



The **Dreamer**

**19 NEW
PAGES WRITTEN
BY LORA INNES!**

FEATURING THE ART OF:

LORA INNES

ALAN EVANS

COMFORT LOVE
& ADAM WITHERS

MICHAEL MAYNE

SARAH SEARLE

MEG SYVERUD

ISSUE 14
DIRECTOR'S CUT

Introduction

Researching *The Dreamer* has been an ongoing process. At a certain point I needed to begin writing or I never would have started. But as I continue learning about the Revolution, I inevitably find myself daydreaming about what Alan and Bea might have been doing during the historical events I read about.

If I waited to write these ideas down until they showed up in my story, all of the dates and details would have blurred together in my mind. So I began writing these little scenarios down right away. The result is over a hundred pages of material collected over six years that I could not use in *The Dreamer* until Issue #14.

I knew at which point in *The Dreamer* I wanted to tell Alan's story. As we neared Issue #14, I pulled all of the material I had written and began to organize it.

Which scenes were Alan-centric and which were more Bea-centric? I separated them, and set the Bea scenes aside to be used down the road. For the Alan parts, I estimated how many comic pages each scene would require. Even at a double-length issue—which I had decided this must be—I had far too much material.

So what would be my measuring rod for determining which scenes would make the cut?

I found three threads to the material: the romance of Alan and Bea, the story of Boston in the Revolution, and the rise and fall of Dr. Joseph Warren.

All three would have been included. But only one could be the focus.

Though Issue #14 would spotlight Alan, *The Dreamer* is still Bea's story. First and foremost, anything I chose to include had to be relevant to Bea—if not directly, indirectly.

What made Alan Alan? Any way I looked at it, his motivation as a character came back to one obvious answer: Joseph Warren was his adoptive brother and surrogate father-figure. And he died in battle, just like Alan's father had. As an orphan, the Roxbury Warrens took Alan in, gave him a home, a family, and an identity. As a result, Alan's loyalty to them and the pain of Joseph's death was deeper than even his devotion to Bea.

In the end Alan chose the Warrens over Bea, and this is the cause of the fallout between them which has haunted her throughout the entirety of *The Dreamer*, though she cannot remember and he refuses to tell her.

That was the story I had to tell about Alan Warren. Yes, Revolutionary Boston and his romance with Bea would feature into the story. But in the end, it is Alan's promise on the final page that summarizes this issue: "If there is one thing I won't forget, it's home."

It is that echo which finally brings him back to the land of the living.

Fall 1759: Aunt Mary & the Tree. 4.5 pgs	Summer 1762: Joe & Al talk about the farm. 4 pgs	Spring 1765: Al meets Sam Adams. 3 pgs	Nov 1765: Stamp Act Protest 2.5 pgs	Summer 1767: Al buys the farm. 3 pgs
Oct 1772: Al just met Bea. 2 pgs	April 1773: Betsy Warren's funeral. 3.5 pgs	June 1773: Dinner with Mr. Hancock! 3 pgs	Sept. 1774: "She's back!" 2 pgs	Sept 1774: Al at Bea's window. 3 pgs
Oct 1774: Al brings the Whaleys food. 2 pgs	Feb 1775: Aunt Mary yells at Joe 2 pgs	March 1775: Boston Massacre Oration. 4.5 pgs	April 1775: Bea Warns Al about the Powder ? pgs	April 1775: Lexington & Concord. ? pgs
May 1775: Al visits sick Joe. 2 pgs	June 1775: Bunker Hill. 5 pgs	June 1775: Al enlists. 1 pg	June 1775: John in the hospital. 2 pgs	Oct 1775: Bea's 17th Birthday. 1 pgs
March 1776: Evacuation Day 4 pgs	April 1776: Alan says goodbye. 4 pgs	35.5 must have scenes 14 yellow pages		

Having settled on a direction, I made a chart with all of the written scenes I had to choose from. Slowly I began marking those red which were guaranteed a spot. Then I made the much harder decision to mark others black and cut them altogether. The remainder I marked yellow until I knew what to do with them.

I wound up with 35.5 pages, not including the present scenes of Alan, sick and dying. In the end, I was able to include all of the yellow scenes but the black fell to the cutting room floor.

These deleted scenes included some of my favorite writings. "Betsy Warren's funeral" became a prose chapter entitled "Miss Whaley" in the *Three Days Ago Dreamer* short story about the death of Joseph Warren. "John in the hospital" was deleted altogether after the events in *Three Days Ago* made it no longer cannon.

But what about the rest?

Six of my friends eagerly volunteered to illustrate these deleted scenes for me. Not wanting to be left out of the fun, I claimed four pages myself. The result is the book you now hold in your eReader.

I hope you enjoy getting to know Alan Warren a little bit better. These deleted scenes have always shaped how I write Alan Warren. It is my pleasure to have this opportunity to share with you my full vision for the “This Is Your Life, Alan Warren” issue of *The Dreamer*.

And thank you so much for subscribing to *The Dreamer* newsletter! I appreciate the opportunity to stay in touch with you about upcoming Dreamer-related news. I promise not to spam you, never to share your email address with anyone, or to bombard you with emails till you are blue in the face.

But when something exciting does come along, it will be my joy to share it with you. So thank you for agreeing to stay in touch! Your constant devotion and support honors and humbles me.

This is my gift to you. Thank you for reading,

A large, elegant, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Lora Innes'.

Lora Innes



The **Dreamer**

ACT ONE:
THE CONSEQUENCE OF
NATHAN HALE

ISSUE FOURTEEN DIRECTOR'S CUT

HE WAS PART OF MY DREAM, OF COURSE-
BUT THEN I WAS PART OF HIS DREAM, TOO.

-LEWIS CARROLL,
"THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS"

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY
LORA INNES

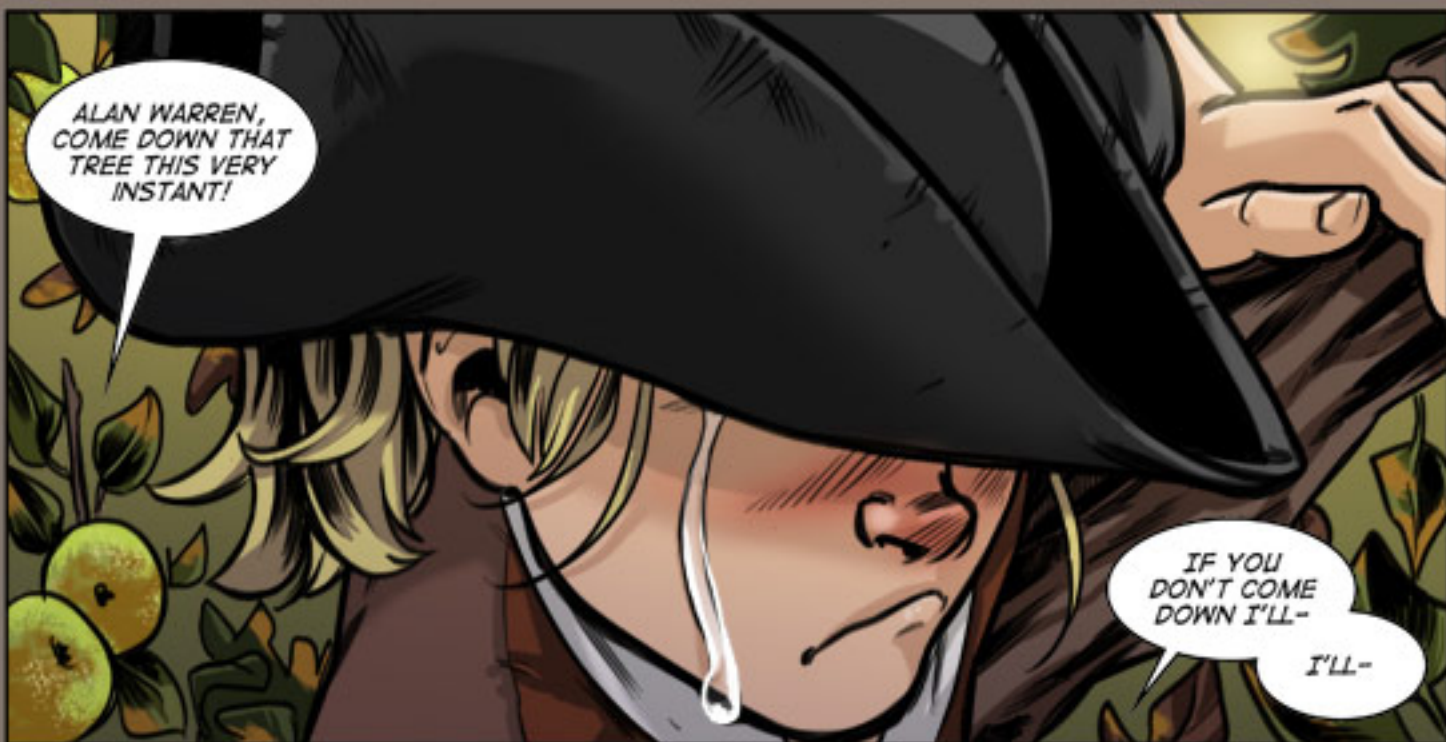
COLORS BY
JULIE WRIGHT

DIRECTORS CUT PAGES ILLUSTRATED BY
MEG SYVERUD - PAGES 15 - 19
LORA INNES - PAGES 32 - 34, 54
SARAH SEARLE - PAGES 35 - 37
ALAN EVANS - PAGES 40 - 41
COMFORT LOVE
& ADAM WITHERS - PAGES 59 - 60
MICHAEL MAYNE - PAGES 69 - 71

ROXBURY, FALL OF 1759.



ALAN,
COME DOWN
HERE!



ALAN WARREN,
COME DOWN THAT
TREE THIS VERY
INSTANT!

IF YOU
DON'T COME
DOWN I'LL-

I'LL-



I'LL COME
UP AFTER
YOU!



HMMPH!



HFFPH.
HFFPH.

HUFF...



I'M HERE
NOW.

CAN WE
TALK?



YOU
KNOW...

I SWORE
I'D NEVER CLIMB
ONE OF THESE
TREES.

NEVER
SET FOOT IN
ONE.



DO YOU
REMEMBER
YOUR UNCLE
JOSEPH?

NOD

WHEN HE FELL
OUT OF ONE OF
THESE AWFUL TREES
AND BROKE HIS NECK I
WANTED TO CUT THEM
ALL DOWN AND
BURN THEM.



BURN
THEM?!

I DIDN'T.

WE NEEDED
THE ORCHARD TO
SURVIVE.

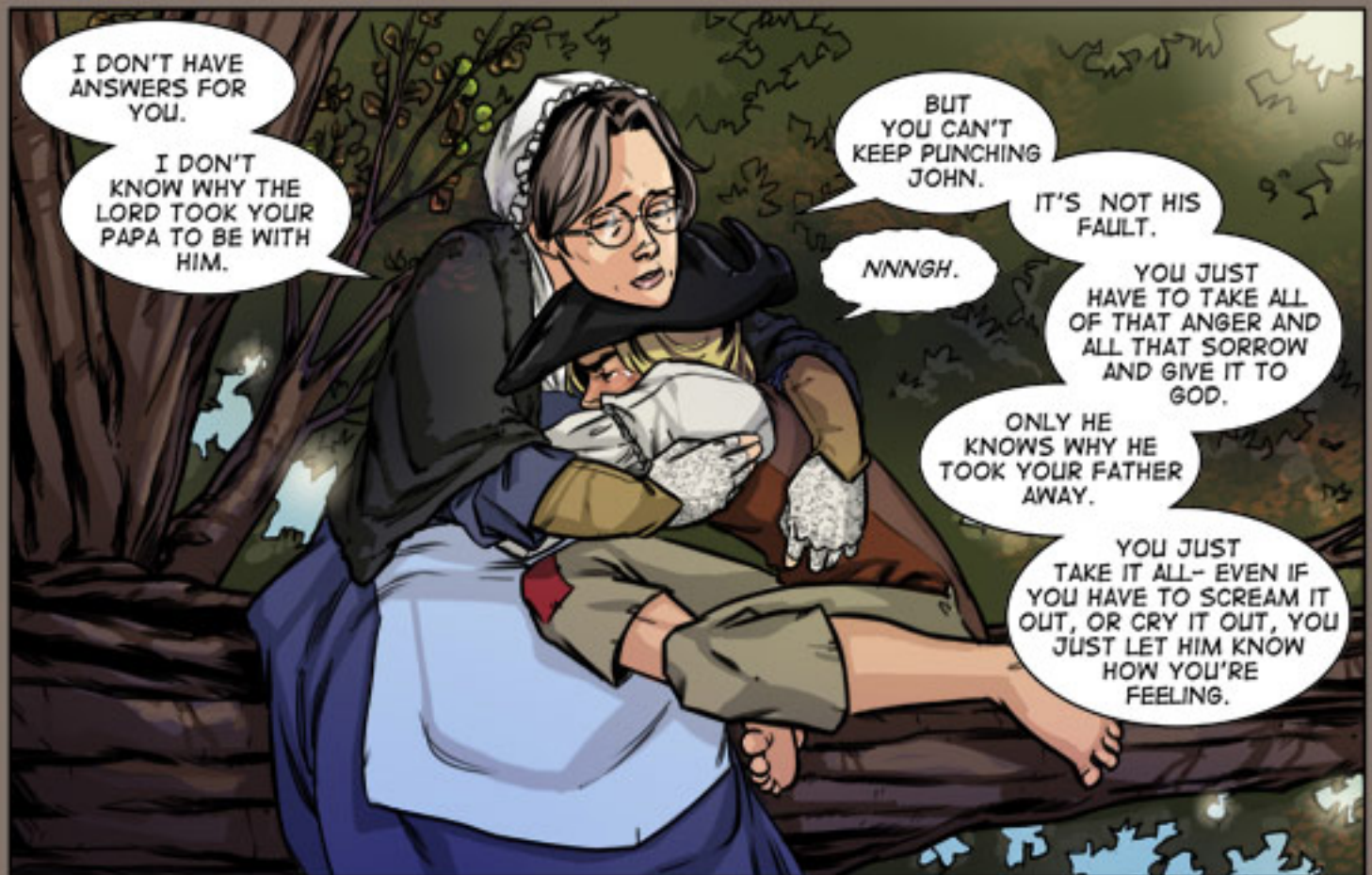
SO INSTEAD
I JUST SAID TO
MYSELF,

"MARY WARREN,
YOU'LL NEVER SET
FOOT IN ONE OF THOSE
HORRIBLE TREES
AGAIN."

AND EACH AND
EVERY TIME ONE OF
YOU BOYS CLIMBS
UP HERE...

...MY HEART
STOPS AND DOESN'T
START AGAIN UNTIL BOTH
YOUR LITTLE FEET ARE
ON THE GROUND.







AND THEN HE'LL SCOOP YOU UP IN HIS BIG, STRONG ARMS AND WHISPER IN YOUR EAR:

"YOU BELONG TO ME, ALAN WARREN."

"YOU BELONG TO ME."



AND YOU CALL ME MAMA, OR MOTHER, OR MUM, OR ANYTHING ELSE YOU WANT, PRETTY BOY.



"YOU'RE OURS NOW."

ALAN?

COLONEL KNOWLTON?

NO!



ALAN?!



NO.
NO.
NO.
NO.



COLONEL!

COLONEL KNOWLTON?

I NEED HELP IN HERE!

NATHAN?

FRED?!

WHERE IS EVERYONE?



WAKE UP!

AFTER THAT HORRIBLE LETTER YOU WROTE ME?!

YOU'D BETTER WAKE UP!

"DON'T YOU DARE LEAVE ME HERE WITHOUT YOU."

ROXBURY, SUMMER OF 1762.

HOW LONG ARE YOU STAYING, JOSEPH?

I HAVE TO GO BACK TONIGHT.

I JUST STOPPED BY TO SEE ALAN.

WHY DON'T YOU EVER COME TO VISIT ME?

I'M HERE NOW, AREN'T I?

YOU SAID YOU CAME TO SEE ALAN.





COVER YOUR EARS, JOE!

COME VISIT ME IN THE CITY, JOHN.
SEE IF YOU'D LIKE TO BE A DOCTOR.



BAM
HA!
IT WORKS!



ALAN WARREN!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO FIRE THAT AT NIGHT.
YOU'LL WAKE THE NEIGHBORS!

WHO'S ASLEEP?
IT'S NOT THAT LATE.

I SAID IN THE MORNING.

...YES, MUM.



WHOSE MUSKET IS THAT, ALAN?

MR. CAULFIELD'S.

HAVE YOU BEEN MAKING A LOT OF MONEY FIXING GUNS?

SOME.

WELL THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT.



YOU CAME TO SEE ME?

SURE I DID!

MR. TRAINER, THE MAN WHO OWNS YOUR FATHER'S GUNSMITH SHOP NOW, SAID HE'D LIKE TO MAKE YOU HIS APPRENTICE.

I CAN SEE THAT'S TRUE.

HEARD YOU STILL HAD A KNACK FOR IT.



DO I...

...DO I HAVE TO?



WELL,
NO.
I
SUPPOSE
NOT.

BUT YOU
DON'T WANT
TO?

IT'S NOT MY
DAD'S SHOP NO
MORE, IS IT?

ANYMORE.

WELL, MR.
TRAINER OWNS
IT NOW.

YOU
REMEMBER
HIM.

HE WAS
FINISHING UP HIS
APPRENTICESHIP
WHILE YOU LIVED
THERE.



I
REMEMBER
HIM.

BUT I
DON'T WANT TO
GO BACK TO
BOSTON.



LISTEN, JOE.

...
...I
DON'T HEAR
ANYTHING.

YES, YOU
DO.



I HEAR...

...A
BULLFROG...

...CRICKETS...

...THE
WEAVERS' DOG
BARKING...

EXACTLY!

IT
SOUNDS
LIKE HOME.



BOSTON
DOESN'T SOUND
LIKE HOME
ANYMORE.

SO YOU
WANT TO
STAY...

...HERE?

ABSOLUTELY
NOT!



I DON'T WANT TO WORK FOR SAM!

HA!

HE'D WORK ME TO DEATH!

NO, I'M GOING TO BUY OLD MR. WITHERSPOON'S FARM.

THE LITTLE ORCHARD UP THE ROAD? IS HE SELLING IT?



NAW.

NOT YET.

BUT HAVE YOU SEEN HOW OLD THE MAN IS?

PARDON ME?

HE'S GOING TO CROAK ANY DAY NOW.

ALAN!



WELL, IT'S TRUE.

AND I HAVE ALL THE MONEY FROM WHEN WE SOLD MY DAD'S SHOP.

I HAVEN'T SPENT A SHILLING OF IT.

YOU'RE A DREAMER. BUT THAT'S A GOOD PLAN.

I KNOW.



I LIKE HIS POND AND THE FRUIT TREES AND THE LITTLE HOUSE WITH THE MOSS ON THE ROOF.

I'M GOING TO PUT A BRIDGE ACROSS THE POND WITH A BENCH ON IT SO I CAN SIT THERE AT NIGHT,

SMOKE A PIPE,

AND LISTEN TO MY OWN BULLFROGS.



ALAN...

...YOUR FATHER'S HAT IS GOING TO FIT YOU ONE DAY.

IT WON'T BE TOO BIG FOREVER.

BOSTON, SPRING OF 1765.

INDEPENDENCY?!

SHH, GOOD DOCTOR!

BUT THAT'S MADNESS.

WE HAVE ONLY TWO OPTIONS BEFORE US:

ENSLAVEMENT TO ENGLAND-

-A "VIRTUAL" REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT, MILITARY OCCUPATION AT HOME, AND CROWN APPOINTED COLONIAL LEGISLATORS-

-OR SELF GOVERNMENT AND REPRESENTATION OF THE PEOPLE IN AN INDEPENDENT AMERICA.

DEAR FRIEND, I HOPE YOU USE GREAT DISCRETION IN CHOOSING WHO YOU SHARE THESE DANGEROUS OPINIONS WITH.

I DO.

... AND WHAT AM I TO DO WITH THIS TREASON?

CONSIDER IT.





SMALL POX IS BREAKING OUT ALL OVER THE CITY, ALAN.

YEAH...

I, UH, SHOULD PROBABLY BE GOING THEN.
MUM'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU...

ALAN, I THINK YOU, EBENEZER AND JOHN SHOULD BE INOCULATED BEFORE THE NEXT OUTBREAK.



WHAT?!

THE DANGERS OF NOT DOING IT ARE FAR GREATER-

ABSOLUTELY NOT! I'M NOT LETTING YOU SLATHER SOMEONE'S POX-RIDDEN PUS ALL OVER ME!



IT'S A SIMPLE PROCEDURE AND IT'S NOT AS HORRIFYING AS ALL OF THAT.

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES.

THIS IS NOT NEGOTIABLE.

OH, YES IT IS!



ALAN, I AM NOT ARGUING WITH YOU OVER THIS.

ESPECIALLY NOT IN FRONT OF MR. ADAMS.



DON'T HOLD YOUR TONGUE ON MY ACCOUNT!

I THINK A YOUNG MAN SHOULD BE FREE TO VOICE HIS OPINIONS...

...AND FREE TO DISAGREE OPENLY WITH AUTHORITY.



WELL, DISAGREE THIS YOUNG MAN DOES!

AND HERE'S WHAT I SAY, JOE:

IF I CATCH IT, YOU CAN HEAL ME.

AND IF I DON'T?

WELL, THEN I HAVEN'T WASTED A PERFECTLY GOOD *SUMMER* IN *BED*!



AND YOUNG MR. WARREN, WHAT SAY YOU OF TAXES?

TAXES?

TAXES. LIKE... THE STAMP ACT TAXES?



I'D RATHER BE INOCULATED.



HA! HA!

THE TWO OF US ARE GOING TO GET ALONG FINE.



EBEN...

WHAT DAY IS IT?

BOSTON,
NOVEMBER 1, 1765.



*giggle!
giggle!*

YOU'RE
TOO FAST FOR
ME, BETSY!



GOD AS MY
WITNESS, ELIZABETH,
SHE'S THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL GIRL I'VE
EVER SEEN!

THANK
YOU, ALAN.

I THINK I
MIGHT HAVE TO
MARRY HER.



MAY A
GRACIOUS GOD
NOT LET ME LIVE
TO SEE THAT
DAY.



NOW
COME ON OR
YOU'LL MAKE
ME LATE.

YOU SAID
YOU WANTED
TO COME.

COO

I DO!



SHOES,
ALAN.

HONESTLY!



THANKS.





COME ON, BEATRICE!

LET'S GET AWAY FROM THIS RABBLE.



SORRY.



ALL ACTS MADE BY ANY POWER WHATEVER, OTHER THAN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THIS PROVIDENCE,

IMPOSING TAXES ON THE INHABITANTS-

-ARE INFRINGEMENTS OF OUR INHERENT AND UNALIENABLE RIGHTS AS MEN AND BRITISH SUBJECTS-

-AND RENDER VOID THE MOST VALUABLE DECLARATIONS OF OUR CHARTER!

FOLLY OF ENGLAND!
RUIN OF AMERICA!
FOLLY OF ENGLAND!
RUIN OF AMERICA!

THEY'LL BE THE RUIN OF US ALL.



"I'LL BE BACK, ALAN."



I'M GOING TO FIND HELP.

JUST...

...DON'T GET ANY WORSE.

ROXBURY, SUMMER OF 1767.

SPACE FOR ONE MORE?

EBENEZER!

SO...

...YOU REALLY AREN'T COMING HOME?

I AM HOME!

OH, YOU MEANT YOUR HOUSE.

NO, I'M NOT GOING BACK TO YOUR HOUSE.

I WAS AFRAID YOU WERE GOING TO SAY THAT.

I HAVE ROOM FOR ANOTHER!

WITH JACK OFF AT COLLEGE, WHAT WOULD MUM DO IF YOU AND I BOTH LEFT?

EVEN SHE'D GET CRACKED IF IT WAS JUST HER AND SAM.

...

I'M JUST A HALF A MILE UP THE ROAD.



IT'S JUST...
...YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO LEAVE.
NONE OF US WANTED YOU TO LEAVE.

EBEN, YOUR MUM TOOK CARE OF ME SINCE I WAS EIGHT.
ISN'T IT TIME I TOOK CARE OF MYSELF?



...YOU CAN STILL COME HOME FOR DINNERS...
I'D BE A FOOL NOT TO!

I HEARD OLD MR. WITHERSPOON FINALLY CROAKED!



JOE!



I BROUGHT YOU THE GOOD STUFF TO CELEBRATE.



FLIP?

POTENT.

WELL, YOU DID IT, COUSIN!

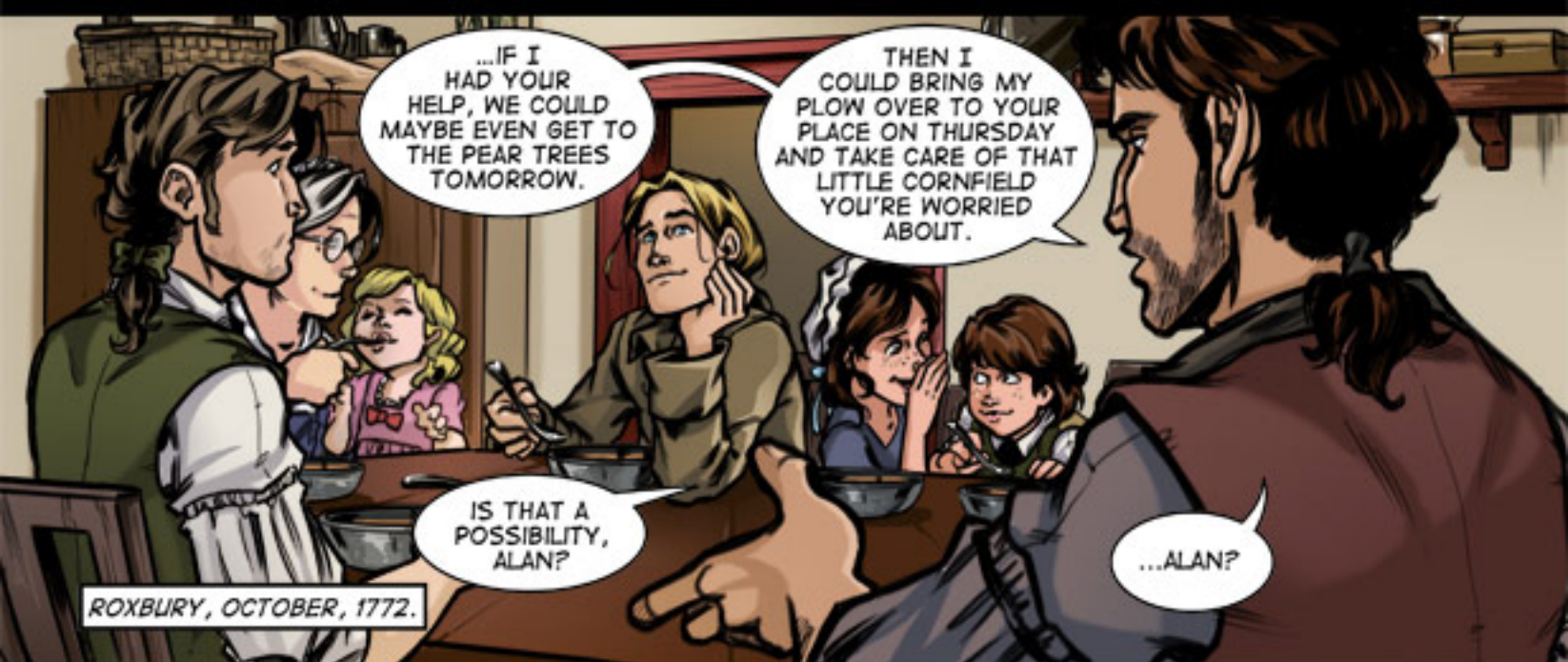




HOSPITAL.



I NEED TO FIND THE HOSPITAL.



...IF I HAD YOUR HELP, WE COULD MAYBE EVEN GET TO THE PEAR TREES TOMORROW.

THEN I COULD BRING MY PLOW OVER TO YOUR PLACE ON THURSDAY AND TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE CORNFIELD YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT.

IS THAT A POSSIBILITY, ALAN?

...ALAN?

ROXBURY, OCTOBER, 1772.



HA!

BETSY!

I'M SORRY GRANDMA'MA, BUT HE'S BEEN LIKE THIS ALL DAY.



ALAN, UNCLE SAMUEL WAS ASKING YOU A QUESTION.

YOU WERE BEING RUDE.



THE-

YES, SAM, ABOUT THE-

ALAN MET A GIRL TODAY!



A PRETTY GIRL.
IN THE MARKET.



I WAS-
-JUST THINKING-
-ABOUT THAT CORNFIELD I WANT TO CLEAR OUT BEFORE THE GROUND FREEZES.



THAT'S WHAT I WAS ASKING YOU ABOUT!

DO YOU WANT MY HELP ON THURSDAY?

IF YOU COULD HELP ME HERE TOMORROW?



SURE, SAM, SURE.

SOUNDS GREAT.





MISS!

WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING TO, SO UPSET?
DIDN'T YOU HEAR WE WON?



I NEED TO FIND THE HOSPITAL.

I NEED A DOCTOR.

AND I DON'T KNOW WHERE ANYONE IS-

I CAN'T FIND ANY OF MY FRIENDS-



CALM DOWN, MISS.

I'LL TAKE YOU WHERE YOU NEED TO GO.



DR. JOHN WARREN.

HELP ME FIND HIM.



BOSTON, JUNE, 1773.

"THERE MUST BE AN ABRIDGMENT OF ENGLISH LIBERTIES"?

"AN ABRIDGMENT OF ENGLISH LIBERTIES"?!
THEN LET US START WITH YOURS, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

THEN LET US START WITH YOURS, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

YOU'LL HAVE TO ANSWER TO GOD, HUTCHINSON!

THE BLOOD OF THE MASSACRE IS ON YOUR HANDS!



MR. WARREN!

WHATEVER ARE YOU SHOUTING AT THE GOVERNOR?!



OH... WELL...

YOU AND YOUR POLITICKING.



MY! DON'T YOU LOOK HANDSOME!

I WAS ON MY WAY TO DINNER AT JOSEPH'S.

WITH MR. ADAMS AND, ERR...

...MR. HANCOCK.



OH DEAR.

AND YOU WALKED HERE.



HOW DID YOU-



I BROUGHT AN EXTRA PAIR.



OH, MR. WARREN!





MR. WARREN,
YOU MIGHT NOT
BE AMONG THE
WEALTHIEST OR
MOST EDUCATED
OF BOSTON'S
CITIZENS,
BUT
YOU'RE CERTAINLY
AMONG THE MOST
PASSIONATE.
AND
COMPASSIONATE.

AND THAT IS A
RARE PAIRING THAT
IS DANGEROUS FOR
ALL THE RIGHT
REASONS.



SO I SUGGEST
HAVING MUCH TO SAY
AT DINNER THIS
AFTERNOON.
DESPITE
YOUR SORE
THROAT.



BESIDES.
MR. HANCOCK COULD
BENEFIT GREATLY FROM
CONVERSATION WITH AN
HONEST MAN.

HA!
FOR
SOMEONE WHO
HATES POLITICS,
YOU CERTAINLY HAVE
SOME STRONG
OPINIONS ON THE
MATTER.



ROXBURY, SEPTEMBER, 1774.

BORED.

BORED.
BORED.

BORED.

I HATE IT
WHEN YOU'RE
WORKING.

WHY DON'T
YOU AND YOUR
SISTER GO
PLAY
A GAME WHILE I
FINISH UP.

I CAN'T.

I'M
THINKING ABOUT
WHAT I SHOULD
WRITE TO MISS
WHALEY.

SHE
WANTS TO
KNOW WHERE
ALL OF YOUR
LETTERS
ARE.

SHOULD I
TELL HER YOU'VE
BEEN SWIMMING
WITH JOSE?

PLAYING
SCOTCH-HOPPER
WITH DICK AND
POLLY?

SMOKING
PIPES WITH UNCLE
EBEN EVERY
NIGHT?

OH, AND
NAPPING IN THE
AFTERNOONS.

BORED.

BUSY.
BUSY.

WHY DON'T
YOU TWO GO
WASH UP?

IT'S NEARLY
TIME TO GO TO
YOUR GRANDMA'S
FOR DINNER,
ANYWAY.

HUZZAH!

IS SHE
COMING
HOME FROM
NEW YORK
SOON,
ALAN?

SHE
COMES HOME
WHEN SHE
COMES HOME.

...BUT I
MISS HER.

PUT THAT
IN YOUR
LETTER.

NOW GO
WASH UP. I'LL
BE FINISHED IN
A MINUTE.



ALAN!

I HAVE
A NOTE FROM
YOUR COUSIN.



FROM
JOSEPH?

IS
EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT?



HE
SEEMED
FINE.

BUT I
WAS ON MY WAY
TO WATERTOWN AND
HE ASKED IF I COULD
DELIVER THIS TO YOU
ON THE WAY.

MR.
WARREN?
YOUR
OBSERVER!



OH...?

I HAVE YOUR
MONEY.

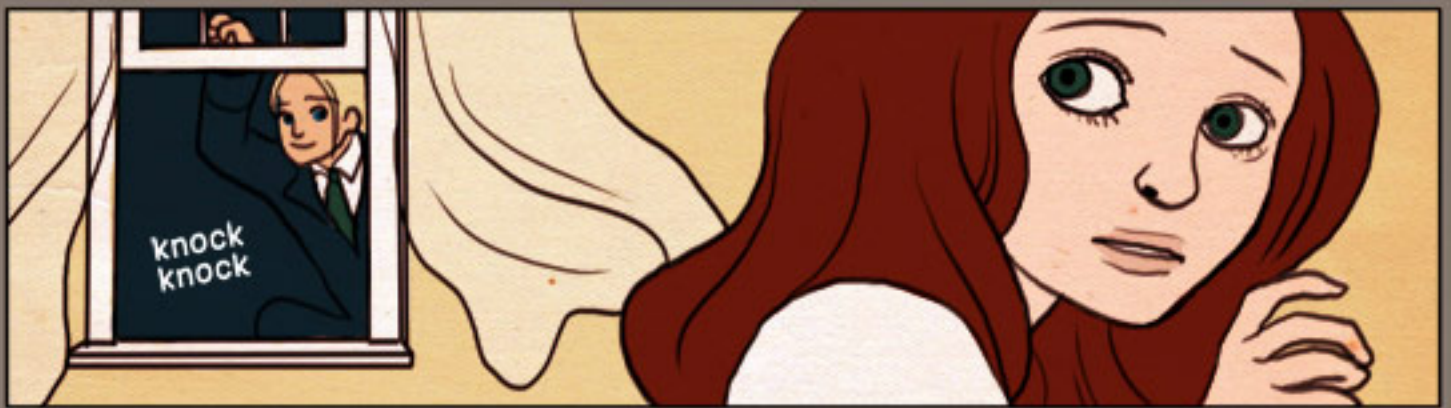
HOLD
ON...

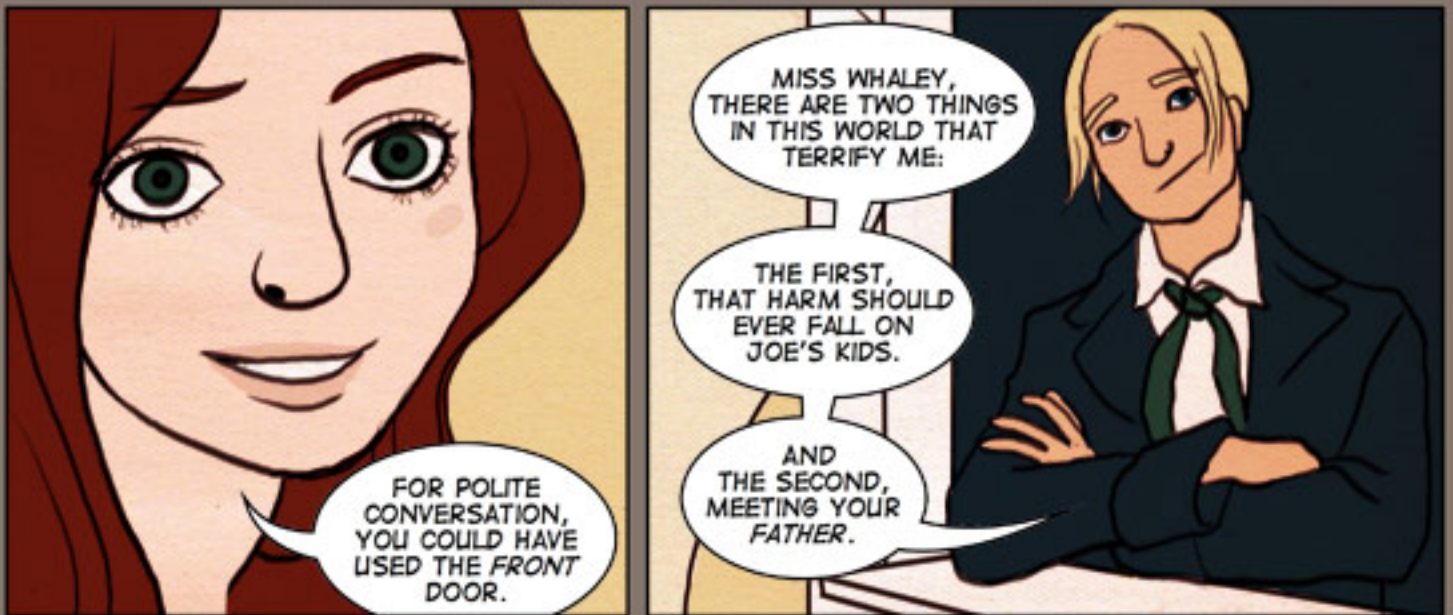


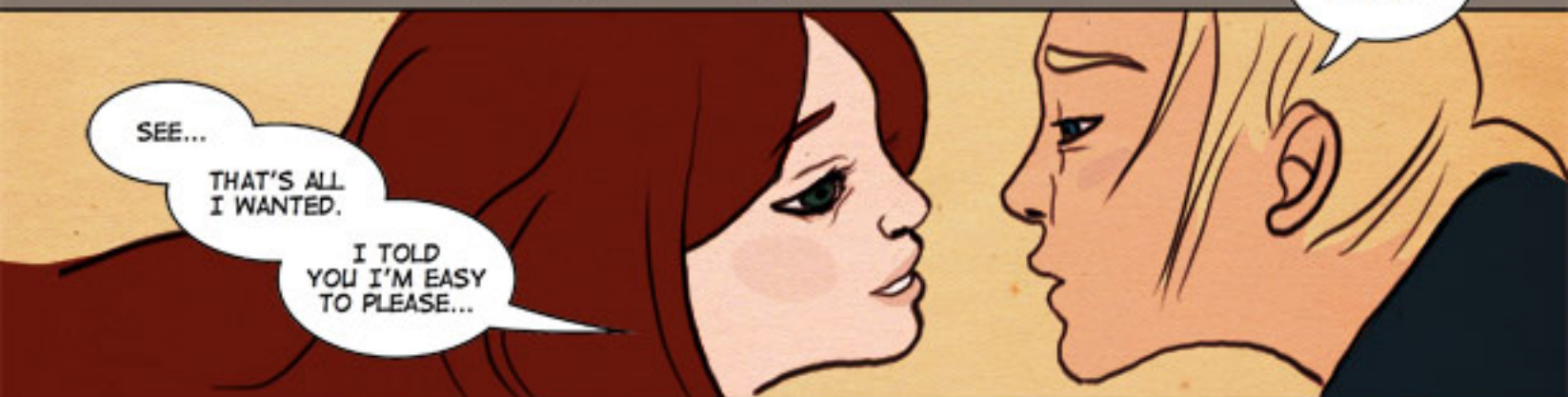
THANK
YOU, SIR!



BOSTON, LATER THAT NIGHT.









DR. WARREN!

JOHN WARREN?

I NEED DR. JOHN WARREN!



SIGH.



EVERYONE NEEDS JOHN WARREN.

WHERE IS DR. WARREN?!

THAT VOICE...



MISS WHALEY?

JOHN?

IT'S ALAN!



WHERE IS HE?



BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1774.

OH, GOD,
NO.

I CAN'T
DO THIS.

MR. WHALEY,
SIR!

I BROUGHT
YOU SOME
FOOD!

I'M
SORRY-

-ALAN
WARREN.

MY
COUSIN
IS-

-HE'S
OVERSEEING
THE-

SO
THIS IS ALAN
WARREN.



SIR,
I- I-

I HAVE
FOOD DONATIONS
FROM THE OTHER
COLONIES.

I BROUGHT
SOME FOR YOUR
FAMILY.

JOSEPH-

-MY
COUSIN-

-DR.
WARREN-

-HE TRIES
TO MAKE SURE
IT'S FAIRLY
DISTRIBUTED
BUT...



WELL,
WE KNOW
THE RATIONS
AREN'T ALWAYS
HANDLED
OUT...

...EQUALLY.



YOU MEAN
YOUR COLLEAGUES
DON'T BELIEVE THE
KING'S SUPPORTERS
DESERVE TO EAT
THIS WINTER.

EVEN
THOUGH IT IS
YOUR FAULT WE
HAVE NO
FOOD.



YOUNG MAN,
NEXT TIME DON'T
THROW THEIR TEA
INTO THE HARBOR,
AND THEY'LL LEAVE
THE HARBOR
OPEN.

THEN
WE'LL FEED
OURSELVES.

YES, SIR,
I CAN- I CAN
SEE HOW THE TWO
EVENTS WERE, UH,
RELATED...



I'LL SHOW
YOU WHERE
TO PUT IT.



DEBONAIRE.



ROXBURY, LATE FEBRUARY, 1775.

IT'S GONE TOO FAR, JOSEPH.

IT'S GONE TOO FAR!



MA...

NO!

I'M GOING TO SAY THIS.

GAGE HAS ALREADY ISSUED WARRANTS FOR SAMUEL ADAMS' AND JOHN HANCOCK'S ARREST.



AND I BELIEVE THE ONLY REASON HE HASN'T ISSUED ONE FOR YOU IS THAT A MERCIFUL GOD IS ANSWERING THE PRAYERS OF A DESPERATE MOTHER!



I CAN'T STOP NOW.

WHAT WOULD THAT DO TO THE CAUSE IF I WERE BULLIED INTO SILENCE?



I HAVE BEEN DEFENDING YOUR ABSENCE FOR YEARS.

BUT FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE, JOSEPH, PUT YOUR FAMILY FIRST.

I DIDN'T ASK FOR THE POSITION I'M IN.

EVENTS HAVE BEEN PLACED IN MOTION OF WHICH I FIND MYSELF INEXPLICABLY AT THE CENTER.



YOU MAY CALL IT PROVIDENCE, BUT I'LL CALL IT SAM ADAMS!



IT'S TIME TO STOP! THOSE KIDS ALREADY LOST THEIR MOTHER— YOU WANT THEM ORPHANS?!

I CAN'T STOP NOW. THERE'S TOO MUCH AT RISK.



GOD ALMIGHTY, JOSEPH, THEY'LL ARREST YOU.

IT WILL HAPPEN.

AND THEN THEY'LL SEND YOU TO LONDON TO BE TRIED BY AN UNSYMPATHETIC JURY WANTING *SOMEONE* TO PUNISH FOR ALL THE DAMAGE YOUR BOYCOTTS HAVE COST THEM.



AND WHEN ONE OF THE MOST INFAMOUS PATRIOTS IN BOSTON IS DELIVERED INTO THEIR "MERCIES"...

...THEY'LL TAKE ALL THEIR FRUSTRATIONS OUT ON YOU.



NO ENGLISH COURT WILL FIND YOU INNOCENT, JOSEPH.

THEY'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU.



THEY'LL HANG YOU.

THEY'LL HANG YOU AN OCEAN AWAY FROM YOUR FAMILY.



AN ENGLISH EXECUTION THAT WE'LL HAVE TO READ ABOUT IN THE PAPERS.



SOLDIER, HELP ME MOVE THAT BODY.

WHAT?!



FORGIVE ME.

I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION HE WAS DEAD.

HE'S NOT USING IT, SO HELP ME MOVE HIM.



WH- WHY?

FOR MY BROTHER.

FOR JOSEPH WARREN'S BROTHER.

DR. JOSEPH WARREN'S BROTHER IS DYING AND I NEED THIS DAMNED STRETCHER!

AND YOU'RE STARING AT ME LIKE YOU DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH!



Y-YES, SIR!



BOSTON, MARCH 6, 1775.

I DON'T KNOW WHY WE ARE BRINGING A TORY TO THIS THING.

SHE'S NOT -

"-A TORY, HER FATHER IS."

YUP. HEARD IT BEFORE.

I'M FREEZING.

I HOPE TORY GIRL HURRIES UP.



UH, HI.

WE'RE
HERE TO TAKE
MISS WHALEY
OVER TO THE
ORATION.



HELLO, MR.
WARREN-S!

BE
CAREFUL
OUT THERE,
BEATRICE.

AND
IT'S NOT JUST
THE ICE.



DON'T
WORRY,
MOTHER!

I'LL KEEP MY
EYE ON HER, I
PROMISE.



YOU'RE SUCH A
NUMBSKULL.

THWICK

REALLY,
JACK?

WOULD
IT KILL YOU
TO BE NICE TO
ME FOR ONE
DAY?

IF YOU
MESS UP MY
HAIR BEFORE WE
EVEN GET
THERE--!

AND I'LL
KEEP MY EYE
ON HIM.

I PROMISE.



AND
YOU THOUGHT IT
WOULD BE A GOOD
IDEA TO LET HER GO
BECAUSE...?

YOU'D PREFER
THAT SHE CONTINUE
SNEAKING OUT TO
SEE HIM?

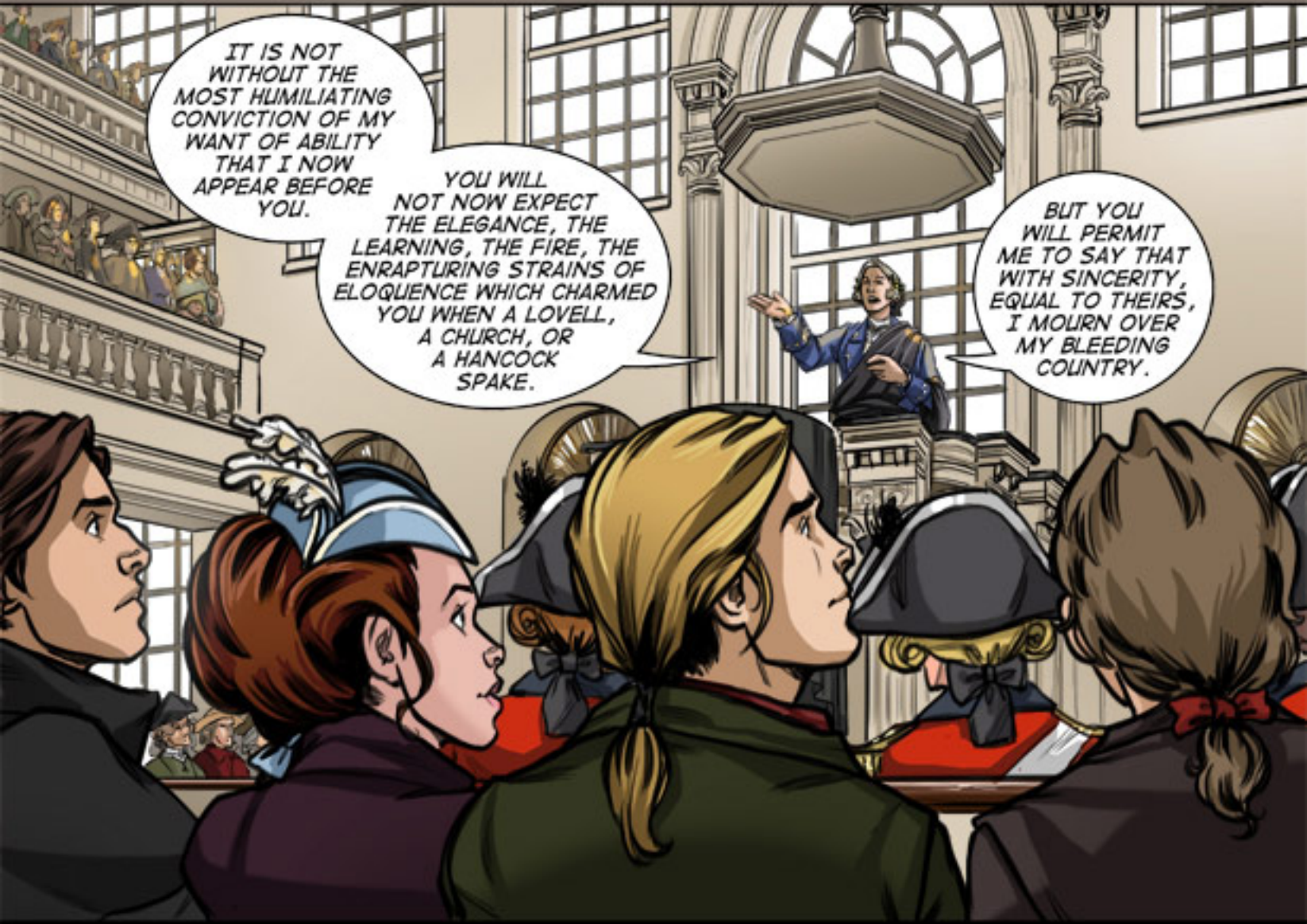
I WOULD
PREFER THAT WE
LOCK HER IN HER
ROOM.

THAT
WOULDN'T
WORK.

HE USES
THE
WINDOW.







ROXBURY, APRIL 19, 1775.



SAM...

...IF THAT IS
YOU WANTING MY
HELP THIS
EARLY...

BANG
BANG
BANG

...I'M
GOING TO
KILL YOU.

TWICE.



MR.
WARREN!



...MISS
WHALEY?







I DON'T CARE ABOUT POLITICS.

AND I FRET THAT THERE WOULD BE FIGHTING BUT I KNOW HOW BADLY YOU WANT IT.

AND SO I'M ON YOUR SIDE.



NOT THE KING'S SIDE.

OR BOSTON'S SIDE.



I'M ON YOUR SIDE, MR. WARREN.

AND I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE REST.



HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LIKE THIS?

I DON'T KNOW.

I CAME HERE WHEN I SAW THE SOLDIERS COMING BACK AND FOUND HIM LIKE THIS.



HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN SICK?

A WEEK?

IT GOT BAD PRETTY FAST.



THAT'S A RELIEF.



A RELIEF?!

LOOK AT HIM!



YOU, MY DEAR, NEVER WERE AN INTELLECTUAL.

NOW FIND ME A CUP AND SOME WATER AND WE'LL TRY TO WAKE HIM UP.

LATER.



JOSEPH.



THAT SON OF A B-
ALAN!
THAT'S YOUR BROTHER.



NO.
HE'S YOUR BROTHER.



I'M GONNA KILL HIM.

SLAM



I THINK HE MEANS TO DO IT, SAM!
I THINK HE'S REALLY GOING TO KILL HIM!



IF HE DOES, THE SONUVABITCH DESERVES IT.



BROTHER!

I WASN'T SURE IF THE ALARM MADE IT OUT TO ROXBURY!



I GOT THE NEWS BEFORE THE SUN CAME UP.



EARLIER THAN ME!

WELL I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU HERE.

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN SOME FIGHTING.

BEEN HERE ALL DAY.



I HEARD THAT ADAMS AND HANCOCK MADE IT OUT.

BARELY.

THE MOST INTERESTING MESSENGER WOKE ME UP THIS MORNING.

I HAVEN'T SEEN PAUL-

IT WASN'T PAUL.

I WONDER WHERE HE IS.



LOOK AT ME.

DAMMIT, JOE!

WHAT IS IT?



BLOODY HELL!

WHY ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH DID YOU INVOLVE BEATRICE WHALEY IN THIS?





IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO HER ON ACCOUNT OF THIS, I WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU.



COUSIN, COUSIN, HUSH.

THEY WON'T FIND OUT.

I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS.

AND FOR YOU?

I'LL PROTECT HER WITH MY OWN LIFE.



DON'T BE CROSS WITH ME.

NOT TODAY OF ALL DAYS.



A GLORIOUS DAY, ALAN!

IT'S BEGUN.

IT'S FINALLY BEGUN.



"THERE'S NO GOING BACK TO THE WAY IT WAS NOW."



WATERTOWN,
MASSACHUSETTS
MAY, 1775.



I HEARD RUMORS THAT YOU AREN'T INVINCIBLE AFTER ALL.



ALAN!

YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

IS LEADING THE PROVINCIAL CONGRESS THAT ROUGH?

WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO YOU?

I'VE WRITTEN TO JOHN HANCOCK OVER AND OVER AGAIN, EXPLAINING THE SITUATION HERE. BUT CONGRESS WON'T SEND SUPPLIES, THEY WON'T SEND MONEY—

—IF THE BRITISH ATTACK HOW ARE WE GOING TO DEFEND OURSELVES WITHOUT POWDER?

IF BOSTON FALLS IT WILL BE MY FAULT THAT I CAN'T HOLD A CITY WITHOUT MEN, POWDER OR ARTILLERY!

RIDICULOUS!

OH, IT'S NOT WHAT THEY ARE DOING—

—IT'S WHAT THEY AREN'T DOING.



IT'S ABSURD!



POINT ME TO A REDCOAT, TELL ME WHEN TO SHOOT, AND I'M YOUR MAN.

BUT ALL OF THIS... WELL, YOU HAVE MY ADMIRATION.



THE DESIRE TO VOMIT COMES AND GOES.

RIGHT NOW?

GONE.

WHEW. WELL, I BROUGHT TWO REMEDIES.



ONE FROM MUM.



AND ONE FROM ME.



HOW ABOUT BOTH?



SOUNDS PERFECT.



LORD, HOW ARE THEY INCREASED THAT TROUBLE ME! MANY ARE THEY THAT RISE UP AGAINST ME.

MANY THERE BE WHICH SAY OF MY SOUL, THERE IS NO HELP FOR HIM IN GOD.

BUT THOU, O LORD, ART A SHIELD FOR ME; MY GLORY, AND THE LIFTER UP OF MINE HEAD.

I CRIED UNTO THE LORD WITH MY VOICE, AND HE HEARD ME OUT OF HIS HOLY HILL.

I WILL NOT BE AFRAID OF TEN THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE, THAT HAVE SET THEMSELVES AGAINST ME ROUND ABOUT.

SALVATION BELONGETH UNTO THE LORD: THY BLESSING IS UPON THY PEOPLE...

RAIL FENCE AT BREED'S HILL.

CHARLESTOWN, JUNE 17, 1775.



AIM FOR THE KNEES, BOYS!



KILL A MAN AND THEY'LL JUST STEP OVER HIM.

BUT WOUND HIM, AND TWO MORE WILL HAVE TO CARRY HIM OFF THE FIELD.



SIR, ARE YOU IN CHARGE HERE?

SURE AM.

CAPTAIN THOMAS KNOWLTON.

ALAN WARREN, SIR.

I'M PART OF THE ROXBURY MILITIA.

I WAS LATE TO THE PARTY AND LORD STIRLING SENT ME HERE TO THE FENCE.













HIS FEVER WON'T BREAK.

GO FIND SOME MORE BLANKETS.



I FORGOT THE WARRENS WERE BOSTON'S ROYAL FAMILY NOW.



IT'S JACK, ALAN.

CAN YOU HEAR ME?



LORD ALMIGHTY, IT'S JOSEPH, ALL RIGHT.

I MADE THOSE TEETH JUST FOR HIM.



HEY!

SORRY!

I REALLY, REALLY NEED THESE.



C'MON, AL.

YOU CAN BEAT THIS...



HURLGH!

"...I CAN'T LOSE ANOTHER BROTHER."

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 19, 1775.



CAPTAIN KNOWLTON.

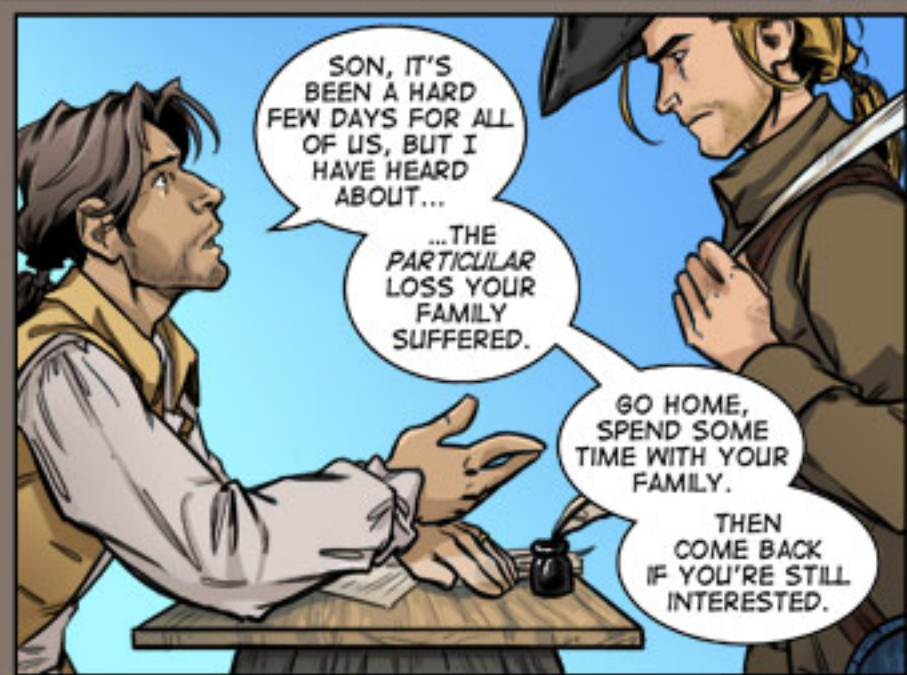


FARMER WARREN!

I WANT IN.

"IN" ...?

I'D LIKE TO ENLIST, SIR.



SON, IT'S BEEN A HARD FEW DAYS FOR ALL OF US, BUT I HAVE HEARD ABOUT...

...THE PARTICULAR LOSS YOUR FAMILY SUFFERED.

GO HOME, SPEND SOME TIME WITH YOUR FAMILY.

THEN COME BACK IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED.



WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR, I'M A LEVEL-HEADED MAN WHO DOESN'T MAKE RASH DECISIONS.



YOU BOYS DO MAKE A PROFESSION OUT OF KILLING THOSE BASTARDS, DON'T YOU?



THEN I'M IN.

ROXBURY, OCTOBER 16, 1775.







BOSTON, MARCH 17, 1776.



GO BACK TO ENGLAND, BLOODYBACKS!

HUZZAH!

GOOD RIDDANCE!

AT LAST!



MR. WHALEY!

MR. WARREN?!



IS YOUR FAMILY ALL RIGHT?

ALL RIGHT?

NO, MR. WARREN, WE ARE NOT "ALL RIGHT."



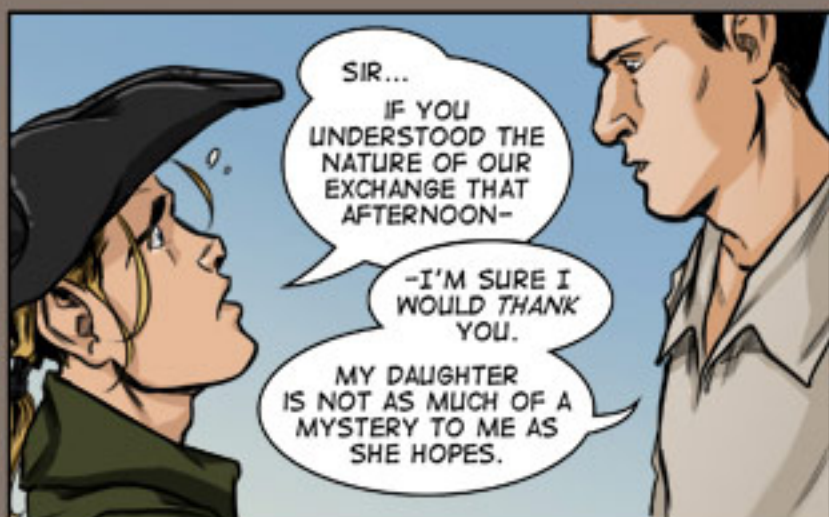
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?



I KNOW MY DAUGHTER SNUCK PAST THE SENTRIES TO SEE YOU LAST OCTOBER.

SHE SPENT THE NEXT MONTH CRYING.

AND THE PAST FIVE HOPING TO NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.



SIR...

IF YOU UNDERSTOOD THE NATURE OF OUR EXCHANGE THAT AFTERNOON-

-I'M SURE I WOULD THANK YOU.

MY DAUGHTER IS NOT AS MUCH OF A MYSTERY TO ME AS SHE HOPES.



I HEAR YOU HELP CARE FOR A WIDOW IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

...I EMPLOY ONE OF HER DAUGHTERS AS MY HOUSEKEEPER.

I HEAR YOU DO MORE THAN THAT.



...I DO WHAT I CAN.



BUT WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH-

THE PEOPLE OF ROXBURY DESCRIBE YOU AS AN HONEST MAN WHO LOVES HIS FAMILY, HIS GOD, AND HIS COUNTRY.

I HOPE THESE THINGS DEFINE ME. THOUGH...

...WE MIGHT DISAGREE ON THE APPROPRIATE EXPRESSION OF LOVE OF COUNTRY.

HMM. PERHAPS.



BE FRANK WITH ME.

DID YOU KNOW OF MY DAUGHTER'S INVOLVEMENT IN THE REMOVAL OF THE POWDER STORES FROM CONCORD LAST APRIL?





NO, SIR.

NOT UNTIL
IT WAS TOO
LATE.



I SWEAR TO
YOU THAT IF I HAD
KNOWN, I WOULD
HAVE STOPPED
HER.

AND WHAT
ABOUT YOUR
COUSIN?

DID HE ASK
HER TO ASSIST
HIM?

SHE WENT
TO HIM.

...



TWO
DAYS AGO,
REGULARS BROKE
INTO MY HOME,

DEMANDING
I TURN OVER MY
"TRAITOROUS
OFFSPRING."

WHEN WE
RESISTED, THEY
STRUCK MY
WIFE...

...OVERPOWERED
MYSELF AND MY
MANSERVANT...

...AND TOOK
BEATRICE
AWAY.

ALL UNDER THE
DIRECT ORDERS OF
GENERAL HOWE.



WHERE IS
SHE NOW?!



ON ONE OF
THOSE SHIPS
WHOSE EXIT FROM
THE HARBOR YOUR
ARMY HAS BEEN
CELEBRATING ALL
MORNING.

NO!

THEY
ARRESTED
HER?

ARMED
MEN?!

ON WHAT
CHARGES?

I WOULD HARDLY
CALL IT AN ARREST,
MR. WARREN.



I WOULD
CALL IT AN
ABDUCTION.



I HEARD YOU ENLISTED.

YES, SIR.

AND WILL YOUR REGIMENT BE MARCHING SOUTH?

FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, SIR.

IT SEEMS OUR IDEAS ON LOVE OF COUNTRY ARE NO LONGER SO DISSIMILAR AS THEY ONCE WERE.



FOLLOW THE FIGHT AND YOU'LL FIND HOWE.

FIND HOWE AND YOU'LL FIND MY DAUGHTER.



FIND MY DAUGHTER AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT.



I WILL FIND HER.

AND I WILL BRING HER HOME.



AND WHEN I DO,

I'M FINALLY GOING TO MARRY HER.



YOU'D BETTER
SLEEP WHILE YOU
CAN...



...BECAUSE I'M
GOING TO GIVE YOU
HELL WHEN YOU
WAKE UP.

ROXBURY, APRIL 3, 1776.

SNIFFLE
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFFLE

GOD FORGIVE ME.



DON'T HATE ME, PRETTY GIRL.

WHILE I'M OUT THERE FIGHTING, I HAVE TO KNOW THAT YOU LOVE ME.

THAT YOU'RE HOME LOVING ME, NOT HATING ME.



I KNOW.

PAPA WOULD'VE WANTED YOU TO GO.

BUT I DON'T.



OOOOOH.
OF COURSE I LOVE YOU.
BUT WHY DOES EVERYONE HAVE TO LEAVE ME?

THE LORD DOESN'T GIVE US MORE THAN WE CAN TAKE.

CAN YOU HANDLE LOSING ME?

NO.

THEN HE'S EITHER GOING TO MAKE YOU OUT OF TOUGHER STUFF, OR HE'S GOING TO BRING ME HOME.



I HOPE IT'S THE LATTER.

ME, TOO, PRETTY GIRL.



...
ALAN?

MAYBE YOU COULD BE A SURGEON LIKE UNCLE JACK.

HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE SAFE.

IT WOULD BE SAFER.

HE'S GOING TO BE BRAVE!



COME HERE!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP.

YOU'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP.



I'M NOT!



WELL, ALL RIGHT THEN.

EVERYBODY CLIMB IN!



JOSE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BRAVE.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE STRONG.

LET ME BE BRAVE.

LET YOUR UNCLE SAM BE STRONG.



PROMISE ME YOU'LL GO SWIMMING WITH EBEN THIS SUMMER.

PROMISE ME THAT YOU'LL CLIMB TREES.

PROMISE ME THAT YOU'LL EAT TWO PIECES OF PIE WHEN YOUR GRANDMOTHER SAYS, "ONLY ONE!"



I PROMISE.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

THIS WON'T LAST FOREVER.



ALAN, WILL THEY MAKE YOU WEAR SHOES IN THE ARMY?

I'M AFRAID SO.

BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL RECOGNIZE YOU IN SHOES!

HA!
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA!



I'M DOING TO THEM EXACTLY WHAT MY FATHER DID TO ME, EBEN.

AFTER THEY LOST JOSEPH.



I HATE IT.

I HATE MYSELF FOR IT.



AL. EVEN IF THEY HADN'T...
...KILLED JOE... YOU WOULD HAVE ENLISTED.

YOU'LL FIND HER.
AND THEN COME HOME.



JUST PROMISE ME SOMETHING.



WHEN YOU DO,
BRING BACK
YOUR BODY AND
YOUR SOUL.



I CAN
PROMISE YOU
THAT.

"IF THERE IS ONE THING
I WON'T FORGET..."



"...IT'S HOME."

**SPECIAL THANKS TO
SARAH SEARLE!
PAGES 35 - 37!**

Sarah Winifred Searle
www.swinsea.com
illustration, comics, etc



There are
comics and cats
and stuff.

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check it
out!





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PAGES 15 - 19!**



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