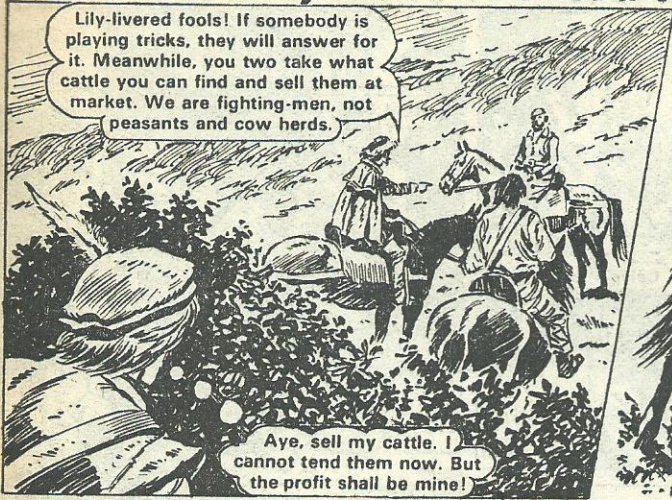
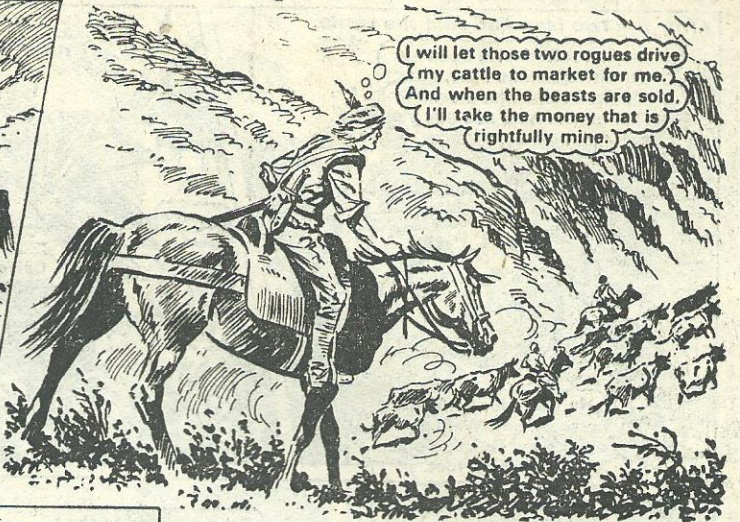


Why does the Red Reiver help his enemies?

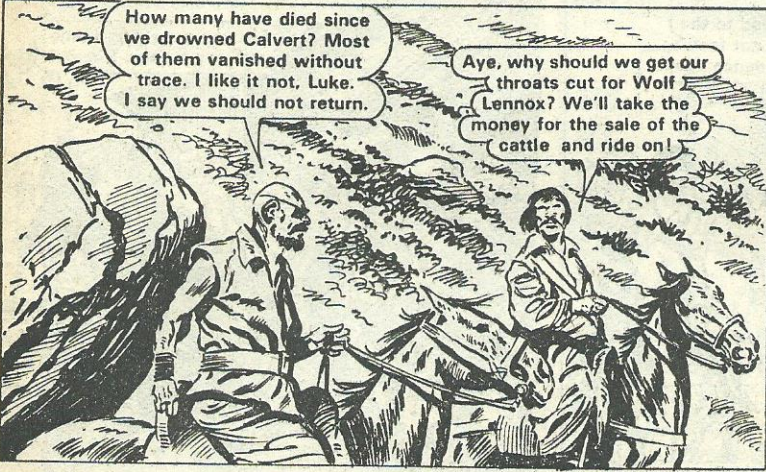


Lily-livered fools! If somebody is playing tricks, they will answer for it. Meanwhile, you two take what cattle you can find and sell them at market. We are fighting-men, not peasants and cow herds.

Aye, sell my cattle. I cannot tend them now. But the profit shall be mine!

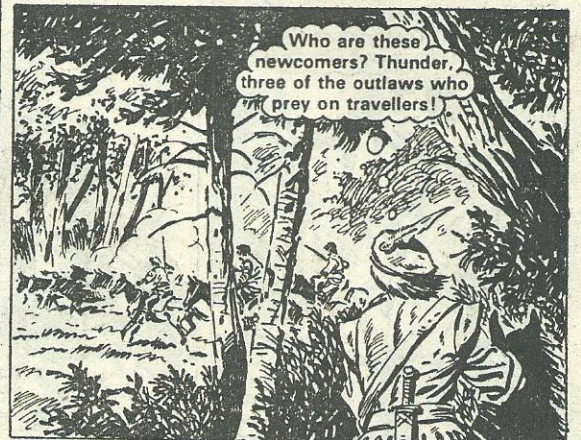


I will let those two rogues drive my cattle to market for me. And when the beasts are sold, I'll take the money that is rightfully mine.

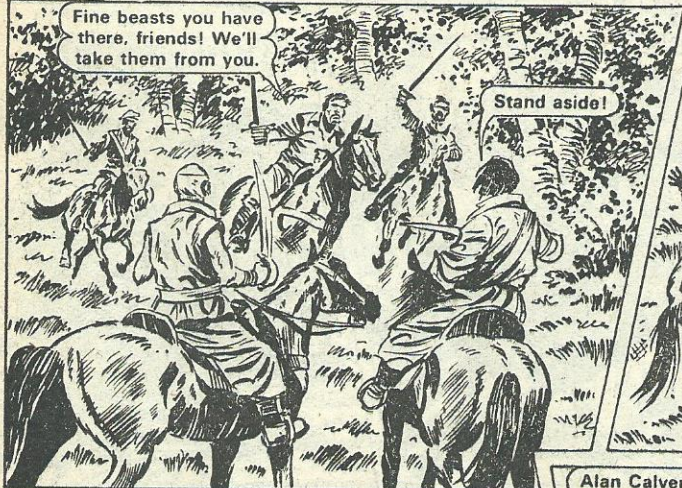


How many have died since we drowned Calvert? Most of them vanished without trace. I like it not, Luke. I say we should not return.

Aye, why should we get our throats cut for Wolf Lennox? We'll take the money for the sale of the cattle and ride on!



Who are these newcomers? Thunder, three of the outlaws who prey on travellers!



Fine beasts you have there, friends! We'll take them from you.

Stand aside!



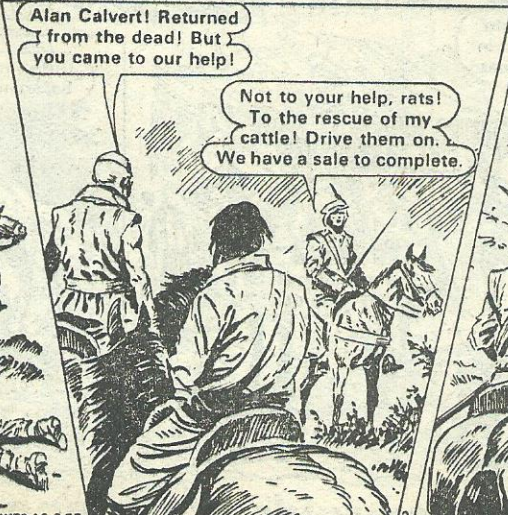
You'll be needing help, drovers!

Urgh!



You'll not live to hang!

Aagh!



Alan Calvert! Returned from the dead! But you came to our help!

Not to your help, rats! To the rescue of my cattle! Drive them on. We have a sale to complete.



There is the town. Drive the cattle in and sell them. I shall not come with you, but I shall not be far away. I don't want it known that I am still alive.