

# Savage Tales 2

---

“SAVAGE! ”

‘That’s Captain Savage to thee’

“Yes my Lord Captain, I’ll prepare thy throne and summon thy servants to attend thee, shall I?”

‘Anon! and charge my tankard whilst thee is about it and summon all the company. We have a commission of uncommon good fortune that I would make known to all.’

“COMPANY! FORM ON THE CAPTAIN”

‘Are we attacked?’

‘As I live and breathe. Mathias Scroggs. An I were asked I would claim thee were in thy grave since the siege of Nottingham’

‘Would that I were my good captain, would that I were. My joints are all an ache and I suffer the shakes of a morning, my eyes grow dim and I pray for my soul daily to bring sweet succour to my old bones. I have grown weak in thy service my lord captain but I am still willing to serve’

‘ I see thee still has strength enough to carry a heavy tankard of porter and a cask of ale.

‘This my Captain?, tis merely a tonic to raise my spirit in these dark times and to ease my ailments. Also the physic told me it was good for my water’

Art thou too ill to take the field of mars?

For you my captain I will summon up my last reserves of strength and courage and aid thee where I can. If thou can make allowance for an old, yet hot livered, weak yet willing, faithful, trustworthy, loyal experienced soldier. ...Would you take such a fellow?

Of course, bring him forth from where he is hid and ill put wages in his hand and sign his docket upon the moment.

We are to be paid then? This calls for a celebration. Where is that idle drawer?

Thou art a fearless liar, old man. If thou art as full of courage on the field of battle as when thou trade buffets with those fair maidens truth and justice thou will fight like unto a Lion... I have missed thee Mathias.

Tis good to see thee captain, and in such fine habiliments. It reminds me of the time we had to hide that bishop in the bawdy house.

What’s this Savage? You were hiding with a bishop in a bawdy house?

Ah! Tis a dull tale full of fighting and treachery and ...

Do not thou forget the harlots who danced for us and that fine porto that caused the argument with the Curate and the Nuns habits we had to don and the time Dobbin put his foot in the pisspot whilst we were praying for the mist to clear. and those wonderful baps. My heart sings at the memory

Savage, you must reveal the truth of this tale. Does Mathias speak truly?

Indeed for as the sages say 'in time all things will come to pass'. He speaks truly and I can see thee will not rest till the tale is told. We have time till all are gathered. Here we shall have a play and all shall take a part. We shall tell the tale of the Baking Bishop of Amiens.

BISHOP: "Ah Savage there you are. I am glad that thou has brought they fine upstanding vintner with thee. Your mission is bound to be successful with such a fellow to aid thee."

SAVAGE: This slack bellied Ale knight your grace. I must needs keep him with me less he is taken for a vagrant and exiled from this fair city of Paris.

BISHOP: "I warrant he'll prove the hero of this tale ere it is finished. I see angels upon his shoulders. He will bring you luck."

SAVAGE: "Aye lord, much luck he has brought me. All of it bad. I remain poor and at thy service. What is thy will your honour?"

BISHOP: We have a matter which requires the skills of you and your company. The kind of skills that are not often mastered by the holy knights of Saint Genevieve"

VINTNER: 'Drinking and whoring your grace?'

BISHOP: "What say you? No I'll warrant they drink and whore as well as the next company of holy knights, no Savage I want you conceal someone and deliver them unharmed and unremarked to the Chapel of Our most fine lady on the morning of the 16<sup>th</sup> of May. "

SAVAGE: Why the 16<sup>th</sup> of May your honour?

BISHOP "Ah Captain, tis a most wondrous day. Tis the feast of St Honorius the saint of bakers and confectioners. The most marvellous breads and fine foods are baked and given freely to the destitute. They are like unto a taste of heaven and each bite cleanses the soul.....so I am told'

SAVAGE: An it is true thou must have the cleanest soul in all the world. Come now my lord Bishop give me its true name and answer me. Could they not just stay with the Monks of St Denis? The walls are thick and well defended and they have many knights under orders?

BISHOP: Tis the Chapel of Notre Dame thou must attend the portico as dawn cometh as must thee. St Denis will not suffice No Savage. There is some disagreement between the religious houses. The Nuns of St Genevieve and the Monks of St Honorius are in some dispute as to who has the right to issue bread to the poor of Paris. The roads will be filled with a mighty host of the poor and hungry, and armed knights to turn away the unwelcome. You will not be able to pass the gates. You must

find a place with stout defences and yet the ovens required for the baking of the most fabulous floury baps.

VINTENER: Why do we not just arm ourselves and force passage. I see no need to hide. We have a company that is the match for any. Well harnessed and well-practised in the art of war. We shall plough a bloody furrow through this city that all will remember.

SAVAGE: I'll not fight a battle if there is another way. Never fear my lord there is a house well known to the company that will serve us well. We can clad ourselves in guises and travel to the house of Madame Gratte-Cul on the rue Trousse-Nonnain.

BISHOP: I like the sound of it. It seems most familiar to me. Come now, here is the bishop. She hails from Amiens and you have not lived ere they have tasted her baps.

AMIENS: Though art a muddy rogue my lord and I'll coyle thee if thee come near.

“Wait lads; here's the rest of the company. We shall finish the tale once all is set. We have a princess to transport home and barrels of good sherris sack to retrieve from the clutches of an evil captor.”