

THE NAME'S
CINDER

CINDERFELLA.



SIR CINDER FELLA
IF WE WANNA BE
TECHNICAL ABOUT IT.



WHO'S MY
BIG BOY?

WHO'S MY
BUBBY?

BUT I'M NO KNIGHT.
NOT REALLY.



ME? I'M A
SELLSWORD.

OUT IN THE BOONIES
THEY CALL ME

SIR KILLS-A-LOT





I SLEW THE BEAST OF KALONA. I SHOULD RETIRE RICH AND IDLE.

BUT THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT ASKED ME TO GUARD THE RATLINGS AND WELL, I'VE GOT A SOFT SPOT. WHAT CAN I SAY.



NO TROUBLE SO FAR.

BUT...

IF YOU KEEP MAKING FUN OF ME I WON'T SHARE IT.

GOOD.

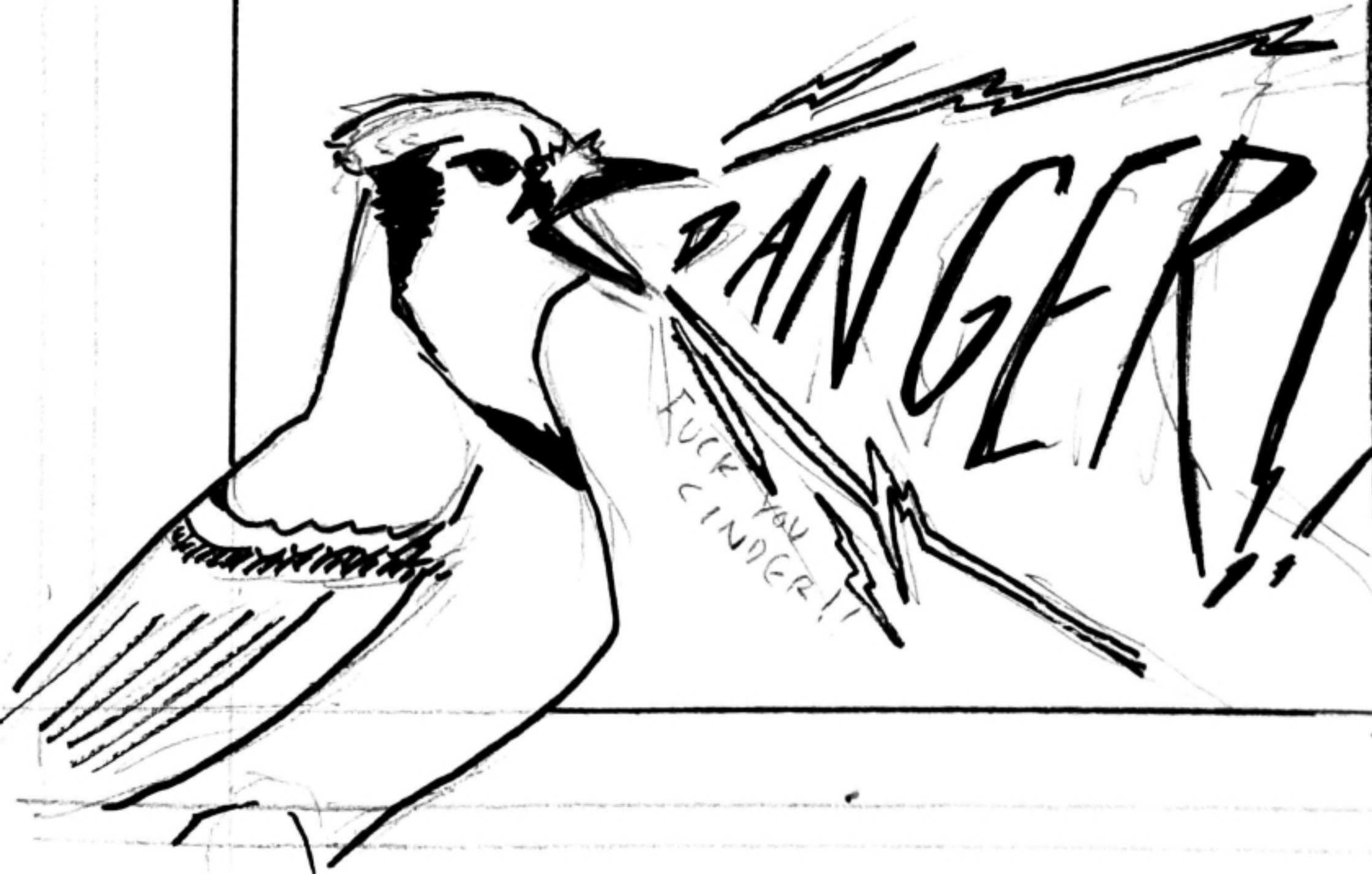


THE BLUEJAYS ARE SCREAMING.

SCRAW!

THEY ALWAYS SCREAM WHEN DANGER'S NEARBY. USUALLY THAT DANGER'S ME.

IS IT ME THIS TIME TOO? OR IS IT...



THE COOPER'S
ROC!



REDO FOR
SILHOUETTE?

SNATCH!

AH!



