

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.

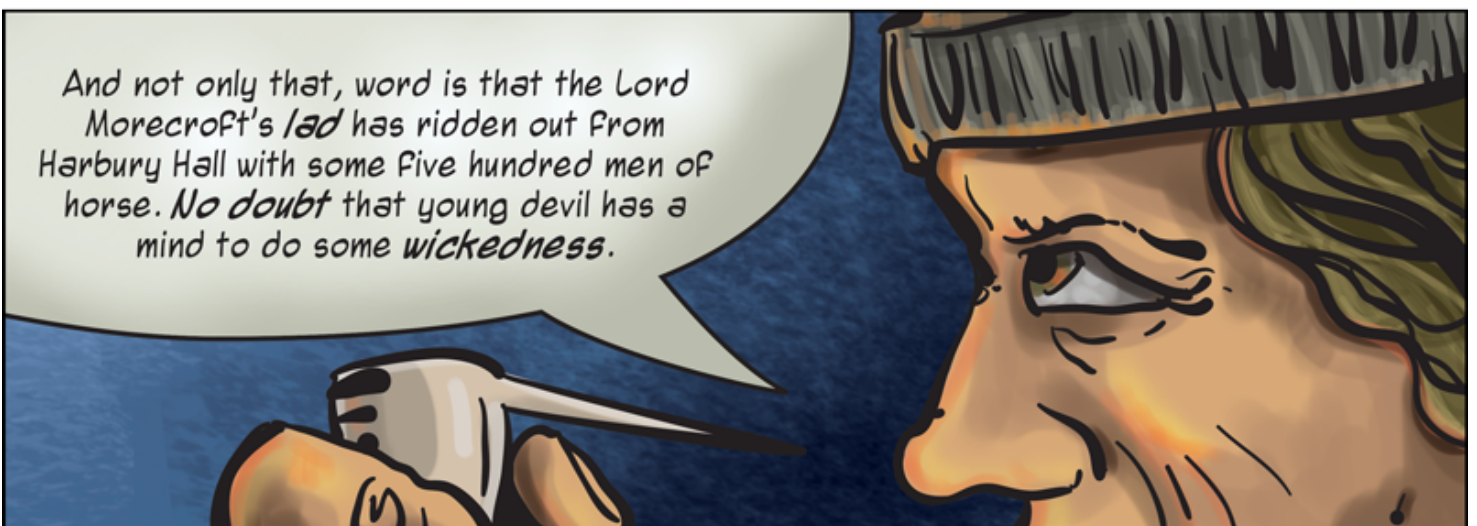
Aye, It's a *grim* situation, of that there is no doubt...



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.



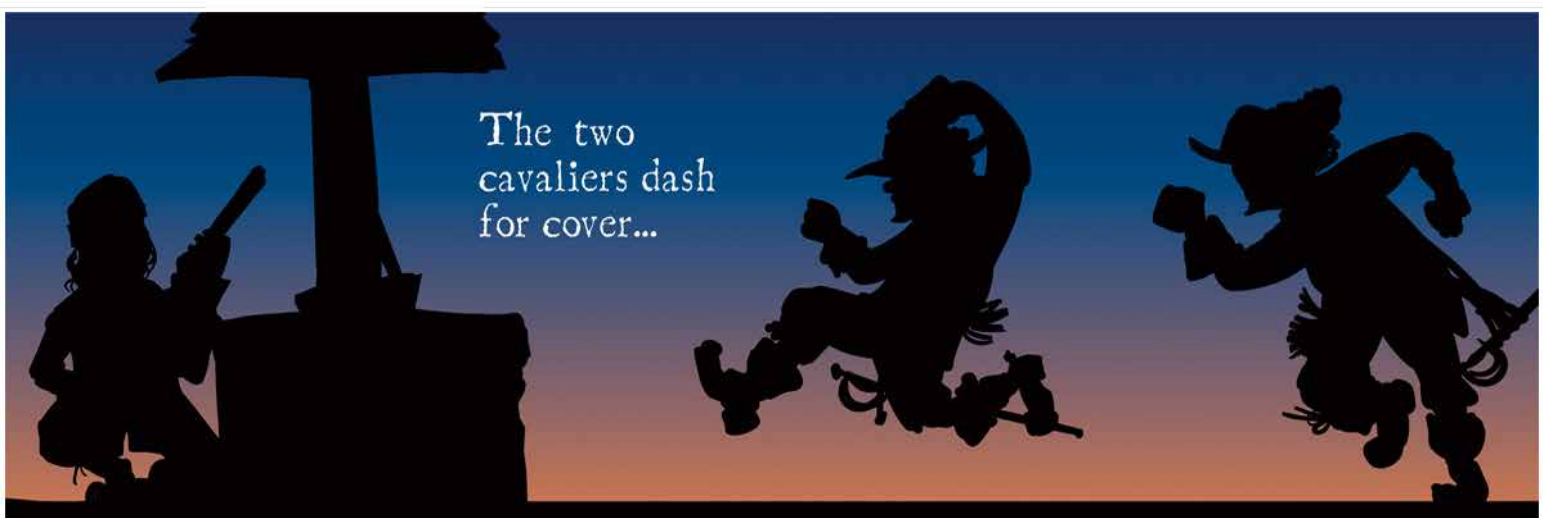
Everything is  
going to plan...

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!

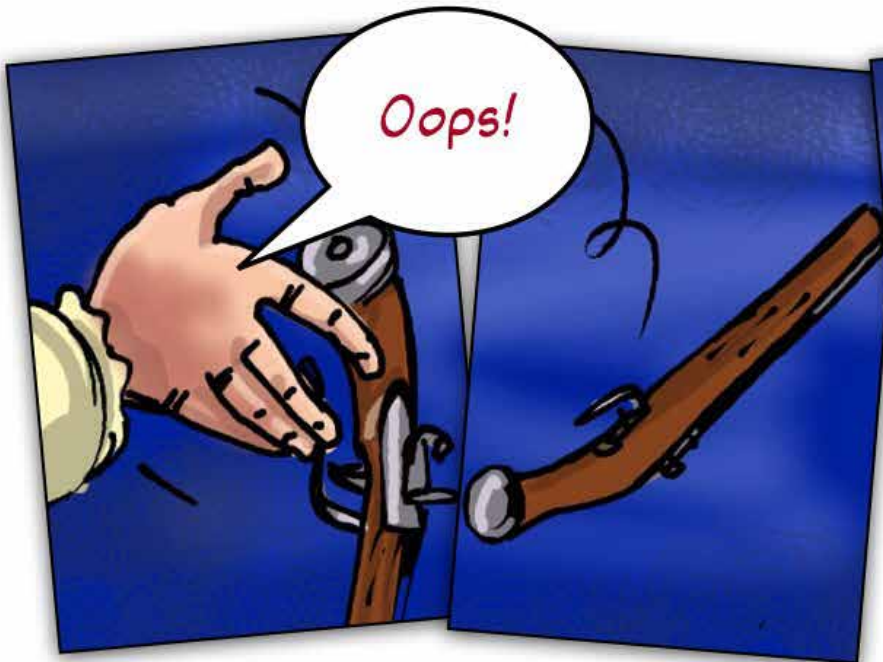
No! Stay  
down!



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

HAWKSBY MANOR

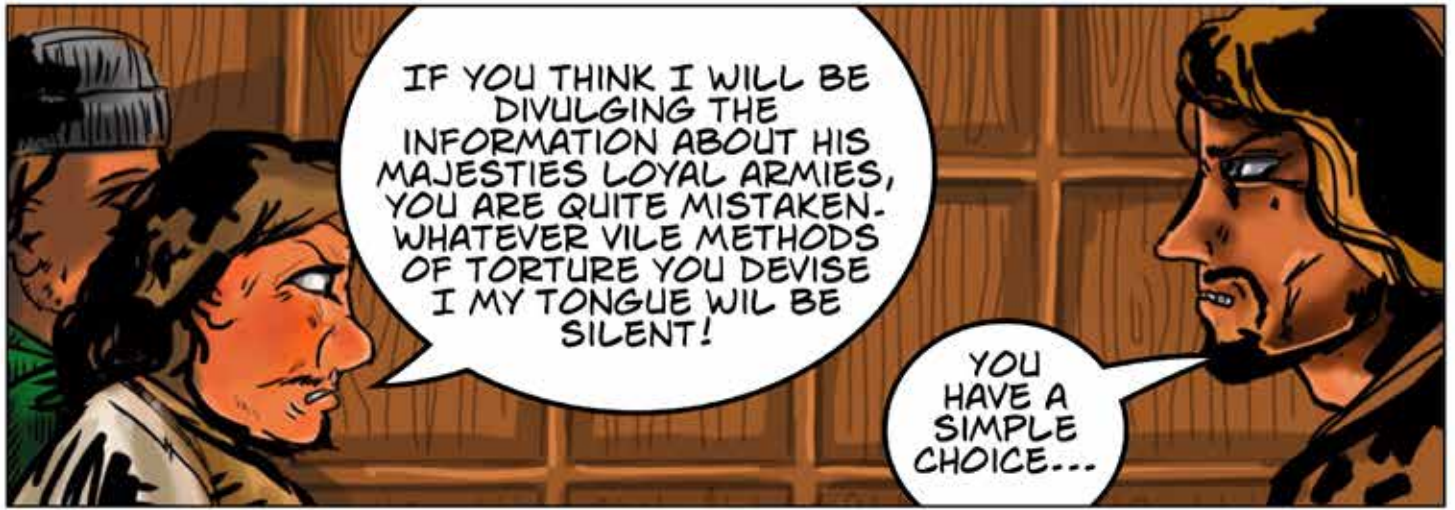


LORD  
HAWKSBY, THE  
MEN ARE BACK  
FROM THE RAID,  
HERE IS THE  
PRISONER...



WELCOME TO  
HAWKSBY MANOR...

IF YOU ANSWER  
OUR QUESTIONS  
I'M SURE YOUR  
STAY HERE WILL BE  
VERY PLEASANT



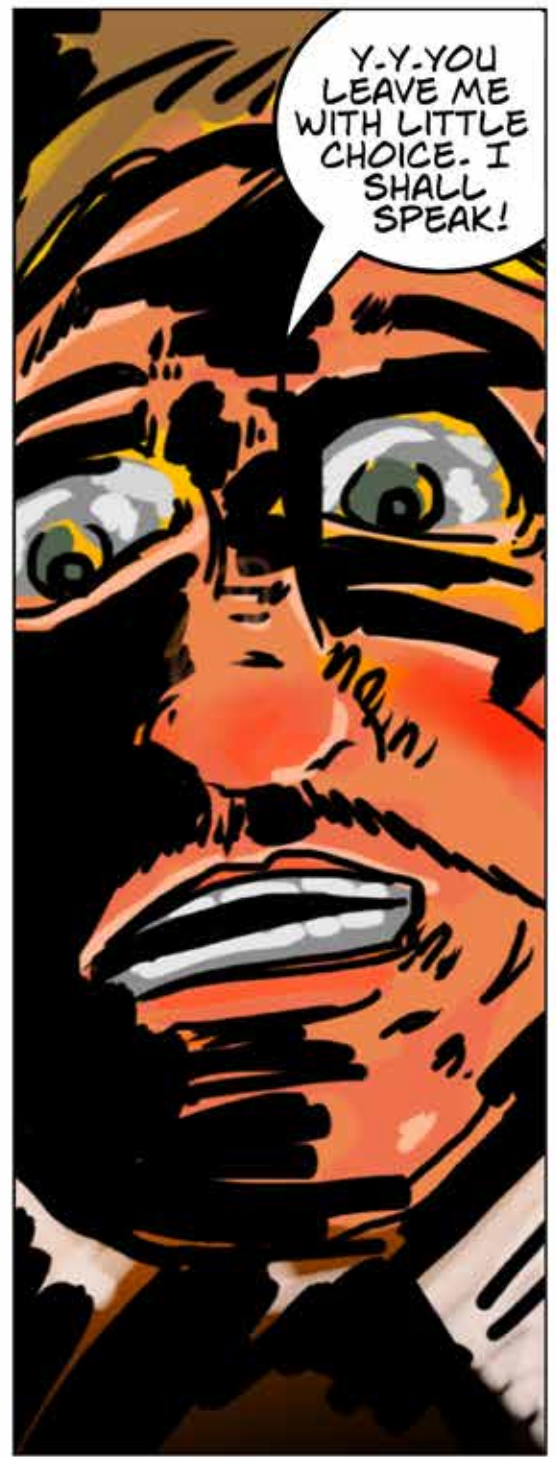
IF YOU THINK I WILL BE DIVULGING THE INFORMATION ABOUT HIS MAJESTIES LOYAL ARMIES, YOU ARE QUITE MISTAKEN. WHATEVER VILE METHODS OF TORTURE YOU DEVISE I MY TONGUE WILL BE SILENT!

YOU HAVE A SIMPLE CHOICE...




..YOU CAN TAKE THIS PURSE AND A FRESH HORSE, AND GO WHEREVER YOU WILL, BUT FIRST YOU MUST TELL ME ALL...

...OR KEEP YOUR PEACE AND SPEND THEIR REST OF THIS WAR AT PARLIAMENT'S PLEASURE IN A COVENTRY JAIL.



Y-Y-YOU LEAVE ME WITH LITTLE CHOICE. I SHALL SPEAK!

A woman in a purple dress stands in front of a soldier in a metal helmet and armor. They are on a ship's deck with rigging visible in the background.

QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA

NOT ONLY THE KING'S WIFE BUT HIS LOYAL, REPRESENTATIVE ON THE CONTINENT...

...SHE HAS BEEN OVER THERE THIS PAST YEAR RAISING FUNDS, BUYING TROOPS AND MEN...

...AND WILL BE RETURNING SOON INTO BRIDLINGTON WITH ENOUGH FORCE TO BRING THIS PITIFUL REBELLION TO IT'S KNEES.

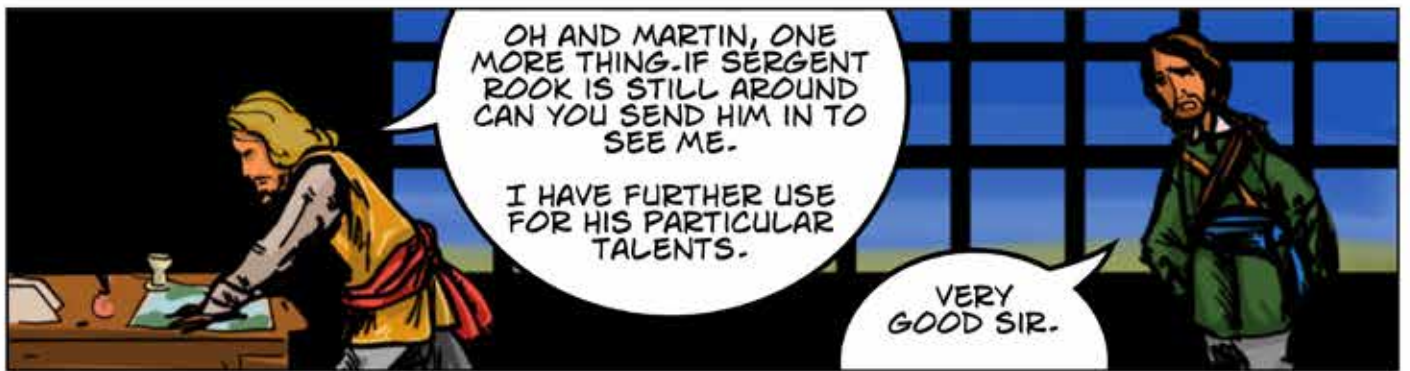






MARTIN, WE NEED TO SEND RIDERS WITH HASTE. WE MUST GET WORD TO FAIRFAX, AND TO PARLIAMENT IN LONDON. TELL THEM WHAT WE HAVE HEARD TONIGHT. THIS COULD BODE VERY ILL FOR OUR CAUSE.

YES SIR...



OH AND MARTIN, ONE MORE THING. IF SERGENT ROOK IS STILL AROUND CAN YOU SEND HIM IN TO SEE ME.

I HAVE FURTHER USE FOR HIS PARTICULAR TALENTS.

VERY GOOD SIR.

SOON DISPATCH RIDERS THUNDER OUT OF THE GROUNDS OF HAWKSBY MANOR.



The Fleece inn, York.



ELLEN!  
ELLEN, I  
NEED YOUR  
HELP!



ELLEN!  
ELLEN, ARE  
YOU THERE?



DON'T FRET  
MOTHER I'M  
COMING...