

# The Northumberland Volcano

"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

"I would wager", hazards the Duke, "that you failed to recognise your own dear sister because through some foul eldritch curse, she had been turned into a man. It is therefore no surprise that she seemed unrecognisable. With the beard and all..." — [Peter Cobcroft](#) 21/07/2005 09:31

"I don't know where the story of the curse came from. It's peculiar how the finer details of a story change in the retelling, is it not Duke? It is true that I did not recognise my sister, because of a beard. The thing is, she wasn't wearing a beard so much as that she was the beard, as they say. You see, she and my brother in law had been going through some rather lean times. They'd moved to occupy a plot on the fertile plains under the shade of the Northumberland Mountain to make their fortune growing the newwheat of St James. It was supposed to be rust resistant. The newest thing to come from New England Agricultural Advancement School. It was not. And they'd spent the last several years struggling to make ends meet.

Eventually my sister was forced to go to work in the nearby town. She was reluctant at first but desperate to start a family. And desperate to be able to afford to do so. So she found a position, you might say, working as an ... assistant for Mr Gailysford. A somewhat carefree, wealthy bachelor who had moved to the town to be as far from his own family as possible. My sister told me, after our first meeting that day at the coach station, that she was still not sure what exactly his area of expertise was, he seemed to be an academic of some kind, nor was she sure what exactly her job entailed. She did however, find herself attending many meetings and excursions with the fine Mr Gailysford. — [girlie jones](#) 21/07/2005 12:05

"That particular day, he thought he'd join her on her own excursion, looking for amusement no doubt on an otherwise amusementless day. He was somewhat mischievous this Mr Gailysford. And that was what led to my first suspicion with regards to his so called research on the the lost tribe of the Wambesi." — [girlie jones](#) 22/07/2005 14:15

"Methinks I've heard of this Gailysford", says MacTavish "...wasn't there a scandal o' some sort regarding his use of Peasants for medical experiments?" — [Robbie Matthews](#) 23/07/2005 17:16

"Although, M'lord, for myself I'm not sure if it was the inclusion of the commoners in the experiments, but rather the trebuchets that caused the scandal." says the Duke. — [Peter Cobcroft](#) 25/07/2005 14:20

"Yes, weel... those trebuchets can really mess up a peasant, let me tell you!" replies the Laird. — [Robbie Matthews](#) 26/07/2005 12:43

"Very much so. Much more than the steam enhanced straight jacket contraption of von Gluck. Covering the siege weapons with lavender oil and clean bandages did not really disguise its lack of medical suitability.", says the Duke.— [Peter Cobcroft](#) 26/07/2005 21:28

“Oh dear Duke, I've often heard you mention this contraption of von Gluck but never the situation. Where on earth did he get the lavender oil? And why did he need to disguise the medical suitability? asks the Fair Lady Jones as she motions for petite fours to be brought for the table. — [girlie jones](#) 3/08/2005 13:58

“Well, M'lady - it was [like this ...](#)”, says the Duke. — [Peter Cobcroft](#) 05/08/2005 11:23

- [The Duke's Digression](#)

“But I digress, please continue with your story, Lady Jane”, says the Duke. — [Peter Cobcroft](#) 08/08/2005 10:08

Go back to [The Second Game](#)

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