

# The Second Game

*In which [Duke Peter of Gloucester](#) welcomes new guests to tell their tales on the night of — in the year 17-*

In a side room of the Bear and Garter, panelled in oaken boards that have seen better days, sits the Duke. A youngish older man of disputable years and unlikely inheritance. He sits at the table in the curtained-off side room with a drink in hand he was previously given by Sally, waiting to see what new arrivals might appear for the next round of storytelling. — [Peter Cobcroft](#) 14/07/2005 10:01

## Laird Dougall McTavish

*In which the [Laird Dougall McTavish](#) arrives.*

A heavily built, grizzled individual, clad in a kilt and bearskins and carrying a claymore bursts into the bar, and calls for ale. "Mornin', Duke." He sits heavily on a stool, and gets outside the pint in one huge draft. "Keep it comin', girl." — [Robbie Matthews](#) 14/07/2005 11:08

Duke Peter nods in acknowledgement of this nobleman. — [Peter Cobcroft](#) 15/07/2005 09:43

## The Fair Lady Jones

*In which [the Fair Lady Jones](#) arrives.*

A girl of slight build and long fair hair slips into the room, quietly closes the door behind her, hoping to go unnoticed. She nods to each of the men in turn, takes her seat across the room and softly asks for a hot brewed coffee. — [girlie jones](#) 14/07/2005 11:30

"M'lady", the Duke says in greeting. — [Peter Cobcroft](#) 15/07/2005 09:45

## Laird Dougall McTavish

*In which the [Laird Dougall McTavish](#) becomes impatient.*

The big man finishes his third pint, and bangs it heavily on the table. "Come, gurl. Dinna ye ken I'm dyin' o' thirst o'er here?" He turns to his companions. "D'ye think we're [goin' ta be all day here?](#) There's wild haggis in the hills that need huntin'..." — [Robbie Matthews](#) 15/07/2005 13:38

## The Fair Lady Jones

*In which [the Fair Lady Jones](#) makes a suggestion.*

The girl of slight build accepts the steaming mug of hot brew from the scantily clad waitress, "ahh

thank you ... I really need this." After taking a polite sip, she turns to the two men, "Perhaps gentlemen, we are the full party for today?" — [girlie jones](#) 18/07/2005 09:44

The Duke shrugs. Elegantly of course, but none the less, it is a shrug. "Perhaps then", he says, "we should begin."

"Who would like to ask the first question?" — [Peter Cobcroft](#) 19/07/2005 09:18

## Laird Dougall MacTavish

*In which a question is asked*

"If ye don't mind, M'Lady Jones... I've a yearnin' to know the true tale o' [The Northumberland Volcano](#), your part in it, and what the lost tribe of the Wambesi had to do with it?" — [Robbie Matthews](#) 19/07/2005 10:35

"Yes indeed", says the Duke. "Pray elucidate on the occasion of your volcanic adventure." — [Peter Cobcroft](#) 20/07/2005 13:23

## The Fair Lady Jones

"You flatter me, gentlemen. I'm hardly the adventuring type. I really had no intention of getting caught up in that whole unnecessary situation. I had simply gone to Northumberland Minor to visit my sister, who'd moved there some years earlier with her new husband. She being the elder, and I far younger than her, I had but a vague memory of her looks. It was rather embarrassing that I didn't recognise her instantly when she met me at the coach station." The Fair Lady Jones pauses for another sip of her steaming beverage. — [girlie jones](#) 20/07/2005 14:03

- [The Fair Lady Jones' Tale](#)

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