

LUMBERJANES

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

OUT OF THYME

"Sometimes expediency is necessary."

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FOND MEMORIES...



EPIC POSE 2.0

**BOOM!
BOX**

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Miss Quinzella Thiskwin Penniquil
Thistle Crumpet's Camp for Young Ladies.

Year: ????

All right, line
up for inspection,
everyone!

Late as usual! And where is your hat?

I, uh, I couldn't find it!
I looked everywhere!

Tardy, bare head, and
disorderly possessions—that's
three demerits. Looks like
you're on stable duty for a
month, Rosie.

Uh, wait-- it
wasn't her fault.
I took her hat.

Why in tarnation
would you do a
thing like that?

I--I was
playing a joke?

Stupid!
There's no time
for jokes today.
Very well, you're
BOTH on stable
duty.

Whew.
Thanks, Abigail.

Don't worry, it
won't be so bad if
we do it together.

All right girls, get
your packs and let's
move out! There's six
miles between us and a
good night's sleep.

Wow. I never would've
pegged the Bear Woman
as such a stickler for rules
and regulations.

She, uh, seems like
the kind of person who
self-publishes rambling
screeds.

That she writes
by hand? In ink made
from dirt?

Well, she wasn't
the Bear Woman yet.
Her name was Nellie.

I guess we
were all pretty
different back
then.

"We took a new path that day—I'm not sure why. It took us perilously close to Mount Glory, a place tied to many tall tales and mysterious disappearances.



"I'd never seen it so close before.



"I still haven't seen it so close again to this day.



"It turns out Mount Glory didn't want us there, and made sure we knew it."







"Abigail saved me that day."



"But she'd disobeyed a direct order."



"As punishment, when we made camp, she made Abigail sleep out in the open instead of in the tent with the rest of us..."



"I should've stayed with her. She would have done the same for me."

"But I didn't."



"She stared at that mountain all night long."

"From that day on, she was obsessed."



"Obsessed with what? What was it that you saw on the mountain?"



The GROOTSLANG.



'Grootslang'?
Are you...did you just
make that up?

Shush.
Listen to the
story.



"The Grootslang is one of the
most ancient and powerful
of all legendary beasts.

"They say it's existed since
the beginning of time.



"We were all terrified by what we saw on Mount Glory
that day, of course. But Abigail couldn't let it go."



She was never the same
after that. I think she
thought she was protecting
us all, but Nellie didn't see
it that way. She thought
Abigail was dangerous.

...I guess she
was right.



And now you think
Abigail wants to hunt the
Grootslang and add it to
her ultra-creepy trophy
collection.

It certainly looks that
way. But she doesn't stand
a chance. The Grootslang's
too big, too strong. She'll only
anger it and put everyone in
the forest in danger.



We've got to stop her
before she gets too far,
but we have to figure a
way out of this pit
first...

HEY!



What in the
seven hecks are
you two doing at
the bottom of
a hole?!