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.







Act Four
Scene Three

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

WHERE IS THE KING?

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 STRIKES WITH US/ 'TIS A FEARFUL ODDS.

GOD BE WI' YOU, PRINCES ALL; I'LL TO MY CHARGE. IF WE NO MORE MEET, TILL WE MEET IN HEAVEN, THEN, JOYFULLY,

MY NOBLE LORD OF BEDFORD, -- MY DEAR LORD GLOUCESTER, -- AND MY GOOD LORD EXETER, -- AND 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 THEE WRONG 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 DOTH 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 NO STOMACH TO THIS FIGHT, LET HIM DEPART; HIS PASSPORT SHALL BE MADE, AND CROWNS FOR CONVOY 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 CRISPIAN.

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 CRISPIAN. HE THAT SHALL LIVE THIS DAY, AND SEE OLD AGE, WILL YEARLY ON THE VIGIL FEAST HIS NEIGHBOURS, AND SAY, "TO-MORROW IS SAINT CRISPIAN."

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

THEN SHALL OUR NAMES, FAMILIAR IN HIS MOUTH AS HOUSEHOLD WORDS, -- *HARRY THE KING, BEDFORD,* AND *EXETER, WARWICK* AND *TALBOT, SALISBURY* AND *GLOUCESTER,* -- BE IN THEIR FLOWING CUPS FRESHLY REMEMBER'D.

THIS STORY SHALL THE GOOD MAN TEACH HIS SON; AND *CRISPIN CRISPIAN* SHALL NE'ER GO BY, FROM THIS DAY TO THE ENDING OF THE WORLD, BUT WE IN IT SHALL BE *REMEMBERED.*

WE FEW, WE HAPPY FEW, WE *BAND OF BROTHERS.*

FOR HE TO-DAY THAT SHEDS HIS *BLOOD* WITH ME SHALL *BE* MY BROTHER; BE HE NE'ER SO VILE, THIS DAY SHALL GENTLE HIS CONDITION;

AND GENTLEMEN IN ENGLAND, NOW A-BED, SHALL THINK THEMSELVES *ACCURS'D* THEY WERE NOT HERE, AND HOLD THEIR MANHOODS *CHEAP,* WHILES ANY SPEAKS THAT FOUGHT WITH US UPON *SAINT CRISPIN'S DAY.*

MY SOVEREIGN LORD, *BESTOW* YOURSELF WITH *SPEED.* THE FRENCH ARE BRAVELY IN THEIR *BATTLES* SET, AND WILL WITH ALL EXPEDIENCE CHARGE ON US.

ALL THINGS ARE READY, IF OUR *MINDS* BE SO.

PERISH THE MAN WHOSE MIND IS *BACKWARD* NOW!

THOU DOST NOT WISH MORE HELP FROM *ENGLAND,* COZ?

GOD'S WILL! MY LIEGE, WOULD YOU AND I *ALONE,* WITHOUT MORE HELP, COULD FIGHT THIS ROYAL BATTLE!

WHY, NOW THOU HAST UNWISH'D FIVE THOUSAND MEN, WHICH LIKES ME BETTER THAN TO *WISH* US *ONE.*

YOU KNOW YOUR PLACES. *GOD BE WITH YOU ALL!*

TAN-TARA!

ONCE MORE I COME TO KNOW OF THEE, KING HARRY, IF FOR THY *RANSOM* THOU WILT NOW COMPOUND, BEFORE THY MOST ASSURED *OVERTHROW;*

FOR, CERTAINLY, THOU ART SO NEAR THE GULF, THOU NEEDS MUST BE *ENGLUTTED.* BESIDES, IN MERCY, THE CONSTABLE DESIRES THEE, THOU WILT MIND THY FOLLOWERS OF *REPENTANCE;* THAT THEIR *SOULS* MAY MAKE A PEACEFUL AND A SWEET RETIRE FROM OFF THESE FIELDS, WHERE, WRETCHES, THEIR POOR *BODIES* MUST LIE AND FESTER.