

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 1415.
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 PRINCES, 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 SLOUCESTER, MY GOOD LORD EXETER AND ALL MY OTHER WARRIOR KINSMEN, ADIEU!



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

FAREWELL, GOOD SALISBURY, AND GOOD LUCK!



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.



