

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

The exclusive magazine from ~~Elizabeth Ellen Carter~~
Kit Hardacre

FASHION FOR THE FELLAS

VICTORIA VANE'S GREAT GEAR FOR GUYS

FOOD FIT FOR A KING!

ETHIOPIAN DISHES TO SHARE

THE HISTORY OF THE HARDACRES

THE APPLE DOESN'T FALL FAR FROM THE TREE

TIME FOR TEA?

WE'VE GOT THE GOSS

LOVE IT WHEN THE BOYS TAKE OVER

Interview

Kit Hardacre BARES ALL!

JUST WHAT GOES ON AT HIS ISLAND HIDEOUT OF CATALLUS?

ALSO INSIDE:

- FUN & GAMES: ACTION, ADVENTURE & ROMANCE
- BOYS LIGHT UP: TEN TUNES ABOUT LADS

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

Issue 22 June 2023

AUTHOR'S DESK

AHOY, ME HEARTIES!

I'm Kit Hardacre, and I'm commandeering this magazine. So there. I've been told I have to write something called a publisher's letter. So, here it is. That's me on the cover. Alright?

You're supposed to tell people what's in this edition...

Oh. Right. Well, on the inside my shipmates and I have a treat for you starting with one of the best men I know, Jonathan Afua. He wasn't too impressed when I said we were going to take over Love's Great Adventure, but now we're at it, he said he'll share some recipes from his homeland which is Ethiopia.

My good mate Elias Nash has commissioned an article on something we're fighting against here - slavery. It's heavy stuff, but bears reading, so I hope you will.

I might be the captain of the Calliope, but I like to pull my weight, so I thought you might like to hear some of the goings-on from my private island, Catallus.

Also, you'll meet my old man, Adam Hardacre, who has a few wild tales of his own to tell about a mob called The King's Rogues. It proves that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

Although we spend a bit of time on the high seas, there's no excuse to let sartorial standards slip, so we've got a spread on top tailoring for toffs. And I decided to leave the gossip column to the Bluestocking Belles 'cause me and the boys aren't into that sort of chit-chat.

Now get ready to weigh anchor and enjoy this edition of Love's Great Adventure. Oh, and I'll let Elizabeth take the helm again next time, mainly because my wife, Sophia, said she'll be very annoyed if I don't. Sophia, that is.

Captain Kit Hardacre



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ElizabethEllenCarter](http://www.facebook.com/ElizabethEllenCarter)

Wasn't my picture supposed to go here? What's the point of me being captain if no one follows my orders?

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

The exclusive magazine
from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

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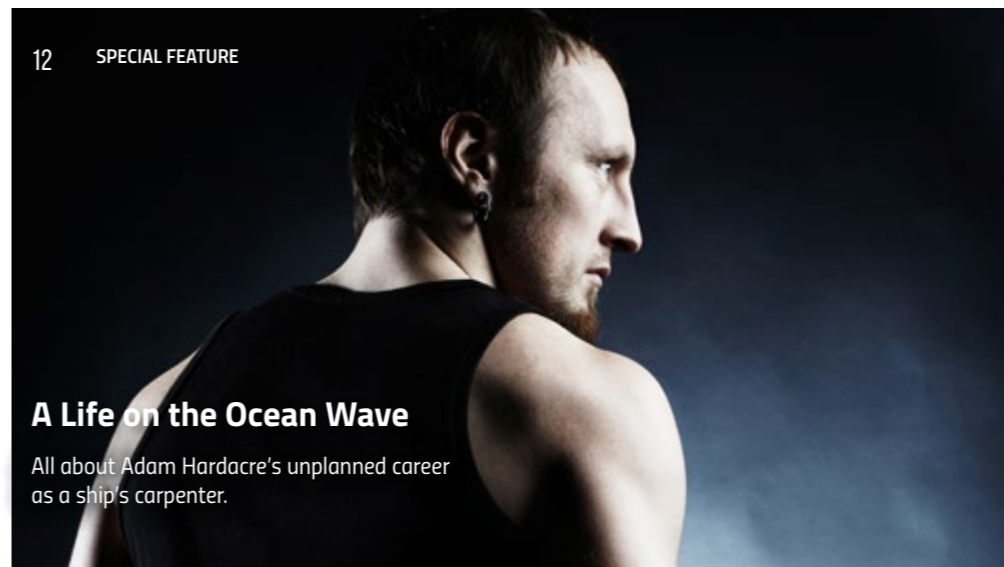


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He's one of the most intriguing
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a genius, others a mad man?
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WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS MAN THAT MAKES SOME THINK HIM A GENIUS, OTHERS A MAD MAN?

“ON THE MATTER OF
CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER
HARDACRE, THE ANSWER IS
'NO COMMENT'.

- Lord William Bentinck, British Governor of Sicily.

KIT HARDACRE
CAPTAIN,
THE CALLIOPE

The man before me held out a strip of black cloth. "A blindfold? Are you serious?" I asked the man with the curly light brown hair and expressive face. I turned away from him to see if his companion was equally wedded to this course of action. The tall black man was equally implacable.

"You wear the blindfold or the Calliope doesn't set sail," he said.

I sighed and nodded the once. A moment later, I was plunged into blindness and felt my elbows taken gently yet firmly as I was led down a set of steps and eased onto a bench.

There I heard the sound of the anchor being hauled aboard, and the calls of sailors yelling instructions across the rigging.

Why am I doing this?

It's for a story, of course - about one of the most intriguing privateers on the Mediterranean.

by A Special Correspondent

I first learned the name of Kit Hardacre in one of the taverns in Palermo, Sicily. His name is spoken of with a mix of awe and exasperation. After several bottles of red wine, tongues were loosened, and I was told the most fantastic tales of seafaring bravery or madness - those I spoke to on this were mixed.

Sea battles in which Captain Hardacre's ship was outmanned and outgunned, yet emerged victorious. The destruction of a casbah that was a slave trading centre. A daring raid on a Barbary pirate's compound.

Why was such a fellow not known in England, his country of origin?

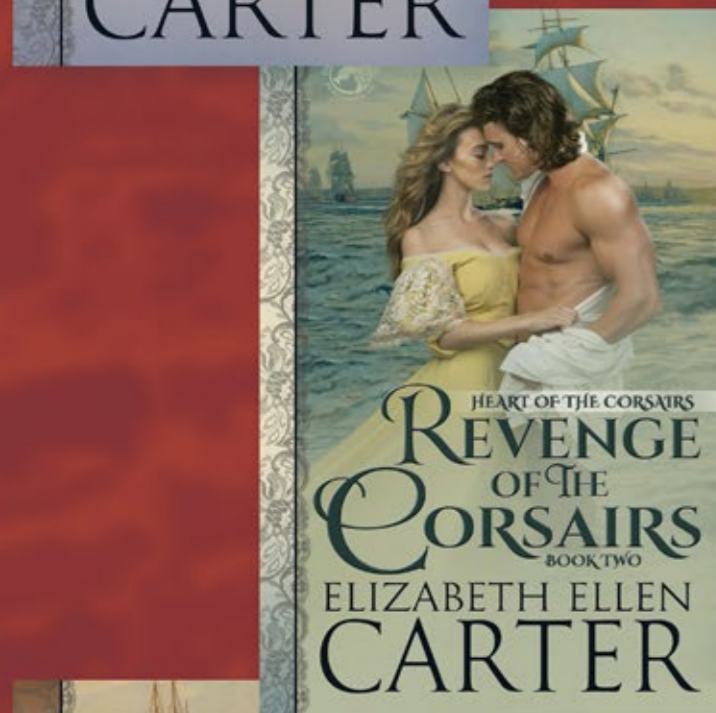
I arranged a meeting with the British Governor of Sicily, Lord William Bentinck.

I received a firm 'no comment' for my trouble and was sent away. I insisted on outlining in writing what further I had gleaned about Kit Hardacre. The response came from Bentinck's own hand: "On the matter of Captain Christopher Hardacre, the answer is, and will forever be no comment."

From that moment on, I was intrigued; what was it about this man that caused such polarisation of opinion?

Continued on page 7

MAN OF MYSTERY



TAP/CLICK TO BUY ON AMAZON

“ I DO WHAT I DO NOT FOR GOLD OR GLORY. ”

MAN OF MYSTERY

Continued from page 5

I dug a little deeper and came across a prosperous mercantile business in Sicily run by a husband and wife. The husband is Jonathan Afua, the black man I mentioned earlier.

It was not long before I was ‘befriended’ by the other man I mentioned in the beginning of this tale.

Elias Nash was friendly and so disarming that I never once suspected he was grilling me for information - about my writing, the stories I was interested in pursuing, my interest in Kit Hardacre.

After a week, a note delivered to my hotel room.

Hardacre had heard about me and was willing to meet. I was flattered, and I was completely unsuspecting when I went to the pre-arranged meeting on the docks.

Now I am blindfolded and all at sea - literally. I have no idea where I’m going and when I’ll be back.

If I get back. I gulp, suddenly considering my predicament.

What if I’m tossed overboard? No one knows where I have gone.

I hear a chuckle.

“Don’t worry, you’re perfectly safe.”

It was a voice I didn’t recognise. A moment later my blindfold was removed, and I discovered I was seated in a nicely appointed ship’s mess.

Seated opposite me was a man leaner than the two men who brought me aboard. He also had long fair hair worn loose. A fashionable woman in London would trade her finest pearls for hair like that, I thought.

The chair on which he sat was precariously balanced on the two back legs, while his black booted feet were on the table.

“Will you at least tell me your

name?” I asked.

“Elias Nash is first officer,” he said. “We call him Preacher. My other colleague is navigator Jonathan Afua.”

Without sense of time and direction - let alone answers - I was becoming a little annoyed. “And who are you?” I asked peevishly.

A slow grin spread across his face. “Guess.”

I took in the man before me. I knew him to be the same age as Nash and Afua, but somehow he seemed much younger. There was a puckish energy in him that had me wondering if an elaborate prank had been played on me.

Before I could question him, a young sailor burst into the room.

“Land sighted, Captain,” he said.

So - this was the infamous Kit Hardacre.

The man’s impish grin disappeared as he addressed the sailor.

“Good. Mr Nash and Mr Afua will lead us home. I’m going to have a conversation with our guest here.”

The young man snapped a salute and bustled back up the stairs.

I was indignant.

“Really Hardacre, was it really necessary to pull such a stunt? He skewered me with a look.

“It is if you want to know me, what I do, and why I do it.”

The intensity of his look halted any arguments I might have offered.

“Where are we going?” I asked meekly.

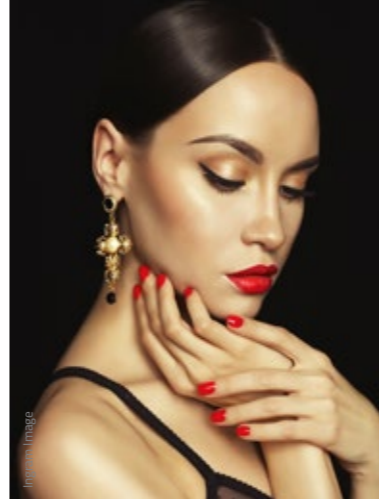
“Catallus. It’s a small island.”

“Ah, a hideout.”

I was treated to a lopsided grin.

“It’s that and so much more.”

Without the benefit of an outside view as we arrived, I cannot give



you a description of the island from the outside.

By the time Hardacre escorted me up on deck, we were in a bay mostly surrounded by basalt arms that almost fully encircled the anchorage. It seemed to me that in ancient times this might have been a volcano.

Up on one side was a high peak dotted with low stone buildings. They were dwarfed by the escarpment that terminated into a headland above.

A large building, possibly a warehouse, stood nearby, and men and women were emerging for it and the surrounding area to make their way down to the ship as it came to anchor.

One of the buildings beyond the warehouse appeared to be a chapel, a makeshift cross of metal standing starkly against the whitewash finish. A slender woman with black hair and Spanish looks emerged and rang a hand bell. At the sound, a group of children, urchins really, left their places by the fishing nets at the harbour or came down from the small orchards above.

“My wife Sophia,” said Hardacre.

“She runs a school here,” said Kit.

I was agog. “These children. What are they doing here? Whose are they?”

“They are no one’s, so they are ours.”

I frowned at the cryptic comment, and Hardacre regarded me with pity. “What do you know of the Barbary Coast pirates?” he asked. I shook my head. “Only what I’ve read.”

“These men, women, and children have lived it.

“Some of the men were galley slaves, others labourers. All of them bear scars.” The Captain’s voice



drops. “The women’s scars are on the inside. They were rescued from sexual slavery.”

“And the children?”

“Them as well.”

I looked across Catallus, cocooned from the rest of the world, and began to understand. This was not a bolthole for outlaws, but a sanctuary for the wounded, the broken, the survivors.

When I turned back to my host, he was regarding me thoughtfully.

“I do what I do not for gold or glory,” he said. He nodded over to where his officers Afua and Nash were taking charge of a small tender that had come to meet us. “I do it for these men.”

Hardacre pointed over to where his wife was in conversation with a blonde white woman at the

door of the makeshift school. “I do it for these women.”

I was caught up in his hypnotic cadence.

“And the children?”

“I do it for the children too, because I was once one of them - a captive of the Corsairs.”

LGA

AN EXCERPT FROM CAPTIVE OF THE CORSAIRS

He looked back and saw Sophia aid the professor to sink onto a stone bench, the man's face florid.

His wife didn't look at him – and why should he be surprised?

For the first time since he had bought Catallus, he felt ashamed of it. This place was hardly a fine English manor; it wasn't even as grand as the *Calliope*.

What must she think of him bringing her here?

After Jonas caught his breath, Kit led them under the stone arch, taking them into a walled garden.

"Alfonso! Lyda!" he called.

There were no ornamental plantings here. The courtyard garden was largely given over to culinary and medicinal herbs. The only thing cultivated – and that was due to Alfonso's work – was the lemon tree in the center planting.

An older couple emerged from the villa and the squat-bodied woman ran as fast as her girth allowed to throw her arms around Kit, kissing him on both cheeks. She spoke in rapid Italian even he struggled to keep up with.

He answered her quick-fire questions. Yes, he was fine; the crew of the *Calliope* was fine, although Marco had broken his leg in a storm. She clucked like a hen at his cabin boy's misfortune.

"And who is the *signorina*?" she asked, her eyebrow raised. Lyda's curiosity was as large as she was, but she was patient, too.

"She's my wife."

"Wife!" Lyda shrieked, and Kit wondered if the woman would fall into a faint, but she didn't. Instead, she waddled

over to Sophia and hugged her.

What on earth must Sophia make of all of this? He knew she wasn't fluent in Italian although she had quickly picked up the rudiments. He watched her smile gamely and return the hug.

"You must have brought more than a wife with you." Lyda called to him.

"The boys are unloading the ship now. They'll bring everything up."

The woman nodded her approval. Alfonso gestured to Uncle Jonas. The two old men disappeared into the cool shadows of the building with Lyda leading the way.

"This is yours?" Sophia asked him.

"Home away from home," he joked, then sobered.

"Some of the people we've rescued have no home to go to. Their families have been killed, their livelihoods lost. Some..." He paused and brushed past a rosemary plant with his hand. He brought it to his nose and sniffed. "Some people have lost themselves and don't want to go back. On *Catallus*, they're safe. Some stay for a few months; others have made this place their home."

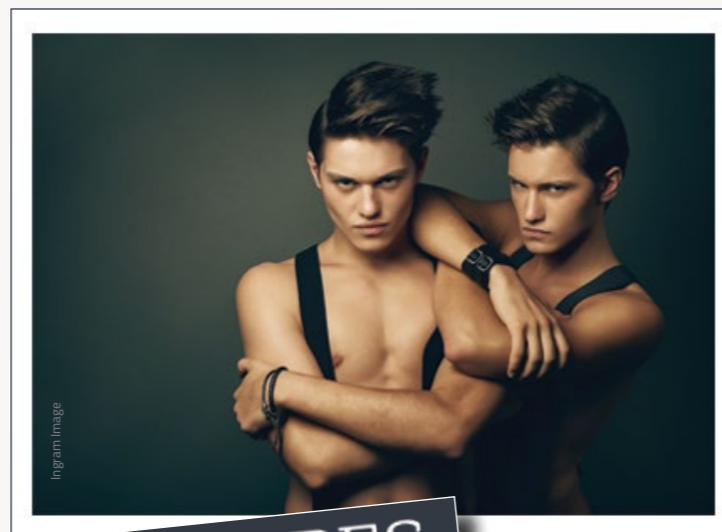
"And you?"

Kit threaded his fingers through hers. He had never told her what had been done to him. He had grown so used to seeing love and desire in her eyes – yes, even a flash of temper. It would cut him to the quick if he were ever to see pity there instead. But he owed her an explanation.

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

Welcome to the world of the Hardacres and their faithful band of offsidiers. Collect the set!

Adam Hardacre features in the series *The King's Rogues*



HARDACRES
1

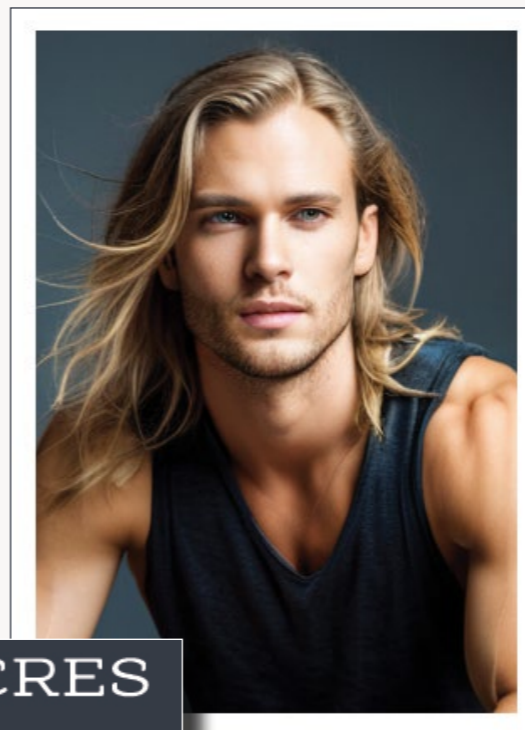
GABRIEL HARDACRE
Nationality: English
Profession: Entertainer
Skills: Acrobat pickpocket
Era: Reign of Charles I
Setting: North Devon Coast

Gabriel Hardacre lives in the shadow world between entertainment and criminality. He is based in Devon with his two half-brothers, Raphael (right) and Michael (whereabouts unknown). The trio work as travelling performers, jugglers, and acrobats with the occasional petty pilfering when there is no work. However, Gabriel is working on improving his education at the charity school in Barnstaple. The brothers' favorite haunt is the Wharf Street Tavern on the docks. There the brothers will be approached to take part in a deadly mission where the stakes are personal.

Read more:
<https://www.amazon.com/Wolfe-Wharf-Street-Pirates-Britannia-ebook/dp/B09TX2Z1NQ>

COLLECT THE SET

Gabriel Hardacre and his brothers feature in *The deWolfe of Wharf Street*



HARDACRES
3

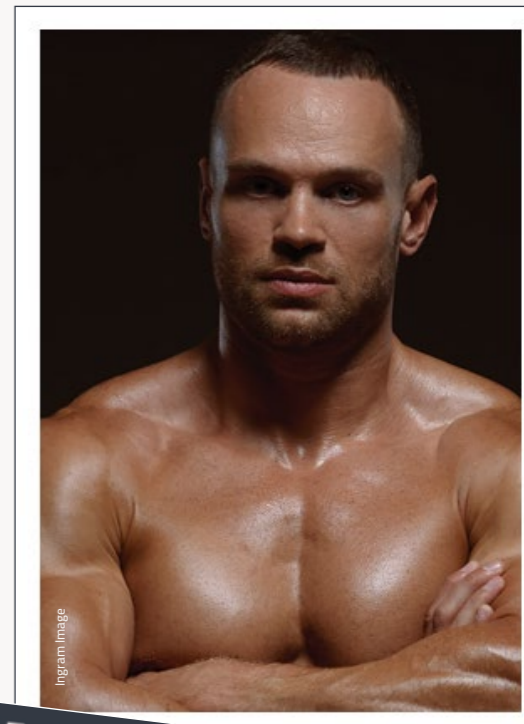
CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER (KIT) HARDACRE
Nationality: English
Profession: Privateer; Captain of the *Calliope*
Era: Regency/Post Napoleonic
Skills: Flamenco dancer
Settings: Sicily, North Africa, England, Portugal.

Orphaned at birth, Kit Hardacre chose at a tender age to escape the grinding poverty of late 18th century London to sign up as a cabin boy on a merchant ship. At the age of 10, he was taken by Barbary Coast pirates and sold into slavery. At the age of 18, he made a daring bid for freedom and vowed to do whatever it took to destroy the hated slave trade. He has a reputation for daring and often reckless exploits under the guise of being a successful Mediterranean trader. His desire for revenge unwittingly puts those he loves most in danger, while an unexpected business opportunity gives him the chance to learn more about his origins.

Read more:
<https://www.amazon.com/Captive-Corsairs-Heart-Book-ebook/dp/B0721NSPJ6>

COLLECT THE SET

Kit Hardacre features in the *Heart of the Corsairs* series



HARDACRES
2

ADAM HARDACRE
Nationality: English
Profession: Royal Navy sailor; Undercover agent
Era: Regency/Napoleonic
Skills: Carpentry
Setting: London, Cornwall

Pressed into the Royal Navy as a 15-year-old, Adam Hardacre strove to rise through the ranks, overcoming humble beginnings to become officer material. Refused his rightful promotion, Adam quit the Royal Navy in disgust and has been approached with an intriguing proposition to serve his country undercover. His first assignment takes him back to his home village in Cornwall where a secret from his past is revealed thanks to information from a local governess. A son he didn't know he had connects the *Heart of the Corsairs* and *The King's Rogues*. However, Adam wouldn't be a Hardacre if there wasn't plenty of action, adventure and romance in his future.

Read more:
<https://www.amazon.com/Live-Let-Kings-Rogues-Book-ebook/dp/B07L23VCZT>

COLLECT THE SET

Turn the page for more of *The Hardacre Files*

Click-tap for *Captive of the Corsairs* on Amazon: <https://www.amazon.com/Captive-Corsairs-Heart-Book-ebook/dp/B0721NSPJ6>

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

Continued from the previous page

HARDACRES

5

TEWODROS (JONATHAN) AFUA
Nationality: Ethiopian
Profession: Explorer/Navigator on the Calliope
Era: Regency/Post Napoleonic
Skills: Violinist
Setting: Sicily, North Africa, Ethiopia

The younger son of an Ethiopian nobleman, Jonathan lacked for nothing and an interest in the world outside his privileged circle beckoned. Teaming with a German explorer, he discovered a world much different, more dangerous, than the one he knew. Out on an expedition, the party is set upon by Barbary Coast slavers. His wife and children are killed, but his life is spared. Why? He reluctantly falls in with Kit Hardacre's rundown ship and its ragtag crew. In the months that follow Jonathan learns the real reason he was taken by the slavers. Jonathan Afua is the best educated and most mature of Kit Hardacre's core associates, acting as a tempering influence on the sometimes chaotic captain of the Calliope.

Read more:
<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B07DM9VJ5Z>

COLLECT THE SET



Jonathan Afua and Elias Nash feature in the Heart of the Corsairs series



HARDACRES

4

ELIAS NASH - AKA 'PREACHER'
Nationality: Scottish
Profession: Sailor/First officer of the Calliope
Era: Regency/Post Napoleonic
Skills: Spanish guitarist
Setting: Sicily, North Africa, England, Portugal

Son of a large Scottish family, Elias left his home to look for adventure and a better life. He joined a group of Methodist missionaries on a misbegotten trip to Africa which left him in Sicily, alone and broke. Still holding fast to his faith, a chance meeting with Kit Hardacre became an unexpected answer to a prayer, and a firm friendship developed following a tavern brawl. Elias is a man with a strong moral compass and sense of justice whose actions follow the spirit of the law - if not the actual letter of it. His faith and integrity will be tested to its utmost when the woman he loves and her child are threatened.

Read more:
<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B07885RNLD>

COLLECT THE SET

HARDACRES

6

NATHANIEL (NATE) PAYNE
Nationality: English
Profession: Smuggler
Era: Regency/Napoleonic
Skills: Speaks French
Setting: France, Cornwall

Devil-may-care Nate Payne is quite happy being a smuggler with a woman in every port.

But when a jealous husband with far-reaching influence arranges to have him imprisoned in a French jail, little does he know it is the beginning of a new life and new adventure.

A message passed by a fellow prisoner sees Nate drawn into in a clandestine operation to foil Napoleon's plot to invade England.

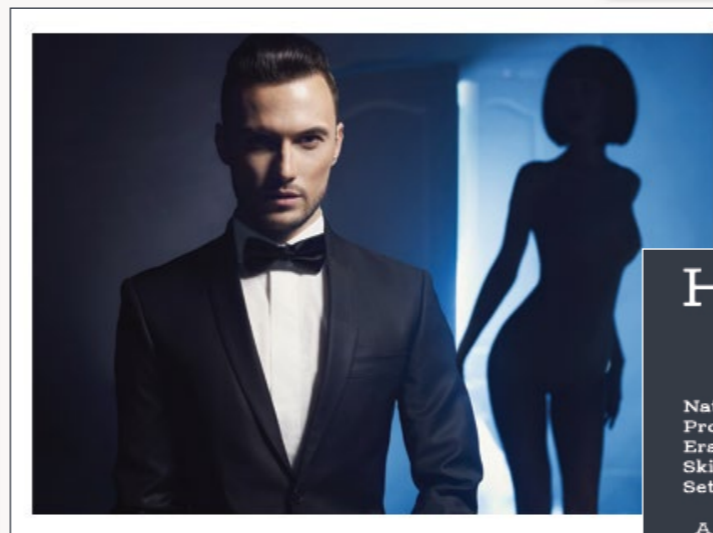
And never did he imagine that he would fall in love with a woman who has secrets as dangerous as his own.

Read more:
<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B07TXC7DKR>

COLLECT THE SET



Nate Payne features in the series The King's Rogues



David Manston features in the series The King's Rogues

HARDACRES

7

DAVID MANSTON
Nationality: Welsh
Profession: Baron of Carreg
Era: Regency/Napoleonic
Skills: Artist and illustrator
Setting: Cornwall

A betrayal of friendship and a misjudgement of youth have killed whatever reputation David Manston once had.

He now lives like a hermit in an isolated village in Cornwall.

Despite his stated desire for solitude, the daughter of a local aristocratic family is determined to rehabilitate him, unaware of the dark secret he is concealing.

David struggles to resist her charms, but when mysterious goings on take place at a nearby abandoned tin mine, he finds that staying close to her is more than desirable - it's a necessity.

Read more:
<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B084DY8H97>

COLLECT THE SET



The King's Rogues

Click/tap to buy on Amazon

ALL ABOARD!

It was a hard life in His Majesty's Royal Navy...

The patriotic poem Rule, Britannia was penned in 1740 when Britain was approaching the heights of its economic and territorial powers. The words were quickly put to song and have since become closely associated with the British Navy.

More correctly referred to as the Royal Navy, they had a growing and impressive reputation when the poem was written, and, in the half century following the rousing anthem's arrival, Britain had built a navy comprising 661 vessels with 14,000 cannon and 100,000 personnel.

It was almost as big as the navies of France, Spain, and the Netherlands combined. Only Russia's navy was larger at 803 vessels, but Britain outgunned it and outmanned it by nearly five-to-one.

Life was not easy, however, on these majestic sailing ships. For a taste of life on board, one cannot do better than to watch the Russell Crowe film Master and Commander, directed by Peter Weir.

Men were needed constantly, and fair means and foul were used to get young men to 'take the King's Shilling'.

Willing volunteers were advanced two months' wages on enlisting. Those 'pressed' into service had to wait.

In the case of Adam Hardacre, his stint in the navy began on such dubious terms when the local squire discovered reason to object to the youth.

Beaten until he 'voluntarily' signed the enlistment papers, Adam's career got off to a rocky start, but he did have one advantage – as the son of a carpenter, he was already well advanced in his trade apprenticeship, and that made him a valuable member of the crew.

Adam then served as an apprentice onboard ship, on a frigate, he was one of two apprentices aged about 15 years old.

Ships' carpenters were responsible for keeping the vessel watertight by regularly inspecting the hull both outside and inside in the bilge. They were also responsible for repairs. Extra timber was kept onboard ship for such purposes. And they would have to supply their own tools!

During battle, the carpenters stayed ready to patch any holes from cannon shot, making it a dangerous job indeed.

From there, Adam chose to become an able seaman and rose to the rank of bosun before circumstances and class prejudice prevented him from entering the officer classes.

A third rating on a ship like the Andromeda would earn 80 pounds a year. With his 20 years of service, Adam earned a bonus of an extra 75-pounds.

As an interesting side note, between 1710 to 1811 masters paid stamp duty for taking on apprentices and a UK government database exists today - [tap or click here to examine the database](#).

LGA



IMAGE: © DAVID MANLEY, CCA-SA 3.0

AN EXCERPT FROM **LIVE AND LET SPY** Whatever happened to Constance Denton?

It was a question he'd asked himself every so often over the years. No doubt she'd be a grandmother by now, or nearly so. He smiled to himself trying to imagine how twenty years might have aged the fair-headed girl of eighteen he once knew.

Ah, there was no doubt he was nothing more than a summer fancy for the Squire's daughter to console herself over her unhappy and unsuccessful first season. But, oh how he fancied himself truly in love as only a callow sixteen-year-old youth could be.

It would have been about this time of year twenty years ago Adam first encountered her in the woods near Kenstec House. She was weeping alone by the banks of a stream that ran not far from the ruins of an old priory.

On that first occasion, he'd shared his lunch and made her laugh, cheering her up by telling funny stories about some of the villagers. When they parted, it was early evening and he summoned up the courage to tell her she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

The next week she had left him a note tucked into the hollow of a tree, asking to meet the following day, and he was only too happy to oblige, once he'd been released from his duties as his father's apprentice.

Their romance had been chaste at first, both of them only too aware of the difference in their ages and stations. But after they had shared their first kiss, a passion between them burned hot.

Once he had been content to worship her from afar, but soon he worshiped her in body as they made love in the lea of the old ruins. What a wondrous experience it is when it is new, Adam thought.

By early August, he'd noticed a change. No longer would she leave notes begging to see him. Instead, it was he who would leave the notes. Each day he fretted, wondering whether Constance would even turn up.

She did, but looking a little sadder each time. He was desperate to please her in whatever way he could, but Constance would refuse to tell him the cause of her sorrow. And when once she had been eager for the joining of their bodies, for his kisses and caresses, these signs of affection now came reluctantly until one day he stopped offering and she stopped asking.

Then she no longer responded to his notes.

His final plea had been in the form of a gift – a copy of his carpentry apprentice piece. Adam had made a writing box of plain mahogany on the outside but the lid was inlaid with marquetry in the shape of a star made up of little scraps of other woods.

He had included a secret message just for Constance, hidden in the back.

Behind the drawers, where only she would see, was another inlay in stained black to mimic ebony wood. It was a representation of nearby Pendennis Castle and, beneath it in maple, the letters C and A intertwined.

The gift was gone from the hollow of the tree when he checked the next day.

And standing up to walk away was the last thing he remembered until he woke miles out at sea with a split head, a clanging headache, and the master carpenter telling him he'd better shape up because he was in the King's Navy now...

Adam slid off his stone perch and picked up a few loose pebbles from the road. He pitched them with all of his strength.

Just like the ebb and flow of the tide in the River Fal, so much water and so much time had passed.

Too much time to hang onto a first love.

LGA

“ I WAS PRESSED INTO SERVICE ONCE. I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN. ”

THIS

A look at the serious story behind this month's edition of Love's Great Adventure

WRETCHED BUSINESS

Amidst the frivolity of the Hardacre takeover of Love's Great Adventure magazine, I want to mention a serious topic that connects the Heart of the Corsairs series with some of my other novels.

That topic is slavery.

In the Anglosphere, the word most often conjures up thought of the Transatlantic slave trade to the exclusion of everything else. It comes as a surprise to many (although it shouldn't) that slavery existed – exists – in other parts of world too.

In truth, up until the end of the 18th century, people all over the world found nothing remarkable about slavery. Most famously, the origin of Judaism as both a religion and a nation group, beginning 1300 years before Christ, started with the Israelites held as slaves by the Egyptians for a reported 300 years.

Since the beginning of time, slavery has existed on every continent, amongst every people group, and particularly in labour-intensive agricultural societies. In Africa, countries such as Benin, Nigeria, and Ethiopia, among many others, used slaves within their own countries as well as selling them on to both European and Arabic slavers.

The very word we use to describe a person in forced servitude to another comes from word Slav, which is Europe's largest ethnolinguistic group. The Slavic people were captured and sold into slavery over many millennia by conquering empires of various epochs.

Fifteenth century Romanian prince Vlad Tepes – known as Vlad the Impaler on which one of the legends of Dracula is based – had a particularly brutal, but effective means to deal Ottoman slavers who had long predated the region. But that's a story for another day.

From the 16th century onward, the Transatlantic slave trade existed right alongside the lesser remembered Ottoman slave trade. That is the focus of Captain Kit Hardacre in the Heart of the Corsairs series and in my 17th century standalone novella featuring Gabriel Hardacre, The deWolfe of Wharf Street, which is set in Barnstaple, England.

The Barbary Coast pirates, operating under the imprimatur of the Ottoman Empire, depopulated many coastal regions from Sicily to as far north as Iceland. In fact, the small island of Lundy in England's Bristol Channel was for a time an Ottoman outpost from which the northern European raids were conducted.

Four hundred men, women, and children were enslaved from Iceland in a single summer, and the entire population of Baltimore in Ireland was captured in 1631.

The Barbary Coast pirates and the Ottoman slavers were eventually vanquished in 1832 by both the British and the French – which is one of the reasons why French is the lingua franca of many parts of north Africa.

So, given its ubiquity, why did the slave trade as we perceive it come to an end?

Many nations and cultures forbade slavery on their own shores or excluded their own countrymen from being slaves – William the Conqueror abolished slavery in England in 1066, for instance. Then, with the rise of the Abolition movement

by
ELIZABETH ELLEN CARTER

“ YOU CAN CHOOSE TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY BUT NEVER AGAIN CAN YOU SAY THAT YOU NEVER KNEW.

- William Wilberforce

in Britain in the late 18th century, the idea of slavery being a universal evil was accepted, and serious action was taken to end it.

Two men were the public face of this movement, politician William Wilberforce and slave ship captain turned priest John Newton. Newton's hymn Amazing Grace was borne of his desire to repudiate the slave trade.

I took the liberty of giving both men fictional cameo roles in my first novel, Moonstone Obsession.

In 1807, the Slave Trade Act was passed in Britain, followed by the 1833 Slavery Abolition Act.

Since the brutal truth was that slaves were regarded as 'property', Parliament decided that the only way to achieve its anti-slavery aims was to pay compensation to slave owners. The alternative was to risk rebellion. As a result, Britain borrowed 20 million pounds in 1833, the equivalent of 2.4 billion GBP today.

The country also used her navy to enforce a blockade of slave ships leaving west Africa for other parts of the world, including the Americas. An estimated 17,000 Royal Navy sailors paid with their lives at the time, either in combat or through disease, during the blockade of Africa campaign.

Over the past few years there has been an increased clamour for reparations from Britain despite the price she already paid. But if Britain, the world's most dominant superpower of the day, had not voluntarily elected to end slavery, how much longer might the insidious trade have gone on?

It's a fair question to ask. It was only in 2017 that Chad criminalised slavery, and in 2019 Yazidi slaves were freed in Iraq.

Author CS Lewis coined the phrase 'the snobbery of chronology' to describe how the people of current time look condescendingly at those of the past. No better do we see that snobbery being exercised than in addressing the past sin of slavery.

However, we should not hold ourselves as superior.

Far from it. Sex trafficking is a dreadful reality in many parts of the world. Slavery and indentured servitude is also rife.

And the uncomfortable truth is that you might be complicit in the modern day slave trade.

The rise of fast fashion in the Internet era has spawned sweatshops where workers are treated little better than slaves – your footwear, your clothes, your smart phone, even components of your home's solar panels and electric cars are mined and manufactured by modern day slaves.

So before we tear down statues and metaphorically dig up the bones of those long dead to remonstrate with them, we should consider our own present day culpability.

But where to begin?

We can start by being mindful consumers – know where your goods are coming from and who is making them. The UN's top expert on slavery claimed last year it is 'reasonable to conclude' that forced labour is used in China against members of minority groups. Baptist World Aid has a great website through which you can check your favourite brands for ethical compliance. It's an Australian site, but its scorecard system lists many global brands. <https://baptistworldaid.org.au/resources/ethical-fashion-guide/>

Another thing to do is don't be in such a hurry to get the latest and greatest tech. Many of the minerals sourced for batteries and touch screens might very well come from mines that exploit children.

And, if you'd like to know more about the fight against sex trafficking in south-east Asia, then check out the great work done by Australian charity Destiny Rescue. <https://www.destinyrescue.org.au/>

Slavery still exists today in nearly every country on earth. There are slaves in Russia, China, Uzbekistan, Cuba, Iran, North Korea, Sudan, Syria, and Zimbabwe, Algeria, Libya, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, Qatar, the United States and Britain. The Walk Free Foundation reported in 2018 that there were more than 400,000 people held in forced servitude in the US and 136,000 in the UK. In 2019, online slave markets were operating on Instagram. Just last month a couple was arrested in Australia for keeping a woman in slavery.

LGA

FIVE TIMES CORONATIONS

WENT WRONG



The crowning of King Charles III went swimmingly, but here are a few times English kings and queens probably wished they'd stayed in bed.



Let me in! I'm the queen!

When George IV was crowned in July 1821, the last person he wanted there was his wife, Princess Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. Unhappily married, they popped out a daughter then separated and took lovers.

George wanted a flashy coronation and pulled out all the stops – robes, new crown, the full works. Caroline wanted in as Queen Consort even though they had nothing to do with one another.

George had her locked out, and she hammered on the doors, shouting, "I am the Queen of England!" She was chased away, suffered a short illness, and died the very next month, claiming she was poisoned.



Should have got a better designer

Henry VIII's decision to annul his marriage to Catherine of Aragon and wed Anne Boleyn was not popular.

When she was crowned queen in 1533, crowds along the processional route saw their initials displayed in an intertwined design and mockingly called out 'ha ha!' as she passed.

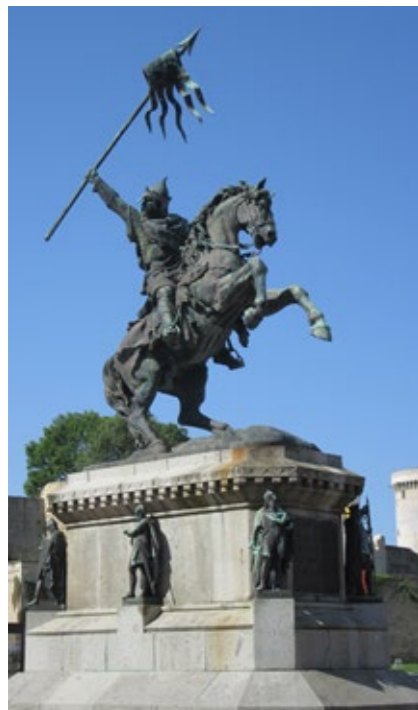
Sit still, man!

King John fidgeted and giggled all the way through his 1199 coronation, then bailed early. It was an early indicator of future behavior. He was an able administrator, but petty and spiteful. His desire to tax everything was so bad, his barons created the Magna Carta in 1215 to rein him in. Around the same time, while fleeing some of their disgruntled number, he lost his royal crown in a river.

When the man responsible for the legend of Robin Hood died a year later, his passing was met with celebration.



Is that a riot I hear?



At William the Conqueror's Christmas Day 1066 coronation, the mixed crowd of Normans and Saxons in Westminster Abbey raised their voices together in acclamation for the new king. Norman guards outside heard only French and English voices yelling at each other.

Fearing a Saxon uprising against them, the Norman guards immediately rushed about the local area, setting fire to houses because nothing settles riotous folks down like burning their lodgings. At least, the Normans and Saxons got together on one thing – they all joined in looting the various damaged premises.

Meanwhile, in the Abbey, smelling smoke and hearing of the uproar outside, a nervous William's coronation was quickly wrapped up and the new king rushed away.



A rehearsal might have helped

The coronation of 19-year old Queen Victoria ran for a confusing and confused five hours. Her upper lip remained stiff, but everyone else was a shambles. Those carrying her train tripped over their own feet, then it was found the jewelers had resized the coronation ring into a pinky ring when it should have been for her ring finger and the Archbishop of Canterbury forced it painfully onto Victoria's hand.

As the service went on, one bishop handed over the orb at the wrong time while another accidentally turned two pages over at once and declared the service over. Victoria departed – and had to rush back when the error was discovered.

Add elderly peers stumbling and rolling down the steps, and others boozing in the chapel behind the High Altar, and it was quite a day.

HOT GOSSIP

The editor of The Teatime Tattler, Mr S Clements, kindly shares a round-up of the latest whispers around the world of the Ton and below stairs.

Death and Farce Among Society's Leaders! Smelling Salts Necessary!



The scandalous passing of Sir Richard Carmichael rocked all of London several weeks ago. As we reported, whispers of his demise in the desert reached the furthest corners of our nation. Yet, dear readers, the distress of his appalling death is not the only matter amiss in the Carmichael sphere. Indeed, it is Sir Richard's daughter, Miss Phoebe Carmichael, whose actions serve to shock the civilized

world. Spied in solitary conversation with the newly-minted Viscount Trelawney, without benefit of chaperone and during her period of mourning, one might add, the heiress further breached Society's moral underpinnings and standards by engaging in what might only be termed low-behavior. Furthermore, it begins to appear Sir Richard might not be dead after all... <https://bluestockingbelles.net/death-and-farce-among-societys-leaders-smelling-salts-necessary/>

The Belle of the Ball Chasing the Awkward Earl?

An evening at a ball never lacks for good gossip, but the events at Lady P's ball this past week surprised even this writer. The Bon Ton has been aflutter these last weeks about a certain Miss B, whose beauty is only superseded by her mysterious arrival in Society. And when that certain young miss chose the Awkward Earl (whom many have taken to calling Lord H. for his inability to carry even the simplest conversations) for her first dance of the evening, many an eyebrow raised. While her taste in dance partners is certainly in question, I can quite attest to how shocking the next events were. At the end of the quadrille, Lord H. abandoned Miss B. on the dance floor in a cut direct! But instead of returning to her chaperone as any respectable young miss should, Miss B. chased after him onto the shadowed balcony! <https://bluestockingbelles.net/the-belle-of-the-ball-chasing-the-awkward-earl/>



A Winning Wager

It should come as no surprise that the Black Widow of Whitehall has been known as a matchmaker... that is... if you can afford the price. Recently the winner of an unusual bet at her Lyon's Den, the Marquis of S was seen escorting a certain widow to the recent Hamilton affair. You must remember Mrs. H who has been the topic for many years in this very paper. She, among several of her lady friends, are a part of the Wicked Widow's Club and if the rumors spreading among the ton are true, then the Marquis is determined to see Mrs. H. is returned to polite society. But time will tell if he can perform such a miracle. <https://bluestockingbelles.net/a-winning-wager/>

This past fortnight most of good society was in Brighton while the king was in residence.

This week's highlight was a performance by Mr. Maddox's traveling circus troupe. On the great lawns behind the Royal Pavilion, a stage with rich red velvet curtains hung from a large ironwork frame created a dramatic backdrop to a great wooden ring that sat in the grass. The entire stage area was lit with torches that flickered brightly in the twilight. Then with a blare of a trumpet, the show began. Acrobats dressed as fairies, male and female, cartwheeled onto the stage in



Scandal Rocks the House of Sir Henry Brisson!

Dear Readers, it seems that Sir Henry was travelling from England via the newly launched SS Great Eastern luxury liner to attend a business conference in New York City. Lady Brisson was not accompanying him; however, installed in a separate cabin, his previously unknown British mistress Caroline was! As per the ship's custom, strangers were seated together at a large table in the dining salon permitting the two secret lovers, presumably unacquainted, to dine together. By the sixth day of the ocean crossing, members of the group knew each other and it was not considered unusual for the two of them to be seen promenading around the ship. <https://bluestockingbelles.net/scandal-rocks-the-house-of-sir-henry-brisson/>

A circus disgrace at Brighton

frothy costumes made of sparkling gauzy fabrics. From their midst, two horses in tandem rode out into the ring with a beautiful woman atop, one foot on each horse, her long hair flowing behind her. The lady wore a dress with a voluminous skirt of pink gauze that ended mid-calf over white stockings. The bodice sparkled with bejeweled silk flowers. A collective gasp echoed in the evening air as the guests recognized the performer as none other than the scandalous daughter of Lord and Lady Dearborn. Yes, you read that correctly. Lady Susanna Ashby rode out into the center ring, scantily clad I might add as many said they could see her

stocking-covered calves, to perform with the circus. I will admit the tricks she executed on horseback were quite entertaining, but shocking in the absolute scandal of it all! And in front of the king, no less. This writer heard from a reliable source that Lord Dearborn was seen dragging his prodigy off into the shadows. And hot on their heels was a certain marquess of the very respectable variety. So, it begs the question, what business does an upright peer have with an outrageous lady who willfully ruins her reputation in front of the king? <https://bluestockingbelles.net/scandal-at-the-circus/>



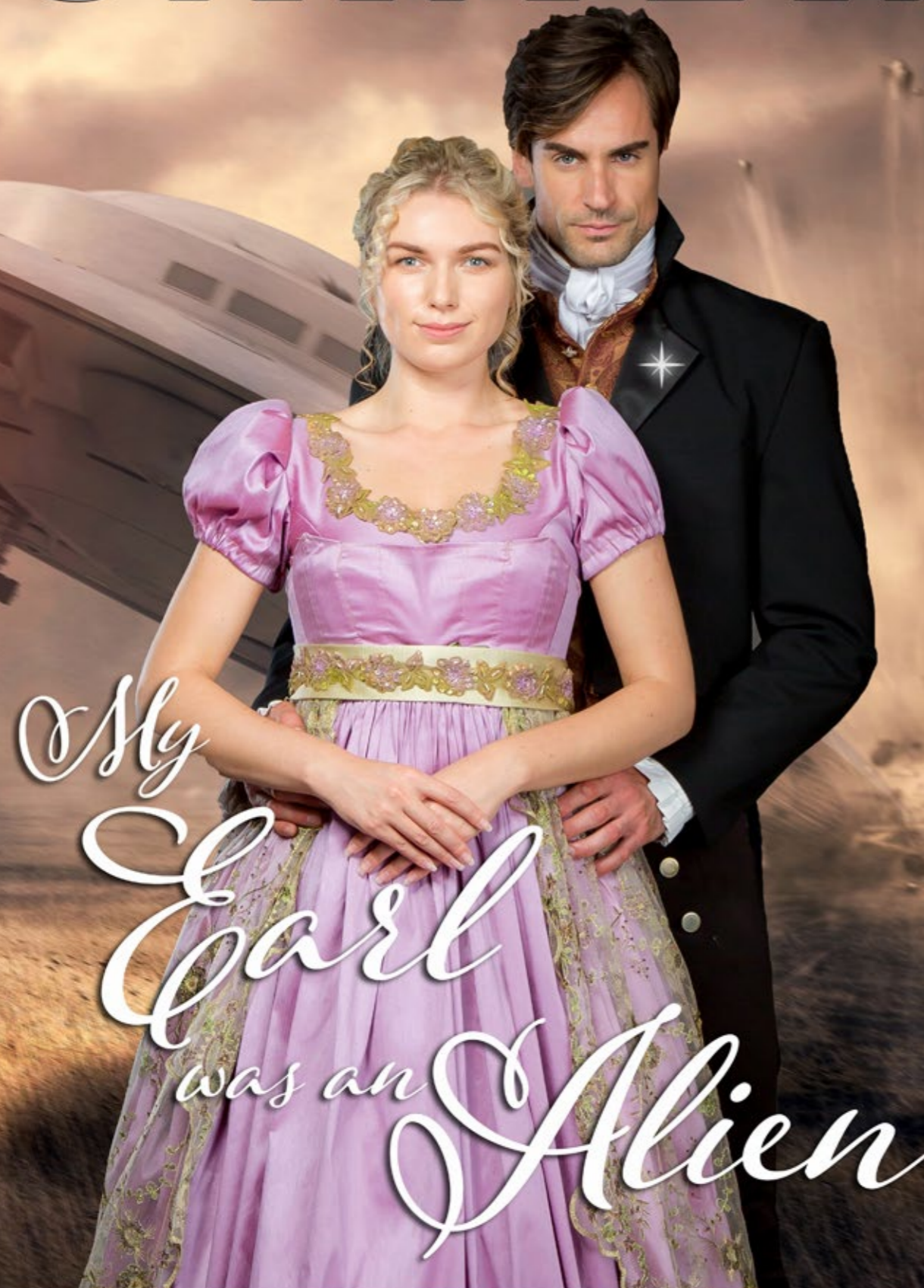
Eyewitness to a Scandalous Reunion

Last night, I had the honor of attending a most prestigious entertainment at the home of Lady P. It was cheek by jowl as the best of these events are. One could look left and then right and find something of value to your readers. Nevertheless, I have resolved to report on the most diverting episode of the evening, the reunion of a Scotsman and his former wife. I am told that their divorce some two decades ago - yes, Mr. Clemens, decades! - was fraught with allegations of infidelity on the part of the lady. <https://bluestockingbelles.net/eyewitness-to-a-scandalous-reunion/>



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**TO BE A FASHIONABLE
FELLOW**

Victoria Vane
presents a few
wardrobe options
for the boys.

TO BE A FASHIONABLE FELLOW

An array of suggested styles for men from Fashion Correspondent VICTORIA VANE

With sartorial observations by me, Kit Hardacre



This is more my kind of thing for daywear on board the Calliope - Kit

Any of these would be great for one of William Bentinck's do's. What do you reckon?



Smooth!



Could definitely see myself in this...



Just the go for welcoming the ladies onboard

LOVE FASHION

TO BE A FASHIONABLE FELLOW



Next time you're short of a male model, Victoria, give me a call.



I can highly recommend Victoria's gear! -Kit

LGA

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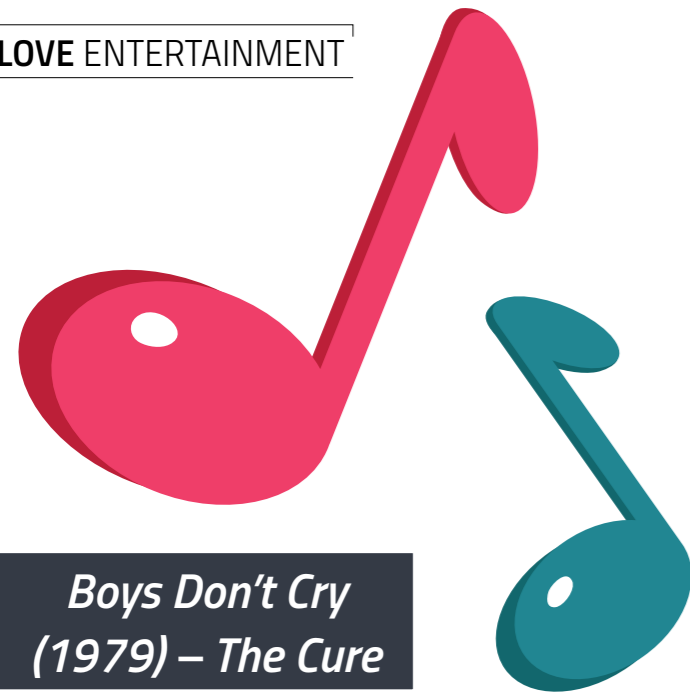
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THE BOYS

Ten tunes (plus one) for the boys.

by LGA Associate Editor
DUNCAN CARLING-RODGERS

LIGHT UP



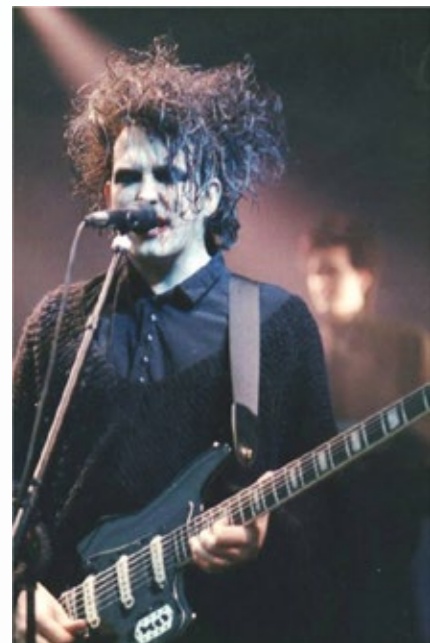
Boys Don't Cry (1979) – The Cure

A widely covered song used in multiple movies, The Cure's Boys Don't Cry charted only in Australia when first released, and then only in the lower reaches. It had to wait until 1986 for a re-recording to chart across Europe (and do significantly better in Australia).

The lyrics sung by vocalist Robert Smith over jangling guitar and a catchy melody riff tell of a man who has given up trying to regain his lost love and is trying to disguise his heartbreak.

The music video was released in 1986 to promote the re-record. Three children mime the song as, behind a curtain, the actual band members are silhouetted as the youngsters' shadows.

The red eyes of the wraith-like shades seen in the last part of the clip were created by painting the band's eyelids with fluorescent paint.



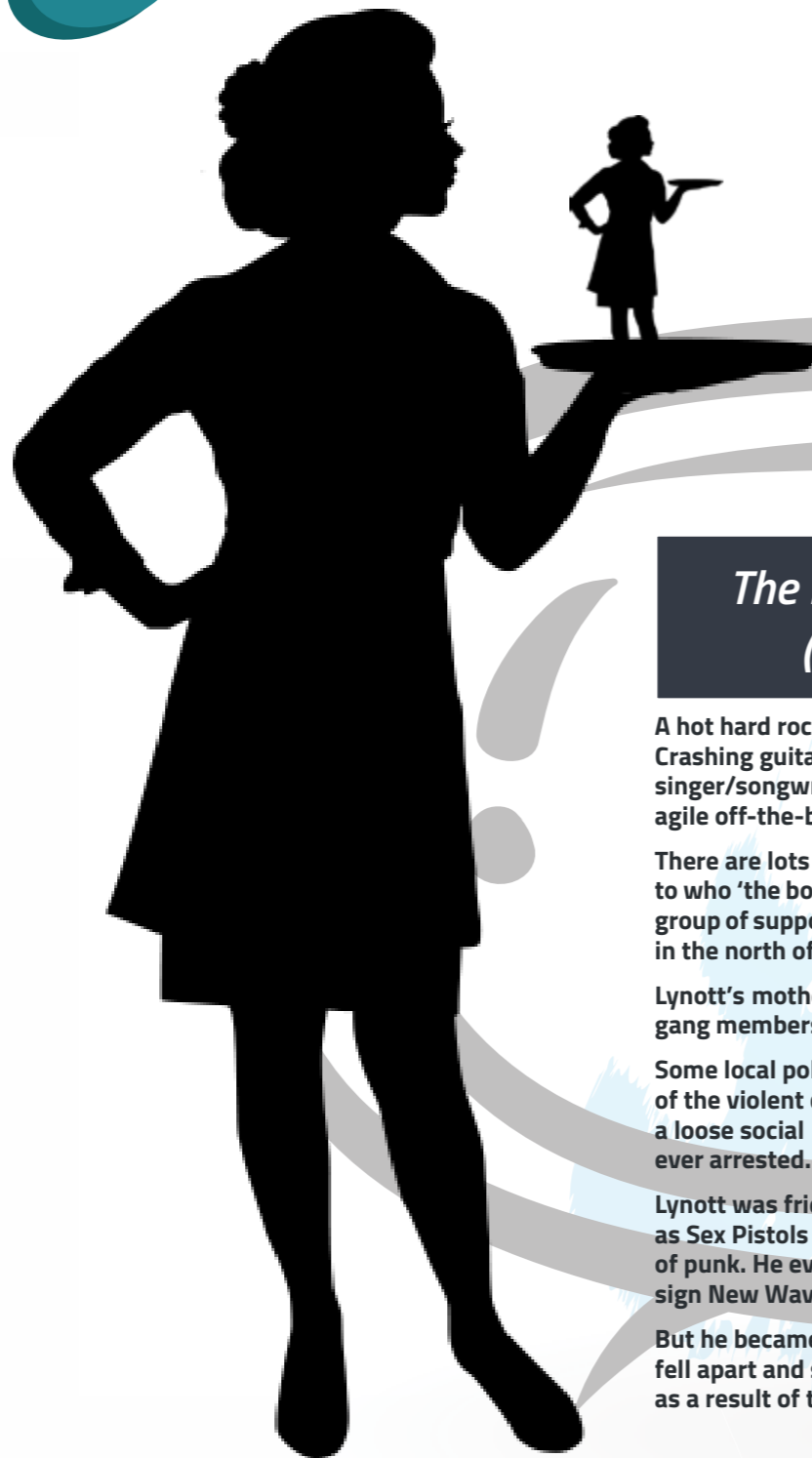
I Know What Boys Like (1982) – The Waitresses

Written by American guitarist Chris Butler who recorded and released it as a single in 1980. It was a minor club hit, but broke out in '82 when Butler formed the band The Waitresses, and re-recorded it with lead singer Patty Donahue.

The single charted in Australia and the US.

Donahue's droning, indolent delivery suits the lyrics to a tee (preceded by a P), as they boast sarcastically of leading boys on then letting them down. The performances by the band members in the video clip are great fun.

The clip opens with a close-up of Donahue drawing on a cigarette with which she poses throughout the first verse. A heavy smoker for most of her adult life, she died of lung cancer aged just 40.



The Boys are Back in Town (1976) – Thin Lizzy

A hot hard rock hit from the British band Thin Lizzy. Crashing guitar accents and a driving beat underpinned by singer/songwriter Phil Lynott's bass, layered beneath his agile off-the-beat vocals. Rightly regarded as a classic.

There are lots of theories, but the strongest suggestion as to who 'the boys' are is The Quality Street Gang, a mythical group of supposed armed robbers operating in Manchester in the north of England from the 1960s to 1980s.

Lynott's mother ran a Manchester pub where some of the gang members met, and the band was friendly with them.

Some local police said the gang was responsible for most of the violent crime in the city. Others said they were just a loose social club of friends. None of their number were ever arrested.

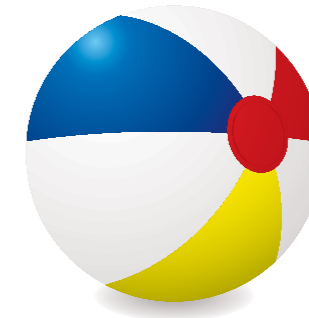
Lynott was friends with and fostered other bands such as Sex Pistols and The Boomtown Rats during the rise of punk. He even persuaded Thin Lizzy's management to sign New Wave band Ultravox.

But he became addicted to heroin around 1980. The band fell apart and so did his marriage. He died aged 36 in 1986 as a result of the addiction.



PHIL LYNOTT. IMAGE © 1980, HELGE ØVERÅS

Boys (Summertime Love) (1987) – Sabrina



Euro-disco hit from Italian singer Sabrina, not so much about boys as the fact she wants them.

It's pretty inane Italo-disco, but just try avoiding the earworm that this irrepressible ditty gives you.

Sabrina bounced her way into the Top 10 all over Europe with this track, and it was remixed twice afterwards, in 1995 and again in 2003 retitled Boys, Boys, Boys.

Tarzan Boy (1985) – Baltimora

Another example of Italo-disco, the debut single by Baltimora was such a big hit that most people now think they were one-hit wonders. But Tarzan Boy was just such a huge hit worldwide that it eclipsed everything else they did.

Using Tarzan's cry as a melodic motif, it's one of those tunes that even if you don't recall the title, you know the song when you hear the cry.

It's claimed by some sources that Jimmy McShane, who fronted the band's performances and appears in the clip, didn't actually sing the song but lip synced it.

The Northern Irish-born singer was yet another to die young, aged 37 in 1995 as a result of AIDS.



Enjoy the playlist.



Tap/click here

Continued on next page

THE BOYS LIGHT UP

Enjoy the
playlist.
 YouTube
Tap/click here

Let's Hear It for the Boy (1984) – Deniece Williams

Released as a single from the soundtrack to the movie Footloose, this song was Deniece Williams' second US Billboard Hot 100 number one. Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Original Song, it went platinum in the US and gold in Canada and the UK.

With a Michael Jacksonesque mechanical back beat and synth bass, the song enjoys the lift and range of Williams' sonorous

vocals which are joyous and rousing.

The music video features a bravura performance by young Aaron Lohr who became an actor in many Disney films and later took leading roles on the New York stage. However, he retired from acting and is now the Clinical Director at a major mental health treatment and addiction rehab center in Southern California. In 2017, he married actress and singer Idina Menzel.



The Wild Boys (1984) – Duran Duran

Australian video director Russell Mulcahy thought it would be good to make a movie of William S. Burroughs's surreal novel *The Wild Boys: A Book of the Dead*. He'd been making video clips for British New Wave band Duran Duran for some time and mentioned it to singer Simon Le Bon, giving him a quick synopsis of the book. Le Bon penned the lyrics, the band provided the

tune, and Mulcahy shot the £1 million film clip on the 007 stage at Pinewood Studios in England.

It was tagged awkwardly onto the end of the band's *Arena* album, sounding like an afterthought as a studio track on a live LP, and especially with Le Bon straining at the very top of his vocal range. Nonetheless, the song was a major hit globally.

The Boy Does Nothing (2008) – Alesha Dixon

Sung by British singer-songwriter Alesha Dixon, *The Boy Does Nothing* was a top 10 hit in many countries selling more than a million copies worldwide. Upbeat pop-mambo with more than a passing resemblance to Mambo No. 5, it contains multiple hooks that just won't let go, including the strident ending chant 'And if the man can't dance/He gets no second chance'.

Dixon had seen success as a member of British girl group Mis-Teeq, after which she competed in the UK television show *Strictly Come Dancing* and won, later becoming a judge on that and various TV contest shows around the world.

The lyrics complain of a boyfriend who won't help around the house. Dixon told an interviewer that, despite the title, the song wasn't 'male-bashing', it was just 'cheeky'. It must be said though that if a potential beau won't do basic chores, but gets a second chance just because they *can* dance, then you get what you deserve!



The Boys Light Up (1980) – Australian Crawl

The Boys Light Up was the second single released by Australian pub rock band Australian Crawl. It almost banned from radio and television due to 'explicit' lyrics in which singer James Reyne makes observations about the behaviour of some sections of the burgeoning newly-moneyed upper middle class including infidelity on all sides by unfaithful husbands and bored valium-addicted housewives.

Though some believed the title was about marijuana, Reyne clarified it was about smoking ordinary cigarettes when he was in the fourth form at the then all boys The Peninsula School in Victoria. In part, the lyrics also reflect the cocktail parties his parents attended, including one at which one of his teachers was caught in the garden with another man's wife.

At the start of the selected clip, filmed live in 1980, Reyne tells the audience 'buy our record if you like'. Australians did like. The album of which *The Boys Light Up* was the title track remained in the album charts for 101 weeks and sold more than 280 000 copies.



A Boy Named Sue (1969) – Johnny Cash

This song about tough love by humorist and poet Shel Silverstein was a hit on both sides of the Atlantic for Johnny Cash. He recorded the song live in concert at California's San Quentin State Prison, surprising the film and recording crew with its inclusion.

Cash had only read the song a few times and had decided spontaneously to try it out in front of his convict audience, the band improvising as Cash played guitar and read the lyrics from a piece of paper.

The rest is history. It became Cash's only Billboard Hot 100 top ten single with three weeks at number two, held out of the coveted number one by, ironically, a British band singing about American bars (*Honky Tonk Women* by The Rolling Stones).

Record releases had the words 'son of bitch' bleeped out for years, leading Cash to make a joke of it by frequently making the bleeping noise himself during live performances.



The Boys Of Summer (1984) - Don Henley

Achingly nostalgic in tone, with a killer keyboard hook and twangy guitar riff over a sharp LinnDrum rimshot beat, *The Boys of Summer* took its title from a 1972 book about the Brooklyn Dodgers, in turn borrowed from a piece by Welch poet Dylan Thomas.

To lyrics reminiscing about a past relationship, add a French New Wave-influenced video clip in black-and-white for extra nostalgia points, and depict the song's protagonist as a young boy practicing the drums, a happy young adult walking with his girl on a beach, and as a frustrated middle-aged executive working late.

Voila! You've got one of the best songs and music videos of the 1980s.

Tom Petty's guitarist, Mike Campbell, wrote the tune while learning to use the drum machine and played it for Petty who knocked it back.

Henley ran with it instead, his lyrics creating a classic hit.

JONATHAN AFUA

NAVIGATOR, THE CALLIOPE



A FEAST FIT FOR A PRINCE

I remember my first meeting with Kit Hardacre very well. I called him a mad man, and I was probably right at the time. Later on, I understood what made him the man he was, and all the things we had in common. I have him to thank in part for helping me leave the past where it belongs, and to face the future with optimism. And I'll take some of the credit for helping him to do the same.

But while it's best to leave the bitterness of hurtful past events behind, it's good to remember one's heritage, where you came from, and the things that made it good even when times were bad.

For me, a powerful reminder of good times is the food of my people. Overleaf are some recipes for traditional Ethiopian meals, but first we should begin with coffee...

Kahawa Ethiopian Coffee

My family made part of its fortune from coffee grown in the beautiful highlands of my country. Coffee is more than a drink, it is a ritual. Adding spice infuses it with flavour.

INGREDIENTS

- 2 cardamom pods
- 60g of ground coffee
- ¼ tsp of ground ginger



METHOD

Bring a pan of water sufficient for 2 cups of coffee (plus a little extra to allow for evaporation) to the boil. Add two cardamom pods which have been lightly bruised. Allow to boil for 10 minutes before reducing to a simmer. Add the ground coffee and simmer for five minutes before adding a quarter of a teaspoon of ground ginger.

Serve hot, sweetening to taste.

Continued on next page.

AN EXCERPT FROM SHADOW OF THE CORSAIRS

The message Jonathan received from his cousin was simple enough. *Bunna tetu* – 'drink coffee'.

He didn't think anything odd about the location either – the warehouse; Osman must have brought with him a fresh shipment of green coffee beans.

Jonathan's mouth watered in anticipation of freshly roasted and ground coffee from home.

He entered the warehouse and halted. In the center of the floor was a portable stove already fully stoked, and smoke drifted lazily toward the high ceiling.

"Osman! When did you get here?" Jonathan noticed the young woman, dressed in the familiar habesha of his homeland, but her face was in shadow. "Who did you bring with you? Another cousin?"

"I arrived just over a week ago and renewed acquaintances with this charming lady."

The woman stepped forward and he could see her face properly for the first time.

"Morwena? What...?"

She smiled at him but said nothing as she picked up the jebena, a rounded clay coffee pot suspended over the fire to heat.

For a brief moment, he thought Morwena was his late wife, Mellesse; remembrances of such coffee ceremonies of years gone by left him momentarily disoriented.

"Come take a seat with me, Cousin," said Osman. "We will enjoy coffee as it was intended."

Jonathan watched Morwena pour a handful of green coffee beans into a long-handled pan and held it over the hot coals until the husk and debris separated out. With that, she removed the detritus and started to slowly roast the beans, shaking the pan over the flame. The aromatics rising from the oil glistening on the surface filled his nose with flavor as well as nostalgia.

"I can't tell you how much this reminds me of home, and when Mother and the other women would welcome our visiting cousins," said Jonathan.

Still, Morwena said nothing, intent on her task. He had not thought it possible to love another woman after Mellesse but, after today, his heart had been all poured out, leaving him empty of everything but his love for Morwena.

He had been afraid of sharing his past, and had become too damned exhausted trying to keep his two worlds apart. But now Morwena and Osman had bridged them.

Jonathan's heart ached with desperate longing. He wanted Morwena to be his future. How had he not realised that she, too, needed to connect to his past?

The long shadow of his loss started to retreat.

A FEAST FIT FOR A PRINCE

Berbere Spice Mix

A foundational element to many authentic Ethiopian dishes. This spice mix can be used as a meat rub or to flavour soups and stews.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 tsp black peppercorns
- 12 whole cloves
- 12 cardamom pods
- 2 large shallots, minced
- 6 garlic cloves, minced
- 3 tbs vegetable oil
- 2 tbs grated fresh ginger
- 1 tbs salt
- 2 tbs paprika
- 3 tbs cayenne pepper
- 1 tsp fongreek
- 1 tsp turmeric
- water to create a paste.

METHOD

Toast the whole spices in a dry fry pan over medium heat until the aromatics are released. Set aside.

Add the oil and add ginger and shallots over medium heat for a short time.

Grind the whole spices and add with the powdered spices, then add the shallots, garlic and ginger.

Pound together in a mortar and pestle until the paste is red.

GREEN CARDAMOM PODS



Lentil and Tomato Soup

This simple and tasty meal is traditionally served with flatbread for dipping. It also makes use of the Berbere spice mix.

INGREDIENTS

- 2 tbs olive oil
- 1 brown onion, finely chopped
- 2 carrots, diced
- 3 celery stalks, halved lengthwise and chopped
- 2 garlic cloves, crushed
- 2 tbs Berbere spice mix
- 400g tinned crushed tomatoes
- 1 cup brown lentils (or red lentils)
- 8 cups vegetable stock
- 1 potatoes diced
- 2 tbs lemon juice

METHOD

Heat a saucepan with oil. Add onion, carrot and celery, then cover and cook for 10 minutes until softened. Do not allow to burn. Add garlic, Berbere spice for a minute before stirring in tomatoes, lentils and stock.

Reduce the heat to low and allow to simmer for about 40 minutes. Add potato and cook for a further 10 minutes, then add lemon juice. Serve with a dollop of yoghurt.

Doro Wat

Doro wat is an Ethiopian national dish, typically served on special occasions and during family get-togethers. Featuring Berbere spice to add flavour, this chicken stew is time consuming to make but so worthwhile.

INGREDIENTS

- 3kg onions, finely chopped
- 1 large chicken
- 100ml white vinegar
- 1 lemon juiced
- 100ml olive oil
- 3 tbs of nit'r kibbeh, a spiced clarified butter
- 6 tbs berbere
- 12 hard boiled eggs, peeled

MIXED SPICES

- 2 tbs cardamom seeds
- 2 tbs nigella seeds
- 2 tbs fennel seeds
- 2 tsp black peppercorns
- 2 tbs salt

METHOD

To make nit'r kibbeh

Heat 500g butter in a small saucepan and simmer for 30 minutes, skimming off the foam until the butter is completely clear. Strain using a fine sieve and add 1/2 tsp ground cardamom, 1/2 ground fenugreek, 1/2 tsp ground nigella seeds.

The stew

Put a saucepan on low-medium heat and add the onion. Cook for about 1 hour until onion has reduced by two-thirds.

While onion is cooking, remove skin from chicken and trim off fat and set in a dish. Mix vinegar and lemon juice and pour over chicken and leave for 10-15 minutes.

Once the onion has reduced add oil, berbere and nit'r kibbeh, and stir in well. Add the chicken and the liquid, then bring to the boil before reducing heat to a simmer.

Add mixed spices.

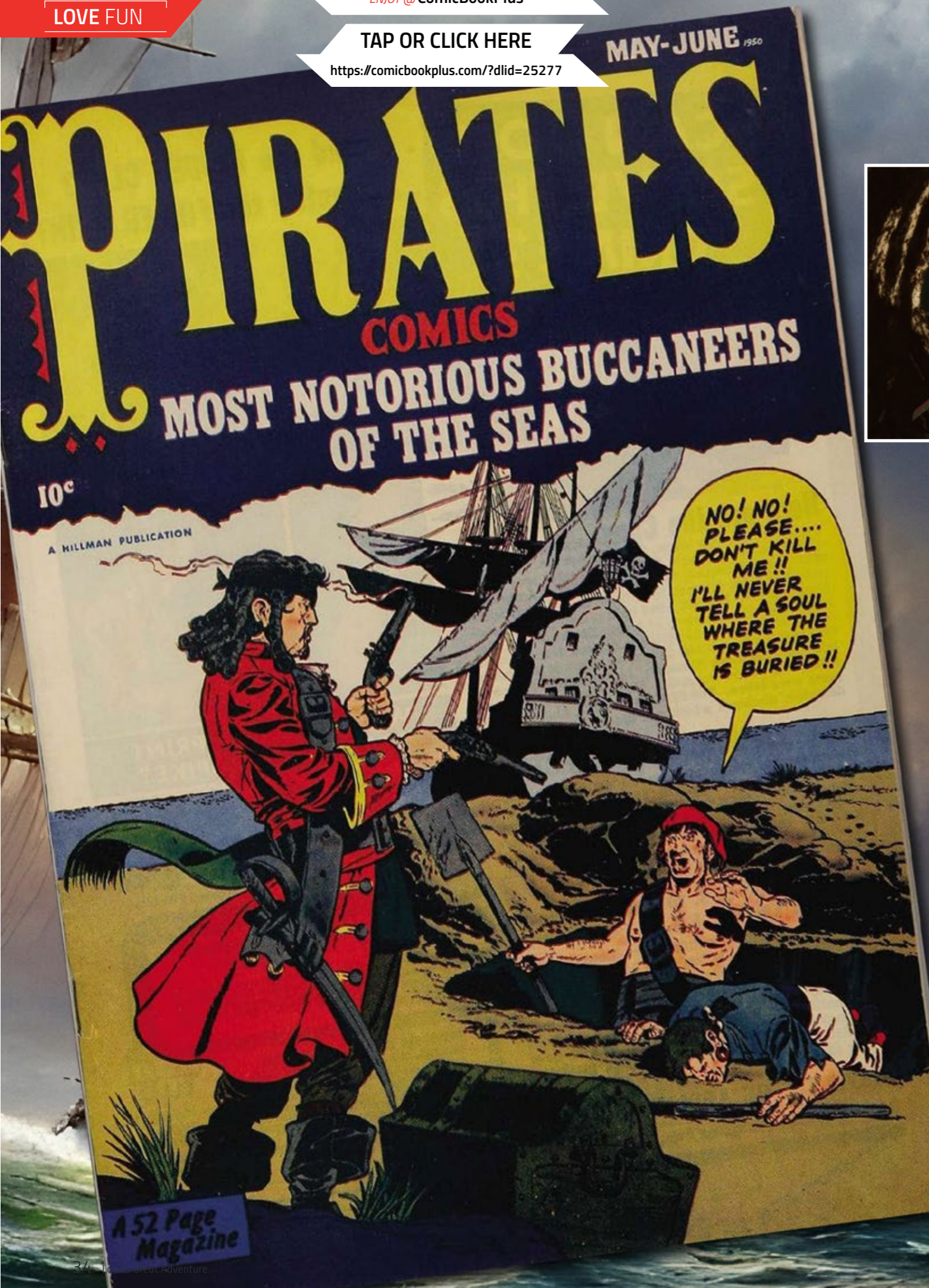
Simmer the chicken until it is thoroughly cooked.

Make incisions in the peeled boiled eggs to let the flavours to infuse, then remove from heat.

This dish can be served immediately with flat bread and it is even more delicious the next day.



NIGELLA SEED (AKA BLACK CARAWAY OR CUMIN, KALONJI, CHARNUSHKA, OR SIYAHDANEHD) COMES FROM NIGELLA SATIVA, AN ANNUAL FLOWERING PLANT NATIVE TO EASTERN EUROPE AND WESTERN ASIA, BUT GROWING OVER A WIDER AREA, INCLUDING PARTS OF EUROPE, NORTHERN AFRICA AND MYANMAR.



GAME PLAY ▶



Jigsaw Time

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<https://www.jigsawplanet.com/?rc=play&pid=197762d79b75>

Heroes and Villains WORD SEARCH

R	A	R	O	D	O	O	H	N	I	B	O	R	H
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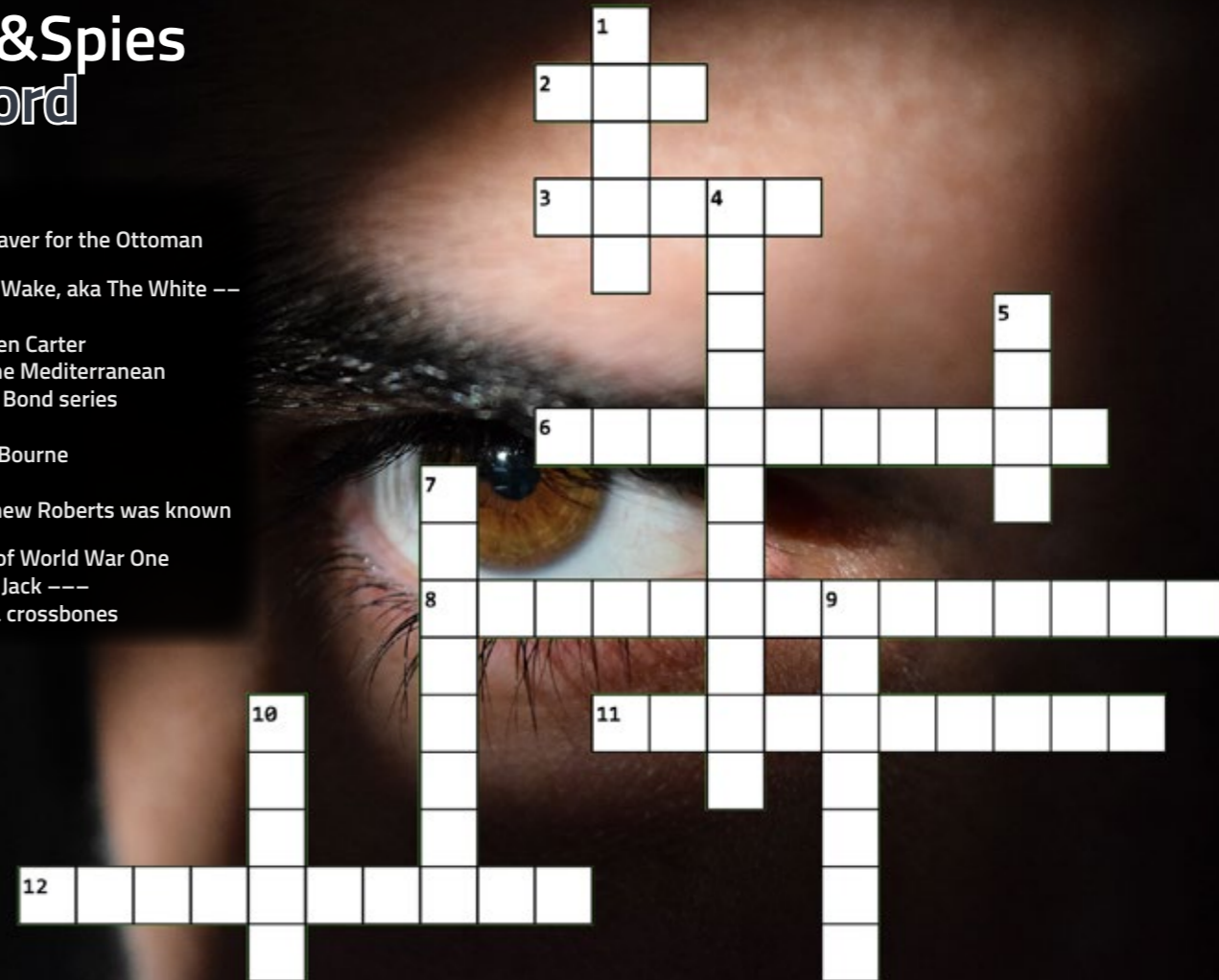
- RABIA
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- HANSGRUBER
- INDIANAJONES
- KADDOURI
- ROBINHOOD
- LARACROFT
- TANKGIRL
- DREFAN
- DARTHVADER
- MULAN
- KITHARDACRE
- ELIASNASH
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- RIPLEY

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Pirates & Spies Crossword

ACROSS

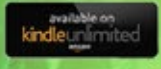
- 2 --- Janszoon, Dutch slaver for the Ottoman Empire
 - 3. Australian spy Nancy Wake, aka The White ---
 - 6. aka Edward Teach
 - 8. Spies by Elizabeth Ellen Carter
 - 11. Ottoman pirate of the Mediterranean
 - 12. Author of the James Bond series
- ### DOWN
- 1. Popular film spy, --- Bourne
 - 4. First to play Bond
 - 5. Welchman Bartholomew Roberts was known as Black ---
 - 7. Dutch courtesan spy of World War One
 - 9. A film favorite pirate, Jack ---
 - 10. Pirate flag, the --- & crossbones



ANSWERS ACROSS - 2. JAN, 3. MOUSE, 6. BLACKBEARD, 8. THE KINGS ROQUES, 11. BARBAROSSA, 12. IAN FLEMING
DOWN - 1. JASON, 4. SEAN CONNERY, 5. BART, 7. MATIA HARI, 9. SPARROW, 10. SKULL



Elizabeth Ellen Carter
USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
TO FIND HIS FUTURE
HE MUST OWN HIS PAST...



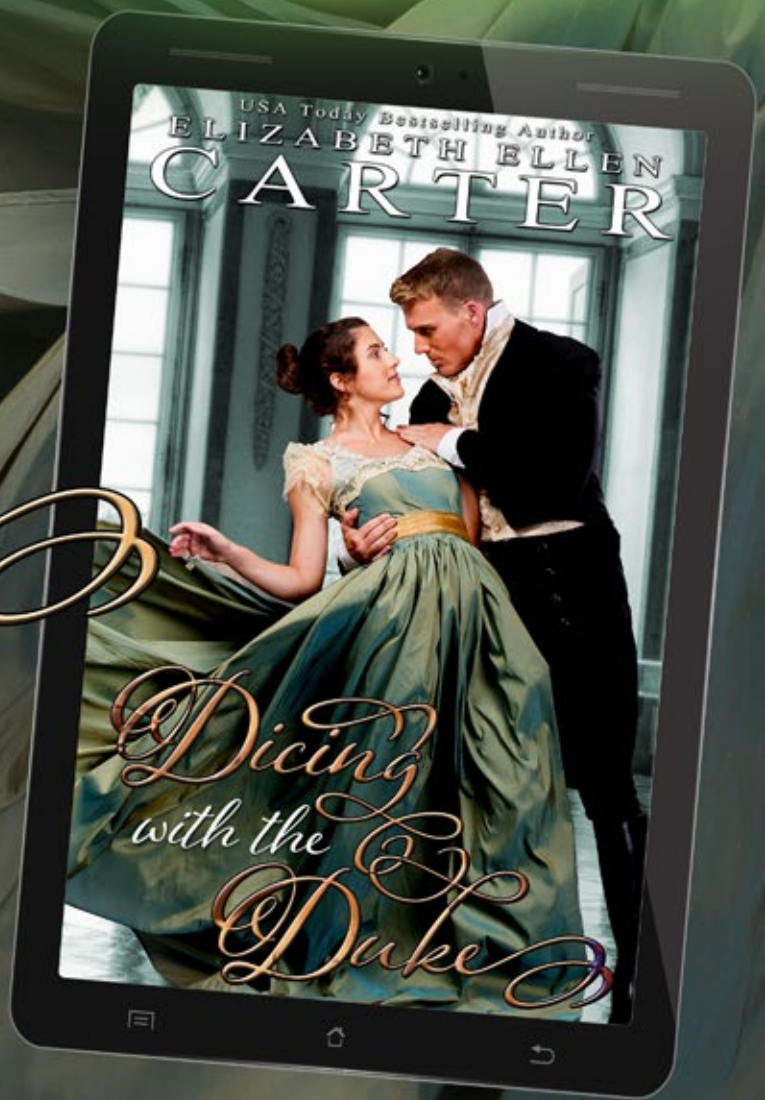
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USA Today Bestselling Author
ELIZABETH ELLEN
CARTER