

ONE DAY, AT
A REMOTE
SECTION OF
THE FARM...

LIFE
ON THE RUN
SUCKS.



AT TIMES
LIKE THIS I ALMOST
WISH SNOW'S AXE TO
THE BACK OF MY HEAD
DID KILL ME.

I
COULD
USE THE
REST.



GOLDILOCKS and the Three (or More) Bears

In which we take a look at the penultimate adventures
(and misadventures) of one of our more delightful villains.

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A DAY OR
THREE
LATER...

ABOUT...
DAMNED...
TIME.

NEVER...
AGAIN.

I NEED
TO MOVE
SOON.

CAN'T LET MYSELF
BE FOUND STILL *SLEEPING*
HERE WHEN MORNING
COMES.

FABLETOWN
HAS A BUNCH OF
TREATIES WITH THE
CLOUD KINGDOMS
NOW, AND *ONE* OF
THEM MIGHT INCLUDE
CAPTURING AND
EXTRADITING
WANTED POLITICAL
CRIMINALS.

OPPRESSIVE
REGIMES *NEVER*
LET BYGONES BE
BYGONES.

THEY
CAN'T.

ONE HINT THAT
THEIR WILL TO RULE, DESTROY
AND CRUSH ALL OPPOSITION HAS
RELAXED, EVEN A *BIT*, AND THE ENTIRE
ROTTEN HOUSE OF CARDS CAN
COME *CRASHING* DOWN.



MUCH BETTER.

A WHOLE NEW WORLD AWAITS BELOW.



NO, I'VE NO IDEA WHICH ONE. ONE BIT OF CLOUD LOOKS PRETTY MUCH LIKE ANOTHER.

I COULDN'T OBTAIN A MAP SHOWING WHICH THIN BITS IN THE CLOUDSCAPE LEAD TO WHICH WORLDS.



THAT'S OKAY. WON'T BE THE *FIRST* TIME I'VE GAMBLER MY LIFE ON A SINGLE ROLL OF THE DICE.

BUT WHATEVER WORLD THIS TURNS OUT TO BE, I CAN PROSPER HERE.



WITH THE COLLAPSE OF THE EMPIRE, EVERY ABANDONED WORLD, EVERY SHAKY LOCAL ADMINISTRATION, IS RIPE FOR TAKEOVER.

I'VE BROUGHT THE BOOKS. I KNOW THE DOCTRINE. I HAVE THE WILL.



VIVA LA REVOLUTION, BABY.