





FLY WINGS!  
EVERYWHERE!

THEREZ  
NIA  
WOULD JUST PULL  
THEM OFF AND DROP  
THEM WHERE  
SHE SAT!

I MEAN, I  
HAVE PLUCKED  
MANY O' FLY WING  
IN MY DAY, BUT SHE  
HAD ACTUAL PILES  
OF FLY WINGS!



THE FIGGURES

...EVEN FOR A  
GREY WITCH THIS IS  
WEIRD BEHAVIOR.  
GREY WITCHES, OF COURSE,  
ARE NOTORIOUSLY STRANGE  
CREATURES. SOME SAY THEY  
AREN'T WITCHES AT ALL, BUT  
SMALL HUNCHED CAVE TROLLS  
WHO HAVE READ FROM  
THE BLACK BOOKS OF  
MORDABOK...



...SO THE DAY  
COMES WHERE I'M  
FIXING A DRAUGHT  
TO REMEDY  
THIS DISGUSTING LITTLE  
FISHING VILLAGE PROBLEM,  
AND GUESS WHAT, I'M  
SHORT JUST ONE  
HANDFUL OF FLY  
WINGS...

SHUT UP.  
SHUT UP.  
SHUT UP.



NORGAL THE  
HEAD LOPPER AND  
AGATHA THE BLUE  
WITCH APPROACH,  
SWEET SISTER.  
DO YOU REMEMBER  
THE PLAN?

YES, OF COURSE.  
KILL THE LOPPER.  
STEAL THE HEAD. GET  
MORE OF THOSE DIRTY  
MAN-COINS FROM  
BARRA'S LITTLE  
BOY...

...I HEAR  
OUR SISTERS  
ROLLING  
IN THEIR  
GRAVES.

I REMIND  
YOU, SISTER, HAD YOU  
NOT SMOKED NEARLY  
ALL OF OUR PRECIOUS  
DUST, WE WOULD HAVE  
NO NEED FOR DIRTY  
MAN-COIN.

...I COULD HAVE  
SCRAPPED THE DRAUGHT  
AFTER TWO DAYS OF STOKING  
FLAME AND CRUSHING HEAPS OF  
SPARROW BONE TO POWDER TO  
TRACK DOWN SOME PUTRID  
MEATS, CATCH THE SWARMING  
FLIES, AND PLUCK THEIR  
TINY WINGS...

POINK.  
POINK.  
POINK.

...BUT I  
WOULD HAVE HAD  
TO START THE WHOLE  
DRAUGHT OVER FROM  
SCRATCH, WHILE THAT  
PECKY FISHING VILLAGE  
GOES ABOUT THEIR  
MERRY WAY...

...OR...

I DO  
NOT CARE,  
AGATHA BLUE  
WITCH!



...OR I COULD JUST WALK THE SIX STONE-THROW TO WHERE THERE'Z NIA HAD SO MANY FLY WINGS THEY SWIRLED ABOUT HER FEET WITH EVERY STEP.

\*GROAN\*

...SO I MADE LIKE I HAD BEEN PASSING THROUGH THE AREA AND STOPPED BY FOR A CASUAL VISIT. I ASKED HER SOME STUPID QUESTIONS LIKE, "WHEN IS THE NEXT COMMUNE? WAS IT THREE TURNS OF THE MOON OR FOUR? DO GREY WITCHES MEET SEPARATELY?"

...WHEN OF COURSE THEY DON'T! EVERYONE KNOWS GREY WITCHES ARE SOLITARY CREATURES, BUT I HAD TO FEIGN INTEREST, NOT THAT IT EVEN MATTERED, SHE NEVER LOOKED UP FROM HER FLYING FLYINGS AND ONLY MADE THE OCCASIONAL GROAN, WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE EVEN BEEN A RESPONSE TO A QUESTION, BECAUSE I'M NOT EVEN CONVINCED SHE KNEW I WAS THERE! JUST PINK, PINK, PINK. AAAAAAAAAAAGGGG STAY WITH THOSE FLY WINGS! SO I SNATCHED UP A HANDFUL WHEN SHE...

MARK MY WORDS, AGATHA, IF I COULD KILL YOU AGAIN...

OH, THANK VENORA.

BE CAREFUL, SISTER. THE DUST IS PRECIOUS.

...POISONED THE LAKE, ALL THE VILLAGERS DIED, AND EVERYTHING WAS BACK TO NORMAL...

AND THEN...



...A KNOCKING AT MY DOOR. UNABLE TO EVEN LIFT HER GAZE FROM THE GROUND, THEREZNA POINTS A KNOBBY CROOKED FINGER AT ME AND ACCUSES ME OF STEALING HER FLY WINGS!



CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? CRAZY WITCH!



...



HIS HELMET, SISTER! YOU WASTED THE DUST!

MAYBE HE IS SMARTER THAN WE CREDITED HIM, SWEET SISTER.

GIVE IT HERE. I WILL GET THE HEAD LOPPER.

