

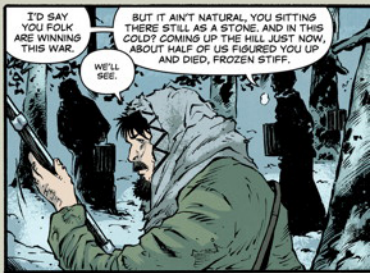
**NEW YORK
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1775**





NOT MY PLACE TO BE ASSUMING THE WORST OF MY NEIGHBORS.

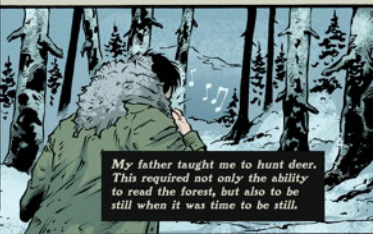
BUT IF I HAD TO SAY...?



I'D SAY YOU FOLK ARE WINNING THIS WAR.

BUT IT AIN'T NATURAL, YOU SITTING THERE STILL AS A STONE. AND IN THIS COLD? COMING UP THE HILL JUST NOW, ABOUT HALF OF US FIGURED YOU UP AND DIED, FROZEN STIFF.

WE'LL SEE.



My father taught me to hunt deer. This required not only the ability to read the forest, but also to be still when it was time to be still.



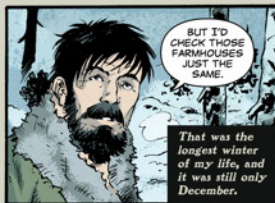
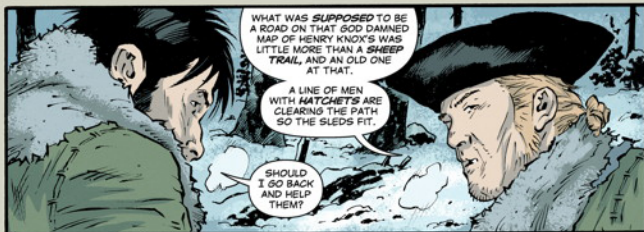
And to move when it was time to act.

GOOD LORD IN HEAVEN!



HOW MANY MORE LIKE YOU ARE SKULKING AROUND IN THEM WOODS?

SETH...



The so-called "Noble Train of Artillery" was still on its way to Boston. Leave it to Henry Knox, the bookseller, to come up with a title like that.

By Christmas Day, delivery was weeks behind schedule.

But I took some consolation...

