



# OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

• HOLLOW TOWN •

Memory is a strange thing, you see. So fleeting for us mortals: you might not now remember what you ate for yesternight's supper or the name of your childhood babysitter. But the places we've been, the paths we've walked, the things we've seen—they never truly forget us!

You may not like it, little one, but your footprints still lie where you saw them last, and the tree's bark still smarts where you chopped at it. Time is of no matter to the woods, you know, and they don't forgive easily.

So, if you ever feel that you left a piece of yourself behind somewhere—wonder why no longer. Some orphaned half of your soul is still wandering here, in the impenetrable past. Be glad you left it behind—you outgrew it, after all!

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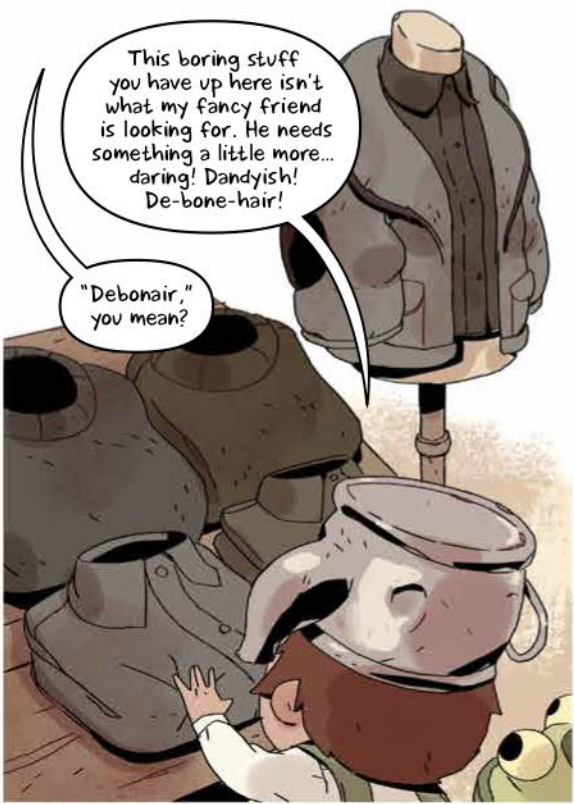
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I am wearing it, see? I'm supposed to be careful about my foot. Safety comes first, just like you said!



So, when are we gonna move on to making nice clothes, rather than this stuff?

I don't think the Frog Queen is very into grey...she wants things in full technicolor!



Don't touch those! What on Earth do you mean, "nice clothes, rather than this stuff"? My fabrics are all of exceptional quality! Perhaps you simply do not possess the expertise to discern as much yet.

Well, do you have any fabric of exceptional colorfulness? I sure don't see any...



If you so disapprove of the fabrics I have on hand, then you are welcome to go and weave some yourself, my boy. NOW, if you please--

So, Sir Hopsalot, what do you think? Do you think grey is nice enough?

ROROR...



I'm terribly sorry, but you will have to leave now! Mine is a skilled craft that requires a discipline you DO NOT possess!

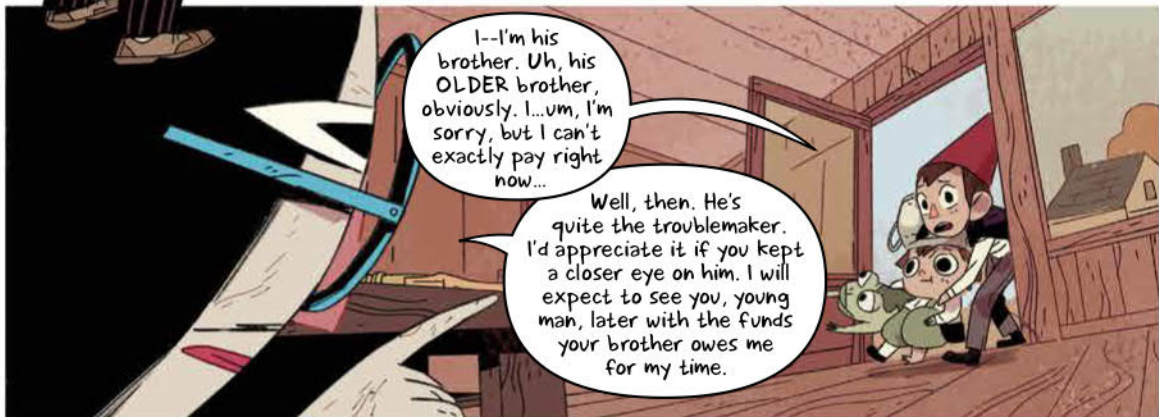
And your hands are filthy! I'm afraid I shall have to demand recompense for the time lost and grief caused here by you today.



HI--GREG, THERE YOU ARE! UH, I AM SO SORRY, SIR! Is he bothering you? He's not bothering you, is he? Or, um--uh, I guess he is...that was kind of a dumb question, sorry...



Are you his guardian?



I--I'm his brother. Uh, his OLDER brother, obviously. I...um, I'm sorry, but I can't exactly pay right now...

Well, then. He's quite the troublemaker. I'd appreciate it if you kept a closer eye on him. I will expect to see you, young man, later with the funds your brother owes me for my time.



Thank you and good day!

Well, that sure could have gone better.



Weave my own fabric? Now THERE'S an idea!

Greg, please don't make trouble with the locals, okay? We need to stay on good terms with them.



Speaking of which, did you get the money?

Uh, well...

LATER THAT DAY...



You're doing WHAT?! You gotta be kidding me!

It's just for the one night! One night, and then we can get Greg those shoes and get going. I didn't really have a lot of options, Beatrice!

So, let me get this straight. You want us to hang around in this town UNTIL TOMORROW so that you can make a couple of dollars babysitting some creepy doll kids for some creepy old lady?

Hey, not so loud!



And it's buttons, not dollars, here--



Wirt, I literally DO NOT care about what kind of currency these creeps use here, or what the exchange rate is, or any of that!



No one is creepy! The kids seem fine, and Mrs. Clemence is really nice. It'll be an easy night for us. It's getting late, anyway. Do YOU really want to hit the road at this hour?

