

SEPTEMBER 13, 1210.
FITZWALTER FIELD.
OUTSIDE LONDON.









LADY BEATRICE... IS THAT KING JOHN AND DE WENDENAL TALKING WITH THAT SAVAGE?

UGH. YES, MOLLY. WILL WE BE EXPECTED TO CONVERSE WITH THE BEASTS NOW?

WHAT COULD WE POSSIBLY TALK ABOUT?



CARE TO WAGER, MILADIES?

AN ARMLESS MAN VERSUS A FIERCE LITTLE BIRDIE! WHO WILL PREVAIL?

A SILVER CROWN ON THE SPARROW.

ROLLING IN MUD? VILE RITUALS?



UNGFF! AGGGH!

FLAP
FLAP
FLAP

CHEEE
KEEEEEE!

PEK
PEK

"I HEAR THEY MAKE NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN VULGAR AND GENTLE."



GHHH!

FLAP
FLAP
FLAP
FLAP

CHEEE
PEK
PEK
PEK

"YOU JEST! HOW DO THEY KNOW THEIR BETTER?"



"WELL, THEY OBVIOUSLY DON'T. JUST LOOK AT THEM! CONVERSING WITH EVERYONE!"

AAWK!

KRANCH!



HOW MUCH ARE YOUR ROTTEN CABBAGES?

A HPENNY, M'LADY.

THAT'S THEFT. WE'LL GIVE YOU ONE PENNY FOR FIVE OF THEM.

