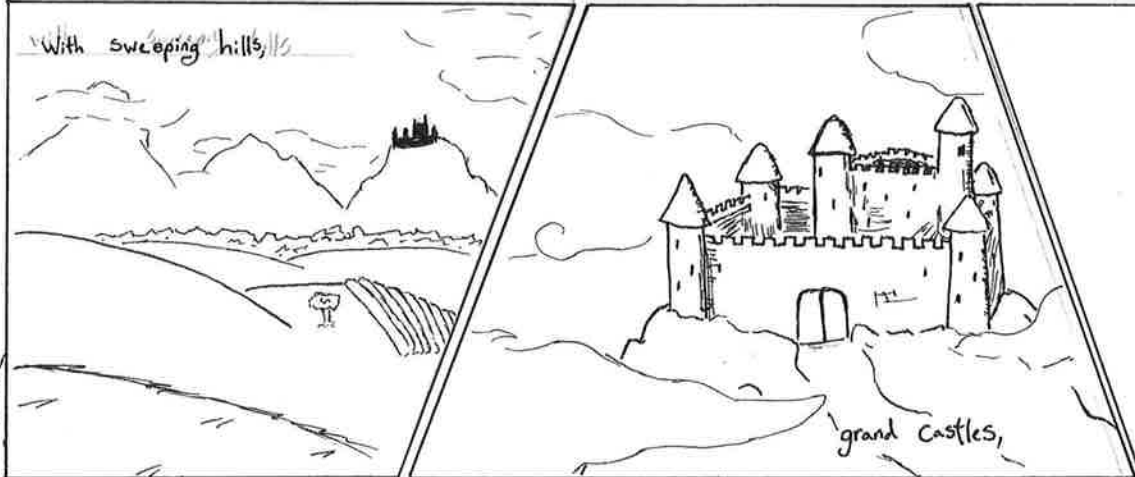


once, a long time ago,

In a far off land

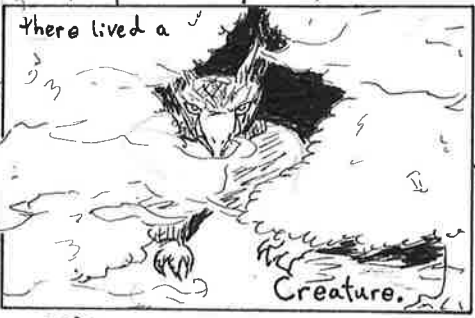
With sweeping hills,

rolling tides,



grand castles,

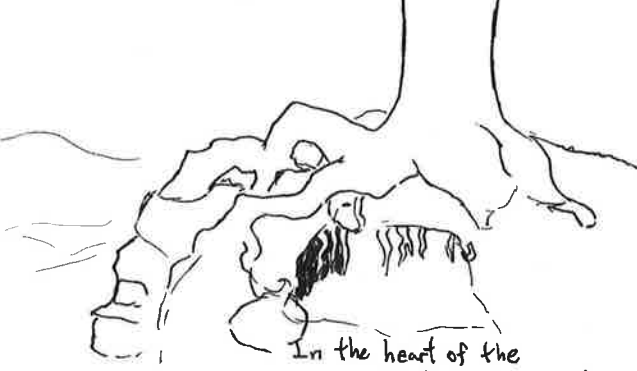
and dark forests



there lived a

creature.

This creature lived in a snug little den

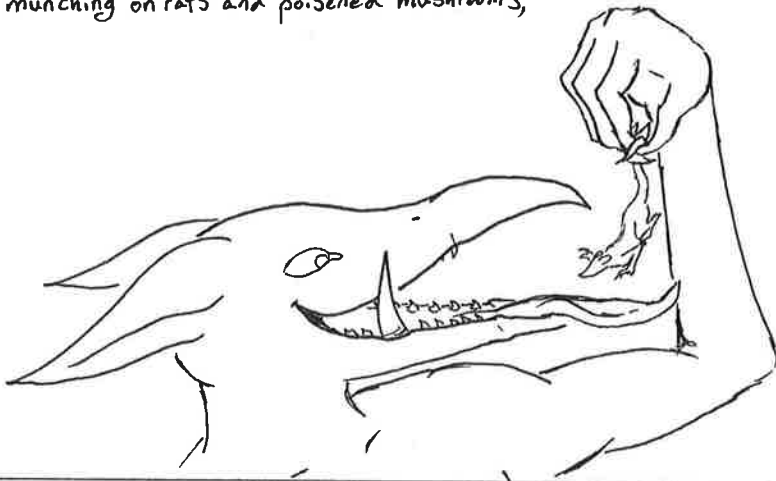


In the heart of the Darkest Forest

near the roots where the roots and rot

he brought it much comfort.

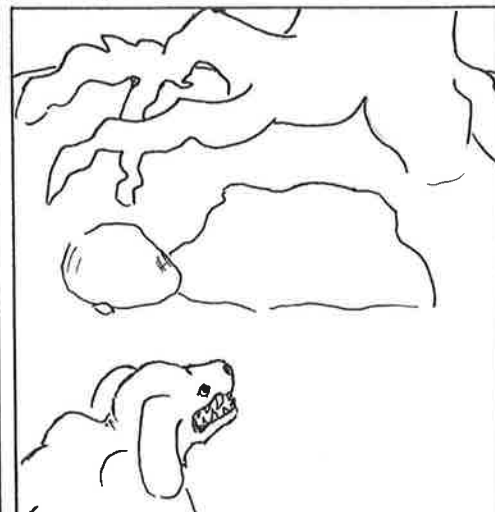
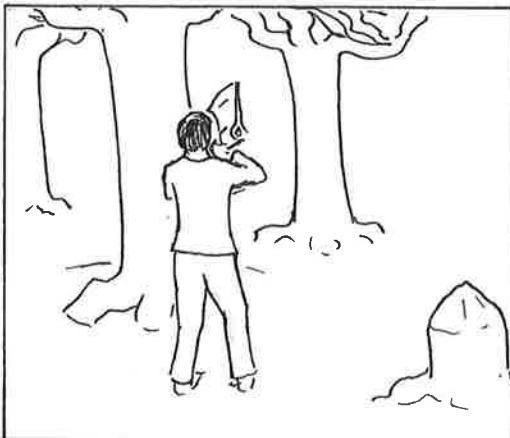
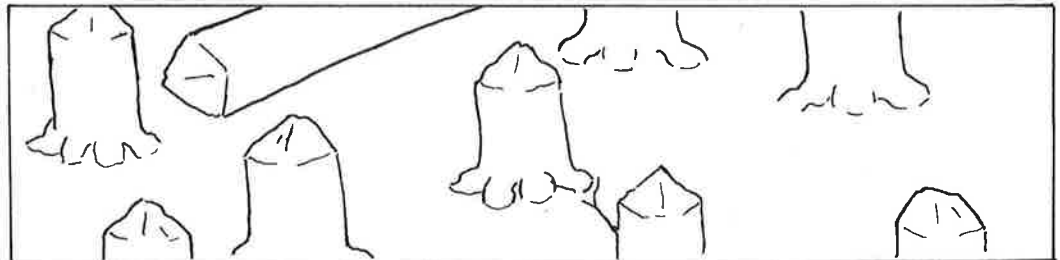
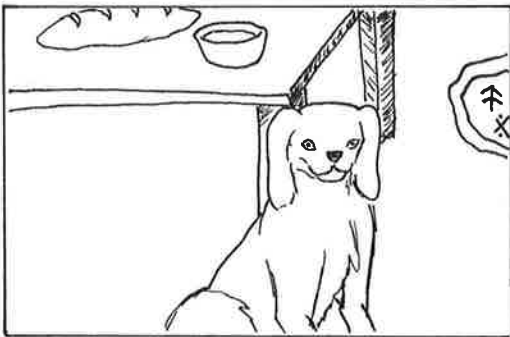
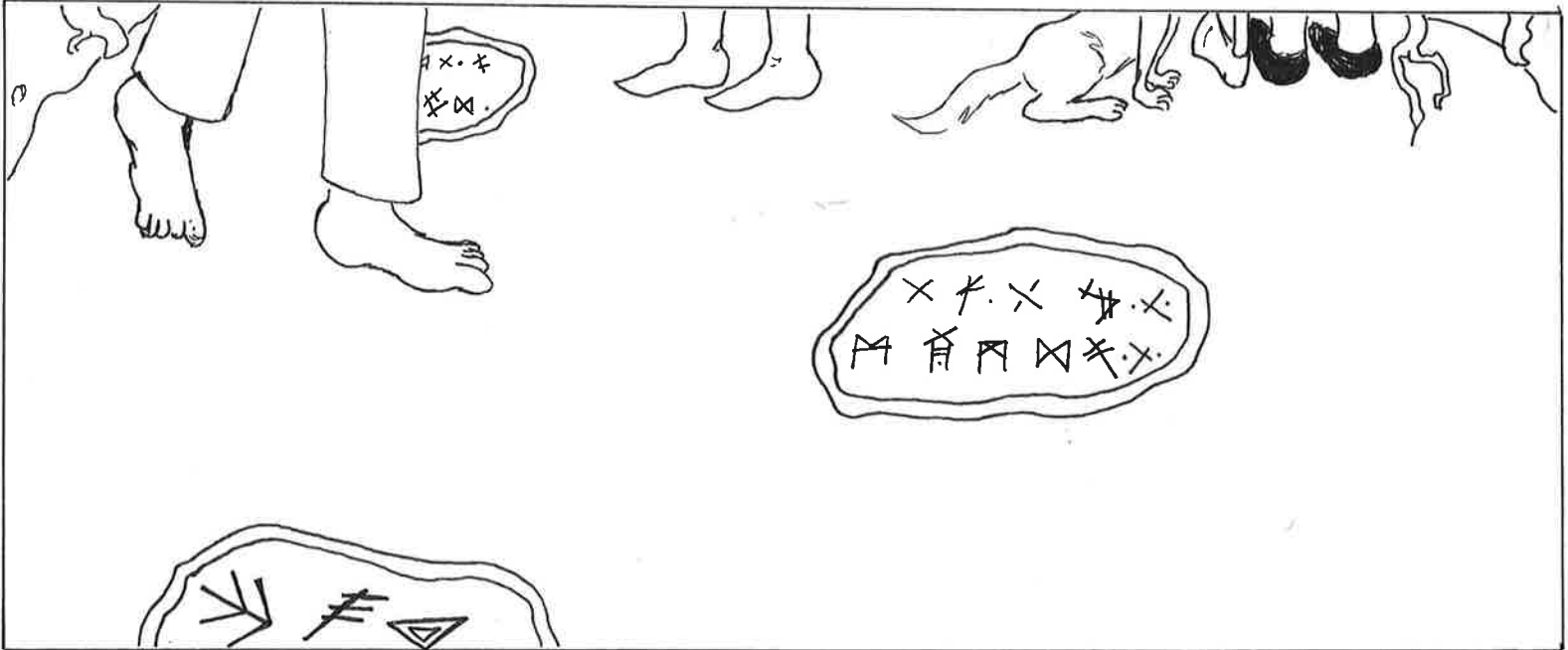
It lived happily,
munching on rats and poisoned mushrooms,

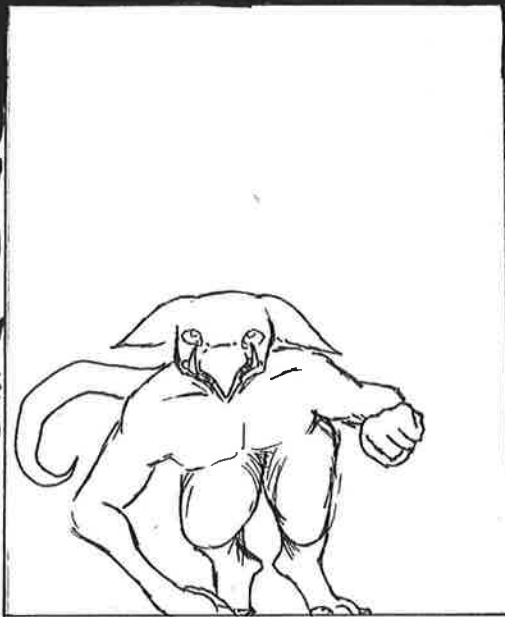


until,



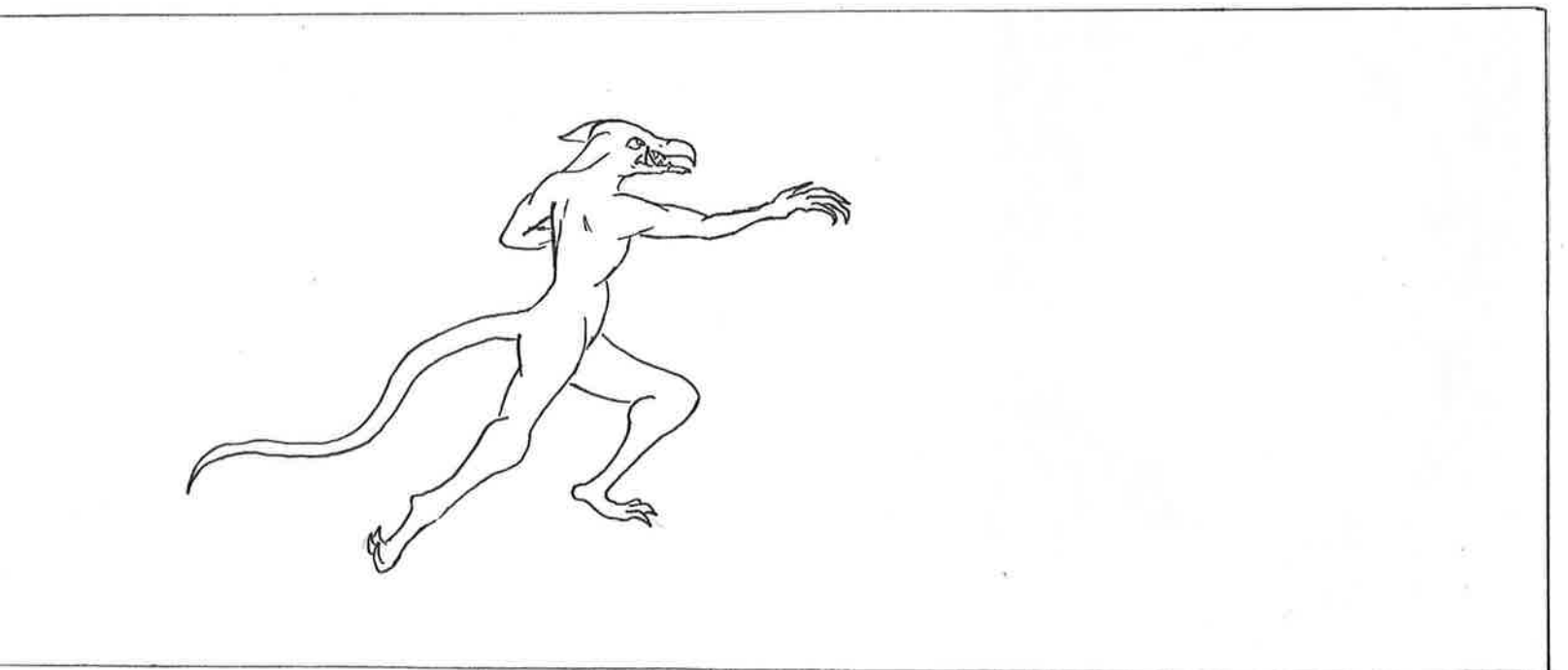
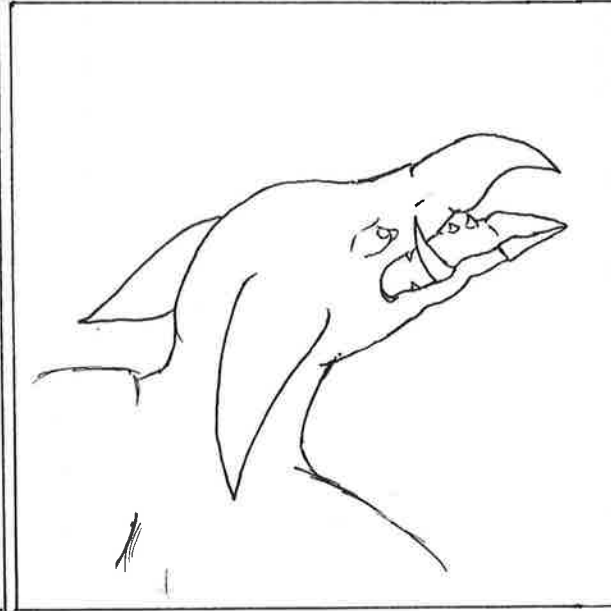
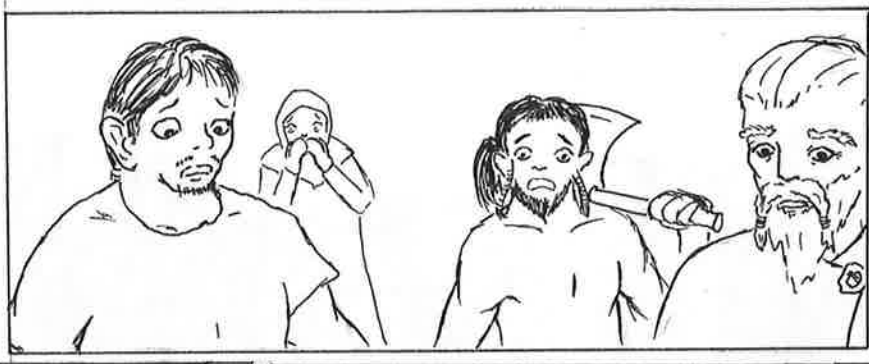
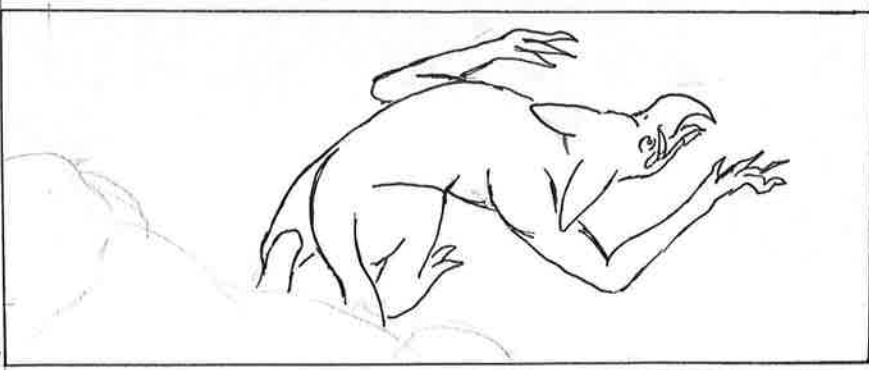
one day,



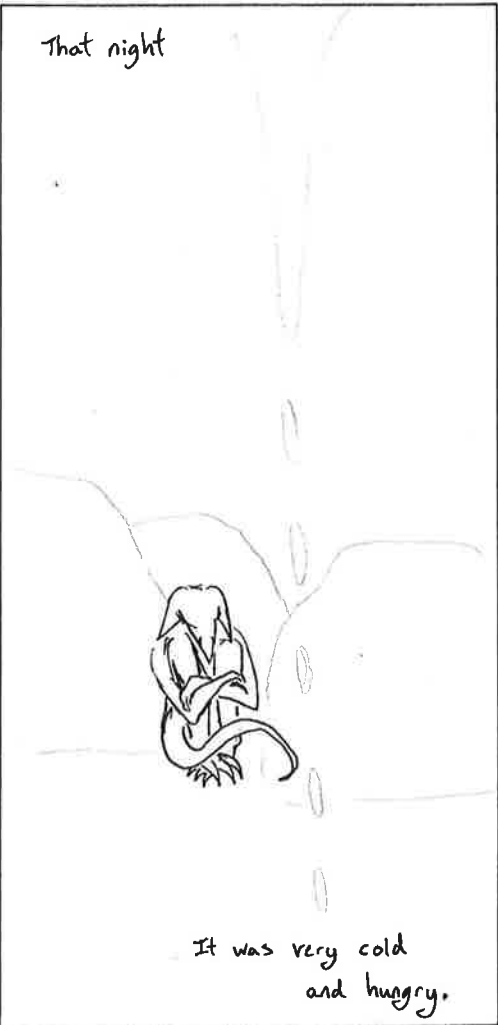


It continued to run

long after they had stopped chasing it.

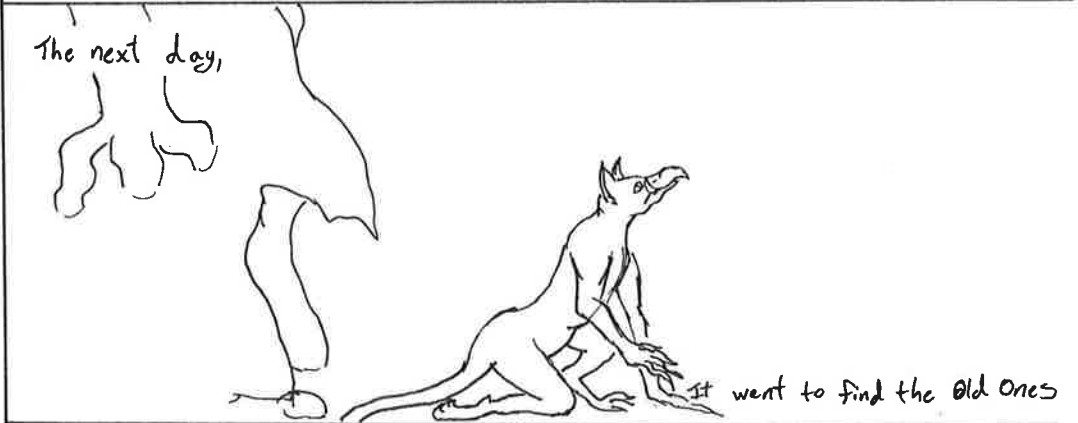


That night



It was very cold
and hungry.

The next day,

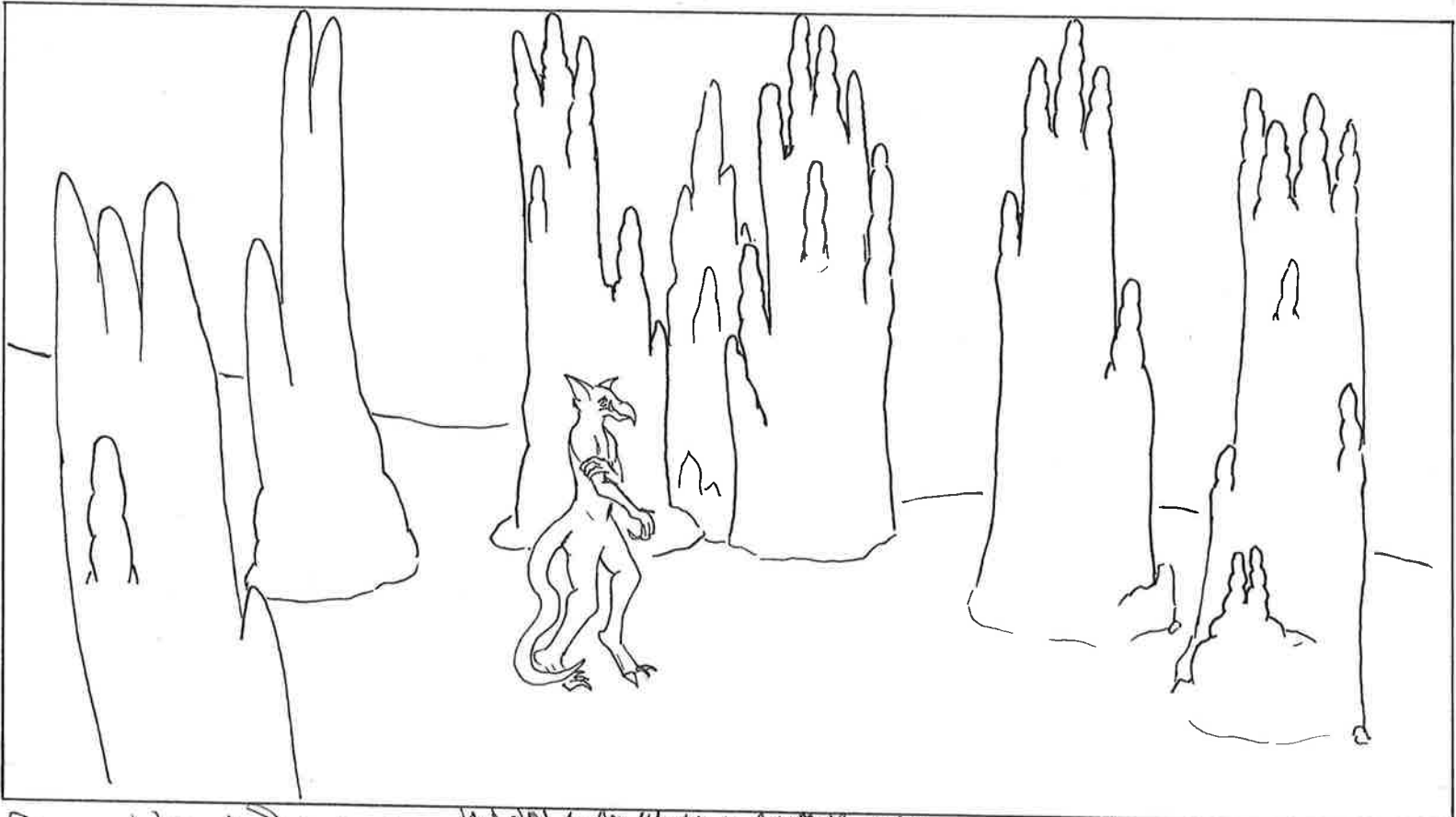
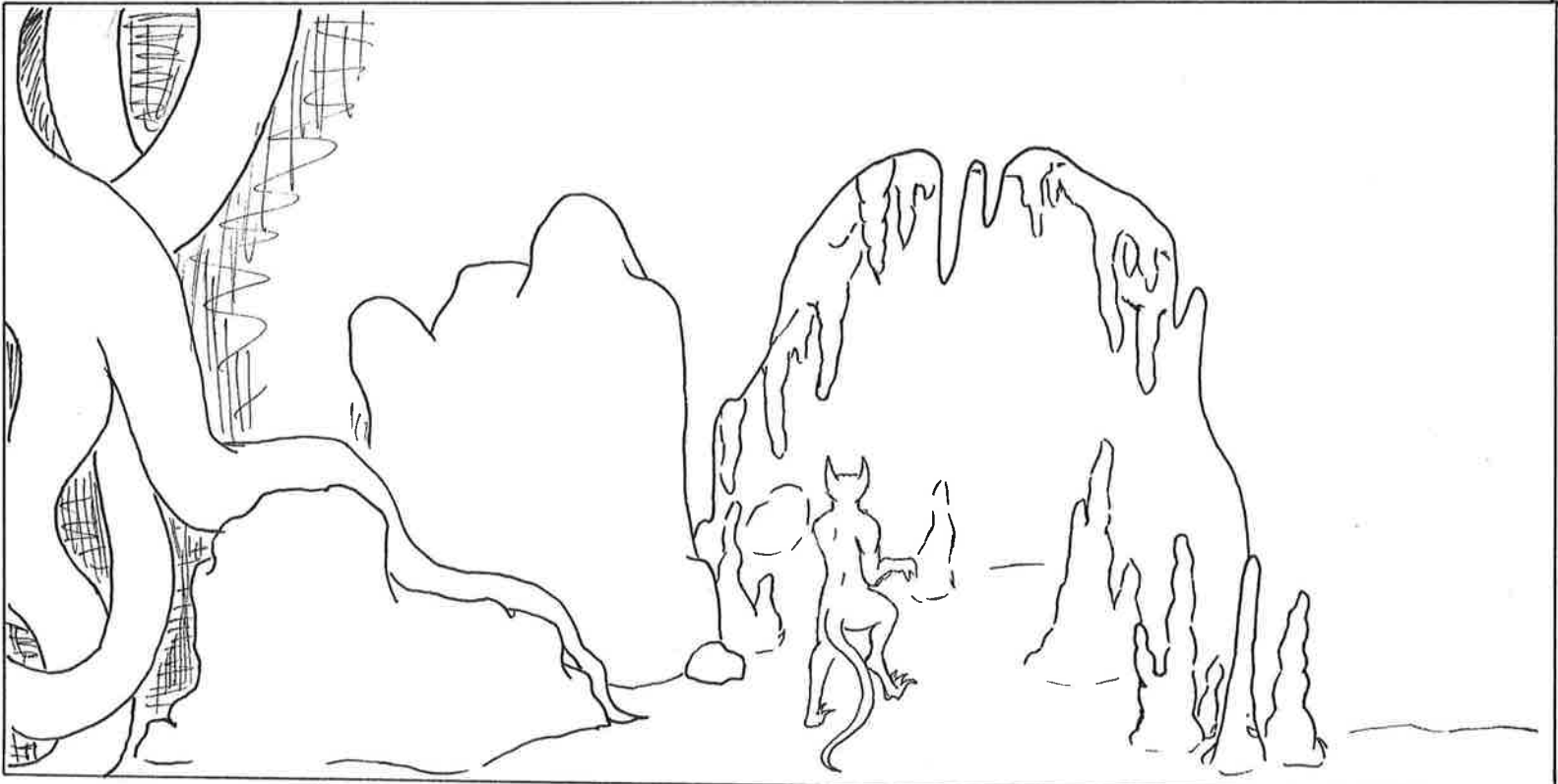


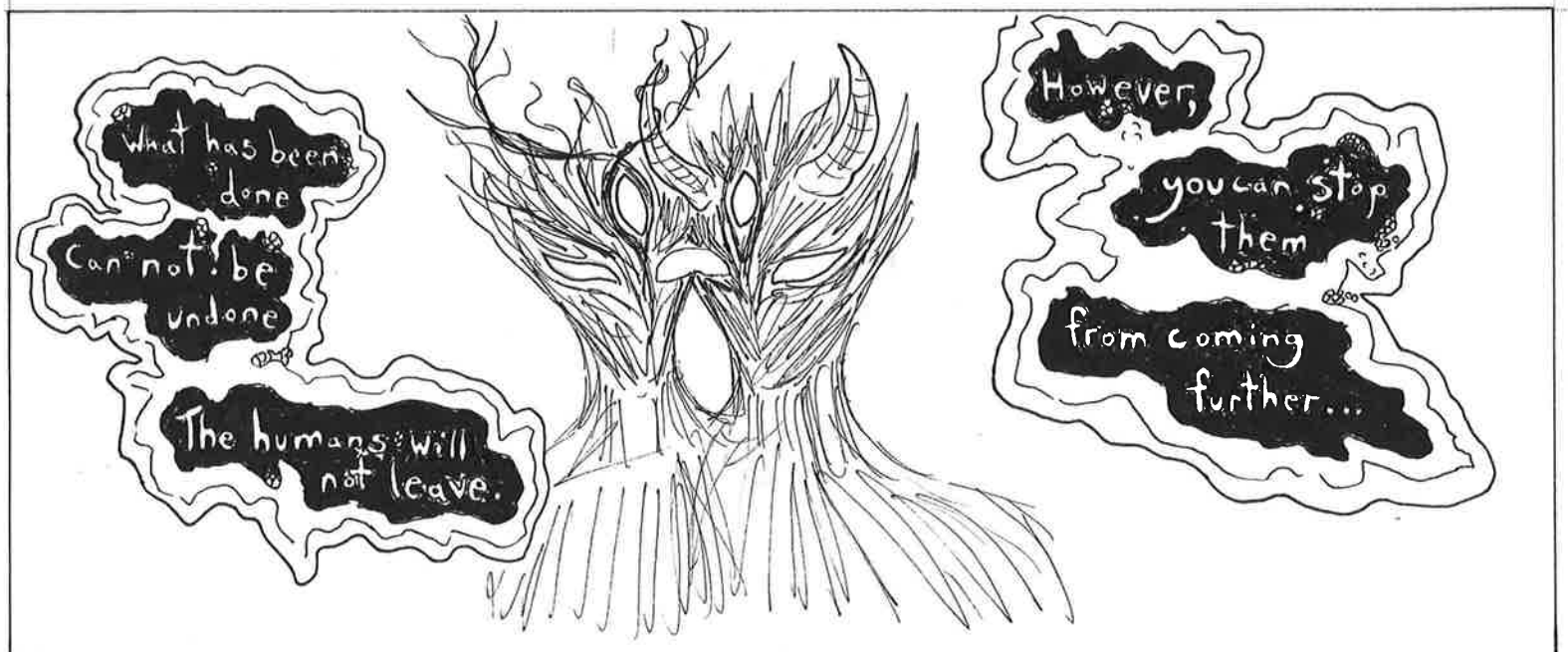
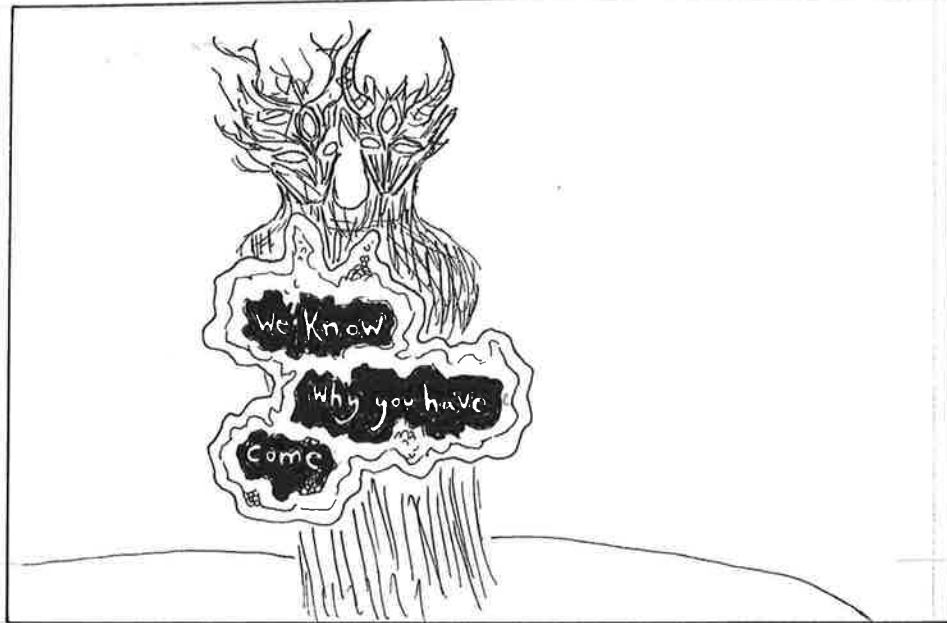
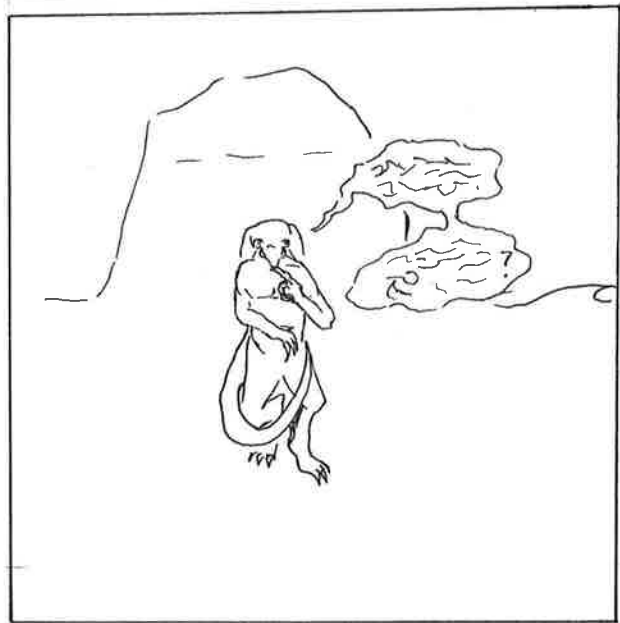
It went to find the Old Ones

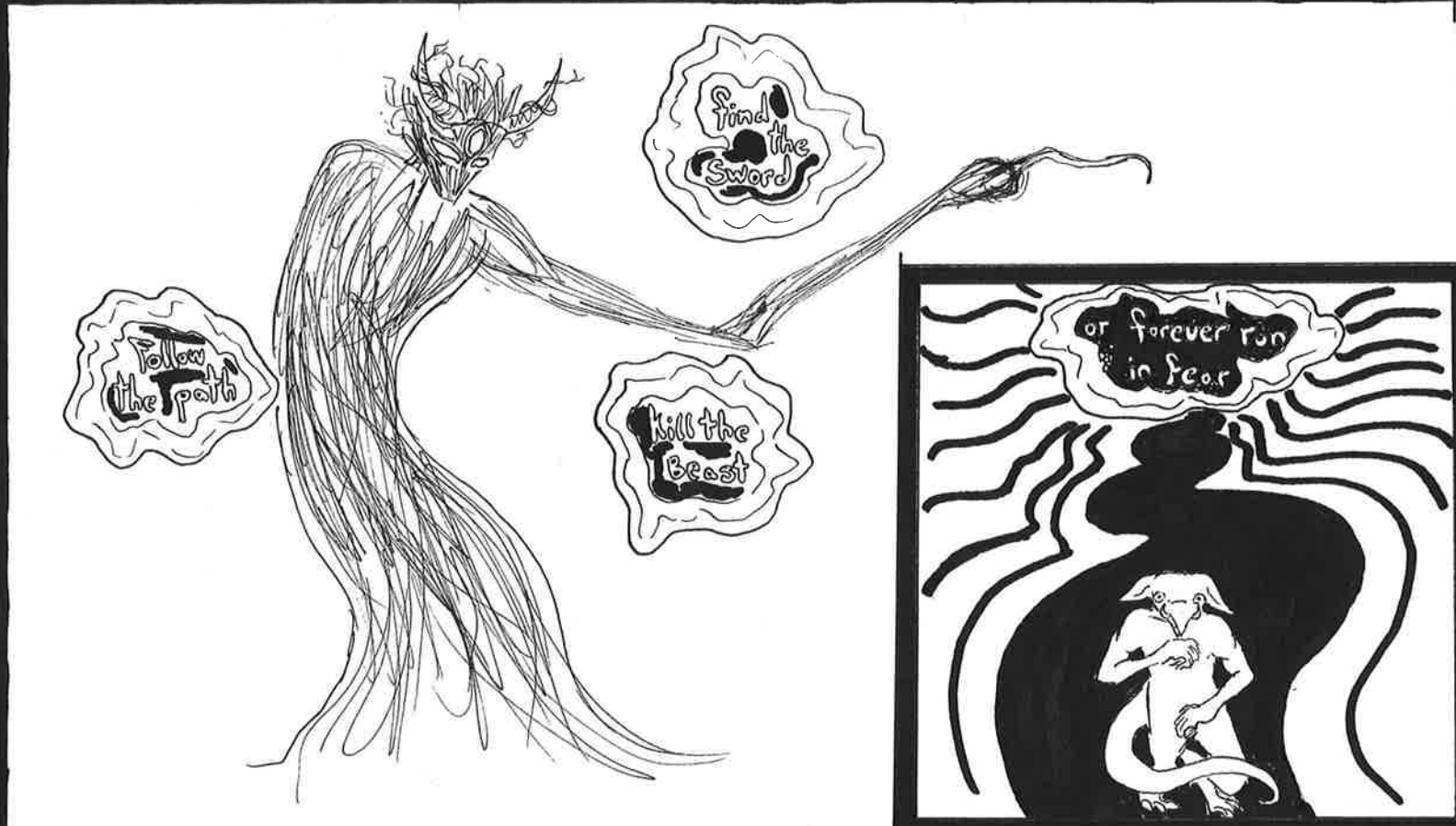
Surely the Old Ones, in all their milleniums of Knowledge would know
what to do...

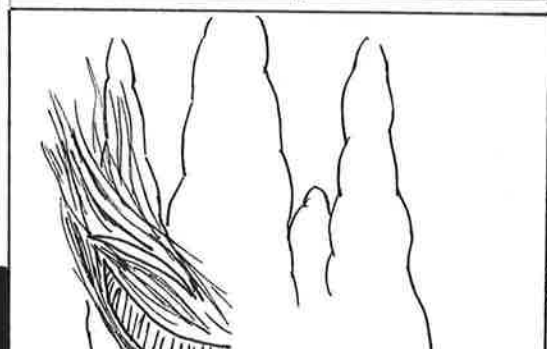
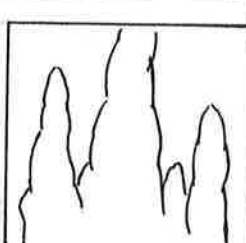
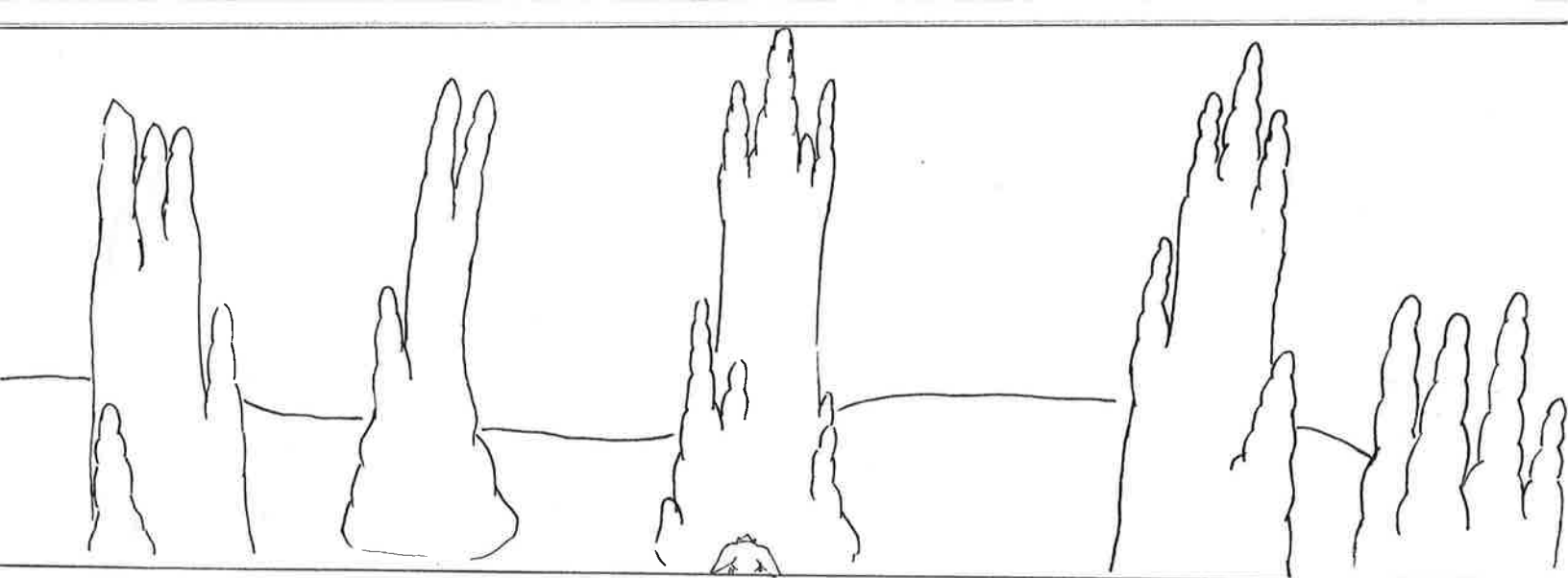






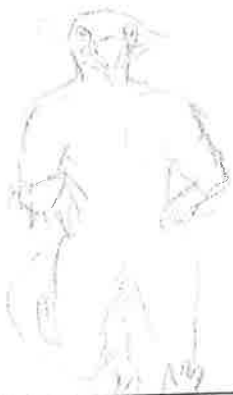
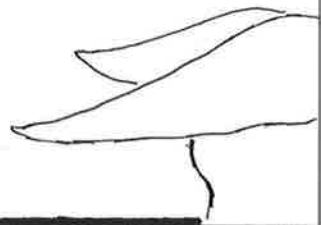






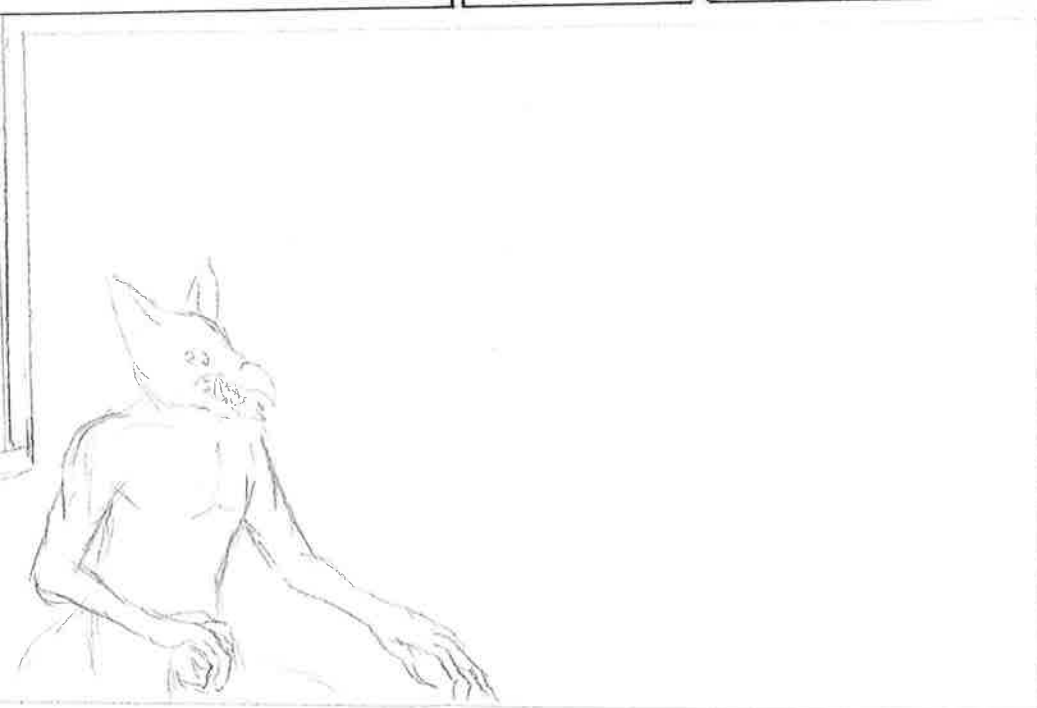
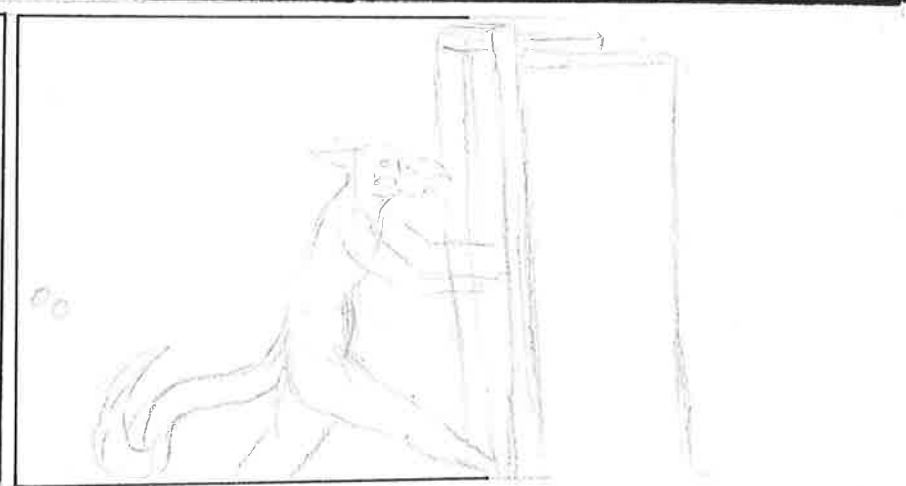







Nothing!

that's all there was...



The creature pushed,
and pulled,
and tugged,



but the door
would not open.



Then, it heard
something

The monster was whiter than anything,
so it blended in perfectly.

Atop its gigantic scaled sculp
there was a flash of rusted
silver.

A sword.

