

The air was cold and damp, and the hours of marching had taken the edge off the men's spirit. The raucous songs and psalms that the march had begun with had long since faded, replaced with the monotonous beat of the drum, and the tramp of the men's boots on the road. Yet despite this the men remained alert. There were rumours of enemy troopers nearby, and the last thing anyone wanted was to lose their life because some dandy Royalist horseman wanted to make himself a name.



The band make camp for the night on the outskirts of the small village of Skipwithe.

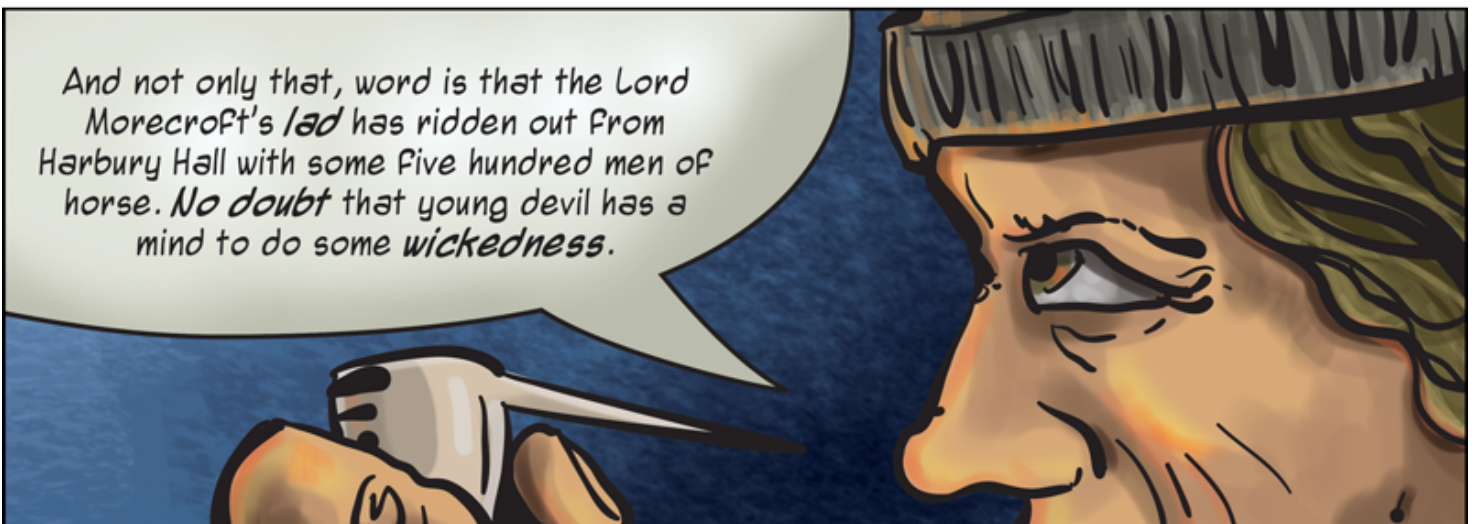
Aye, It's a *grim* situation, of that there is no doubt...



You're not wrong there. As I heard it Newcastle is moving out of York with five thousand foot and near as many horse...



And not only that, word is that the Lord Morecroft's *lad* has ridden out from Harbury Hall with some five hundred men of horse. *No doubt* that young devil has a mind to do some *wickedness*.





There is something wrong with that young lad... Something black in his heart.

Evening ladies...



Pickering, Jones, time to stop your *bawling* and earn your pay. We have a little *job* to do.



Seargent Matthew Rook...



Come on, up you get lads and make it sharp. His *Lordship* has given me some *presents* to pass on to you!



The Flintlock (or dog-lock) musket was a newer type of weapon. Without the need for a constantly lit match the Flintlock was ideal for nighttime operations... that required stealth...

What is it?

Aye, it is. I just hope you can kill as many *Royalists* with it as you did with your old musket.

It's a *dog-lock* musket

A select group of musketeers gather around Matthew Rook

Someone get me that drum, and gather around, is the *map* for tonight's little adventure

Let's go try it out then shall we!

About a mile down that way is a village called Skipwithe. We have been told that a couple of the Lord Morecroft's cavalry commanders are down at the inn sampling the ale and company.

Sir Thomas has asked me to take a few of you lads down and offer those Fine Royalist gentlemen an 'invitation' to come and enjoy our 'hospitality'.

I took a little look and it appears they are accompanied by a hand full of dragoons. The dragoons need not be spared but we need those cavalry men alive.

Ha
Ha
HaHa




Are them
pair overshot
again?




Aye, looks that
way. I'm fed-up
of playing
nurse maid to
them pair.
Three nights on
the trot now!





The village is silent
apart from peal of
laughter...




... which is just
loud enough to
hide our approach.





Ha
Ha
HaHa




KARAKKK



The sharp rattle of
musket fire splits
the night air.



Three men die,
they never even
see it coming.



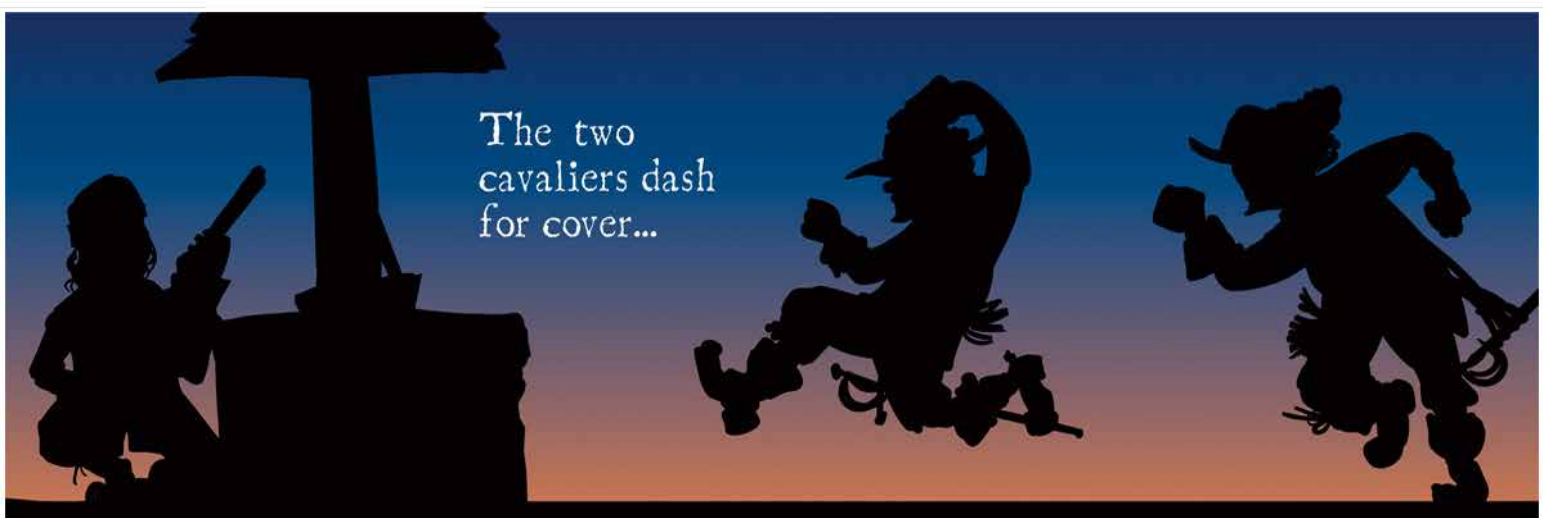
Everything is
going to plan...

Rook urges his men to action.

They are by the Inn, take them alive.



The two cavaliers dash for cover...



Here Sirs, *shelter* behind this old well.



John, take a couple of men *around* the side to surprise them.





Lawson,
Jacob, with
me... We are
going round
the side.

Over at the well...



I should teach
those Fellows a
thing or two!

No! Stay
down!



Aim for the
dragons, we
need the other
two alive!



Take
this!



Oops!



BLAM!



KER-UNGH

I surrender, I
surrender..
pplease don't
hit me...

I demand you
untie me at once,
you ruffian. I'm a
gentleman don't
you know!

You sir are a
blaggard, a
papist, and little
more than that
devil Moorecroft's
lap-dog.

You shall go to
my Noble Lord
Hawksby to see
what is to be
done with you