

OH...MY...  
GOD.

"THE  
DEADSIDE."

"YOU KNOW WHAT THEY  
NEVER REALLY TALK  
ABOUT? THE SMELL."

T.A.D.D.?  
YOU SURE THAT'S  
NOT YOU? SOMETHING  
YOU ATE?

SERIOUSLY.  
I'M GOING TO START  
CALLING YOU "DEAD-  
INSIDE" IF YOU KEEP  
THIS UP.

GLEEP  
GLORP.



IT WASN'T  
ME. IT SMELLS  
JUST LIKE  
YOU.

GLARP.

"I KNOW, I KNOW. IT'S GOT  
'DEAD' RIGHT IN THE NAME. BUT  
STILL--YOU'D KIND OF THINK  
MAYBE IT'S JUST TO SCARE  
PEOPLE OFF, YOU KNOW?"



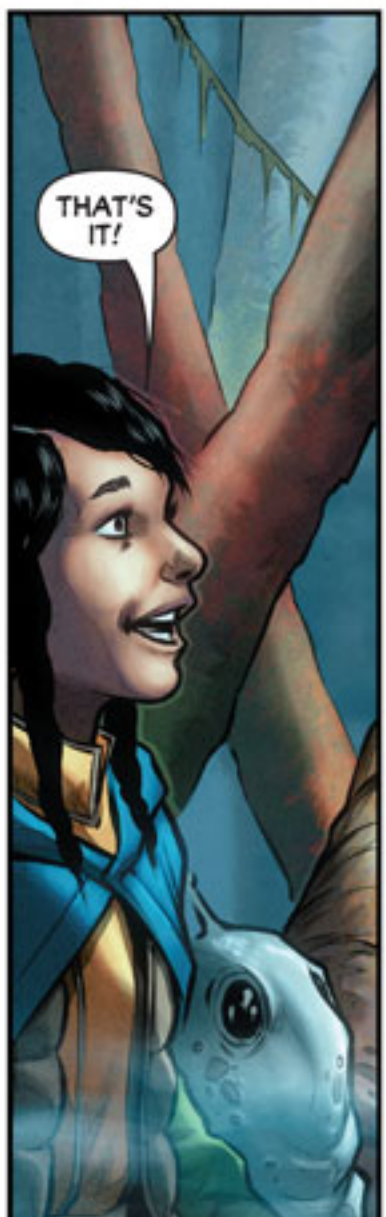
THIS  
WAY...  
NEARLY  
THERE.

"ANYWAY. THE *PUTRIFIED  
FOREST* FREAKING SMELLS.  
THAT'S MY NAME FOR IT.  
NOT THE REAL NAME. REAL  
NAME IS SOME LATIN  
SOMETHING-OR-OTHER."



MUST BE  
THESE TREES. THEY  
LOOK ALIVE BUT THERE'S  
SOMETHING ROTTEN  
ABOUT THEM.

"SERIOUSLY. IT'S LIKE  
ROTTEN EGGS...ON FIRE.  
THAT'S THE SMELL."



THAT'S  
IT!





LITTLE BIT HIGHER UP THAN I THOUGHT.

...

WE NEED TO BE CAREFUL GOING FORWARD. *THE LIVING GUIDE TO THE DEADSIDE VOLUME 1* I READ ON THIS TREE IS...A LITTLE SCARY. PLACE IS FULL OF BOOBY-TRAPS, POISON, AND REALLY ANGRY GATEKEEPERS.

GLAR, GLARP?!



TAKE THIS. IT'LL BE OKAY. YOU'RE WITH ME.

"S'OKAY THOUGH. I DO A LOT OF RESEARCH. A LOT OF *READING*. BOOKS ARE AMAZING THINGS."

WHICH IS WHY YOU ALWAYS CARRY ROPE.

GLORP, GLORP.



GLAR.

THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK.

"THEY'RE MASHED UP TREES, YOU KNOW? PULP. MOST OF THEM ANYWAY. THEY DIDN'T HAVE THOSE WHERE I CAME FROM."

"AND YOU'RE ASKING YOURSELF, 'AREN'T YOU THE GEOMANCER? DON'T YOU HAVE CONTROL AND CONSTANT COMMUNICATION WITH THE EARTH AND EVERY LIVING THING?'"

"WELL, YES. I DO. BUT DID I MENTION IT'S THE *DEAD* SIDE. MY ABILITY TO BE A 'SPEAKER TO THE EARTH' GETS WONKY OVER THERE."



AND... HUP!

"I CAN REACH OUT TO ALL LIVING THINGS ON EARTH. THIS INCLUDES THE SOULS OF DEAD TREES. *BOOKS*. FOUND A LOT OF LONG-FORGOTTEN BOOKS THAT WAY."



TIMES LIKE THIS...HFF...I WISH GEOMANCER POWERS WERE A LITTLE MORE... HF...COMPATIBLE... NGH...WITH THE DEADSIDE...



"SO THE TREES THAT MAKE UP THE PULP ARE DEAD. BUT THE BOOKS ARE STILL ALIVE... IN THEIR OWN WAY. THEY'RE ORGANIC. I CAN HEAR THE ECHOES OF LIFE FROM THE PAGES. WEIRD, I KNOW."

WHEW. HERE WE ARE.



THIS WAY. STAY CLOSE. THERE'S ABOUT A THOUSAND WAYS TO DIE IN THIS PLACE.

"DID I MENTION I LOVE BOOKS?"

"MOST OF THEM ANYWAY. THE **BOOK OF THE GEOMANCER**, IS HONESTLY, NOT MY FAVORITE."

JUST LIKE THE GUIDE SAID. HELLO, THERE! I AM TAMA. THIS IS T.A.D.D.. YOU MUST BE...BINGLE DAIRY?

"THE THING IS ALWAYS-- AND I MEAN *ALWAYS*, PROPHEZING DOOM AND GLOOM."







...HHHOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAMMMMMME?



IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. WHAT IS IMPORTANT IS THAT YOU GIVE ME YOUR RIDDLE, SO I CAN ANSWER IT AND WE CAN PASS. I HAVE URGENT BUSINESS WITH THE DEMON THAT LIVES AT THE TOP OF THIS TREE.



YOU GET ONE GUESS TO MY RIDDLE, MISSSSS. IF YOU ANSWER INCORRECTLYYYY... YOU WILL SUFFER AN AGONIZING DEATH BY--

YES, YES. PLEASE! I NEED TO HURRY!



IMAGINE YOU ARE IN A DARK ROOOOOOM.



HOW DO YOU GET OUTTT--

STOP IMAGINING.



THANKS! TAKE CARE, BINGLE!



