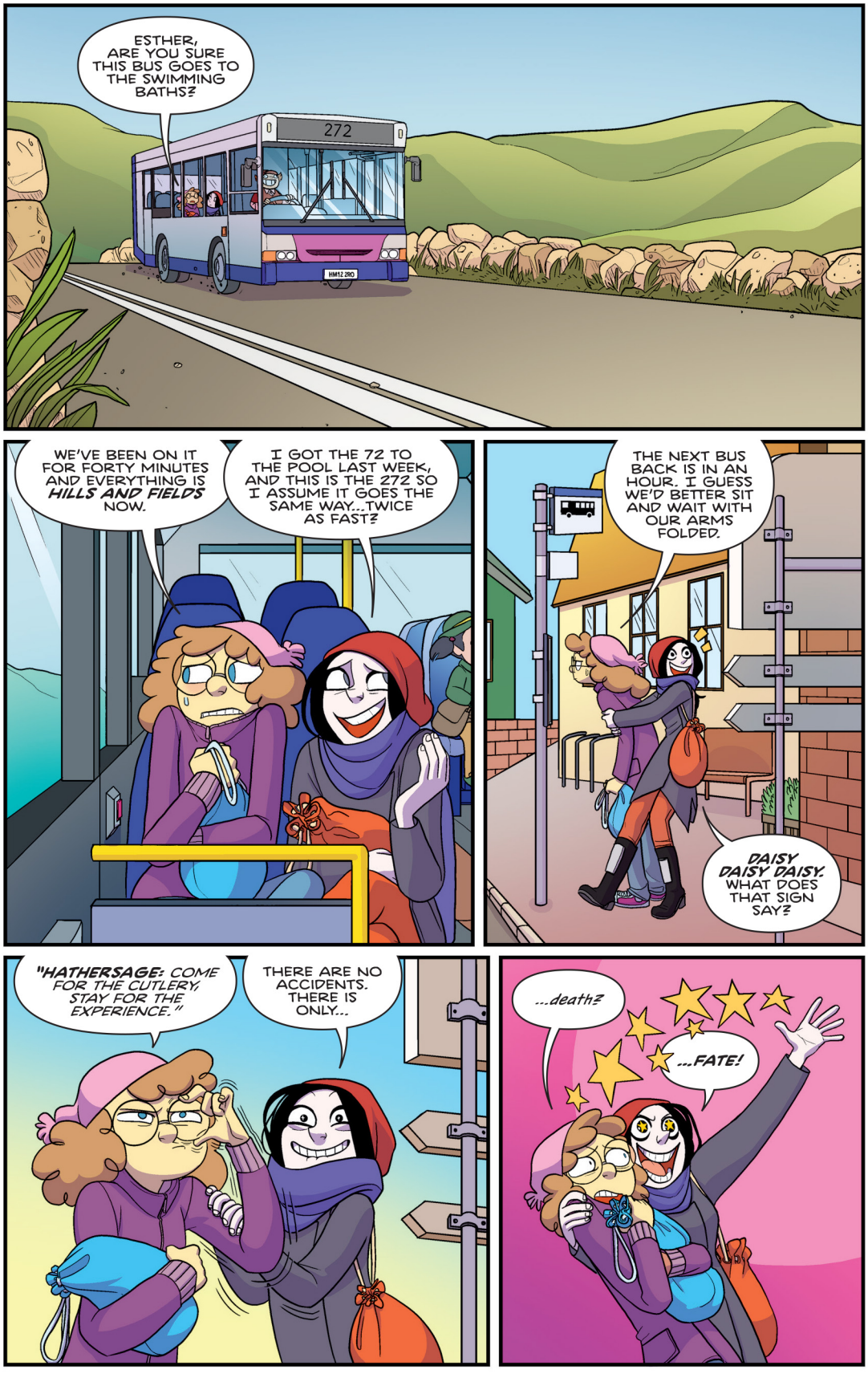
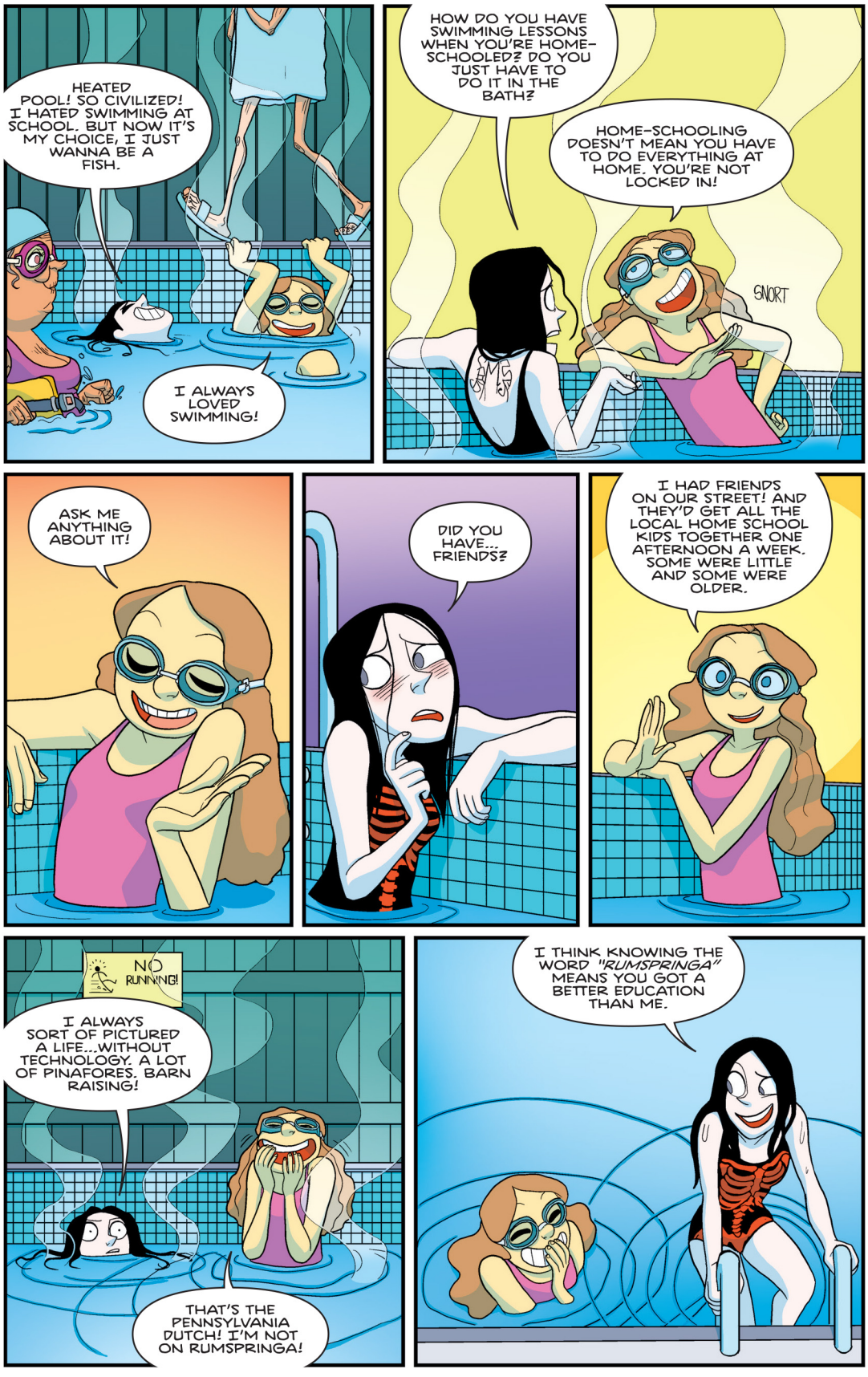
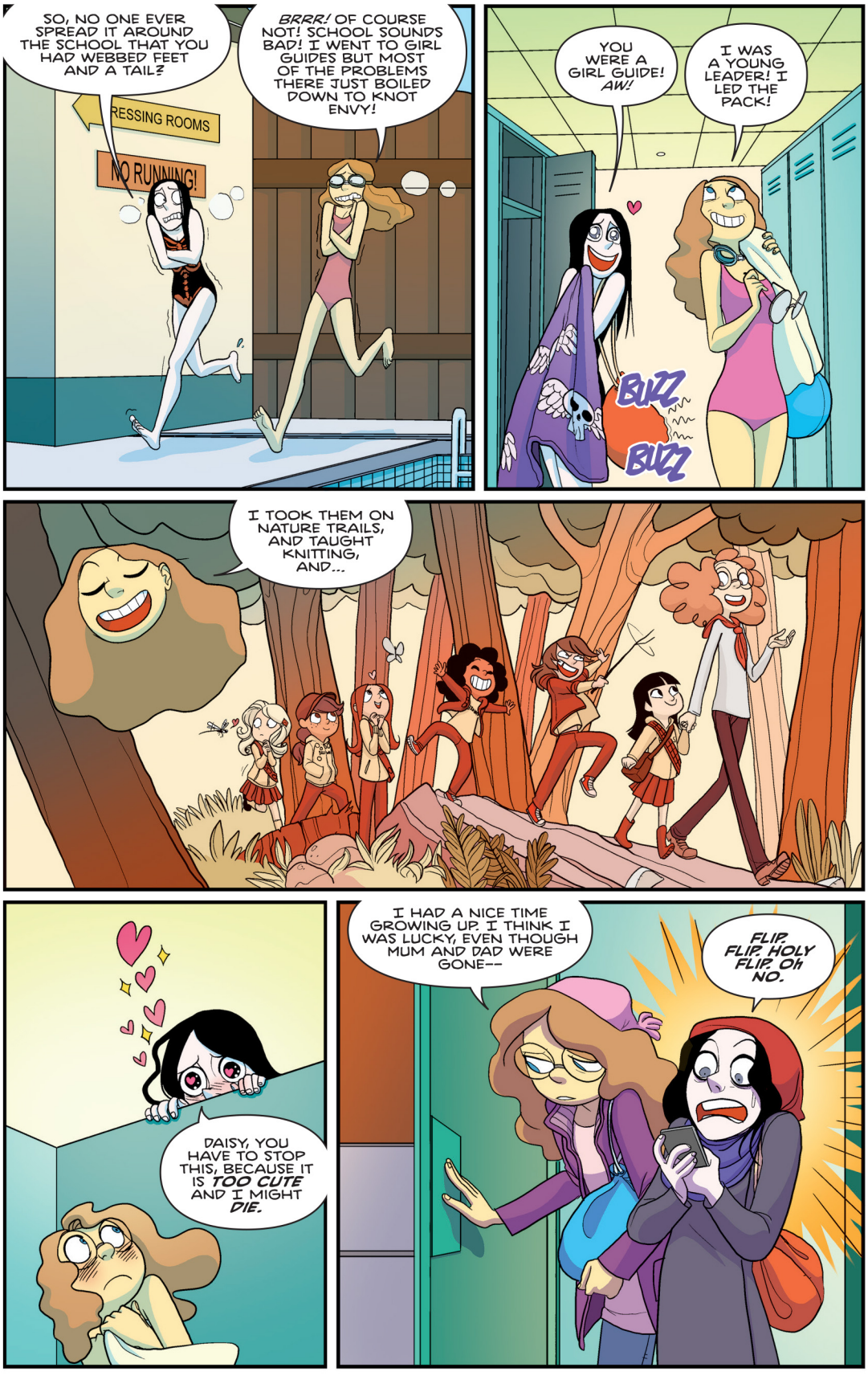

ESTHER, ARE YOU SURE THIS BUS GOES TO THE SWIMMING BATHS?
272
HM12 2RO
WE'VE BEEN ON IT FOR FORTY MINUTES AND EVERYTHING IS HILLS AND FIELDS NOW.
I GOT THE 72 TO THE POOL LAST WEEK, AND THIS IS THE 272 SO I ASSUME IT GOES THE SAME WAY...TWICE AS FAST?
THE NEXT BUS BACK IS IN AN HOUR. I GUESS WE'D BETTER SIT AND WAIT WITH OUR ARMS FOLDED.
DAISY DAISY DAISY. WHAT DOES THAT SIGN SAY?
"HATHERSAGE: COME FOR THE CUTLERY, STAY FOR THE EXPERIENCE."
THERE ARE NO ACCIDENTS. THERE IS ONLY...
...death?
...FATE!

MM-EAT
LOCAL BUTCHER! MUCH CLEAVERS! VERY BLOODY!
IMPORTANT TO THE COMMUNITY!
ANTIQUES SHOP! SO DUSTY!
LET'S BUY BROOCHES!
REAL ESTATE! DRINK IT IN!
WE WILL NEVER OWN OUR OWN HOMES!
OPEN AIR SWIMMING POOL!
IT'S... M-M-MARCH.


HEATED POOL! SO CIVILIZED! I HATED SWIMMING AT SCHOOL. BUT NOW IT'S MY CHOICE, I JUST WANNA BE A FISH.
I ALWAYS LOVED SWIMMING!
HOW DO YOU HAVE SWIMMING LESSONS WHEN YOU'RE HOME-SCHOOLED? DO YOU JUST HAVE TO DO IT IN THE BATH?
HOME-SCHOOLING DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO DO everything AT HOME. YOU'RE NOT LOCKED IN!
SNORT
ASK ME ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
DID YOU HAVE... FRIENDS?
I HAD FRIENDS ON OUR STREET! AND THEY'D GET ALL THE LOCAL HOME SCHOOL KIDS TOGETHER ONE AFTERNOON A WEEK. SOME WERE LITTLE AND SOME WERE OLDER.
NO RUNNING!
I ALWAYS SORT OF PICTURED A LIFE...WITHOUT TECHNOLOGY. A LOT OF PINAFORES. BARN RAISING!
THAT'S THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH! I'M NOT ON RUMSPRINGA!
I THINK KNOWING THE WORD "RUMSPRINGA" MEANS YOU GOT A BETTER EDUCATION THAN ME.


SO, NO ONE EVER SPREAD IT AROUND THE SCHOOL THAT YOU HAD WEBBED FEET AND A TAIL?
RESSING ROOMS
NO RUNNING!
BRRR! OF COURSE NOT! SCHOOL SOUNDS BAD! I WENT TO GIRL GUIDES BUT MOST OF THE PROBLEMS THERE JUST BOILED DOWN TO KNOT ENVY!
YOU WERE A GIRL GUIDE! AW!
I WAS A YOUNG LEADER! I LED THE PACK!
BUZZ
BUZZ
I TOOK THEM ON NATURE TRAILS, AND TAUGHT KNITTING, AND...
DAISY, YOU HAVE TO STOP THIS, BECAUSE IT IS TOO CUTE AND I MIGHT DIE.
I HAD A NICE TIME GROWING UP. I THINK I WAS LUCKY, EVEN THOUGH MUM AND DAD WERE GONE--
FLIP. FLIP. HOLY FLIP. Oh NO.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I HAD A TEXT THE OTHER DAY FROM MY FRIEND BIG LINDSAY...FROM SCHOOL, SAYING SHE WANTED TO VISIT. I JUST SORT OF REPLIED "YEAH YEAH."
NOW SHE SAYS CAN SHE COME TODAY. TODAY.
WELL, THAT'S NICE!
NO, IT ISN'T NICE.
BIG LINDSAY IS A TURBO-CHARGED NUTTER. SHE'S THE DARK DUCHESS OF CHAOS. HELP ME MAKE UP AN EXCUSE.
YOU'VE GOT FLU. THAT'S CONVINCING. WE'RE ALWAYS GETTING ILL.
BIG LINDSAY DOESN'T RESPECT DISEASE! SHE MADE OUR FRIEND SARAH GROTE GO OUT ON THE TOWN WITH APPENDICITIS! IT BURST! SHE NEARLY DIED!
YOU'RE VISITING MYTHOLMROYD, LOOKING AT SYLVIA PLATH'S GRAVE.
DAISY, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH.
AGGH! MY BATTERY'S DEAD! WHY DID THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN...IN A NATIONAL PARK?