

## Chapter 1 : To Repel Boarders

*The following is the complete text of Jack London's To Repel blog.quintoapp.com see all available titles by other authors, drop by our index of free books alphabetized by author or arranged alphabetically by title.*

Sailing Ship Amunition Tactics - Step 4 - Prepare to Repel Boarders Once the decks had been cleared, the ship would grapple its opponent and a boarding party of heavily armed soldiers would be sent aboard. On deck Marines led boarding parties in close action and repelled enemy boarding parties. The blunderbuss evolved into the shotgun, and in the attack on Mexico City, Marine Major Levi Twiggs carried his favorite double-barreled shotgun. The slow firing muskets made edged weapons a necessary last resort. The sword for officers was not prescribed until when the Mameluke sword was authorized. It had become popular with Marines from their service in the Mediterranean against North African pirates. The battle would be a succession of hand-to-hand conflicts to board or to repel boarders. The order "prepare to repel boarders" was issued when a ship was threatened with an enemy assault. Pikemen formed behind those crewmen armed with cutlasses. The Marines, with bayonets fixed, formed behind the pikemen to cover them. At the command "repel boarders," grape and musketry were brought to bear upon the enemy as they prepared to attack. Men remaining on the broadside guns continued to fire, and stood by with pikes to repel enemy attempting to enter through gun ports or quarter galleries. When this was accomplished, a large well armed and armoured boarding party would storm across to engage the disordered and demoralised enemy. The sound of the drum is a signal for the crew to take their stations as in action. The call is beaten in such a manner as to be readily understood and distinguished from all others. On hearing it every one on board repairs immediately to his station. When there, the crew is at general quarters. With the order "Cast loose and provide both" the guns are cast loose, for the service of the gun placed in their proper positions ready for use, small arms brought up from the armory, while the quarter gunner of each division provides waist-belts for cutlasses, bayonets, pistols and battle axes. The boarders provide themselves with cutlass, revolvers, pikemen have their muskets at hand ready to grasp, pumpmen their battle axes. If it is necessary to call away the boarders, the captain commands-"Boarders on the starboard bow! At the order "Pikemen over the boarders! At the command "Repel Boarders" the pikemen advance their pieces over the heads of the boarders and fire and though at an imaginary foe until the order comes to "Fall back pikemen! Stand by to board! The quarter gunner of the after division is provided with a rattle which he springs when the boarders are called; the sound of a gong calls away the pikemen as in the din of battle-the executive officer, though he has a speaking trumpet might not be distinctly heard. If a fire should break out, a quick ringing of the bell calls away the firemen and pumpmen, who repair to the pumps, and the locality of the fire indicated by rolls of the drum if the fire should be formed, by one roll, and if aft by two:

**Chapter 2 : Prepare to Repel Boarders - Jim Rizzuto**

*Tactics - Step 4 - Prepare to Repel Boarders. Once the decks had been cleared, the ship would grapple its opponent and a boarding party of heavily armed soldiers would be sent aboard.*

Nice Christmas party going on the working barge for all the guys that had the duty. The engineroom is a mess, the front of the boat is gutted. We slept on mattresses thrown in the ward room. No food, no water, nothing. Sure, why not was my answer. Santa, and his two very skimpily dressed helpers, show up at the after trunk. Santa wants to go from the back to the front, I guess. Trunk was open cause we had super shore power through a cut in machinery two As if the worst thing in the world could not possibly happen? Our brand new forward duty officer, Ensign you know who, steps into the engineroom at the same time as Helper 1. Santa and Helper 2 are still top side. Ensign begins to run around and scream and shout. Helper 1 looks at me, I shrug and say, time for Santa to go to the North Pole. She gets the message, scurries back up the ladder, tells Santa the problem and I guess the sleigh out of the yards must have been waiting on the wing wall, cause they got off the shipyard in record time. I heard later that they took the duty truck straight off the base. The real fun is still going on though. Ensign runs around trying to find a telephone that works, the one between the TGs in the ER was dead. So he tries to throw himself into the AMR 2, bounces off all the cables and hoses going through the hatch but does make it through into the AMR. Next thing we know the rent-a-cops were streaking around the shipyard security fence, in their pickups, red lights flashing, sirens going off. On Christmas Eve guess where all the important folks are? You got it, to heir "Shipyard Security Alert" stations of duty. So there were three other boats besides us in the yard and all the officers for each that was at the big wingding were now on their way to their boats. Guess what all the other boats do? They have to man their Repel Boarders Stations. The best part was the Base Marine Detachment. They are having their party also. In guess what, "Full Dress". After all, the "Boarders" are already on the Boone. Ever had an M16 locked and loaded on you on Christmas Eve, all because Santa visited? Christmas Day, No Turkey for this Turkey. Got to visit the Base Commander. He was not happy. They tried to write me up for allowing "unauthorized" visitors. No words about Santa and his helpers were in any of the paper work, I really can not imagine why. I avoided it by telling the Old Man that if he wrote me up I would have the right to respond in the paper work with my side of the story and of course my side would be sure to discuss Santa and the Reindeer. But it is true. I hope you find this funny, because now to me it is one of the funniest things that happened to me in the Navy. If anyone can identify the author, please let me know - Ed.

Chapter 3 : Dutch Courage & Other Stories/To Repel Boarders - Wikisource, the free online library

*"Beat the crew to quarters and stand by to repel boarders!" We both laughed, and were still laughing when a wild scream of rage came out of the darkness, and the approaching boat shot under our stern.*

So it was last week with an epic engagement a mile or two offshore of Kailua-Kona. Randy Parker was steering the classic vessel Huntress home, about to surrender after a day with little action. Built in , the sleek, quick boat has a venerable provenance dating back to its early years as the Black Bart. It looks sharp and new despite its 37 years of service; decades of lovingly applied paint hide most of its hard-earned scars. You challenge such waters at your own peril, regardless of your skill and equipment. The fish vanished, then reappeared as a bronze shape further back in the wake where the stinger line trailed. As the reel carrying the lure started chattering steadily, Parker quizzed his crew, Capt. Boyd De Coito about the hooks with which he had armed the lure. De Coito flashed a resigned smile. But that was just what they saw when the ocean blew up from the explosion of a 1,pound billfish. De Coito transferred the rod to the chair where angler Jeff Russell was waiting. They were hoping just to hook something to tell the Everettes about when they visit them in Florida next week. Instead, Russell found himself battling the biggest fish caught off Kona since January, , more than two years back. And this fish wanted to fight. When it hit and began peeling line, Parker chased it stern first at full reverse. He maneuvered back through the lines while De Coito reeled the remaining lines back in, clearing them from where they trailed off the bow. It was tired of running and wanted to see how the Huntress liked being chased. Parker rammed the throttles forward and the Huntress dug in for a second as the diesels blew a cloud of black smoke like an octopus surrounding itself in clouds of ink to fool an attacker. The inadvertent actions of the fish combined with the intentional tactics of the captain, crew and angler to bring the fish within gaffing range in just under half an hour. Knowing that the slim-shanked hooks might not survive a long fight, Parker hollered to De Coito from the bridge, telling him to grab the leader, then ran down the ladder to run the boat from the deck controls. Indeed, the hooks did not survive the strong pull of leadering. De Coito felt the leader go slack, then turned to grab a gaff. Still at the helm, Parker pulled the throttles back and reversed the boat to close the gap. The maneuver brought the boat close enough for Parker to reach it with the gaff and his arms full extended. De Coito set a second gaff and the battle was over. Another victory at sea. Randy Parker is only the second Kona skipper to boat two granders in a twelve-month period. He caught his first grander on July 12, , just nine months ago. Bart Miller caught granders in September, , and May, , just eight months apart. Both remarkable milestones happened on the same boat. The bend of the hook was looped over its bill. If at any time the fish turned toward the boat with the line straight and tight, the hooks would have simply slid off. When the fish raced toward the boat, the line formed a loop behind it. The water resistance on the loop held the hook in place. The riotously colored lure-dressing is easy to spot as it gaily bobs along in the wake where it makes a very inviting target for fish of all kinds. Every once in a while he sneaks it out there. He was definitely right this time. Maybe even forever, but I still have to finish my taxes so you look up the last time it happened. That was April 1, , just about 12 years ago. With April, , only half over, it has already recorded two granders and a half dozen other fish certain to make the top 25 for the year. The thinner spears penetrate more easily with less pull. Sometimes, however, the fish get it all mixed up. From then on, the guys got to watch whales as the reels sat silent. Until just about quitting time. We gotta beat that. The gals came back to the dock from shopping in time to watch the guys weigh a whale of a fish.

**Chapter 4 : Mark's Veg Plot: Stand by to repel boarders!**

*To Repel Boarders by Jack London "No; honest, now, Bob, I'm sure I was born too late. The twentieth century's no place for me. If I'd had my way" "You'd have been born in the sixteenth," I broke in, laughing, "with Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh and the rest of the sea-kings."*

He rolled over upon his back on the little after-deck, with a long sigh of dissatisfaction. Paul Fairfax and I went to the same school, lived next door to each other, and "chummed it" together. By saving money, by earning more, and by each of us foregoing a bicycle on his birthday, we had collected the purchase-price of the "Mist," a beamy twenty-eight footer, sloop-rigged, with baby topsail and centerboard. In fact, it was on his schooner the "Whim" that Paul and I had picked up what we knew about boat-sailing, and now that the Mist was ours, we were hard at work adding to our knowledge. The Mist, being broad of beam, was comfortable and roomy. A man could stand upright in the cabin, and what with the stove, cooking-utensils, and bunks, we were good for trips in her of a week at a time. And we were just starting out on the first of such trips, and it was because it was the first trip that we were sailing by night. Early in the evening we had beaten out from Oakland, and we were now off the mouth of Alameda Creek, a large salt-water estuary which fills and empties San Leandro Bay. We go to the circusâ€œ" "Butâ€œ" I strove to interrupt, though he would not listen to me. We knew where we were all the time. It was only a case of walk. But Paul went on as though I had not spoken: You see, Paul was a peculiar fellow in some things, and I knew him pretty well. For all we know, it might turn out splendidly. Think you could rise to it? I began to chuckle. Besides, this was the nearest we ever came to quarreling now, though our share of squabbles had fallen to us in the earlier days of our friendship. I had just seen a little white light ahead when Paul spoke again. Suddenly the Mist slacked up in a slow and easy way, as though running upon soft mud. We were both startled. The wind was blowing stronger than ever, and yet we were almost at a standstill. Never heard of such a thing! And straight down it went till the water wet his hand. There was no bottom! Then we were dumbfounded. There seemed something dead about her, and it was all I could do at the tiller to keep her from swinging up into the wind. We could hear the sound of rowlocks, and saw the little white light bobbing up and down and now very close to us. By the light of the lantern it carried we could see the two men in it distinctly. Bright-colored woolen sashes were around their waists, and long sea-boots covered their legs. I remember yet the cold chill which passed along my backbone as I noted the tiny gold ear-rings in the ears of one. For all the world they were like pirates stepped out of the pages of romance. And, to make the picture complete, their faces were distorted with anger, and each flourished a long knife. They were both shouting, in high-pitched voices, some foreign jargon we could not understand. One of them, the smaller of the two, and if anything the more vicious-looking, put his hands on the rail of the Mist and started to come aboard. He fell in a heap, but scrambled to his feet, waving the knife and shrieking: You break-a my net-a! You-a see, I fix-a you! I put my back against the tiller, and no sooner had he landed, and before he had caught his balance, than I met him with another oar, and he fell heavily backward into the boat. It was getting serious, and when he arose and caught my oar, and I realized his strength, I confess that I felt a goodly tinge of fear. But though he was stronger than I, instead of dragging me overboard when he wrenched on the oar, he merely pulled his boat in closer; and when I shoved, the boat was forced away. Besides, the knife, still in his right hand, made him awkward and somewhat counterbalanced the advantage his superior strength gave him. Paul and his enemy were in the same situationâ€œ" a sort of deadlock, which continued for several seconds, but which could not last. Several times I shouted that we would pay for whatever damage their net had suffered, but my words seemed to be without effect. Then my man began to tuck the oar under his arm, and to come up along it, slowly, hand over hand. The small man did the same with Paul. Moment by moment they came closer and closer, and we knew that the end was only a question of time. Hard up your helm, Bob! Still holding to my end of the oar, I shoved the tiller over with my back, and even bent my body to keep it over. I could tell by the "feel" when the wind spilled out of the canvas and the boom tilted up. The next instant the big boom and the heavy blocks swept over our heads, the main-sheet whipping past like a great coiling snake and the Mist heeling over with a violent jar. Both men had jumped for it, but in

some way the little man either got his knife-hand jammed or fell upon it, for the first sight we caught of him, he was standing in his boat, his bleeding fingers clasped close between his knees and his face all twisted with pain and helpless rage. Then it was up and in, Paul at the main-sheet and I at the tiller, the Mist plunging ahead with freedom in her motion, and the little white light astern growing small and smaller. If you have any questions, comments, suggestions, or constructive criticism, please send e-mail to Carl Bell. Back to the Jack London index.

**Chapter 5 : Project MUSE - Jack London as a Children's Writer**

*Comment by Cheilynn carbonite reports this area incorrectly for the end of this quest, which is actually , , where the gryphon drops you off near the captain. but if you're like me and often accept quests without reading them first and go to the spot highlighted by carbonite later on, it's nowhere near where you need to be. go back to admiral aubrey in northwatch hold and take the gryphon!*

He rolled over upon his back on the little after-deck, with a long sigh of dissatisfaction. Paul Fairfax and I went to the same school, lived next door to each other, and "chummed it" together. By saving money, by earning more, and by each of us foregoing a bicycle on his birthday, we had collected the purchase-price of the Mist, a beamy twenty-eight-footer, sloop-rigged, with baby topsail and centerboard. In fact, it was on his schooner, the Whim, that Paul and I had picked up what we knew about boat-sailing, and now that the Mist was ours, we were hard at work adding to our knowledge. The Mist, being broad of beam, was comfortable and roomy. A man could stand upright in the cabin, and what with the stove, cooking-utensils, and bunks, we were good for trips in her of a week at a time. And we were just starting out on the first of such trips, and it was because it was the first trip that we were sailing by night. Early in the evening we had beaten out from Oakland, and we were now off the mouth of Alameda Creek, a large salt-water estuary which fills and empties San Leandro Bay. We go to the circus" "But" I strove to interrupt, though he would not listen to me. We knew where we were all the time. It was only a case of walk. But Paul went on as though I had not spoken: You see, Paul was a peculiar fellow in some things, and I knew him pretty well. For all we know, it might turn out splendidly. Think you could rise to it? I began to chuckle. Besides, this was the nearest we ever came to quarreling now, though our share of squabbles had fallen to us in the earlier days of our friendship. I had just seen a little white light ahead when Paul spoke again. Suddenly the Mist slacked up in a slow and easy way, as though running upon soft mud. We were both startled. The wind was blowing stronger than ever, and yet we were almost at a standstill. Never heard of such a thing! And straight down it went till the water wet his hand. There was no bottom! Then we were dumbfounded. There seemed something dead about her, and it was all I could do at the tiller to keep her from swinging up into the wind. We could hear the sound of rowlocks, and saw the little white light bobbing up and down and now very close to us. By the light of the lantern it carried we could see the two men in it distinctly. Bright-colored woolen sashes were around their waists, and long sea-boots covered their legs. I remember yet the cold chill which passed along my backbone as I noted the tiny gold ear-rings in the ears of one. For all the world they were like pirates stepped out of the pages of romance. And, to make the picture complete, their faces were distorted with anger, and each flourished a long knife. They were both shouting, in high-pitched voices, some foreign jargon we could not understand. One of them, the smaller of the two, and if anything the more vicious-looking, put his hands on the rail of the Mist and started to come aboard. He fell in a heap, but scrambled to his feet, waving the knife and shrieking: You break-a my net-a! You-a see, I fix-a you! I put my back against the tiller, and no sooner had he landed, and before he had caught his balance, than I met him with another oar, and he fell heavily backward into the boat. It was getting serious, and when he arose and caught my oar, and I realized his strength, I confess that I felt a goodly tinge of fear. But though he was stronger than I, instead of dragging me overboard when he wrenched on the oar, he merely pulled his boat in closer; and when I shoved, the boat was forced away. Besides, the knife, still in his right hand, made him awkward and somewhat counterbalanced the advantage his superior strength gave him. Paul and his enemy were in the same situation--a sort of deadlock, which continued for several seconds, but which could not last. Several times I shouted that we would pay for whatever damage their net had suffered, but my words seemed to be without effect. Then my man began to tuck the oar under his arm, and to come up along it, slowly, hand over hand. The small man did the same with Paul. Moment by moment they came closer, and closer, and we knew that the end was only a question of time. Hard up your helm, Bob! Still holding to my end of the oar, I shoved the tiller over with my back, and even bent my body to keep it over. As it was the Mist was nearly dead before the wind, and this maneuver was bound to force her to jibe her mainsail from one side to the other. I could tell by the "feel" when the wind spilled out of the canvas

and the boom tilted up. The next instant the big boom and the heavy blocks swept over our heads, the main-sheet whipping past like a great coiling snake and the Mist heeling over with a violent jar. Both men had jumped for it, but in some way the little man either got his knife-hand jammed or fell upon it, for the first sight we caught of him, he was standing in his boat, his bleeding fingers clasped close between his knees and his face all twisted with pain and helpless rage. Get started by clicking the "Add" button. Add To Repel Boarders to your own personal library.

Chapter 6 : Prepare to Repel Boarders! Marine ship defense tactic help | SFF Chronicles forums

*Repel Boarders. 27 likes. Repel Boarders is a co-op family friendly game for players. Take control of the crew to fight off blood thirsty space pirates.*

This is what it takes to get it all back on track. Inevitably, we return to find it under mass attack from weeds and wildlife. This time, as always, our admirable housesitter Diana did an excellent job looking after the property, the cats, chickens, horses, sheep and alpacas; but it was not within her remit to cut the grass, weed the vegetable garden or repel moles, rats and badgers. The moment we got back at twilight one evening, we could see that in our absence immense amounts of rain had fallen, for everything was sodden, drooping and in a state of decay. The grass on the lawns was so long that they looked like ragged patches of silage. Morning revealed that our vegetables had all but disappeared in a jungle of thistles, groundsel, fat hen and other opportunistic invaders. Blackberries and tayberries had long gone over, mushrooms ditto. Most of our apples â€” a poor crop, anyway â€” had blown down, as had the pears, and the wretched quince tree had only one scabby fruit left on it. In general, I got the feeling that everything had run out of control. I already knew the garden had been infiltrated by moles, for a telephone message had warned me; but I had not anticipated how severe the damage would be. The result was a battlefield of craters as well as heaps, and a scatter of small pebbles enough to disable any mower. Further damage had been inflicted by the roots of the balsam poplar that we had felled in the winter. No matter that in January we had spent a fortune having the stump of the tree ground out, and exhausted ourselves digging up every root we could trace: We also had a rat problem. Before we went on holiday I should have sprung the various traps that I keep on the go, but I had accidentally left one set in a tunnel, and this â€” Diana told me â€” had caught something. The corpse was, or had been, that of a senior rat; but by the time I tackled it, there was nothing left except a skull, some slimy skin, a tail and a mass of maggots. To find even these choice remains was mildly surprising, for rats are keen cannibals, and normally eat any member of the tribe that happens to fall by the wayside. Yet perhaps the greatest outrage has been the behaviour of the badgers, who have established an extensive communal latrine along one of the grass paths in the orchard. There, inside our sheep fence, they have dug a series of small pits and filled them with unattractive deposits which vary from grey to black or even purple, if the animals are still scrounging elderberries. Badgers are often praised for their clean living â€” and certainly their habit of bombing their droppings into scrapes, specially dug some distance from home, keeps their setts pristine. Even so, I would rather they had not chosen to use my garden as a defecation centre. I am reminded of the time a German friend and I spent a few days in a rented cottage in Co Wexford. Every evening, when we returned to base, we found that sheep had come and plastered the concrete approach with droppings. It seemed that the sheep foregathered on the concrete apron only to relieve themselves, and now the badgers are doing the same. No doubt they are also after windfall apples â€” but could they not conduct their other business elsewhere? To shift them, we have sprayed the ground with Reynardine, the evil-smelling compound designed to ward off foxes. Altogether, I have a feeling of returning to a siege. And yet some things are positive. The chickens have NOT been killed by foxes. The horses have NOT escaped or broken into the feed-shed. Many of the vegetables, though swamped by weeds, have survived: The odd mulberry, by now black and penetratingly sweet, still clings to the upper branches of the tree. In the hedges, the crop of hazel nuts is so immense that the squirrels have been defeated by its sheer abundance. For weeks they have been shelling nuts as fast as their jaws will let them, and by now their dreys must be packed with winter stores. Yet still the ground is littered with intact ripe nuts, which, when shelled, salted and lightly roasted, are as big a treat for humans as for rodents. In garden and orchard the task of regaining control seems Herculean. Yet I know that, if only the rain holds off, we shall manage it:

**Chapter 7 : repel boarders! | WordReference Forums**

*From April 15, Published in the Kona Fishing Chronicles PREPARE TO REPEL BOARDERS. WHALES, FISHERMEN AND TESTOSTERONE. In the long history of legendary sea battles, victory has often turned on the skillful maneuvers of captain and crew.*

He rolled over upon his back on the little after-deck, with a long sigh of dissatisfaction. Paul Fairfax and I went to the same school, lived next door to each other, and "chummed it" together. By saving money, by earning more, and by each of us foregoing a bicycle on his birthday, we had collected the purchase-price of the Mist, a beamy twenty-eight-footer, sloop-rigged, with baby topsail and centerboard. In fact, it was on his schooner, the Whim, that Paul and I had picked up what we knew about boat-sailing, and now that the Mist was ours, we were hard at work adding to our knowledge. The Mist, being broad of beam, was comfortable and roomy. A man could stand upright in the cabin, and what with the stove, cooking-utensils, and bunks, we were good for trips in her of a week at a time. And we were just starting out on the first of such trips, and it was because it was the first trip that we were sailing by night. Early in the evening we had beaten out from Oakland, and we were now off the mouth of Alameda Creek, a large salt-water estuary which fills and empties San Leandro Bay. We go to the circus" "But" I strove to interrupt, though he would not listen to me. We knew where we were all the time. It was only a case of walk. But Paul went on as though I had not spoken: You see, Paul was a peculiar fellow in some things, and I knew him pretty well. For all we know, it might turn out splendidly. Think you could rise to it? I began to chuckle. Besides, this was the nearest we ever came to quarreling now, though our share of squabbles had fallen to us in the earlier days of our friendship. I had just seen a little white light ahead when Paul spoke again. Suddenly the Mist slacked up in a slow and easy way, as though running upon soft mud. We were both startled. The wind was blowing stronger than ever, and yet we were almost at a standstill. Never heard of such a thing! And straight down it went till the water wet his hand. There was no bottom! Then we were dumbfounded. There seemed something dead about her, and it was all I could do at the tiller to keep her from swinging up into the wind. We could hear the sound of rowlocks, and saw the little white light bobbing up and down and now very close to us. By the light of the lantern it carried we could see the two men in it distinctly. Bright-colored woolen sashes were around their waists, and long sea-boots covered their legs. I remember yet the cold chill which passed along my backbone as I noted the tiny gold ear-rings in the ears of one. For all the world they were like pirates stepped out of the pages of romance. And, to make the picture complete, their faces were distorted with anger, and each flourished a long knife. They were both shouting, in high-pitched voices, some foreign jargon we could not understand. One of them, the smaller of the two, and if anything the more vicious-looking, put his hands on the rail of the Mist and started to come aboard. He fell in a heap, but scrambled to his feet, waving the knife and shrieking: You break-a my net-a! You-a see, I fix-a you! I put my back against the tiller, and no sooner had he landed, and before he had caught his balance, than I met him with another oar, and he fell heavily backward into the boat. It was getting serious, and when he arose and caught my oar, and I realized his strength, I confess that I felt a goodly tinge of fear. But though he was stronger than I, instead of dragging me overboard when he wrenched on the oar, he merely pulled his boat in closer; and when I shoved, the boat was forced away. Besides, the knife, still in his right hand, made him awkward and somewhat counterbalanced the advantage his superior strength gave him. Paul and his enemy were in the same situation--a sort of deadlock, which continued for several seconds, but which could not last. Several times I shouted that we would pay for whatever damage their net had suffered, but my words seemed to be without effect. Then my man began to tuck the oar under his arm, and to come up along it, slowly, hand over hand. The small man did the same with Paul. Moment by moment they came closer, and closer, and we knew that the end was only a question of time. Hard up your helm, Bob! Still holding to my end of the oar, I shoved the tiller over with my back, and even bent my body to keep it over. As it was the Mist was nearly dead before the wind, and this maneuver was bound to force her to jibe her mainsail from one side to the other. I could tell by the "feel" when the wind spilled out of the canvas and the boom tilted up. The next instant the big boom and the heavy blocks swept over our heads, the

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### Chapter 8 : Mission: Training Cruise - Official Star Trek Online Wiki

*Skipper saw it and 1MC'ed GMC to the flight deck and "prepare to repel boarders." Story goes GMC showed up with a shotgun and the treehuggers quickly scurried away. I never fully trust a sea story but I figured you could decide for yourself.*

### Chapter 9 : To Repel Boarders by Jack London - Internet Accuracy Project

*In the Enigma Code Machine adventure movie "U" [Apologies to the Brits who did this for real] Matthew McConaughey and Navy Seals trick the German U-Boat into accepting a delivery at sea.*