

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.

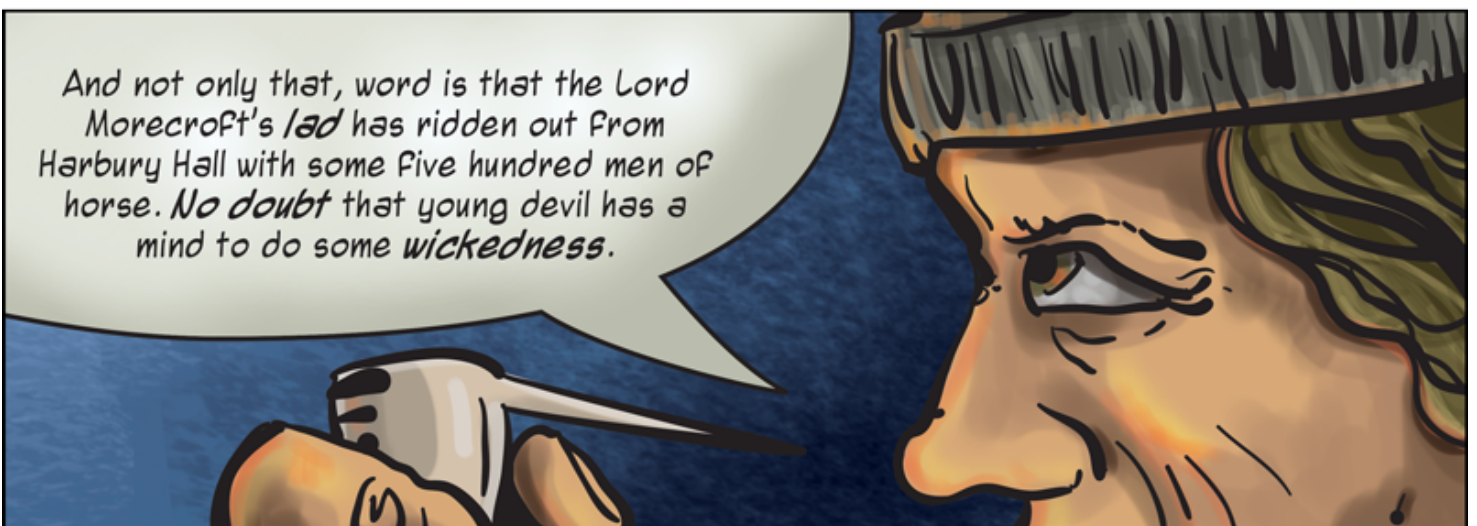
Aye, It's a *grim* situation, of that there is no doubt...



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.



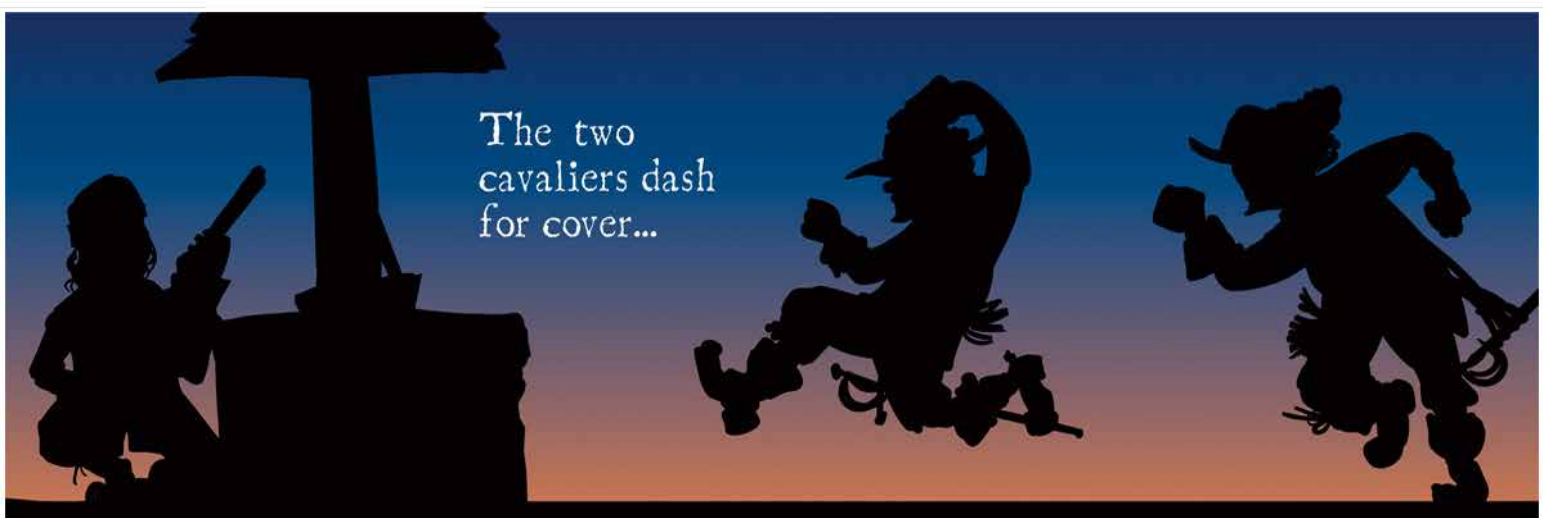
Everything is
going to plan...

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

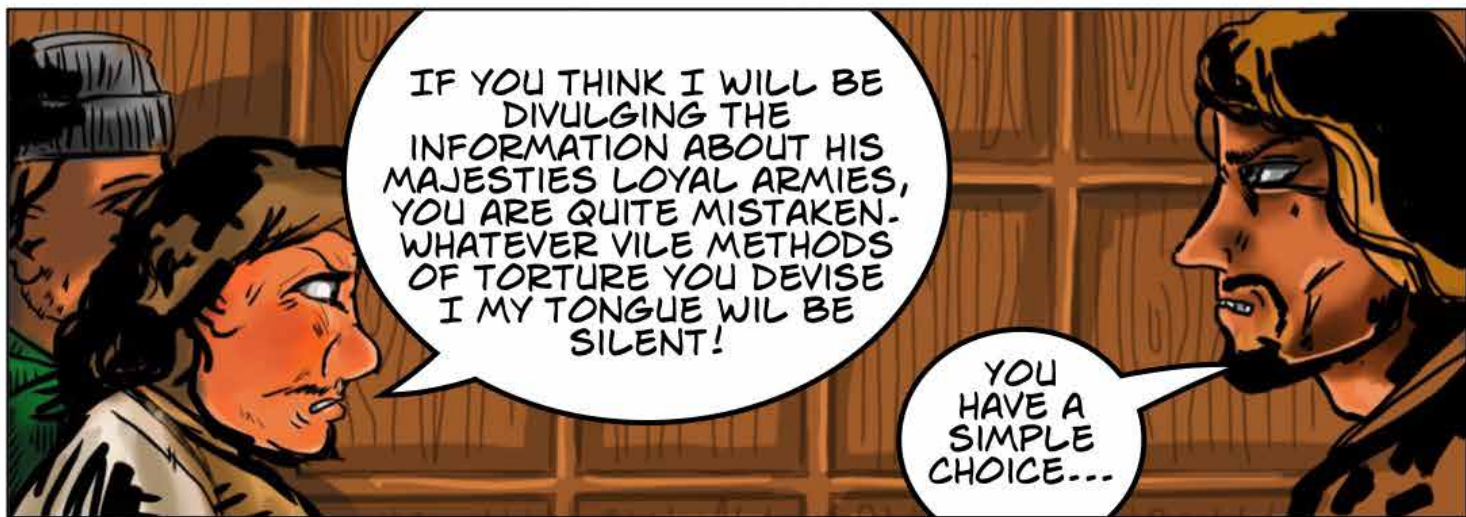


LORD
HAWKSBY, THE
MEN ARE BACK
FROM THE RAID,
HERE IS THE
PRISONER...



WELCOME TO
HAWKSBY MANOR...

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



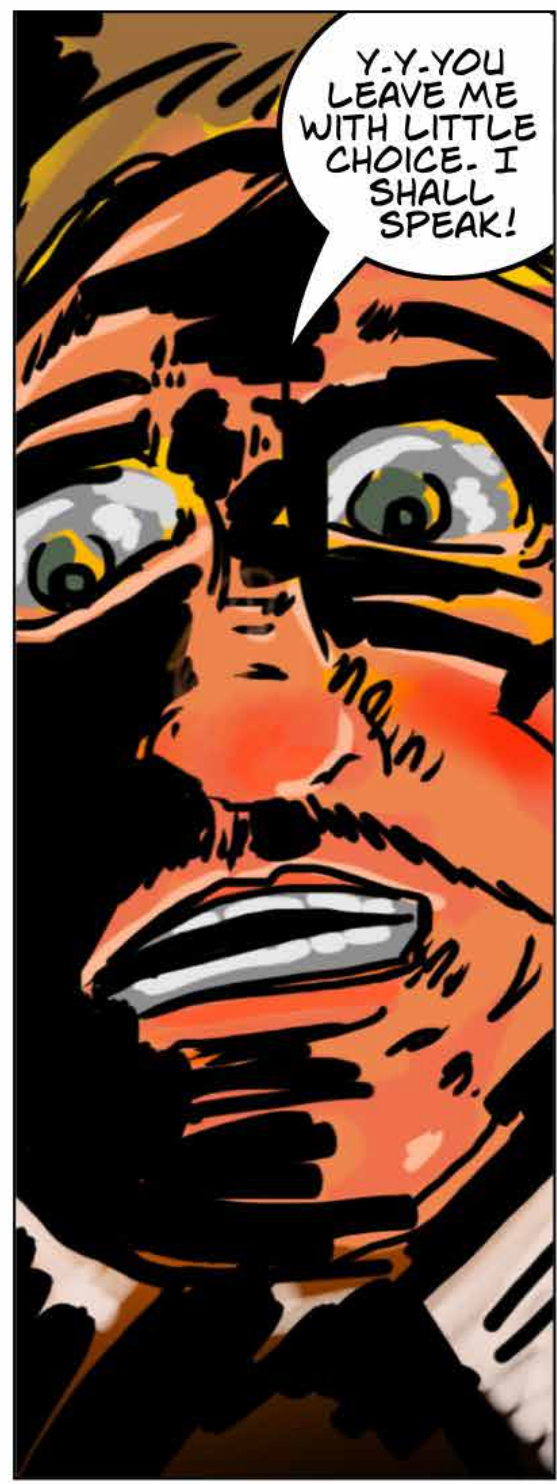
IF YOU THINK I WILL BE DIVULGING THE INFORMATION ABOUT HIS MAJESTIES LOYAL ARMIES, YOU ARE QUITE MISTAKEN. WHATEVER VILE METHODS OF TORTURE YOU DEVISE I MY TONGUE WIL BE SILENT!

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 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.

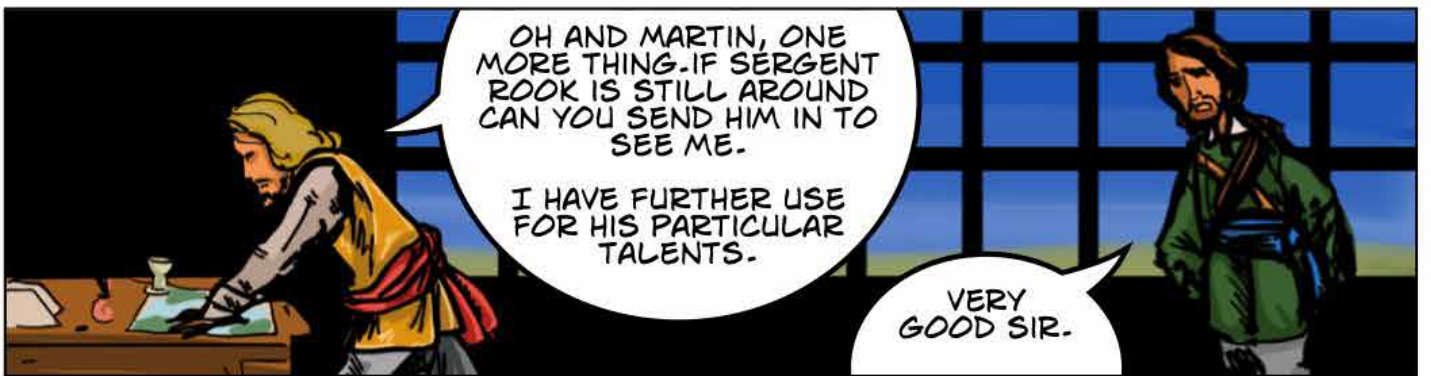






MARTIN, WE NEED TO SEND RIDERS WITH HASTE. WE MUST GET WORD TO FAIRFAX, AND TO PARLIAMENT IN LONDON. TELL THEM WHAT WE HAVE HEARD TONIGHT. THIS COULD BODE VERY ILL FOR OUR CAUSE.

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...



HERE I AM MOTHER, WHAT IS IT YOU NEED?

JUST A FEW WORDS WITH YOU DEAR... AND A LITTLE CUP OF WINE IF YOU HAVE IT?

I CAN SPARE A FEW MINUTES FOR CONVERSATION, BUT I THINK YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH WINE ALREADY TONIGHT.



HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOSSIP, HEAR THINGS, TROUBLING THINGS.
THIS WAR WILL BRING A PESTILENCE ON US ALL.
I HEAR IS SOMETHING COMING FROM ONER IN HOLLAND, SOMETHING THAT WILL DO MUCH DAMAGE TO OUR CAUSE.



DO NOT FRET YOURSELF MOTHER...

WE WILL DEAL WITH EACH PROBLEM AS IT COMES.



THESE ARE DARK TIMES MY DEAR, THE DARKEST OF TIMES.

NOW, HOW'S ABOUT THAT WINE...



VERY WELL THEN I'LL SEND ONE OF THE GIRLS IN WITH A GLASS FOR YOU... JUST ONE THOUGH, MIND YOU.

KNOCK KNOCK

YES.. COME IN, WHAT IS IT?



BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON MISTRESS, THERE SOMEONE HERE TO SEE YOU... GOES BY THE NAME OF...



...MATTHEW ROOK...



...WHAT BRINGS YOU TO OUR FAIR CITY.

TO HONOUR A PROMISE MADE LONG AGO?

NO, I SUSPECT NOT. I SUSPECT YOU HAVE SOME OTHER MISSION ENTIRELY..



AH, LASS, HOW I WISH WITH ALL MY HEART I WAS HERE JUST TO GAZE ON YOUR SWEET FACE. HOWEVER, I'M AFRAID I AM HERE ON MORE PEDESTRIAN MATTERS...

... MATTERS THAT ARE NON THE LESS VITAL AND PRESSING.

YOU SOUND WORRIED... THIS IS SERIOUS ISN'T IT?

THE HOPE OF OUR WHOLE CAUSE HANGS IN THE BALANCE...

THREE DAYS AGO WE CAPTURED AN ENEMY OFFICER IN SKIPWITH. HE TOLD US THAT THE QUEEN IS RAISING A VAST ARMY ON THE CONTINENT, ALL SHE IS WAITING FOR IS PAYMENT TO BE SENT

YOUR FATHER HAD A NET OF SPIES, NOTHING SLIPPED PAST HIM, IF ANYTHING OF THAT NET REMAINS, WE MUST TURN IT TO CAPTURE THIS MAN...

HIS NAME IS GABRIEL WHITESTONE...

THEN WE HAVE MUCH TO FEAR, I HAVE HEARD OF THIS MAN HIS REPUTATION IS SOAKED IN BLOOD.. WE MUST MOVE WITH ABSOLUTE CAUTION...

WE MUST ALSO MOVE WITH SPEED. I ONLY KNOW OF ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP US FIND WHITESTONE, AND IT WILL NOT BE EASY TO PERSUADE HIM TO SPEAK. THIS WILL BE DANGEROUS, DO YOU HAVE MEN?

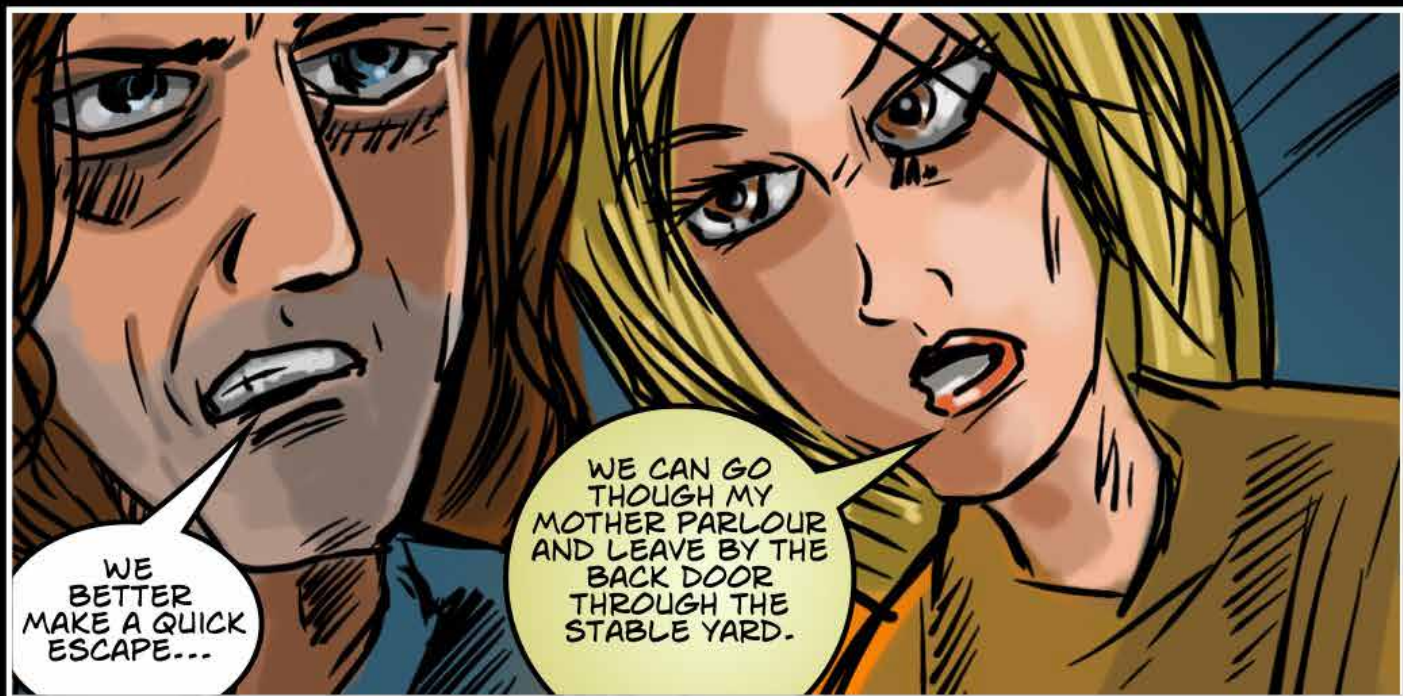
I HAVE TWO PICKERING AND DRAKE, BOTH GOOD MEN.



LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE BREWING...

ARE YOU THEE PROPRIETOR OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT? WE ARE HERE ON THE KING BUSINESS, LOOKING FOR A REBEL BY THE NAME OF ROOK...

NO GOOD SIR, I'M NOT THE OWNER, THAT'D BE MISS ELLEN. NOW ROOK, CAN SAY AS I'VE HEARD THAT NAME OF LATE...



WE BETTER MAKE A QUICK ESCAPE...

WE CAN GO THROUGH MY MOTHER PARLOUR AND LEAVE BY THE BACK DOOR THROUGH THE STABLE YARD.



CLICK

NOT SO FAST MR ROOK





