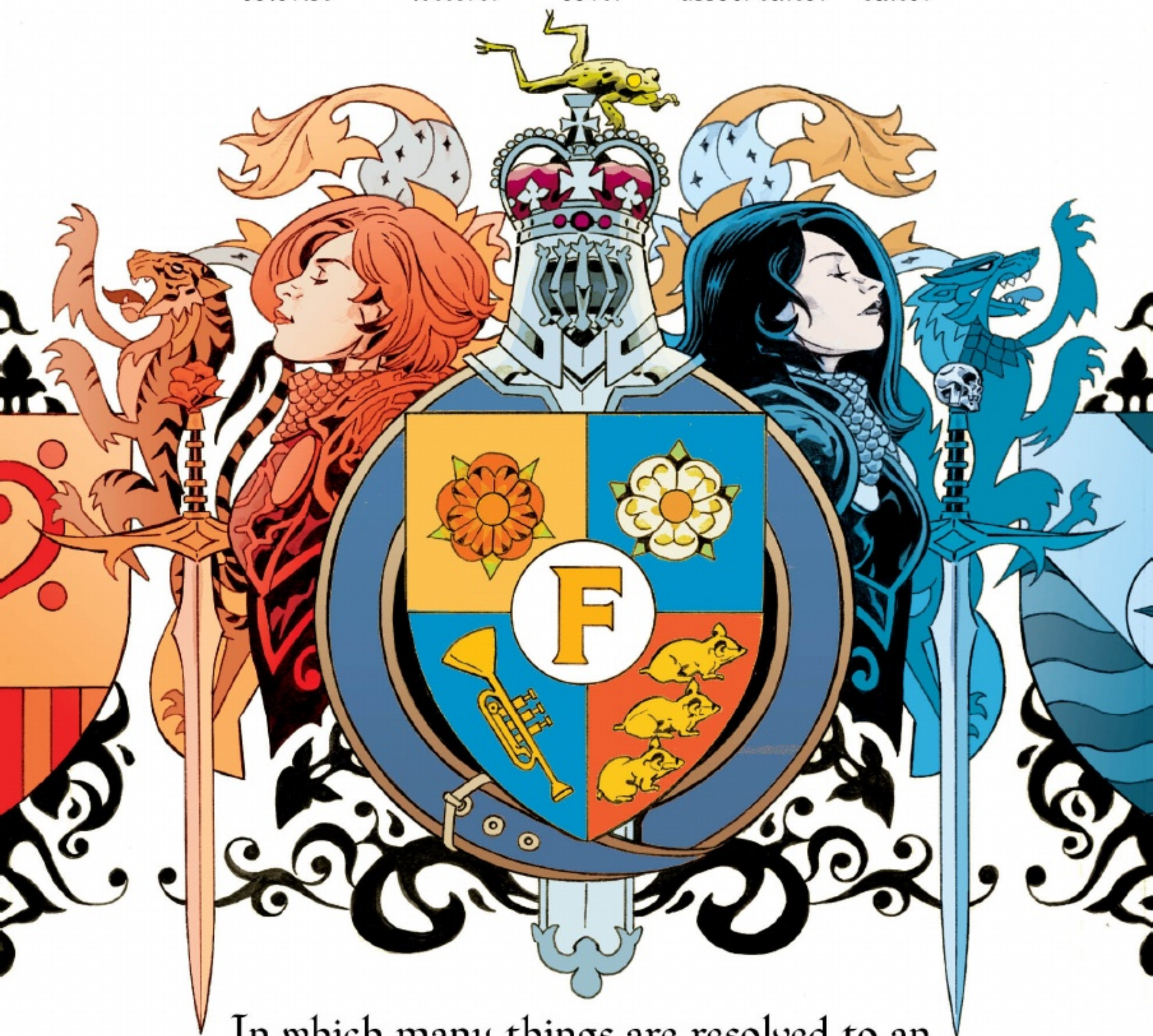


Presenting the final issue of **FABLES** as told by

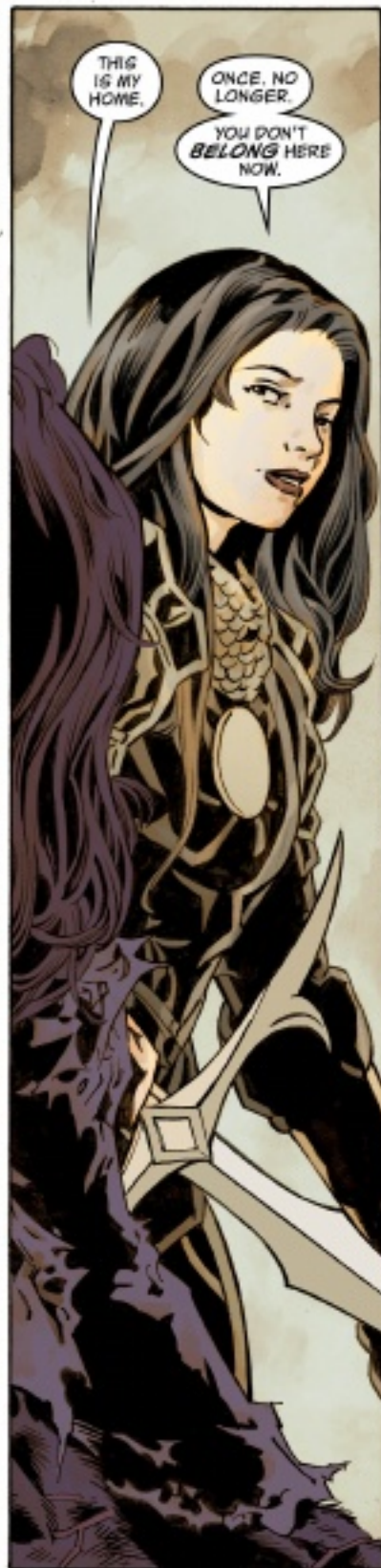
<b>Bill Willingham</b>	<b>Mark Buckingham</b>	<b>Steve Leialoha</b>	<b>Andrew Pepoy</b>	<b>Dan Green</b>	<b>Jose Marzan Jr.</b>
writer/creator	penciller/inker	inker	inker	inker	inker

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colorist	letterer	cover	assoc. editor	editor



In which many things are resolved to an extent that the gentlewomen and gentlemen who've been privileged to bring you these tales in years past, and who proudly present this one today, can take the opportunity to wish you a fond, if somewhat troubling,

# FAREWELL



THIS IS MY HOME.

ONCE, NO LONGER. YOU DON'T BELONG HERE NOW.



NOT SO, DEAR, FOR I'M THE LORD OF WOLVES AND GOD OF MONSTERS.

"I KILL WHERE I PLEASE.



"MY MANNERS ARE TEARING OFF HEADS.



WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

MOMMY, HE'S QUOTING LINES FROM A POEM.

BY TOM HUGHES, I THINK.

NO, WAIT. IT'S TED HUGHES.



THAT DOESN'T MATTER NOW, HONEY.

BUT MAYBE IT DOES. IF HE CAN QUOTE THINGS, MAYBE HE'S NOT ENTIRELY...*WOLF*... FERAL.



SOME PART OF DADDY IS STILL... I MEAN...HE DIDN'T KNOW POEMS BEFORE HE WAS A MAN, DID HE?



BETTER NOT COUNT ON THAT, BOY.



I'M MONSTROUS, THROUGH AND THROUGH. THE DEADLIEST THING THAT EVER WAS.



MAYBE NOT.

MAYBE NOT ANYMORE.

## Chapter Six: HOPELESS

*Rose Red had been away for days, finally learning the true history of herself and Snow White.*

WHY'S IT TAKING SO LONG TO GET HOME?

UHM... WELL... WE'RE **NOT** GOING HOME.

AT LEAST NOT DIRECTLY.

*Now, on the Big Bad Day, she was on her way home, to force a final confrontation with her sister, my mother.*

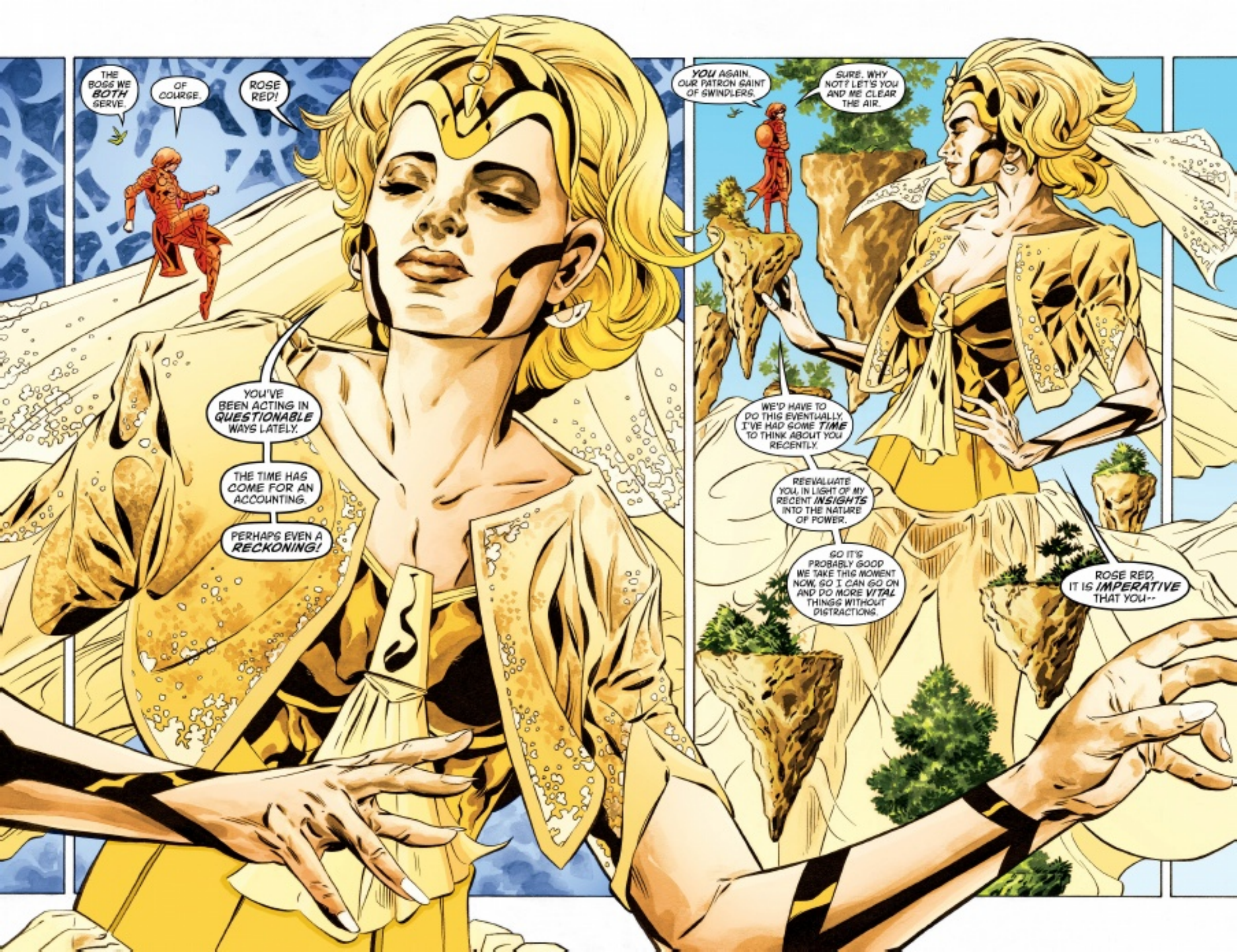
I'VE BEEN ASKED TO ARRANGE A SLIGHT **DETOUR** FIRST.

ASKED BY WHO?

OR IS IT **WHOM?** I COULD NEVER PIN THAT ONE DOWN.

WHO ELSE?

OH.



THE BOSS WE BOTH SERVE.

OF COURSE.

ROSE RED!

YOU'VE BEEN ACTING IN QUESTIONABLE WAYS LATELY.

THE TIME HAS COME FOR AN ACCOUNTING.

PERHAPS EVEN A RECKONING!

YOU AGAIN, OUR PATRON SAINT OF SWINDLERS.

SURE. WHY NOT? LET'S YOU AND ME CLEAR THE AIR.

WE'D HAVE TO DO THIS EVENTUALLY. I'VE HAD SOME TIME TO THINK ABOUT YOU RECENTLY.

REEVALUATE YOU, IN LIGHT OF MY RECENT INSIGHTS INTO THE NATURE OF POWER.

SO IT'S PROBABLY GOOD WE TAKE THIS MOMENT NOW, SO I CAN GO ON AND DO MORE VITAL THINGS WITHOUT DISTRACTIONS.

ROSE RED, IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT YOU--

## Chapter Two: A WOLF AMONG US

*At about the same time, my mother had returned home in fear for her cubs, myself being among them.*



*The first thing she found was that someone had huffed and puffed and blown the house down.*



*Okay, not the house. Wolf Manor was big. But an entire wall had been blown in.*



*No child should grow up afraid of his own dad. For the most part that was true of my siblings and me.*

