



NO, NO, NO:
I DIDN'T TELL
ANYBODY ABOUT
THAT SITUATION.

BUT WHAT IMPELS A MAN TO DESERT THE LEGIONS OF GOD AND PASS INTO THE INIQUITOUS RANKS OF HERETICS?!



HAA. IT'S FUNNY TO QUALIFY AS GOD'S LEGION THAT MASHED SCRIBE, EMILIO BOCANEGRA AND ITALIAN SWORDSMAN!



PFFF...

YOU WERE RECOMMENDED AS A MAN WHO DOESN'T LOOK FOR SENTIMENTS. AS A GOOD SWORDSMAN!



BUT IT IS TRUTH.

I HAVE BEEN A SOLDIER ALL MY LIFE, AND THERE ARE CERTAIN THINGS ONE CANNOT AVOID.



WELL...

YOUR COMPANION DIDN'T HAVE AS MANY SCRUPLES AS YOU...



YES. HE SEEMED EVEN TO BE ENJOYING IT.



BUT I DON'T ENJOY KILLING. FOR ME IT'S A JOB, NOT A PLEASURE.

AVOID?!



YOU, SOLDIERS ARE OFFAL!!!

WHAT 'SENTIMENT' DO YOU REFER TO? TAKING LIFE IS AS EASY AS BREATHING TO YOU!

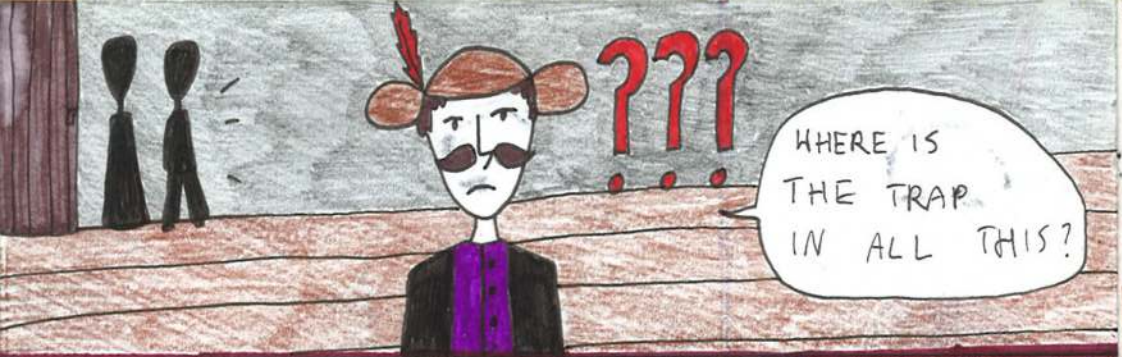
YOU ARE COMPLETELY RIGHT.



BUT I WAS GOING TO WILL THAT ENGLISHMAN. AND I'D HAVE, HAD HE DEFENDED HIMSELF OR SOUGHT MERCY FOR HIMSELF.

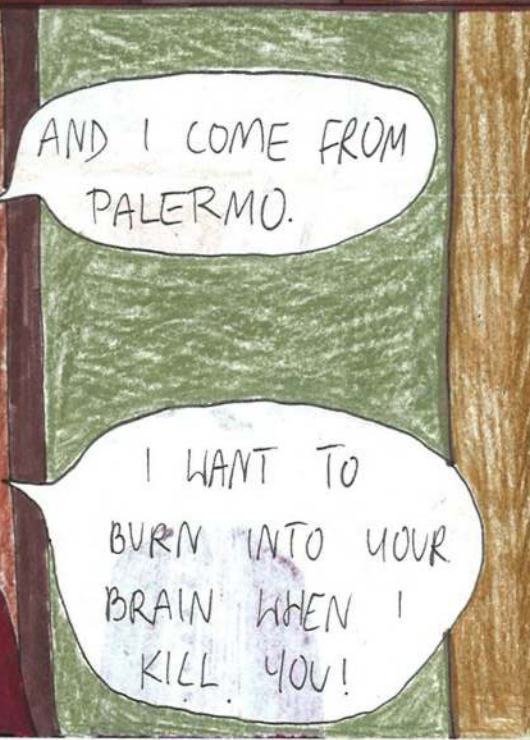
BUT WHEN HE PLED FOR MERCY, IT WAS AS I TOLD YOU, HE PLED FOR THE OTHER MAN.





SUDDENLY...





SO WE ARE EVEN NOW.

DELIGHTED TO HEAR THAT...

WILL YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME?

IT HAS NO BEARING ON THIS.

YOU HIDE IT...

...THAT IS THE SIGN OF A SCOUNDREL.

PERHAPS. YET I AM A LIVE SCOUNDREL AND YOU, CAPTAIN ALATRISTE, ARE A DEAD MAN!

NOT THIS NIGHT!

MY NAME IS GUALTERIO MALATESTA.

AND I COME FROM PALERMO.

DID YOU HEAR?

I WANT TO BURN INTO YOUR BRAIN WHEN I KILL YOU!

BOOM!

