A DOG'S TALE

Given away free at the Mary Rose, Portsmouth

the Mary Rose

A DOG'S TALE

BY
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ILLUSTRATED BY
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BASED ON

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

A long time ago, on a ship called the Mary Rose, lived a little dog, whose name was Hatch.

Hatch was only young, but he knew that, if he wanted to stay on the ship, he'd have to find a job. He left his comfortable space outside the carpenter's cabin, and headed off onto the decks.

The first people he came across were a gun crew, working close to the carpenter's cabin.

The six men of the gun crew were taking part in a gun drill, loading the cannon ball into the muzzle of a large bronze cannon. Hatch watched as they added stuffed straw down the cannon, then they all stepped back.

"I could be part of a gun crew!" he thought to himself.

"HAVE A CARE!" shouted the gun captain and he lit the cannon with his linstock. The gun crew all covered their ears and jumped back, as the cannon made a loud noise, BOOM, and smoke filled the gun bay.

The sudden loud noise and the clouds of smoke gave Hatch a terrible fright, and he ran away.

"I don't think I should be a gunner" thought Hatch.

Hatch went up onto the top deck, the sound of the gun still ringing in his ears, when he saw one of the crew climbing up the main mast. "I could be the ship's lookout" he thought to himself.

Gingerly, he climbed up rope ladders that reached to the top of the mast, stopping at one of the mast tops, where the sailor was looking out towards the sea between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight.

Hatch tried to look out as well, but he was a long way up, and the swaying of the ship was much worse, going from side to side, and it was making him feel very unwell. He cowered at the bottom of the mast top, whining, until the sailor noticed, and kindly picked him up and carried him back down the ladder. "

I think you should stay down here, boy" the sailor said to Hatch at the bottom, lowering him gently down to the deck. Hatch agreed.

"I don't think I should be the ship's lookout"

Hatch made his way back below decks, feeling a bit better. He wandered over to the surgeon's cabin. It was a small, dark space, but there was someone in there, leaning on the bench along one wall. It was one of the sailors, and he had a nasty burn on his leg.

Hatch thought back to when he was a pup, and how his mum had licked his wounds when he'd had an accident. "I could be the surgeon's mate!" he thought, as he went up to the sailor, and licked his wound, hopefully making him feel better.

"Get out of here!" came a voice from behind Hatch. It was the surgeon, in his black clothes and silk hat. "That's disgusting!" Hatch darted between his legs out of the cabin. The surgeon sighed, and turned to the sailor. "Filthy animal. Now,

let's stick some goose fat and mouldy bread on that burn".

"I don't think I should be the surgeon's mate", thought Hatch "and I definitely don't want to be his patient!"

Hatch climbed down to the Orlop deck, where the crew kept all the smaller supplies, such as spare ropes and sails. He found a man sat at a desk, counting coins on a low table.

He was the purser, who looked after the money on the ship, and made sure there were plenty of supplies, and, more importantly, that everybody got paid.

"I could help the purser!" Hatch thought to himself, and leaped up onto the table. Unfortunately for Hatch, the table wasn't that steady, and it collapsed under his weight, spilling coins everywhere.

The purser looked in horror as they rolled all over the deck, then glared at Hatch.

"I don't think I should help the purser"
Hatch thought.

Hatch climbed down the ladder into the hold, and sniffed the air. He smelled something he recognised; the smell of food. "I could be the cooks mate!" he thought to himself.

Hatch scampered over to the two large, brick ovens built into the bottom of the ship, each one with a large cauldron built into the top of each one, filled with boiling water for boiling beef and vegetables. Hatch knew better than to jump on top, so he knew stirring it was out of the question.

He saw some meat hanging in front of the fire, slowly roasting as it rotated on a string. It smelled lovely, so Hatch thought that he might as well taste it, just to make sure.

He jumped up and sunk his teeth into the meat. The string snapped, and Hatch fell to the tiles, the lump of meat still in his jaws.

"You drop that roast fowl, ruddy dog!", the cook yelled. Hatch dropped the meat, and ran. The cook picked the fowl up, wiped where Hatch had bitten it and tied it back on the spit.

"I don't think I should be the cook's mate" thought Hatch, looking for a hiding place down in the hold.

As he sulked among the barrels in the hold, he heard a squeaking noise. He looked over, and saw a rat, chewing on a sack of food. "That food's not for you!" Hatch thought, and leaped from his position, barking loudly. "WOOF WOOF WOOF!"

The rat gave a loud squeak, and abandoned its meal, diving into a gap between the ship's timbers.

"Good work lad!" came a voice from above. Hatch looked up, and there was the face of the captain of the ship, Roger Grenville, looking through the hatchway.

"Keep the rats away from our supplies, and you can stay with the Mary Rose forever!"

And he did.

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FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE MARY ROSE AT

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