

FROM THE FOX SERIES

SLEEPY HOLLOW

P R O V I D E N C E



CARRASCO

SANTOS

WORDIE

DUNNONS 2015
Emily C.

FROM THE FOX SERIES

SLEEPY HOLLOW

P R O V I D E N C E

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CHAPTER
ONE



PHILADELPHIA,
PENNSYLVANIA.

OUR NATION'S
FIRST CAPITAL.

WHUMP

FOOSH

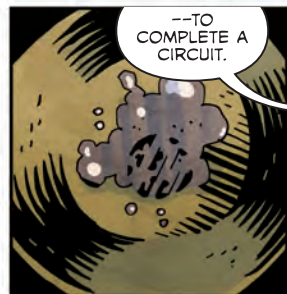
THERE SHOULD
BE A MERCURY SYMBOL
AND A STAR SOMEWHERE.
'SPOSE NOW WE SEE
IF MY INTEL IS
GOOD.

FOUND
IT.



CRACK

A FEW
DROPS
SHOULD DO
IT. WE JUST
NEED--



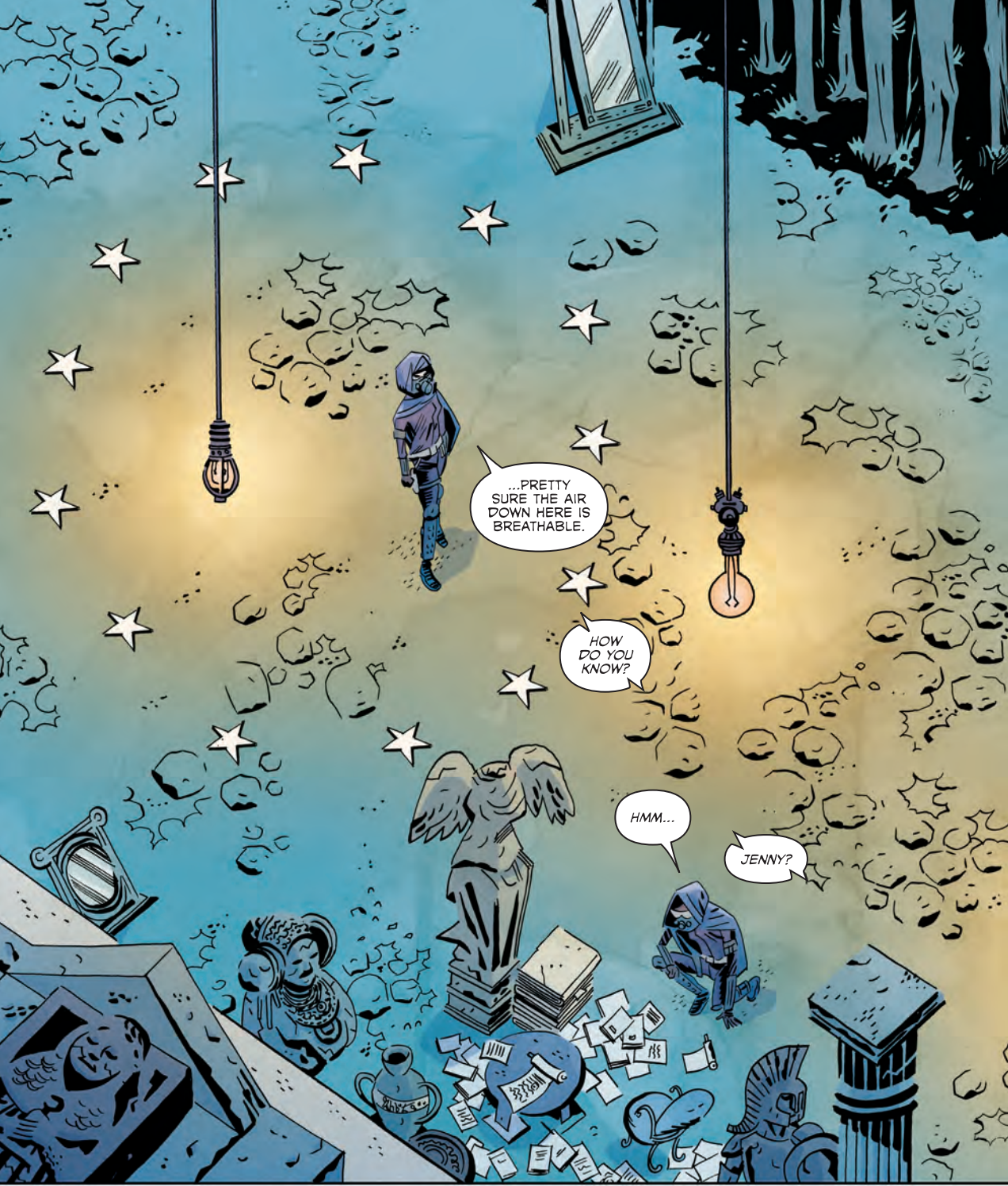
--TO
COMPLETE A
CIRCUIT.

CHECK AIR
QUALITY--NO ONE'S
OPENED THAT DOOR IN
TWO CENTURIES. YOU
ARE WEARING THE
REBREATHER,
RIGHT?

YEAH, DON'T THINK
IT'S GONNA BE A
PROBLEM...

RUNN

BLE



...PRETTY SURE THE AIR DOWN HERE IS BREATHABLE.

HOW DO YOU KNOW?

HMM...

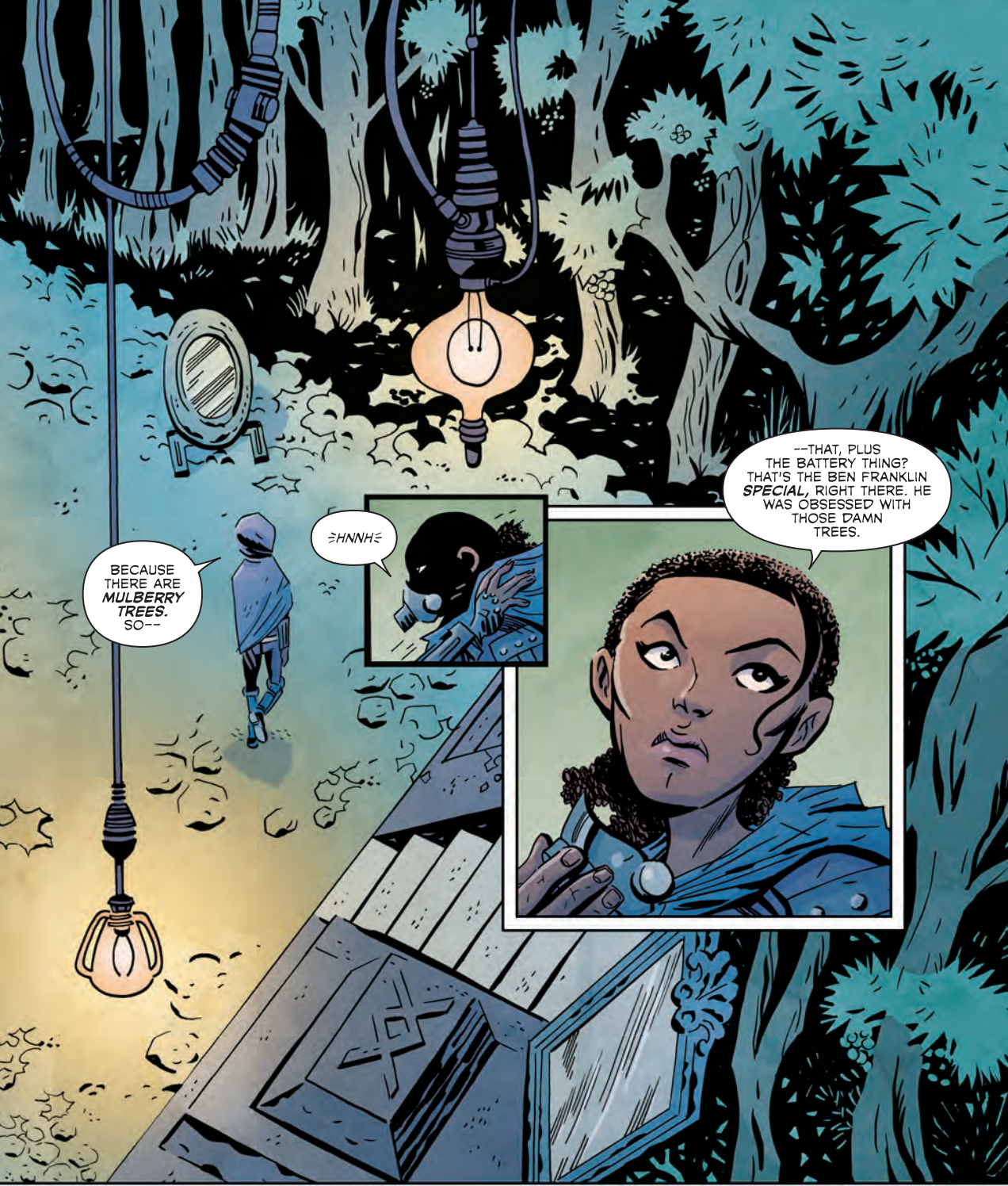
JENNY?



HE BUILT THIS WITH THE FREEMASONS. IF THERE ARE ROUGH STONES AND SMOOTH STONES AROUND, THAT'S THEIR HANDIWORK. SO JUST DON'T STEP ON THE--



SPUNK



--THAT, PLUS THE BATTERY THING? THAT'S THE BEN FRANKLIN SPECIAL, RIGHT THERE. HE WAS OBSESSED WITH THOSE DAMN TREES.

BECAUSE THERE ARE MULBERRY TREES. SO--

≧HNNH≦



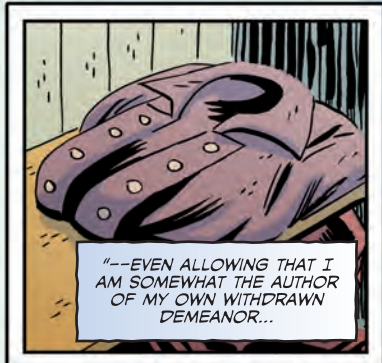
HEY, ADAMS...?

...I THINK MAYBE I HATE THE FREEMASONS.

THOOM THOOM



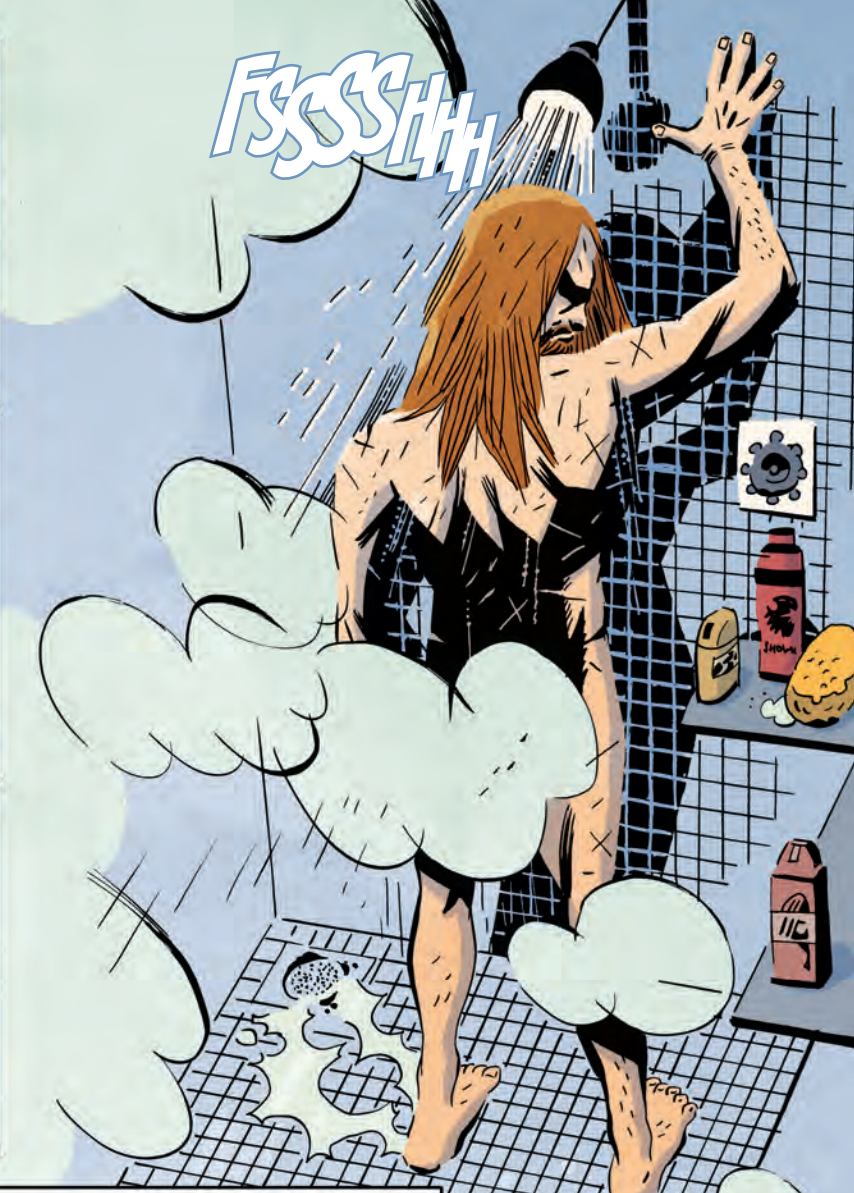
SLEEPY HOLLOW,
NEW YORK.



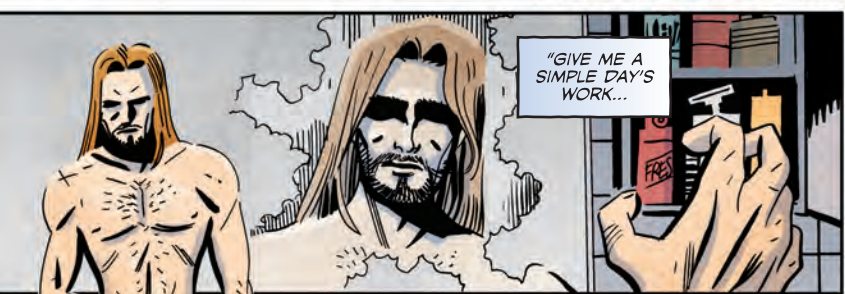
"--EVEN ALLOWING THAT I
AM SOMEWHAT THE AUTHOR
OF MY OWN WITHDRAWN
DEMEANOR..."



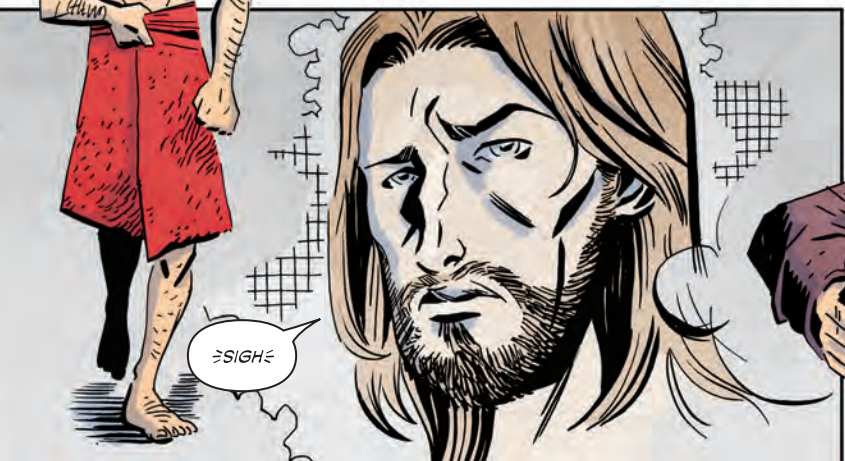
"I IMPLORE
YOU--PLEASE,
LEFTENANT..."



FSSSHHH



"GIVE ME A
SIMPLE DAY'S
WORK..."

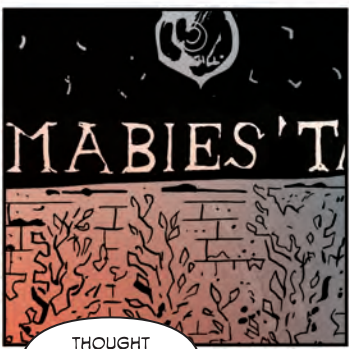


≧SIGH≦



...ANYTHING
TO KEEP ME
FROM FEELING
AN INVALID
AND--

≧BEEP≦ YOU
HAVE REACHED THE
MAXIMUM RECORDING TIME
ALLOWED FOR YOUR
MESSAGE. IF YOU ARE
SATISFIED--



THOUGHT THIS WAS A B&E. WHAT'S GOING ON?

PERP BROKE A WINDOW TRYING TO GET BOOZE, HAD OUTSTANDING WARRANTS. JUST BROUGHT YOU HERE AS A COURTESY CALL.

A COURTESY---

WHY? WHO IS IT?

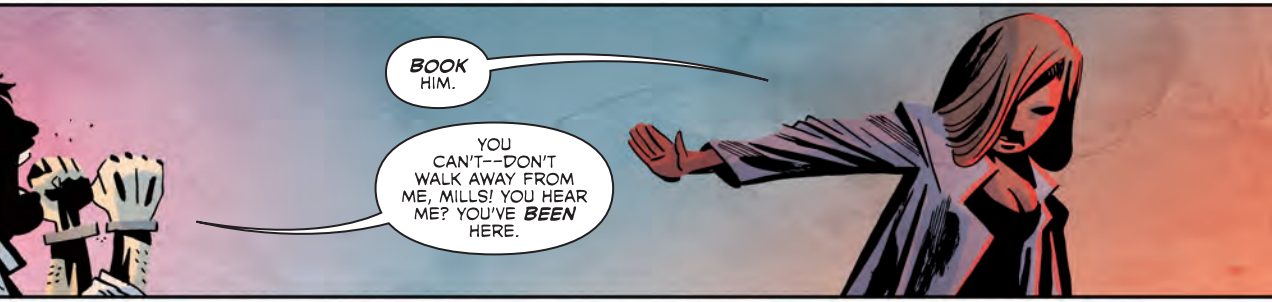


YOU TWO USED TO RUN IN THE SAME CIRCLES, RIGHT?

ABBIE MILLS. LOOK AT YOU, PRETENDING YOU DON'T GOT YOURSELF A RAP SHEET. PRETENDING LIKE YOU NEVER SAT WHERE I'M SITTING.

MILLS? YOUR CALL. HOW SHOULD WE HANDLE THIS?

HEY, YOU CAN'T JUST--

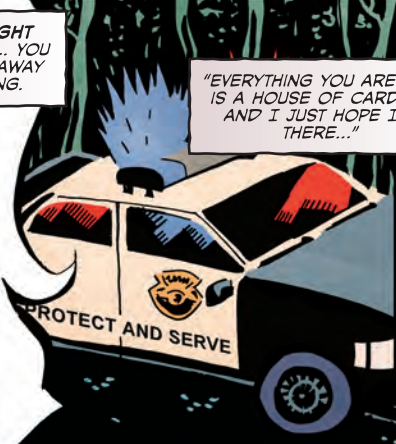


BOOK HIM.

YOU CAN'T--DON'T WALK AWAY FROM ME, MILLS! YOU HEAR ME? YOU'VE BEEN HERE.

"YOU'VE BEEN RIGHT HERE ON MY LEVEL. YOU CAN'T JUST WALK AWAY FROM EVERYTHING."

"EVERYTHING YOU ARE IS-- IS A HOUSE OF CARDS-- AND I JUST HOPE I'M THERE..."



"...WHEN IT ALL
FALLS DOWN."

THOOOM THOOOM THOOOM





JENNIFER MILLS?

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE SPIKE.

DING-DING-DING.

WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT.

I'LL GO GET MY BOOTS.

OKAY. BUT...



...WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

SLEEPY HOLLOW,
PRECINCT.

SOMETHING
WRONG? YOU LOOK
TO BE IN FOUL
HUMOR.

ME? YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO
LOOKS LIKE YOU
TOOK A GUT
PUNCH.

JUST...
TAKE YOUR...
ICED. COFFEE.

YOU, UH...YOU ACTUALLY
ANGRY AT ME FOR ORDERING
A COLD BREW? OR DID YOU
JUST WAKE UP ON THE
WRONG SIDE OF
THE BED?

NO. IN POINT OF FACT, I AROSE AT
NINE-THIRTY BECAUSE THERE WERE
NO CHORES TO BE DONE, SHOWERED
WITH READILY AVAILABLE HOT
WATER--

--AND USED
CONDITIONER,
IT LOOKS
LIKE.

FIRST OF ALL,
THE BODY PRODUCES
NATURAL OILS TO KEEP HAIR
SUPPLE. THAT IS, UNTIL ONE
BUYS INTO THE SHAMPOO
INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX, AT
WHICH POINT ONE CAN NEVER
STOP USING CONDITIONER,
BECAUSE THE BODY NO
LONGER PRODUCES
SAID OILS.

BUT IT
WAS THE ICE
THIS MORNING.
WE DID NOT HAVE
CUBED ICE IN
MY ERA.

...
YOU
OKAY,
CRANE?

AHEM,
YOU'RE THE
WITNESSES,
RIGHT?

GOT A
MINUTE?



YOU TOLD HER ABOUT US?

SHE... KINDA KNEW ALREADY.

DON'T THEY MAKE AMENDMENTS ABOUT THIS KINDA THING?



SO ARE YOU THE GOOD COP? I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU'RE THE BAD COP.

CALL ME A CONCERNED CITIZEN.

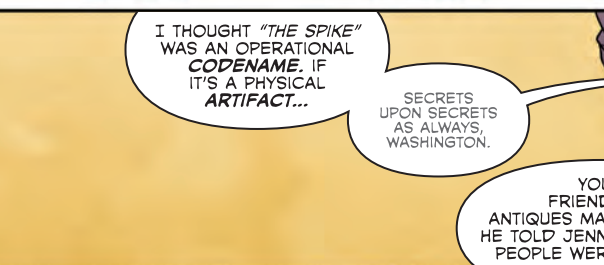


»SIGH I'M EMILY, I'M AMISH, AND I'M ON YOUR SIDE, WHICH IS WHY I KNOW YOU CAN ORDER FROM THE SENIOR MENU A FEW TIMES OVER.

I'M THE KEEPER OF THE SPIKE. EVERY GENERATION, SOMEONE IN MY COMMUNITY IS BORN INTO A SPECIAL FATE. LIKE YOU, I'M SUPPOSED TO PROTECT IT.

THE SPIKE...THE SPIKE...WAIT. HOW MANY GENERATIONS HAVE YOUR PEOPLE BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH IT?

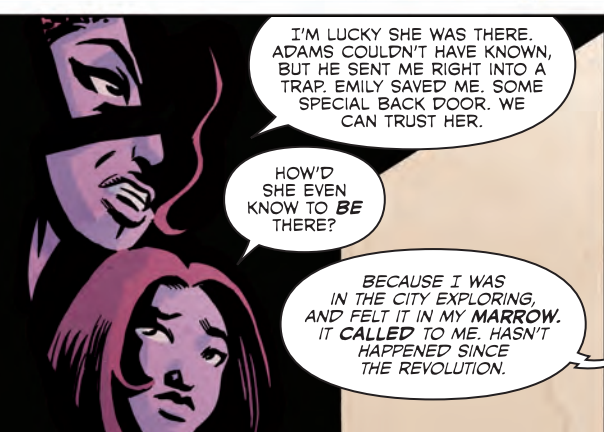
GEORGE WASHINGTON ASKED MY ANCESTORS TO WATCH OVER IT. SO, HOWEVER MANY GENERATIONS THAT IS. NOT GOOD AT MATH.



I THOUGHT "THE SPIKE" WAS AN OPERATIONAL CODENAME. IF IT'S A PHYSICAL ARTIFACT...

SECRETS UPON SECRETS AS ALWAYS, WASHINGTON.

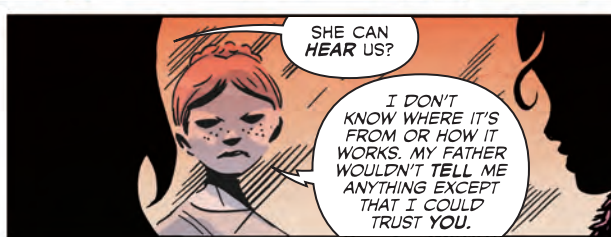
YOUR FRIEND, THE ANTIQUES MAN, ADAMS-- HE TOLD JENNY SOME BAD PEOPLE WERE AFTER IT.



I'M LUCKY SHE WAS THERE. ADAMS COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN, BUT HE SENT ME RIGHT INTO A TRAP. EMILY SAVED ME. SOME SPECIAL BACK DOOR. WE CAN TRUST HER.

HOW'D SHE EVEN KNOW TO BE THERE?

BECAUSE I WAS IN THE CITY EXPLORING, AND FELT IT IN MY MARROW. IT CALLED TO ME. HASN'T HAPPENED SINCE THE REVOLUTION.



SHE CAN HEAR US?

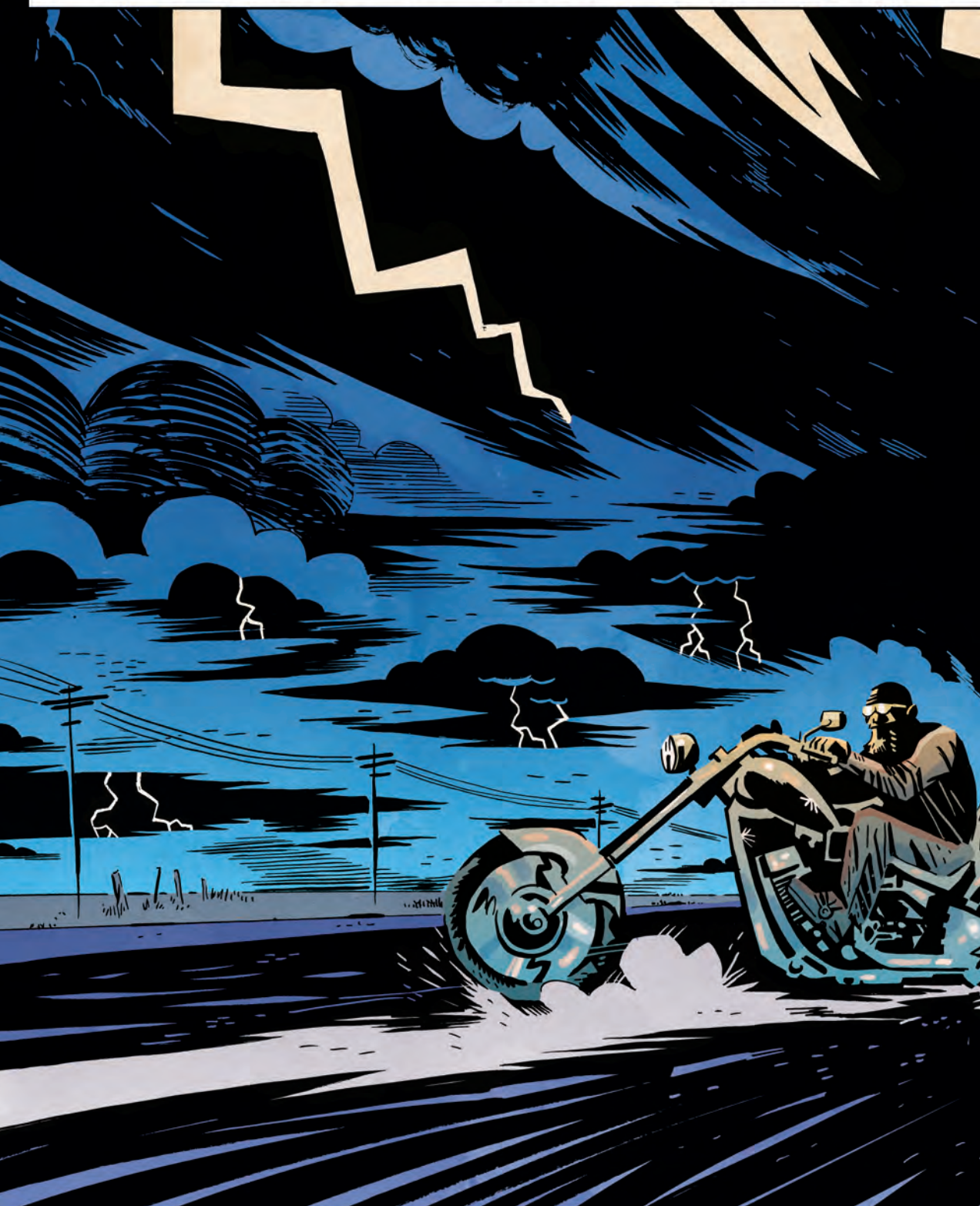
I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S FROM OR HOW IT WORKS. MY FATHER WOULDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING EXCEPT THAT I COULD TRUST YOU.



BUT IT'S POWERFUL. THE SPIKE RESURRECTS PEOPLE.

AND ADAMS WAS RIGHT. I CAN FEEL IT...

"...SOMETHING SCARY
IS COMING FOR IT."





TINGALING

GOTTA PISS.

AS NEEDS MUST.



KNOW WHAT THAT'S FROM? "I AM DRIVEN ON BY THE FLESH; AND HE MUST NEEDS GO..."

"...THAT THE DEVIL DRIVES."



OI, TALKING TO YOU, MATE.

YOU DON'T KNOW IT?

NN-NN-NN...NO.

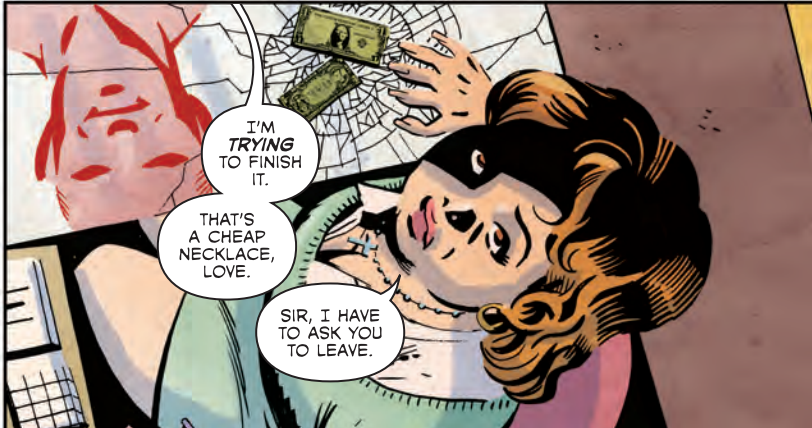
IT'S OKAY. I STUTTERED WHEN I WAS KID. NO SHAME IN THAT. NOR IN BEING IGNORANT A' SHAKESPEARE. NEVER LIKED THE MAN, M'SELF.



CRACK

HOW'S ABOUT I PAY FOR YOUR LOTTERY TICKETS?

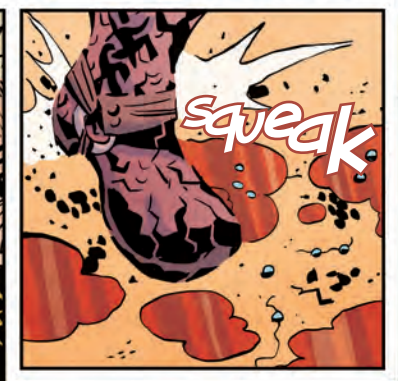
SIR, I CAN HELP YOU AS SOON AS I FINISH THIS TRANSACTION.



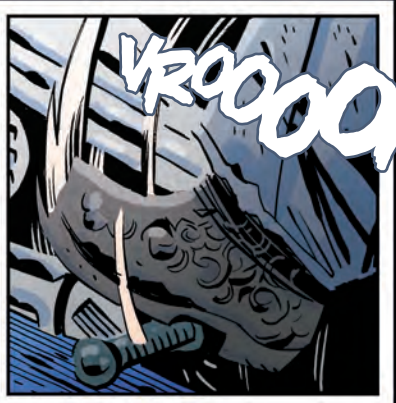
I'M TRYING TO FINISH IT.

THAT'S A CHEAP NECKLACE, LOVE.

SIR, I HAVE TO ASK YOU TO LEAVE.



AGAIN?





MISS JENNY?
FORGIVE ME, BUT I
DO NOT UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU AND ADAMS
DIDN'T TELL US OF
YOUR MISSION. OURS
IS A SMALL BAND
OF ALLIES.

ADAMS!

WE'RE
CLOSED!

NOT
FOR US.



PERHAPS I
COULD HAVE
HELPED.



JUST
WANTED TO GIVE
YOU TWO A BREAK.
IRVING NEEDED ONE.
AND EVERYTHING YOU
GUYS HAVE BEEN
THROUGH...

“THROUGH”
IS THE OPERATIVE
WORD THERE. WE’RE
THROUGH IT.



WELCOME,
WELCOME.

CAN'T YOU EVER FIGHT
THE FORCES OF EVIL
DURING BUSINESS
HOURS?



POOCH?

SNIFF



IT'S HERE.



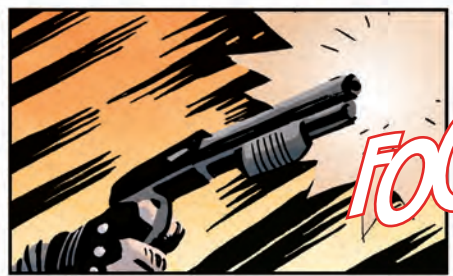
VRRM

VRRM



RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.

VILLAGE OF SLEEPY HOLLOW
POP. 144,000



FOOM





MISTER ADAMS! GOOD TO MEET YOU IN THE FLESH.

AND YOU ARE?

CUSTOMER.

WE'RE CLOSED.



OH, I'M NOT BROWSING. YOU JUST ACQUIRED AN ANTIQUE FOR ME. I'M HERE FOR PICK UP. CASH OKAY?

YOU. YOU TIPPED ME OFF. AND WE JUST SERVED IT UP TO YOU. YOU SAID DANGEROUS MEN WERE AFTER IT--

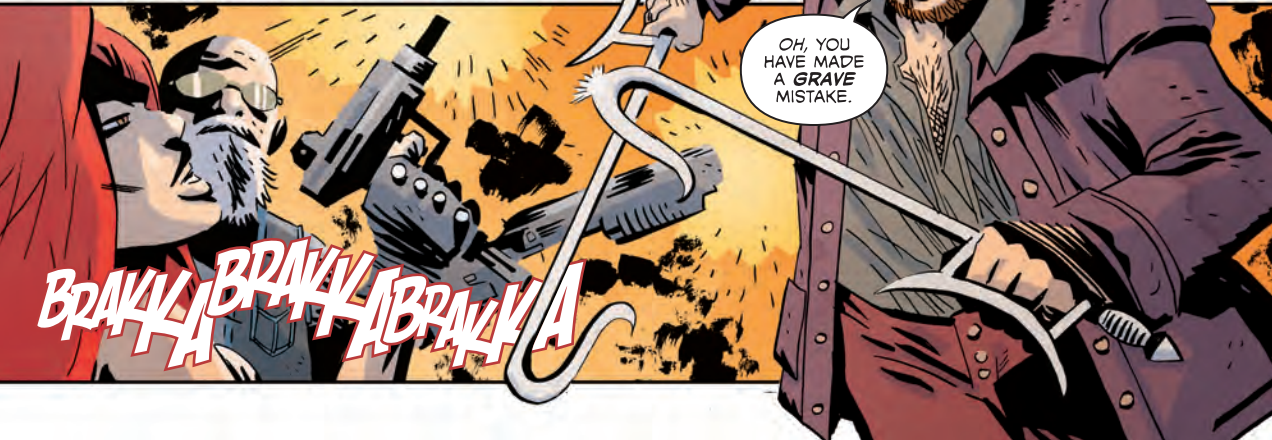


WAS I LYING?



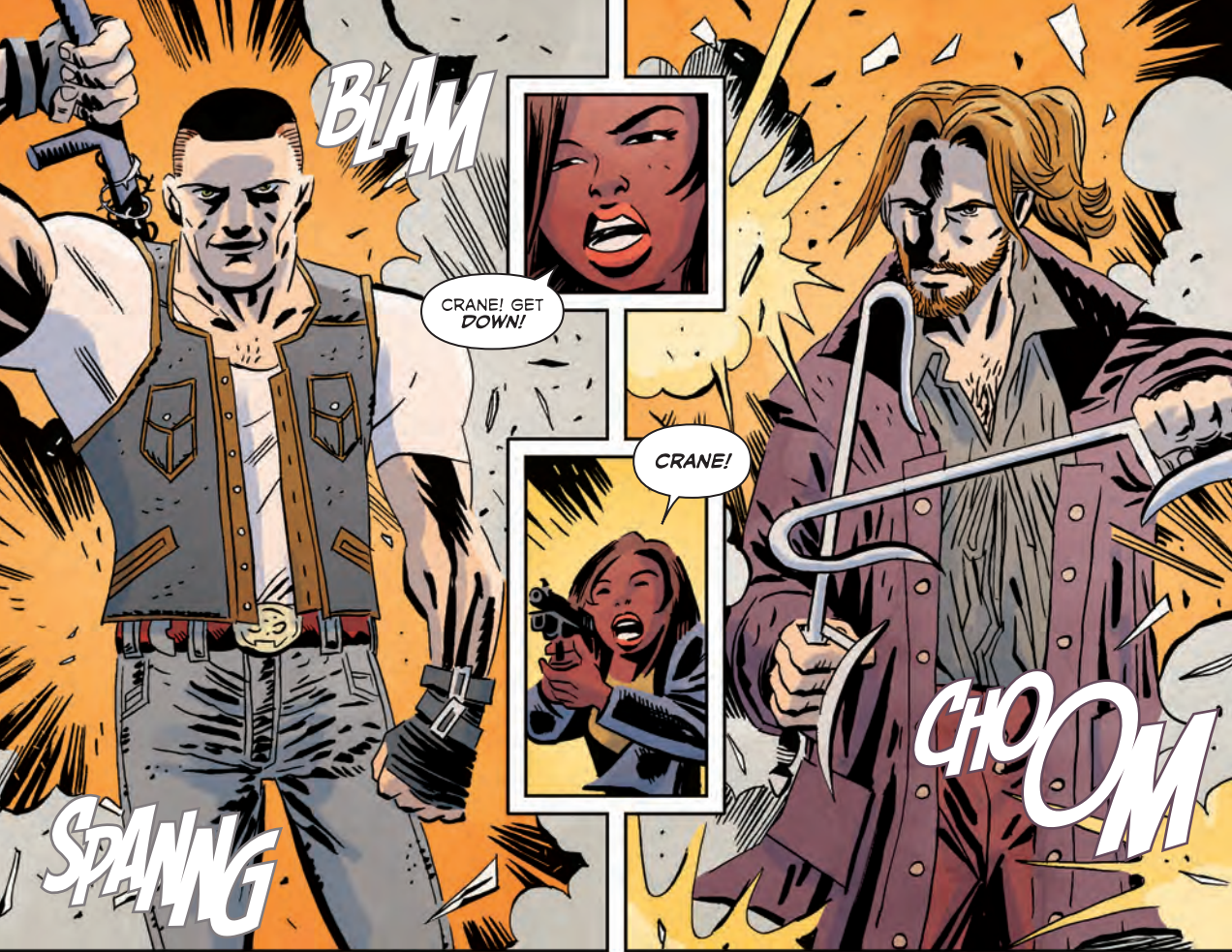
WALK. OUT OF HERE. NOW.

WHAT? NO ROOM AT THE INN?



OH, YOU HAVE MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE.

BRAYK! BRAYK! BRAYK!

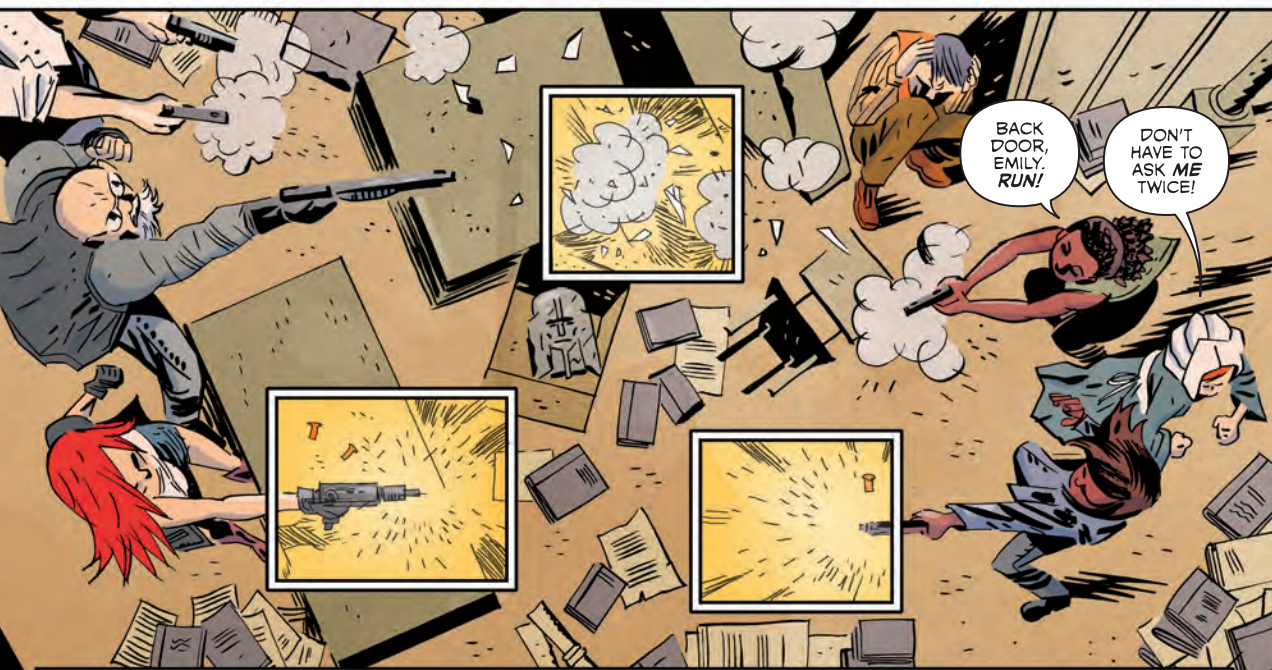




KLANG THUK

COVER ME!

BLAM



LEFTENANT!



THANKS FOR MAKING THIS FUN, LOVE.



CHAPTER **TWO**





OKAY...
...THIS LOOKS BAD.



YOU AND THE KEEPER THERE HAVE MY ETERNAL GRATITUDE FOR RETRIEVING MY SPIKE FOR ME.

BUT YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T A' PULLED THAT GUN ON ME.

KLANG



THERE, THAT'S BETTER.

SHRRIP



GAH! YOU DON'T...KNOW WHO WE ARE... DO YOU? YOU'RE NEVER GETTING YOUR HANDS ON IT.

WE KEND THE SKIES. WE GLUT OURSELVES ON FRESH DEATH. YOU THINK WE WON'T CLEAVE FLESH OR SATE OURSELVES WHEN WE TAKE THE SARHAED FROM--

WHAT SHE MEANS IS: DON'T BORROW TROUBLE. YOU ARE ALIVE ONLY SO LONG AS WE ALLOW IT.

GIVE ME THE SPIKE, AND THIS IS ALL JUST A NIGHTMARE FOR YOUR DREAM JOURNAL, GIRLIE.

IN MEEKNESS I BEGIN MY WORK.



STOP RIDER,
WALKER, ROBBER
STOP! BY HIS WOUNDS,
YOUR GUNS DO DROP,
YOUR SABER, SWORD,
AND KNIFE ARE BOUND,
AND STRUCK, THEY
DO FALL TO THE
GROUND.

UNDER
THESE, YE
THIEVES
BECOME
STILL.

AS LONG
AS IS MY
TRUE-BORNE
WILL!

WRRARR!

KRAK!

GNNH!

KRAK

GRUNCH







LOOKS LIKE WE LOST 'EM. AND NOW I'M REALLY GONNA NEED THAT EXPLANATION.

I JUST FROZE THEM IN PLACE FOR A SECOND.

MY ANCESTORS WERE PUT IN CHARGE OF THE SPIKE BECAUSE WE'RE **BRAUCHERS**. WE DO MAGIC. HEALING, SIMPLE SPELLS...SOMETIMES... BIGGER STUFF.

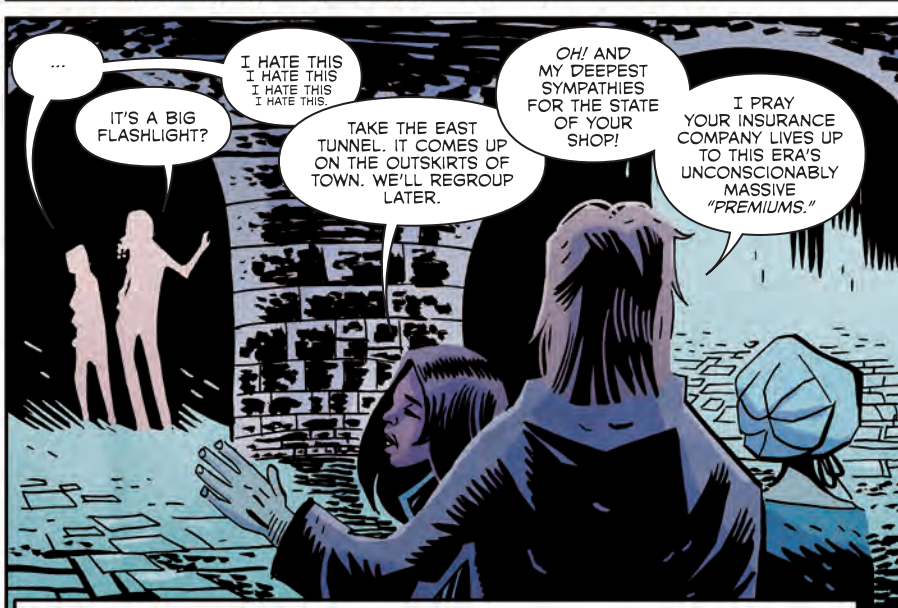
WHY DID I EVEN ASK?

LET'S GO, ADAMS, I'M GONNA TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE.



DON'T I AT LEAST GET A WEAPON?

WE HAVE PROTEIN BARS AND FLASHLIGHTS.



IT'S A BIG FLASHLIGHT?

I HATE THIS I HATE THIS I HATE THIS

TAKE THE EAST TUNNEL. IT COMES UP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN. WE'LL REGROUP LATER.

OH! AND MY DEEPEST SYMPATHIES FOR THE STATE OF YOUR SHOP!

I PRAY YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY LIVES UP TO THIS ERA'S UNCONSCIONABLY MASSIVE "PREMIUMS."



DUDE.

WHAT?

NOT HELPING.



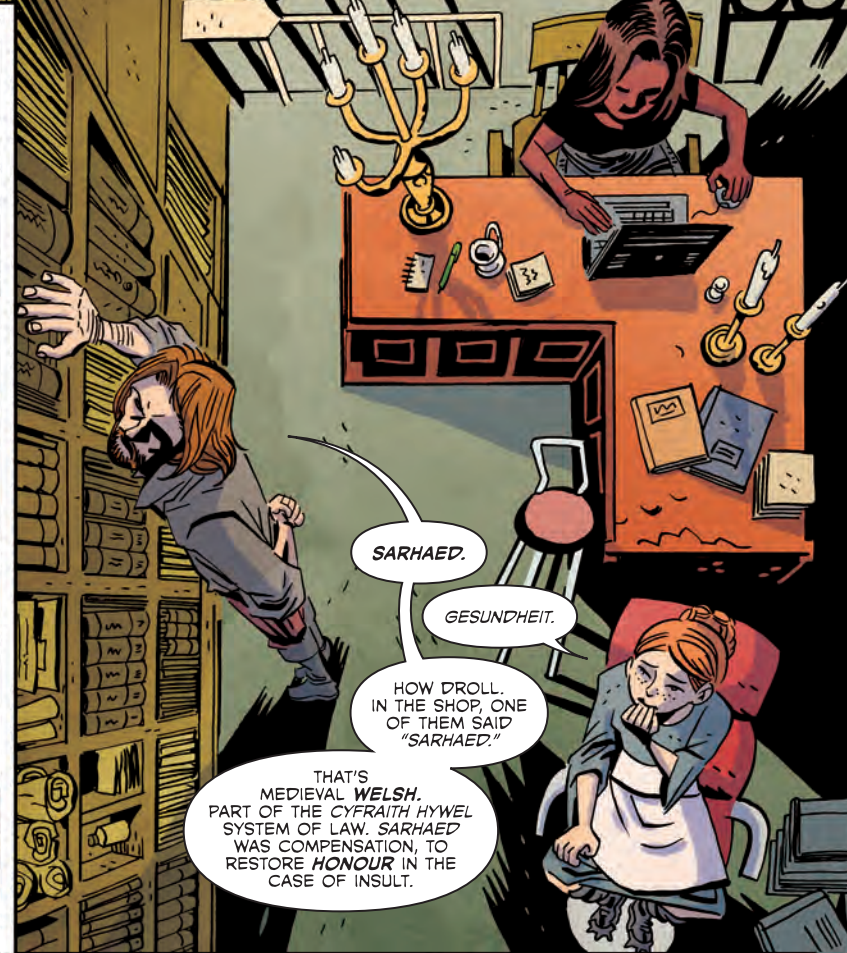
THE ARCHIVES.

IS NOW A GOOD TIME TO ASK WHAT THE HELL THAT WAS BACK THERE?



WHAT WERE THOSE THINGS? EMILY?

NOT A CLUE. WHAT ABOUT YOU, MISTER PROFESSOR?



SARHAED.

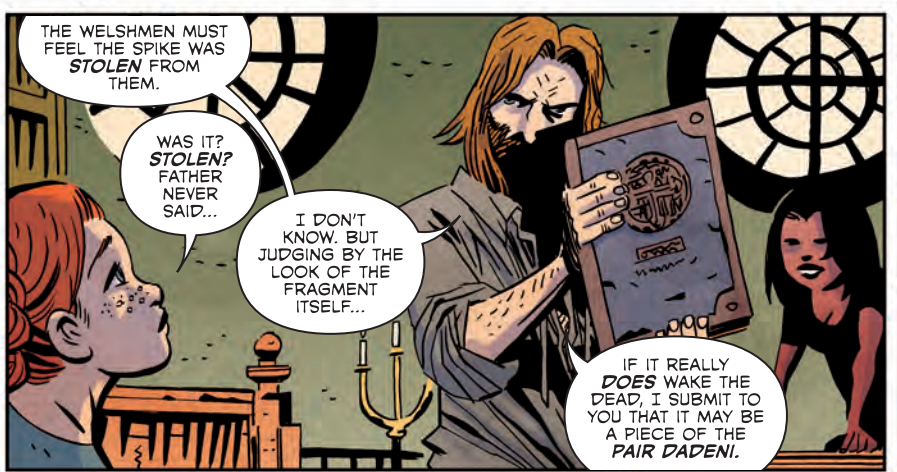
GESUNDHEIT.

HOW DROLL. IN THE SHOP, ONE OF THEM SAID "SARHAED."

THAT'S MEDIEVAL WELSH. PART OF THE CYFRAITH HYWEL SYSTEM OF LAW. SARHAED WAS COMPENSATION, TO RESTORE HONOUR IN THE CASE OF INSULT.



OUR NEW FRIENDS WANT TO TAKE THEIRS IN FLESH.



THE WELSHMEN MUST FEEL THE SPIKE WAS **STOLEN** FROM THEM.

WAS IT? **STOLEN?** FATHER NEVER SAID...

I DON'T KNOW. BUT JUDGING BY THE LOOK OF THE FRAGMENT ITSELF...

IF IT REALLY **DOES** WAKE THE DEAD, I SUBMIT TO YOU THAT IT MAY BE A PIECE OF THE **PAIR DADENI**.



"IRON RESURRECTION CAULDRON."

WELSH CAULDRON. WELSH DEMONS. GOT IT.

OH, THEY ARE NOT **DEMONS** AT ALL.



WE'RE DEALING WITH **FAERIES**.



HEH, HEHEHE.

HEHEHE.



HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



FAIRIES? LIKE...LIKE TINKER BELL? LITTLE BITTY WINGS?

THOSE ARE PISKIES, OR PIXIES. HOW AMERICANS HAVE MANAGED TO CONFLATE FULL-SIZED FAERIES OF LEGEND WITH DIMINUTIVE SPRITES IS BEYOND ME.

IN MY DAY, FAERIES WERE SOMETHING TO BE FEARED. PEOPLE AVOIDED FAERIE MOUNDS AND PATHS AND--

WAIT. THERE. THAT'S HIM. THEIR LEADER. WHEN HE TRANSFORMED HE HAD A DARKENED FACE LIKE THIS PICTURE...

GWYN AP NUDD, KING OF A FAERIE RACE CALLED THE TYLWYTH TEG, DOER OF THINGS I CAN'T PRONOUNCE. RIDES AT THE HEAD OF "THE WILD HUNT."

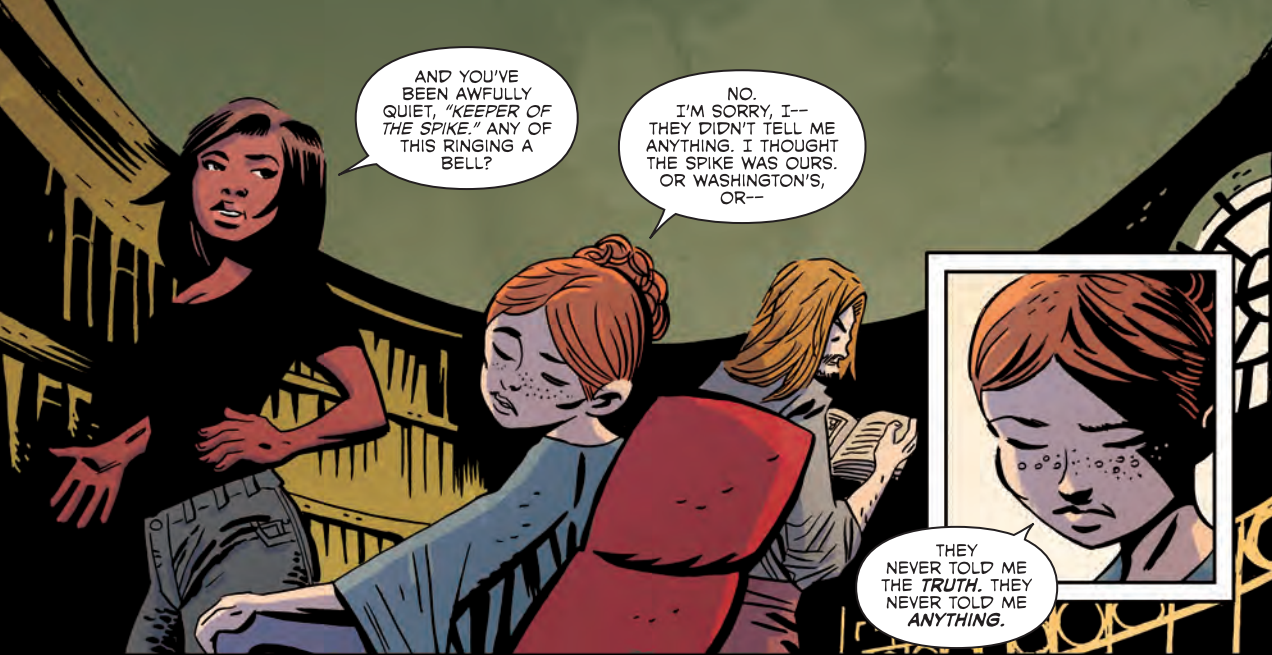
CRANE?

I KNOW THAT MYTH. MY...FATHER SPOKE OFTEN OF IT.



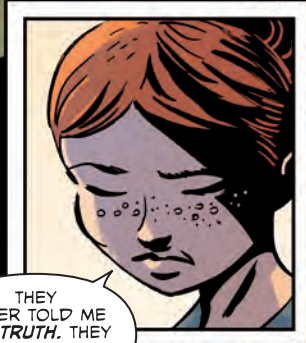
HE GIVE YOU ANYTHING WE CAN USE? BOOK SAYS THE WILD HUNT GOES ALL OVER THE WORLD, COLLECTING TREASURE, CLAIMING HUMAN SOULS TO RIDE WITH THEM...





AND YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY QUIET, "KEEPER OF THE SPIKE." ANY OF THIS RINGING A BELL?

NO. I'M SORRY, I-- THEY DIDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING. I THOUGHT THE SPIKE WAS OURS. OR WASHINGTON'S, OR--



THEY NEVER TOLD ME THE TRUTH. THEY NEVER TOLD ME ANYTHING.



IF WE WANT THE TRUTH, WE MUST MAKE HASTE--

WHOA, WHOA, SINCE WHEN ARE YOU ALL ABOUT "HASTE?" YOU TOOK A BIG RISK GOING ALL CROUCHING TIGER BACK IN THE SHOP.



YOU'RE UPSET ABOUT ICE CUBES AND CONVENIENCE OR WHATEVER HAD YOU WORKED UP AND NOW YOU'RE ALL ABOUT HASTE? THAT'S NOT YOU. IS THIS ABOUT--?

LEAVE IT, LEFTENANT. PLEASE.



a. ulgan to
shin-keo-ah

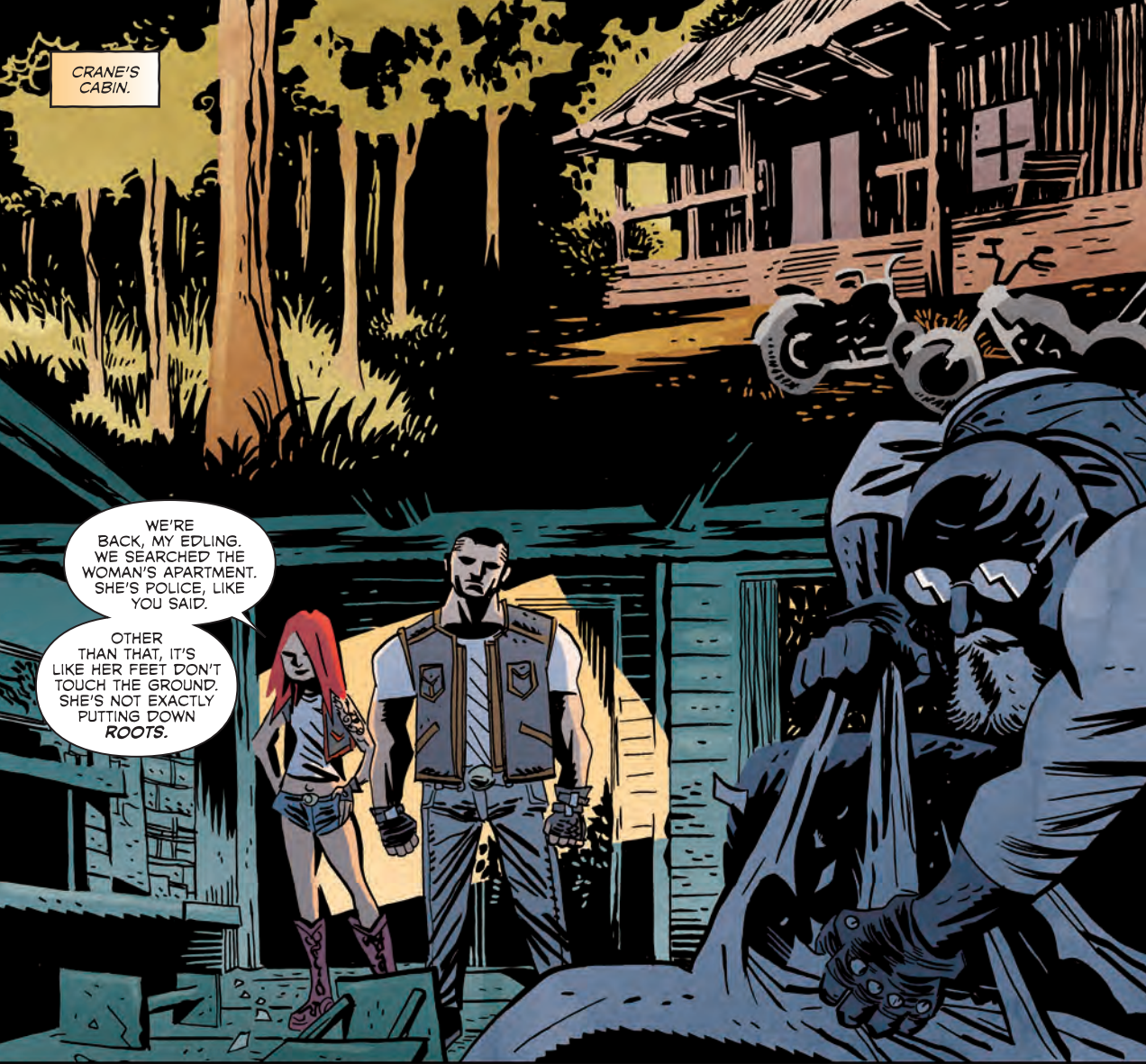
shin-keo-ah

shin-keo-ah

CRANE'S CABIN.

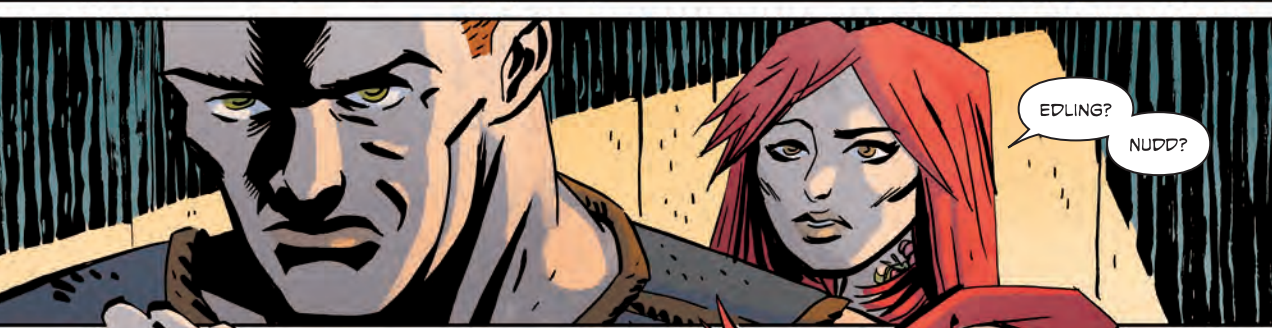
WE'RE BACK, MY EDLING. WE SEARCHED THE WOMAN'S APARTMENT. SHE'S POLICE, LIKE YOU SAID.

OTHER THAN THAT, IT'S LIKE HER FEET DON'T TOUCH THE GROUND. SHE'S NOT EXACTLY PUTTING DOWN ROOTS.



EDLING?

NUDD?



THRAAAH!





I'M SORRY. I'M SO SORRY, LOVE. YOU KNOW NOT TO INTERRUPT ME.

I KNOW.



YOU MUST HAVE MISSED SOMETHING. THERE IS MORE TO THAT WOMAN THAN HER CIRCUMSTANCES. JUST AS THERE IS MORE TO THIS MAN. LOOK AROUND.

HE'S OLD. NOT AS OLD AS US, BUT OLD.

≡PWUHE≡

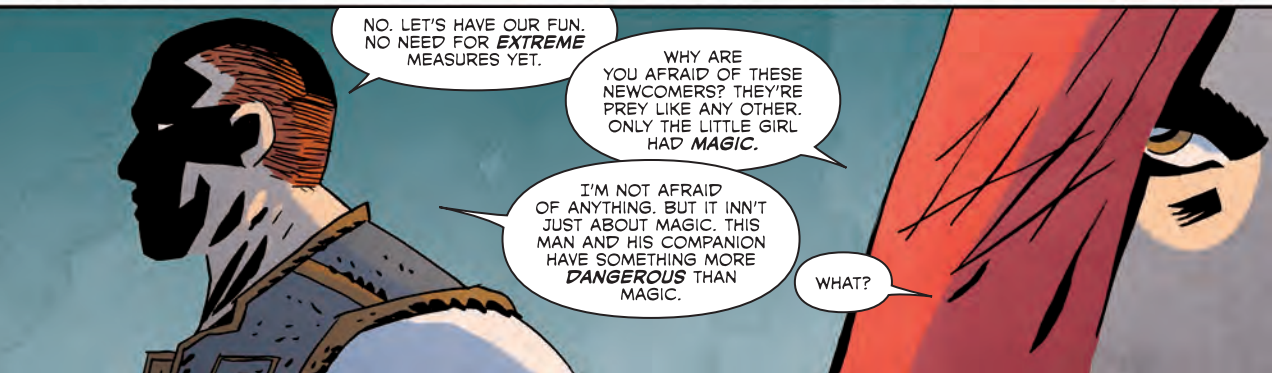
AND THE AMISH GIRL? SHE WAS A BRAUCHER.



'COURSE SHE WAS. MIGHT AS WELL BE DESTINY. HER FAMILY, THAT BRAUCHER SCUM...THEY'RE CHEAP CONJURERS. THEY STOLE MY SPIKE... NOW WE TAKE IT BACK.

AND IF THEY RUN TO AMISH COUNTRY, EVEN BETTER. HER PEOPLE HAVE COWERED TOO LONG. WHATEVER HAYSTACK THEY HIDE THEIR NEEDLE IN...

WE'LL BURN IT. I'LL CUT THE DOG LOOSE.



NO. LET'S HAVE OUR FUN. NO NEED FOR EXTREME MEASURES YET.

WHY ARE YOU AFRAID OF THESE NEWCOMERS? THEY'RE PREY LIKE ANY OTHER. ONLY THE LITTLE GIRL HAD MAGIC.

I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING. BUT IT INN'T JUST ABOUT MAGIC. THIS MAN AND HIS COMPANION HAVE SOMETHING MORE DANGEROUS THAN MAGIC.

WHAT?

"POWER."

SAXON CROSSBOW,
PHOENIX-FIRE
BOLTS.

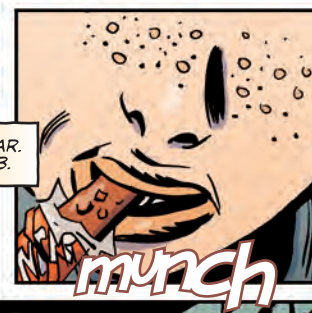
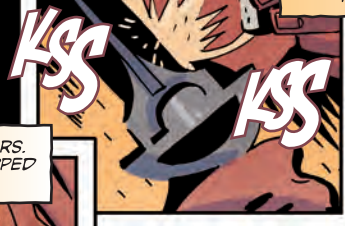
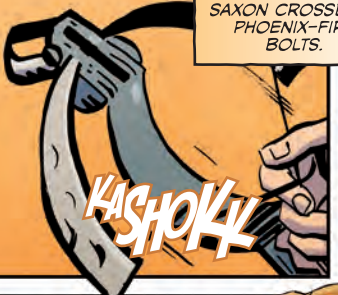
NORDIC BLADE, ENCHANTED
AGAINST DEMONS.

THE SERPENT'S TEARS.
SILVER BULLETS,
DIPPED
IN HOLY WATER.

FLASHLIGHT.
BIG.

PROTEIN BAR.
LOW CARB.

ALRIGHT,
THEN. LET'S GO
TO WORK.



KASHOKK

KSS

KSS

munch



PIED PIPER'S BONE STAFF. REPAIRED. SONIC WEAPON.

MAELSTROM CRYSTAL. DISTILLED IFRIT BLOOD.

OBSIDIAN BLADE. FOR RITUAL TRANSFORMATION.

TYRIAN SHEKEL. AKA "JUDAS COIN." TRIGGERS BETRAYAL.

ONLY WHAT WE CAN SHOULD?

WE'VE GOT POCKETS. I SAY WE JUST GRAB MOST OF IT.

AND... I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA SAY.

OH, DO YOU?

YOU'RE GONNA SAY ADAMS AND I TRUSTED THE WRONG PERSON. GOT US ALL INTO TROUBLE. ALMOST DELIVERED A POWERFUL OBJECT STRAIGHT TO THE BAD GUYS.

SO LEMME HAVE IT, OKAY? WE'RE TOO OLD FOR THE SILENT TREATMENT.

JENNY, I'VE GONE ALONG WITH A COP WHO SOLD HIS SOUL AND A GENOCIDAL ANGEL. I'M NOT ONE TO TALK. AND I'VE ALREADY DRESSED-DOWN ONE TEAMMATE TODAY.

I JUST WANT YOU TO FEEL LIKE YOU CAN TRUST ME WITH YOUR PLANS.

VROOOM

I CAN SEE THE WILD HUNT. THEY'RE PATROLLING. NO WAY WE'RE GETTING OUT OF THESE TUNNELS WITHOUT THEM SPOTTING US.

WE'LL TAKE THE TUNNELS TO THE END OF THE LINE. ONE OF THEM POPS OUT PAST THE CITY LIMITS BY THE JUNIOR COLLEGE. AND IT'S SATURDAY, WHICH IS GOOD. WE NEED TO AVOID...

"...CIVILIANS."

WELL,
THEN.

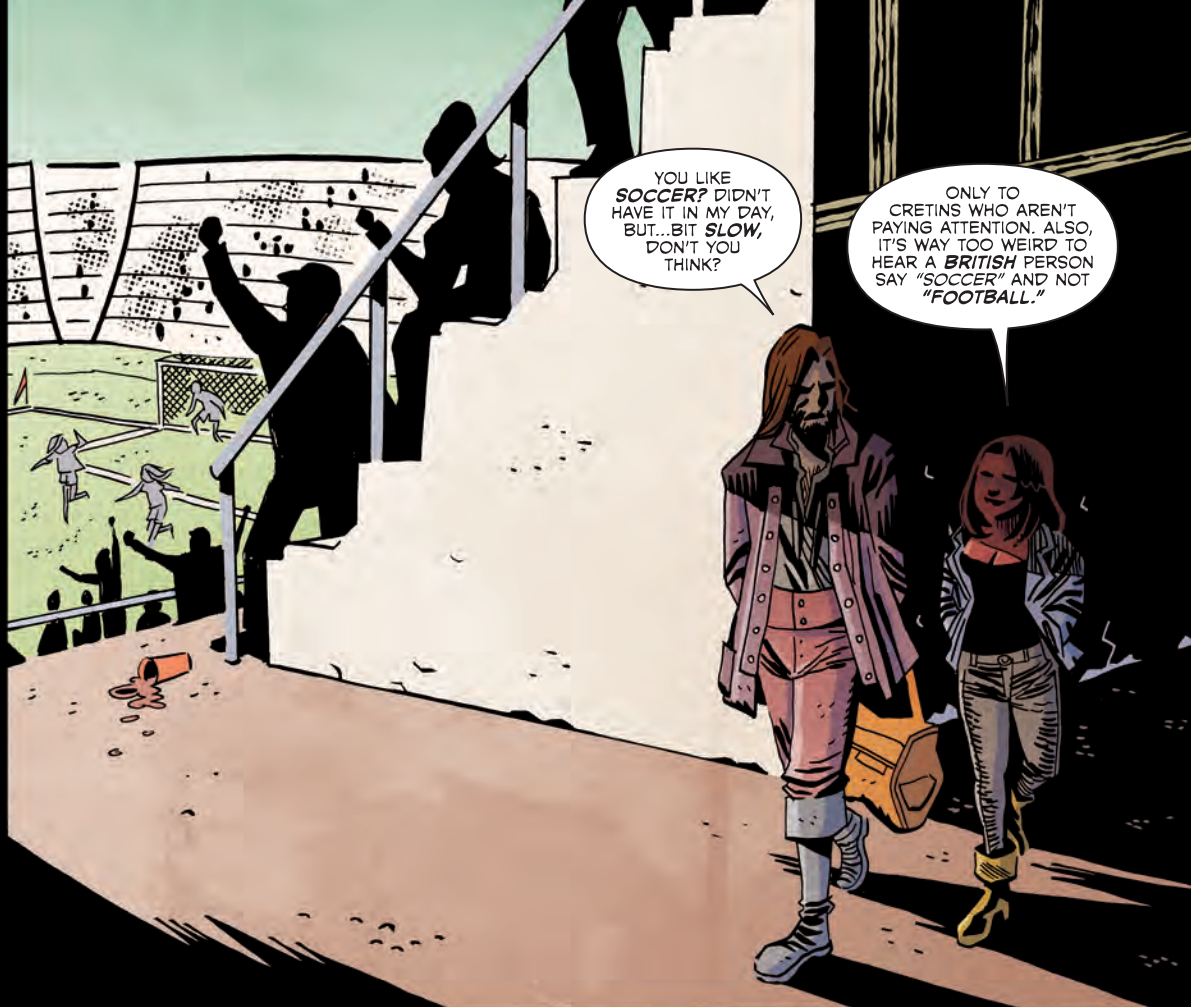
DAMN.

DOESN'T
CHANGE THE PLAN.
QUICK AND QUIET. THIS IS
STILL THE FASTEST WAY OUT
OF TOWN. WE GET TO THE
PARKING LOT, JENNY GETS
US A CAR, WE GHOST
OUT.

STADIUM

YOU LOOK MORE
WISTFUL THAN
WORRIED.

SHERIFF CORBIN USED TO
TAKE ME HERE. THAT MAN
CAUGHT EVERY LOCAL
SPORTING EVENT SLEEPY
HOLLOW COULD THROW
AT HIM. WHENEVER HE
COULD.



YOU LIKE **SOCCER**? DIDN'T HAVE IT IN MY DAY, BUT...BIT **SLOW**, DON'T YOU THINK?

ONLY TO CRETINS WHO AREN'T PAYING ATTENTION. ALSO, IT'S WAY TOO WEIRD TO HEAR A **BRITISH** PERSON SAY "**SOCCER**" AND NOT "**FOOTBALL.**"



I AM **AMERICAN**. ONE OF THE FIRST, IN POINT OF FACT.

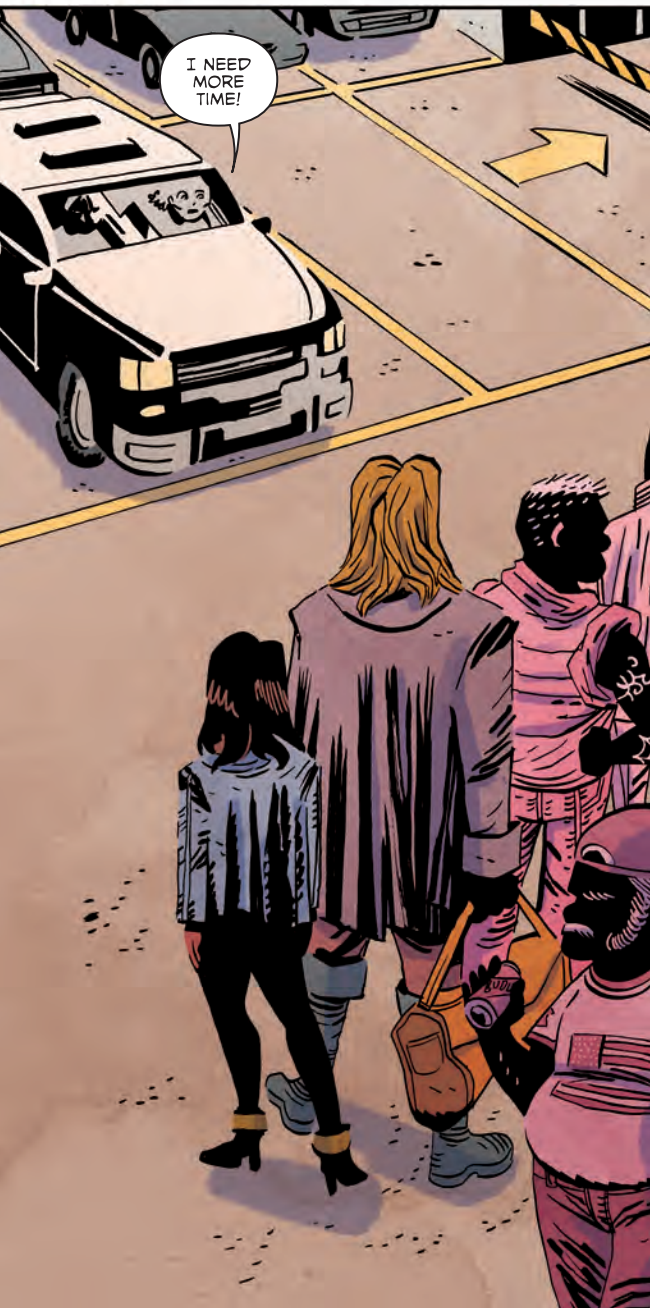
AND MY BROTHERS IN ARMS **BLED** ON THE BATTLEFIELD FOR YOUR RIGHT TO HATE **SOCCER** FOR NO REASON.



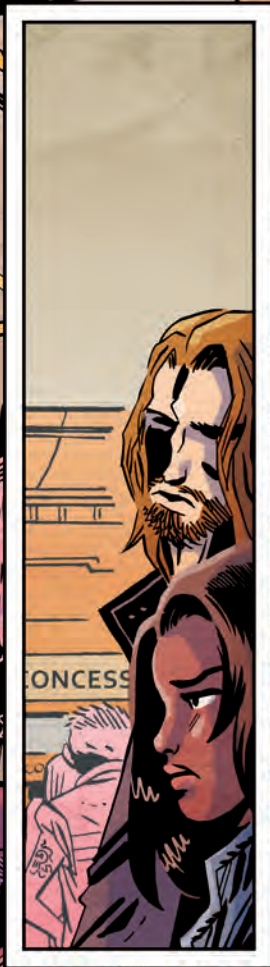
WHUMP



THEY'RE HERE!



I NEED MORE TIME!



CLEAR EVERYONE OUT AS QUICKLY AND CALMLY AS POSSIBLE.



ABIGAIL MILLS!
ICHABOD CRANE!



NOT A GREAT TIME, ADAMS. WAIT, SLOW DOWN.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE NEEDED BACKUP?
WHAT DID YOU DO?

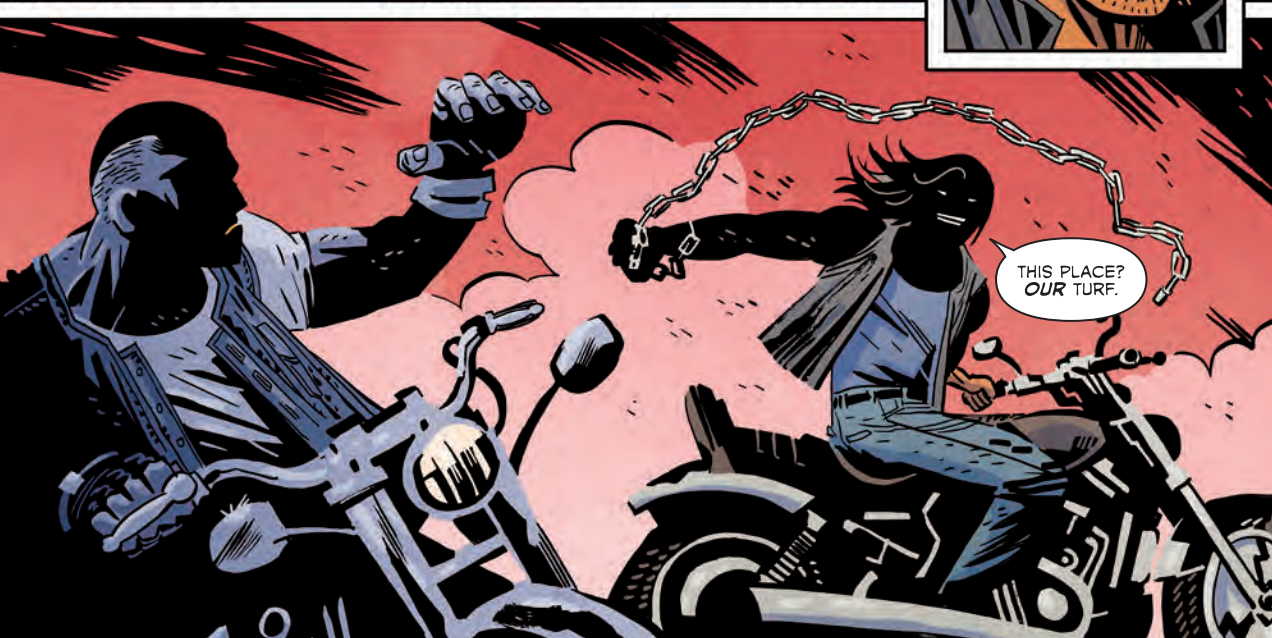
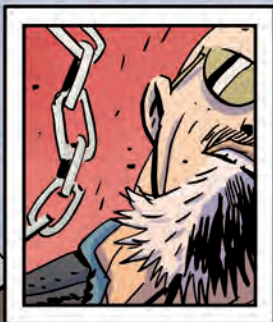
WHAT WAS THAT?

WRRRRRRRR

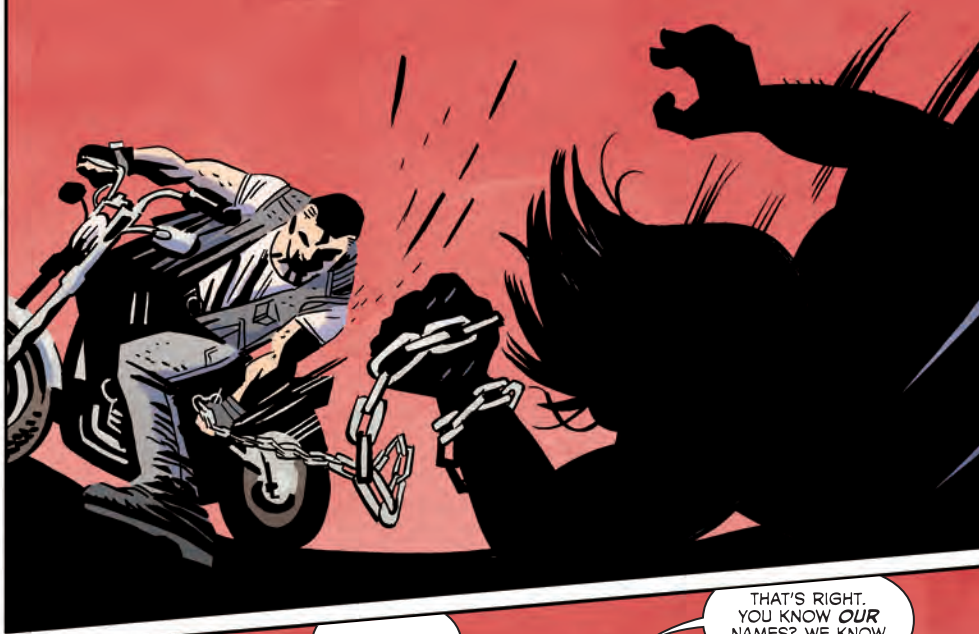




BIG ASH.
LOOKS AS THOUGH
ADAMS CALLED US A
SHAWNEE HUNTING
PARTY.



THIS PLACE?
OUR TURF.

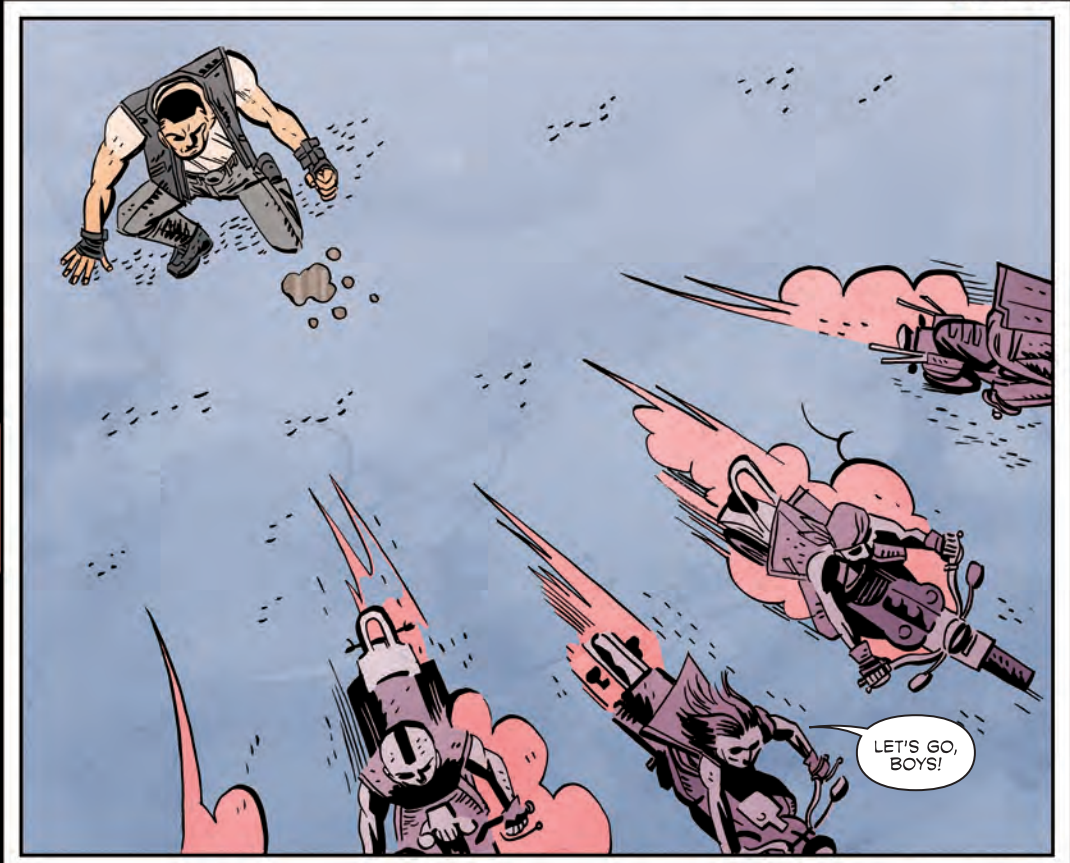




AAAAHHHHH!

CRANE!
BIG ASH!
YOU HAVE TO
RUN! ALL OF
YOU!

YOU HAVE
MADE THIS TOWN
MUCH WEIRDER,
YOU KNOW
THAT?



LET'S GO,
BOYS!



"HE SAID THEY'RE
IN IT FOR THE
THRILL..."

"...SO MAYBE THEY'RE
ONLY GIVING US A
HEAD START..."

"...MAYBE THEY JUST
WANT TO MAKE THINGS
INTERESTING."





NNNNHHHH...



HE NEEDS A DOCTOR.

NO. HE NEEDS MORE THAN THAT. MY FATHER IS A BETTER HEALER THAN ME.



HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.



NOW LEAVING
SLEEPY HOLLOW





CHAPTER THREE





"THE WILD HUNT RIDES,
AND WITH THEIR COURSERS
COMES A STORM."

"FATHER, I KNOW
THE STORIES--"



"SUCH IS THEIR MYTH--A TALE IN
MANY CULTURES. THE WILD ONES
TRAMPLE THE EARTH...AND IF THEIR
PREY IS BRAVE ENOUGH TO AID
THEIR ETERNAL RIDE..."

LOST HIM IN THE
THICKET. CUNNING
LITTLE DEVIL.

"...THEY VISIT THE
AFTERLIFE AND SEND
THE SOULS OF THOSE
THEY'VE KILLED TO
LIVE AGAIN...TO START
THE WILD HUNT
ANEW."



"YOU ARE A SKILLED
TRACKER, ICHABOD.
THE ENVY OF THE WILD
HUNT ITSELF, I SHOULD
THINK."

FATHER.
HERE.

"BUT THERE IS MORE TO
THE HUNT THAN THE CHASE.
AFTER...COMES THE KILL."



"WHEN WE
CATCH THE
BEAST..."



"...THE HONOUR
IS YOURS, MY
SON."





GGGGHAAA!

YOU'RE GOOD.
YOU'RE SAFE.



WE'RE TAKING YOU TO PEOPLE WHO CAN FIX YOU RIGHT UP.

JUST THINK OF THIS AS A ROAD TRIP.



WONDERFUL. THAT'S ENNNHÉ VERY GOOD. THEN I SUPPOSE MY ONLY QUESTION IS...



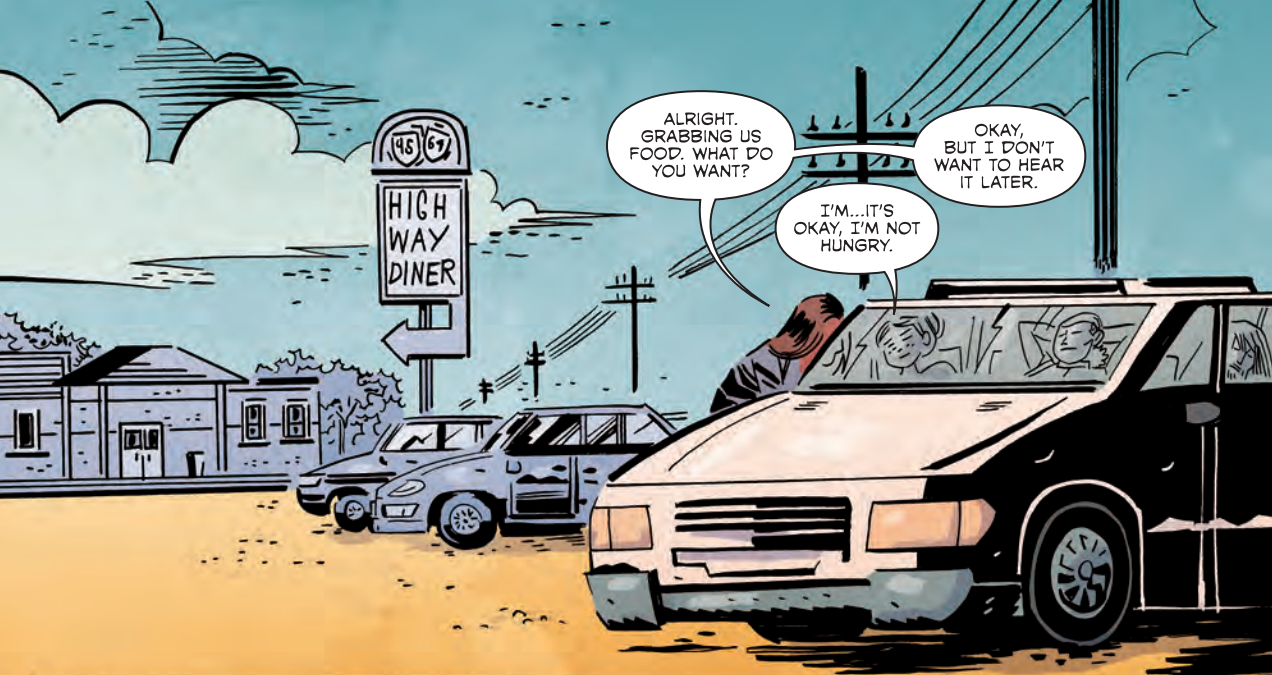
...ARE WE THERE YET?



☹KOFF☹

☹KOFF☹

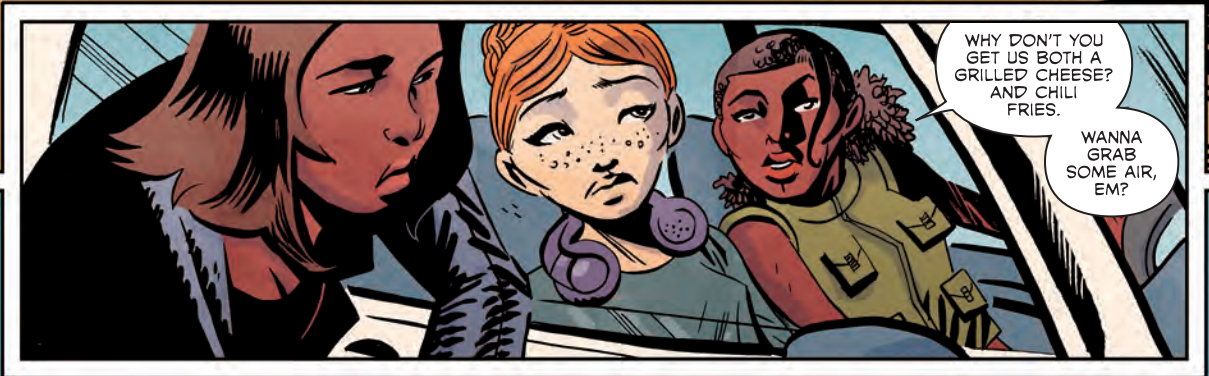
ACTUALLY, I THINK...SOME SLEEP WOULD...DO ME GOOD.



ALRIGHT. GRABBING US FOOD. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

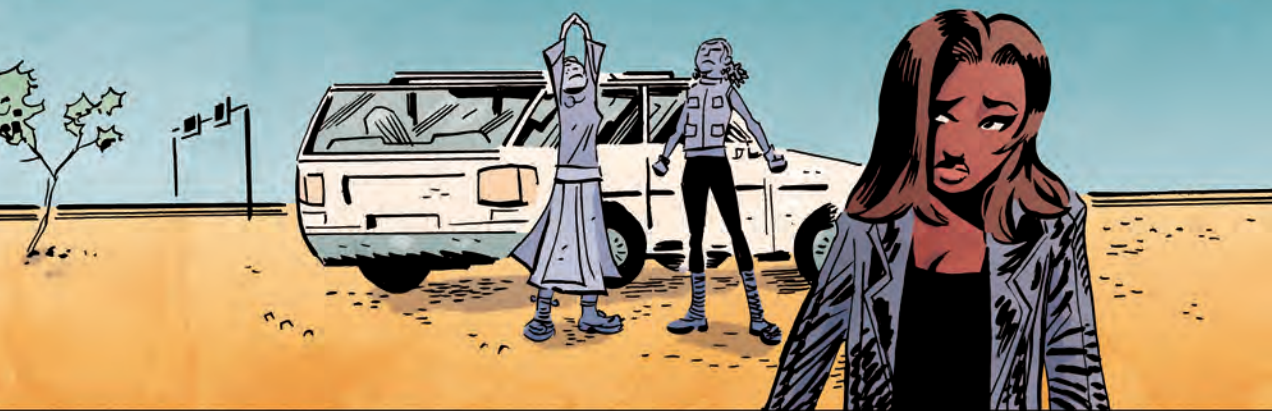
OKAY, BUT I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT LATER.

I'M...IT'S OKAY, I'M NOT HUNGRY.



WHY DON'T YOU GET US BOTH A GRILLED CHEESE? AND CHILI FRIES.

WANNA GRAB SOME AIR, EM?



I KNOW SHE'S INTENSE SOMETIMES. SHE'S JUST BEEN CARRYING THE SPEAR SO LONG, SHE FORGETS TO EASE UP NOW AND THEN. AND SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT CRANE.

IT'S NOT EVEN THAT. IT'S... **OVERWHELMING**. MAYBE IT WON'T BE SUCH A BAD THING TO TAKE A BREAK FROM THE CITY.

I LIKE THAT **THIS** QUALIFIES AS "THE CITY" FOR YOU.

IT DOES, THOUGH. DO YOU KNOW WHAT RUMSPRINGA IS?

IT'S WHEN YOU GUYS GET TO SEE HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES, RIGHT? TAKE A MINI-VACATION TO THE CITY OR WHEREVER?

BEEN MEANING TO ASK, ACTUALLY: WHEN I MET YOU, YOU WERE **BAREFOOT**. IN A CRUMBLING DEATH TRAP. WHY NO BOOTS?

I... I KIND OF HATE THE BOOTS? I GOT THEM FROM A SURPLUS STORE NEAR MY TOWN.

I HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF THE ENGLISH--THAT'S WHAT WE CALL YOU GUYS--I HAVEN'T **EXPERIENCED** YOUR WORLD. AND I'M ALREADY EXHAUSTED BY IT. AM I A COWARD?

ACTUALLY, IT JUST MEANS "**ADOLESCENCE**" FOR A COUPLE YEARS THE RULES GET RELAXED.

WE CAN WEAR OTHER KINDS OF CLOTHES. LIKE THE BOOTS.

I JUST WANTED A **CHOICE**. AFTER RUMSPRINGA, MOST GET BAPTIZED, BUT SOME LEAVE THE COMMUNITY. ME? I DON'T **KNOW** WHAT I WANT BECAUSE THIS STUPID **SPIKE** CALLED.

FATHER TOLD ME THERE WAS A CHAMBER IN THE CITY, THAT I MIGHT NEVER HAVE TO SEE IT, BUT I **MIGHT** BE CALLED ON TO GUARD IT. THAT'S ALL.

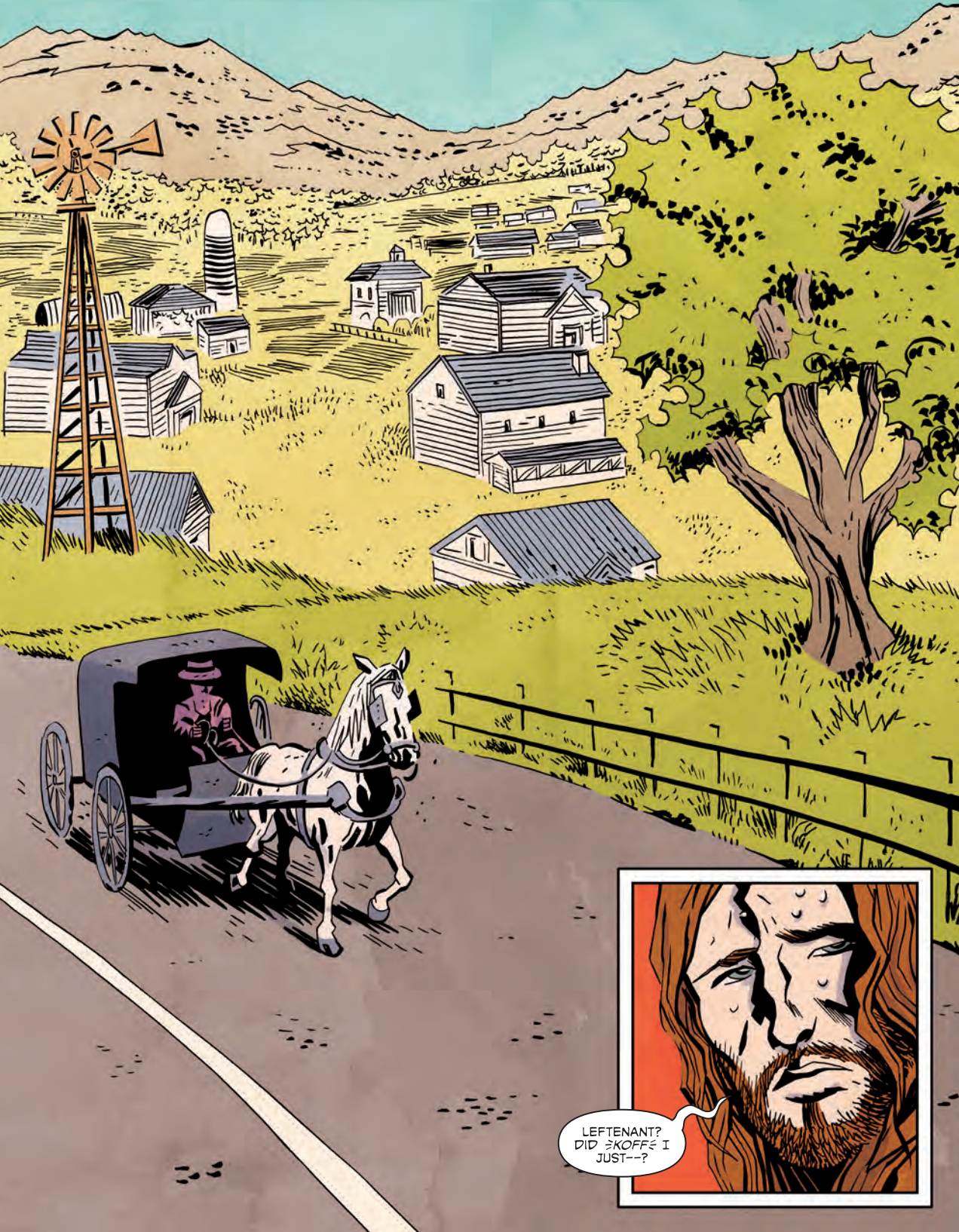
SOME OF OUR KIND ARE ATTUNED TO IT. SOME AREN'T. THE LAST KEEPER DIED AND THE THING CHOSE ME. BUT FATHER NEVER SAID WHY WE'RE IN CHARGE OF IT, OR THAT IT ACTUALLY BELONGS TO ANCIENT EVIL U.K. BIKERS.

I GET IT. THE WHOLE **NOT GETTING TO DECIDE YOUR FATE** THING IS KIND OF MY SPECIALTY. AND I CAN'T FIX IT. BUT RIGHT NOW...?

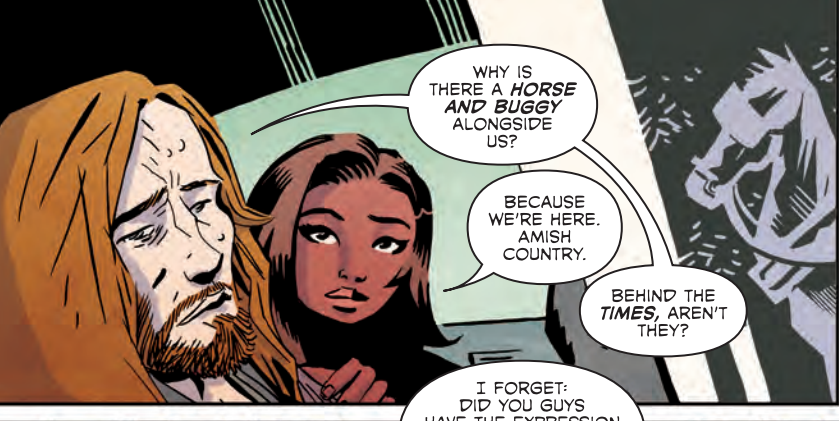
"...IT'S A NEW DAY."

MILLER'S CREEK,
PENNSYLVANIA.

AMISH
COUNTRY.



LEFTENANT?
DID SKOFFÉ I
JUST--?



WHY IS THERE A HORSE AND BUGGY ALONGSIDE US?

BECAUSE WE'RE HERE. AMISH COUNTRY.

BEHIND THE TIMES, AREN'T THEY?

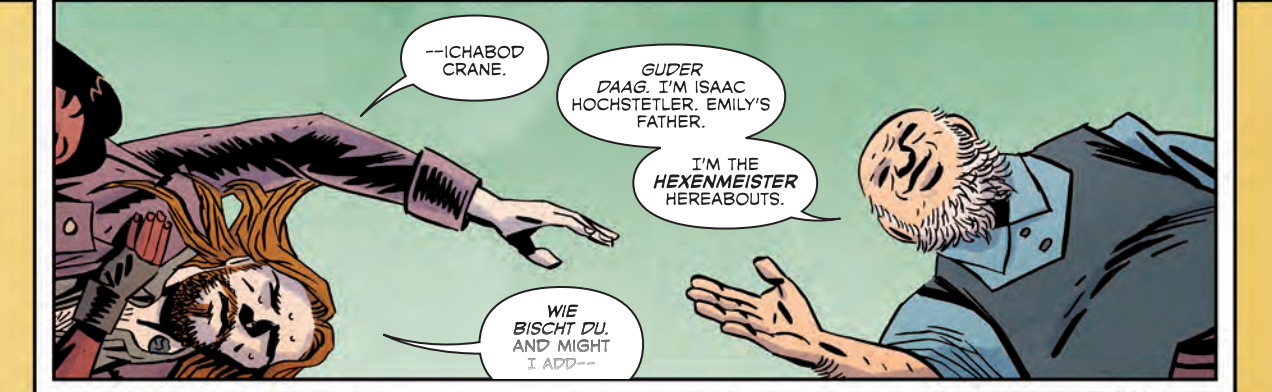
I FORGET: DID YOU GUYS HAVE THE EXPRESSION ABOUT THE POT AND THE KETTLE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY?



≡NG≡ POINT TAKEN. I ONLY MEANT THAT WHEN I KNEW THEIR PEOPLE, I TOO RODE IN A CARRIAGE. IT WAS NOT QUITE SO...*STRANGE*.



WE NEED TO HURRY, DAD. HE'S--



--ICHABOD CRANE.

GUDER DAAG. I'M ISAAC HOCHSTETLER. EMILY'S FATHER.

I'M THE HEXENMEISTER HEREBOUTS.

WIE BISCHT DU. AND MIGHT I ADD--



fup



HOW LONG SINCE HE WAS TOUCHED?!

A--A DAY. LESS.

THIS IS POWERFUL MAGIC. I'LL DO MY BEST.

THERE IS A WICKER SWITCH AND A BOTTLE OF WINE IN THE CABINET. END OF THE HALL. I NEED THEM NOW. GO!



I REALLY HOPE THIS IS WHAT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT. NOW WHAT?

DO YOU PRAY?

WITH THIS SWITCH OF BRITTLE WOOD, I BANISH YOUR PAIN AND DO YOU GOOD!

AAAAAAHHHH!

HNNNH!

WITH THIS SWITCH OF BRITTLE WOOD, I BANISH YOUR PAIN AND DO YOU GOOD!

WITH THIS SWITCH OF BRITTLE WOOD, WE BANISH YOUR PAIN AND DO YOU GOOD!

EMILY... I NEED YOU.

WITH THIS SWITCH OF BRITTLE WOOD, WE BANISH YOUR PAIN AND DO YOU GOOD!



WITH THIS SWITCH OF BRITTLE WOOD, I BANISH YOUR PAIN AND DO YOU GOOD!





NOW FOR THE IMPORTANT PART. THE WINE.



WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THAT?

WHAT ELSE?



glug



WE SHALL SEE HOW HE FARES TOMORROW.

BUT HE'LL BE OKAY? HE'LL...HE'LL LIVE?

OURS IS NOT TO DIVINE. HIS FATE WE LEAVE TO PROVIDENCE.

BUT...THIS IS MY WORK, AND I AM VERY GOOD AT IT. WE SHALL SEE HOW HE FARES TOMORROW.





KIND, KAN ICH REIN KUMME?

MAY I COME IN, CHILD?

JO. YES.

DU HAST DIE GANS GESCHICHT RAUS GEFUWWE.

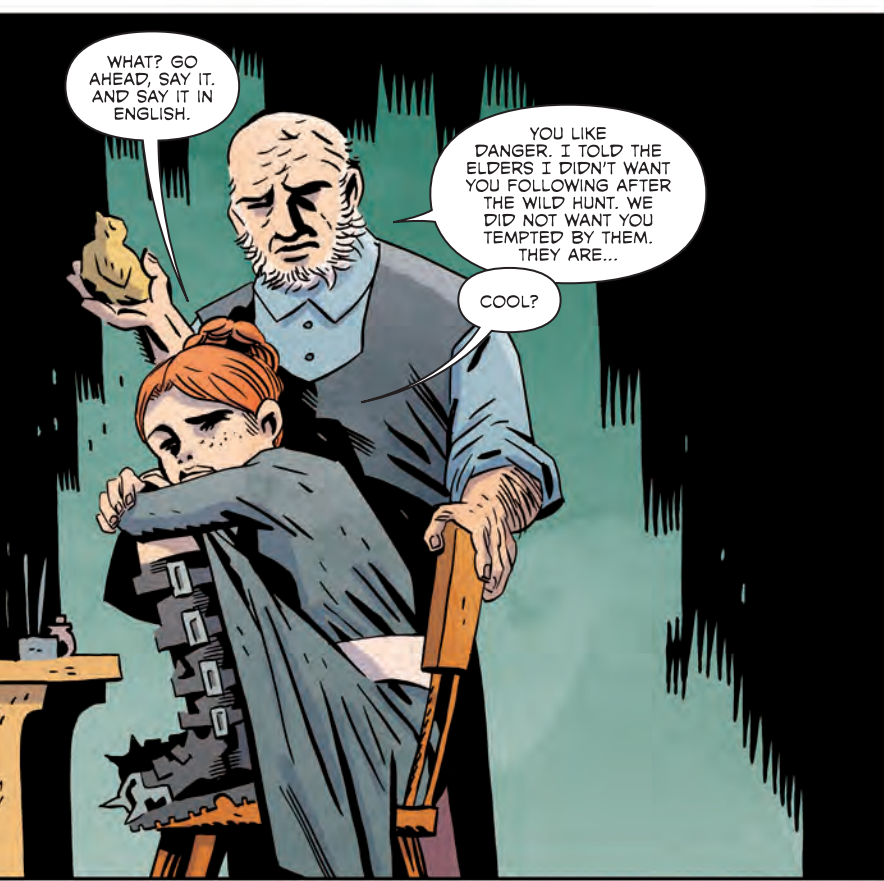
SO, YOU HAVE FOUND OUT THE FULL STORY.

I SHOULDN'T HAVE NEEDED TO. I'M THE KEEPER. YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THAT PEOPLE WERE TRYING TO KILL ME AND TAKE THE THING I'M KEEPING.

OR YOU COULD HAVE JUST PROTECTED ME BECAUSE I'M YOUR DAUGHTER--

ES DUH SINN ZU DEI SCHUTZ. ICH WEES, DES SIND NUR LEERE WORTE, AWWER WENN DU ES GWUSST HETTS, DIE BEWAHRERIN ZU SINN IST EENE GFEHRliche JUFGAWWE.

IT WAS FOR YOUR PROTECTION. I KNOW THESE ARE...HOLLOW WORDS NOW, BUT IF YOU HAD KNOWN BEING THE KEEPER WAS A DANGEROUS TASK...



WHAT? GO AHEAD, SAY IT. AND SAY IT IN ENGLISH.

YOU LIKE DANGER. I TOLD THE ELDERS I DIDN'T WANT YOU FOLLOWING AFTER THE WILD HUNT. WE DID NOT WANT YOU TEMPTED BY THEM. THEY ARE...

COOL?



PERSUASIVE. AND MONSTROUS. THEY ARE AS GOOD OR ILL AS THEIR LEADER MAKES THEM, AND SOME TIME AGO, GWYN AP NUDD CHOSE THE LATTER.

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE WAS MERELY A COVER FOR THE TRUE WAR-- TWIXT GOOD AND EVIL...

"...AND NUDD SIDED WITH HELL IN THE FIGHT.

"HE BROUGHT WITH HIM HIS GREATEST TREASURE, THE CAULDRON OF REBIRTH, FROM WHENCE UN-KILLABLE SOLDIERS WOULD CLIMB. AN INFINITE ARMY TO CRUSH THE REBELS.

"WASHINGTON AND NATHANIEL GREENE STOLE INTO THE WELSH CAMP IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT AND FOUND A WAY TO DESTROY THE CAULDRON.

"ONLY A SINGLE SHARD REMAINED ITS RESURRECTION POWER. THE SPIKE.

"BUT WASHINGTON RECOVERED THAT TOO, AND ENTRUSTED IT TO US. WE DO NOT WAGE WAR, BUT THE GENERAL KNEW WE COULD KEEP IT SAFE.

"WE ARE NOT NATURAL ENEMIES-- NOT WOLVES AND LAMBS-- BUT WE HAVE FOUGHT AND FLED THE WILD HUNT FOR CENTURIES. ONLY TIME HAS DIMINISHED THEM.

"AND YET NOW THEY COME IN FORCE. TROUBLING. IT MEANS DESPERATION HAS SET IN."

WHY?

MY GRANDFATHER TOLD ME THEY NUMBERED IN THE DOZENS. YOUR FRIEND ABIGAIL, SHE TELLS ME THEY ARE NOW **FOUR**.

PERHAPS NUDD WANTS TO RESURRECT HIS MEN, RETURN HIS HORDE TO GLORY. I DON'T CARE. I ONLY CARE ABOUT **YOU**.

YOU TAKE THE SPIKE. I DON'T WANT IT.

I CAN'T, CHILD. IT **CHOSE**.

I AM SORRY.

I SHOULD STAY WITH CRANE. WE CAN TAKE *SHIFTS*--

ABBIE. *REST*. YOU NEED SOME ALMOST AS MUCH AS CRANE DOES.

AND *LOOK* AT THESE BEDS. YOU COULD BOUNCE A QUARTER OFF 'EM. THAT'S ONE THING INSTITUTIONAL LIVING DID FOR ME. I CAN CORNER THE HELL OUT OF A BED.

I'M JUST GONNA STAY UP FOR A BIT, TRY TO SHAKE SOME ANSWERS LOOSE FROM *THIS*. USUALLY I'M LIKE THE BOOK WHISPERER, BUT I CAN'T FIND ANYTHING.

NO CODES, NO HANDY ADVICE-- JUST FAIRY TALES, AND... YOU'RE NOT EVEN LISTENING.

...
AM I A COLD PERSON?

FREEZING. JUST SO, SO COLD. BUT MAMA USED TO SAY COLD HANDS WERE BETTER FOR BAKING, SO...

OKAY, REAL TALK. GOT IT. SPILL.

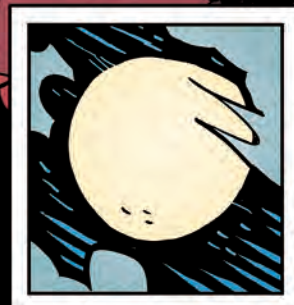
THERE WAS THIS GUY I USED TO KNOW IN THE BAD OLD DAYS. HE WAS AN ALCOHOLIC. 'LIJAH. HELPED ME OUT OF SOME JAMS. LOOKED OUT FOR ME.

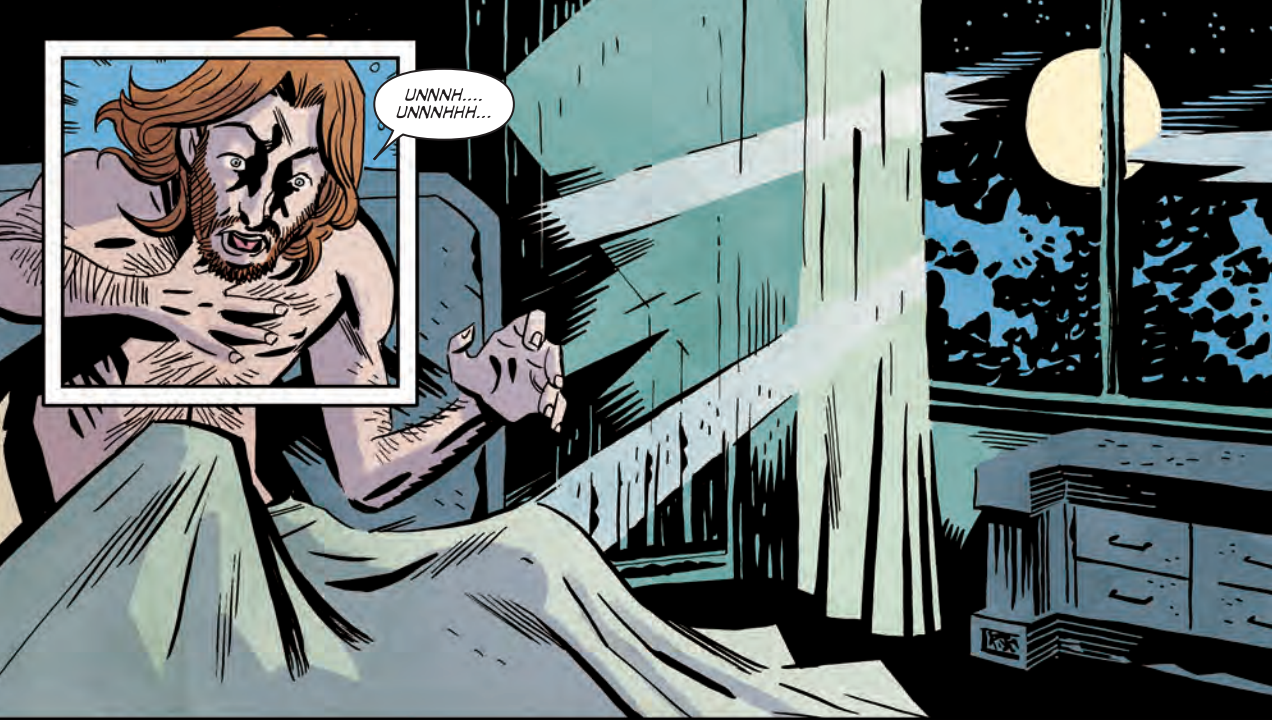
I SAW HIM A COUPLE DAYS AGO. HE HAD BUSTED MABIES'S WINDOW TRYING TO STEAL BOOZE. AND I JUST...*ARRESTED HIM*.

THERE ARE SEVEN BILLION PEOPLE WHO'D BE WRITING *SONGS* ABOUT YOU IF THEY KNEW THE THINGS YOU'D DONE.

MEANWHILE, YOU DON'T WANT TELL ME YOUR PLANS, EMILY DOESN'T WANT TO TALK TO ME...SO AM I COLD? HAS ALL OF THIS MADE ME--?

YOU'VE *SAVED THE WORLD*. YOU JUST HAVE TO GET BACK *IN IT*.





YOU'RE AWAKE, GOOD. I'VE BROUGHT YOU WATER AND SOAP FOR A WASH, IF YOU LIKE.



I TAKE IT I HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR MY RECOVERY?

MY HANDS, GOD'S WORK. YOUR THANKS BE TO HIM, MISTER CRANE.

CAN I THANK YOU FOR THE SOAP, THEN? BEST WASH I'VE HAD IN A LONG TIME.

YOU'VE A BEARD. IN YOUR CULTURE, THAT MEANS YOU ARE A MARRIED MAN, DOES IT NOT?

YES. BUT SHE DIED A FEW YEARS AGO. SOME THINGS EVEN A BRAUCHER CAN'T HEAL. AND YOU? MARRIED?

NO.

GOOD TO SEE YOUNG SWAINS LIKE THIS AT WORK ALREADY. RISING WITH THE SUN IS A RARE THING THESE DAYS. COMMENDABLE.

I THINK I WOULD TAKE THAT AS A COMPLIMENT.

TOURISTS CALL IT "QUAINT."

THEY YEARN FOR THE SIMPLE LIFE BECAUSE THEY ARE RUNNING FROM THEIR PRESENT.

PLAIN IS NOT THE SAME AS "QUAINT." PLAINNESS UNBURDENS. NOSTALGIA IS A DRUG.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT, THE NEXT TIME YOU WASH UP.

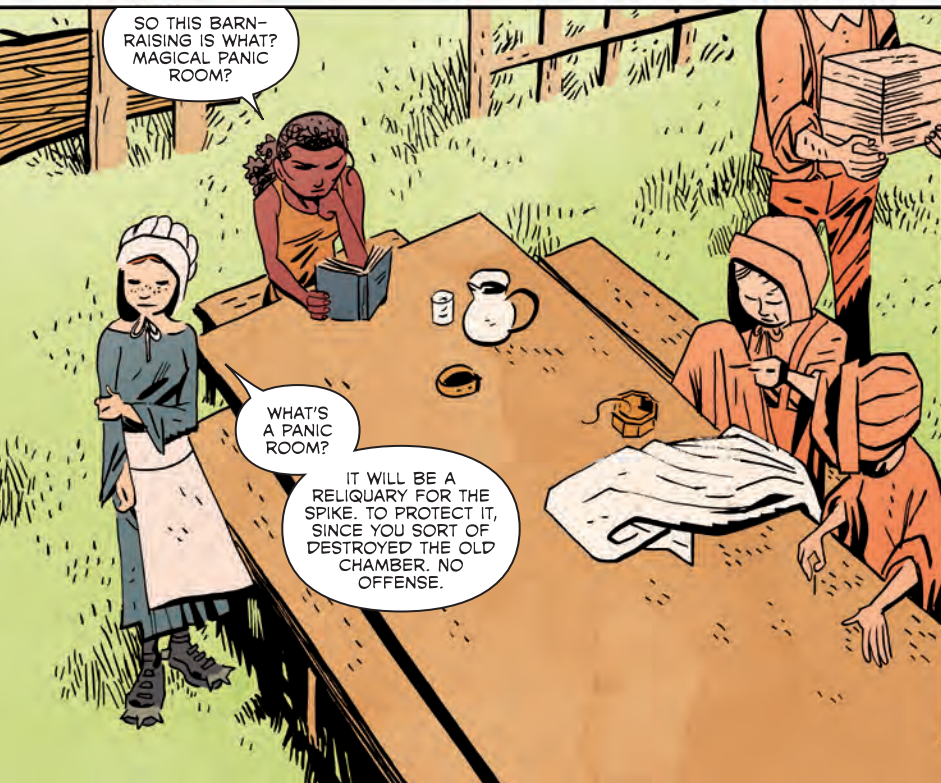
I--

HRM...



STEADY...
STEADY.

CRANE! THOSE
LETTERS MUST BE
ABSOLUTELY
CORRECT!



SO THIS BARN-
RAISING IS WHAT?
MAGICAL PANIC
ROOM?

WHAT'S A
PANIC
ROOM?

IT WILL BE A
RELICUARY FOR THE
SPIKE. TO PROTECT IT,
SINCE YOU SORT OF
DESTROYED THE OLD
CHAMBER. NO
OFFENSE.



EMILY!



SKRTCH



SKRTCH
SKRTCH

YOU SURE YOU'RE OKAY TO WORK? YOU HAD ME WORRIED THERE FOR A MINUTE.

I AM ALIVE. AS FOR THE WOUND, I CANNOT REDRESS THE FEELING THAT WE HAVE NOT SEEN THE LAST OF ITS EFFECTS. THE MARK IS FADING, BUT...IT **BURNS.**

IN EITHER CASE...**THANK YOU,** LEFTENANT. THANK YOU FOR WATCHING OVER ME.



SARAH.

I FEARED THE WORST.

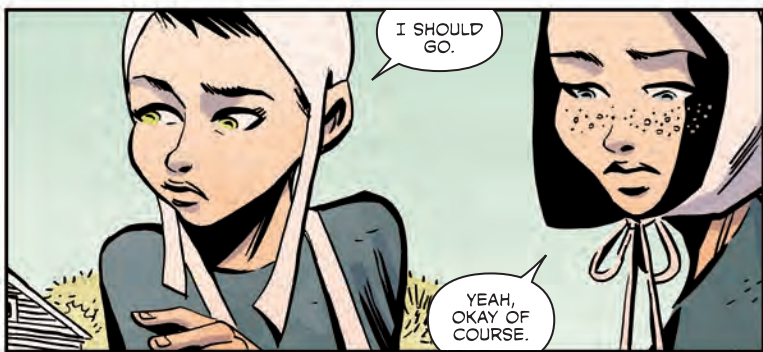


I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE SAFE.



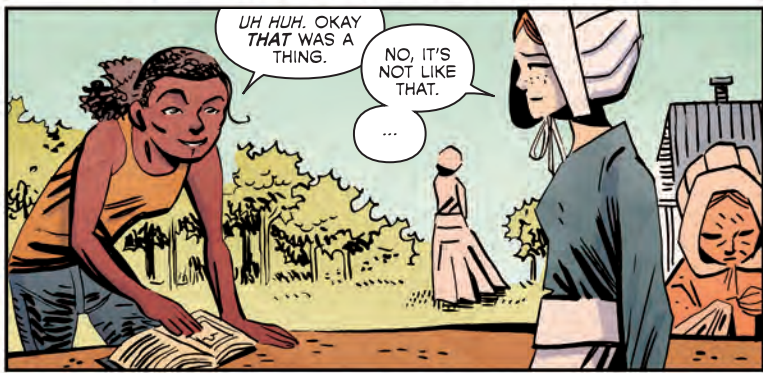
OH, DON'T YOU GO WORRYING YOUR HEAD ABOUT ME. I GOT EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL. I EVEN BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING.





I SHOULD GO.

YEAH, OKAY OF COURSE.



UH HUH. OKAY THAT WAS A THING.

NO, IT'S NOT LIKE THAT.

...

OKAY IT *IS* LIKE THAT. I LIKE HER. BUT I WILL PROBABLY WED ONE OF THOSE BOYS BUILDING THE HOUSE, JUST THE WAY IT IS.



THAT'S HEAVY. BUT MY TWO CENTS? DON'T MARRY A BOY IF YOU'RE GAY. SHOULD GO WITHOUT SAYING, BUT...

...WHEW. LADY, YOU'VE GOT...



...LAYERS.

THIS IS ONE OF THE **BLACK BOOKS OF CARMARTHEN**. FIRST TEXTS WRITTEN IN WELSH.

THE OTHER ONE, THIS BOOK'S TWIN, IS AT CAMBRIDGE, WHERE SCIENTISTS RECENTLY PUT THE PAGES UNDER A **BLACKLIGHT** AND REVEALED...

JENNY? WHAT'S GOING ON?

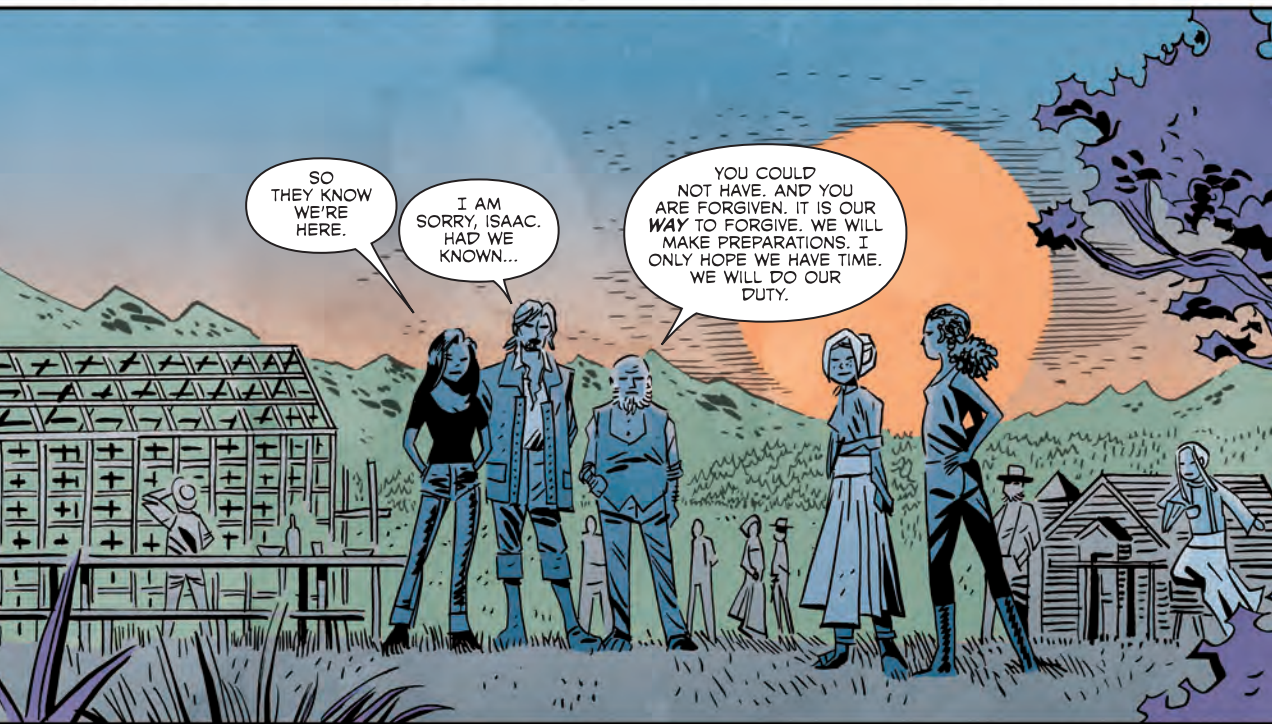




...MARGIN NOTES.

SOMEONE IN MEDIEVAL TIMES HAD SCRIBBLED POEMS AND STUFF, BUT PRIESTS HAD RUBBED THEM AWAY AFTER.

OH GOD. THAT THING ON CRANE'S NECK. IT WASN'T JUST TO HURT HIM. IT WAS TO TRACK HIM. THEY'RE COMING.



SO THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE.

I AM SORRY, ISAAC. HAD WE KNOWN...

YOU COULD NOT HAVE, AND YOU ARE FORGIVEN. IT IS OUR WAY TO FORGIVE. WE WILL MAKE PREPARATIONS. I ONLY HOPE WE HAVE TIME. WE WILL DO OUR DUTY.



I SAW SOMETHING. I WAS CHECKING ON THE PERIMETER WARDS AND I SAW A COLORED LIGHT!

WHICH MEANS?

A WILL O' THE WISP. FAERIES ARE NEAR.



COME WITH ME. I'LL SHORE UP OUR DEFENSES BEFORE THEY GET ANY CLOSER.

YOU FOLKS MIGHT WANT TO GET THE SPIKE IN HERE, JUST IN CASE.

SEEMS WE
TRIPPED THE
SILENT ALARM.
IS THE DOG
HUNTING?

HE HAS
THE SCENT.
SHOULDN'T BE
LONG.

GOOD. THEN
THE SPIKE IS HERE
AND IT'S NEAR AS
DONE.

OUR
PEOPLE...

SHALL ARISE.
AND BRING THE
BIGGEST STORM
THIS WORLD HAS
EVER SEEN.



I DON'T KNOW THAT I CAN STAY HERE ONCE THIS IS OVER.

WHY?

I CAN'T MARRY ONE OF THE MEN WHILE YOU'RE...



OH.



I...I COULD GO WITH Y--



GRRRRRR



DOWN!



SHOOOM

EMILY!





OH.



CHAPTER FOUR



≧HH≦
≧HH≦
≧HH≦

"...I THINK I SCARE PEOPLE..."

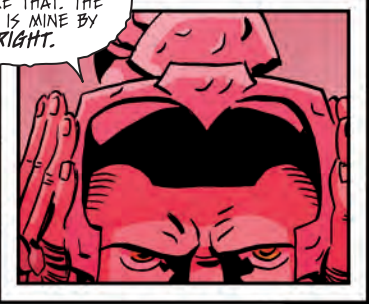
"...DRIVEN MEN OFTEN DO."



I AM SINGLE-MINDED, BUT WHEN A MAN'S A LEADER, HE 'AS TO BE. I MADE PROMISES TO MY MEN...



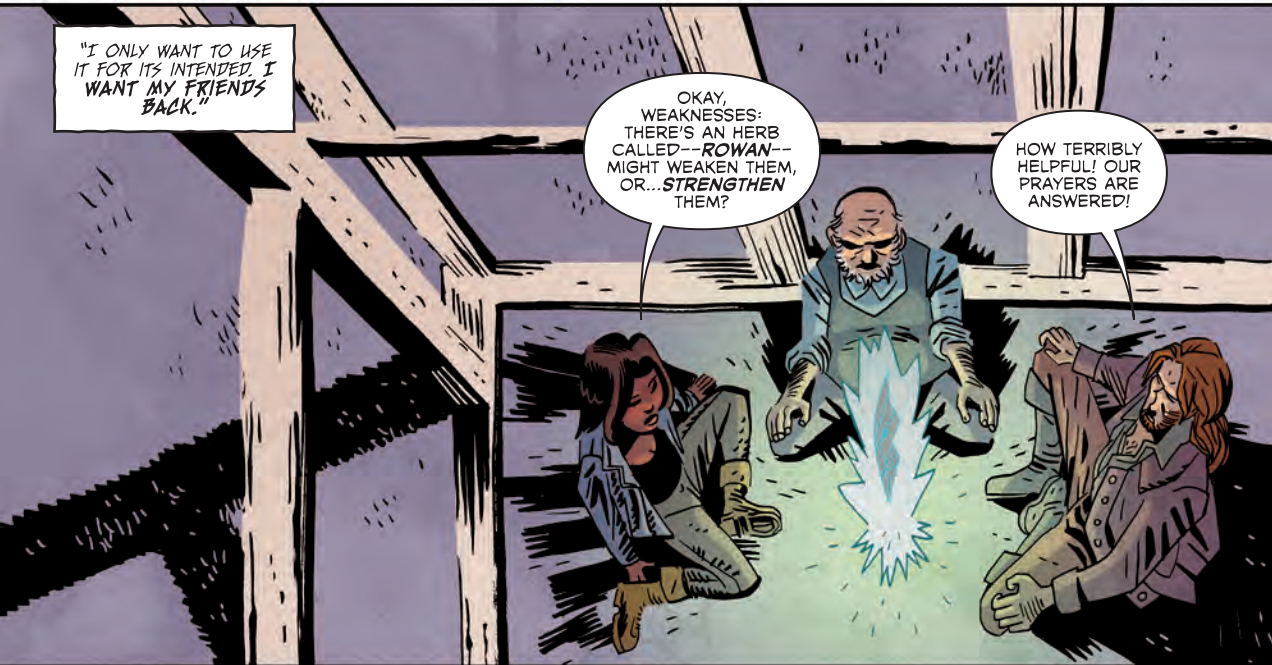
...DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT. THE SPIKE IS MINE BY RIGHT.



"I ONLY WANT TO USE IT FOR ITS INTENDED, I WANT MY FRIENDS BACK."

OKAY, WEAKNESSES: THERE'S AN HERB CALLED--ROWAN--MIGHT WEAKEN THEM, OR...STRENGTHEN THEM?

HOW TERRIBLY HELPFUL! OUR PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED!



"THAT'S OUR LOT: AN ETERNAL RIDE, AND A SPIKE TO SWELL OUR NUMBERS. WE END...THE RIDE GOES ON."

HELP! HELP! MISTER LAPP! MISTER LAPP! I NEED--

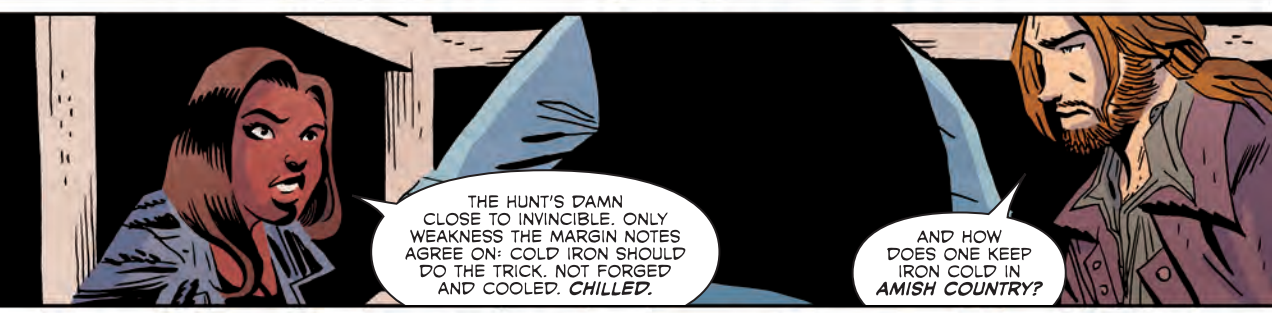


--UNNNH!



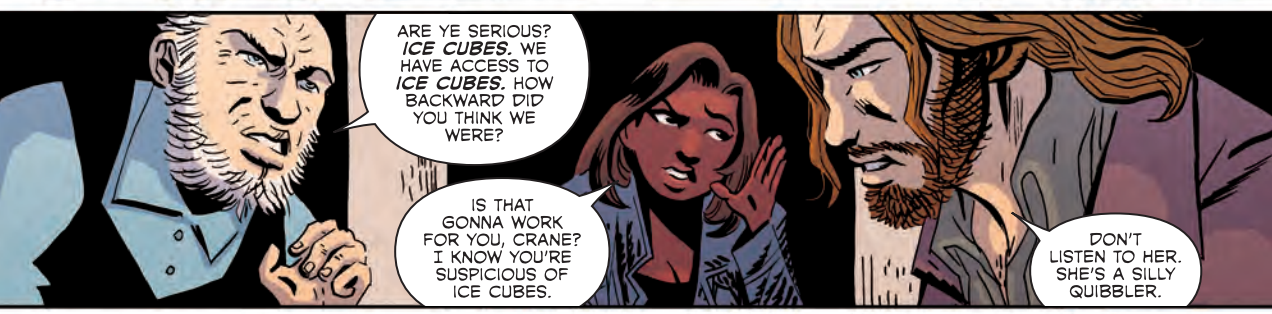


IF THEY'RE WORTHY, YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES...WE EVEN BRING OUR SLAIN ENEMIES BACK FROM THE DEAD...SEND 'EM TOPSIDE TO JOIN US IN THE WILD HUNT.



THE HUNT'S DAMN CLOSE TO INVINCIBLE. ONLY WEAKNESS THE MARGIN NOTES AGREE ON: COLD IRON SHOULD DO THE TRICK. NOT FORGED AND COOLED. CHILLED.

AND HOW DOES ONE KEEP IRON COLD IN AMISH COUNTRY?



ARE YE SERIOUS? ICE CUBES. WE HAVE ACCESS TO ICE CUBES. HOW BACKWARD DID YOU THINK WE WERE?

IS THAT GONNA WORK FOR YOU, CRANE? I KNOW YOU'RE SUSPICIOUS OF ICE CUBES.



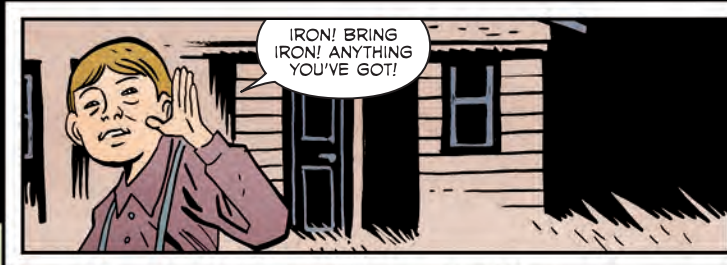
DON'T LISTEN TO HER. SHE'S A SILLY QUIBLER.



THAT WAS A SICK BURN. I THINK.

INDEED. WOULD YOU LIKE A POULTICE FOR THAT BURN?

IT IS POSSIBLE YOU SPEND TOO MUCH TIME TOGETHER.



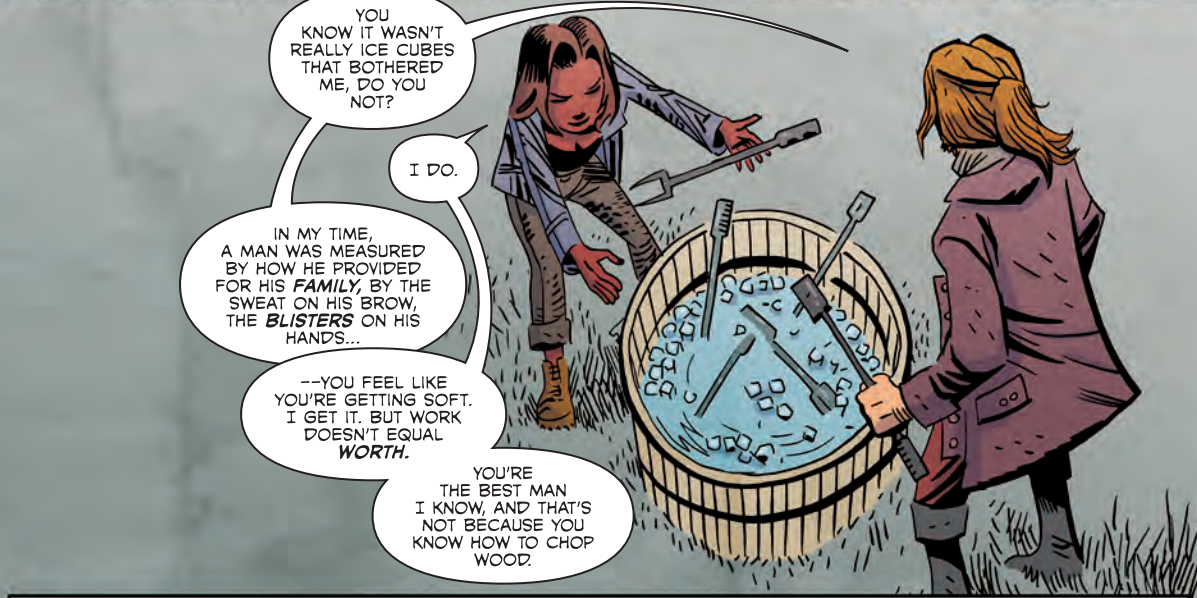
IRON! BRING IRON! ANYTHING YOU'VE GOT!



SO WE PLAY A SHELL GAME. BIKERS WON'T KNOW WHICH OF US HAS IT, WHERE IT IS...

AND ALL THE WHILE, IT SHALL BE--

--SAFE.



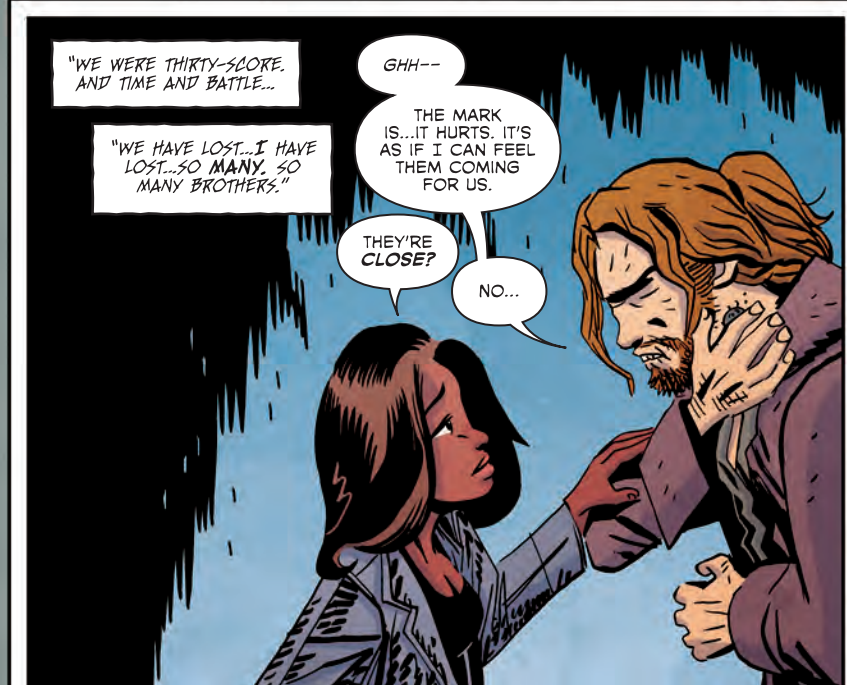
YOU KNOW IT WASN'T REALLY ICE CUBES THAT BOTHERED ME, DO YOU NOT?

I DO.

IN MY TIME, A MAN WAS MEASURED BY HOW HE PROVIDED FOR HIS FAMILY, BY THE SWEAT ON HIS BROW, THE BLISTERS ON HIS HANDS...

--YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE GETTING SOFT. I GET IT. BUT WORK DOESN'T EQUAL WORTH.

YOU'RE THE BEST MAN I KNOW, AND THAT'S NOT BECAUSE YOU KNOW HOW TO CHOP WOOD.



"WE WERE THIRTY-SIX. AND TIME AND BATTLE..."

"WE HAVE LOST...I HAVE LOST...SO MANY, SO MANY BROTHERS!"

GHH--

THE MARK IS...IT HURTS. IT'S AS IF I CAN FEEL THEM COMING FOR US.

THEY'RE CLOSE?

NO...



...THEY'RE HERE.



IT'S NOT LIKE I'M SELFISH. IT'S NOT REALLY ABOUT ME. WE'RE ACTUALLY ABOUT LIFE, LITTLE BIRD. BUT STILL...

...SOME DAYS IT SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE AROUND ME...



...JUST DIES.





LEFTENANT!

ALL THESE YEARS, MY EDLING THOUGHT I COULDN'T TRACK--COULDN'T HUNT--AND HERE I AM WITH HIS PRIZE IN MY HANDS.



EMILY.



KLONG



NO... GOD-- I...



THE IRON!

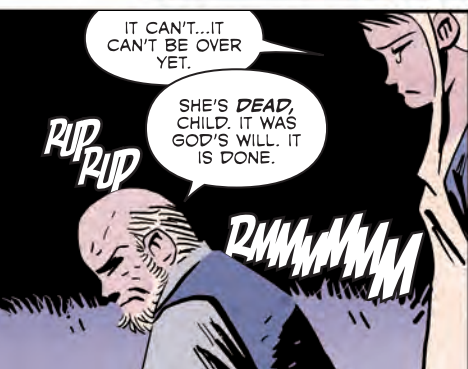
fww
shh



I DID THIS. KEPT TOO MUCH FROM HER. I SHOULD HAVE LET HER GO WHEN SHE WANTED--I SHOULD HAVE--



SHRUK





VRRRRRRM

IN HIS NAME, I MAKE MY ATTACK. HE ALONE BE AT MY BACK. ON HIM AND MY GUN I RELY...



...WITH HIS WILL I DO COMPLY!

KRAK

ARRRGH!

Foom

DEATH IS GOING TO LOOK GREAT ON YOU.

SHKRIING

YOU WANT THE SPIKE, NUDD...?

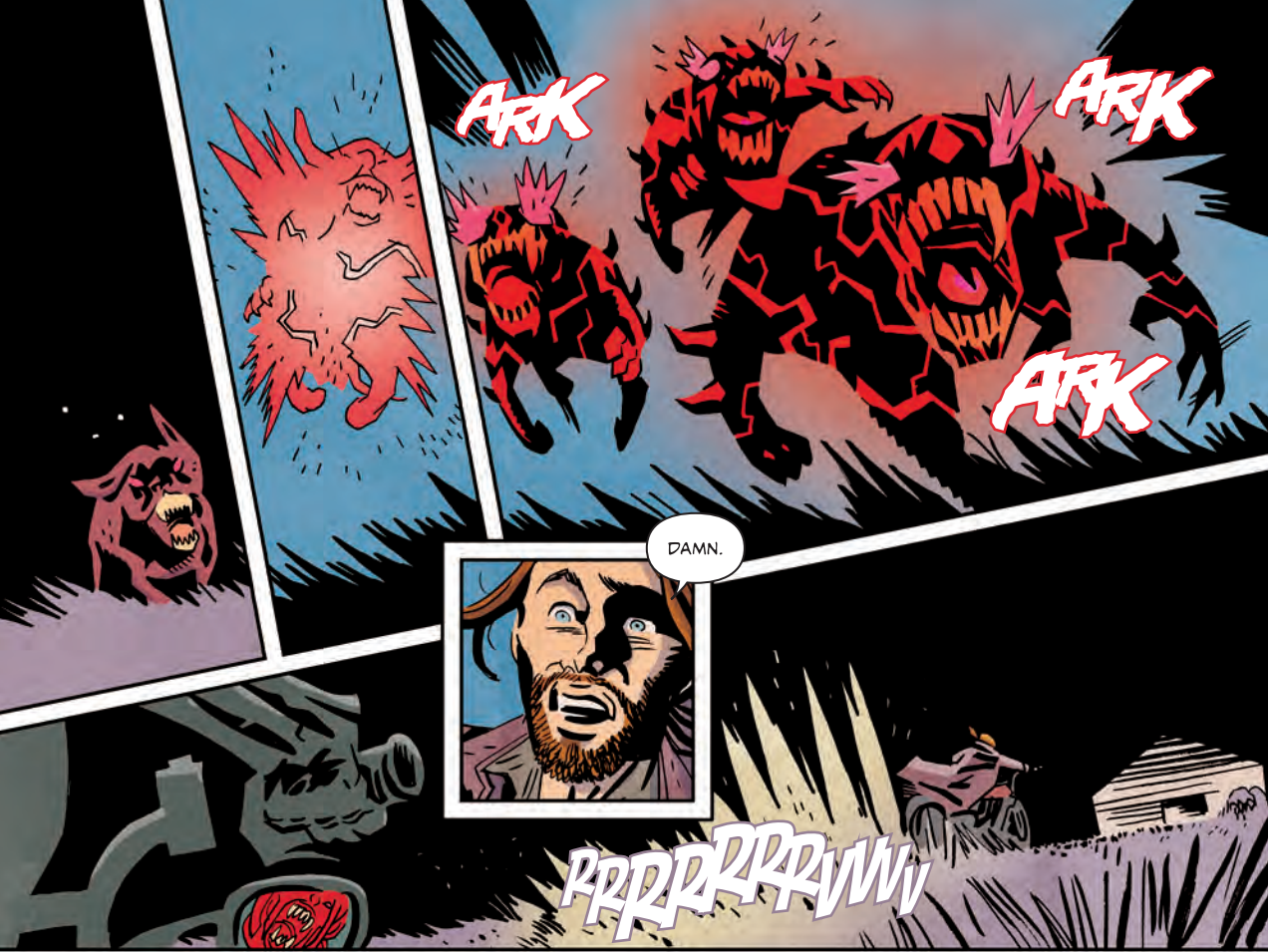
...COME AND TRY YOUR HAND.

YOU SURE ABOUT THIS?

NOT IN THE SLIGHTEST. I'M IMPROVING.

oi, dog.

sic.



DAMN.

RRRRRRRRVVVV



HEAD FOR THAT HOUSE!

THEY'RE NOT ALL HERE. WHERE'S THE WOMAN?



ARRGH!!



THAT LITTLE GIRL. MY GOD...THAT LITTLE GIRL.

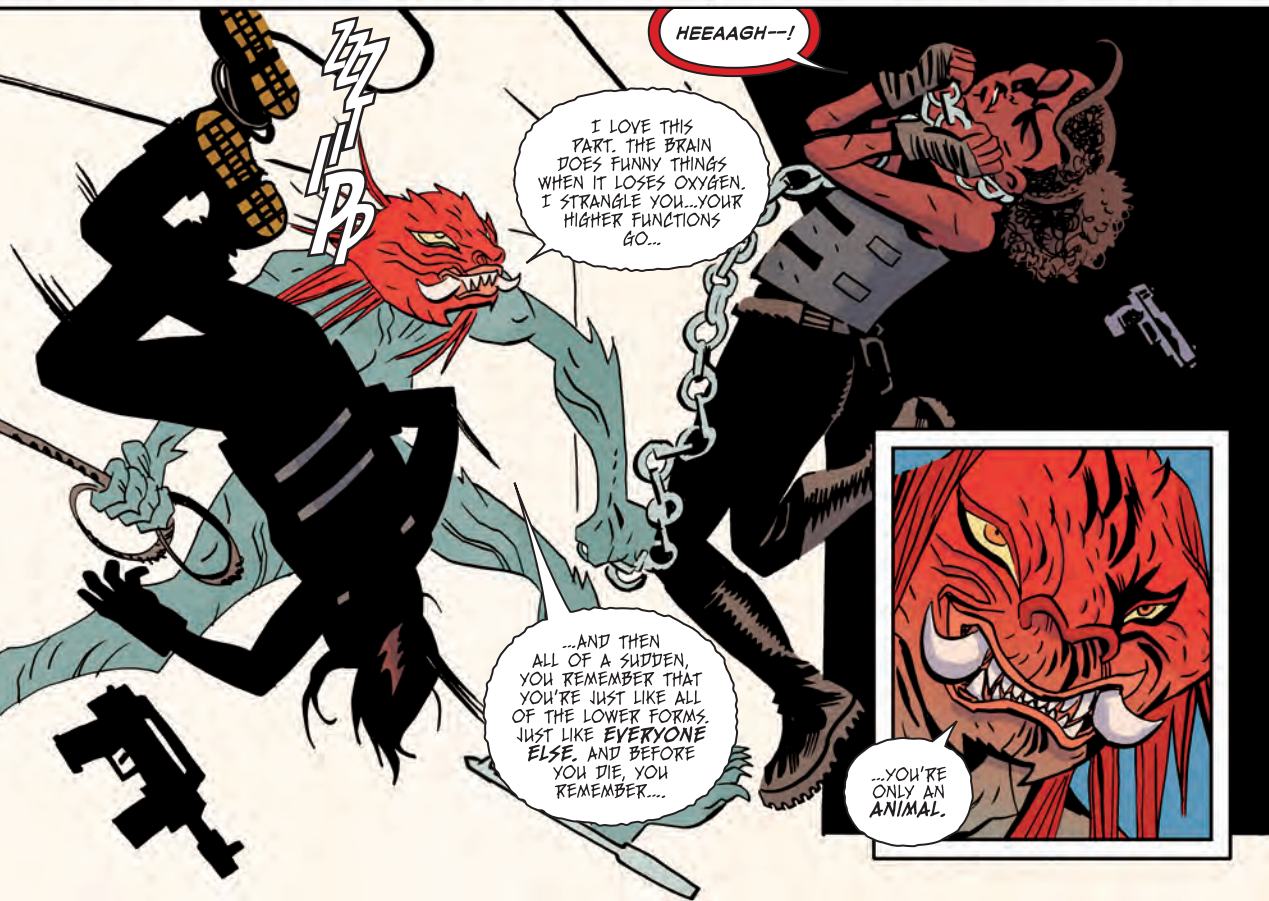
IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.

I KNOW. BUT THIS GUILTY FEELING IN MY GUT... IT DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT LOGIC.

BEFORE THIS DAY IS OUT, WE MAKE THIS RIGHT.



JENNY...I THINK WE JUST WALKED INTO A--



HEEAAGH--!

I LOVE THIS PART. THE BRAIN DOES FUNNY THINGS WHEN IT LOSES OXYGEN. I STRANGLE YOU...YOUR HIGHER FUNCTIONS GO...

...AND THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, YOU REMEMBER THAT YOU'RE JUST LIKE ALL OF THE LOWER FORMS. JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. AND BEFORE YOU DIE, YOU REMEMBER....



...YOU'RE ONLY AN ANIMAL.



GOTCHA.



I'VE GOT THE TRAIL, BOYS. WHY ALL THE FUSS?



BECAUSE I KNOW HOW TO LEAVE A FALSE TRAIL. AND YOUR DOGS HAVE GOOD NOSES.

HOW ARE THEIR EARS?!



PIED PIPER'S BONE STAFF. SONIC WEAPON.

SKREE

AAOO
YELP



EEEE



EEEEK-CRACK



YOUR SHADOWS LENGTHEN, YOUR WORLD HEADS FOR TWILIGHT, AND YOU FOOLS DON'T EVEN KNOW IT.

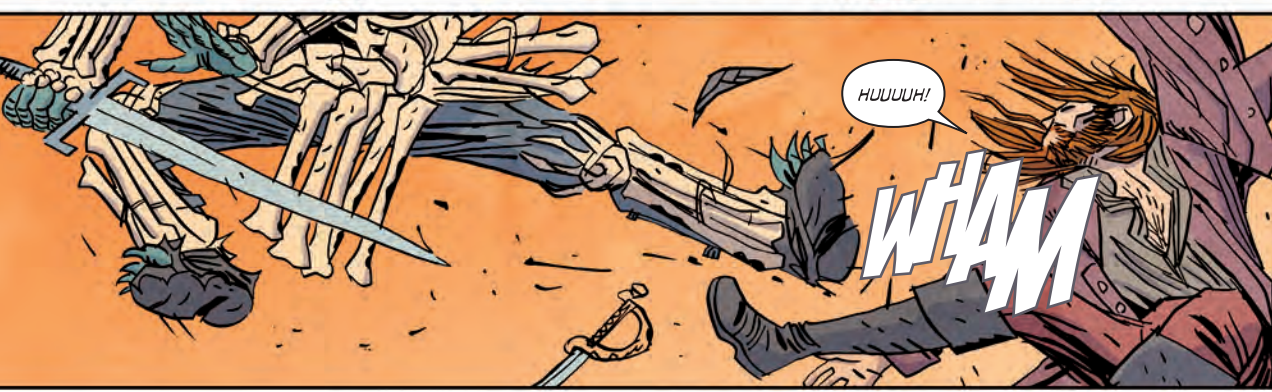
WE WERE YOUR BEACONS! TO LOVE AND FEAR.

CHING CHING



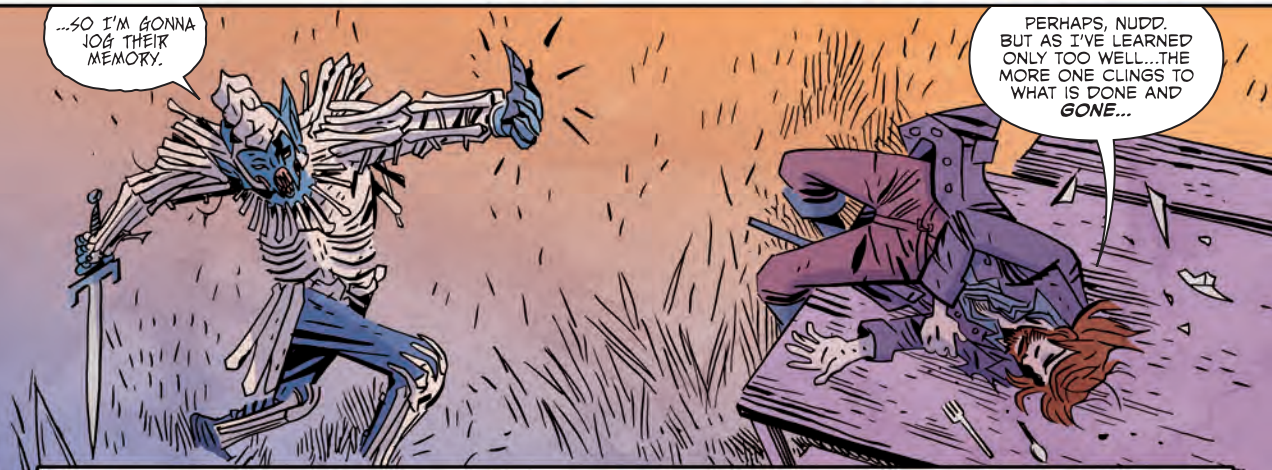
AND NOW WHAT? YOUR "ENLIGHTENMENT" BRINGS YOU DARKNESS.

A NATION OF ATHEISTS, EVEN YOUR ZEALOTS HAVE FORGOTTEN ALL THE GODS BUT THEIRS...



HUUUUH!

WHAM



...SO I'M GONNA JOG THEIR MEMORY.

PERHAPS, NUDD. BUT AS I'VE LEARNED ONLY TOO WELL...THE MORE ONE CLINGS TO WHAT IS DONE AND GONE...



...THE MORE IT SLIPS THROUGH ONE'S FINGERS.

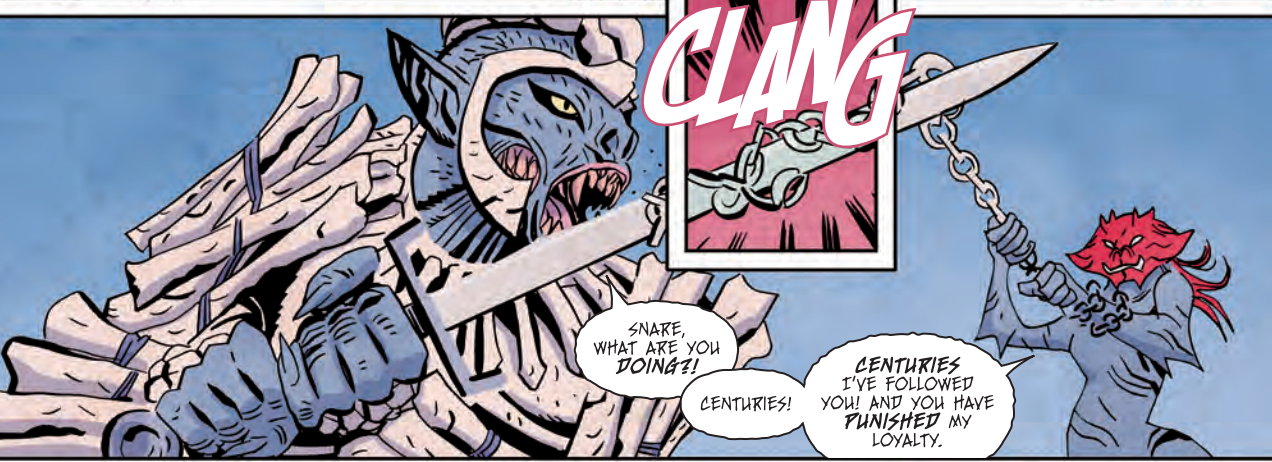
PIECE OF CHARCOAL I EXTRICATED FROM THE BURNING HOUSE.



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT.



RRRWAAAAAARRR



CLANG

SNAKE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

CENTURIES!

CENTURIES I'VE FOLLOWED YOU! AND YOU HAVE PUNISHED MY LOYALTY.



BRAKKA BRAKKA

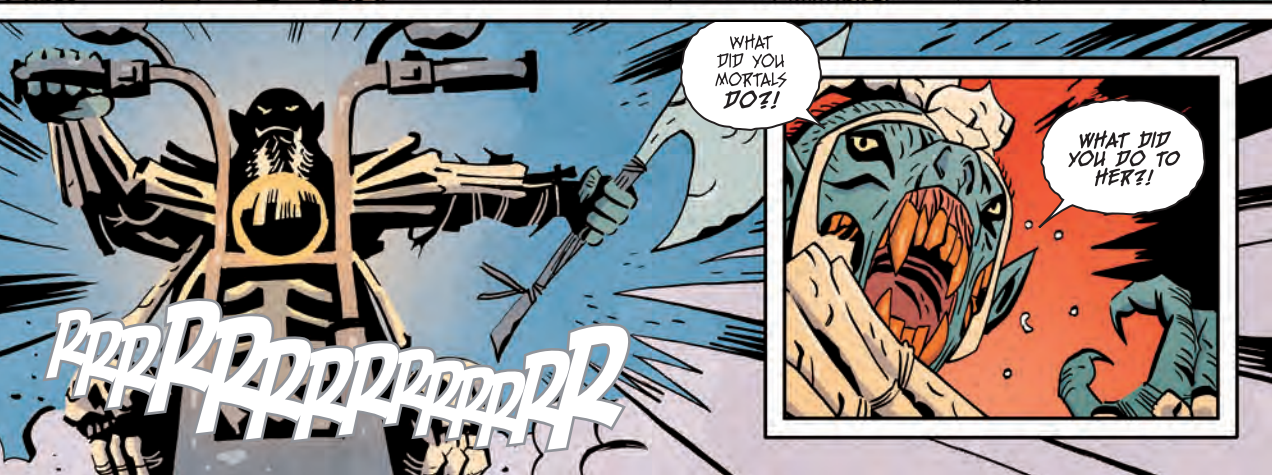
RISE... RISE...

...THEN IRON FLIES!



CRANE! YOU ALRIGHT?

NO, NOT REALLY. SEEMS THE PLAN WORKED, HOWEVER.



WHAT DID YOU MORTALS DO?!

WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER?!

RRRRRRRRRRRRRR

EARLIER.

HARD TO SEPARATE THESE WEAPONS FROM THEIR SORDID HISTORIES, LEFTENANT.

YOU PUT SOME HOLES IN THE WILD HUNT WITH 'EM, AND I'LL CALL IT A CLEAN SLATE.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, THOUGH. HARD TO EVEN LOOK AT THIS THING AFTER WHAT IT DID TO ME.

MY SON USED THE COIN TO TURN PEOPLE INTO TRAITORS. LET US USE IT FOR GOOD.

WE TEAR THEM APART, THEN WE CLEAN UP.

SUN TZU?

ABBIE MILLS.

LET HER GO!

LET ME THINK ON THAT.

NO.



THEN CATCH!



TYRIAN SHEKEL, AKA "JUDAS COIN." TRIGGERS BETRAYAL.



KILL HIM.

KILL YOUR EDLING.

ABUSER.

KILL HIM.

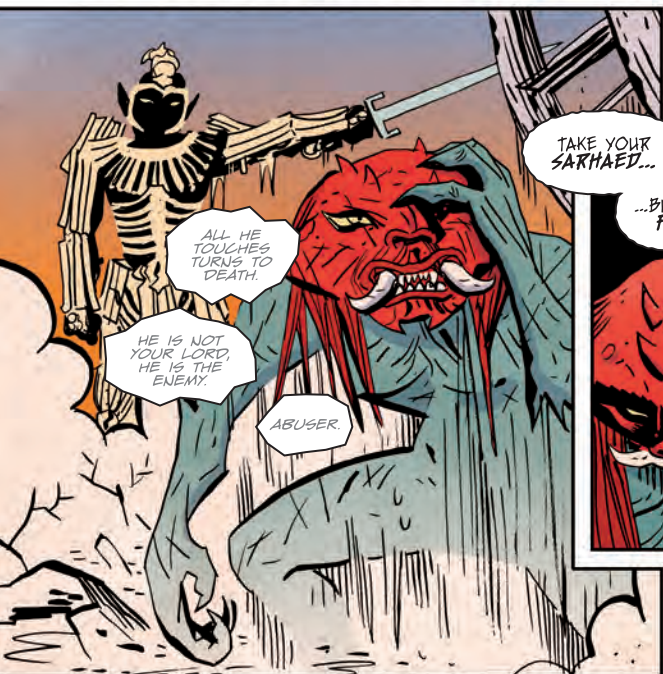
KILL HIM!

HE IS NOT YOUR LORD, HE IS THE ENEMY.

NOW.

GET OFF! GET OFF!





TAKE YOUR SARHAED...



...BUT I DIE FREE.





YOU JUST MADE ME KILL THE ONLY WOMAN I EVER LOVED. SO...YES, I WILL.



MAY THE HOLY TRUMPET BLOW EVERY BALL AND BULLET FROM US.

MAY THE HOLY TRUMPET BLOW EVERY BALL AND BULLET FROM US.

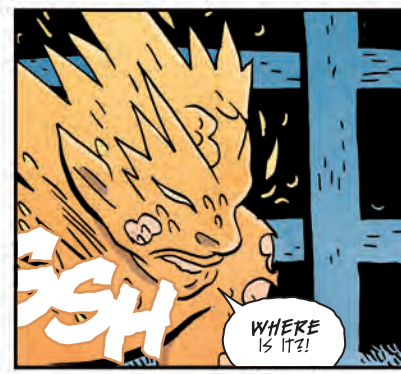
MAY THE HOLY TRUMPET BLOW EVERY BALL AND BULLET FROM US.



KSSSS



SSSS



SH

WHERE IS IT?!



YOU FOUGHT BRAVELY, BUT IT IS OVER. ALL OF MY PEOPLE WILL RISE.

YOU HAVE NOTHING. YOU'RE ALL OUT OF IRON.

YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?

WHAT'S THE SPIKE MADE OF AGAIN?!



ISAAC! NOW!





WHOOSHUK

WRRAAAAA!



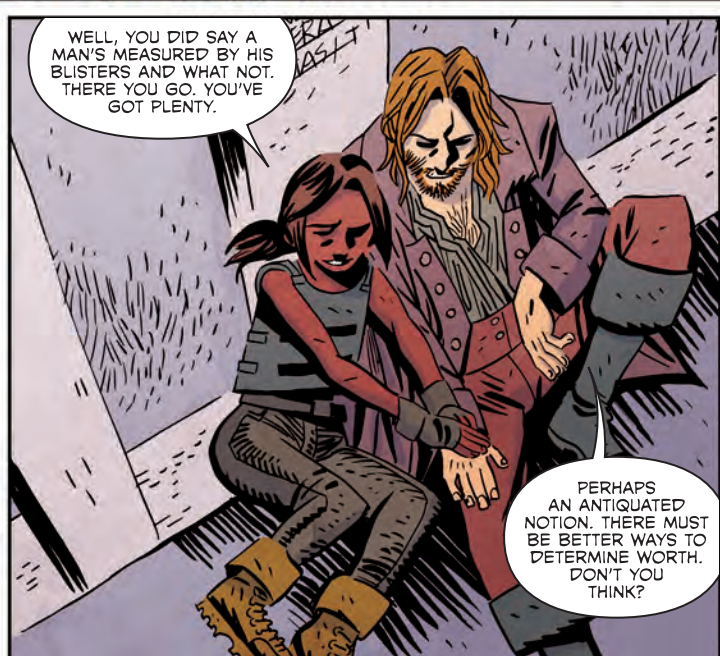
THUD

IS HE...?
YES.
CRANE. THE MARK ON YOUR NECK--IT'S GONE...
IT'S OVER.



KEEP THIS AWAY FROM THEIR BODIES FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. OTHERWISE IT'LL RESURRECT THEM.

SCWTH

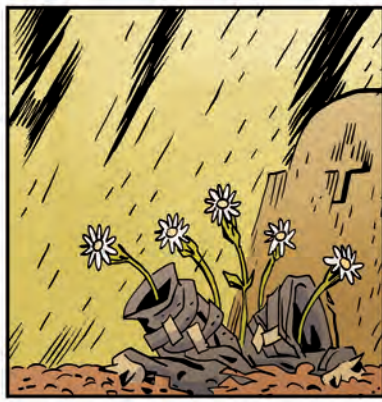


WELL, YOU DID SAY A MAN'S MEASURED BY HIS BLISTERS AND WHAT NOT. THERE YOU GO. YOU'VE GOT PLENTY.

PERHAPS AN ANTIQUATED NOTION. THERE MUST BE BETTER WAYS TO DETERMINE WORTH. DON'T YOU THINK?



Wite
Wite for
Wite



≡GASP≡
GO SLOW,
GO SLOW...



'LIJAH BENNETT? STAND BACK, PLEASE.

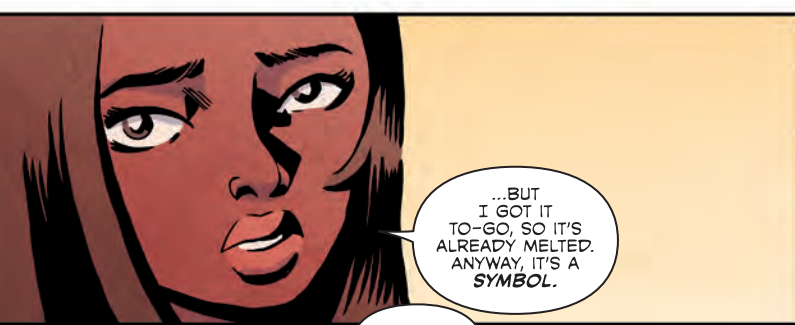
YOUR LUCKY DAY. YOU MADE BAIL.

WHAT? WHO PAID IT?



HEY, 'LIJAH. BROUGHT YOU SOME EATS. APPLE PIE A LA MODE.

THERE'S A WHOLE SPEECH THAT'S SUPPOSED TO GO ALONG WITH IT, 'BOUT HOW YOU'VE GOT AS LONG AS IT TAKES THE ICE CREAM TO MELT TO CHANGE YOUR LIFE...



...BUT I GOT IT TO-GO, SO IT'S ALREADY MELTED. ANYWAY, IT'S A SYMBOL.

GUESS I GOT TO YOU.

YOU DID. IN A GOOD WAY.



YOU--DIDN'T HAVE TO. YOU DON'T OWE ME ANYTHING.

I LIKE PIE.

SURE I DO. EVERYBODY OWES EVERYBODY. WE'RE EITHER IN THIS TOGETHER OR WE'RE NOT. THAT'S AMERICA, RIGHT? SO...?

DAMN RIGHT.

FINISH YOUR ERRAND? I HEAR IT'S DANGEROUS TO GO OFF ON SIDE-MISSIONS BY YOUR LONESOME.

DONE FOR NOW. BUT THERE'S PLENTY MORE WORK TO DO RIGHT HERE AT HOME.

I WAS THINKING JUST THE OPPOSITE FOR MYSELF. I'VE...FALLEN INTO A *ROUTINE* HERE. NOT A GROOVE, BUT A *RUT*.

IT'S THE EIDETIC MEMORY, YOU SEE. I REMEMBER...*EVERYTHING*. SOMETIMES, THAT MAKES IT DIFFICULT FOR ME TO MOVE ON.

BUT THERE IS A LOT OF *WORLD* OUT THERE, AND...

...I SLEPT THROUGH MOST OF MY FIRST ROAD TRIP.

YOU'LL BE BACK.

BUT OF COURSE.

The End

COVER GALLERY





ISSUE ONE COVER **JOE QUINONES**
WITH INKS AND COLORS BY **EMMY CICIERGA**



ISSUE ONE VARIANT COVER FAITH ERIN HICKS



ISSUE ONE BOOM! TEN YEARS VARIANT COVER **ROB GUILLORY**



10

ISSUE TWO COVER **JOE QUINONES**
WITH INKS AND COLORS BY **EMMY CICIREGA**



ISSUE TWO VARIANT COVER **VICTOR SANTOS**





ISSUE THREE COVER VICTOR SANTOS





ISSUE FOUR COVER **VICTOR SANTOS**

ISSUE FOUR VARIANT COVER **ROBERT SAMMELIN**





BOOM!
STUDIOS

20th
CENTURY
FOX

Ichabod Crane is finally getting used to life in modern-day Sleepy Hollow, and with the tragic loss of his wife and son, he now has no ties to his past. But when Jenny, a treasure hunter, uncovers a legendary artifact tied to a mysterious Amish girl and a band of vicious demon bikers, Ichabod, Jenny, and Abbie Mills will need all the power the old ways can provide... because it's time for a road trip to Amish country.

Written by **Eric Carrasco** and illustrated by **Victor Santos** (*Big Trouble in Little China*), this self-contained graphic novel bridges seasons 2 and 3 of the hit 20th Century Fox television series.

"Carrasco composes this universe with such familiarity that one might think he'd had a hand in creating it... There is a raw magnetism to Santos's art that has one foot in the real world and the other in the dark magic that has become a staple of the *Sleepy Hollow* brand."

—*Infinite Comix*

