











WE WANT YOUR PEOPLE'S BUDGET, TAFFY!

NOW LET'S HAVE SUFFRAGE FOR ALL!

WHEY-AYE, TAFFY, MON!

Stand back! Stand back!

YOU SAY YOU BACK THE WOMEN'S CAUSE!

HOW CAN YOU STAY ON IN A GOVERNMENT WHICH REFUSES THEM THE VOTE?









Crowd was friendly today.

Aye.

So what do we do now?

Back to London, I suppose.

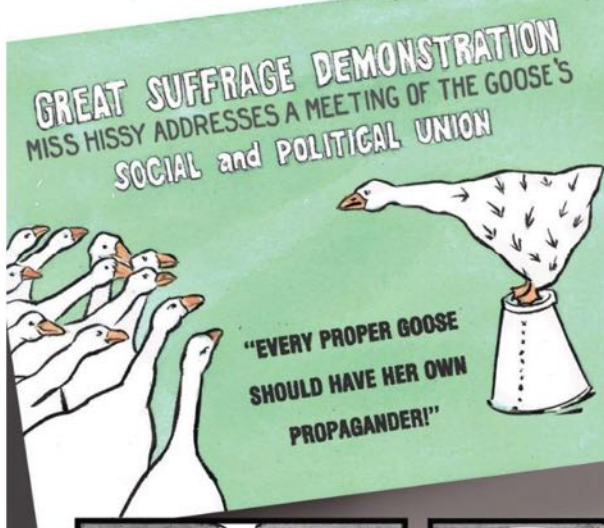
It's *grand* here, innit?



December 21st, 1909. London.











'Black Friday.' November 18, 1910. Caxton Hall. Noon.

DEEDS NOT WORDS VICTORY!

...ready to sacrifice yourselves even unto death if need be, in the cause of freedom.

In quietness and assurance shall be your strength. You are acting legally in persistently endeavouring to see Mr Asquith.

All your other kinds of effort having failed, you will now press forward in quietness and peaceableness, offending none and blaming none...

I wish they wouldn't keep harking on about death!

I know. It gives me the collywobbles.



Parliament Square, Westminster. 1pm.





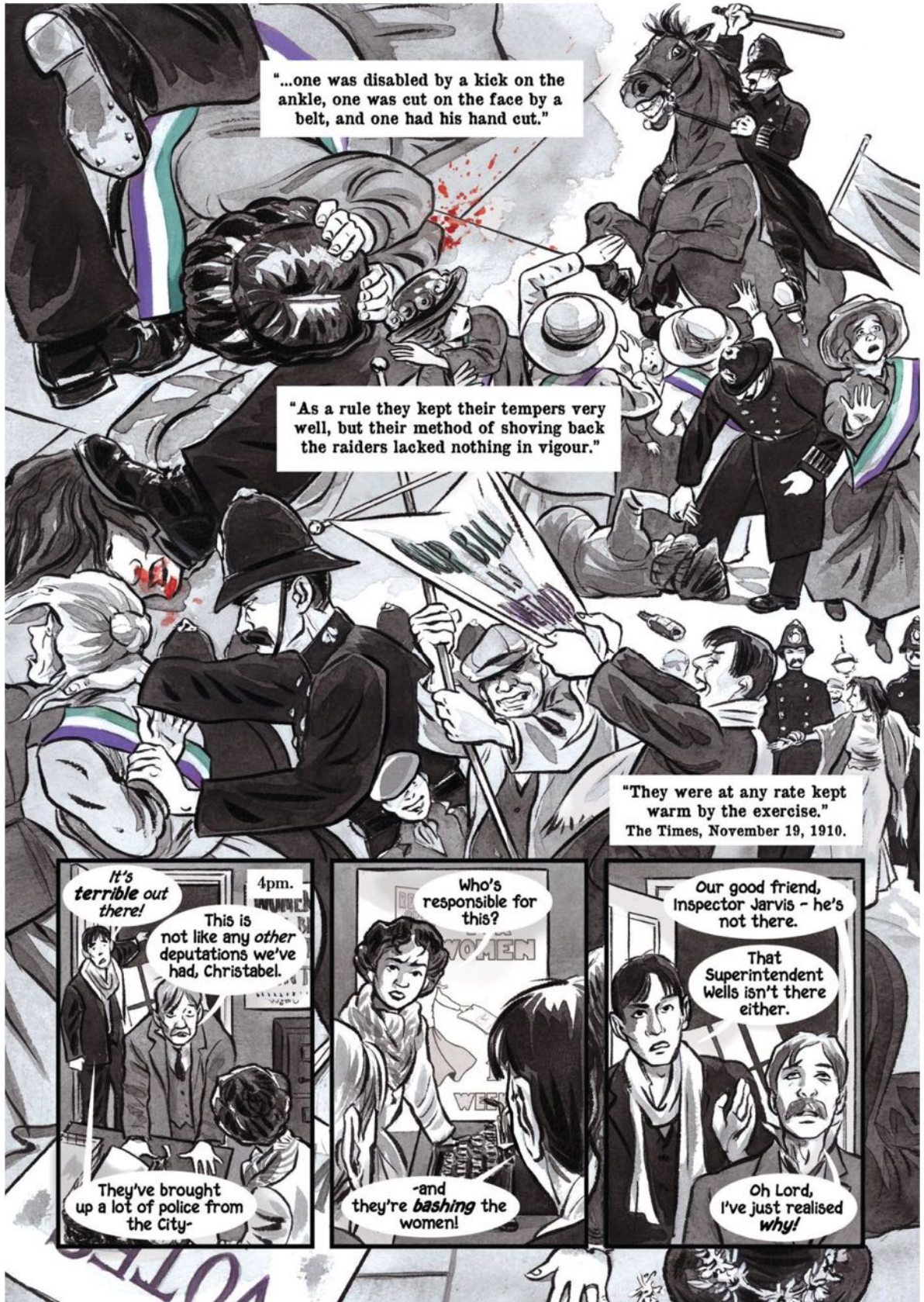


Take your hands off me!

Oh, my old dear, I can grip you wherever I like today!

"Several of the police had their helmets knocked off in carrying out their duty..."





"...one was disabled by a kick on the ankle, one was cut on the face by a belt, and one had his hand cut."

"As a rule they kept their tempers very well, but their method of shoving back the raiders lacked nothing in vigour."

"They were at any rate kept warm by the exercise."  
The Times, November 19, 1910.

It's terrible out there!

4pm.

This is not like any other deputations we've had, Christabel.

They've brought up a lot of police from the City-

Who's responsible for this?

WOMEN

WES

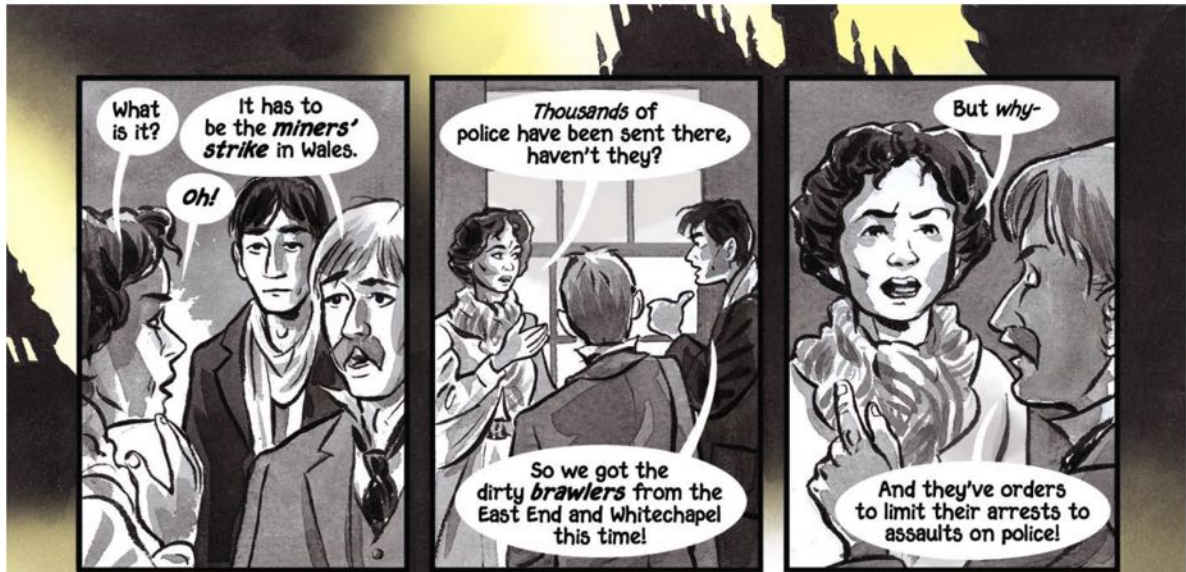
-and they're bashing the women!

Our good friend, Inspector Jarvis - he's not there.

That Superintendent Wells isn't there either.

Oh Lord, I've just realised why!





5pm.











Cannon Row Police Station.



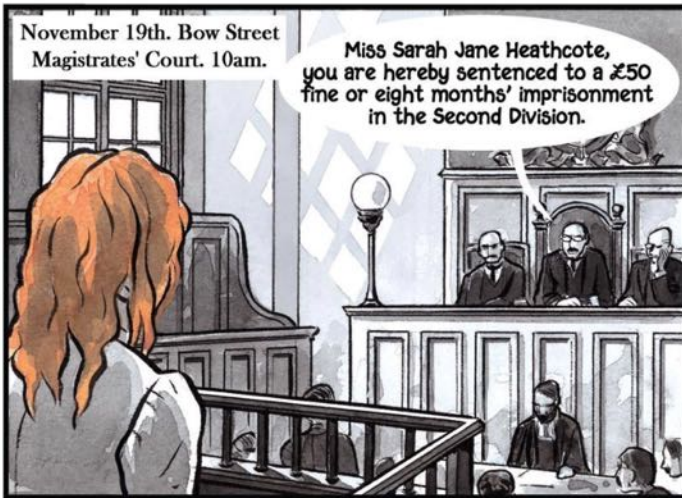
You remember your briefing?

'I am a *political prisoner*. I demand to be put in the *First Division*.'



And if they *refuse* to grant your demand?

'I will begin the *hunger strike* immediately.'





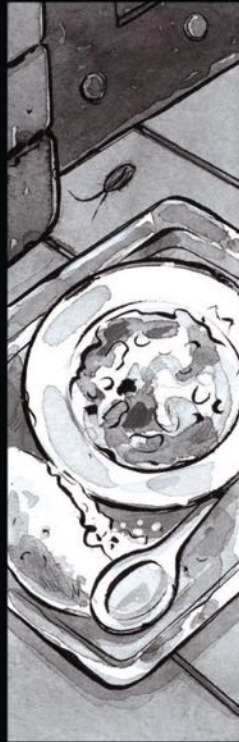
Holloway Gaol. 1pm.











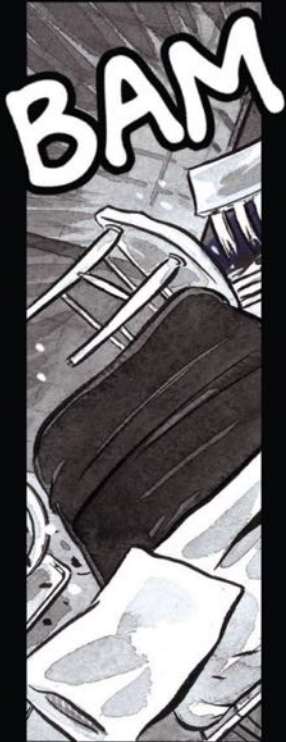
































'Young Hot Bloods.'



♪ Rise up women, for the fight is hard ♪ and long... ♪



♪ Rise in thousands, singing loud a battle song... ♪

