



January 21st. Weatherby



**BLAM**



GOOD SHOT

I'LL KEEP THEM AT BAY. HOW'S PICKERING?

HE IS ALIVE, AND NO BONES ARE BROKEN.



WE HAVE WASTED TOO MUCH TIME. IT'S ALMOST DAWN.

IF I CANNOT BURN OR SHOOT THEM OUT I WILL TRY SOMETHING ELSE...

SEIZE THE FARMER, AND FETCH ME HIS FAMILY...



LISTEN TO ME!  
SURRENDER...



NO!

...OR THE  
WOMAN DIES!



OKAY! DON'T  
SHOOT THEM WE  
WILL COME  
OUT...



WE ARE  
UNARMED WE  
LEFT OUR  
WEAPONS IN THE  
BARN.. LET THE  
FARMER AND HIS  
WIFE GO.





ATTACK THEM!



ESCAPE,  
THERE ARE TOO  
MANY

RUN!



ARRRRGGHHH



DON'T RUN!  
COME BAA...



...UNNGH



Later.

HOW IS YOUR WOUND PICKERING? IT WILL BE A HARD DAYS MARCH IF WE ARE TO REACH LEEDS BY NIGHTFALL

I FEEL A GOOD DEAL BETTER FOR HAVING THAT BREAKFAST IN MY STOMACH!

AND MY WOUND IS COMFORTABLE. WHO DO YOU THINK THEY WERE? NO LOCAL GARRISON THAT'S FOR SURE!

AYE, MERCENARIES I'LL WAGER!

YES, NO DOUBT. A LUCKY ESCAPE FOR US.

WHAT TROUBLES ME IS WHO HIRED THEM?

INDEED, AND THE OTHER THING THAT BOTHERS ME IS HOW DID THE CITY GUARD IN YORK KNOW TO LOOK FOR US AT THE FLEECE...

THE SOONER WE GET TO LEEDS AND FIND THIS WHITSTONE THE BETTER! THERE IS SOMETHING, QUITE AMISS ABOUT THIS BUSINESS.

ELLEN HAS ARRANGED FOR A FRIEND TO MEET US OUT SIDE OF LEEDS, A TOM LAWSON, HE WILL GET US IN PAST THE GUARD.



WE WILL STOP HERE, AND WAIT FOR ELLEN'S CONTACT.



THAT'S GOOD, THIS WOUND IS BEGINNING TO WEIGH HEAVY ON ME... PERHAPS WHILE WE STOP, YOU CAN TELL US MORE OF SWEET ELLEN.



AYE SEEMS TO ME SHE IS MORE THAN JUST AN INN KEEPER...



AYE, THAT SHE IS. I HAVE KNOWN ELLEN MANY YEARS, SINCE WE WERE BOTH YOUNG. HER FATHER WAS ONCE A GREAT SPYMASTER FOR OLD KING JAMES. I FOUGHT ALONG SIDE HIM OFTEN IN THE WARS IN EUROPE.

WHEN HE DIED ELLEN AND HER MOTHER KEPT MANY OF HIS AGENTS AND INFORMANTS, AND SHE HAS SINCE MADE A FEW OF HER OWN. WE WERE VERY CLOSE, ON A PROMISE OF MARRIAGE. BUT WAR, DEATH, AND MANY TROUBLES HAVE KEPT ME FROM THAT OATH.

PERHAPS IF THESE TROUBLES END THEN I CAN SETTLE DOWN.



INDEED, THAT WOULD BE GRAND. HOW I'D LOVE TO BE BACK IN MY LITTLE MAGGIE'S ARMS.



SHHH... I THINK I HEARD SOME...



YOU ARE MATTHEW ROOK I PRESUME?



WHO IS ASKING?



TOMASIN LAWSON, THOUGH FRIENDS CALL ME TOM. MISS ELLEN REQUESTED I MEET YOU...



I'M PICKERING, HE'S DRAKE, AND AS YOU GUESSED THAT'S SARGENT ROOK. IF YOU CAN GET A POOR WOUNDED SOLDIER AND HIS MATES INTO LEEDS UNSEEN I'M MOST PLEASD TO MEET YOU.



Leeds

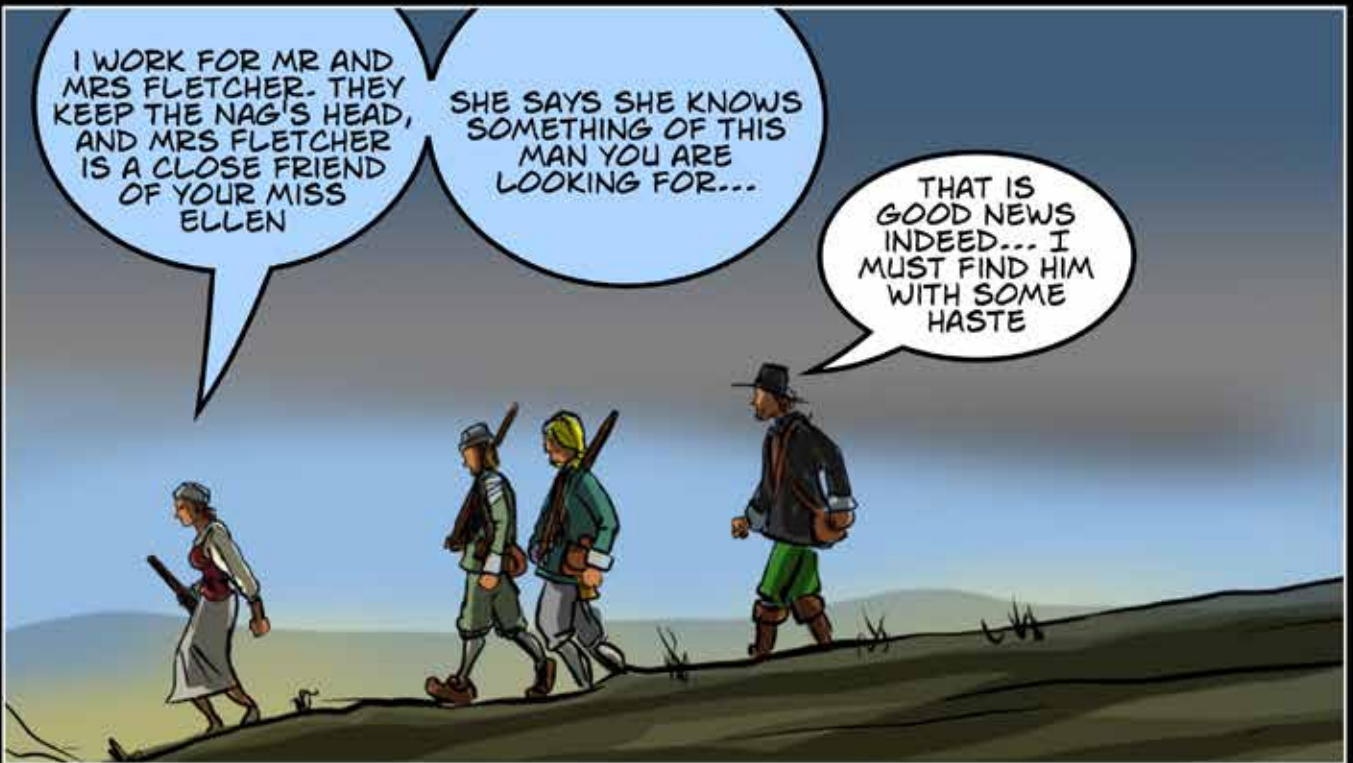




WHY! FOR A BRAVE WOUNDED HERO SUCH AS YOURSELF MR PICKERING I'M SURE I CAN FIND A WAY IN---



SEEMS YOU HAVE A NEW FRIEND PICKERING. COME ON THEN LEAD THE WAY MISS LAWSON,



I WORK FOR MR AND MRS FLETCHER. THEY KEEP THE NAG'S HEAD, AND MRS FLETCHER IS A CLOSE FRIEND OF YOUR MISS ELLEN

SHE SAYS SHE KNOWS SOMETHING OF THIS MAN YOU ARE LOOKING FOR---

THAT IS GOOD NEWS INDEED--- I MUST FIND HIM WITH SOME HASTE



HMMM, I DON'T CARE FOR THAT SKY--- LOOKS LIKE SNOW.



A farm on the road from  
Weatherby to a Leeds

WHO ARE YOU,  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT?

I AM  
CAPTAIN  
FAULKNER, OF  
YORK. I  
UNDERSTAND YOU  
HAD THREE  
REBELS STAYING  
HERE LAST  
NIGHT...

AYE, AND THEY HAVE  
GONE ON THEIR WAY.

IF YOU ARE HERE TO  
MAKE TROUBLE, THEN I  
SUGGEST YOU BE ON  
YOUR WAY. OR YOU  
WILL END UP IN THE  
GROUND LIKE YOUR  
OTHER MEN WHO  
CAME HUNTING  
THEM...



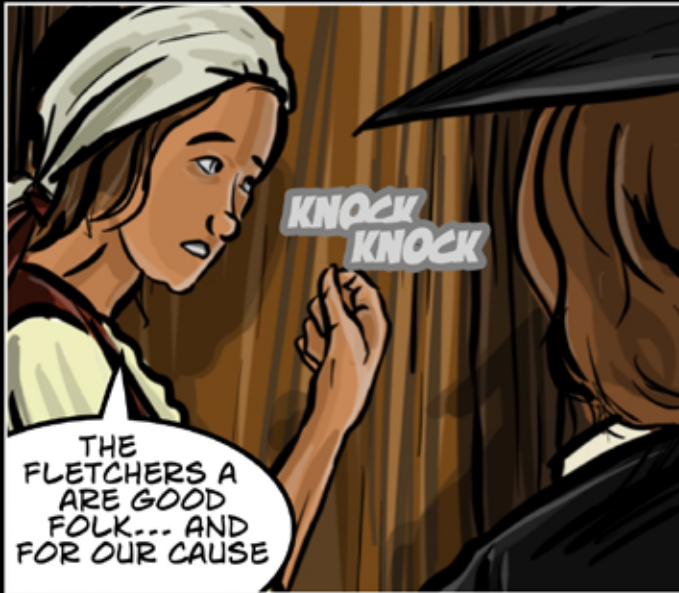
OTHER  
MEN? I  
HAVE NOT  
SENT ANY  
MEN THIS  
FAR?



WELL,  
WHOEVER  
THEY WERE,  
THEY'LL  
TROUBLE NO  
ONE ELSE!



VERY  
WELL.  
STRANGE DAYS  
INDEED...  
COME ON MEN,  
MAKE HASTE  
TO LEEDS



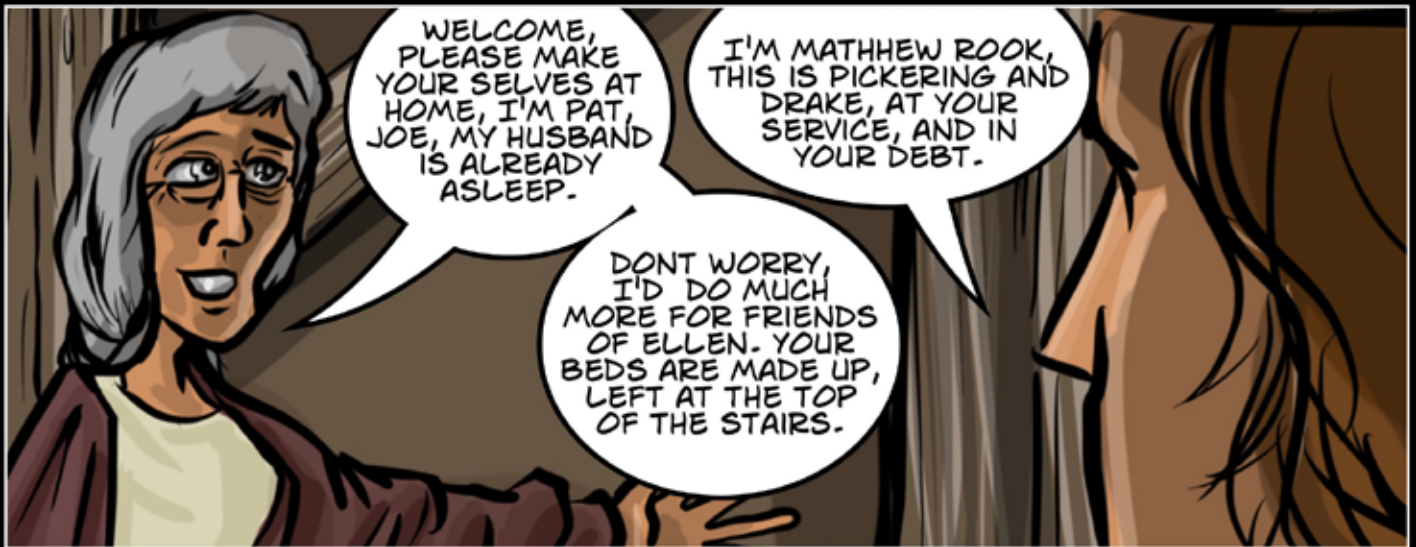
THE FLETCHERS ARE GOOD FOLK... AND FOR OUR CAUSE

**KNOCK  
KNOCK**



TOM! GLAD YOU ARE BACK, AND THESE ARE OUT GUEST I ASSUME...

YES, WE BEST GET IN QUICKLY... THE GUARD IS ABOUT.



WELCOME, PLEASE MAKE YOUR SELVES AT HOME, I'M PAT, JOE, MY HUSBAND IS ALREADY ASLEEP.

I'M MATHHEW ROOK, THIS IS PICKERING AND DRAKE, AT YOUR SERVICE, AND IN YOUR DEBT.

DONT WORRY, I'D DO MUCH MORE FOR FRIENDS OF ELLEN. YOUR BEDS ARE MADE UP, LEFT AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.



TOM, HAVE YOU A MOMENT BEFORE YOU HEAD HOME?

YES, MA'AM.



I AM WORRIED, IS THERE ANY WORD OF FAIRFAX



THERE IS MUCH TALK, THEY SAY BRADFORD IS SECURE AND HE IS MUSTERING TO MARCH HERE...

BUT THERE IS ALSO MUCH TALK OF NEWCASTLE, THEY SAY HE HAS HIS EYES SETON LEEDS TOO.