

DECEMBER 2,
NOTTINGHAM.

WE RECEIVED
WORD TWO
NIGHTS PAST THAT
TOLLE HAD MADE
CONTACT.

THAT'S
THAT, THEN. THE
HARLOT NEVER
FAILS. HER DEAD
NUMBER
MANY.

BY NOW,
TUROK
IS DEAD.

"AMFRED THE BOOKKEEPER, WHO
COULDN'T KEEP HIS FINGERS OUT OF
THE GOLD, OR HIS HANDS OFF TOLLE.

"AND STOUT HENRY BLACKMORE,
WHOSE MEN STOLE SEVEN NEWBORNS
FROM THE ROYAL STABLES. TOLLE
FOUND HIM AT BEGG'S TAVERN.

"AND THE NIGHTWATCH
SOON FOUND HIM DEAD IN
THE GUTTER, WITHOUT HIS
BREECHES OR HIS THROAT."

TOLLE
DOES NOT FAIL.
ANY MINUTE
NOW, A MESSAGE
WILL ARRIVE.

YOU
MARK MY
WORDS, TUROK
THE SAVAGE IS
DEAD IN THE
GRAVE.



AND
THE REST OF
HIS MERRY BAND
WILL SOON
FOLLOW.



MOVE
OUT,
MEN!

HEE-YAH!!
IT'S TIME!
OFF TO
THE SHIRE
WOOD!

KEEP CLEAR
OF THEIR
LEGS!
THE LIZARDS
CAN'T SEE
NONE
TOO WELL
WITH
THEIR
MUZZLES
IN PLACE!



KEEP THOSE
ARROWS FROM
BOUNCING
AROUND!

GET THOSE
ROPES STRUNG
TIGHT!



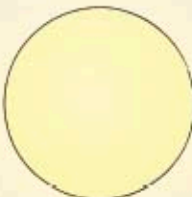
WE'LL KEEP AN
EYE FOR VILLAGERS,
MERCHANTS,
TRAVELERS.

THEY'RE AS
GOOD AS URCHINS
IN THE CITY FOR
INFORMATION.



THINK THEY'LL
FIND A SCENT
WHEN WE REACH
THE SHIRE
WOODS?

COULD BE, BUT BETWEEN THE
LIZARDS AND THE FRESH MEATS
TO FEED THEM, NOT TO MENTION
ABOUT 400 UNWASHED ARSES
LIKE *YOURS* THEY'LL LIKE
TO NOT SCENT A DAMN
THING.







HO, THERE, COAL MASTER. WHAT ARE YOU, ONE OF GOD'S MEN?

TOO TRUE, YOUR LORDSHIP! ON MY WAY TO THE BOLE PRIORY.

MAKING GOOD SPEED NOW THE ROAD'S OPEN!



AND WHY'S THAT?

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THAT **TUROK** BRIGAND WHOSE BEEN TERRORIZING THE ROADS AND ALL ELSE. HE'S SURE AND CERTAIN DEAD.



THROAT SLIT BY SOME BAR WENCH. LIKELY OVER THE PALTRY COINS HE'D OFFERED.

HAHH! VICE HAS A TWO-HEADED PRICE, RIGHT, FRIAR?

I ONLY MAKE JUDGMENT ON THE **LIVING**, BY YOUR LEAVE, **NOT** THE DEAD. THAT'S **GOD'S** BUSINESS.



TRUE ENOUGH. WHO'S THE WENCH WITH YOU?

THE DAUGHTER OF THE EGYPTIAN WHO SELLS US OUR COALS. TAKEN ON FOR THE JOURNEY AS A HOSTAGE LEST THE COALS PROVE POISONOUS.

THEY OFTEN DO, FOUL STUFF. I'D RATHER FREEZE THAN USE COAL.



HERE NOW, EITHER OF YOU TWO HEARD WHAT'S HAPPENED TO **TUROK'S** MEN AFTER HIS DEATH?



GONE ELSEWHERE, I'D SAY, LIKE THE BUGS DO WHEN YOU LIGHT A HEARTH FIRE. BEST AS I CAN SAY, THEY'RE STILL A SMALL GROUP OF THEM LAMENTING IN THE SHIRE WOODS.

LIKELY STINKING DRUNK BY NOW.