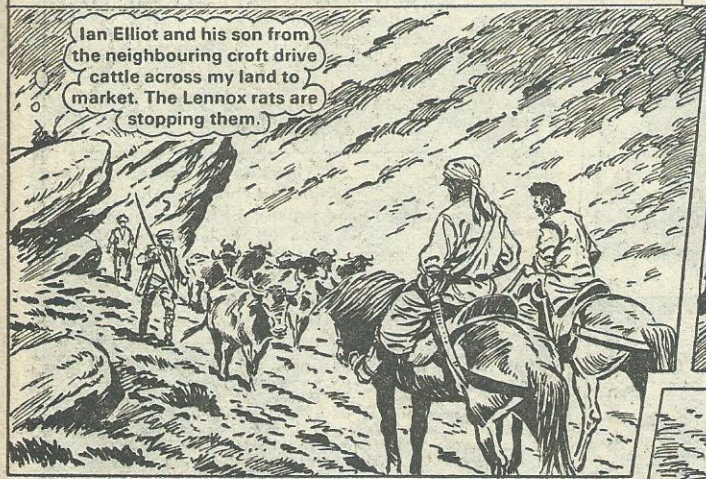


THE RED REIVER

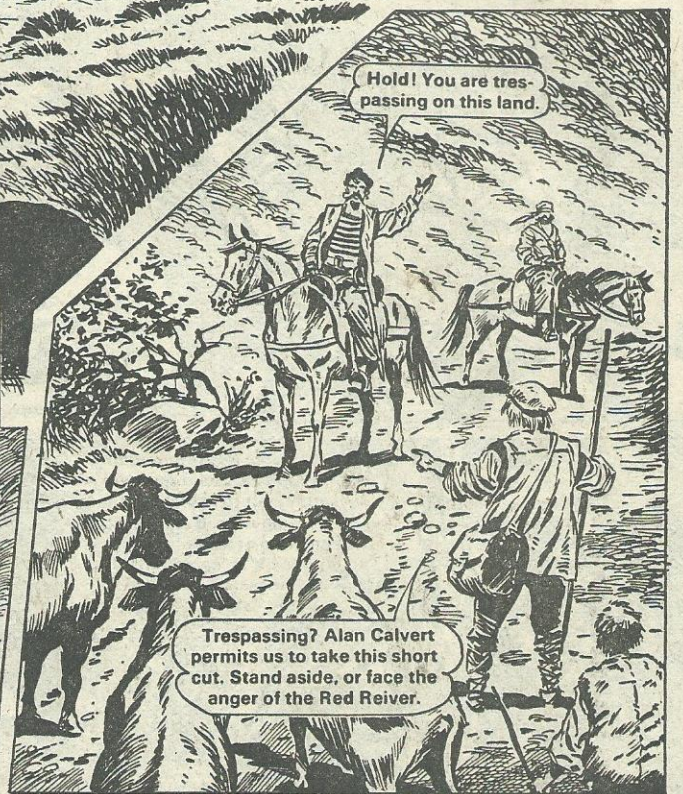


Two of Wolf Lennox's men, riding my horses across my land! By Thunder, they'd better enjoy themselves while they can!

In the sixteenth-century border country between England and Scotland, Alan Calvert was driven off his land by a pirate gang led by his distant cousin, Wolf Lennox. The pirates believed they had drowned him, but Alan, known as the Red Reiver from the red feather he wore in his bonnet, returned from the sea, vowing vengeance.

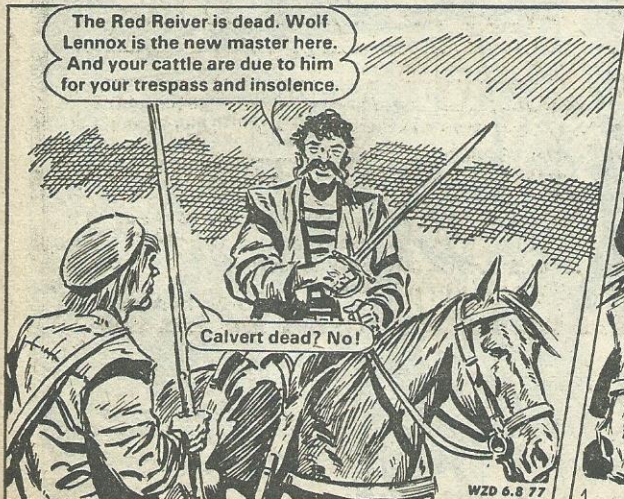


Ian Elliot and his son from the neighbouring croft drive cattle across my land to market. The Lennox rats are stopping them.



Hold! You are trespassing on this land.

Trespassing? Alan Calvert permits us to take this short cut. Stand aside, or face the anger of the Red Reiver.



The Red Reiver is dead. Wolf Lennox is the new master here. And your cattle are due to him for your trespass and insolence.

Calvert dead? No!



Never believe what thieves and murderers tell you, Ian.

Calvert! I—I don't believe it.