

SPARROWHAWK™

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SO I'M
A FAIRY
NOW?

Some. A bit.
Not all. The more
glamour you have,
the more fairy you
become. It's like
growing up. Quite
gradual.

There's no
exact moment
when you're
no longer a
child.



ISN'T
THERE?



WHAT'S DONE IS DONE, I SUPPOSE. I JUST HAVE TO REMEMBER: I'M ONE STEP CLOSER TO HOME.



MY APOLOGIES, ELIZABETH, BUT THESE WEEDS ARE DRAGGING ME DOWN.

IF I GET HOME--

--NO. WHEN I GET BACK HOME, I'LL WEAR MY CRAPE AGAIN.



OH, IF ONLY MY STEPMOTHER COULD SEE THIS INDECENCY, THIS WASTE....



WOULD SHE BE ENRAGED WITH ME OR SATISFIED AT BEING RIGHT? SHE ALWAYS SAID I'D COME TO A BAD END.



WHAT'S NEXT, THEN?

For starters, do keep your little stick knife. But take up the Unseelie's blade.



IT'S
QUITE HEAVY.
I'VE PLAYED AT
FENCING WITH THE
GARDENER'S SON,
BUT THIS SEEMS
ALTOGETHER
DIFFERENT.

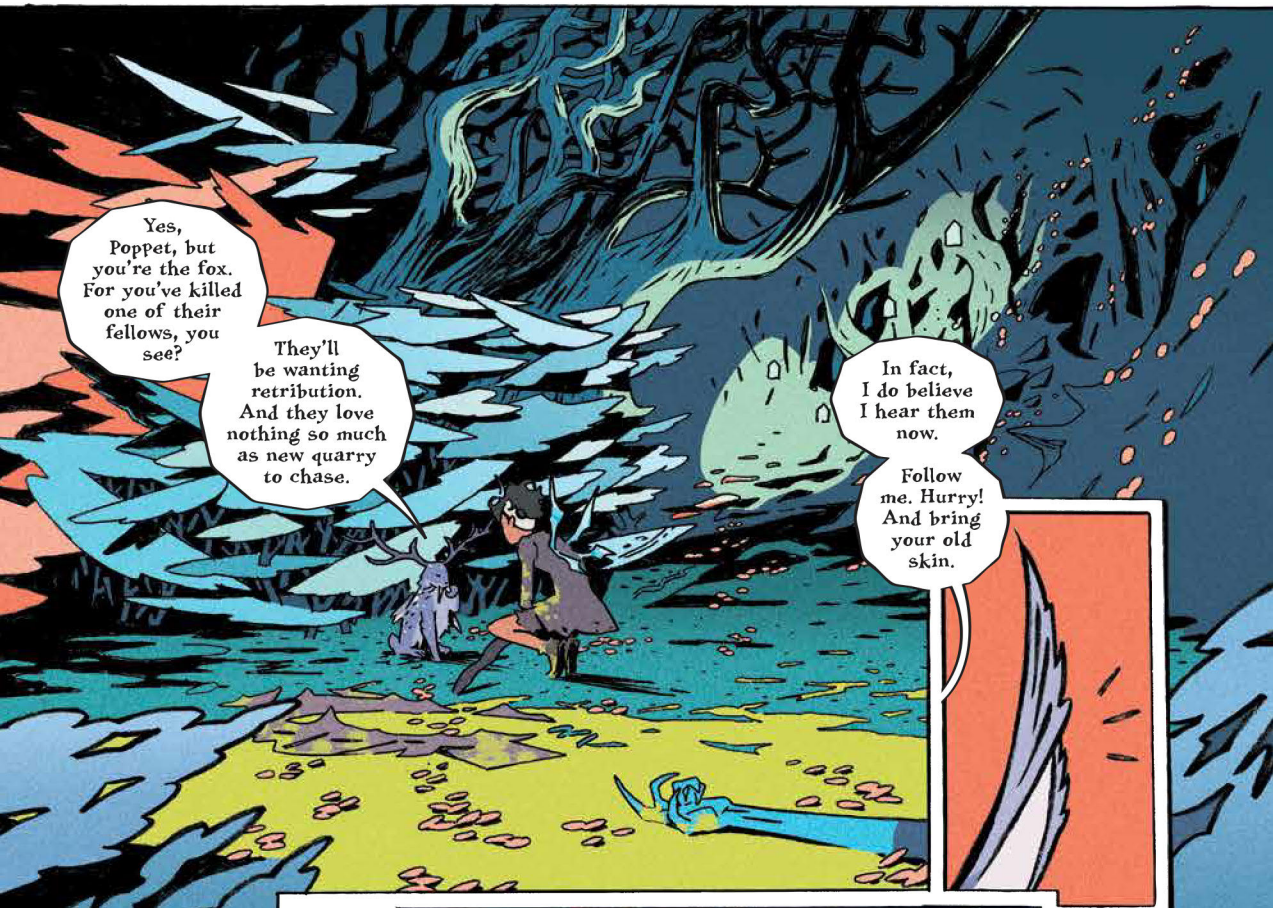


Of course
it's heavy. It's
for killing
things.

And you're
going to want
it once the rest
of the Wild
Hunt shows
up.



THE WILD
HUNT? IS THAT
LIKE A FOX
HUNT?

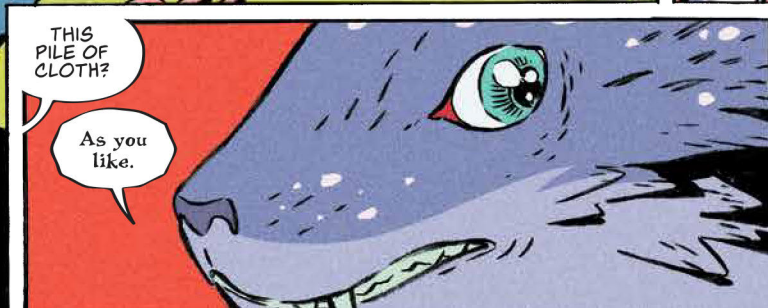


Yes,
Poppet, but
you're the fox.
For you've killed
one of their
fellows, you
see?

They'll
be wanting
retribution.
And they love
nothing so much
as new quarry
to chase.

In fact,
I do believe
I hear them
now.

Follow
me. Hurry!
And bring your
old
skin.



THIS
PILE OF
CLOTH?

As you
like.

