



Breathe...  
that's it...breathe,  
Clint.

And  
release!

Nice  
one!



But...I  
missed.

You're too  
hard on yourself,  
kid. *That is a good  
shot.* Hell, I only  
started teaching  
you a *week ago.*

I'm telling you,  
you're a natural,  
*Hawkeye.*





You really think so?

Hell yeah. I couldn't even pull back the string when I was your age, let alone hit a target. You're going to be *great* with that bow, kid.



Which is good...



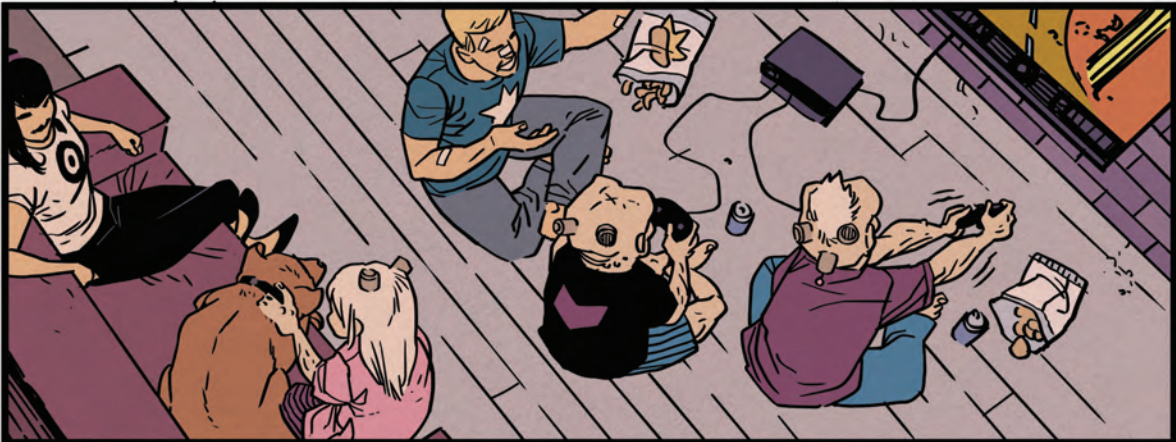
...'cause you're no damn good with a blade.



That reminds me...you probably want this back.

Nah... you keep it, Hawkeye.

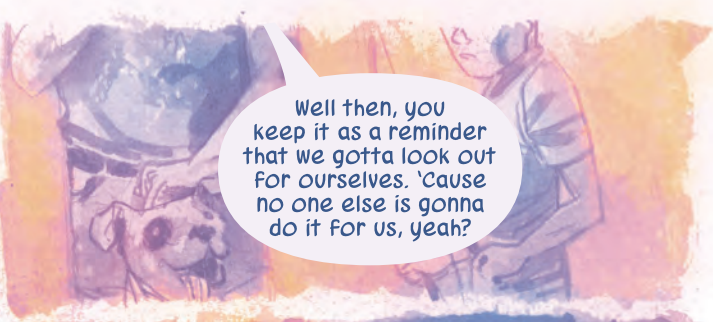
But...I thought it was your Dad's.





It was. But let me tell you a little secret... My old man was a *mean old bastard*.

Oh...mine too.



Well then, you keep it as a reminder that we gotta look out for ourselves. 'Cause no one else is gonna do it for us, yeah?



Here.



You know what, why don't you hold on to that too?

...Really?



Yeah. It's just a practice bow.

...And you need it.





Hey, Barn. Should'a seen it, hit the target like four times!

Must be nice. Could'a used your help putting up the tents.



Sorry... Jacques said it was okay.

Hey, Hawkeye. Why don't you take the mutt to get some food? I wanna talk to your brother.

Okay.



Your brother has talent. He might even be able to be in the show one day, he keeps it up.

Yeah? Great. Good for him.



Oh, quit your pouting, kid. You...you got **other talents**. Been thinking it was time we start putting them to use too.

