



*'Show the button anywhere, and Alan Breck's friends  
will be your friends.'*

He listened kindly. But he was angry when I spoke about that good friend of mine in Essendean, Mr Campbell. Then he shouted, 'I hate everybody with that name!'

'Why?' I asked. 'Mr Campbell's a good man. What's wrong with the Campbells?'

'I'm a Stewart from Appin,' said Alan. 'The Campbells hate us. They want our lands and houses, and they try everything. They use lawyers – but never a sword. The Campbells make life dangerous for me and my friends.'

'But you are going home?' I said.

'Oh yes!' said Alan. 'I come home every year. I have to see my friends and my country. France is a fine place, of course, but I have to see Scotland. And then there's my chieftain, Ardsziel. All his life he was a great man, David. He had a king's name, and 400 swordsmen. And now he has to live in a French town. Now, the people of Appin have to pay King George of England so they can use their land. But they love their chieftain, and they find money for Ardsziel too. So, David, I carry that money.' And he hit the money bag hard with his hand. 'Ardsziel's brother, James Stewart, gets it from people. I carry it.'

I thought about the clansmen's love of their chieftain. 'I understand,' I said. 'I'm not fighting the king's men, but I understand.'

'Yes,' he said. 'You're a good man and you understand. But the Campbells don't. And the Red Fox—' He stopped, and there was hate in his eyes.

'The Red Fox?' I said. 'Who is he?'

'I'll tell you,' said Alan. 'Ardsziel had to run with his wife and their children after the fight with the English at Culloden. It was difficult, but they got to France. And the English took away all Ardsziel's land; they took the swords and guns from his clansmen. But they could not kill the clansmen's love for their chieftain.'