

Bravemast

BRAVEMAST RIDES
HIS HORSE INTO A
CASTLE COURTYARD...



HERE,
DOUGAL LAD!
TAKE CARE OF
WARHAMMER.
HE'S HAD A
HARD RUN
TODAY.

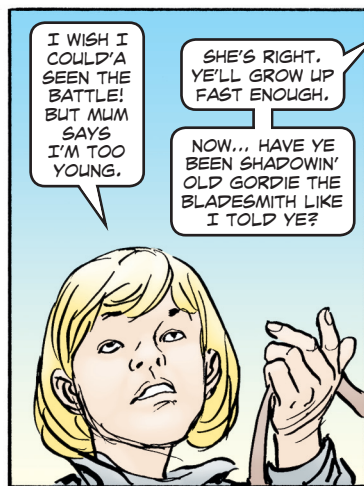
FIGHTIN' THE
ENGLISH
AGAIN,
BRAVEMAST?

WAS
TODAY'S
BATTLE
VERRA
FIERCE?



AYE, LAD...
WE FELLED
HALF THE
ENEMY IN A
SHORT DAY'S
WORK.





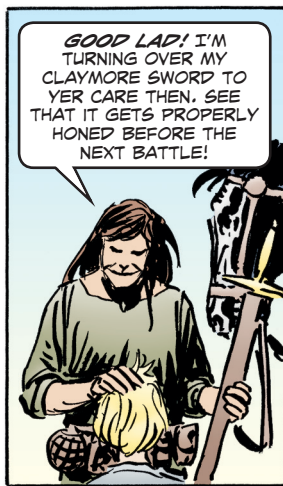
I WISH I COULD'A SEEN THE BATTLE! BUT MUM SAYS I'M TOO YOUNG.

SHE'S RIGHT. YE'LL GROW UP FAST ENOUGH.

NOW... HAVE YE BEEN SHADOWIN' OLD GORDIE THE BLADESMITH LIKE I TOLD YE?



I'VE PASSED THE TESTS, OLD GORDIE SAYS!

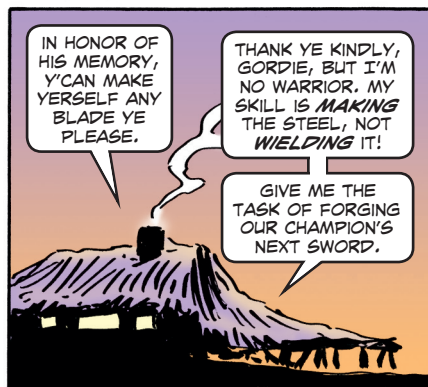


GOOD LAD! I'M TURNING OVER MY CLAYMORE SWORD TO YER CARE THEN. SEE THAT IT GETS PROPERLY HONED BEFORE THE NEXT BATTLE!



TIME PASSES...

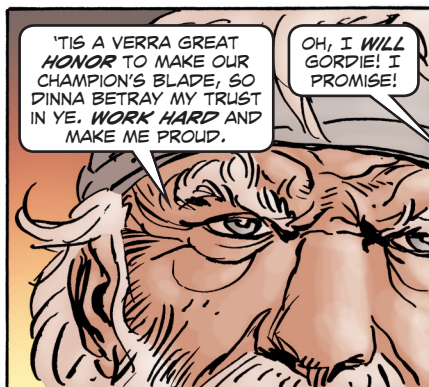
YE'VE GOT A NATURAL KNACK, DOUGAL LAD! JUST LIKE YER DEAR OLD DA.



IN HONOR OF HIS MEMORY, Y'CAN MAKE YERSELF ANY BLADE YE PLEASE.

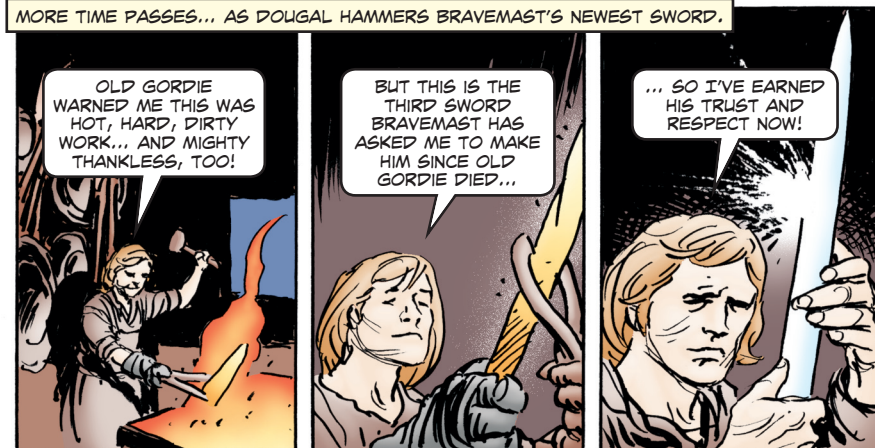
THANK YE KINDLY, GORDIE, BUT I'M NO WARRIOR. MY SKILL IS *MAKING* THE STEEL, NOT *WIELDING* IT!

GIVE ME THE TASK OF FORGING OUR CHAMPION'S NEXT SWORD.



'TIS A VERRA GREAT HONOR TO MAKE OUR CHAMPION'S BLADE, SO DINNA BETRAY MY TRUST IN YE. *WORK HARD* AND MAKE ME PROUD.

OH, I *WILL* GORDIE! I PROMISE!



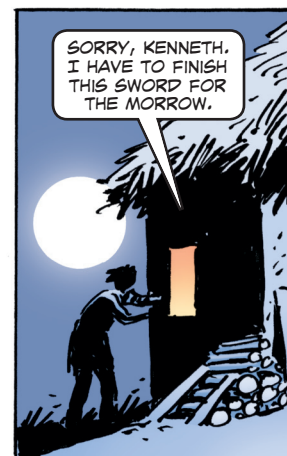
OLD GORDIE WARNED ME THIS WAS HOT, HARD, DIRTY WORK... AND MIGHTY THANKLESS, TOO!

BUT THIS IS THE THIRD SWORD BRAVEMAST HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE HIM SINCE OLD GORDIE DIED...

... SO I'VE EARNED HIS TRUST AND RESPECT NOW!



DOUGAL MACTIGH! COME JOIN US AT MACDONALD'S INN TO TOAST BRAVEMAST'S LATEST VICTORY!



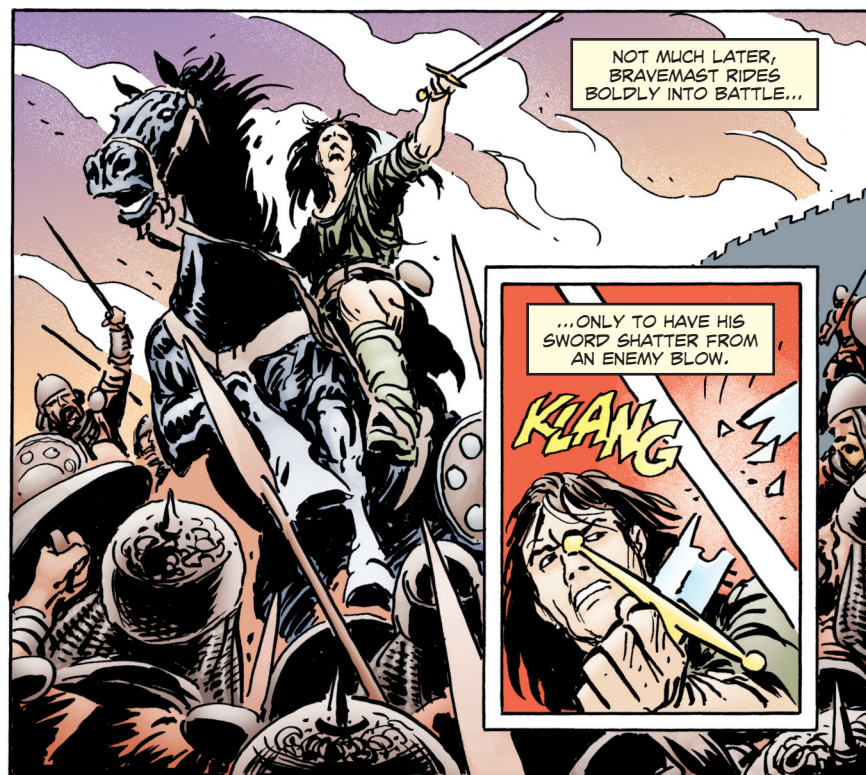
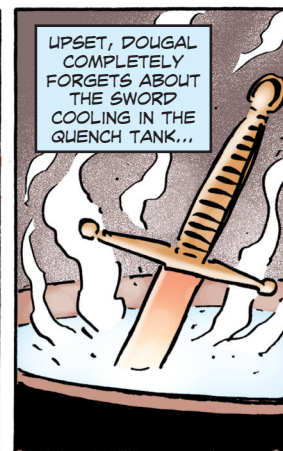
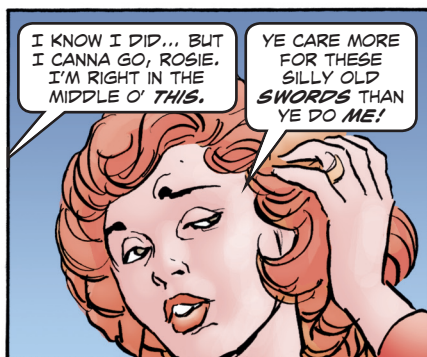
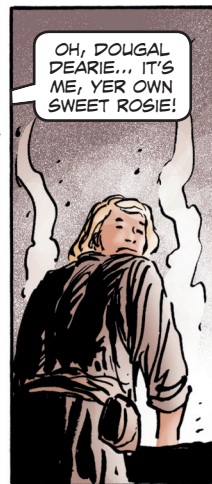
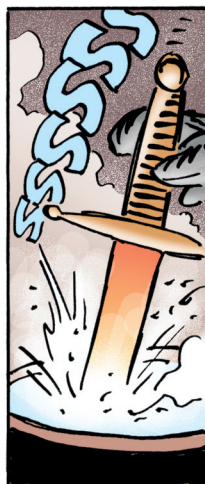
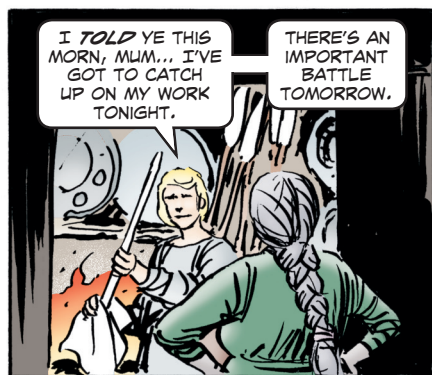
SORRY, KENNETH. I HAVE TO FINISH THIS SWORD FOR THE MORROW.



NOW... WHERE WAS I?



DOUGAL! YER STEW'S GETTIN' COLD. T'WAS READY NIGH AN HOUR AGO!

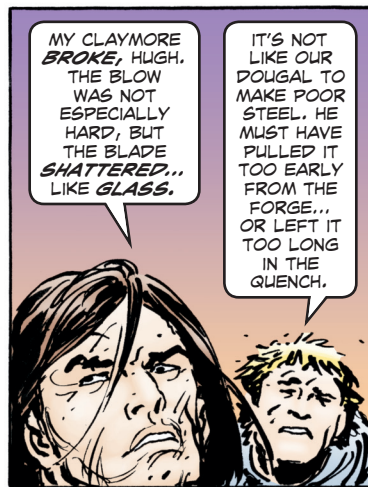




BRAVEMAST
IS FORCED TO
RETREAT.

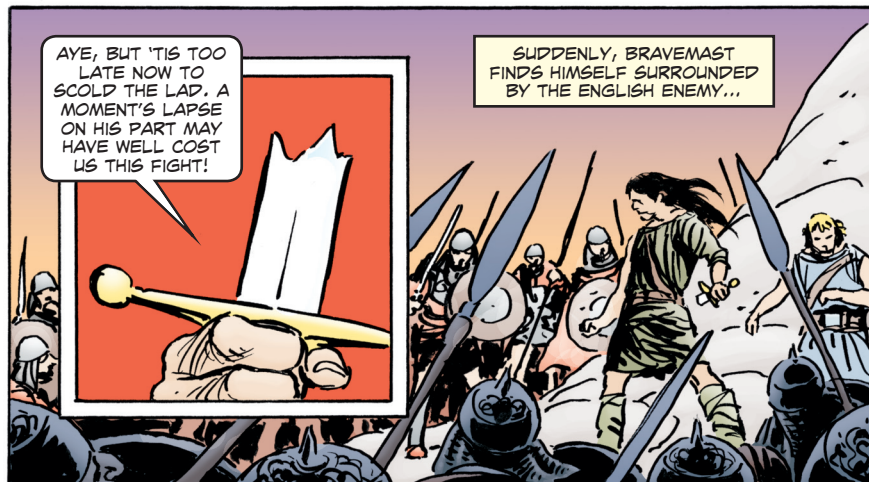


BRAVEMAST...
WHAT
HAPPENED?



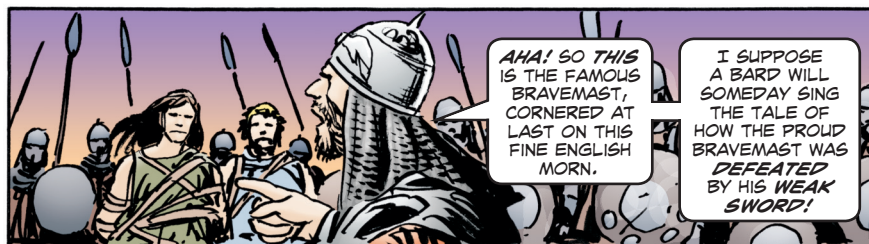
MY CLAYMORE
BROKE, HUGH.
THE BLOW
WAS NOT
ESPECIALLY
HARD, BUT
THE BLADE
SHATTERED...
LIKE **GLASS**.

IT'S NOT
LIKE OUR
DOUGAL TO
MAKE POOR
STEEL. HE
MUST HAVE
PULLED IT
TOO EARLY
FROM THE
FORGE...
OR LEFT IT
TOO LONG
IN THE
QUENCH.



AYE, BUT 'TIS TOO
LATE NOW TO
SCOLD THE LAD. A
MOMENT'S LAPSE
ON HIS PART MAY
HAVE WELL COST
US THIS FIGHT!

SUDDENLY, BRAVEMAST
FINDS HIMSELF SURROUNDED
BY THE ENGLISH ENEMY...



AHA! SO **THIS**
IS THE FAMOUS
BRAVEMAST,
CORNERED AT
LAST ON THIS
FINE ENGLISH
MORN.

I SUPPOSE
A BARD WILL
SOMEDAY SING
THE TALE OF
HOW THE PROUD
BRAVEMAST WAS
DEFEATED
BY HIS **WEAK**
SWORD!



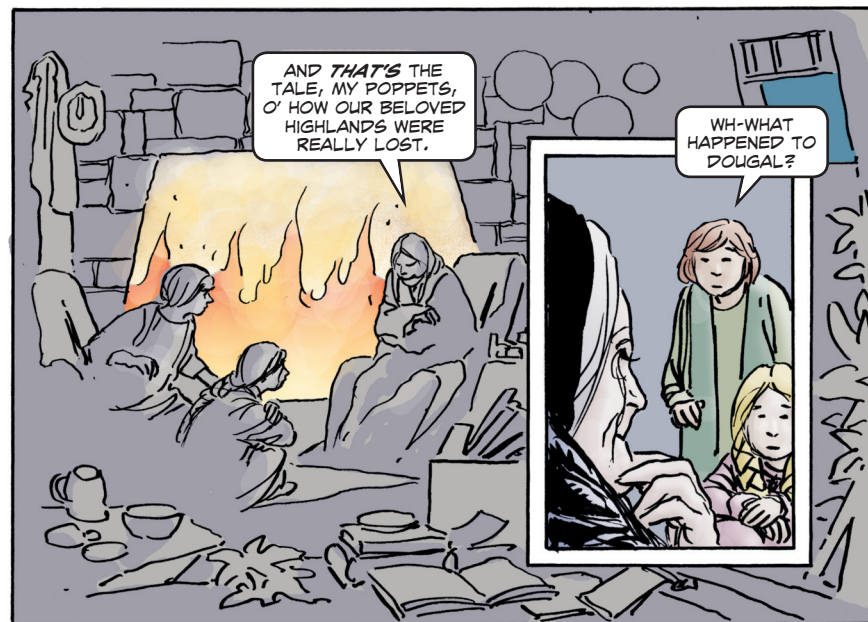
LET'S SEE HOW BRAVE YE ARE
SPITTIN' THAT KIND O' VENOM
TO OUR FACES **WI' OUT** YER
FRIENDS TO HOLD US DOWN, YE
SPINELESS SASSENACH!



EASY, HUGH...
NOTHING IS
GAINED BY
EXCHANGING
INSULTS **WI'**
THESE LADS.




LADS, ARE WE?
I'LL TEACH YOU
TO HAVE PROPER
RESPECT FOR
THE KING'S MEN,
HIGHLANDER...




AND **THAT'S** THE
TALE, MY POPPETS,
O' HOW OUR BELOVED
HIGHLANDS WERE
REALLY LOST.

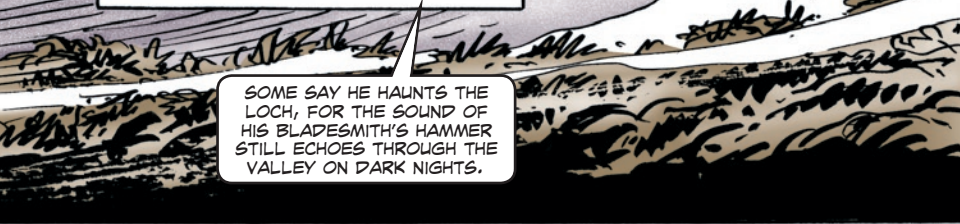
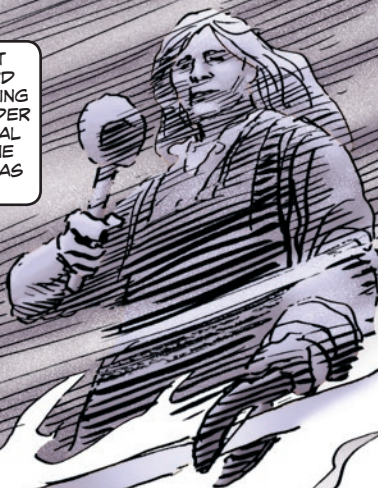
WH-WHAT
HAPPENED TO
DOUGAL?



NOBODY
KNOWS WHAT
HAPPENED
TO DOUGAL,
LITTLE HUGH.




AFTER HE HEARD THAT
OUR CHAMPION'S SWORD
BROKE IN BATTLE, FORCING
BRAVEMAST TO SURRENDER
TO THE ENGLISH, DOUGAL
SLIPPED AWAY INTO THE
HIGHLAND MISTS AND WAS
NE'ER SEEN AGAIN.



SOME SAY HE HAUNTS THE
LOCH, FOR THE SOUND OF
HIS BLADESMITH'S HAMMER
STILL ECHOES THROUGH THE
VALLEY ON DARK NIGHTS.



BUT, MY ANGELS,
NOW YE KNOW
WHERE THE WISE
HIGHLAND SAYING
COMES FROM...



NEGLECT
THE BLADE
TODAY
AND YE
SURRENDER
THE BATTLE
ON THE
MORROW!