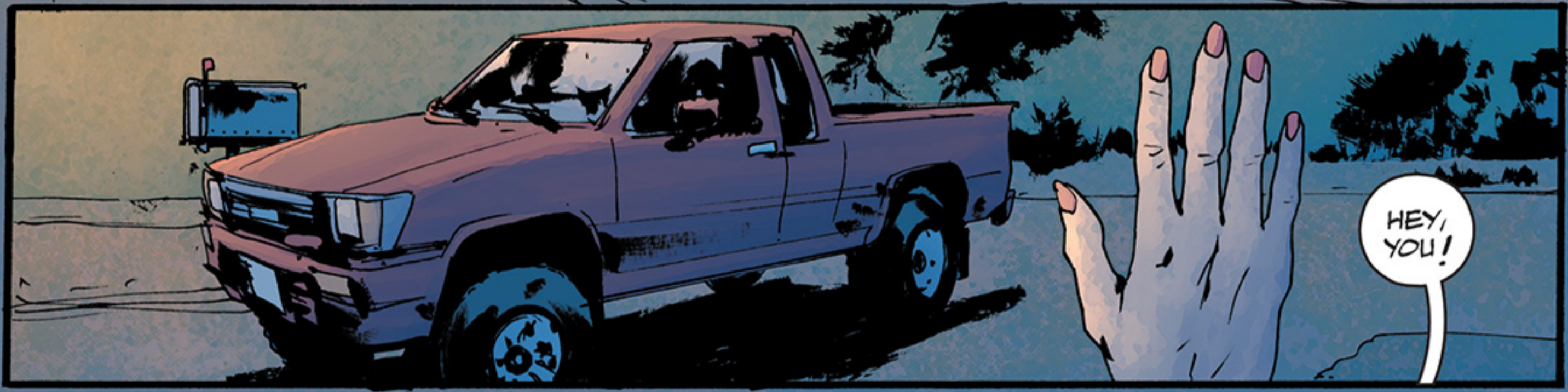


w y t c h e s



OUTSIDE
ADA, OHIO.
2003.



HEY,
YOU!



AND
ONLY
THREE
HOURS
LATE!

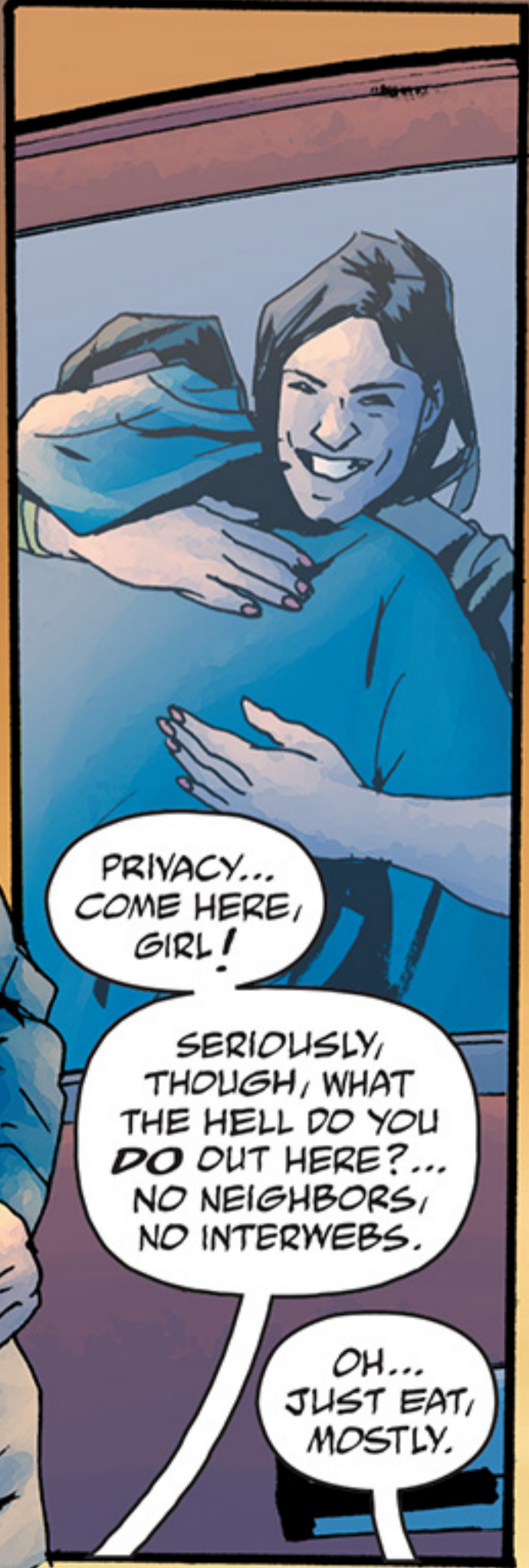
GET
THE
HELL
OUT
HERE!

IT'S
YOUR
FAULT,
LIVING
OUT
HERE
IN
THE
DAMN
WOODS.
WHAT
ARE
YOU,
LIKE
A
"PREPPER"
NOW,
NANCE?
GETTING
READY
FOR
THE
END
OF
THE
WORLD?

LAWN
ALL
BOOBY-
TRAPPED...
SOME
SPIKED
LOG
READY
TO
SWING
DOWN
AND
END
YOUR
POOR
BROTHER.
SHUNK!



IT'S
CALLED
PRIVACY.



PRIVACY...
COME
HERE,
GIRL!

SERIOUSLY,
THOUGH,
WHAT
THE
HELL
DO
YOU
DO
OUT
HERE?...
NO
NEIGHBORS,
NO
INTERWEBS.

OH...
JUST
EAT,
MOSTLY.



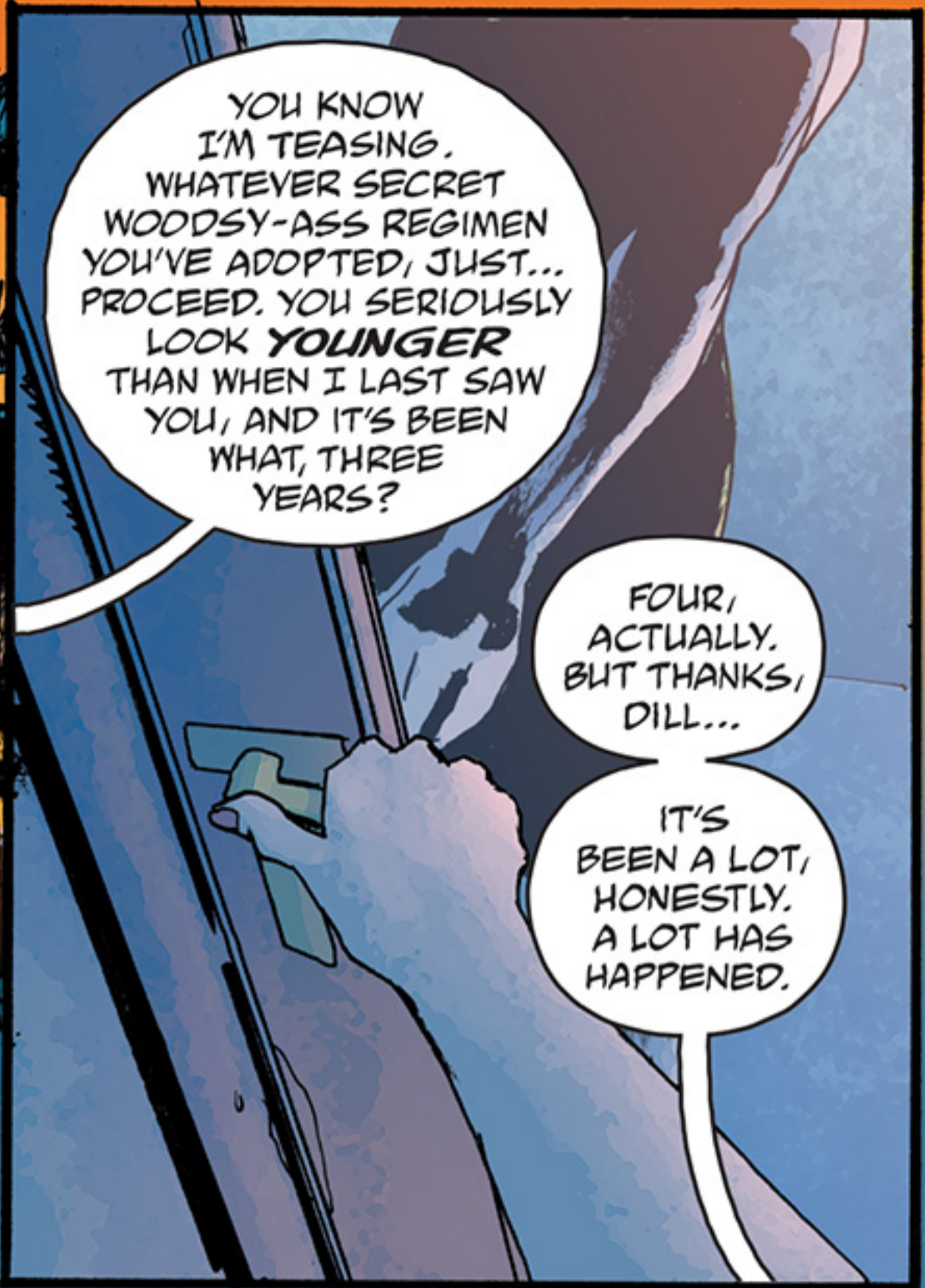
WELL,
YEEAAH? I
MEAN
LOOK
AT
YOU,
YOU
DAMN
COW.
MY
ARMS
BARELY
REAC--



HAHA!
OW!

SMACK

GET
INSIDE
BEFORE
I
RELEASE
MY
SPIKED
LOG...
ASSHOLE.



YOU KNOW I'M TEASING. WHATEVER SECRET WOODSY-ASS REGIMEN YOU'VE ADOPTED, JUST... PROCEED. YOU SERIOUSLY LOOK **YOUNGER** THAN WHEN I LAST SAW YOU, AND IT'S BEEN WHAT, THREE YEARS?

FOUR, ACTUALLY. BUT THANKS, DILL...

IT'S BEEN A LOT, HONESTLY. A LOT HAS HAPPENED.

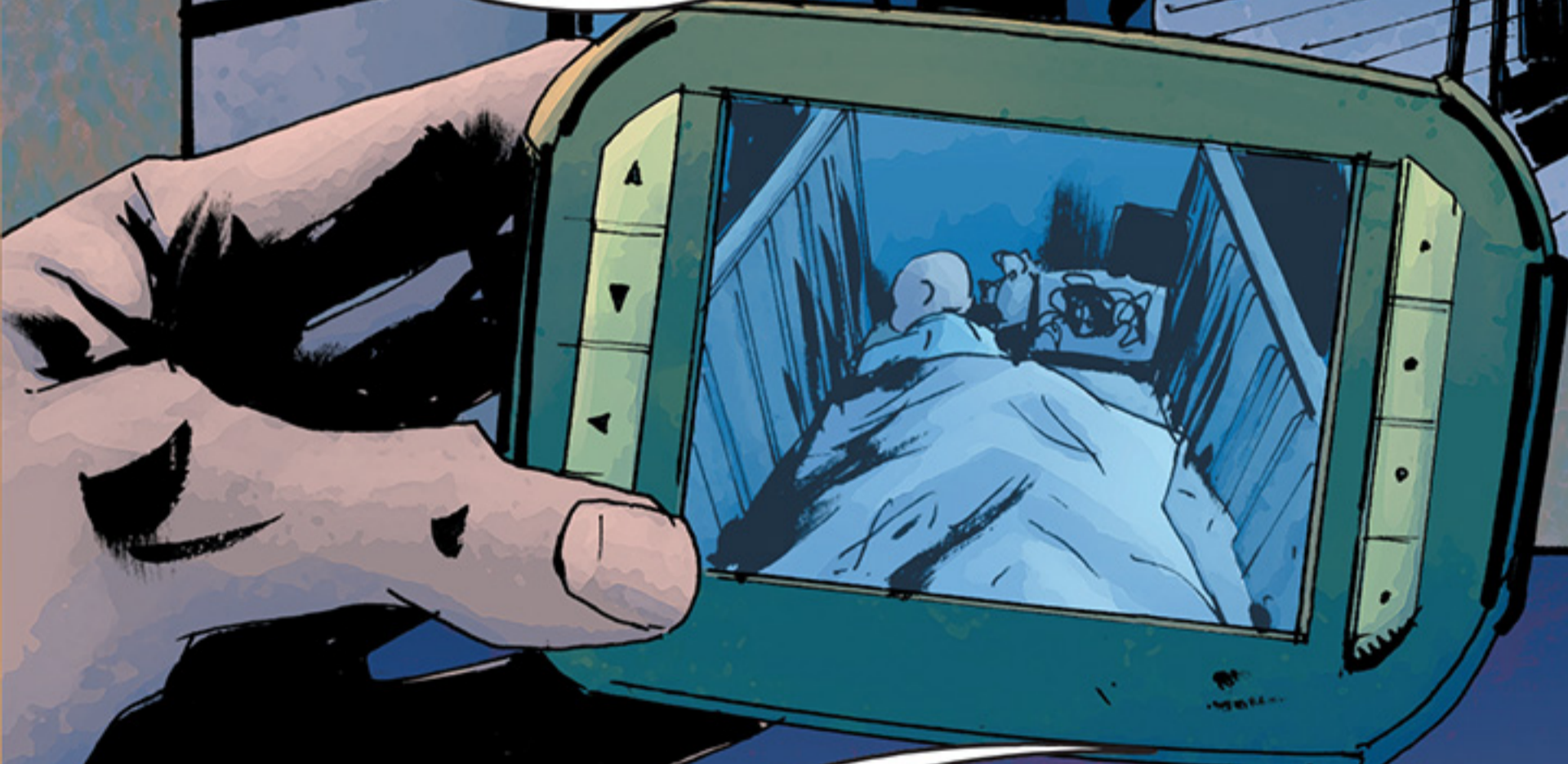


I CAN IMAGINE. SO...CAN I SEE HIM?

HERE. HE'S SLEEPING. I'M SURE SOON AS THE SUN GOES DOWN HE'LL BE UP AND SCREAMING. THE KID HAS NO DIURNAL CYCLE. OR HE'S TERRIFIED OF THE DARK.

HE'S BEAUTIFUL, NANCE. REALLY.

AGH! I'M GETTING TEARY JUST LOOKING AT HIM, DAMN IT. LET'S EAT, LET'S EAT, LET'S EAT.



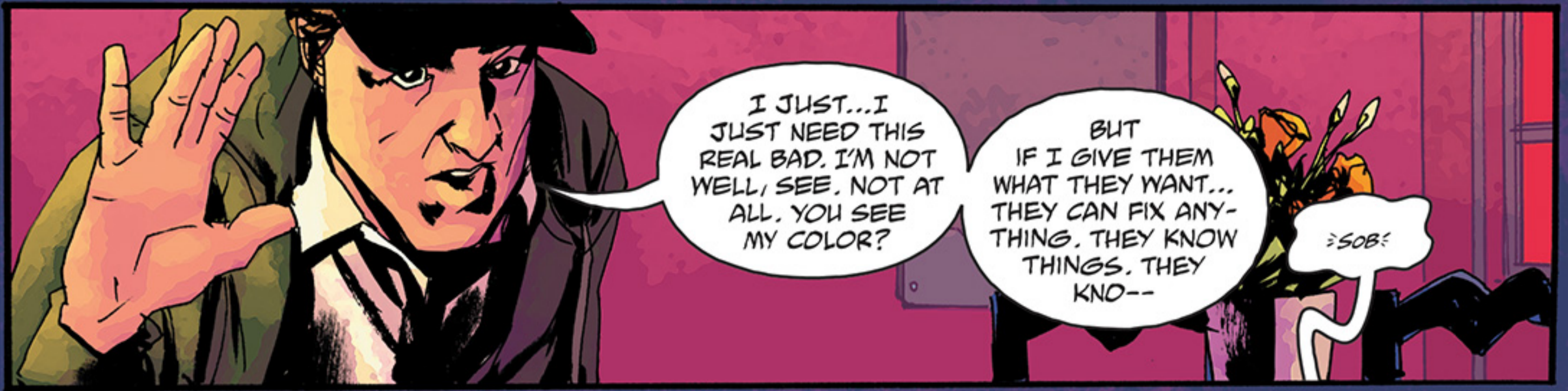
FOR YOU, DEAR SISTER, FRESH FROM SIX HOURS IN A COOLER.

FROM DOOBY'S? SHUT UP. YOU BROUGHT THESE FROM DOOBY'S?!



MMMM! HAVE I TOLD YOU I LOVE YOU LATELY?





I JUST...I JUST NEED THIS REAL BAD. I'M NOT WELL, SEE, NOT AT ALL. YOU SEE MY COLOR?

BUT IF I GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT... THEY CAN FIX ANYTHING. THEY KNOW THINGS. THEY KNOW--

SOB



NO, NO, NO. DON'T BE SAD. IT'LL WEAR OFF SOON. FEW DAYS AT MOST. YOU'LL COME OUT OF IT AND BE ABLE TO MOVE JUST FINE.

AND THAT'S THE THING, SIS! YOU CAN HAVE MORE!



LOOK AT YOU. YOU'RE SO HEALTHY! THEY SAID IF YOUR CHEST...THEY SAID IF THE RIGHT SIDE DIDN'T ROT, DIDN'T TURN RIGHT AWAY, YOU'D BE FINE FOR MORE!

AND LOOK! YOU'RE FINE! YOU'RE FINE! YOU CAN HAVE MORE!

WAAH

LISTEN, HE MUST KNOW...HE MUST KNOW THEY'RE COMING.

THEY SAY LITTLE ONES CAN SENSE THEM. LISTEN TO HIM...

SKRITCH SKRITCH



SMASH



WAAAHH

OH GOD, THEY'RE HERE ALREADY! THEY'RE COMING IN!

NANCE, LISTEN TO ME. JUST DON'T LOOK AT THEM! WHATEVER YOU DO. THEY DON'T LIKE TO BE LOOKED AT! HERE, I'LL HELP YOU!

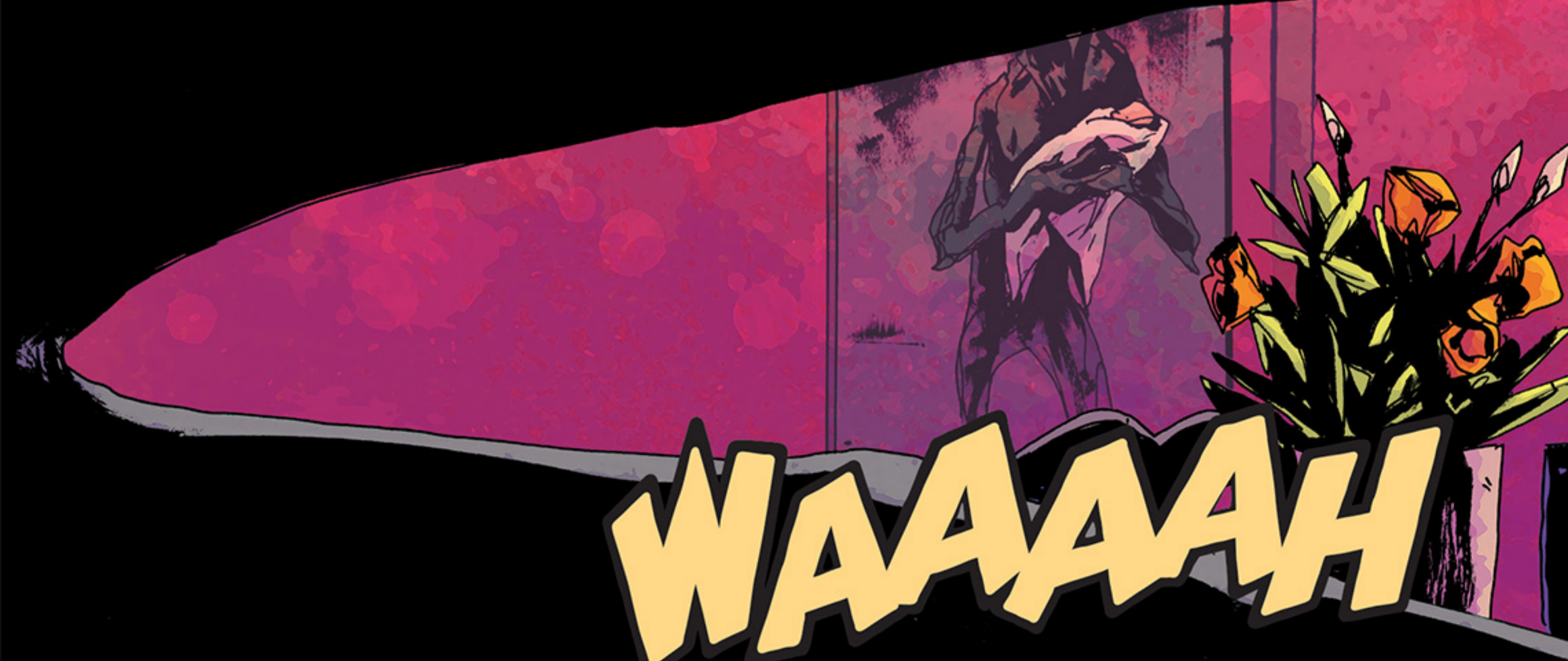
JUST STAY STILL! STOP FIGHTING. IT'LL BE OVER IN A MOMENT!



WAAAHH



WAAAHH



WAAAHH

