

h

Sunday
Night

May 25, 2008

Naught left but the Lash

A Journal of the Royal Navy

Inside this issue: pirates, damned pirates, and statistics. Damn you Langford!

Critical Notes

- ☠ Pirates will not be allowed in the large programming events occurring in Ballrooms E and F. They are uncouth and bad dancers to boot.
- ☠ The pirate rules are more like guidelines. The Royal Navy Rules are rules. Disobey them, and get the lash.
- ☠ The rum is a lie.
- ☠ Lime Eukanuba is available in the galley to combat the recent outbreak of canine scurvy.

Programming Changes

- ☠ Rear Admiral Throckbottom will be leading a dramatic reading of *The Eye of McGuire* at 11:59 PM.
- ☠ "Grog: Health Drink or Mothers' Ruin" has been canceled due to the rum shortage.

Submission Deadline
for Issue 0:
Hammertime!

Press-ganged
sorry drunks

7

Wanted: One Small Chest

Rear Admiral Throckbottom requests your assistance in finding a small chest, slightly smaller than a breadbox. Please disregard any rumors that suggest it contains the heart of Pirate Captain Siladi. They are most definitely untrue. If you find a chest that contains a beating heart, please feed it to the nearest kraken.

The chest Rear Admiral Throckbottom is searching for contains the hip of Pirate Captain Siladi, a vital artifact in the quest to control the high seas. He hasn't told us quite how the Dread Pirate Siladi's hip will allow the Royal Navy to once and for all destroy the pirate menace, but ours is not to question why.

So far the admiralty has received a black-faced monkey with a femur and a cowbell, a large crystal skull and a turnip shaped like a thingy.

The Psittacine Pcypher

A cunning pslan

Or

The real view from the psirates pshoulder

As it has become apollyingly apparent, there is a pserious lack of foresight on the part of the pscurvey human pscallywags crewing this vepssel.

While we, the avian and canine commanders of this psiratical lot do appreciate the epsthetic enhancement that colored corundum, crystal-lized carbon, and cast auric components lend to the otherwise drab and dilapid8ted décor of this fine vepssel, we fear the captain and crew have overlooked the fundamental nepcepssity of provisioning.

A crew cannot psurvive on hardtack and grog alone; we needs must psoint out that hardtack is neither crackers nor psoupbones.

For this reason, and this reason alone, we have joined forces with the ninja rodentia resident within the ship's hold, and at psix bells shall commandeer this vepssel and pset psail immediately for Trader Joe's. We have it on good authority from the cowbell-bearing blackfaced monkey that his divining femur puts the nearest psuch establishment psome few nautical miles PSPSE.

Onpce we have laid in a proper psupply of bipscuits, bones, kibble and bits, we shall psail to Tortuga and put the rest of the Brotherhood to rightps.

Psages shall psing of our exploits for many pseapsons to come.

by our claws and paws
Polynesia and Captain Jack Spaniel

Lost: A Bucket

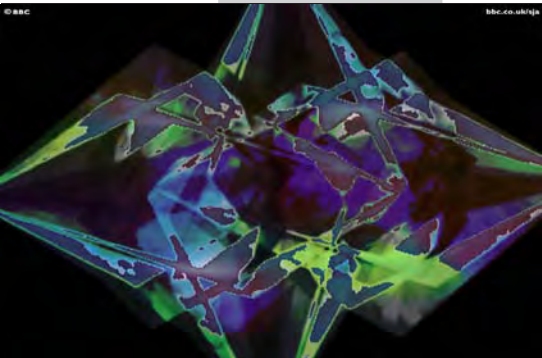
OK, I don't know which of you mother-fuckers took my bucket, but I swear that I'll skewer him until he's dead.

Signed: *The Walrus*

Found: A Fez

I've found a Fez sitting around the ConSuite. It's of a cheap, plastic variety and it's not pretty. Kinda smells of fish.

Signed: *Black-faced Monkey with a Femur, a Cowbell and a Fez*



The Press-Gang

Commander

Rear Admiral Throckbottom

Navigator

Tom T Garmin

Cook

Claire Dixon-Wright

Rigging Monkey

George Yellow-Hatte

Chief Cannoneer

Horatio Snowblower

Communications

Raymond Luxury-Yacht

Weapons Engineer

Mr. Smith

Naught but the Lash is ©2008 The British Royal Navy Ladies' Auxilliary. Views expressed here are not those of Artistic Solutions, the Executive Committee of BayCon 2008, or any other person living or dead. Items not credited to any individual were dictated in morse code by a black-faced monkey with a femur and a cowbell.

"BayCon" is a servicemark of Artistic Solutions, Inc.

Mockity Mockity Mock Mock Mock.

Pirates. Buckets. The Royal Navy. Variations on a theme.

The Royal Navy reported no success in the matter of the stolen bejeweled ice bucket of Her Royal Majesty the queen, stolen by pirates last Wednesday.

The Royal Navy reported no success in the fight capture The Jewel of the Seven Glaxies, a pirate ship operating out of Milwaukee. Their attempt to board was thwarted when the pirates threw buckets of slippery herring across the deck, leaving fighters unable to find purchase and flying into the bulkheads in all directions.

The Royal Navy reported no success in the procurement of an adequate supply of buckets, leaving the unswabbed decks of their ships a laughingstock and a matter of fun to pirates everywhere. The Navy's previous supplier of buckets had implemented the cost-saving measure of eliminating the bottom of the buckets, which failed to measure up to Her Majesty's Navy's exacting standards.

The Royal Navy has reported great success in cutting off the pirate's supplies of barrels of rum, leaving the pirates resorting to buckets of rum instead.

The Royal Navy has reported a new tactic by the pirates, many of whom are now employing a black-faced monkey with a femur and a cowbell to distract opponents. When not scampering through the corridors ringing their cowbells and swinging the femurs, the monkeys commonly throw buckets of space squid in the faces of fighters from safe purchases.

The Royal Navy, facing budget cuts in the face of their recent defeats battling pirates, have failed to secure replacement ships and are now forced to go to space in buckets.

Several bands of pirates, unable to successfully compete for the chance to battle the Royal Navy, have retired to earth to sell buckets of deep fried corn mash and greasy fish.

So cunning it can give cunning lessons to a fox.

Squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak squeak squeeek sniff squeek sniff >o< >o< squeaku squeak sniff narf. *

Squeak snarf poit squeak sniff sniff >o< scritch scratch scritch scritch squeak narf.**

**(Be still my ninja brethren; the parrot and the spaniel have fallen for our cunning plan and at six bells the ship shall be ours! The halls of Trader Joe's shall yield Gruyere and Peanut Butter for All!)*

*** Remember that the jonnyboat only has seating for the first 211, unless brother ferret insists on seating in the front.*