

Every Graphic Novel comes in three versions

The **Original Text**, as it was written. The **Plain Text**, the original words but using modern English and the **Quick Text**, conveying the meaning with as few words as possible. Please see below for examples.



Scene Three

THE ENGLISH CAMP, AGINCOURT - 25TH OCTOBER 1415.
THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE...

WHERE
IS THE
ADVICE

THE KING HIMSELF IS RODE TO VIEW THEIR BATTLE.

OF
FIGHTING MEN
THEY HAVE FULL
THREE-SCORE
THOUSAND.

THERE'S FIVE
TO ONE; BESIDES,
THEY ALL ARE
FRESH.

**GOD'S ARM
STRIKE WITH US!
IT'S A FEARFUL
ODDS.**



GOD BE WIT
YOU, PRINCES ALL;
TILL TO MY CHARGE IF
WE NO MORE MEET,
TILL WE MEET IN
HEAVEN, THEN,
JOYFULLY,

MY
NOBLE LORD OF
DORFORD, — MY DEAR
GLOUCESTER, — AND
GOOD LORD EXETER, —
MY KIND KINSMAN, —
WARRIORS ALL,
ADIEU!



**FAREWELL,
GOOD SALISBURY,
AND GOOD LUCK
GO WITH THEE!**

FAREWELL, KIND LORD. FIGHT VALIANTLY TO-DAY! AND YET I DO THESE WRONGS TO MIND THEE OF IT, FOR THOU ART FRAM'D OF THE FIRM TRUTH OF VALOUR.



HE IS
AS FULL OF
VALOUR AS OF
KINDNESS;
PRINCELY IN
BOTH.

O!
THAT WE
NOW HAD HERE
BUT ONE TEN
THOUSAND OF THOSE
MEN IN ENGLAND,
THAT DO NO WORK
TO-DAY!



WHAT'S HE THAT
WISHES SO? MY COUSIN
WESTMORELAND? — NO,
MY FAIR COUSIN. IF WE ARE
MARK'D TO *DIE*, WE ARE ENOW
TO DO OUR COUNTRY LOSS;
AND IF TO *LIVE*, THE
FEWER MEN, THE
GREATER SHARE OF
HONOUR.

GOD'S WILL!
I PRAY THEE,
WISH NOT ONE
MAN MORE.



BY
JOVE, I AM
NOT COVETOUS
FOR GOLD,
NOR CARE I WHO
DOETH FEED UPON
MY COST;

IT YEARNs ME
NOT IF MEN MY
GARMENTS WEAR;
SUCH OUTWARD THINGS
DWELL NOT IN MY
DESIREs.

BUT, IF IT BE
A SIN TO COVET
HONOUR, I AM THE
MOST OFFENDING SOUL
ALIVE. NO, FAITH, MY COZ,
WISH NOT A MAN FROM
ENGLAND.

**GOD'S PEACE! I
WOULD NOT LOSE SO
GREAT AN HONOUR, AS ONE
MAN MORE, METHINKS,
WOULD SHARE FROM ME
FOR THE BEST HOPE I HAVE.
O! DO NOT WISH ONE
MORE!**



RATHER PROCLAIM IT,
WESTMORELAND, THROUGH
MY HOST, THAT HE WHICH HATH N
STOMACH TO THIS FIGHT, LET HI
DEPART; HIS PASSPORT SHALL I
MADE, AND CROWNS FOR CONVO
PUT INTO HIS PURSE.

WE WOULD
NOT DIE IN THAT
MAN'S COMPANY
THAT FEARS HIS
FELLOWSHIP TO
DIE WITH US.

THIS
DAY IS CALL'D
THE FEAST OF
CRISPIN.

HE THAT
OUTLIVES THIS DAY,
AND COMES SAFE HOME,
WILL STAND A TIP-TOE WHEN
THIS DAY IS NAMED, AND ROUSE
HIM AT THE NAME OF CRISPIN.
HE THAT SHALL LIVE THIS DAY,
AND SEE OLD AGE, WILL YEARLY
ON THE VIGIL FEAST HIS
NEIGHBOURS, AND SAY,
"TO-MORROW IS SAINT
CRISPIN."

THEN WILL HE
STRIP HIS SLEEVE AND
SHOW HIS SCARS, AND SAY,
"THESE WOUNDS I HAD ON
CRISPAN'S DAY." OLD MEN
FORGET; YET ALL SHALL BE
FORGOT, BUT WE'LL REMEMBER
WITH **ADVANTAGES** WHAT
FEATS HE DID THAT
DAY.



