

*Biographies and Tales
of the
Scarborough
Royal Guard*



Richard Bear

Here is a short bio for Richard Bear my faire persona. He's just your average soldier when he isn't trying to make his wife happy by being a farmer – something he is entirely unsuited for.



Father: Welsh archer served in Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke troop at the Battle Of Tewton. Escaped to Scotland after the battle.

Mother: Member of Clan Macarthur Scotland.

Born in 1485 in Scotland at his grandfather's farm on the shores of Lochawe while his father was fighting with Thomas Havard's troop at the Battle of Bosworth.

In 1487 family moved back to Wales and took up land in Monmouthshire. His father and brothers still farm the land but he had the same wonder lust of his father and was ill suited to be a farmer.

In 1512 join troop of archers sent to the Low Countries by King Henry VIII in support of the Holy League to fight the French. While in the lowlands his mothers surviving male relatives were killed in the battle of Flodden Field. Resulting in his being named heir to his Scottish grandfathers holdings. Only notable result of serving in the Low Countries was the capture and ransom of a French nobleman. The most visible sign of this wealth is in the armour the young archer purchased and the paying off of his family's debt.

In 1520 once again restless he joined a troop of archers assigned to Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey to fight rebels and highwaymen in Ireland. While in Ireland he met and married a young Irish woman in 1521. When Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey returned to England in 1521 he took his new wife to Scotland meet his grandfather and introduce her to his mother's clan.

In 1525 returned to his father's farm in Monmouthshire, Wales to settle down as he promised his wife.

In 1532 he received a report that his Scottish grandfather had died at the age of 90 in a hunting accident. With his wife he undertook to travel to Scotland to claim his estate. While on the journey he stopped at the village of Scarborough where King Henry VIII was visiting with his new wife. While there he joined the Royal Guard for luck since he has always had good luck while in the service of King Henry. First in making a nice sum of money while servicing in the Low Countries then in getting a wife while serving in Ireland. Going to Scotland to claim his grandfather's farm he figured he could use all the luck he could get. For while at Scarborough he hears that some of his mother's distant relatives were questioning his right to inherit his grandfather's land. Something about a foreigner from Wales taking good Scottish land.

It looks like King Henry is still bringing him luck because he found a group of Scots serving at Scarborough. He joined the Scottish Fencibles with plans to traveling back to Scotland with them when they return home to claim his grandfather's inheritance. Figuring that having a group of well armed friends around might discourage his cousins from causing mischief. Connections in the Scottish Fencibles also allowed him to arrange an introduction to Queen Margaret of Scotland & Isles and Colin Campbell 4th Earl of Argyll. As his grandfather's farm is on the shore of Lochawe and the MacAuthurs are allied to the Campbells he was able to inform Sir Colin that any rumors of a foreigner causing trouble round Lochawe was just him settling things with his cousins and was just a small family matter which Sir Colin need not concern himself about.

Bregan D'Aerthe



My youngest years were spent growing up in war camps and traveling from town to town in both Norway and Denmark, I do not know the name of my father, although that never seemed to matter because I had many fatherly figures in my life.

I was born Bregan D'aerthe (born of the earth) around the turn of the century, early winter in 1496, to Sela Eiríkrsdotar (the daughter of Eiríkr) who was a very accomplished warrior in her own right. Sela was a distinguished member of a warrior clan consisting of both men and some few women. Though never more than 1 in 20 warriors were female, it was not atypical for women to fight beside their men or even simply for themselves preferring the art of war to the art of marriage. It was said that Sela's desire to fight was so great that she even refused to forgo battle even while pregnant with child. I believe that my mother would not simply end her life but actually wanted to die in battle, so I am truly thankful that she was very good with a bow and even better with blade and buckler else my story may have ended even before it began.

My earliest memories were of constantly working in the camps, because there is never an end to the tasks needing completion for a tribe of warriors always on the move. Even for a small child of three and four, there is always something you can do to make yourself useful and no pair of capable hands gets wasted. I carried bandages, utensils and other items that did not weigh too much, but as I grew older the demands grew more and the loads grew heavier. In our spare time my mother began training me with the help of a few men in the camp as soon as I was old enough to hold a blade, being taught the proper moves and techniques. Obviously at such a tender age I was not a danger in battle yet, but because of this I never learned any bad habits which can sometimes set a warrior back in un-teaching what has already been ingrained.

I grew up in a camp full of warriors and so we never went hungry. They took what they wanted, and warriors learn early that a well-fed body is a fit body which can make the difference in battle. Because of the healthy workload and the nourishment of good and regular meals, I grew up fit and strong. This was compounded by my Nordic heritage and by the age of ten I was easily nearing the size of a grown man, although one still gangly and lean. I mention the year 1506 because, God rest her soul, that was the year my mother lost her life to camp fever brought on by wounds received in battle. I was grateful for the teaching I had received and the friendships I had made with other warriors of the camp, but I wanted to see more of the world and learn all that it had to offer. I took my mother's possessions including her arms and armor, which served passable for my size and frame at the time, and left to seek my fortunes elsewhere. My mother had died during the night and before daybreak I was on the road. I truly hated leaving like a thief in the night, but not everyone in the camp

would fall into the category of friend, and I dared not take the chance that others might seek to confiscate my mother's fortune. My mother had a considerable hoard of money from earnings and scavenged goods recovered on battlefields sold over the years. She had always taught me to be cautious with my money and save whenever possible, because you never know when lean years may come. I wandered the countryside, staying far from any village or town and avoiding brigands and highwaymen. Along with my other teachings, and in my namesake, I had been instructed on how to live off what the land had to offer. I took care of myself for the next several years, never needing company or wanting for anything. I did however, during this time, go through a growth spurt and quickly outgrew my mother's armor.

In 1509 I traveled north to Varde (in Norway) and signed on for work as a guardsman aboard a merchant ship. I lied about my age, figuring if I added a few years no one would question me, and since I already had weapons and some armor it was an easy choice. That turned out to be okay, since they lied to me as well. I learned quickly that the term "merchant" was used very loosely, this was nothing more than a pirate ship. In truth I decided there was really nothing different in being a pirate than in being a mercenary. You fight, you win, and you claim the loot. I soon proved myself to be capable in a fight; however I knew nothing about sailing and began learning whatever I could. Onboard a ship in the middle of the ocean, everyone knows how to sail because the guy next to you may not be there for long and you just inherited his job.

These were wonderful years for me. I learned many new things, made many new friends, and being a sailor/pirate I was quickly introduced to the finer things in life, Women. These years seemed to fly (I don't know why, but isn't that always the case).

By the year 1515 I had tired of life on the ocean and decided if possible that it was time to earn a title and purchase some land. I knew this would take years of hard work so I left ship in England and signed on as a foot soldier in His Majesty's service. It was at this time that my name underwent a minor change, mainly because I got tired of correcting everyone else's mispronunciation and explaining what it meant. It quickly became easier to just use Derth, besides it rhymed with dirt which was all we ever seemed to eat as a foot soldier.

Over the next ten years I fought many different battles under many different commanders. I proved my loyalty and my capabilities time and again. In 1524, in the city of Brussels, I met the love of my life. Her name was Doveonnie Leclerc and from the moment we met I knew she was my reason for being, the passion of my existence. Within one year, my entire world had changed. We were betrothed and married as soon as possible, had a daughter on the way, and I no longer wished to spend my life waiting for the next battle. As I had been taught all those years ago, I had saved whatever money I did not need to spend. Now I was able to purchase a large section of good workable land not too distant from the shire of Scarborough. I set about clearing the land and building a comfortable manor with which to provide for my wife and raise my children, for in 1530 a son was born to us as well.

In that same year I signed on and was accepted into His Majesty's Royal Guard. In 1533 my dearest dream came true as I was knighted for service to my King and his Lady Wife. These last few years, and hopefully many more to come, have been spent in this fashion. Full of work and full of love. Would that they could, last an eternity!

Captain Melpomene Dare

Okay.... the bio of Captain Dare.... somewhat lengthy, but in theory, complete...



Born in 1500 in County Cork, Ireland, to an agricultural family with pretensions of improving their state, Melpomene (born Fionnula McMeran) was the middle child of five. Her eldest brother Padraig trained as a soldier and was gone from the farm holding before she was old enough to walk. Her next oldest brother, Aidhan, was barely a year older, and it was decided by their parents that he would join the clergy. He was taught to read and write, and he in turn taught his sister. They were inseparable until the day he left home to join the clergy, and rambled often, Fionnula in her brother's cast off clothing, telling one another tales of adventure. They learned the legends of their homeland and searched often for fairies. When he left, he promised to return home, but he did not. He sent only one letter, to Fionnula, describing his life and his dissatisfaction with it. After the one letter, the family received no news. Fionnula was relegated to helping her father and younger brother in fields that barely produced food. She was fed up with her life, and missed Aidhan. So she decided, with the simplicity of youth, to go find him.

At the age of 11, Fionnula ran away from home. She managed to track down the church whence her brother's letter had come, but was told that he had run away. Another young monk told her that he had fled to sea, where he could live an adventurous life. Fionnula headed immediately for the nearest port. No one had heard of the young man, and in desperation she cut her hair and, in her brother's clothes, signed aboard a merchant vessel as Finn Daor. (Her nickname, given her by her brother Aidhan, which meant "expensive.") The mate, an Englishman, wrote the name as Dare, and she became Finn Dare. She hired aboard as a powder monkey, one of the unlucky youths who carry powder from the magazine to the cannon. Shipboard life was good for the young girl, for the mates and crew were, generally, kind enough people, and taught her more of ships and sailing. Soon she could climb the rigging with the rest if needed, and began to work on navigation, and learned the tales of other lands. In time she worked her way up to gunner's mate, and by 1513 was firmly established as a gunner's mate.

In 1515 she transferred to a different ship as a gunner under an English captain, Henry Hall, who was a hard man wanting nothing less than perfection from everyone in his command. It was said that he had wished to join the fleet, but been rejected because of his heritage. Even at the age of 15 she was virtually indistinguishable from a young man, due to the almost starvation rations and the harsh shipboard life. Nonetheless, she remained aboard the ship, relishing the relative freedom of the sea.

*In 1517 Captain Hall's vessel was attacked by the pirate ship **Alecto**. In the intervening years Finn had grown impatient with the merchanting life – the crew worked hard and got little – if any – pay for their efforts, while the captain and officers grew wealthy. The captain of the pirates, Gerald Blythe, who had once served under Captain Hall, offered the crew a chance to leave their ship and turn pirate. Several of the crew, including Fionnula, accepted the offer. Even though Captain Hall swore to hunt them down and kill every deserter, Fionnula decided she was safe. All she needed do was take her own name back, and she would be safe. She helped load stolen supplies from Captain Hall's ship onto the pirate vessel, and signed aboard with great enthusiasm. After barely a week aboard, Fionnula discovered that her "secret," that she was female, was well-known among the crew. Those who had turned pirate seemed to care little, as long as she could do the duties assigned her. Pleased with her new life, Fionnula, still using the name Finn, remained aboard. In the next engagement the master gunner was slain and she took over his post. After a few arguments and fights among the other gunners, she was accepted as the master gunner, which post she held for almost three years. She was pleased, not only with the greater freedom, but with the knowledge that piracy pays the crew better.*

*1520 saw the return of Captain Hall. In a late summer storm, off the coast of Ireland, their ship encountered a heavily-armed merchant. Captain Blythe decided to try for the prize, using the storm as cover, and failed. The **Alecto** went down, her mainmast shattered by fire and her hull holed by shot. The merchant vessel went down as well, weighted by the **Alecto**'s tangled and fallen rigging, and having sustained sufficient damage to her hull. Fionnula and a few of her crewmates managed to reach shore on broken planks.*

Taking the wreck as a sign she should leave the sea, Fionnula left the sea. She returned home to find her family in tatters – her mother and younger sister were dead, and her brother Pádraig returned as an invalid. She received a cold greeting from her father, who informed her that Aidhán had been killed by pirates, and that she was no longer welcome. Fionnula left her home and has not been back since.

She attempted to make a life on shore, living as the common-law wife of a sailor, but after a time she went back to life at sea, first as master gunner, then as first mate, now using the name Melpomene, after the muse of tragedy, a nickname laid upon her by former crewmates for her accuracy with cannon. The better part of the next seven years was spent at sea, where she felt most comfortable. She mentally renounced all loyalty to the land, opting to give her loyalty to the sea, which demanded no love, no kinship, nothing but her entire life. Barely did her feet touch ground – certainly no more than she needed – in the next years.

However, 1527 brought a second end to her piratical life. Her captain, who was certainly rumored to share his bunk with Fionnula, was overthrown by the crew and slain. To save her own life Fionnula abandoned the ship. Without a ship, crew, or lover she found herself stuck in London. Refusing to turn to prostitution, which seemed her only option, Fionnula considered once more signing aboard a merchant vessel.

On her long walk back to the docks, she encountered a merchant who looked terribly familiar to her. Indeed he was: her brother Aidhán, thriving in London as a merchant. They spent the better part of the day talking, catching up on the years. Aidhán, like his sister, had changed his name, and only the chance meeting on the streets reunited the two. He offered her money and a place to stay, and she jumped at the chance. She dwelled with him for a time, but the life was not satisfactory to one who had been so active, and she chafed under the yoke of lady-like behavior. Her brother's wife was apparent in her dislike of her sister-in-law, and attempted to drive a wedge between Aidhán, now using the name Jack Lovell, and Fionnula. She failed, only because Fionnula opted to move to a house on the seashore.

Out of gratitude for the calm, as well as acknowledgement that Fionnula could not live a languid life, her brother and a group of merchants offered to fund a money-making venture – privateering. They would purchase and outfit a ship in return for the lion's share of profit made attacking ships not allied with England. She accepted, and became captain of her own ship. By 1530 she had repaid all her debts and purchased the ship from her brother and other backers. At that time she began replacing the crew, increasing the number of women in the crew, as she had found many other women dissatisfied with their lives. The first of her new crew was a Frenchwoman found outside Bourdeaux in an inn. They reached an accord, and Marie de la Guerre signed aboard as navigator.

While recruiting in Scarborough in the year 1533 she was noticed by and joined the Royal Guard. The same year she and her crew were formally granted a letter of marque and retribution from the hands of King Henry VIII and his queen, Anne Boleyn.

*Good gosh, I am verbose!!
Capt. Dare*

Marie De La Guerre



I was born the only daughter of Helene-Louise and Edouard Renard and named Marie. My family lived and served on the lands of Lord Bernard Debroubaix outside the town of Valence in the western part of France. My father tended to his Grace's sheep while my mother took care of our home. I helped out as much as I could but my often found myself tempted away by daydreams and fantastic adventures of the mind. I never mastered the arts of sewing or crafting like my mother. Needless to say, my domestic skills leave something to be desired. I usually could be found assisting my father in his daily duties but developed a general disdain of livestock, mostly due to the wretched smell of those foul creatures. My parents worried about my prospects for the future and especially about my chances of a good marriage being as though they had no money to offer a potential husband my homemaking skills notwithstanding.

In my fourteenth year, his Grace took a rather voracious and lurid interest in me. He requested of my parents that I leave our family home and go to work in his household, or more to the point demanded. I strenuously objected to leaving my home and to living with a pompous, arrogant, (did I mention egotistical) snaggle-toothed, one-eyed, wretched son of a rat faced buffoon of a man three times my age! My father, although a good man, was a weak man and could not fight for me so my parents had no choice but to allow him to take me.

Not but two seasons later, the winter winds brought a contingent of Musketeers to my Lord's home, seeking shelter from the elements. It was then that I fell madly and deeply in love with a dashing young Lieutenant, Christophe Lecroix. He was a handsome, dark-haired magnificent creature who could charm the leaves from the trees. Love-struck, I followed Christophe to Bordeaux where his contingent was stationed, poised to help defend the coast from sea-borne invaders. Unused to the games of courting and feeling rather sheepish (no pun intended) about pursuing a man so far above my station, I chose to keep my distance at first. Eventually I decided to don the guise of a man to get closer to my beloved. I took the name Jean-Marie De La Guerre and enlisted in the Musketeers just to be close to Christophe. Soon after, he broke my heart and married the daughter of a wealthy merchant. I spent the next few years learning the arts of war and swordsmanship, all the while falling in and out of love with one Musketeer after another, only to have my romantic advances thwarted again and again. Alas the Musketeer tunic is incredibly sexy on a man, but does little for the figure of a woman.

*It was with heavy heart that resigned my commission and spent many a day at a local seaside inn, drowning my sorrows in a glass of wine and longing for romance. I had almost resigned myself to a life of servitude and isolation when I met Captain Dare. She came into the inn one evening, recruiting for the pirate ship **The Tough Call**. She spoke eloquently of the high seas, the seduction of treasure and plunder and conquest and convinced me that I could serve her well as her navigator (it also didn't hurt that she told me that the Navigator is also known as "The Mistress of the Ship", a title I particularly liked). I knew nothing at the time of Navigation, but lied to gain the post for I would have done anything to leave the painful memories of France behind. So again, I took a new pseudonym, Marie McKay to fit in with the mostly Irish crew. It did not take long for them to realize how inept I was at navigation, quickly earning me the moniker "Wrong Way" McKay. I finally confessed to the Captain who by this time had become my friend, but she allowed me to stay on as a member of the crew. I changed my name once again to the one I used as a Musketeer, but left out the masculine "Jean" and went simply by Marie De La Guerre. About three years on the high seas, found us in the port of Scarborough. Much to our surprise, our ship was recruited into the services of their Majesties King Henry VIII and Queen Anne. At first I balked at the idea, but when introduced to the multitude of handsome, charming men of the Guard, I again found myself falling in love and happily enlisted.*

Thomas De Portau



Born in Pau, 1627 to: Father – Abraham de Portau, Naval Officer under Kings Henry IV and Louis XIII & Mother – Anne de Bourbon, distant relative of King Navarre Antoine de Bourbon.

Thomas and his younger brother Michael were raised mainly by his mother Anne, due to his Father being on the sea in charge of several ships in France's fleet. Thomas was able to attend Court several times as his mother was distant royalty and used it to her advantage to help raise her two sons. Thomas had almost made what would be considered a bond between him and would be King Louis XIV. Louis was 11 years younger than Thomas and Thomas had actually been one of his watchers and friends since his early years.

Thomas became bored with the royals and started to seek more for his life. His visits with his father sparked interest in the voyage of the open waters and it would not be to long until he would be given the opportunity to not only embark on his own voyage but to once again stand by the side of his once playmate and old friend Louis XIV.

In 1648, the now twenty one year old Thomas was given an opportunity to take voyage with some select few in the name of France. Queen Anne named Thomas' cousin and Musketeer Isaac de Portau as Captain of a ship of Privateers. Isaac "The Mighty Porthos" had sailed before he became a Musketeer in 1643. Isaac knew of his cousin's want of the open seas and asked that Thomas be assigned as part of his crew at his request. Queen Anne granted the request.

*While privateering, in 1650, a pirate ship was taken and its crew and cargo checked for crimes against France. None were found and so the ship was returned to its crew under the bond that it would never sail French waters. While under French control the **Morning Star**'s Captain, Morgan Rose Adams, met Thomas and they both felt that this would not be their last connection.*

Thomas privateered for France until 1657 when Cardinal Mazarin had the Musketeers re-established under his nephew, Phillipe-Julien Mancini. One of the new ranks of Musketeers was to be called, "The Grey Musketeers" or "The Grand Musketeers" and this is the order that Thomas' cousin Isaac was re-assigned too. Isaac once again brought his cousin Thomas along for the ride. Considering Thomas' record along with his family connections to the royals he was to receive his mantle in September of 1657 and entered the ranks of the Musketeers and was once again reunited with his now king, Louis XIV.

In 1660, while on routine patrol through the streets of Paris, Thomas met up again with Lady Adams who was retired from pirating, as she had come into a great amount of treasure and had decided to make Paris her home, possibly to meet with Thomas once more. Thomas found that Lady Adams had been born not too far from his own home in Pau.

*Morgan Rose Adams was born in Gascony 1637 to: Father – Harry, a pirate and Captain of the **Morning Star** before he was killed by his own brother over the very treasure that allowed Morgan to retire. Morgan took over command of the **Morning Star** and followed her father's dream and avenged her father's death. Morgan's mother – Letticia was a bar maiden that her father had met and had a short affair with. During the affair Morgan was conceived and although her father supported the family the best he could, should someone find out the family was supported by piracy jail or even death was sure in these days; they were still not rich by any means.*

Thomas and Morgan began a courtship that was wild and romantic as both were used to being surrounded by adventure, whether it be in a local tavern fighting off those that dare test either one's steel or in the bedroom catching their breath between sessions of love making. Both had been slaves in their own rights and they only felt free now being with each other.

In 1661 Thomas met a Cavalier dressed very well and who spoke very eloquently. The gentleman explained to Thomas that he himself once served in the Musketeers in France and knew of his cousin, Isaac whom he served with from 1640 to 1644. He told of a machine that allowed travel from one time to another and back. He stated that the Musketeers of Scarborough, England in 1533 could use a Musketeer such as himself. Thomas was told that after his service in the Royal Guard of Scarborough and to the Musketeers that he would be placed back in Paris or wherever and whenever he would like.

The travel to Scarborough was fine, in that Thomas was allowed to bring his new love Morgan along for the ride. Now that they had both found each other they were not about to let some little time travel thing come between them, besides it sounded like a great adventure.

One stop along the way back to Scarborough, the Musketeers had also been tasked to bring back one of the greatest Musketeers to ever serve France. Knowing that as his grown-up form he would not leave Paris they stopped in 1625 to pick-up their last passenger, the young Charles de Batz-Castlemore better known as D'Artagnan. He was only five but he was still to be one of the greatest swordsman, lovers and Musketeers ever. What the Scarborough Musketeers had hoped was that under their tutelage young D'Artagnan would become even grander.

Upon arrival they were greeted with warm smiles and open arms. Thomas and Morgan had no children, as most of the other Musketeers now had, so the young D'Artagnan was entrusted to Thomas and Morgan to raise as their own while the Musketeers taught him in the ways of a true Musketeer.

It was not long until both Thomas and D'Artagnan were inducted into the Royal Guard of Scarborough and that they now pledged their lives to that of King Henry and Queen Anne and their un-dying loyalty to the Musketeers and the Royal Guard of Scarborough. During this time Thomas and Morgan decided that they wanted to be together forever and were wed at Scarborough involving all the Musketeers.

A Bientot

Tout Pour Un Et Celui Pour Tout

Thomas DePortau

Musketeer and Member Royal Guard of Scarborough 

Sir Jean Phillippe d'Urast



Jean Phillippe (his last name long forgotten), was born in La Rochelle in 1628. This was a violent time in the life of a French person, for the mayor of the city had declared his allegiance with England, and King Louis XIII besieged the town in retaliation. Jean's father was killed in the revolt and his mother fled the city with a few others as La Rochelle was reduced to some 6,000 people.

Jean's mother, Marie, found her way to Poitiers and was able to get a job as a maidservant at a local inn. She provided for Jean and herself, but soon she began to show signs of an ancient illness that still found its way into France.

When Jean was five years old, his mother died of the dreaded "black death," and she left Jean orphaned and with little money. Jean was moved quickly to a local orphanage and was passed around or passed over for the next four years.

Growing up in several orphanages, Jean was usually getting in trouble; hitting the other children, biting other people, and generally was hard to control.

When he was ten, he decided he had enough of being beaten and pitied by the caretakers, so he ran away from the orphanage and made his way to Paris.

Even though Jean was only ten, he was resilient and quite inventive, so he found his way to a carriage and tied his small-framed body to the underside. This allowed him to travel all the way to Paris where he quickly began living on the street. He fended for himself, became a petty thief, and generally became a street urchin for about a year.

The year was now 1640; Jean was twelve, and he was still making life for himself as best he could. He was given some food by people who felt bad for him. What he didn't get for others' generosity, he stole.

One day, whilst he was hiding out in an alleyway, he saw a rich-looking cavalier coming through the street. He stopped the man and asked for some food and money; the man did give him a few coins, and while doing this, Jean pretended to fall down and as he was being helped up, he palmed the man's purse. Only after the cavalier had walked a few paces, did he realize what had occurred. He quickly went back to the boy and found him in a melee with an older man who had also seen his pilferage and was trying to get the money from him.

The man quickly drew forth a knife, but Jean was too quick. He rolled to the ground, ran underneath the man's legs and then kicked him in the backside. As the man fell down, Jean grabbed the knife and held the man at bay whilst getting back his money.

The cavalier came over and made the man leave, while looking down at the boy. The man, who was about to take offense, noticed the cavalier's jacket had come open and he (and the boy) saw that he was a Musketeer. The man quickly took the hint and scurried away, whilst Jean stood in awe of the Musketeer, believing he was going to be arrested..

"Who are you boy," asked the cavalier.

"I am Jean Phillipe, a warrior of god," replied the young boy.

The Musketeer laughed despite himself and continued. "Indeed you are young man, and a brave warrior at that. I am François d'Urac and you my young man have my money!"

Jean looked at the Musketeer and nodded his head and handed the man back his purse, but was stopped as he was about to walk away.

"Are you hungry Jean Phillip?" asked François

The young boy nodded again and he followed François to his home where he was fed and clothed. This began a relationship that would last for many years.

At the age of eighteen, Jean Phillipe lived a life like he never imagined. François had become his surrogate father and over the last six years taught him the ways of civilized gentlemen; as well as swordplay, the art of intrigue, the proper way to act in society, and tutored him in proper French, mathematics, history, philosophy, etc.

Jean was allowed to join the University a few months after his eighteenth birthday (in the year 1646) and had grown to love his "father" very much. He knew he would never be able to repay the man's kindness, but it seemed they both found what the other needed – each other.

In 1650, Jean graduated from the University and made his father very proud. Unfortunately, the times of their happiness were soon to end.

A few weeks after Jean returned home, François was called to duty again, to help with the Fronde in Paris. Whilst on duty, François was seriously injured and later died from his wounds. Jean was visited by other Musketeers, who gave him the terrible news, and presented Jean with his father's sword.

Jean was lost without his father and mourned him for many weeks. He was taken care of, as the house and all the wealth amassed were bequeathed to Jean, but he would have given it all up, to have his father back,

He was visited often by friends of François'; some were soldiers, others were Musketeers, and this would change Jean's life forever. The best way he knew to honour his father, was to join the army and become a Musketeer himself.

In 1651, Jean joined the army and even fought in the Fronde, near the end of the revolt. He saw several skirmishes in Spain as well, and served for three years, where he made a name for himself because of his bravery and his leadership qualities. He had been awarded numerous times and was shot twice during those three years. At one point, he held a fortification and took out seven enemy soldiers before he passed out from his injuries, and was later found by his comrades. His notable achievements caught the attention of Lieutenant Marcillac and he was invited to join the Royal Guard in 1654.

He stayed with the Guard for two years until an opening came up within the Musketeers, in 1656. In that same year, at the age of 28, Jean was allowed to follow in his father's footsteps and become one of the proud and loyal chevaliers – a Musketeer.

In 1661, Jean was given a commission and became a Lieutenant, during the advent of Louis XIV assuming control of the government. Jean still serves to this day happily and proudly and serves in his father's name.

Respectfully,

-Sir Jean Phillipe d'Urast-

Musketeer & Chevalier of the King's Royal Guard,

"Honour, Loyalty, King, Country"

Sir Johnathan T. Gage



Born to a soldier and his wife, he lived a simple life, until his father became the Captain of the King's Guards and they moved from the bunkhouses to nice rooms in London. John spent lots of time around the soldiers preferring to learn how to work than to play. He found himself helping tend the horses, cleaning weaponry and even standing in for some weapons training with the troops.

When he was old enough he was sent to the London School of Defense to learn how to be a gentleman and a master of the sword. He spent several years there excelling in his abilities and training. One summer he went to Italy for holiday and found himself in a fight, in which he won but was wounded due to a superb technique that one of the men used. Later that same year he had been expected to test for his Master certificate and during that test he used the same move that he was wounded with in the street scuffle. The match was called and he was disqualified for using a technique that was not English. He was stripped of all his rankings and sent from the school, never to return.

When he returned home he was told to go out and find his own way. Once he had found work and had kept it for a full year he could return. Well John went down to the docks to see if he could find work and was drafted onto a ship. Little did he know it was a pirate ship that was looking for more fodder in the next fight. They attacked a Spanish ship and in that assault John gained the nickname "Redblade" due to the dead he left behind. He spent two full years working on the pirate ship and earning his weight in gold.

At the end of the two years, he left the ship in London to and went to find a job that his father would approve of. He got a job working a local pub and had been there a week when the King's son came in. Fitzroy was a loud, boisterous individual that seemed to be a fairly good guy. While he was there John noticed someone on the second floor of the pub aiming a crossbow at the King's son. John ran across the pub running over tables and vaulting people that were in the way to warn Fitzroy. He did not notice that he had crossed the path of the crossbow till he took a bolt in the left leg. Fitzroy was so overjoyed that this man saved his life that he ordered him taken to the palace.

The next day John was ordered before the King, and it was at that time that the King said "If you would take a crossbow bolt for my son, imagine what you would do for me." John was placed in charge of the Yeomen of the guard of our Lord the King (Royal Guard) and has been for three years. He has had many adventures since taking the Captainship and has made a name for himself as a good battlefield General. Ask him about some of his adventures.

Lady Elisabeth Hesse



Born: December 6, 1485

My family migrated from Austria to England before I was born. My childhood was one of working on a country side farm, not far from London. Days were long and hard. There were rolling hills all around and ample room for farming. We had a small farm. Our family grew mostly . We would sell our produce in the village marketplace to help us survive.

While growing up some nearby children and myself would pretend to be Lords and Ladies of the Court. We would act out like we were Knights of the Realm. Often I would take on the role of a knight. Their valor and courage interested me. This is where I honed my skills with the sword, even though it was all pretend. As I grew, I began having an interest in fighting more with swords. My father had some swords around the house that he would bring out and talk about how he had obtained them. There were a couple that my ancestors had used in battles against their enemies. One in particular had dragon heads on the end, four around the handle. My father would teach me the proper use of the sword and taught me how to defend myself as well as protect the rest of the family against intruders. He would often go off for months at a time to work on other farms to help us make it through.

Winters were bad where I grew up. Being in a valley, all seemed to close in around us. Often we were forced to stay in our house because the snow would be so high. This was a rough season. We were fortunate to have stored away provisions, whether it be from our own farm or what my father would bring back from working elsewhere, to see us through. I longed to travel and get away from the awful winters.

When I was about twenty four years of age, I wanted to take my skills I had learned with the sword and put them to some good use. I met a gentleman who was traveling through our village that told me about the King's Royal Guard. This sounded very interesting to me. He had told me that the Guard would go around the country and recruit those willing and able to defend the King and Queen.

Saying my goodbyes to my family, I set out to see if there was a way to be in this Royal Guard. I met a gentleman called Sir Marcus. He was wearing shiny armor and wore a sash of green about his torso. He was a member of the Royal Guard. We talked for quite a while about the Guard and he invited me to meet with others at their pavilion. There were so many. All different backgrounds, accents, both male and female.

After some training, I became a member of the Royal Guard. Our duty is to protect the King and Queen of England. Even though this King was younger than myself, I felt that I could serve him with the utmost pride and would put my life above his to protect him and also his lovely wife, Anne Boleyn.

Long live the King and Queen.

Misfire O'Malley



Misfire O'Malley was born in 1496 to Jaime and Gwen O'Malley. Father was a free farmer in county Sligo, Ireland. Me Ma died when I was 5. Da married a Spanish lass three years later. He finally got the son he always wanted then – my brother Esteban Liam, who is 8 years younger than I. My uncle Seamus O'Breslin was the first to call me "Misfire" at my christening and the name stuck. Truly, the very words he used were "Jaime me boy, I know you had your heart set on a son, but this misfire has brought you a charming daughter indeed." The old church burned down and no one even knows what my given name really is.

Seamus was what many liked to kindly refer to as a "tinker". He was my mather's brother. He gave me my first pony. My earliest memories are of sitting around a fire with him telling stories. Many of them were of the old Viking raids on the island. He made them into glorious tales.

We lived near the estate of Lord Fergal McDonagh, but I was told never to trespass on his lands. Usually this was not a problem. One day however, when I was nine years old, my pony got loose and I found him in one of the manor pastures. The lord's young son was out riding and caught me. He challenged me to a race, which I proceeded to win with ease. His father caught us in the act and was impressed that my scrubby pony was able to beat his high bred son's. I told him it was only a matter of training. Lord Fergal offered me a place in his stables. The young lord, Ronan, and I became good friends and he would teach me some of the things he learned from his tutors. His father did not mind except when it came to weapons training. "A battlefield is no place for a female; therefore you will not need to learn this." We did manage to sneak in some sword and archery practice when we were alone. The arms instructor learned of the practices and began to help me. He was the one who introduced me to the canon – seems I had an instinctive knack with them. The lord was, needless to say, very upset when he learned of this. He decided that if I was so eager to flaunt his laws, then I could just add guard duties on top of the stable work.

As I said before, Ronan and I were good friends. I had a crush on him when we were teenagers, but it never went beyond a friendship. He was above me in station and I valued our friendship too much to risk being dismissed from the lord's service. In 1516 he announced that he was to marry in the fall. I was heartbroken. He told me that we would always be the best of friends. Once I met his fiancée, I knew that he would be in good hands. She was sweet, charming, and very beautiful. She could also outride almost anyone on the hunts. They made a lovely couple and cared deeply for each other. I remained their riding companion and we continued to argue strategy and tactics – she also taught me to do a few womanly things like embroidery and sewing.

One day, in 1531, Lord Fergal announced that he would be traveling to France for a secret meeting. Only a few of his guards would be going, all of them hand-picked by the new captain. Ronan asked me to go and pleaded with his father to allow it – he felt that only I could protect him. In hindsight, I believe that he had a premonition that something was going to happen. The captain was not happy about me going, but could say nothing to change Lord Fergal's mind.

The crossing was a stormy one and to my surprise I didn't get seasick. After a couple of days of riding we arrived at a manor house where a party was being held. The guards were shown to a room in the lower level – there was another group of men already there. I was not comfortable with the men who accompanied me and set apart from them. I heard some people coming down the stairs from the party and thought I recognized my lord's voice. When I went to see if it was him, I found myself facing a blade – in the hands of my own captain! The rest of the room erupted into turmoil. I was able to reach the bottom of the stairs just in time to prevent my lord from being skewered. As he was escaping through another door, I heard more footsteps descending from above and knew the end had come. Luckily I was wrong.

*This group turned out to be mostly women and they were well armed. They helped to make a rear guard and we were able to vanquish the traitors. I never did find out what the meeting was about or why they turned on him – there were no survivors. I suppose they were well paid, but they never got to collect on it. Captain Dare then introduced herself and her crew to my lord. She and her crew were celebrating a profitable voyage with a friend of the crew. They heard the commotion downstairs and decided that they were missing out on some fun and thought they would join in. Lord Fergal offered to hire them as guards until he returned home. On the return trip I became friends with the crew and was offered a place as mistress gunner. I requested that I be released from my duty with the house of McDonagh. With my lord's blessing, and Captain Dare's permission, I became a member of the **Tough Call**. I recalled the romantic stories of the sea that my uncle had told me as a child and looked forward to an adventurous life. Since then we have had several adventures. Lately we have arrived at Scarborough and become guards for King Henry VIII.*

Mistress Sachiko Oshima



May 5, 1508 – Born to an English mother and a Japanese father.

1511 – Mother became ill. Father returned two months before her death.

1513 – Maternal grandfather passed away, leaving the business to father (mercier).

1514 – Uncle Yoshi arrived from Japan to help run the business. Father and I left to travel the Silk Road to procure goods for the shop.

1521 – Got stuck in a harem in Baghdad. Father had to train the Caliph's personal guard in the defensive martial arts as I had taken out 4 of his 8 guards before father arrived. What can I say? They tried to kidnap me.

1523 – Left Baghdad for England. Father had decided I was too prone to unfortunate situations and needed to learn the business as I would inherit it from him.

1525 – Made a stop in Calais for provisions. Actually got kidnapped this time while sleeping. Woke up in Madam Bouvier's establishment. While waiting for father to come and get me, destroyed quite a bit of the room I was in trying to get out. Madam Bouvier agreed to not charge father for damages when he agreed not to kill her for kidnapping me. Father can be so persuasive sometimes.

1526 – Made it back to Scarborough and started my apprenticeship with Uncle Yoshi.

1530 – Got my master's status. The fastest time know for that to happen. Took over the shop so that Uncle Yoshi could travel with father when he left. My cousin, the Emperor of Japan, sent a bodyguard to watch out for me in my father's absence.

1533 – Have the most prosperous shop in the surrounding counties.

How Mistress Sachiko Oshima became a Royal Guard Dog

During the last day of School Days last year, 2003, I was able to buy my tanto from Angel for a small amount and a kiss on the cheek. Due to the limited amount of performers, things were tight. Lt Marcus was at the joust the first time a group of teenagers accosted our good king. So myself and Mistress Meriweather were asked to just walk around with our good king and his sister queen.

Since the 2 of us are not of great stature, we were overlooked. As the 4 of us were walking, I overheard the teacher of the group that had been harassing our good king goad them to do it again. By now, Lt Marcus had joined us. I informed him of what I heard. He instructed me to definitely stay with our good king.

Well our good king and his sister queen stopped near the tree trunk chair to have pictures taken. I was behind our good king, looking behind us, when I noticed the group of kids coming up. One of them started skipping with his complete focus on our good king's back. As he got close to me, I stepped in front of him and body checked him. "Going somewhere?" I asked. He looked down at me in shock, as he had not seen me, saw my hand on my weapon and swerved away. As he came around the group with our good king, he saw Lt Marcus and just kept on going.

Afterwards, I explained what had happened. As I was telling their majesties, I chuckled. When asked why, I commented that I had done my job just like the imperial guard dogs of my ancestors, the foo dog of Japan and China. Hence I become the Royal Guard Dog.

*Tommie Ealy
aka Sachiko Oshima*

Sir Panzer



Sir Panzer is a German Knight in the service of his Kaiser Maximilian, fulfilling the function as a liaison to the English court. Sir Panzer's role is to observe the English court life and streamline and maintain the best of diplomatic relations between the two powers. Sir Panzer's standing order from his Kaiser is to safeguard Henry VIII, the Kaiser's friend and close allies. With that mission in mind, Sir Panzer is presently in the Royal Guard of King Henry VIII at the court at Scarborough.

*The time line is not correct, but it will work,
Klaus
(AKA Sir. Panzer)*

Sir Charles Richmond



*Charles Richmond-Soldier/Mercenary
Time-Line*

1490 - Born to Henry and Elisabeth Richmond

My father was a farrier and toolmaker for the town of Weymouth, England. My mother took care of the household.

I have a sister named Mary that is four years older than I.

1492 - my mother died while giving birth to my stillborn brother so father continued to rear my sister and I.

1495 - I started helping my father about his business and continued to do so while Mary took care of household matters.

1498 - My father was killed by a small band of rogues that wish not to pay for services.

Mary and I have to move into a monastic orphanage in the port of Weymouth.

I didn't like my new arrangement so I left. I stowed away aboard one of the trade ships docked at the port.

The ship arrived in La Rochelle, France the very next day. I remember being very hungry and not sure about continuing my adventure, I was about to return home when I met Rene', a servant of Pierre Terrail Bayard, a knight of Charles VIII then king of France.

Lord Bayard, having no heirs of his own, decided that I should stay with him and he would pass along all of his knowledge and skill to me

1502 - Lord Bayard was called to lead the siege at Conossa and left me in the tutorship of Rene'. Lord Bayard was injured during the siege and returned home where he took over as my mentor and teacher until 1508 when he was again called to service by Louis XII.

1508 - I was allowed to go with Bayard, as his corporal, to Genoa to learn first hand of battle strategies.

1509 I continued serving in the French army under Bayard who was now captain of the company of horse and a foot.

1510 - The fall of the year brought Lord Bayard and myself home for a break just before the siege of Padua. I made the decision not to return to the Italian wars but to travel home to England to find my sister Mary.

1511 - I returned to England at the very Port that I left and attempted to locate the whereabouts of Mary. Arriving in Weymouth I found that there were far too many outlaws and brigands. I managed to find work as a mercenary and bodyguard for the gentry and nobles as well as guardian of goods being transported to other cities. I found Mary in a convent located in London under the papal of St. Michael's tower.

1513 - That spring I heard that King Henry VIII was rounding up an army so I joined the forces of the King. I ended up traveling with the Kings army to Guinegate in Northern France. I soon learned that Chevalier Bayard was among the leaders of the force that we were about to attack. Bayard gave himself up to an officer of King Henry VIII. The army returned to England and my former mentor was imprisoned. I wrote a letter to the King about Bayard being my mentor and tried to encourage the King to visit with Chevalier Bayard. The King being so moved by the presence of Captain Bayard, that he released him without ransom.

1514 - I continued on with my life as a soldier for hire and mercenary while traveling throughout England, France, and Italy.

1515 - I met the love of my life that year. Alexandra was her name; she was the daughter of the Baron Marquette of Amiens, France. Alexandra and I decide to wed in the following year. But Alexandra died of a sudden fever just before the year's end and my heart was broken. I vowed from that moment on, to never love again and I returned to England. I rejoined the King's army in London and continued in his service as corporal.

1518 - I was remanded to Spain to help insure their support of the English Empire and of King Henry VIII.

1521 - I returned to England that summer for a brief period then traveled to France to visit with Chevalier Bayard. I remained in the company of Pierre until the turn of the year.

1522 - Upon my return to England, I found myself returning to my post as corporal and met up with the escorts of Charles V and continued with them to the palace in London. After seeing Charles V to London, I returned with my company to Sussex. While in Sussex, I set about my duties as one of the guards to the town's garrison and there I remained for the next three years.

1525 - That year I ended up taking a leave of my company and so I could return to Weymouth to reclaim my father's land.

I set about to gain possession of some of the property around my birthright land and began to build my new home.

I put all the income that I had accumulated over the years into the building of a grand manor.

1527 - After having depleted all of my savings on my home, I returned to Sussex and took up where I left off as a guard of the town garrison..

I was finally granted the title of sergeant of my company and received much better pay.

I started studying about the warfare and politics of the French and Spanish monarchies.

1529 - Me being the son of a peasant laborer I was again promoted, this time to sergeant major, the highest honor that I could ever hope to attain.

I kept studying of warfare and began to tutor the new enlistments as to the handling of weapons in war.

With the end of the warring between France and Italy, I was called to Serwick in the provence of Northumberland to help with the border patrols.

1531 - Not enjoying the climate there, I headed for my home in Weymouth and tried to open a school for the use of Armorial Weaponry.

Unfortunately, it never opened, because getting a license to teach about weapons was utterly impossible.

I had to go back to being a mercenary in order to earn money. Fortunately I am still considered as one of, if not the best in the business of protection.

1532 - I finally decided that like Chevalier Bayard, I need an heir to pass along all that I have learned, else what is the point in learning.

I heard of this fair in York that had many single women that would be looking for a husband and I do miss the feeling of being in love.

So I hired a keeper to watch over the manor and make it presentable for a possible wife.

1533 - I started out in early part of winter to make the trek to Scarborough so I would not miss the opening of the fair.

Upon my arrival at the Faire, 1st. Lt Marcus Desmond had heard of my abilities and hired me to the Royal Guard while King Henry VIII and His new wife Ann Boleyn were at faire. While at Scarborough Faire, Her Majesty Queen Ann Boleyn found it fitting that on the 31st day of May that I should be made a knight and She along with His Majesty King Henry VIII, after finding me worthy, did just that. I became known as Sir Charles Richmond, Sgt. Major of his majesty's service, Ensign of his Royal Guard. Her Majesty did then present me with a dagger worthy of the service of her protection. Soon thereafter I was promoted to Lieutenant of the Royal Guard. I am forever in Their Majesties' Service even unto this day!

Sir Adrian Smythe



1495 - Adrian is born to William and Katherine Smythe. William is a woodsmith that supplies wood to the local iron forges (one of Burwash's larger trades at this time)

1512 - Marries Emily Fitzalan. She is 15, he is 17.

1513 - Enlists as a footsoldier to provide a better life for his family. The Battle of Spurs in August and The Battle of Flodden quickly temper him, and prove his worth with the large axe that he still carries occasionally to this day. He serves in this capacity for the next 11 years, continually learning the art of war.

1524 - Samuel is born.

1526 - Adrian begins his service in the Gentlemen Speers. (Yes this is the correct spelling)

1528 - Emily dies of the Sweating Sickness at 31. This sours Adrian's ideas about religion somewhat.

1530 - Knighted and promoted to the rank of Lieutenant of the Gentlemen Speers, for a long history of service to the Crown (17 years). At this point, he begins looking for a wife, and mother to Samuel. He is uncomfortable with this because this entails courting at a social level much higher than he is used to.

1533 - Promoted to Commander of the Royal Guard. He retains the title of Lieutenant of the Gentlemen Speers. Samuel becomes his "squire" even though he is too young to carry out the duties that are required.

There is much more. I will try to post more in the form of backstory if enough are interested.

Kwin

Commander Sir Adrian Smythe

*Lieutenant Adrian peered into the dark water from the aftdeck of the **Sovereign**. She was the ship of the Royal Guard. Service aboard her was mandatory for the Gentlemen Speers, the division of the Royal Guard that he commanded. It was a short stint compared to duty on most other vessels, but most of the Speers were not sailors by trade. This trip was not mandatory for Adrian. He felt it was his duty to go occasionally with a new group assigned to the ship. Especially this one. His Uncle Edward's son (to call him cousin would be too much like he was admitting he was family) Bartholomew, was on his first voyage. He was one of the young men of minor nobility that made up the Gentlemen Speers, but felt it more his birthright than his duty. The Lieutenant wanted to make sure he did everything required of him and more. These were times of relative peace, but if the King's standard went into battle so did the Speers. Adrian was proud of the level of readiness of his division, and did not want "family", even if only by marriage, to be the weakest link in his war machine. Enough of Bartholomew. Many who heard Adrian say "A ship is a waste of fine horsemanship skills!" assumed he was afraid of the sea. That was not the case. Just over a year prior, the vessel carrying the jousting armor that was made for him by His Majesty's favorite armorer in Germany had been sunk just off the coast of England. Hence, also, his dislike of pirates. No, when time allowed he actually enjoyed being on the seas. "Sir!" bellowed the large bosun Jack Parker. "We are on the correct heading, awaiting your orders. Sir!" "Fine Parker, the Gentlemen Speers on board are yours for their education. Try not to break very many this time." As the bosun pounded off, Adrian thought he would discuss with Captain Gage the possibility of enlisting the bosun for his Gentlemen Speers...*

*Sorry if that got a little long, there's just a lot stuck in my head.
Kwin*

Dame Emerald Sutherland



*Emerald had a very long history within another world, but I am sure I could make it fit into this time period. *ponders a moment* I will not fit any real dates to this that way other players can have a little leeway to the story and there is much fantasy writing to it as to where she actually came from. And it is VERY long so grab a coffee and some lunch. Here it goes...*

A figure slowly walks into the darkened inn. The smoke filling the room from the crackling fireplace located to the left and the swirls of aromatic smoke wisping from the bowls of pipes seem to dance and play around the new figure as she walks over to a chair near the warmth. Even though only 32 years in age she shows a battle worn face and a body that has seen better days as though wars have been fought from within instead of without. She turns to you and smiles softly and motions for you to come over. Upon your arrival she motions to have you sit in the chair next to her and leans forward

*So you want to know of me, eh? It is a long one and one fraught with much heartache. But what good story isn't? If you are sure you wish to hear then I shall endeavor to weave you into the past and envelope you into your senses and bring you back with a new look on what you see and believe. *With that she sits back and takes a deep breath remembering as she fights the tears that already start to well within her eyes**

Welcome to my story. I am Dame Emerald Sutherland. I began my adventures as a paladin to King Thogaf Mensk in a small part of the world that we lovingly called the Land of the Phoenix but I ended up in His Majesty King Henry's court and became a member of his Royal Guard. This is my story and my thoughts.

*My life has been a tumultuous one. In the Land of the Phoenix where I lived, our very survival has depended on what we choose to do. I, as I said, a paladin, have done all I can to ensure peace and safety within our realm. However, at a great cost. My story is long and full of twists and surprises. How about a story of ultimate good vs. evil with a mix of ultimate love and sacrifice? I see you may be intrigued.... *smiles thoughtfully and takes her own mug of ale and sips it* Let me see.... where should I begin? Ah, yes it would make sense to start from the beginning wouldn't it, you are so correct but to start there would mean a bit of history of my land.*

(I am going to mark the history of my country here and if you choose not to read it then you will know where to pick up below.)

It all began a mere century ago. Two mortal men at odds with each other. One, pure and virtuous, while the other evil and malicious to the core. The evil of the two was the General of the giant armies of chaos. The gentle brother was the High Priest of God. There were cold long winters way back then.... snow had fallen heavily and the wind was chill. The General of Chaos started to move upon the City of Virtues which is nowadays called the City of the Dead. Leading the massive armies through the snow, the High Priest followed his brother in hopes to yet try again to save his soul from the evil that entwined its blackened fist around it. His prayers fell on deaf ears as the general marched on. The General's second in command, Gladius Maxim, grew weary of the Priest's attempts to reach his brother and decided to take matters into his own hands. As soon as the messenger of God fell far enough back away from all the others, Gladius withdrew his blade and ran it home into the priest's side, giving him a mortal wound. Looking down upon the bleeding man, Gladius in a simple and cold tone said, "You are dead Enkil," then turned his back and left him to die.

Enkil struggled to keep up with the armies but his wound was bad enough that soon he realized he had to find shelter. Enkil prayed to God for a sign, someone to help him so that he could try and stop his brother. Climbing up the mountain path, Enkil was met by a pack of dire wolves. Smelling the blood that seeped from him, the wolves thought they would have their first easy meal of winter. They were almost right. Attacking him fiercely it was all the strength and prayers to fight off the wolves. Unfortunately he was not completely victorious. One of the wolves had managed to grab a good enough hold on Enkil's leg that it knocked him back and down into the snow and as he fell the wolves pulled him in every direction to the point that one of his legs was ripped away from his body. In agonizing pain and loss of blood by this point, Enkil managed to fend off the pack and drag his near lifeless body up the rest of the mountain side and find a cave that he could try and rest in. Dragging himself in, Enkil laid there silently praying to God to grant him help to save his brother.

There Enkil could carry on no further and fell to the dirt and rock floor and let oblivion take him, passing out. He was now completely defenseless. There, not a servant of God but a servant of the shadows answered Enkil's prayers. For in that very cave in the shadows was a vampire. She was the sole vampire of the realm and sought to turn this mortal into her slave and equal. Stealthfully moving to the hapless man she embraced him and turned him in a fell swoop from the realm of light. Enkil awakening to this, in turn fought with the she devil but not in time to save himself. Feeling himself turn immortal, with his last breath prayed to God once more, this time not to ask for absolution for himself but with the utter most sacrifice asked upon God to allow himself to carry his brother's sins and allow his brother Thogaf to be pure.

With that prayer, God answered Enkil's plea and took all the pain, hate, anger and evilness within the tragic soul of Thogaf and placed it upon Enkil, which split his soul from his body. Enkil became a spirit to wander the lands and the echo of the man became the Arch Nemesis Lord Shadow. The visage that is known as Lord Shadow in turn with all of Thogaf's evil killed the woman and took her place as the lone vampire of the realm.

As this was all coming about, Thogaf had converged on the City of Virtues and all but destroyed it and it's entire population. Only a few survived, but that is another story to tell... Thogaf faced Lord God after the slaughter and was told he would be redeemed. There and then God placed the decision upon him to undo all the evils he had done and showed him the ends to his choices. Yes, our Majesty Thogaf faced the fires of Hell and chose to mend his ways and there and then became our Avatar of Light. For thirty thousand years these two immortals have combated each other, each vying to destroy one another to end the eternal struggle. But as you know the wheel of time keeps turning and has its own purpose as the battle rages on. We are near the ending and the beginning in this chapter of the book of life....

(Here continues Dame Emerald's story:)

I was born in a small town of Yew a mere 32 years ago. My mother Hermione Sutherland was a crafter of some note. My father Raphael D'Angelo was a paladin. They had been deeply in love when they found that she was with child. Father had been summoned to the city of Nujhelm to prepare for war. Father had known Thogaf for a very long time and followed his lead unconditionally. Knowing that this battle would be long, Thogaf had informed Raphael to have mother and I come to Nujhelm after I had arrived and as soon as he could he would bond my mother and father in holy matrimony. Sadly that day never came. Within a couple of months after my birth, my father was killed on the field of battle. No one was quite sure what had done the deed because he was just pale as if he froze to death.

From an early age, I had shown skill with a blade. I also had the makings of a fine and true paladin, like my father. However my mother wanted very much to return to Yew. Thogaf understood her need and offered her transport home. However, because of my talent he wanted me to remain in Nujhelm and train eventually following in my father's footsteps. It was decided and I did train. For years I remained near His Majesty's eye making sure I was treated with respect and was trained properly. Mother visited often and her visits were always filled with joy and laughter. I took my vows to become paladin when I reached the age of 20. His Majesty had offered me a choice on where I wanted to go. I chose to stay within his city walls and defend Nujhelm. I became defender of the city and Mayoress once His Majesty needed to return back to the Citadell.

There I had met a man whom I fell in love with later on. His name was Palin. He studied the arcane arts and was a seeker of knowledge. I had loved reading mythologies and studied them when I could. He became something of a mentor for me on the subject. However, that something became more. We were inseparable. When I would leave to patrol for an extended period of time, he would often write me letters and keep them safe until my return where I could read them and upon my next patrol could take the ones already written with me and have something to remind me what I was defending. Life seemed quiet for several years. Unfortunately that didn't last.

Just as Palin and I were to be bonded together, war broke out and the day we were to wed, Palin was found just outside Nujhelm city gates run through. I knew it was a message. I went straight to Thogaf, my heart broken and anger filling. He reminded me what and who I was and that vengeance was not becoming. I was infuriated but the words he spoke to me were true. A paladin does not seek vengeance. Justice is one thing but vengeance leads to injustice. I would have to do what was right.

I followed my king into battle and slowly watched my comrades fall and enemies alike. I myself took life and spared life all with one stroke. It is a hard thing to do, to take one person's life in order to spare so many others. During one night while on the field of battle, a box was brought to me. Within that box was a bloody apron and a ring. Shadow knew of my mother and knew what would get to me... Her death was the last straw.

I took the ring and apron to Thogaf and laid them before him. He knew as well as I what that meant. Only nodding I got up and left. I went back to Yew and constructed a memorial for her around her home. I spent several months crying and praying and coming to terms with my losses. Returning to the Citadell, Thogaf had announced that Shadow had been defeated. His time was over and he wished not to be king any longer. He would age and fade into history. A reagent was named for the Citadell. Thogaf hugged me for the first time in my life and whispered in my ear just what I was to him and how much he had loved me as if I had been his own and then turned and left. Just like that walked out of my life. All of a sudden I was truly alone again.

I gathered what I could carry and left. I gave up my life as a paladin. I wanted to just travel. I wanted to be far away from everything I knew. That is how I came upon Scarborough. I had merely stopped to restock on supplies. That is where I met the guard, where I met those whom I call family, where I met Barkley. I had been leery about settling anywhere. Those wonderful people whom I met gave me hope that I may have peace. I still defend, however I do not believe that I shall have the losses that I had had in the past.

*That is my story. And just a brief one at that. I have left so much out that I shall save for another time, or choose to remain with me to my grave. For those stories that we take to our graves become the things of legends. Wouldn't you agree? *chuckles* I have rambled on enough for this old warrior. My body is weary and craves sleep. Feel free to the food and drink here, I have left enough with the innkeeper to take care of your expenses as one person did for me. Be safe in your travels and remember the stories you hear in our city. For each is an echo of what makes Scarborough unique. *slowly gets up, nods and heads out the door quietly**

The End?

I must give credit to Jon and Brian for letting me use their character names and VO for the names of Yew and Njhelm. All that you read above actually was storyline for our VO shard. Emerald was more than what was stated above, but for our group I thought it appropriate to tone it down.

I hope you enjoy. Any constructive criticism would greatly be appreciated.

Sir Dominic and Baroness Catrina von Luftmensch



Sir Dominic

Born on June 13, 2225 on the other side of the world. At age of 8, was in wrong place at wrong time, and played with his father's government work – was sent back in time and space to 1601, Pomerania, Prussia. Was accepted into 'pack' and raised by his great....Uncle. Was found to have same true bloodline, and soon ran with the wolves on their nightly haunts. One night in 1634, when visiting France, was caught in a wolf trap. The king saw the magnificent wolf, and knew that there was something special about him – he approached the wolf, and set it free from the trap. To thank the king, the next day Dominic swore allegiance to him to be a Musketeer for 10 years. First, though, he went to the New World to come to terms with his lot in life.

While in the New World he met Catrina. Blah, blah, they fell in love etc. They went back to Europe to face their pasts and their future. In 1636, Dominic's father came back to tell him that there was a discrepancy in the time line that must be fixed. He gave him a device with which to travel about, and told him it was his destiny to repair this error. Dominic went forward to May 1646 and took back the rest of the Musketeers that you know now, to Scarborough, England, 1533. You know the rest!

Baroness Catrina

Born in England 1597. Orphaned at age 2, and raised by Gypsies (friends of her father). At age 18 was revealed to be heir to estate, and target of her murderous uncle that had killed her parents. At age 19 killed uncle, and hired out as an assassin. At age 21, left Europe (dressed as a man) for the New World, to run away from past. Met Dominic on Ship. Encountered him briefly at fishing camp, where only he knew she was a she. Another worker found her out, and threatened her with revealing her to the others, so she silenced him permanently – then snuck off into the night. Dominic followed suit three months later. She encountered an Indian village, and stayed with them. Dom had encountered the same tribe's hunting party, and soon was reunited with Cat. Blah blah, they fell in love, etc., etc. They both went back to Europe, etc. Refer to Dominic's bio for the rest of the story!

Wolfgang von Sachsenhausen



*A German mercenary Crossbowman who also has a skill for building mighty siege engines, actually lives in the late 14th, early 15th centuries, but took a really slow boat (the **Einstein**) to England to become part of Their Majesties' Royal Guard*

Now, just how a late 14th Century German mercenary Crossbowman who loves to build siege engines, including "Thor's Twins," a pair of movable Trebuchets, came to England circa 1533 and joined the Scarborough Royal Guard, well, maybe enough apple wine and I can document that.

Wolfgang's Mission

London, like every major European city, has its less desirable districts where hooligans and other unsavoury souls prowl the streets and trouble is only a stone's throw away. And this particular district is amongst the worst, unkept streets lined with derelict housing and taverns of ill repute.

And this is hardly the place for a member of Their Majesties Royal Guard to be found, less they face discipline or even dismissal. Yet, mixed in with the shadowy figures wandering the darkened avenue is Wolfgang von Sachsenhausen. And he is scruffy. The bright Guard uniform he normally so proudly wears is gone, replaced with a tattered smoky grey cloak and dirty black tunic and pants. His boots are mud covered and well worn, having seen many miles of hard rugged trail. But he is here for a reason, a reason that if discovered, could spell dire times for England. With the features of his face well hidden by the deep cloak hood, Wolfgang strides slowly but with confidence, his eyes ever so quickly darting to and fro for signs of something out of the ordinary, even for this district.

Just ahead of him lies his destination, a hell hole known as The Dirty Dog Tavern, a place with such a reputation even many of the locals avoid setting foot beyond the decrepit front doorway. Wolfgang pauses and glances to his left and right before crossing the street and pushing open the door, ignoring a knife fight in the adjacent alley. He has done this many times before.

The Dog is dim and noisy, a putrid smell hanging thick in the air. Pirates, thieves and murderers make up most the crowd, each trying to loudly out-boast the other, and each willing to draw blade at the first wrong word. Wolfgang peers across the room, ignoring the coaxing stares and smiles from a pair of provocatively dressed "ladies." He chuffs loudly as a drunken sailor stumbles into him, ignoring the man's weak excuse of an apology.

And across the crowded bar room Wolfgang spies his reason for coming here, a contact. A poorly dressed man slouched at a corner table alone, hands cupped around a mug of ale, face drawn downwards so as not to be seen by the other patrons. For if this man, or Wolfgang, were recognized, there would be problems. Word would travel quickly to the wrong ears and the fate of England would be in peril.

Wolfgang walks up to the table occupied by the solitary figure and pulls back a vacant chair; the man barely glancing up from his mug. Raising his head to get the attention of the sordid serving wench, Wolfgang thumps down onto the hard wooden seat, letting out a loud sigh.

"Good to see you again Wolf," the man quietly says, just peeking a look at his still hooded guest. "We don't have much time on this one; so I trust you can ride by first light?"

Nodding, the Guardsman replies, "Ja, the squire said it was urgent, come to the usual place then disappeared like a wily old cat." He smiles, adding, "I'm anxious to get back out. It seems like it's been forever."

The wench ambles over, stares at the mysterious new arrival and growls, "and what be your favour?," eager to retreat to the safety of the bar. Wolfgang refuses to pull back his hood.

"Ale," Wolfgang snaps back, making his contact raise his left hand in a sweeping gesture, brushing against the wide rim of a worn and very floppy hat.

"Nay!" the contact snaps, "bring him Stout. It is a fine batch this time around and I do believe they left out the critters from the casks this time!" The wench plods off, her wide rump barely fitting between the tables.

Wolfgang leans his chair back, chuckling "My Lord, they would not allow such a miserable excuse of a pub to even be dreamed about back home!" He closes his eyes and recalls the fine houses and inns of Sachsenhausen, just outside of Frankfurt. He sometimes longs to be back home, but now his business is in England. Besides, his family, or what is left of it, has scattered to the winds, although Wolfgang proudly considers each and every member of the Royal Guard to now be family.

When he was a youngster, Wolfgang lost his parents in a bloody raid and was scurried to safety by one of his sisters. As soon as he could, he set out on his own, quickly gaining the skills of a master Crossbowman, and spending much time learning the art of building mighty Trebuchet siege engines. With powerful crossbow in hand, he hired himself out to whoever paid his price. But eventually, bounties grew thin and fewer and fewer armies desired the big engines. Word quickly came to Wolfgang of hefty bounties being paid in England for rogue Scotsmen and Welsh, and as soon as he could book passage, took a boat across the Channel. A pair of officers from His Majesty's Royal Guard was quick to recruit him to their ranks, and before long, his immediate officers and eventually the Crown discovered his "talents." And he has been rewarded quite heartily for his little missions into the night to retrieve enemy, either dead or alive. And only a few of his officers know of this, carefully providing cover to the rest of the Guard when he is away.

"THUNK!"

The behemoth wench returns and plops a mug of stout onto the table, slopping a good half ounce over the rim and startling the Guardsman from his memories. Wolfgang produces a couple of coppers, which the wench buries in her apron before "strutting" away.

Wolfgang takes a long hard gulp of the stout, smiling and nodding his pleasure, "Gut!" At the same time, his companion hastily slides a small drawn leather sack across the table, which Wolfgang quickly seizes with his free hand and tucks into his belt pouch. It rattles of coins, gold coins to be exact. It disappears before probing eyes even notice it appeared, and Wolfgang trusts the contents.

It is quickly followed by a sheath of folded parchments. Setting the now half empty mug down, the Guardsman clutches the documents close to his cloak and quickly steals a glance. A name. A detailed description. A carefully prepared map. Wolfgang need not repeat the name, as walls tend to have ears. Besides, he and just about every member of the Royal Guard know it all to well. A maverick Scotsman who has a desire to provoke England into another conflict.

"We now have the evidence. He is trying to rally a following. They want him back here, at The Tower, where he can be properly interrogated," the contact slowly and quietly explains, making a hasty look over his shoulder in the direction of the feared structure.

"And MY interrogation methods are NOT adequate?!" Wolfgang immediately replies, jolting an expression of fear from the contact. He sits erect and quickly replies, "Just bring him back, alive! The army cannot do it less we instigate a conflict. You on the other hand...."

Another sip of stout, a smile and a hint of a chuckle. Yes, Wolfgang is indeed eager to go back out. But where? He casually unfolds the map. Scotland!

The contact leans across the table, very close to Wolfgang. A glance about assures nothing but a rat scurrying across a nearby vacant table can hear.

"You will travel to South Queensferry on the Firth of Forth. We are to believe he is somewhere there, maybe close by at Blackness Castle."

Wolfgang studies the map, rubbing his chin with his left hand, mug close to his right. Up and down his head goes, fascinated by the size of the mighty estuary. He then points to Edinburgh, a few miles to the east.

"Nay," the contact replies, "He would not likely journey to there, less he wishes a conflict with the Scottish Guard. The same Guard that will not bother to seek him outside that city's bounds!"

Wolfgang stares towards the cobweb lined ceiling, almost losing his hood. Strut right in, take Him into custody and bring him back to Them. No. Not that easy. But he has collected "prey" just as elusive. The road north is long and he will have time to formulate a scheme.

"Usual arrangements?" Wolfgang asks, acknowledged by an affirmative tap of the contact's hand on the table. "No sleep tonight then," he thinks to himself, knowing a saddled and provisioned horse will await him in just over a few hours. And his Crossbow will have been carefully collected and stand ready.

"Do you require assista.."

"NEIN!" Wolfgang's eyes blaze like hot coals. He works alone. Though he has promised to take Sir Charles on a mission sometime.

"And remember...ALIVE!" Wolfgang is reminded. He nods his understanding, carefully tucking the map and other parchments into the waist of his pants, being careful they do not show. A last draw of the stout. Another look around, heeding no attention to a tribe of quarreling and bloodied pirates in the opposite corner. And just as silently as he appeared, the Guardsman vanishes into the night.

His host raises his mug in salute and quietly recites, "Safe journey, my Lord. Wolfgang belongs to the night. The night belongs to Wolfgang!"

-end-

HISTORIC NOTE - almost 350 years later, in 1890, the majestic Forth Railway Bridge would open, its south anchor being a stone's throw from Wolfgang's destination of South Queensferry. And that wonder of Victorian engineering proudly stands in service this very day.