

# Five for Silver

*By Mo Holkar*

## Introduction (read this aloud)

It's been a year since the death of notorious pirate captain Tall Jane Silver, and the scattering of the officers and crew of her ship the *Mandragora* to the four winds. Tonight, they regather, at the sign of the 'Buck & Ear', to celebrate her memory.. or, maybe, to reopen old wounds. Secrets will be uncovered, tears will be shed, perhaps blood will spill. It is as Silver would no doubt have wished..

This is a standard uk-freeform style of larp, with predesigned characters, casting, secrets, individual goals, and plots that will become exposed during play. However! There is a fairly major twist, which is that it only lasts half an hour, and we're going to play it through five times in succession. And in each replay, we will be aiming to pretty much recreate it the same way - the same interactions and resolutions, in the same sequence. It doesn't have to be exactly the same - memory being what it is - but the general thrust will be for it to be as close as we can make it.

The five runs are as follows:

- The first time, we just play the larp in the normal way. All the material will be new and exciting.
- The second time, we replay it, with exaggerated emotions. So, same stuff happens, but hugely overacted.
- The third time, we replay it with flirtation underlying each interaction. Again the same stuff happens, but each conversation etc has a flirtatious subtext, as though all the characters are attracted to each other (but don't do anything more than flirt).
- The fourth time, we massively downplay emotions. We play with a deadened lack of affect. Grey, flat.
- The fifth time, we replay as normal, but without speaking. All interactions are mediated by body language (no sign language, charades, etc). By now people should be pretty familiar with the story, so we should be able to 'read' each other's intentions and meanings.

In each run, I will ring a bell once when there are five minutes remaining, and then several times to mark the end of the run.

Afterwards, and optionally: we will talk together about how these different play experiences made people feel about the

material, about their characters, about the way they use emotion in play, about their interactions, about the story.

We will start by each of you choosing which of the 12 characters you wish to play. Take and read the character briefing for them.

You can play your character as any gender that you wish. Write your character's pronouns on their name badge, so that other people can see how they should be referred to.

## Schedule

Briefing	15 minutes (30 if need to choose characters)
Run 1	30 minutes
Transition	5 minutes
Run 2	30 minutes
Transition	5 minutes
Run 3	30 minutes
Transition	5 minutes
Run 4	30 minutes
Transition	5 minutes
Run 5	30 minutes
Post-mortem (optional)	40 minutes
Total	225 minutes (240 if need to choose characters)

## Cutlass Kim, the navigator

You were navigator and chartkeeper on the *Mandragora*, responsible for setting courses and for negotiating dangerous waters. It was a responsible and intellectually-taxing task! You are aware that some of the other pirates frankly wouldn't have had the minds to cope with your work. And that makes you better than them, because you're not just a brainbox: you're also very capable in a fight. You learnt to use a blade at naval college in Greenwich, as part of Royal Navy officer training—where you also studied the navigational arts. Fortunately, you saw the light early, and ducked out of the Navy at the first opportunity.

Tall Jane Silver knew who were her most trustworthy officers and crew. Not long before her death, she drew you aside, and confided in you. She said that she'd chosen you, Cookie, and Stabby to decide who should succeed to her seat in the Pirate Council, if she were to suddenly die (and so be no longer allowed to occupy it—there's quite a strict 'living people only' rule, for hygiene reasons). You loyally said that you were sure that no such thing would happen—but it was strange, it was as if she had had a premonition of her death! When that happened—when someone, or ones, betrayed her to the authorities—it all happened so fast and confusingly, and the crew of the *Mandragora* were scattered so quickly, that the three of you never had a chance to discuss who should take the Council seat. Maybe seeing each other again at last, tonight, will provide an opportunity to come to a decision together.

Tall Jane was mighty disgruntled one time, when some of the crew were overpowered by a hostage they were guarding, who escaped. She strongly suspected that they'd allowed this to happen, in exchange for a reward. You seem to remember that Jo Whiskey may have been involved.

You are secretly writing a book about Tall Jane, and you are almost finished. But you are uneasily aware that Bo'sun Barnes is also working on a similar opus. Of course it won't be anywhere near as good as yours; but if the Bo'sun is first to finish and first to market, your guns might be spiked! There has to be a way of stopping it...

Your best friend is Blue Bones—the definitive 'good mate'. You would support Blue's bid to be captain any time.

Your hated rival is 'Sister' Bliss. So having some sort of spurious medical qualification means people can think of themselves as intellectuals? You don't think so!

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Cookie and Stabby McGinn. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like One-Eye Mantell. The monocular carpenter is basically a miserable moaning git. Harmless, but annoying.

## Cookie, the ship's cook

You knew Tall Jane Silver since she was a young slip of a thing, scampering the decks alongside her famous parent. You were an ordinary sailor then, but moved into the galley after taking one injury too many. Jane always treated you kindly and fondly, like an old retainer: you moved from ship to ship with her, as her career developed. Ah, it was a terrible thing, what happened to her at the end. Although, to be honest, she had become somewhat of a menace by that stage, a danger to herself and to her crew—loving risk just a little too much.

Tall Jane Silver knew who were her most trustworthy officers and crew. Not long before her death, she drew you aside, and confided in you. She said that she'd chosen you, Stabby, and Kim to decide who should succeed to her seat in the Pirate Council, if she were to suddenly die (and so be no longer allowed to occupy it—there's quite a strict 'living people only' rule, for hygiene reasons). You loyally said that you were sure that no such thing would happen—but it was strange, it was as if she had had a premonition of her death! When that happened—when someone, or ones, betrayed her to the authorities—it all happened so fast and confusingly, and the crew of the *Mandragora* were scattered so quickly, that the three of you never had a chance to discuss who should take the Council seat. Maybe seeing each other again at last, tonight, will provide an opportunity to come to a decision together.

You're intrigued by the story that Tall Jane Silver once buried a stash of treasure somewhere, confiding the details to some trusted souls. You weren't one such confidant, but you heard a rumour that Candles may have had something to do with it.

You once hoaxed 'Sister' Bliss rather neatly. You prepared a vial of sheep's blood, and labeled it up as "Blackbeard's Blood—A Very Soverain Remedy!" 'Sister' was doubtful at first, but then paid you good money for the fake: what a gullible lug.

Your best friend is Sasha Dumont—who has given you a number of excellent foreign recipes to try out. A person of taste and distinction, is Sasha.

Your hated rival is Jem Fish-Hooks. Jem claims to know something about cooking fish, but frankly it's just plain idiocy.

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Stabby McGinn and Cutlass Kim. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Jo Whiskey: the relish with which Jo describes people being torn apart by cannon-shot makes you feel quite sick.

## Stabby McGinn, the watch commander

You were captured from a merchant ship by Tall Jane Silver, five years back. Rather than murdering you, like the other prisoners who weren't going to fetch a ransom, she decided she'd seen something in your eyes. You signed up to the *Mandragora*, and served capably and reliably, once you'd got the hang of how different life was on a pirate vessel. Still, though, at some inner level you don't feel like a pirate. You walk the walk and talk the talk, but you inwardly cringe at some of the awful things that you've seen your colleagues do—and have had to do yourself.

Tall Jane Silver knew who were her most trustworthy officers and crew. Not long before her death, she drew you aside, and confided in you. She said that she'd chosen you, Kim, and Cookie to decide who should succeed to her seat in the Pirate Council, if she were to suddenly die (and so be no longer allowed to occupy it—there's quite a strict 'living people only' rule, for hygiene reasons). You loyally said that you were sure that no such thing would happen—but it was strange, it was as if she had had a premonition of her death! When that happened—when someone, or ones, betrayed her to the authorities—it all happened so fast and confusingly, and the crew of the *Mandragora* were scattered so quickly, that the three of you never had a chance to discuss who should take the Council seat. Maybe seeing each other again at last, tonight, will provide an opportunity to come to a decision together.

Tall Jane didn't always have it her own way. One time, you heard, there was a brief attempt at a mutiny against her. You don't know the details, but you have a feeling that Blue Bones may have been involved.

You have a terrible secret which gnaws at your vitals. It was you who sold out Tall Jane Silver to the authorities, causing her capture and death at the hands of the notorious scourge of pirates Captain Wildheart. You just couldn't stand the pirate life any longer, and you knew she would never let you just resign. The worst is, though, that you fear that Sasha Dumont knows: the interpreter saw you conversing stealthily with an Admiralty agent in Port Royal, just before the arrest took place.

Your best friend is Limping Lou—the former beggar is also not really a pirate, and feels more warm and human than the rest of the crew.

Your hated rival is Candles, the storeskeeper, who has never accepted your authority and who treats you with naked contempt.

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Cutlass Kim and Cookie. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Bo'sun Barnes, who is so chummy with the crew: that's no way to maintain discipline! You run a tight watch, and you don't expect people to send you postcards about it.

## Blue Bones, the first mate

You were Tall Jane Silver's right hand, and feared throughout the Caribbean and beyond. You thought that when she died, you might proceed to command a ship yourself—but it turned out that your terrifying reputation meant that no-one wanted to serve under you. Which was a bit disappointing. You have instead resigned yourself to 'mating' for a succession of other captains; doing your best each time, but not really feeling that any of them are as good as Tall Jane was.

You weren't always an admirer of Tall Jane, though. One time you, Sasha and Lou actually staged a mutiny against her. She was spending so much time dallying with other captains, it had been ages since the *Mandragora* had put to sea, and things were getting desperate. You confronted her in her cabin and told her she had to resign her command! Tall Jane simply laughed and pulled out a bottle of fine Spanish brandy. You aren't sure quite how it happened—her tongue was as silver as her name—but by the time the third bottle was opened, you were all the best of friends again, and any talk of mutiny was firmly in the past. You never quite trusted her after that, though. And evidently someone—or ones—disliked her enough to sell her out to the authorities, which is what caused her death.

You heard a rumour one time that Tall Jane had decided to leave her seat on the Pirate Council to one of her crew, after she died. You don't know who it was, but you heard that Stabby McGinn had the details.

You have a rather shameful secret—you are a slave to the bottle. Fortunately you can hide it well, and no-one suspects—apart from Jo Whiskey, who is your supplier of the demon booze. You can give it up any time, you're sure of it!

Your best friend is Cutlass Kim, an ace navigator who sees through your notoriety to your true worth (unlike practically everyone else).

Your hated rival is One-Eye Mantell—the carpenter has remained firmly resistant to the pirate ethos, and is still practically a civilian. Tall Jane should never have put up with it!

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Sasha Dumont and Limping Lou. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like 'Sister' Bliss, who keeps talking about healing and recuperation and suchlike nonsense. In your day you just used to stuff the stump of a severed limb into a bucket of hot tar, and everyone was the better for it.

## Sasha Dumont, the interpreter

With a quick tongue and a nose for gold and for trouble, you were wanted by the law in three countries for various offences relating to fraud, deception, impersonation, and rampant hornswoggling without benefit of clergy. Cornered at the dockyard in Cadiz, your only escape was to hop on board a departing ship. It turned out to be the *Mandragora*, and once Tall Jane Silver had given you a severe beating, she signed you up as shipboard interpreter and translator. Your main duties are preparing fake naval communiqués, asking captives where the valuables are hidden, and composing ransom notes. It's dull work, but rewarding.

You weren't truly an admirer of Tall Jane, though. One time you, Lou and Blue actually staged a mutiny against her. She was spending so much time dallying with other captains, it had been ages since the *Mandragora* had put to sea, and things were getting desperate. You confronted her in her cabin and told her she had to resign her command! Tall Jane simply laughed and pulled out a bottle of fine Spanish brandy. You aren't sure quite how it happened—her tongue was as silver as her name—but by the time the third bottle was opened, you were all the best of friends again, and any talk of mutiny was firmly in the past. You never quite trusted her after that, though. And evidently someone—or ones—disliked her enough to sell her out to the authorities, which is what caused her death.

Tall Jane was mighty disgruntled one time, when some of the crew were overpowered by a hostage they were guarding, who escaped. She strongly suspected that they'd allowed this to happen, in exchange for a reward. You seem to remember that Bosun Barnes may have been involved.

You have a piece of information which you're sure could be valuable, if used wisely—although it's powerful stuff. You're pretty much convinced that it was Stabby McGinn who sold out Tall Jane to the authorities, resulting in her capture and death at the hands of the notorious scourge of pirates Captain Wildheart. You saw the watch commander conversing stealthily with an Admiralty agent in Port Royal, just before the arrest took place.

Your best friend is Cookie, who goes to great efforts to prepare the sophisticated dishes that you grew used to in your international travels. How kind and thoughtful!

Your hated rival is Jo Whiskey, a drunken sot who is utterly lacking in taste and discernment. How such a blighter was ever given a position of responsibility on the gun-deck, you cannot imagine.

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Limping Lou and Blue Bones. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Jem Fish-Hooks, who was such an obsequious suck-up to Tall Jane. Get back to your trawler, herring-merchant!

## Limping Lou, the cabin assistant

You were an orphan ragamuffin on the streets of Southampton, and had both legs broken by being run over by a cart while you were passed out drunk—they healed badly. You grew up, surviving who knows how, to live as a beggar and occasional participant in illegal activity—distracting pickpockets' marks, or keeping watch for burglars. Tall Jane Silver took pity on you, and offered you a job (well, she didn't give you much choice really) helping out around her cabin and generally making yourself useful about the *Mandragora* in a menial way.

You weren't truly an admirer of Tall Jane, though. One time you, Blue and Sasha actually staged a mutiny against her. She was spending so much time dallying with other captains, it had been ages since the *Mandragora* had put to sea, and things were getting desperate. You confronted her in her cabin and told her she had to resign her command! Tall Jane simply laughed and pulled out a bottle of fine Spanish brandy. You aren't sure quite how it happened—her tongue was as silver as her name—but by the time the third bottle was opened, you were all the best of friends again, and any talk of mutiny was firmly in the past. You never quite trusted her after that, though. And evidently someone—or ones—disliked her enough to sell her out to the authorities, which is what caused her death.

You're intrigued by the story that Tall Jane Silver once buried a stash of treasure somewhere, confiding the details to some trusted souls. You weren't one such confidant, but you heard a rumour that 'Sister' Bliss may have had something to do with it.

You are probably too soft-hearted to be a pirate. One time, long ago, you spared the life of a young child on a captured ship, against Tall Jane's express orders. That wouldn't have been so bad, except that the child grew up to be Captain Wildheart, notorious scourge of pirates, who last year captured Tall Jane and had her executed. Oops. Not only that, but you told Jem Fish-Hooks about this, once in an unguarded moment.

Your best friend is Stabby McGinn, who is also not really a pirate, and who has preserved the warm and generous human qualities that are so rarely found under the Jolly Roger.

Your hated rival is Bo'sun Barnes. Normally soft-hearted, this petty officer (in every sense of the term) took offence at Tall Jane's favouring you, and seemed to delight in making your life on the *Mandragora* a misery whenever the chance arose.

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Blue Bones and Sasha Dumont. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Candles, who threatened to clatter you into next week with a balk of timber round the eyebrow, when you were caught pilfering from the stores one time.

## 'Sister' Bliss, the medico

Although few people believe it, you are actually a real doctor—or at least, you completed most of the training. You lost your career before it had started, because of an unfortunate habit of conducting illegal abortions, and an enthusiasm for euthanasia. Life on board has been lacking in intellectual companionship; but the pirates are a cheery and entertaining bunch, and most of them owe you their lives... which is always reassuring.

You always had the feeling that Tall Jane Silver trusted you a bit more than the others. One time when you were treating her (she had terribly dry skin, into which you regularly rubbed muskrat grease) she told you that she had secretly buried a stash of treasure, which none of the others knew about. She told you the degrees of the site's location coordinates—12 North and 61 West—but of course you would also need the minutes and seconds to be able to find the treasure. She was frustratingly reluctant to divulge these, though; however much muskrat grease you slathered on.

Tall Jane didn't always have it her own way. One time, you heard, there was a brief attempt at a mutiny against her. You don't know the details, but you have a feeling that Sasha Dumont may have been involved.

You once stitched up Cookie rather neatly. The innocent had come into possession of a vial of "Blackbeard's Blood—A Very Sovereign Remedy!". You pretended to be doubtful of its worth, and so Cookie sold it to you for way below the true value! That will come in most handy if you need to bring someone back from death's door.

Your best friend is One-Eye Mantell—the carpenter crafts in wood the same way that you do in flesh and bone. You have a warm respect for each other's skills.

Your hated rival is Cutlass Kim—who claims to be some sort of intellectual, on the basis of knowing how to navigate. Sadly, Kim is a dull blade, and too dull to even realize it.

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Jem Fish-Hooks and Candles. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Blue Bones, who is an old-school sea-swab who doesn't believe in modern medicine.

## Jem Fish-Hooks, the second mate

You used to work a fishing-boat with your father, until in the great storm of '92 you lost your tackle overboard, and were lucky to preserve your life. You figured that plucking rubies from wealthy Spaniards had to be easier work than hauling mackerel from the briny deeps. You've taken to it well, although you still don't really think of yourself as a pirate. In retirement, you'll go back to fishing—but in a lake or river, not the sea. Until then, you dedicated yourself to doing a good job, efficiently—and Tall Jane recognized that. You miss her: but there are other captains now.

You always had the feeling that Tall Jane Silver trusted you a bit more than the others. One time when you were reminiscing about fishing (she used to be a mean hand at fly-tying, in her early days) she told you that she had secretly buried a stash of treasure, which none of the others knew about. She told you the minutes of the site's location coordinates—32 and 22—but of course you would also need the degrees and seconds to be able to find the treasure. She was frustratingly reluctant to divulge these, though; however much you praised her Elk Hair Caddis.

You heard a rumour one time that Tall Jane had decided to leave her seat on the Pirate Council to one of her crew, after she died. You don't know who it was, but you heard that Cutlass Kim had the details.

You always followed instructions from your superiors correctly, so you were silently infuriated when Limping Lou once admitted to disobeying when Tall Jane had ordered the death of a child found on a captured ship. Not only that, but the child grew up to be Captain Wildheart, notorious scourge of pirates—who was last year responsible for Tall Jane's capture and death!

Your best friend is Jo Whiskey, who understands suffering and loss. You have often drowned your sorrows together (although 'drown' is not a word you really like to use).

Your hated rival is Cookie, who has no idea at all how to cook fish properly, and who refuses to be told. Cookie's fillet of sole would be tastier, and probably less chewy, if it was made from the sole of a boot.

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Candles and 'Sister' Bliss. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Sasha Dumont, who puts on all sorts of foreign airs. Being British should be good enough for any pirate!

## Candles, the storeskeeper

As well as stocking and maintaining ship's supplies, you also breed rats and teach them tricks in exchange for chunks of fat bacon. Your theory is that if treated well and encouraged to be clever, they will keep out the foreign rats, doubtless riddled with plague, who would otherwise come aboard at every port. The nice thing about keeping the stores is that you never have to do any fighting—apart from that one time when the ship almost got overrun by Portuguese marines. Then you discovered an unsuspected aptitude for cracking people over the bonce with a length of planking... But you felt a little uncomfortable about it, afterwards. All the blood that came out! And the brains!

You always had the feeling that Tall Jane Silver trusted you a bit more than the others. One time when you were going through the stores manifest together (she had a real fascination with chandlers' catalogues) she told you that she had secretly buried a stash of treasure, which none of the others knew about. She told you the seconds of the site's location coordinates—12 and 55—but of course you would also need the degrees and minutes to be able to find the treasure. She was frustratingly reluctant to divulge these, though; however excited you both got about the 27 different types of marlinspike that are available at all good ports.

Tall Jane was mighty disgruntled one time, when some of the crew were overpowered by a hostage they were guarding, who escaped. She strongly suspected that they'd allowed this to happen, in exchange for a reward. You seem to remember that One-Eye Mantell may have been involved.

You've heard a worrying rumour about One-Eye Mantell—that the carpenter is custodian of the Black Spot. This basically allows a death-curse to be put on any pirate who is thought to sufficiently deserve it: they become fair game for all others to kill on sight. Might One-Eye have placed the Black Spot on Tall Jane Silver? Surely not! But...

Your best friend is Bo'sun Barnes, a gentle commander who knows how to run a tight ship without sacrificing the balm of friendship.

Your hated rival is Stabby McGinn, who is not even a real pirate: whyever did Tall Jane appoint Stabby as watch commander? Commanding a whelk stall would be too much responsibility and trust.

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are 'Sister' Bliss and Jem Fish-Hooks. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Limping Lou, who you once caught trying to pilfer from the ship's stores. You gave Lou a good fright, and you don't think it'll happen again.

## One-Eye Mantell, the ship's carpenter

Ship's carpentry is crude work, but it's all you're fit for, since losing your eye. You used to be a fine cabinet-maker, until a splinter of mahogany one day flew up and caught you by surprise just under the eyelid. You've hated drawers ever since. You hate pirates, too, but you're too ill-disciplined to work in the regular or merchant navies. Why Tall Jane Silver put up with you, you aren't sure: you were persistently rude and disrespectful to her. Perhaps she was sick of toadies. Well, you were sick of her, too, with her two perfectly good eyes. Not such good depth perception now that she's dead, hmm? But you did make a very nice coffin for her: it seemed the least you could do.

One time your love of joinery led you to what may have been a misjudgement. You were with Whiskey and Barnes, guarding a captured prisoner—a French noble, the Baron de Boeuf—who was to be held hostage in the hope of ransom. The Baron bribed you, with a beautiful inlaid cigar-box, to let him escape in the dinghy: making it look as though he had overpowered the three of you. Tall Jane Silver was not at all pleased, but what could you have done?—you aren't superbeings. The Baron was better than his word, though, and each year thereafter he has sent you another finely-crafted wooden box, in commemoration of your kindness.

You're intrigued by the story that Tall Jane Silver once buried a stash of treasure somewhere, confiding the details to some trusted souls. You weren't one such confidant, but you heard a rumour that Jem Fish-Hooks may have had something to do with it.

You've heard a worrying rumour about Candles—that the storeskeeper is custodian of the Black Spot. This basically allows a death-curse to be put on any pirate who is thought to sufficiently deserve it: they become fair game for all others to kill on sight. Might Candles have placed the Black Spot on Tall Jane Silver? Surely not! But...

Your best friend is 'Sister' Bliss, who crafts in bodies the same way that you craft in wood. You have a warm respect for each other's skills.

Your hated rival is Blue Bones, for whom the term 'cruel and unusual' could practically have been invented. Being a pirate is bad enough: why do some people feel they have to be so mean-spirited along with it?

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Jo Whiskey and Bo'sun Barnes. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Cutlass Kim, who seems to think that going to navigator college (or whatever) makes a person superior. You could have gone to furniture college, if you'd had the opportunities, but it wouldn't have made you look down on people like what Kim does.

## Jo Whiskey, the chief cannoneer

Your job aboard ship is to set and prime the guns, and to place the shot exactly where it's called for. Sometimes one across the bows is enough to force surrender—sometimes the target gets holed below the waterline, and then your crewmates curse you as they scramble to retrieve the treasure before it founders. But your favourite is when you load chain-shot, to take down a mast or to sweep the enemy decks clean of life. Tall Jane appreciated your skill, and tolerated your outrageous drunkenness—'an artiste can be forgiven all', she used to say. Other captains since have not been so understanding; and, to be honest, you are currently short of work. This can't be allowed to continue: you detest hunger, and you detest thirst even more.

One time your love of alcohol led you to what may have been a misjudgement. You were with Barnes and Mantell, guarding a captured prisoner—a French noble, the Baron de Boeuf—who was to be held hostage in the hope of ransom. The Baron bribed you, with a special flask of aged armagnac, to let him escape in the dinghy: making it look as though he had overpowered the three of you. Tall Jane Silver was not at all pleased, but what could you have done?—you aren't superbeings. The Baron was better than his word, though, and each year thereafter he has sent you another flask of brandy, in commemoration of your kindness.

Tall Jane didn't always have it her own way. One time, you heard, there was a brief attempt at a mutiny against her. You don't know the details, but you have a feeling that Limping Lou may have been involved.

You like a drink, it's true, but there's one of the crew who's worse than you—Blue Bones. The first mate is secretly a total slave to the bottle: and you should know, because you are the supplier. You have not yet had any reason to use this piece of information...

Your best friend is Jem Fish-Hooks, who has suffered terrible loss—you often comfort each other with a drink from the cup that cheers. And another, and another...

Your hated rival is Sasha Dumont, a smarmy and supercilious foreigner who you'd secretly rather like to lightly sprinkle with gunpowder and then set alight.

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are Bo'sun Barnes and One-Eye Mantell. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Cookie, who is a coward with no stomach for the deadly business of pirating.

## Bo'sun Barnes, the bo'sun of the Mandragora

As bo'sun you were foreman and instructor of the crew, an expert in ropework and the like. Tall Jane left the detail of ordering them around to you, as well as minor matters of discipline. You sometimes felt that she wasn't really very interested in the crew. She mostly hung around with the officers and the ship's skilled workers, like some sort of snob. But you were happy to take up the slack: you cared about those sailors like they were your children. The crew are scattered now, but they still write to you (those who can write)—you run the bar here at the *Buck & Ear*, and the wall behind is covered with charming postcards from your former protégés.

One time your soft-heartedness led you to what may have been a misjudgement. You were with Mantell and Whiskey, guarding a captured prisoner—a French noble, the Baron de Boeuf—who was to be held hostage in the hope of ransom. The Baron bribed you, with a promise that he would found an orphanage in your name, to let him escape in the dinghy: making it look as though he had overpowered the three of you. Tall Jane Silver was not at all pleased, but what could you have done?—you aren't superbeings. The Baron was better than his word, though, and each year thereafter he has sent you an update with the names of the orphans who have been helped, in commemoration of your kindness.

You heard a rumour one time that Tall Jane had decided to leave her seat on the Pirate Council to one of her crew, after she died. You don't know who it was, but you heard that Cookie had the details.

You are secretly writing a book about Tall Jane, and you are almost finished. But you are uneasily aware that Cutlass Kim is also working on a similar opus. Of course it won't be anywhere near as good as yours; but if Kim is first to finish and first to market, your guns might be spiked! There has to be a way of stopping it...

Your best friend is Candles, who understands the value of treating (most) people kindly. You are soul-mates, really.

Your hated rival is Limping Lou—it really grinds your goat that this misbegotten ruffian puts on such airs about being favoured by Tall Jane to be her personal servant. It's not good for crew morale! For Lou, you are prepared to make an exception to your normal gentle and understanding ways.

At your shoulder, in times of trouble, are One-Eye Mantell and Jo Whiskey. They've always been there for you when you needed help, and likewise you for them.

You really don't much like Stabby McGinn, who has an old-fashioned (ie. savagely cruel) attitude to discipline. That's no way to run a watch, let alone a ship!

## Badges

Cutlass Kim the navigator	Sasha Dumont the interpreter
Cookie the ship's cook	Limping Lou the cabin assistant
Candles the storeskeeper	Blue Bones the first mate
'Sister' Bliss the medico	Bo'sun Barnes the bo'sun

Jem Fish-Hooks  
the second mate

One-Eye Mantell  
the ship's carpenter

Stabby McGinn  
the watch commander

Jo Whiskey  
the chief cannoneer

# Equipment

- Bell
- Name and pronoun badges

## Props

Give each of these to the appropriate player (secretly, if possible!) before the start of play.

- Flask of aged armagnac: for Jo Whiskey
- Wooden box: for One-Eye Mantell
- List of orphans: for Bo'sun Barnes
- Vial of Blackbeard's blood: for 'Sister' Bliss
- Manuscript (bound stack of papers): for Cutlass Kim
- Manuscript (bound stack of papers): for Bo'sun Barnes
- Printout of coordinates: for Candles (12" 55"), 'Sister' Bliss (12° 61°), and Jem Fish-Hooks (32' 22')

## Printable matter for props

### Bottle label

<p>Blackbeard's Blood A Very Soverain Remedy!</p>
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*The Tall Jane Silver I Knew*  
*A Touching Personal Memoir*

*By*

*Cutlass Kim*

Tall Tales of Jane's Jails  
under Silver Sails!

Rip-Roaring Adventure  
on the High Seas!

by

Bo'sun Barnes

## Orphans

Committed under the charge  
of His Lordship the Baron de Boeuf  
in this year of God

Augustin Langlade

Bernard Sarrette

Bertrand Guilladot

Catalina Sarsfield

Catherine Grand

Ernestine Lambriquet

Ignaz Pleyel

Jacques Aubert

Joseph Sauveur

Mlle Guerin

Nicolas Félix Vandive

Olivier Aubert

Philibert Aspairt

Pierre Vachon

Pierre Varignon

Simon Gribelin

Stephen Doutreleau

Suzanne Douvillier

By the North:  $12^\circ$  and  $BB'$  and  $CC''$ ;  
By the East  $61^\circ$  and  $YY'$  and  $ZZ''$

By the North:  $AA^\circ$  and  $32'$  and  $CC''$ ;  
By the East  $XX^\circ$  and  $22'$  and  $ZZ''$

By the North:  $AA^\circ$  and  $BB'$  and  $12''$ ;  
By the East  $XX^\circ$  and  $YY'$  and  $55''$