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'S THE KING?

THE KING RODE OUT TO OBSERVE THE FRENCH IN PERSON.

THEY'VE *SIXTY THOUSAND* FIGHTING MEN.

THAT'S FIVE TO ONE... *AND* THEY'RE ALL FRESH.

MAY GOD FIGHT ON OUR SIDE! THESE ARE *FEARFUL* ODDS.

GOD BE WITH YOU PRINCE/S, I'M GOING TO MY TROOPS. IF WE DON'T MEET AGAIN 'TIL WE MEET IN HEAVEN, THEN LET US MEET JOYFULLY.

MY NOBLE LORD OF BEDFORD, MY DEAR LORD GLOUCESTER, MY GOOD LORD EXETER AND ALL MY OTHER WARRIOR KINSMEN, *ADIEU!*

FAREWELL, GOOD SALISBURY, AND *GOOD LUCK!*

FAREWELL, MY LORD; FIGHT BRAVELY TODAY! BUT THEN, I DO YOU AN *INJUSTICE* TO EVEN MENTION THAT, BECAUSE YOU'RE MADE OF BRAVERY ITSELF.

HE'S AS FULL OF *BRAVERY* AS HE IS OF *CHIVALRY*, AND LIKE A *PRINCE* IN BOTH.

IF ONLY WE HAD *TEN THOUSAND* OF THOSE MEN IN ENGLAND WHO HAVE NO WORK TO DO TODAY!

WHO WISHED FOR THAT? *NO*, MY DEAR COUSIN WESTMORELAND. IF WE'RE DESTINED TO *DIE*, THEN WE'RE *ENOUGH* FOR OUR COUNTRY TO LOSE. AND IF WE ARE TO *LIVE*, THEN THE FEWER MEN, THE GREATER SHARE OF *HONOUR*.

GOD WILLING! PLEASE, DON'T WISH FOR A SINGLE MAN MORE.

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN *GOLD*, NOR DO I CARE WHO EATS AT MY *EXPENSE*.

IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME WHO WEARS MY *CLOTHES*. SUCH EXTERNAL THINGS DON'T EVEN COME INTO IT WITH ME.

BUT IF IT'S A SIN TO WANT *HONOUR*, I'M THE *BIGGEST SINNER ALIVE*. NO INDEED, COUSIN, DON'T WISH FOR ANOTHER MAN FROM ENGLAND.

GOD'S PEACE! I WOULDN'T WANT TO LOSE THE HONOUR THAT A SINGLE EXTRA MAN WOULD TAKE FROM ME. *DON'T WISH FOR EVEN ONE MORE!*

INSTEAD, WESTMORELAND, ANNOUNCE TO MY ARMY THAT ANYONE WHO HASN'T THE *STOMACH* FOR THIS FIGHT SHOULD *LEAVE NOW*. HE'LL GET A DISCHARGE AND TRAVEL MONEY.

WE DON'T WANT TO DIE WITH A MAN WHO'S *AFRAID* TO DIE WITH *US*.

TODAY'S CALLED THE FEAST OF CRISPIAN!

HE WHO *OUTLIVES* TODAY AND GETS HOME SAFELY WILL STAND TALL WHEN THIS DAY'S MENTIONED AND BE *PROUD* OF THE NAME OF CRISPIAN. HE WHO SURVIVES THIS DAY AND SEES OLD AGE WILL CELEBRATE WITH HIS NEIGHBOURS EVERY YEAR AND SAY, *"TOMORROW IS SAINT CRISPIAN."*

THEN HE'LL ROLL UP HIS SLEEVE AND SHOW HIS SCARS AND SAY, *"I GOT THESE WOUNDS ON CRISPIAN'S DAY."* OLD MEN FORGET; BUT EVEN WHEN HE'S FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING ELSE, HE'LL REMEMBER WHAT HE DID THAT DAY.

THEN OUR *NAMES*, AS FAMILIAR TO HIM AS HOUSEHOLD WORDS -- HARRY THE KING, BEDFORD AND EXETER, WARWICK AND TALBOT, SALISBURY AND GLOUCESTER -- WILL BE *REMEMBERED* IN THEIR *TOASTS*.

THIS STORY WILL BE PASSED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON AND *CRISPIN CRISPIAN* WILL NEVER GO BY, FROM THIS DAY UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD, WITHOUT US BEING *REMEMBERED*.

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

BECAUSE ANY MAN WHO SHEDS HIS *BLOOD* WITH ME TODAY WILL BE MY *BROTHER*. NO MATTER HOW *VILE* HE IS, THIS DAY WILL MAKE HIM *NOBLE*.

AND GENTLEMEN IN ENGLAND STILL LYING IN THEIR BEDS WILL BELIEVE THEMSELVES TO BE CURSED THAT THEY WEREN'T HERE. AND FEEL ASHAMED WHEN SOMEONE SPEAKS WHO FOUGHT WITH US UPON *SAINT CRISPIN'S DAY!*

MY SOVEREIGN LORD, TAKE YOUR POSITION QUICKLY. THE FRENCH ARE READY TO *FIGHT* AND THEY'LL *CHARGE* AT ANY MOMENT.

EVERY-THING'S READY, IF OUR *MINDS* ARE.

PERISH THE MAN WHOSE MIND'S NOT READY NOW!

YOU DON'T STILL WISH FOR *MORE HELP* FROM ENGLAND, COUSIN?

BY GOD, MY LIEGE, I WISH THAT YOU AND I *ALONE* COULD FIGHT THIS ROYAL BATTLE!

WELL, YOU'VE JUST UNWISHED *FIVE THOUSAND MEN* -- WHICH I PREFER TO YOU WISHING FOR *ONE* MORE!

YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR POSITIONS ARE. *GOD BE WITH YOU ALL!*

TAN-TARA!

I'VE COME ONE MORE TIME TO KNOW, KING HENRY, IF YOU'RE PREPARED TO NEGOTIATE YOUR *RANSOM* BEFORE CERTAIN DEFEAT?

YOU'RE SO NEAR THE *WHIRLPOOL*, YOU'LL CERTAINLY BE *SUCKED IN*. BESIDES, THE MERCIFUL CONSTABLE ASKS YOU TO REMIND YOUR FOLLOWERS OF *CONFESSION*, SO THEIR *SOULS* CAN MAKE A PEACEFUL DEPARTURE FROM THIS BATTLEFIELD, WHERE THEIR WRETCHED *BODIES* MUST LIE AND ROT.