

Image

#1

SKOTTIE YOUNG  
with JEAN-FRANCOIS BEAULIEU

I HATE

FAIRYLAND



# I HATE FAIRYLAND™

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## **I Hate Fairyland - October 2015**

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ONCE UPON A TIME,  
THERE WAS A GIRL  
NAMED GERTRUDE WHO  
WISHED SHE COULD BE  
TAKEN AWAY TO AN  
AMAZING WORLD FILLED  
WITH WONDER, AND MAGIC,  
AND LAUGHTER, AND JOY.



LUCKY  
FOR LITTLE  
GERTRUDE,  
SOME WISHES  
COME TRUE.

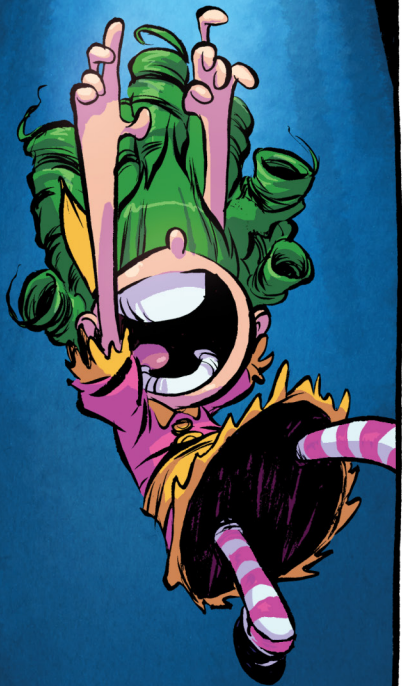


A GRAND  
ADVENTURE  
AWAITED HER.



ALL SHE  
HAD TO DO...

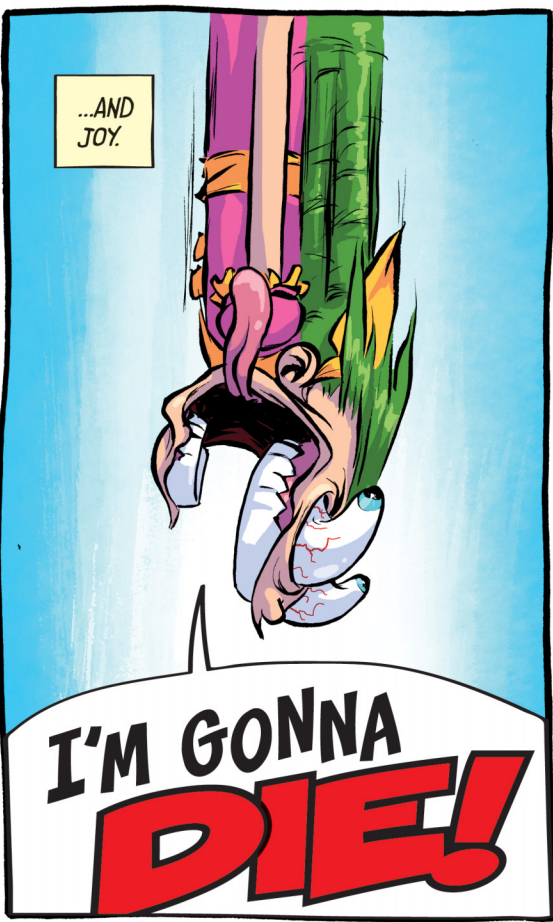
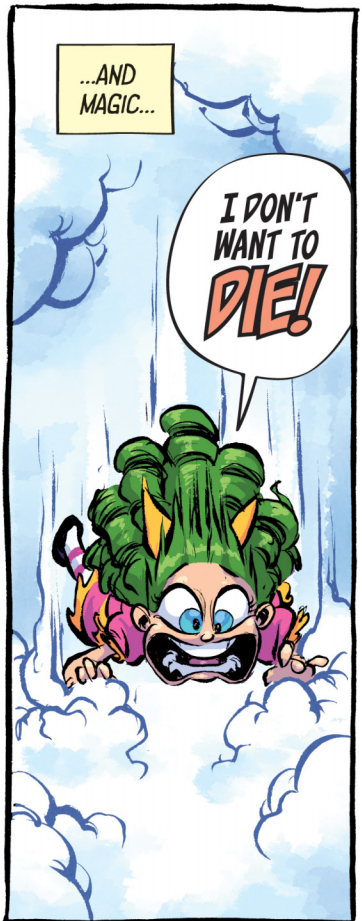
DON'T LET  
GO. DON'T LET  
GO. DON'T LET  
GO.



...WAS LET GO.

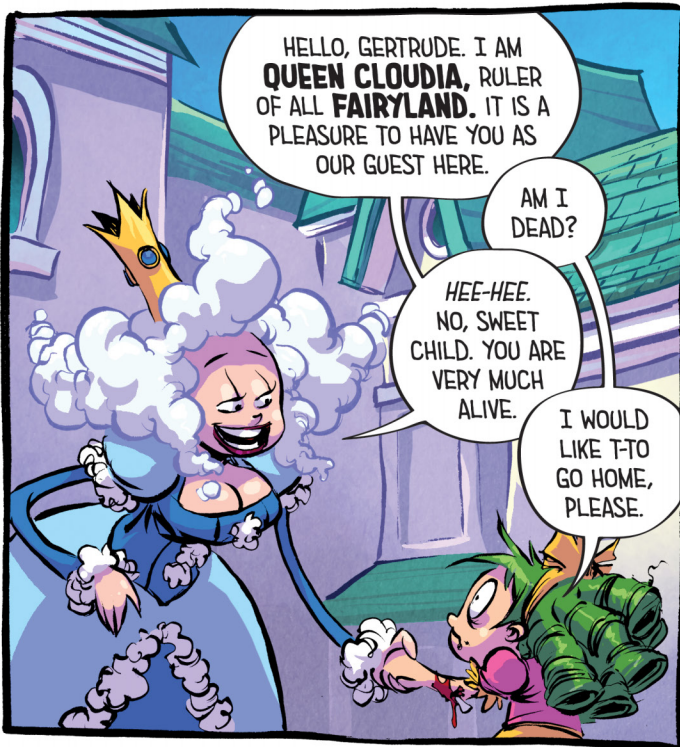


...AND SHE  
WAS ON  
HER WAY...





WELCOME TO  
**FAIRYLAND!**



HELLO, GERTRUDE. I AM **QUEEN CLAUDIA**, RULER OF ALL **FAIRYLAND**. IT IS A PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU AS OUR GUEST HERE.

AM I DEAD?

HEE-HEE. NO, SWEET CHILD. YOU ARE VERY MUCH ALIVE.

I WOULD LIKE T-TO GO HOME, PLEASE.

THE QUEEN WENT ON TO EXPLAIN THAT THERE WAS A DOOR BACK TO HER WORLD, ALL GERT NEEDED TO DO WAS FIND A KEY TO UNLOCK IT...

...A QUEST THAT SHOULD ONLY TAKE TWO SHAKES OF A BOGGLEZIG.\*

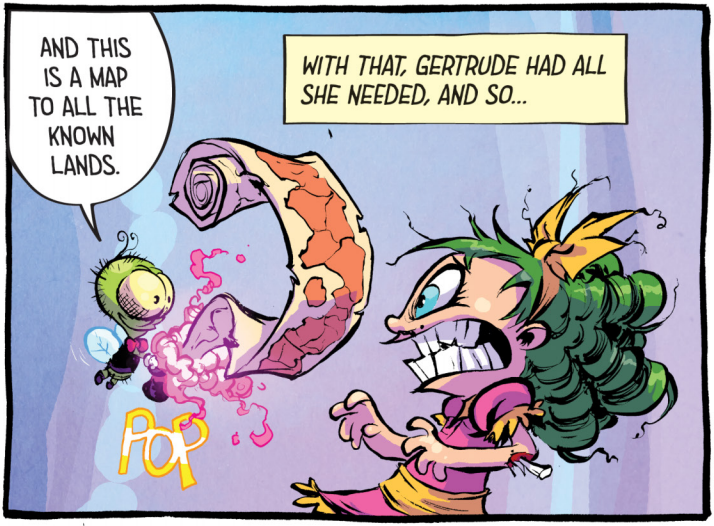


\*THAT'S ABOUT A DAY FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO LEFT YOUR FAIRYLAND CONVERSION CHARTS AT HOME.



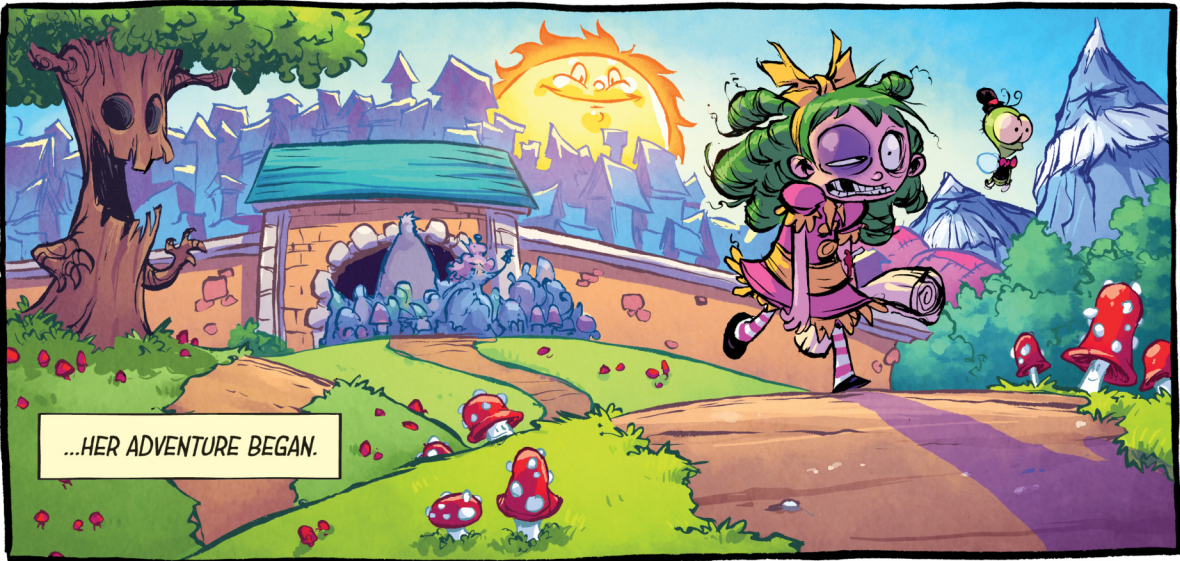
THEN THE QUEEN GAVE GERTRUDE TWO THINGS TO HELP HER ON HER JOURNEY.

HELLO! I'M LARRIGON WENTSWORTH III. I'LL BE YOUR GUIDE.



AND THIS IS A MAP TO ALL THE KNOWN LANDS.

WITH THAT, GERTRUDE HAD ALL SHE NEEDED, AND SO...



...HER ADVENTURE BEGAN.



THAT WAS  
**TWENTY-SEVEN  
YEARS AGO.**

LARRY,  
IT'S BEEN FOUR  
DAYS SINCE WE PASSED  
**PEPPERMINT PIKE.** WE  
SHOULD BE AT THE **CANDY'S  
MUFFIN HUGGIN'  
ROCK** BY NOW!

I THINK WE  
SHOULD'VE SPRINKLED  
DUST OF HAMMET SPINE  
WHEN WE WERE OVER THE  
WAVE GRAVES, THEN THE  
DROWN SOULS WOULD'VE  
OPENED A SECRET PATH  
FOR US.

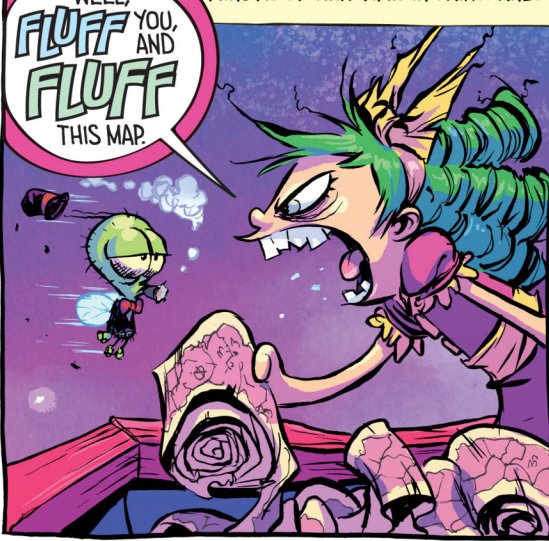
ON THE OUTSIDE, IT LOOKED AS IF SHE HAD NOT GROWN ONE DAY OLDER, BUT ON THE INSIDE...



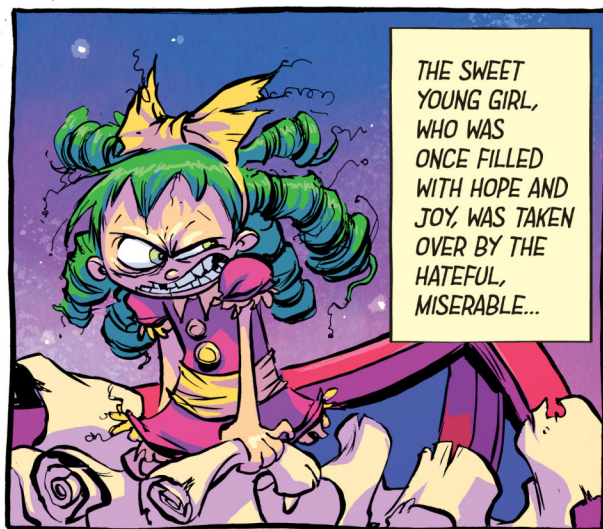
THE **WAVE  
GRAVES?** THAT  
WAS TWO DAYS AGO,  
WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY  
SOMETHING  
THEN?!

GERT, YOU  
HAVE THE MAP,  
NOT ME.

...SHE HAD AGED EVERY SINGLE MINUTE OF HER TIME IN FAIRYLAND.



WELL,  
**FLUFF  
AND  
FLUFF**  
THIS MAP.



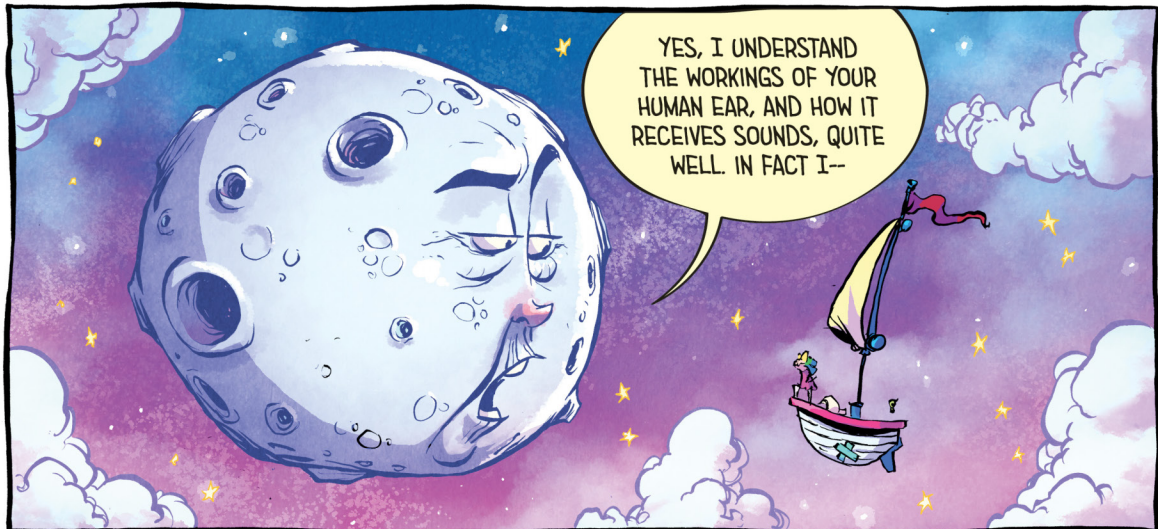
THE SWEET YOUNG GIRL, WHO WAS ONCE FILLED WITH HOPE AND JOY, WAS TAKEN OVER BY THE HATEFUL, MISERABLE...



...DISGUSTING, REVOLTING, WRETCHED, HORRENDOUS, PUTRID, PA--

AND **FLUFF** THAT GUY!

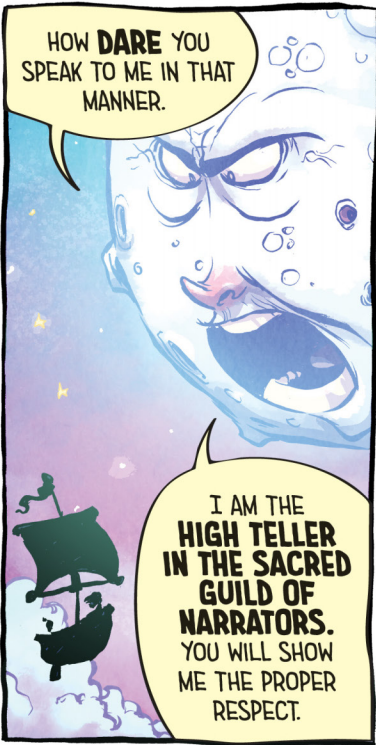
HEY, YOU KNOW I CAN HEAR YOU, RIGHT?



YES, I UNDERSTAND THE WORKINGS OF YOUR HUMAN EAR, AND HOW IT RECEIVES SOUNDS, QUITE WELL. IN FACT I--



YEAH, YEAH. **IN FACT**, YOU ARE **THE WORST**, AND IF YOU SAY ANOTHER WORD, I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU IN YOUR **WORST FACE!**

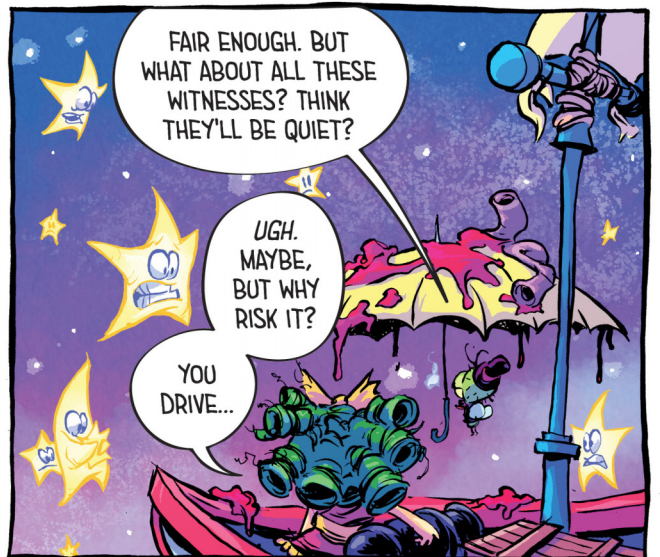


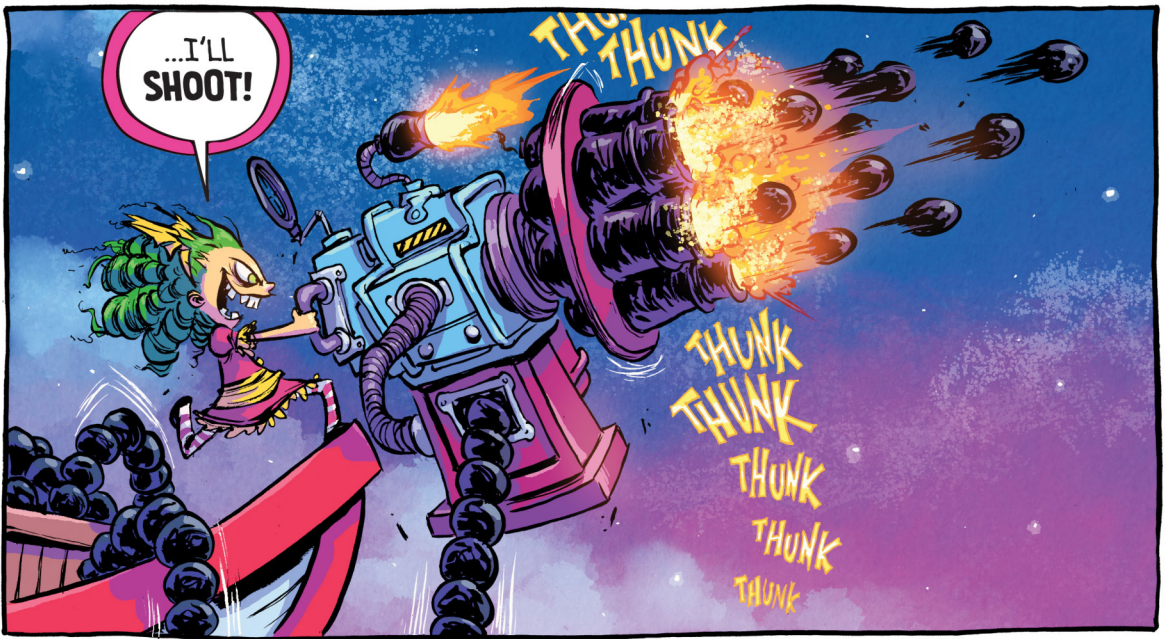
HOW **DARE** YOU SPEAK TO ME IN THAT MANNER.

I AM THE **HIGH TELLER** IN THE SACRED GUILD OF **NARRATORS**. YOU WILL SHOW ME THE PROPER RESPECT.



OH, I'M ABOUT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING PROPER.





...I'LL SHOOT!

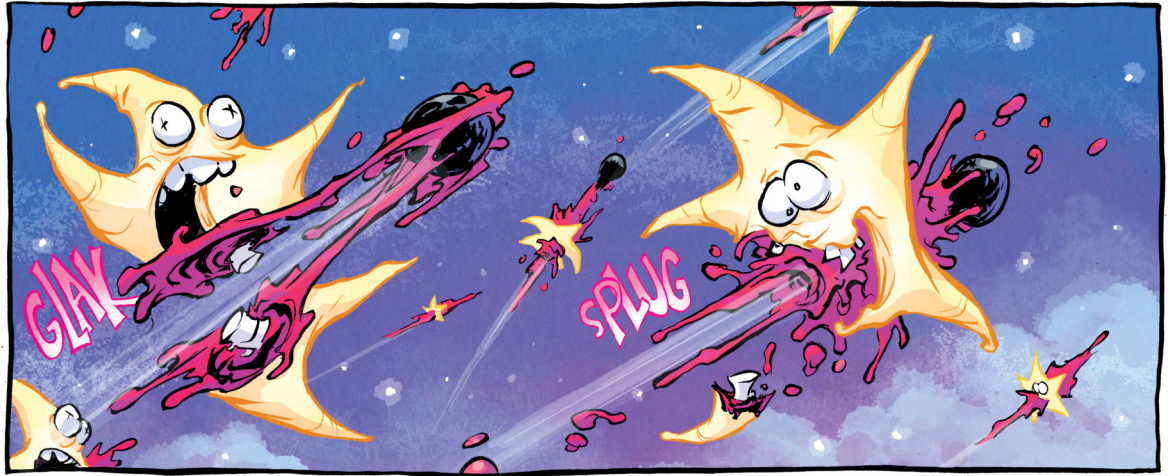
THUNK THUNK

THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK



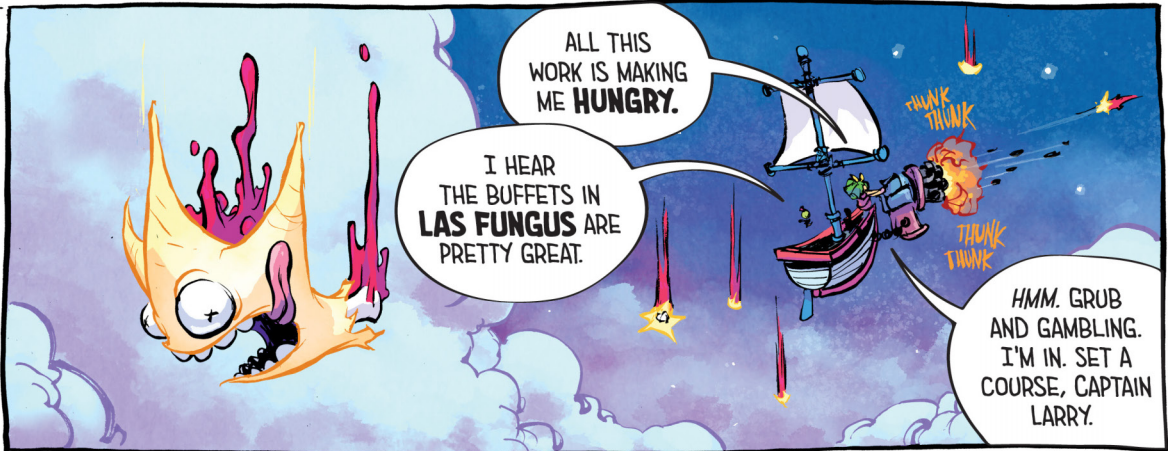
ALL RIGHT, BOYS, I WANT TO HEAR BREAKING BONES AND GROWN STARS CRYING FOR THEIR MOMMIES AND DADDIES!

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR!



GLAY

SPUG



ALL THIS WORK IS MAKING ME HUNGRY.

I HEAR THE BUFFETS IN LAS FUNGUS ARE PRETTY GREAT.

HMM. GRUB AND GAMBLING. I'M IN. SET A COURSE, CAPTAIN LARRY.

THUNK THUNK THUNK THUNK

MEANWHILE, AT **QUEEN CLAUDIA'S CASTLE.**

IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, SIR CHIRPINGTON.

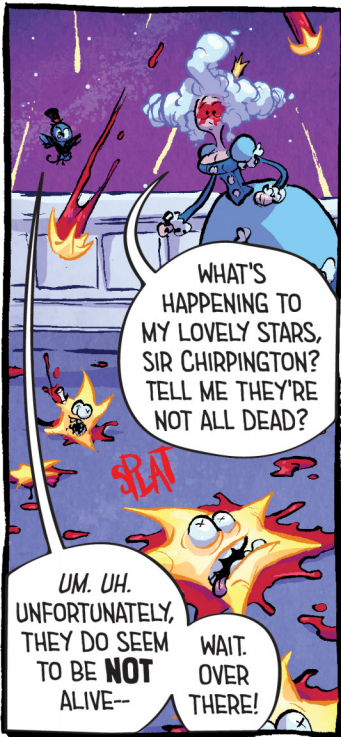
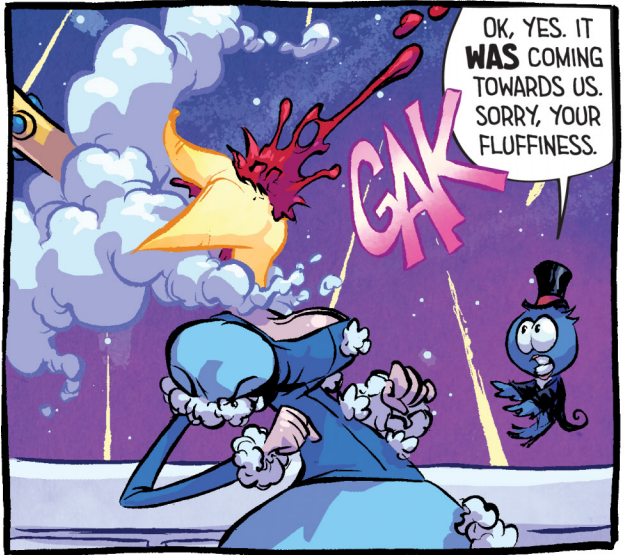
I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY SHOOTING STARS IN ONE SKY.

IT IS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD, YOUR MAJESTY.

WAIT A MINUTE. IS THAT ONE COMING TOWARDS US?

UM, I DON'T THINK SO.

OK, YES. IT **WAS** COMING TOWARDS US. SORRY, YOUR FLUFFINESS.



WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY LOVELY STARS, SIR CHIRPINGTON? TELL ME THEY'RE NOT ALL DEAD?

UM. UH. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY DO SEEM TO BE **NOT** ALIVE--

WAIT. OVER THERE!

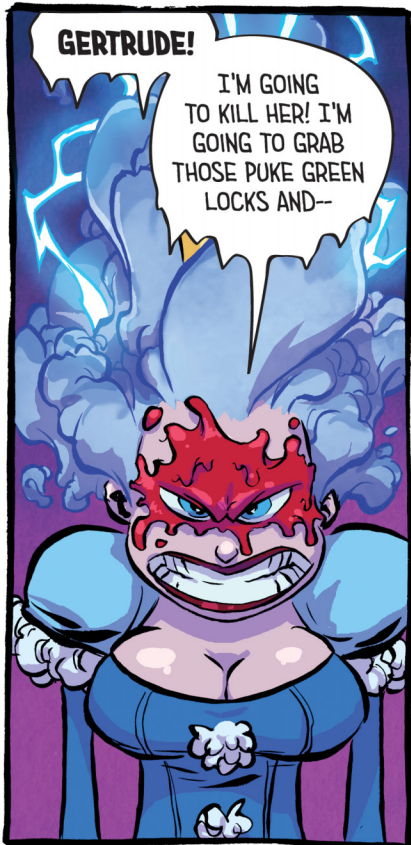


WHO DID THIS TO YOU, SIR?

IT WAS **HER**. I-IT WAS A NIGHTMARE. NOTHING BUT THE GREEN OF H-HER HAIR...

...AND THE... **\*GASP\*** BLOOD OF MY P-PEOPLE.





GERTRUDE!

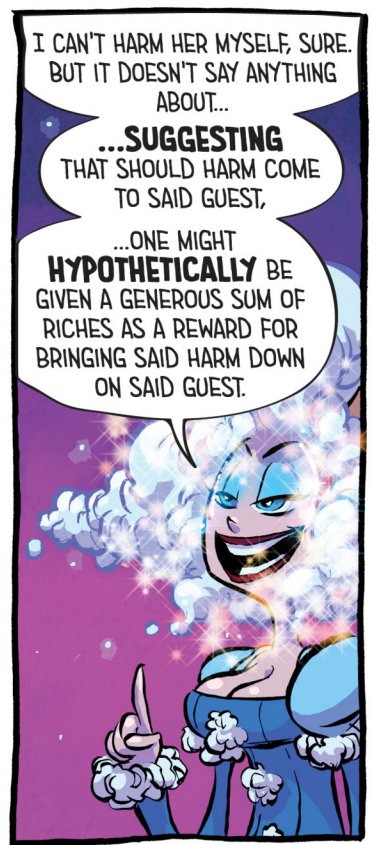
I'M GOING TO KILL HER! I'M GOING TO GRAB THOSE PUKE GREEN LOCKS AND--



BUT, QUEEN, YOU KNOW THE RULES PERTAINING TO GUESTS OF FAIRYLAND.

"THE RULER, WHETHER IT BE KING OR QUEEN, MAY NOT HARM ANY GUEST OF FAIRYLAND. NOT--"

"--EVEN A SINGLE HAIR."  
YES, YES. YOU'RE RIGHT. THE RULES ARE THE RULES.



I CAN'T HARM HER MYSELF, SURE. BUT IT DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT...

...SUGGESTING THAT SHOULD HARM COME TO SAID GUEST,

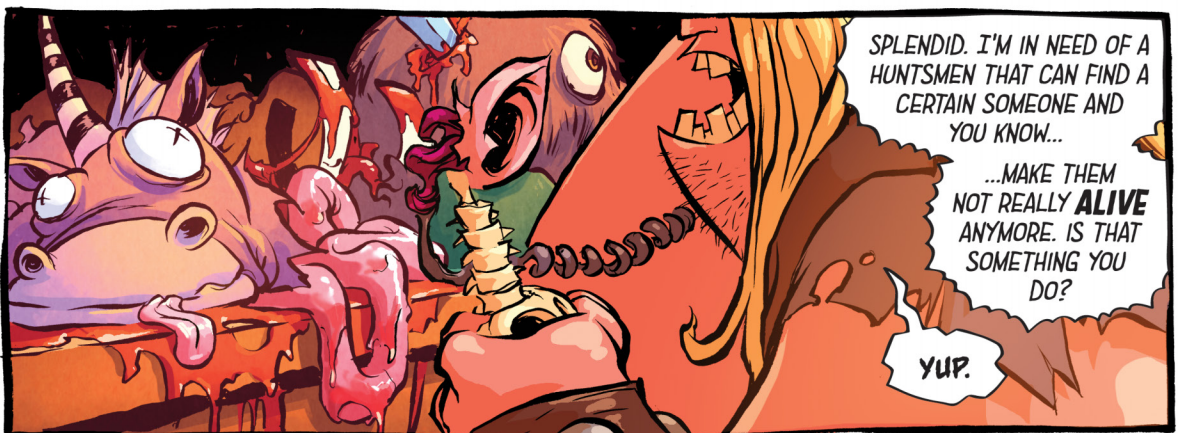
...ONE MIGHT **HYPOTHETICALLY** BE GIVEN A GENEROUS SUM OF RICHES AS A REWARD FOR BRINGING SAID HARM DOWN ON SAID GUEST.



HELLO.

I'M LOOKING FOR BRUUD THE BRUTAL?

SPEAKING.



SPLENDID. I'M IN NEED OF A HUNTSMEN THAT CAN FIND A CERTAIN SOMEONE AND YOU KNOW...

...MAKE THEM NOT REALLY **ALIVE** ANYMORE. IS THAT SOMETHING YOU DO?

YUP.

"WONDERFUL. SHE'S ABOUT THREE FEET TALL, GREEN HAIR, WITH EYES THAT WOULD SCARE THE DARK RIGHT OUT OF THE NIXNOT."

"I WOULDN'T WORRY YOUR BRUTAL LITTLE HEAD THOUGH, SHE WON'T BE HARD TO FIND. SUBTLETY ISN'T REALLY HER THING."

LATER IN LAS FUNGUS.

I GO SHOPPING FOR ONE HOUR AND YOU'VE ROBBED A CASINO?

YOU KNOW MY STEEZE, LARRY.

BUT DON'T WORRY, THESE DICKHEADS WILL NEVER CATCH ME.

HALT, THIEF! YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS MISCREANT'S HATE SPEECH. WE DO NOT HAVE THE HEAD OF THESE SO-CALLED DICKS.

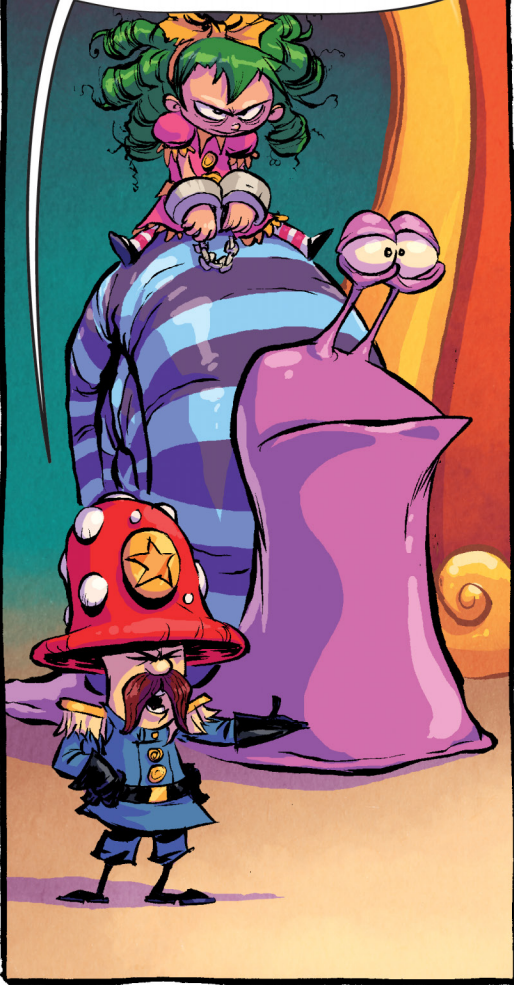
FIRE AT WILL!

YES, CAPTAIN.

HUGGER FLUFFER!

SHOULD I WORRY NOW, OR STILL HOLD OFF ON THAT?

**SLUG LORD**, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE THIEF PENDING THE TRIAL BY RIDDLE. WOULD YOU LIKE HER SENT TO THE **DUNG MINES**, OR WORKING IN THE **GOOPER HOLES**?



THOSE SEEM LIKE FAIR OPTIONS TO ME, CAPTAIN.

WHAT SAY YOU, LITTLE ONE? YOU READY FOR A RIDDLE?



IS ANYONE EVER REALLY READY FOR A RIDDLE? THEY'RE KIND OF THE WORST, RIGHT?



THEN HOW ABOUT I ADD A THIRD OPTION. I GRIND YOUR GUTS AND BONES AND USE IT FOR A ROUX IN TOMORROW'S GUMBO.



FML. RIDDLE AWAY.



HERE'S A **SKULL**  
IN THE WITCH'S  
BREW, THE BREW IS  
IN THE BELLY

OF A  
**TEN-TON  
HEN'S BUN**  
COVERED UP IN  
**JELLY**

HIDDEN BY THE  
**VIPER'S**  
NOD OFF INTO THE  
SLUMBERS

DREAMING OF A  
*Gleaming  
Dove* AND  
HALF A DOZEN  
BLUNDERS

WHO  
DRINK FROM  
THE **SPRING**  
OF **TIME**  
BUT HAVE NO  
**TIME** TO  
WASTE

AND  
WHO EAT FROM THE  
**RINGED MIND**  
BUT CAN'T STAND  
THE TASTE

DESPITE THE  
SUGAR-FILLED  
DEPOSITS OF NICE  
AND FUZZY STOMACH  
**CRAMPS**

THERE'S  
STILL JUST THE  
**BUZZING** OF THE  
HALF BELOVED  
**BUBBLE  
LAMPS**

WHO ONLY  
CARE ABOUT YOUR  
**DARKNESS**  
IF LEFT TO THEIR  
OWN DEVICES

AND  
WOULD GLADLY  
TRADE YOUR HOPE  
FOR A GLASS OF  
**TOASTED  
ICES**

TO MELT AWAY THE  
**VELVET  
CLAY**  
LEFT BEHIND BY THE  
LAST SQUEE

ANSWER THIS,  
ONLY THEN WILL YOU  
ESCAPE THE MINES OF  
**DUNG**

AND SET  
YOURSELF  
**FREE.**









TWO KITTLES OF A JILK'S BREATH LATER...

HA HA HA! LOOK, I'M EATING YOUR COPPERS.  
HA HAAHA!

THEY'RE TOTALLY ALIVE AND I'M EATING THEM ALL!

HAAA!



NAH, YOU AIN'T EATING THEM ALL.



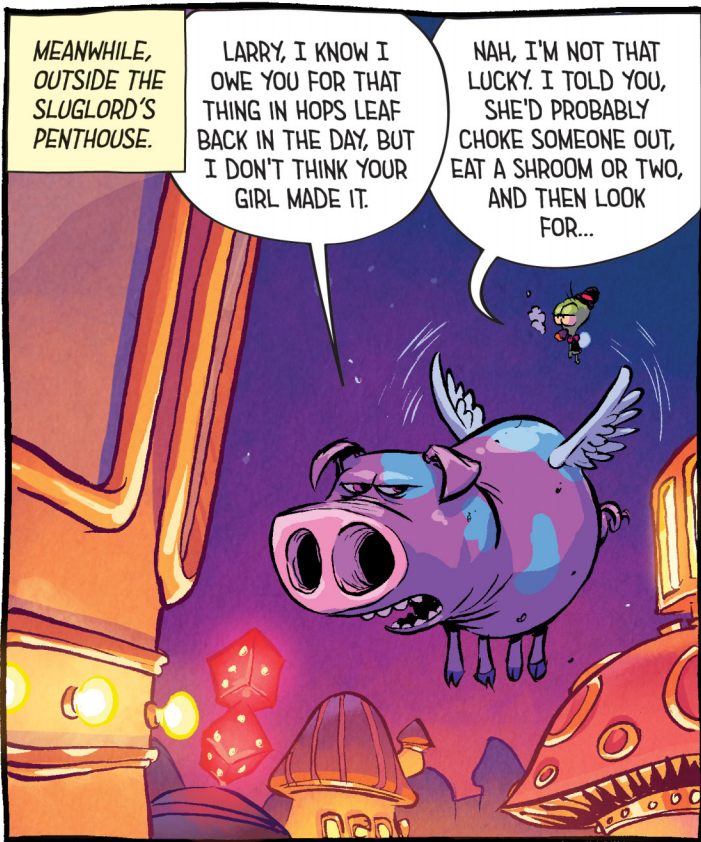
SHROOM PATROL, TAKE HER OUT!



HUH. YEAH, THAT'S A LOT. I DON'T THINK I'M THAT HUNGRY.



THANKS FOR THE HOSPITALITY SLUGGY! I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH!



MEANWHILE,  
OUTSIDE THE  
SLUGLORD'S  
PENTHOUSE.

LARRY, I KNOW I  
OWE YOU FOR THAT  
THING IN HOPS LEAF  
BACK IN THE DAY, BUT  
I DON'T THINK YOUR  
GIRL MADE IT.

NAH, I'M NOT THAT  
LUCKY. I TOLD YOU,  
SHE'D PROBABLY  
CHOKE SOMEONE OUT,  
EAT A SHROOM OR TWO,  
AND THEN LOOK  
FOR...



...A WINDOW  
TO JUMP  
OUT OF.

OH,  
YOU'RE  
GOOD.



YOU ATE  
SOME OF  
THEM,  
YEAH?

YUP.

HOW  
MUCH  
DID YOU  
INGEST?

NOT VERY MUCH.  
I'M FINE, MR. SCARY  
MONSTER, I  
PROMISE.

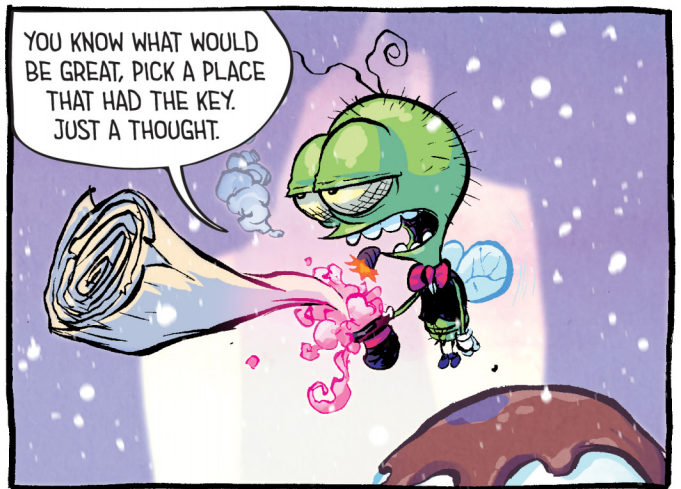


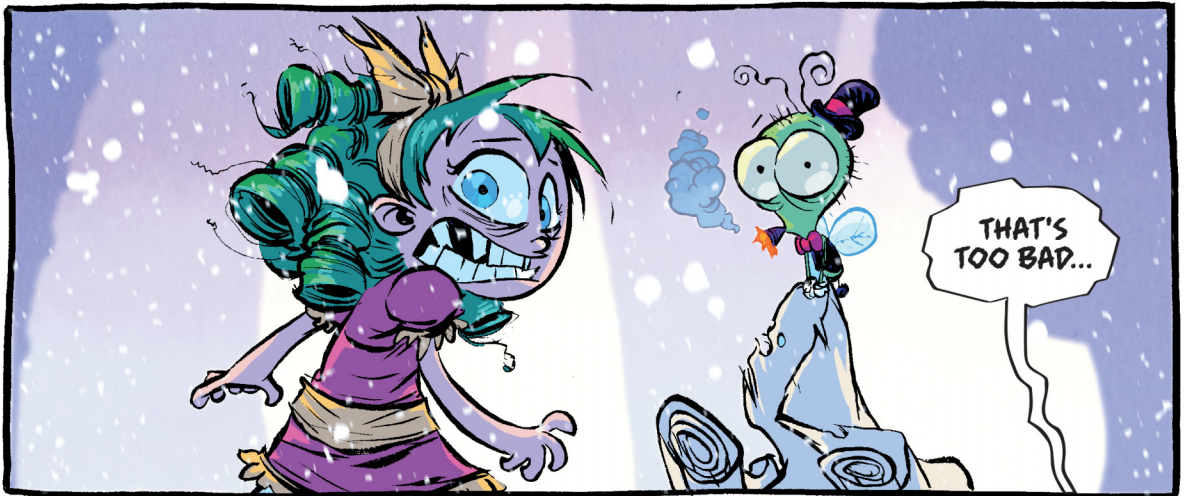
THIS IS  
GOING TO BE A  
LONG NIGHT.



HAVE YOU EVER TASTED THOUGHTS? I THINK  
**MAUVE** IS A STUPID COLOR AND I **WILL NOT**  
BE INVITING IT TO MY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY.  
DID YOU SEE ME PUT THAT FOOL IN A JABBA CHOKE?  
**IT WAS SIIIIIIICK.** I MEAN, THINK ABOUT  
WATER. **RIGHT NOW.** TELL ME THAT DOESN'T  
**BLOW YOUR MIND.** BLAH BLAH BLAH  
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH...

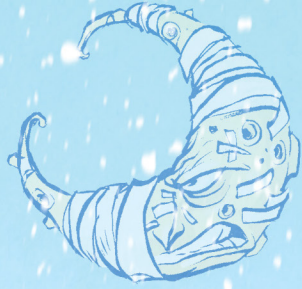






...THAT'S  
EXACTLY WHAT  
I'M HERE TO  
DO...

...AND  
STUFF.



*To be continued*

# That Lowercase i

It's been a long, strange road to publishing my first creator owned comic with Image. You want to hear the story? You're here, so why not. Grab a beer, glass of wine, water, whatever, and pull up a chair. Let's tell some stories.

I didn't grow up reading Marvel or DC comics like most people. I lived in a very small town in the middle of endless cornfields, and there wasn't any real access to superhero comics. We did have a grocery store, and it had a pretty big magazine rack. I loved music from a young age, and would post up at that rack, looking through every page of whatever rock and hip-hop magazines they had. Then one day I noticed a magazine I hadn't seen before. The cover wasn't some gaudy collage of the most popular pop stars of the time. It was a painting of a freckle-faced, red-haired kid, with a gap in his front teeth, and above him it read, "MAD". Finding that magazine that day, changed my life.

I was, I don't know, however old you are when you're in fourth grade. I had a paper route that paid me so little I actually can't remember the exact amount, but it was enough to buy MAD every month. That may have been where I fell in love with comedy. It may be where I fell in love with drawing. Like, FOR REAL drawing. But I KNOW it's where I fell in love with comics. I didn't know it was called a comic at the time, but I was hooked. I would spend hours trying to copy the masters like Sergio Aragonés, Jack Davis, and the rest of the usual gang of idiots. (That's what they called them, take it easy!) I rooted for the Black Spy one month, and the White Spy the next, and I always looked forward to whatever movie they were going to make fun of, because at that age, I usually saw the MAD parody before seeing the actual movie. MAD was my favorite thing in the world.

Not long after, I got a box of ARCHIE digests from a garage sale. I read through them like they were a Tolkien-esque epic. Then I got a box of random comics for Christmas. It was just a grab bag-like stack of Marvel comics: G.I. JOE, DAREDEVIL, ALF, etc. There was no rhyme or reason to the comics included, so while digging the art of it all, I wasn't hooked as much as I had been with MAD and ARCHIE. I just didn't understand how comics worked. What were these numbers? Where could I find the next one? I couldn't find the

answers, so I stuck with my trusted MAD and ARCHIE for the next few years.

I moved to Tennessee in Junior High, and lived in a much bigger town. One day, I was at a mall with my mom and there was a store filled with nothing but comic books. My mom shopped around the mall, while I walked slowly through this store, in awe of what I found. I was like Indiana Jones and I had found the Arc of the Covenant. I was excited by all this art, but also a bit confused. The comics all had crazy numbers on them. DAREDEVIL #64, X-MEN #125, UNCANNY X-MEN #92. I didn't know where to start. Then I saw a book



with a number that I understood: YOUNGBLOOD #1 from Image Comics. I bought the comic, read it in the car on the way home, and instantly wanted more. It was so BIG and so LOUD and so ALL THE OTHER STUFF YOU NEED WHEN YOU'RE FOURTEEN!

In the coming weeks, I bugged my mom enough and found a comic shop closer to home. Finally, she broke down and took me there. I quickly realized that Image Comics had many #'s, and I was about to get them all. There was WILDCATS, and SPAWN, and BRIGADE, and PITT, and SAVAGE DRAGON, and THE MAXX, and CYBER FORCE, and SHADOWHAWK, and STORMWATCH, and WETWORKS, and so many more that I could list that got me hooked on monthly comic books. I became the Wednesday warrior.

Well, I was probably more like a Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday warrior. I couldn't stay away. I wanted to go in and see if there was a new book I missed the day before. I wanted to sit around and talk about what actor would play what character if we were ever lucky enough to get JUST ONE comic book movie. I wanted to spend time with my people. That's why I'll never trash '90s Image Comics, (as it's become common to do now that we're all older and "smarter.") They got me hooked on what would become the whole point of the rest of my life: Comic books. For that, they'll always be amazing to me.



Over the years, I started reading books from all the publishers, but Image was MY company. I didn't care about ownership of things at the time. It wasn't about all that for me. It was about the books. The characters, the story, the art. It didn't even occur to me that Marvel and DC owned all those characters and Image creators owned theirs. I read SPAWN because I thought he looked badass, and Greg Capullo was a BEAST of an artist. (And still is, as we all watch him continue to crush it, month-in and month-out.) I read THE MAXX because it was strange, and beautiful, and I didn't understand it, and I wanted to. I read TRENCHER because it looked like a crazy fever dream of lines, and was hyper-violent, and funny. Each book spoke to me, and I loved so many of them.

Eventually I did learn that Image books, for the most part, were all made up by the people who worked on them. So after I graduated high school, and started thinking about drawing comics, working on SPIDER-MAN or BATMAN never entered my mind. Someone already had those jobs. I was going to do what all my favorite creators had done; make up my own comic, take it to Image, sell a million copies, and go off and live in a castle. Right? That's how it goes, yeah? Wouldn't that be nice.

I moved to Chicago, met other people who were into making comics, and started down that path. I hit the convention scene, spent endless hours on message boards, posting art and putting together pitches with friends. All with the goal of getting a book published at Image Comics. And then, being in a few right places, and at the right times, I did it. I was going to draw a comic, and it was going to be published at...Marvel. Huh? I know, curve ball.

That dream of making up my own stories and seeing that lower case "i" on the cover never went away. I would always talk about "when" I'd go and do my Image book. Then I'd start a new project and put it off until I had more time. When I'd get the time, I'd eat it up, trying to nail down "the perfect idea." Name the excuse, I used it, and just kept myself busy working. Well, busy making comics and driving my friends crazy talking about doing my Image book someday. I'm pretty sure Jason Howard has heard forty-seven full-length graphic novel pitches over the last five years. He would always say, "Just pick one, and go do it."

Eventually, I listened to my friend. I picked one, I went and I did it. I emailed Eric Stephenson and told him I wanted to do a book at Image, and pitched him my idea. His reply was, "You just made my f\*\*king day." That was it. I did it. I got my own book picked up at IMAGE COMICS! Where's MY MOTHER F\*\*KING CASTLE?!?!

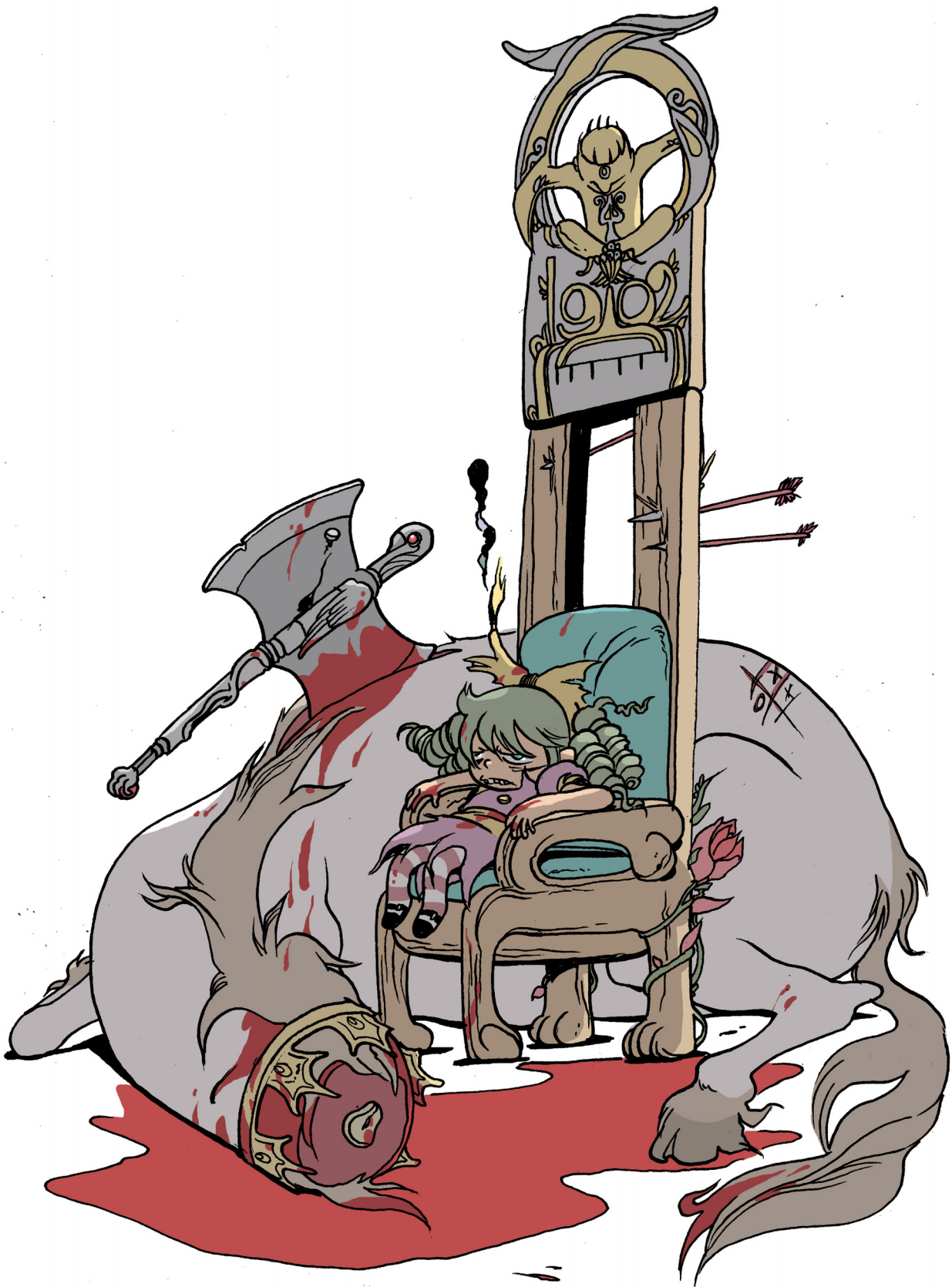
Oh yeah, I kinda had to still, you know, make my book. That tiny task. So finally, after all those years, I started making my book. After years of freelance for many companies in comics and animation, with editors and art directors, all of a sudden...I had no boss. I was just making stuff up, putting it on paper and then it... WAS. It just...WAS. Well, after I have letterer, Nate Piekos, proofread everything to make sure I don't sound like a caveman due to my terrible misspellings. Other than that, I'm free to do whatever I want in these pages. No traffic cones. That's an amazing way to make a comic. Now, you're reading this comic that I made along with colorist, Jean-Francois Beaulieu, and Nate, and the hardworking men and women at Image. You may have enjoyed it. You may have hated it. (If you hated it, please just pretend you loved it. No one will be hurt by that little lie. Thanks.) And that's how I came to finally have my own Image Comic.

It's been a long, strange road to publishing my first creator owned comic book. Long, and strange, and exciting, and scary, and amazing. I've come back to live near the small town in the middle of endless cornfields where it all started, and I watch my five year old son flip through hundreds of pages of old MAD Magazines while wearing an Alfred E. Neuman shirt that he never likes to take off. It's exciting to think he's at the beginning of a long, strange journey of his own. Who knows, it may end with him wanting to make a book with that lowercase "i" on the cover.

- Skottie Young

In the Middle of Endless  
Cornfields, 2015









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## **Will Gert survive the axe of her assassin, BRUUD THE BRUTAL?**

Yes. This is a comic book series and she's the main character. Do you really think that I would work for years to craft such a wonderful character and pour my blood out onto the keyboard to tell such an important story, then put her on the cover of the second issue and all following issues, only to kill her off right away? Forcing me to cancel the series and cause the entire direct market to crash epically into a recession that would make holo-covers seem like the brightest of days, and then I launch a crowd-funding campaign for a new project where I would probably take all your money, but never make the actual book I asked you to help me make, and never reply to questions like, "Where's my book, it's been five years?" and finally ending with...um...hold on, what was the question again?



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