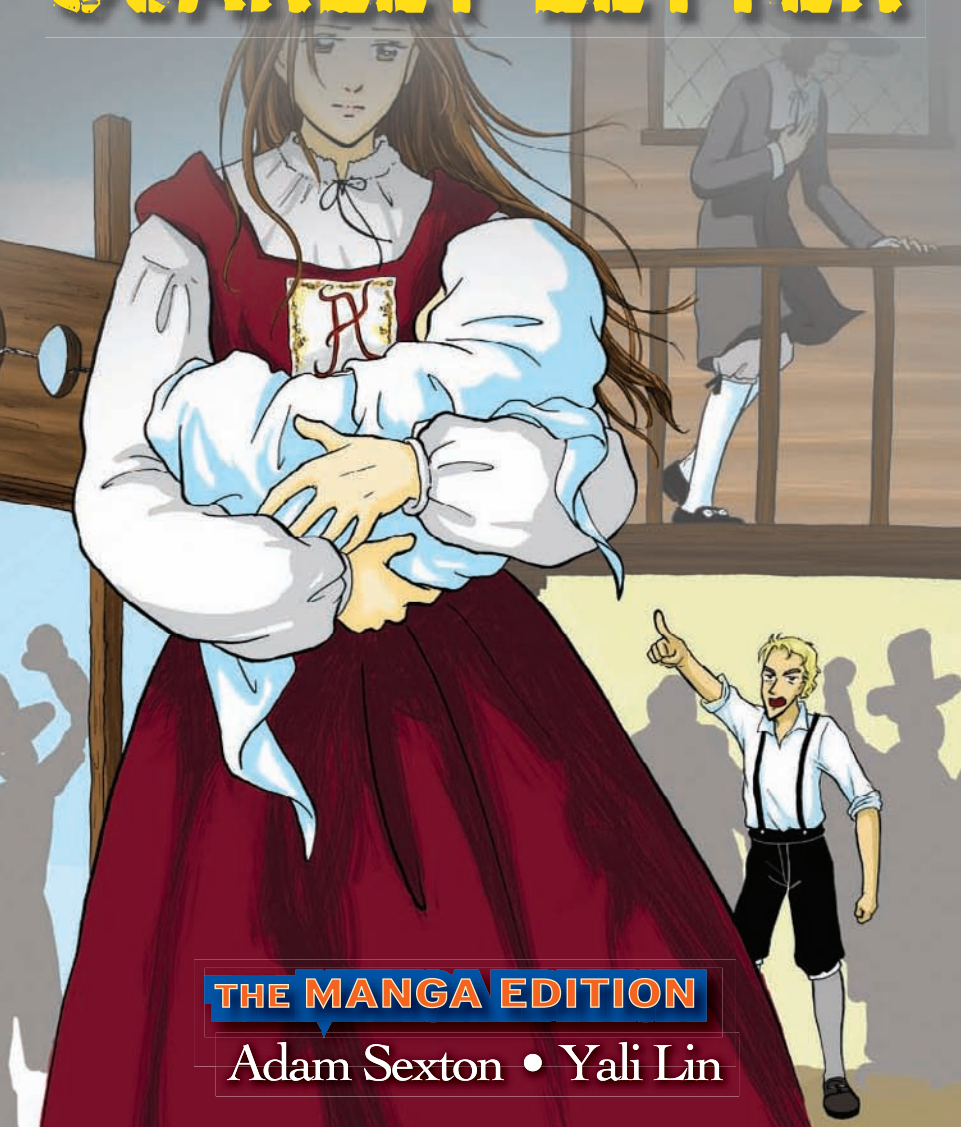


# Hawthorne's THE SCARLET LETTER



**THE MANGA EDITION**

Adam Sexton • Yali Lin





Hawthorne's  
THE  
SCARLET LETTER

**THE MANGA EDITION**

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**Yali Lin** is the artist of *Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet: Manga Edition*. Since earning her BFA in cartooning from the School of Visual Arts in 2006, she has been teaching manga courses to children and teens in New York City. In her free time, she enjoys card making, organizing, and creating her own comics which you can find at [www.yalilin.com](http://www.yalilin.com). She would like to thank Nicolas Cinquegrani, Sophia Ma, and Ray Lin for their great help on this book.



# ***The Scarlet Letter* and the Graphic Novel**

by Adam Sexton

No American story demands to be read and reread, told and retold, like Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. Indeed, this 1850 novel has been adapted recently for the stage (in a pair of plays by contemporary American playwright Suzan-Lori Parks as well as two recent musicals) and the screen (in a movie version starring Demi Moore, Gary Oldman, and Robert Duvall). Novels have alluded to it—the title of Jhumpa Lahiri's 2008 novel *Unaccustomed Earth* quotes *The Scarlet Letter*'s introduction—and some have retold Hawthorne's story altogether. In fact, contemporary author John Updike has written three full-length novels that set the story in the present day, each of them conveying the action from the perspective of one of *The Scarlet Letter*'s main characters. *The Scarlet Letter* itself is one of the most-assigned books by high school and college English departments. What accounts for the story's hold on the American imagination, over a century and a half after it was written?

For one thing, the riveting premise of Hawthorne's story is hard to beat: In Puritan Boston in 1642, a young woman named Hester Prynne has given birth to a child called Pearl, whose father is unknown, since Hester's husband is believed to have died at sea before she became pregnant. As Hester stands on the town scaffold, sentenced forever to wear on her chest a scarlet "A" as punishment for her crime of adultery, she recognizes her husband in the crowd. Calling himself Roger Chillingworth, he visits Hester in jail. An older, crippled man and a physician, Chillingworth demands to know the father of the baby. Hester

will not tell. Chillingworth compels Hester to promise she will never reveal his own identity, and he resolves to discover who his wife's lover was. Suspecting it to be the saintly-looking clergyman Arthur Dimmesdale, Chillingworth moves in with him to try to extract a confession.

Notice that everything depends upon three very different and undeniably unforgettable characters: beautiful Hester, heroic in her refusal to "out" her child's father; the fragile Dimmesdale, clearly wracked by inner turmoil of one kind or another; and Chillingworth, all but driven mad by his quest to extract a confession from the suspected lover of his wife. Finally there's little Pearl, who has yet to be socialized by the community and therefore guilelessly confronts these characters and others, especially with respect to their hypocrisy.

Great characters when judged by the standards of realism (Pearl, for instance, is one of the most believable children in all of literature), they also function as archetypes: universal figures as recognizable today as they must have been in Hawthorne's time. Who hasn't observed a hypocritical member of the clergy, or someone so intent upon crushing another that he destroys himself? Who hasn't known a strong woman, as unbendingly devoted to her own dignity as to the welfare of her only child?

In fact, Hester Prynne's remarkable fortitude is one of the aspects of *The Scarlet Letter* that make it especially suitable for adaptation as a *manga*, or Japanese-style graphic novel. Unlike American comic books, manga are read by as many girls and women as boys and men. Consequently, many manga feature female characters who are clever, brave, and strong. (One example familiar to many American readers: the protagonist of Quentin Tarantino's film *Kill Bill*, played by Uma Thurman, was based on the title character of a Japanese manga called *Lady Snow Blood*.) Hester stands up to her husband, the town elders, her entire community (including its children)—and she does so alone. Though she doesn't wield a samurai sword in the manner of Lady Snow Blood, Hester's needle proves as powerful a



weapon, providing her over time with a place in that community and redemption in the eyes of its members. Like any proper manga heroine, Hester Prynne prevails—she triumphs.

Another thing that makes *The Scarlet Letter* particularly manga-ready is its particular genre: the book is a *gothic romance*. Nathaniel Hawthorne was writing about a time that was more remote from him than Hawthorne's own day is from us. In fact, thanks to 20th-century developments in archaeology, we probably know more about daily life in Puritan Massachusetts than Hawthorne did. Rather than being hampered by this lack of knowledge, though, the writer used it to his advantage, creating a fictional version of 17th-century Boston more storylike than the real thing. The best single example of this is the governor's mansion in *The Scarlet Letter*; Hawthorne surely knew that the actual house was not covered in glittering glass and stocked with suits of armor. He liked the whimsical effect, though, and thus included these historical inaccuracies in his book, which is, after all, fictional. There is a long history in the manga form of whimsy, fantasy, and outright magic, and *The Scarlet Letter* fits right into it.

Finally, *The Scarlet Letter* is cinematic—though of course motion pictures had not been invented when Hawthorne wrote the book. It's like a movie. Think of the major scenes by which the story's action moves forward:

- The storyteller's discovery, beneath the roof of the Salem Custom House, of the Scarlet Letter itself, and the document that explains its significance.
- Hester's emergence from the prison and ascension to the scaffold—from which she spies in the crowd her husband, whom she had thought dead.
- The second scene on the scaffold, which unites Dimmesdale, Hester, and Pearl there—beneath a special-effects-style comet in the shape of a letter A—perhaps the most cinematic scene in the entire book.

There is also the very movie-like meeting in the woods between Hester and Dimmesdale, as Pearl, surrounded by a group of tame forest creatures worthy of Walt Disney, looks on. And without spoiling anything, it can be said that the dramatic tension and cathartic drama of the book's final scene is pure Hollywood.

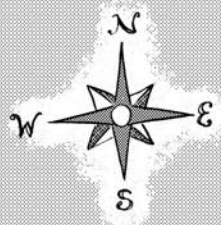
As motion pictures and graphic novels resemble one another closely, it follows that *The Scarlet Letter* and manga are something like a perfect fit.



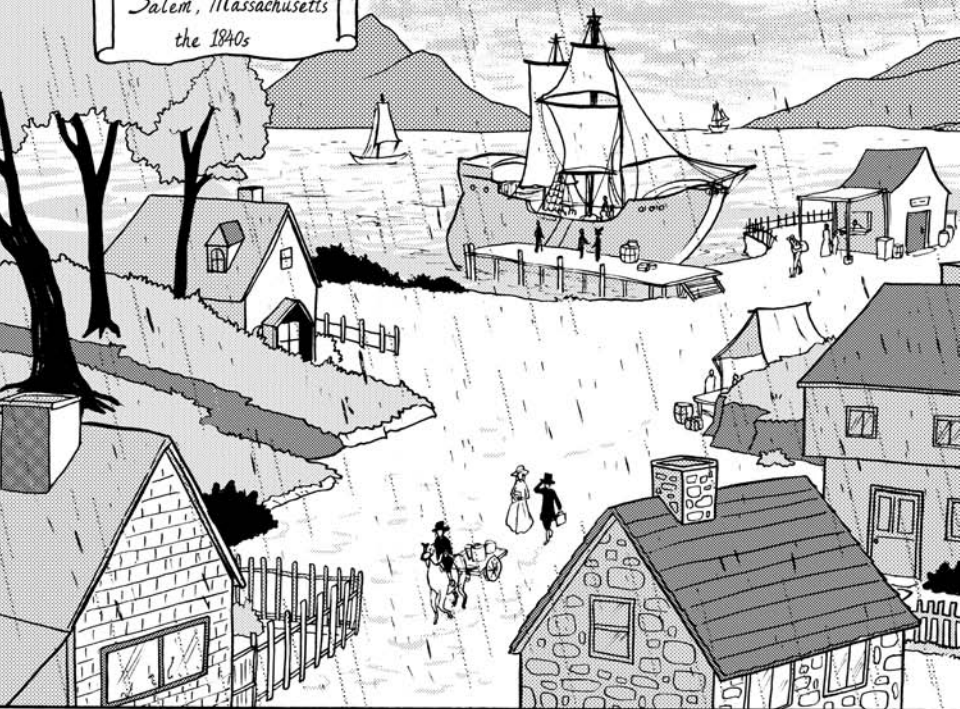
SALEM

BOSTON

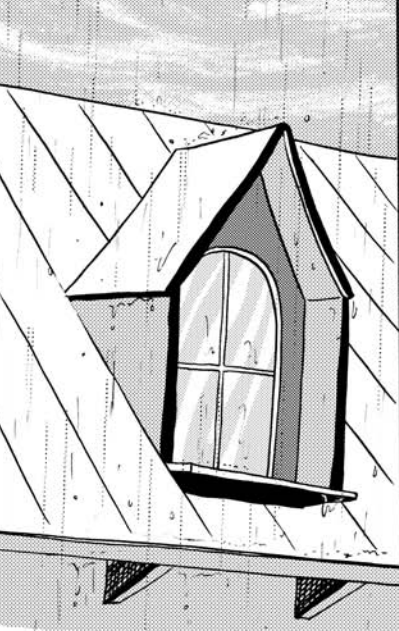
MASSACHUSETTS  
BAY



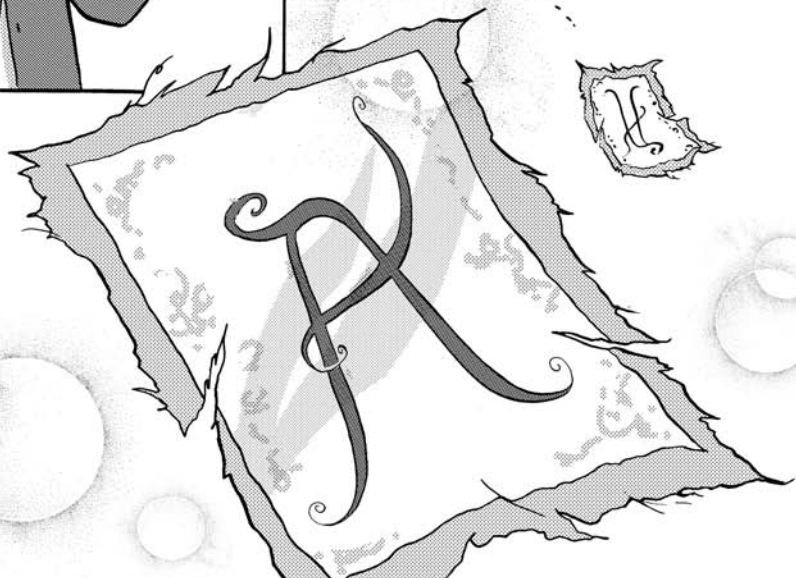
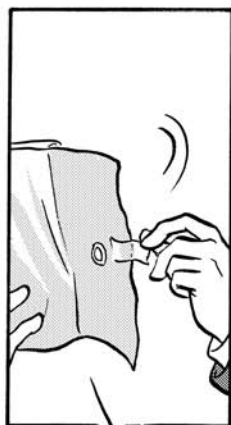
*Salem, Massachusetts  
the 1840s*









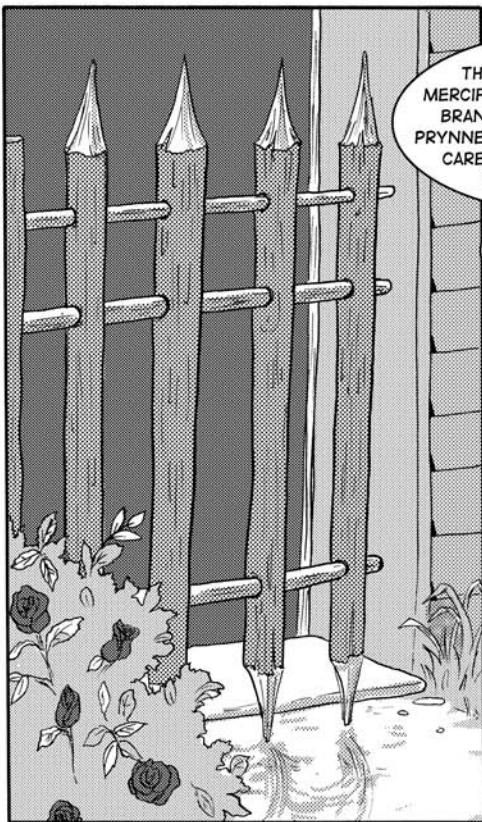
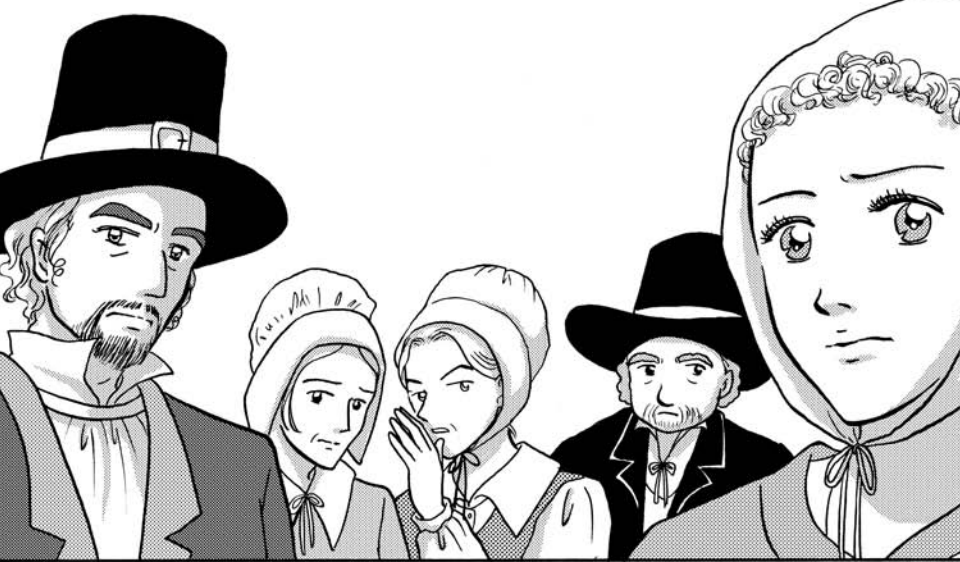






*Boston, two hundred  
years earlier*





THE MAGISTRATES ARE TOO MERCIFUL. THEY SHOULD HAVE PUT A BRAND OF HOT IRON ON HESTER PRYNNE'S FOREHEAD! LITTLE WILL SHE CARE WHAT THEY PUT UPON THE BODICE OF HER GOWN.

WHY, SHE MAY COVER IT WITH A BROOCH, AND SO WALK THE STREETS AS BRAVE AS EVER!



THE REVEREND MASTER DIMMESDALE GRIEVES THAT SUCH A SCANDAL SHOULD HAVE COME UPON HIS CONGREGATION.

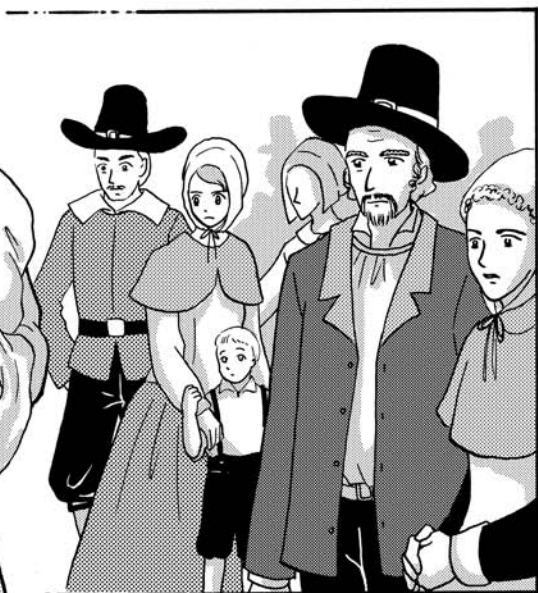


WHAT DO WE TALK OF MARKS AND BRANDS?

THE WOMAN HAS BROUGHT SHAME UPON US ALL, AND OUGHT TO DIE.

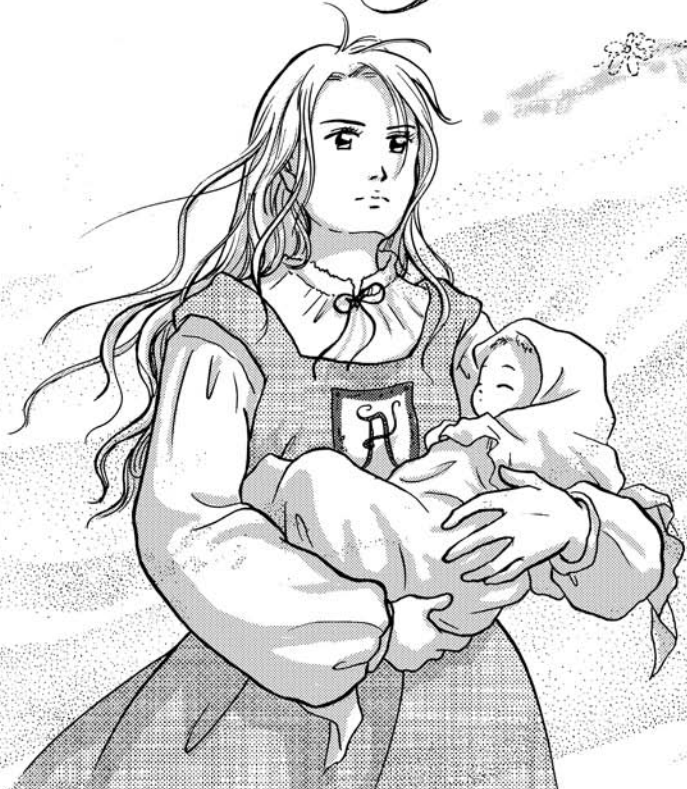









A





SHE HATH GOOD SKILL  
AT HER NEEDLE.

BUT DID EVER A WOMAN,  
BEFORE THIS BRAZEN HUSSY,  
CONTRIVE SUCH A WAY OF SHOWING IT?  
THIS LAUGHS IN THE FACES OF OUR  
GODLY MAGISTRATES, AND MAKES  
PRIDE OF WHAT THEY MEANT FOR  
PUNISHMENT!



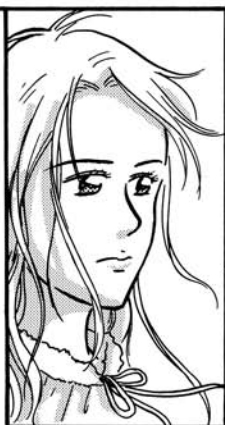
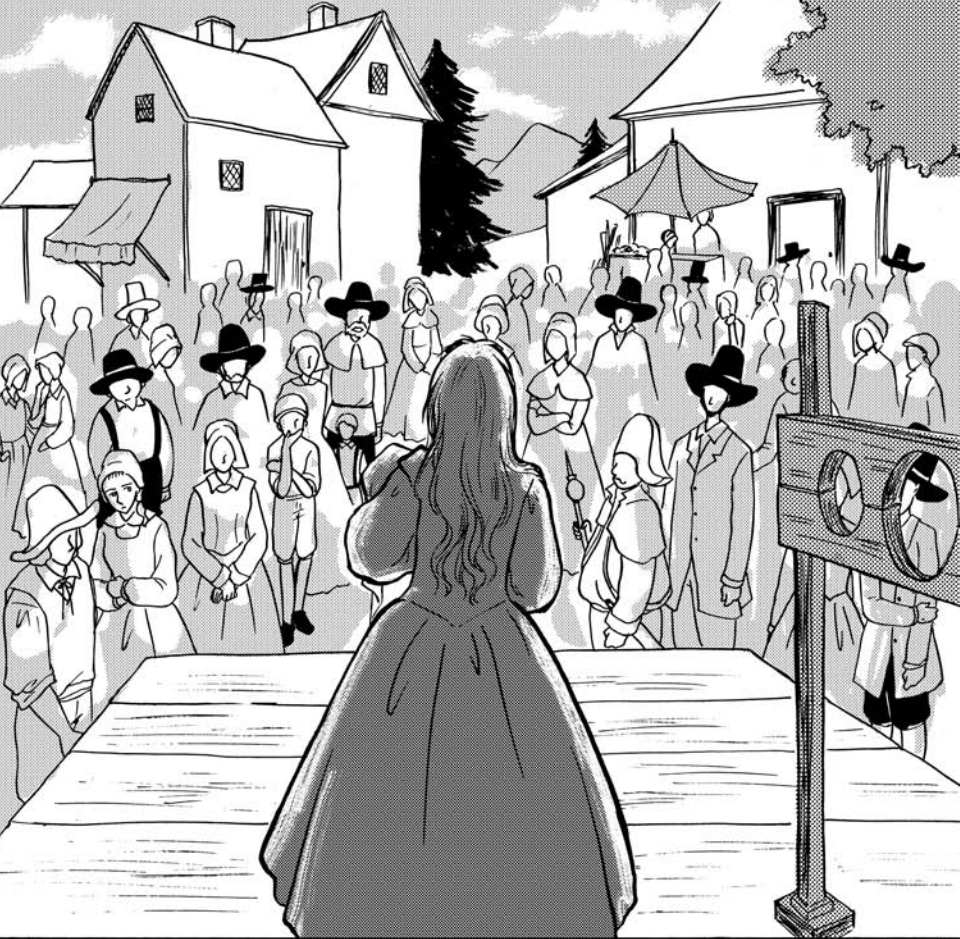
MAKE WAY, IN THE KING'S  
NAME! A BLESSING ON THE RIGHTEOUS  
COLONY OF MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE  
INIQUITY IS DRAGGED OUT INTO  
THE SUNSHINE!

COME ALONG, MADAM  
HESTER, AND SHOW YOUR  
SCARLET LETTER IN THE  
MARKETPLACE!


















WHO IS THIS WOMAN?  
AND WHY IS SHE HERE SET UP  
TO PUBLIC SHAME?



YOU MUST BE A STRANGER IN THIS REGION, OR YOU WOULD SURELY HAVE HEARD OF MISTRESS HESTER PRYNNE AND HER EVIL DOINGS.





I AM A STRANGER. I HAVE MET WITH GRIEVOUS MISHAPS ON SEA AND LAND AND HAVE BEEN LONG HELD CAPTIVE AMONG THE HEATHENFOLK.

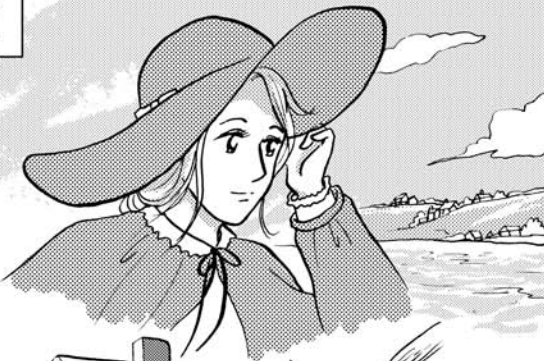


I AM NOW BROUGHT HERE BY THIS INDIAN. TO BE REDEEMED OUT OF MY CAPTIVITY.

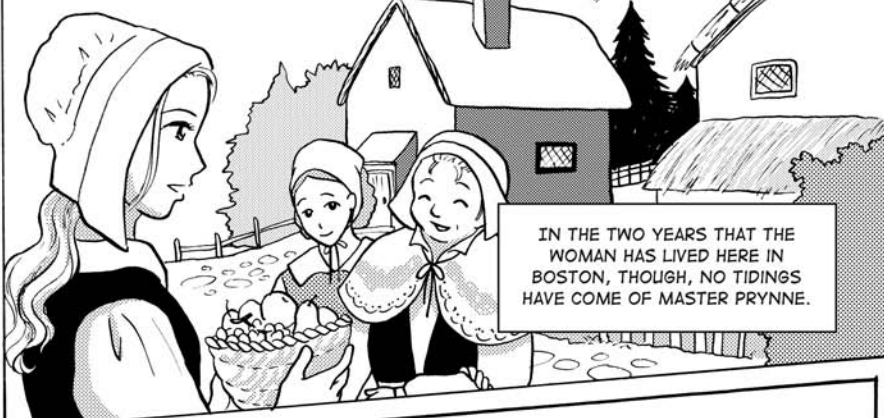
TELL ME OF THE OFFENCES OF HESTER PRYNNE--HAVE I HER NAME RIGHTLY?



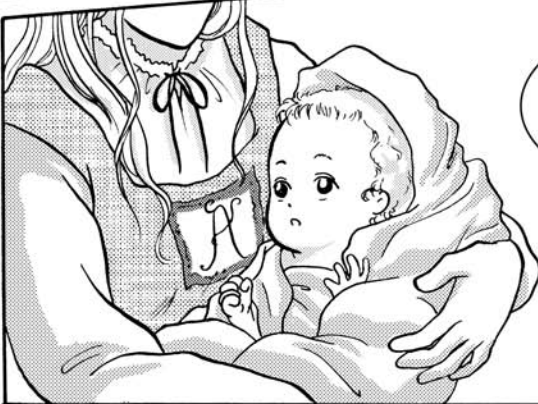
SHE WAS THE WIFE OF A CERTAIN LEARNED ENGLISHMAN, WHO HAD LONG DWELT IN AMSTERDAM, FROM WHICH HE WANTED TO COME TO MASSACHUSSETS.



HE SENT HIS WIFE BEFORE  
HIM, REMAINING BEHIND TO  
LOOK AFTER SOME AFFAIRS.



IN THE TWO YEARS THAT THE  
WOMAN HAS LIVED HERE IN  
BOSTON, THOUGH, NO TIDINGS  
HAVE COME OF MASTER PRYNNE.



WHO MAY BE THE  
FATHER OF YONDER  
BABE? IT IS THREE OR  
FOUR MONTHS OLD, I  
SHOULD JUDGE.

MADAME HESTER  
ABSOLUTELY REFUSETH  
TO SAY.

BECAUSE OUR  
MASSACHUSETTS MAGISTRACY  
THINKS THAT HER HUSBAND MAY BE  
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, IN THEIR  
GREAT MERCY AND TENDERNESS OF  
HEART THEY HAVE DOOMED MISTRESS  
PRYNNE TO STAND FOR ONLY THREE  
HOURS ON THE PLATFORM OF THE  
PILLORY...

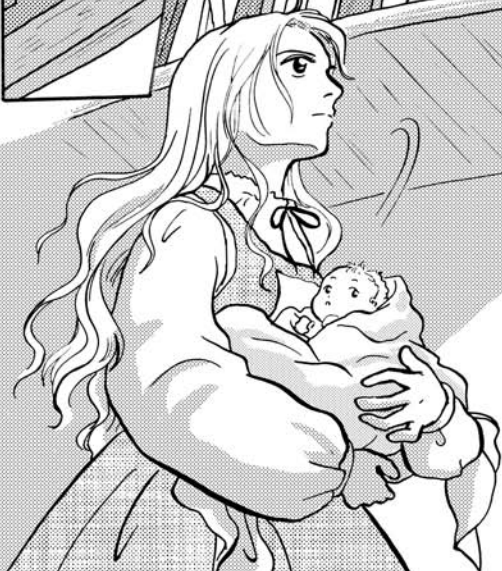
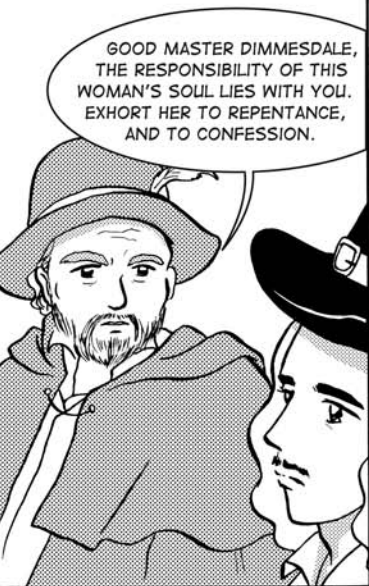
A WISE SENTENCE. IT  
IRKS ME, NEVERTHELESS,  
THAT THE PARTNER OF HER  
INIQUITY SHOULD NOT, AT LEAST,  
STAND ON THE SCAFFOLD BY  
HER SIDE.

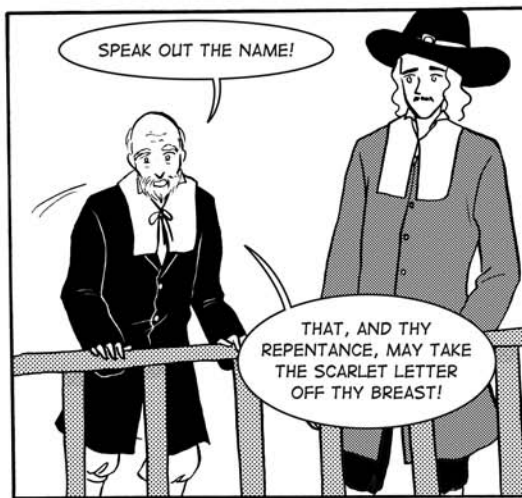
AND TO WEAR A  
MARK OF SHAME UPON  
HER BOSOM FOR THE  
REMAINDER OF HER  
NATURAL LIFE.

BUT...HE WILL BE  
KNOWN. HE WILL BE  
KNOWN.

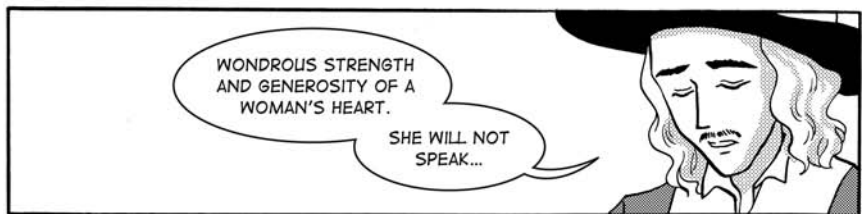

















MISTER ROGER CHILLINGWORTH!

GOOD JAILER, MISTRESS PRYNNE SHALL HEREAFTER BE MORE AMENABLE TO AUTHORITY THAN BEFORE.

IF YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH THAT, YOU ARE A MAN OF SKILL INDEED.

THE WOMAN HATH BEEN LIKE A POSSESSED ONE.



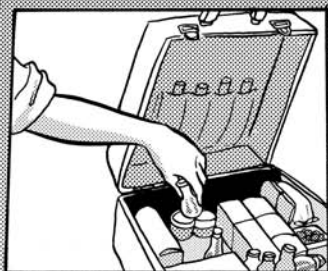


MY OLD STUDIES IN  
ALCHEMY AND MY SOJOURN FOR  
ABOVE A YEAR AMONG THE INDIANS  
HAVE MADE A BETTER PHYSICIAN OF  
ME THAN MANY DOCTORS.

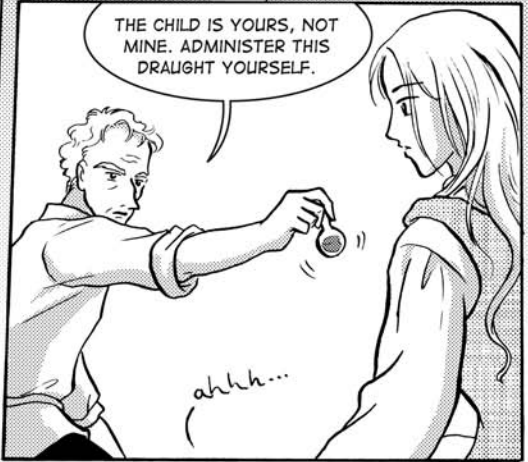


wahhwa

waahyaa

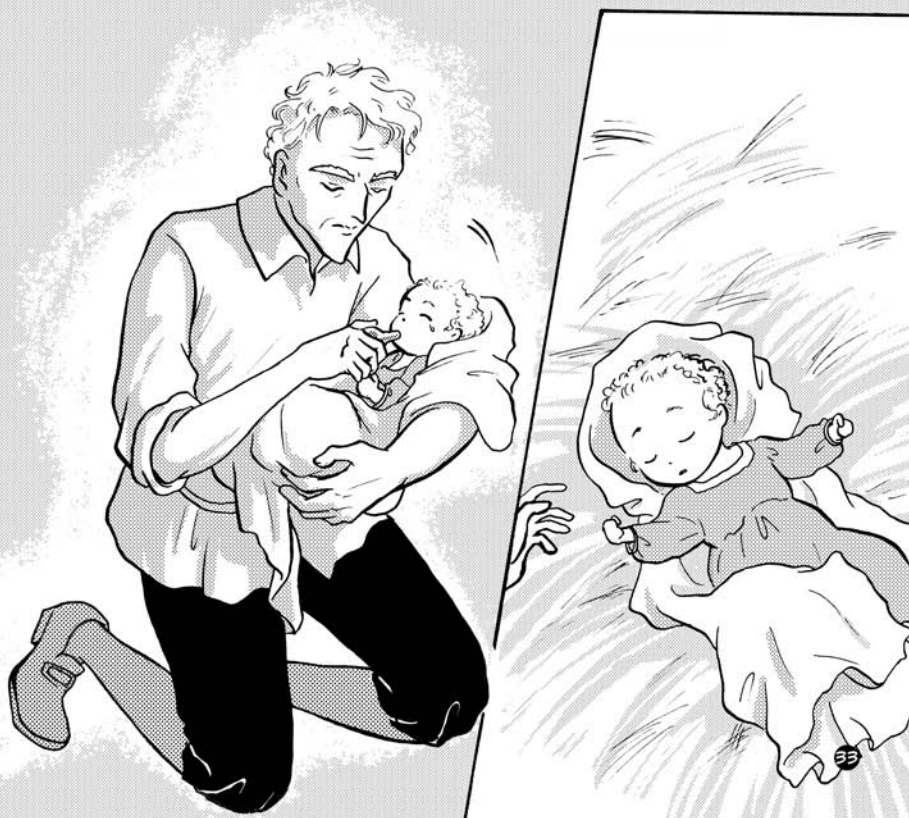
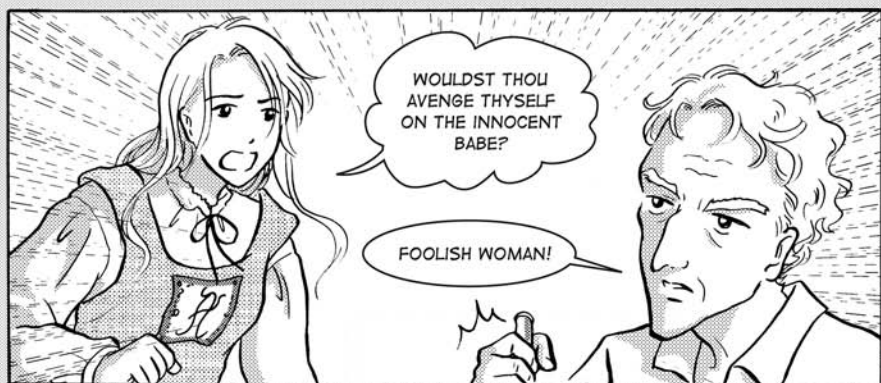


wa...a...

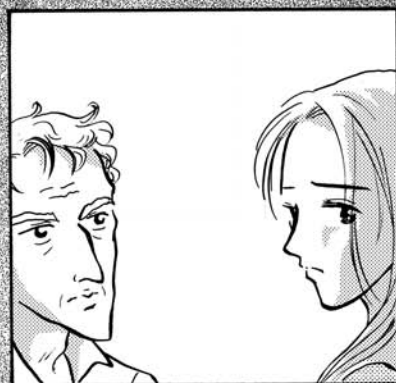
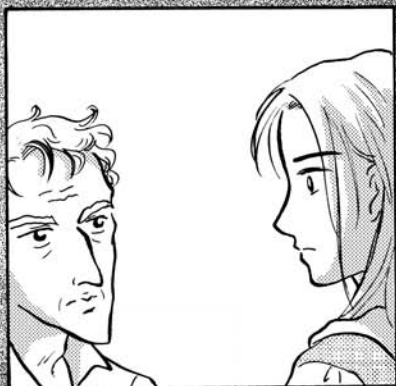


THE CHILD IS YOURS, NOT  
MINE. ADMINISTER THIS  
DRAUGHT YOURSELF.

ahhh...

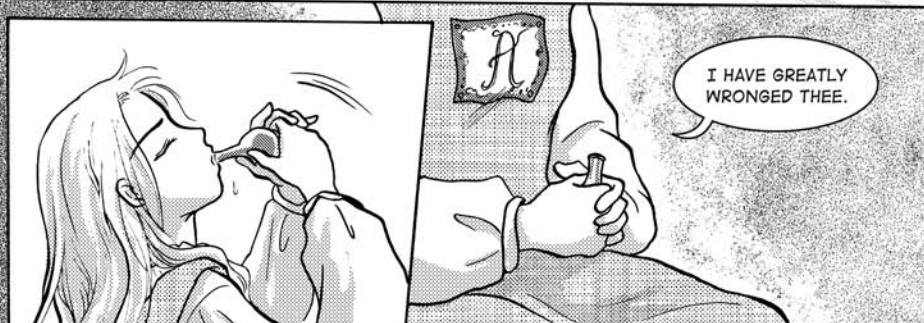
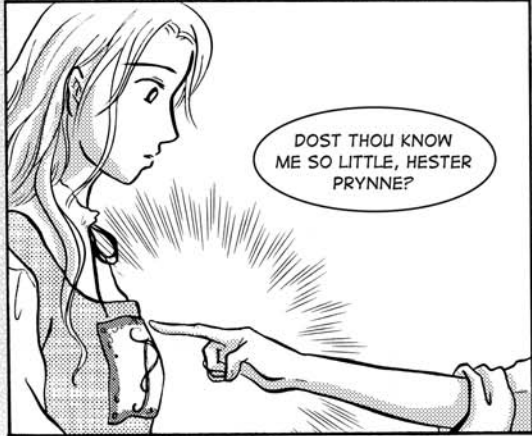
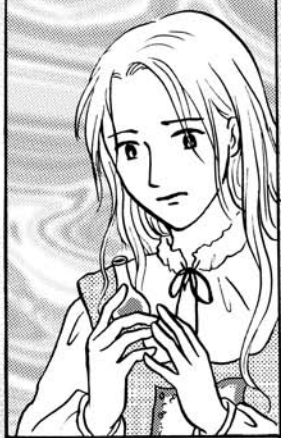


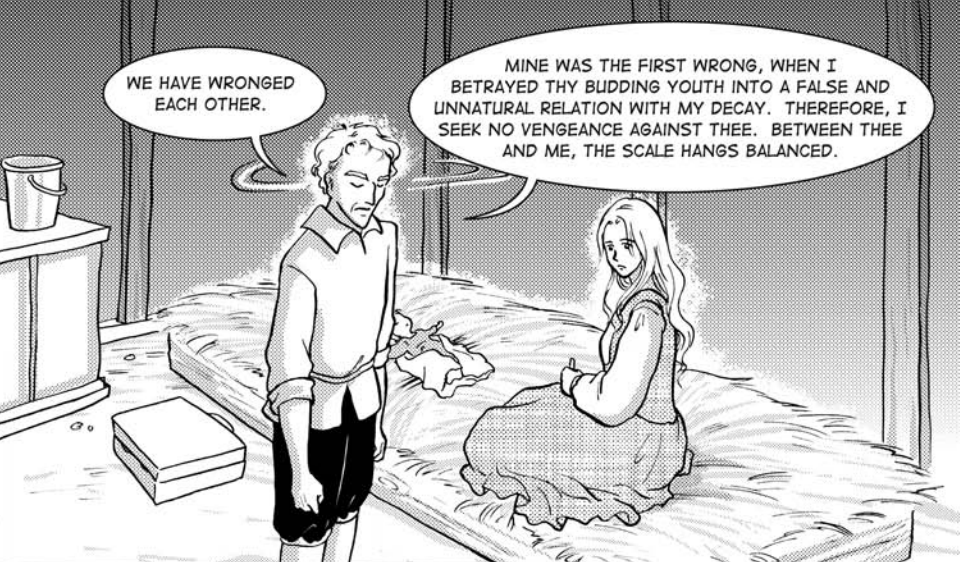




THIS MAY BE LESS  
SOOTHING THAN A SINLESS  
CONSCIENCE.

BUT THAT I  
CANNOT GIVE  
THEE.






WE HAVE WRONGED  
EACH OTHER.

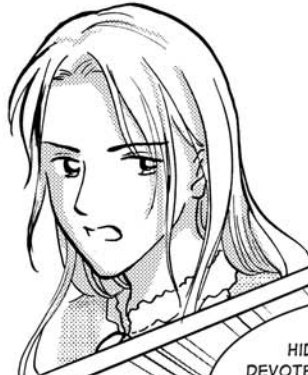
MINE WAS THE FIRST WRONG, WHEN I  
BETRAYED THY BUDDING YOUTH INTO A FALSE AND  
UNNATURAL RELATION WITH MY DECAY. THEREFORE, I  
SEEK NO VENGEANCE AGAINST THEE. BETWEEN THEE  
AND ME, THE SCALE HANGS BALANCED.

BUT HESTER, A MAN LIVES WHO  
HAS WRONGED US BOTH.

WHO IS HE?



THOU SHALT  
NEVER KNOW.



THERE ARE FEW THINGS  
HIDDEN FROM THE MAN WHO  
DEVOTES HIMSELF EARNESTLY TO THE  
SOLUTION OF A MYSTERY. THOU MAYEST  
COVER UP THY SECRET FROM THE PRYING  
MULTITUDE, FROM THE MINISTERS  
AND MAGISTRATES.

BUT I SHALL SEEK THIS MAN,  
AS I HAVE SOUGHT TRUTH IN BOOKS,  
AS I HAVE SOUGHT GOLD IN ALCHEMY. HE  
BEARS NO LETTER OF INFAMY WROUGHT  
INTO HIS GARMENT, BUT I SHALL  
READ IT ON HIS HEART.







YET, FEAR NOT. I SHALL NOT CONTRIVE AGAINST HIS LIFE. LET HIM LIVE! LET HIM HIDE HIMSELF IN OUTWARD HONOR IF HE MAY!

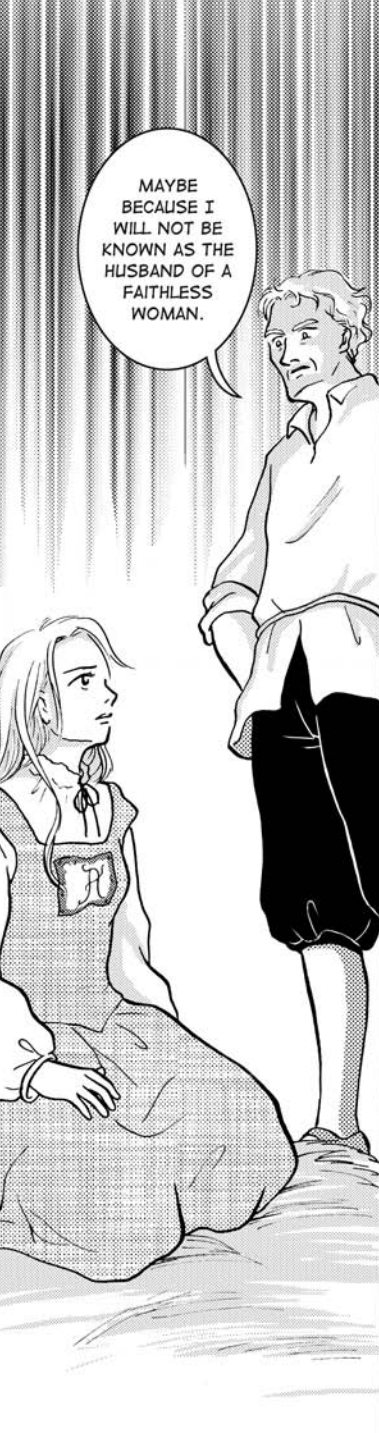
NONETHELESS...

HE SHALL BE MINE.





ONE THING I WOULD ASK OF YOU, WHO WAST MY WIFE: THOU HAST KEPT THE SECRET OF THY LOVER. KEEP MY SECRET, AS WELL.


WHY NOT ANNOUNCE THYSELF OPENLY, AND CAST ME OFF AT ONCE?



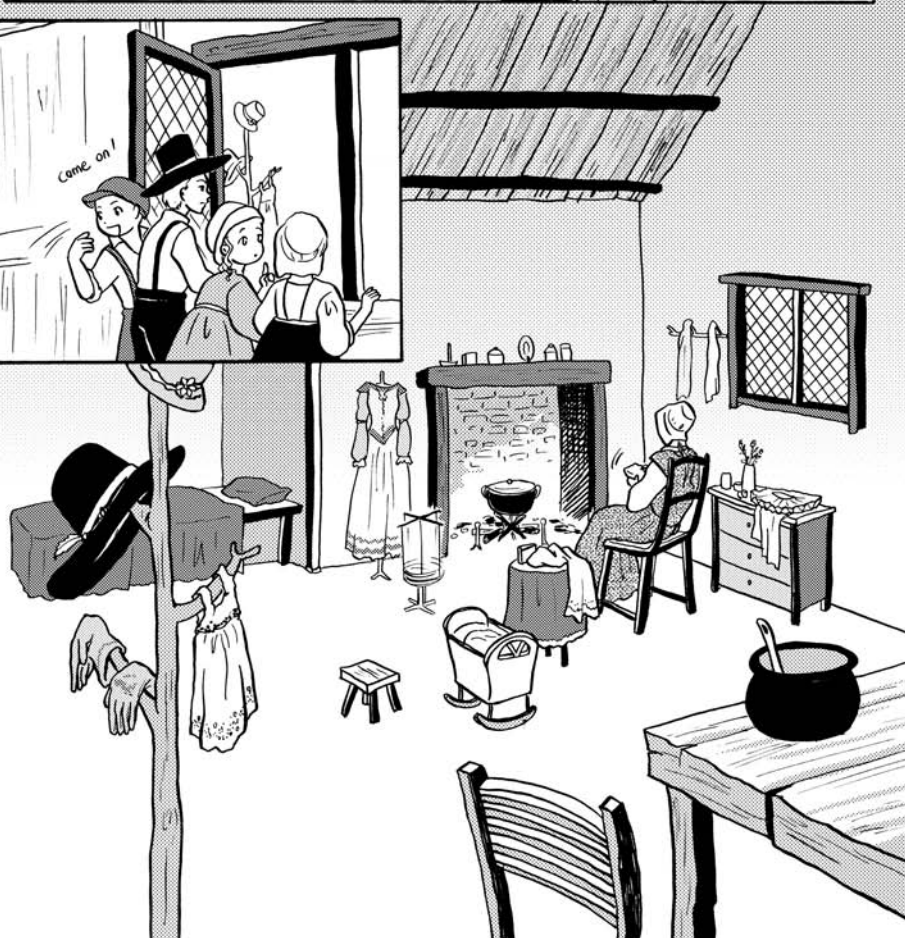
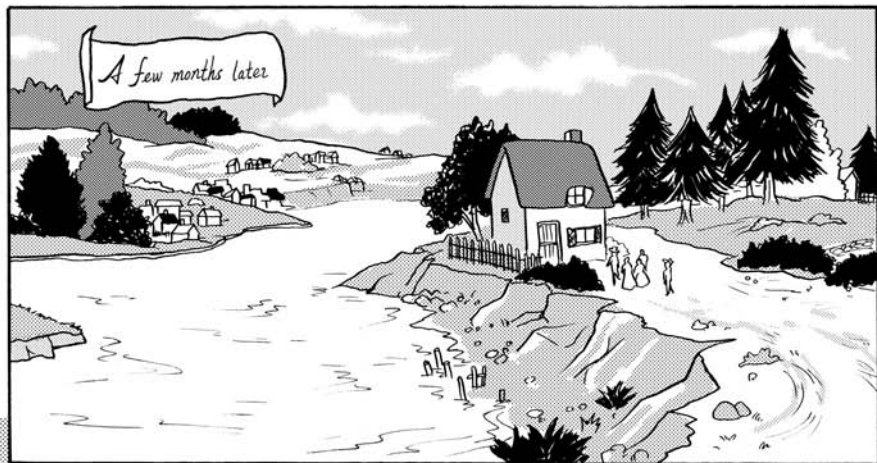
MAYBE  
BECAUSE I  
WILL NOT BE  
KNOWN AS THE  
HUSBAND OF A  
FAITHLESS  
WOMAN.

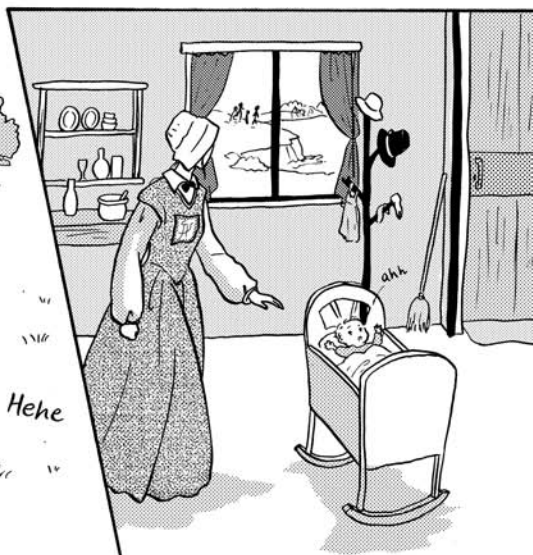
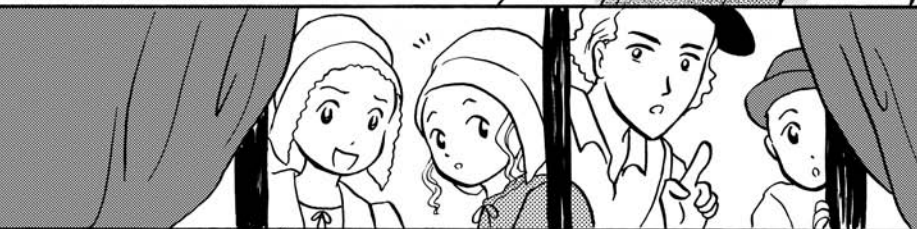
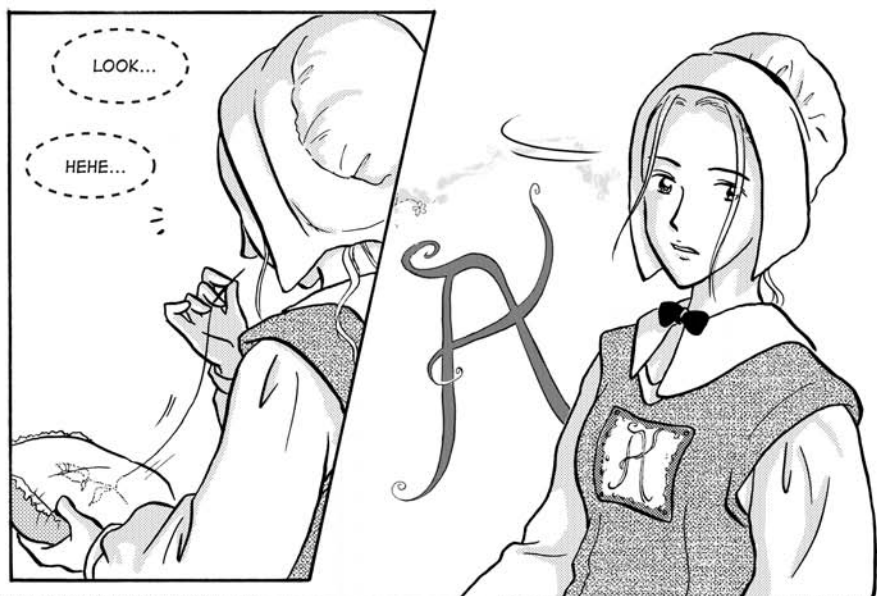


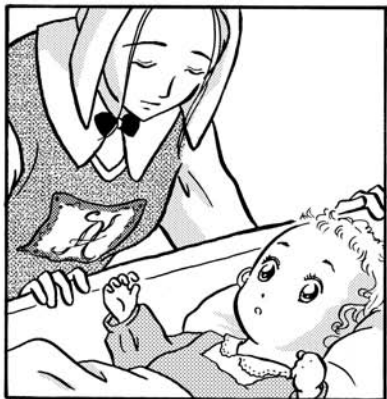
MAYBE FOR  
OTHER REASONS.



I WILL KEEP THY  
SECRET AS I HAVE HIS...

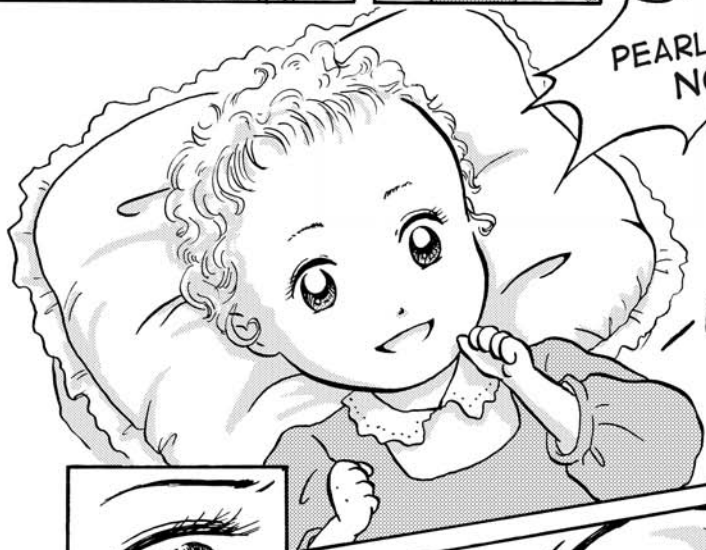




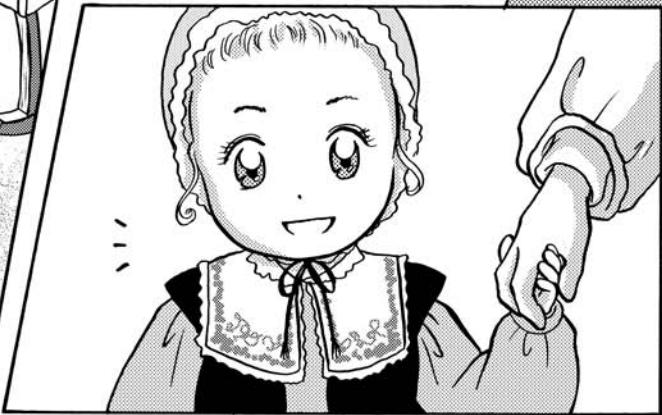
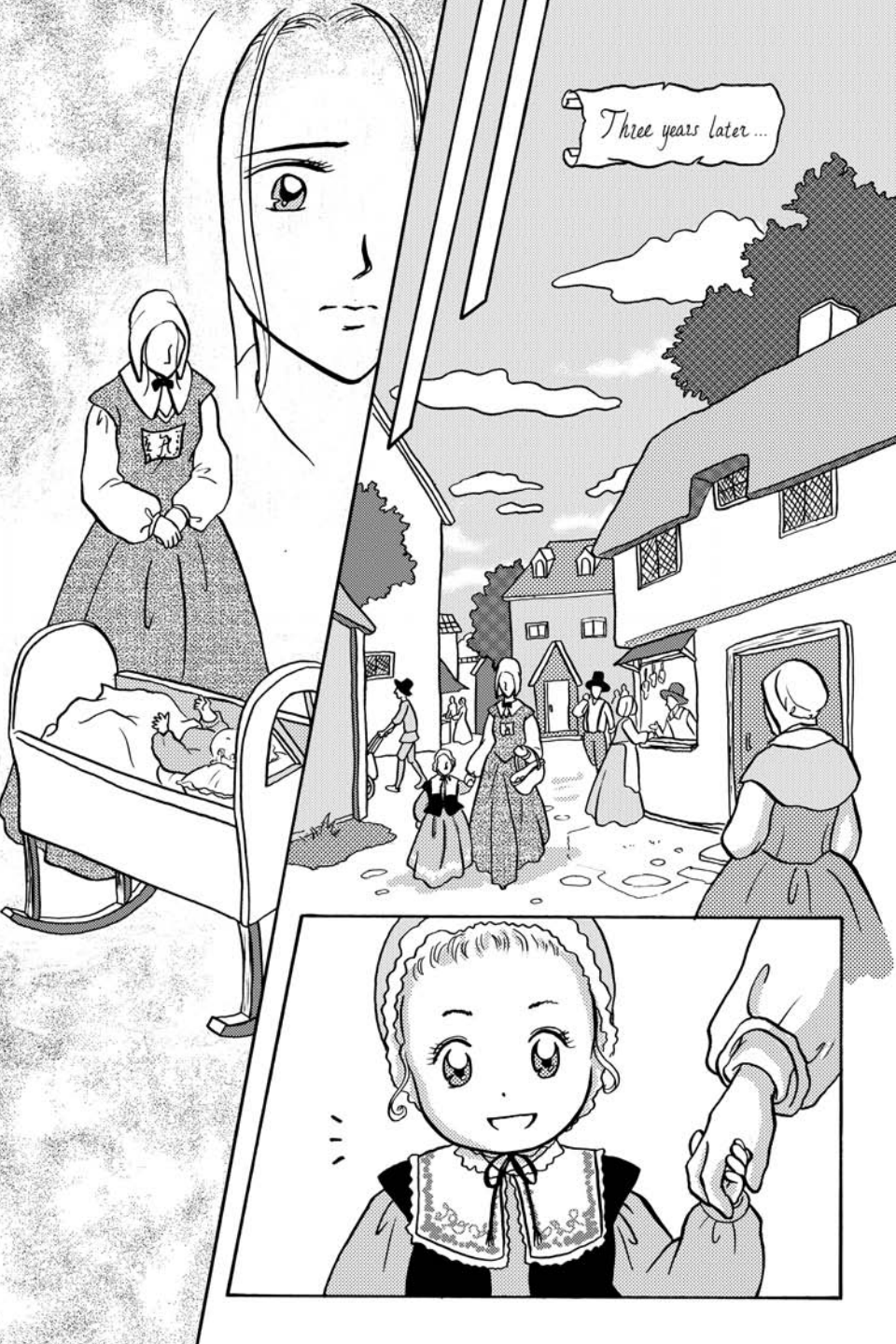


PEARL,  
NO!

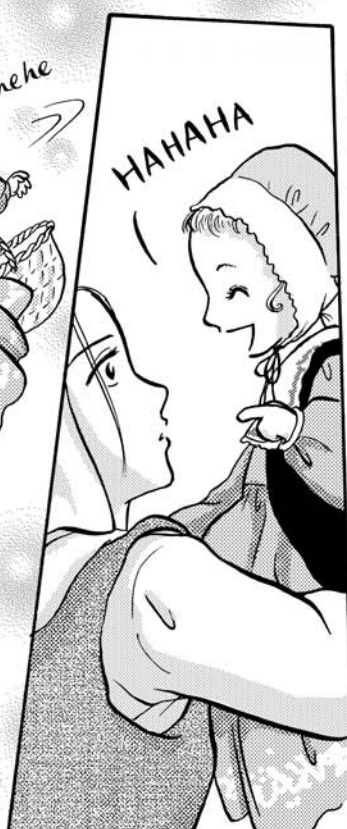
AHH...



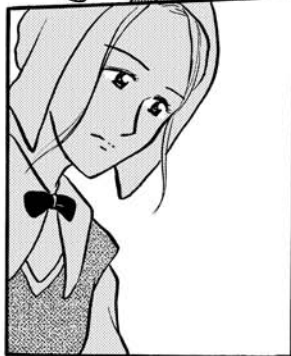
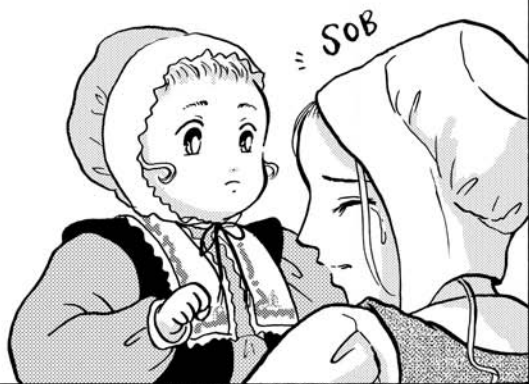
Three years later ...



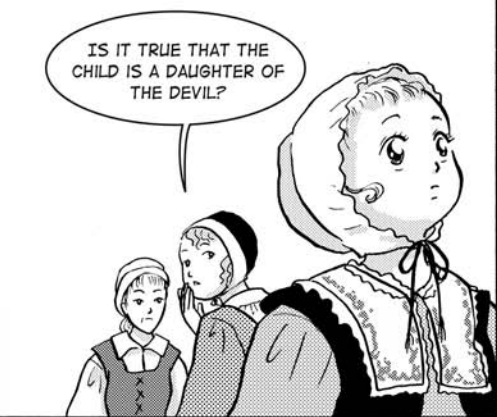






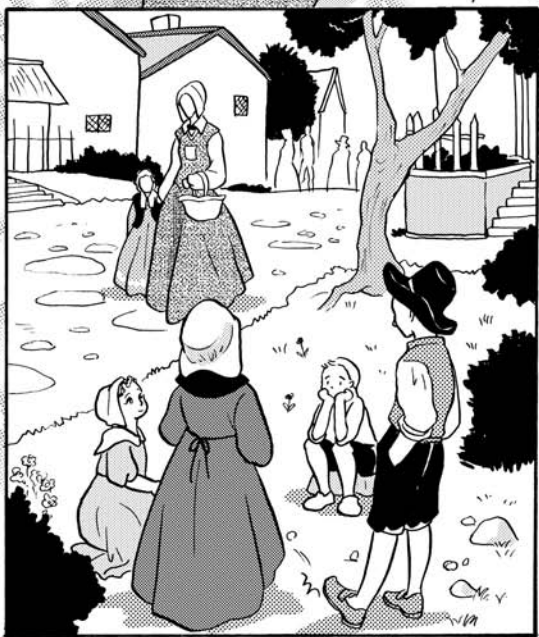


IS IT TRUE THAT THE  
CHILD IS A DAUGHTER OF  
THE DEVIL?



MISTRESS PRYNNE,  
HOW CAN I THANK THEE FOR  
THE CLOTHES THOU HAST  
MADE FOR MY CHILDREN  
AND ME?



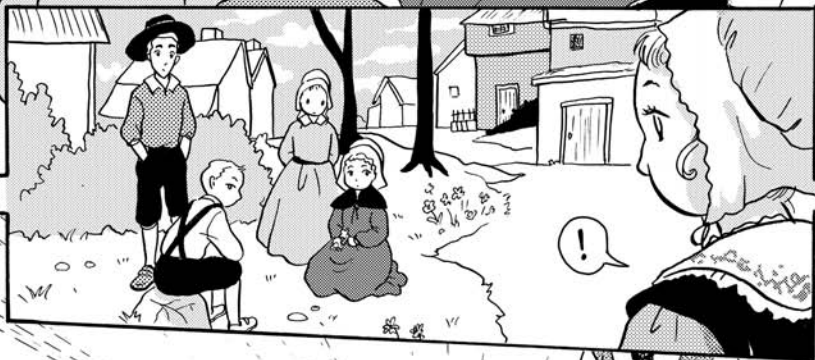


LET'S PLAY  
CHURCH-GOING.

I WANT TO  
SCALP AN INDIAN!

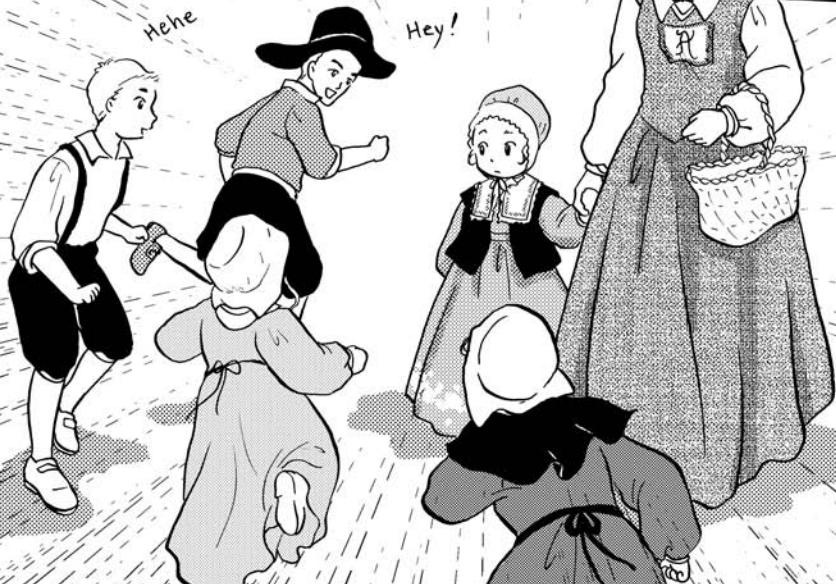
I WANT TO  
BURN A WITCH.

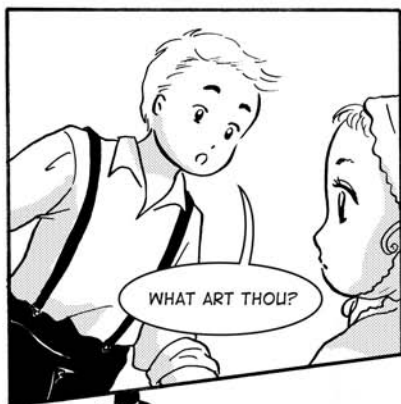
LET'S WHIP A  
QUAKER.

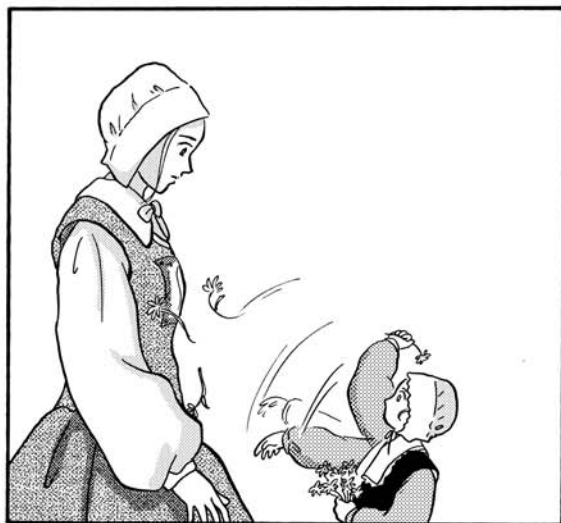
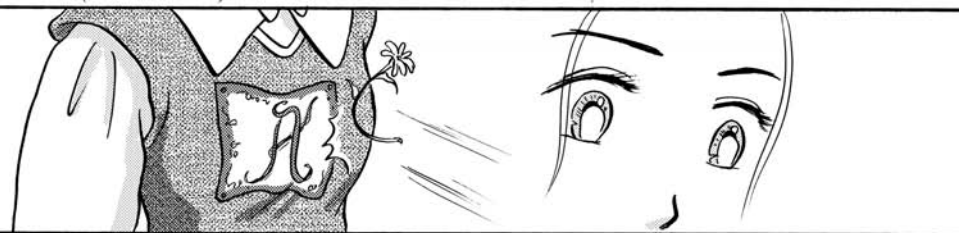
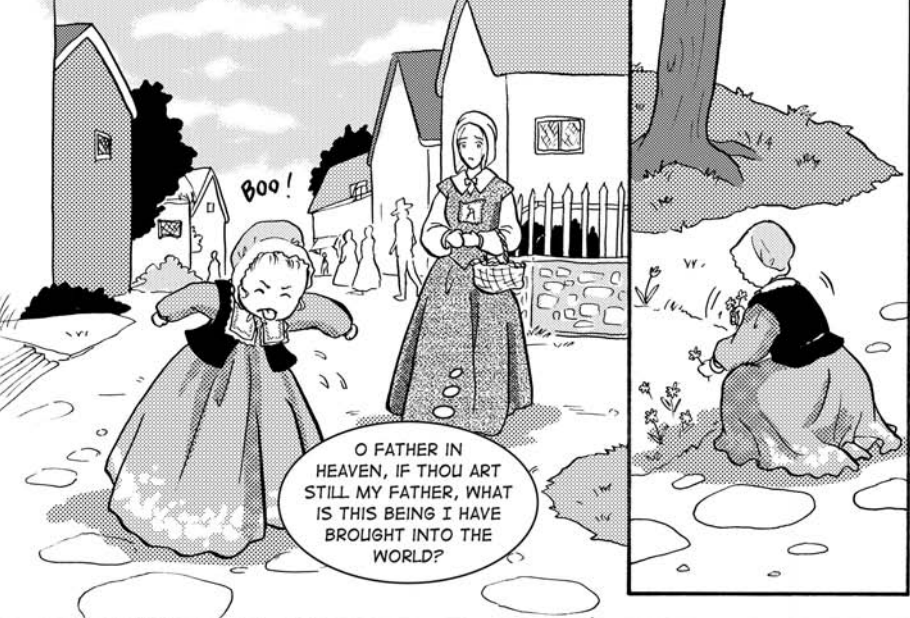


Hehe

Hey!



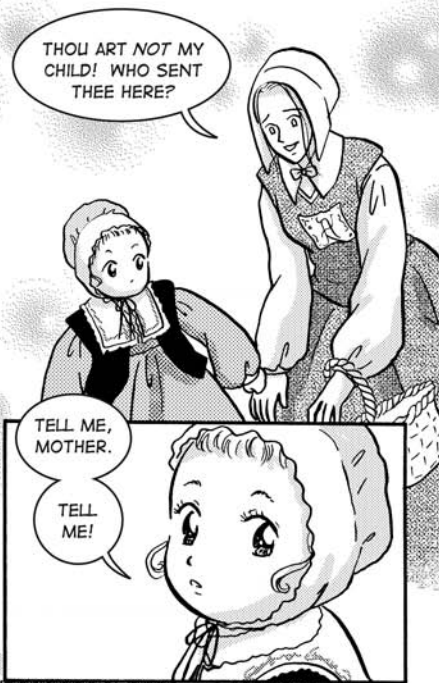


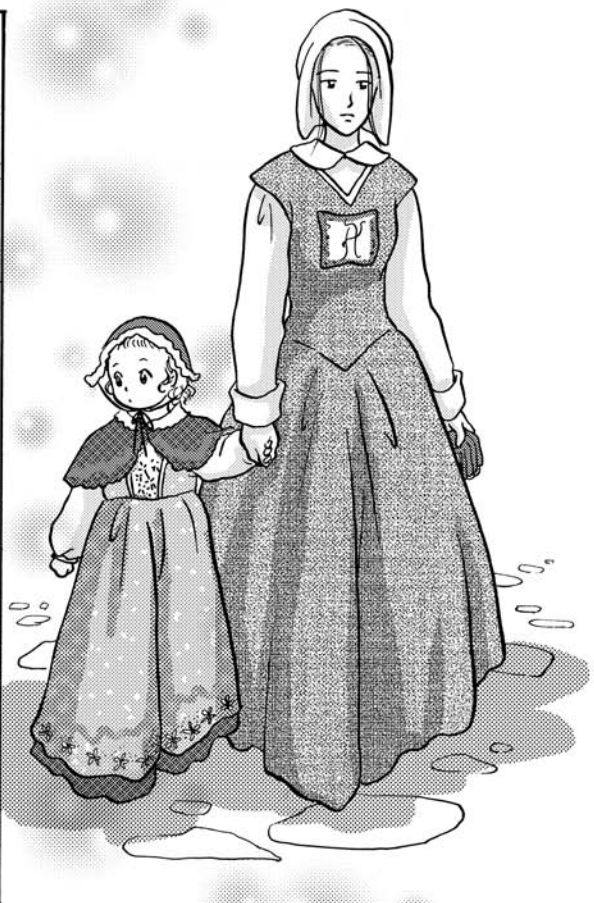


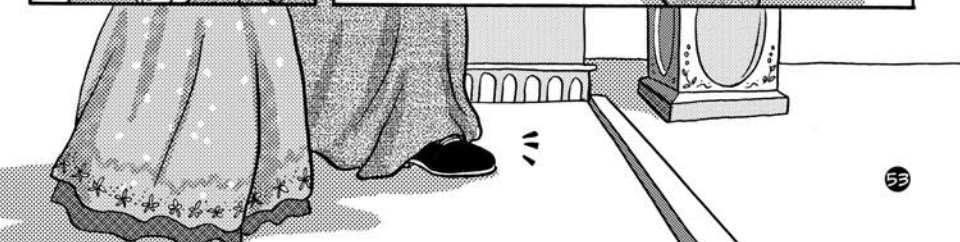


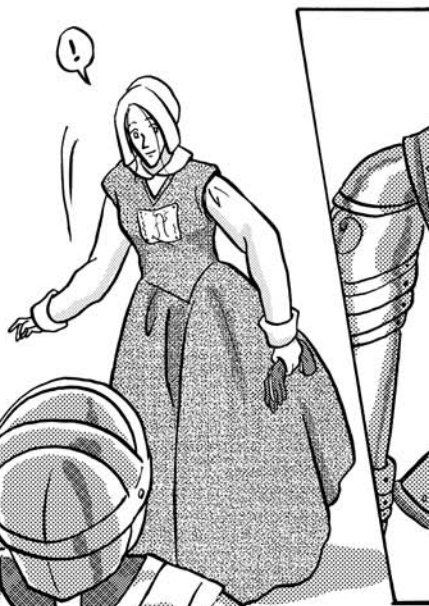
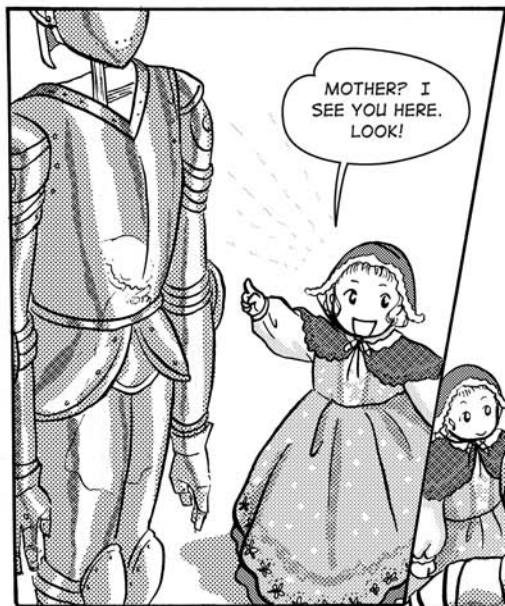
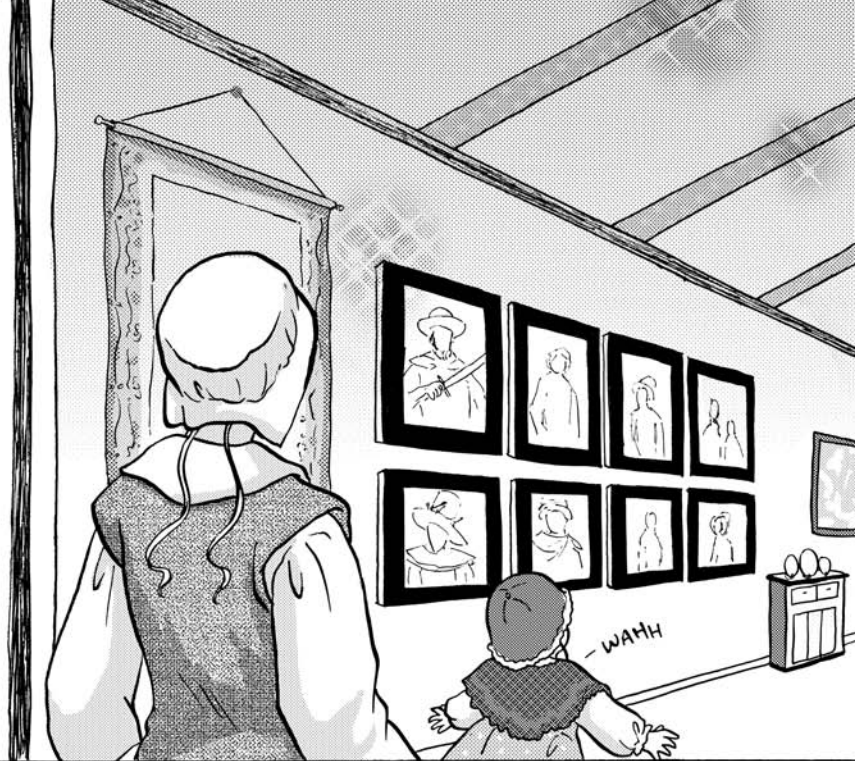


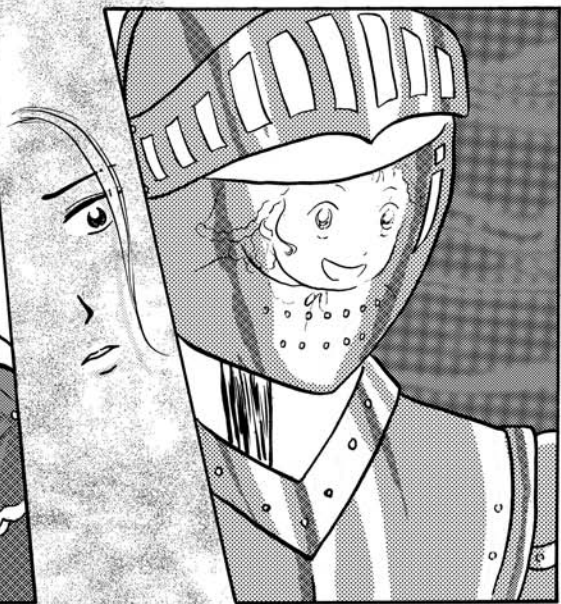
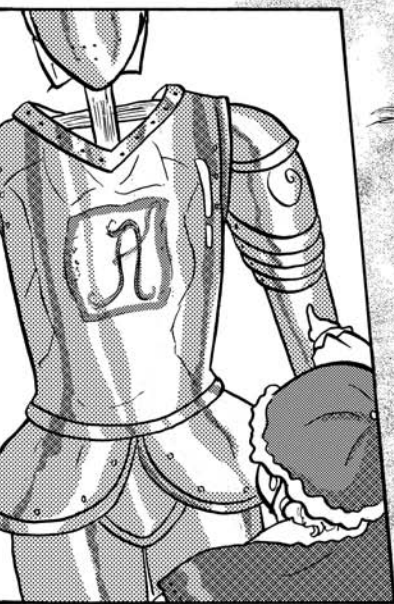




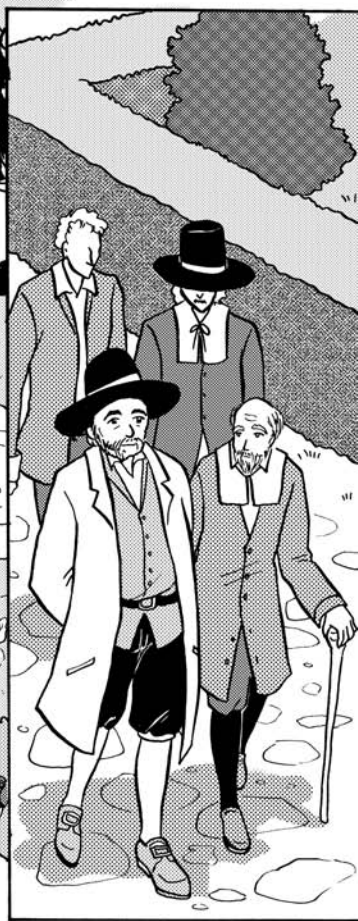
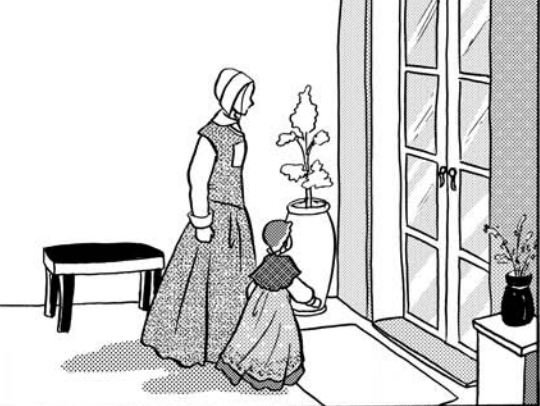




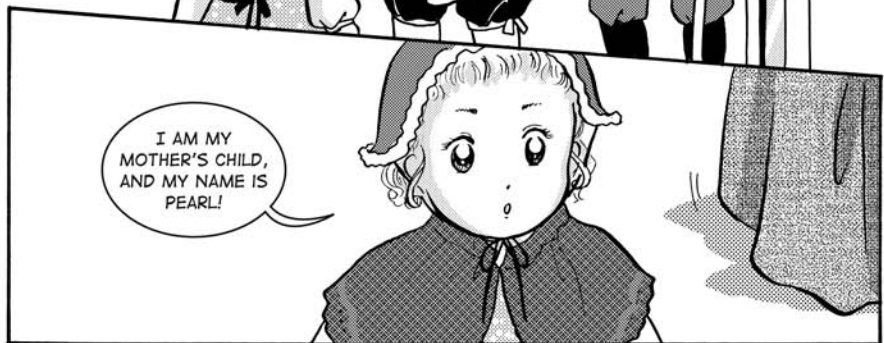
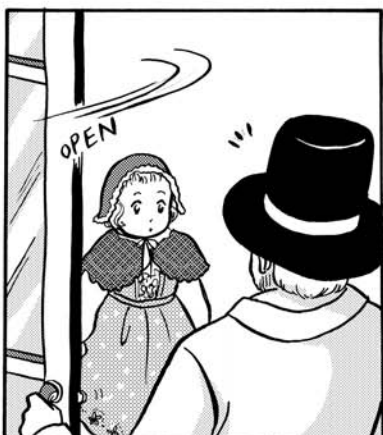
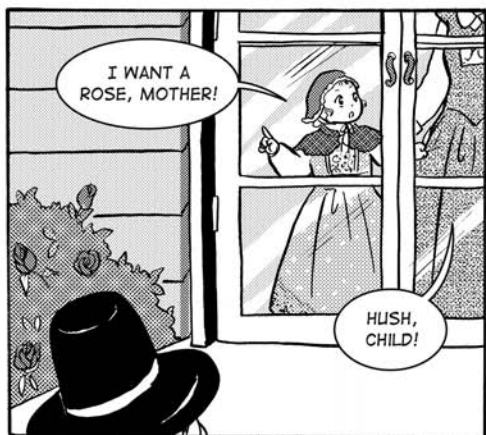
















THERE HATH BEEN MUCH QUESTION CONCERNING THEE, OF LATE: WHETHER WE RIGHTLY TRUST THE IMMORTAL SOUL OF YONDER CHILD TO THE GUIDANCE OF ONE WHO HATH STUMBL'D AND FALLEN.



SHOULD SHE BE TAKEN OUT OF THY CHARGE, AND CLAD SOBERLY, AND DISCIPLINED STRICTLY, AND INSTRUCTED IN THE TRUTHS OF HEAVEN AND EARTH?

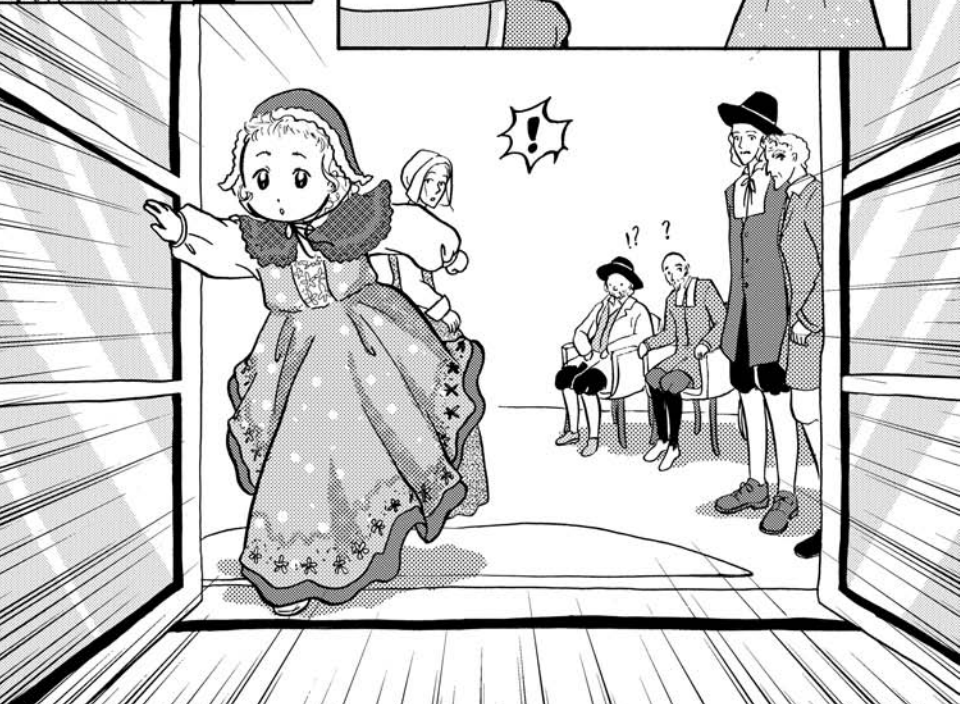
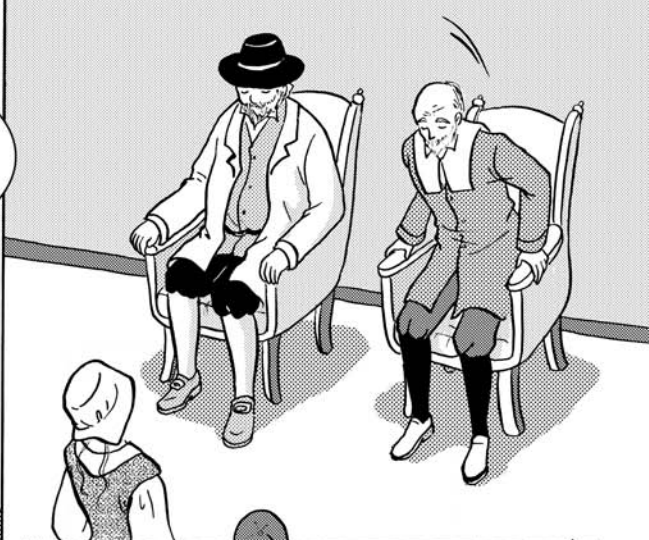


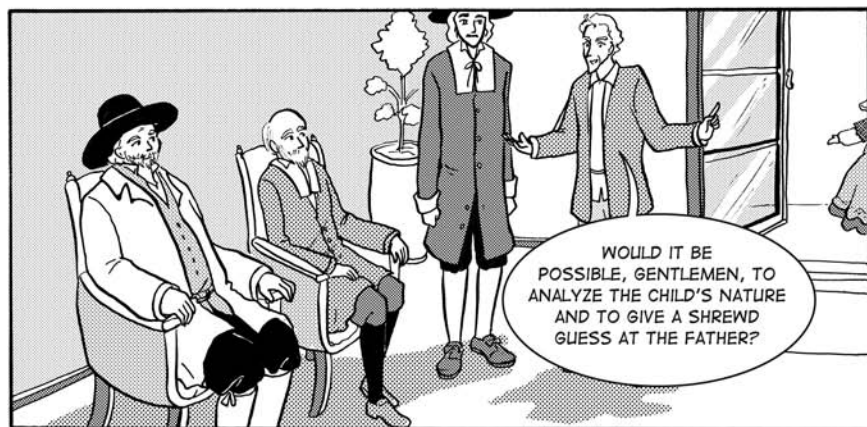
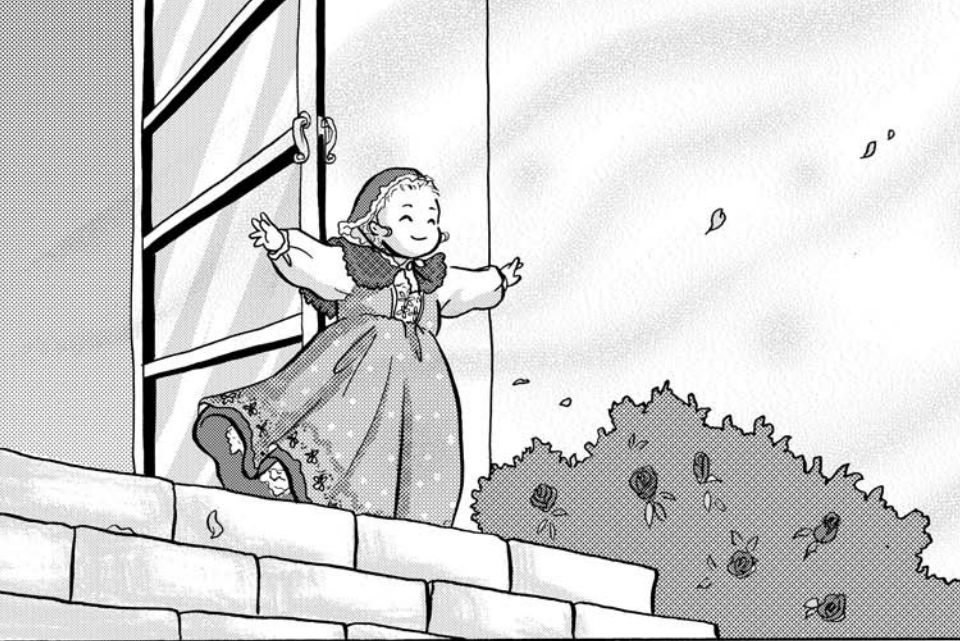
WHAT CANST THOU DO FOR THE CHILD?

I CAN TEACH MY LITTLE PEARL WHAT I HAVE LEARNED FROM THIS. THIS BADGE HATH TAUGHT ME LESSONS WHEREOF MY CHILD MAY BE THE WISER AND THE BETTER.



GOOD MASTER WILSON, EXAMINE THIS PEARL. SEE WHETHER SHE HATH HAD SUCH CHRISTIAN NURTURE AS BEFITS A CHILD OF HER AGE.





PEARL, CANST THOU TELL ME WHO MADE THEE?



I WAS NOT MADE AT ALL! MY MOTHER PICKED ME OFF A ROSEBUSH--THE ONE THAT GROWS OUTSIDE THE PRISON DOOR!



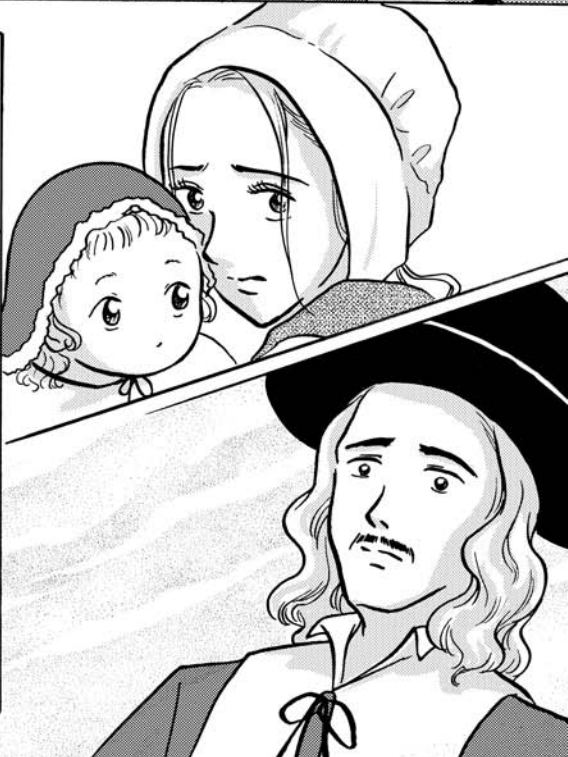




THIS IS  
AWFUL!

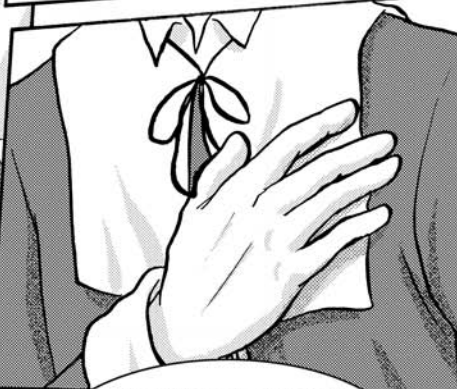
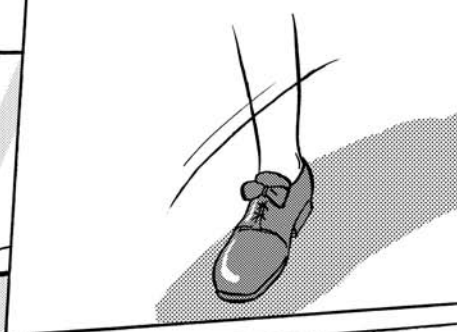
METHINKS,  
GENTLEMEN, WE NEED  
INQUIRE NO FURTHER.







SPEAK THOU FOR ME! THOU WAST MY PASTOR, AND KNOWEST ME BETTER THAN THESE MEN CAN.



THERE IS TRUTH IN WHAT SHE SAYS. THIS CHILD OF ITS FATHER'S GUILT AND ITS MOTHER'S SHAME HATH COME FROM THE HAND OF GOD, TO WORK IN MANY WAYS UPON HER HEART.

IT WAS MEANT FOR A BLESSING, AND FOR A RETRIBUTION TOO.

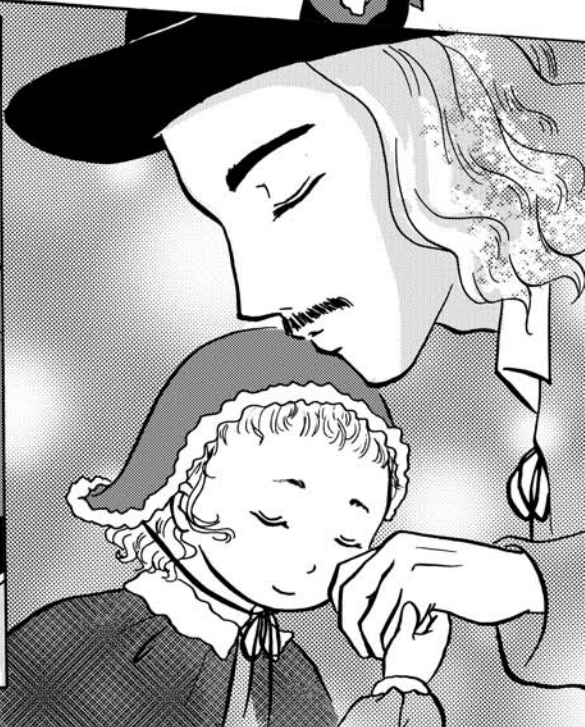
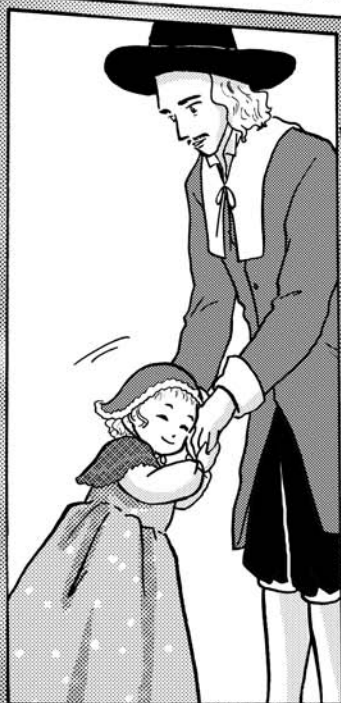
HATH MISTRESS PRYNNE NOT EXPRESSED THIS THOUGHT IN THE GARB OF THE CHILD, SO FORCIBLY REMINDING US OF THAT RED SYMBOL WHICH SEARS HER BOSOM?



LET US LEAVE THEM AS  
PROVIDENCE HATH SEEN FIT  
TO PLACE THEM.

*Hmpf.*

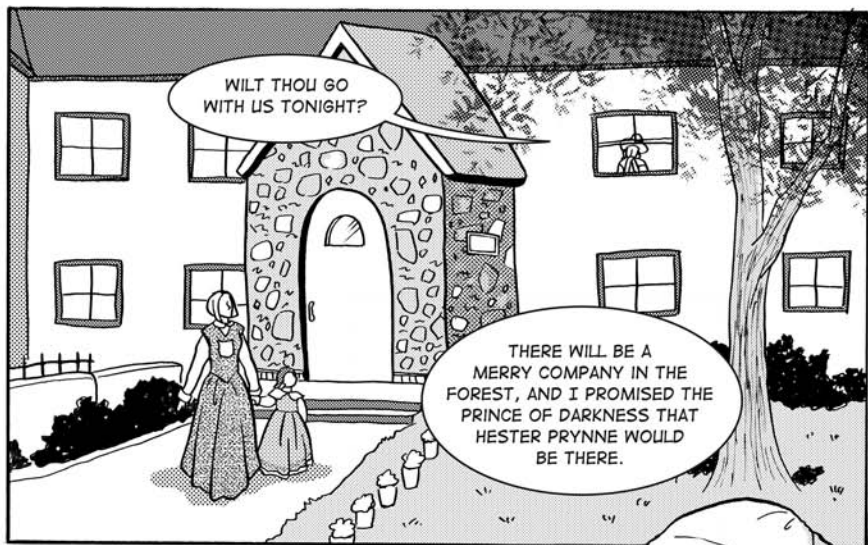
YOU SPEAK WITH A  
STRANGE EARNESTNESS.





WE WILL LEAVE THE MATTER AS IT NOW STANDS.

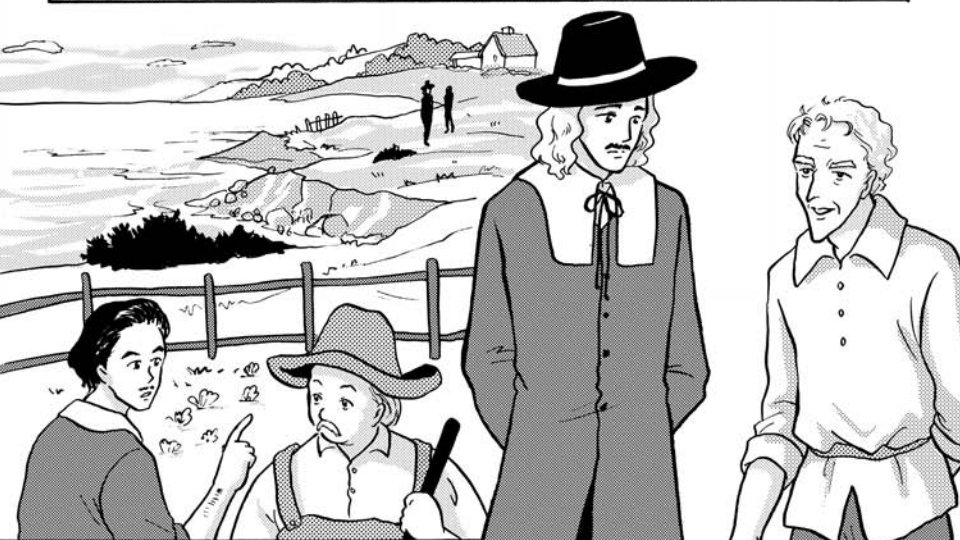




I MUST WATCH MY LITTLE PEARL AT HOME. HAD THEY TAKEN HER FROM ME, I WOULD WILLINGLY HAVE GONE WITH THEE AND SIGNED MY NAME IN THE DEVIL'S BOOK WITH MINE OWN BLOOD.

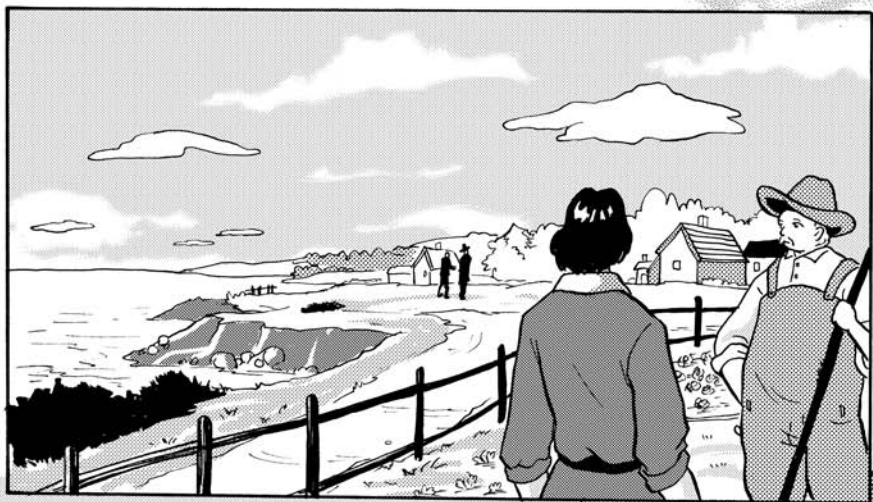
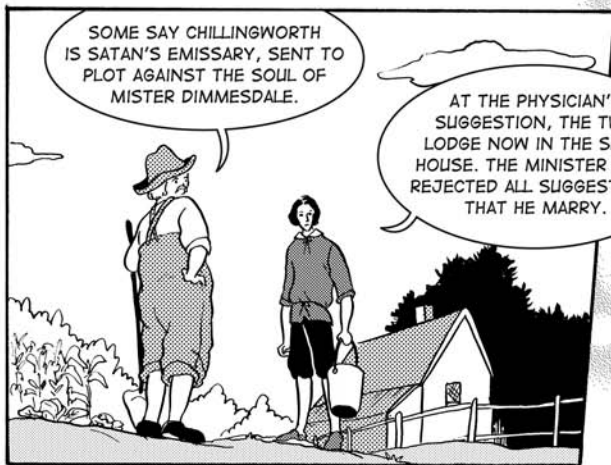


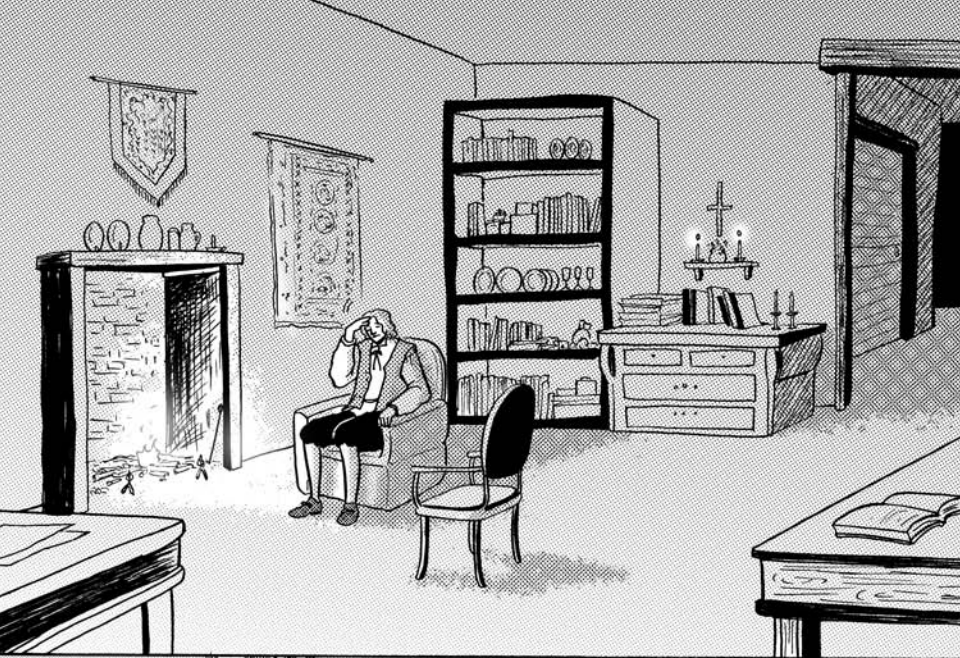


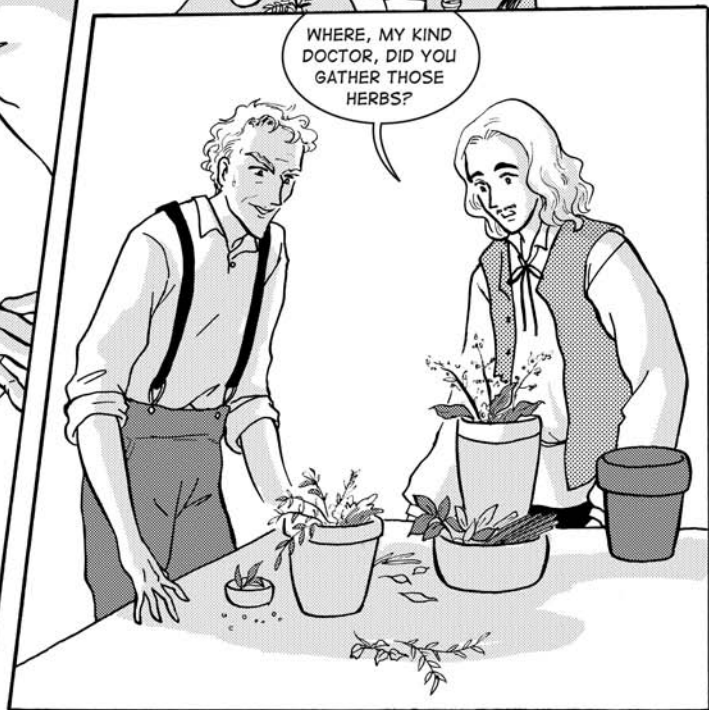


HEAVEN HATH WROUGHT A MIRACLE, BY TRANSPORTING AN EMINENT DOCTOR OF PHYSIC FROM A EUROPEAN UNIVERSITY, BODILY THROUGH THE AIR, AND SETTING HIM DOWN AT THE DOOR OF MISTER DIMMESDALE'S STUDY!

THOUGH PREPARED TO DIE IF IT BE GOD'S WILL, THE MINISTER HATH PUT HIS HEALTH IN ROGER CHILLINGWORTH'S HANDS.

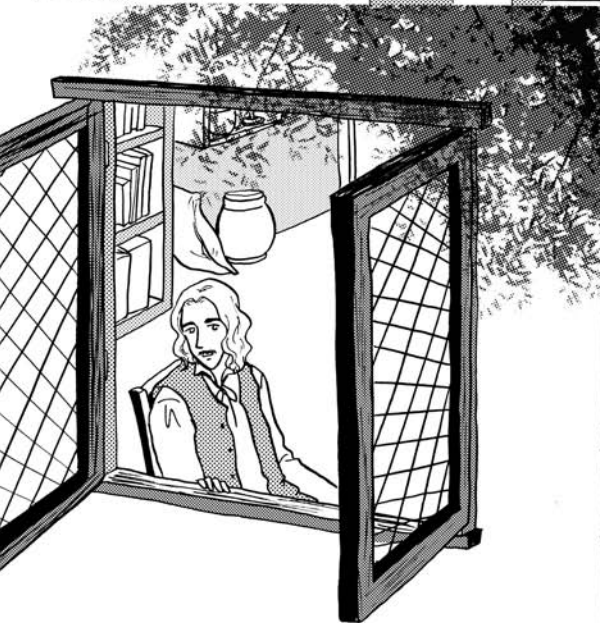
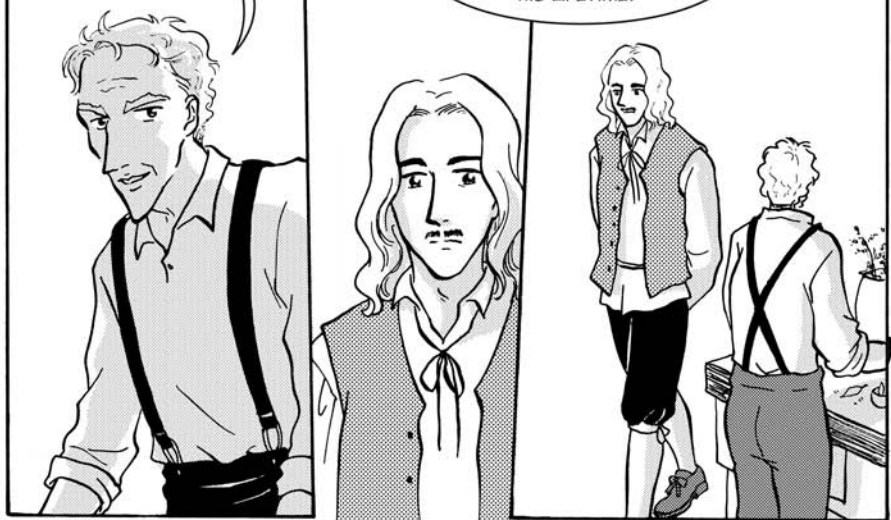




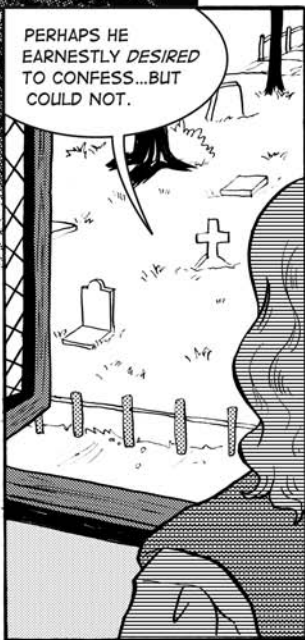


ON AN UNMARKED GRAVE,  
WHERE THEY GREW DIRECTLY OUT OF  
THE DEAD MAN'S HEART. IT MAY BE  
THEY TYPIFY SOME HIDEOUS SECRET  
THAT WAS BURIED WITH HIM...

...AND WHICH HE HAD DONE  
BETTER TO CONFESS DURING  
HIS LIFETIME.



PERHAPS HE  
EARNESTLY DESIRED  
TO CONFESS...BUT  
COULD NOT.





WHY NOT?

THERE CAN BE NO POWER  
SHORT OF DIVINE MERCY TO DISCLOSE  
THE SECRETS THAT MAY BE BURIED  
WITH THE HUMAN HEART.

THE HEART MUST THEREFORE  
HOLD THEM UNTIL THE DAY WHEN ALL  
HIDDEN THINGS MUST BE REVEALED--WHEN  
THE MISERABLE SECRETS YOU SPEAK OF  
WILL BE YIELDED UP, NOT WITH  
RELUCTANCE, BUT WITH A JOY  
UNUTTERABLE.

WHY NOT REVEAL  
THEM HERE AND NOW?

MOST MEN DO.  
MANY A POOR SOUL  
HATH GIVEN ITS  
CONFIDENCE TO ME,  
NOT ONLY ON THE  
DEATHBED, BUT WHILE  
STRONG IN LIFE.

YET SOME  
MEN BURY  
THEIR  
SECRETS.





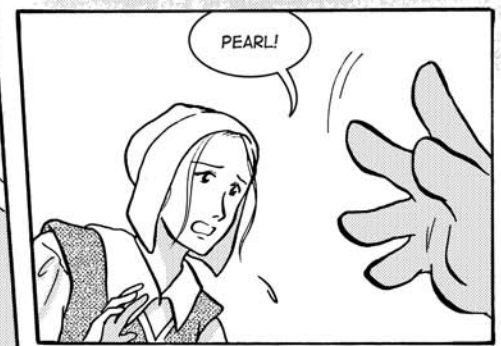
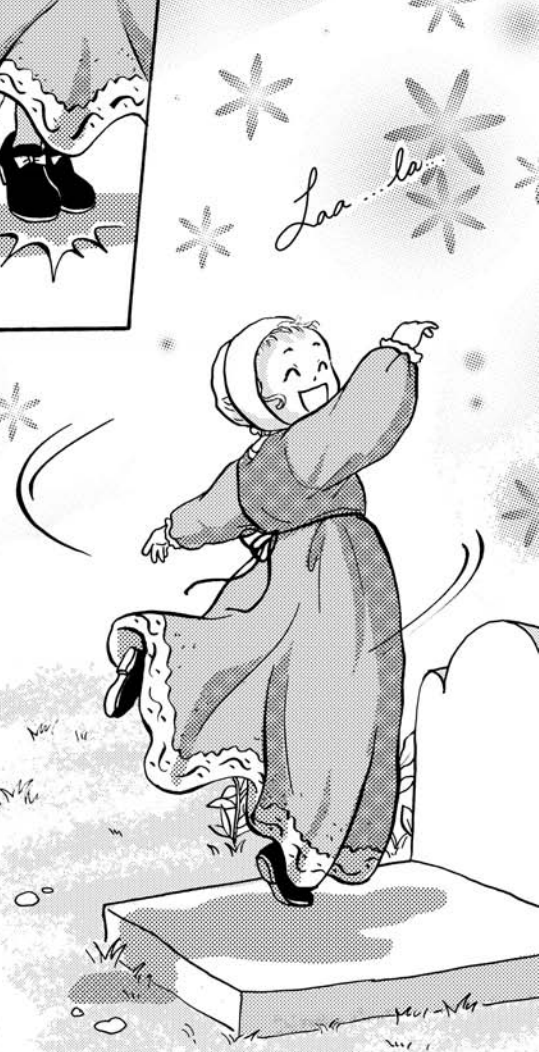
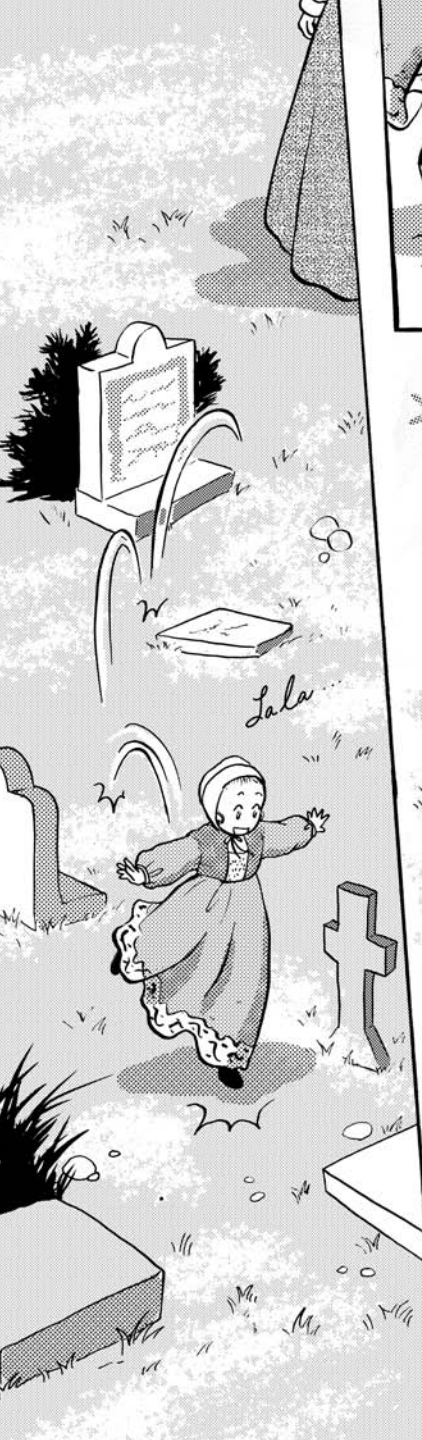


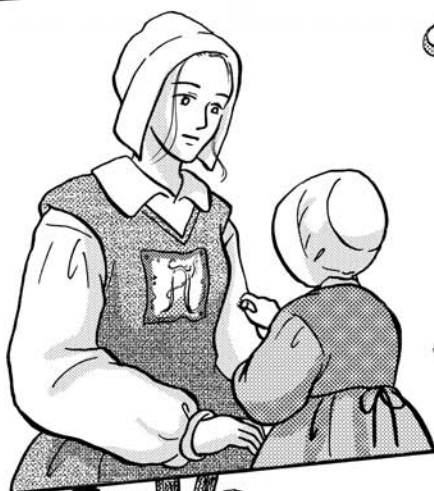
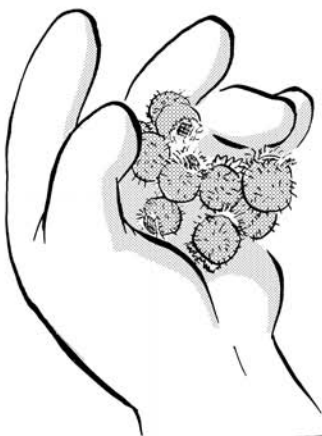
MAYBE, RETAINING A ZEAL FOR GOD'S GLORY AND MAN'S WELFARE, THEY SHRINK FROM DISPLAYING THEMSELVES BLACK AND FILTHY IN THE VIEW OF MEN, AFTER WHICH NO GOOD CAN BE ACHIEVED BY THEM, NO EVIL OF THE PAST REDEEMED BY BETTER SERVICE.

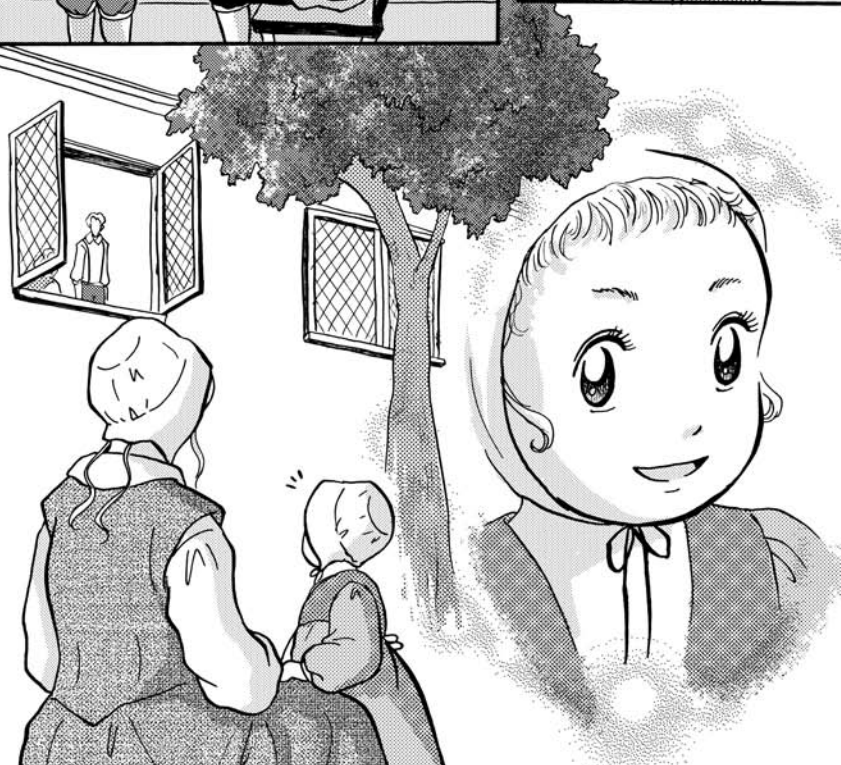
SO, IN THEIR UNUTTERABLE TORMENT, THEY GO ABOUT AMONG THEIR FELLOW-CREATURES, LOOKING PURE AS NEW-FALLEN SNOW, WHILE THEIR HEARTS ARE SPOTTED WITH INIQUITY OF WHICH THEY CANNOT RID THEMSELVES.

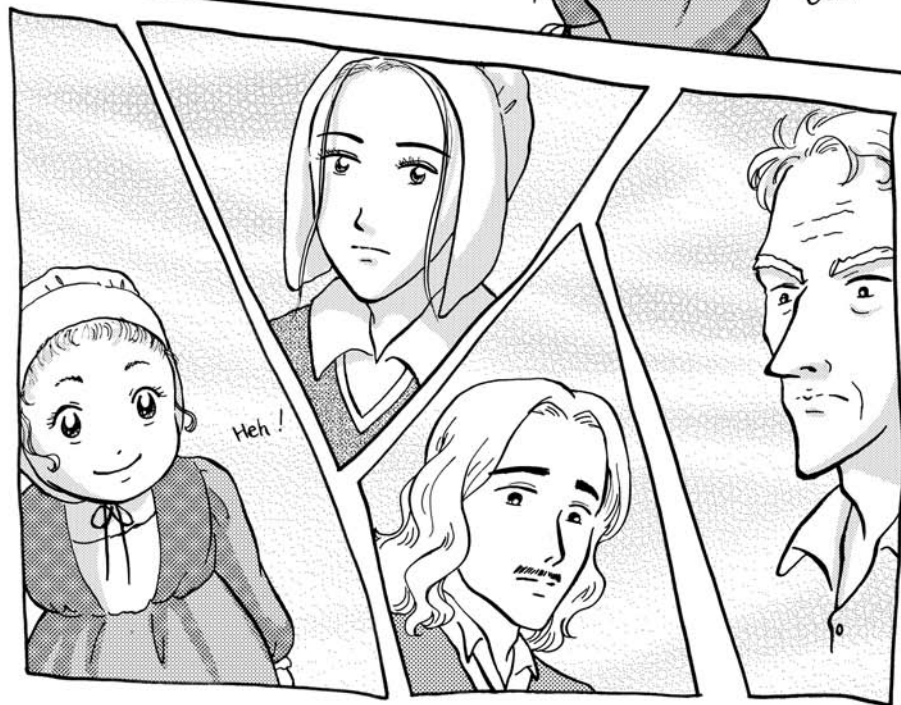
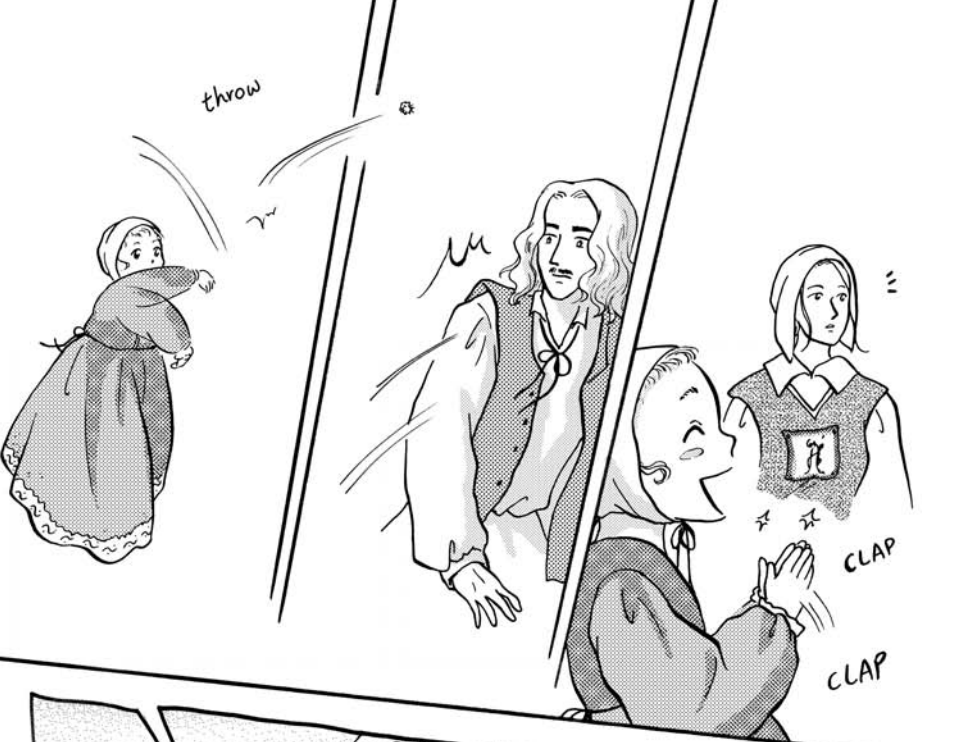
THESE MEN DECEIVE THEMSELVES.

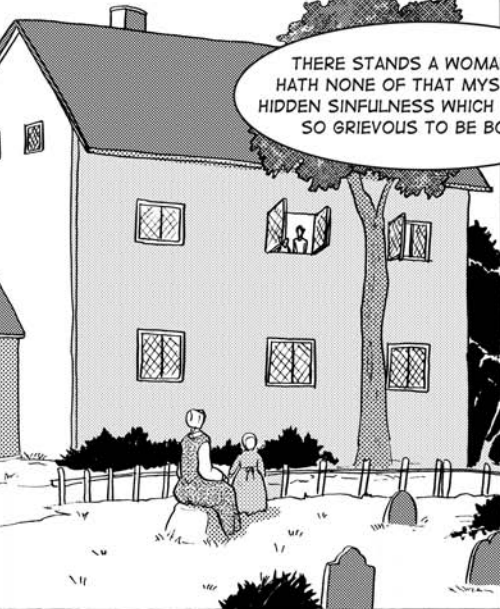








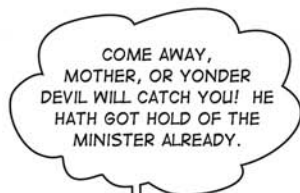




THERE STANDS A WOMAN WHO HATH NONE OF THAT MYSTERY OF HIDDEN SINFULNESS WHICH YOU DEEM SO GRIEVOUS TO BE BORNE.



IT MUST BE BETTER FOR THE SUFFERER TO SHOW HIS PAIN, AS THIS POOR WOMAN HESTER DOES, THAN TO COVER IT ALL UP IN HIS HEART.



COME AWAY, MOTHER, OR YONDER DEVIL WILL CATCH YOU! HE HATH GOT HOLD OF THE MINISTER ALREADY.

Pull




BUT HE CANNOT CATCH LITTLE PEARL!




Heh!






YOU INQUIRED OF ME,  
A LITTLE TIME AGONE,  
MY JUDGMENT AS IS  
TOUCHING YOUR  
HEALTH.


A BODILY DISEASE  
MAY BE BUT A SYMPTOM  
OF SOME AILMENT IN  
THE SPIRITUAL PART.




THEN I NEED ASK  
NO FURTHER. YOU  
DEAL NOT, I TAKE  
IT, IN MEDICINE  
FOR THE SOUL.



BUT A PHYSICIAN MAY  
NOT HEAL YOUR BODILY EVIL  
UNLESS YOU FIRST LAY OPEN  
TO HIM THE WOUND IN  
YOUR SOUL.

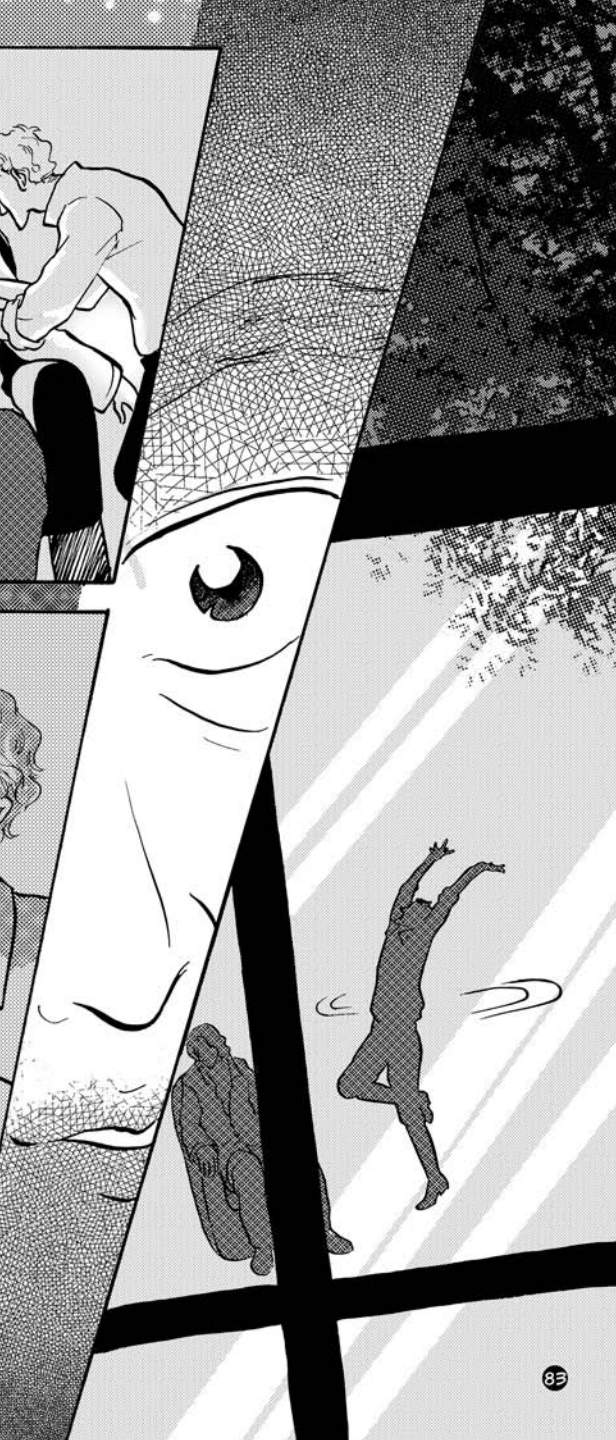


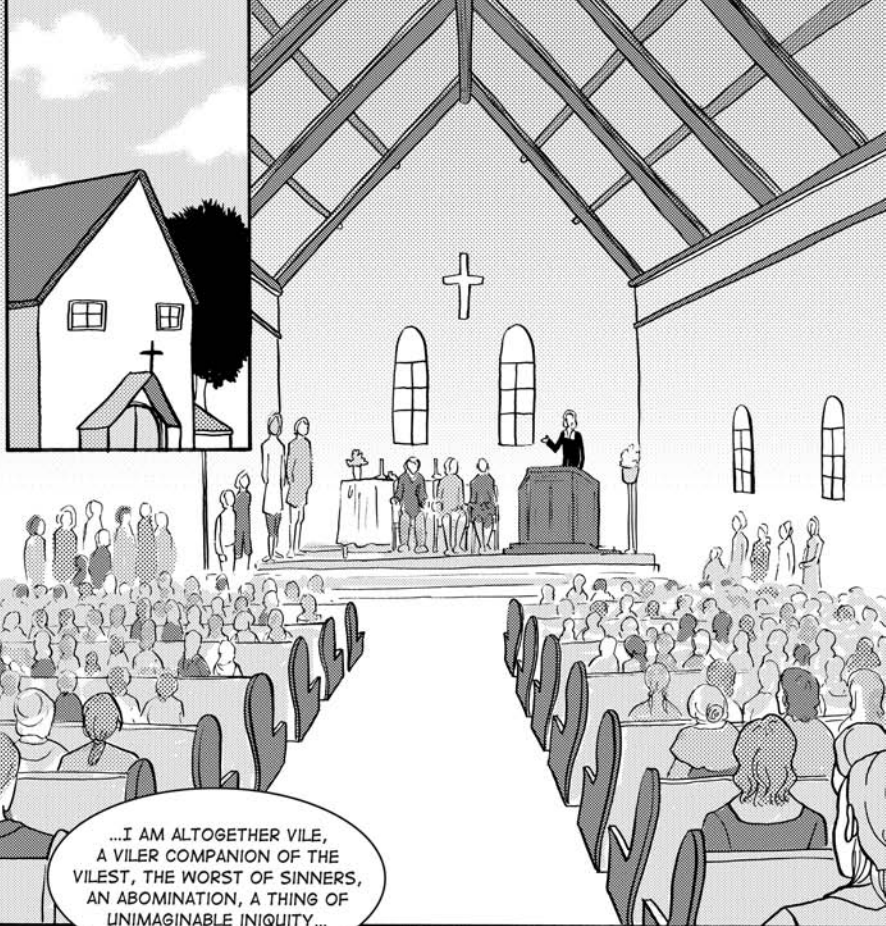
NOT TO THEE!  
NOT TO AN EARTHLY  
PHYSICIAN!



ONLY GOD CAN CURE--OR  
HE CAN KILL! LET HIM DO WITH  
ME AS HE SHALL SEE GOOD. WHO ART  
THOU, THAT MEDDLEST IN THIS  
MATTER--THAT DARES THRUST  
HIMSELF BETWEEN THE SUFFERER  
AND HIS GOD?







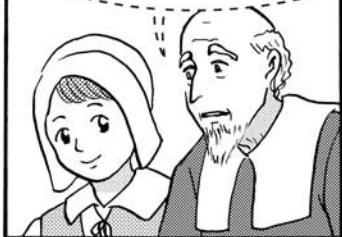
...I AM ALTOGETHER VILE,  
A VILER COMPANION OF THE  
VILEST, THE WORST OF SINNERS,  
AN ABOMINATION, A THING OF  
UNIMAGINABLE INIQUITY...



HE IS A MIRACLE OF HOLINESS, A  
MOUTHPIECE FOR HEAVEN'S MESSAGE OF WISDOM,  
AND REBUKE, AND LOVE. THE VERY GROUND ON  
WHICH HE WALKS IS SANCTIFIED!



DAUGHTER, PROMISE THOU TO BURY MY BONES CLOSE TO THE YOUNG PASTOR'S HOLY GRAVE, AS SURELY HE WILL GO HEAVENWARD BEFORE ME.



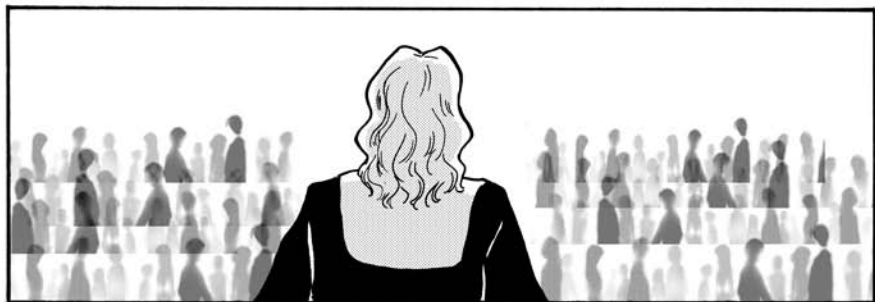
...THE ONLY WONDER IS THAT YOU DO NOT SEE MY WRETCHED BODY SHRIVELED UP BEFORE THINE EYES, BY THE BURNING WRATH OF THE ALMIGHTY!



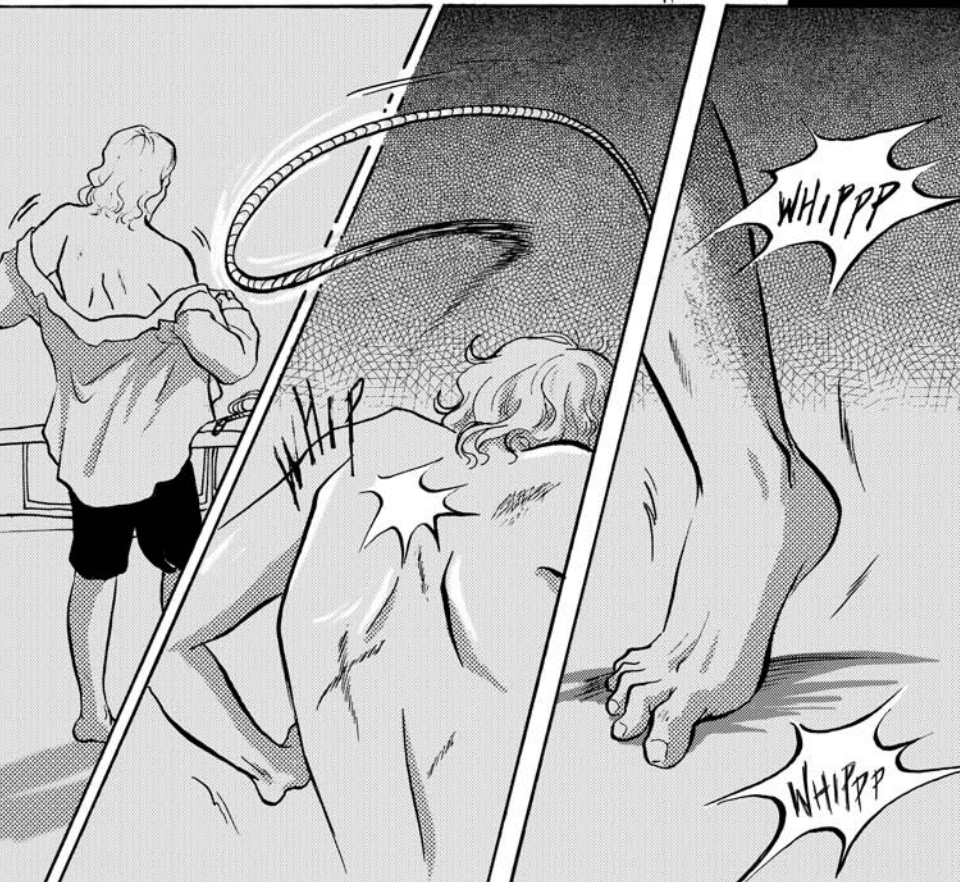
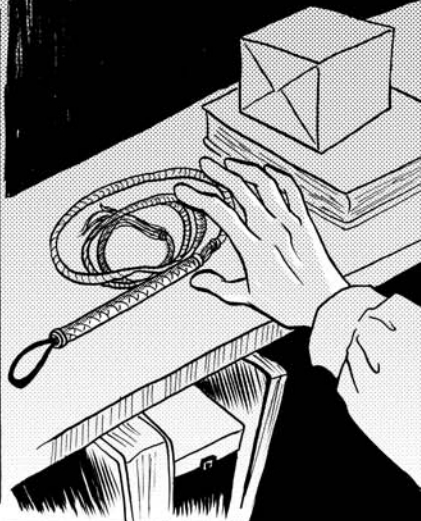
THE GODLY YOUTH! THE SAINT ON EARTH!



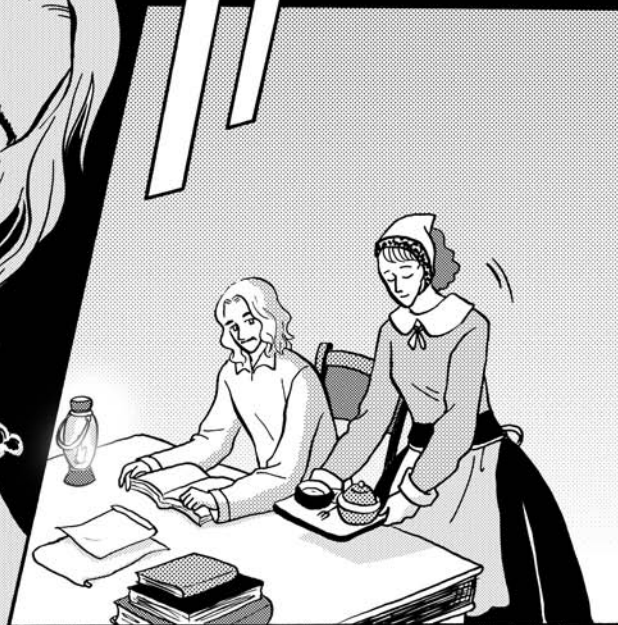
ALAS, IF HE DISCERN SUCH SINFULNESS IN HIS OWN PURE SOUL, WHAT SPECTACLE WOULD HE BEHOLD IN MINE!

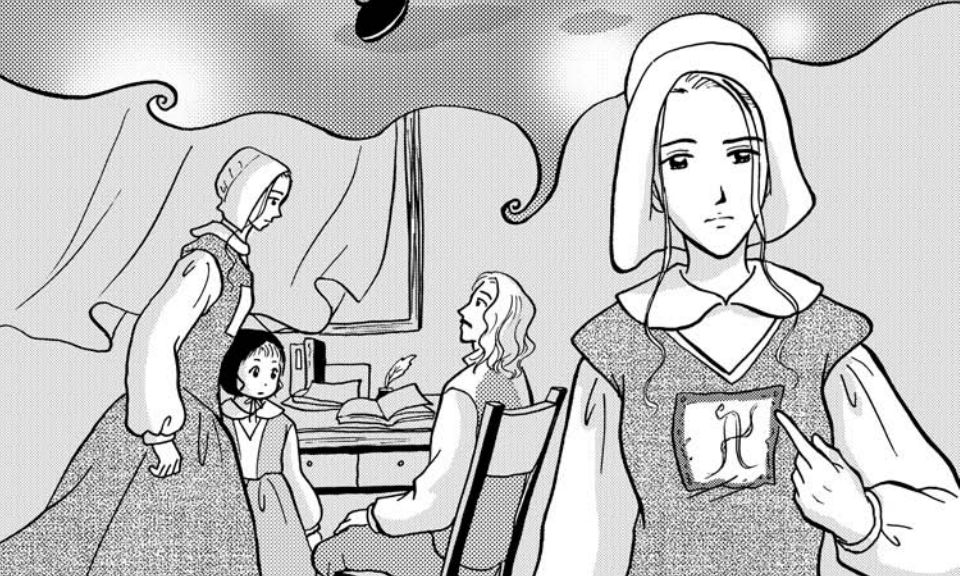
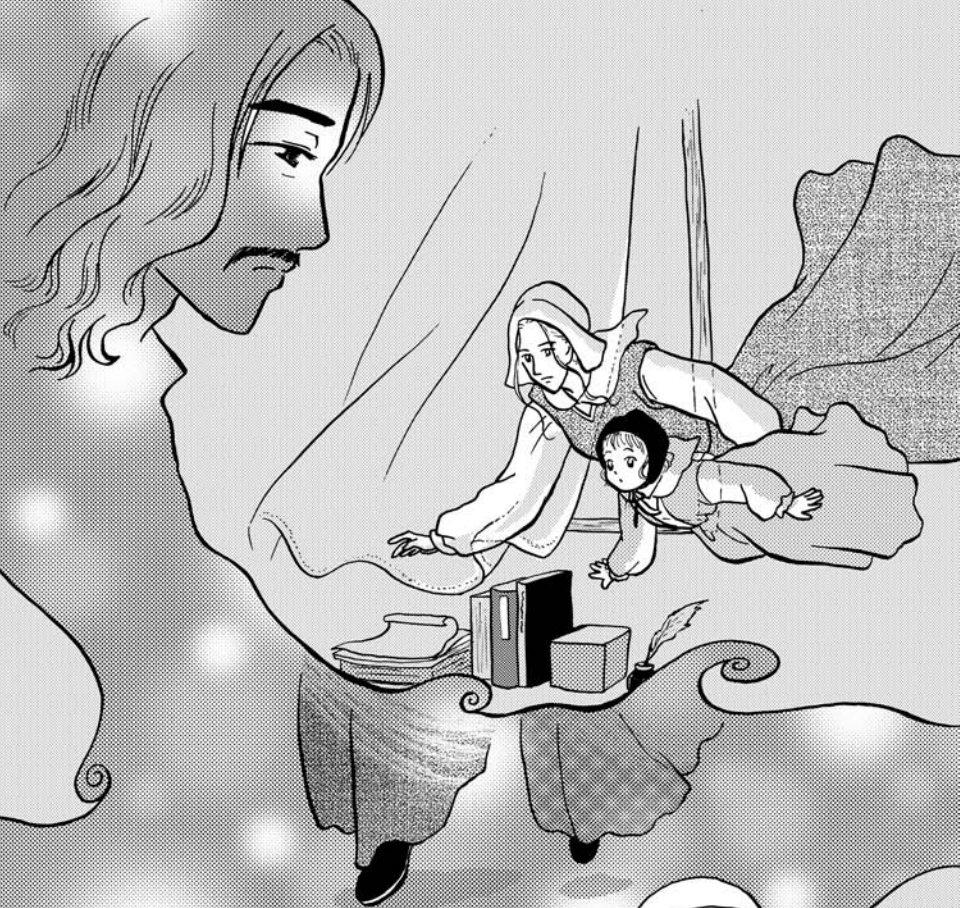


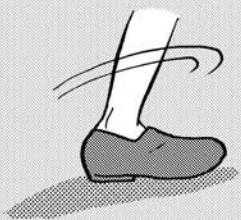




















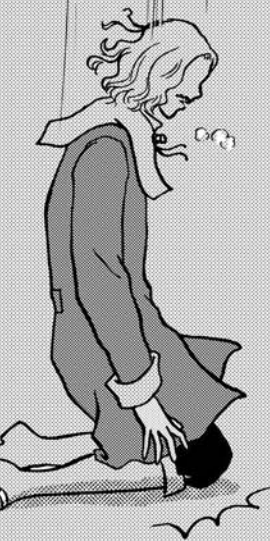
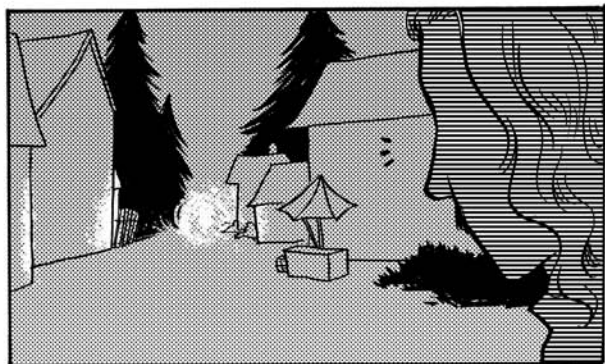





HHHHHHH


IT IS DONE!  
THE WHOLE TOWN  
WILL AWAKE, AND  
HURRY FORTH, AND  
FIND ME HERE.








A GOOD EVENING  
TO YOU, VENERABLE  
FATHER WILSON!



COME UP HITHER,  
AND PASS A PLEASANT  
HOUR WITH ME!

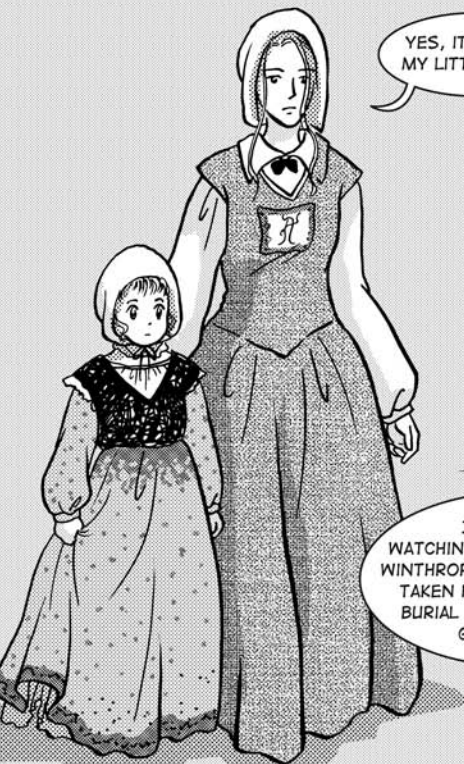


HAHA

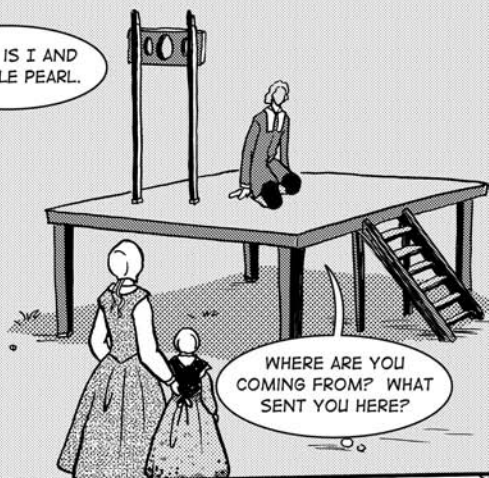


PEARL! HESTER  
PRYNNE - ARE YOU  
THERE?



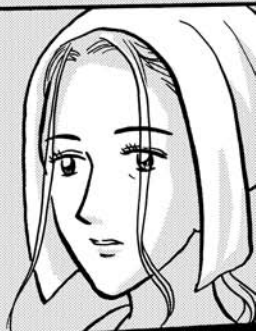


YES, IT IS I AND  
MY LITTLE PEARL.



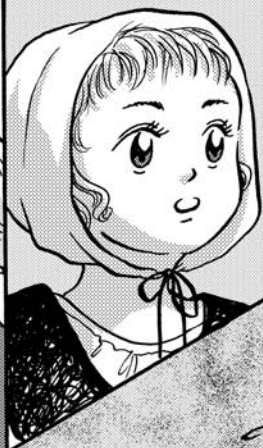
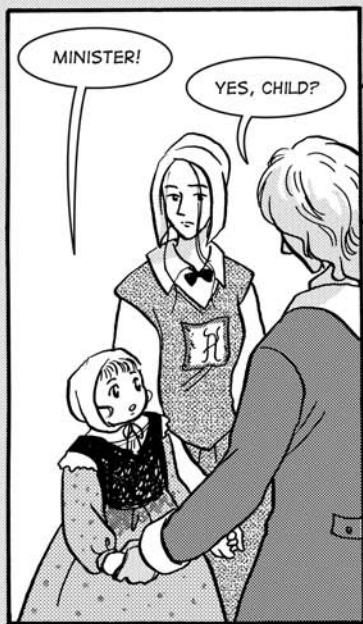
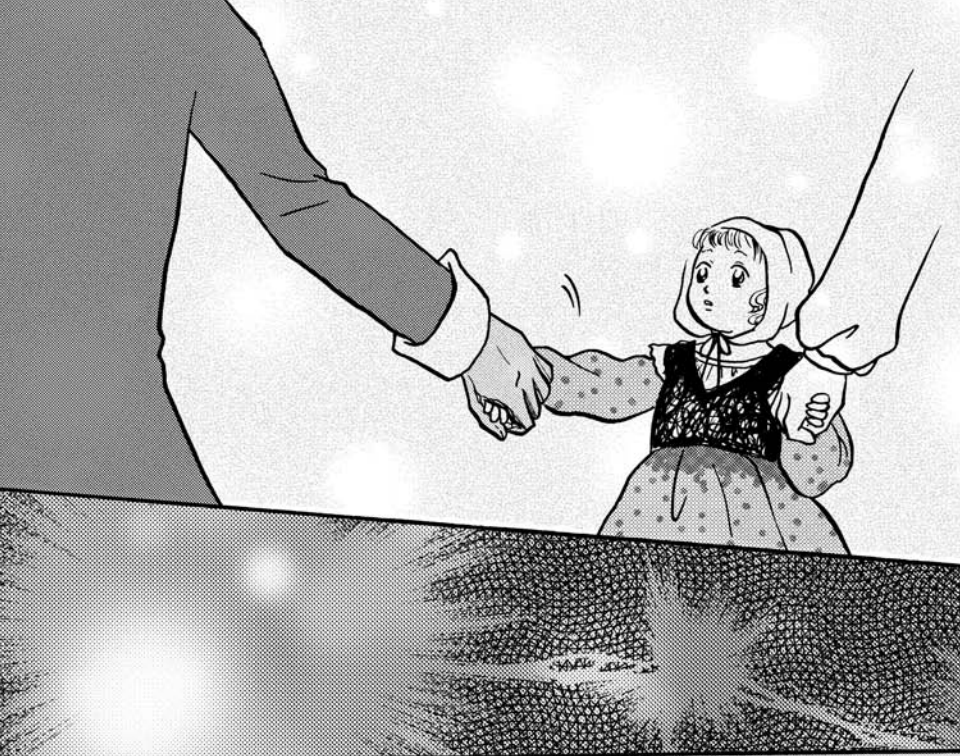
WHERE ARE YOU  
COMING FROM? WHAT  
SENT YOU HERE?

I HAVE BEEN  
WATCHING AT OLD GOVERNOR  
WINTHROP'S DEATHBED. I HAVE  
TAKEN HIS MEASURE FOR A  
BURIAL ROBE AND AM NOW  
GOING HOME.



COME UP HERE,  
HESTER--THOU AND LITTLE  
PEARL. YE HAVE BOTH BEEN HERE  
BEFORE, BUT I WAS NOT WITH YOU.  
COME UP AGAIN, AND WE WILL  
STAND ALL THREE  
TOGETHER.





WILT THOU  
STAND HERE WITH  
MOTHER AND ME,  
TOMORROW AT  
NOON?





NAY, MY CHILD.

I SHALL, INDEED, STAND WITH THY MOTHER AND THEE ONE OTHER DAY, BUT NOT TOMORROW.



AH HAH HAH

PULL

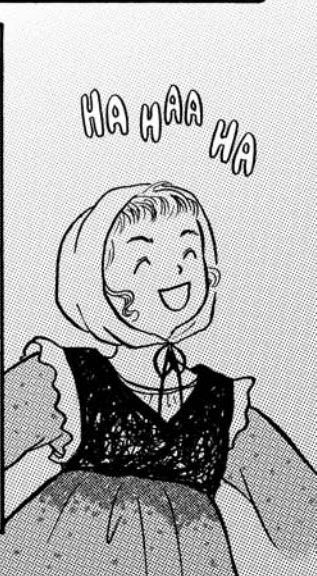


AT WHAT OTHER TIME, THEN?



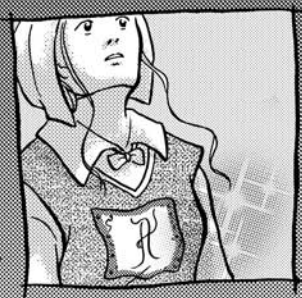
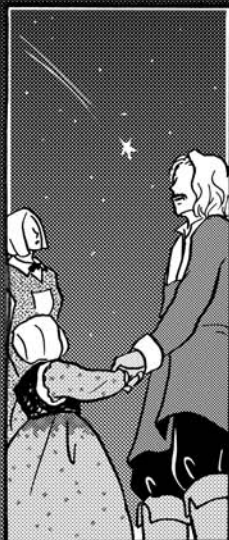
ON JUDGMENT DAY.

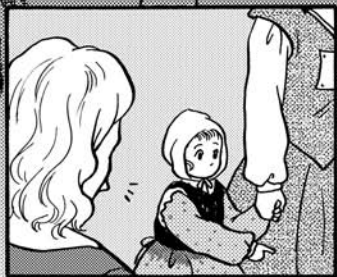
THEN THY MOTHER, AND THOU, AND I MUST STAND TOGETHER. BUT THE DAYLIGHT OF THIS WORLD SHALL NOT SEE OUR MEETING.



HA HAA HA



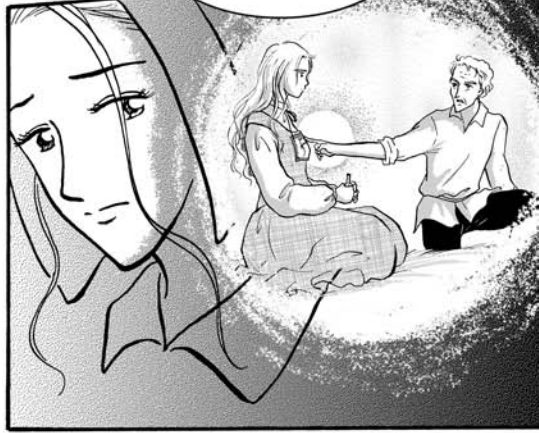




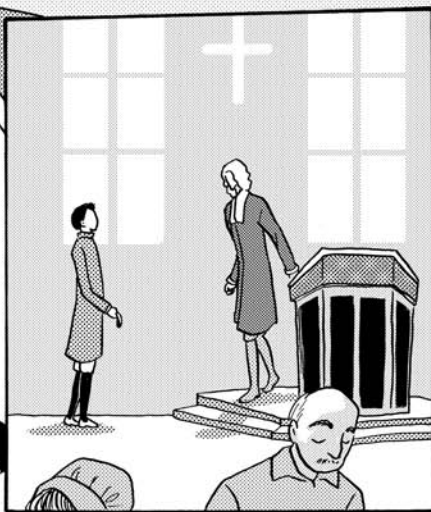
WHO IS THAT  
MAN, HESTER?




I SHIVER AT HIM.  
DOST THOU KNOW THE  
MAN? I HATE HIM,  
HESTER!













IT WAS FOUND THIS MORNING ON THE SCAFFOLD. SATAN DROPPED IT THERE, INTENDING A SCURRILOUS JEST.




DID YOUR REVERENCE HEAR OF THE PORTENT THAT WAS SEEN LAST NIGHT? A GREAT RED LETTER IN THE SKY, THE LETTER A, WHICH WE INTERPRET TO STAND FOR...



...ANGEL..



AS OUR GOOD GOVERNOR WINTHROP WAS MADE AN ANGEL THIS PAST NIGHT, IT WAS FIT THERE SHOULD BE NOTICE THEREOF.



NO, I HAD NOT HEARD IT.





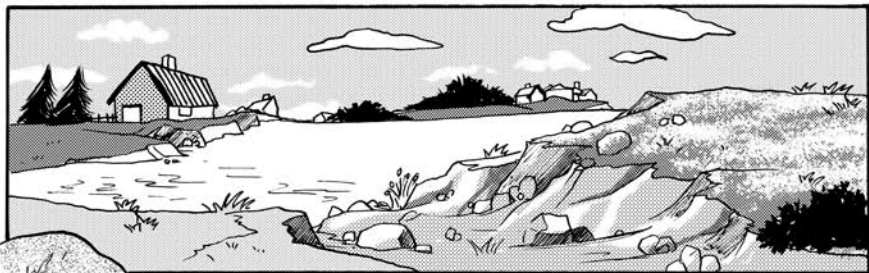
DO YOU SEE THAT WOMAN WITH THE EMBROIDERED BADGE? IT IS OUR HESTER, WHO IS SO KIND TO THE POOR, SO HELPFUL TO THE SICK, SO COMFORTABLE TO THE AFFLICTED.



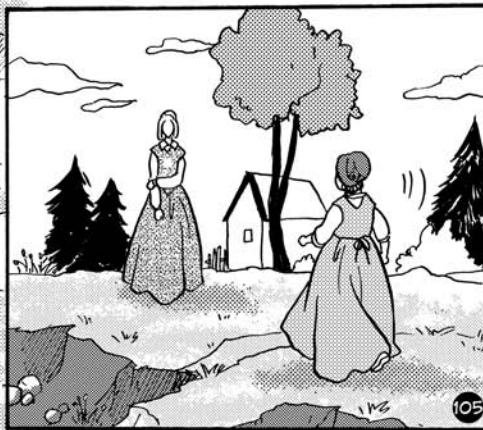
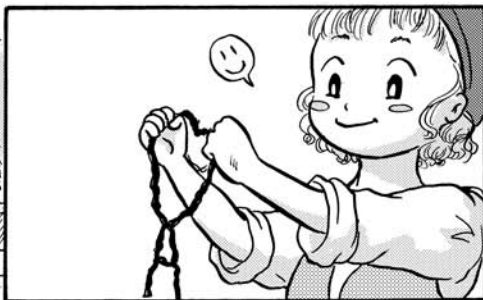
WHAT DOES THE "A" STAND FOR?



WHY, "ABLE," OF COURSE. IT IS SAID THAT AN INDIAN DREW AN ARROW AGAINST THE BADGE, AND THAT THE MISSILE STRUCK IT, BUT FELL HARMLESS TO THE GROUND.



WOULD IT BE  
BETTER TO SEND  
PEARL AT ONCE TO  
HEAVEN,  
AND TO GO  
MYSELF TO SUCH  
FUTURITY AS ETERNAL  
JUSTICE SHOULD  
PROVIDE?









COME THOU  
INTO THE  
POOL.



Hmph!







I HEAR GOOD  
TIDINGS OF YOU,  
MISTRESS.

LAST NIGHT, A  
MAGISTRATE WAS DISCOURSING  
OF YOUR AFFAIRS AND WHISPERED  
TO ME THAT IN THE COUNCIL, IT WAS  
DEBATED WHETHER OR NOT YONDER  
SCARLET LETTER MIGHT BE TAKEN OFF  
YOUR BOSOM. ON MY LIFE, I MADE  
MY ENTREATY THAT IT MIGHT BE  
DONE FORTHWITH!



IT LIES NOT  
IN THE PLEASURE OF THE  
MAGISTRATES TO TAKE OFF THIS  
BADGE. WERE I WORTHY TO BE QUIT  
OF IT, IT WOULD FALL AWAY OF ITS  
OWN NATURE, OR BE TRANSFORMED  
INTO SOMETHING THAT SHOULD  
SPEAK A DIFFERENT  
PURPORT.





WHEN WE LAST  
SPOKE TOGETHER,

WEAR IT, THEN,  
IF IT SUITS YOU  
BETTER.

Shrug

NOW SEVEN YEARS  
AGO, IT WAS YOUR PLEASURE  
TO EXTORT A PROMISE OF  
SECRECY, AS TOUCHING THE  
FORMER RELATION BETWIXT  
YOURSELF AND ME.

AS THE LIFE AND GOOD  
FAME OF...YONDER MAN WERE  
IN YOUR HANDS, THERE SEEMED  
NO CHOICE TO ME, SAVE TO BE  
SILENT, IN ACCORDANCE WITH  
YOUR BEHEST.

YET, HAVING CAST  
OFF ALL DUTY TOWARDS  
OTHER HUMAN BEINGS, THERE  
REMAINED A DUTY TOWARDS HIM.  
SOMETHING WHISPERED ME THAT  
I WAS BETRAYING IT, IN  
PLEDGING MYSELF TO KEEP  
YOUR COUNSEL.

SINCE THAT DAY,  
NO MAN IS SO NEAR  
HIM AS YOU.

YOUR CLUTCH IS  
ON HIS LIFE, AND YOU  
CAUSE HIM TO DIE DAILY  
A LIVING DEATH--AND  
STILL HE KNOWS  
YOU NOT.

IN PERMITTING THIS, I  
HAVE SURELY ACTED A FALSE  
PART BY THE ONLY MAN WHOM  
THE POWER WAS LEFT TO ME  
TO BE TRUE!

WHAT CHOICE  
HAD YOU?

MY FINGER, POINTED AT  
THIS MAN, WOULD HAVE HURLED  
HIM FROM HIS PULPIT INTO A DUNGEON,  
AND THENCE PERHAPS TO THE GALLOWES!

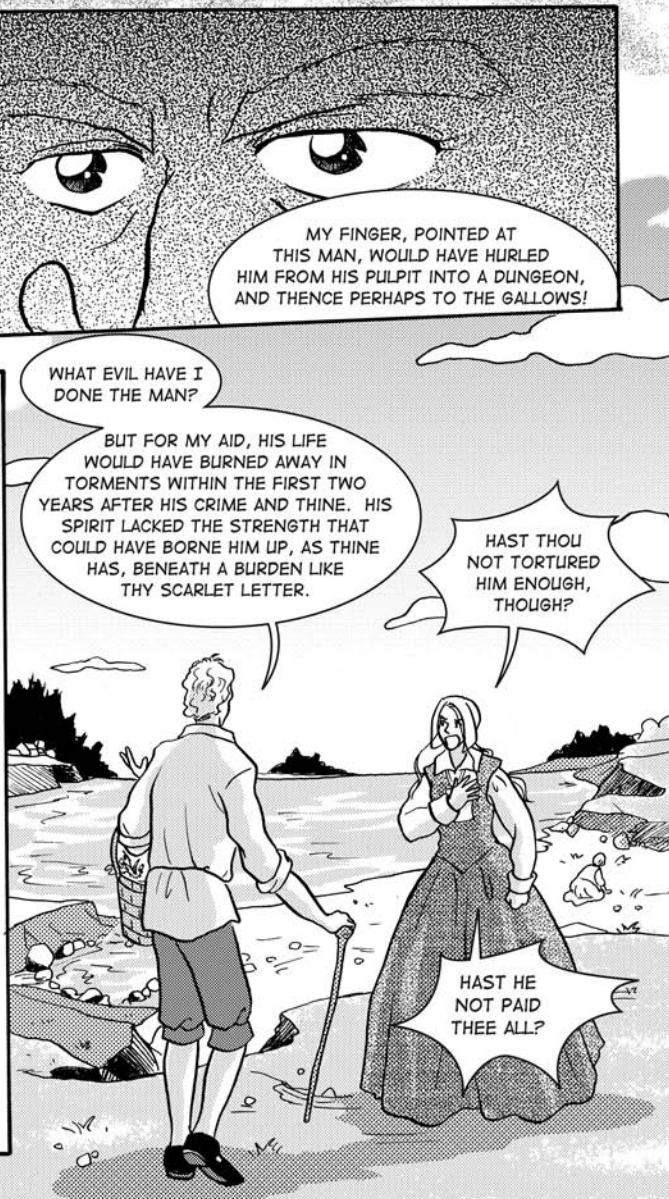
WHAT EVIL HAVE I  
DONE THE MAN?

BUT FOR MY AID, HIS LIFE  
WOULD HAVE BURNED AWAY IN  
TORMENTS WITHIN THE FIRST TWO  
YEARS AFTER HIS CRIME AND THINE. HIS  
SPIRIT LACKED THE STRENGTH THAT  
COULD HAVE BORNE HIM UP, AS THINE  
HAS, BENEATH A BURDEN LIKE  
THY SCARLET LETTER.

HAST THOU  
NOT TORTURED  
HIM ENOUGH,  
THOUGH?

IT HAD BEEN  
BETTER SO.

HAST HE  
NOT PAID  
THEE ALL?





NO. NO! HE HAS  
BLIT INCREASED  
THE DEBT!

WHY HAST  
THOU NOT  
AVENGED  
THYSELF ON  
ME?

I HAVE LEFT THEE  
TO THE SCARLET LETTER.  
IF THAT HAVE NOT  
AVENGED ME, I CAN DO  
NO MORE.



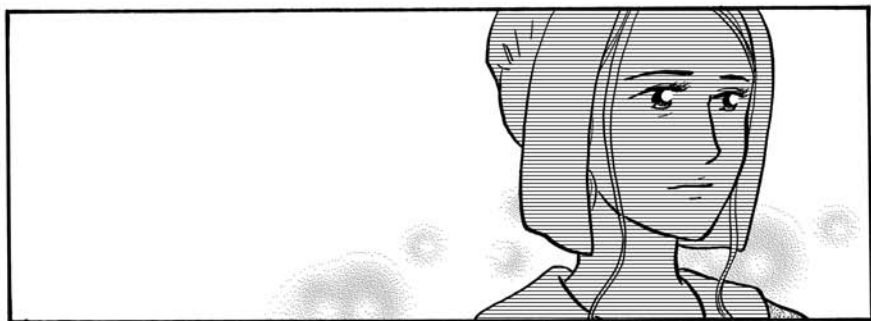
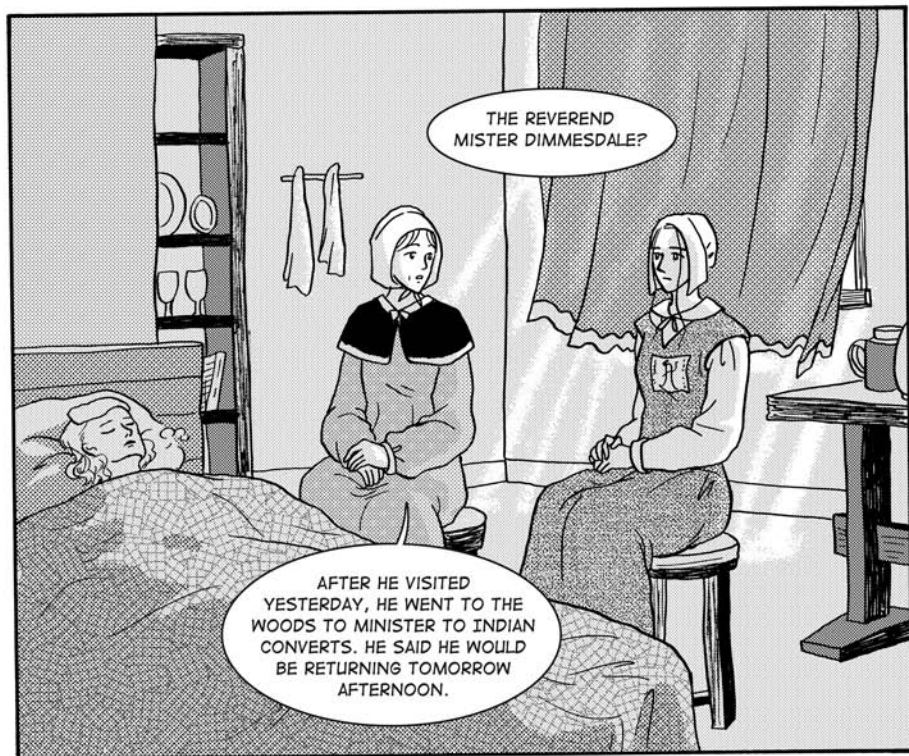
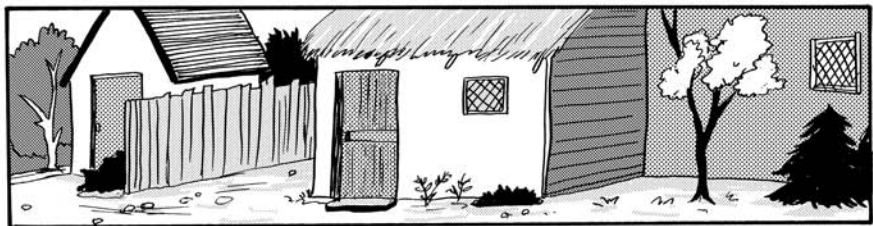
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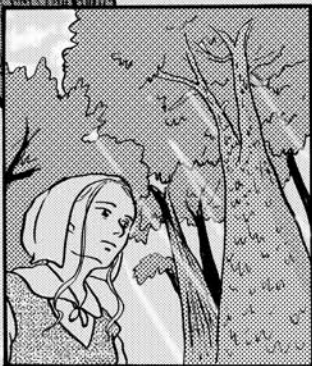


I MUST REVEAL  
THE SECRET OF THINE  
IDENTITY TO HIM. WHAT MAY  
BE THE RESULT, I KNOW NOT.  
BUT THIS LONG DEBT OF  
CONFIDENCE, DUE FROM ME  
TO HIM, SHALL AT  
LENGTH BE PAID.



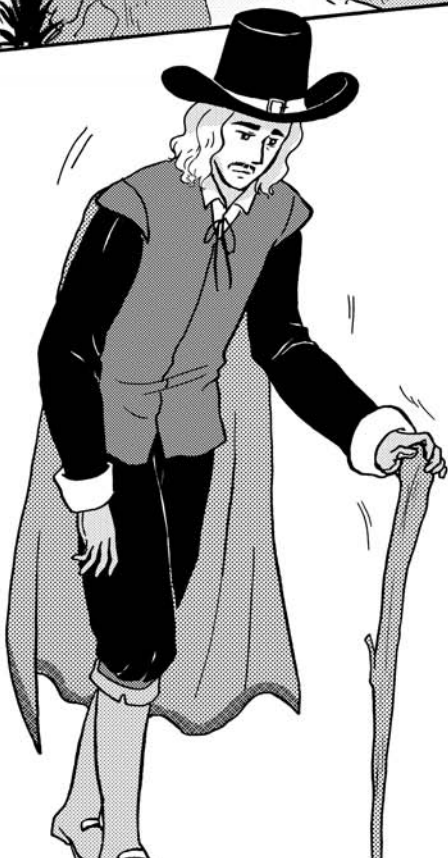






MOTHER, THE  
SUNSHINE DOES NOT LOVE  
YOU. IT RUNS AWAY AND HIDES  
ITSELF, BECAUSE IT IS AFRAID OF  
SOMETHING ON YOUR BOSOM. IT  
WILL NOT FLEE FROM ME, FOR  
I WEAR NOTHING ON MY  
BOSOM YET!





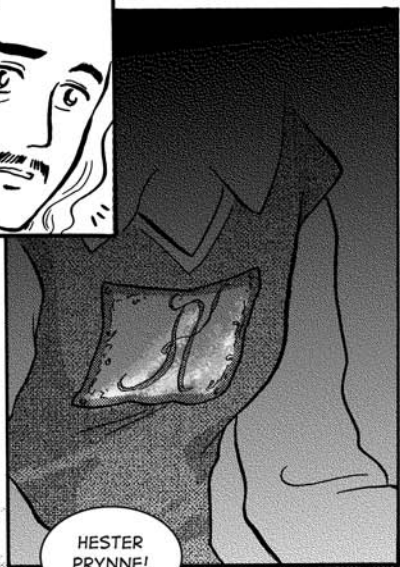
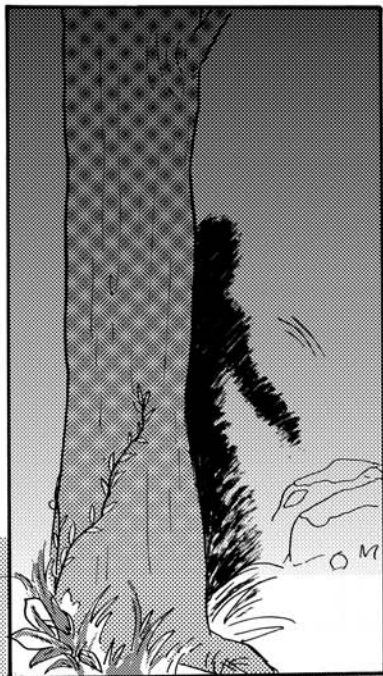


ARTHUR DIMMESDALE!

WHO SPEAKS?





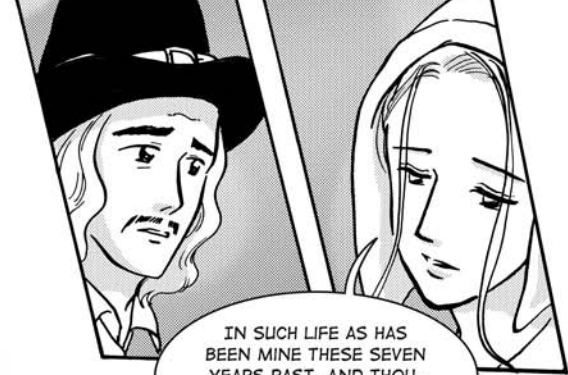


HESTER  
PRYNNE!

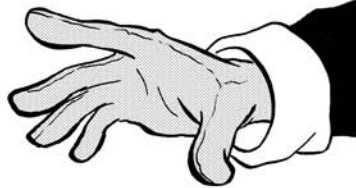
ART THOU  
IN LIFE?







IN SUCH LIFE AS HAS  
BEEN MINE THESE SEVEN  
YEARS PAST. AND THOU,  
ARTHUR DIMMESDALE? DOST  
THOU YET LIVE?





HAST THOU FOUND PEACE?



HAST THOU?

NONE. NOTHING BUT DESPAIR. HESTER, I AM MOST MISERABLE.



THE PEOPLE REVERENCE THEE.

AND SURELY THOU WORKEST GOOD AMONG THEM. DOST THIS BRING THEE NO COMFORT?

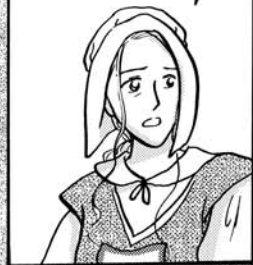


AS CONCERNS THE GOOD WHICH I MAY APPEAR TO DO, WHAT CAN A RUINED SOUL LIKE MINE EFFECT TOWARDS THE REDEMPTION OF OTHER SOULS?

AND AS FOR THE PEOPLE'S REVERENCE, WOULD THAT IT WERE TURNED TO SCORN AND HATRED!

I MUST STAND UP IN MY PULPIT, AND MEET SO MANY EYES TURNED UPWARD TO MY FACE AS IF THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN WERE BEAMING FROM IT--AND THEN LOOK INWARD, AND DISCERN THE BLACK REALITY OF WHAT THEY IDOLIZE!

YOU WRONG YOURSELF IN THIS. YOU HAVE DEEPLY AND SORELY REPENTED. YOUR PRESENT LIFE IS NOT LESS HOLY, IN TRUTH, THAN IT SEEMS IN PEOPLE'S EYES.



HAPPY ARE YOU, HESTER, THAT WEAR THE SCARLET LETTER OPENLY UPON YOUR BOSOM. MINE BURNS IN SECRET.



WHAT A RELIEF IT IS, AFTER THE TORMENT OF A SEVEN YEARS' CHEAT, TO LOOK INTO AN EYE THAT RECOGNIZES ME FOR WHAT I AM!

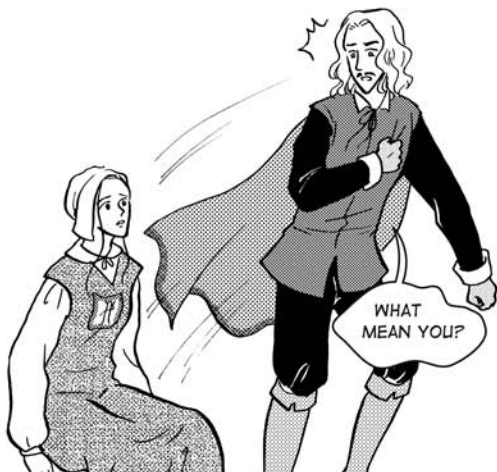
IT IS ALL FALSEHOOD

...EMPTINESS

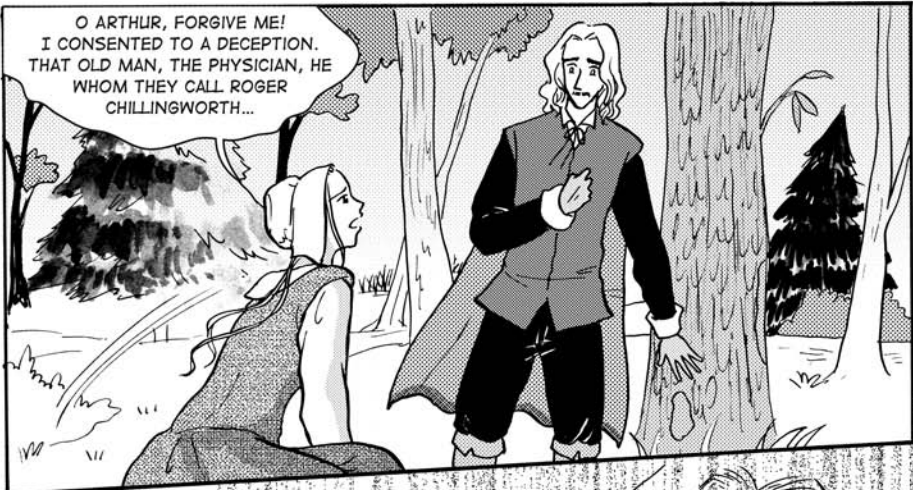
...DEATH.



THOU HAST LONG HAD AN ENEMY, AND DWELLEST WITH HIM, UNDER THE SAME ROOF.



WHAT MEAN YOU?




O ARTHUR, FORGIVE ME!  
I CONSENTED TO A DECEPTION.  
THAT OLD MAN, THE PHYSICIAN, HE  
WHOM THEY CALL ROGER  
CHILLINGWORTH...




...HE WAS MY  
HUSBAND.



THE SHAME!



THE HORRIBLE UGLINESS OF  
THIS EXPOSURE OF A SICK AND GUILTY  
HEART TO THE VERY EYE THAT WOULD GLOAT  
OVER IT! WOMAN, THOU ART ACCOUNTABLE  
FOR THIS! I CANNOT FORGIVE THEE!



LET GOD PUNISH!  
THOU SHALT FORGIVE!



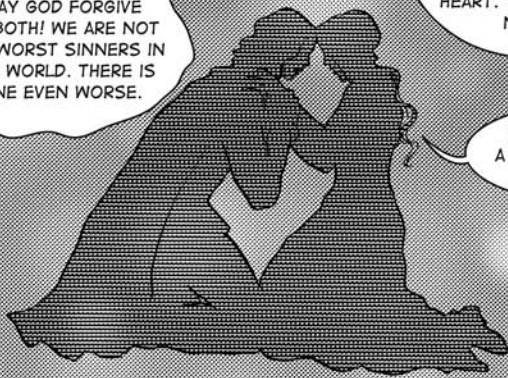
WILT THOU  
FORGIVE?

I DO FORGIVE  
YOU, HESTER.

MAY GOD FORGIVE  
US BOTH! WE ARE NOT  
THE WORST SINNERS IN  
THE WORLD. THERE IS  
ONE EVEN WORSE.

THAT OLD MAN'S  
REVENGE HAS BEEN BLACKER  
THAN MY SIN. HE HAS VIOLATED  
THE SANCTITY OF THE HUMAN  
HEART. THOU AND I, HESTER,  
NEVER DID SO.

WHAT WE DID HAD  
A CONSECRATION OF  
ITS OWN.








HERE IS A NEW HORROR!  
ROGER CHILLINGWORTH KNOWS  
YOUR PURPOSE TO REVEAL HIS TRUE  
CHARACTER. WHAT WILL NOW BE  
THE COURSE OF HIS  
REVENGE?

THERE IS A  
STRANGE SECRET IN  
HIS NATURE.

I DEEM IT NOT LIKELY  
THAT HE WILL BETRAY OUR  
SECRET. HE WILL SEEK OTHER  
MEANS OF SATIATING HIS  
DARK PASSION.






AND HOW AM I TO LIVE LONGER, BREATHING THE SAME AIR WITH THIS DEADLY ENEMY?


THOU MUST DWELL NO LONGER WITH HIM.

BUT HOW TO AVOID HIM? SHALL I LIE DOWN HERE AND DIE? BE STRONG FOR ME! ADVISE ME WHAT TO DO.



THIS FOREST TRACK LEADS INTO THE WILDERNESS. THERE THOU ART FREE!

IS THERE NOT SHADE ENOUGH IN THIS FOREST TO HIDE THY HEART FROM THE GAZE OF ROGER CHILLINGWORTH?



THEN THERE IS THE BROAD PATHWAY OF THE SEA! IT BROUGHT THEE HERE. IT CAN BEAR THEE BACK AGAIN.

IN ENGLAND, WHETHER IN SOME REMOTE RURAL VILLAGE OR IN VAST LONDON, THOU WOULDST BE BEYOND HIS POWER AND KNOWLEDGE. OR IN GERMANY, FRANCE, OR ITALY.

YES, BUT ONLY UNDER THE FALLEN LEAVES.

I AM POWERLESS  
TO GO. WRETCHED  
AND SINFUL AS I AM, I  
DARE NOT QUIT MY  
POST.



LEAVE IT  
ALL BEHIND  
THEE!

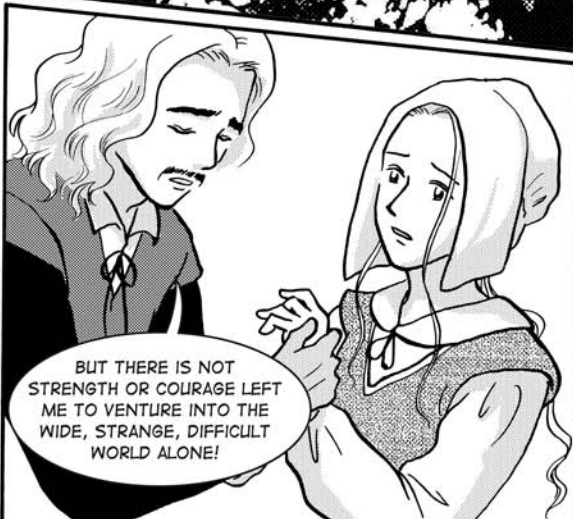
BE THE TEACHER  
AND APOSTLE OF  
THE RED MEN.

SHAKE

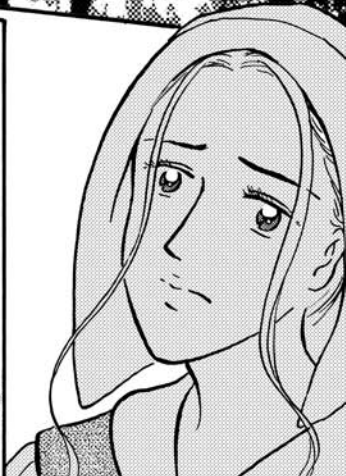


OR BE A SCHOLAR AND  
SAGE AMONG THE WISEST AND  
MOST RENOWNED OF THE  
CULTIVATED WORLD.

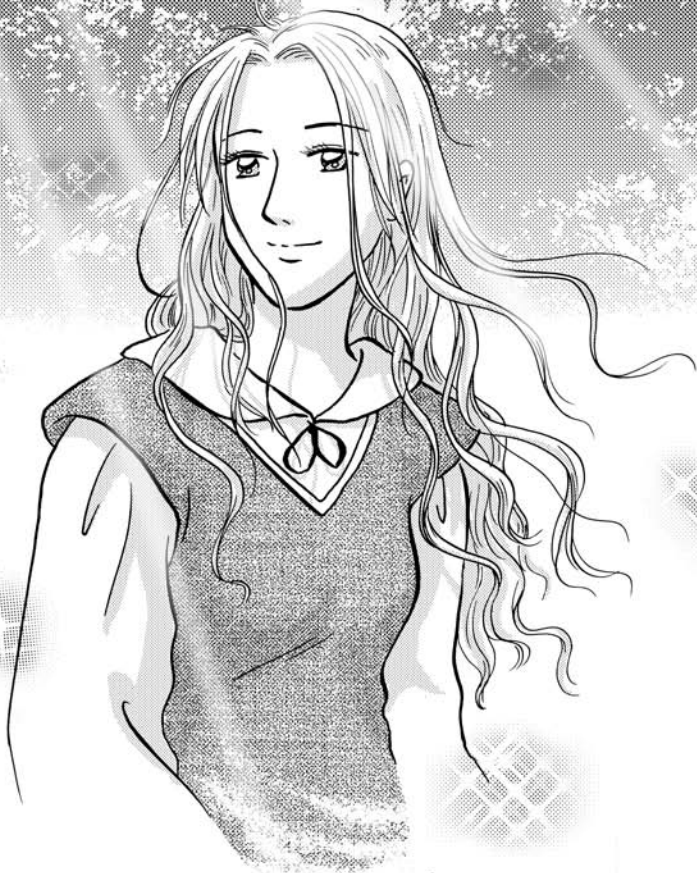
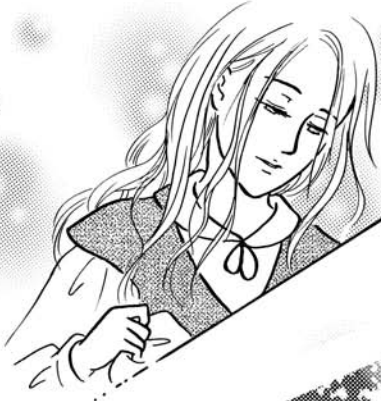
PREACH! WRITE! ACT!  
DO ANYTHING BUT LIE DOWN  
AND DIE! GIVE UP THE NAME OF  
ARTHUR DIMMESDALE, AND MAKE  
THYSELF ANOTHER, ONE THAT  
THOU CANST WEAR WITHOUT  
FEAR OR SHAME.



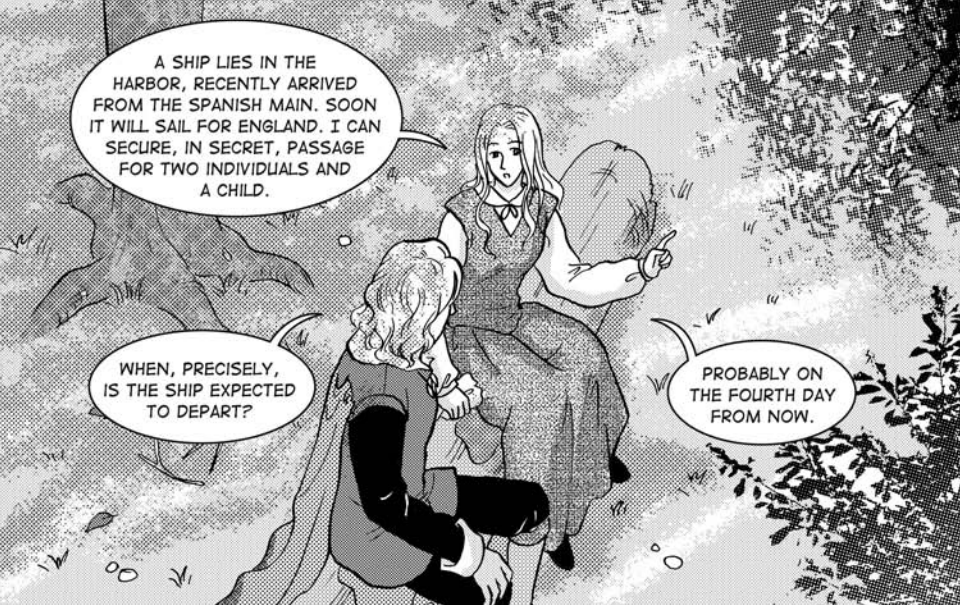
BUT THERE IS NOT  
STRENGTH OR COURAGE LEFT  
ME TO VENTURE INTO THE  
WIDE, STRANGE, DIFFICULT  
WORLD ALONE!












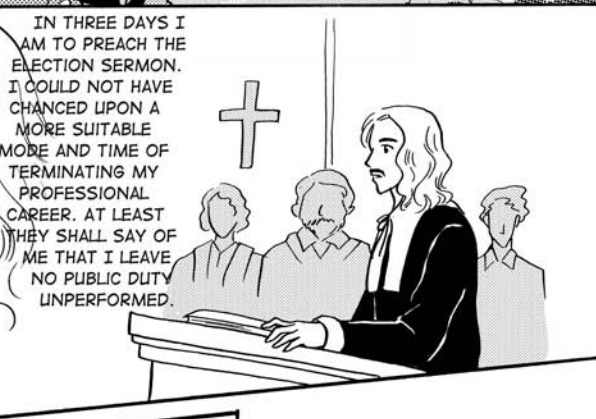
A SHIP LIES IN THE HARBOR, RECENTLY ARRIVED FROM THE SPANISH MAIN. SOON IT WILL SAIL FOR ENGLAND. I CAN SECURE, IN SECRET, PASSAGE FOR TWO INDIVIDUALS AND A CHILD.

WHEN, PRECISELY, IS THE SHIP EXPECTED TO DEPART?


PROBABLY ON THE FOURTH DAY FROM NOW.




THAT IS MOST FORTUNATE!



IN THREE DAYS I AM TO PREACH THE ELECTION SERMON. I COULD NOT HAVE CHANCED UPON A MORE SUITABLE MODE AND TIME OF TERMINATING MY PROFESSIONAL CAREER. AT LEAST THEY SHALL SAY OF ME THAT I LEAVE NO PUBLIC DUTY UNPERFORMED.



THIS IS ALREADY THE BETTER LIFE! WHY DID WE NOT FIND IT SOONER?



THOU MUST KNOW PEARL!

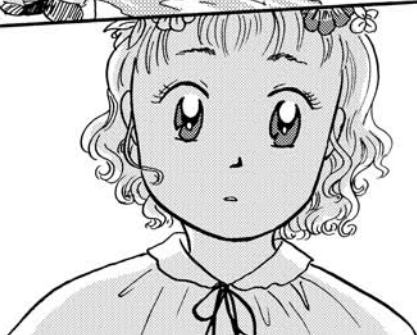
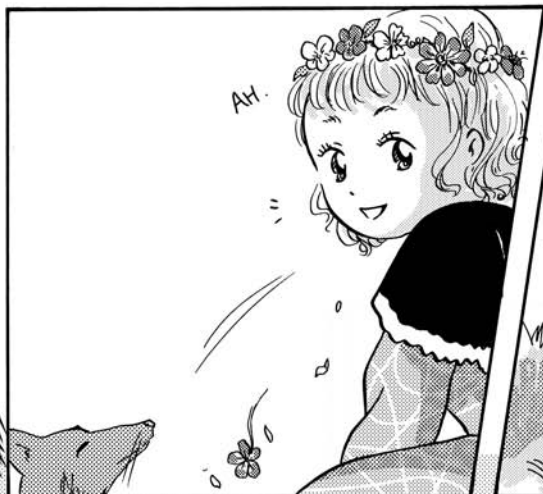
SHE IS A STRANGE CHILD, WHOM I HARDLY COMPREHEND MYSELF. BUT THOU WILT LOVE HER DEARLY, AS I DO, AND WILT ADVISE ME HOW TO DEAL WITH HER.

SHE WILL LOVE THEE DEARLY, AND THOU HER.

WILL THE CHILD BE GLAD TO KNOW ME?

PEARL!







HERE IS A FRIEND  
OF MINE, WHO MUST BE  
THY FRIEND ALSO. THOU  
WILT HAVE TWICE AS MUCH  
LOVE, HENCEFORWARD, AS  
THY MOTHER ALONE  
COULD GIVE THEE.

LEAP ACROSS  
THE BROOK, AND  
COME TO US.



LEAP ACROSS THE  
BROOK, NAUGHTY CHILD,  
ELSE I MUST COME  
TO THEE!



AAAAAAAAA





I SEE WHAT  
AILS THE CHILD.

PEARL MISSES  
SOMETHING WHICH SHE  
HAS ALWAYS SEEN  
ME WEAR...



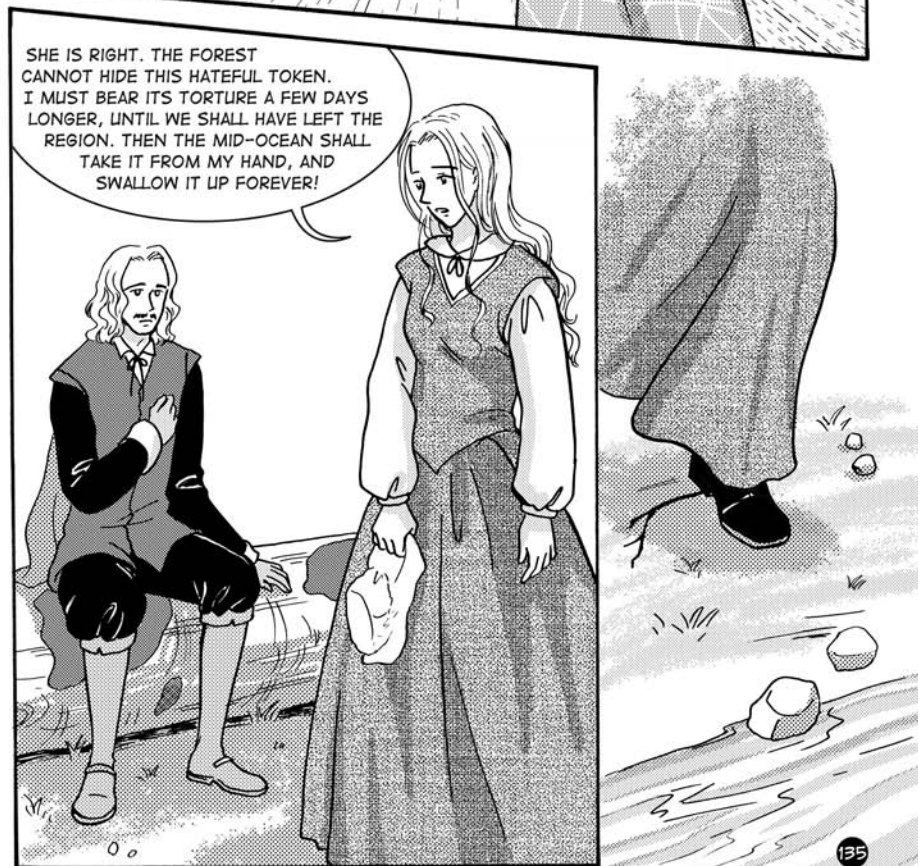
IF THOU  
LOVEST ME,  
PACIFY HER!



Sigh\*

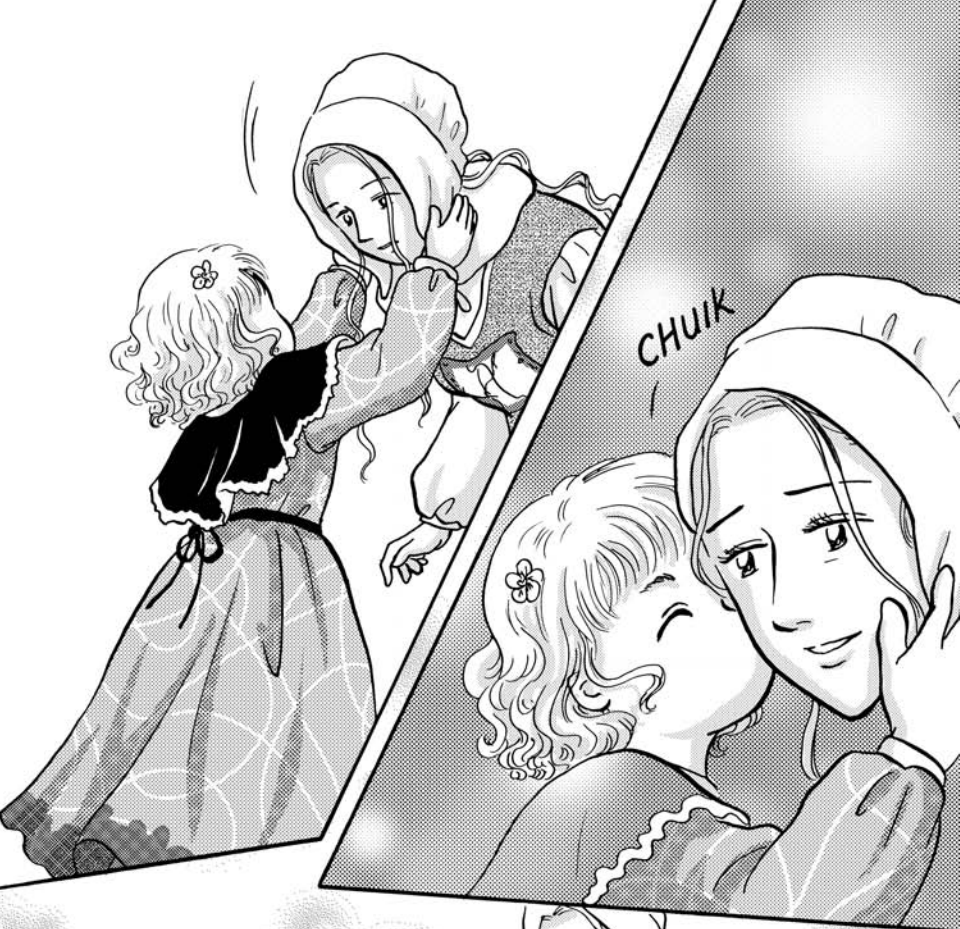
PEARL, LOOK  
DOWN AT THY  
FEET.



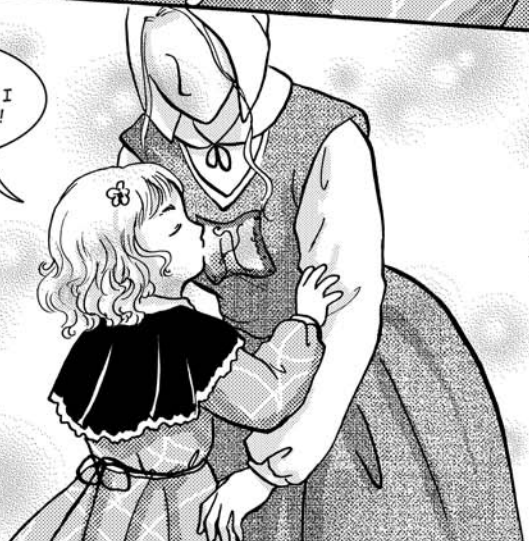




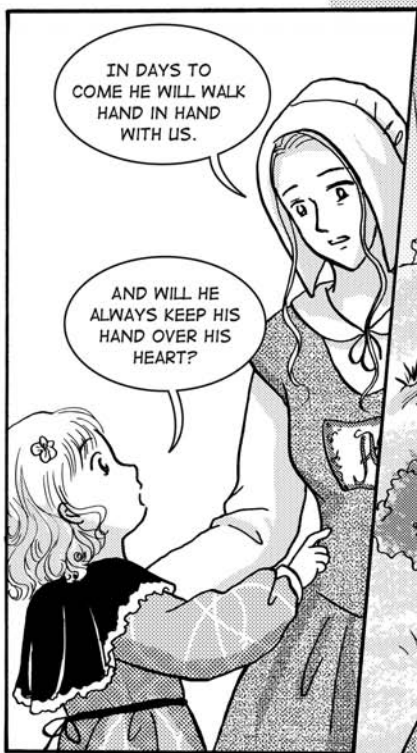
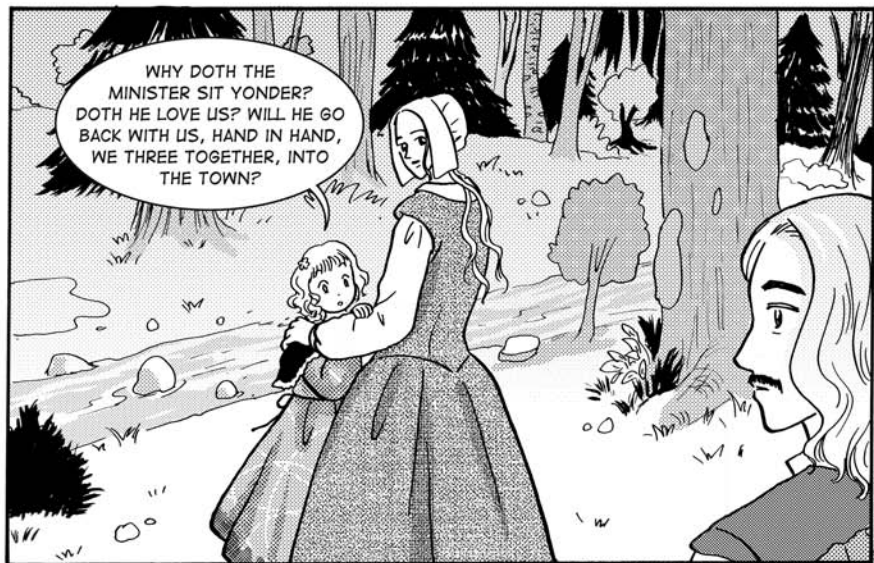


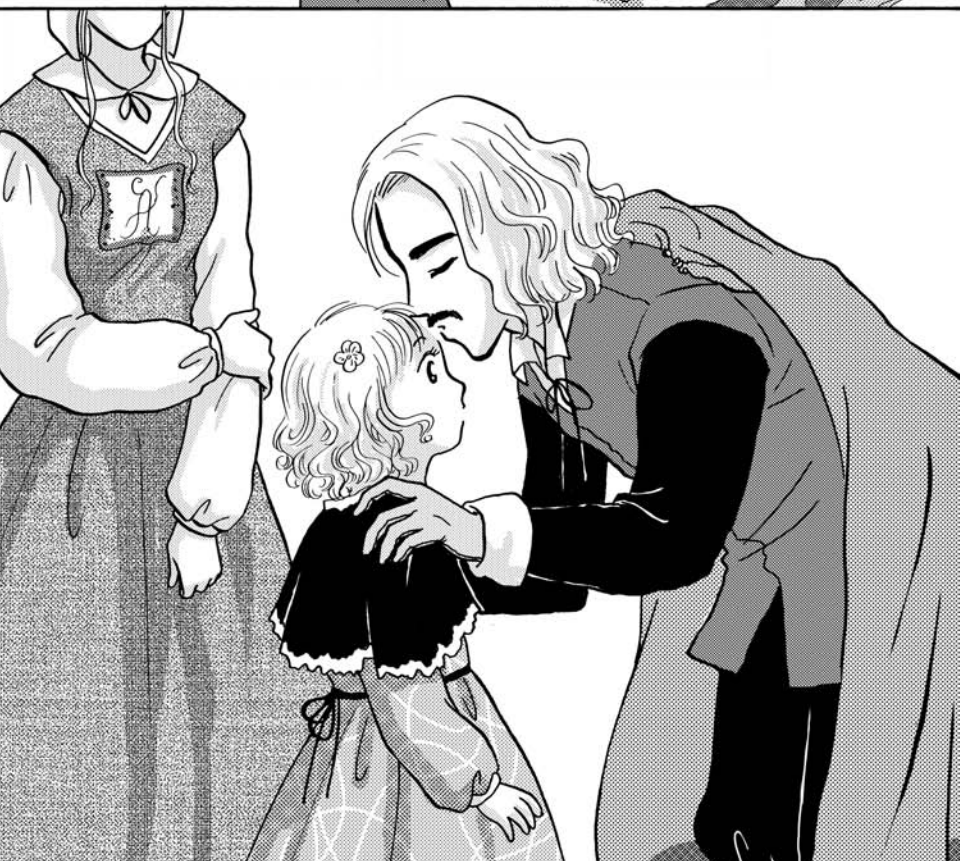
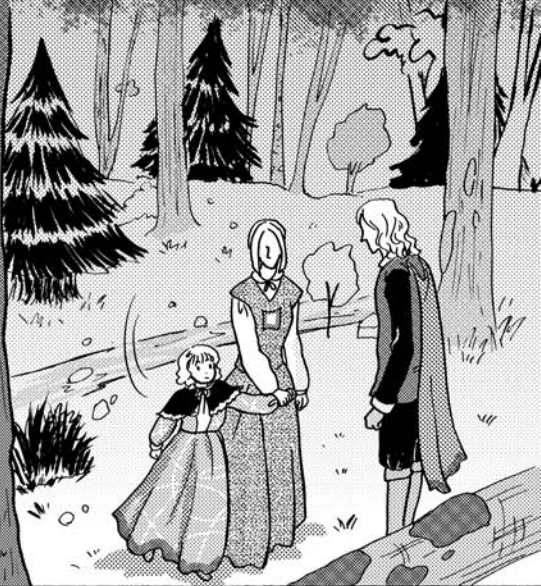


NOW THOU ART MY MOTHER INDEED! AND I AM THY LITTLE PEARL!

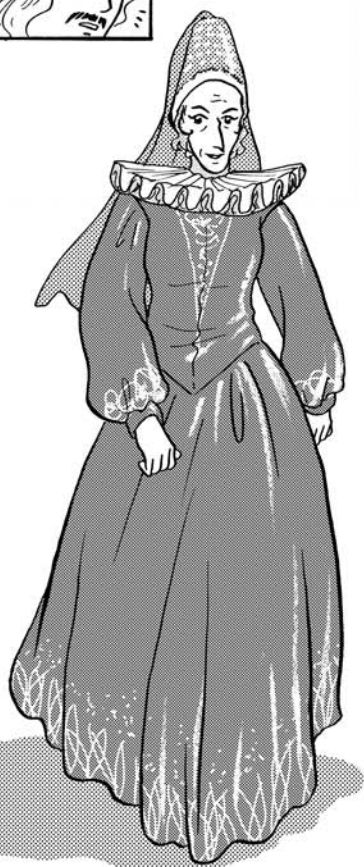














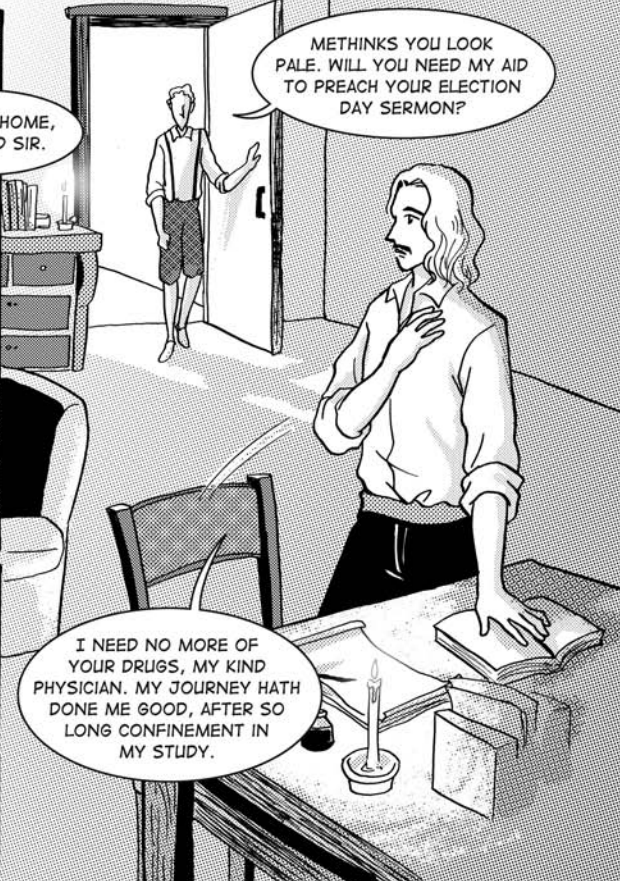
WE MUST TALK THIS WAY IN THE DAYTIME, OF COURSE. BUT AT MIDNIGHT, AND IN THE FOREST, WE SHALL HAVE OTHER TALK TOGETHER!

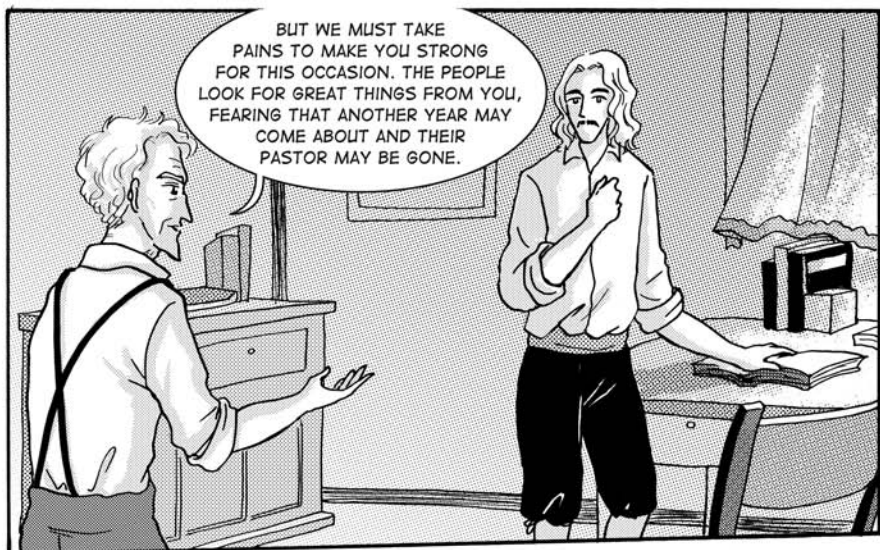


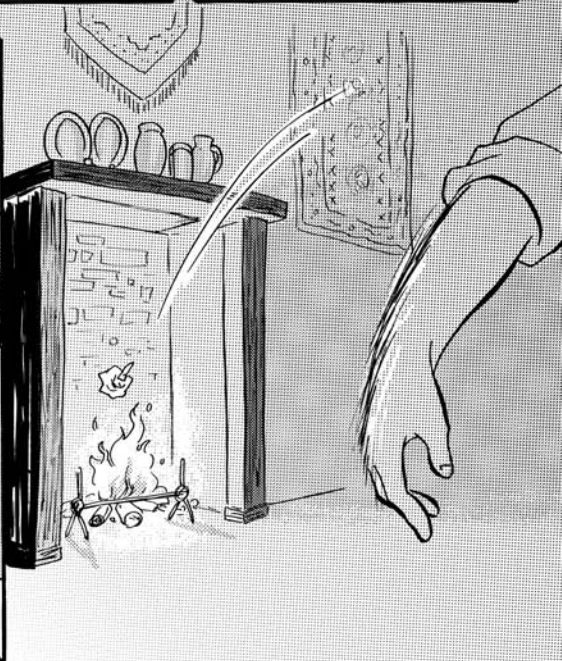
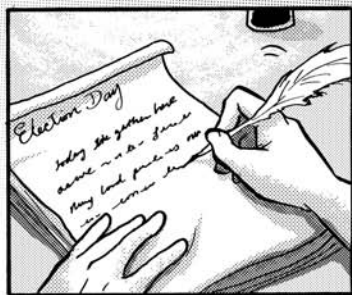
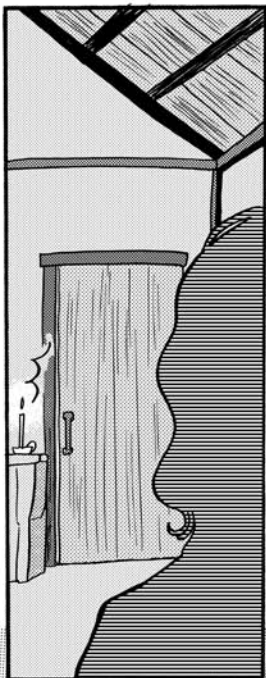
TEMPTED BY A DREAM OF HAPPINESS, I HAVE YIELDED MYSELF, AS I HAVE NEVER DONE BEFORE, TO WHAT I KNOW IS DEADLY SIN...



















LOOK YOUR LAST ON THE SCARLET LETTER AND ITS WEARER! IN A LITTLE WHILE, SHE WILL BE BEYOND YOUR REACH. A FEW HOURS LONGER, AND THE DEEP, MYSTERIOUS OCEAN WILL QUENCH THE SYMBOL WHICH YE HAVE CAUSED TO BURN UPON HER BOSOM AND HIDE IT FOREVER!

WHY HAVE ALL THE PEOPLE LEFT THEIR WORK TODAY? WHAT HAVE THEY ALL COME TO DO?

THEY WAIT TO SEE THE PROCESSION PASS. FOR THE GOVERNOR AND HIS MAGISTRATES ARE TO GO BY, AND THE MINISTERS, AND THE SOLDIERS MARCHING BEFORE THEM.



AND WILL THE MINISTER BE THERE? AND WILL HE HOLD OUT BOTH HIS HANDS TO ME, AS WHEN THOU LEDST ME TO HIM FROM THE BROOKSIDE?

HE WILL BE THERE. BUT HE WILL NOT GREET THEE TODAY, NOR MUST THOU GREET HIM.

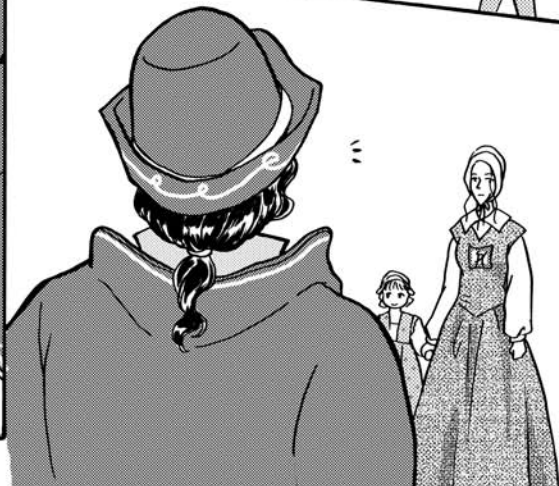


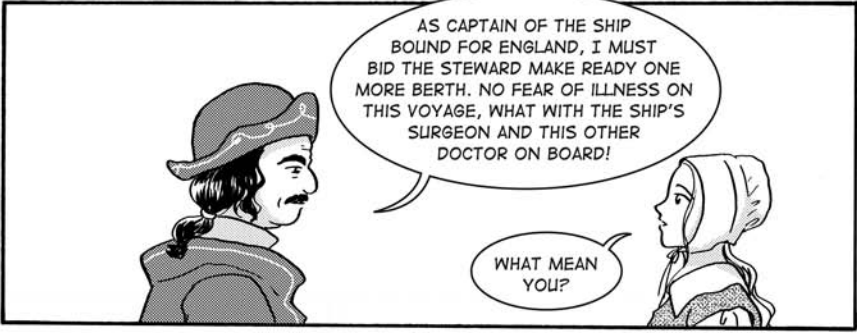
WHAT A STRANGE, SAD MAN IS HE!

IN THE DARK NIGHTTIME HE CALLS US TO HIM, AND HOLDS THY HAND AND MINE, AS WHEN WE STOOD WITH HIM ON THE SCAFFOLD YONDER.

IN THE DEEP FOREST HE TALKS WITH THEE, SITTING ON A HEAP OF MOSS. BUT HERE, IN THE SUNNY DAY, AND AMONG ALL THE PEOPLE, HE KNOWS US NOT, NOR MUST WE KNOW HIM!









AS CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP BOUND FOR ENGLAND, I MUST BID THE STEWARD MAKE READY ONE MORE BERTH. NO FEAR OF ILLNESS ON THIS VOYAGE, WHAT WITH THE SHIP'S SURGEON AND THIS OTHER DOCTOR ON BOARD!

WHAT MEAN YOU?

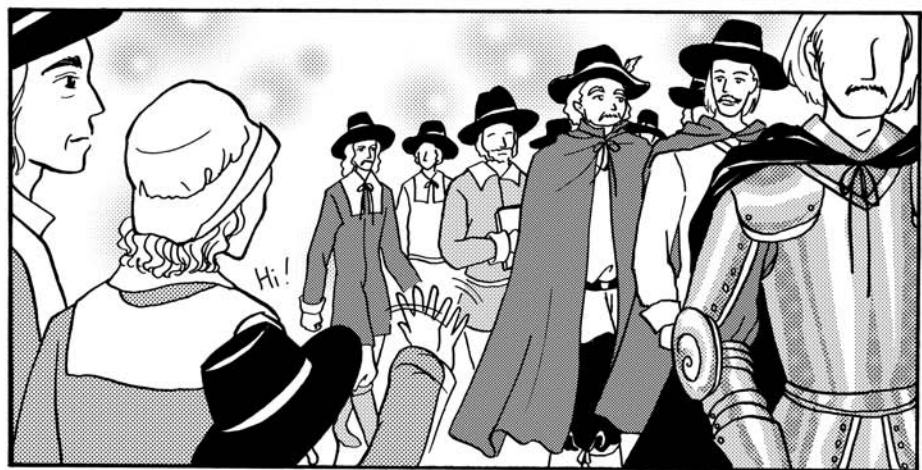


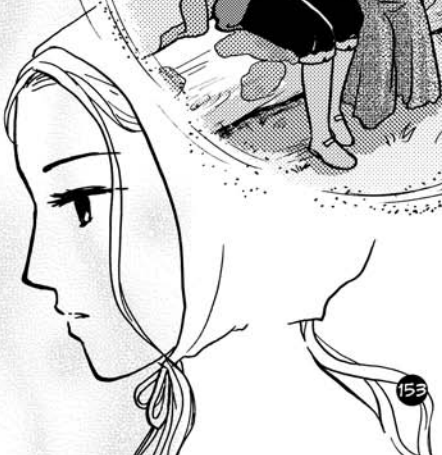
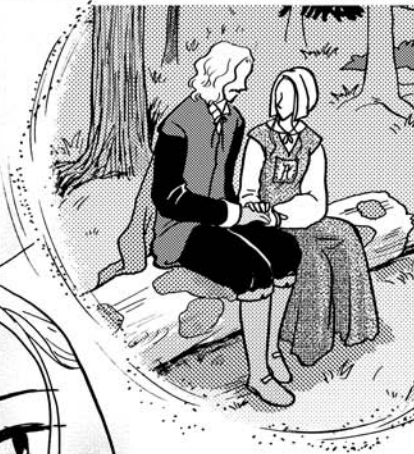
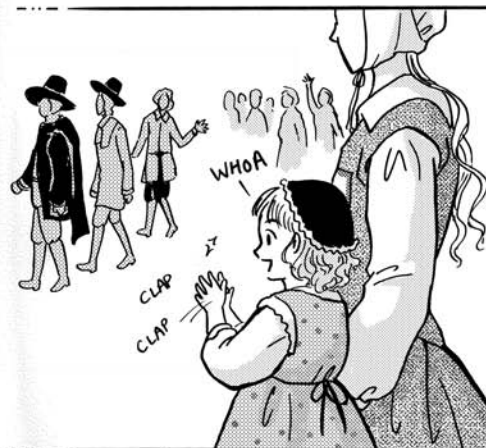
WHY, KNOW YOU NOT THAT THE PHYSICIAN CHILLINGWORTH INTENDS TO TRAVEL WITH YOU?



YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN IT, FOR HE TELLS ME HE IS OF YOUR PARTY.











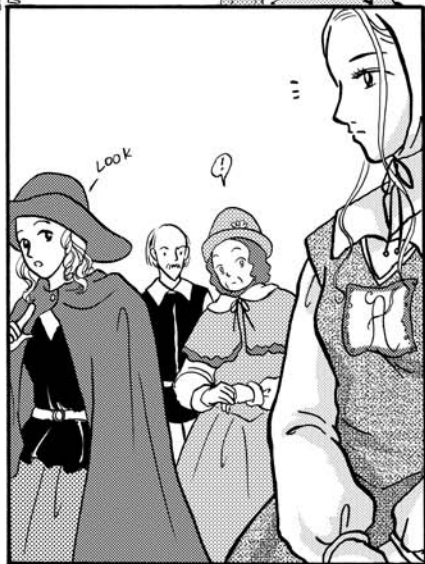


THOU THYSELF WILL SEE  
IT, ONE TIME OR ANOTHER.  
THEY SAY THOU ART OF THE  
LINEAGE OF THE PRINCE OF  
THE AIR!

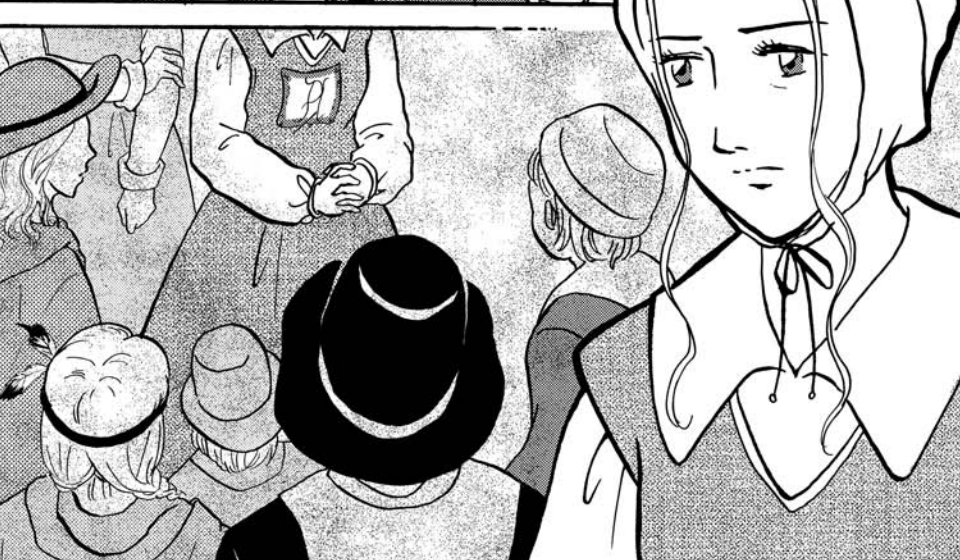
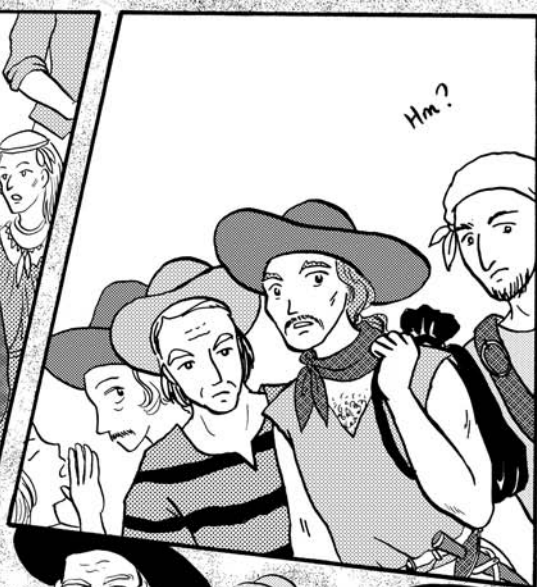
WILT THOU RIDE  
WITH ME SOME FINE  
NIGHT, TO SEE THY FATHER?  
THEN THOU SHALT KNOW  
WHY THE MINISTER KEEPS  
HIS HAND OVER HIS  
HEART!

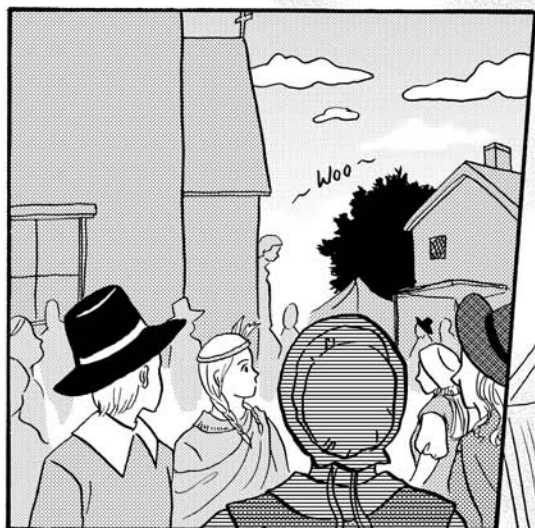












NEVER HATH A MAN  
SPOKEN IN SO WISE, SO  
HIGH, SO HOLY A SPIRIT AS  
THE REVEREND MISTER  
DIMMESDALE!

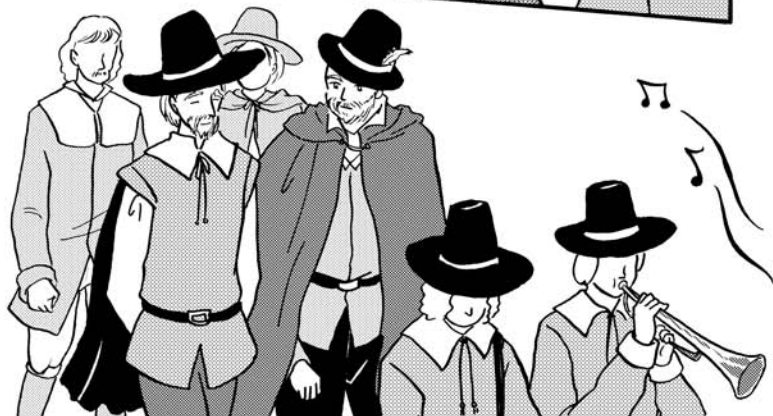
HIS  
SUBJECT?



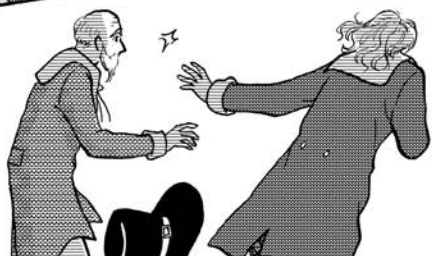
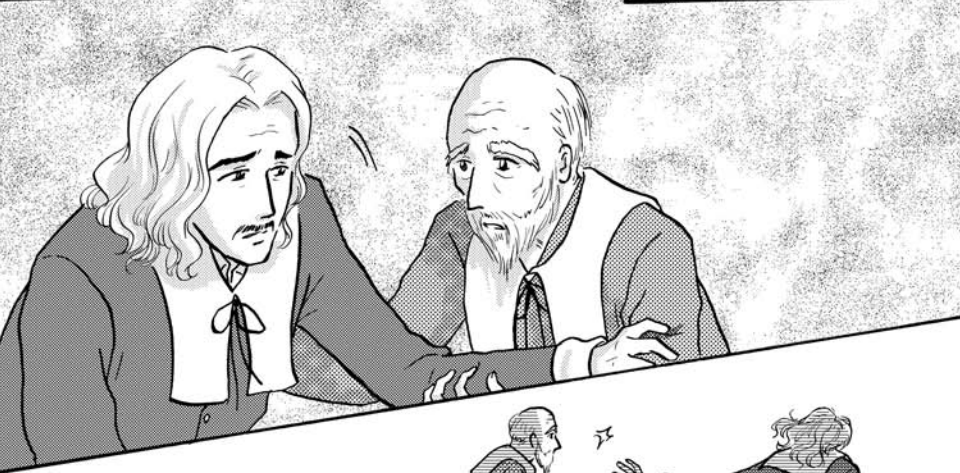
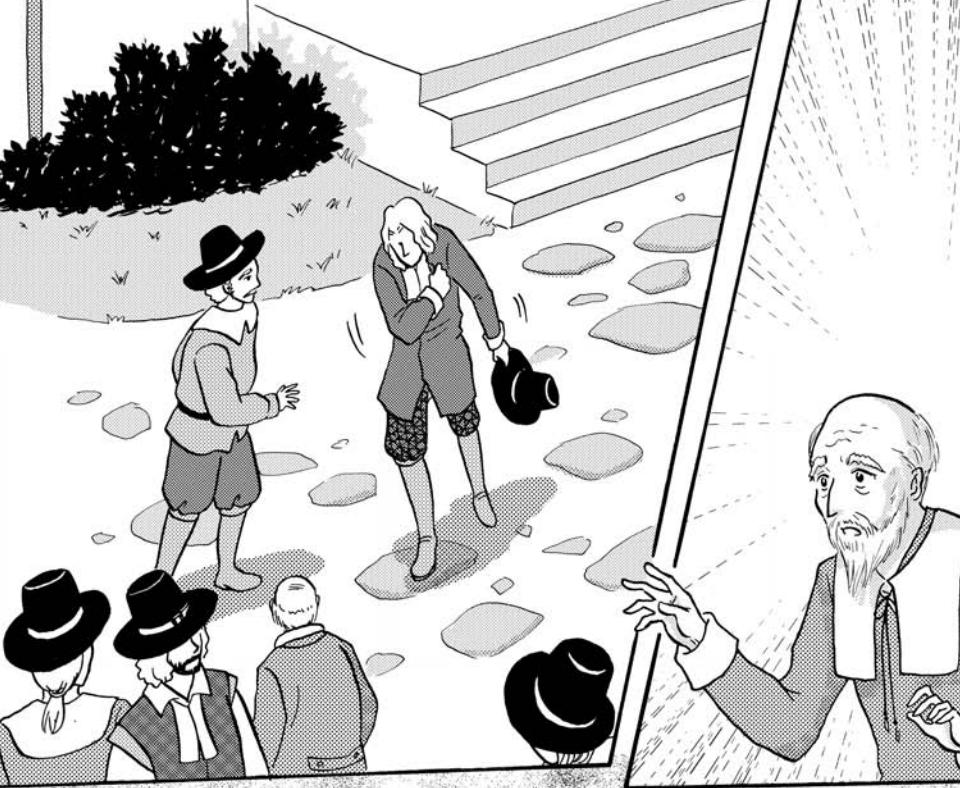
THE RELATION  
BETWEEN THE DEITY AND THE  
COMMUNITIES OF MANKIND, WITH  
A SPECIAL REFERENCE TO NEW  
ENGLAND. HE FORETOLD A HIGH AND  
GLORIOUS DESTINY FOR US, THE  
NEWLY GATHERED PEOPLE  
OF THE LORD.

AND YET OUR  
MINISTER WHOM WE SO  
LOVE, AND WHO SO LOVES  
US, HAD THE FOREBODING  
OF UNTIMELY DEATH  
UPON HIM.

SOON HE WILL  
LEAVE US IN OUR  
TEARS!















MADMAN!

WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE? WAVE BACK THAT WOMAN! CAST OFF THIS CHILD! DO NOT BLACKEN YOUR FAME, AND PERISH IN DISHONOR!

GRAB

THOU ART TOO LATE. THY POWER IS NOT WHAT IT WAS. WITH GOD'S HELP, I SHALL ESCAPE THEE NOW.

HESTER PRYNNE!

Look at them...

oh Lord...

IN THE NAME OF HIM WHO GIVES ME GRACE TO DO WHAT I WITHHELD MYSELF FROM DOING SEVEN YEARS AGO, SUPPORT ME UP YONDER SCAFFOLD!





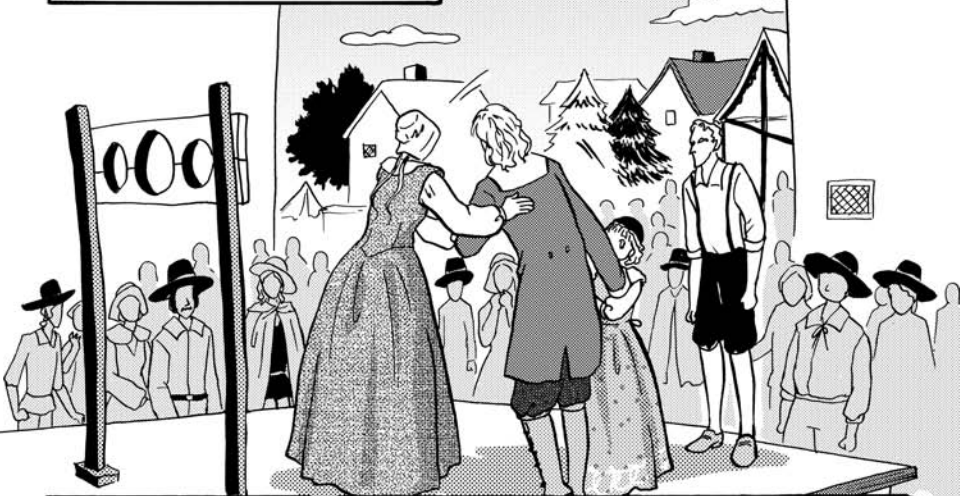




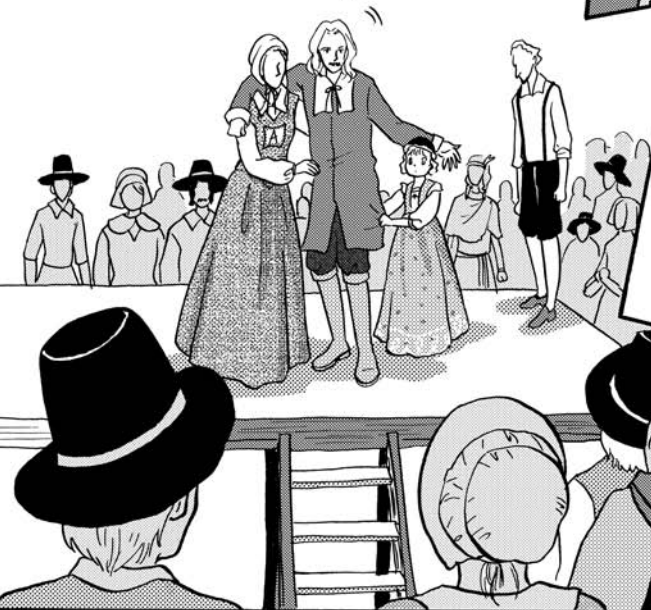
BETTER? YEA, SO WE  
MAY BOTH DIE, AND LITTLE  
PEARL DIE WITH US!



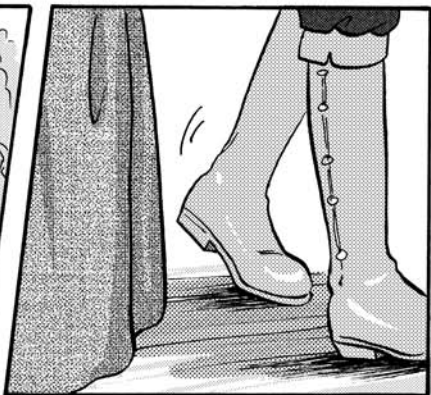
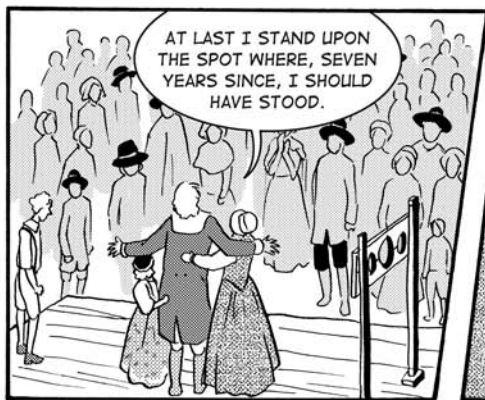
FOR THEE AND PEARL, BE IT  
AS GOD SHALL ORDER--AND GOD  
IS MERCIFUL. I AM A DYING MAN. LET  
ME MAKE HASTE TO TAKE MY  
SHAME UPON ME.

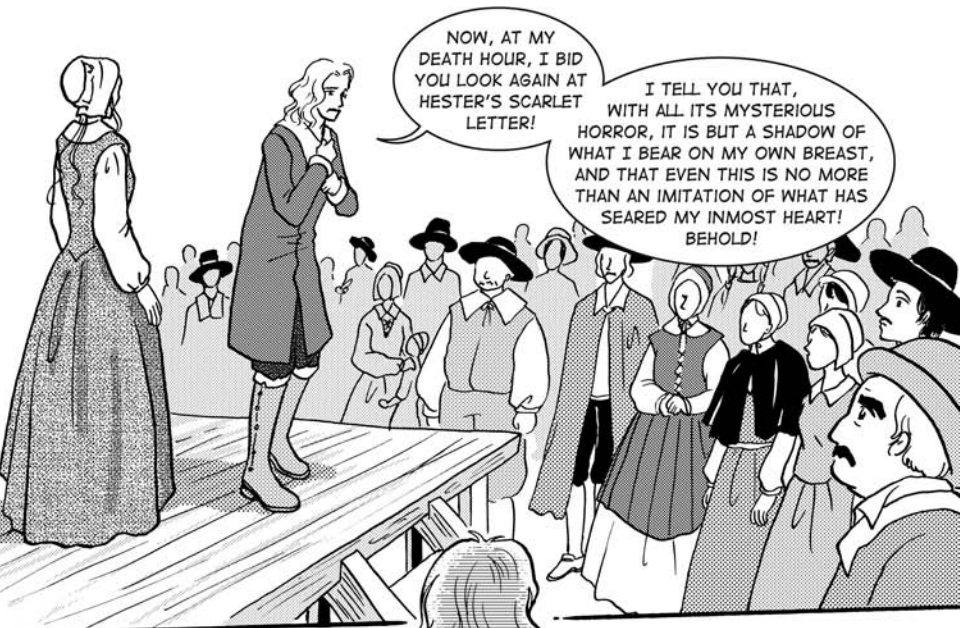


PEOPLE OF NEW ENGLAND! BEHOLD ME HERE, THE ONE SINNER OF THE WORLD!



AT LAST I STAND UPON THE SPOT WHERE, SEVEN YEARS SINCE, I SHOULD HAVE STOOD.

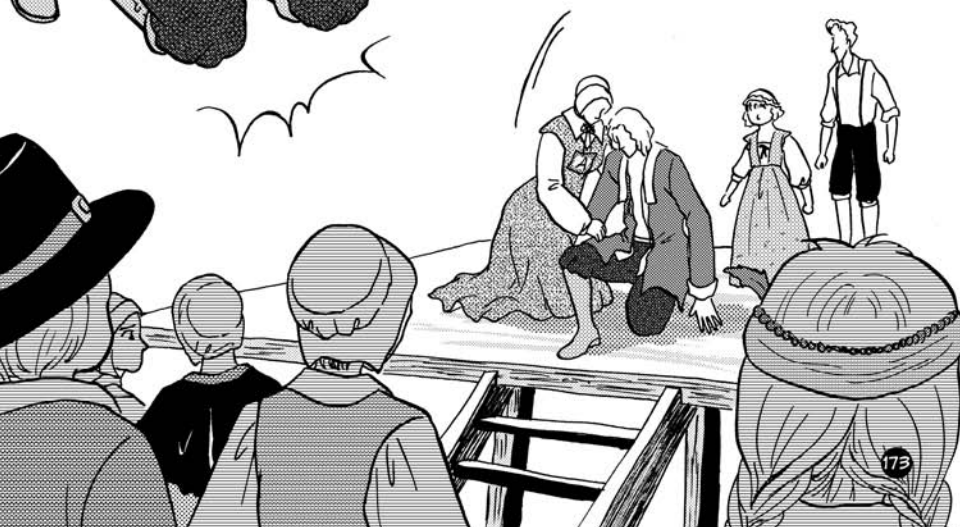
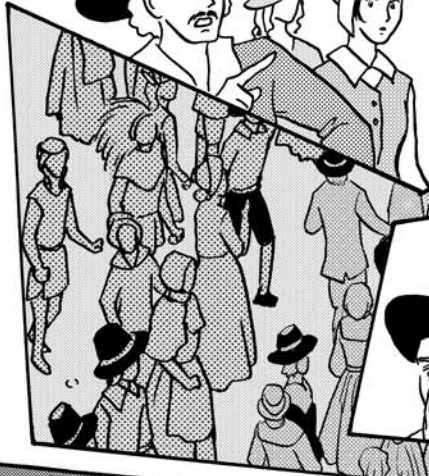




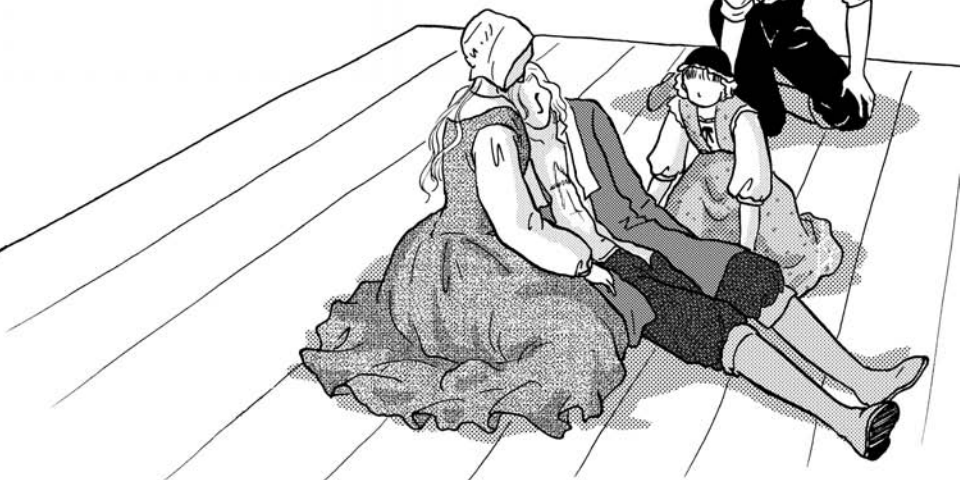


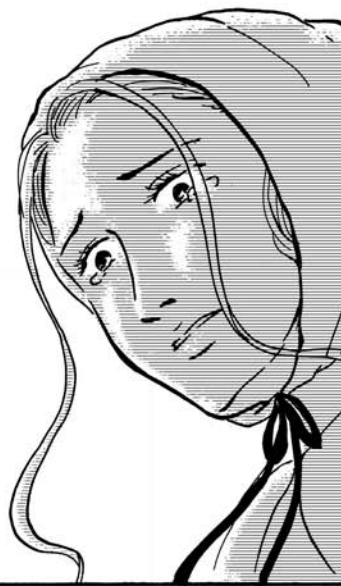
A SCARLET LETTER ON THE BREST OF THE MINISTER!

A SCARLET LETTER? I SEE NO SUCH MARK.



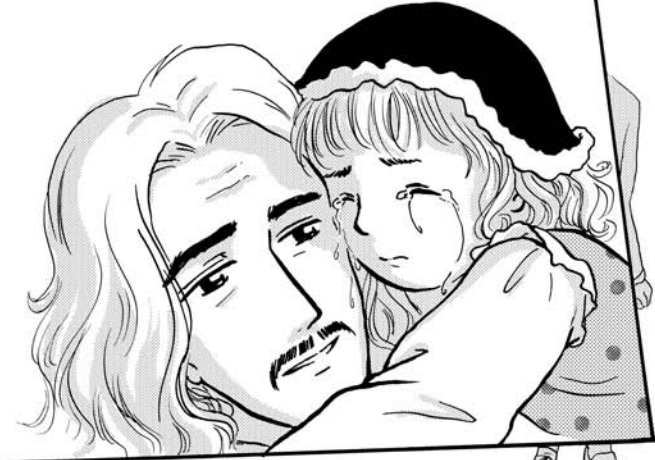






MY LITTLE PEARL, WILT THOU KISS ME NOW?

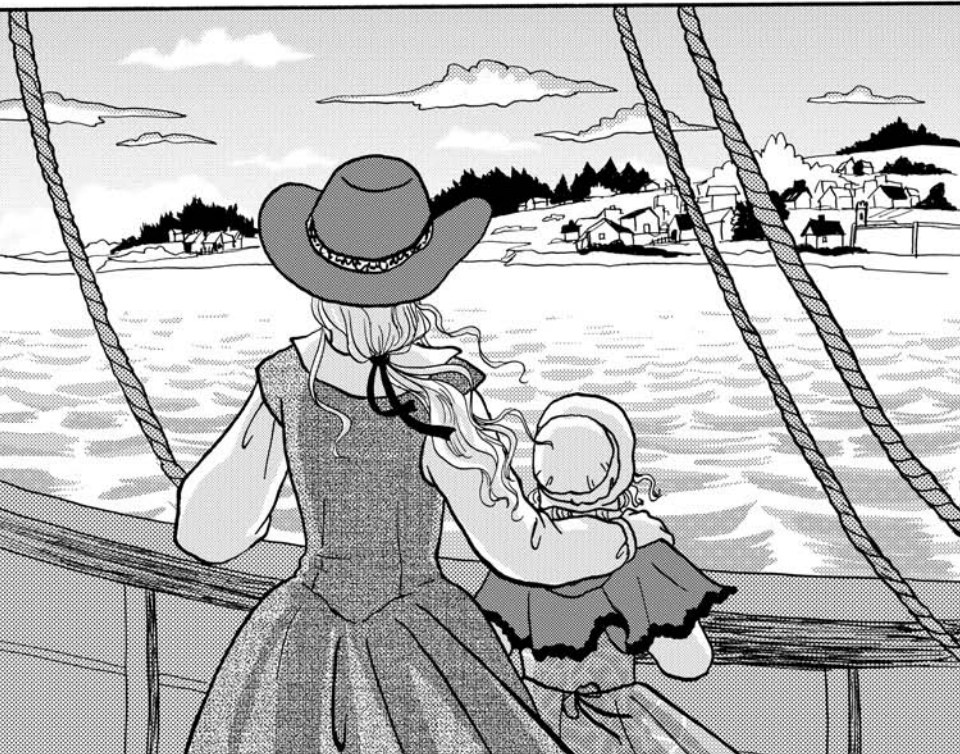
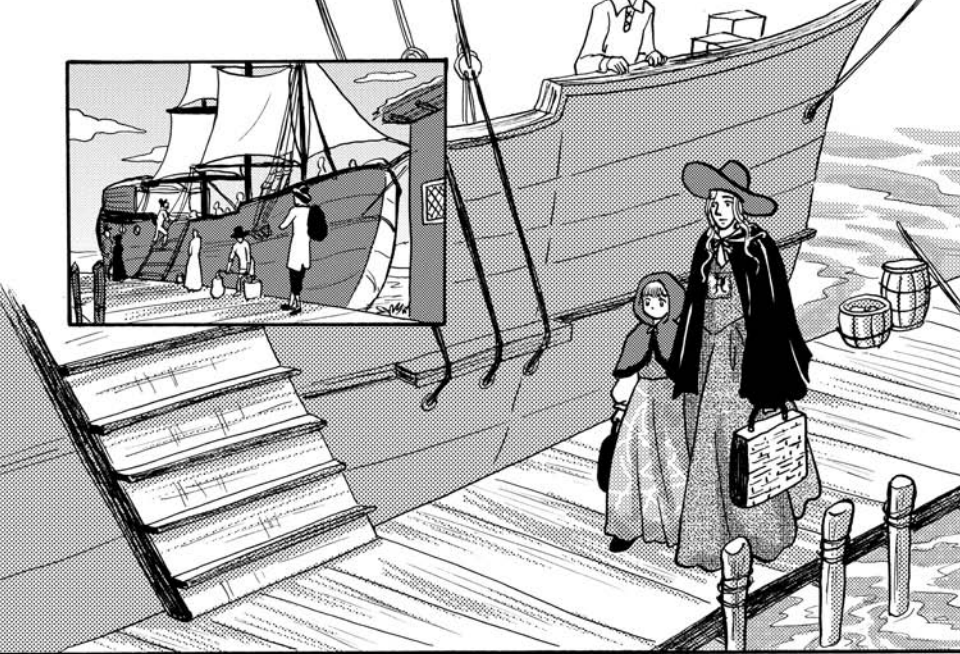




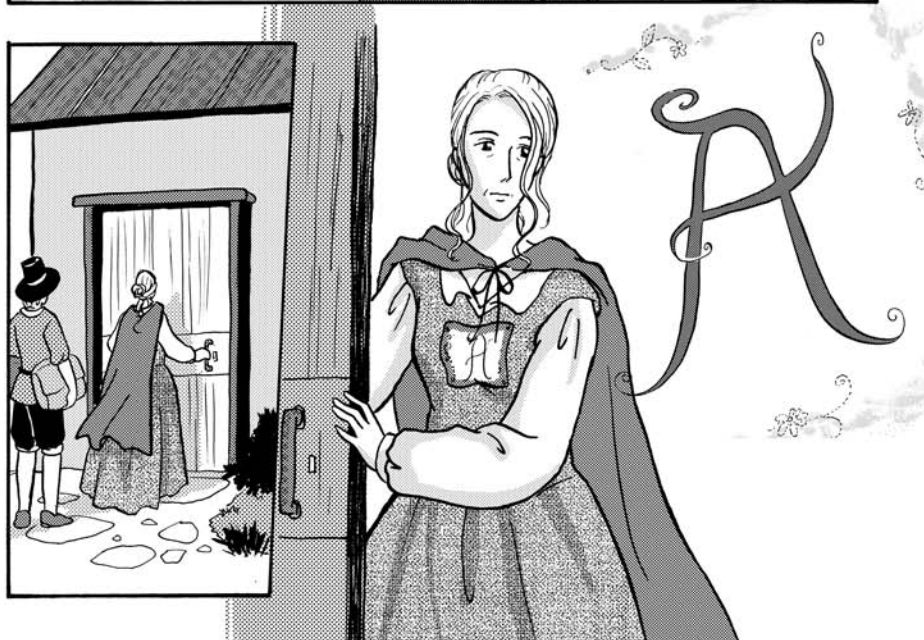
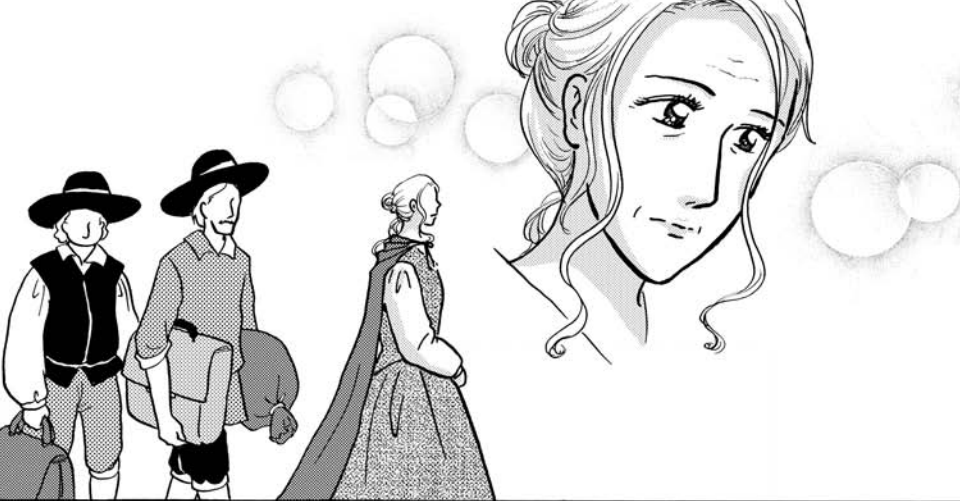


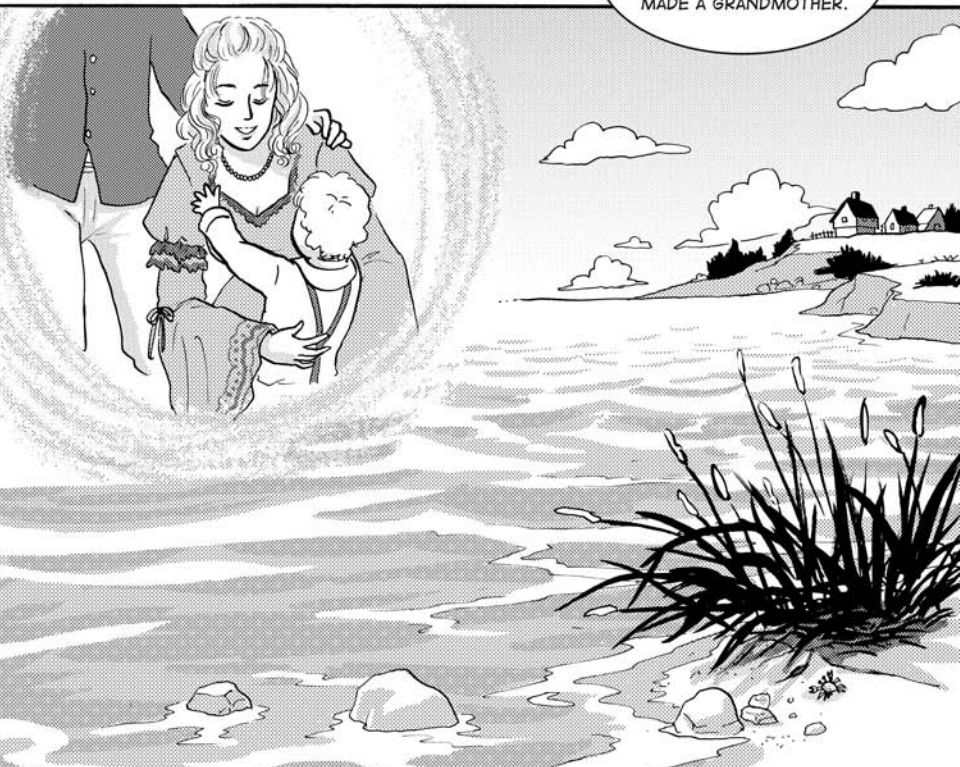
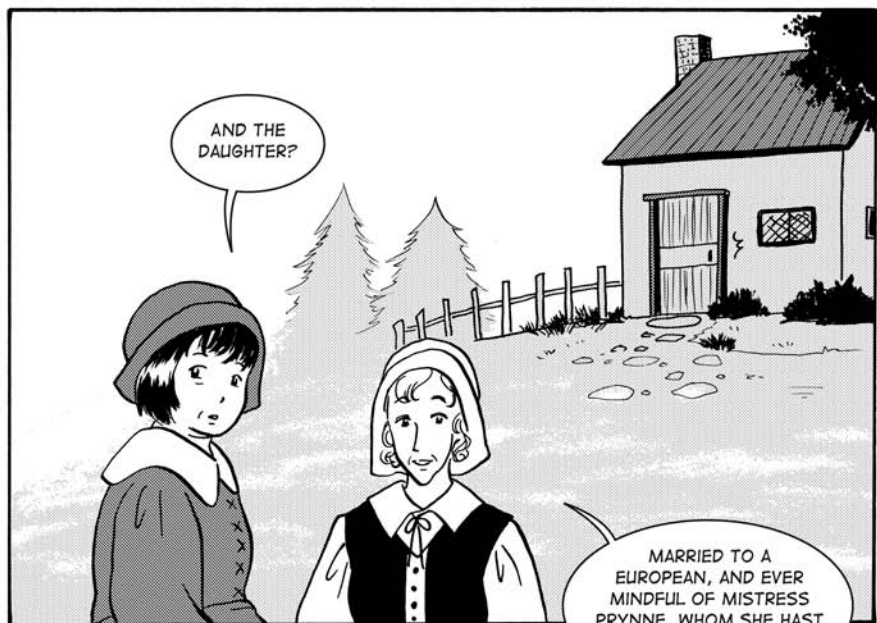






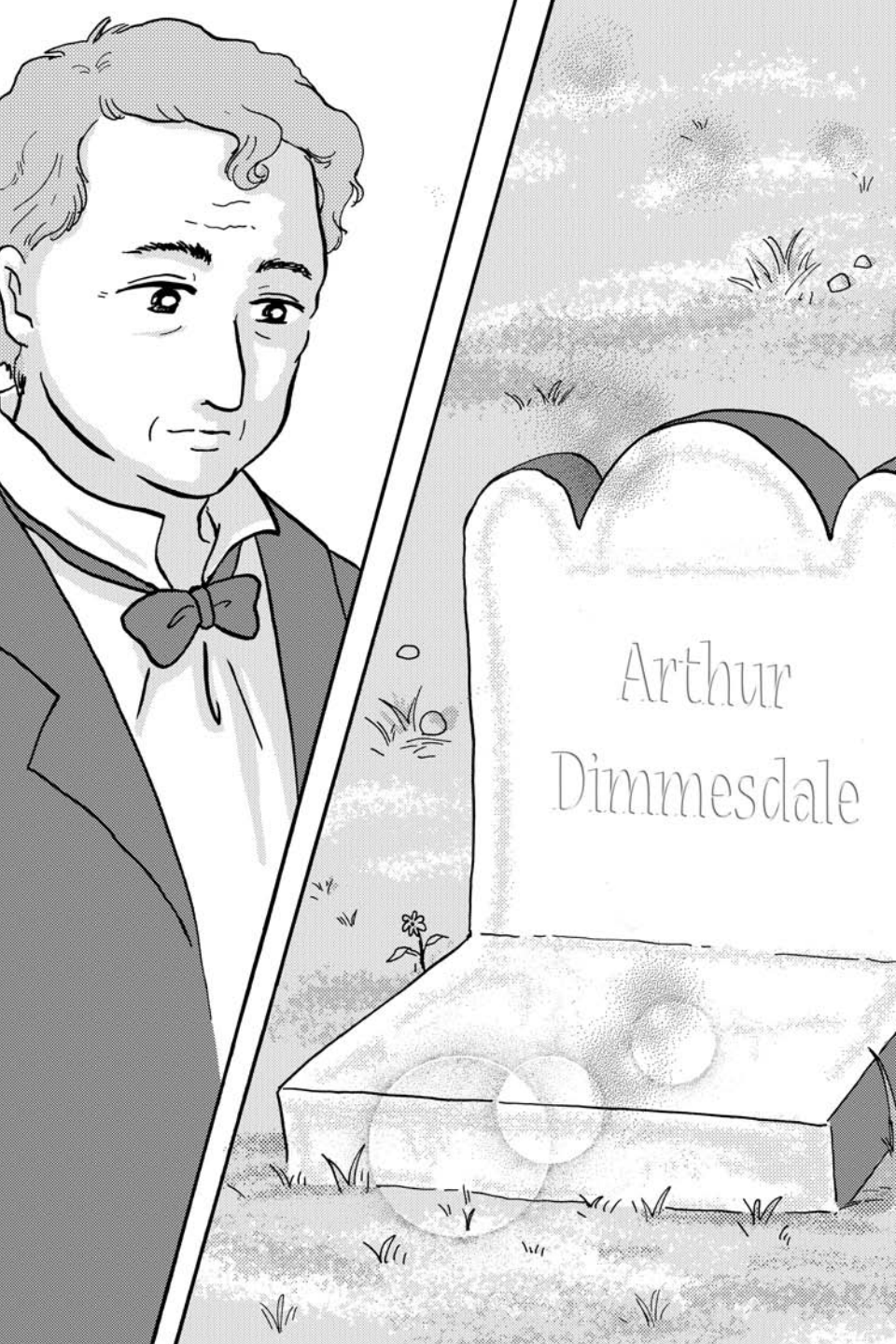












Arthur  
Dimmesdale

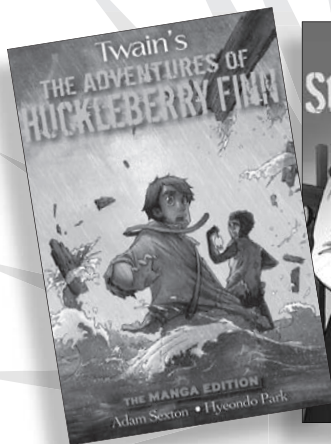
Hester  
Prynne

*ON A FIELD, SABLE, THE  
LETTER A, GULES*





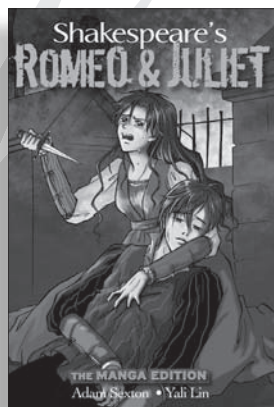
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