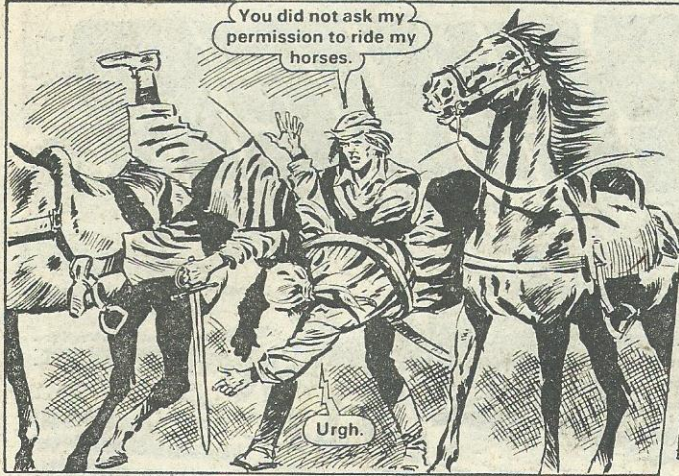
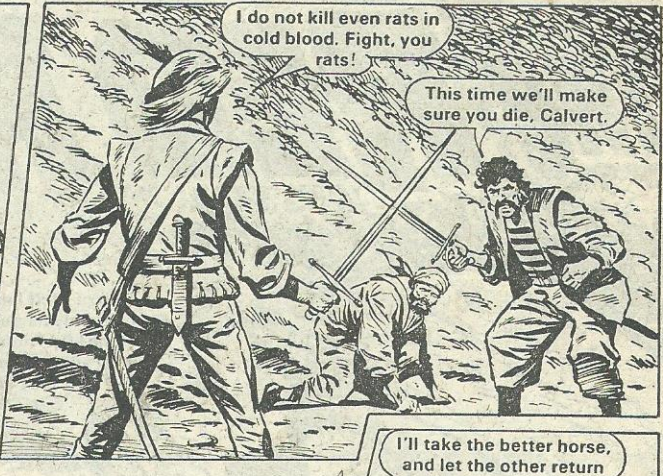


# 14 Death to the trespassers from the Red Reiver's sword.



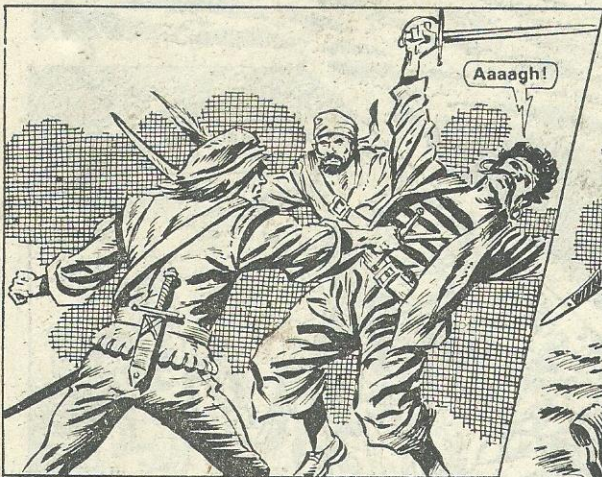
You did not ask my permission to ride my horses.

Urgh.

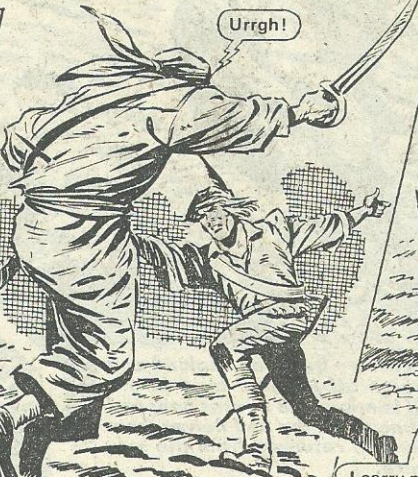


I do not kill even rats in cold blood. Fight, you rats!

This time we'll make sure you die, Calvert.

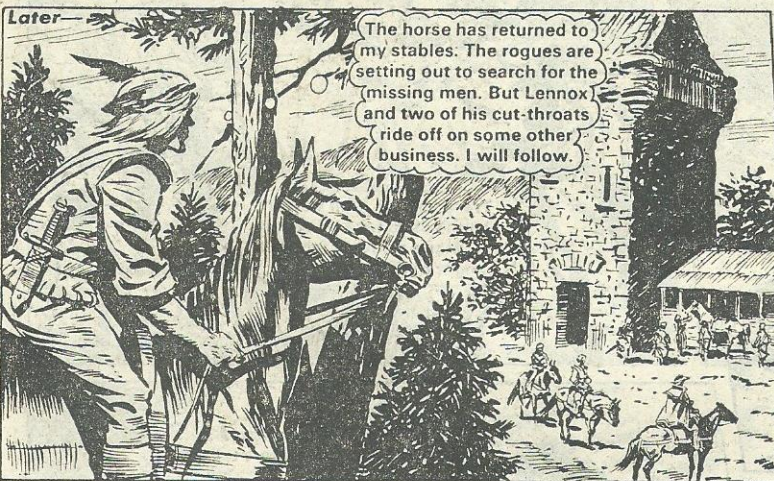


Aaaagh!

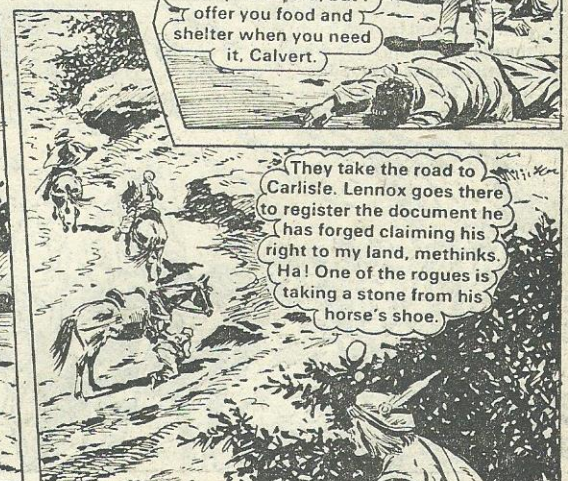


Urrgh!

I'll take the better horse, and let the other return home to puzzle Wolf Lennox. Help me throw these bodies in the Black Marsh, Ian. Then drive your cattle away from my land until I have cleared it of vermin.



The horse has returned to my stables. The rogues are setting out to search for the missing men. But Lennox and two of his cut-throats ride off on some other business. I will follow.



I carry no sword, but I offer you food and shelter when you need it, Calvert.

They take the road to Carlisle. Lennox goes there to register the document he has forged claiming his right to my land, methinks. Ha! One of the rogues is taking a stone from his horse's shoe.

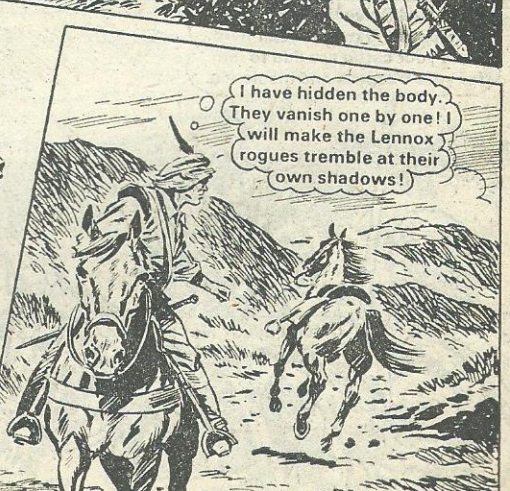


Your life ends here, rat!

Calvert!



Arrgh!



I have hidden the body. They vanish one by one! I will make the Lennox rogues tremble at their own shadows!