

Previously, in *Sleepy Hollow*...

After a timely magical intervention from Emily (she's a Braucher, an Amish folk magician—who knew?), our heroes escaped the demonic gang pursuing them...only to realize the bikers aren't demons at all. They are ancient Welsh faeries on an endless "Wild Hunt," and they want The Spike because once upon a time, it belonged to them. According to a Black Book of Welsh myth, it's a shard of the Pair Dadeni, a cauldron with the power to resurrect the dead. Spooky.

Led by the bloodthirsty Gwyn Ap Nudd, the Wild Hunt discovered Crane and Abbie's identities and attacked them on the outskirts of Sleepy Hollow. The good guys escaped with The Spike again, but not unscathed. Before they could get away, Nudd splattered Crane with a scalding black substance.

Now, burned and delirious, Crane is fighting for his life.



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FROM THE FOX SERIES
SLEEPY HOLLOW
P R O V I D E N C E

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20th
CENTURY
FOX



"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.



JUST THINK OF THIS AS A ROAD TRIP.

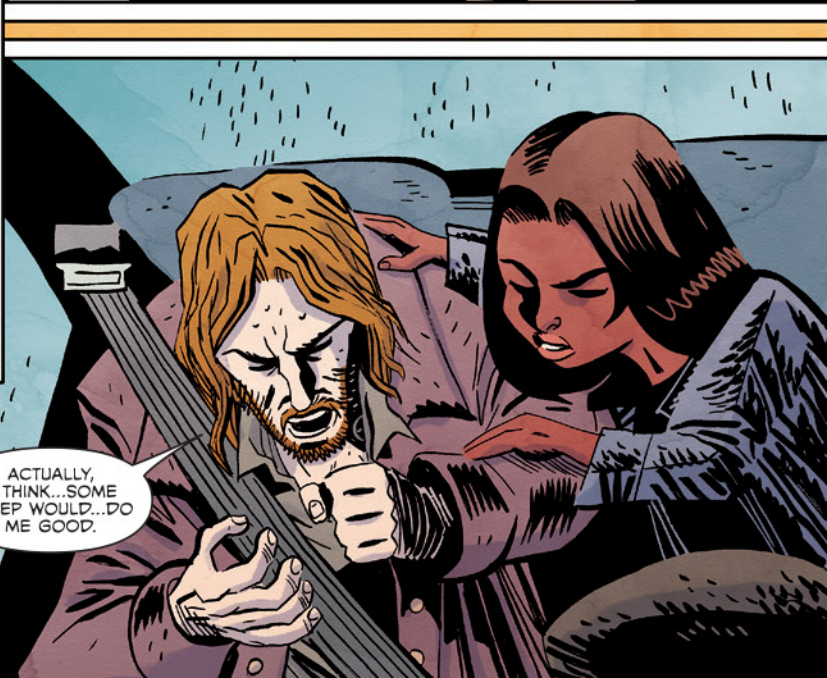
WE'RE TAKING YOU TO PEOPLE WHO CAN FIX YOU RIGHT UP.



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



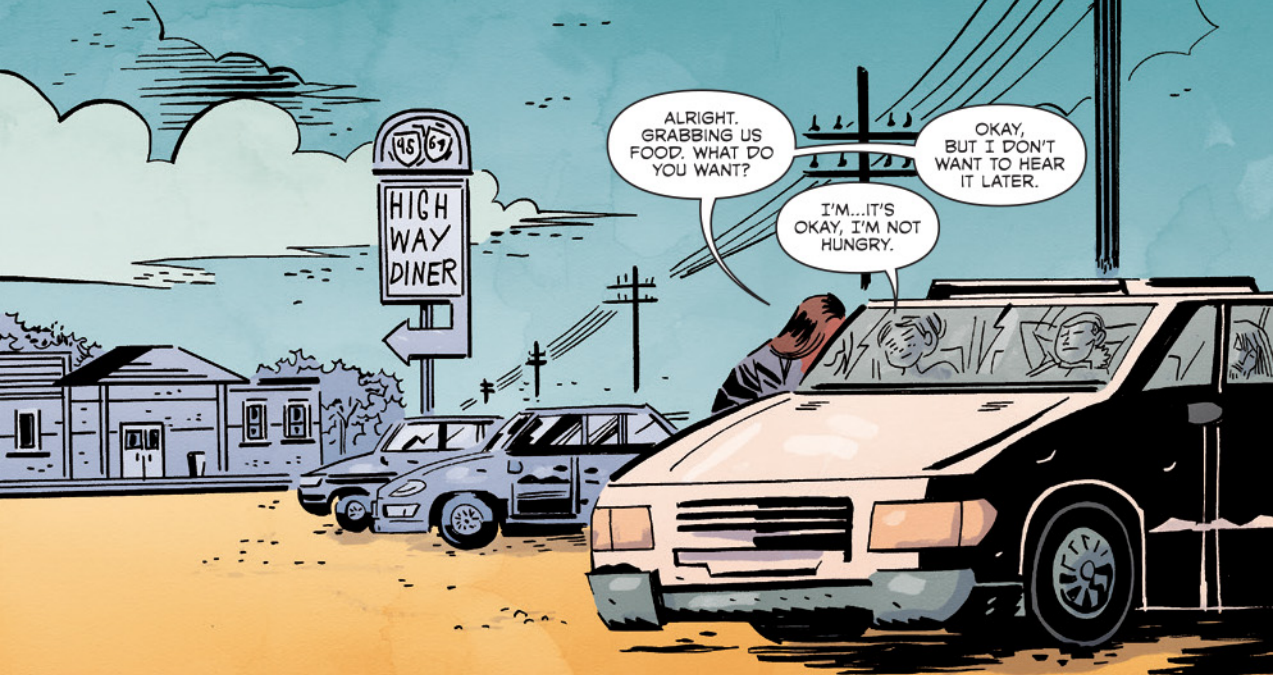
...ARE WE THERE YET?



KOFF

KOFF

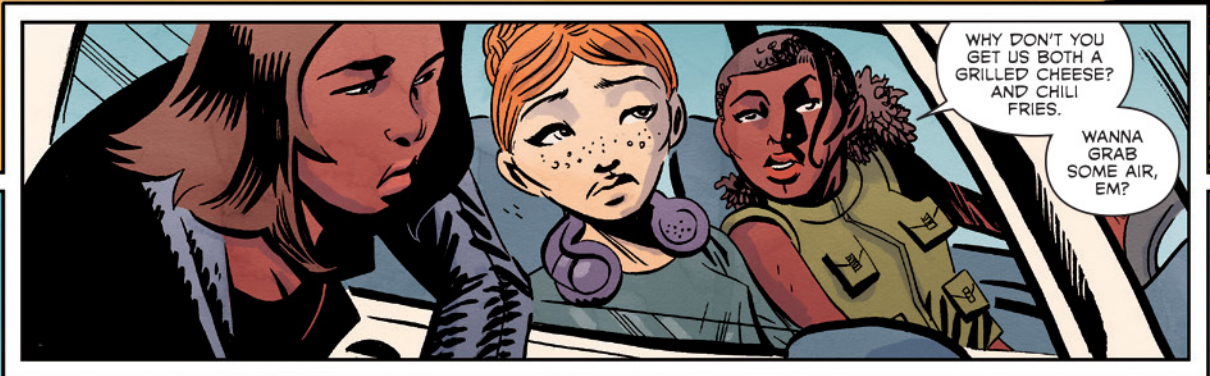
ACTUALLY,
I THINK...SOME
SLEEP WOULD...DO
ME GOOD.



ALRIGHT. GRABBING US FOOD. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

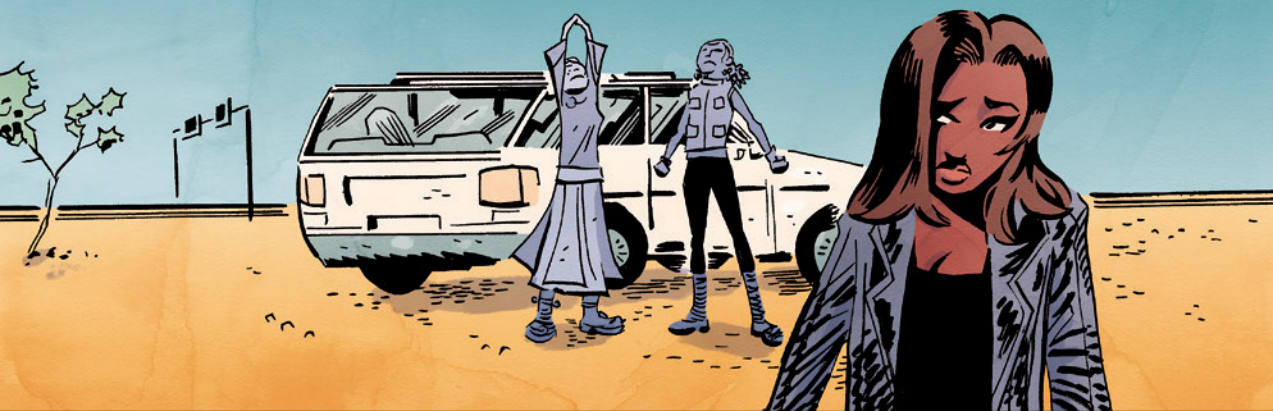
OKAY, BUT I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT LATER.

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...?