

CAPTAIN BLOOD, ISSUE THREE

by

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ISSUE THREE, GENERAL NOTES

We're going to keep using our "hats vs. headscarves" visual shorthand to keep our pirates straight in this issue. The Spanish are also in the mix, but since they're all in military garb, I figure it should be pretty easy to keep track of them.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE ONE

PAGE DETAILS: And we're off to the races again. Another jump forward in time; about two months since the last issue. This is appropriately Blood at the height of his piracy career; this episode is the novel's biggest showpiece of seamanship and skill as a pirate. So Blood is more "piratey" than he was at the end of Issue Two, with slight wardrobe changes (but still a bit of a dandy), but wilder-looking by a margin.

PANEL ONE

Captain Blood -- looking immaculate, as usual, is with his usual comrades Wolverstone, Pitt, Dyke and Ogle, looking grim on a beach. Cahusac, Lavasseur's former first mate and now the former commander of La Foudre, is giving them a pop-eyed screaming lecture. Cahusac has his French pirates behind him, Blood and co. have the English pirates behind them.

CAPTION

This, then, is Peter Blood:

CAPTION (2)

Once a doctor, a soldier, a slave.

CAPTION (3)

Today the most notorious pirate on the seas -- and a prisoner of FATE!

CAHUSAC

We are ALL going to DIE!

ISSUE THREE, PAGE TWO

PANEL ONE

Blood raises an eyebrow as Cahusac delivers a finger-wagging lecture.

CAHUSAC

Is it that I have not warned you
from the beginning that all was too
EASY?

PANEL TWO

Cahusac walks in a small circle, gesturing furiously at
everything around him.

CAHUSAC

The abandoned fort at the entrance
of Maracaybo bay! The abandoned
town beyond it, stripped of value!
It is a TRAP, I say! But Captain
Blood, he urges us onward! Always
onward!

PANEL THREE

Cahusac continues to freak out. Blood and Pitt grin at each
other.

CAHUSAC

True, we catch the Deputy-Governor;
true, we get big ransom for him;
but he was a piece of CHEESE!
Maracaybo is a mousetrap -- and WE
are the MICE!

PANEL FOUR

In the distance, the bay whose beach they are standing on
narrows -- and we can see the distant specks of four ships
anchored across the neck.

CAHUSAC

(off)

And there are the CATS! Four
Spanish warships have us BOTTLED
IN! Mort de Dieu! That is what
comes of the obstinacy of Captain
Blood!

PANEL FIVE

Wolverstone speaks to Ogle.

WOLVERSTONE

On balance, Ogle, I preferred it
when Lavasseur commanded La Foudre.

OGLE

He was a lunatic, Wolverstone.

WOLVERSTONE (2)

But no coward.

PANEL SIX

Cahusac gets right up in Wolverstone's face, yelling.

CAHUSAC

COWARD? Sangdieu! Tu ris, animal?
Tell me this: How do we get out
again unless we accept the terms of
Monsieur the Admiral of Spain?

ISSUE THREE, PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE

Captain Blood steps forward. He's cool and collected.

BLOOD

You spread much BLAME, Cahusac, but
take little RESPONSIBILITY.

BLOOD (2)

This town was ABANDONED because you
ran La Foudre aground in this very
bay.

PANEL TWO

Blood's men rally behind him as he steps toward Cahusac, one
hand resting casually on the hilt of his sword.

BLOOD

Too proud to take Pitt's
navigation. Too STUPID to take
soundings. We lost TWO DAYS
rescuing your crew, your gear. Two
days for the town to flee.

PANEL THREE

Blood is smiling, but it's a sardonic smile -- a dangerous
smile. He's really angry.

BLOOD

So we had to chase the Governor to
his inland fortress. I lost a
fortnight and a hundred men to

(MORE)

BLOOD (cont'd)
 capture him as the Spanish fleet
 sealed Maracaybo. And had you not
 LOST La Foudre, and reduced our
 fleet to two ships, we might have
 been able to fight through this.

PANEL FOUR

Cahusac backs down from Blood, his bluster lost.

BLOOD
 So do not HECTOR me for the results
 of your own ineptitude.

CAHUSAC
 Regardless of whose fault it is, we
 are still trapped. Thanks to YOU.
 But I have a way out.

PANEL FIVE

Cahusac addresses the assembled mob of pirates.

CAHUSAC
 I sent a messenger! And Don Miguel,
 the Spanish Admiral will grant us
 SAFE PASSAGE if we depart at once,
 leaving our prisoners and
 surrendering our spoils!

CAHUSAC (2)
 This is our ONLY way out!

BLOOD
 HA!

PANEL SIX

BLOOD
 I know Don Miguel better than you,
 Cahusac. We have history. We would
 never have left Maracaybo alive.

BLOOD (2)
 And I have taken the liberty of
 sending my OWN man, with MY terms.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE

Blood grins broadly and raises his sword. So do the pirates, French and English alike.

BLOOD

He will surrender fifty thousand gold to US! Or we will reduce this town to ashes before utterly DESTROYING his fleet!

BLOOD (2)

WHO'S WITH ME?

PIRATES

RAAAAAAH!

PANEL TWO

Wolverstone and Ogle converse. Both are smiling -- Ogle with eyebrows raised (slightly astonished, but amused), Wolverstone knowingly (more trust in Blood).

OGLE

Blood is slightly mad, you know.

WOLVERSTONE

But bold. And among the Brotherhood, a bold lunatic holds more currency than a coward. As Cahusac is quickly discovering.

PANEL THREE

Cahusac is ashen, feebly trying to get support for his surrender plan.

CAHUSAC

But -- Don Miguel has sent for reinforcements! Another ship is already on its way! We cannot POSSIBLY prevail!

BLOOD

Then LEAVE!

PANEL FOUR

Blood points at the ocean.

BLOOD

Gather your men, get in a skiff,
and BEG Don Miguel to let you pass!
Leave your share here! Leave your
PRIDE as well!

BLOOD (2)

What do your MEN think of that
plan... "Captain"?

PANEL FIVE

Cahusac looks nervous. Over his shoulder, we see his pirate crew looking surly and angry at their captain being such a wuss.

CAHUSAC

We... stay. For now.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE

Blood draws the bay in the sand. Here's the description from the book: The great freshwater lake of Maracaybo, nourished by a score of rivers from the snow-capped ranges that surround it on two sides, is some hundred and twenty miles in length and almost the same distance across at its widest. It is - as has been indicated - in the shape of a great bottle having its neck towards the sea at Maracaybo.

Beyond this neck it widens again, and then the two long, narrow strips of land known as the islands of Vigilias and Palomas block the channel, standing lengthwise across it. The only passage out to sea for vessels of any draught lies in the narrow strait between these islands. Palomas, which is some ten miles in length, is unapproachable for half a mile on either side by any but the shallowest craft save at its eastern end, where, completely commanding the narrow passage out to sea, stands the massive fort which the buccaneers had found deserted upon their coming. In the broader water between this passage and the bar, the four Spanish ships were at anchor in mid-channel.

So what we wind up with is like a fat bottle that opens up again, with two islands stretched across that wider opener. The closer island has a square on it for the fort to the east; there are four Xs in the channel just before the fort. It needs to be clear that there's only one way out: through the bottleneck, past the four Xs, and past the fort.

I've attempted to sketch this in Paint, but I suck.

BLOOD

The only way out is through the bottleneck. Past the four Spanish ships, past the fort.

PANEL TWO

Blood is holding the stick, looking down at the sand.

BLOOD

The fort is empty. They fled before we arrived, thanks to Cahusac's delays. But the Spanish ships... they are full. Of weapons, men, and treasure from earlier raids.

PANEL THREE

Blood gestures at the rabble of pirates on the shore.

BLOOD

1200 men to our scarce 400. Four ships to our two.

PANEL FOUR

Blood draws four ships in the sand. One large, one mid-sized, two small.

BLOOD

(off)

Two smaller vessels, the Infanta and the San Felipe, 20 guns each. The Salvador, with 36 guns. And the Admiral's Encarnacion. 56 guns. A monster.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

Close on Blood.

BLOOD

And they have a fifth ship on the way. The fact that they haven't sailed in and destroyed us is troubling. Are they THAT hungry for reinforcements?

PANEL TWO

Blood's POV of the bay. He has two ships out there, and a couple of smaller ones (sailing ships, basically) with no guns.

BLOOD

We have my Arabella and Dyke's Elizabeth. And the two sloops our captives so graciously left behind.

BLOOD (2)

And that may be enough.

PANEL THREE

Blood starts issuing orders.

BLOOD

Ogle! Pitt! Take twoscore men and gather all the black powder, pitch, tar and brimstone you can find in the town.

BLOOD (2)

Dyke! Cahusac! Strip down the larger of the two sloops. I want nothing left but hull and sail.

PANEL FOUR

Blood looks to Wolverstone, grinning.

WOLVERSTONE

I think I know what you drive at, Captain.

BLOOD

This is a dangerous plan, Wolverstone. Only a lunatic would volunteer to implement it.

WOLVERSTONE (2)

Oh, AYE.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

Don Miguel is dining belowdecks with some of his crew.

DON MIGUEL

(Spanish)

...and once the Santa Nino arrives, we'll move in and crush--

SPANISH SAILOR
 (off, Spanish)
 ADMIRAL! DON MIGUEL!

PANEL TWO

It's night: Don Miguel is running to the railing of the ship. A sailor is pointing and shouting.

SPANISH SAILOR
 (Spanish)
 Creeping in the dark at half-sail!
 By the time we saw--

DON MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 It's not even a warship! Does he
 plan to board us with THAT?

FIRST MATE
 (Spanish)
 Is he -- nude?

PANEL THREE

Wolverstone, stark naked with a group of other naked men, at the front of the sloop, flaming torch in his hand.

WOLVERSTONE
 You'd send US to hell, would you?
 READY THE GRAPPLES! LIGHT THE
 FUSES!

WOLVERSTONE (2)
 BRING HELL TO THEM, BOYS!

PANEL FOUR

Insert shot of Don Miguel. He's realizing what's up.

DON MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 Even if they collide, how--

DON MIGUEL (2)
 (Spanish)
 Oh no.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

A torch lights a fuse.

PANEL TWO

Hands hurl grappling hooks.

PANEL THREE

In a massive crash, the sloop crashes into the Encarnacion!

ISSUE THREE, PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

Wolverstone and his men leap off the back of the sloop.

PANEL TWO

A Spanish soldier struggles with a grappling hook.

SAILOR
(Spanish)
They've grappled our ship! And
there's a FIRE --

DON MIGUEL
(Spanish)
Those are FUSES!

PANEL THREE

Don Miguel runs across the deck, pointing away from the flames.

DON MIGUEL
(Spanish)
Flee! They've turned the sloop into
a FIRE SHIP! It's going to --

PANEL FOUR

The sloop explodes in a massive fireball, taking half of the Encarnacion with it.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

Don Miguel reels back from the flames.

DON MIGUEL

(Spanish)

DAMN HIM! We're crippled! Blood
will use this distraction to attack
the Salvador!

FIRST MATE

(Spanish)

Get to a skiff, sir! We must reach
the fort!

PANEL TWO

The Arabella, coming out of the night, fires all its guns
into the side of the Salvador.

BLOOD

(from ship)

FIRE!

PANEL THREE

Aboard the Salvador -- the captain scrambles across the
deck, shouting orders.

SALVADOR CAPTAIN

(Spanish)

It's Blood! Man the guns! Open
sails!

SALVADOR FIRST MATE

(Spanish)

We're badly damaged! The treasure
from our earlier raids--

SALVADOR CAPTAIN (2)

(Spanish)

Secure the treasure. We make for
the fort.

PANEL FIVE

Dyke, aboard his ship, stands next to his steersman.

DYKE

Blood's gambit has succeeded. Close
on the smaller ships! They're all

(MORE)

DYKE (cont'd)
 that stands between us -- and
 freedom!

ISSUE THREE, PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL ONE

The Arabella and the Elizabeth are maneuvering around the flaming Encarnacion and the shattered Salvador to take on the two smaller vessels behind them. Maybe a bird's eye view?

PANEL TWO

Don Miguel, in a skiff, with men rowing furiously.

DON MIGUEL
 To the fort! The fort! ROW, men!

PANEL THREE

Blood turns on his deck to consult with Pitt.

BLOOD
 Wolverthorpe and his men hauled in?

PITT
 Aboard the Elizabeth, sir.

BLOOD (2)
 Let's see how much fight these
 little ships, have, then.

PANEL FOUR

One of the enemy ships (the small ones) has men on deck, hands held high, one waving a white flag.

BLOOD
 (off)
 Not much, apparently. Take command
 of the Infanta. Lock the sailors
 below decks.

PANEL FIVE

Blood turns to Ogle.

BLOOD
 Some fine shooting, Mr. Ogle.

OGLE
Thank'ee, Cap'm. Shall we pick up
Don Miguel?

PANEL SIX

Blood scans the sea around him.

BLOOD
He's made for the fort. The
Salvador limping after.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

Blood stands at the helm of the ship, shouting back to Pitt.

BLOOD
Steady on, Mr. Pitt! Dyke commands
the Infanta now. The Spanish
abandoned the fort before we
arrived. No threat there.

PANEL TWO

The Arabella is leading the Infanta through the channel, past the charred husk of the Encarnacion and the surrendered smaller ships. The Elizabeth is hanging back (if it is indeed in this panel).

BLOOD
(from ship)
A straight run out to sea, and
then--

PANEL THREE

The Arabella's side (the side facing the fort) explodes in a staggering burst of cannon fire! Splinters, smoke, chaos, men being thrown off the ship.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

Captain Blood, looking horrified -- the first time in the series something has been entirely surprising for him, really -- stares off-panel at the fort.

BLOOD
 HELL! What the DEVIL has that
 Spanish--

PANEL TWO

The fort clearly has cannons poking out of the side of it.

BLOOD
 (off)
 Don Miguel! The fiend transferred
 the cannons from Fort Cojero here,
 to Fort Palamos! THAT'S why he was
 biding his time in the bay!

PANEL THREE

Another volley from the cannons -- this time we see the
 newly captured Spanish ship, the Infanta, lose almost all of
 one side in a cloud of smoke and splinters.

BLOOD
 The Infanta! NO! He's killing his
 own imprisoned men!

PANEL FOUR

Pitt is turning the wheel of the ship with white-knuckled
 fists. Blood is behind him, grasping his shoulder and
 shouting.

PITT
 Dyke and some men have escaped the
 Infanta, sir. But another volley
 will--

BLOOD
 ABOUT, Mr. Pitt! FULL ABOUT! Back
 to the bay! We CANNOT face those
 cannons!

ISSUE THREE, PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

Blood and crew back on the shore. Cahusac is freaking out.

CAHUSAC
 DOOMED! I told you we were DOOMED!

PANEL TWO

A view of the bay off Marycabo -- the Arabella is blasted to hell. The Salvador is the only ship in decent shape.

CAHUSAC

The Arabella is CRIPPLED! The Infanta is DESTROYED! We are SHATTERED!

PANEL THREE

Blood calls on Pitt.

BLOOD

Get me pen and paper. I am sending a message to Don Miguel.

PANEL FOUR

Blood writes.

BLOOD

You have SEEN what we can do when outnumbered and outmanned. I give you two days to abandon the fort and save yourselves.

CAHUSAC

(off)

WHAT?

PANEL FIVE

Cahusac so far out of his mind in disbelief that he's practically a cartoon character. Arms flailing, eyes popping.

CAHUSAC

STILL you continue to BLUFF? He is going to DESTROY us, Blood! When the Santa Nino arrives --

WOLVERSTONE

ENOUGH!

ISSUE THREE, PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE

Wolverstone grabs Cahusac by the collar, lifting him off the ground.

WOLVERSTONE

GO, Cahusac. Slink away in a sloop.
Don Miguel will not attack you --
it is obvious you carry nothing but
your wretched selves.

WOLVERSTONE (2)

And he seeks WORTHY prey.

PANEL TWO

Blood and Pitt watch as a sloop sails away, stuffed to the
gills with French pirates.

BLOOD

Bon voyage, Cahusac.

PITT

We're better without them.

PANEL THREE

Blood turns and talks to his cohorts.

BLOOD

To WORK, then. Ready the Salvador
and begin refitting the Arabella.
We sail at dawn.

PANEL FOUR

Pitt looks out at the dark ocean, the semi-wrecked Arabella
already with men swarming over it.

PITT

Sail... to WHAT?

ISSUE THREE, PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL ONE

The Arabella, somewhat crudely patched, and the Salvador,
still in pretty good shape, are back at sea.

BLOOD

(from deck)

Last night, as you slept, Dyke and
I slipped out just shy of the fort
in a sloop. This is what we found.

PANEL TWO

Blood unfurls a parchment on the deck of the ship. It shows the fort, on a slight point protruding out to the channel to the west, and around it to the east a wide blank area, with a shaded treeline around that in turn. Not a great drawing, but this is a sleep-deprived pirate making desperate plans.

BLOOD

(off)

The fort's guns have range over the centre channel, as we know. But they aren't pointed at the island to the fort's rear.

PANEL THREE

Blood points at the fort, which is visible in the distance (but not within cannon range).

BLOOD

We send men ashore here with small arms and storm the fort from behind, attacking her from land.

WOLVERSTONE

A good plan. But who's to say Don Miguel won't just move the cannons?

PANEL FOUR

Dyke points at the map.

DYKE

In the time it takes to get enough men to shore to assault the fort, Don Miguel can transfer the cannons to the rear of the fort. He'd blow us to the Inferno as we broke cover.

PANEL FIVE

Blood looks at the fort again.

BLOOD

Aye. Aye, he moved the cannons in, so they must not be bolted down. He can't move them quickly, but quickly ENOUGH.

PANEL SIX

Insert shot: Blood frowns.

BLOOD

Hmm.

PANEL SEVEN

Another insert shot: Blood smiles.

BLOOD

Ha.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE

Night. Don Miguel is standing on top of the fort with one of his men.

DON MIGUEL

(Spanish)

Is the Arabella still just sitting there? Out of range?

SAILOR

(Spanish)

Aye, sir. Rebuffed our messenger. But look -- something's happening.

PANEL TWO

A round panel, emulating a spyglass: a skiff is leaving from behind the ship, with a bunch of men sitting in it and some crates between them.

DON MIGUEL

(off, Spanish)

Ferrying men to shore? An escape, perhaps?

PANEL THREE

Don Miguel still has the spyglass to his eye.

DON MIGUEL

(Spanish)

And now the skiff returns, empty but for the rower.

PANEL FOUR

The sailor looks nervous.

SAILOR
 (Spanish)
 Could they be planning a land
 assault?

DON MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 Don't be mad. They know we can
 shift the cannons.

SAILOR (2)
 (Spanish)
 We were lax when they crept up on
 us in the fireship. Perhaps they
 count on the same arrogance.

PANEL FIVE

Smaller shot as Don Miguel lifts the spyglass to his eye
 again.

DON MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 Perhaps. But Blood is no fool.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL ONE

A spyglass-o-vision shot, the skiff returning again, full.

PANEL TWO

And in the opposite direction, empty.

PANEL THREE

And returning again, full.

DON MIGUEL
 (off, Spanish)
 What the devil is he THINKING?

PANEL FOUR

There's now more of a crowd on the roof, gathered around Don
 Miguel.

FIRST MATE
 (Spanish)
 He's ferried at least a hundred men
 ashore, sir. With no sign of
 letting up.

DON MIGUEL

(Spanish)

He MUST know we can cover the rear
of the fort by moving the cannons.

PANEL FIVE

FIRST MATE

(Spanish)

He is a pirate and a scoundrel,
sir. That fellow Cahusac said he
was mad.

DON MIGUEL

(Spanish)

He assassinated my brother. That
alone makes him less than a dog.
But I did not think a RABID dog.

PANEL SIX

Another spyglass shot -- the skiff returning again, empty.

DON MIGUEL

(off, Spanish)

He showed acumen two days ago.
Tactics. Leadership. What is THIS?

ISSUE THREE, PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

Close to that returning skiff now -- Wolverstone is rowing,
his huge muscles straining.

WOLVERSTONE

(whispering)

Lose some weight, you fat bastards.

PITT

(whispering, from out of sight
at the bottom of the skiff)

What do you think we feel like?

PANEL TWO

Big shot over Wolverstone's shoulder of the bottom of the
skiff -- sailors packed in the bottom like sardines, some
slats of wood (the flattened "crates") with them.

PITT
 Sit up, lie down, sit up, lie down.
 Rearranging ourselves before every
 trip. Changing hats.

WOLVERSTONE
 Aye--

PANEL THREE

Closer shot of Wolverstone grinning.

WOLVERSTONE
 But Don Miguel must be sweating
 now, hey?

PANEL FOUR

Don Miguel is staring through the spyglass, his teeth
 gritted.

FIRST MATE
 (Spanish)
 If they're attacking, it'll be at
 dawn, with the sun behind them.

SAILOR
 (Spanish)
 We need to start moving those
 cannons NOW.

PANEL FIVE

Don Miguel lowers the spyglass, obviously angry.

DON MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 Fine. They can't have enough men
 left on those ships to even man a
 gun, let alone sail.

PANEL SIX

Don Miguel is furious. He KNOWS he's being played, he's SURE
 of it, but can't bring himself to call the bluff.

DON MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 Move the damned cannons.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

A view from the fort -- the sun rising over the treeline across the clearing.

PANEL TWO

Don Miguel is on the roof of the fort, with a group of grimy, sweaty sailors.

FIRST MATE

(Spanish)

The cannons are moved, Don Miguel.
We are prepared.

DON MIGUEL

(Spanish)

Excellent. I can scarce believe
Blood would be this foolish.

PANEL THREE

A panicky soldier points out at the wood beyond the clearing.

SOLDIER

(Spanish)

THERE! IN THE WOODS! MOVEMENT!

PANEL FOUR

Don Diego stands behind a cannon.

DON DIEGO

(Spanish)

READY! WAIT FOR THEM TO BREAK
COVER!

ISSUE THREE, PAGE TWENTY-ONE

PANEL ONE

A voice from the woods, screaming!

VOICE IN WOODS

RRRRAAAHHH!

PANEL TWO

Don Miguel, seized with excitement, crouches behind a cannon.

DON MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 READY CANNONS!

PANEL THREE

Wolverstone, obviously alone, leaps out of the woods.

WOLVERSTONE
 RRRRAAAHHH!!!

PANEL FOUR

Don Miguel looks shocked.

DON MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 One man? But if their crew isn't
 here, then they must be --

PANEL FIVE

Don Miguel in full panic, pointing back towards the front of the fort.

DON MIGUEL
 (Spanish)
 MOVE THE CANNONS! IT WAS A FEINT!
 HIS SHIPS ARE STILL MANNED!

ISSUE THREE, PAGE TWENTY-TWO

PANEL ONE

The Arabella has pulled up close to the fort, along with the Salvador, and the two ships are pounding hell out of the fort with their cannons. The decks are alive with men.

PANEL TWO

A shot of the fort -- half of the wall facing the waterway is destroyed.

BLOOD
 (on ship)
 FIRE AT WILL!

PANEL THREE

Don Miguel faces the ruined half of the fort, aghast.

DON MIGUEL

No. NO!!!

PANEL FOUR

Blood helps Wolverstone back on board from atop a rope ladder.

BLOOD

Well done, Mister Wolverstone.

WOLVERSTONE

I was prepared to seize the fort myself when you attacked.

PANEL FIVE

Blood points outward, towards the sea, as he stands beside Pitt at the helm.

BLOOD

Straight on, Mister Pitt. Back to Tortuga with treasure intact.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE TWENTY-THREE

PANEL ONE

The Arabella and the Salvador sailing, the captured smaller ships tagging behind.

BLOOD

(from ship)

Why, I venture-- what's that?

PANEL TWO

A Spanish ship in the mid-distance from the Arabella.

PANEL THREE

Blood grins.

BLOOD

The Santa Nina, one day late. Let's show them the penalty for tardiness, boys.

PANEL FOUR

The Santa Nina, crew on deck, hands held high.

PANEL FIVE

Blood boarding the Santa Nina, talking to her captain.

BLOOD

(Spanish)

A sound decision, Captain. Three ships to your one. No dishonor.

SANTA NINA CAPTAIN

(Spanish)

Take the treasure and the slaves and be on your cursed way, Don Sangre.

ISSUE THREE, PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

PANEL ONE

Blood opens a hatch in the ship.

BLOOD

Slaves? A bad business. We'll free 'em, and --

PANEL TWO

Blood is astonished and delighted.

BLOOD

--well, what have we here?

PANEL THREE

Cahusac and his crew emerge blinking in chains from the hold.

SANTA NINA CAPTAIN

These idiots were trying to cross the sea in a sloop. We thought they might fetch a price in the colony.

BLOOD

I can assure you they're worthless. I'll take them off your hands, though.

PANEL FOUR

The Arabella and her sister ships sailing into the sunset.

CAPTION

(Pitt's journal)

So Cahusac had escaped slavery to become a mock among the Brethren of

(MORE)

CAPTION (cont'd)
the Coast. For many a month
thereafter he was to hear in
Tortuga the jeering taunt, "Where
do you spend the gold that you
brought back from Maracaybo?"

END OF ISSUE THREE