

Bravemast

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**BRAVEMAST RIDES
HIS HORSE INTO A
CASTLE COURTYARD...**



*HERE,
DOUGAL LAD!
TAKE CARE OF
WARHAMMER.
HE'S HAD A
HARD RUN
TODAY.*

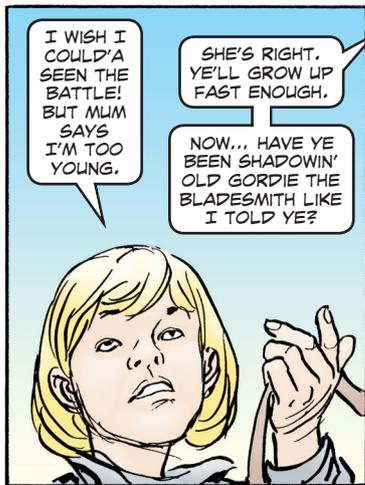
FIGHTIN' THE
ENGLISH
AGAIN,
BRAVEMAST?

WAS
TODAY'S
BATTLE
VERRA
FIERCE?



AYE, LAD...
WE FELLED
HALF THE
ENEMY IN A
SHORT DAY'S
WORK.





I WISH I COULD'A SEEN THE BATTLE! BUT MUM SAYS I'M TOO YOUNG.

SHE'S RIGHT. YE'LL GROW UP FAST ENOUGH.

NOW... HAVE YE BEEN SHADOWIN' OLD GORDIE THE BLADESMITH LIKE I TOLD YE?



I'VE PASSED THE TESTS, OLD GORDIE SAYS!



GOOD LAD! I'M TURNING OVER MY CLAYMORE SWORD TO YER CARE THEN. SEE THAT IT GETS PROPERLY HONED BEFORE THE NEXT BATTLE!

MORE TIME PASSES... AS DOUGAL HAMMERS BRAVEMAST'S NEWEST SWORD.



OLD GORDIE WARNED ME THIS WAS HOT, HARD, DIRTY WORK... AND MIGHTY THANKLESS, TOO!



BUT THIS IS THE THIRD SWORD BRAVEMAST HAS ASKED ME TO MAKE HIM SINCE OLD GORDIE DIED...



... SO I'VE EARNED HIS TRUST AND RESPECT NOW!

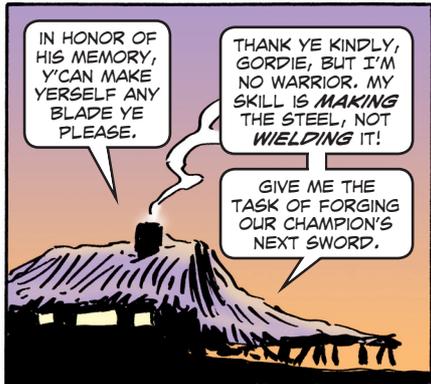


TIME PASSES...

YE'VE GOT A NATURAL KNACK, DOUGAL LAD! JUST LIKE YER DEAR OLD DA.



DOUGAL MACTIGH! COME JOIN US AT MACDONALD'S INN TO TOAST BRAVEMAST'S LATEST VICTORY!



IN HONOR OF HIS MEMORY, Y'CAN MAKE YERSELF ANY BLADE YE PLEASE.

THANK YE KINDLY, GORDIE, BUT I'M NO WARRIOR. MY SKILL IS *MAKING* THE STEEL, NOT *WIELDING* IT!

GIVE ME THE TASK OF FORGING OUR CHAMPION'S NEXT SWORD.



'TIS A VERRA GREAT HONOR TO MAKE OUR CHAMPION'S BLADE, SO DINNA BETRAY MY TRUST IN YE. *WORK HARD* AND MAKE ME PROUD.

OH, I *WILL* GORDIE! I PROMISE!



SORRY, KENNETH. I HAVE TO FINISH THIS SWORD FOR THE MORROW.



NOW... WHERE WAS I?



DOUGAL! YER STEW'S GETTIN' COLD. T'WAS READY NIGH AN HOUR AGO!



I TOLD YE THIS MORN, MUM... I'VE GOT TO CATCH UP ON MY WORK TONIGHT.

THERE'S AN IMPORTANT BATTLE TOMORROW.



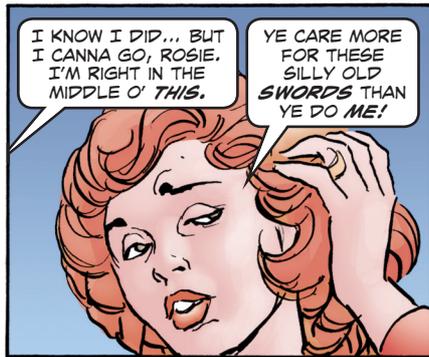
HMPH! WELL... WHILE YE LOLLYGAG AROUND HERE AND YER SUPPER GOES COLD, REMEMBER... THERE ARE POOR, WEE BAIRNS STARVIN' IN GLASGOW WHO WOULD LOVE TO HAVE THAT STEW!



OH, DOUGAL DEARIE... IT'S ME, YER OWN SWEET ROSIE!



OCH! ARE YE STILL WORKING? 'TIS SO LATE. REMEMBER, YE PROMISED TO TAKE ME TO THE SPRING CEILIDH DANCE TONIGHT!



I KNOW I DID... BUT I CANNA GO, ROSIE. I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE O' THIS.

YE CARE MORE FOR THESE SILLY OLD SWORDS THAN YE DO ME!



NAY, LASSIE... THAT'S NOT TRUE.



NEVER YE MIND, DOUGAL MACTIGH. I'LL ASK BIG HUGH TO TAKE ME TO THE DANCE INSTEAD. AT LEAST HE DINNA THINK A SWORD IS BETTER COMPANY THAN HIS LASS.



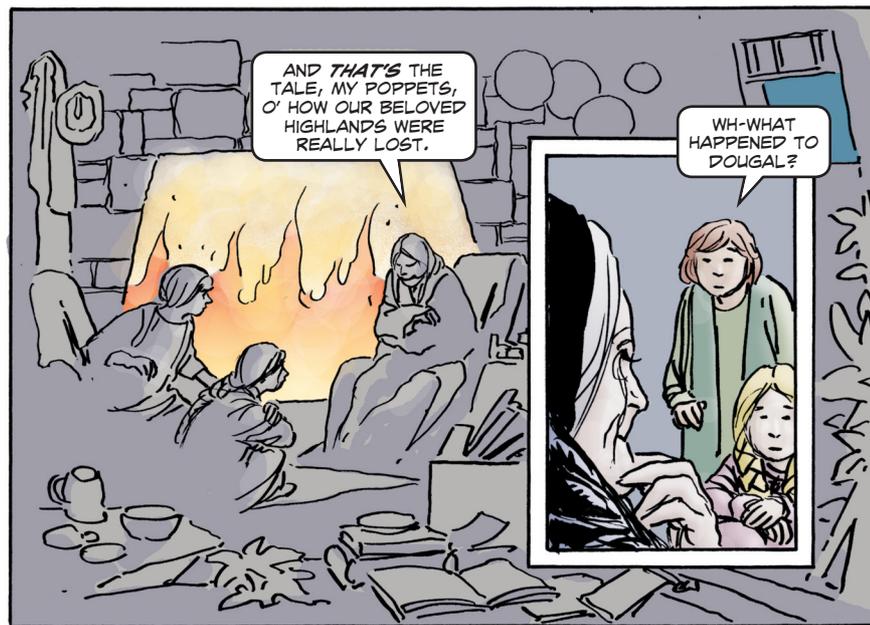
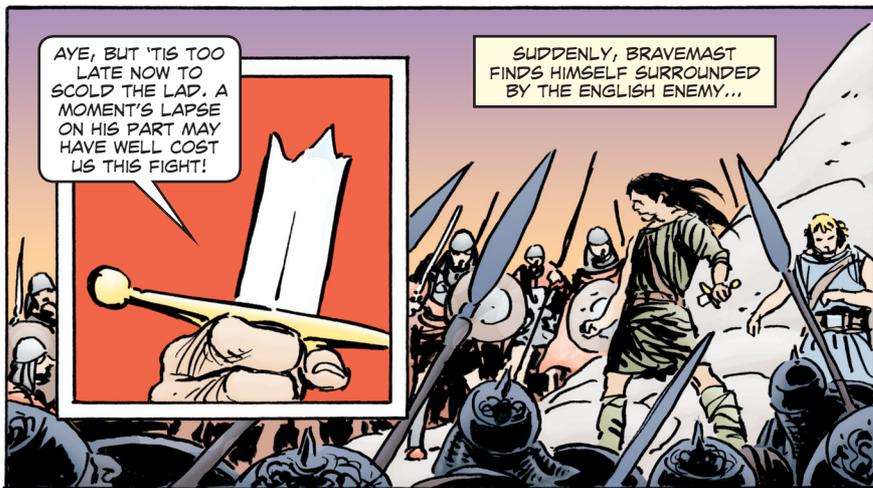
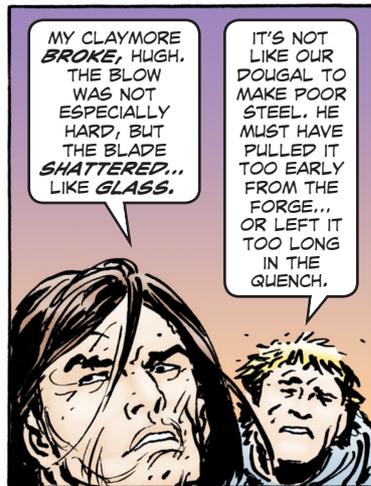
UPSET, DOUGAL COMPLETELY FORGETS ABOUT THE SWORD COOLING IN THE QUENCH TANK...



NOT MUCH LATER, BRAVEMAST RIDES BOLDLY INTO BATTLE...



...ONLY TO HAVE HIS SWORD SHATTER FROM AN ENEMY BLOW.





NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO DOUGAL, LITTLE HUGH.



AFTER HE HEARD THAT OUR CHAMPION'S SWORD BROKE IN BATTLE, FORCING BRAVEMAST TO SURRENDER TO THE ENGLISH, DOUGAL SLIPPED AWAY INTO THE HIGHLAND MISTS AND WAS NE'ER SEEN AGAIN.



SOME SAY HE HAUNTS THE LOCH, FOR THE SOUND OF HIS BLADESMITH'S HAMMER STILL ECHOES THROUGH THE VALLEY ON DARK NIGHTS.



BUT, MY ANGELS, NOW YE KNOW WHERE THE WISE HIGHLAND SAYING COMES FROM...



NEGLECT THE BLADE **TODAY** AND YE SURRENDER THE BATTLE ON THE **MORROW!**