





<del>D, M, L, JE, C, B &amp; A</del>	<del>X</del>		
A, JM & B	\$	300.-	300
A & H	\$	150.-	450
A, JM, S & C	\$	450.-	1200
A & M	\$	600.-	1800
A, B, C & U	\$	450.-	2250
A, B, L & K	\$	4,500.-	9450
D, M, L, JE, C, B & A	\$	1,000.-	10,450
A & S	\$	125.-	11,175
A & T	\$	375.-	11,550
A, JM & JE	\$	350.-	11,900
A & JM	\$	995.-	12,125
A, T, JE & S	\$	3,000.-	15,125
A, D & L	<del>X</del>		15,125
A, D, JE, B, H, Abigail, Jm, C & M	<del>X</del>		15,125

Blackwater.





I bought this new journal, after the last one got destroyed in that fire all those months ago, whenever it was.

Haven't written or drawn much in the past few months, but I was missing it more than I thought I would, and finally near a store, so here I am, I guess.

After all that business up North and the fire, we spent a few months in the wilderness, traveling down from the Northern Grizzlies,

stuck mostly in the western foothills of the mountains during the worst of the winter. Food was easy to find and life was good.

Dutch had a lead for some land and we were going to buy, but the land did not match up to his criteria, or he got spooked we were being watched by the law and that somebody knew who he was, and we never bought it and we are wandering still.

We picked up a couple of new folk in the Grizzlies.



Jenny, a sweet young girl we met abandoned on the roadside, and Micah - an outlaw Dutch met in a bar someplace. Dutch seems very taken with Micah, who is pretty hot-headed, argumentative and full of himself. Horse and I are less sure.

Guess we shall see.

Eventually, we came out of the wilderness and are now holed up outside of Blackwater, although sometimes I stay in town, hunting for opportunities.

I might be on to something. We got plenty of money, and the trail we took was so torturous and slow nobody could have followed us south and east, or figured out where we was heading.

We was thinking about California, but then Dutch and Hosea brought us down to Blackwater.





Blackwater has apparently grown a whole lot since any of them was last here — I was told to expect little more than a trading post.

But the place is growing fast, and it's almost a small city. The town seems to be riddled with corruption, but there's certainly plenty of money here.

It's good to be sleeping in a bed from time to time and living a more civilized life after so long under canvas, but I do not particularly like being this near a town.



We are living here, camping  
outside town mostly, hidden  
in plain sight, I guess.  
Life seems pretty easy.

Abigail and Marston  
keep arguing. I wonder why  
exactly he came back. He  
cannot seem to decide if  
he wants to be a father to  
that boy of his or not.

The arguing is exhausting  
I heard talk of a man  
sounded like Trelawny, but  
we haven't seen him for  
many months.



Hosea and I are onto something. Something pretty big - might be a lot of cash coming in to do with a real estate scam Hosea thinks he may have discovered.

I am not sure yet.

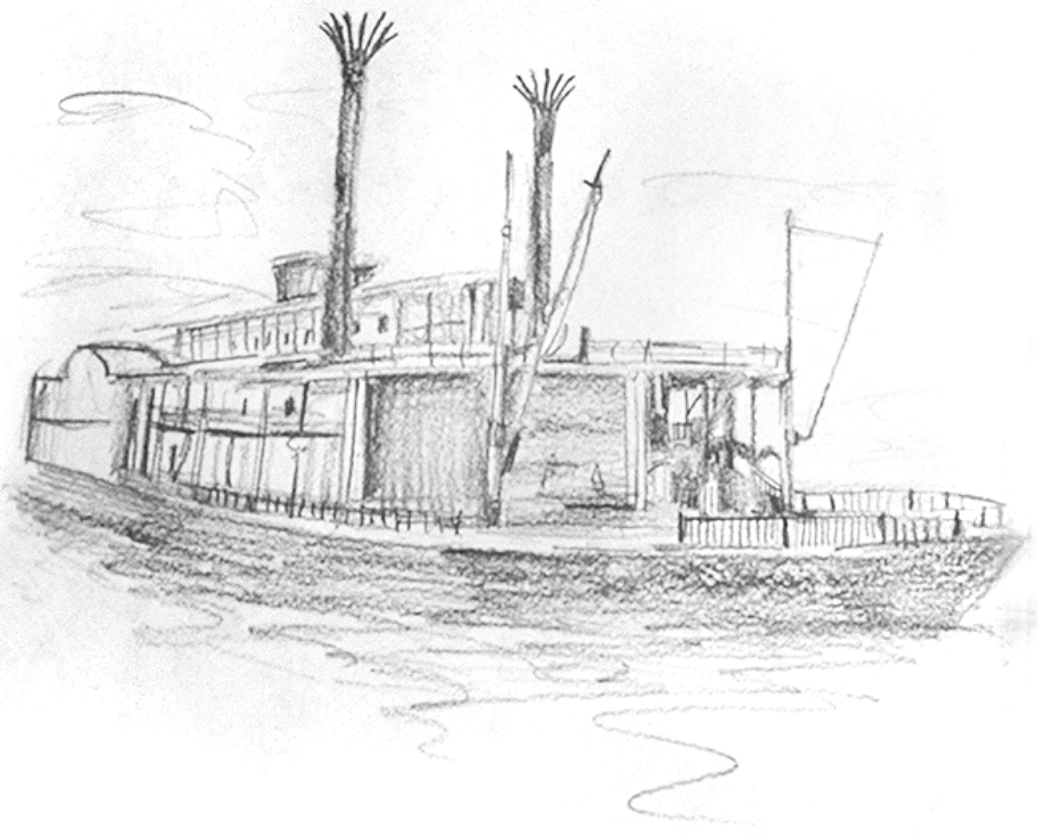
The perfect crime, we think - one where we rob crooks. We are being real careful.

It's fun working with Hosea again. The man is an artist of nonsense. Even if nothing comes of it, we are having an amusing enough time.

It's good to be running scams again. Hosea is a born huckster. He is getting anxious, worried that by lingering in town, we are going to bring undue attention on ourselves.

But Dutch thinks he is also onto something big, his words, not mine, bank money being brought in by boat, apparently, so for now, we are working on both things and seeing what happens.

Plan is to flee west into the desert country someplace if we can.



Michah and Dutch are planning to rob the ferry in town. They think it's laden with riches—cash coming in for the banks, coming in by boat.

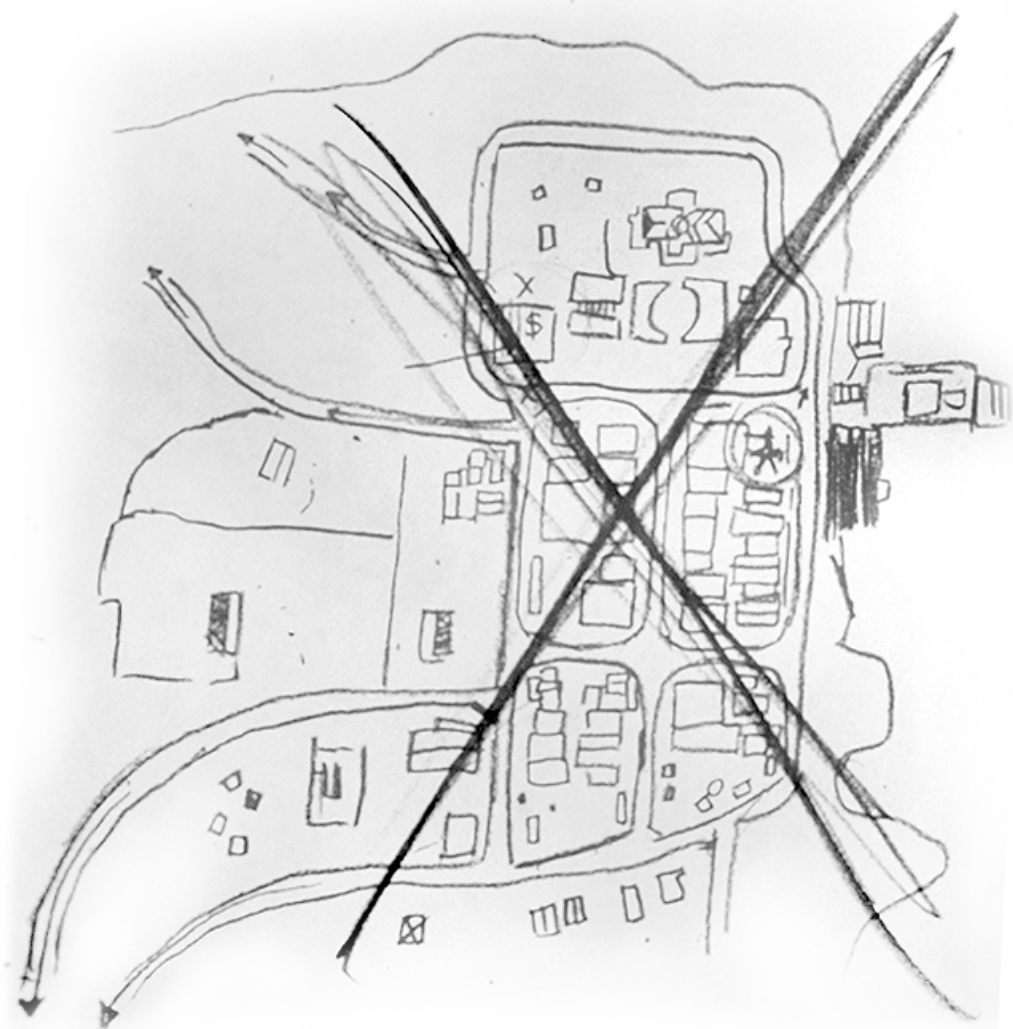
For once, I am not getting involved in the job. Hosea and I are too taken up with our business, which I believe could go very well, and Dutch seems confident that with the group assembled, all will be okay.



Plan is for them to carry out the job, then flee into the wilderness out to the West. The next day, Hosea and I carry out our scam and join them.

Dutch seems happy and excited. He's talking again about California, but he's also talking about a lot of other places





We have been running for weeks,  
I mean running more than usual.  
The job they was pulling in  
Blackwater, robbing that ferry,  
it turned into a disaster.

Young Jenny got killed,  
poor thing, while Sean and  
Mac both got arrested or  
killed, nobody seems sure which.

Dutch shot a girl, I am  
not too sure if by accident  
or design, and seems like  
it might have been a  
set up.

We took to the hills in  
an almighty scramble,  
leaving money and most of  
our things behind.

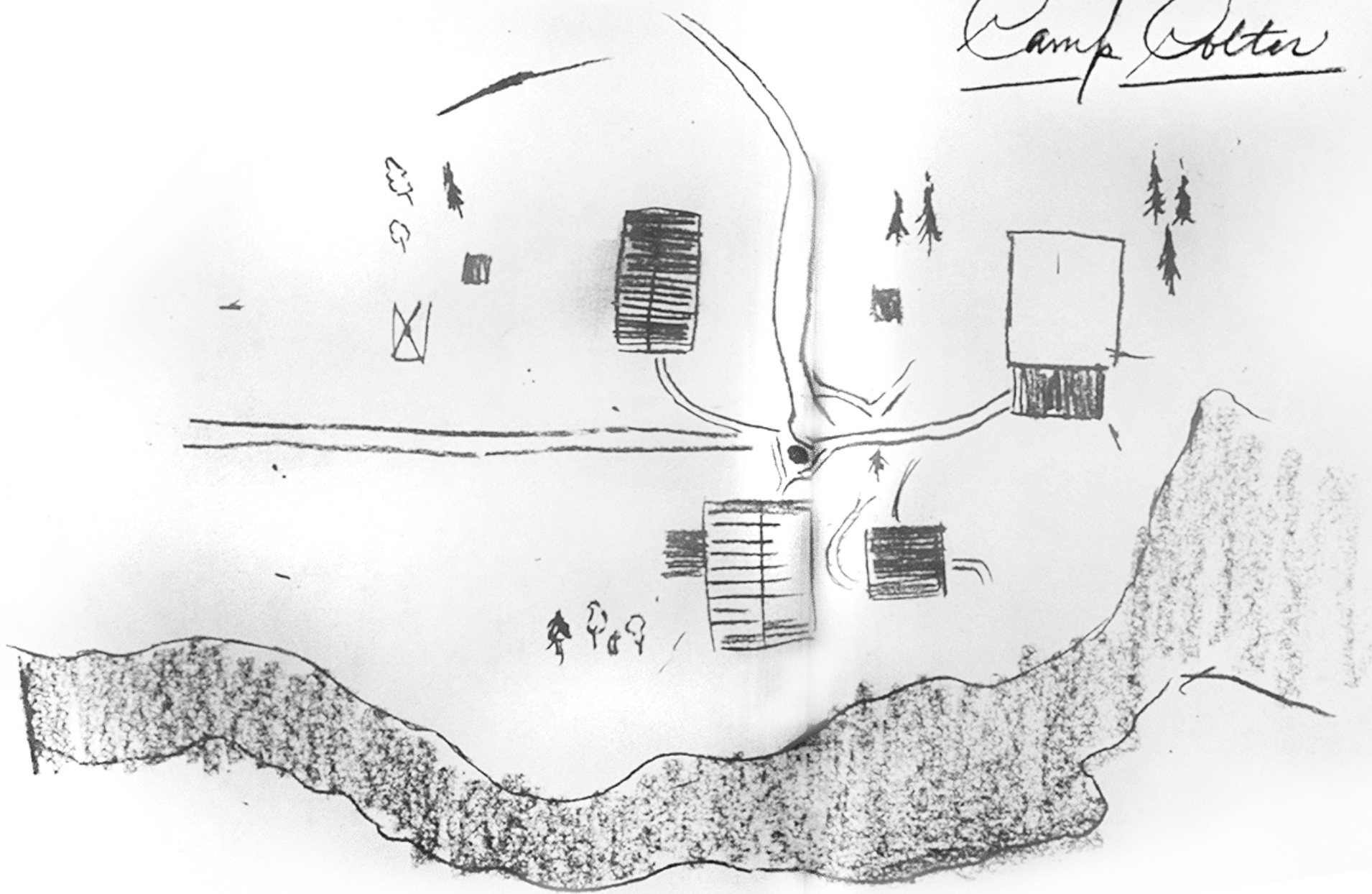
Davey T.

Then, as we were fleeing east over the Grizzlies, an almighty storm hit us.

Davey Callendar, who got shot in the gut on the raid, passed away. it was brutal to watch, and the rest of us nearly froze, but we found shelter and have been resting here in some old abandoned mining town while we await the thaw.

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# Camp Polter



Hardly the spring I had been hoping for. Hosea and I had been planning a robbery of our own in Blackwater, but I guess that's been abandoned along with most of what I owned.

I am profoundly concerned as to what happens next, once we leave this place or the law finds us cowering up here. Found a girl, well a woman I should say. Her husband had been murdered by some of Colm O'Driscoll's boys.  
— nasty business. —





RIDING OUT



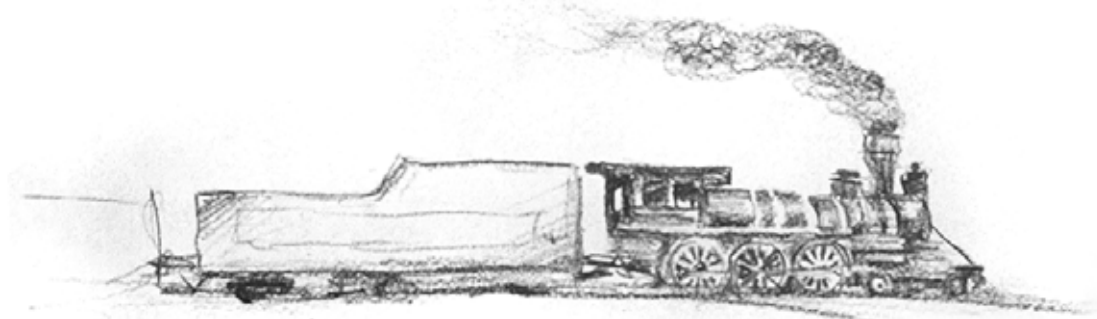
Leviticus  
Cornwall?

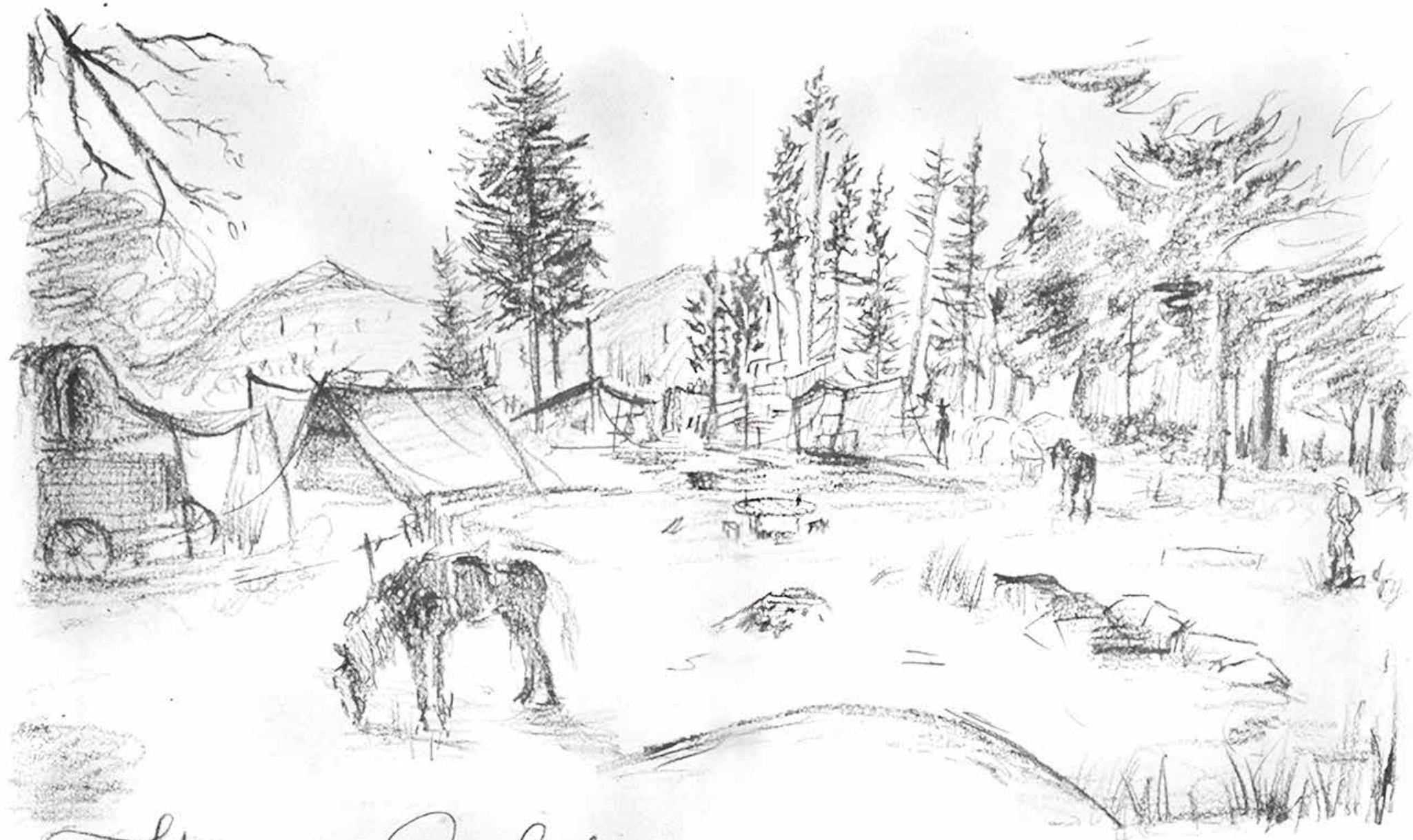
Seems Colm O Driscoll had the same ideas as us. He's been hiding up here, scouting out a train he wanted to rob.

We bumped into some of his boys at some farmstead they was robbing, found that poor woman whose husband they had murdered and she's now riding with us as she ain't got no place better to be.

Then, Dutch being Dutch and his hatred for Colm being just as powerful as ever it was, whole bunch of us went to pay him a visit in his camp, but he escaped.

We grabbed one of his boys. Poor bastard ain't spoken yet, but he will once we freeze him a little, then set Bill on him. Been a bad few weeks, but we're mostly still alive. Dutch being Dutch he is busy making plans and figuring out just how we're going to survive. And Dutch being Dutch, those plans involve robbery and dreams.





Horseshoe Overlook

Finally a thaw in this god awful weather. We got off the ~~mountain~~ the mountain and rode east into some pretty enough country called the Heartlands.

Ain't been this far  $\rightarrow$  east in many a year.

EAST | Hosea seems to know the country a little.

Ain't been much of a spring. Now holed up at a place called Horseshoe Overlook, outside of some lumpy little cattle town, name of -VALENTINE-



Dutch seems a little better.  
His eyes are sparkling once  
more and I can see he's  
thinking a little clearer.

I think we all feel  
a little happier, in  
spite of Blackwater and  
that whole mess.



American Ginseng



Ram's Head



Alaskan Ginseng



Met an idiot hunting for treasure. Bought a map off him. Wonder if I'll find anything.







Headed into Valentine with Uncle and the girls. Girls went scouting out work while Uncle and I had a few drinks and he explained more of his theories on existence and bare faced lies about his past.

Things took a strange turn — some fella seemed to recognize me, or us from Blackwater. Guess we had been holed up there too long while Hosea & I scouted the job that never was. I chased the bastard.

then I killed him anyway.  
Sometimes, there's no  
point in taking a chance







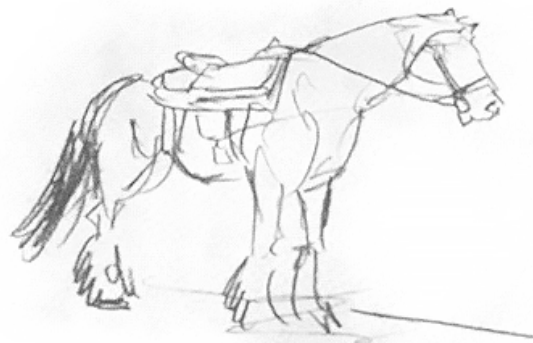
Took a day off and went off hunting with Hosea. He really seems to be getting his strength back a bunch although he was lucky not to die as this big war he'd been after turned on us.

I thought when we was stuck up in the mountains that the cold and the misery would kill him, and we'd bury him like we buried Jenny + and Davey +.

But he pulled through and he'll live a while yet.

I love Dutch like a father,  
but in many ways, I love Hosea  
even more. He's kind and fair  
and like a human being.  
Dutch is something else.

This bear was also something  
else. Size of a goddamn  
hotel it was, mad and mean  
with it.



Found the wreckage of a flying  
machine in the woods. Some  
would-be Tarnus, dead with  
his dreams.

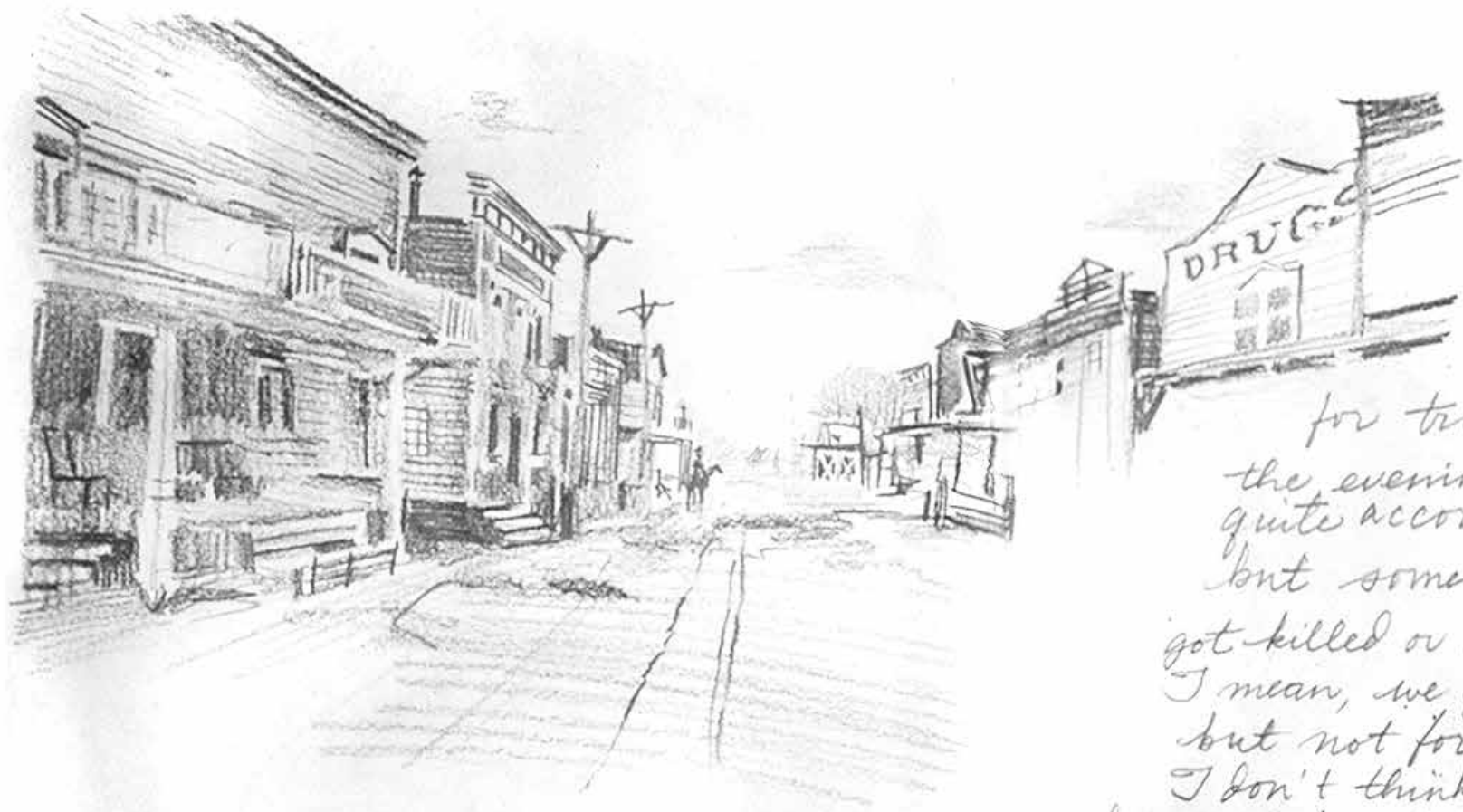


Polm O' Driscoll slipped through our fingers once more and I saw my own life slip through mine. That gentle buffoon we kidnapped up in the mountains took us to a cabin. We were planning to kill Polm but he had just gone elsewhere. We shot a bunch of his boys and one was about to end my life when Kieran shot him. This F E U D, it's bled out from Dutch & Polm's mutual hatred into a loathing that permeates all of us and all of them.

Still, I found quite a shotgun in the cabin.



Wonder who lived here?



VALENTINE.

Went off drinking  
with young Lenny.  
Thanks to my own  
peculiar genius  
for trouble when drunk,  
the evening did not go  
quite according to plan,  
but somehow neither of us  
got killed or arrested for murder,  
I mean, we got arrested of course,  
but not for murder, at least  
I don't think it was for murder  
because they let us out. Whole thing  
is a bit of a blur.

Somehow, I don't imagine that  
the saloon owner in Valentine  
likes me very much after the  
mayhem I have caused here.



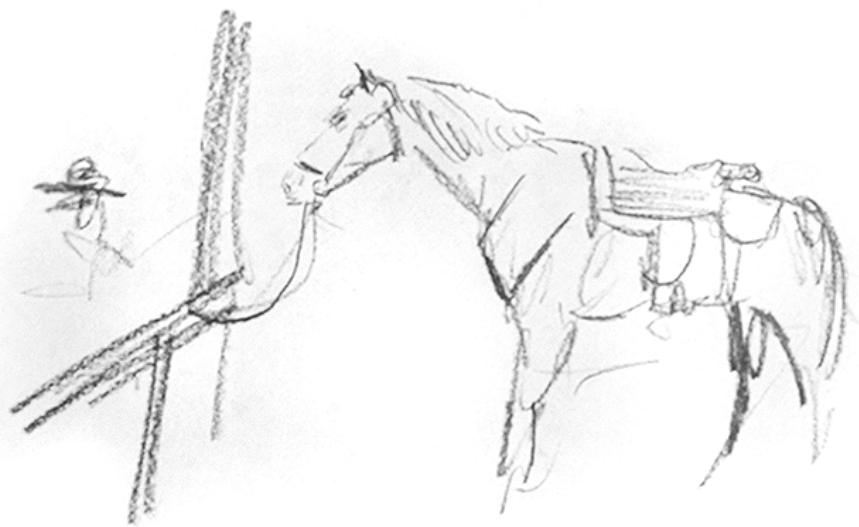
Smithfield's Saloon.



Met a woman ~~that~~ had  
killed a John. Claimed it  
was an accident.

I helped her get rid of the  
body. Wonder if she was  
quite ~~so~~ as innocent as  
she claimed.

# Raspberry



Met some old drunk in Valentine. Claimed he was a shootist. Seemed more like a clown.

Some poor fool was writing a book about him, or trying to. Levin was the name of the writer. Jim Calloway was the killer. Apparently Levin needs more information.

Asked me to find a few folk who have spent more time in publicity than me and knew old Jim back when he was a real killer. Their names are Emmett Granger, Filaco Hernandez, Billy Midnight, and Black Belle.



Sound like a troupe of clowns.  
We shall see what kinds of people  
those who want to be  
famous murderers is.  
My hopes are not too high.



Met Emmet Granger. I cannot think of a single man I have enjoyed seeing dead more than this bastard Pig shit and hatred and he still threw a knife at me.



Guess Billy Midnight never escaped his past. Guy was deranged about shooting some fella in the back or in their sleep or something else very sensible in my opinion. Anyway, guilt had consumed him, so like a real proper gentleman, he tried to kill me.

Black Belle - what a woman.  
If she was younger and I  
was in the market for a woman  
to go killing with, what a pair  
we could have made. She told  
me old boy Calloway was a  
poser and a liar. Big  
surprise.

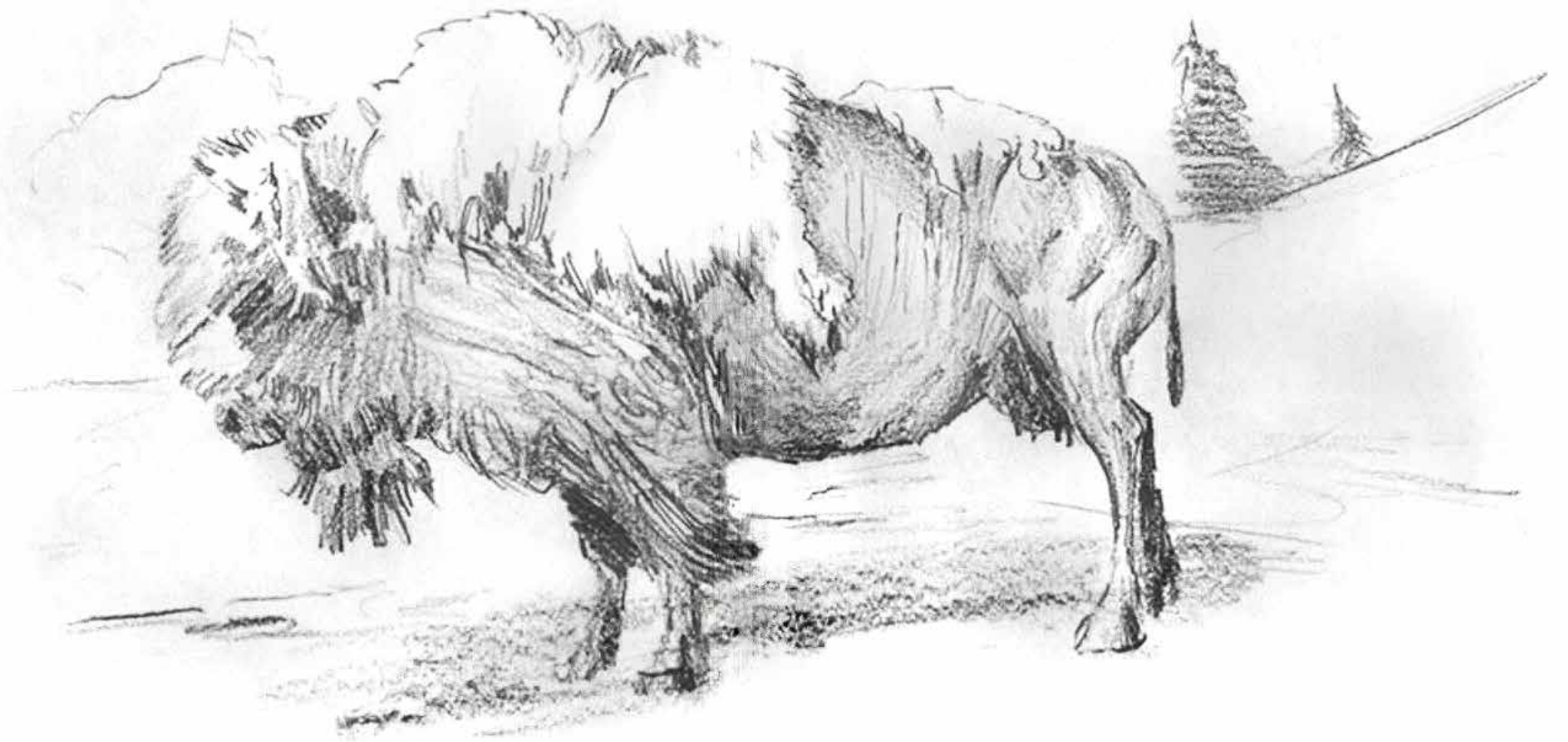


Found Flaco Hernandez  
for that silly book. Killed  
him. Bastard jumped out  
of the way but I still got  
him. Didn't seem like  
the type I was going to  
befriend, anyway.



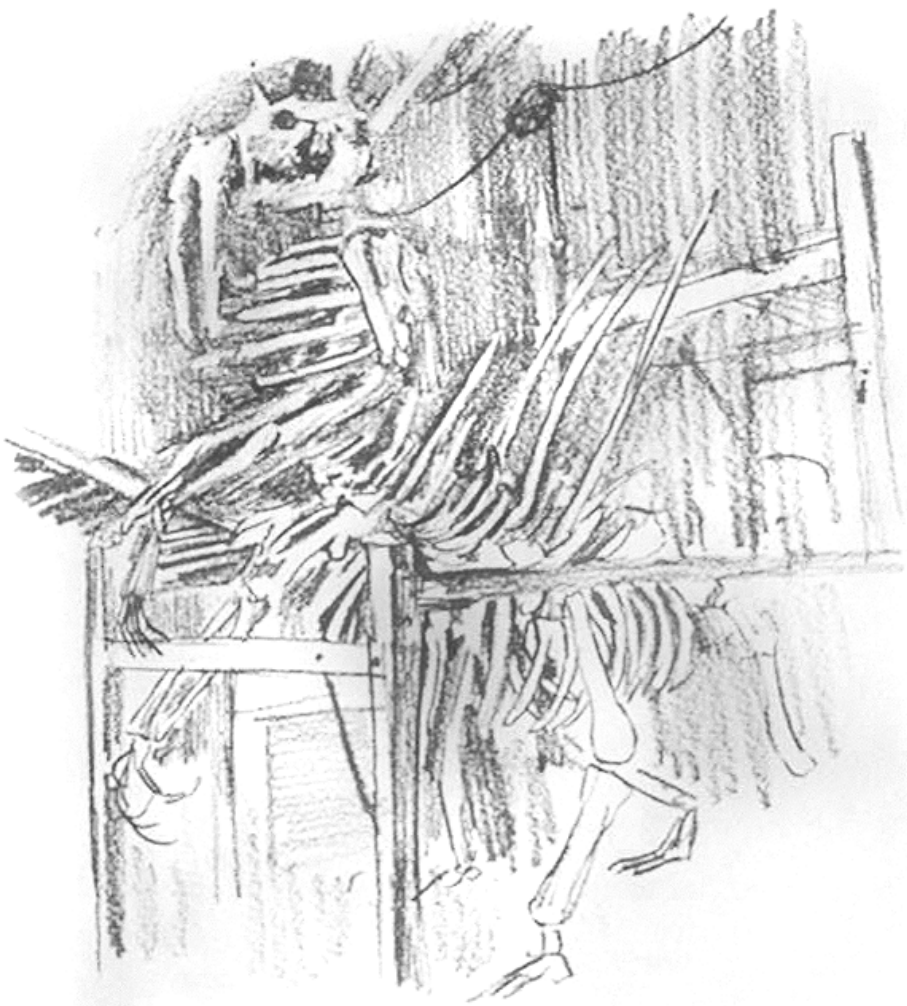
Went back to see Palloway and  
Lwin. Palloway still a drunken  
clown. Had me kidnap some old  
adversary - Slim Grant - they  
ended up shooting each other  
and then Palloway turned on me.  
Less said, the better. But  
Lwin has himself a book  
and I will slide back into  
obscurity. Gunslinging ain't  
the life for me. I prefer  
good, honest killing with  
none of the pretensions.





Met a lady scientist, Deborah  
something or other. Seemed  
to be more mad than sane,  
but I don't have much fame  
or reference for scientists.  
Wanted me to see if I  
could help her find dinosaur  
bones and send her the  
details. Maybe.





Went to see the dinosaur I  
helped discover. I cannot  
help feeling it ain't no  
wonder it didn't survive.



Met a strange guy - thought  
he was a prophet. Blind.



*Rat Tail Orchid*



*Sparrow's Egg Orchid*



*Handwritten signature or scribble.*



LS.

Here Strauss is back  
lending money and I'm back  
collecting it.

The work mostly revolts me and  
shames me. Somehow, robbing  
people honestly with a gun  
and fists is less repellent than  
robbing them fully in accordance  
with the law.

It'll be the usual  
sort of desperados — sick farmers,  
pregnant maids, lovesick young  
men, and other dupes desperate  
enough and stupid enough  
to take Strauss' terms.

A usurer's life  
may be a comfortable one,  
but it is foul work. \$~~4~~



I went to call in a loan, some farmer, local do gorder. Think I'd seen him in Valentine before when I was fighting that big fella. He begged and coughed and spluttered and I beat him half to death. Such is life. Such is the world. His boy looked at me like I was the devil and perhaps for him I was. The whole thing confused me. Maybe that's wrong. The whole thing revolted me/my part. These sad, desperate bastards, their silly expectations of life and their tawdry reality. The unkindness of existence — I can handle that just fine. But I do not love it, nor those who try to make things otherwise, I guess.



Met a nice fella taking photos  
of animals - Albert Mason,  
I think he was called.  
Kind and interesting and entirely  
lost and unused to real country,  
- even though he seemed to love  
it. Trying to take pictures of  
all our biggest predators  
before they all got killed  
off themselves by the  
modern world. Should  
have got him to take a  
picture of Dutch.



He got robbed by a coyote, but  
I got him his bait back.



Saw Mr Mason again - this time he was taking pictures of wolves. Still doing his hardest to get himself eaten.



Helped Mr Mason take  
another picture - this time  
of wild horses - and he gave  
me a beautiful print of one  
~~of a class~~ of the wolves that  
~~the~~ nearly ate him.





This time, Albert Mason seemed  
obsessed by getting eaten by  
alligators. Again, he managed  
to survive much more by  
luck than by judgment.

Saw Albert again. ~~Instead of~~  
Bored of fighting animals,  
he tried to fight gravity.  
Again, he somehow survived.  
I hope he will now retire  
from a life even more idiotic  
and dangerous than mine





*Spider Orchid*

*Who were these fellas?*



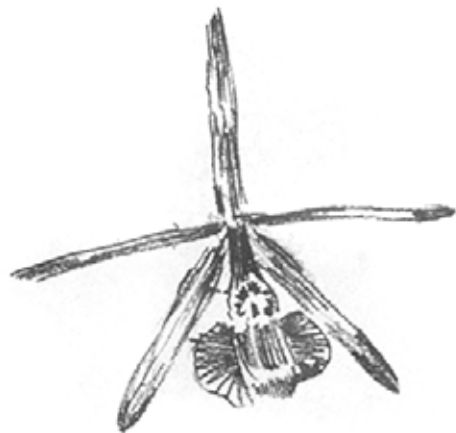


MA

Saw Mary again. I feel like the luckiest man alive and I feel like a fool. That woman confuses me and plays me for a fiddle like no one else alive. Her little brother Jamie had joined some religious order and needed saving, or so she and the god awful DADDY seemed to have thought. I took him home, after a pathetic little squabble. Poor boy. Wonder what will become of him. Education and an unpleasant father have been a terrible curse for him I fear.

As for Mary, I hope I  
will not make a  
god awful fool of myself  
once more, but somehow  
I imagine I shall

A ♥ M

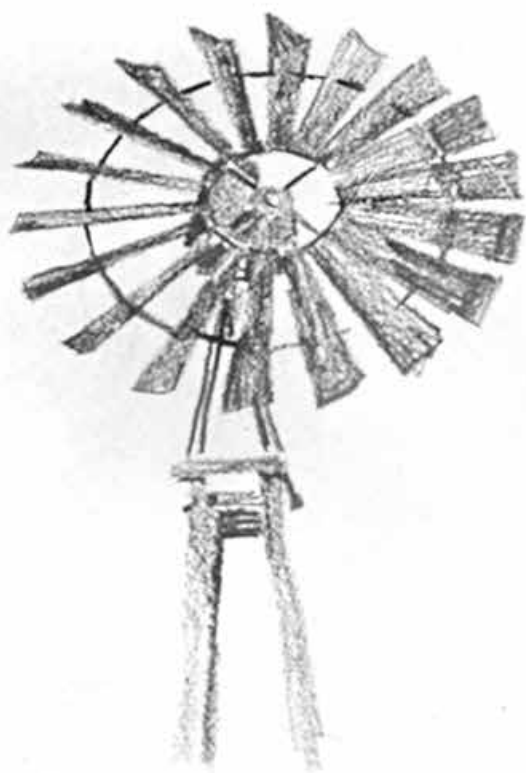


*Acuna's Star Orchid*



Blackberry





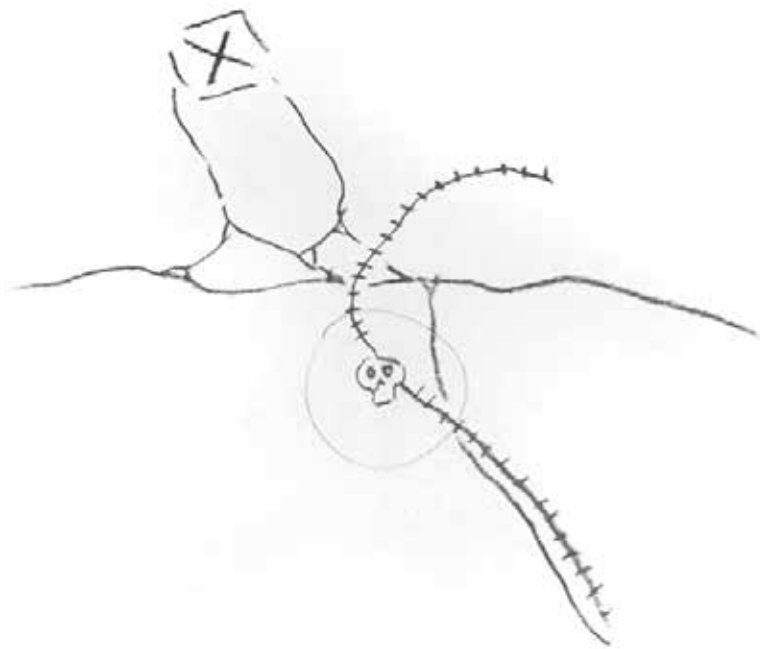
Hosea and I went robbing, just like in the old days. A father and son pair of clowns at some farm house. Stole a wagon, sold it to some rat Hosea had met at some odd place called Emerald? Ranch. What goes on there, I cannot tell, but this little purchaser of stolen goods had us so rob his own family.

Even by my standards, that was low, but the father and son we robbed was proof that even God makes mistakes sometimes.

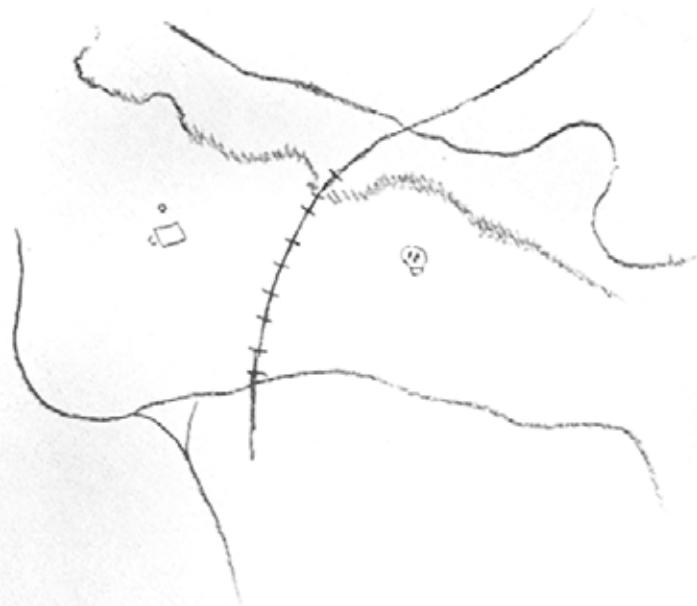


Horse performed brilliantly  
as some kind of huckster  
selling restorative cure  
to crooks' backs. Whole  
thing was utterly  
ridiculous and brilliant.



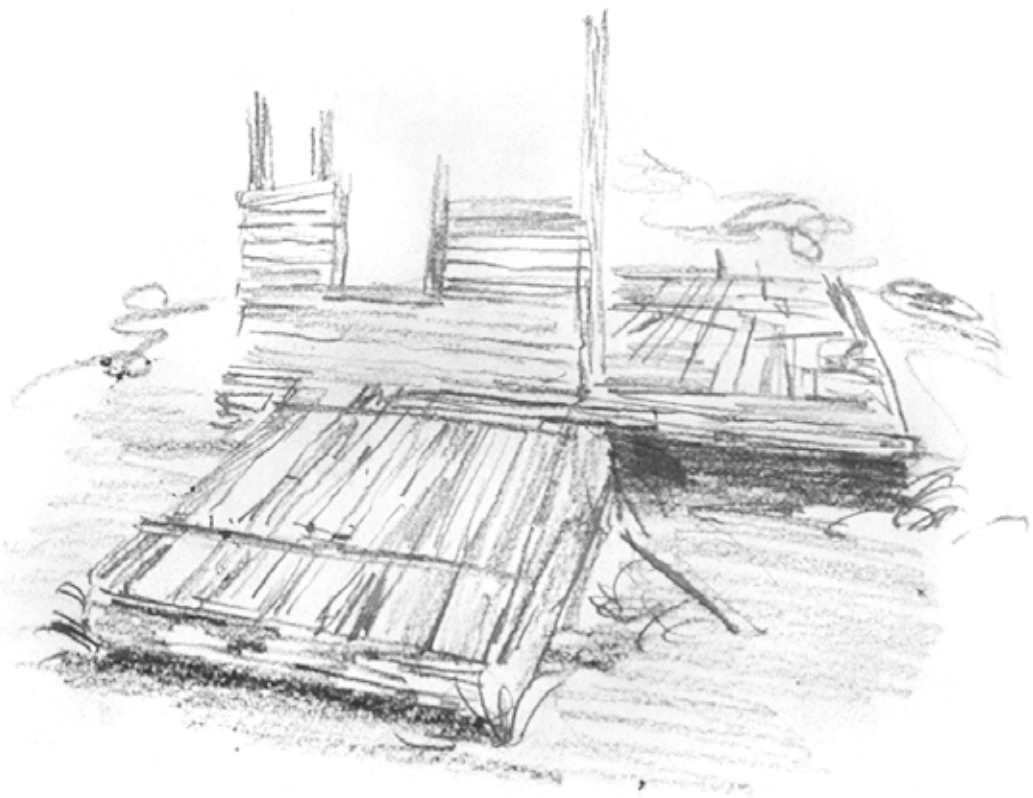


Found an odd looking corpse.  
Something stuffed into the  
mouth. Couldn't make  
sense of it.



Another body that seems  
linked somehow to the  
previous one. More paper  
in the mouth. Maybe  
directions to some place.  
I don't know.

Found the murderer, Man  
named Edmund Lowry. Took  
him into the sheriff in  
Valentine after he nearly  
killed me. He jumped the  
sheriff. I killed him. Nasty  
bastard he was.



~~There~~  
Found yet another body.  
Some maniac is killing  
these people for sport.  
Guess I'm going to pay  
him or her a visit.



Got into some God awful fight  
in the town saloon. Bill  
started it. He's wound so tight  
about something I reckon  
he'll start hitting himself  
soon enough. I was stopped  
from beating some big  
yokel to death by a local  
do good-er.

I could not tell if this  
made me pleased or real  
angry. The local crowd  
seemed to want to see BLOOD  
however.

Afterwards Dutch accosted  
me with old Josiah Trelawny  
back and quite as slippery  
and confusing as ever.

Hell come and go again no doubt  
and leave none of us any the wiser  
as to who or what he is.

Trelawny told us that  
Sean had not been killed in  
Blackwater, but was a prisoner  
there, held by scalp hunters  
awaiting payment. Charles Smith,  
Javier and I met in Blackwater  
and rescued that loud mouthed  
maniac. Before we'd even cut  
him free from the ~~tree~~ tree he  
was mouthing off at us.

Javier said Blackwater  
is an impossible situation and  
I guess I had better forget  
about all that money.

All them years wasted  
earning that stuff!

Guess I'll never quite know  
what happened, but the upshot  
is, we're on the run, and known  
to more folk in authority  
than we would like.



Bay Bolete



Burdock Root



This fella I took to talking  
with at the train station  
told me that I could get decent  
money if I collected complete  
sets of cigarette cards and  
sent them to him. We shall  
see. Sounds harmless enough.





Met an awful fella who  
will send me money if  
I send him fish, so he  
can send others the fish  
pretending he caught them,  
so they can pretend they  
caught them while out  
fishing with him.

At least, I think that's  
it. Either way, the man,  
Jimmy Gill, was dreadful



Took young Jack fishing as a favor to Abigail. Many years ago before she fell so hard for that fool MARSTON, perhaps I should ~~have~~ have married her. I think part of me has always thought that, yet God damn you, Mary!

Jack is a good boy, a dreamer. A boy with a momma who loves him. I wonder if he will find what we seek - peace and truth away from all this nonsense and lies. If that is what we still seek? Not that that's a new development. Not sure I know myself anymore.

Sometimes I'm not sure  
Dutch does.

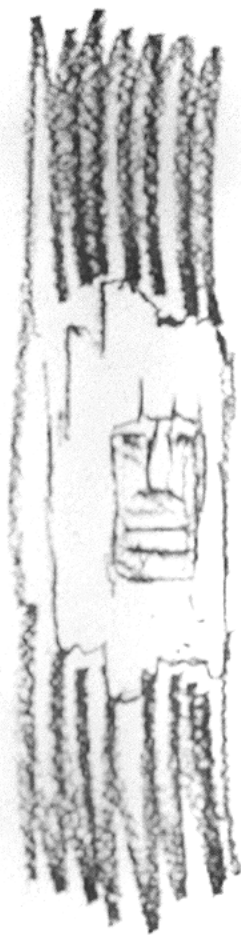
As we fished, a couple  
of Pinkerton agents appeared  
- Milton was one of  
them. I forget the other  
fella's name, they knew  
all about me. That's  
a new turn of events.  
Apparently there's five  
thousand on my head  
alone. After Blackwater,  
or maybe before, it  
seems we may be in  
real trouble. I just  
don't know.

Butch don't seem too  
worried but I am  
beginning to have some  
doubts as to this wisdom  
in his indifference.

Chanterelles



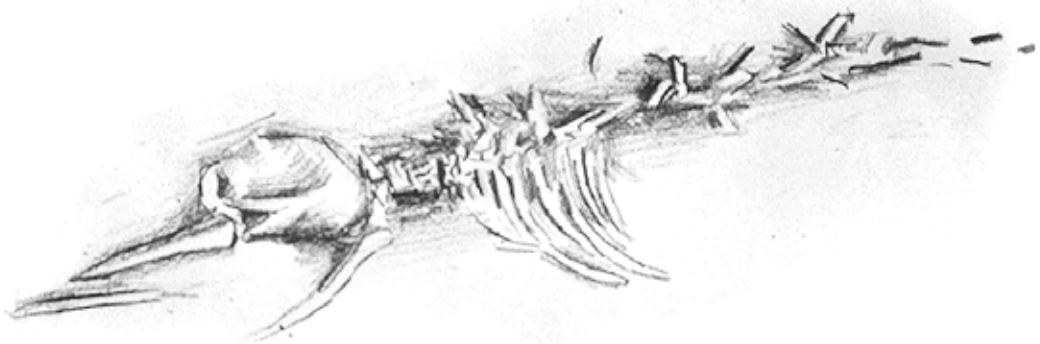




Found these faces carved into  
the tree. Wonder what they  
were trying to tell me,  
if anything.



Found a fella frozen from a  
long time ago.





More problems have befallen us. Noe running.

Leviticus Cornwall. The oil, sugar, rail and greed merchant whom we robbed a while back had us ambushed in Valentine. Seems ~~we~~ he has added to the \$ price \$ on our heads. We shot our way out of town, and narrowly escaped with our lives. The only amusing aspect of the honor was ~~how~~ Herr Strauss getting grazed and acting like he

was preparing for his short trip down to hell.

After this, we fled the country and headed even further south and east, camping by a lake.

This is pretty much new country for me. Charles & I saved a family of Germans who were in the process of getting themselves killed.

He's a better man than me. He does not need to think to be good. It comes naturally to him, like right

is deep within as opposed  
to this conflict between  
GOOD ↔ EVIL that rages  
within me.

If only we had  
fled west out of Blackwater,  
we could be free now, out  
where we belong beyond  
civilization with the savages  
and the animals.

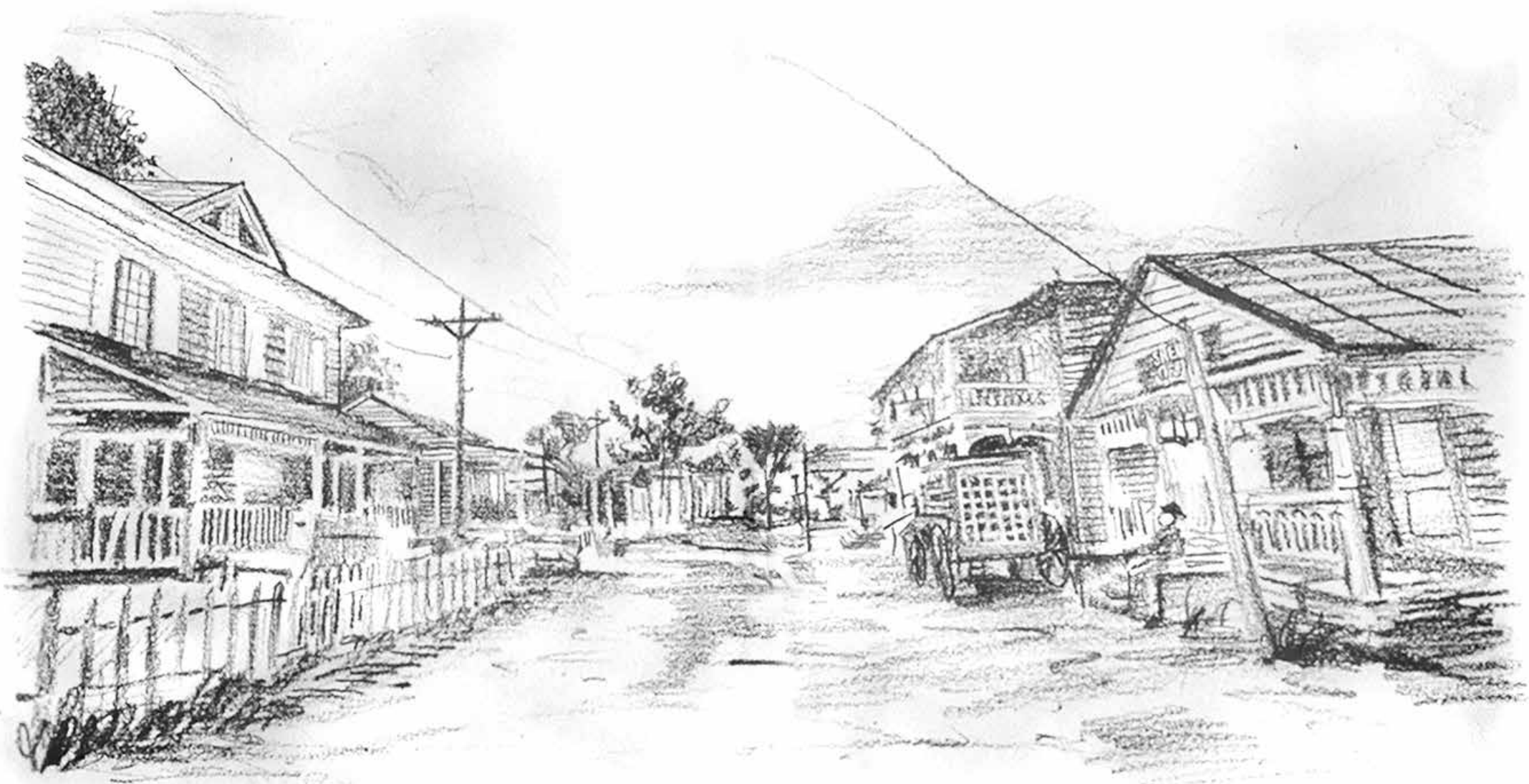
Here, we won't ever be at  
home.



Cigar Orchid



Common Bulrush



RHODES,

So, turns out we're holed up outside a town called Rhodes, deep in old ~~country~~ cotton country. The place has not recovered from the war and those folks that is sober enough to think are still angry.

The drunk, which is most of them, are angrier still but perhaps for other reasons.

Adding to the absurdity, we appear to be planning to deputize ourselves into the local law enforcement,

and have already taken down a major bounty on their behalf, but mostly to rescue slippery old Trelawny who had got himself arrested for some of his usual NONSENSE

Seems like there is a ~~long~~ long running BLOOD feud between two old families here, and both Dutch and Hosea believe they may be sitting on a lot of gold.

We shall see I guess.







SA

Mrs Adler, the widow, we rescued a while back, might be the craziest one of all of us. She fights like a cornered pole cat, with a rage and a blood lust that frightens the hell out of me. I've got on her wrong side, and I am a dead man!

I don't intend to - she's a fine woman, amusing and good-hearted and decent and angry. I took her shopping to stop her fileting old Pearson right in camp. After we got jumped, she went insane and showed she can kill with the best of us.

Met a fella called Miss Margaret.  
An animal trainer and showman  
or show-woman. Mistress of  
Danga. Quite a character. Wants  
me to find some missing  
animals.



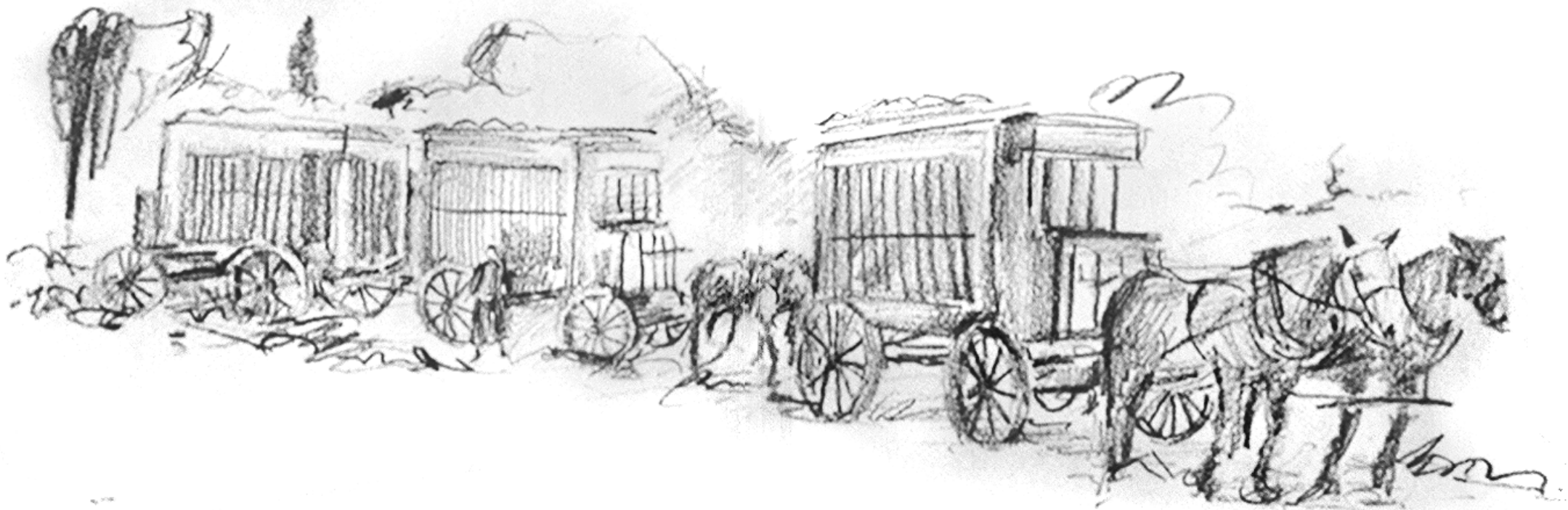
After hunting a zebra that was  
a donkey and a tiger that was  
a cougar and another lion that  
was just a dog — or I think  
that's right — I think I've lost  
track of the whole thing, and an  
assistant that's a real woman  
and him a strange English maniac  
in a dress pretending to be all  
that he isn't. Remind yourself  
never to go on the stage.



A while ago, I met an odd man dressed as a lady animal trainer. Are all Englishmen that weird I wonder? All his animals were as fake as the rest of his act. Until I was to find and retrieve a "real lion" from somewhere or other in Africa I thought was going to be another dog. But no - it was a real lion - thing looked like it wanted me for its next meal.



The wild English guy gave me  
a pretty decent emerald as  
payment for my troubles.  
Maybe he wasn't so bad  
after all.

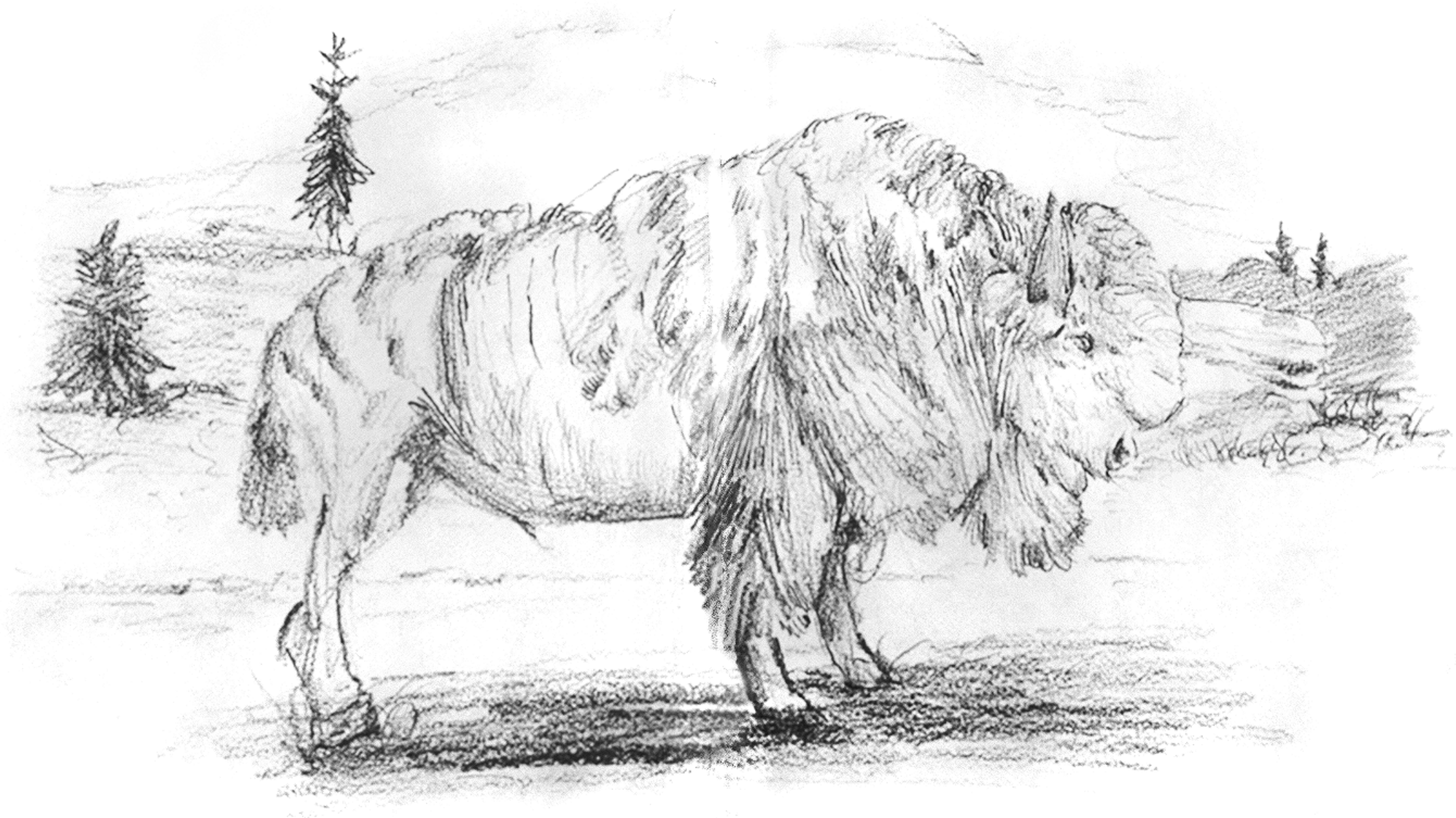


That emerald was about as real  
as the zebra and worth a  
whole lot less. Stuns Miss  
Margaret made idiots out of  
all of us! What did I expect  
- a man who dealt in fake  
tigers gave out real guns?



Vanilla Flower







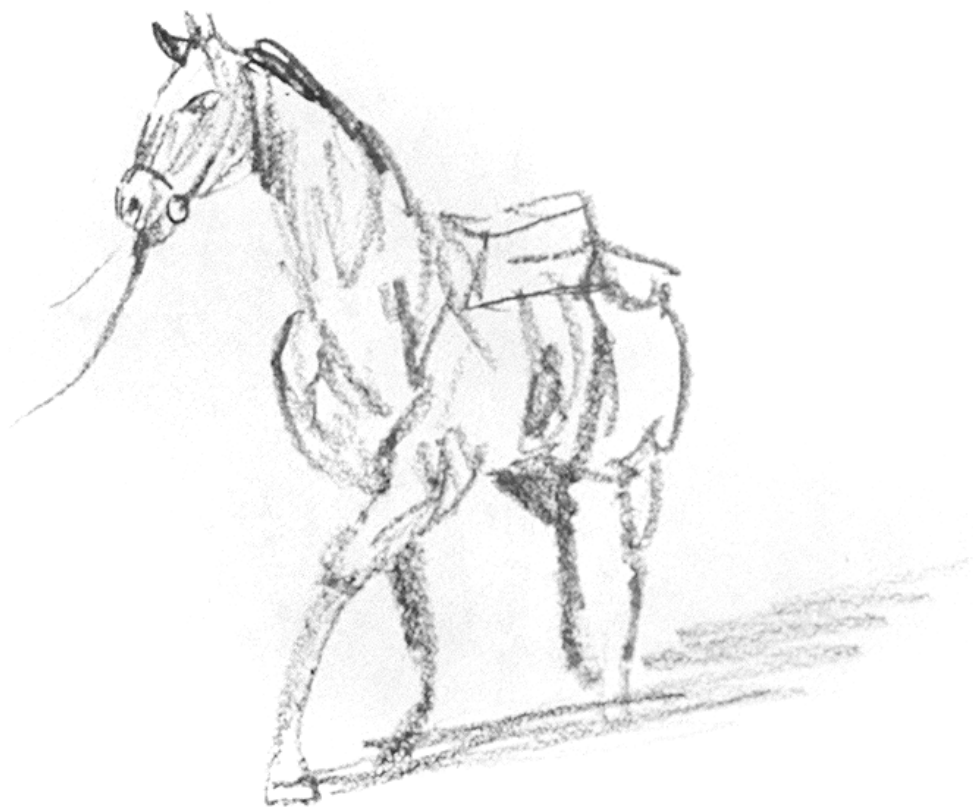
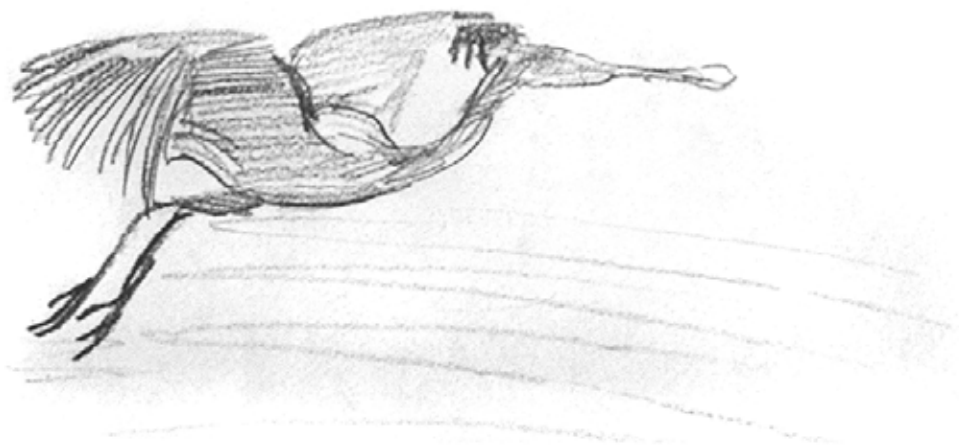
Finally, we have achieved a state of true insanity. For the first time in my life, I'm a deputized lawman. We went off with some moronic dupe Deputy, working for the alcohol drenched Sheriff Gray pursuing some moonshiners. Dutch is convinced this will somehow lead to riches beyond compare. Seems the one powerful local family, The Grays, ex Scots, is warring with another, proud English family, the Braithwaites, like some long running dispute from the border country.

Apparently there's -'gold'-  
or women or something 'at  
the root of this, and if it's  
gold, we want it.

Either way, we are so  
deep in the swamp and so  
entirely lost ourselves. I  
hope it will take the Pinkertons  
and their ilk a long while to  
find us. We shall see. In  
the meantime, a new career  
path in law seems to await.  
Seems like amongst our other  
perils a gang called "THE LEMOYNE  
RAIDERS" won't take too  
kindly to outsiders or anyone  
who ain't living in the distant  
past.

Creeping Thyme





Not a real pair of, well I don't know quite what they were. Names were so ridiculous I won't even begin to try to remember them, but they were Greek or Latin or Gibberish. Pair of twins, dead keen on insulting each other and hitting each other to impress a woman. I done lots of stupid things to impress women but this was ridiculous. I ended up being William Tell. I think they was college boys. Guess education ain't always the answer to mankind's problems. Nice enough boys, but odd as hell.



Saw them wind boys again  
with the equally weird names.  
This time, they asked me to  
give them a beating. I cannot  
even try to understand them.



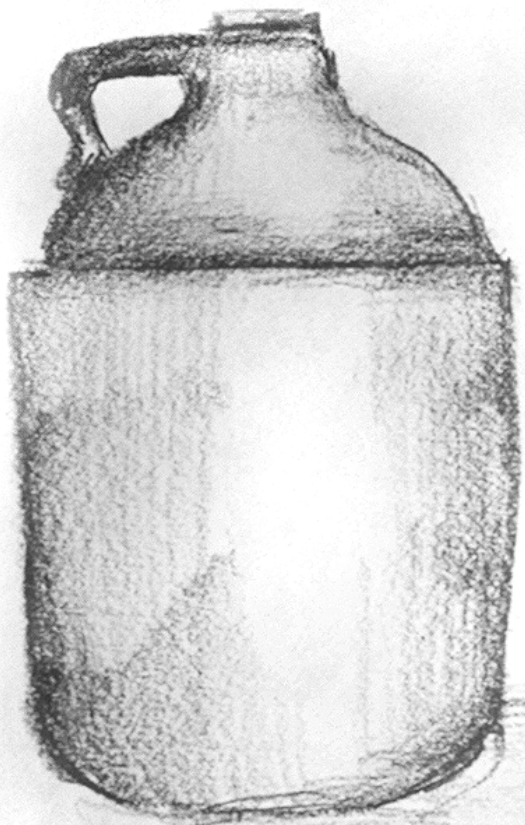


Saw the two strange boys and the girl they claimed to love once again. This time, it was real strange. I mean, it was strange before but this time it was, well, real strange. They got me to push them off a waterfall in a barrel. They both somehow survived, just about, but then they turned on the girl and went off together like two happy peas in a pod. Not sure what to think about the whole business.





B R A I T H W A I T E M A N O R .



MOONSHINE

I've met some charming women in my time. Catherine Braithwaite, the mother hen to that particular bunch of roosters ain't one of them. A sower old jug of piss and bull-shit I ain't never met. Even Hosea's charms were lost upon her. She refused our offer of selling her back her shine and instead got us to give it away to annoy the saloon owners in town.

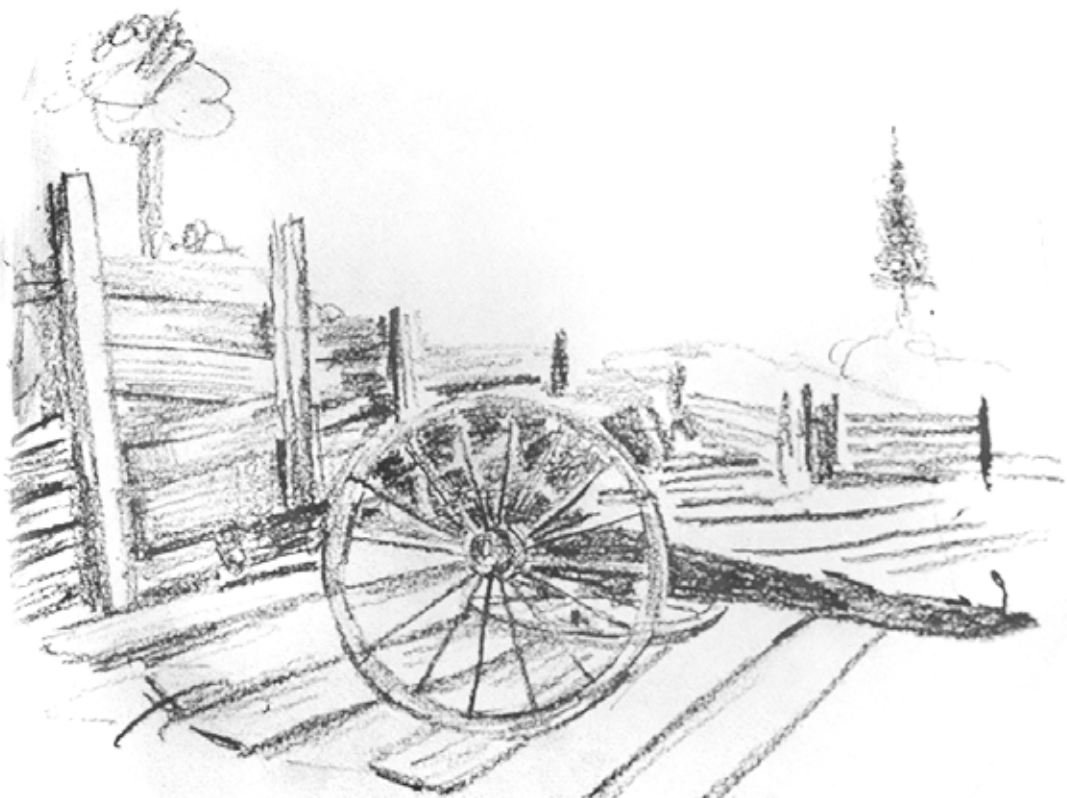
Hosea put on quite a show until we got interrupted by the bastards we robbed when grabbing the staff. We just about escaped. On the other hand, I met this poor bastard Gray boy - BEAU-



and his forbidden love -  
MISS PEYLOPE - quite the  
most alive creature we have  
met down here.

Suddenly, I'm marching  
as a suffragette. The looks  
of loathing on the faces of  
the locals delighted me while  
their leader - a Mrs. Calhoun  
amused me. I don't know  
much about good causes, nor  
the joys of democracy, but I  
enjoyed my little experience  
riding alongside them.

World is certainly  
changing fast.

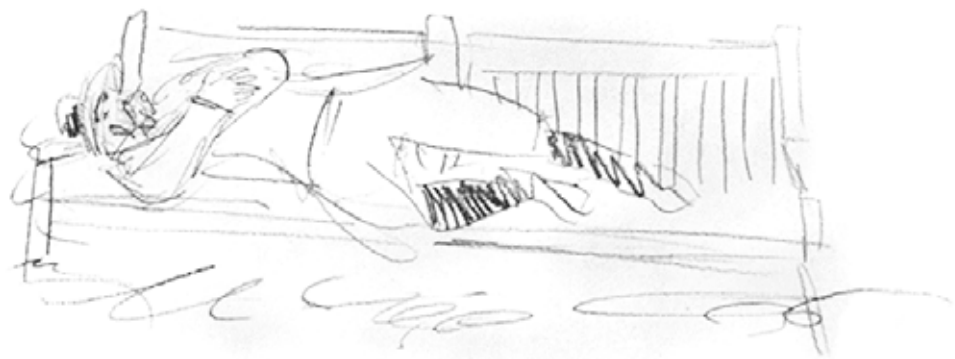


Went to Scarlett Meadows,  
site of the famous battle in  
the war. All them young  
lives lost.



Found a crazy young woman,  
real strange looking.

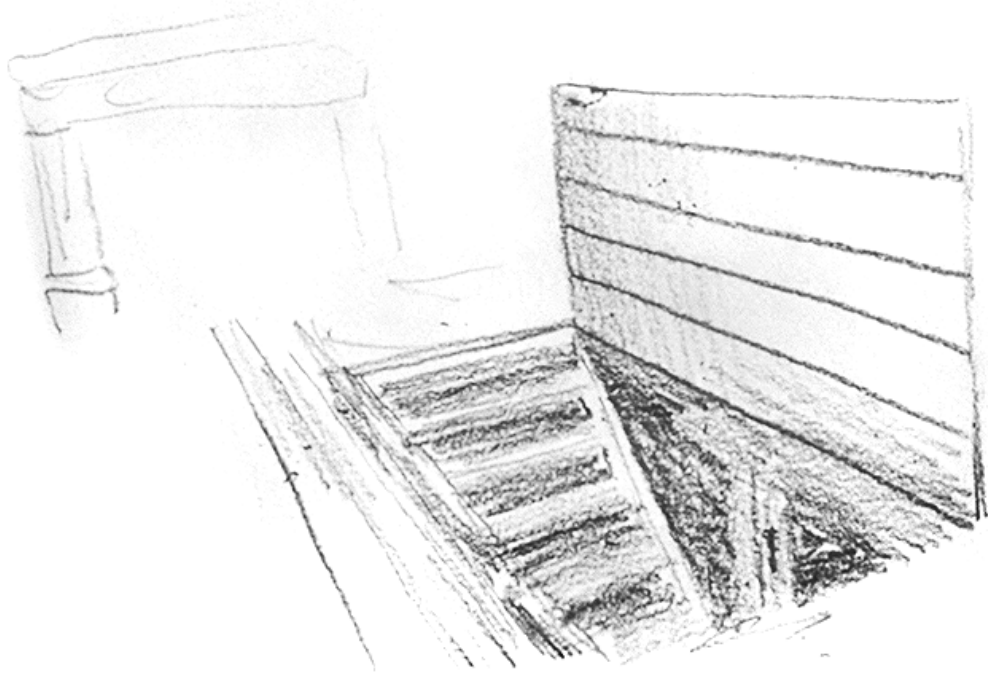
Locked in a kind of  
outhouse, hidden on Braitwaite  
Manor. World ain't a kind  
place to folk like her.



Stumbled into this old drunk  
on the streets of Rhodes.

I don't know quite why he  
made an impression. The  
world is full of self-pitying  
drunks. Hell, I hope to  
grow into one myself. But  
something about this fella,  
Jeremiah Compson. Blamed  
everyone else for his plight  
Lost his career and his  
home. Wanted <sup>me</sup> to go find  
a few trinkets at his home,  
Compson's Stead, just  
north of Scarlett Meadows.  
Maybe I'll head over there  
some time.

Went to his chaise. Don't  
feel so bad for him now  
Feel like a fool. Bastard  
was a slave ~~and~~ catcher.



Went to see nice ~~Mr.~~  
Mr. Tompson again.

Turned his valuable  
ledger right in front of  
his eyes.

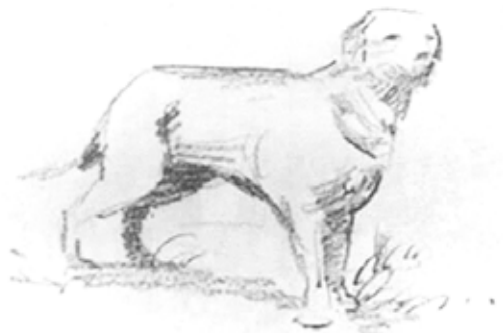
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Stumbled across a corpse  
in the swamp. Poor guy  
had a withered arm.



Here's that empty town I found.



Saw an old church, found it interesting. Not sure why.



Charles and I went looking for Trelawny, who was staying in Rhodes. He'd been accosted by some bounty hunters who was looking for him and a means to getting to us.

Whole thing turned nasty and he'd been treated pretty bad but we got him out of there. He seemed worried that there might be more following in their wake, so came back to camp with us.

There always seem to be more, bounty hunters, Pinkertons, lawmen.

Everywhere we go, there's more and more civilization. Perhaps this is it from now on. We shall see, I guess.

This whole place is beginning to give me the creeps — I want to get back in the open country of the West or what's left of it, but even that ain't the way I remember it.

We went horse thieving, our greed getting the better of us.

Believed a yarn spun us by one of that Gray family, the patriarch, Tavish, a particularly unpleasant one of what seems a reasonably unpleasant family.

He had us believing that the Braithwaite woman owned some highly prized English thoroughbreds or Arab chargers or whatever they was supposed to be, and imagined we

was going to be wonderfully rich. At the end of it, we felt like prize idiots, so I guess at least some prizes was being handed out.



Dragon's Mouth Orchid

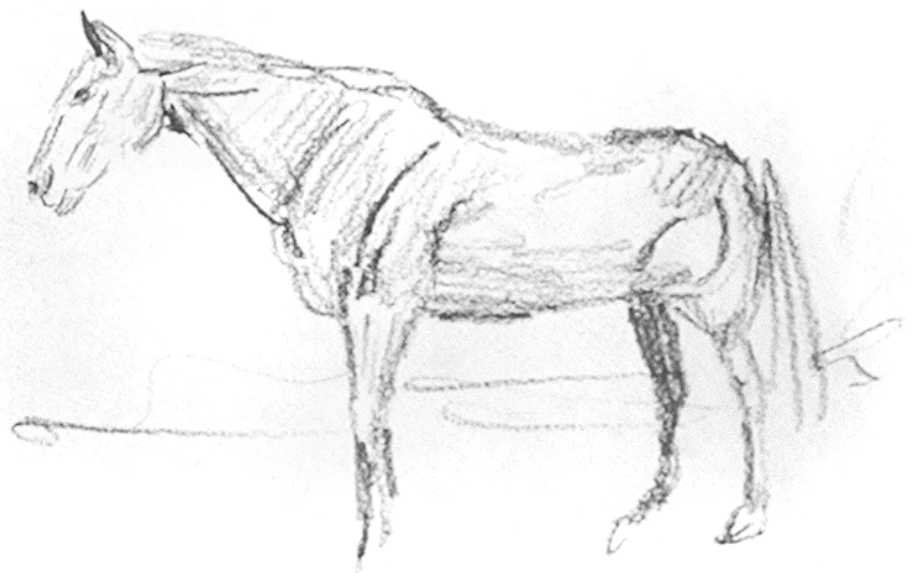




Found the remains of this fella  
in the rock.



Thought this old trading post  
in Roanoke Ridge was  
kind of interesting.



I have been recuperating  
after an interesting encounter  
with Colm O'Driscoll.

Dutch got it into his mind  
to meet the bastard, to  
somehow end all this lunacy.

Only Colm did not share  
Dutch's sense of honor  
amongst thieves. Whole thing  
was a set up to kidnap me,  
then lure all of the rest of  
us into a trap so we  
could get arrested and Colm  
could disappear away, us  
somehow carrying off his sin



along with our own to the gallows.

Seems like Colm is enjoying this modern world even less than we are.

More by luck than judgement I escaped and somehow got back here, more dead than alive, and collapsed into bed for a few feverish days. — after much nursing from miss Grimshaw and miss Tilly and much guilt ridden apologies from Dutch over his stupidity, I survived okay — my shoulder where I was shot

ain't come down with gangrene and I will live, if even uglier than before.

Thing is getting even more insane with the local population. My sense is neither the Grays nor the Braithwaites have a pot to piss in, but I ain't spent too much time with the landed gentry.

Whatever else they is, they don't make one believe in the nobility of the aristocracy.



SEAN —————



Sean has been killed.  
I'm more sad R.I.P. ST  
than I can admit. I loved  
that little loud mouthed  
wretch more than I knew—  
he was like an annoying  
little brother to me. What  
fun we had riding together—  
and now, he's dead. His head  
shot half off in an ambush.  
What a goddamn mess we  
are making of things.

Still NO Confederate GOLD,  
but a shit load of trouble.



Met a man - Francis Sinclair -  
wants me to find some odd  
rock earrings and send him  
details. Not sure why. I  
probably won't bother.

Francis had bright red hair  
and a birthmark and spoke  
in an odd way.

---

Went him the location of  
those odd earrings. Now  
he wants me to go see him.

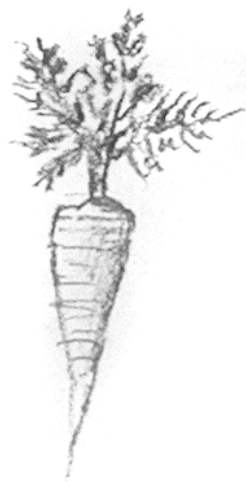
Something real odd happened to me. Went to see Francis Sinclair. Only he weren't there. But a lady was, nursing a baby called Francis, with the same mark on his face and yet she'd never heard of an adult with that name and was acting real odd. She must have been treating me for a fool which perhaps I was for getting involved in this nonsense. Someone had made the carvings into an odd symbol. I don't know what to make of this at all.



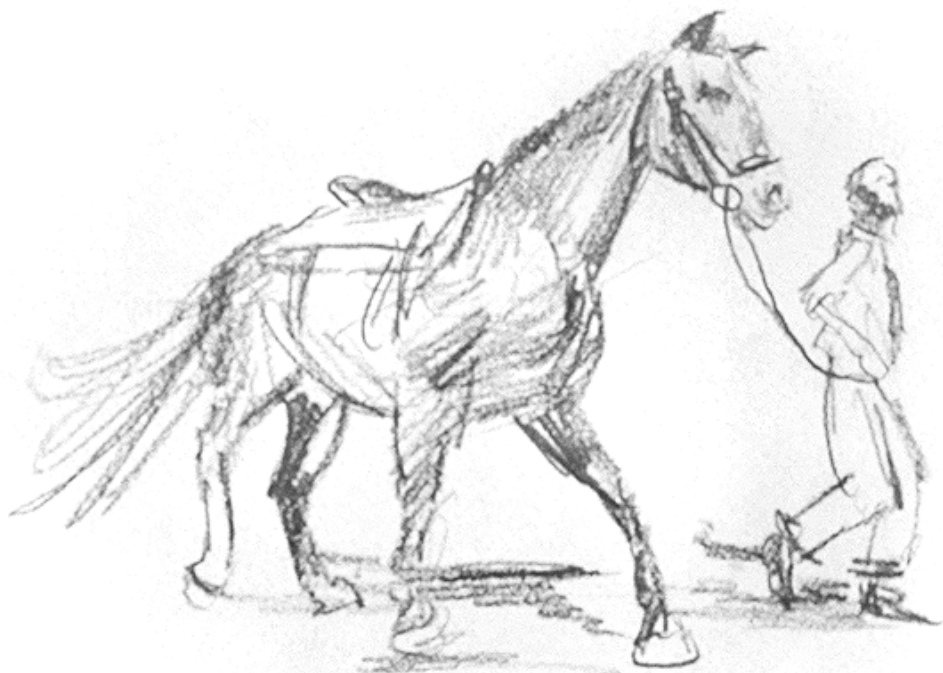
Found a massive skeleton.  
Wonder how big the man was,  
or if he was a man at all.



Violet Snowdrop



Wild Carrots





Met a pair of fellas from  
a chain gang. Black  
fella named White. White  
fella named Black.

They wanted to kill each  
other. They begged me to  
clear off some wanted posters  
for them.

Collected the posters. Old White  
and Black weren't so innocent  
as they seem.

Took medicine to that creepy  
pair as they'd poisoned  
themselves something proper.  
They survived but I doubt  
they'll make it for much  
longer. Like a pair of  
circus clowns.

---

Saw Mr White and Mr. Black  
living happy as a pair of  
argumentative, murderous bastards  
ever could. They was holed up  
in a tree squabbling like angry  
bastards.

Found the remains of some poor bastard woman tried to go over a waterfall in a barrel.

Found it interesting, sad, I guess. An even more ridiculous life than the one I lead.



Found a fella caught in a bear trap a while back, decided, on a whim, to save him. Then bumped into him in town. Guy gave me some store credit as thanks. Guess it sometimes pays to help folk out.



HOME FOR NOW.

We've moved again. More  
trouble with the Pinkertons.  
More trouble with them locals  
More trouble all around.

Little Jack's been  
kidnapped, so we're trying to  
find him. Apparently some  
fella in Saint Denis, señor  
something or other, took  
umbrage to our presence and  
kidnapped him or, heaven  
forbid, worse.

We burnt down  
Braithwaite Manor when  
we went hunting for him, in  
an almighty scrap.

Then we got spoken to  
again by Agent Milton.  
This time he asked for  
Dutch's head on a platter.

We got him to leave,  
but they ain't too pleased  
with us.



So we headed into Saint Denis to find little Jack.

We was told he'd been kidnapped by some local gangster, this Italian feller called Bronte, a local tough guy.

We ain't found him, but he's found us. Dutch and I headed into town and I managed to get myself robbed by a bunch of children. This was a new low, even by my standards. Anyway, we found Mr Bronte and

are going to pay him a call.

We better get the boy back soon, not least because if we don't Abigail will kill the lot of us. All this after we burned down the Braithwaite Manor house looking for him and made some real enemies of ~~our~~ ourselves back in that country.

~~We~~ We're now hiding deep in the swamps, trying not to get

eaten by wildlife or sunk  
too deep in the ~~swamps~~,  
mud. I cannot decide which  
I like less - the swamps  
or the city. Both are full  
off parasites, reptiles and  
slime, but the swamp's  
prettier.

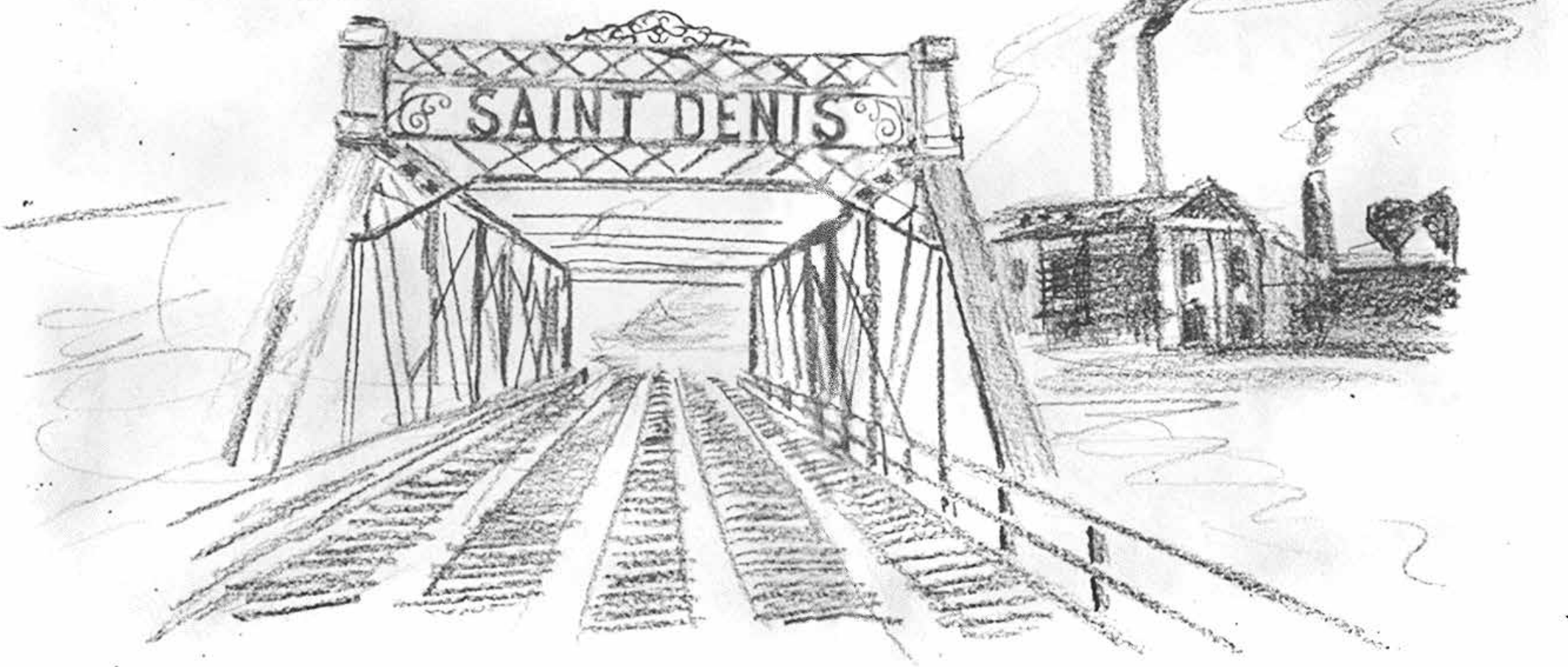
Dutch is trying to  
think of where we can run  
next, but in the meantime,  
we are deep in the swamps.  
Hiding in some disease  
ridden old plantation  
house, mostly swallowed  
up by nature.

Guess we will find  
Jack, get some money,  
then flee, but where?

These bastards ain't  
giving up. We're a long  
way ~~west~~ east of land  
we know and far from  
real open country.



*Saint Denis*







I always heard Saint Denis was one of the 7 wonders of the world. If this is so, I don't care much to see the other 6. It's a depressing place that shows you the only thing worse than people is a whole lot of people.

I have not ever met a lizard in a suit before, only now I have and his name is Angelo Bronte. He is either our salvation or our damnation. This city's strongman, arrived from Italy a few years ago and now knows and controls

everything and everyone.  
He had not harmed Jack,  
~~the~~ other than feeding him  
strange food and Dutch  
seems to think that maybe  
we can get something from  
this oily dictator. Personally,  
I don't trust him more than  
I'd trust any hungry animal  
not to try and eat me, but  
for now, we are somewhat  
safe and hidden. Whole  
place gives me the creeps.



Evergreen Huckleberry





Met this fella, Algornow Wasp.  
Not sure how to describe  
him, but I won't forget  
him anyway. I could not  
do him justice. Different  
kind of fella. But he says  
he'll pay good money for  
assorted feathers and eggs  
and whatnot for his  
creations for various rich  
women. Gave me a list of  
things he wants.

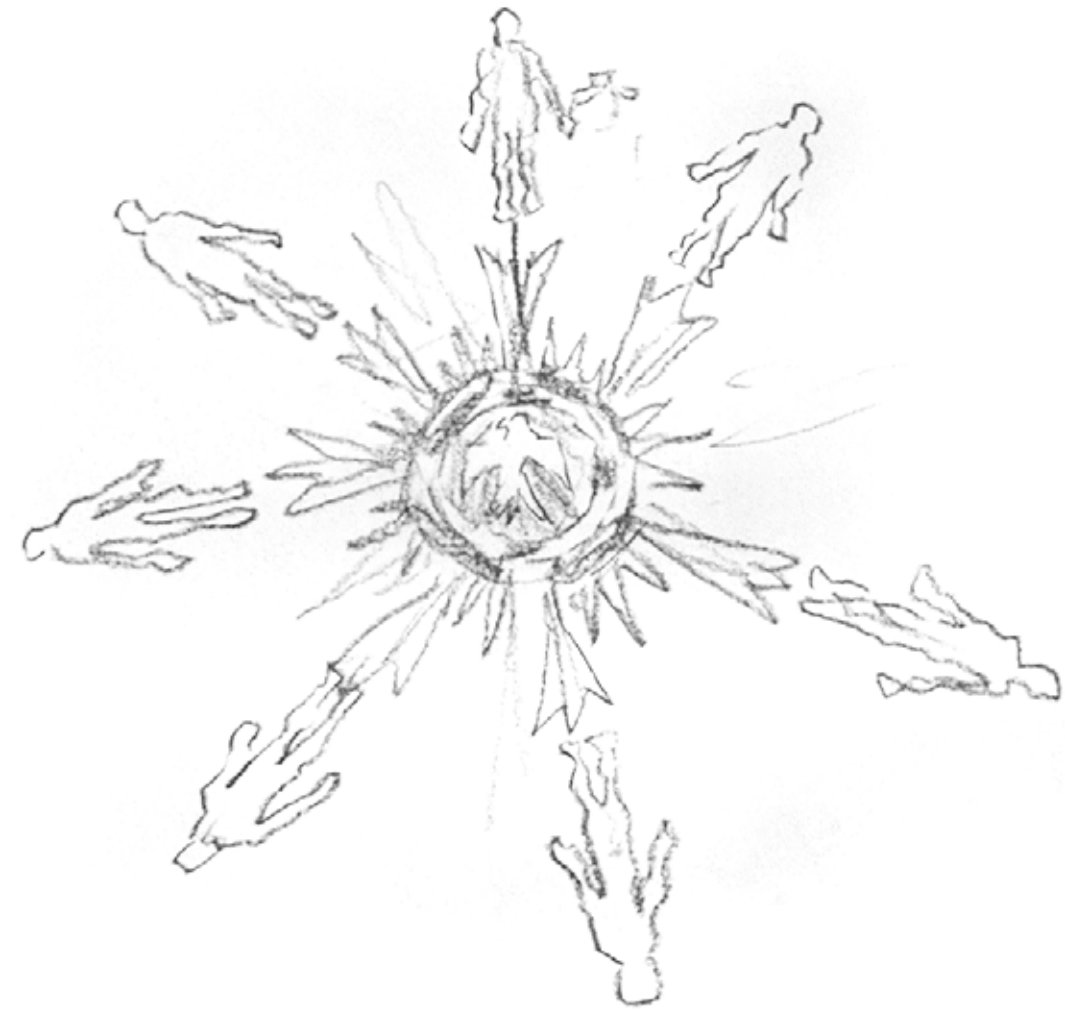


Algernon is quite a character.  
Here's a sketch of him.



I cannot believe I am writing  
this, but there's something  
mighty strange in that swamp.

Met a curious French man  
in a bar. Bought him a  
drink and he gave me a  
picture. Said he was an  
artist, although I'm not  
sure I see what is so good  
about it.





I went to an art gallery. Seems  
fine and fancy living ain't  
quite so different from life  
in the wilderness, robbing  
stage coaches.

Was an exhibition of  
paintings by the artist

I met a couple of times,  
Charles something or other  
~~French fellow~~ French fella.  
Seems he'd been doing more  
than painting his models.



3  
Their husbands  
weren't so keen  
on the liberties he'd  
been taking with  
his subject matter.

Whole thing  
descended into  
a brawl.

Had to  
help him escape.



Found Charles the artist  
dressed as a street walker,  
trying to flee from assorted  
men he'd offended, fleeing  
to the South Seas.

Wonder if we'll see  
him there.

---

Apparently that weird sketch  
he gave me, is worth a  
lot of money and Charles  
is a world famous artist.



Wild Mint



Yarrow





The Mayor of Saint Denis  
- MANSION -



My lord, now I have done everything. I went to a ball, like a fool in a fairytale. The Mayor of Saint Denis. Dutch got us invited by old Señor Bronte and off we trooped, trussed up like turkeys for Thanksgiving and waxed and polished and primped to within an inch of our lives. Bronte did not mingle with the other guests but lorded over the place like a Roman Emperor deciding who to have killed for his fun. Place was full of drunks, lunatics, liars & clowns. But the thing was kind of fun. Managed to not get into too much trouble and may have some business



opportunities on account of enquiries there. We shall see I guess. Seeing Bill dressed up like an ambassador and awkward as a school girl was one of the funniest moments of my life. Met Evelyn Miller, the writer, which was amazing for Dutch. Met the mayor. Dutch and Hosea seem to think this dump is a world of ~~possibilities~~ possibilities. They want to look into the bank and some other business opportunities. We shall see. As long as we can keep ahead of the Pinkertons and Mr Cornwall and the rest of them for a while, maybe we shall be okay.



EVELYN MILLER

Met that writer Evelyn Miller in the street. He remembered me from the party - apparently my petty crime did not go entirely unnoticed.

Better keep my head down a little better. He introduced me to a couple of Indians. Father and son. Son angry, father with an air of, of what exactly? Of something both impressive and frightening and kind about him - A great man, defeated by powerful and awful forces? I do not know, but his eyes, his very manner spoke to me.

Somehow, I've agreed to help them.

Seems they, like us, have problems with that gilded ape, Leviticus Cornwall and his foul empire. We shall see how this pans out.



Wintergreen Berry





Somehow got myself involved in the charming business of Saint Denis culture. The mayor, who knew we robbed him a while back, invited me over to his mansion again. Strange man - nice and awful. Cynical and caring. Wants to make his city thrive. Doesn't seem to care how he goes about it. Threatened me in order to make me threaten some art professor on his behalf. Why? So the art professor will verify that a bunch of paintings ain't the forgeries he believes, they are the genuine article he thinks they ain't, in order to fill the people with joy that they are looking at a real work of genius,

not a good copy of a work of  
genius. Yes - I was pretty  
confused by the whole thing, but  
I did as I was bid to do, and  
the professor changed his mind  
once he saw that I would be  
happy to turn his mind into  
nothingness.



Again doing mayor Lemieux's  
dirty work. I think that's  
how it's spelt. His first  
name is Dury, only he spells  
it Henri. (Guess my French  
is nearly as bad as my  
English). Now I was  
threatened into threatening  
a newspaper man into  
donating to the noble cause  
of truth and learning. I had  
to make this guy support  
a library. He didn't want to.  
Then he did.

Old blackmailing Lemieux has himself been threatened by his own assistant - a chap I never liked too much name of John Mark, I think. So I go hunting for John Mark. Only John Mark is a noble believer in truth and honesty and cannot stand his boss's lies. I'm charged with killing him.

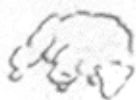
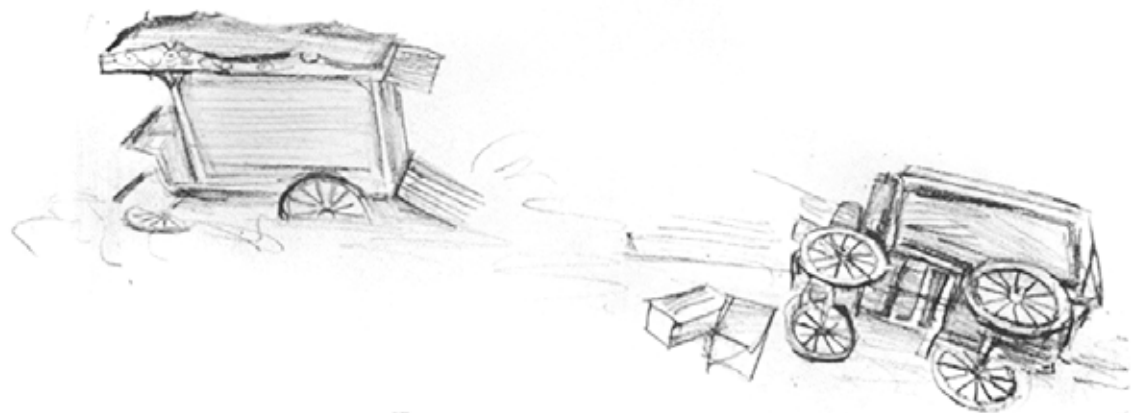
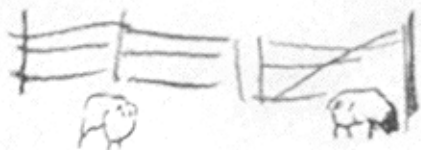
I cannot do it John Mark is irritating, but the mayor is worse. The mayor is all that is bad in those who would rule over us. And it ain't my business at all. So I let him live and let them deal with it themselves. I guess I'm through with politics.



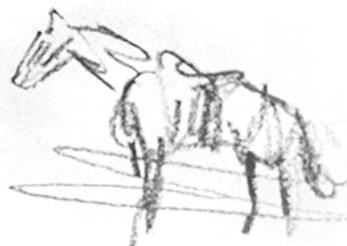
It ain't John Mark. It's Jean Marc, you fool. And he's now the mayor. I guess that's good. Lemieux's done for.

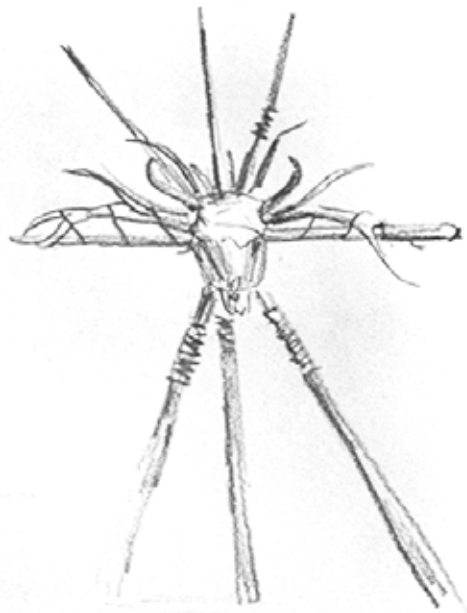


Found a circus wagon train,  
in a mess, and all destroyed.



Prairie Poppy





Think this place was an  
Indian burial ground.



Here's a picture of the  
maniac I found ranting  
in the cave.



Found a dead missionary,  
I think. From a long time ago.



Mary wrote to me.

"WANTS TO SEE ME  
AGAIN."

Oh Mary, what fools  
we are. What a fool I am.



Ghost Orchid





Kieran, that poor kid we spared from O'Driscoll's gang up in the mountains is dead, killed by the bastards. He saved my life and I could not save his. They chopped his head off and tried to kill the lot of us. Mrs Adler fought braver than any of us. She's driven by powerful forces I scarcely understand. That's what love has done to her, I guess. I feel like an animal, living out in the mud here. Whole place gives me the creeps.

K. R.I.P. †

Saw Mary and the awful  
Daddy, who has taken to drink,  
which unsurprisingly ain't  
improved him a whole lot.  
What a foul pig he is.  
Taken to hawking off family  
heirlooms and cursing the  
world for it. Still a  
stuck up son of a bitch.

Now Mr Linton has  
passed away, I wonder  
what he wants for his  
daughter? Funny thing is,  
I love her and yet am a  
bad lot.

Old daddy is a good,  
upright man and yet he

treats his daughter like a  
possession to be mistreated and  
abused as he sees fit.  
Strange creatures, men.

I don't know.

All I know is that I love  
her and she both loves and  
detests me. It never worked  
before and it won't ever work  
now, yet it gnaws at me, the  
idea of it gnaws at me like  
a sickness.

I've got to give all that  
nonsense up. I'm an outlaw,  
a murderer, a man with a  
code different to ordinary folk,  
and Mary ain't never  
going to be for my world.

We went to a Vaudeville  
show in town.

Dancing from France.  
Quite a business. What is  
wrong with me? Do I  
really think I can retire  
someplace nice and live  
a normal life with a  
wife?

Am I a big enough  
dolt to believe that is  
possible?



Golden Currant





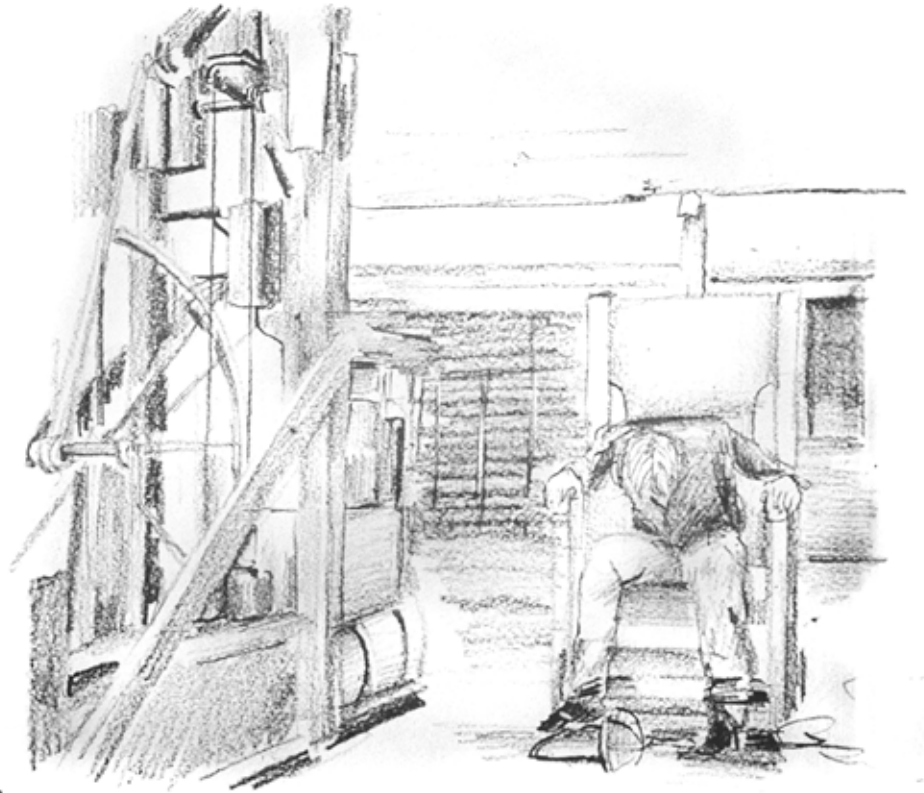
Met a wild fella —  
wants 100 gallons of  
moonshine. For love? Never  
heard such nonsense in  
all my life, and I know  
some talkers of nonsense.  
Guess I'll go ask that  
clerk — Alden? Trilawny's  
disappointed friend —  
maybe he knows a way  
of finding it, as I think  
there's money in this.

Took the shine to the fella  
in Saint Denis. A professor  
~~was the class~~ no less.  
Andrew something or other.  
He's built an electric  
chair as a kind way of  
killing folk that need  
killing. Oh, the irony of it  
all. Even more ironic, me  
so tough and him so weak  
and I never got paid.



If I want to get paid for  
this nonsense, I got to find  
a bounty - name of Wilson  
J. McDaniel - so he can  
be humanely disposed of,  
at enormous cost to everybody,  
as opposed to shot in the  
head like I would do. Still  
ain't been paid for this.

Took McDaniel in and  
watch him fry. Weren't very  
nice. Weren't very humane.  
The professor got upset,  
and got involved before  
possibly killing himself  
with electricity. And I  
never got paid \$\$\$. If  
they catch me, I pray they  
hang me. That chair is  
the work of the devil.





Seems those of us who thought Angelo Bronte was a lizard in a suit was right and them as thought he was a gentleman thief eager to help us on our merry way was wrong. Bastard sent us into a trap in town. Told us to rob a trolley station - no money but the entire police force waiting for us. Dutch nearly died. Lenny fought real hard - the kid is good in a fight - and saved us. Dutch is planning some big escape for us all. Some grand master plan. Everything we are attempting here seems troubled. I hope we can get out of here ALIVE.

Right now, it don't seem likely Dutch is raging about Bronte's deception or betrayal or whatever quite it was. Dutch don't like being made a fool of. Even Micah with all his teasing and needling plays it real cool with Dutch. I would not want to be Bronte right now.

I cannot see Dutch letting this pass.



Met a crazy man in Saint  
Denis - a professor no less.  
Marko Dragic

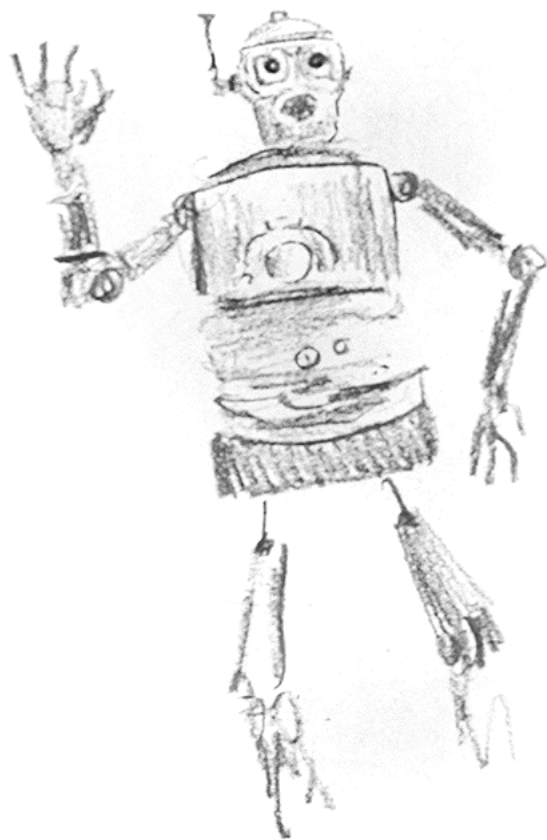
I'm still amazed by  
what I experienced. He had  
me control a tiny boat,  
remotely. How? I have no  
idea. I did not understand  
any of it, but even though  
he was annoying and a  
sharp mouth, he seemed  
obviously highly intelligent.

Was I duped? I have  
no idea. Wouldn't be the  
first time I've fallen for  
the rantings of an intelligent  
man telling me how  
to think.

Only he didn't tell me  
how to think.

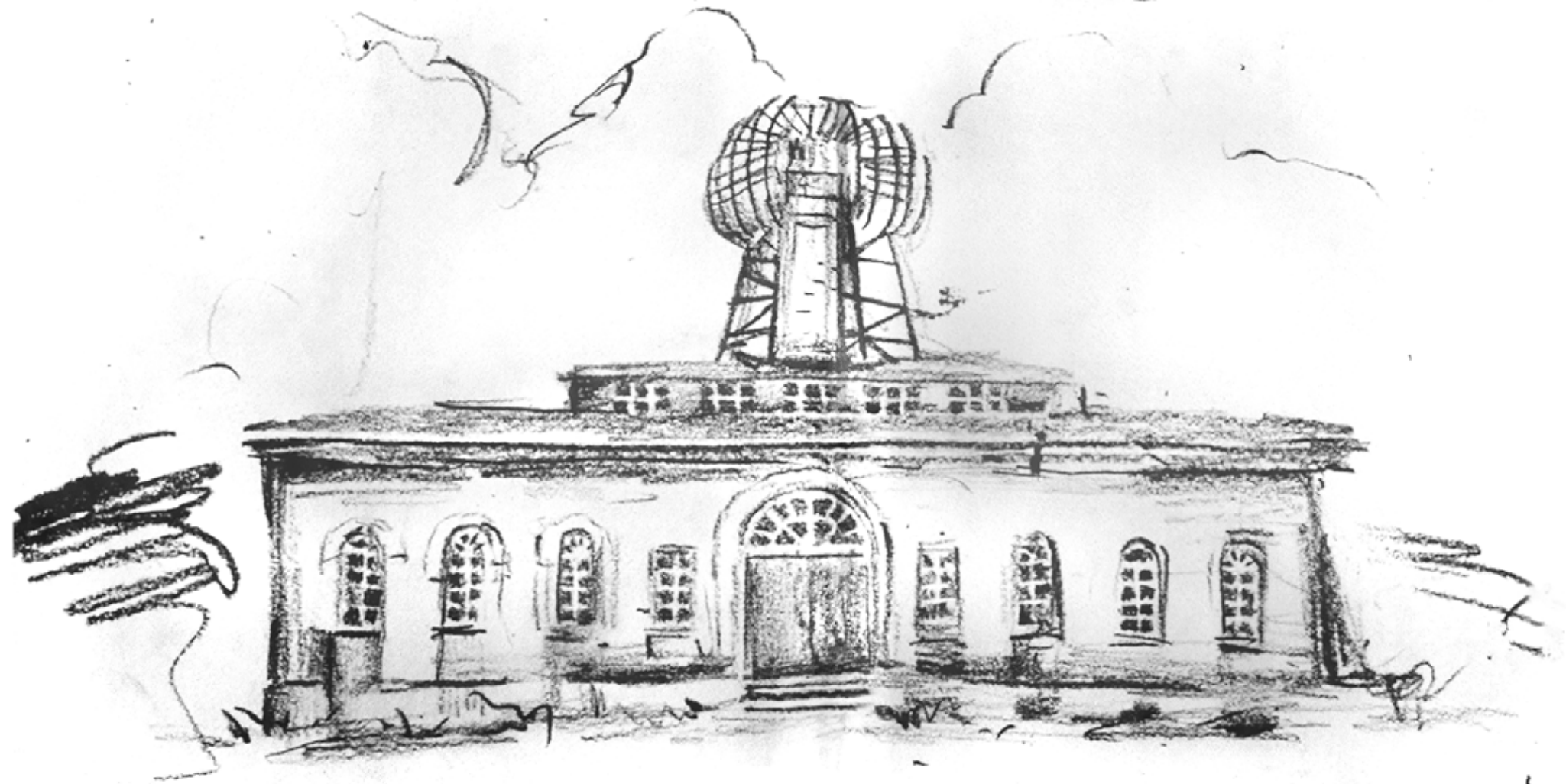
Whole thing was odd.  
Told me to come see him  
at his lab at Dover Hill.

MAYBE.



Went to see the professor at  
his lab. He had built a sort  
of mechanical son. He seemed  
to think it was amazing  
but we could not get the  
thing to work properly. I  
was not half as impressed with  
him as he was with himself.

Went back and someone or  
something had killed the  
professor. His mechanical  
creature had been stolen.





Hummingbird Sage



Indian Tobacco



Went to teach Angelo Bronte a lesson. Taught him something, I guess. Taught him alligators have a nasty way about them. Dutch is torn between his dreams of escape and his need to prove something or other, I don't know quite what. Not sure he does. Wants us to make one last big haul of cash \$\$\$, then flee for TAHITI. Retire and become farmers. Where the hell is Tahiti? I guess they don't have Pinkertons there, at least. All them years we dreamed of being ranchers out in virgin lands in the WEST.

Now it's bananas and coconuts  
and long boat rides. Guess  
anywhere the train can get to,  
the law can get to. Dutch  
probably has it right. This  
country really don't want  
folk like us no more.

From ocean to ocean,  
place is going to law abiding,  
and decent and dulled and  
rigid, until folks have  
frozen themselves into nothing-  
ness.

The people in this city are  
worse and more desperate than  
the nastiest gun slinger  
I ever met.

They'd shoot you  
in the back and make you pay

for your own funeral. They  
throw shit on you for sport.  
They walk past the lost  
and starving like they can't  
see them. Keep feeling sick  
but I'm sure it's  
nothing. This damn swamp.  
Ain't natural.



Lady of the Night Orchid

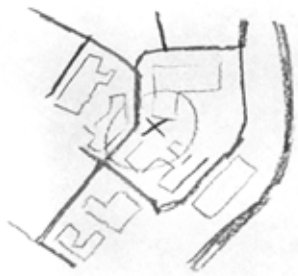
Adio Monte



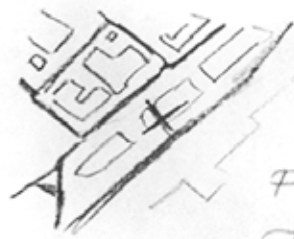




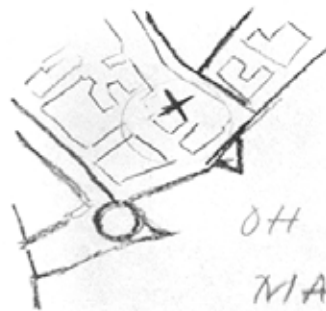
I DRINK FROM THE  
MAIDEN AND I LIVE  
AGAIN IN THE DEAD.  
THE HEART OF THE  
RING OF BLOOD.



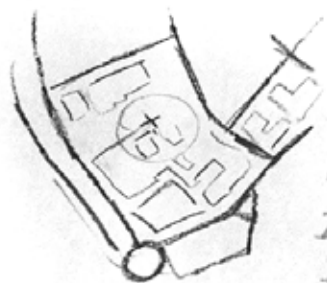
I FEED AGAIN  
THE BLOOD OF LIFE  
THE CIRCLE HAS  
BEGUN



FIVES BONES UNDER  
THE PERFECT STAR.  
NOSFERATU WITH  
DUMINICA WILL  
BECOME MORTAL AGAIN.



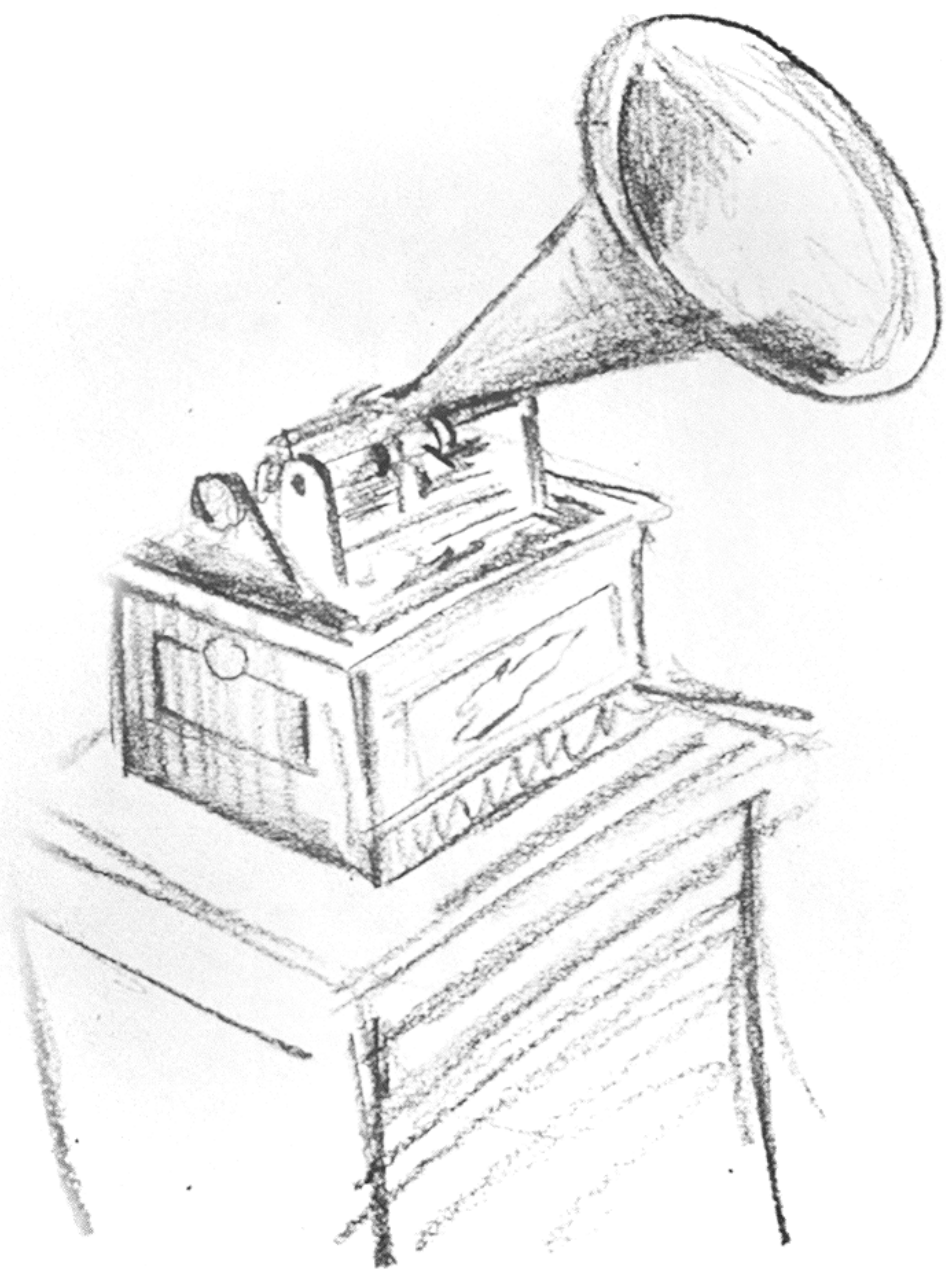
OH SWEETEST OF NAPES,  
MAY YOUR BLOOD  
REMAIN FOREVER  
ON MY LIPS. SIX THERE  
WILL BE BEFORE THE  
LUST IS SATIATED.



WITH ONE LONG KISS  
I DRAW THE LIFE  
FROM HER AND AWAIT  
THE OUTPOST OF  
ADVANCING DAY



You never know who  
you're going to meet down  
a dark alley.



*A very small church for  
a very small congregation.*



Met a monk. Helped him free a couple of poor bastards from the islands someplace who were kept prisoner.

The Monk - what was his name? Brother something or other, was a good fellow. One of these innocent people who make you feel better about human beings and even about yourself a little. Must be odd to see all that goodness in the world. Place always seemed dark and brutal to me.



Hosea  
Lenny

My lord what a god damn  
mess. Everything. The bank  
job we planned so hard was  
a god damn SET UP.

Hosea got himself killed,  
Lenny got shot in the head,  
Marston got himself  
arrested and is awaiting  
trial. We fled, leapt on a  
ship, sailed into a storm,  
the ship sank.

Whole thing like a dream,  
like a fool's nightmare.  
I survived that, and  
being lost at sea...

and got washed ashore on  
an island called Quarma.

Whatever Tahiti is like.  
I hope it ain't nothing  
like Quarma. Some  
nasty bastard name of  
FUS'SAR had the people  
by the throat and we ended  
up in a fight with a god  
damn army. Javier nearly  
died. I nearly got killed.

Met some real decent  
folk, brave folk living in a  
land of hell.

We got a boat out of  
there, just about, after some  
real nasty fighting. Don't  
think I met many folk  
deserved killing more than  
that piece of shit FUS'SAR.



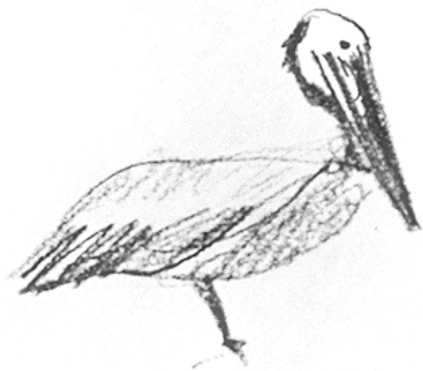
Upon returning, found the folk again, at least them as ain't dead. But within a few hours, the Pinkertons had found all of us. Old Agent Milton wants us all dead and yet somehow we survived and are now planning another escape.

Not sure what happens next. Whole thing has been hard on all of us. Most of all on Dutch, who seems half crazed by all we gone through.

H.T.



Milkweed



Lady's Slipper Orchid

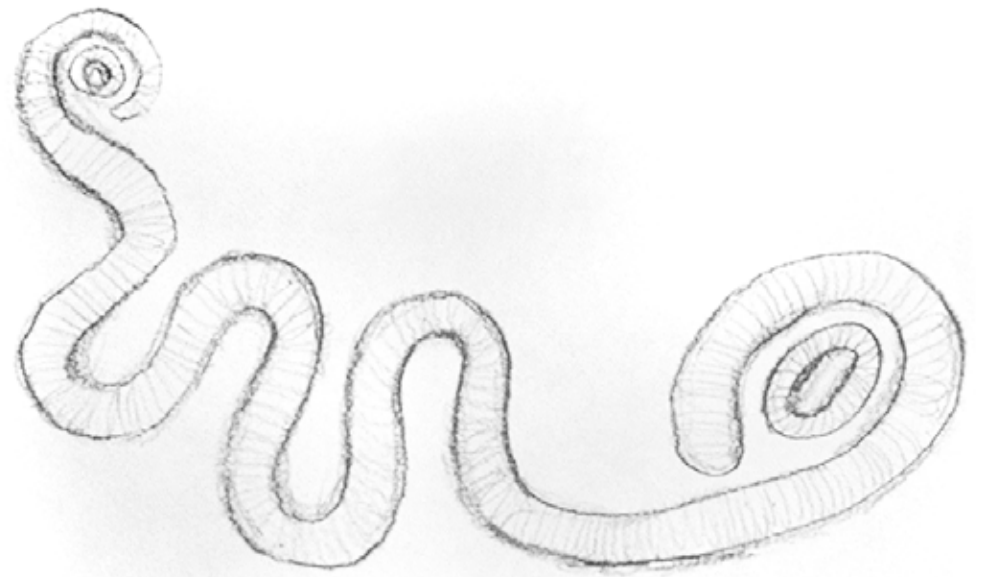


Turns out, I'm not very well. Got tuberculosis. Doctor did not know how long I would last. All them bullets shot at me, all them horses threw me, all them fights and it was beating up that pathetic little fella Downes that killed me, I reckon. He's the only man I been near was real sick. He begged for mercy and I beat the bastard and he died. And now I'm dying too. The way of the world. My mind is racing, of course. That monk and that nun, Downes's widow, Abigail, Mary,

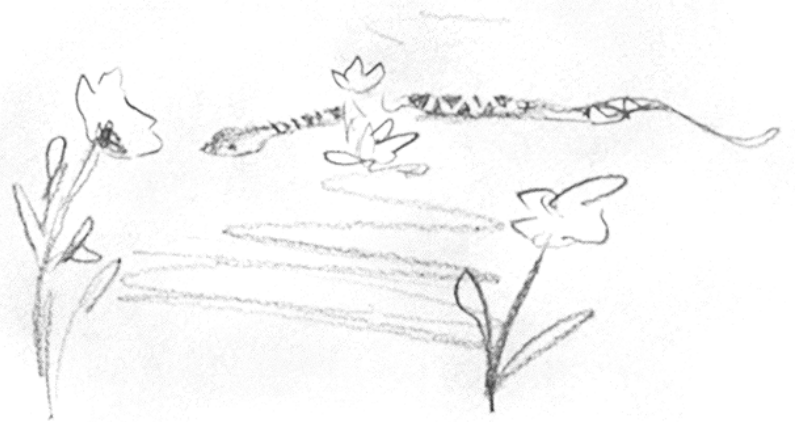
Dutch when I first knew him,  
Hosea, my dead Pa, the no  
good bastard, the whole  
crowd of people. And what  
kind of man have I been?  
What kind of man am I?  
What world is this we live in  
a land of fury or a place  
of love? Am I being prepared  
for eternal damnation?  
Am I part any kind of  
savior? Is that all fairytales,  
Man ain't got much good in  
him I ain't got no good in me,

I Don't think, and yet, I see  
goodness. I see it, if not in me  
in good folk. In Abigail and her  
love for Jack. In that silly monk,  
In Downes, I guess Atteggins,  
not for himself but for the  
poor, even though he was  
near starving himself  
Maybe I don't want  
salvation. Part of me has  
always longed for death.  
Well, here it comes, I suppose.

And I thought I knew folks  
with strange hobbies.



Here's that serpent  
shaped mound.







BEAVER HOLLOW

Nolly ratted us out. Dutch broke her heart so she told the law about us.

Explains how they found us so easily, I guess. Love does strange things to us all, even stranger than hate.

She turned up, drunk and mouthy and told us all ~~the~~ this. She was so pathetic I wanted to spare her, but Miss Grimshaw put a bullet in her anyway.

Guess it was right. Guess there weren't much of a choice.

This was in our new camp, high in some nasty country, badlands or as bad as we can find this far to the east.

The place we are holed up used to belong to a bunch of murderers.

The Murpees, or some nonsense like that, they call themselves.



We shot some of them, but  
there's more lurking in the  
woods around this place.  
Don't think we have long  
here before the law or the  
Pinkertons find us again.  
~~As~~ I just hope we can  
keep ahead of them for  
a while or ahead of  
ourselves.

---



Hoccasin Orchid



For some insane reason, I went out gathering debts for Strauss.

Whole business revolted me. Bunch of sad, desperate bastards and me their worst nightmare. I'd had enough of the whole business so I ran Strauss out of camp.

Whole business of loaning revolted me. Turns out it's going to kill me, too, so I guess that's about right.

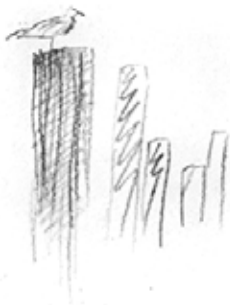
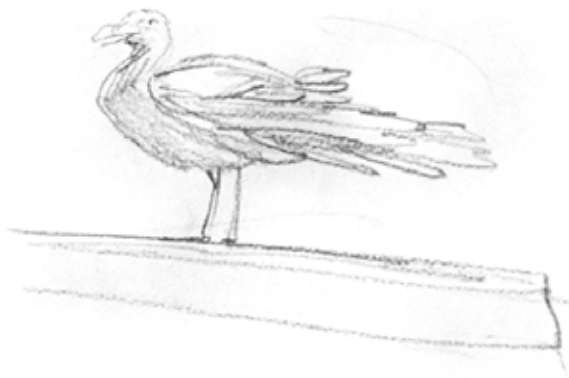
Probably did Strauss a favor running him out of camp, but either way, I could not bear to see his beady little eyes no more.

Sight of that poor soldier and his squaw wife will be with me when I die.





Night Scented Orchid



Saw that Downes kid being  
beaten up, so helped him.  
Maybe I shouldn't have  
killed his poor father if I  
cared so god damn much? What  
a conflicted fool I've become,  
or have always been. Then  
I tried to rescue his mother,  
who was in the process of  
getting herself murdered.  
Maybe she wanted that.  
I don't know. She looked at  
me like I am what I am.  
A killer seeking out salvation.  
Only I'm not. I don't want  
saving. I don't deserve it. I  
just want to help a few folk.  
And sure as shit I owe her.  
Felt like a fraud and a fool  
but at least I did something.



*Wonder what this said.*

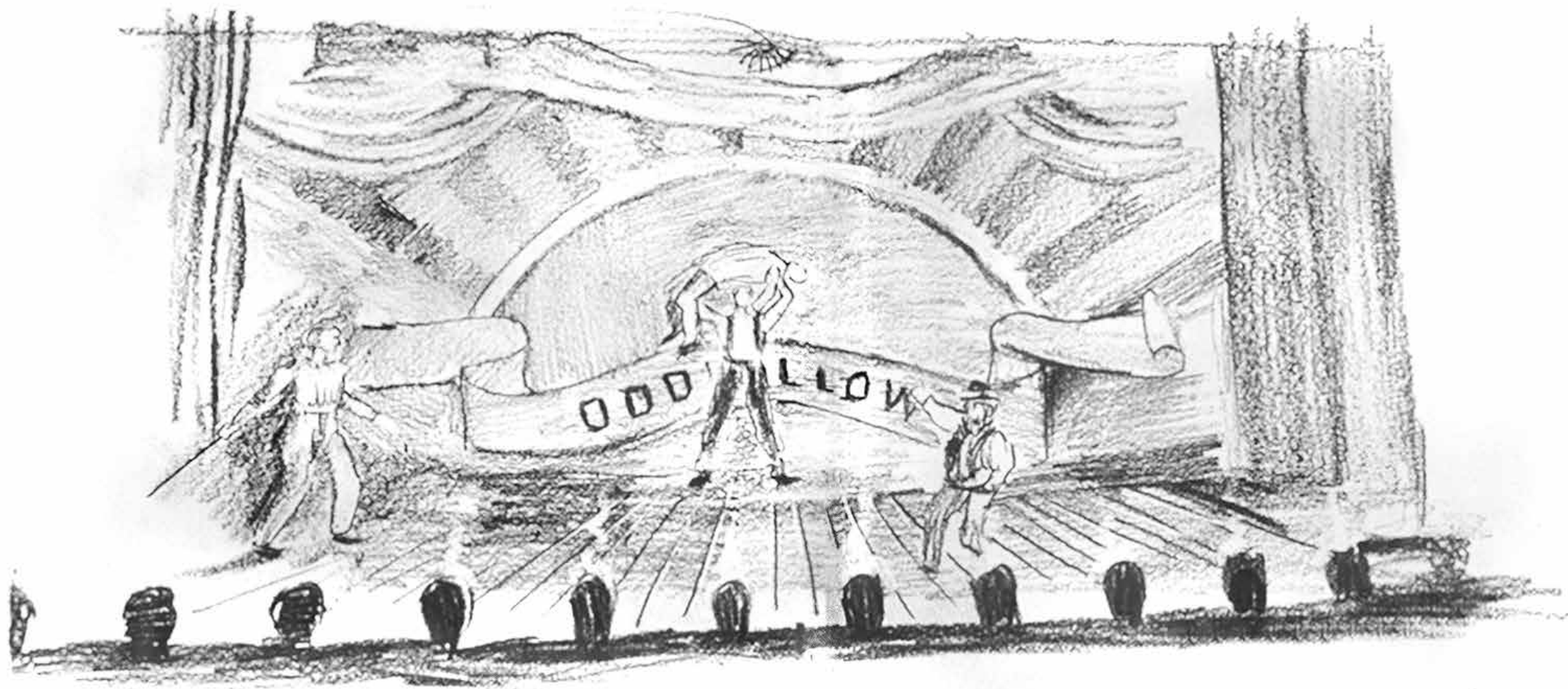


Got into a fight with a drunk giant with a tiny head. Yes — that's what happened. Fiella was strangling a bar keep who had turned off his liquor supply.

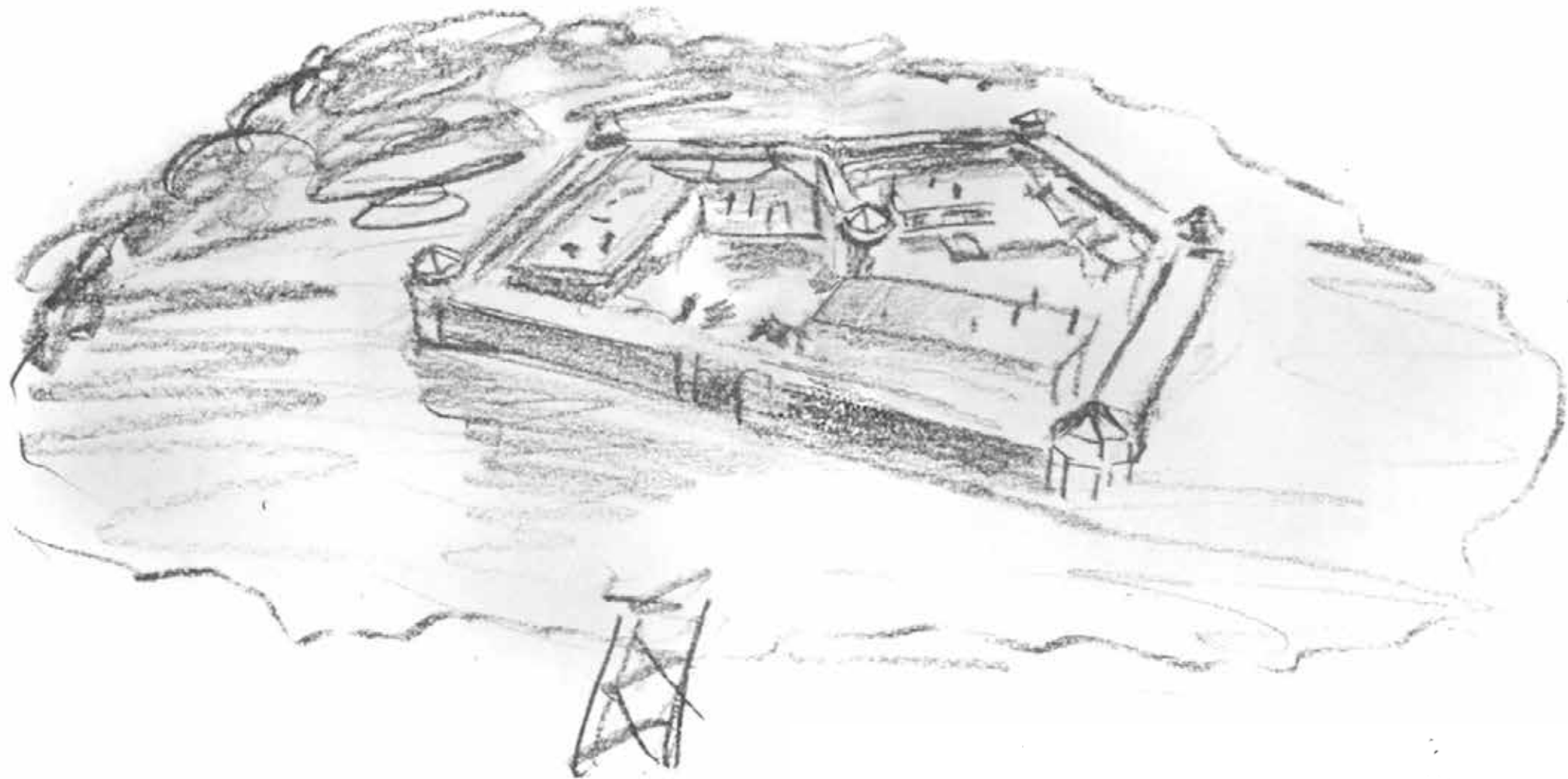
Part of some kind of circus act. The show was run by a woman — Marjorie I think. She's missing a tiny magician. I suppose we all are. He's ~~run~~ run away into the woods. Said if I saw him, I'd send him back to them.



Found the little magician  
and reunited this odd family.  
Fella tried to give me the  
slip a few times but in the  
end, seems they love each  
other even more than they  
hate each other, or at least  
it was close. Want me to  
see their ~~rehearsal~~ show  
sometime in Saint Denis,  
and say they'll reward me  
then as they were broke  
now.



Show was interesting to  
say the least. And also  
dreadful. But I got  
paid.



8 - SISIKA Penitentiary -  
from the air.

Sadie Adler and I rescued  
Marston from prison, where he was  
awaiting hanging. Spied on them  
in a balloon, an act which was  
amazing and awful and I thought  
would kill me quicker than this illness.

Later, Sadie and I rescued him,  
while getting shot at.

I did it for Abigail, of course,  
in her own way, the finest woman  
I know, but also for Jack and  
I guess Marston himself.

I kind of like him.

We've argued over the  
years, but I've grown to  
care a little for him. He's  
less of a fool than he was,  
and maybe, he can have  
the luck that has eluded  
me. ~~Jack~~ Jack is an innocent  
little boy. In him, I see  
what I missed. We did it,



Mrs Adler and me, and  
then got attacked by Dutch.  
I went behind his back,  
sure and he never likes  
that, but I suppose the years  
of blind loyalty is at an end.

Loyal, yes, but not  
blind. Not until he opens  
his eyes as to the hell we  
are in, and who his  
friends, really are. Alas!

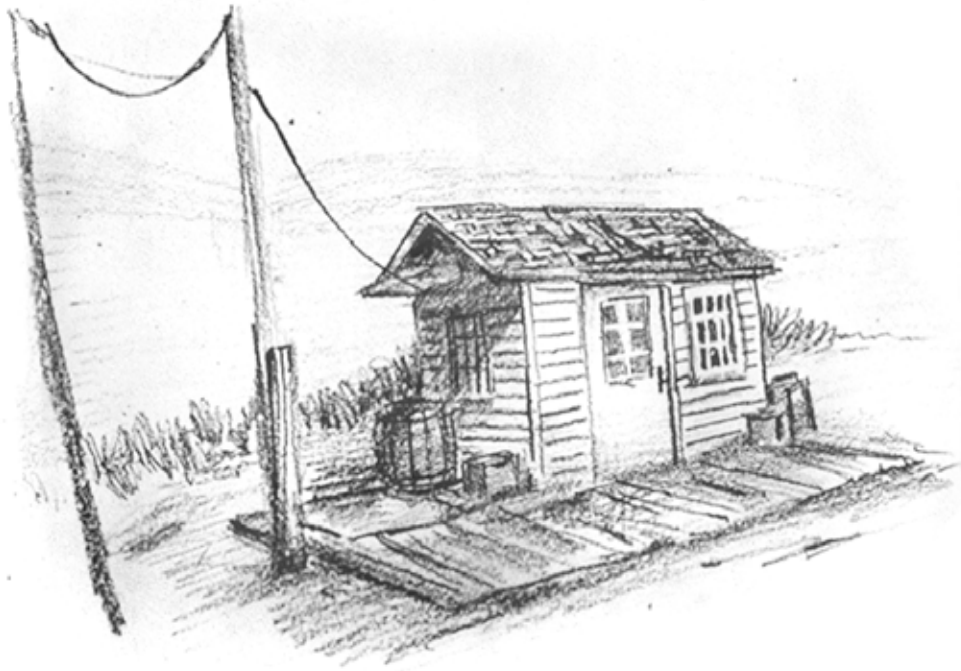
I NO LONGER TRUST  
whatsoever. Nor do I trust  
half of them; nor myself. Whole  
thing is a mess and I  
cannot think clearly.



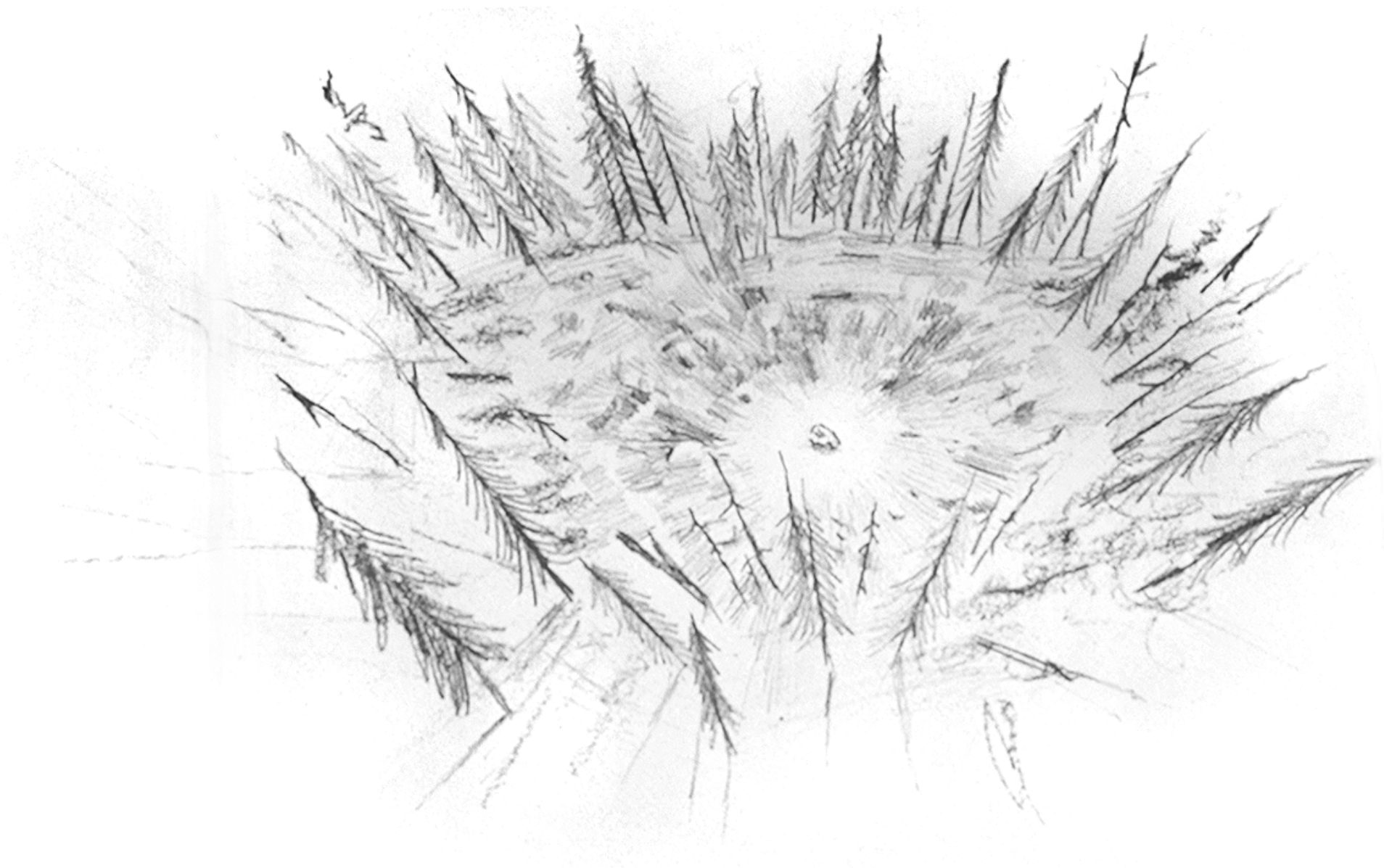
Cleome







*This house seemed to have  
been struck by something.  
A meteor, maybe.*



Found a rock that had fallen  
from the heavens.



Met the king — the king  
of his tree.



Dutch in his infinite wisdom decided to shoot Leviticus Cornwall.

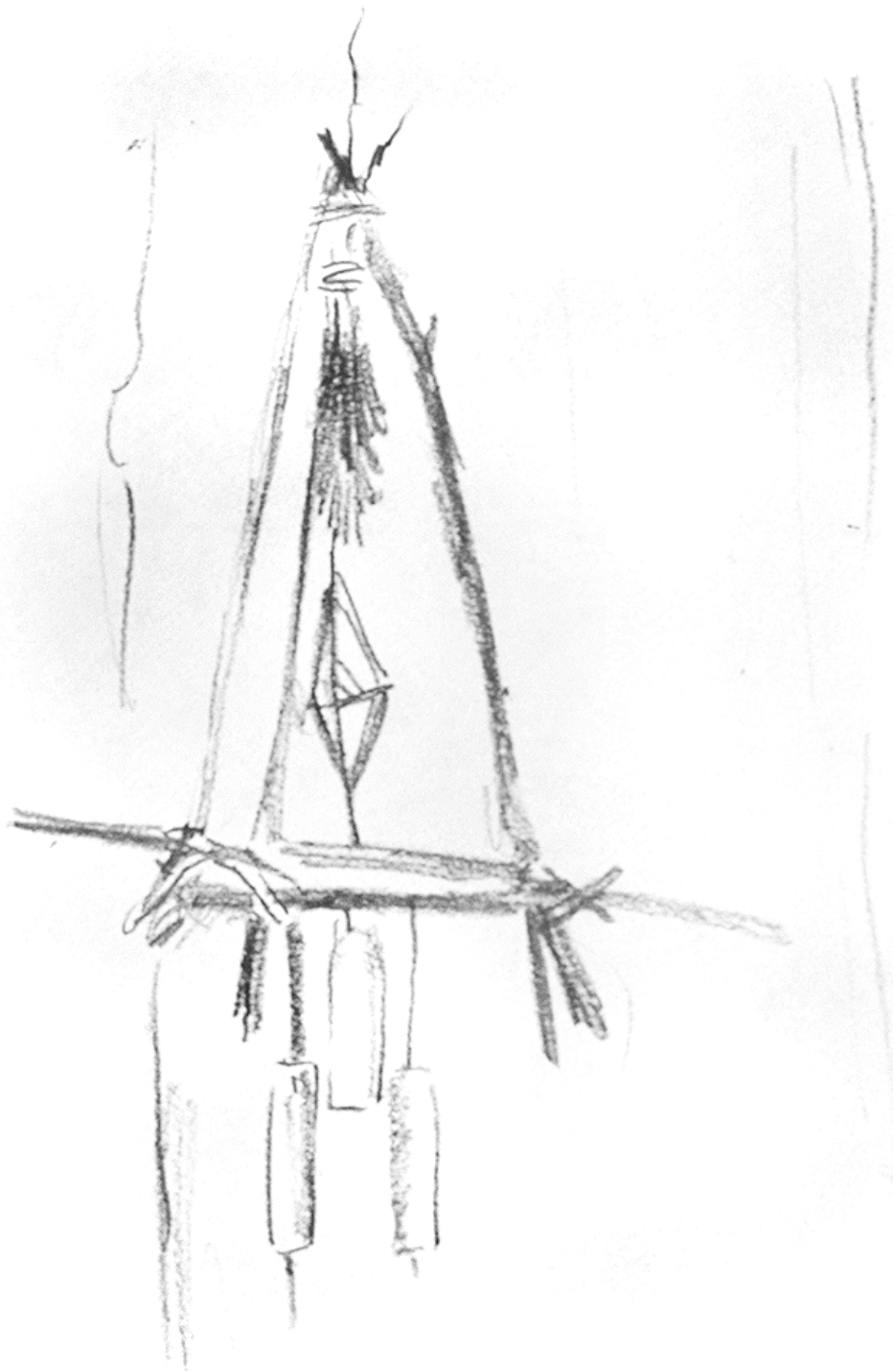
Now, I'm not saying Cornwall did not need shooting, but I don't think it was quite our place to act as his judge and executioner. Micah and Dutch seem to be planning something. Seems like what they both want most of all is all of us dead.

Found a raving lunatic. ~~Keep~~  
Completely raving. Took him  
back to a village nearby -  
Butcher's creek. Something  
ain't right there. Some kind  
of village elder - Obediah?  
Maybe - appeared. He spoke  
mostly nonsense. Weird place.  
Something not right at all.





Went back to that place,  
Butcher's Creek. The locals  
thought they were being  
attacked by demons, but  
I think they were just  
sick dogs. Seems like  
Obediah, the elder, is also  
possessed, by this snake oil  
shaman fella that turned  
up. He wants me to destroy  
some cursed charms in the  
woods around there. We  
shall see quite what the  
shaman's game is, but  
there's ~~some~~ some nonsense  
afoot.



Destroyed those charms.  
Went back to the village.  
Now the shaman announces  
things are worse because  
I destroyed the charms.  
Remarkably convenient. I  
was about to give him a  
beating when he ran off.  
The elder said the shaman  
was interested in a mine  
shaft. Perhaps that's  
worth a look.

Went to the mine, looking to figure what hold' that wind shaman has over that village I don't know why exactly. Just seemed important, I guess. The whole place was filthy and something nasty was leaking into the water and the soil. I'm no expert, but that stuff might well explain why all the folks in Butcher creek are so odd. Anyway, I made my way back to the village armed with this knowledge and a little of the evil looking water. So and behold,



I find the same shaman trying to force that duped elder into signing away his and the village's property rights, or rights to get a mining company to leave. It was not quite clear which. The sham shaman starts attacking me, so I force him to drink some of the rum off. He admits all, promptly loses his mind, and I'm waiting around to be treated like the hero I am. Or not. The villagers blamed the curse. At this point, I left them to their dreams of specters.





Saw Eagle Flies, the Chief's son again. Dutch was captivated by him, turning on all his charm and confidence and seeming like a dangerous snake. What is wrong with him? Eagle Flies is desperate and angry. The local regimen are tormenting him and goading him into a fight. Now Dutch is in his ear. This will be a disaster. Poor old Karen has taken to drink, something awful.

---

Got a letter from Mary.  
What did I expect? What  
did I want? I wasn't  
never meant to be and  
never really was, and yet  
somehow, in the end, I  
discovered I had a heart  
because it was broken. Oh,  
you fool. You sad,  
deluded fool Tom in  
two by different ideas of  
who you were, and it  
turns out you weren't  
~~either~~ neither of them.



Oregano



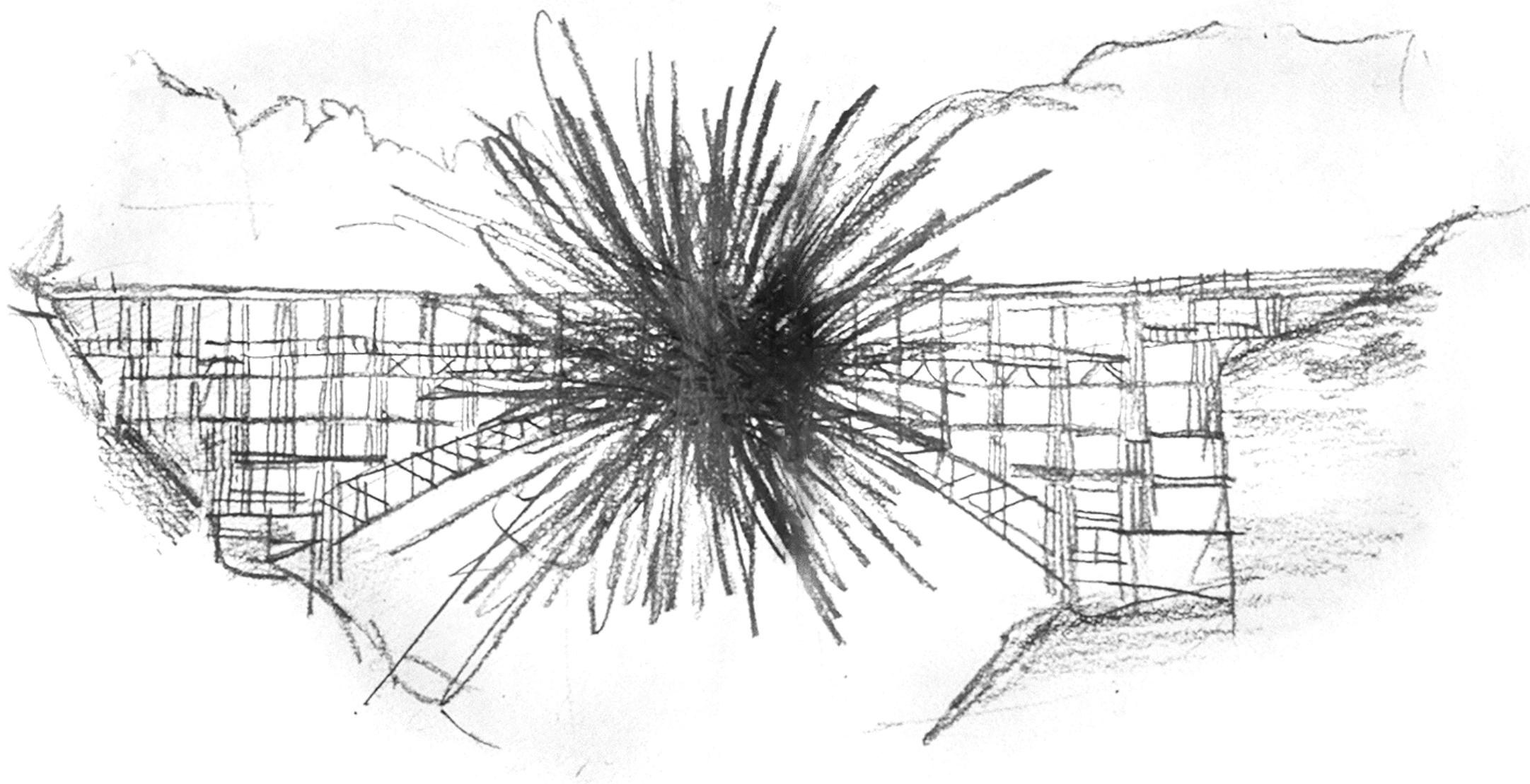


— BACCHUS BRIDGE —

Blow up a bridge with Marston, either to stop the army killing us quite so easily when we attempt to rob this last train, or because we want to encourage Uncle Sam to send another train, full of payroll, for us to rob.

Whole thing seems even more ludicrous and moth eaten when I write it down, Dutch is now acting crazy and I'm acting crazy back.

I'm facing ~~death~~ death, and acting foolish. I hope Marston uses his brain. The time for heroics and loyalty to people is over. The time is for acting right and saving the innocent, not the guilty.



Met a one legged man, war  
veteran, interesting fella. Said  
to come by his cabin on the  
other side of I' O'neagh's  
Ckum. Maybe I will.



Went to see the fella, Hamish  
Sinclair. He's quite a  
sportsman and outdoors man.  
Went ~~firstly~~ fishing for  
pike. Got him in the end.  
Wants to take me hunting.  
Hamish, not the pike.



Hamish and I got chatting.  
Then we went hunting this  
wolf he'd been after - only we  
suddenly realised the bastards  
were hunting us, not the  
reverse. Eventually, I got the  
pack leader and they left  
us be. A real lucky escape.  
Pelt nice, though.



Hamish died. We was hunting  
boar and the boar won, at  
least against him. I liked  
him, but more than that, I  
admired him. He lacked  
self-pity and he lacked  
confusion about his place in  
the world. He was the man  
we would all want to be,  
if weren't so distracted being  
'idiots'. He gave me Knell,  
his moody, magnificent  
horse to look after.





Think I may have met a  
witch, or a woman who  
wanted to be one.



Was this a mammoth?





— WAPITI —



RF

Went to speak to the Chief about the situation. I helped him recover some precious things from the army.

He gave me some medicine which helped me a little. He's a man who not so long ago I would have found weak and pathetic, and now I see as wise and thoughtful and sensible.

I would love to help him, or at least stop Dutch pushing his son to do something real stupid.





(CAPT. MONROE)

Cy

Saw Captain Monroe again. A good man in a difficult situation.

This dump must seem a long way from West Point and Washington. He cares about the Indians, but he ain't too friendly with the local regiment.

Helped him distribute some vaccines others were not so keen to offer about.

Things went from bad to worse with the army. I was not wrong - the local regiment's Colonel despised Captain Monroe and planned to destroy him.

Charles and I rescued Monroe and probably ruined his life in the process.

I hope he can find peace someplace.

After putting him on the train, I bumped into that nun sister Calderon, bound for Mexico. She gave me a few home truths about existing in this world and perhaps the next.

Maybe I have got something to hope for. Anyway, it all sounded very pretty, and took away all the dread I've been feeling.





*Hanging Dog Ranch*

So we saw Colm O'Driscoll swing. Indeed we did the law's job for them, as his boys were lined up to spring him, but we dealt with them. Dutch back to being himself. At least for a moment. Sadie like a dog with a bone, although she ain't done with them yet, I don't imagine.

Wonder if this will calm Dutch down and we can get back to surviving ourselves, rather than just killing them, we despise. I didn't feel too much. Bastard wanted to kill me, but he didn't want to that much, and

I guess I felt about the same. He weren't ever exactly my fight, really. And now my fight is real different, with a different enemy, one I cannot see, nor put a bullet into.

Him and his boys was our fault, alright, but did we ever exist or were we just a group of individuals each just falling for Dutch's dumb bluster?

I feel like I don't know ~~anything~~ nothing anymore. That whole life of certainties over.

My whole code that  
I lived and killed by.

Was it true? Or was  
there a bigger truth  
I was too dumb to  
ever see?



Queen's Orchid



Parasol Mushroom







FORT WALLAGE

Went with Charles to save  
Eagle Flies. They was going  
to hang him, I think.

Rescued him out from  
Fort Wallace in a storm.

I don't feel so good.  
I see clearly and I see  
nothing at all.

Whole place has gone  
to hell.

(Dutch talking nonsense,  
and folk undecided as to  
if they see him as the  
only hope or an anchor  
dragging us all to the  
bottom of the ocean.

I hope John has more  
brains in his head than  
sometimes I fear he does.

I should have, well,  
it's a bit late for  
regrets. There's a whole  
lot I should have done  
and even more I shouldn't  
have done.

But I suppose every man has  
enough regrets as to let him die  
happy.

Just hope I did some  
good once I learnt to see  
the world for what it was.

Ain't my fault ~~it took~~  
the process took quite as long  
as it did!

Oh Mary! be happy,  
please be happy.

Tilly, Mary-Beth,  
save Karen if she ain't  
too far gone.

John, protect Abigail and Jack.

Kains Fall - save your son as you  
could not save your people.

Dutch, start listening to them  
as really loved you.



Loan from  
WE CO-OPERATIVE BANK

Item	<sup>III</sup> <sup>HT</sup> <sup>HT</sup> <sup>III</sup> Amount	Total Owed.
Land	465 (-60 PUT ASIDE)	405
House	892	1297 ↑
Tools	23	1320 ↑
Labor	23	1343 ↑
Barn	234	<del>155</del> 1577 ↑
Labor	19	<u>1596</u> ↑
Repayment	-150	1446 ↓
Repayment	-55	1391 ↓
Repayment	-1391	<u>0</u> ↓

Being back in this country made me dig up Cuthers old journal again.

Odd few years wandering. Now back here, this country that we ran to when things went crazy all those years ago.

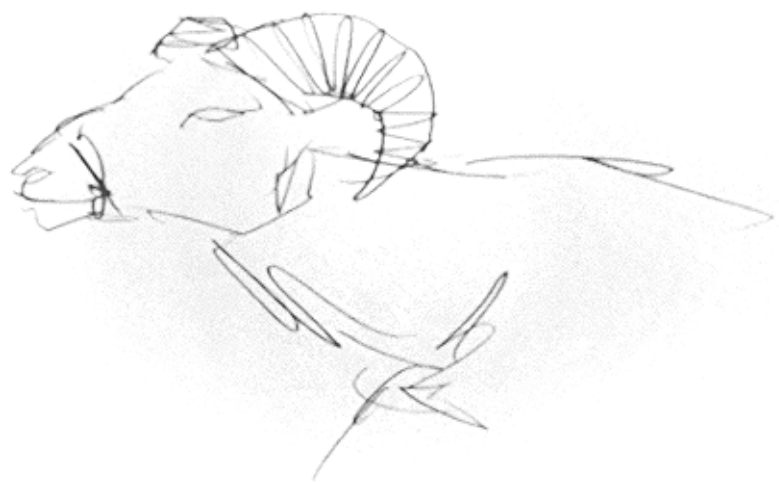
My mind is full of ghosts. Been a tough few years. Jack don't like me, and Abigail cannot stand me, or is it the reverse.

Killed a fellow because  
he looked at me funny.  
Abigail wants me to settle  
down. — To what?

Everything I've tried has  
gone wrong, for so long now,  
and now I'm back in old  
country. Well I guess the  
north didn't turn out so  
good.

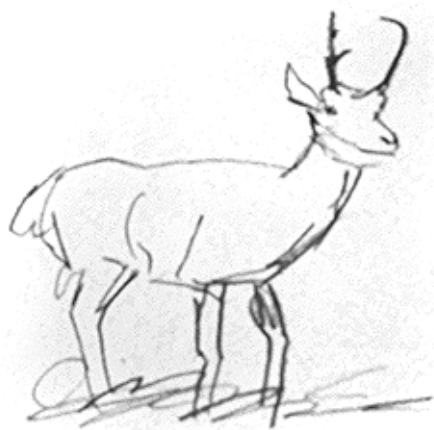
Wonder if there's anything  
in those treasure maps?



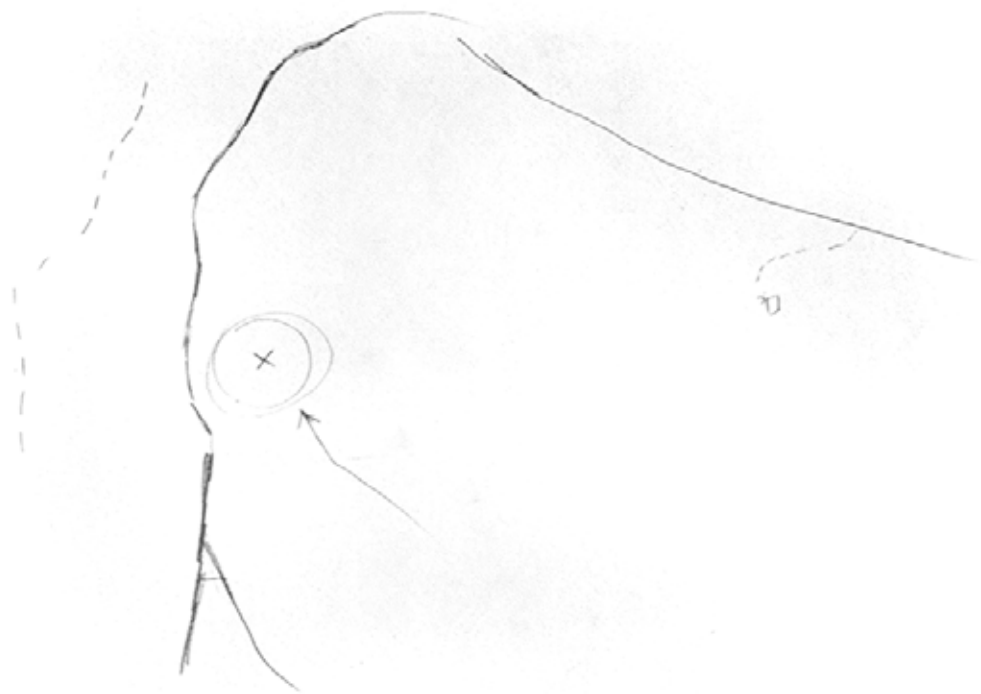


So now I'm a farmhand.  
Until I lose my temper again,  
I guess.

Working at a place called  
Pronghorn Ranch. They seem  
to like me because I'm big  
and nasty and they  
surely aint, and some local  
tough ~~of~~ guys seem to know  
they aint.



Well I guess Abigail  
cant have everything, but  
she wont be able to deny live  
at least got a normal job.



I'm not much of a rancher  
but I can still give a  
big mouth a good smack.

Abigail <sup>still</sup> seems to despise me

Jack aint sure but I reckon  
he aint none too keen.



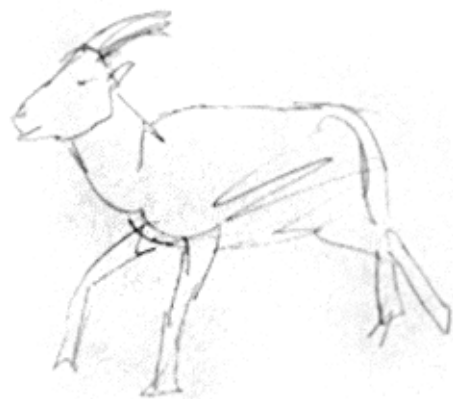
A whale in the desert.  
Another thing I don't understand and



What was this poor thing?  
Who would do such a thing  
to any creature?





Black Currant.



Desert Sage

~~She's gone~~ ~~She went~~ a  
She went and left me.

Gave me enough warning, I  
suppose. She weren't wrong  
I'd leave me, if I could.

What now? No son, no  
woman and  a no  
good rancher  on a no  
good ranch. These rich —  
bastards, the Laramies

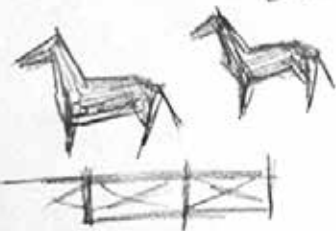
want old Geddes dead.  
If I had a brain, I'd go  
work for them.



Found a poor man from  
a long time ago.  
- Chilled me for some reason.



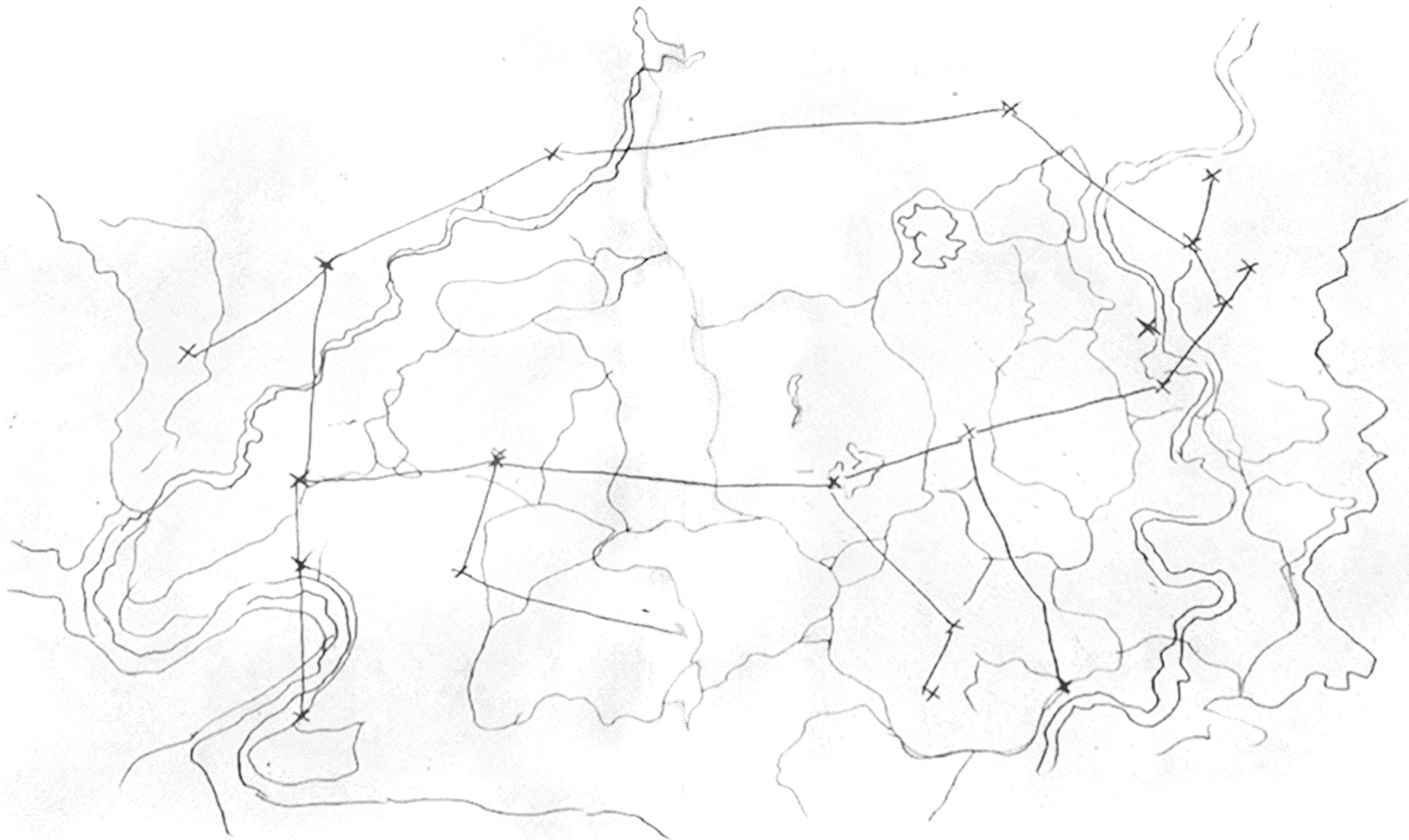
Good news — I now own  
a ranch. Bad news, I  
now have Uncle with  
me. Or is it  
the reverse?  
if he don't  
shut his mouth  
I'll paint this place  
with his blood.



I bought a dumpy  
bit of land for Abigail  
and she ain't here. ~~Instead~~  
Instead I got Uncle.

How the hell did this happen?

I got the worst of all  
things. I miss Abigail.  
I been a proper fool  
for longer than I can remember.  
FOR ALWAYS.



Adler

Saw Sadie<sup>^</sup> again. Guess I thought she'd been dead.

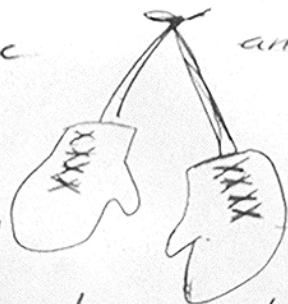
Maybe it's just me that's been dead. I don't know.



~~Was~~ Was good to see her. She's a bounty hunter and suited to the work. Saw her put a knife clean through the hand of some big old boy she was fighting with. Ain't seen her since she and Arthur saved Abigail and then Arthur saved my life. We headed north and she turned to this line of work.

Went to Saint Denis with Uncle because Charles Smith was there and in trouble.

Charles had taken to boxing and did not seem to be in too much

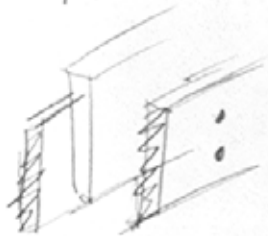


trouble after all, until we stumbled into some local gangsters who wanted to shoot both of us

but now he's here and I've got myself a completely different family to the one I had a while ago.

Not sure what to make of that

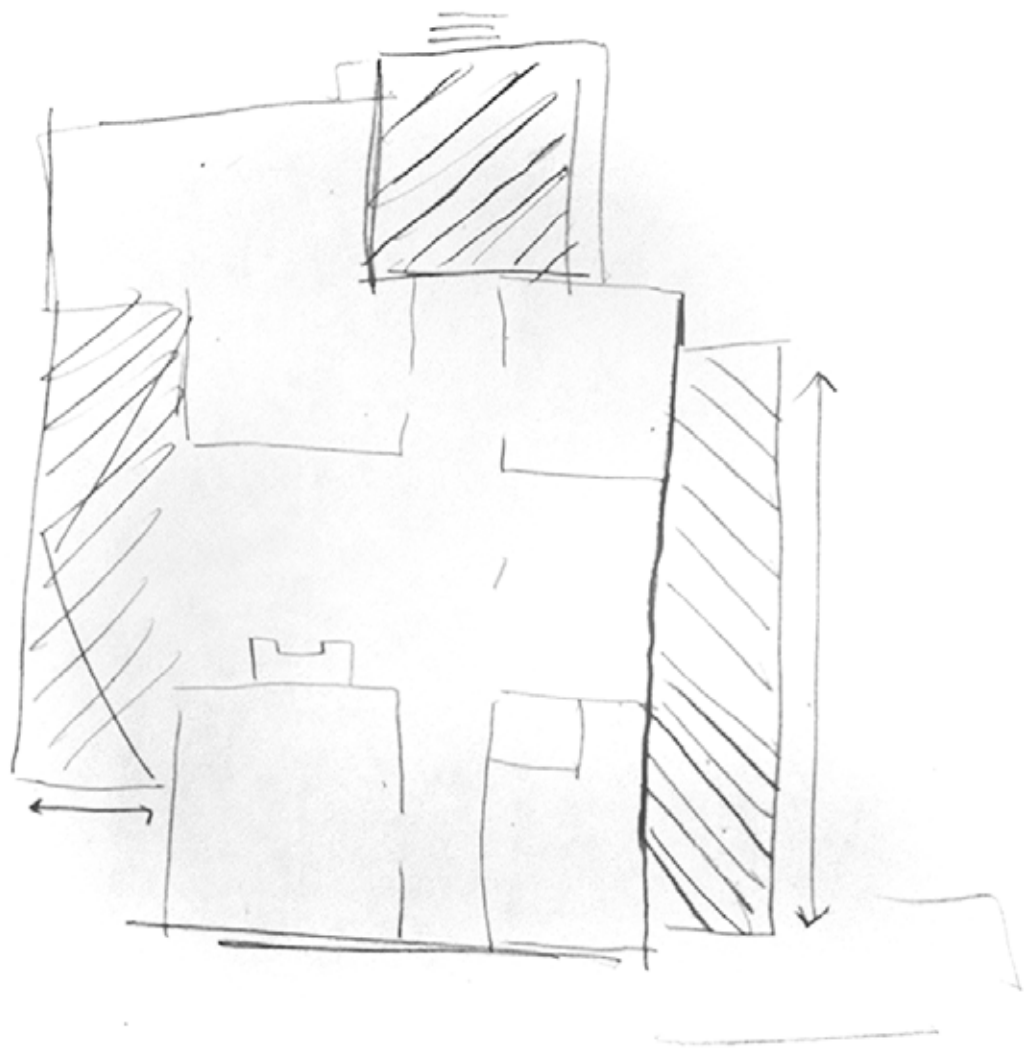
This countryside is full  
of some of the  
worst scum and  
maniacs I've ever  
come across



Guess we fit  
right in. Went to buy  
lumber to build a new house.



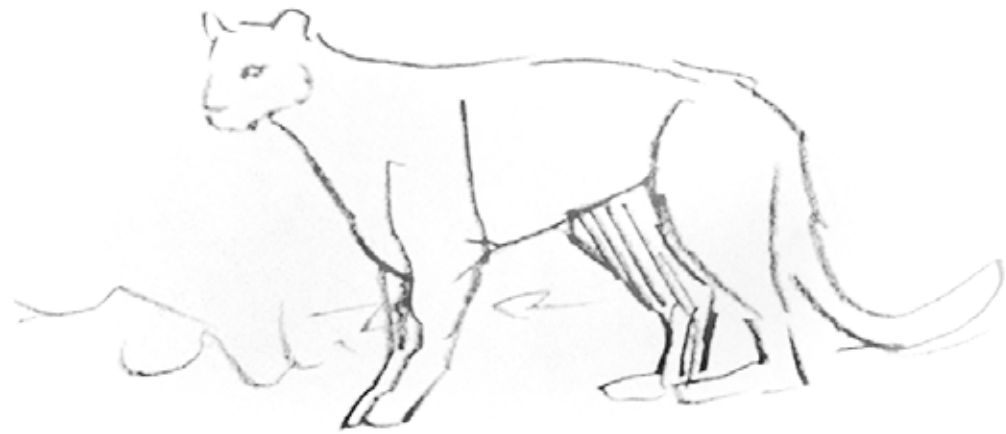
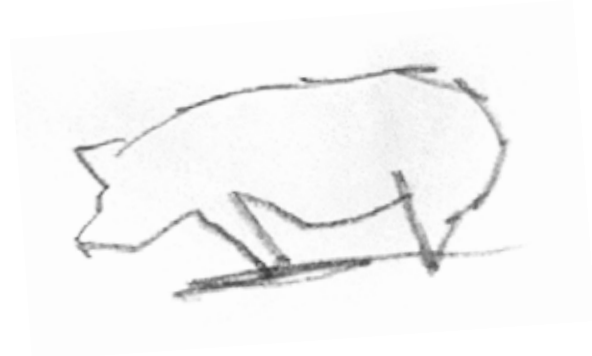
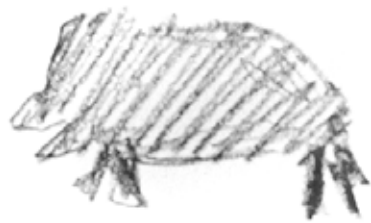
Got jumped by some local  
gang everyone is terrified  
by. A hand Charles had  
hired got himself killed  
wonder if these bastards will  
bring trouble and how much



Built ourselves a place to  
live. — Never thought I  
would say those words.  
Now I just need a family  
and a way of paying  
off these debts.

Went off bounty hunting  
with Sadie, who I'd met  
again after all these  
years, and whole thing  
turned crazy.

Thank god Abigail  
weren't around or she'd  
have skinned me  
her self





Abigail and Jack came back.  
Whole of my life suddenly  
~~makes~~ makes some kind of  
sense.

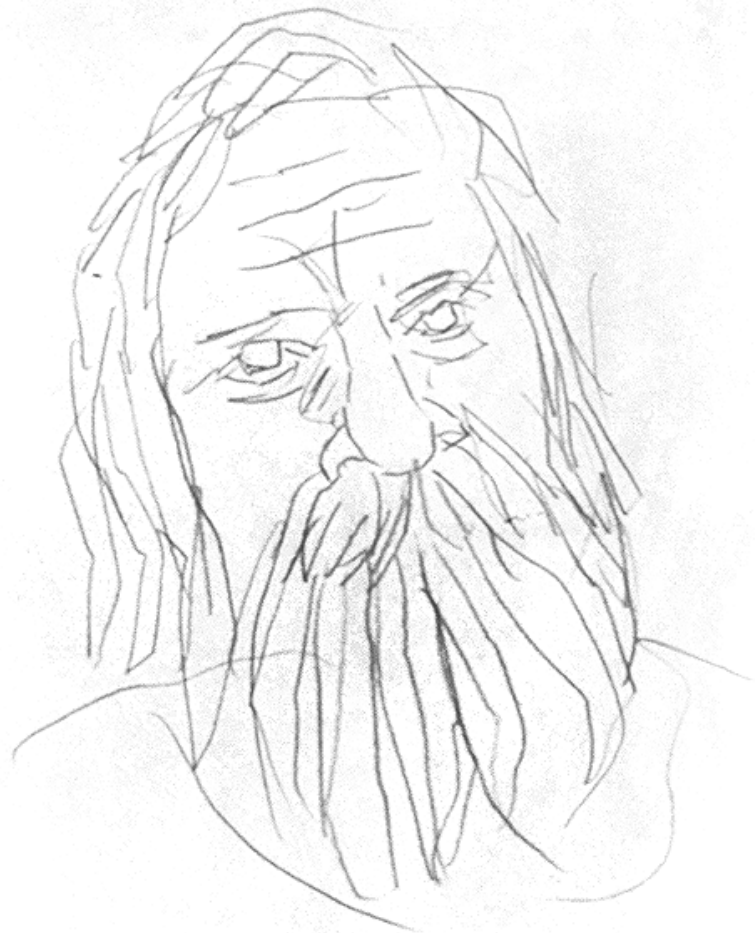
If only I could pay off  
these damn debts — and  
if only I could have been  
a different man all these  
years I wasted being a  
fool

Went to see the old lady  
I'd been sending all them  
rodents and what not to.

Don't know what on earth  
I was expecting. Whatever it  
was, it was not what I  
found. Still, the weird old lady  
I met at least gave me a  
nice little squirrel ornament  
for the house.

— Met a strange guy  
thought he was a prophet.

Blind



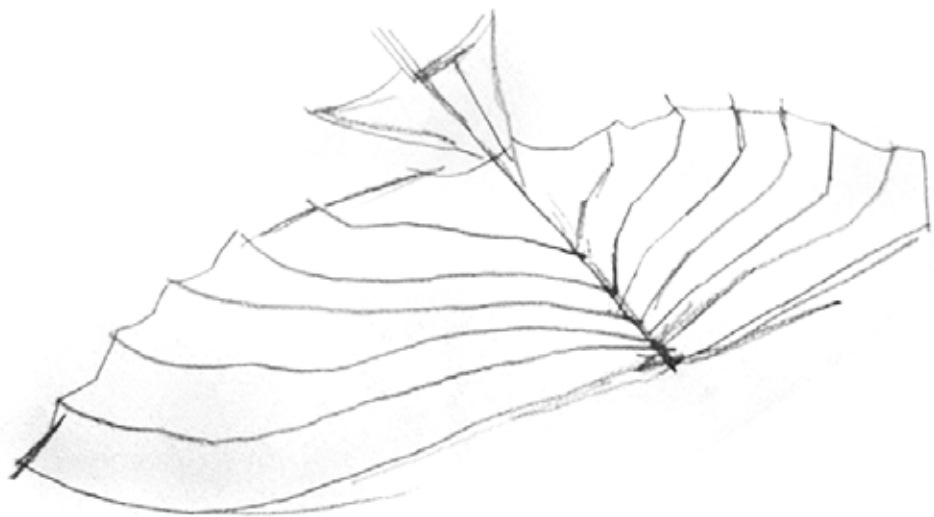
Went fishing with Arthur's  
awful friend, Jeremy Gill.

Found a nasty catfish, and  
that was the end of that.  
The fish won.

Thankyou! — I will always  
be grateful to catfish.

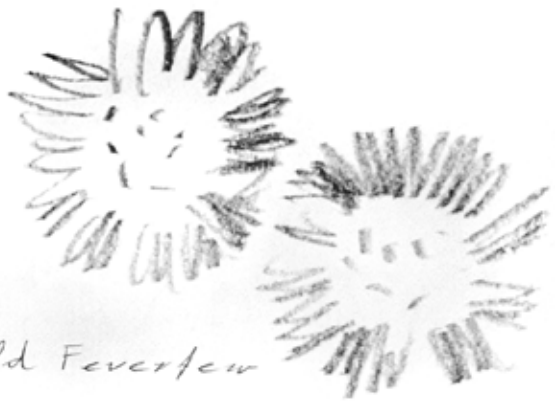


Found a flying machine.  
Needless to say, it had  
crashed.



Went to see the dinosaur  
Carlbur and I helped Deborah  
discover. Deborah appears to  
be reasonably insane when you  
meet her.

— I cannot help feeling it  
ain't no wonder it didn't  
survive.



Wild Feverfew



Prairie Poppy

IM GETTING MARRIED

~~She thinks I'm a real fool  
and she's right, only  
she don't know quite  
why I am a fool~~

We got married and we danced and Uncle made us laugh — and Jack seemed real happy.

Sadie left, after she fixed herself up. Charles went off hunting something or other, as I knew he would. Uncle ain't going anywhere.

Saw Dutch, damn near broke my heart again after all this time. Wanted to kill him but I didn't.

Saw Micah and was never gladder to see a man die. Whatever peace and happiness I can find in this world, I know it's a better place with him out of it.



Guess we're just about done, my friend

It's been quite a journey

CLEANED AND CATALOGUED BY SHEILA SANTA MARIA  
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ANY INQUIRIES, ISSUES, OR FOR A FREE LINK TO THE INDIVIDUAL HIGH  
RES IMAGES IN THE JOURNAL.

VERSION 01

FROM ONE OUTLAW TO ANOTHER, I HOPE THIS JOURNAL FINDS YOU WELL.

