# Beast of Bordeaux Story Book Colour Texts

## Act 1 of 1

### Chapter 1

**A:** *Solomon Kane rides along well worn tracks in the pleasant Bordeaux countryside. It is late summer, the air is warm and balmy, and in the fields, labourers turn from the day’s toil to seek a well earned hot meal and their bed for the night. After a day in the saddle, the Puritan has similar designs on filling his belly and renting a berth at an inn.*

*As he slows his mount to join the villagers filing back into town, the tall, gaunt figure, clad in austere black, draws guarded glances, though some nod, or bid him good eve’. A wooden sign by the roadside names the village Caillet. The streets are busy, thronged with hawkers tearing down their stalls for the night, and village folk haggling for last minute bargains on unsold produce.*

*As he arrives at the centre of the village, looking out for an inn, Solomon Kane becomes aware of a great commotion, when from a side alley a tall, saturnine man, his head and arms restrained by stocks, rushes in front of his horse. The unfortunate wretch is hotly pursued by a furious mob, crying “Beast!”, and “Monster!”, and all the while they pelt him with stones and fruit.*

*Whatever the fellow has done, and in truth Kane does not care for the aspect of him, mob justice is no justice.*

### Chapter 2

***A:*** *The imposing Puritan swings down from the saddle with an easy, lithe movement, agile as a cat, to stand before the pursuing mob. Though they are simple village folk, all instinctively recognize the danger in the man before them. Here stands an expert in dealing death and violence, a true warrior, not to be trifled with. The mob judders to a halt, as the line at the front draws back before Kane, but others surge up from behind, pushing into them.*

*The object of their ire, the man in stocks, pauses to look back at his unexpected saviour, and Kane glances over his shoulder at him. The fellow favours Kane with a faltering leer, lips peeling over great yellow teeth, dark eyes glinting ‘neath thick, black brows that extend fully across the bridge of his nose.*

*“Please m’sieu,” says a villager at the head of the mob to Kane, likely the ringleader. “Our quarrel is not with you. This man, if man you can call him, he is not what he seems.”*

### Chapter 3

***A:*** *The Puritan spurs his horse, getting between the pursuing mob and the man they’re chasing. The object of their ire, the man in stocks, glances back over his shoulder at his unexpected saviour. The fellow favours Kane with a faltering leer, lips peeling over great yellow teeth, dark eyes glinting under thick, black brows that extend right across the bridge of his nose. The fellow certainly has the look of the devil about him, Kane muses.*

*Behind them, one of the villagers calls out, “Please m’sieu. Our quarrel is not with you. This man, if man you can call him, he is not what he seems.” Yet even as he says this, stones and other missiles whistle past Kane and his mount, and the villagers call for blood.*

*Kane decides he must get the man away from the mob first, then have the truth from him once they are at a safe distance. If he be of the devil, then the Puritan will be the judge, jury and executioner, not a lynch mob.*

### Chapter 4

***A:*** *Solomon Kane and the man in stocks run until their breath comes in ragged gasps, torn furnace fiery from their bellowing lungs. Despite his handicap, the stocks locked around his head and wrists, the man shows impressive stamina, keeping up with the Puritan, who is at the peak of physical fitness and endurance. They soon lose the villagers in the forest, as the shadows of night draw longer and the full moon begins to rise overhead.*

*Ahead lies a small hut. Light glows within, and there is a small garden outwith, growing many varieties of herbs. More plants adorn the exterior in trellises, hanging baskets and window boxes. Kane hammers on the door, and they are ushered in by an elderly man. He introduces himself as Etienne, a master herbalist.*

*The prisoner in stocks stands silently glaring around the room, while Kane recounts to Etienne the events of the evening. Etienne regards the fellow and strokes his chin, harrumphing.*

*“Yes, I have heard of such things, m’sieu. Of late, there have been reports of lycanthropy coming from Caillet and the surrounding area. This man has the look, but to prove it, we require silver.”*

*Then seemingly in answer to his own request, Etienne produces a silver coin and says to Kane, “Hold him.”*

***B:*** *The stone throwing mob surges around Solomon Kane and sweeps him aside. His warnings, even his pistol shot, go unheeded by the enraged folk. Their anger boils over and only blood will quell it now. Kane watches in horror and disgust as the man in stocks is pummelled to the ground beneath a barrage of stones, then the mob is upon him, tearing, punching, kicking, gouging. Kane loses sight of the fellow amidst the flailing sea of limbs.*

*And then…*

*The crowd erupts from within, bodies thrown outwards from the epicentre of some mighty upheaval. The man in stocks struggles to his feet, glaring, panting, snarling. He looms over the fallen villagers, with blood streaming over his bestial visage. Kane stares in morbid fascination as the fellow visibly swells and grows in size. The stocks splinter like matchwood, and he shrugs them off contemptuously. His mouth and nose elongate obscenely, yawning open to reveal sharp, vicious fangs. Dense, dark fur sprouts across his features and his ears grow to tufted points. With a blood-curdling howl, he bounds over the crowd and lopes for the edge of the village, scattering terrified townsfolk.*

*Shaken at last from his reverie, Kane springs into the saddle and charges after the monster.*

***C:*** *Solomon Kane at last rides clear of Caillet’s crowded streets, and opens up the horse’s stride to a gallop, over the fields and into the woods. They soon lose the villagers in the forest, as the shadows of night draw longer and the full moon begins to rise overhead.*

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*Then seemingly in answer to his own request, Etienne produces a silver coin and says to Kane, “Hold him.”*

***D:*** *Solomon Kane and the fugitive are dragged from the saddle by the enraged mob. Only blood will quell their anger now. Kane watches in horror and disgust as the man in stocks is pummelled to the ground, then the mob is upon him, tearing, punching, kicking, gouging. Kane loses sight of the fellow amidst the flailing sea of limbs.*

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### Chapter 5

***A:*** *Solomon Kane takes a grip on the stocks, much to the man’s shock, and he begins to struggle. The Puritan is no weakling, but his steely sinews and iron hard muscles strain to the limit trying to hold the fellow still. He shies in terror from the coin, held up in front of Etienne’s lined face. The old man approaches, grimly, inexorably. The man in the stocks snarls and spits like a wild animal, but Etienne clamps his jaw with one hand, and with the other he forces the coin between the fellow’s slick, spittle-flecked lips.*

*At once, with a mighty roar of agony, the man hurls Kane and the old herbalist off, spitting out the offending coin. Kane stares in morbid fascination as the fellow visibly swells and grows in size. The stocks splinter like matchwood, and he shrugs them off contemptuously. His mouth and nose elongate obscenely, yawning open to reveal sharp, vicious fangs. Dense, dark fur sprouts across his features and his ears grow to tufted points.*

*“Quickly!” cries Etienne. “Hold it off while I find my silver dagger!”*

*Kane turns back to the monster, which has now fully transformed into a great alpha dire wolf that glares balefully at him, preparing to lunge.*

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***C:*** *Solomon Kane spurs his mount, scattering the panicked villagers even more so than the beast did. The way opens before him and he gallops down the cobbles after the fleeing form. Even as it runs, the werewolf continues to transform, shedding the ragged clothes worn by the man. As Kane bursts from the village and his steed jumps a low fence, up ahead the man has transformed fully into a massive alpha dire wolf that races for the cover of the nearby forest.*

*The Puritan plunges into the woods in hot pursuit, as the shadows of night draw near and the full moon begins to rise above the canopy. So the villagers were right after all, even if their method was wrong. Having helped it to escape, it now falls upon Kane to hunt and slay the abomination. The wolf is faster than his steed, and Kane soon loses track of it in the forest, but in his search, he comes upon an elderly man, who introduces himself as Etienne, a master herbalist.*

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### Chapter 6

***A:*** *The massive wolf raises its hackles, bristling as Solomon Kane moves between it and the herbalist. Kane carefully draws his rapier, making no sudden movements, stretching his arms out in a calming fashion.*

*“It’s here somewhere,” mutters Etienne behind him, rummaging for the silver dagger.*

*“Be swift man!” hisses Kane over his shoulder.*

*The wolf cocks its head, looking past the Puritan to the old herbalist, and it emits a low, rumbling snarl, saliva streaming from its fang studded lower jaw. The wolf springs for Etienne, and Kane, against all reason, springs forward to meet it. The pair go down in a writhing heap as Solomon Kane wrestles with the brute to keep it from the old man. The wolf is as big as a mule, twice as strong, and thrice as ferocious. Kane stabs it repeatedly with his rapier, and it struggles free, yelping. Blood streams down its flank from multiple gashes, but before the Puritan’s very eyes, the flow falters and ceases, and the ragged lips of the wounds knit over and the pelt covers them.*

*“Name of the devil!” swears Kane, his eyes widening. How will he defeat such a foe.*

*“Ah-ha!” cries Etienne, and as the wolf prepares to leap past Kane at the herbalist, a flash of bright metal glints from his hand.*

*The werewolf’s gaze falls upon the silver blade in Etienne’s hand, and it turns and flees into the night.*

***B:*** *The massive wolf raises its hackles, bristling as Solomon Kane moves between it and the herbalist. Kane carefully draws his rapier, making no sudden movements, stretching his arms out in a calming fashion.*

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*“No!” cries the Puritan in dismay, but just before those great, slavering jaws clamp down on Etienne’s head, a group of villagers burst upon the scene, brandishing flaming torches. The great muzzle jerks up from the prey, and fire reflects in its glittering eyes. Thinking better of taking on this mob, the beast turns tail and flees.*

### Chapter 7

***A:*** *Etienne turns to Kane, quite winded with the excitement of it all.*

*“Incredible! Undeniable proof of an actual werewolf, here in pour midst at Caillet,” he jabbers at Kane.*

*The Puritan grunts, and glowers at the old herbalist, who frantically roots through piles of books and scrolls.*

*“Indeed, but how do we kill it?” asks Kane sourly.*

*“As you saw, the lycanthrope cannot bear the touch of silver, and weapons of the same will inflict wounds it cannot regenerate. Fire also the beast fears. But why talk of killing, when we can effect a cure? This poor soul is afflicted with a disease, he is not our enemy.”*

*“Unless he got that way by selling his soul,” Kane mutters.*

*“Be this as it may, m’sieu,” says Etienne, with some asperity. “Here in the book, see, there is a remedy listed.”*

*Etienne opens a dusty tome, at a page marked with illustrations of a delicate plant, with clusters of elongated, bell shaped flowers.*

*“See, wolfsbane, that can be made into a paste to coat your steel blades. When the agent mixes with the wolf blood, it will drive out the beast spirit, freeing the man from its curse.”*

*“Very well,” says Kane. “Do you have the ingredients?”*

*“I do not,” says Etienne, “but I know where to look. For the plant must be collected fresh, by the light of the full moon if it is to be efficacious. Come, we have but a few hours before the dawn.”*

***B:*** *Etienne turns to Kane, quite winded with the excitement of it all.*

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### Chapter 8

***A:*** *Solomon Kane and Etienne begin their search of the forest by the light of the full moon. Etienne quickly gives the Puritan a run down on what they seek, for in addition to the wolfsbane, he can craft other salves, tonics and potions that will aid them in the battle to come.*

*“I am certain, m’sieu, that the beast will return on the morrow, seeking revenge,” he tells Kane. “We must be prepared, and if we do not collect the wolfsbane, then we must make our escape.”*

*“Can we not simply kill the werewolf with silver, or fire?” asks Kane.*

*“You may do as you please, m’sieu, but I will have no part of murder. You will not have my aid, and without it, others may suffer.”*

*“Very well,” Kane sighs. “We will do it your way.”*

*“Or not at all.”*

*“Or not at all,” Kane concedes. The bargain is struck.*

*Together they search until dawn, then return to Etienne’s cabin with a good haul of herbs, including the vital wolfsbane. They snatch a couple of hours sleep, before Etienne sets to, crafting what they’ll need to face the great wolf.*

***B:*** *Solomon Kane and Etienne begin their search of the forest by the light of the full moon. Etienne quickly gives the Puritan a run down on what they seek, for in addition to the wolfsbane, he can craft other salves, tonics and potions that will aid them in the battle to come.*

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*Together they search until dawn, but there is no wolfsbane to be found anywhere. Etienne gathers such of his books and vials as he can carry and departs for the city. Nothing Kane can say will change his mind, and the Puritan, a man of his word, also leaves the area. Perhaps he will find another master herbalist on his travels and return to finish the business of the Beast of Bordeaux.*

### Chapter 9

***A:*** *Etienne works feverishly throughout the day, chopping leaves, grinding roots, boiling pulp, decanting fluids and scraping pastes into clay pots. Solomon Kane assists as best he can, but in truth it is specialist work to which the Puritan is unsuited. For the most part, Kane lets the old herbalist get on with his work.*

*As night draws in, and the moon starts to rise, at last Etienne steps back from the work. He hands Solomon Kane a pot, containing a gritty, green paste made from the whole of the wolfsbane plant.*

*“Coat well the blade of your sword with this, m'sieu, and if at first it does not work, apply more. I shall continue to fill pots and vials with all you will need. Just keep the beast away from my workshop.”*

*And with that, an eerie, ululating howl splits the night. The time has come. Kane and Etienne peer out from the shutters to observe, padding from the forest, not the great dire wolf, but a whole pack of lesser werewolves.*

*“So m’sieu,” says Etienne. “T’would seem our friend is no lone wolf, nes pas?”*

*Kane quickly smears the contents of the jar along the blade of his rapier, sets his jaw, and steps outside to meet the pack.*

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### Chapter 10

***A:*** *Solomon Kane fights furiously, facing the snapping, ravening pack of wolves in a manner reminiscent of a mighty lion on the savannah chasing scavengers from his kill. But the Puritan fights to defend the herbalist, thus ensuring the supply of potions and salves is maintained.*

*He strikes at one wolf, his blade coated in the wolfsbane paste, opening a gash on the werewolf’s shoulder. The beast’s unnatural regeneration powers begin to knit the wound together, but then something happens. Part way through the process, the healing stops, and the wolf falls to its side and begins to transform back into a human. Within moments, a young woman lies naked at the Puritan’s boots. She scrambles to her feet in wild-eyed terror, and runs for her life, swallowed by the forest. Kane has no time to look out for her as he must fight of the rest of the pack.*

*One after the other, until they are all turned back to humans, Kane plies his wolfsbane coated blade. At last he faces the great dire wolf, the leader of the pack. It leaps at him, fangs bared, baleful eyes blazing, and Kane has no choice but to plunge his rapier into the beast’s very heart. With an anguished howl, the monster barrels into Kane and together they fall to the ground.*

*Kane disentangles himself from the body, and there lies the man from the stocks, quite dead. It is over. The alpha werewolf is defeated and the pack’s humanity restored, and the villagers of Caillet need no longer fear the full moon.*

***B:*** *Solomon Kane fights furiously, facing the snapping, ravening pack of wolves in a manner reminiscent of a mighty lion on the savannah chasing scavengers from his kill. But the Puritan fights to defend the herbalist, thus ensuring the supply of potions and salves is maintained.*

*Kane fights off the pack as best he can, and then, from the forest, the huge form of the dire wolf charges. It leaps right at the Puritan, fangs bared, baleful eyes blazing, and Kane has no choice but to plunge his rapier into the beast’s very heart. With an anguished howl, the monster barrels into Kane and together they fall to the ground.*

*Kane rolls free and springs to his feet, ready to strike again, but there lies the man from the stocks, naked and quite dead. It is over. The alpha werewolf is defeated and with their leader slain, the rest of the pack melts into the forest, tails between their legs. With the pack driven off for the moment, Solomon Kane wonders how long the peace will last, but for him there are other monsters to defeat and other villages that need his help.*

***C:*** *Solomon Kane fights furiously, facing the snapping, ravening pack of wolves in a manner reminiscent of a mighty lion on the savannah chasing scavengers from his kill. But the Puritan fights to defend the herbalist, thus ensuring the supply of potions and salves is maintained.*

*Kane fights off the pack as best he can, and then, from the forest, the huge form of the dire wolf charges. It leaps right at the Puritan, fangs bared, baleful eyes blazing, and Kane attempts to plunge his rapier into its very heart. But the angle is wrong, and the werewolf’s massive paw knocks his wrist aside at the critical moment, causing the blade to slide harmlessly along its flank. Kane receives the beast’s full weight, hurtling into his chest, and he is dashed to the ground, with the monster on top of him.*

*It bounds free and then crashes straight through the window of the hut, smashing the shutters. Kane can only watch in dismay as harrowing screams from within give way to liquid snapping and gurgling.*

*The dire wolf pads out through the door and glowers at Kane, its jaws dripping red. Then it turns and melts back into the night, along with such of its pack that remain. The Puritan ponders why he was spared, and concludes it is perhaps because he showed the man kindness when saving him from the villagers. Maybe it is not such a beast after all.*