

# The Leap

A mini comic

By Louise Page



She wanted to go to  
the chawton house  
because of the ipod.



But she was scared.  
She was always  
scared.  
Leaving home was hard.

she'd been left the  
ipod by her late  
grandmother.

It was full of  
Jane Austen  
stories.



She liked to plug in  
and love herself.

She felt like she  
was exploring the  
game cottage, grand  
entrance, and ballroom,  
as her grandmother.



JANE AUSTEN'S  
HOUSE  
AT  
CHAWTON



Eventually she found the  
courage to go.



JANE AUSTEN'S  
WRITING TABLE  
IN THE CHAWTON  
HOUSE

she was enjoying  
herself. But it wasn't  
long before strange  
things began to happen.

The wallpaper pattern  
warped and shifted  
in front of her eyes.  
As if it were  
coming alive.



Then the curtain joined  
in, pattern shifting  
around.



Face grew out of  
flower.



They resembled Jane,  
and her sister  
Cassandra, but  
growing in stitches  
from the curtain fabric.



Some other reality  
was opening up...

... and she decided  
to leap.



But her leap turned  
into a fall.



Fabric flapped around  
her, then became  
wings.

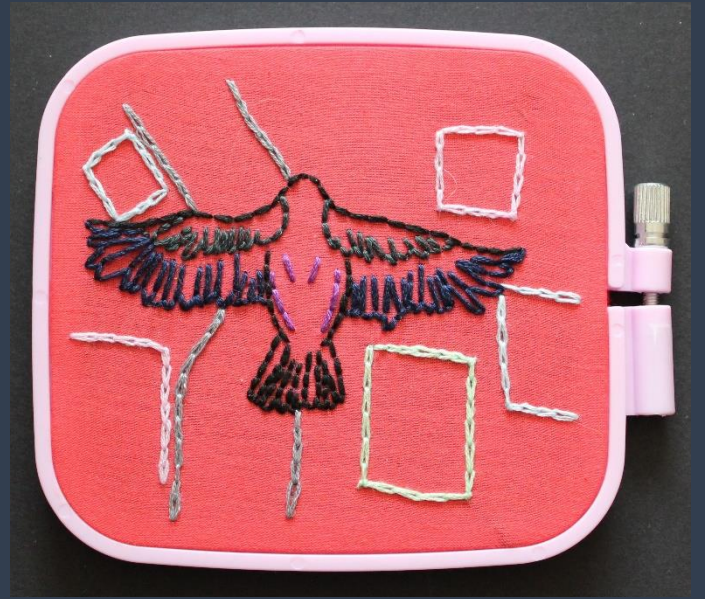
Her hands turned to  
claws.



Her eyes became  
round like a bird's...  
... Because she had  
become a bird.



she flew through the  
world she found  
herself in.



How beautiful  
things...



...But she still  
felt untethered...

...she still felt  
lost.

She flew above a town

and then dived  
down  
into it.



The buildings were  
grand. Beautiful. But  
she still felt queasy,  
unable to settle.

That's when she  
saw the woman  
in yellow.



This woman was ...  
different. She had a  
sheen to her.

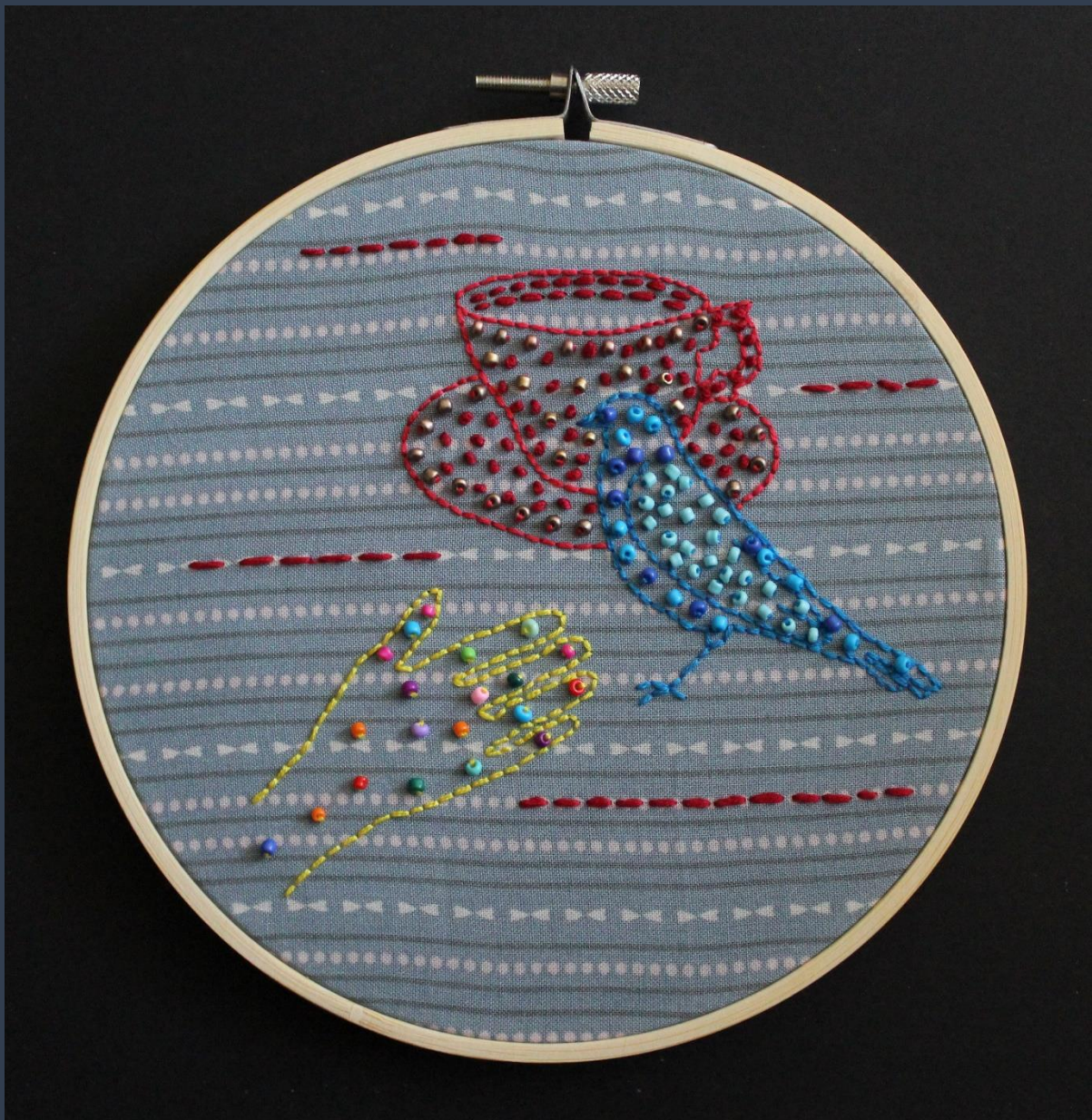
The woman was serving tea,  
a position that could have  
forced her into the  
background, if it weren't  
for her aura.

As it was, she outshone  
everyone else in the room.





Our protagonist ate a crumb from the woman's paucer, and began to transform, to become human again.



standing up, our protagonist realized her hoodie and jeans had been replaced by a regency-era dress.

She felt a little uncomfortable in it, but it was slightly less odd than being a crow, or flying into Austen's world.

"LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF  
OVID"

said the woman with  
the glowing aura.

"ONLY HOPEFULLY LESS  
TRAGIC"

she added.

The woman's voice had  
the warmth of sunshine.  
They sat and talked,  
for a long while.



He learnt that the woman's  
name was Lizzie.

He was tempted to ask for  
a surname, but ultimately  
decided he preferred  
the mystery.

When it got dark,  
Lizzie asked our  
protagonist if he  
knew her way home.

She shook her head.

"I HAVE AN IDEA"

said Lizzie, and led  
the way to a house  
across the street.



"THE WRITER  
LIVED HERE  
FOR A WHILE"

said Lizzie.

"WHICH WRITER?"

She asked, but Lizzie  
just shook her head.

"OPEN THE DOOR TO FIND  
YOUR WAY HOME"

"CAN I COME BACK?" she  
asked.

"OF COURSE" said Lizzie.



She went through the  
door and found  
herself back in  
modern times.

She began the long journey  
back home.

Her Crow-Dress was both a  
souvenir,  
and a key back to  
Auntie's world.



