

# Olde England Grown New

Book Three





...BURN THE BARN TO THE GROUND!

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!



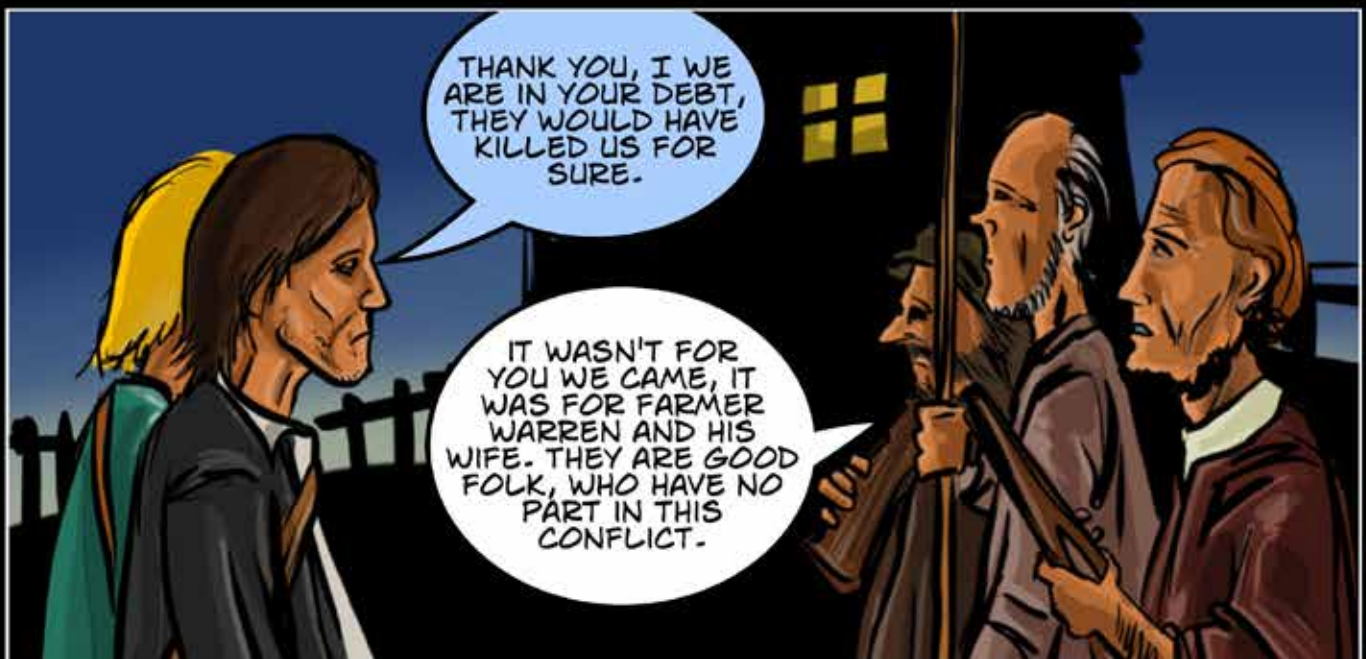
ARRRRGGHHH



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 WHITESTONE 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?



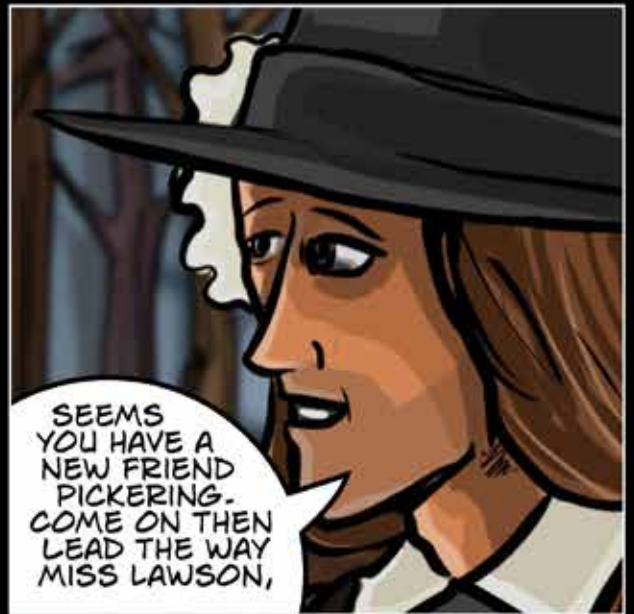
TOMASIN LAWSON, THOUGH FRIENDS CALL ME TOM. MISS ELLEN REQUESTED I MEET YOU...



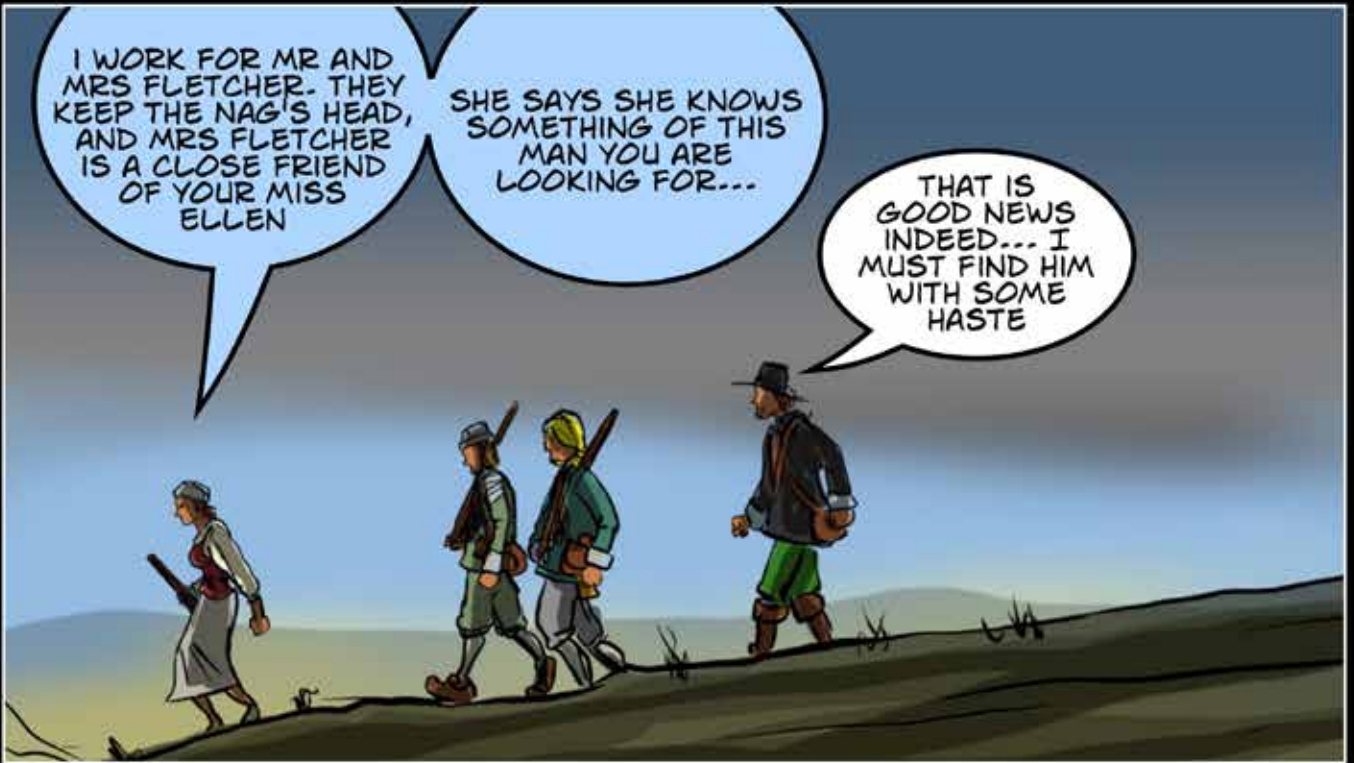
I'M PICKERING, HE'S DRAKE, AND AS YOU GUESSED THAT'S SARGENT ROOK. IF YOU CAN GET A POOR WOUNDED SOLDIER AND HIS MATES INTO LEEDS UNSEEN I'M MOST PLEASD TO MEET YOU.



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

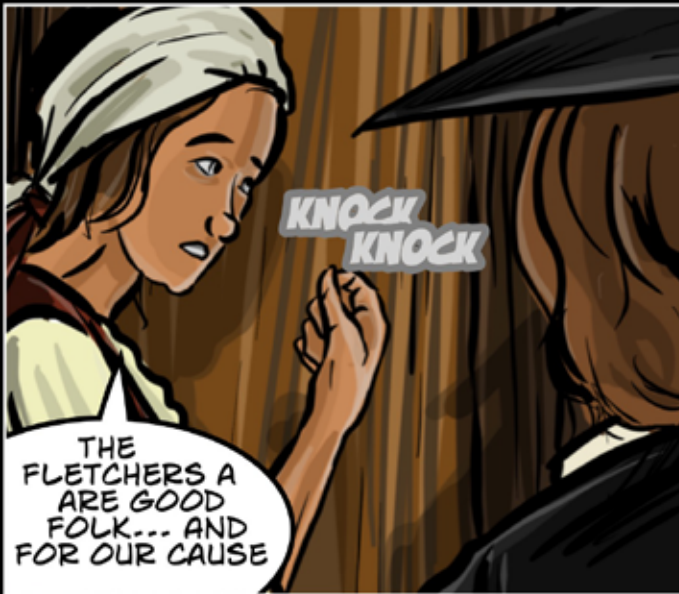


HMMM, I DON'T CARE FOR THAT SKY--- LOOKS LIKE SNOW.

Leeds





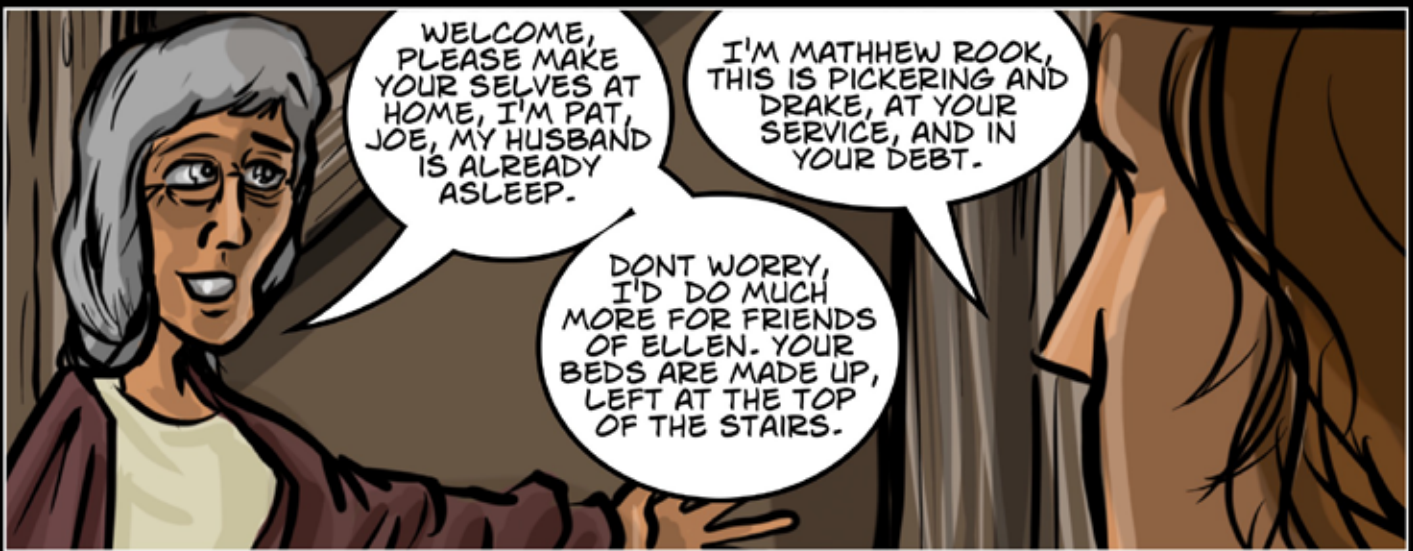


THE FLETCHERS ARE GOOD FOLK... AND FOR OUR CAUSE



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.

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

Leeds, the next morning.



MORNING SIR!



MORNING PICKERING, HOW'S THAT ARM?

STILL PAINFUL,, BUT A DEAL BETTER FOR SLEEP IN A DECENT BED AND GOOD FOOD!



MORNING MR ROOK, WELCOME, PLEASE PULL UP A SEAT AND HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT.



AYE, YOU BEST TUCK IN QUICK BEFORE MR PICKERING EATS THE LOT.

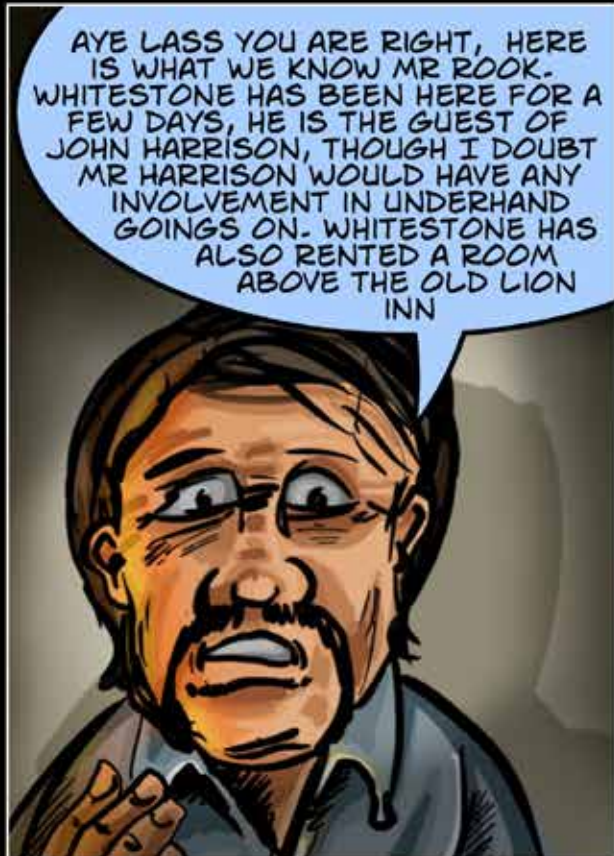


IS DRAKE STILL IN BED?

YES, STILL ENJOYING HIS BEAUTY SLEEP



AYE WELL, LET HIM SLEEP WHILE HE CAN. JOE, BRING MR ROOK UP TO DATE WITH WHAT WE KNOW



AYE LASS YOU ARE RIGHT, HERE IS WHAT WE KNOW MR ROOK. WHITESTONE HAS BEEN HERE FOR A FEW DAYS, HE IS THE GUEST OF JOHN HARRISON, THOUGH I DOUBT MR HARRISON WOULD HAVE ANY INVOLVEMENT IN UNDERHAND GOINGS ON. WHITESTONE HAS ALSO RENTED A ROOM ABOVE THE OLD LION INN

FROM THERE HE HAS SENT AND RECEIVED SEVERAL LETTERS



WHEN WE RECEIVED WORD FROM ELLEN YOU WERE TRACKING HIM WE MADE EFFORTS TO INTERCEPT HIS NEXT LETTER...

HE SENDS HIS LETTERS VIA MESSENGERS...



... ONE OF WHICH TOM INTERCEPTED AND PERSUADED HIM HE WAS THIRSTY...



A FEW ALES LATER HE WAS SLEEPING LIKE A BABY...

WE WERE ABLE TO OPEN THE LETTER WHILE HE SLEPT...



...AND THEN RETURN IT TO HIM, SO HE LEFT YESTERDAY EVENING NONE THE WISER...





...THE LETTER READ...

Lord M  
Preparations are going well here. I will meet with the agent tomorrow to make final plans.

It is vital that we have the boy ready, when it happens and the target is dead, having the boy will be essential. I trust your man is up to it

Godspeed - W



IT READS LIKE THEY ARE GOING TO KILL SOMEONE.

THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE HE WILL MEET WITH THE 'AGENT' IN THE RED LION. I SUGGEST WE SET UP A WATCH ON IT...



YES, GOOD IDEA. ME AND DRAKE WILL WATCH THE RED LION, AND IF YOU CAN SPARE HER, MISS TOM WOULD BE A GOOD LOOK OUT, NO FEAR, SHE WOULD BE KEPT AWAY FROM DANGER.



SHE WON'T LIKE THAT!

BEING LOOK OUT?

NO, BEING KEPT AWAY FROM THE DANGER!



AND WHAT WILL MY ROLE BE IN THIS?



SORRY PICKERING, YOU SIT THIS OUT. YOU STAY HERE AND LET YOUR ARM HEAL!

AWW.. MR ROOK, PLEASE NO!

Outside the City.

STOP THERE, WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS IN LEEDS?

I AM CAPTAIN FAULKNER, FROM YORK, HERE ON THE KINGS BUSINESS...

AND WHAT BUSINESS IS THAT SIR.

I AM HUNTING THREE DANGEROUS SPIES, NOW LET ME PASS MAN!

VERY WELL SIRE, NO NEED TO GET RATTLED. PASS THIS WAY,

THOUGH NO ONE OF THAT SORT HAS PASSED IN THE CITY ON MY WATCH.

The Lion Inn, that evening



I HOPE THIS ISN'T A WASTE OF TIME.



AYE ME TOO, WE HAVEN'T TIME TO WASTE.



DON'T FEAR SIR, THAT WHITESTONE FELLOW HAS BEEN UP IN THAT ROOM FOR HOURS NOW, HE'S WAITING FOR SOMEONE, MARK MY WORDS.

I HOPE YOU ARE RIGHT.



THIS WHOLE BUSINESS FEELS BAD. WE NEED TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT

WE ARE RELYING ON YOU LASS, KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR A...



...STRANGER.



THAT COULD  
BE HIM...



DRAKE,  
WITH ME, TOM,  
STAY HERE, BE  
READY TO GO FOR  
HELP IF WE NEED  
IT...



SENOR  
WHITESTONE?

YES, YOU  
ARE MR  
ESCARRA. I  
PRESUME..



DO COME IN  
AND TAKE A  
SEAT



THANK YOU  
SENOR. WE  
HAVE MUCH TO  
DISCUSS. AND  
TIME IS PRESSING,  
THIS FAIRFAX IS  
SAID TO MARCH  
TONIGHT





DONT WORRY, IT IS ALL IN PLACE.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL THAT THE BOY IS IN OUR HANDS WHEN HE DIES... THIS ALL HINGES ON US HAVING CONTROL OF THE HEIR

**THINK!**



DRAKE? IS THAT YOU.



RAISE YOUR HANDS... WHO EVER YOU ARE, YOU ARE IN BIG TROUBLE...

BILL, TAKE HIS GUN AND SWORD.



AND DON'T THINK YOUR FRIEND WILL HELP YOU... HE'S HAVING A SLEEP!



SIR. I CAUGHT THIS FELLOW AND HIS FRIEND LURKING BY YOUR ROOM, LISTENING...

BRING HIM IN.



SO, MR ROOK ISN'T IT? FINALLY WE MEET. YOU HAVE CAUSED ME SOME BOTHER. LOST ME SOME GOOD MEN IN WEATHERBY

WHAT ARE YOU SNEAKING ABOUT HERE FOR?



I WOULD SEEK TO KNOW WHAT FOUL MURDERINGS YOU ARE PLANNING.

WHO IS IT YOU DESIRE TO KILL?



NOW, NOW MR ROOK, YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO ASK QUESTIONS!

I HOWEVER, AM IN A POSITION TO QUESTION YOU, AND EXTRACT THE ANSWERS

COME NOW MR ROOK... YOU WILL TELL ME SOONER OR LATER...

**TH-WUMP**

...WHO ELSE KNOWS OF MY MEETING HERE?

**KNOCK KNOCK**

IT'S ME, THE MAID. I HAVE SOME DRINKS YOU SIRRS.

SEND HER AWAY BILL...

... I DIDN'T SEND FOR DRINKS.

YES BOSS

**BLAM!**











THERE IS NO  
ESCAPE...

TELL  
ME, WHO IS  
THE TARGET  
OF YOUR  
ASSASSIN?

GET OUT OF  
MY WAY,  
FOOL!

IT'S TOO  
LATE TO STOP  
US NOW!



CHINGG



YOU ARE NO  
MATCH FOR  
ME!



AAAAHHHHGGGGHHHH

CRASSSHH



UNNGG...

WHUMP



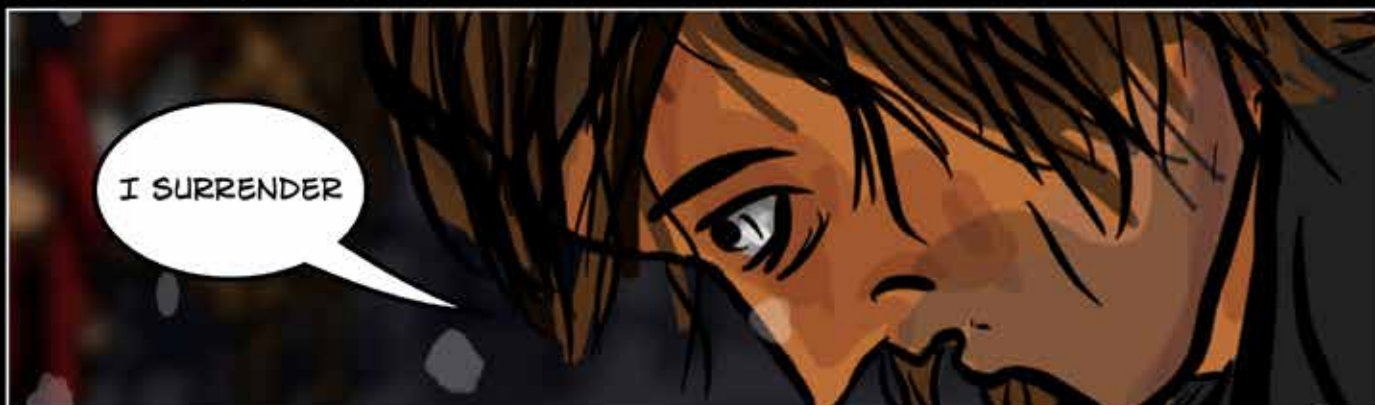
WELL, WELL... MR ROOK!



I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!

YOU! YOU FOLLOWED ME FROM YORK?

YES, I DID, AND AGAIN GIVE YOU THE CHOICE, SURRENDER ... OR I WILL KILL YOU.



I SURRENDER

END OF BOOK THREE



# Olde England Grown New

The life and adventures of the honourable Sir Thomas Hawksby's Regiment

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