae Dastardly also decided that he did not particularly want to spend time with that riotous crowd at the Pit and accompanied his new mistress to the Opera – somewhat hoping that the rumours would be true and he would be able to meet the attending Royals. Unfortunately for him none were in evidence but I hope and believe that they had a pleasant evening.

The two planned parties over with everyone was able to go about their own business for the rest of the month. Dae Dastardly decided that he enjoyed the opera so much that he just had to go again (his story – that’s all I’m saying) but as luck would have it the Crown Prince was in attendance and Dae Dastardly was able to catch a few moments conversation. Also in the receiving line were Wayne Kin-Madly with Emma and Jonah Albytross with Agnes. It was a night that they will all remember for some time I am sure. Some of the other chaps also decided that maybe it was time that they had some company other than that of their ship mates and armed with gifts and dress uniforms they decided that it could be time to make their feelings known. Andrew Goodman was seen collecting a package from a jewellers of excellent standing near Hatton Garden and quickly calling to a flower seller nearby for some red roses he certainly turned heads as he passed by. I dare say that there were several ladies who were secretly hoping that his attention would be coming their way but the lucky lady was Rebecca Dorrit, who was quite literally swept off her feet. Also you may recall that a few months ago Josiah Kerr was turned down by Gwendolyn Hotspur, well Josiah is not a man to take rejection to heart and was seen carefully placing a small bottle of perfume and a note outside Gwendolyn’s door, and then hiding around the corner. Gwendolyn was delighted with her gift and decided to give Josiah a second chance when he called again later. A charmer if ever there was one. Miles Attenborough-Davis on the other hand decided to see if south of the river lived up to the reputation that John O’Groats always maintained. Well, it certainly lived up to one of the reputations held by that part of London as he was pounced upon by a gang of cut-purses as he left, loosing all that he carried.

One last note upon occurrences this week is something that I couldn’t quite fathom. Sir Fernando was seen chatting in rather an amorous way with Ophelia Goolies – all in good heart I am sure but I feel that Sir Fernando should be warned that other publications in the city may like to make something more out of rumours surrounding Knights of the Realm when it comes to their liaisons. You will, of course, find no such gossip-mongering in *The Gazette*.

I feel that all concerned may have been feeling rather the worse for wear towards the end of the month, as generally speaking a quiet time was had by all. Dae Dastardly, Andrew Goodman, Jack Tar and Wayne Kin-Madly headed for the opera, I suppose just in case the Crown Prince decided to make a return visit (or maybe

Dae Dastardly really is an opera lover), but to no avail.

The last word this month must go to Jack Sandwich, who after his embarrassments earlier in the month had been keeping rather a low profile for most of the time, but decided that what he needed to really cheer himself up was a good time out with some of the “Southside Ladies”. So off he strode with a spring in his step and cash in his purse. Unfortunately for him it was not long before the cash was in someone else’s purse - he was held up somewhere near Southwark! Your heart really does go out to some people.

Hopefully things will turn out better for Jack in the future – if they do you can be sure that it will, of course, be reported in *The Gazette*.

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	TB
Pamela Huntingdown-Jones	12	W I	FF
Rebecca Morrison	11		
Alice Wonderland	11		
Joan Fullins	10	B	
Doris Open	10		
Sophia Williams	9	B	DD
Diana Villiers	9	B	
Rebecca Dorrit	8		AG
Betty Grapples	8		
Moll Flanders	7		
Sue Briquette	7		
Emma Woodhouse	6	B	WKM
Gwendolyn Hotspur	5		JWK
Mary Lamb	5		
Sara Pati	4		

Agnes Nutter

3	JA
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The Guilty Parties

ID	Name	Abb.	Weal. SL	NA	SP	Club	App.	Rank
008 <i>Sir Fernando Feghoot</i>	FF comfy	11	7	40		Dolph -	Captain HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>	
012	Jack Sandwich	JS	poor	10	5	17	-	Captain HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
009	Tyler Brock	TB	OK	8+	6	25	Lloyd	Midshipman HMS <i>Richard Lionheart</i>
001	Wayne Kin-Madley	WK M	comfy	6+	4	24	Pit	
000	Guy Sandolls	GS	comfy	5	5	F	Pit	Brevet Master & Commander HMS <i>Swordfish</i>
005	Jack Tar	JT	poor	5	6	14	Pit	
016	Miles Attenborough-Davis	MAD	poor	5+	6	20	Red C. -	Subaltern RM, HMS <i>Mars</i>
013	Josiah W. Kerr	JWK	comfy	4+	8	28	Pit -	Lieutenant HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
010	Jonah Albytross	JA	comfy	4+	5	24	Pit	Lieutenant RM, HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
006	Dae Dastardly	DD	poor	4+	5	29	Pit	
018	Thomas O'Malley	TOM	poor	3	7+	E	-	Sailor EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>
002	Andrew Goodman	AG	comfy	3+	9	39	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Mars</i>
011	John O'Groats	JOG	comfy	2	5	E	-	Sailor EIC <i>La Poubelle</i>
017	Pete Cuning	PC	poor	1	6+	E	-	Sailor EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>

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: F = Front, E = East India ship

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	

The Admiralty

The First Sea Lord
N6

1st Lord of the Admiralty			
2nd Lord of the Admiralty			
N7		N8	
Admiral		Admiral	
White Squadron	Red Squadron	Blue Squadron	Yellow Squadron
N3	Sir Rodney Batterssea, Marquis of Mayfair (NA 5) N7 N4		
Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral
N3 Sir Louis Beanpole, Baron of Whitefriars (NA 3)	N8 N7		
Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral
N5 N7 N3	N6		

The Ships

White Squadron

	Droits de l'Homme SoL 1 st Class	Ferocious SoL 1 st Class	Richard Lionheart SoL 1 st Class	Sheik Yassouf SoL 2 nd Class
Post Captain	N4	N6 N3 N7		
1st Lieutenant	N6			
2nd Lieutenant	N7 * N5			
3rd Lieutenant				
4th Lieutenant				
5th Lieutenant				XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman			TB	
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Red Squadron

	Indomitable SoL 2 nd Class	Jupiter SoL 2 nd Class	Fiddler's Green SoL 2 nd Class	Swiftsure SoL 3 rd Class
(Post) Captain	---	N5		N4 N4
1st Lieutenant				N2

2 nd Lieutenant	N3 N5* N8*			
3 rd Lieutenant				
4 th Lieutenant				XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Blue Squadron

	Waakzaamheit SoL 3 rd Class	Berwickshire SoL 4 th Class	Bellerophone SoL 4 th Class	Mars SoL 5 th Class
Captain	JS	N9	N3	N4
1 st Lieutenant		N3		AG*
2 nd Lieutenant	N5*	N2		
3 rd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Yellow Squadron

	Glenmoranie SoL 5 th Class	Halcyon SoL 5 th Class	Belle Poule SoL 5 th Class	Alexander SoL 5 th Class
Captain	N4 N8	FF		N5
1 st Lieutenant		N5		N4
2 nd Lieutenant		JWK		N1
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Blockade Squadron

	Salisbury Sloop	Sauve Qui Peut Sloop Surprise	Sloop	Swordfish Sloop
Captain	N8 (BR=4)	N6 N3 (BR=3) GS		
1 st Lieutenant	N5			
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

*=Ship's Adj.

The Royal Marines

General	N7
Lt-General	N4
Brigade General N4	

Colonel (DH) : N2		
Lieutenant-Colonel (FE) : N6	Lieutenant-Colonel (RL): N4	Major (SY): N2
Major (IN): N7 Major (JU): N4 Major (FG): N2		
Captain (SW): Captain (WA): N4 Captain (BS): N4		
Captain (BE) : N5 Lieutenant (MA): N6 Lieutenant (GL): JA		
Lieutenant (HA): Lieutenant (BP): N5 Lieutenant (AL):		
Subalterns : MAD (MA)		
Privates :		

*= Reg.Adj.

The Honourable Company

Chairman East India Company	Sir William Weatherwax	
Directors East India Company	Sir Guthrie Featherstone Mr. Peshawar Cannings Mr. John Mortimer	

La Poubelle (LP) Captain N6	
(sailed June 1 st 1791)	
1st Lt.:	
	2nd Lt.: N10
3rd Lt.: N7	
	Mids: N6
Crew: JOG	

Shangri-La	Captain N6
(sailed September 1 st 1791)	
1st Lt.: N3	
2nd Lt.: N3	
3rd Lt.: N5	
Mids: N1	
Crew: TOM, PC	

The Patriotic Fund

Chairman Patriotic Fund	The Right Honourable Sir Ezram Blazentoe	
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Committee Mem. Patriotic Fund	---		
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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

October	November	December
None <i>HMS Droits de L'Homme</i>		
<i>HMS Indomitable</i>		
<i>HMS Berwickshire</i>		
<i>HMS Alexander</i>		

Who's Who

ID	Name	E-Mail		
018	Undine Johnke	<a href="mailto:eineU
nni@t-
onlin
e.de">eineU nni@t- onlin e.de TOM	Thomas O'Malley	
017	Thomas Johnke	<a href="mailto:Torfk
oppT
J@we
b.de">Torfk oppT J@we b.de	PC	Pete Cunning
016	Jürgen Hossfeld	<a href="mailto:J.Hos
sfeld
@t-
onlin
e.de">J.Hos sfeld @t- onlin e.de MAD	Miles Attenborough-Davis	
013	Toby Whitty	<a href="mailto:yaled
or@y
ahoo.
com">yaled or@y ahoo. com JWK	Josiah W. Kerr	

012	Greg F.	onasilverwind@yahoo.com JS	Jack Sandwich	
011	Terry Crook	Toppers@brinyengarde.co.uk	JOG	John O'Groats
010	John Cosgrave	JACKAL@jcosgrave.fr eeserve.co.uk 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	HuwJorge@ads@ol.com DD	Dae Dastardly	
005	James Campbell	greyarea@apexmail.com JT	Jack Tar	
002	Matthias Nitz	Matthias.nitz@helimail.de	AG	Andrew Goodman
001	Tony Brooks	tony@brookst25.fsnet.co.uk	WKM	Wayne Kin-Madley
000	"Red"HaJo Schlosser	redhajo@ads@ol.com GS	Guy Sandolls	

Court martial

The Court found that Sir Rodney, formerly Vice Admiral of the Red, could have done better but had not been grossly derelict in his duty. To encourage a better understanding of his duties he was demoted to Rear Admiral and put ashore on half pay for twelve lunar months.

The Court found that captain N6 formerly of HMS *Droits de l'Homme* had been grossly derelict in his duty. He was immediately stripped of his rank and all privileges appertaining thereunto and kicked out of the Navy for good measure (nor will he be allowed to hold any position ever again).

The Court found that Sir Louis, Rear Admiral of the Red, had done all he could do and acquitted him from all charges! He will resume his office and his duties forthwith.

The Court found that captain N3 formerly of HMS *Indomitable* had been derelict in his duty but not grossly so. He was denoted to Master & Commander and will be on half pay for twelve lunar months.

The Court found that general N3 of the Royal Marines had not been grossly derelict in his duty. He was demoted to Lt. General and will be on half pay for twelve lunar months.

Duels

None

Announcements

Tyler Brock applies for the appointment as Captains Secretary or Captain of the Top or Neptuns Captain

HMS *Droits de L'Homme* has completed its repairs and captain N4 begs to inform the public that applications for officers and crew are welcome.

Letters

Aloha fellow sailors of H.M. Fleet,

having survived the worst of it, why are there no parties scheduled? Are you all too busy chasing some ladies to have a drink with your fellow sea-rats?

How about a get-together to celebrate Your Knighthood, Sir Feghoot?

If enough people show interest, I may also be convinced to do another Chinese evening... anybody want that?

Ceterum Censeo Napoleon Esse Delendam,

Tyler Brock

Dear Mr. Brock,

I would like to come to your Chinese evening since I was tied up with business - I was at the front - last time.

Best regards

Andrew Goodman
Lieutenant HMS Mars

Dear Gentlemen!

After noticing the letters from Mr. Brock and Mr. Goodman I have to say, I'm very sorry, that there wasn't an invitation for a party until now. As the "new guy" it is definitely my job to organise such an event. And here it is, my pay for my footing:

Dear Sirs,

I would like to welcome all of you to my special debut party in week 1 on board of HMS Mars.
Drinks and meals are all inclusive.
Music is organized.
Danceground is washed and wiped.

Furthermore I am able to offer some special games for public pleasure.

a) sinking of ships

On the seven seas there is a lot of scum in boats and ships. The one, who sinks the most opponents' ships will be the winner.

b) penny placement

On board our vessel are 10.000 guineas in pennies. The one who puts most pennies on our opponents' eyes is the winner.

That's it.

I hope all of you will be on board on time.

See you

Miles Attenborough-Davis
Subaltern Royal Marines HMS Mars

Sir,

I thank you for your most kind invitation and would ask if there are any attending who require the services of a trained sycophant?

Humbly Yours,

Josiah W. Kerr esq

Dear Gentlemen,

I am very sorry to turn down all invitations received so far. Hanging around on warships or in second-rate clubs is not what I survived the war for. Why is there no party from Sir Feghoot and Mr. Sandwich? Too busy enjoying your high-class living? Forgot your comrades-in-arms? Too sad! Well, you aint gonna see me back in "The Pit", no sir.

I am looking for a wee little bit more style here!

Tyler Brock
Midshipman HMS Richard Lionheart

Gentlemen,

As another newcomer to London society I wish to invite all to my arrival party, to be held at The Pit in Week 2 . I do hope that some of His Majesty's sailors can attend as I am interested in finding out more about the opportunities of a naval career.

Your obedient servant
Jack Tar

I appear to be the victim of Admiralty spite at present... Now that I have found myself a ship - no thanks to them - an exercise goes wrong and damages the ship and I am accused of sleeping on the job ! I would point out that I was in the thick of the efforts to save the ship as the state of my eyebrows and hair will testify. To give up ones looks for King and country is what any true gentleman is prepared to do but to then be not only overlooked but publicly ridiculed is almost too much to bear.

If this is what happens when a patriot tries to point out shortcomings in those charged with defence of the realm then I fear for England's future. Be that as it may, there will always be one person prepared to stand out and do his bit, Wayne Kin-Madley.

WKM.
True Patriot

GM Waffle (Part One):

Hi, due to some error corrections my part of the evaluation took longer than expected. Therefore the interims issue reached John and HaJo later. We proudly present two new players: welcome to Undine and Thomas. I'll stay in hospital (again) beginning February 26th for an unknown period of time...

GM Waffle (Part Two):

First of all, apologies for being late again (this seems to become a habit). Another stay in hospital was partly responsible for that, but most of it is due to the fact that I have been working on the rules. Yes, there will be changes – fewer ships, for one thing, staff reduction at the Admiralty, and captains must get used to apply for a berth in person (which means fagging up to London). Some of these are loose ends that had been flapping around since gamestart – only nobody noticed! As soon as I'm satisfied with the new version I'll ask Matthias to mail a copy to each of you and Terry will put them on our website. Meanwhile, thank you for playing Briny En Garde and I hope you enjoy it all as much as I do! I'll be off line from between March 17th and April 7th, hence a very late deadline.

DEADLINE for ISSUE 011 : April 2nd, 2004