

Olde England Grown New

Book Five



Winter 1634



BANG
BANG

OPEN UP IN
THE NAME OF
THE KING



WHAT DO YOU
WANT?



WE NEED THIS LAND, WOMAN. WE HAVE ROYAL CHARTER TO REMOVE THE SOIL FROM THIS PROPERTY, DUE TO ITS HIGH LEVEL OF SALTPETER, REQUIRED BY THE KING FOR GUNPOWDER



YOU CAN'T, THIS IS MY HOME, I WON'T LET YOU.

STAND ASIDE CRONE.



TAKE EVERY GRAIN, EVEN IF WE MUST TEAR UP THE FLOORS...

GET AWAY.



...AND BREAK DOWN THE BARN.

... THIS IS MY HOME. SOB.

A week later



OH MISTER MATTHEW, IF ONLY YOU'D BEEN HERE... TRAGEDY HAS TAKEN PLACE



WHERE IS MY MOTHER?

SHE WAS THE KING'S MEN, CAME FOR THE SALT. THEY THREW HER OUT, HIT HER...

WHERE IS SHE!




I'M SO SORRY.. HER HEART COULDN'T TAKE IT... SHE'S... SHE'S... IN THE CHURCH YARD

A CURSE UPON CHARLES AND HIS VILE FOLLOWERS


I WISH A SWIFT DEATH UPON THIS KING...



NOT ONE OF US WOULD WANT THIS KING DEAD...




...HOWEVER MUCH TROUBLE HE HAS BROUGHT ON THIS LAND. YET IT APPEARS MEN OF HIS OWN SIDE PLOT AGAINST HIM



YES, LORD HAWKSBY. THESE MEN, AND OTHERS, OF YOUR SIDE HAVE UNITED. THEY PLAN TO BRING AN END TO THIS WAR.

THEY INTEND TO KILL THE KING, BLAME IT ON YOU REBELS AND THEN RULE THE COUNTRY THROUGH HIS SON, CHARLES.

Leeds, 24th January 1643.



YOU HAVE TAKEN ARMS AGAINST THE KING, BUT YOUR ALLEGIANCE IS STILL TO THE CROWN AND GOD.. THIS MUST BE STOPPED.

THE VILLAIN WHITESTONE HAS CONFESSED IT ALL, TO SPARE HIMSELF THE HANG MANS NOOSE.

YES..



--- WE MUST ACT---
TOGETHER, A
TEMPORARY TRUCE
BETWEEN THE MEN
IN THIS ROOM.



LEEDS HAS FALLEN
TO PARLIAMENT, I
AM YOUR
PRISONER...

YOU ARE A
GOOD AND
HONEST MAN,
YOU HAVE YOU
FREEDOM WHILE
WE WORK TO
UNDO THIS
PLOT

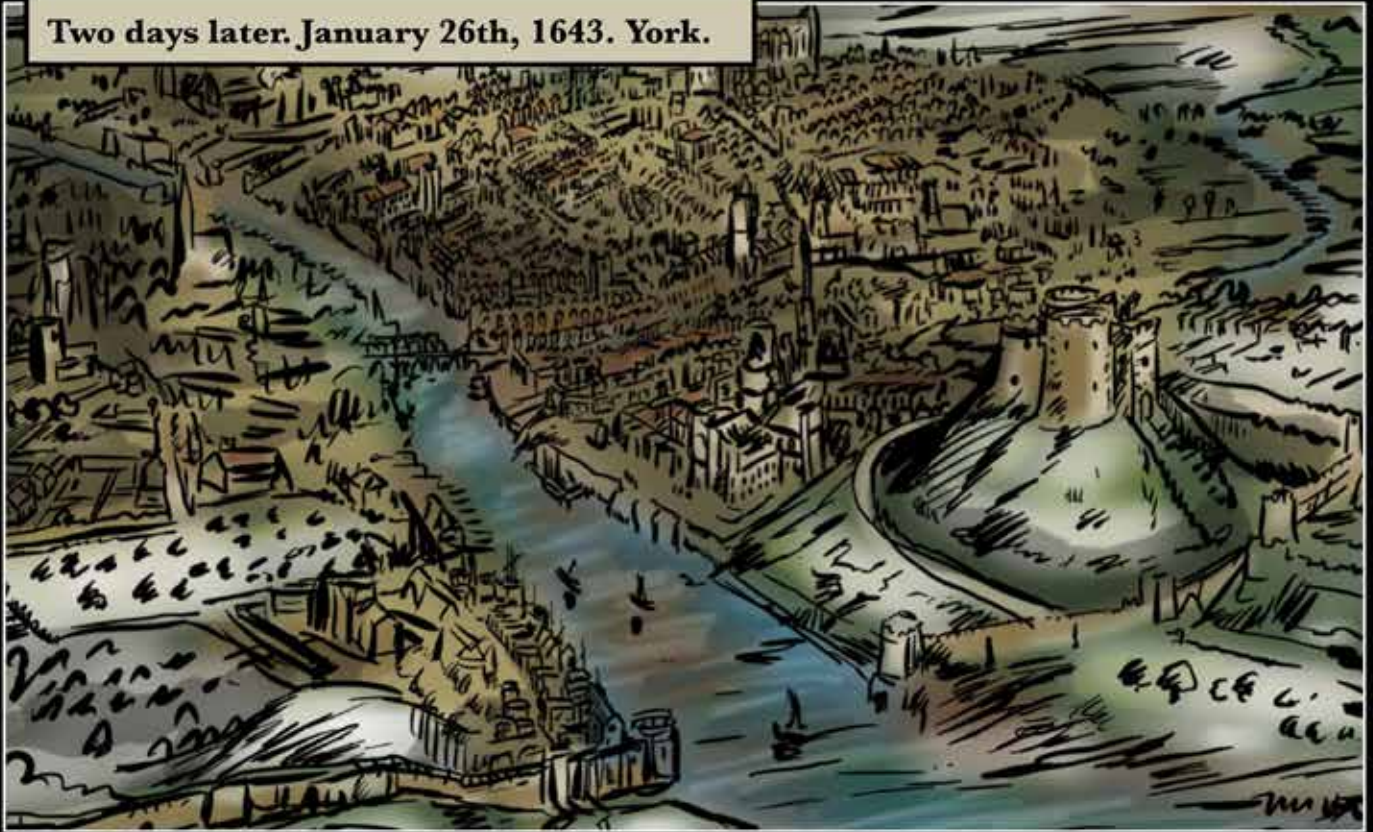


A TRUCE THEN!



SO, WE MUST
MAKE ALL HASTE
TO GET TO YORK
BEFORE THE KING
LEAVES...

Two days later. January 26th, 1643. York.



LORD THOMAS,
GLAD YOU ARE
HERE ...

THANK
YOU FOR LETTING
US IN THE CITY
FAULKNER, I KNOW MR
ROOK AND HIS FRIENDS LEFT
HERE UNDER SOMETHING OF A
CLOUD!

WHILE
OUR TRUCE
LASTS YOU
AND YOUR MEN
HAVE THE
FREEDOM OF
THE CITY.

WHAT NEWS
IS THERE?

THE KING IS
HERE, HIDDEN,
HE LEAVES
TOMORROW
NIGHT.

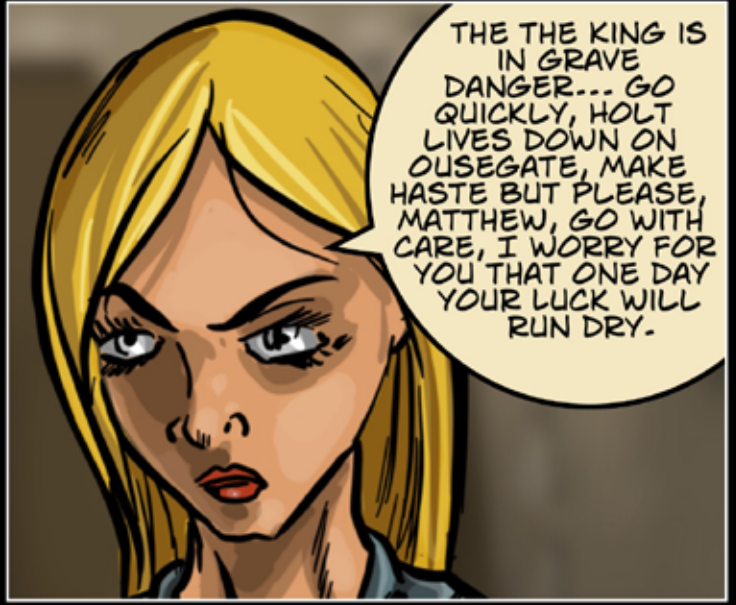
ARE WE ANY
CLOSER TO
FINDING THE
KILLER

ROOK AND HIS
MEN ARE
CHECKING ALL
THEIR
SOURCES...

LETS
HOPE THEY
FIND
SOMETHING.



HE WILL BE INCHARGE OF THE KINGS ESCORT... IF HE HAS BEEN BRIBED...



THE THE KING IS IN GRAVE DANGER... GO QUICKLY, HOLT LIVES DOWN ON OUSEGATE, MAKE HASTE BUT PLEASE, MATTHEW, GO WITH CARE, I WORRY FOR YOU THAT ONE DAY YOUR LUCK WILL RUN DRY.



DRAKE, YOU ARE WITH ME, MEET ME ON OUSEGATE IN TWO HOURS, PICK A FEW GOOD LADS TO ACCOMPANY US. I'M GOING TO REPORT TO LORD HAWKSBY AND FAULKNER

YES SIR, MR ROOK

AND WHAT OF ME SIR, SURELY YOU DON'T THINK THAT SCRATCH ON MY ARM WILL KEEP ME OUT OF THE FIGHT?

NO PICKERING..



I HAVE A JOB FOR YOU, AND TOM. STRAIGHT AWAY, TAKE THE FASTEST HORSES AND RIDE OUT TO THE CROSSROADS ON THE BRID ROAD.



MISS TOM? DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS WORK FOR A LASS?



I KNOW YOU HAVE BECOME FOND OF HER, BUT THESE TIMES CALL FOR THE BEST, AND SHE IS THE BEST SHOT I'VE EVER SEEN.

AND BESIDES, SHE'D NOT THANK YOU FOR LEAVING HER



MISS TOM, I'VE BEEN TOLD TO ASK YOU TO HELP ON THIS MISSION, WE ARE TO SET UP WATCH ON THE BRIDLINGTON ROAD...



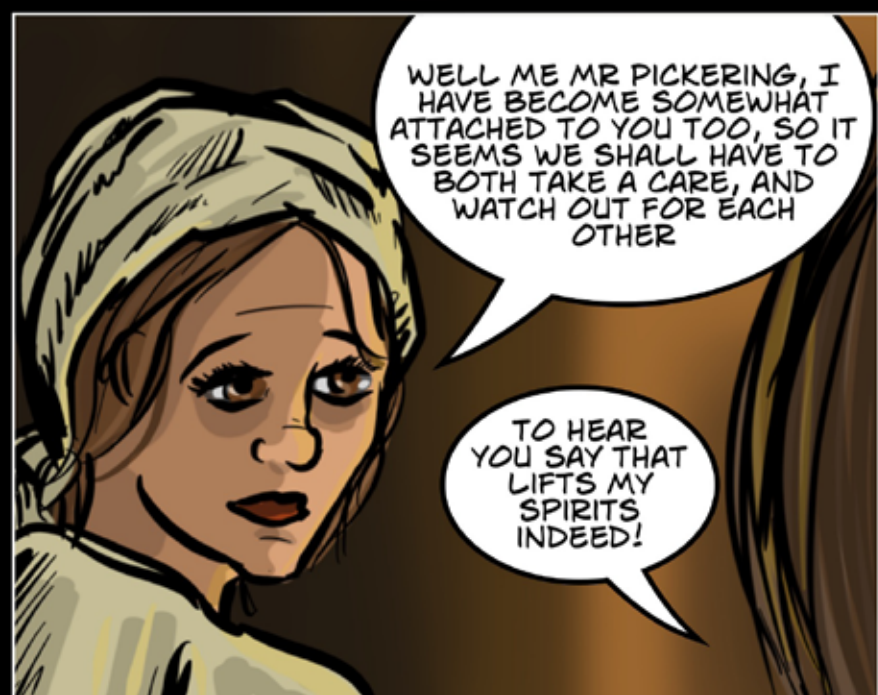
NOT THAT IT SITS WELL WITH ME, YOU GOING INTO HARMS WAY AN ALL.



WE MUST ALL DO WHAT WE CAN, I'M NOT AFRAID TO DO MY PART.



I DIDN'T MEAN TO SUGGEST YOU ARE AFRAID ...MORE THAT... I'VE BECOME VERY FOND OF YOU AND I'D HATE TO SEE YOU COME TO HARM... THAT'S ALL...



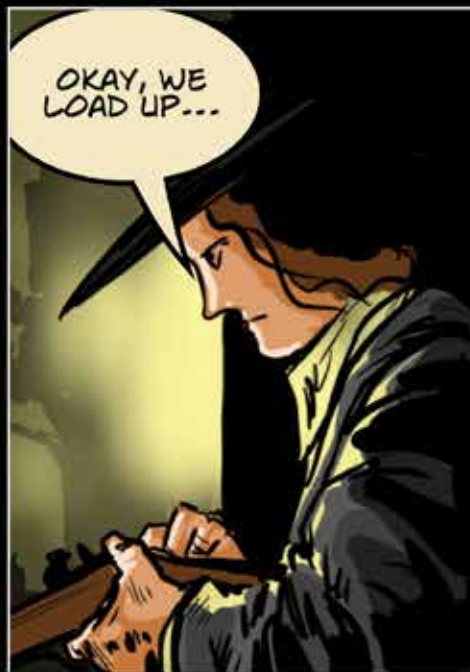
WELL ME MR PICKERING, I HAVE BECOME SOMEWHAT ATTACHED TO YOU TOO, SO IT SEEMS WE SHALL HAVE TO BOTH TAKE A CARE, AND WATCH OUT FOR EACH OTHER

TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT LIFTS MY SPIRITS INDEED!



THOUGH I HAVE AN UNEASY FEELING ABOUT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS...

Later. Holt's house, Ousegate



SIMM AND JONES, GO IN FIRST, HIT THEM FAST...



BLAM

BLAM

AND HARD...



WE TAKE NO PRISONERS, WE CAN'T TAKE THE RISK...

THE LIFE OF THE KING, AND THE FUTURE OF ENGLAND LIE IN OUR HANDS





--OH, AND DON'T FORGET--



BLAM

BLAM



...THE MAN ON THE STAIRS



SECURE THE BACK DOOR. DRAKE, WITH ME, UPSTAIRS... WE NEED TO FIND HOLT





SO... YOU FOUND ME.

CLICK



DEBT...
THAT'S THE
PROBLEM...



ONCE IT HAS YOU, THERE IS SIMPLY NO ESCAPING IT... QUITE DESTRUCTIVE

AND IT'S NOT EVEN LIKE IT WAS MY DEBTS... MY WIFE YOU SEE... I ADORE HER BUT SHE IS JUST NO GOOD WITH MONEY...



...AND WHEN THEY OFFERED ME A WAY OUT... WELL, WHAT WAS I TO DO.

STOP SNIVELLING. AND HEAR ME... IF THE KING DIES BOTH YOU AND YOUR WIFE WILL SURELY HANG... I SHALL SEE TO IT, NOW TELL ME, WHERE IS HIS MAJESTY?



IT'S TOO LATE...



WHERE IS HE?



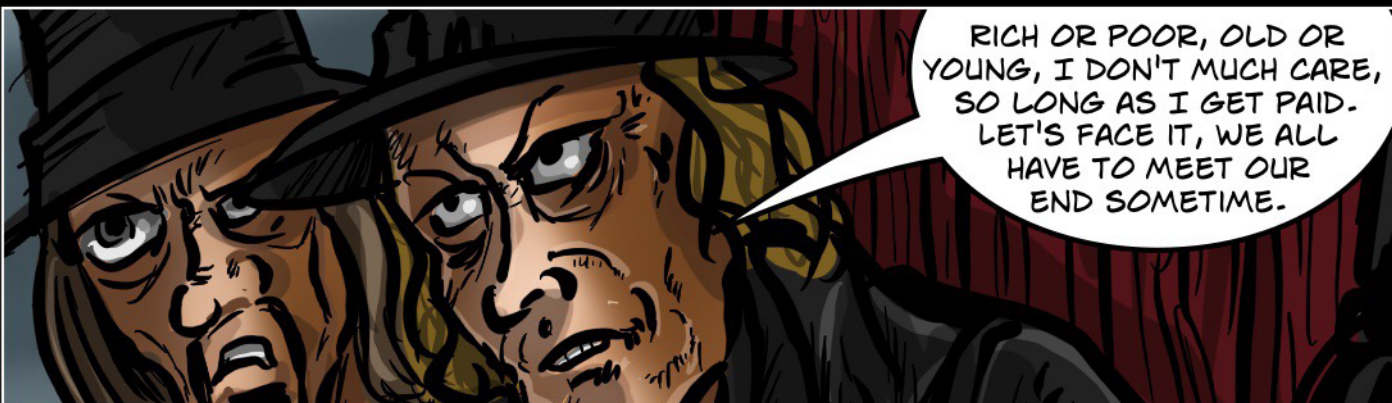
The road to Bridlington



WE ARE COMING TO A CROSSROADS SOON...

I AM SURPRISED YOU ARE SO COMFORTABLE WITH KILLING YOUR SOVEREIGN.

IS IT THERE WE KILL EM?



RICH OR POOR, OLD OR YOUNG, I DON'T MUCH CARE, SO LONG AS I GET PAID. LET'S FACE IT, WE ALL HAVE TO MEET OUR END SOMETIME.



THAT THERE IS THE KINGS COACH...





The Kings coach.



HOW MUCH LONGER ON THIS ROAD?



WE SHOULD BE THERE BEFORE FULL DARK.



WE'VE STOPPED, FIND OUT WHY MAN.



I SAY THERE, WHY HAVE WE STO..



BLAM



END OF THE ROAD,
YOUR HIGHNESS.
GET OUT OF THE
CARRIAGE AND ON
YOUR KNEES...



YOU MAY HAVE GUNS AT MY HEAD...
BUT I AM STILL SOVEREIGN...
I WILL NOT BOW
BEFORE YOU.



VERY WELL THEN, DIE
WHERE YOU STAND...
TAKE AIM AND FIRE,
MEN.







MR ROOK! AND MR FAULKNER!
YOU ARE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

PICKERING, WHAT IS GOING ON?

THE ASSASSIN, HE HAS TAKEN THE KING,
THEY ARE IN THE COACH... IF YOU A QUICK YOU WILL CATCH THEM



OKAY, WE WILL TRY TO STOP THEM...
PRAY WE ARE FAST ENOUGH...



COME ON
FAULKNER, NO TIME
TO WASTE...

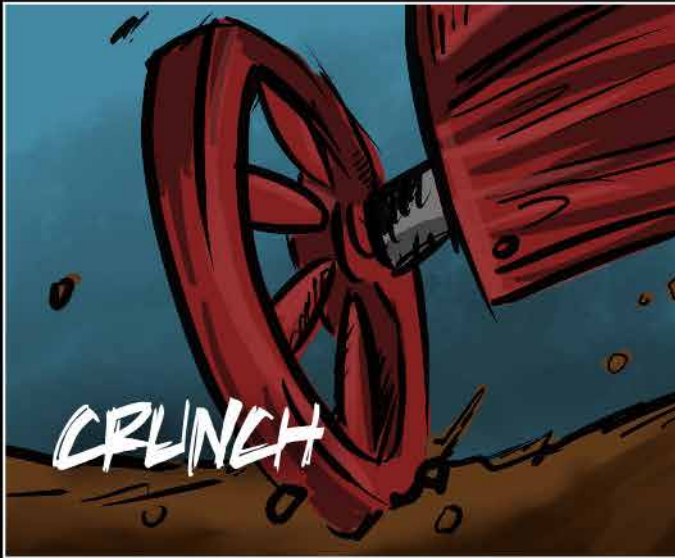
AYE... FLY
LIKE THE
WIND...



YOU ARE THE
BETTER
HORSEMAN THAN
ME, DON'T HOLD
BACK FOR ME...



YAH!



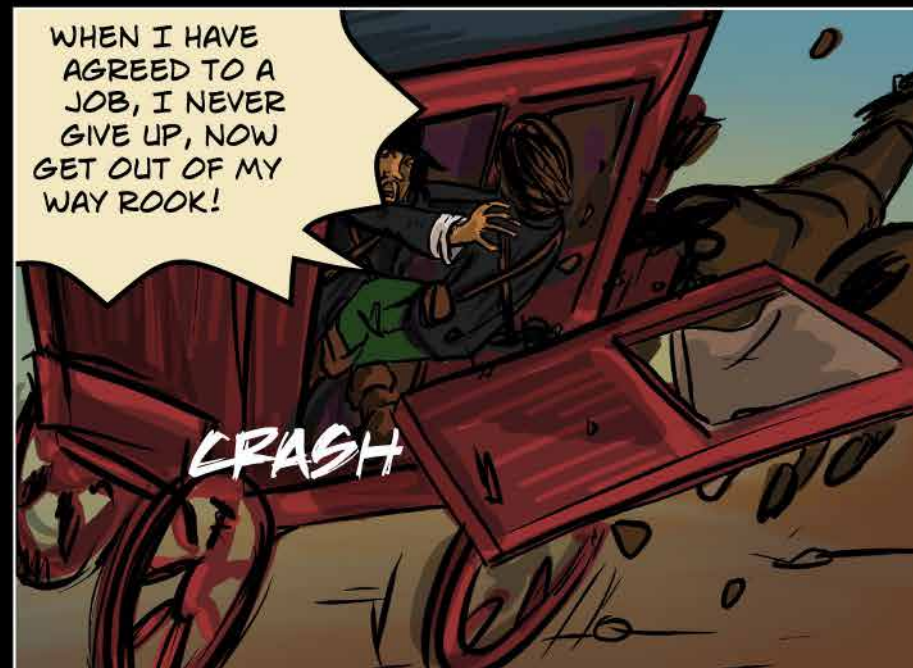


MR
ROOK! YOU
ARE BECOMING
A REAL
NUISANCE!

GIVE UP THE
KING!



BLAM



WHEN I HAVE
AGREED TO A
JOB, I NEVER
GIVE UP, NOW
GET OUT OF MY
WAY ROOK!

CRASH



CRACK



KER-LUNCH







ROOK... YOU ARE BECOMING A PROBLEM.

WHY, DON'T YOU JUST WALK AWAY... THIS PATHETIC EXCUSE FOR A KING IS NOT WORTH YOUR LIFE...



... WHY SAVE A MAN YOU HAVE TAKEN UP ARMS AGAINST...



...HE DOESN'T DESERVE YOUR LOYALTY...



WALK AWAY AND LET HIM DIE...



NO! HE IS STILL
THE KING, I WON'T
LET YOU
SLAUGHTER
HIM...



CLASH

SO
BE IT...
YOU SHALL
DIE FIRST
THEN...



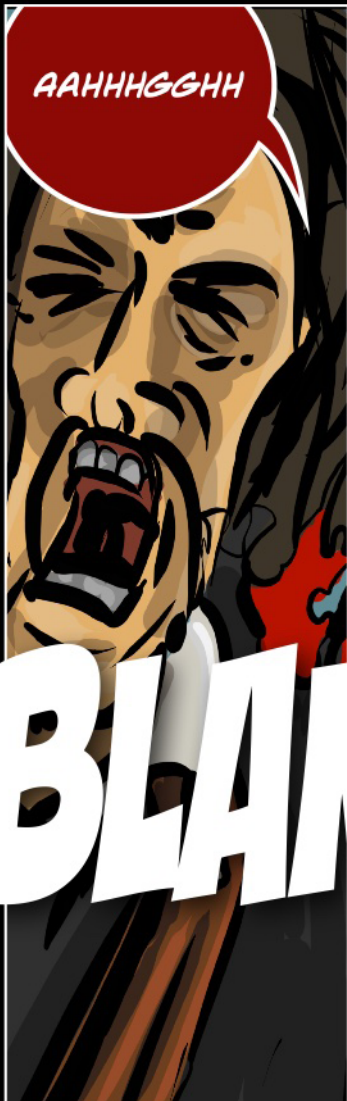
AHHRGH

SHINING



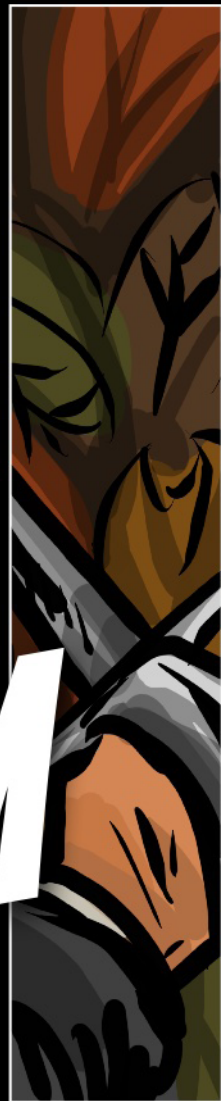


YOU ARE FINISHED ROOK!



AAHHHGGHH

BLAM



SHLUKK



NEXT TIME, YOU SHOOT, MAKE SURE YOU PUT YOUR MAN DOWN... FOOL

SOUND ADVICE MR FAULKNER, BUT I DON'T THINK HE CAN HEAR YOU...



HE IS DEAD...



YOUR MAJESTY, LET ME HELP YOU... MATTHEW ROOK AT YOUR SERVICE.

A week later, the coast of Yorkshire.

ROOK

MY LORD HAWKSBY,

IS THE KING SAFELY ON HIS WAY?

AYE

AT LEAST WHITESTONE IS SHACKLED AND ON HIS WAY TO COVENTRY.

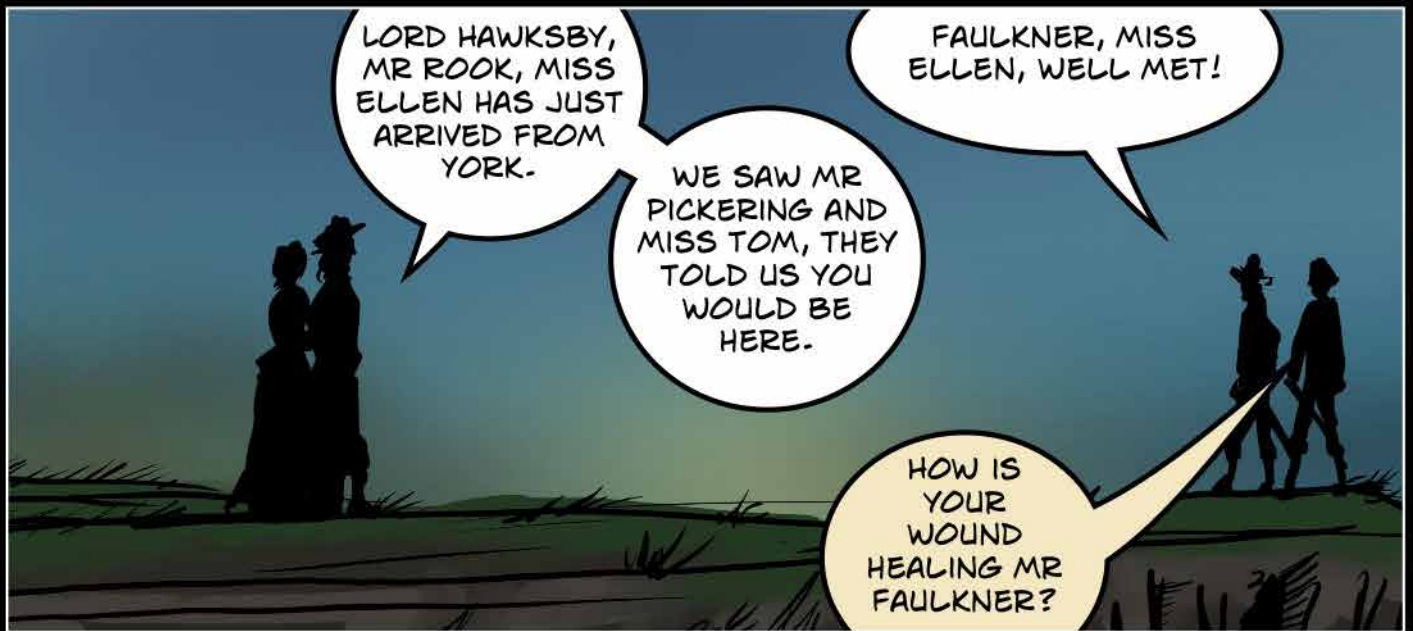
AND MOST OF THE CONSPIRATORS HAVE BEEN ROUNDED UP. EXCEPT FOR MORCROFT... SLIPPERY DEVIL HAS ESCAPED BEING IMPLICATED.

I'M PROUD OF YOU MATTHEW. I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THIS KING, YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF THE BETTER MAN.

PERHAPS, I JUST PRAY WE DID THE RIGHT THING, WE COULD HAVE ENDED IT ALL, RIGHT THERE...

TRUE... BUT WE ARE SOLDIERS MATTHEW, NOT ASSASSINS OR MURDERERS

HMMM...



LORD HAWKSBY,
MR ROOK, MISS
ELLEN HAS JUST
ARRIVED FROM
YORK.

FAULKNER, MISS
ELLEN, WELL MET!

WE SAW MR
PICKERING AND
MISS TOM, THEY
TOLD US YOU
WOULD BE
HERE.

HOW IS
YOUR
WOUND
HEALING MR
FAULKNER?



IT HEALS
WELL, THANK
YOU. I SHOULD
BE ABLE TO
TRAVEL
SOON.



I NEVER
THOUGHT I
WOULD SAY.
THIS...

...I
WILL BE
SAD TO
RETURN TO
OPPOSING SIDES

AYE, I
OWE YOU
MUCH, ENGLAND
OWES YOU
MUCH...



...WHATEVER SIDE
OF THIS DREADFUL
WAR YOU ARE ON I
WILL ALWAYS
CONSIDER YOU MY
BROTHER.



AND WHAT OF YOU MATTHEW, HOW IS YOUR WOUND HEALING?

ON THE MEND, FORTUNATELY IT WAS ONLY A FLESH WOUND



MR FAULKNER, SHALL WE LEAVE THESE TWO TO EACH OTHER'S COMPANY.

WE SHALL HAVE A QUICK DRINK BEFORE YOU TAKE THE ROAD.



SO THIS IS FAREWELL MR ROOK, LET'S HOPE WE MEET AGAIN IN HAPPIER TIMES.

YES, INDEED. SAFE JOURNEY MY FRIEND.



Hawksby, rook and company will return...



Olde England Grown New

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

oldenglandgrownnew.wordpress.com

Story and art © M. Jackson 2013-17. Not for resale or republication without consent.