

Previously, in *Sleepy Hollow*...

In Philadelphia, Jenny Mills uncovered a legendary artifact called The Spike, and with it: Emily, a mysterious young Amish girl charged with its protection. They returned to Sleepy Hollow to keep it safe. In their wake came a fearsome biker gang, cutting a violent swath through town to get their hands on The Spike.

Standing in the way: Ichabod Crane and Abbie Mills, fresh from defeating the demon Moloch, Crane's corrupted son, and in tragedy, his wife, Katrina. That's their duty as Biblical-ly-prophesied "Witnesses" destined for years of tribulations.

And hey, the bikers have cornered our heroes, knocked Abbie senseless, and revealed themselves as big, scary monsters. So. Sometimes tribulations are straightforward like that.



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SLEEPY HOLLOW

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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 REND 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!

ANNH!

KRAK!

GRUNCH





COME ON, ADAMS!

YOU REALIZE YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO EXPLAIN WHATEVER IT IS YOU JUST DID.

YOU GOT ME.

I'M PART OF A TEENAGE PARAMILITARY MUTANT STRIKE-TEAM.



RRRRRR...

WAKE UP!

WAKE UP!



THEY WANT TO MAKE THIS A FUNERAL, GIVE 'EM A THREE-VOLLEY SALUTE!



KRAK
KRAK
KRAK



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.

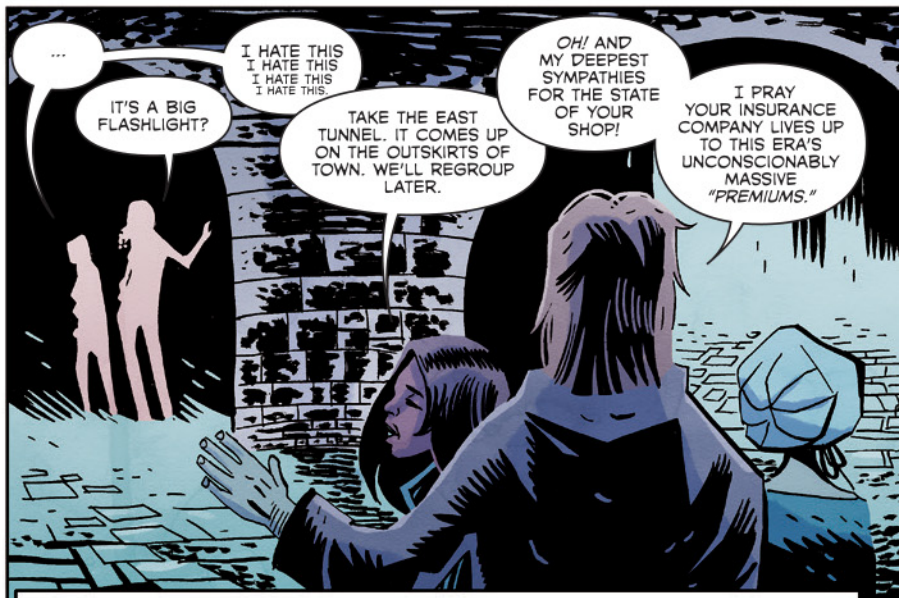
WHY DID I EVEN ASK?

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.

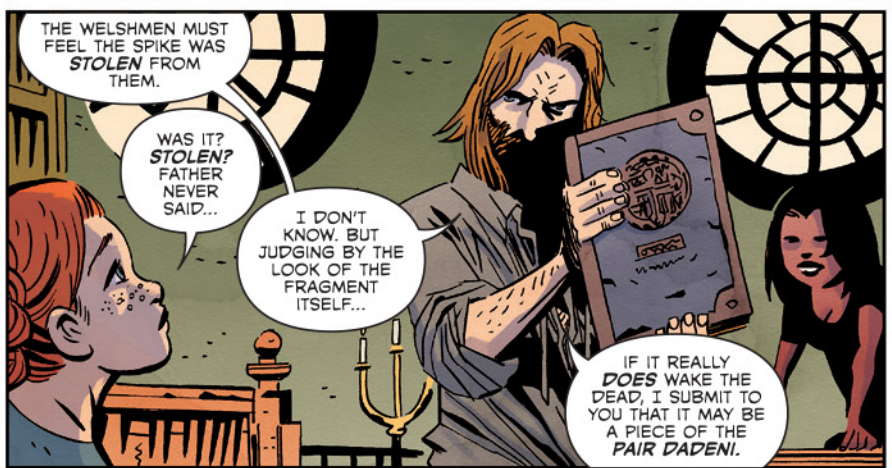
GESUNDHEIT.

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**.