

FROM THE FOX SERIES

# SLEEPY HOLLOW



BENNETT • COELHO • BONVILLAIN • STEVENSON



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# SLEEPY HOLLOW

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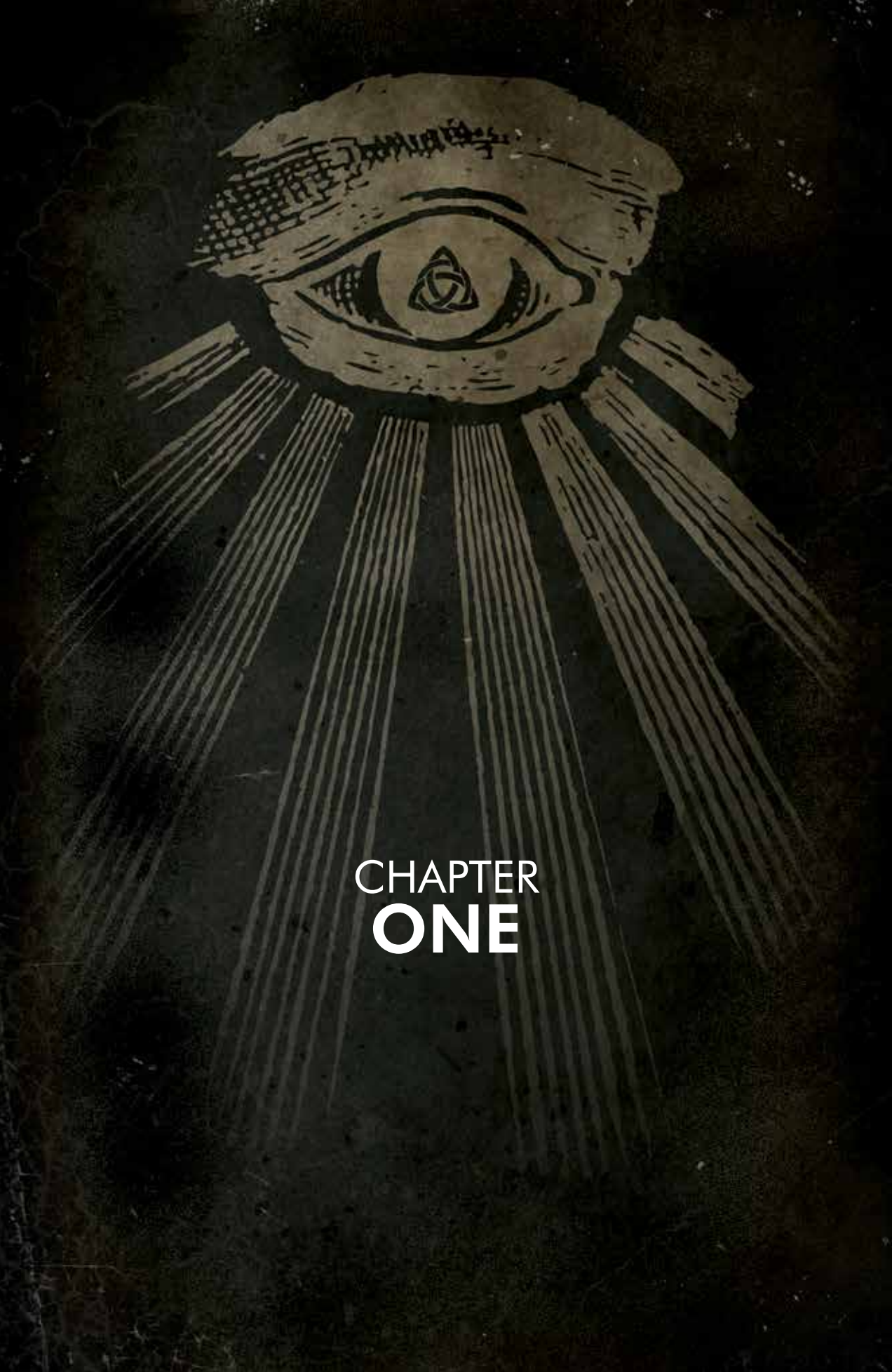
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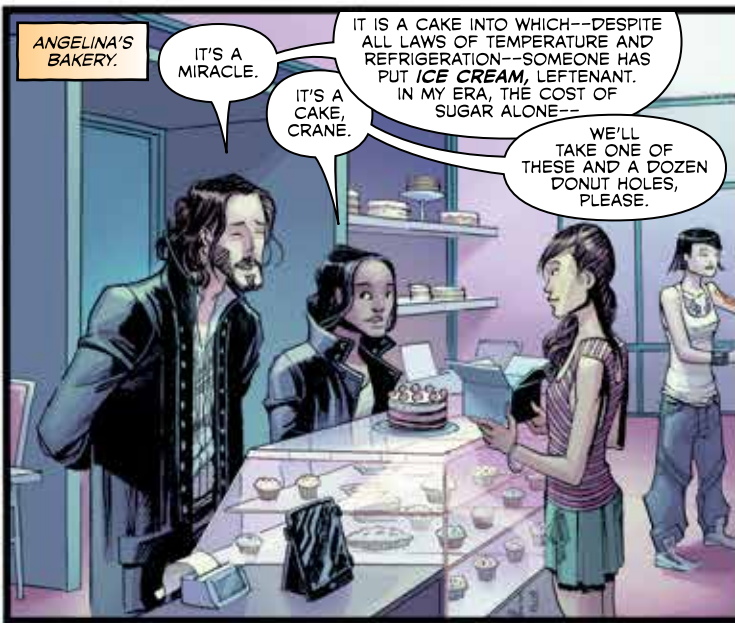
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CHAPTER  
**ONE**

THE CLAYHOUSE.  
A POTTERY STUDIO OWNED BY VIVIAN APFEL.





ANGELINA'S BAKERY.

IT'S A MIRACLE.

IT'S A CAKE, CRANE.

IT IS A CAKE INTO WHICH--DESPITE ALL LAWS OF TEMPERATURE AND REFRIGERATION--SOMEONE HAS PUT **ICE CREAM**, LEFTENANT. IN MY ERA, THE COST OF SUGAR ALONE--

WE'LL TAKE ONE OF THESE AND A DOZEN DONUT HOLES, PLEASE.



ABBIE, DON'T FORGET THE FALL FESTIVAL TONIGHT--LINA AND I ARE DONATING CUPCAKES, AND KINLEY'S COMPETING IN THE ARCHERY TOURNAMENT.

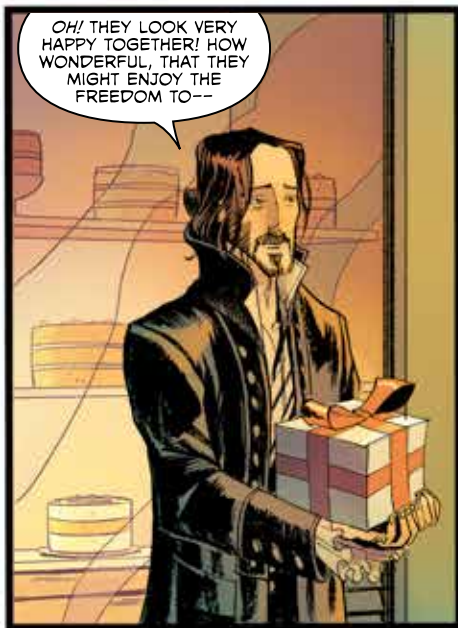
HA! WOULDN'T MISS IT, KATE.



WHO IS KINLEY?

THEIR DAUGHTER. I TAUGHT HER HOW TO THROW A CURVEBALL.

THEIR--?



OH! THEY LOOK VERY HAPPY TOGETHER! HOW WONDERFUL, THAT THEY MIGHT ENJOY THE FREEDOM TO--



SHH.



GOTTA WORK ON THAT SWEET TOOTH. YOU'RE GOING TO BURN THROUGH YOUR ALLOWANCE, YOU KEEP BUYING SUGAR LIKE THAT--

--TO SAY NOTHING OF STILL SQUEEZING INTO THAT RAGGEDY OLD COAT.

FIGHTING THE FORCES OF EVIL--!



--DOESN'T DO MUCH FOR BURNING CALORIES, I DON'T THINK.

AND ALL THE SAME, COUNTY DOESN'T PAY MUCH FOR A CONSULTANT AT A PRECINCT THIS SMALL.



IS THAT WHY YOU HAVE YET TO PURCHASE A REPLACEMENT FOR YOUR TIMEPIECE? HOW ON EARTH DID--



THAT EIDETIC MEMORY'S GOING TO GET YOU IN TROUBLE ONE DAY, CRANE.

I GET IT, CAKE IS GOOD, THE FUTURE'S AMAZING, AND FOOD'S IMPORTANT. AND IT'S A CONNECTION, OR IT'S A NOVELTY--



LIKE THE APPLE PIE YOU SHARED WITH AUGUST CORBIN?

YES... LIKE THE APPLE PIE.



LISTEN, YOU'VE GOT TO EAT SOMETHING OTHER THAN DONUT HOLES, CRANE--

DECONNICK  
PARK.

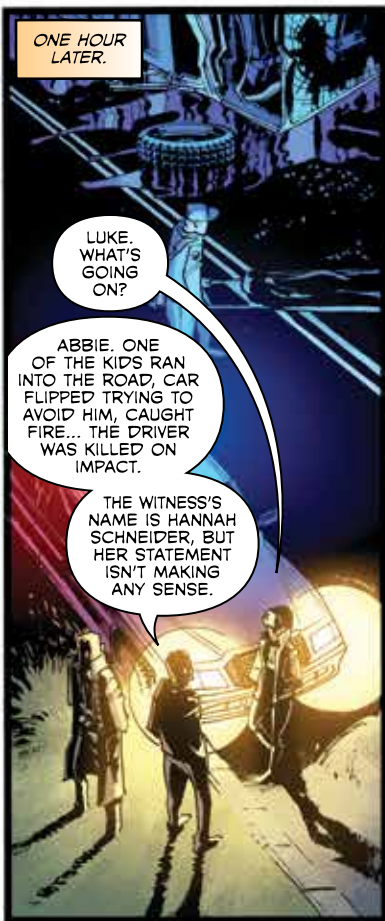
"GET SOMETHING  
GREEN IN THERE."











ONE HOUR LATER.

LUKE. WHAT'S GOING ON?

ABBIE. ONE OF THE KIDS RAN INTO THE ROAD, CAR FLIPPED TRYING TO AVOID HIM, CAUGHT FIRE... THE DRIVER WAS KILLED ON IMPACT.

THE WITNESS'S NAME IS HANNAH SCHNEIDER, BUT HER STATEMENT ISN'T MAKING ANY SENSE.



WHAT IS DAD GONNA SAY WHEN HE FINDS OUT?



YOUNG LADY, WE JUST NEED TO CHECK YOUR BROTHER FOR--

NO!



DON'T TOUCH HIM!



LAY HANDS ON MY FLESH AND BLOOD, ON ONE OF THE HUNDRED, AND I WILL FEED YOU YOUR OWN SKIN, HEALER.


LET ME GO--I DON'T KNOW YOU--



THIS IS YOUR ONE CHANCE.


RUN.






HANNAH'S STABILIZED--HER PARENTS WILL GET HER AND HER BROTHER FROM THE HOSPITAL.

LUKE JUST THINKS HE DREW HIS PIECE A LITTLE TOO ENTHUSIASTICALLY.




THE SUBSTANCE THAT MISS SCHNEIDER SHED, UPON RECEIVING A DOSAGE OF ELECTRICITY, LEFTNANT...


I BELIEVE IT IS *ASH*. THE CONSISTENCY LEADS ME TO THINK IT IS... ONCE WAS... *HUMAN BONE*.



*SERILDA* NEEDED HUMAN ASHES TO REVIVE... WE THINK THIS HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH *MOLOCH*? HE SENT *SERILDA*--



THE POOR GIRL PREVENTED AN AUTOMOBILE FROM CRUSHING HER BROTHER, THEN IN HIS DEFENSE DISPLAYED UNNATURAL POWERS TO THE INJURY OF THE EMERGENCY PERSONNEL.



IF *MOLOCH* IS AT WORK ON THAT GIRL...WE NEED TO CHECK *CORBIN*'S FILES AT THE ARCHIVES. IF THERE'S ANYTHING THAT CAN HELP HER, IT WILL HAVE TO BE--



DON'T BE AFRAID! IT'S A MIRACLE!



I'VE BEEN BLESSED--LET ME LAY HANDS ON YOU--YOU'LL BE HEALED!

VIVIAN, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, WHERE ARE YOUR GLASSES, YOUR CANE--



DEAR LORD--



I HAVE BEEN BLESSED, I AM NO LONGER BLIND--



IT IS--IT REALLY IS A MIRACLE--!



HERE, SON--



AHHHH!



AAAAAH!



NO, NO, I'M NOT DOING IT! I CAN'T CONTROL IT!

SOMEONE HELP ME!



CORBIN'S CABIN.  
EVENING.

YOU MADE ME COFFEE.

I HAVE MASTERED PUSHING THE LITTLE RED BUTTON.

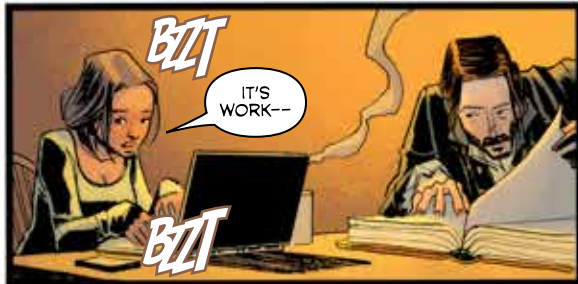


YOU ARE NOT ON THAT ACCURSED SITE, ARE YOU?

IT IS NOT A MATTER OF SPEED—WIKIPEDIA IS NO SCHOLARLY SOURCE! WHO CITES IT?!

YOU THINK I CAN'T FIND ANSWERS FASTER THAN YOU?

I'LL RACE YOU.



IT'S WORK--



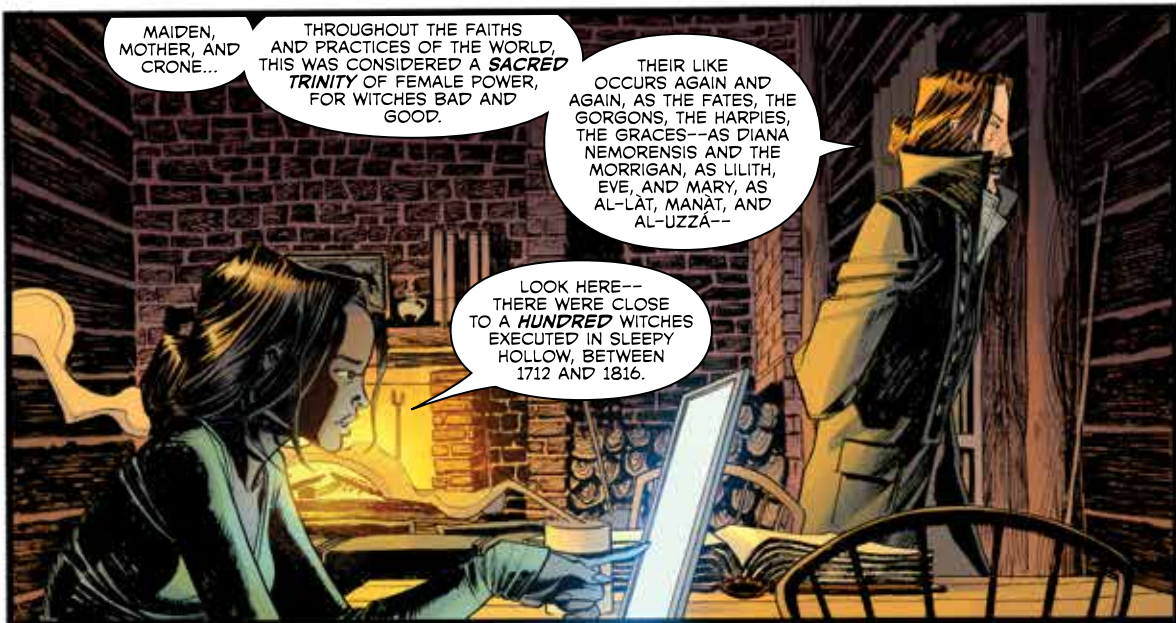
VIVIAN, THE WOMAN FROM THE CLAYHOUSE? JEEZ. NO, NO, CAPTAIN, THANKS FOR KEEPING ME INFORMED. TALK TO YOU SOON.



AND WHAT BECAME OF THE PEOPLE THE POTTER TOUCHED?

EFFECTS VANISHED JUST AFTER SHE WAS ARRESTED...BUT THAT BOY IS STILL DEAD.

A YOUNG LADY, AN ELDERLY WOMAN, AND A COVEN OF WITCHES...PERHAPS WHAT THEY SEEK IS A MAIDEN, A MOTHER, AND CRONE.



MAIDEN, MOTHER, AND CRONE...

THROUGHOUT THE FAITHS AND PRACTICES OF THE WORLD, THIS WAS CONSIDERED A **SACRED TRINITY** OF FEMALE POWER, FOR WITCHES BAD AND GOOD.

THEIR LIKE OCCURS AGAIN AND AGAIN, AS THE FATES, THE GORGONS, THE HARPIES, THE GRACES--AS DIANA NEMORENSIS AND THE MORRIGAN, AS LILITH, EVE, AND MARY, AS AL-LAT, MANAT, AND AL-UZZA--

LOOK HERE-- THERE WERE CLOSE TO A **HUNDRED** WITCHES EXECUTED IN SLEEPY HOLLOW, BETWEEN 1712 AND 1816.



THE **HUNDRED OF ABADDON**... I HAD NO IDEA SO MANY BODIES WERE DOWN IN THOSE CATACOMBS. THE HUNDRED WERE NOTORIOUS, SO VICIOUS AND CRUEL THAT THEY BECAME **MONSTROUS** IN FORM... PERHAPS THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH **MOLOCH** AT ALL...

IF THE WITCHES OF SERILDA'S COVEN WERE TO REVIVE, THEY WOULD NEED TO **COMPLETE** THEIR TRINITY-- THREE HOSTS, EACH OF A CERTAIN AGE.



THE ASH FROM THE WITCHES' BONES, SCATTERED IN THE EXPLOSION WHEN WE **DEALT** WITH SERILDA OF ABADDON...

I BELIEVE... THE WITCHES' ASHES PASSED INTO THE **WATER SUPPLY**, AND, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE AUTUMN EQUINOX NOW UPON US, THEY AND THEIR POWERS HAVE...REVIVED.



THE INITIAL SYMPTOMS OF THE INFECTION--THE POSSESSION--ARE **BENEVOLENT**...

THEY EXPERIENCE **HEALING**, ENHANCED ABILITIES, BUT AS THE WITCHES CROWD FOR CONTROL OF THE HOST, THE POWER OVERWHELMS THE AFFLICTED, BURNS THROUGH THEM... **CONSUMES** THEM.

THE ELECTRICITY THAT FREED THE YOUNG LADY IN THE PARK LEFT HER UNSCATHED, DISPELLING ONLY THE ASH, WHILE THE LINGERING MAGIC PRESERVED HER FROM HARM.



AND THE WITCHES' ASHES HAVE NOT CONTAMINATED THE DRINKING WATER, *PER SE*, BUT THE **UNFILTERED** WATER USED TO IRRIGATE MUNICIPAL PARKS...

AND VIVIAN WITH HER POTTERY SHOP--SHE GETS THE CLAY FROM THE... RIVERBED.

THE RIVER.

OH NO.

THE BANK OF THE HUDSON RIVER.



WHAT THE HELL IS--AH!



(WE ARE ABADDON.)\*

\*TRANSLATED FROM ROMANI GREEK.



KRAKKK



HSSSS!  
GIVE US MORE  
HOSTSSS FOR OUR  
SISTERSSS!



AAAIEEE!

KINLEY...

KRACK!



THUMP  
THUMP  
THUMP



KATE!



THE  
WITCHES  
POSSESSED  
THEM!

WE'VE  
GOT TO  
GET  
THE ASH  
OFF!

AAAAAH!



THE WATER IS  
CONTAMINATED--  
THERE'S GOT  
TO BE--



CRANE, WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?!



I WAS BROUGHT UP AS  
A GENTLEMAN, WITH A  
GENTLEMAN'S SKILLS  
IN HUNTING--



AND ONCE I WAS  
GROWN, I CAME TO  
KNOW AN INVENTOR  
NAMED **BENJAMIN  
FRANKLIN.**



KATE, YOU'RE  
POSSESSED!  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
FIGHT IT!



EVERYONE,  
**DOWN!**

**KRAKOOOM**

**AAAAAAAAAAAAHH**





≥ACK≥

≥HACK≥



HERE, YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, HERE YOU GO--

KATE!

KINLEY? LINA...?

MOM!



--FOOD POISONING!--

--FREAK ELECTRICAL STORM--

--HALLUCINATIONS!--



≥SIGH≥ SO. WITNESSES.

IF YOU AND I WEREN'T HERE, WEREN'T--WHAT WE ARE--WE WOULDN'T BE DRAWING ENEMY FIRE DOWN ON CIVILIANS. THAT DRIVER, THAT BOY... THEY'D STILL BE ALIVE.

WE COULD GO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, LEFTENANT. MOLOCH WOULD FIND US, AND SLEEPY HOLLOW WOULD BE LEFT UNDEFENDED.

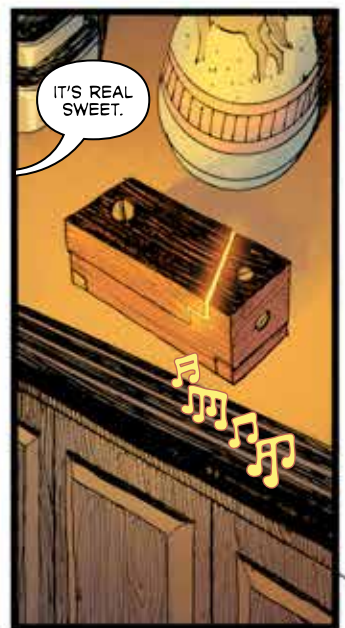
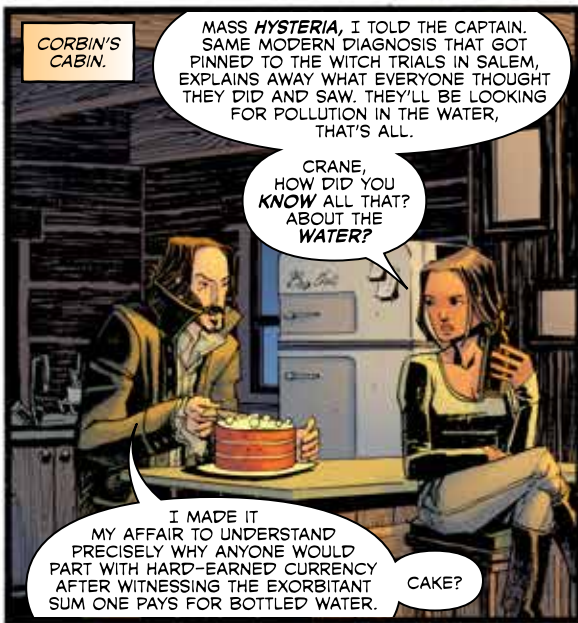


I NEED TO MAKE A CALL--GET A PRIEST DOWN HERE ASAP TO PURIFY THE RIVER, EVEN IF I HAVE TO MAKE HIM READ FROM ONE OF CORBIN'S BOOKS TO DO IT.

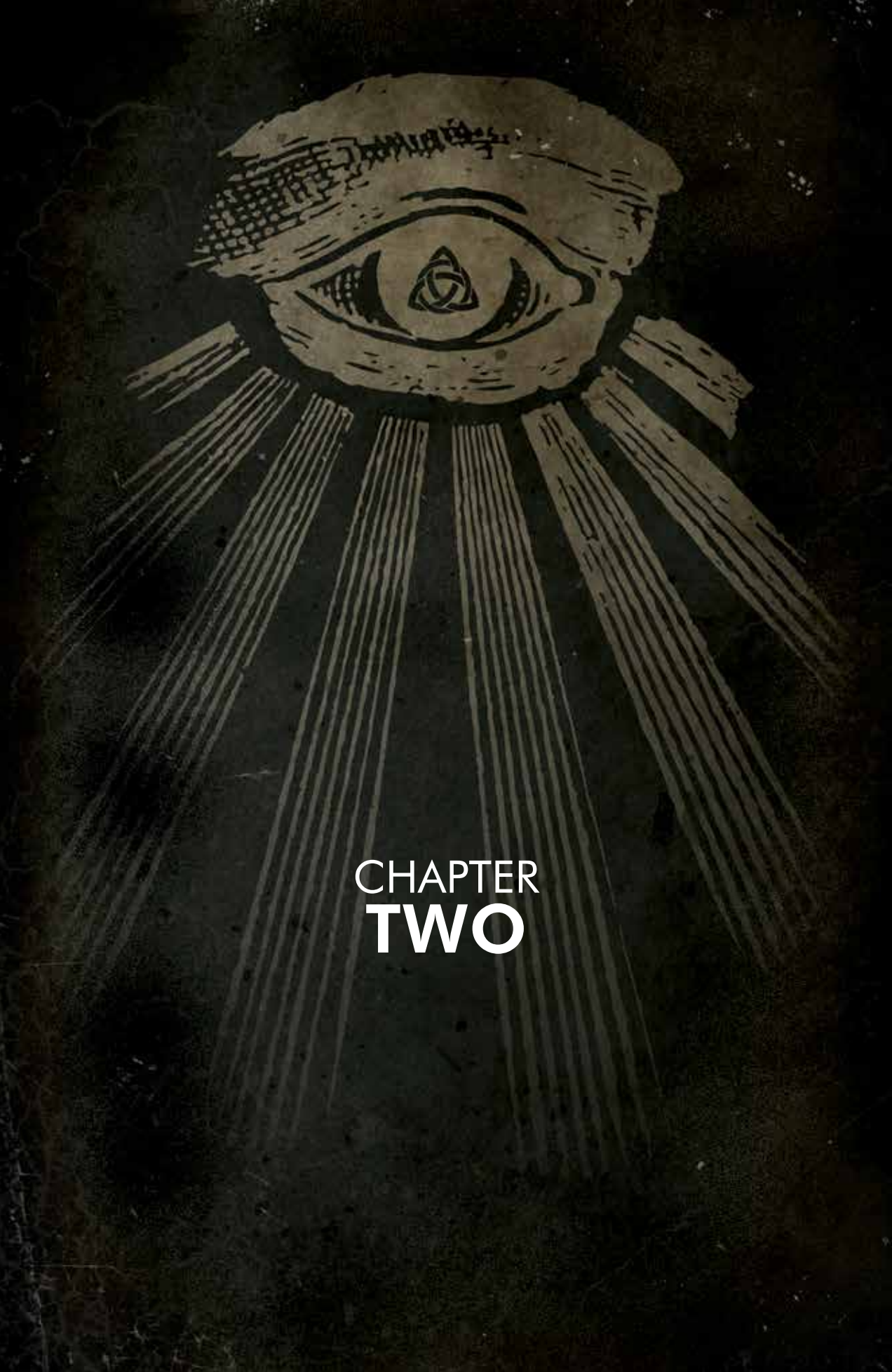
AND AFTER THAT...I NEED A BEER.

AND CAKE?

...YES, CRANE. AND CAKE.







CHAPTER  
**TWO**

CORBIN'S CABIN,  
SLEEPY HOLLOW,  
NEW YORK.

HOW  
COULD YOU  
BETRAY  
ME?

AFTER ALL  
WE'VE SUFFERED  
TOGETHER?

LEFTENANT,  
**NO!**

**ABBIE!**





I TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING I KNEW ABOUT NINE MAN'S MORRIS!

AND YOU LURED ME INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY WITH YOUR... **ENCHILADAS.**

AND THAT WAS YOUR FIRST MISTAKE.



**DING DING DING**

THAT'S TIME! I HAVE TO GET GOING--COME HELP ME CLEAN UP.



I AM GLAD TO SEE, AT LEAST, THAT MY LITTLE CLOCK HAS NOT SUFFERED THE SAME FATE AS ITS PREDECESSOR!

HA! NAH, IT'S MY FAVORITE.

HERE, WHY DON'T YOU THROW ON SOME MUSIC? WE'VE GOT A COUPLE HUNDRED YEARS OF MUSIC TO CATCH YOU UP ON WHILE WE MAKE THIS CABIN LIVABLE AGAIN--CORBIN KEPT SOME **WEIRD** STUFF IN HERE...



OOH, THE GRAMOPHONE OR THE **iBOD?**

**iPOD.** IT'S ONLY AN **iBOD** WHEN **YOU** USE IT.

INDEED. IN TRUTH, THOUGH, I'VE HAD SOME WRETCHED TUNE STUCK IN MY HEAD FOR **DAYS**, YET I CAN NEITHER PLACE NOR DISPLACE IT.

THEN TRY THE **BILLIE HOLIDAY!**



DO YOU DANCE, LEFTENANT? THERE SEEMS TO BE AN OUTRAGEOUS DEARTH OF REELS, MINUETS, AND ALLEMANDES IN THE PRESENT ERA.

THANKS BUT NO THANKS, CRANE. I HAVEN'T DANCED IN A **LOOONG** TIME: DON'T LIKE BEING LED, AND I'VE REALLY GOT TO GET GOING.



KATRINA  
EVER MAKE CHICKEN  
ENCHILADAS?

A GENTLEMAN  
NEVER SPEAKS ILL  
OF HIS WIFE'S  
COOKING.

UGH...  
BUT YES YOUR  
ENCHILADAS WERE  
EXCELLENT.

HA!

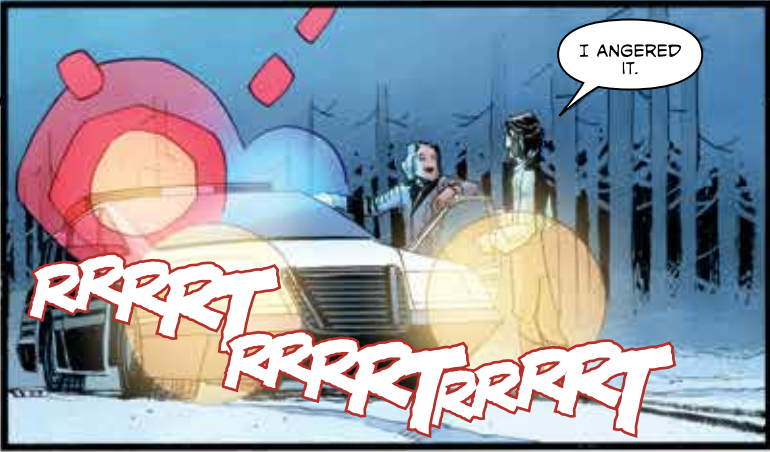


BUT THE *SIZE* OF THOSE BIRDS!  
MONSTROUS! WHAT DO THEY FEED  
THEM? IT TOOK A SCULLERY MAID  
TWO HOURS TO PLUCK AND DRESS  
A CHICKEN, AND THEN THEY  
WERE TOUGH, GAMY--

AT THE MARKET,  
THERE WERE EVEN CHICKEN-  
ADJACENT OFFERINGS UNDER  
"HORMONE FREE" AND "IMITATION  
CHICKEN" AND SOMETHING  
CALLED "NUGGETS"--



DOUBLE--  
HA.



I ANGERED  
IT.



*SIGH*  
ANOTHER TRADE,  
SOON? YOU TEACH ME  
A GAME AND I COOK  
YOU A MEAL, THIS  
TIME?



NO HARD  
TACK OR HAGGIS  
AND YOU HAVE  
A DEAL.



HAVE  
A GOOD  
NIGHT,  
CRANE.



SLEEP WELL,  
LEFTENANT.



♪♪♪♪

ACH! WHAT IS THAT DAMNABLE MELODY...?



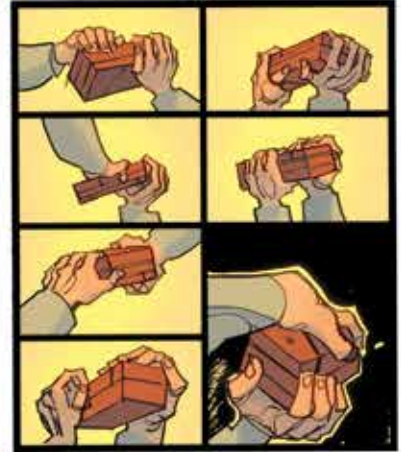
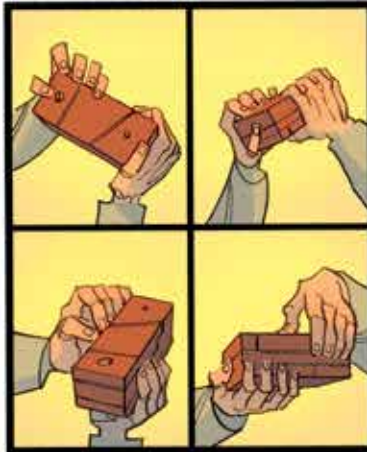
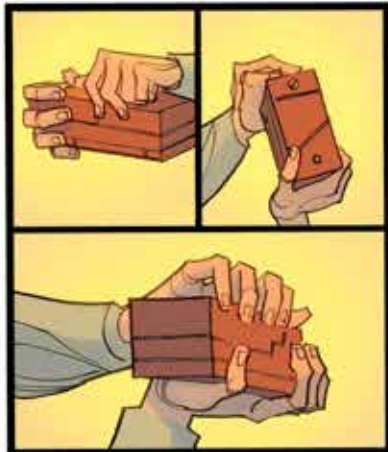
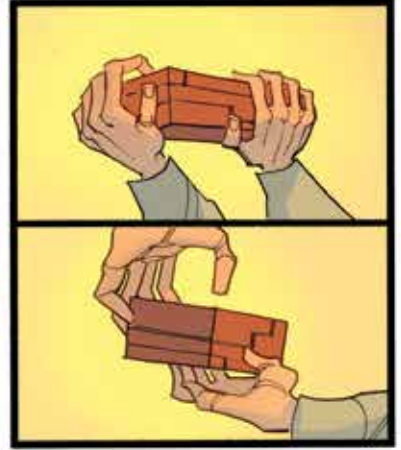
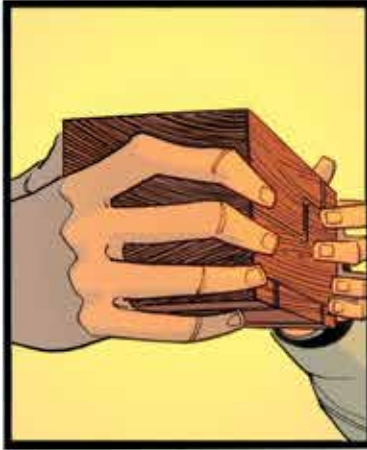
A PUZZLE BOX...



AN INSCRIPTION...? SOMETHING...GREEK? ΚΡΙΣΙΣ... "IN TIME OF CRISIS"?

GREEK WAS THE CHOSEN TONGUE OF THE WITCHES OF ABADDON...

...I MAY HAVE FOUND ONE OF CORBIN'S CLUES, LEFTENANT... I KNOW OUR ROLE AS WITNESSES HAS CAUSED YOU SOME DISTRESS, BUT IF I COULD SOLVE THIS, IT MAY VERY WELL BE A KEY TO OUR WAR AGAINST MOLOCH...



KLIK



BLOOD?! NO--SAP?



SSSSSS





AH!

ICH HAB' DIE NACHT GETRÄUMET WOHL EINEN SCHWEREN TRAUM...



ICH HAB'   
 DIE NACHT GETRÄUMET  
 WOHL EINEN SCHWEREN TRAUM,  
 ES WUCHS IN MEINEM GARTEN  
 EIN ABSTERBENDER  
 BAUM... 

 LAST NIGHT,  
 AS I LAY SLEEPING,  
 THERE CAME A DREAM TO ME:  
 IN MY DARKLING GARDEN,  
 THERE ROSE A DYING  
 TREE... 

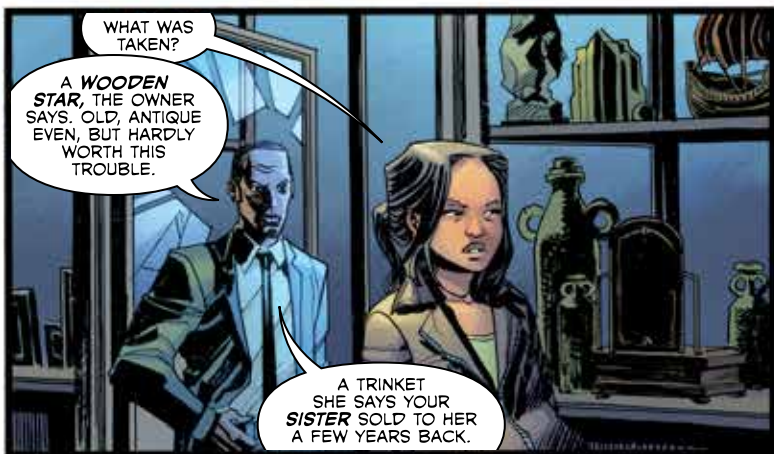
 A STREAM OF  
 RED Poured FROM IT;  
 IT FILLS MY HEART WITH DREAD.  
 OH, WHAT'S THIS  
 NIGHTMARE'S MEANING?  
 BELOVED, ART THOU  
 DEAD? 



BLACKWOOD'S PAWNSHOP, SLEEPY HOLLOW. THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

ROBBERY, CAPTAIN?

NOT QUITE.



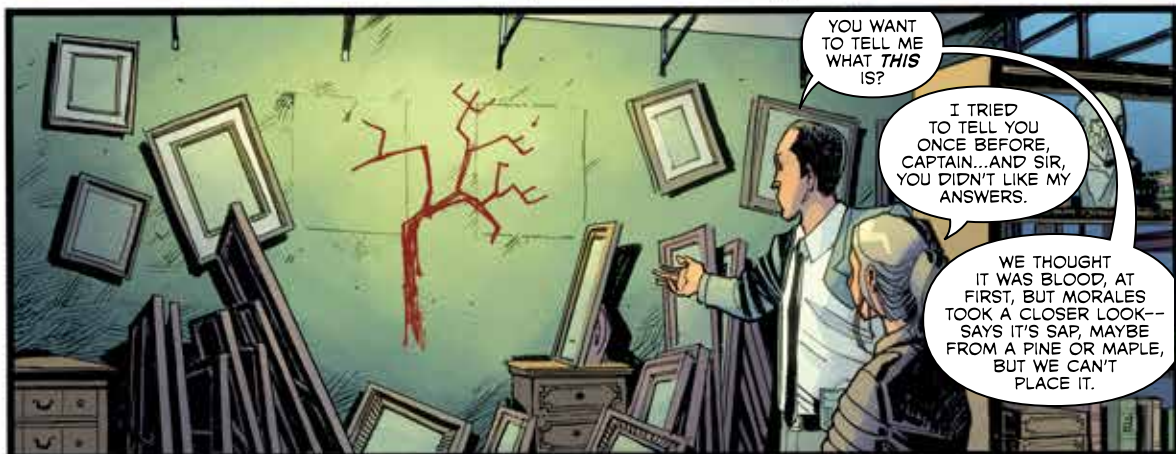
WHAT WAS TAKEN?

A WOODEN STAR, THE OWNER SAYS. OLD, ANTIQUE EVEN, BUT HARDLY WORTH THIS TROUBLE.

A TRINKET SHE SAYS YOUR SISTER SOLD TO HER A FEW YEARS BACK.



THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU NEED TO SEE.



YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS?

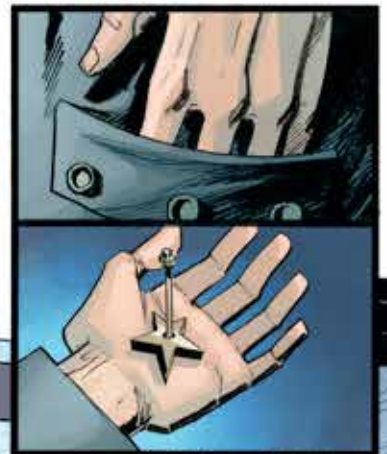
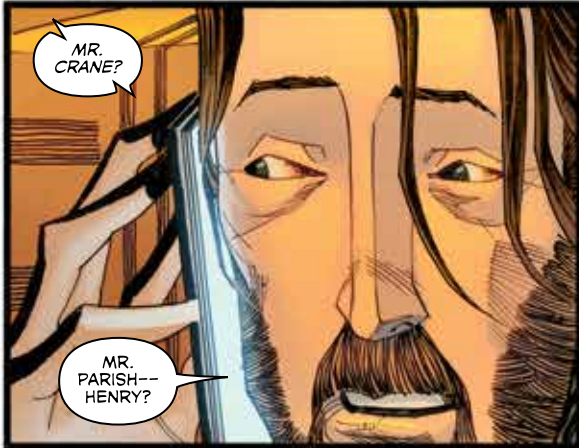
I TRIED TO TELL YOU ONCE BEFORE, CAPTAIN...AND SIR, YOU DIDN'T LIKE MY ANSWERS.

WE THOUGHT IT WAS BLOOD, AT FIRST, BUT MORALES TOOK A CLOSER LOOK-- SAYS IT'S SAP, MAYBE FROM A PINE OR MAPLE, BUT WE CAN'T PLACE IT.



I GAVE YOU AND CRANE AUTHORITY TO LOOK INTO ALL THIS WEIRDNESS. YOU GOT ANY LEADS ON WHY SOMEONE WOULD STOP IN THE MIDDLE OF A BURGLARY TO DO THIS?

NONE AT ALL.





IRVING  
THINKS I'M  
TANGLED UP  
IN THIS?

JENNY, THE  
CAPTAIN DOESN'T KNOW  
WHAT TO THINK. THE OWNER  
HAD A BILL OF SALE FROM YOU  
FOR THE WOODEN STAR, BUT  
YOU HAVE AN ALIBI, SO YOU'LL  
BE OUT OF THE LINE  
OF FIRE.

THAT WOODEN  
STAR...IT'S A KEY. THE LAST  
PIECE. CORBIN HAD ME HUNT  
DOWN THIS PUZZLE BOX YEARS  
AGO. SOME MYTH HE'D HEARD,  
BUT AT THE TIME...I JUST WASN'T  
MYSELF. THE LAST PIECE--  
THE STAR--WENT  
MISSING.

JENNY,  
WHAT DOES THAT  
EVEN MEAN? DID  
CORBIN TELL YOU  
WHAT WAS INSIDE  
THE PUZZLE  
BOX?

NOTHING  
GOOD.

DER GARTEN  
WAR EIN FRIEDHOF,  
DAS BLUMENBEET  
EIN GRAB--



CRANE!  
WE NEED TO  
TALK--

--UND VON DEM  
GRÜNEN BAUME FIEL'N  
KRON' UND BLÜTE AB...



GOOD  
MORNING,  
ABBIE--

RRRT  
RRRT  
RRRT



CRANE!



THAT TURNED IT  
OFF, DID YOU  
SEE?

OH, FORGIVE ME,  
ABBIE! I'M AFRAID I  
DIDN'T SLEEP WELL  
LAST NIGHT.

THAT'S  
WHAT I CAME  
HERE TO TALK  
ABOUT... THERE  
WAS A BREAK-IN  
DOWNTOWN,  
AND--

HERE,  
LET US GO  
INTO THE  
CABIN--



YOU KNOW, I THOUGHT I'D SOLVED THIS WRETCHED THING, BUT IT SEEMS THERE ARE MORE LAYERS THAN I'D BELIEVED...

CRANE... I *KNOW* YOU WERE INVOLVED IN THE BREAK-IN DOWNTOWN. I FOUND *THIS* AT THE CRIME SCENE.

HIPSTERS BE DAMNED, THERE'S NO ONE ELSE IN SLEEPY HOLLOW RUNNING AROUND DROPPING 200-YEAR-OLD BUTTONS.



I *LIED* TO THE CAPTAIN-- I HID *EVIDENCE*. YOU NEED TO TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON.



I TOOK BACK SOMETHING THAT *BELONGED* TO ME, NO MORE. I JUST CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THESE PUZZLES, ALL THESE INVENTIONS IN THE MODERN WORLD--

BUT SOON YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BEING A WITNESS! I'M GOING TO FIND A WAY, A WEAPON, SOMETHING THAT WILL *PROTECT* YOU.



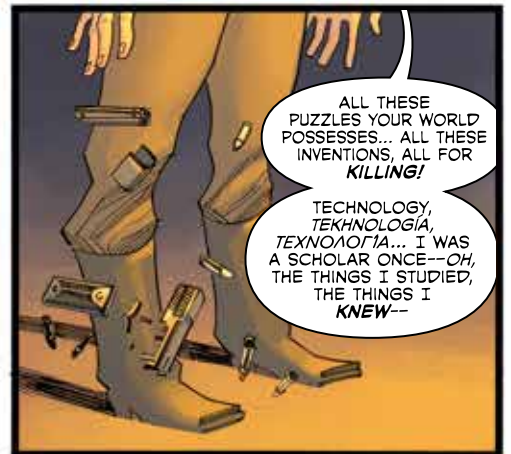
HERE, LEFTENANT... DANCE WITH ME. THERE'S A SONG I WANT YOU TO HEAR.



MUSIC IS A KIND OF *MAGIC*, YOU KNOW, A KIND OF SCIENCE, TOO.

ISN'T IT FUNNY, THE WORDS WE USE FOR MUSIC--CHARMING, SPELLBINDING, MAGICAL?

♪ ICH HAB' DIE NACHT GETRÄUMET WOHL EINEN SCHWEREN TRAUM... ♪





ICHABOD. CRANE.

ICHABOD? WHAT AN ABSURD NAME, IT MEANS "GLORY HAD DEPARTED," DID YOU KNOW? BUT MY GLORY HASN'T YET BEGUN, I CONQUERED THE MYSTERIES OF THIS WORLD, SCIENCE AND MUSIC AND MAGIC ALIKE, WHEN I FIND MY MASTERS AGAIN, WHEN THEY COME FOR ME, OH, THE THINGS I WILL BUILD FOR THEM, I WILL BE WHOLE VERY SOON, I WILL--



WE NEED TO GET YOU HELP--

YOU'RE GOING TO BE **TROUBLE**, AREN'T YOU? YOU'RE GOING TO TRY AND KEEP ME FROM CLAIMING THIS BODY AS MY OWN--



YOU'RE **NOT** CRANE--!



ACH!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS... MILLS, IS IT?



YOU MIGHT BE MY FIRST **EXPERIMENT** IN THE MODERN WORLD. THIS WON'T **HURT**.

NOT FOR **LONG**.



🎵 DIE BLÜTEN TAT ICH SAMMELN IN EINEN GOLDNEN KRUG... 🎵



K...KATRINA? AM I BACK IN--

YES... I'M SO SORRY, ABIGAIL, I HAVEN'T ANY TIME--

IT'S ICHABOD, THE PRISONER IN THAT BOX HAS TAKEN HIM IN THRALL--

THE PUZZLE BOX.

YEARS AGO, THE HESSIANS FOUND A BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN BY THE NAME OF COLIN VAN BILJ, A MUSICIAN, A SCHOLAR, AN INVENTOR... ANY TECHNOLOGY, HE COULD UNRAVEL.

HE BUILT WEAPONS, PUZZLES, TRAPS... MACHINES THAT CAUSED EXCRUCIATING PAIN, WHICH HE TURNED UPON THOSE HE CAPTURED FOR HIS "EXPERIMENTS."

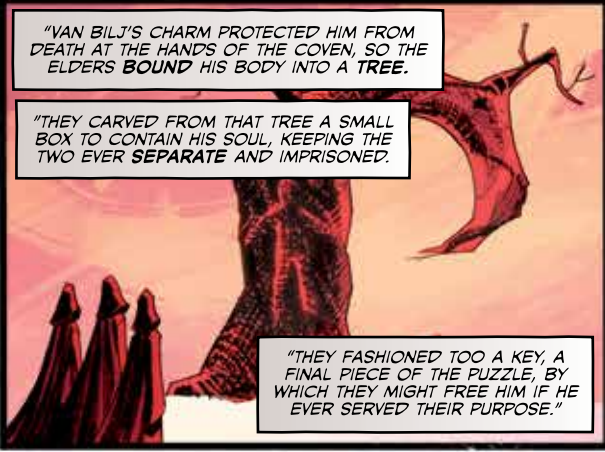
HE WAS THE HESSIANS' PET MADMAN.

HE SOUGHT OUT OUR COVEN... HE HAD PICKED UP A CHARM IN AN INN, AN ENCHANTED TUNE SUNG BY A WITCH OF ABADDON HE HAD BEFRIENDED... HE WANTED TO LEARN MAGIC.

CRANE'S SONG... CRANE'S BEEN IN THAT CABIN FOR WEEKS, EXPOSED TO IT--

"WHEN THE ELDERS OF THE COVEN DENIED HIM, SENSING THE HESSIANS' WERE BEHIND THIS, VAN BILJ THREATENED TO EXPOSE US--BUILD A MACHINE TO TORTURE AND CONDEMN US ALL--"

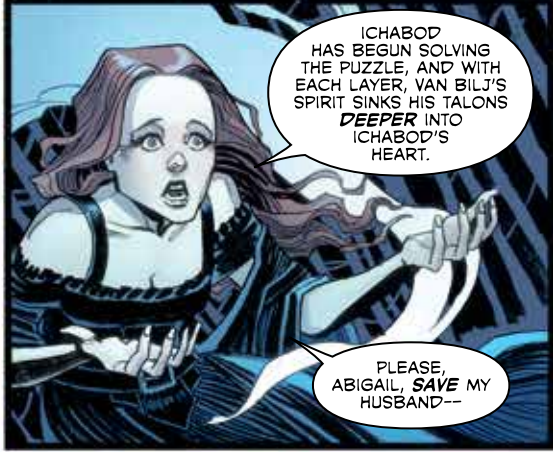
"DIDN'T GO WELL FOR HIM, I'M BETTING."



"VAN BILJ'S CHARM PROTECTED HIM FROM DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE COVEN, SO THE ELDERS BOUND HIS BODY INTO A TREE.

"THEY CARVED FROM THAT TREE A SMALL BOX TO CONTAIN HIS SOUL, KEEPING THE TWO EVER SEPARATE AND IMPRISONED.

"THEY FASHIONED TOO A KEY, A FINAL PIECE OF THE PUZZLE, BY WHICH THEY MIGHT FREE HIM IF HE EVER SERVED THEIR PURPOSE."



ICHABOD HAS BEGUN SOLVING THE PUZZLE, AND WITH EACH LAYER, VAN BILJ'S SPIRIT SINKS HIS TALONS DEEPER INTO ICHABOD'S HEART.

PLEASE, ABIGAIL, SAVE MY HUSBAND--



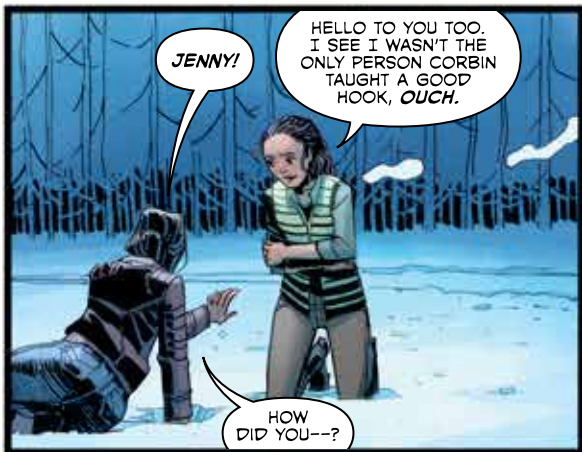
PLEASE!



...PLEASE.



WHUDD



JENNY!

HELLO TO YOU TOO. I SEE I WASN'T THE ONLY PERSON CORBIN TAUGHT A GOOD HOOK, *OUCH*.

HOW DID YOU--?

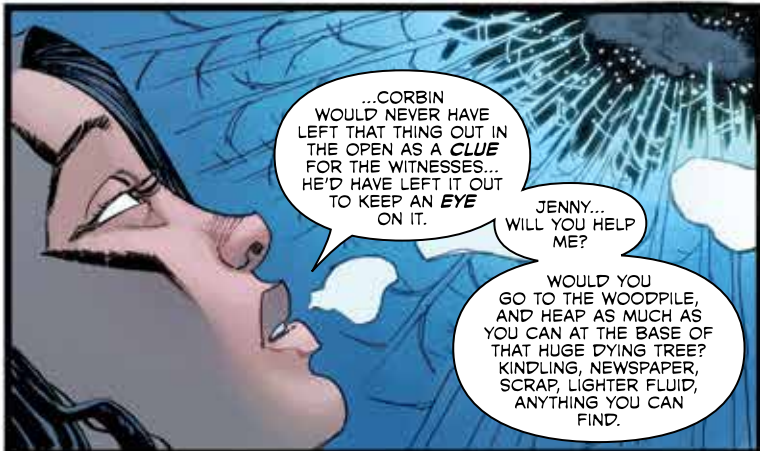


YOU TELL ME YOU FOUND A DANGEROUS MAGICAL ARTIFACT AND THEN DON'T ANSWER YOUR PHONE FOR FOUR HOURS. COME ON, ABBIE, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN LAW ENFORCEMENT.



I FOUND YOU TIED UP BY THE WOODPILE, SAW HIM MUTTERING TO HIMSELF. I TRIED TO TALK HIM DOWN, BUT HE WENT ON BABBLING IN GERMAN--I DISTRACTED HIM, SNATCHED YOU--HIS EYES ARE A MESS, ABBIE.

THIS WHOLE THING'S A MESS.



...CORBIN WOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT THAT THING OUT IN THE OPEN AS A CLUE FOR THE WITNESSES... HE'D HAVE LEFT IT OUT TO KEEP AN EYE ON IT.

JENNY... WILL YOU HELP ME?

WOULD YOU GO TO THE WOODPILE, AND HEAP AS MUCH AS YOU CAN AT THE BASE OF THAT HUGE DYING TREE? KINDLING, NEWSPAPER, SCRAP, LIGHTER FLUID, ANYTHING YOU CAN FIND.



WE'RE GOING TO CAUSE TROUBLE.



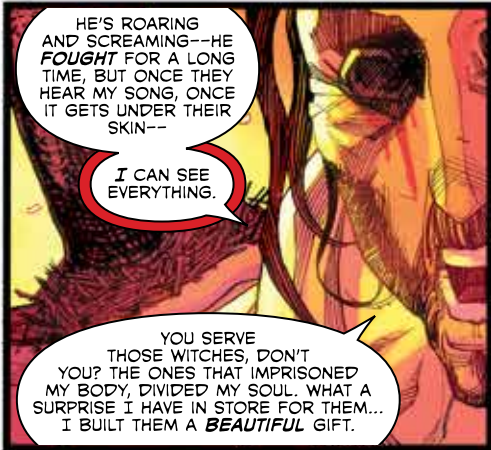




I CAN HEAR HIM SCREAMING IN THE BACK OF MY MIND, DID YOU KNOW THAT?

THAT RIDICULOUS MAN--ICHABOD CRANE.

HE CAN SEE *EVERYTHING* NOW. EVERYTHING I'M GOING TO *DO* TO THIS NEW WORLD AND ALL THE VIOLENT WONDERS IT CONTAINS, ONCE MY MASTERS THE *HESSIANS* COME FOR ME.



HE'S ROARING AND SCREAMING--HE FOUGHT FOR A LONG TIME, BUT ONCE THEY HEAR MY SONG, ONCE IT GETS UNDER THEIR SKIN--

I CAN SEE EVERYTHING.

YOU SERVE THOSE WITCHES, DON'T YOU? THE ONES THAT IMPRISONED MY BODY, DIVIDED MY SOUL. WHAT A SURPRISE I HAVE IN STORE FOR THEM... I BUILT THEM A *BEAUTIFUL* GIFT.



I WAS GOING TO TEST THE MACHINE ON YOU, MISS MILLS, BUT I THINK I'LL START BY SPLITTING YOUR SKULL--



I AM SICK TO DEATH--



--OF YOUR MAD FREAKING SCIENTIST MONOLOGUE.



WAS MAG DER  
TRAUM BEDEUTEN?  
HERZLIEBSTER,  
BIST DU TOT?

AAHHH...

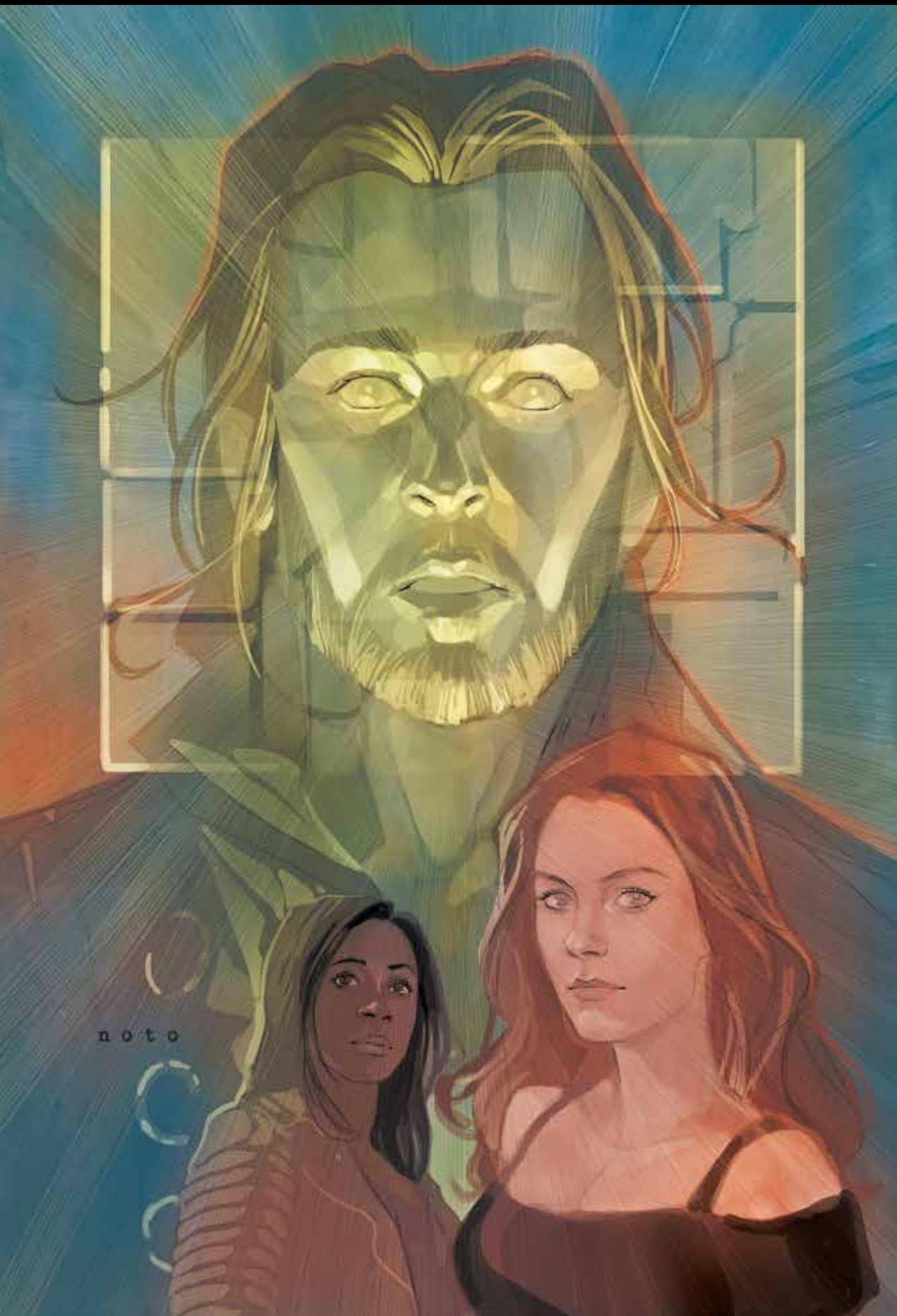
AAAAHHH!



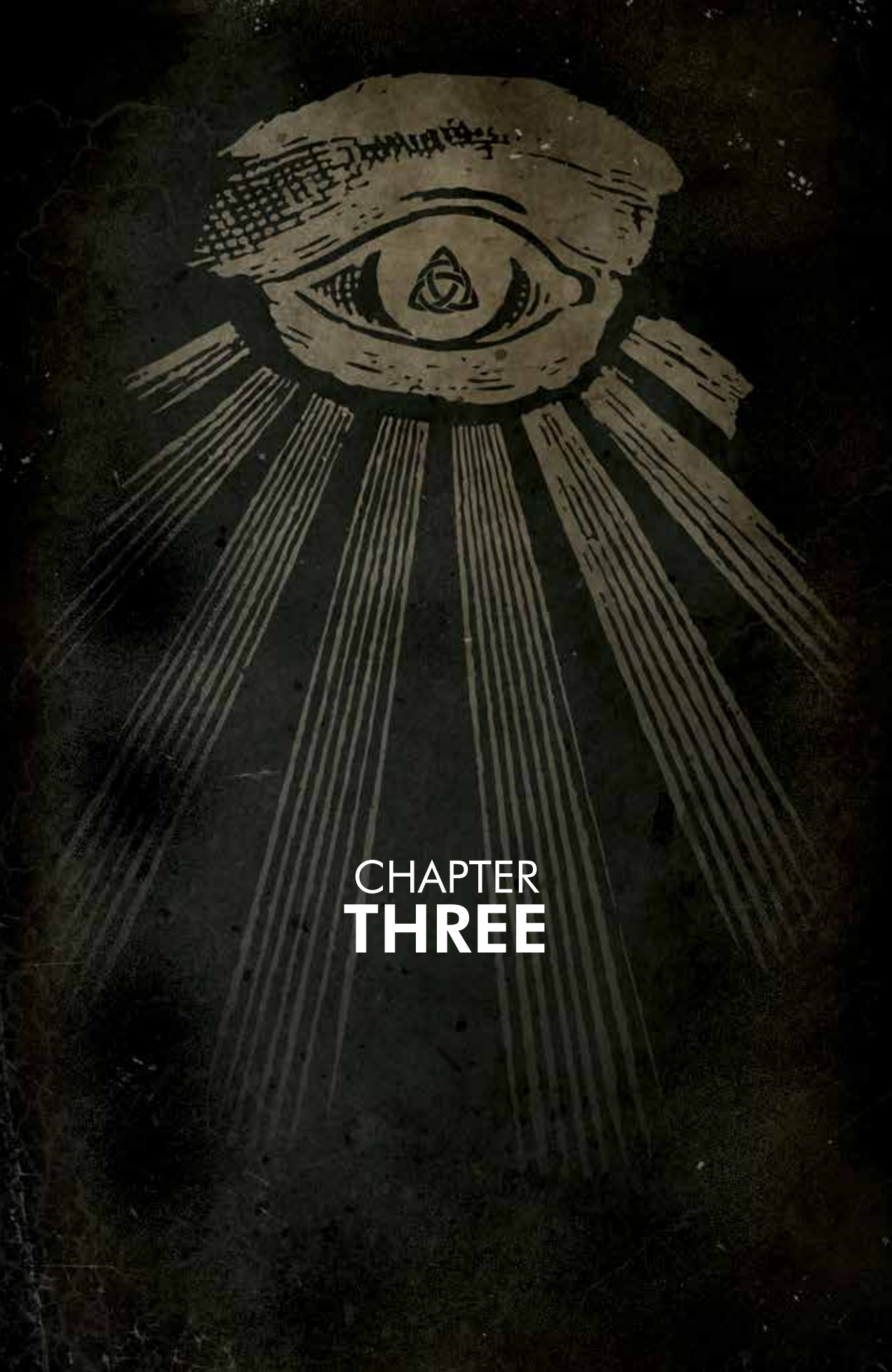








noto



CHAPTER  
**THREE**

FREEMASONS' LODGE,  
SLEEPY HOLLOW.

MURDERED?  
ALL OF THEM?

WHOLE  
ROOM OF THEM,  
HEADS CHOPPED OFF.  
*RITUAL SUICIDE*. HOW  
YOU FIGURE THAT  
WORKS?

DON'T  
THEY TEACH  
YOU *ANYTHING*  
AT THAT COW  
COLLEGE?

WELL, THEY TEACH ME  
TO DRINK, HENCE THE  
WEEKEND JOB.

I BEEN TRYING  
TO PUZZLE IT OUT,  
ME. FIGURE ONE KILLS  
THE OTHERS, THEN THE  
LAST ONE, HE MAKES A  
NOOSE OF PIANO  
WIRE, SEE--

GENTLEMEN. IN THE ABSENCE  
OF THE FORMER FREEMASON  
TENANTS, WE'RE TO MOVE ALL  
INVENTORY FOR EVALUATION  
AND ESTATE SALE.

A LITTLE MORE  
PROFESSIONALISM,  
PLEASE.

HMM. "GRANDFATHER CLOCK"  
IS NOT LISTED AMONG THE  
INSURED ARTIFACTS.  
PERHAPS--



FOREST HILL CINEMA AND SHOPPING CENTER.



THERE IS GREAT EVIL IN THIS BOX.



THREE DOLLARS! TO ACCESS MY OWN FUNDS! SIR, OPEN UP, I WANT A WORD--

NO ONE IS IN THERE, CRANE.

YES, THERE IS! KNOCK HARDER, ICHABOD--



I'LL BUY YOUR MOVIE TICKET SO LONG AS YOU DON'T KEEP TRYING TO TOUCH THINGS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THE 3D GLASSES.



THAT WAS **ONE** TIME!

AND THOSE APES WITH RIFLES WERE VERY REALISTIC--



MY SISTER HAS DONE A GOOD JOB ON YOU! DRY CLEANED, GETTING REGULAR HAIRCUTS, LEARNING TO MAKE ENCHILADAS--KATRINA'S NOT GOING TO KNOW WHAT HIT HER.

ABBIE ALSO GOT YOU INDOCTRINATED ON BILLIE HOLIDAY, I'M GUESSING?

≡SIIIP≡



I KNOW ABOUT THE ROLLING STONES AND THE BEAGLES.

THE **BEATLES** AND THE **EAGLES**.

THE **BEATLES** AND THE **EAGLES**.



DID YOU KNOW "HOTEL CALIFORNIA" IS A METAPHOR FOR A CULTURE OF CANNABIS AND INTOXICATION AND IS NOT A GHOST STORY?

I WAS VERY DISAPPOINTED!



OH, CRANE, YOU GOTTA CHECK OUT NINA SIMONE. DID YOU KNOW THERE'S A SONG WRITTEN ALL ABOUT ME.

DON'T LIE TO HIM, JENNY--



OH, NO-- IT'S HENRY PARRISH.

DOODOE DOODOE



RAIN CHECK ON THE MOVIE, YOU TWO.





MILLS!

CAPTAIN!  
THANK YOU FOR  
COMING--I COULDN'T RISK  
CALLING BACKUP, NOT UNTIL  
WE KNOW WHAT'S IN  
THERE.



WE **ARE** THE  
SUPERNATURAL  
HOTLINE IN TOWN,  
SEEMS. WHY DID  
YOU BRING A  
SHOVEL?

HENRY ASKED  
FOR SHOVELS. COULD  
BE BASHING SOMETHING  
OPEN, COULD BE GRAVE  
DIGGING.



MOVIES  
MAKE IT LOOK  
EASY, IRVING, BUT  
GRAVE DIGGING'S  
HARD WORK. YOU  
SURE YOU'RE UP  
FOR IT IN THAT  
GOOD SUIT?



I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO  
ASK WHAT YOU'VE BEEN  
DIGGING UP OR PUTTING  
DOWN.

WHAT A SHAME.  
IT'S A GOOD  
STORY--

HENRY!



MR. PARRISH,  
ARE YOU--?





CAPTAIN IRVING, I--UGH!  
I TOOK THE TRAIN FOR AN  
APPOINTMENT, THE MOMENT  
I SET FOOT IN SLEEPY  
HOLLOW, I COULD  
SMELL IT--

I KNEW AT ONCE  
SOME **HIDEOUS**  
**EVIL THING** HAD  
WOKEN--



GOD! THE REEK OF EVIL...  
OPEN SEWERS IN THE HEAT  
OF CAIRO... GANGRENE, IN  
THE STEWS OF NEW DELHI...  
CAN YOU NOT **SMELL**  
IT?!



THAT'S NOT JUST  
SIN. THAT'S  
**BLOOD.**

I PASSED  
A MOVING VAN, PARKED  
OUT BACK... LOOKS LIKE  
THEY WERE INTERRUPTED  
IN THEIR WORK.

WE NEED  
TO FIND  
THEM.

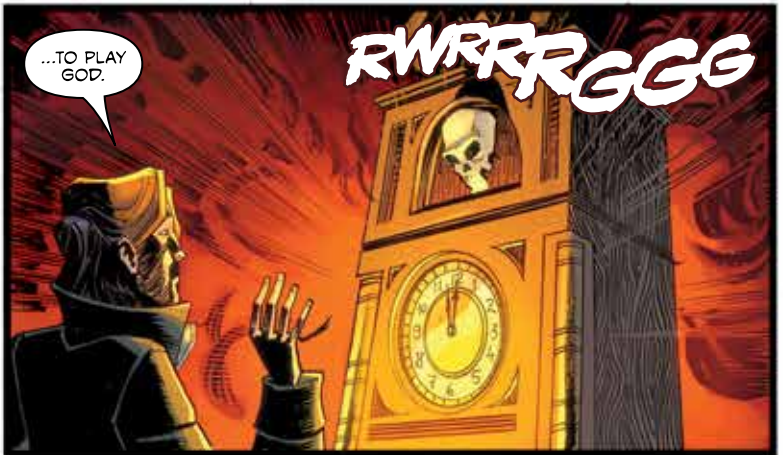


LIGHTS ARE ALL  
BLOWN--NONE OF  
THE SWITCHES ARE  
WORKING--

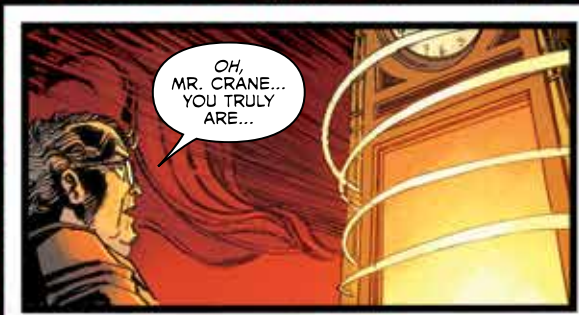
WEAPONS  
DRAWN, EVERYONE.  
SCENT THIS STRONG,  
TWO, THREE BODIES  
MAYBE--



**NOW!**



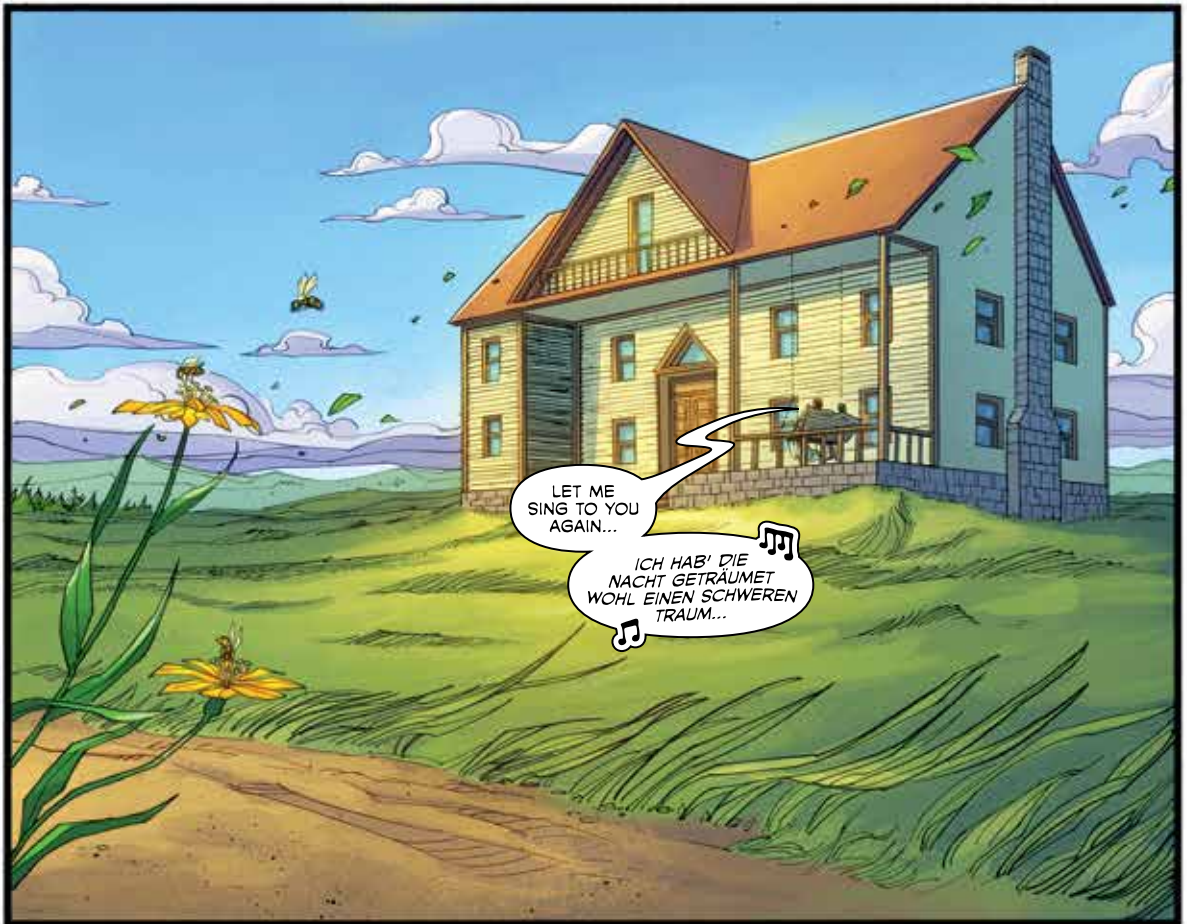
TIK TOK  
TIK TOK  
TIK TOK  
TIK TOK

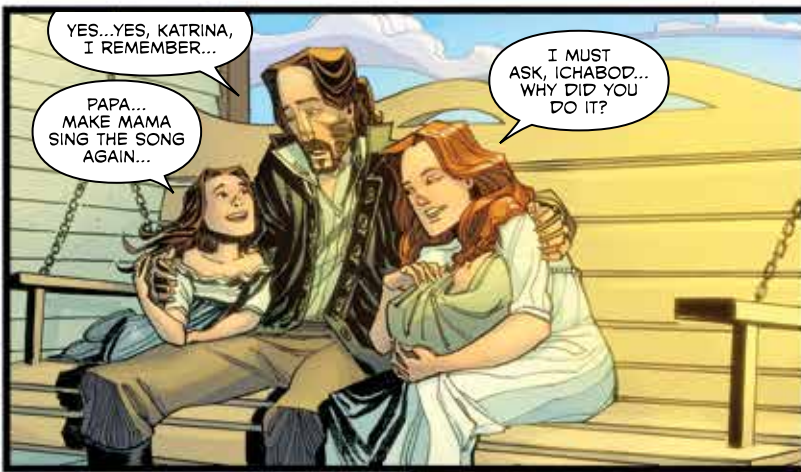


OH,  
MR. CRANE...  
YOU TRULY  
ARE...



...A MAN  
OUT OF  
TIME.





YES...YES, KATRINA, I REMEMBER...

PAPA... MAKE MAMA SING THE SONG AGAIN...

I MUST ASK, ICHABOD... WHY DID YOU DO IT?



DO WHAT, KATRINA?



WHY DID YOU ABANDON ME?



YOU FREED ME FROM PURGATORY... YOU GOT EXACTLY WHAT YOU WANTED MOST, ICHABOD...



KATRINA!



BUT WHAT, IN ALL THE POWERS OF HEAVEN AND OF EARTH, MADE YOU BELIEVE I WOULD EVER AGAIN WANT THE MAN...

...WHO LEFT HIS WIFE TO SUFFERING AND DEATH?





ICH HAB--  
**HURRA!**

**SCHNIKT**



NO MORE  
OF THAT  
SONG.

**SSSSSSSS**



SHE WASN'T  
KATRINA, CRANE--  
AND THE KIDS WERE  
AN ILLUSION, TOO.  
THEY WERE MADE OF  
**MAGIC**, PROBABLY  
SOME CHARM FROM  
A WITCH OF  
ABADDON.



LEFTENANT, HOW  
DID YOU GET  
HERE--?

THE AXE... THE  
AXE LETS ME CUT  
THROUGH THIS  
PLACE. BUT I  
NEED YOUR  
HELP.



WE HAVE TO FIND  
THE OTHERS--MISS JENNY,  
CAPTAIN IRVING, MR. PARRISH,  
**AND** THE MISSING  
HANDLERS.

WE HAVE  
TO FIND **MY**  
SISTER.



LEFTENANT--?!

SHRINK!



HOW DID YOU--

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT AXE--

HOW DOES IT--

IS THIS CORBIN'S CABIN?!



IT ISN'T PURGATORY, BUT THIS PLACE PLAYS TRICKS WITH TIME, CRANE.

I'VE LEARNED A FEW TRICKS OF MY OWN.

LEFTENANT, YOU CONCERN ME--



kreeeak



I'LL RIP OUT YOUR TEETH--





DOESN'T MATTER--  
YOU'RE NEXT.



LEFTENANT!

NO! CRANE, GET THE AXE! YOU HAVE TO DESTROY THE SOURCE OF THE MUSIC AND GET US OUT OF HERE!!



I'M WEAK, ABBIE. BECAUSE I'M HIDEOUS AND WEAK AND BROKEN INSIDE.

AND THE DEMON, HE SMELLED THAT HUNGRY RAW WEEPING EMPTY PLACE, THAT WOUND ALL WELLED UP WITH PUS AND HATE AND GRIEF.



AND THE DEMON SAID NIIIIIICE, SO WARM, SO SOFT--

--LIKE A SNAKE, SLITHERING DOWN A DARK LITTLE HOLE, AND HE MADE HIS NEST IN THAT WEAK, WOUNDED HEART--

DER GARTEN WAR EIN FRIEDHOF, DAS BLUMENBEET EIN GRAB--

TIK TIK TIK



--UND VON DEM GRÜNEN BAUME FIEL'N KRON' UND BLÜTE AB--

KRESSH

AAIEEE!

TIK TIK TIK



OOF!



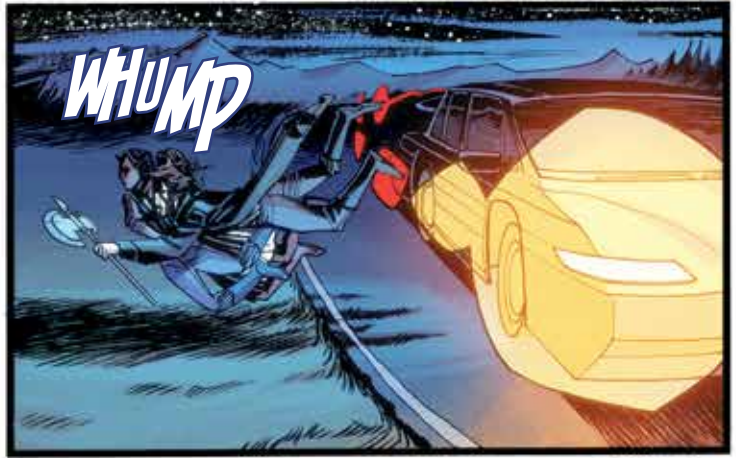
≡GASP≡  
ABBIE?!

JENNY! I'VE GOT YOU--IT WASN'T REAL, JENNY--BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING--

LEFTENANT, WHERE ARE WE--?



🎵 DRAUS SAH ICH PERLEN RINNEN UND TRÖPFLEIN ROSENROT 🎵



WHUMP



MACEY?

🎵 WAS MAG DER TRAUM BEDEUTEN? HERZLIEBSTER, BIST DU TOT? 🎵



SKREEEE KRUNCH

NO--



CAPTAIN?!

NO...



MACEY...



MISS JENNY, PERHAPS—PERHAPS YOU CAN REACH HIM.

NOOOO...



STOP... FRANK...

...IT ISN'T REAL...



IT ISN'T REAL.



HIS HELL...

...BEING THE DRUNK DRIVER WHO RAN MACEY DOWN.

MAG DER TRAUM BEDEUTEN? HERZLIEBSTER, BIST DU TOT?



IT ISN'T REAL, FRANK... IT WASN'T HERE, NOT OUT ON SOME COUNTRY ROAD... IT WASN'T LIKE THIS, YOU WEREN'T BEHIND THE WHEEL...



SHHH...



IT ISN'T REAL.

TIK TIK TIK



IT ISN'T REAL.



WAS MAG DER TRAUM BEDEUTEN? HERZLIEBSTER, BIST DU...

KRNGH

TIK TIK TIK



THIS PLACE...IS OUR HELL. A CESSPIT OF OUR DEEPEST FEARS.

ALL OUR SELF-HATE. ALL OUR SUSPICIONS ABOUT OURSELVES AND THOSE WE LOVE.



YOU WAKE UP DROWNING IT, REPLAYING IT OVER AND OVER UNTIL YOU'VE GONE MAD.

BUT YOU FOUND ME, LEFTENANT--HOW DID YOU ESCAPE YOURS?



I RAN.



I REFUSED TO FACE IT. I RAN.

DID YOU HEAR THE SONG KATRINA WAS SINGING? ON THE RECORD PLAYER IN THE CABIN? OR BLARING IN IRVING'S CAR?



"ICH HAB' DIE NACHT GETRÄUMET..."

VAN BILJ'S ACCURSED SONG! THE INVENTOR, WHOSE SOUL WAS TRAPPED INSIDE THE PUZZLE BOX--

WHO TOOK POSSESSION OF MY FORM AND SENSES, AND VERY NEARLY KILLED US BOTH.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT VAN BILJ WAS CALLED?



THE HESSIANS' PET MADMAN.



THIS PRISON, THIS LABYRINTH...

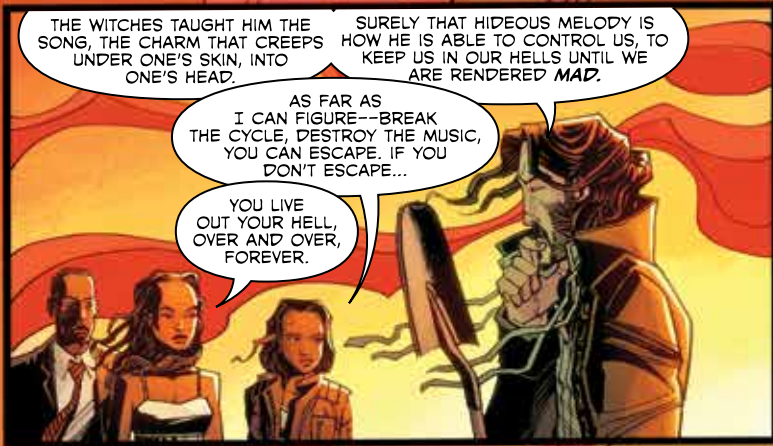
IS *THIS* WHAT VAN BILJ DESIGNED FOR THE HESSIANS? THE HELLISH WEAPON HE INTENDED TO TURN UPON MY WIFE AND HER COVEN, AS PUNISHMENT FOR THWARTING HIM?!

THE WITCHES OF ABADDON TAUGHT VAN BILJ ALL THE MAGIC HE NEEDED TO MAKE IT-- EVEN THE EVIL SPIRITS HERE BEAR THEIR GROTESQUE FACES--



BUT LEFTENANT...HOW DID YOU DEDUCE THAT?

...ABBIE?



THE WITCHES TAUGHT HIM THE SONG, THE CHARM THAT CREEPS UNDER ONE'S SKIN, INTO ONE'S HEAD.

SURELY THAT HIDEOUS MELODY IS HOW HE IS ABLE TO CONTROL US, TO KEEP US IN OUR HELLS UNTIL WE ARE RENDERED *MAD*.

AS FAR AS I CAN FIGURE--BREAK THE CYCLE, DESTROY THE MUSIC, YOU CAN ESCAPE. IF YOU DON'T ESCAPE...

YOU LIVE OUT YOUR HELL, OVER AND OVER, FOREVER.



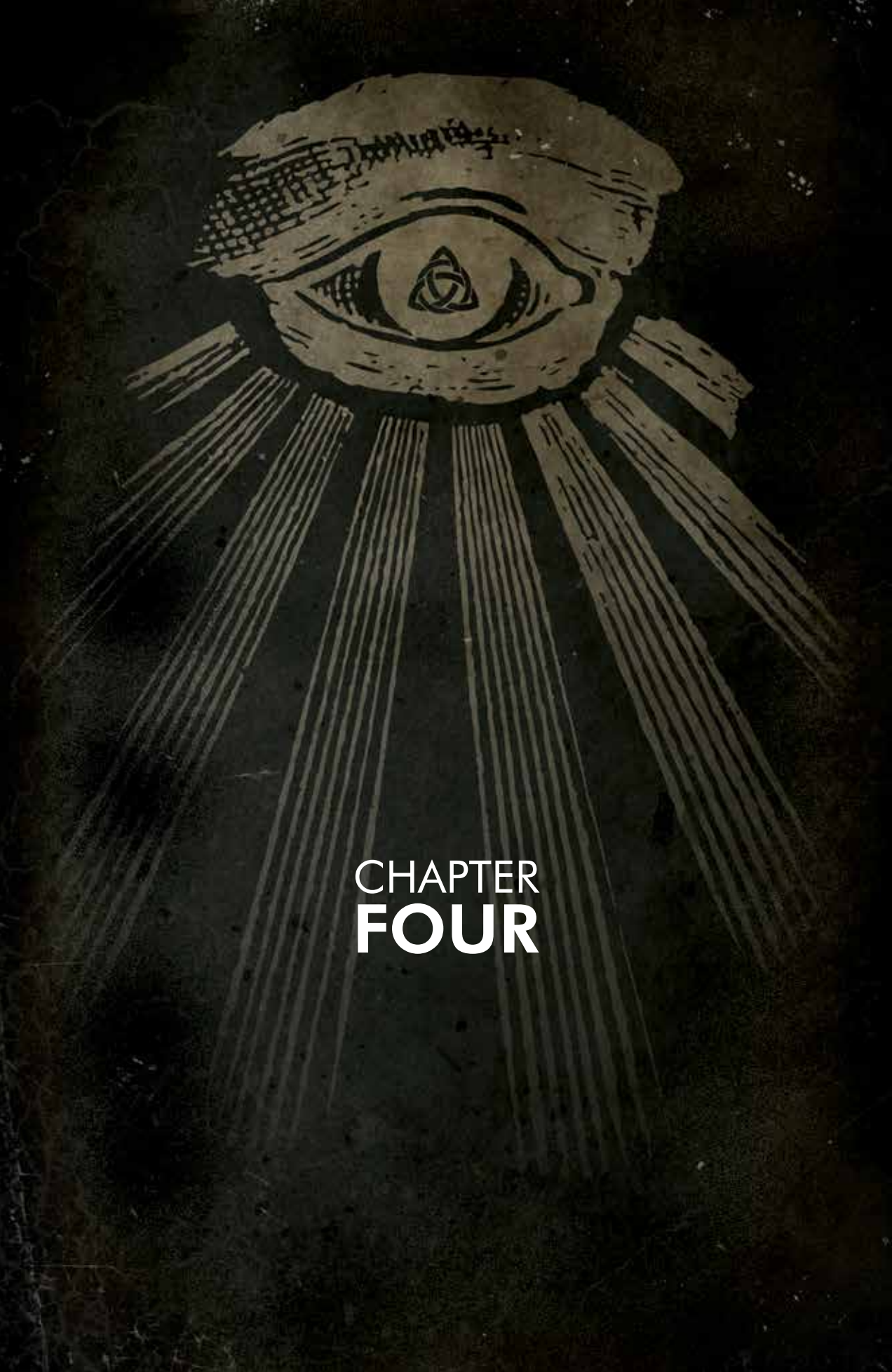
...I DON'T KNOW...

BUT I'M SCARED...

...I THINK I MADE A *DEAL*.



noto



CHAPTER  
**FOUR**

THE LABYRINTH OF  
THE CLOCK.

LEFTENANT,  
IF THIS PLACE IS OUR  
HELL, WHAT DO MEAN  
YOU MADE A DEAL?  
WITH WHOM? FOR  
WHAT?!

ABBIE, YOU'RE THE  
LAST ONE LEFT--WE'VE  
ALL ESCAPED OUR  
PRISONS.

I DON'T  
KNOW. I THINK--  
I RAN--

OF *COURSE* YOU RAN.  
YOU ALWAYS RUN.  
THAT'S *EXACTLY*  
WHAT--

DON'T YOU  
*DARE* SAY THAT  
THAT'S WHAT I DO.  
THE THINGS I'VE  
FACED--

LEFTENANT, MAY I  
ASK YOU, AS YOUR  
FRIEND...

WHAT DID YOU SEE  
WHEN YOU CAME  
HERE?

WHEN I WOKE  
HERE, I WAS--I WAS  
SURROUNDED BY  
*HESSIANS*.

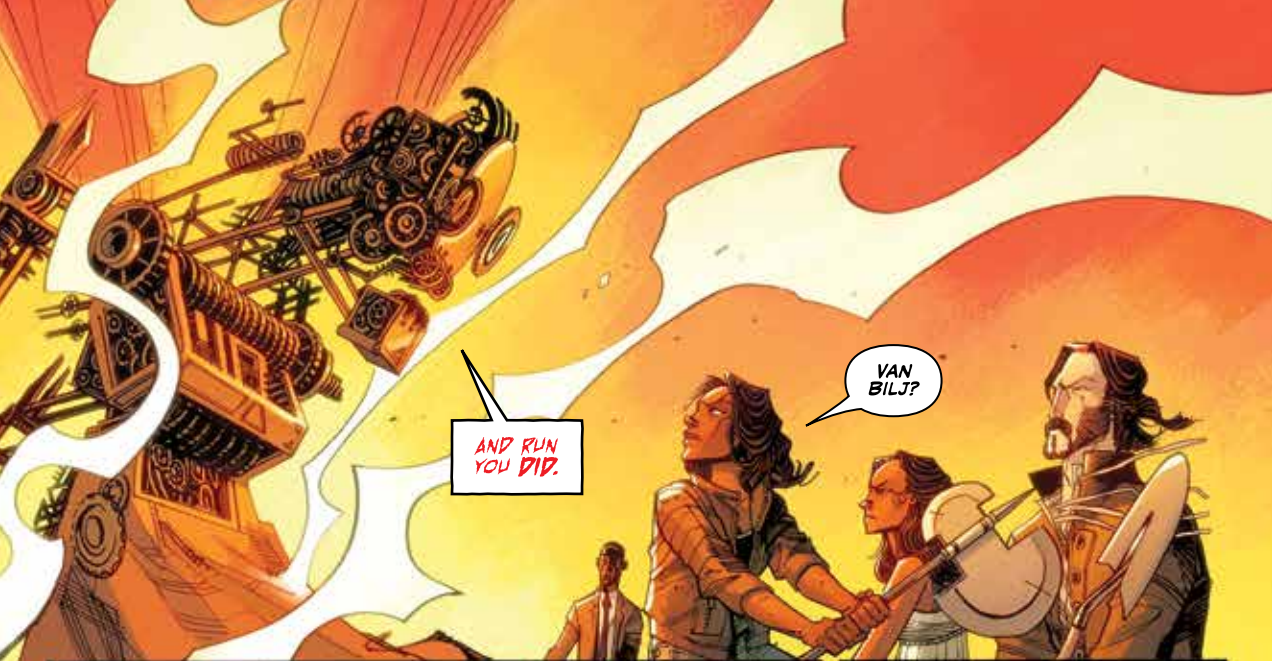
"THEY GAVE ME THE AXE, AND  
THE TATTOO, AND THEY TOLD  
ME I'D LIVE..."

"...THAT YOU THREE  
WOULD LIVE IF I  
SERVED..."

"...AND I...  
RAN..."

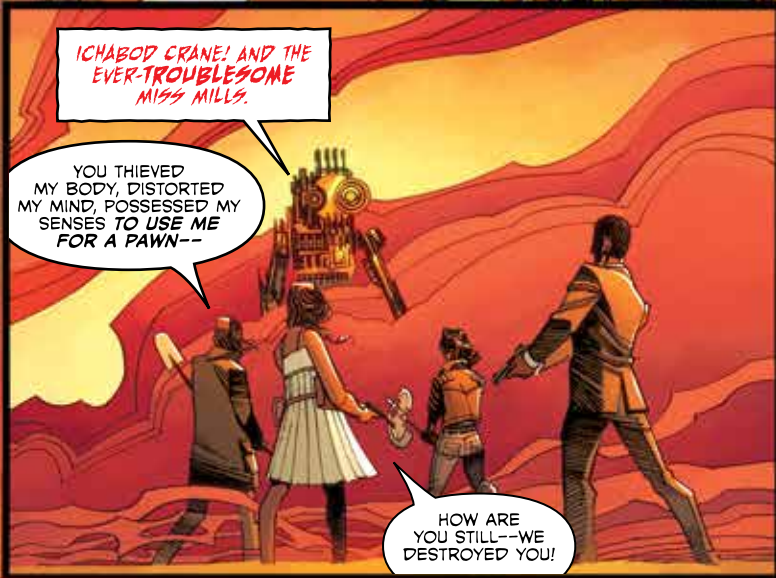
"HA!"





AND RUN YOU DID.

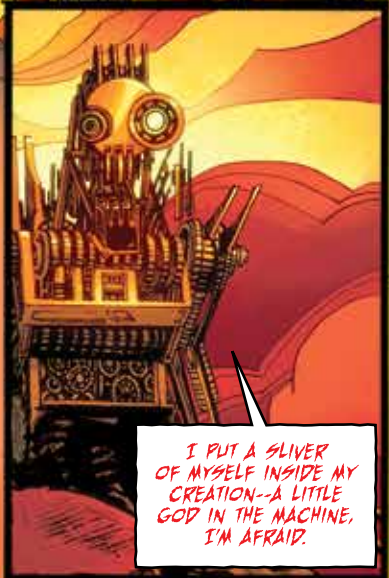
VAN BILJ?



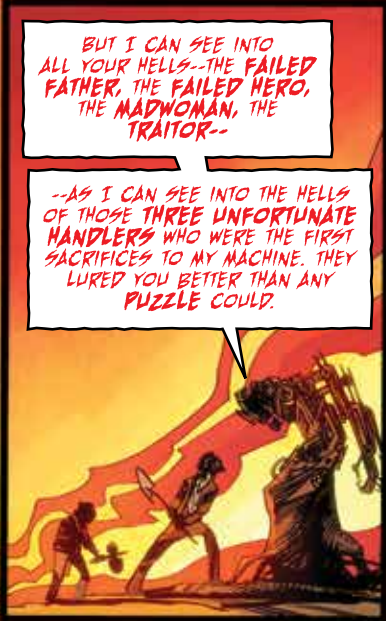
ICHABOD CRANE! AND THE EVER-TRoublesome MISS MILLS.

YOU THIEVED MY BODY, DISTORTED MY MIND, POSSESSED MY SENSES TO USE ME FOR A PAWN--

HOW ARE YOU STILL--WE DESTROYED YOU!



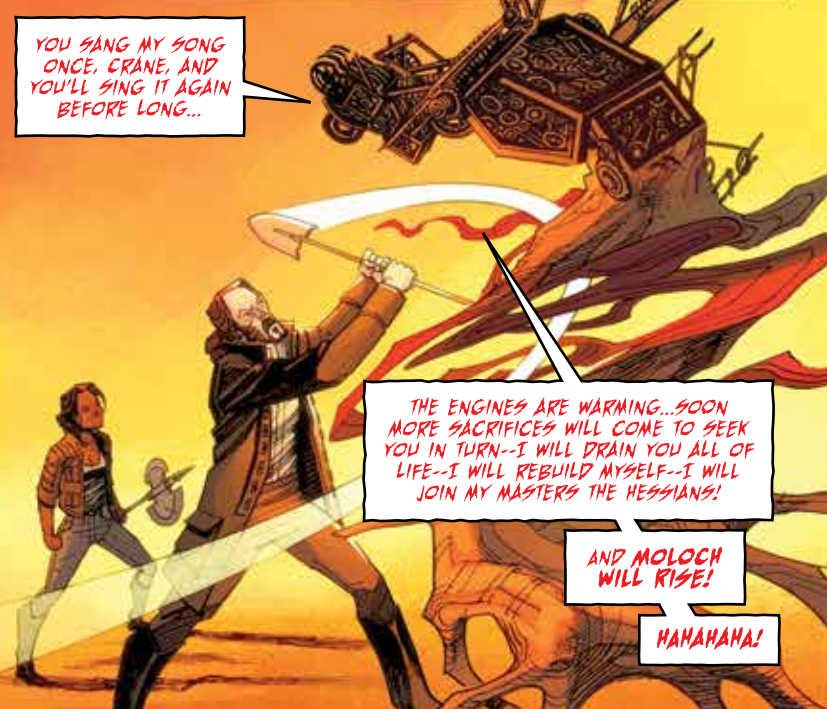
I PUT A SLIVER OF MYSELF INSIDE MY CREATION--A LITTLE GOD IN THE MACHINE, I'M AFRAID.



BUT I CAN SEE INTO ALL YOUR HELLS--THE FAILED FATHER, THE FAILED HERO, THE MADWOMAN, THE TRAITOR--

--AS I CAN SEE INTO THE HELLS OF THOSE THREE UNFORTUNATE HANDLERS WHO WERE THE FIRST SACRIFICES TO MY MACHINE. THEY LURED YOU BETTER THAN ANY PUZZLE COULD.


YOU SANG MY SONG ONCE, CRANE, AND YOU'LL SING IT AGAIN BEFORE LONG...



THE ENGINES ARE WARMING...SOON MORE SACRIFICES WILL COME TO SEEK YOU IN TURN--I WILL DRAIN YOU ALL OF LIFE--I WILL REBUILD MYSELF--I WILL JOIN MY MASTERS THE HESSIANS!

AND MOLOCH WILL RISE!

HANAHANA!



"YOU SANG MY SONG ONCE..." THE MUSIC-- THE CURSED SONG.

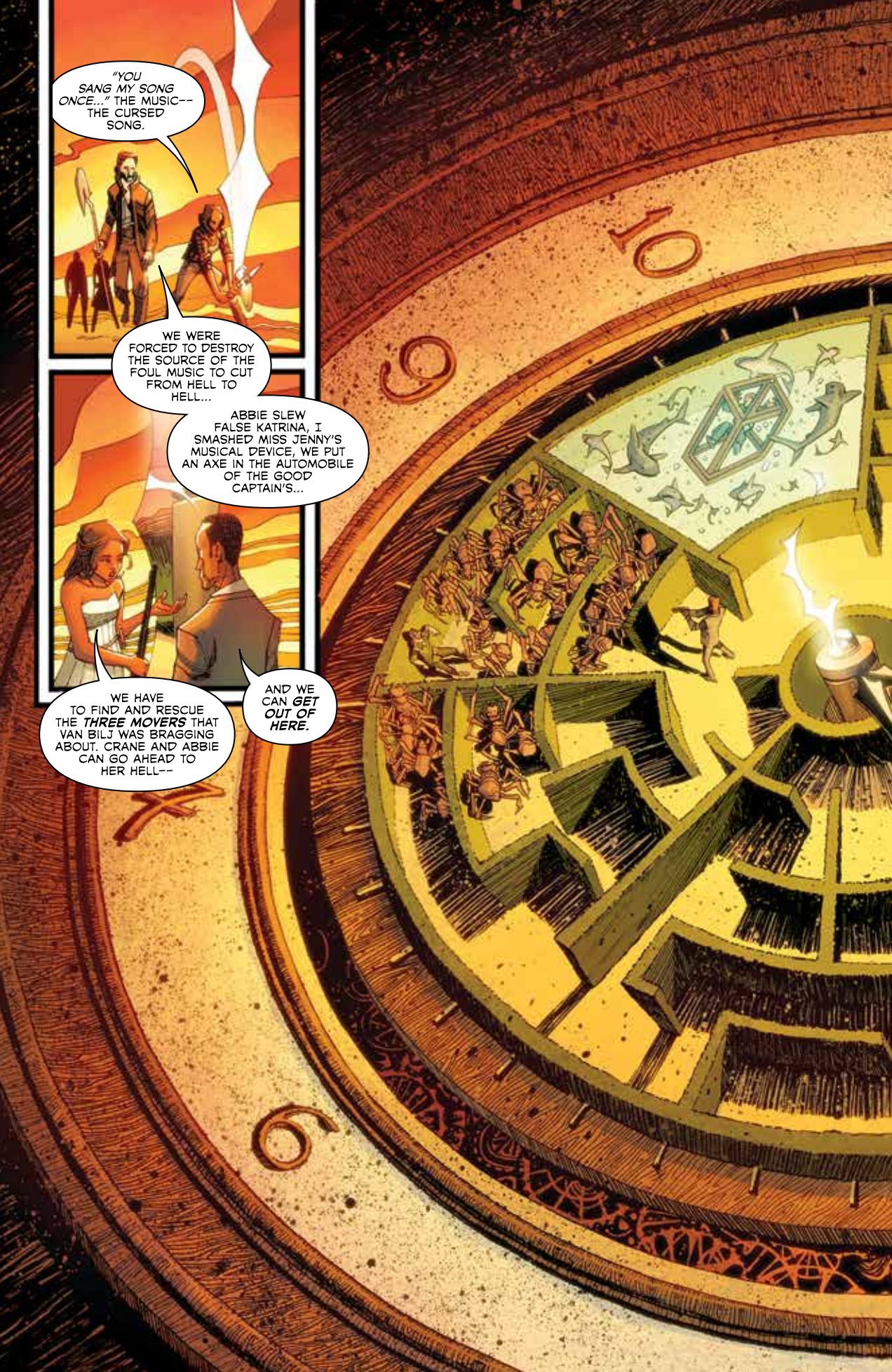


WE WERE FORCED TO DESTROY THE SOURCE OF THE FOUL MUSIC TO CUT FROM HELL TO HELL...

ABBIE SLEW FALSE KATRINA, I SMASHED MISS JENNY'S MUSICAL DEVICE, WE PUT AN AXE IN THE AUTOMOBILE OF THE GOOD CAPTAIN'S...

WE HAVE TO FIND AND RESCUE THE **THREE MOVERS** THAT VAN BILJ WAS BRAGGING ABOUT. CRANE AND ABBIE CAN GO AHEAD TO HER HELL--

AND WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE.





NO MORE ILLUSIONS.



SHRRRRT



ABIGAIL MILLS...

...COME HOME AT LAST.

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO TRY A LITTLE HARDER FOR ME.



NO MORE RUNNING.







NO. THIS ISN'T HELL, LEFTENANT--

THIS IS LIES.

THIS IS THE CLOCKWORK CREATION FROM A MADMAN, NO MATTER WHAT FACE HE WEARS.



YOU THINK YOU CAN CONTROL ME, VAN BILJ?

LIKE YOU TRIED TO CONTROL CRANE?

LIKE YOU USED THE WITCHES OF ABADDON TO CONTROL ALL THOSE INNOCENT WOMEN?!



I'LL SHOW YOU CONTROL-- UHNN--



NO--!

AH!



IT'S GONE--CRANE,  
WE'RE OUT--  
JENNY!

ABBIE! YOU  
MADE IT THROUGH,  
THE LAST HELL--

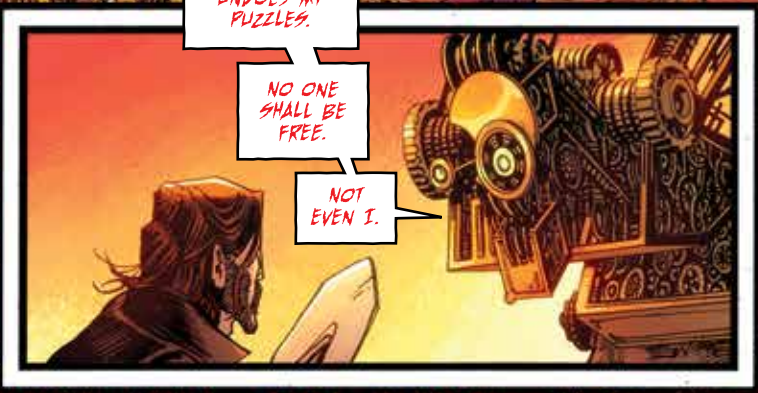
MILLS!  
WE'VE GOT  
THE CIVILIANS, WE'VE  
GOT TO GET *OUT*--



EASIER  
SAID THAN  
DONE.



VAN  
BILJ.



NO ONE  
ESCAPES MY  
TRAPS. NO ONE  
UNDOES MY  
PUZZLES.

NO ONE  
SHALL BE  
FREE.

NOT  
EVEN I.

YOU THINK YOURSELF THE MASTER BUILDER-- THE CLOCKMAKER, THE TORTURER-- GOD.

BUT AS YOU HAVE BEEN IN MY MIND, I HAVE BEEN IN YOURS.

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD POSSESS MY SENSES AND NOT ALLOW ME A GLIMPSE OF YOUR GRAND DESIGN?

THE EVIL WE HAVE KNOWN AND DEFIED GIVES US THE STRENGTH TO RISE.

THE FORCES OF EVIL WILL NEVER CONQUER HUMAN NATURE.

BRAVADO! YOU WILL SUBMIT BEFORE THIS CRUCIBLE IS THROUGH.

SING, CRANE.

SING.



CRANE!

FOR ALL THE SUFFERING YOU HAVE CAUSED...FOR ALL THE SOULS YOU HAVE HARMED--

I CALL YOU OUT, COLIN VAN BILJ.

COME FORTH--

--AND MEET YOUR FATE!

ICH HAB' DIE NACHT GETRÄUMET WOHL EINEN SCHWEREN TRAUM--

ES WUCHS IN MEINEM GARTEN, EIN ABSTERBENDER BAUM...



♪ --LAST NIGHT,  
AS I LAY  
SLEEPING-- ♪



♪ THERE  
CAME A DREAM  
TO ME-- ♪



♪ IN MY  
DARKLING GARDEN,  
THERE ROSE A  
DYING TREE... ♪

FIGHT YOUR  
WAY FREE, CRANE!  
GO FORTH INTO THAT  
LIVING WORLD,  
ALONE--

IT IS A  
WORSE HELL FOR  
YOU THAN EVER I  
COULD DEVISE.

ABBIE  
WAS RIGHT  
ABOUT YOU, VAN  
BLIJ--



--YOU  
NEED TO  
SHUT.  
UP.





KRKK  
KTISSH



KKRAAAKKK

A  
STREAM OF  
MUSIC NOTES  
RED  
POURED FROM IT;

IT FILLS MY HEART WITH DREAD.

OH,  
WHAT'S  
THIS NIGHTMARE'S

MUSIC NOTES  
MEANING? ♪  
BELOVED, ART THOU DEAD?

# KRSSSSSH





EVERYONE OKAY?

≧GASP≦

YOU SURVIVED?  
I WAS SO CONCERNED...



YOU ALL NEED TO CLEAR OUT, THEN I'M CALLING AN AMBULANCE. GAS LEAK, CARBON MONOXIDE, WHATEVER I NEED TO TELL THEM.

ENOUGH TO GET THIS PLACE SHUT DOWN SO NONE OF THE FREEMASONS' COLLECTION HARMS ANYONE ELSE.



CRANE--MY NECK--THE TATTOO--



NOT A TRACE, LEFTENANT.





CORBIN'S CABIN.

I WOULD'VE THOUGHT YOU'D GROWN WEARY OF CLOCKS, LEFTENANT.

NOT QUITE.

NOT THIS ONE.

YOU NEVER DID TELL ME HOW YOUR FIRST CLOCK WAS BROKEN--

THE ONE I FOUND IN THE LITTLE PAPER SACK, THE DAY WE FIRST PATRONIZED THAT REMARKABLE BAKERY.

I... SMASHED IT.

WHAT?

THERE WAS A NIGHT...I COULDN'T SLEEP. I LAY AWAKE IN BED, AND I HEARD THE OLD CLOCK, TICK-TICK-TICK...

RUNNING DOWN THE DAYS, HOW LONG THE TWO WITNESSES LIVE...

**SEVEN MISERABLE LITTLE YEARS.**

**NOWHERE** DOES IT PROMISE THE WITNESSES OR ANY OF THEIR ALLIES SURVIVE.

YOU KNOW WHAT WORD ALSO MEANS "WITNESS"?

**MARTYR.**

AND MARTYRS, BY DEFINITION, HAVE TO DIE.

AND I COULD HEAR OUR LIVES RUNNING OUT-- TICK-TICK-TICK--

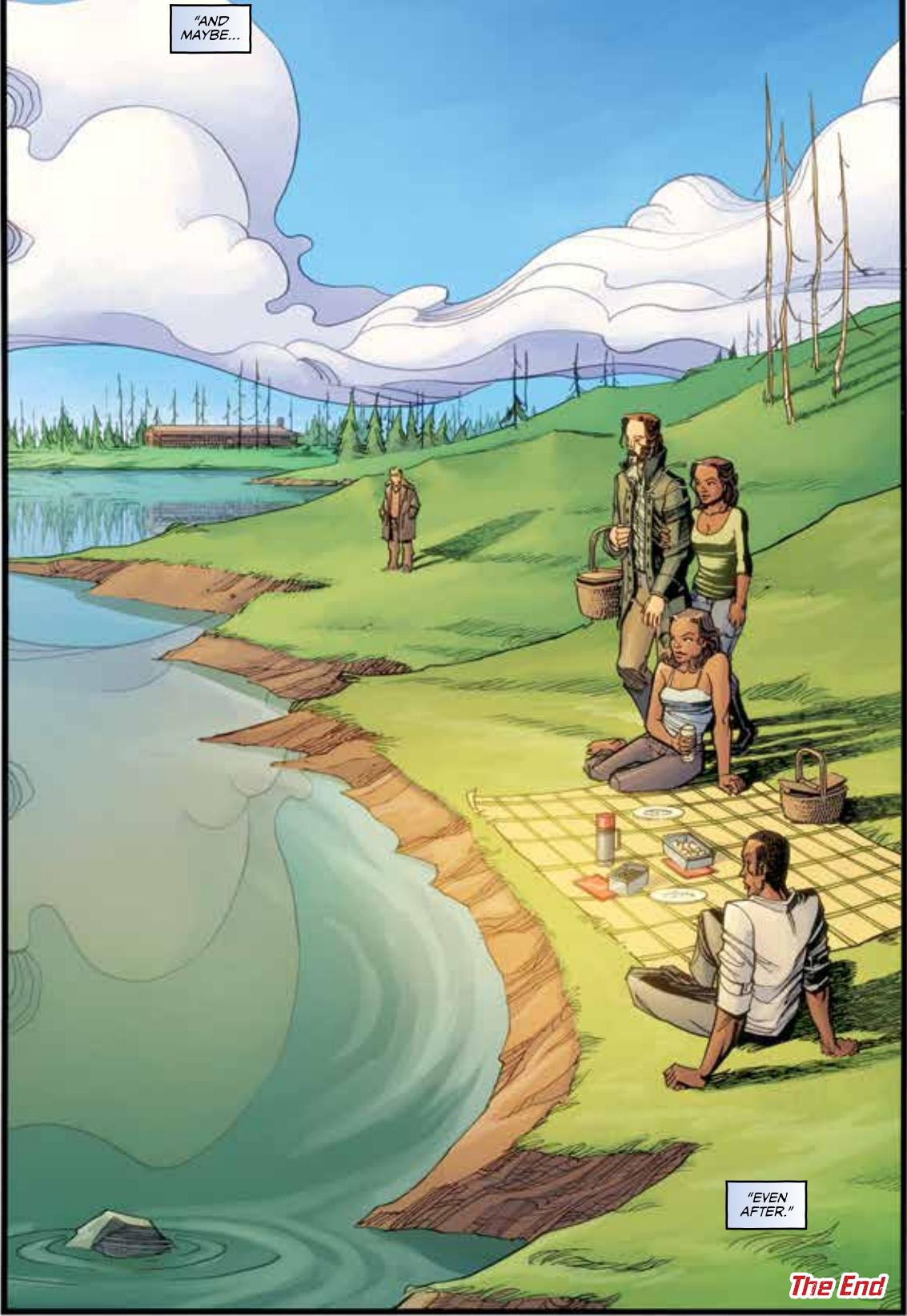
TICK-TICK-TICK--



"BUT WE WILL BE  
THERE WITH YOU..."

"UNTIL THE FINAL  
JUDGMENT DAY..."

"AND  
MAYBE..."



"EVEN  
AFTER."

**The End**



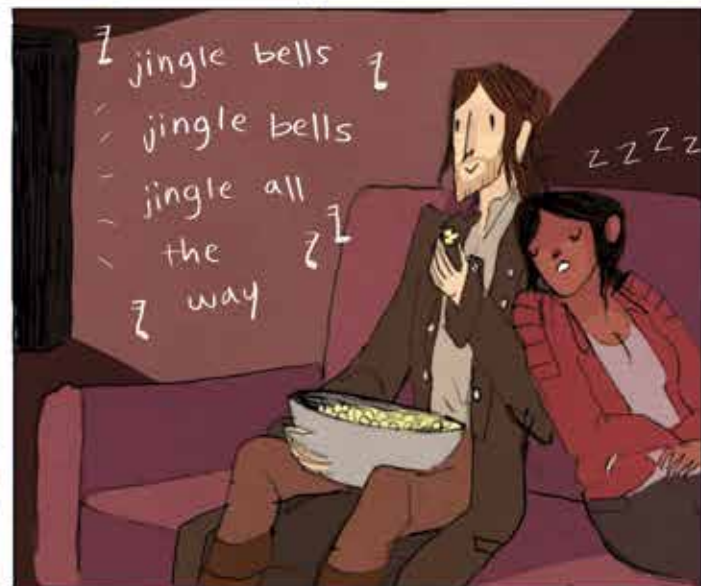




# "ABBIE AND ICHABOD"

SHORT STORIES  
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
**NOELLE STEVENSON**



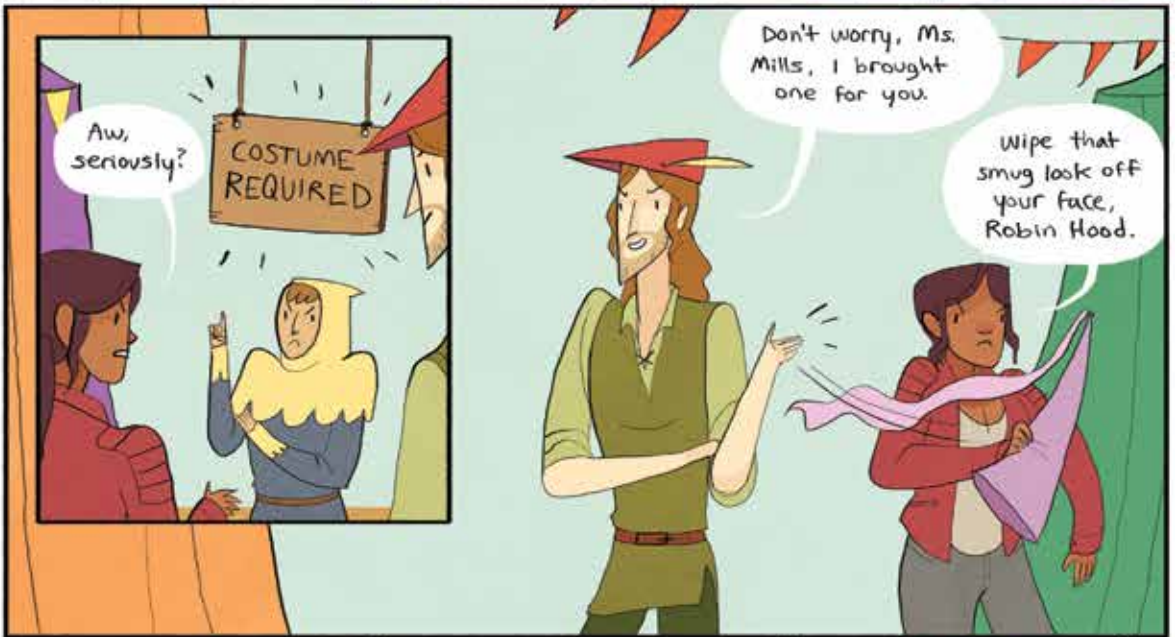




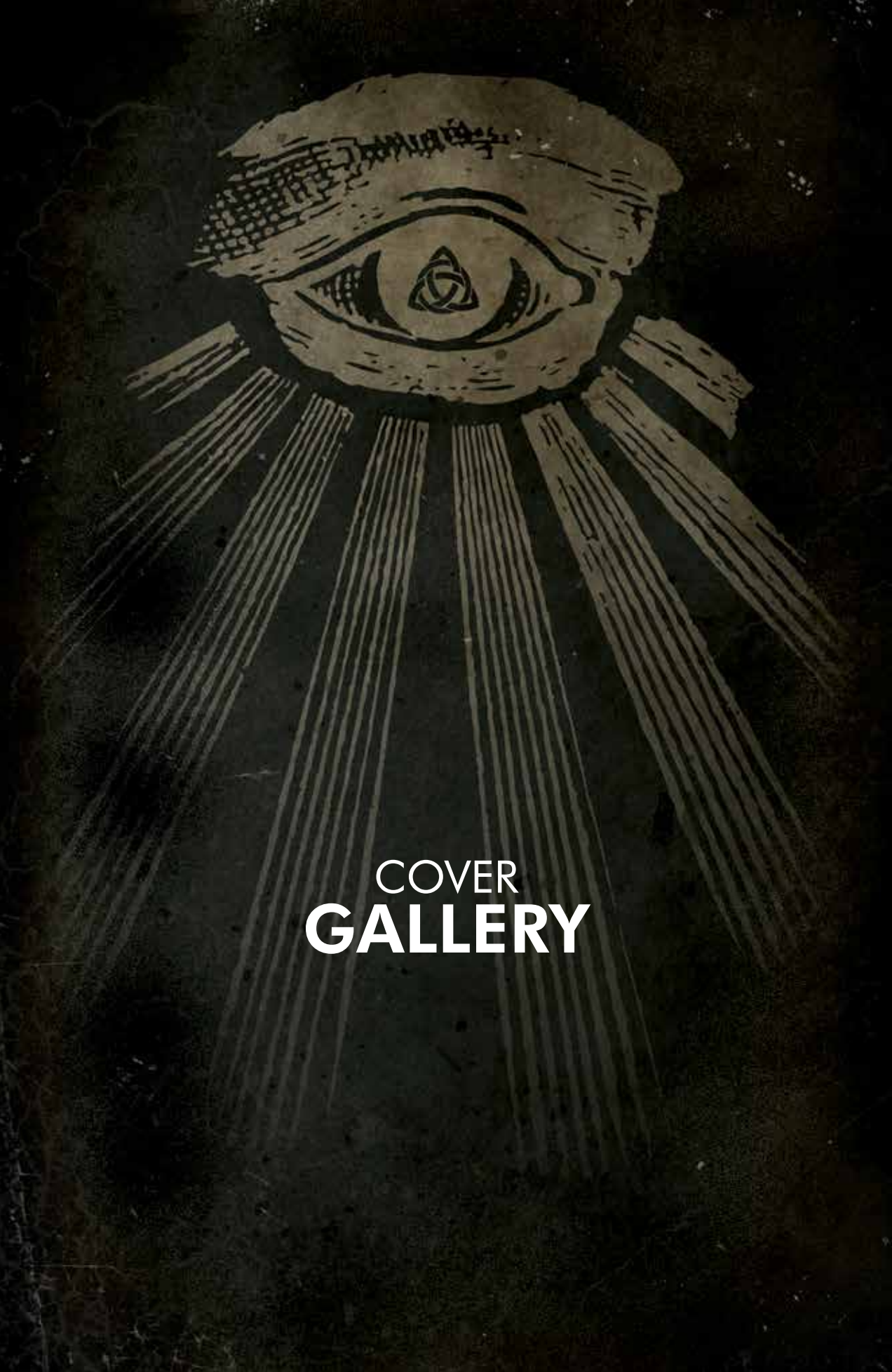












COVER  
**GALLERY**





ISSUE ONE NEW YORK COMIC CON EXCLUSIVE COVER **NOELLE STEVENSON**





ISSUE ONE COLLECTOR'S PARADISE/ JETPACK COMICS EXCLUSIVE COVER **KRIS ANKA**





ISSUE ONE PHANTOM VARIANT COVER DESIGN **JILLIAN CRAB**











# RETURN TO SLEEPY HOLLOW

Since Ichabod Crane woke in present day Sleepy Hollow, New York after dying on the battlefield in the Revolutionary War, he and police lieutenant Abbie Mills have come to expect that evil always finds its way into the town of Sleepy Hollow. But sometimes, it's already there, waiting to be unlocked and unleashed on the souls unlucky enough to find it.

Written by **Marguerite Bennett** (*A-Force*) and illustrated by **Jorge Coelho** (*Polarity*, *Loki: Agent of Asgard*), this action-packed volume takes place during the first season of the fan-favorite television series and features short stories of Ichabod and Abbie's hilarious day-to-day life in the 21st century by **Noelle Stevenson** (*Nimona*, *Lumberjanes*).

"Every bit as creative and weird as the show that it's inspired by."

—**Comics Alliance**

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