

A watercolor illustration of a winter scene. In the foreground, a yellow reindeer with pink antlers and a pink nose looks towards the right. In the middle ground, a large wooden sailing ship with three masts and black sails is on a blue sea with white ice floes. In the background, a small village with white houses and yellow roofs sits on a hill. The sky is light blue with a few birds. At the top, there is a holly wreath with green leaves and red berries.

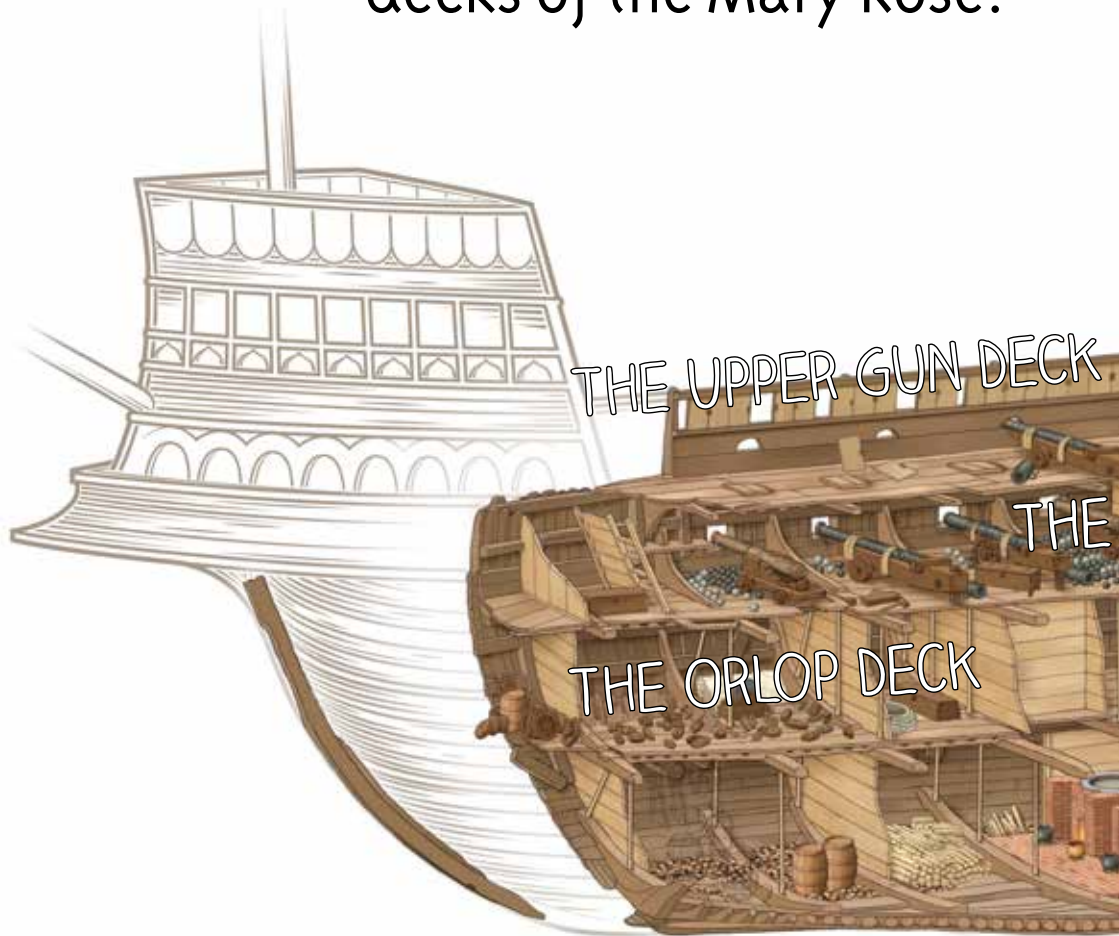
HATCH'S CHRISTMAS

Given away free at
The Mary Rose.
500 years. A heartbeat away.

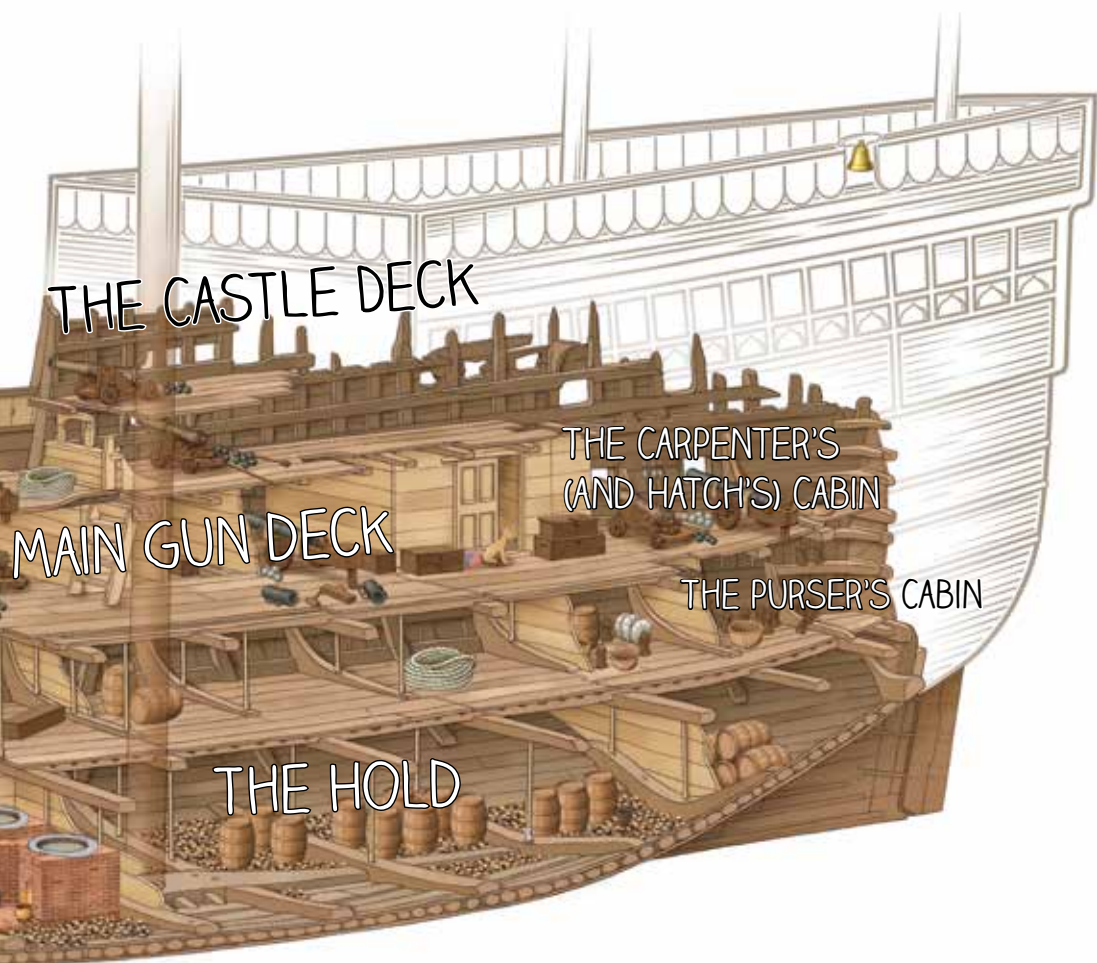


INSIDE THE

Follow Hatch through the
decks of the Mary Rose!



MARY ROSE



THE CASTLE DECK

THE CARPENTER'S
(AND HATCH'S) CABIN

MAIN GUN DECK

THE PURSER'S CABIN

THE HOLD

HATCH'S CHRISTMAS

BY
SIMON M. CLABBY

ILLUSTRATED BY
KATE SHUTTLEWORTH

BASED ON

HATCH

THE SHIP'S DOG OF HENRY VIII'S FLAGSHIP
THE MARY ROSE



It was Hatch's first proper winter, and he didn't like it. The puddles in the hold had frozen over, meaning that he kept slipping when he was chasing the rats down there. Not that there was much down there for them to eat. The Mary Rose, pride of the king's ships, had been emptied for Christmas.

Leaving the old basket he called his bed, Hatch padded along the deck, listening out for any sounds of life.



All the crew had gone home to spend Christmas with their families, even the sailor who was supposed to be watching the ship today. Hatch had the ship to himself.

Hatch went up onto the castle deck, the highest deck on the ship. The Mary Rose was sitting in the middle of a wide river, lumps of ice floating in the water. On the shore he could see children playing in the snow, throwing snowballs at each other.



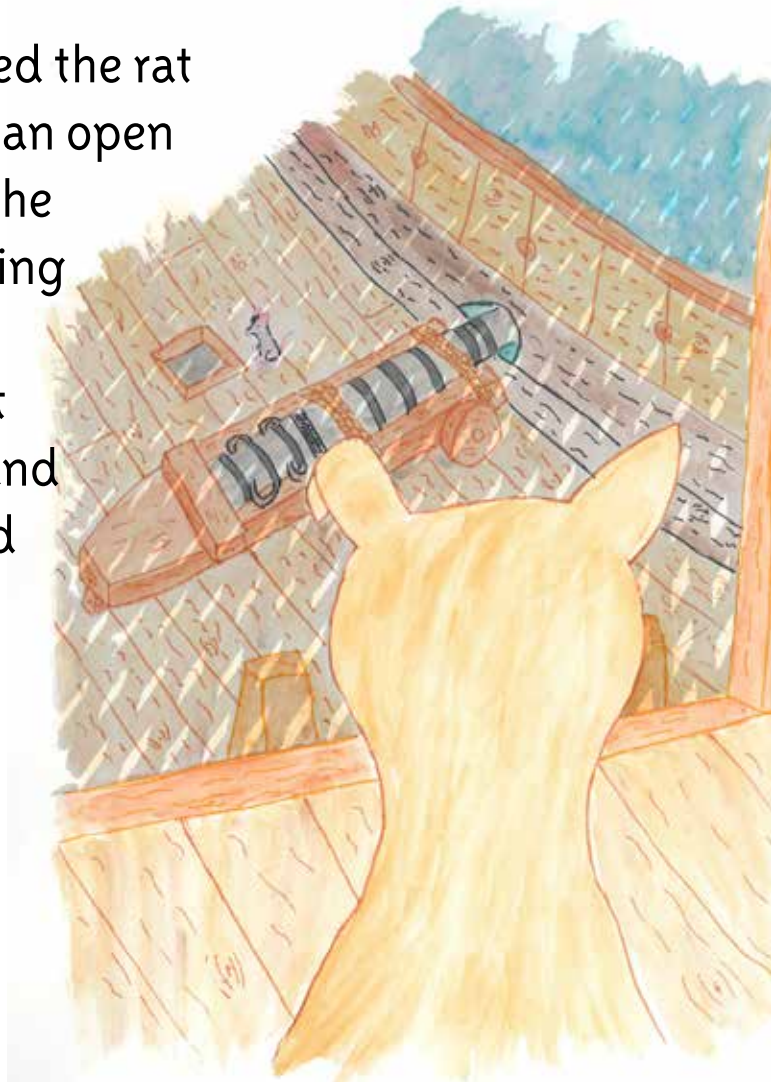
Suddenly, a small lump of snow hit him behind the ear. Hatch turned, and saw a rat scuttling down the mast to the deck below.

“I’m not going to stand for that!” thought Hatch, as he made his way to the entrance to the deck below “I’m going to get that rat!”



Hatch looked down onto the upper deck, one of the main fighting areas of the ship, which was now completely deserted. The anti-boarding netting had kept the snow off the deck, but it was still cold.

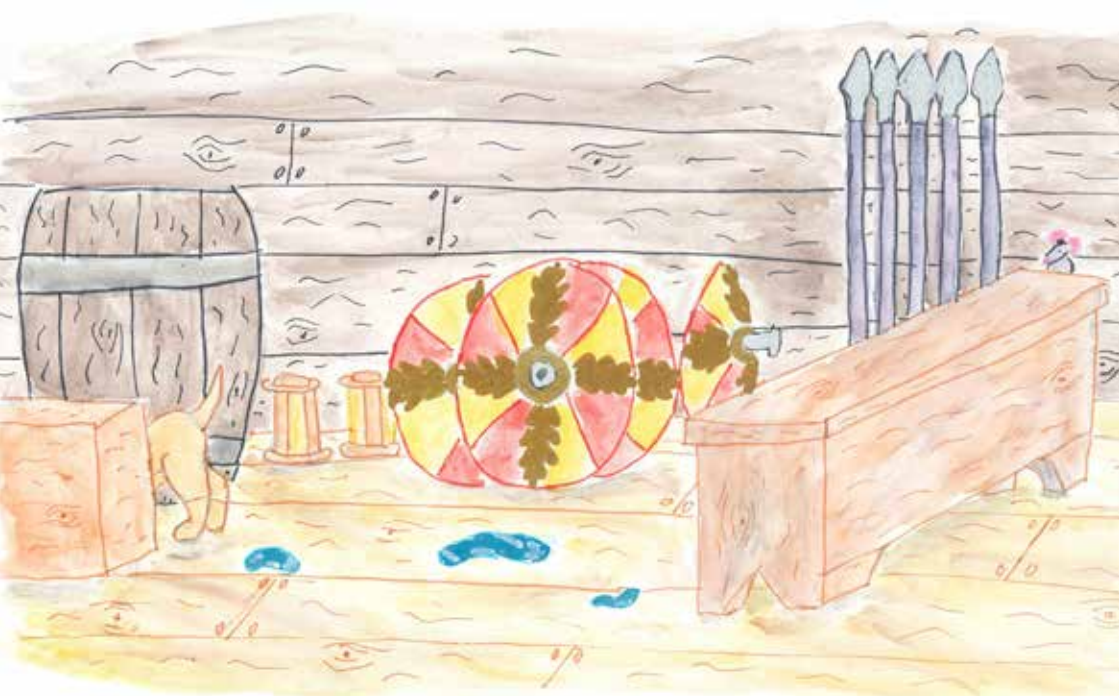
Hatch spotted the rat sitting near an open air vent on the deck. Realising it had been seen, the rat squeaked, and disappeared down the hole.



Hatch leaped down through the hole after the rat, skilfully jumping off the cannon below and landing neatly on the deck. This was the main gun deck, where large bronze and iron guns lined the sides of the ship.

He looked down the long corridor like room, and saw the rat again at the other end of the ship. Hatch ran after it, past cannons and culverins, and skidded to a halt as the rat popped down through a crack in the deck to the next level. He'd never fit through there.

“I’m not going to stand for that!” thought Hatch, as he made his way to the ladder that lead to the deck below “I’m going to get that rat!”



Eventually, he was on the orlop deck, where the purser kept all the smaller supplies. He wandered through pikes and gun shields, looking between barrels and boxes for the rat, but he didn't see him. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Hatch was about to give up, when he heard a squeak.

He turned, and there was the rat, sitting on the purser's chest, a fancy wooden box on legs that he kept his favourite things in.

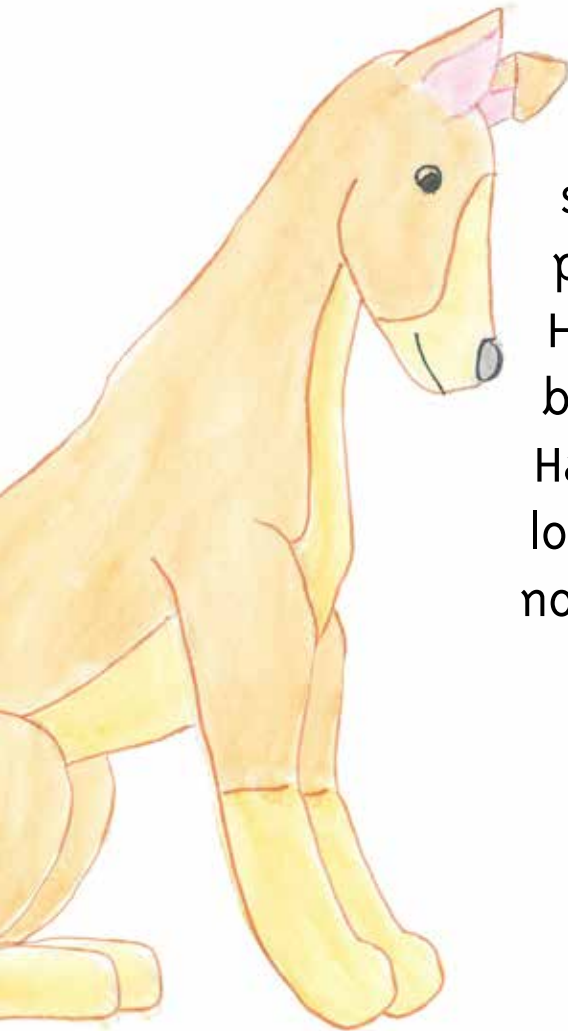
Hatch ran towards it and tried to leap up onto the chest.

Unfortunately, water dripping through from above onto the deck had frozen over, so instead Hatch skidded on the ice. The rat dived out of the way, and Hatch went crashing into the chest, knocking it over and spilling the purser's things everywhere, making a terrible mess.

“The purser's not going to stand for that!” Hatch thought, chasing the rat down the ladder to the hold. “I'm going to get that rat!”



Hatch climbed down into the gloom of the hold, and saw the rat standing out in the open. Hatch got ready to pounce, but he saw the rat was holding something out to him.



It was an old oak leaf, wrapped around something. The rat put it down in front of Hatch, and scampered back nervously. Hatch leaned in, and loosened it with his nose.



Inside was a small piece of beef. He looked at it, then at the rat. The rat smiled, and turned away. Hatch barked, and the rat turned back. He trotted over to the rat, and patted it on the head with his paw.

While they were usually enemies, for Christmas day Hatch and the rat were friends.

Of course, once the crew returned, Hatch went back to chasing and catching rats, but there was always one that seemed to escape at the last moment...





HATCH'S CHRISTMAS

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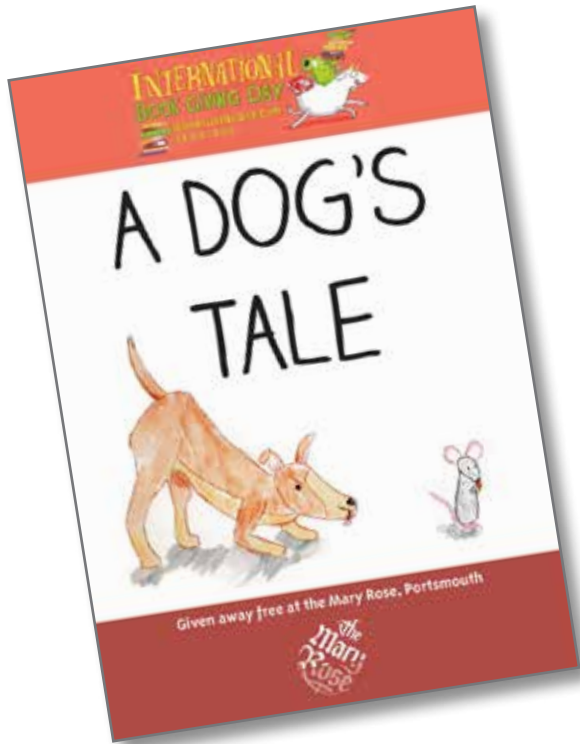
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BASED ON
HATCH
THE SHIP'S DOG OF THE MARY ROSE

FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE MARY ROSE AT

WWW.MARYROSE.ORG

ALSO AVAILABLE



A DOG'S TALE

BY

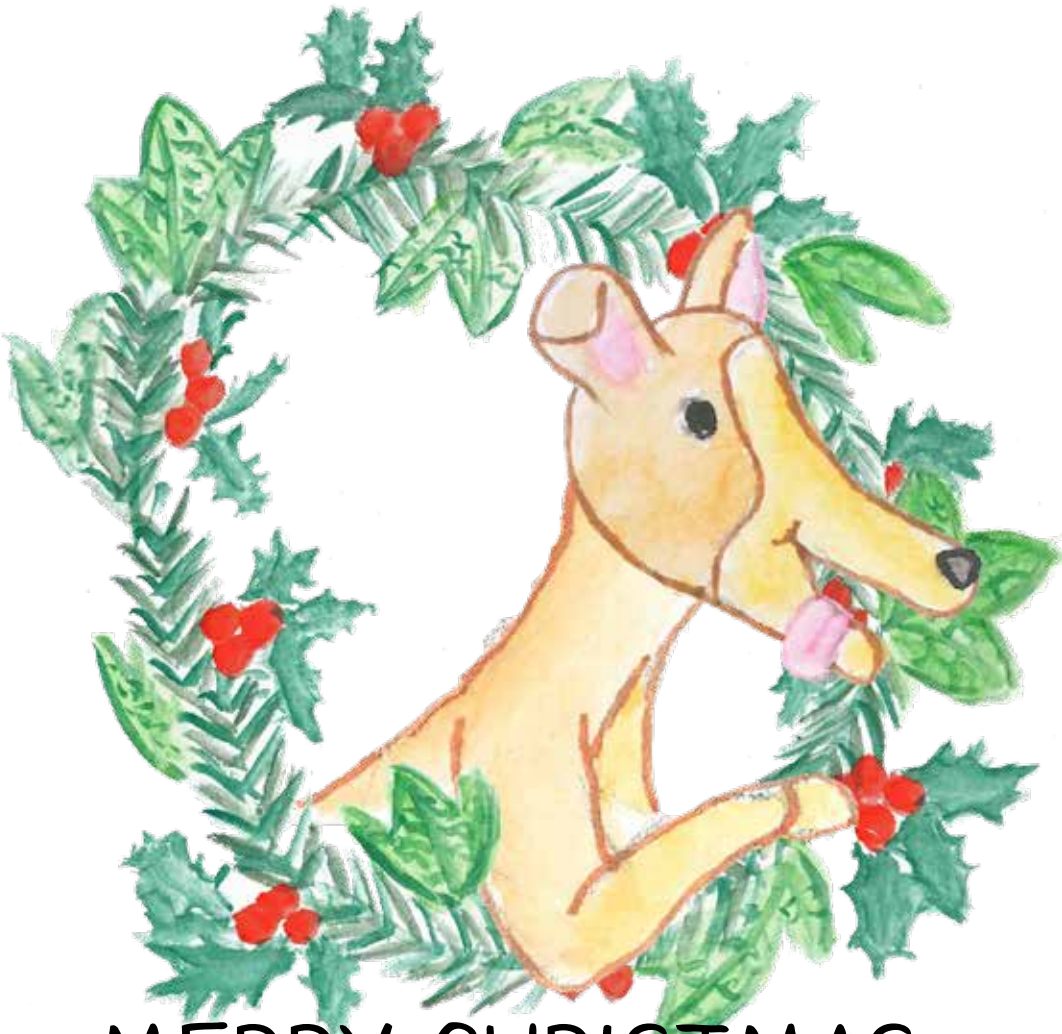
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MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM EVERYBODY AT
THE MARY ROSE!