

THE FUGITIVES



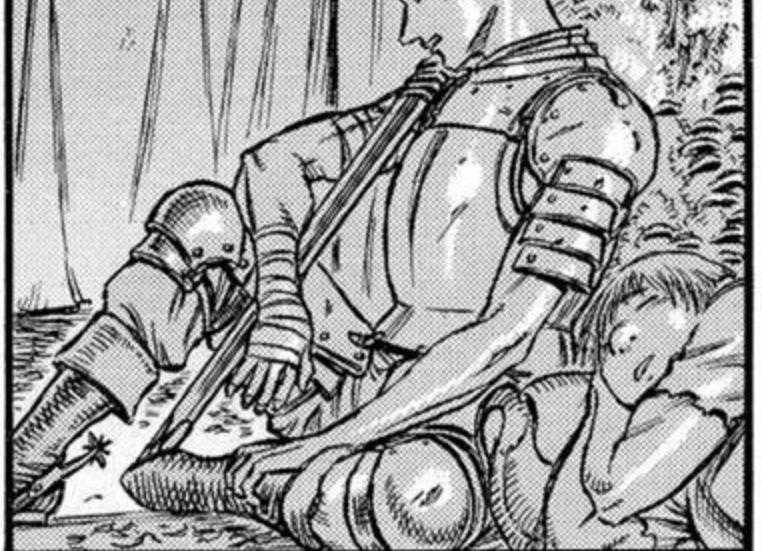
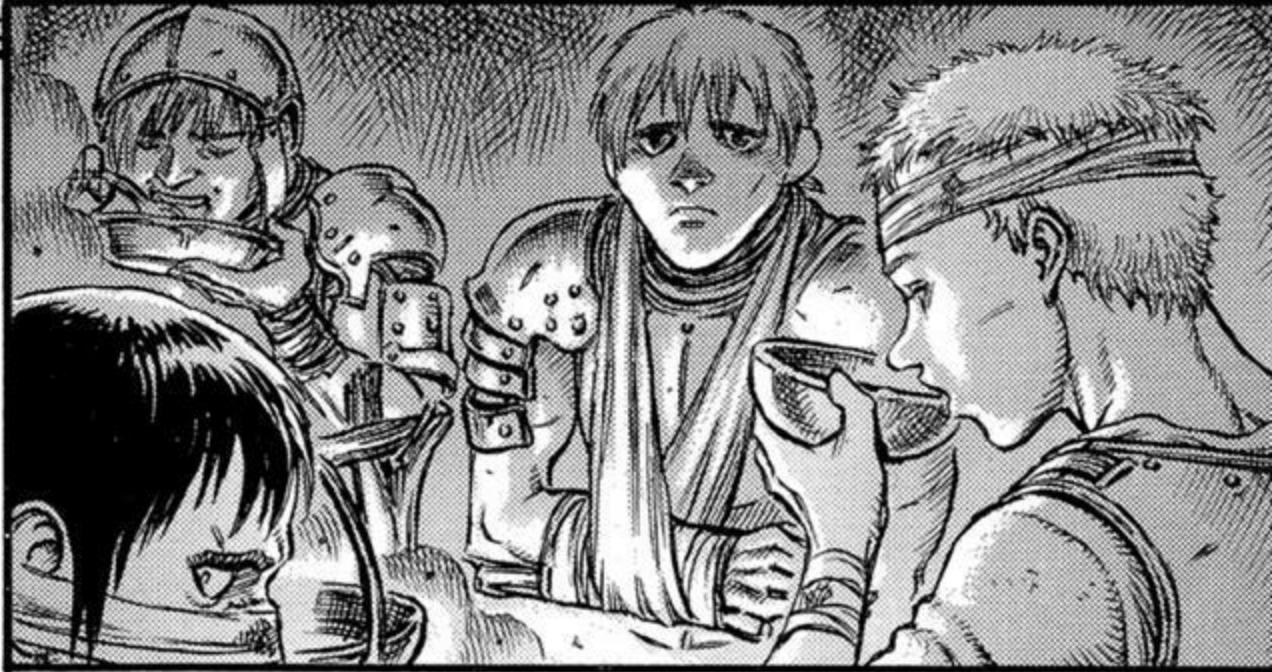
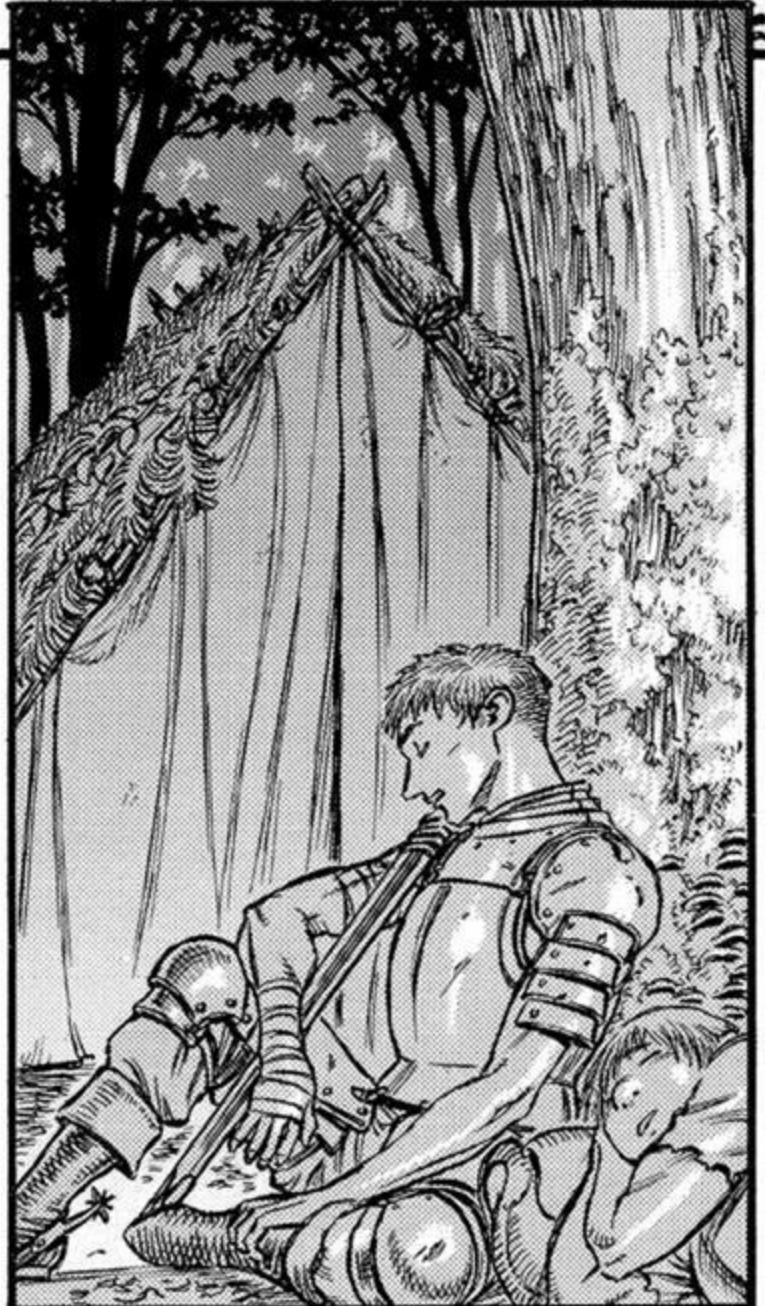
HEE
HEE
HEE
...

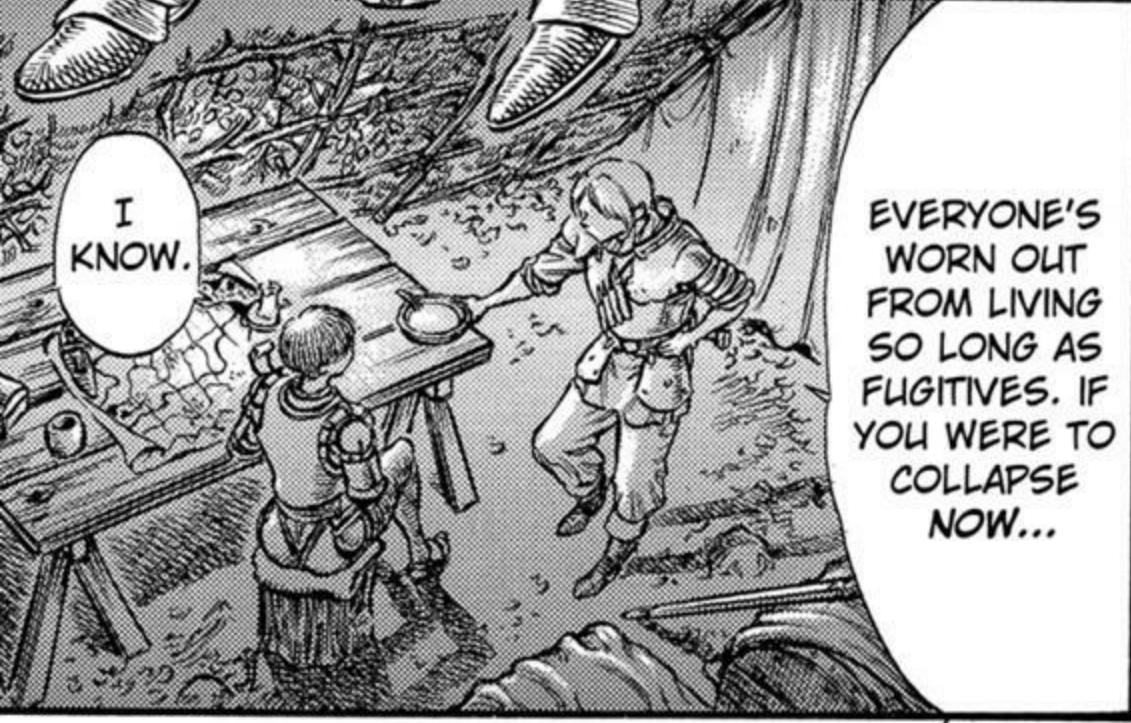
HEH
EH...

WE
FINALLY
FOUND
IT...

THE
HAWKS'
HIDEOUT
...



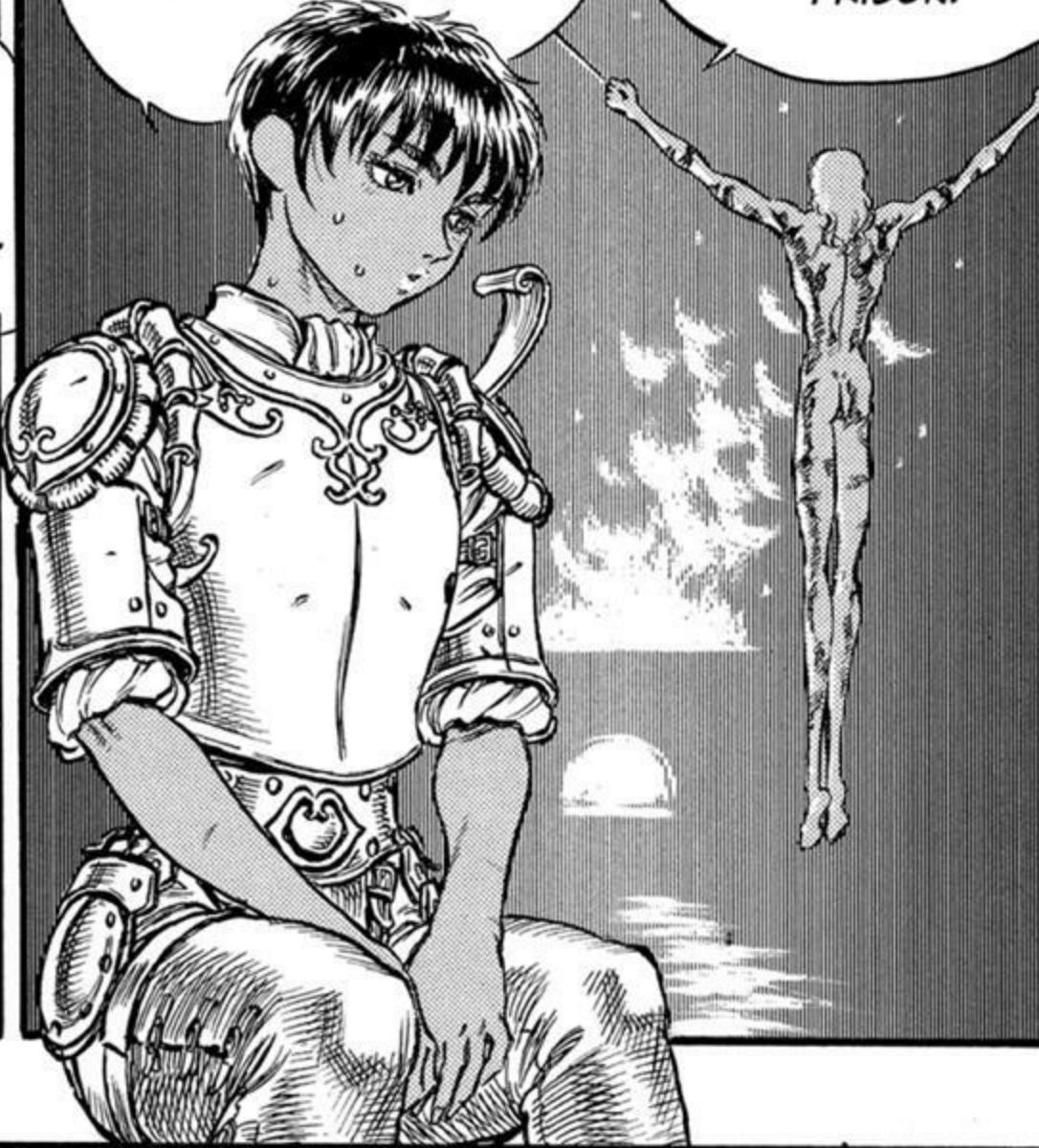
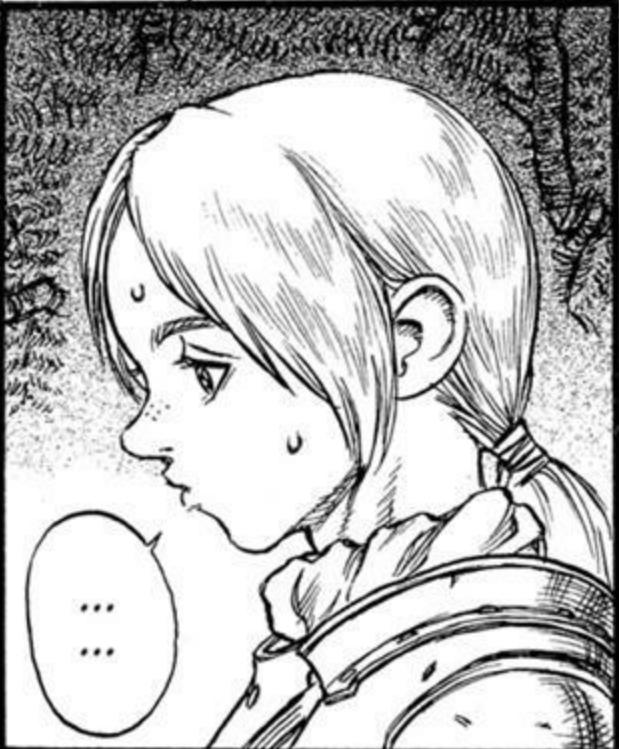


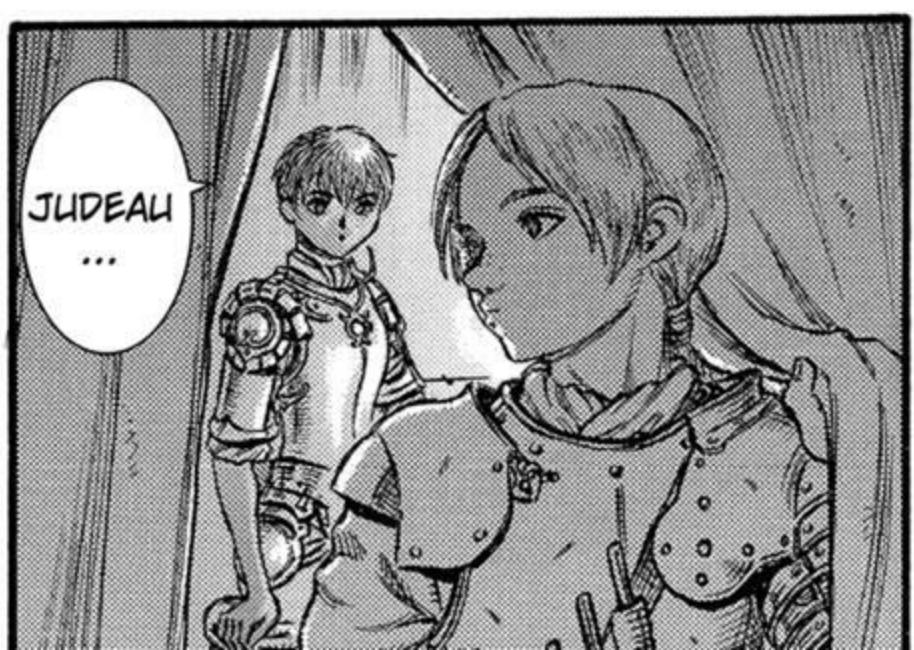
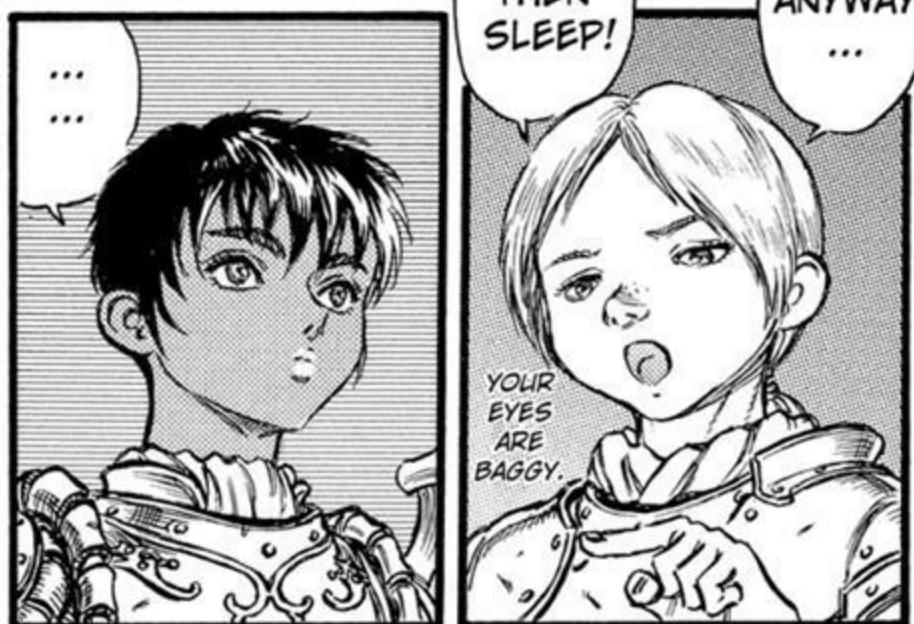
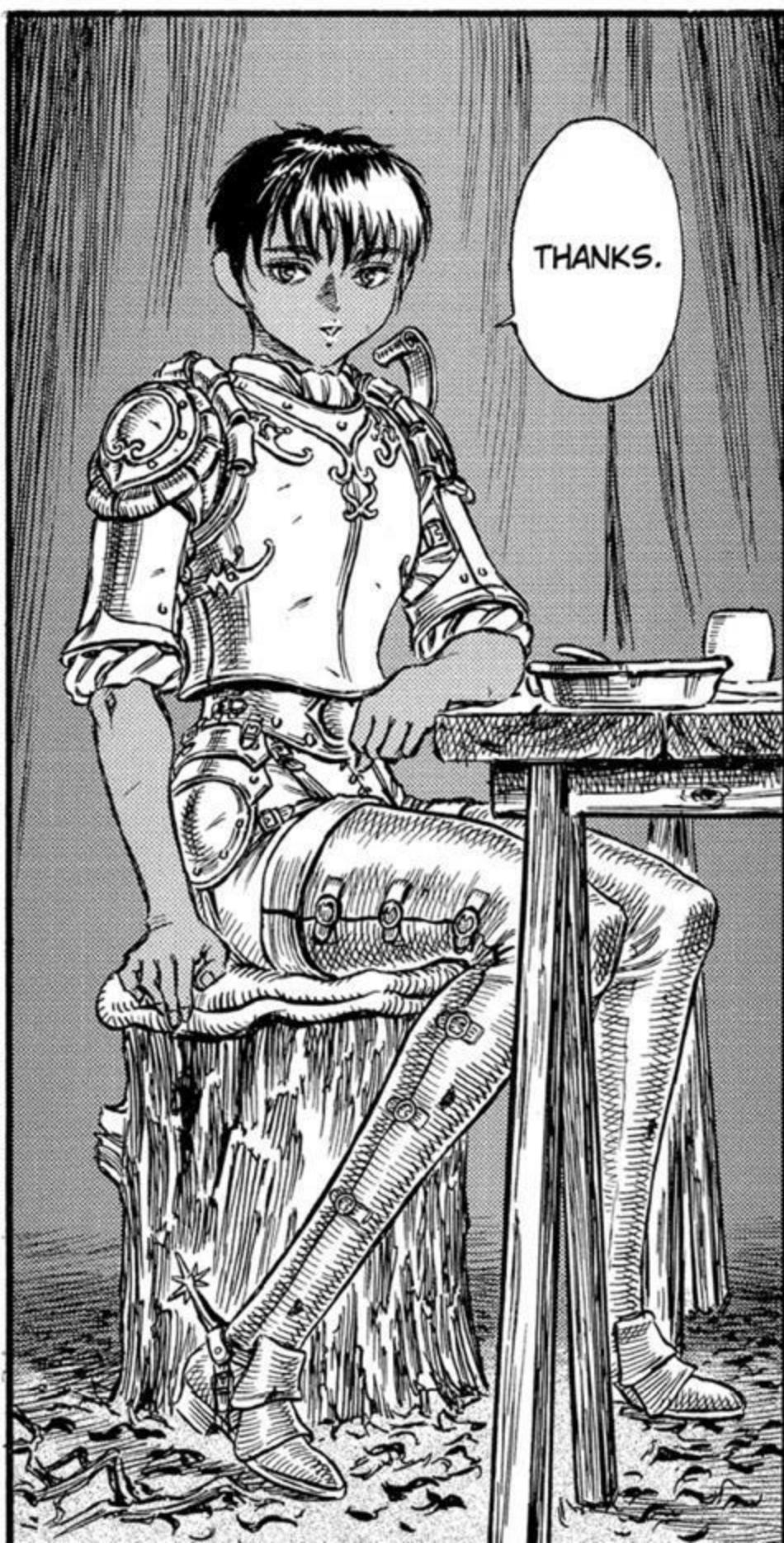
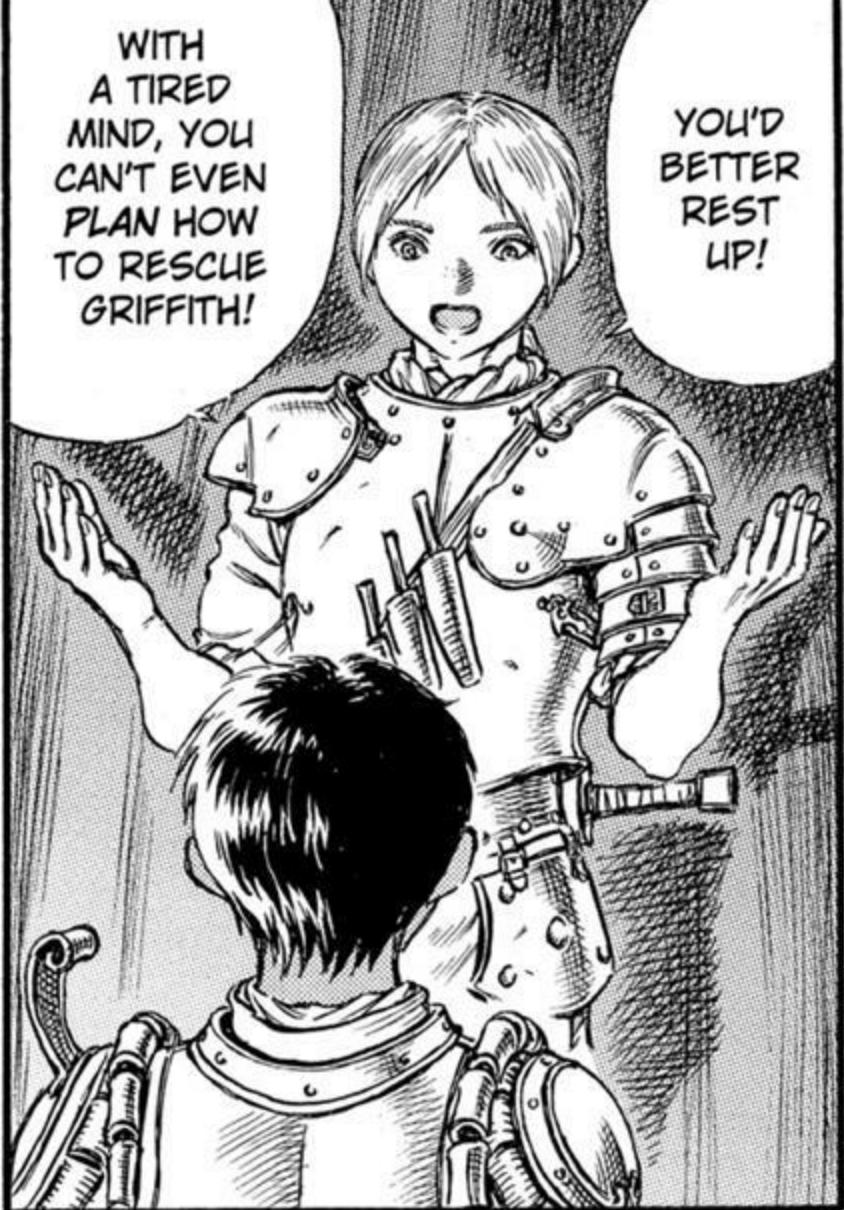


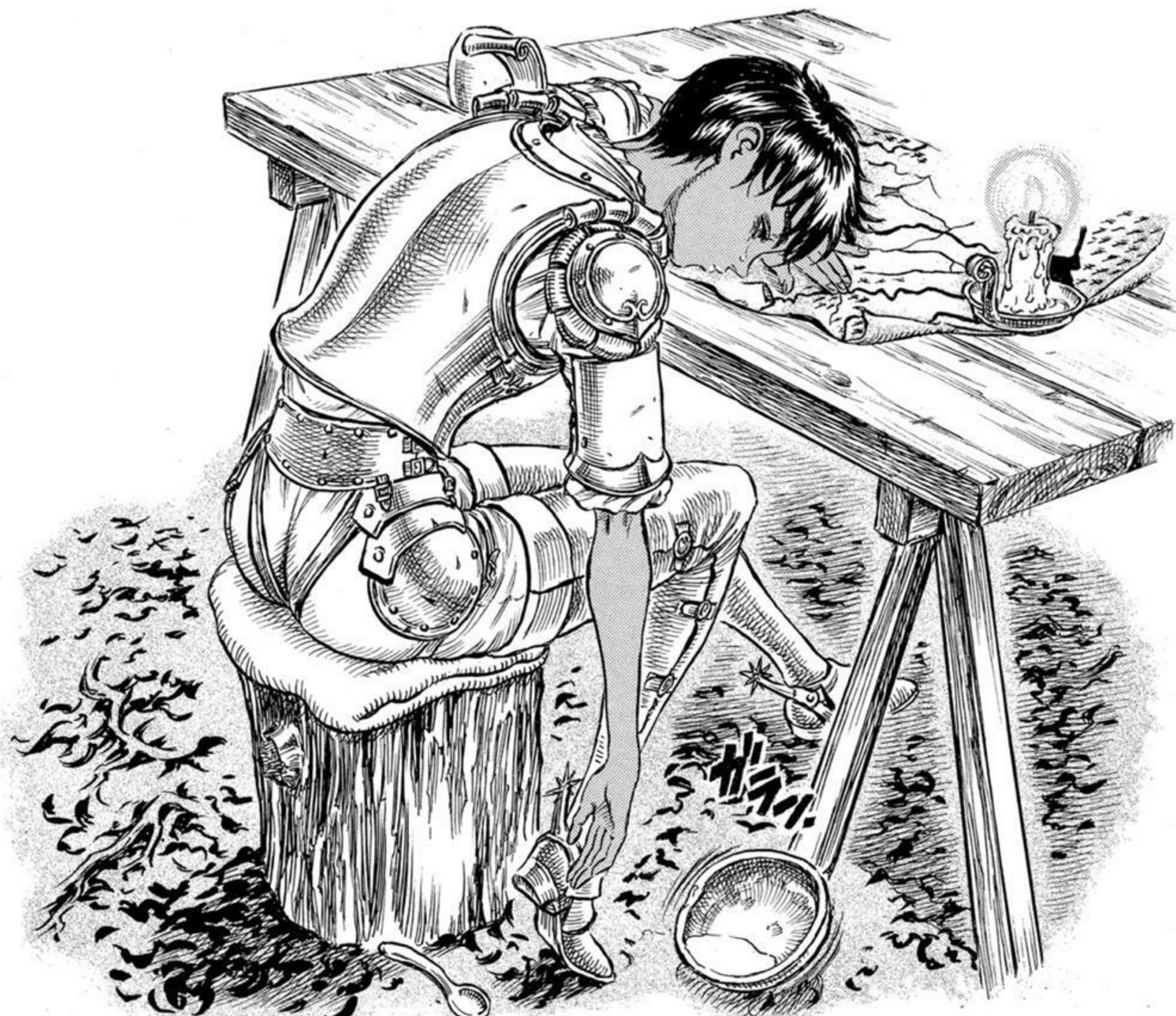
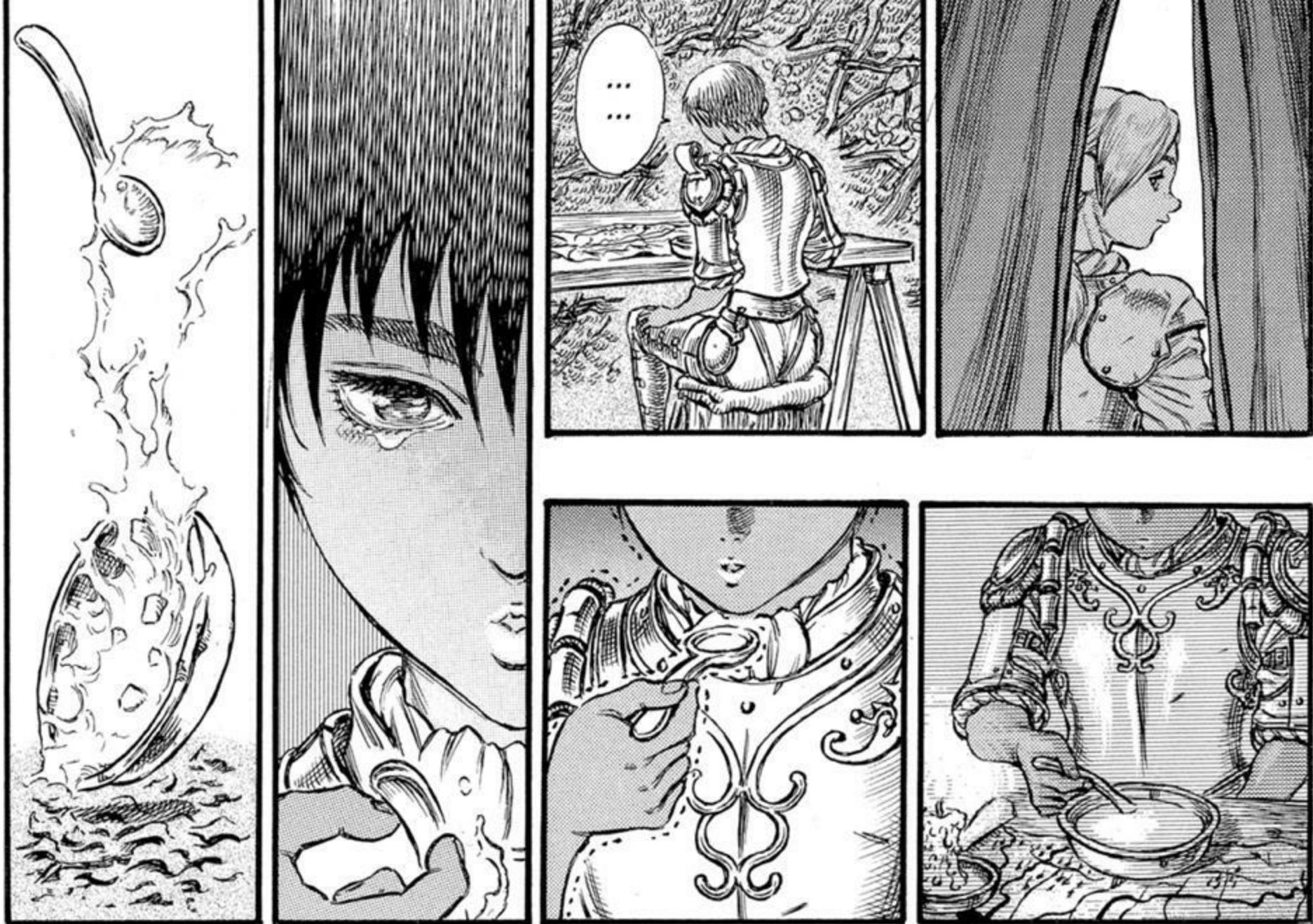


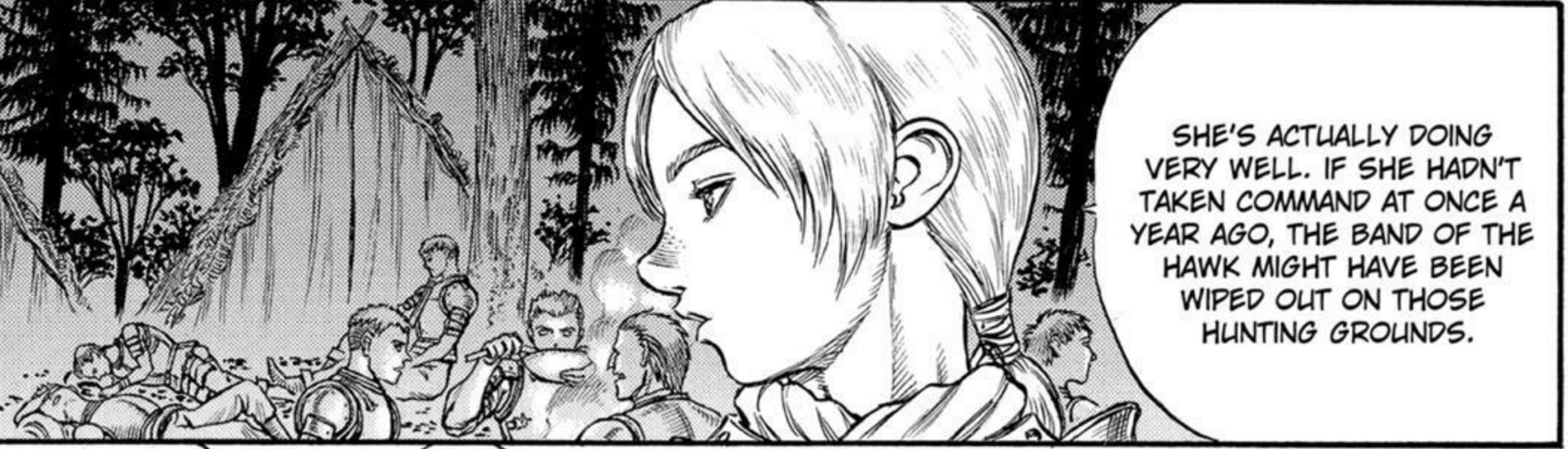
HE'S BEEN TORTURED FOR A YEAR, AND STILL IT GOES ON... SEVERAL PEOPLE HAVE HEARD SOMETHING BETWEEN... SCREAMS... AND MOANS IN A VOICE LIKE GRIFFITH'S COMING FROM THE PRISON.

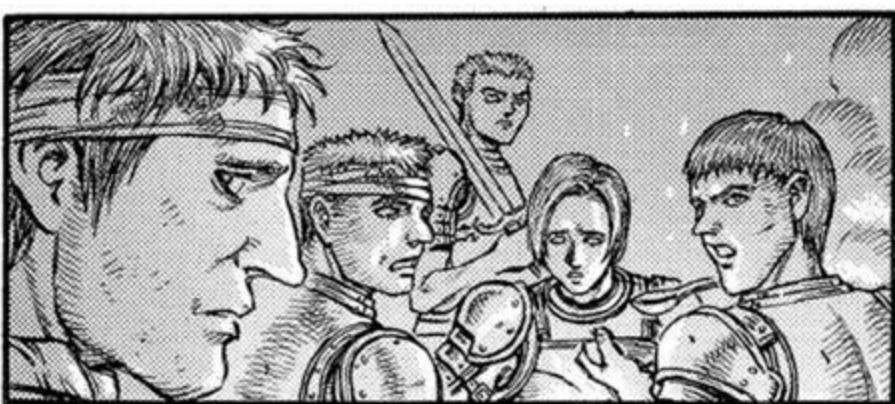
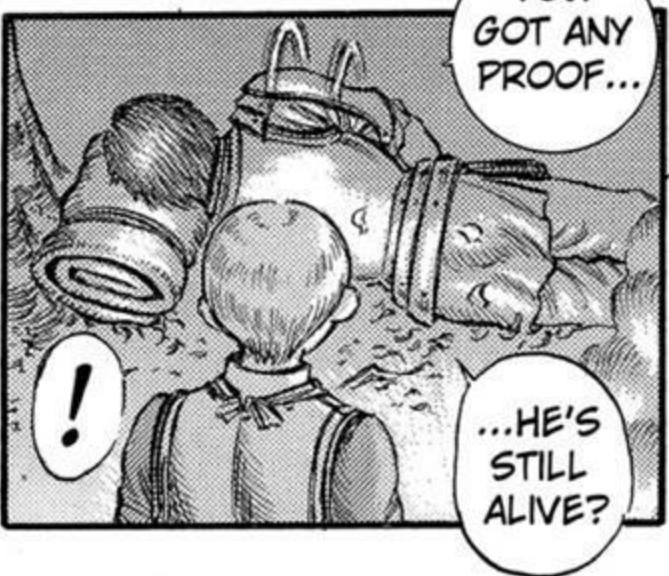
GRIFFITH IS IN THE VERY LOWEST LEVEL OF WINDHAM CASTLE... SEEMS HE'S CONFINED IN A REALLY OLD UNDERGROUND PRISON.

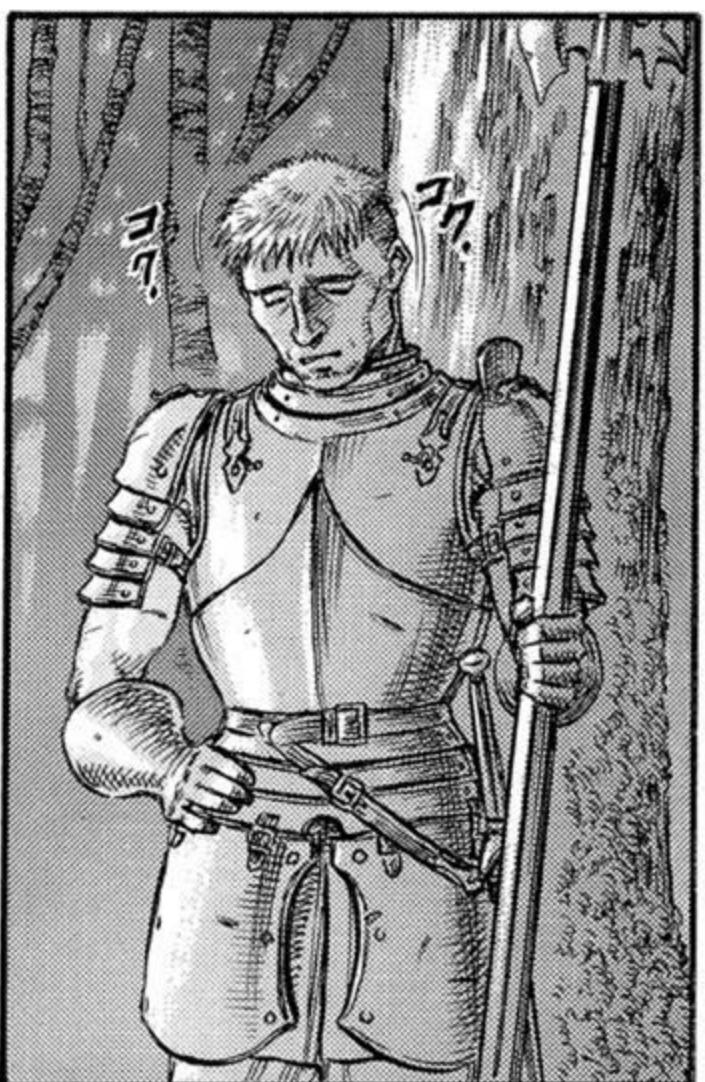
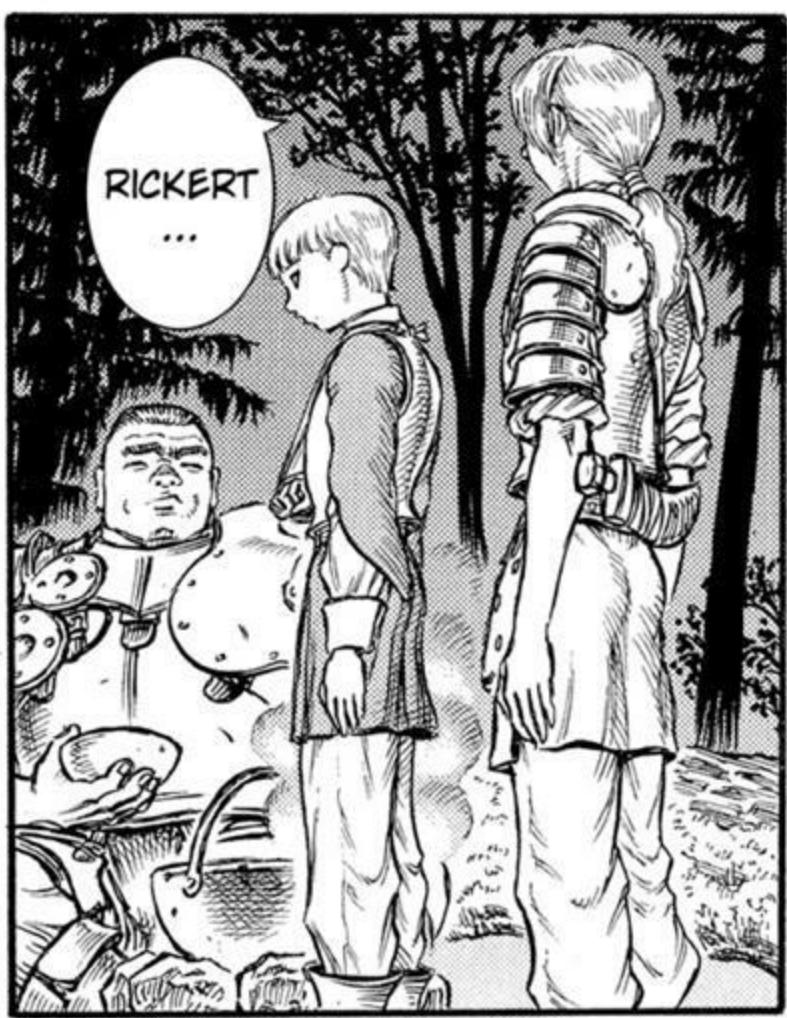


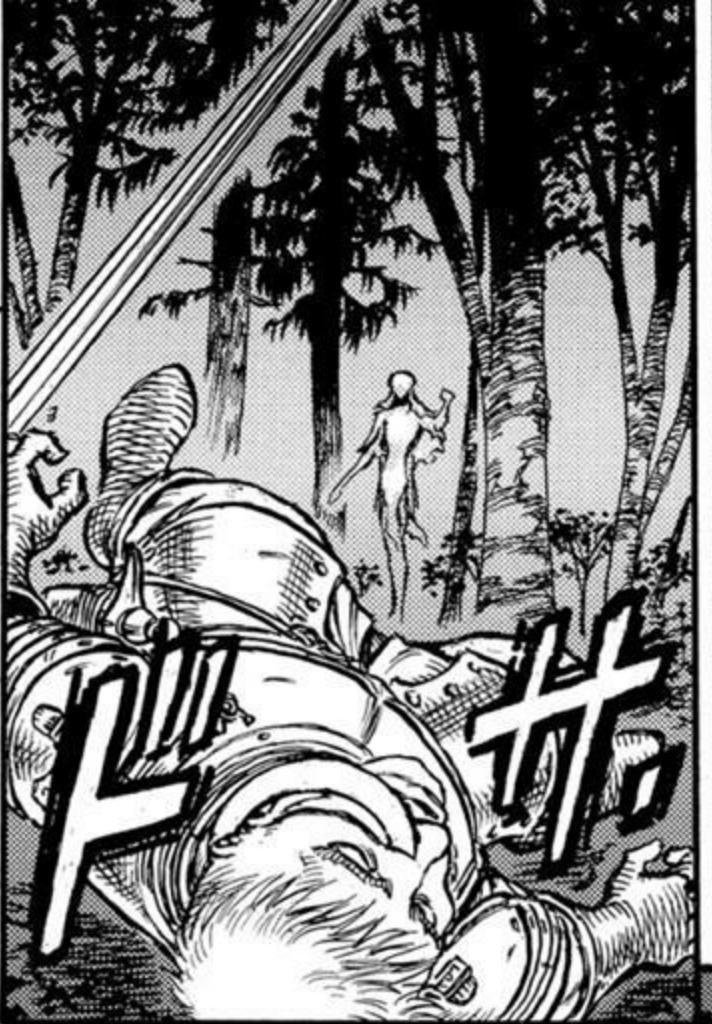




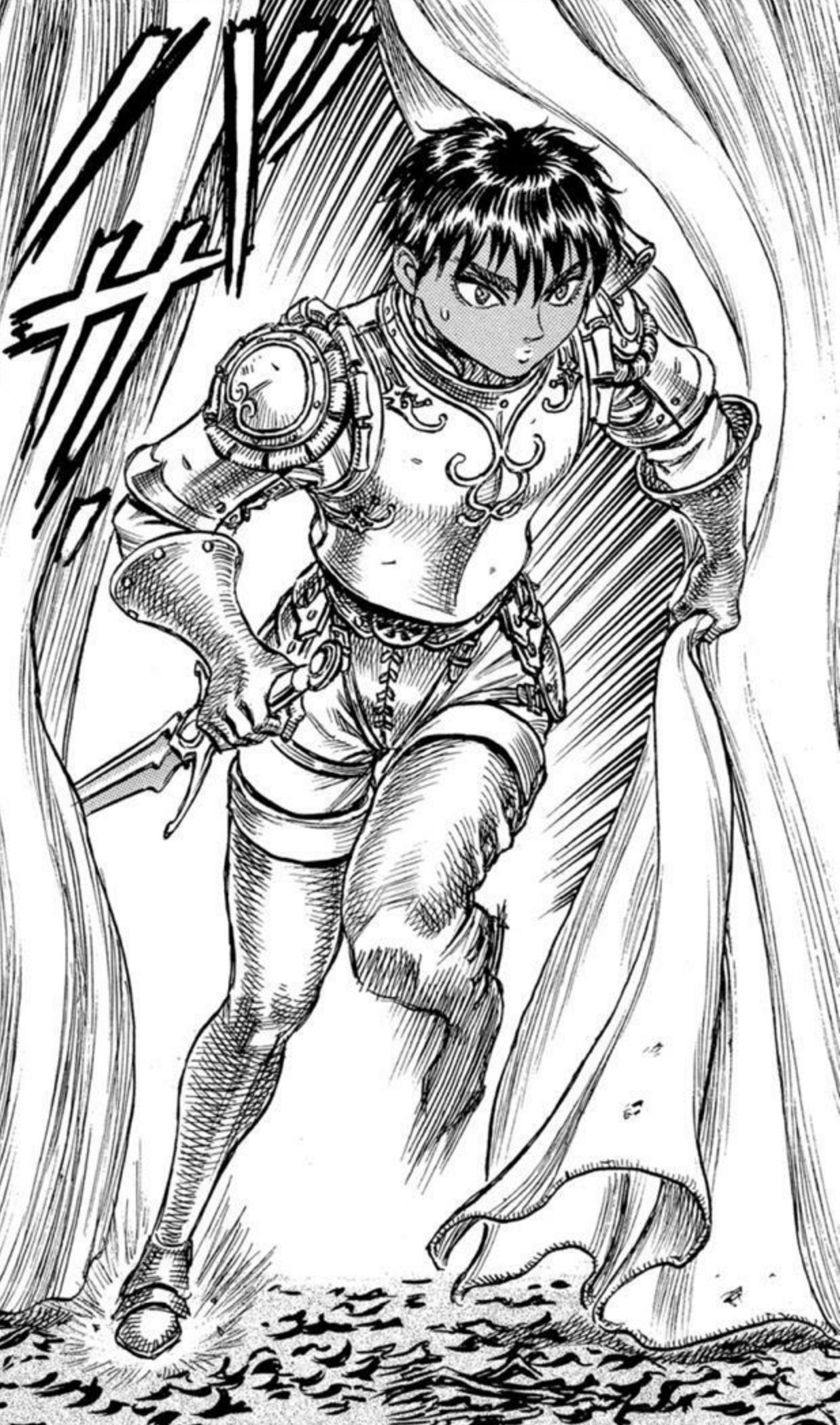


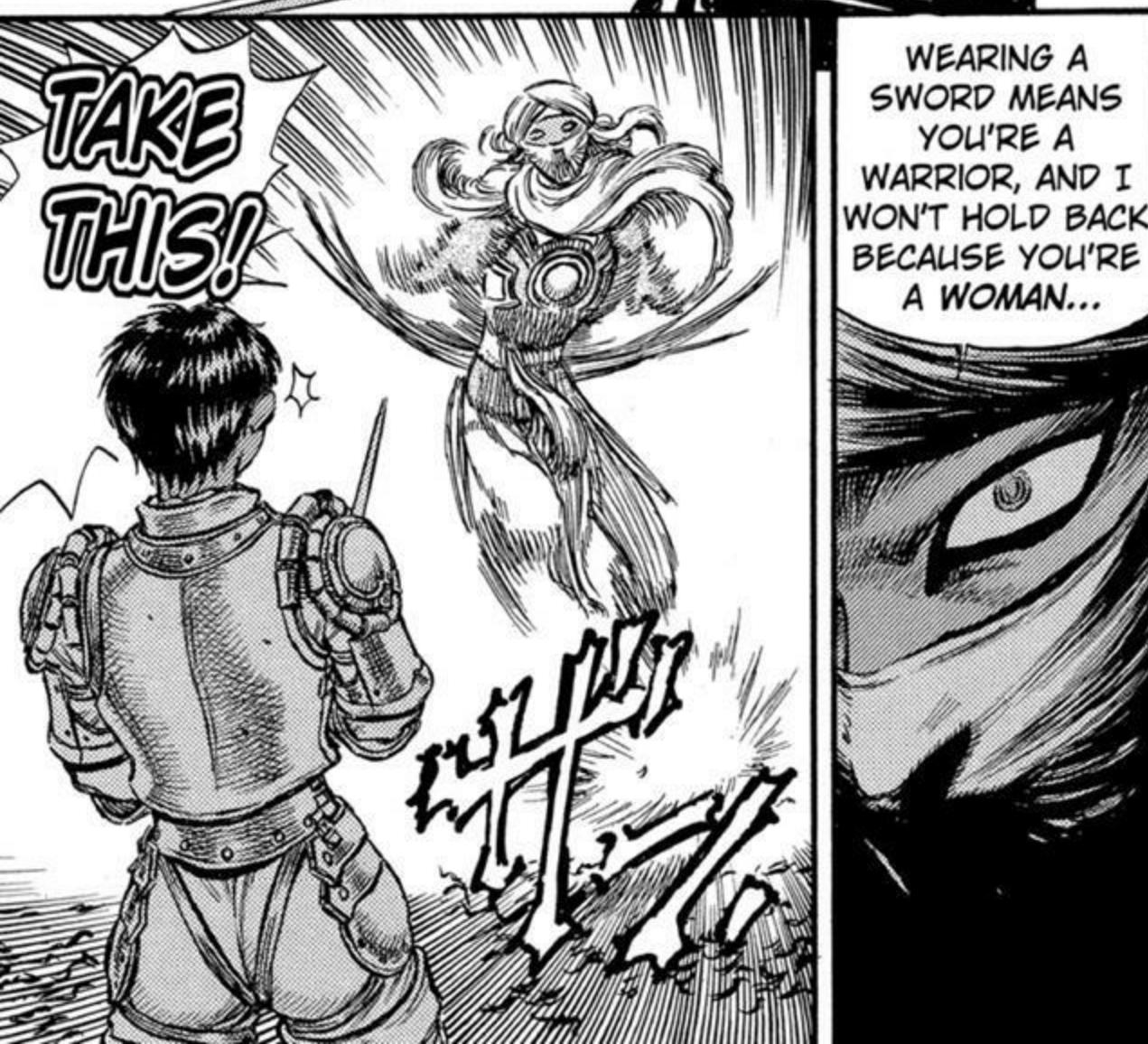
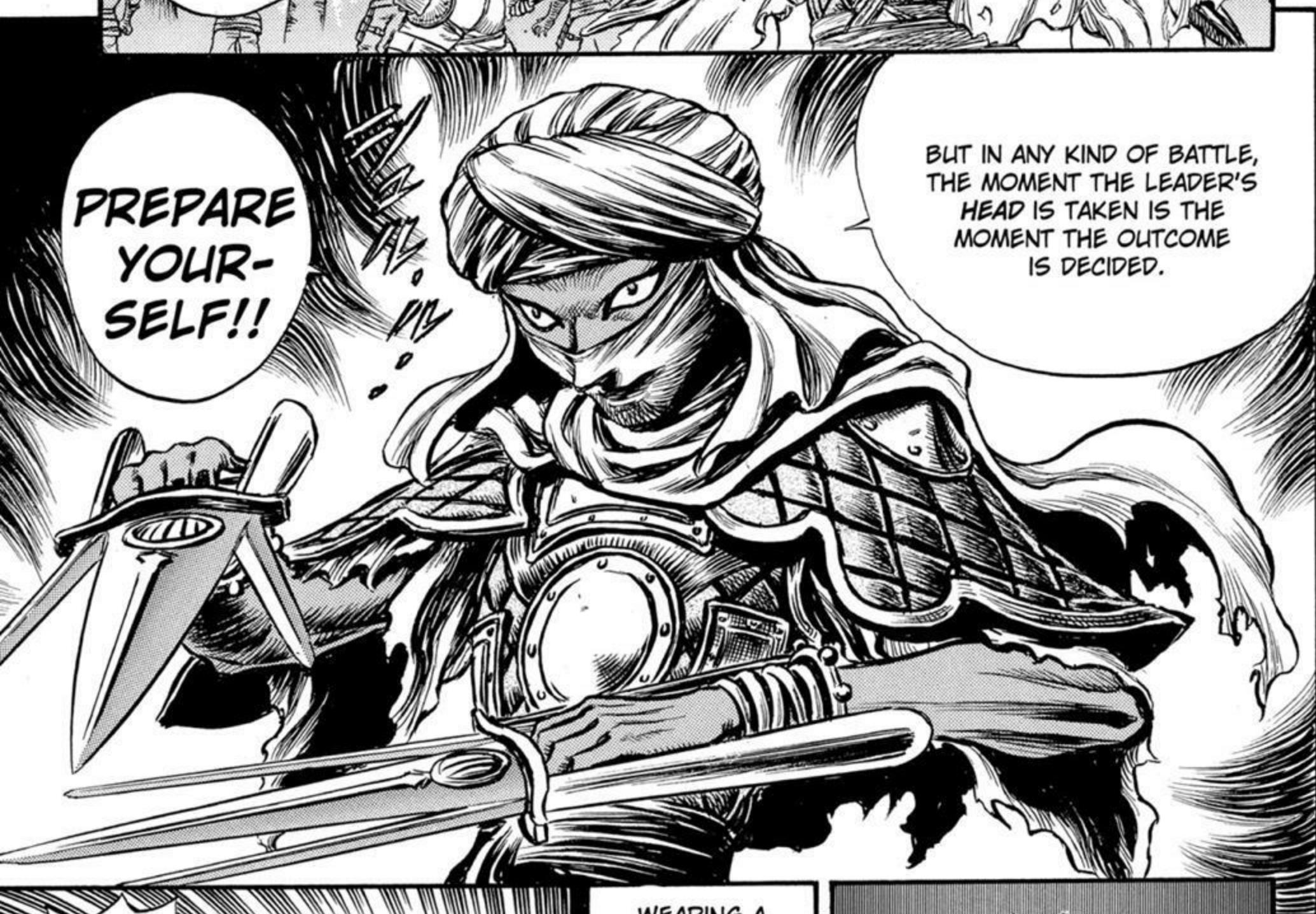


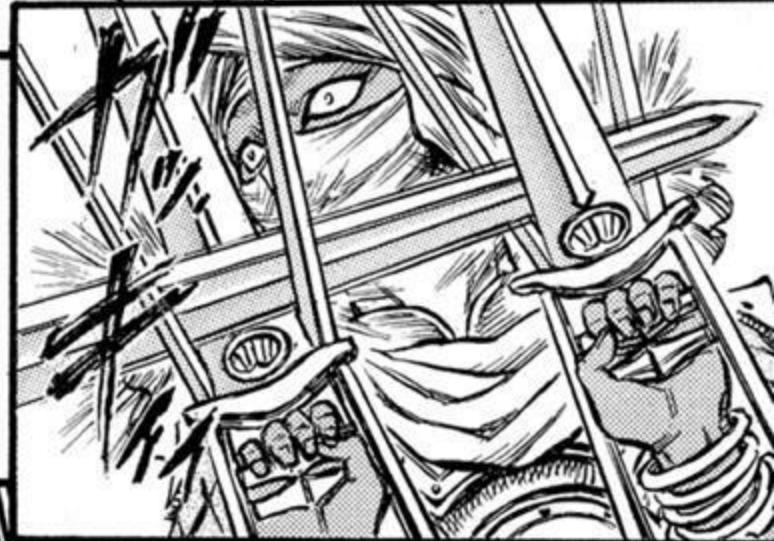
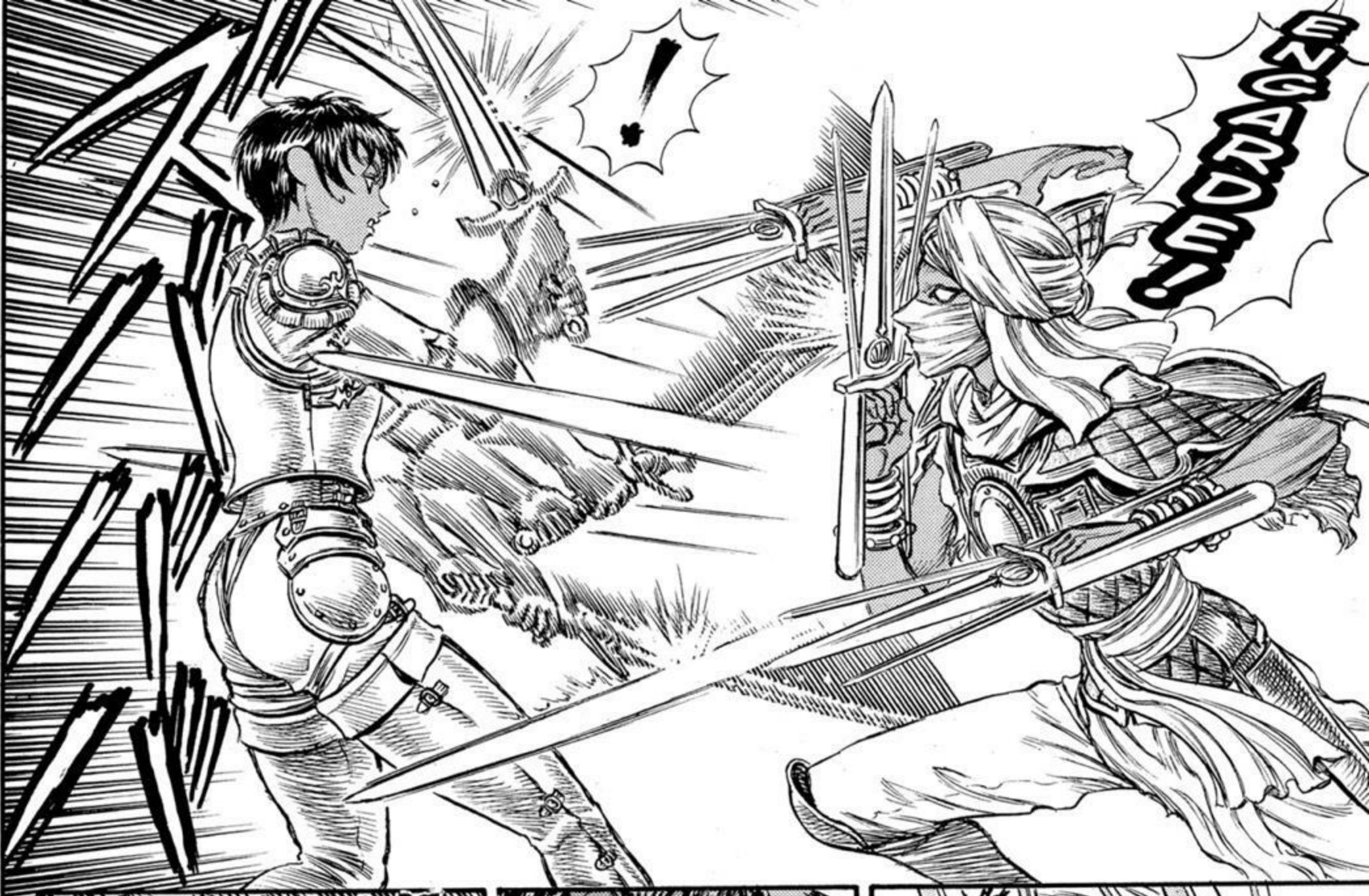


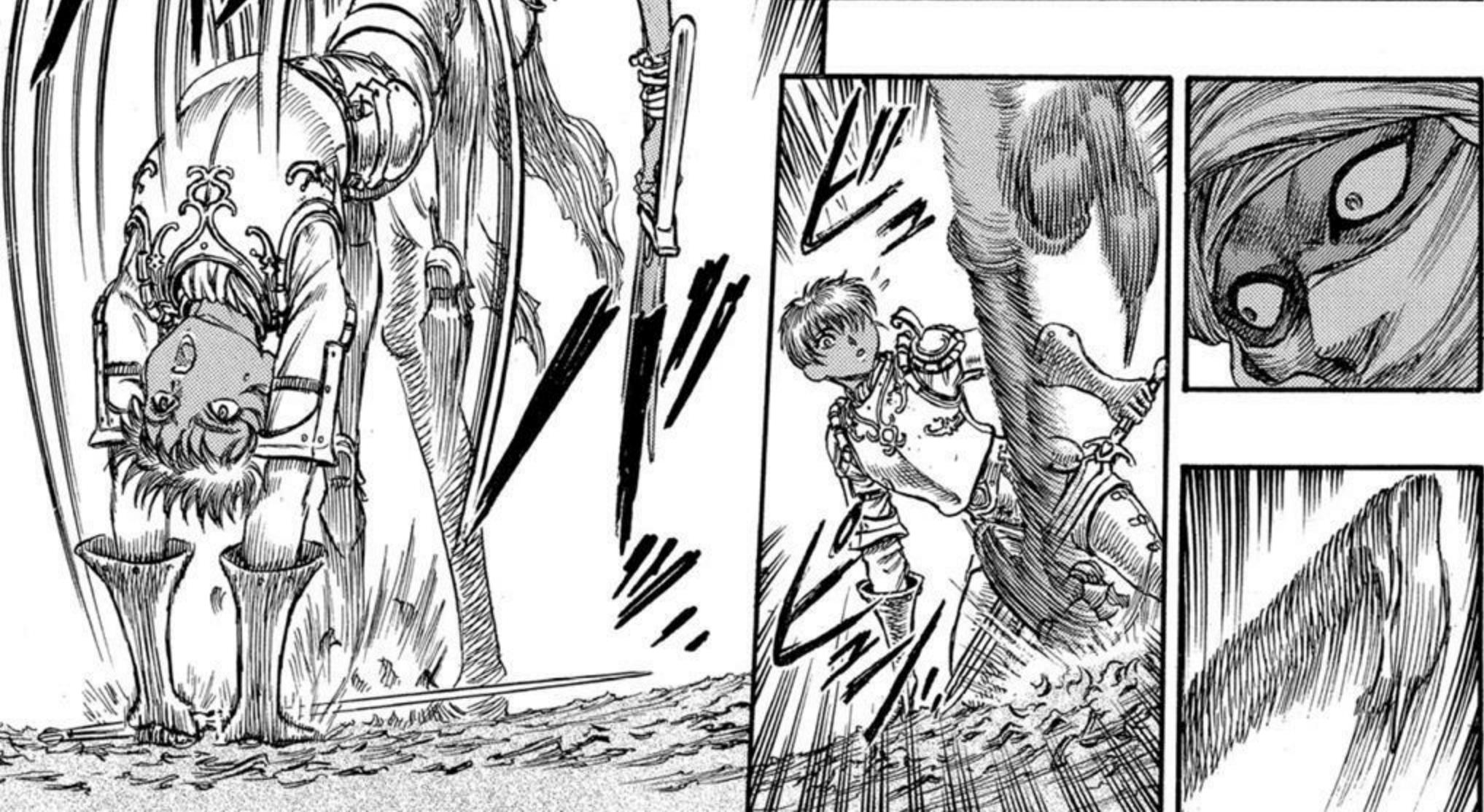


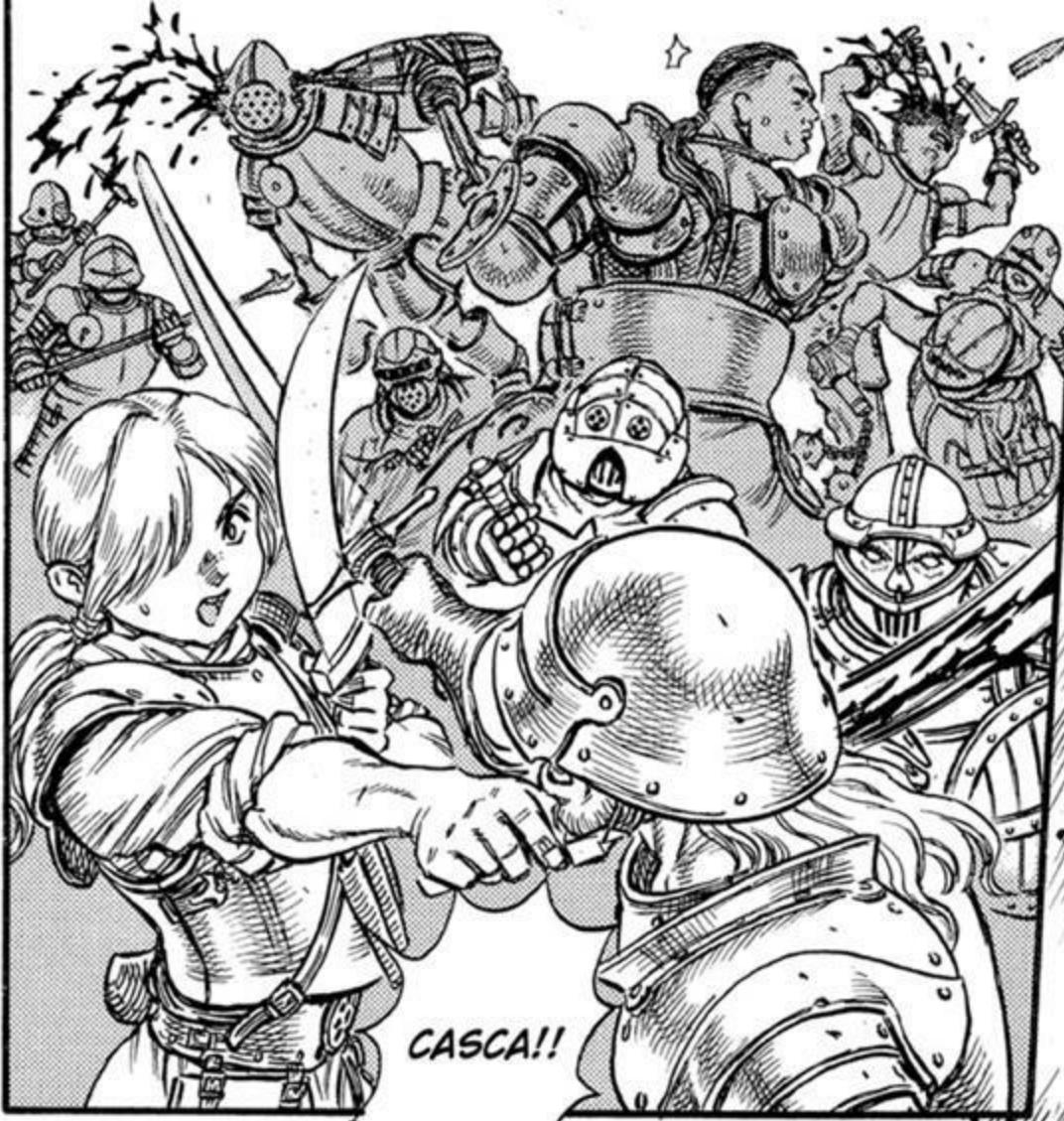












IF YOU THROW DOWN YOUR SWORD AND ORDER YOUR MEN TO SURRENDER, FINE. IF NOT, I CUT OFF YOUR HEAD HERE AND NOW.

THE FIGHT IS MINE!

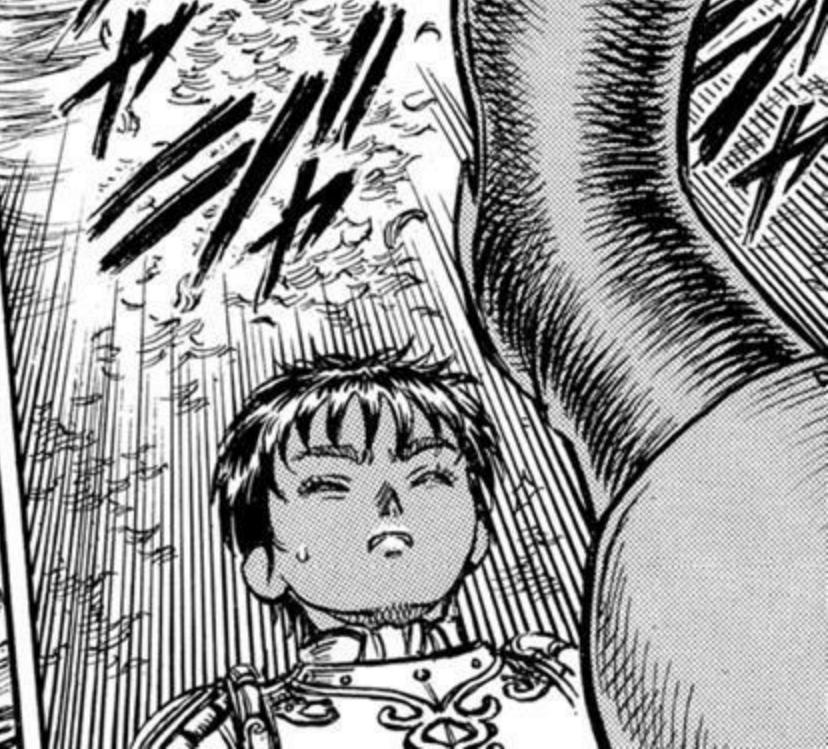
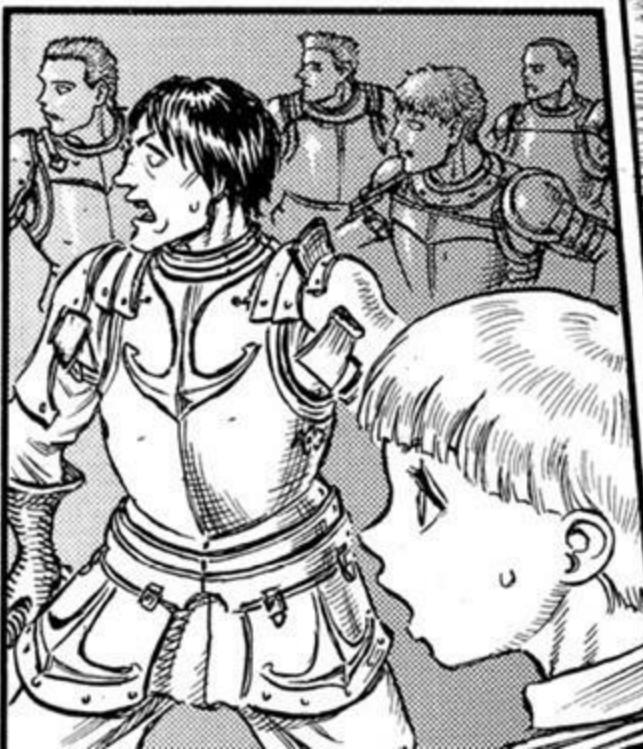
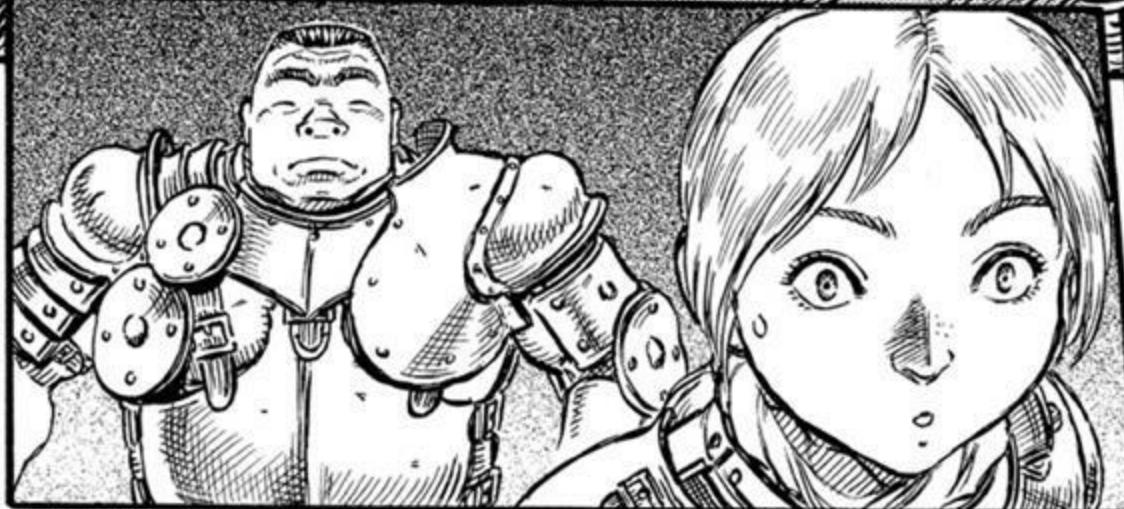
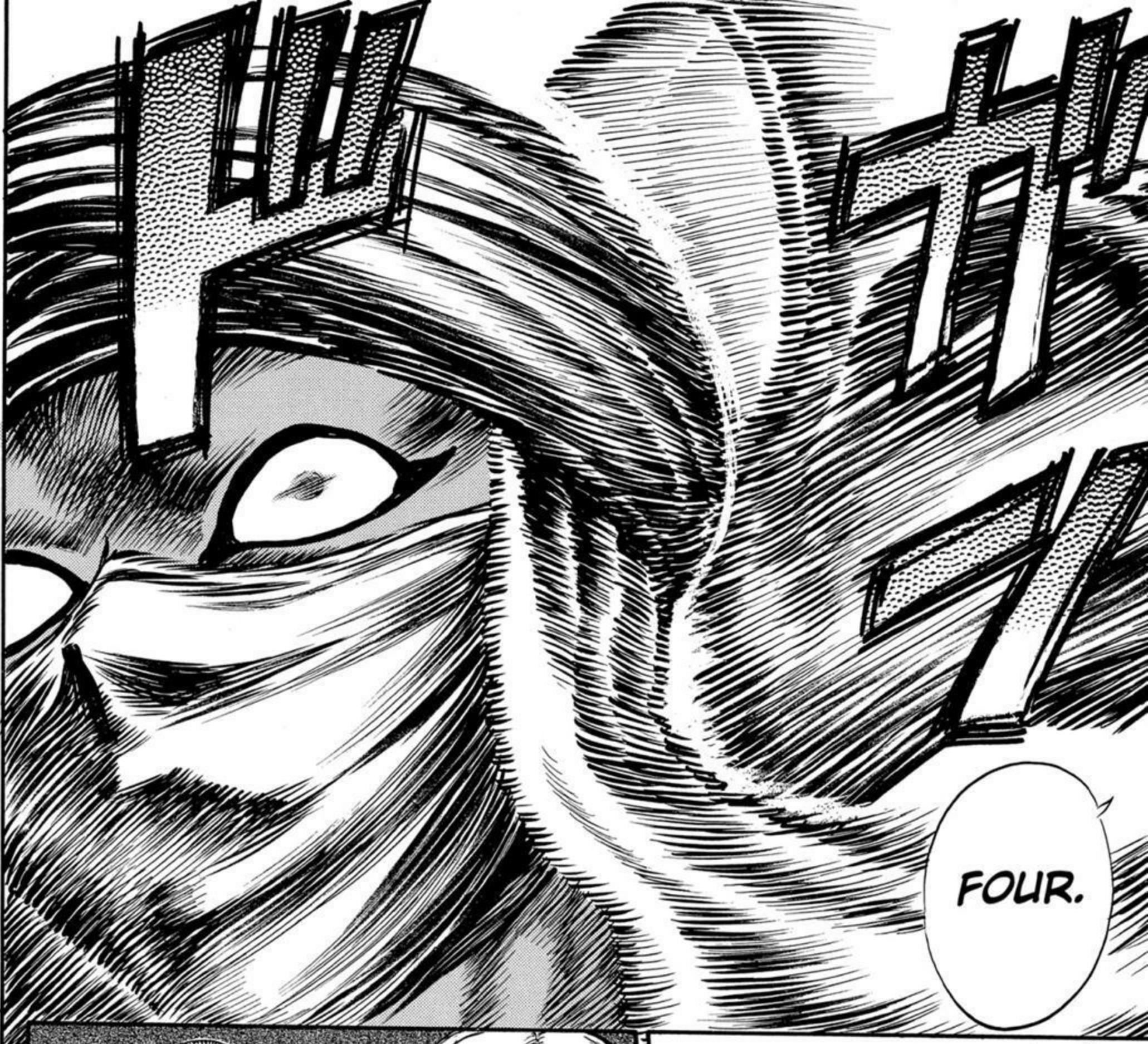
I'LL COUNT TO THREE. YOU SHOULD CHOOSE!!

ONE.

THREE ...

TWO.

HNG!





DON'T LET
SOME STREET
PERFORMER
DO YOU IN.

PULL
YOURSELF
TOGETHER...

...UNIT
COMMANDER.



THE
FLIGITIVES:
END

