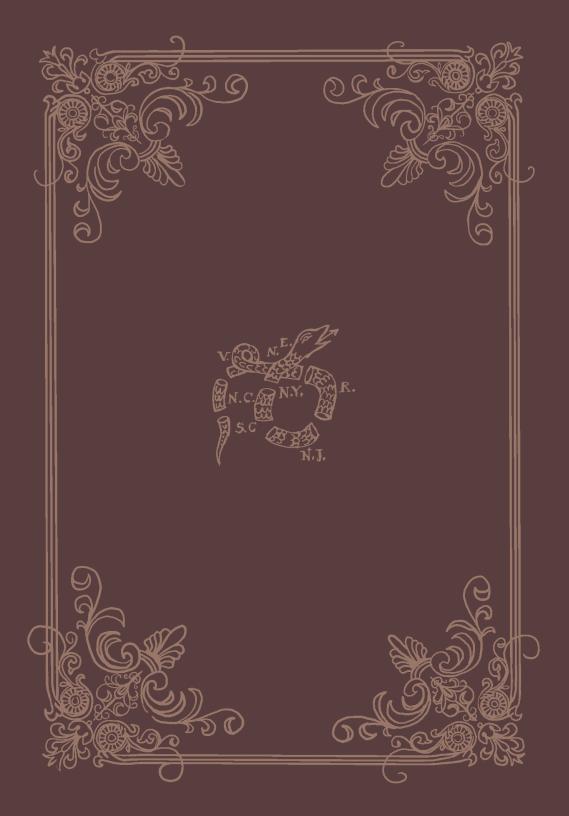


- opinions, and temperament.
- A gathering of their theatrical family leads to a falling out between Booth and his brother, Edwin.
- Booth departs for unknown business. A loyal supporter of the confederacy, he has already embarked on a life of subterfuge....

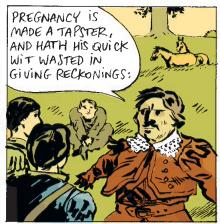


















HENRY IV, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



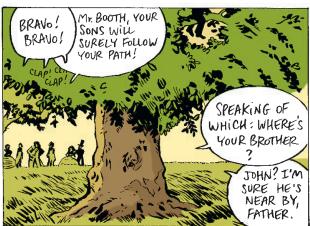




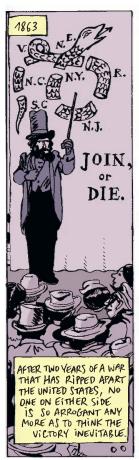


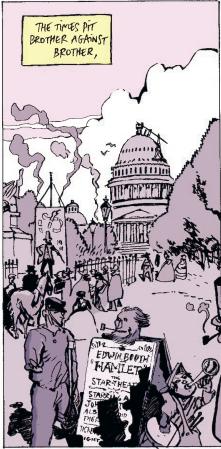
























COME, PEACE! NOT LIKE





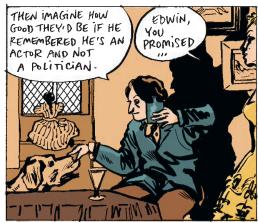








































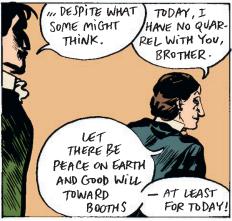














































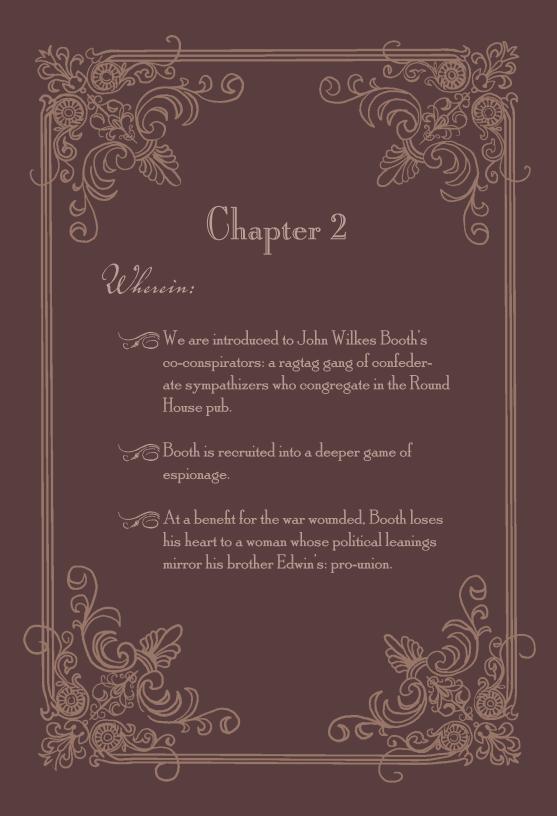
HAS BEEN SAYING ...

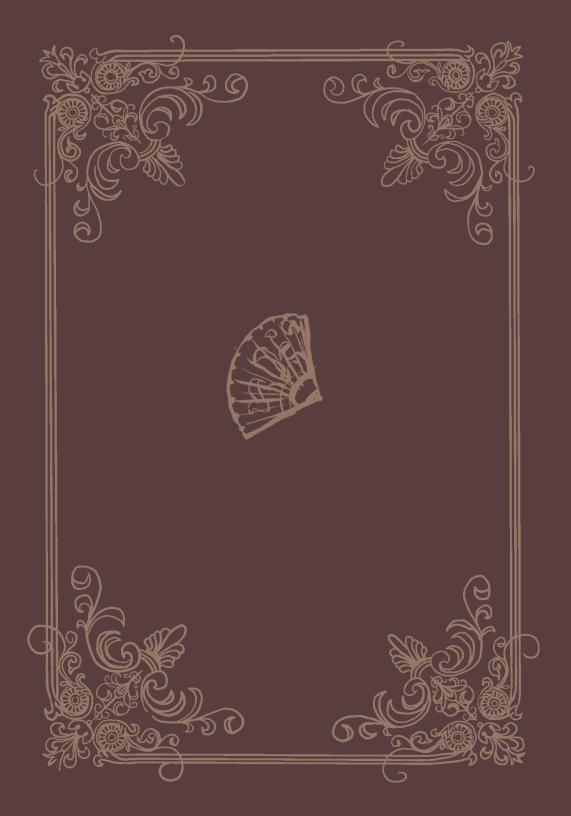


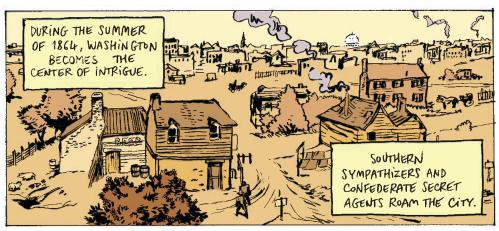




































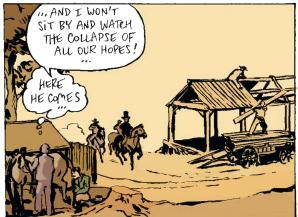






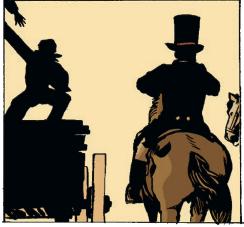


















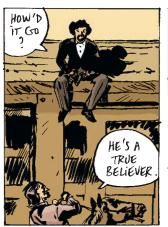


























































































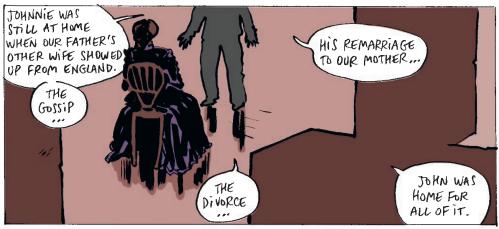








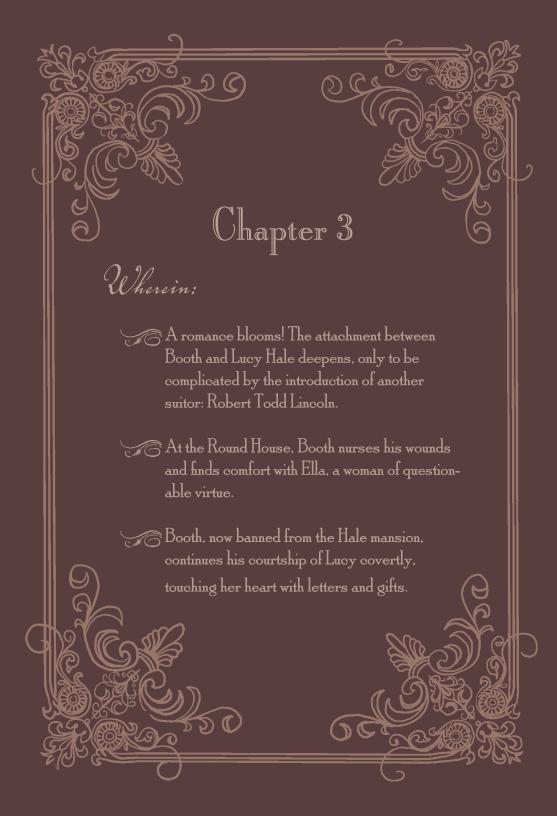


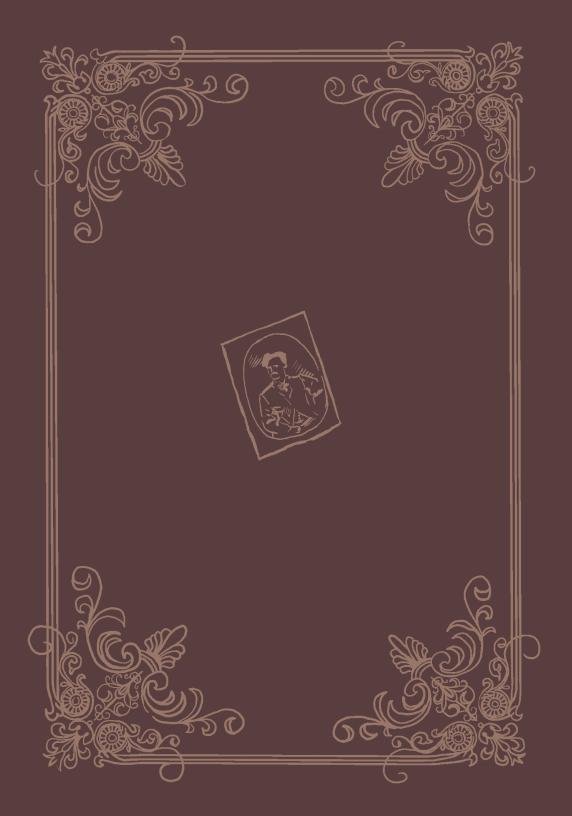






























































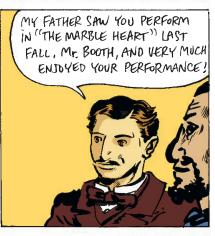


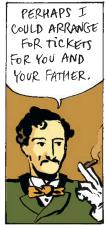






























































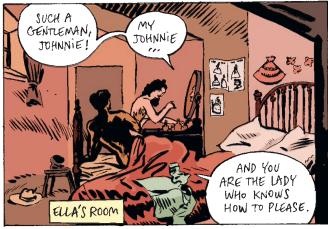






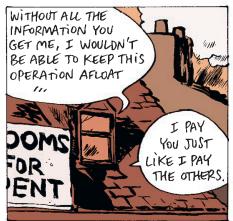














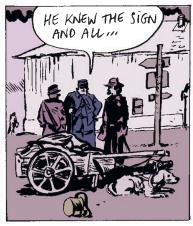






























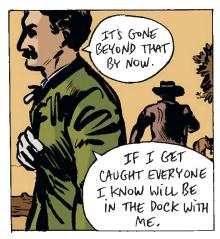






















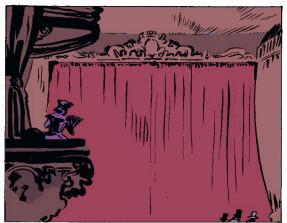






































































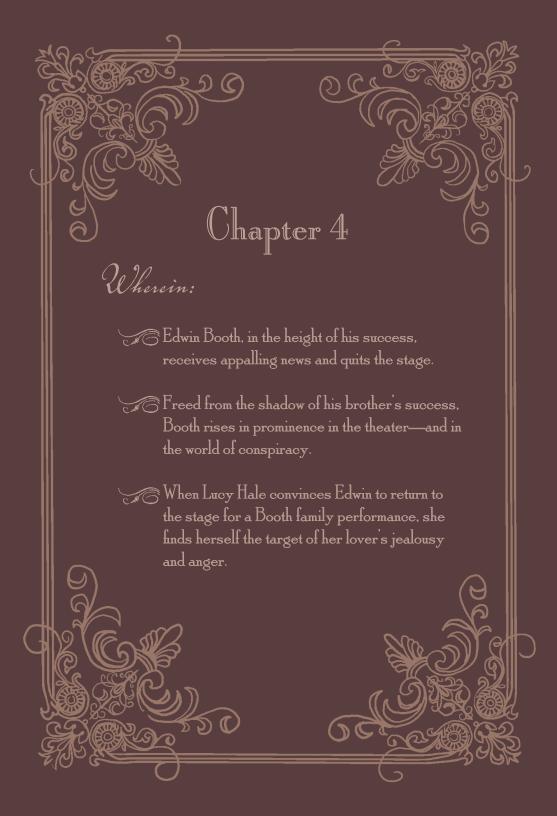


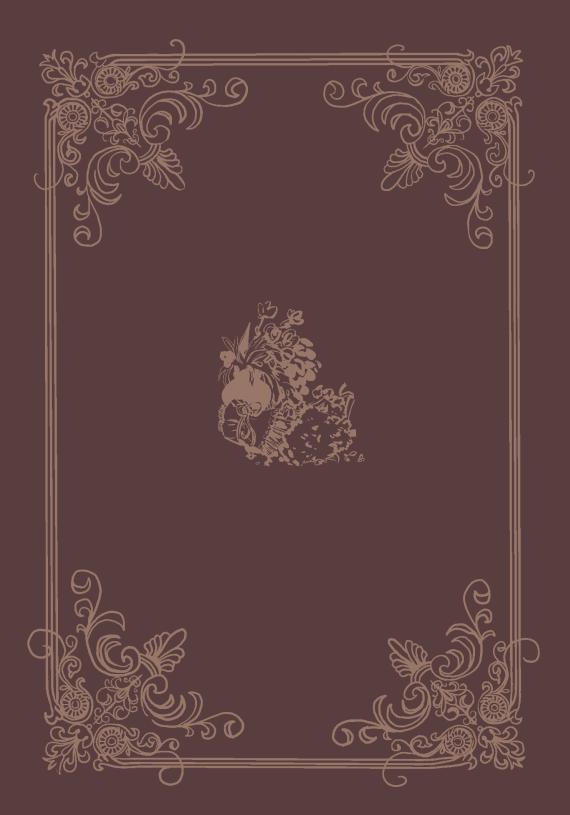














































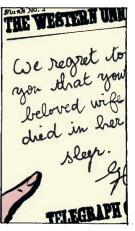






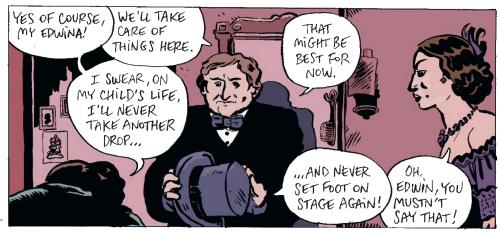




































































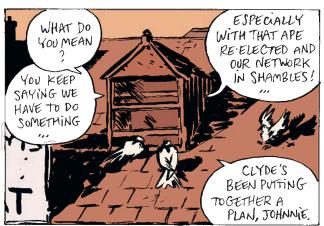
















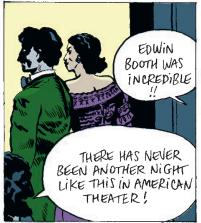






























































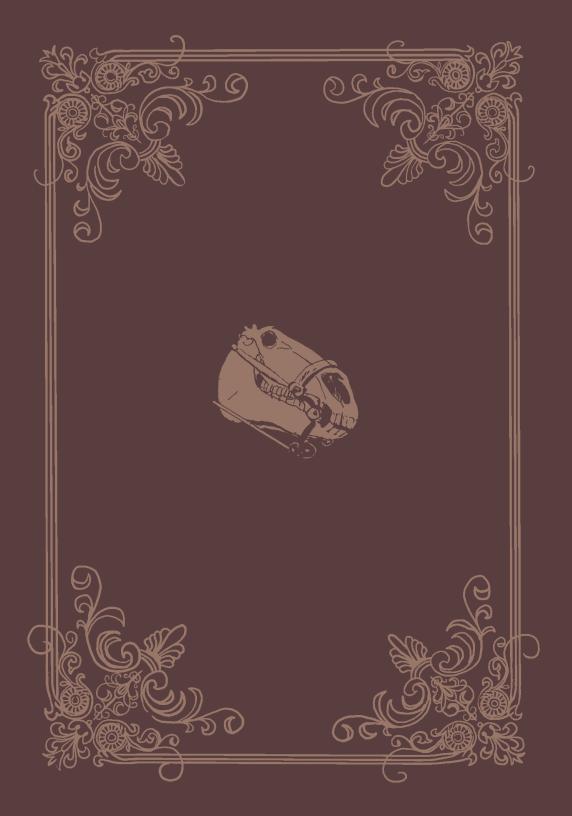


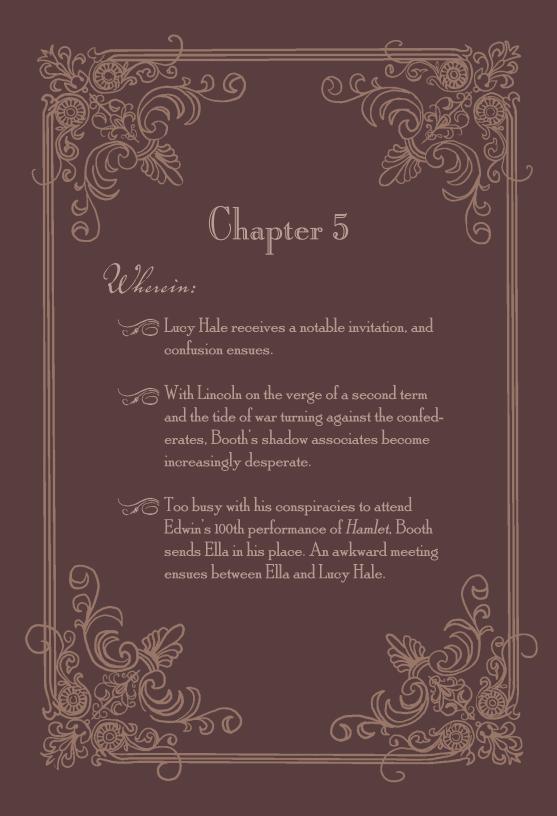






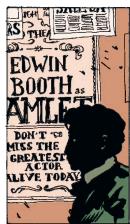
























































































































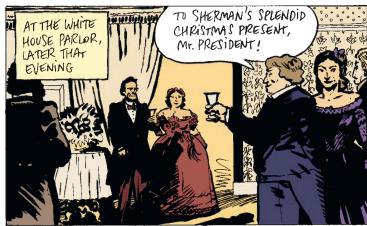


































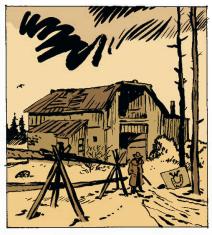


























































































































































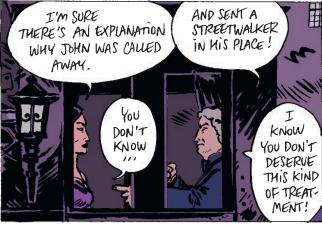








































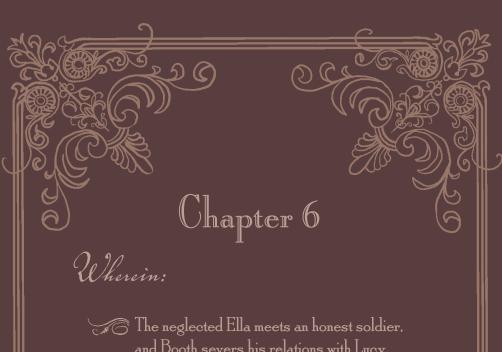






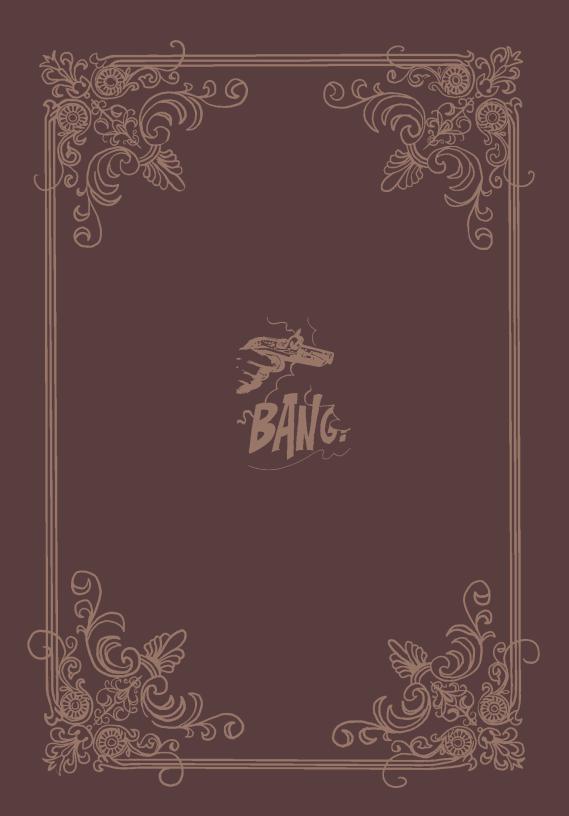






- and Booth severs his relations with Lucy.
- The shadow conspirators meet a final time at Mrs. Surratt's boarding house, and Booth says his last goodbyes.
- The deed is done: With pistol in one hand and knife in the other, John Wilkes Booth becomes a murderer.

























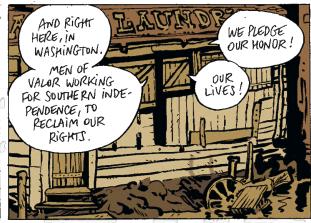






















SECURE.































































































































































































































































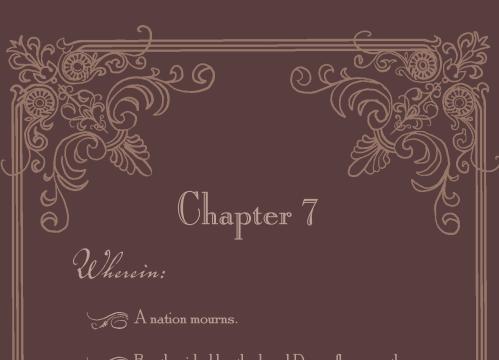






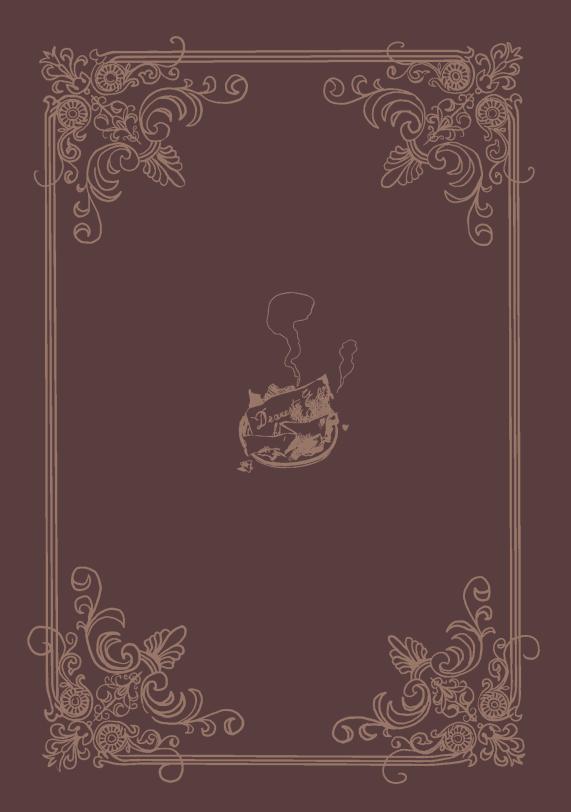






- Booth, aided by the loyal Davy, flees south, finding aid and allies—both knowing and ignorant of his crime—at every turn.
- Ella, the only member of the Round House gang to remain at large, witnesses her fellow conspirators apprehended—and attempts to do herself an injury.





















































































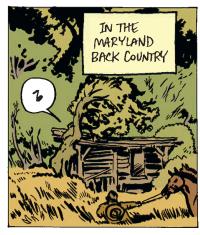


























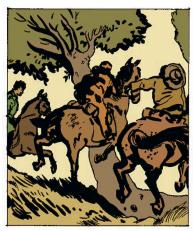




























































































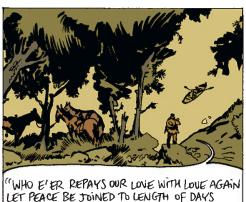












LET PEACE BE JOINED TO BLESS HIS HAPPY REIGN















































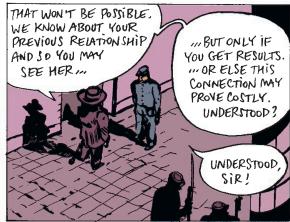


























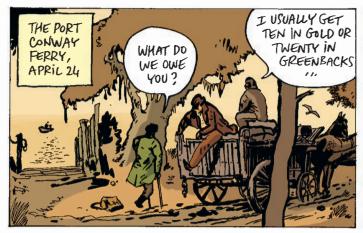










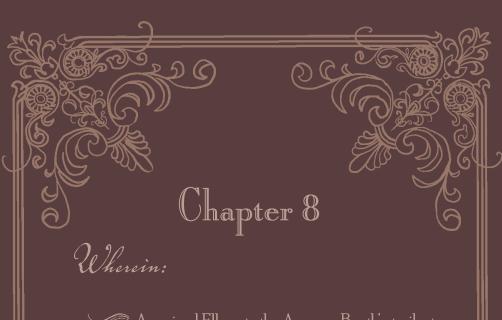












- A revived Ella sets the Army on Booth's trail, at the urging of her soldier beau.
- Booth and Davy, resting briefly at a farm in Virginia, arouse the suspicions of their hosts.
- On April 26, 1865, John Wilkes Booth arrives at his inevitable, ignominious end.

































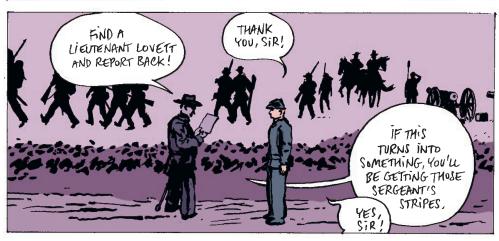


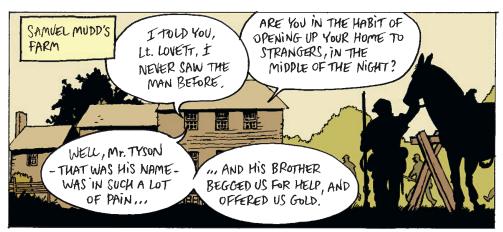
















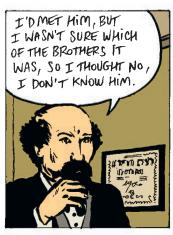










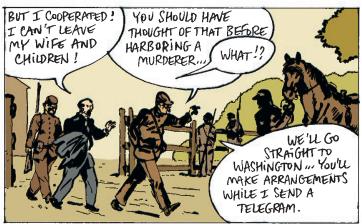






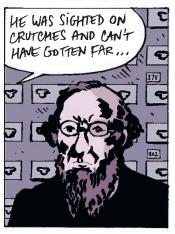




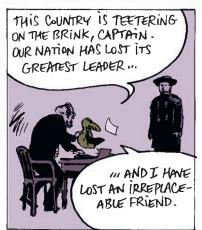




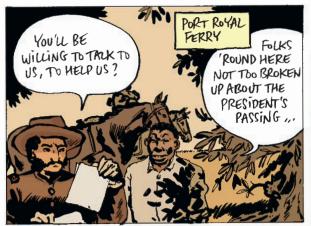


















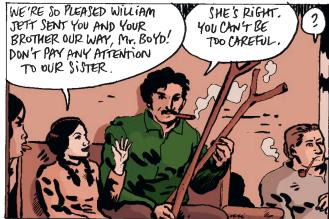






































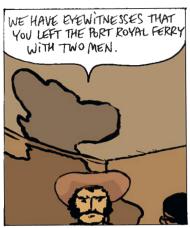




































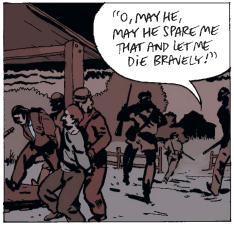


























































































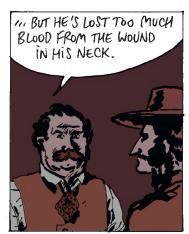




















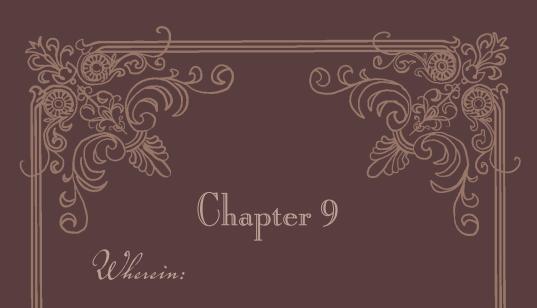






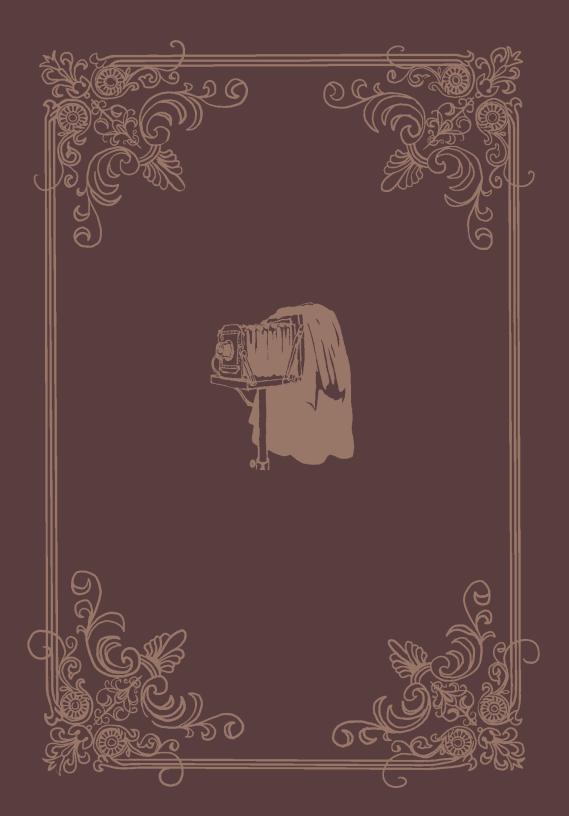


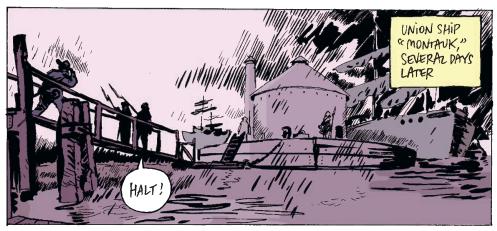




- Our story draws to a close.
- Booth's fellow conspirators join him in an anonymous grave, unmarked but not entirely unmourned.
- Bit by bit, Lucy Hale begins to reclaim a life torn apart by war and men's passions.





























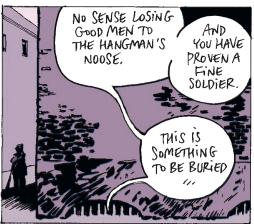












































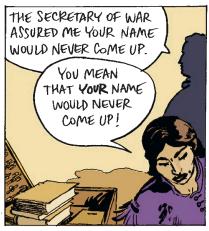
















MY CAREER?



















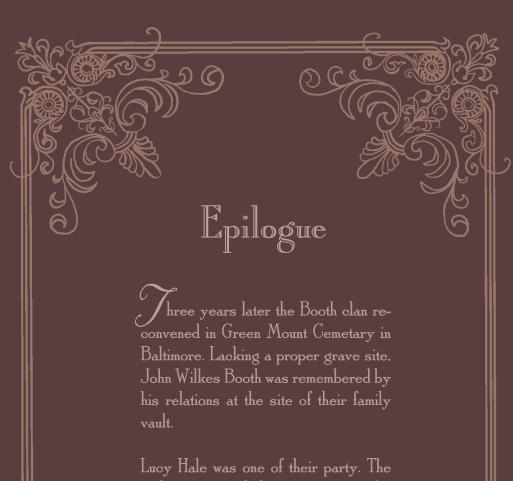




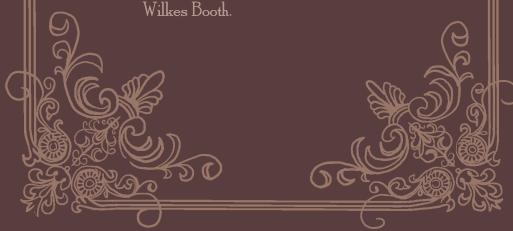




C.C. COUBERT & TANITOC 2006-09



Lucy Hale was one of their party. The gathering provided an opportunity for Lucy and Edwin to make their peace, and for Lucy to say her goodbyes to John Wilkes Booth





Author's Note 3

hen I was just a child, I loved history and spent a lot of time visiting historic sites with my parents. I do remember getting worn out by their insistence that we attend all the local Civil War centennial festivities in the 1960s. However, more than forty years later, I treasure the memory of these events. Pageantry, mystery, and intense patriotism seemed to surround certain aspects of the past.

When I decided to pursue a career teaching and writing American history, I had no idea how important these childhood memories might become, connecting me to the core of my passion for the past. Two Ivy League degrees later and my first dozen books on the shelf, and it became more and more challenging to conjure up the youthful enthusiasm that lured me back into nineteenth century America. It can be hard to reconcile the imaginative distortions of childhood memory with the rigorous scholarship an academic consumes and creates.

However, I remain intrigued by living historians, by reenactors, by heritage interpreters—by people and places that encourage different drummers and create complex interpretations of the past's importance in our everyday lives. History becomes something immediate and relatable in these contexts, as it often does in art: film, literature, and purely visual media. Graphic novels—long-form narrative comics—combine the latter two elements into a form that lends itself surprisingly well to historical fiction. The idea that comic books can only offer a simplistic vision clearly ignores dramatic evidence otherwise. A growing body of historical graphic novels such as Guibert's Alan's War boast strong characters, vivid images, and powerful narrative arcs that clearly complicate and improve a story.

By the turn of the twenty-first century, my own two teenaged sons had become enthralled by the rising tide of graphic novels—from manga flooding out from Japan to bande dessinée (literally "drawn strip") spiralling outward from France. As a writer, I became fascinated by the primal appeal of the form and became aware of their near-narcotic qualities. And so, instead of watching this literature from the sidelines, I decided to enter the fray.

As the author of nearly two dozen books in American history, I have periodically consigned myself to long periods of exile in libraries and archives. I have been lucky enough to have generous, sharing colleagues, and several co-editors over the years. But the scholar's life can be isolated and frustrating. I have sometimes become despondent over the lack of scholarly resources available to bring my historical figures to life.

So when I took on writing the script for *Booth*, I understood that here, in addition to bringing the rigorous tools of my craft into play, I could now indulge in the musings and speculations often depied to scholars.

I was thrilled to be delving into the world of fiction. As a committed historian, I could not abandon authenticity with *Booth*—but struggled to imagine what "might have been," alongside what very likely was. Good historical fiction attempts to integrate both. History is always full of doubt and debate, as well as the rich unfolding of secrets the past has locked away.

I felt very lucky that when I started writing my manuscript, I could draw on several new and exciting studies of Booth and the assassination—books such as James Swanson and Daniel Weinberg's Lincoln's Assassins: Their Trial and Execution [2001], Elizabeth Leonard's Lincoln's Avengers: Justice, Revenge, and Reunion after the Civil War [2004], and most especially Michael W. Kauffman's American Brutus: John Wilkes Booth and the Lincoln Conspiracies [2004]. I was fortunate to have terrific recent resources such as Timothy S. Good's We Saw Lincoln Shot: One Hundred Eyewitness Accounts [1996], John Rhodehamel and Louise Taper's Right or Wrong, God Judge Me: The Writings Of John Wilkes Booth [1997], and Terry Alford's John Wilkes Booth: A Sister's Memoir by Asia Booth Clarke [1999]. I appreciated both James L. Swanson's Manhunt: The 12-Day Chase for Lincoln's Killer [2006] and Sarah Vowell's inspirational Assassination Vacation [2005].

I was unable to make use of several new fine studies, including Kate Clifford Larson's 2008 study of Mary Surratt, The Assassin's Accomplice: Mary Surratt and the Plot to Kill Abraham Lincoln and Edward Steers and Harold Holzer's The Lincoln Assassination Conspirators: Their Confinement and Execution, As Recorded in the Letterbook of John Frederick Hartranft [2009]. New ideas will continue and the parade of fascinating, imaginative material, I trust, will never end.

Booth reimagines those chaotic days when we regained a nation but lost Abraham Lincoln. It underscores the multiple consequences created by a desperately dramatic twenty-six-year-old who changed the course of American history. I hope this book will be only a beginning for those interested in our first presidential assassination, and especially those keen to know more about our sixteenth president.

This project is part of my desire to move toward a changing future. From Dante's Inferno: "midway in the journey...I came to myself in a dark wood, for the straight way was lost." Constructing an innovative narrative of time and place; slaking a thirst for history that can cohabit with imagined worlds; these and other adventures await those writers and readers willing to lose ourselves in the dark wood. And because I can confess to being "Forlorn No More," this book represents a wonderful opportunity to find companions on the journey. Along the way, Tanitoc, my fantastical collaborator, has brought to life characters who are both mine and yours, as well as history's, and constructed a world of images to enrich and complicate my world of words. I am thrilled to launch this book, my twenty-fifth, out into the world, but wish to thank Calista Brill, Mark Siegel, and the whole First Second family. I would be remiss not to thank my two sons, Ned and Drew Colbert, and their father Daniel, who gave me the special encouragement I needed to complete this book.

- C. C. Colbert