



UNMENTION-
ABLES - THEY MUST
HAVE ENTERED
THROUGH THE
CELLAR DOOR.

A SHAME -
A DELIGHTFUL
ARRAY OF TARTS,
EXOTIC FRUITS AND
PIES, ALL SADLY
SOILED BY BLOOD
AND BRAINS.

WE OUGHT
TO TAKE OFF
THEIR *HEADS*, LEST
THEY BE BORN
TO DARKNESS.

I DON'T
SUPPOSE THAT
YOU'LL GIVE ME THE
HONOUR OF *DISPENSING*
OF THIS UNHAPPY
BUSINESS
ALONE?

I SHOULD
NEVER *FORGIVE*
MYSELF IF
YOUR *GOWN*
WAS SOILED.

THE
HONOUR IS ALL
YOURS, MISTER
DARCY.

SLASH

SWISH

OH GOD -
HE'S *BEHEADING*
THE STAFF!

FORGIVE
ME, MISS
BENNET
- *URP!*

THERE IS
NO DENYING
MISTER DARCY'S
TALENT AS A
WARRIOR -

- IF ONLY
HIS TALENTS AS
A *GENTLEMAN*
WERE THEIR EQUAL.