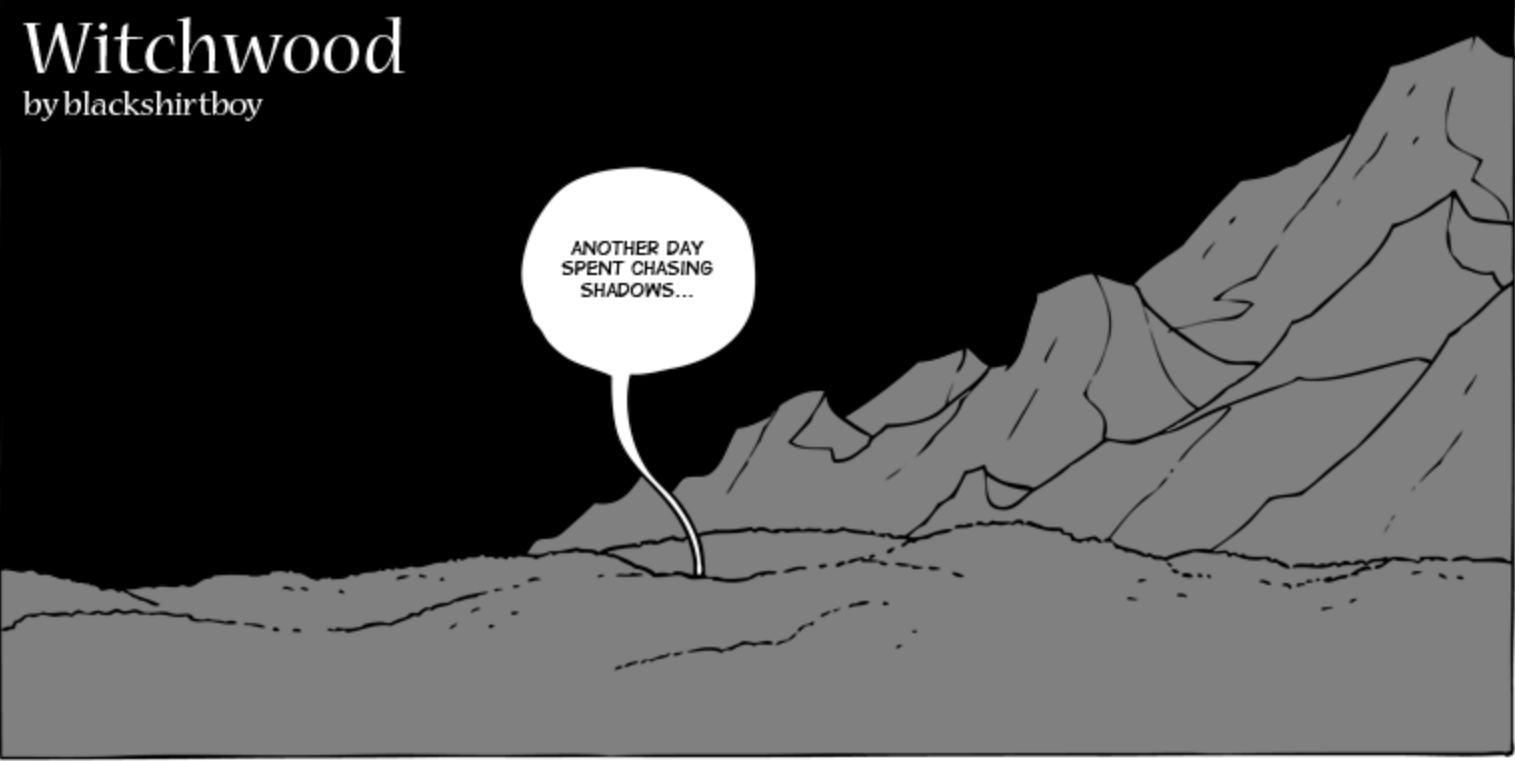



Witchwood

by blackshirtboy



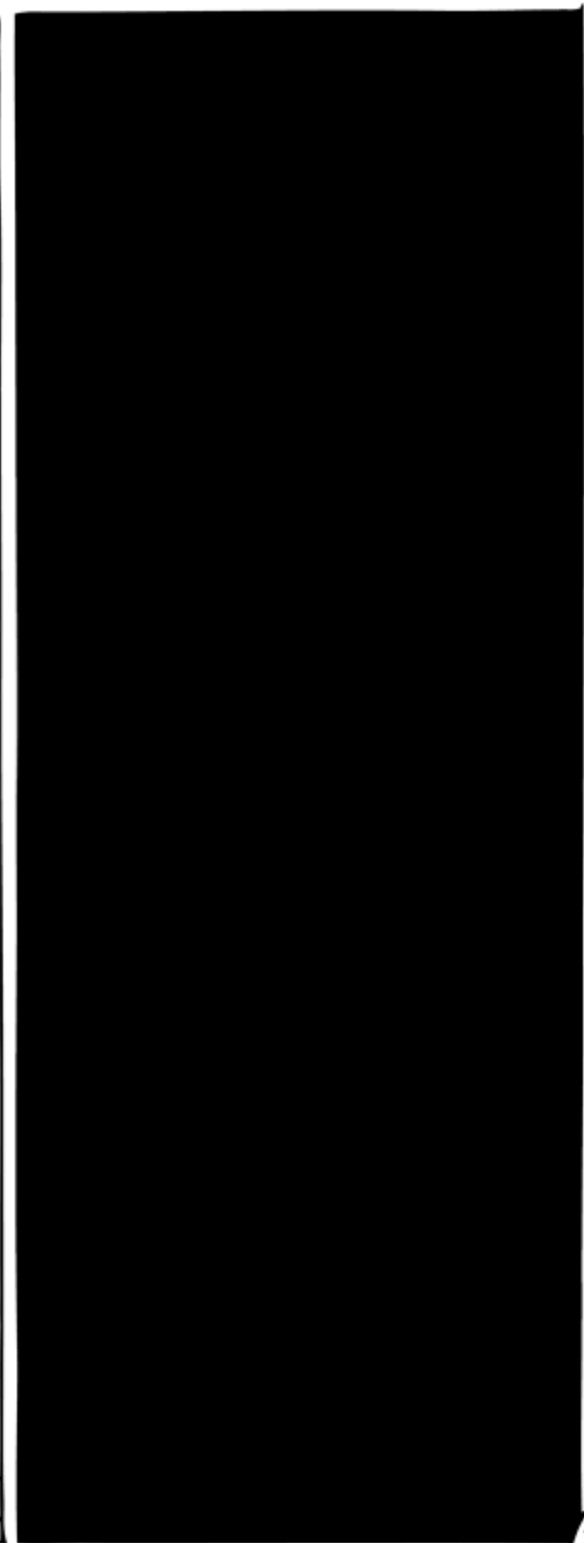
ANOTHER DAY
SPENT CHASING
SHADOWS...



FRET NOT,
SER THOMMEN,
PERHAPS ON
THE MORROW-

BE
SILENT,
SQUIRE

FOUR DAYS WE
HAVE BEEN
SCOURING THE
WOODS AND STILL
THE WITCHES STAY
HIDDEN





YOU HAVE MADE A GRAVE MISTAKE

UP AND DOWN THE LONG SEA THEY TELL TALES OF SER THOMMEN RENELLE: WITCHSLAYER

OH. ANOTHER WITCHSLAYER, IS IT?

SO MANY HAVE COME INTO OUR WOODS OVER THE YEARS THAT I HAVE LOST COUNT

BUT NOW WHAT DO I DO WITH THE TWO OF YOU...

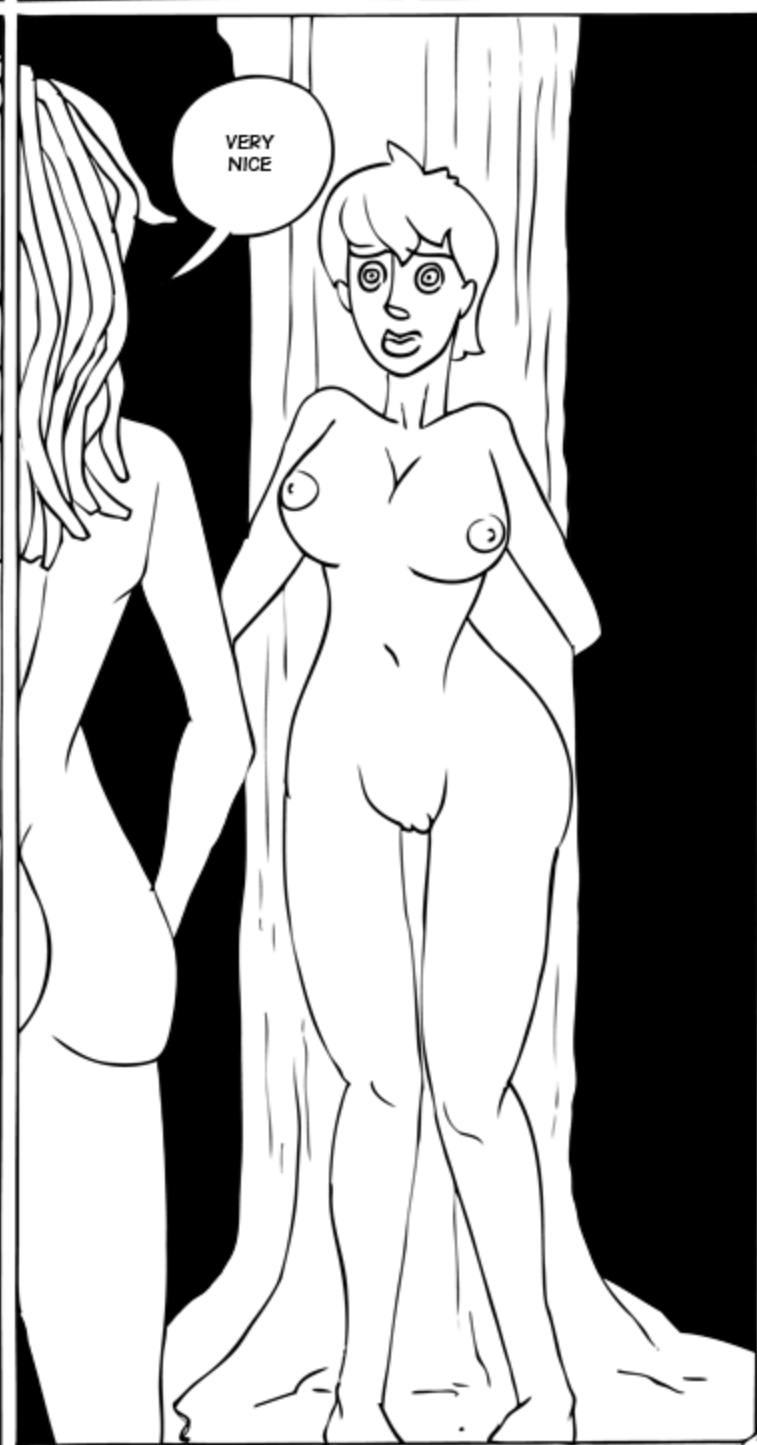
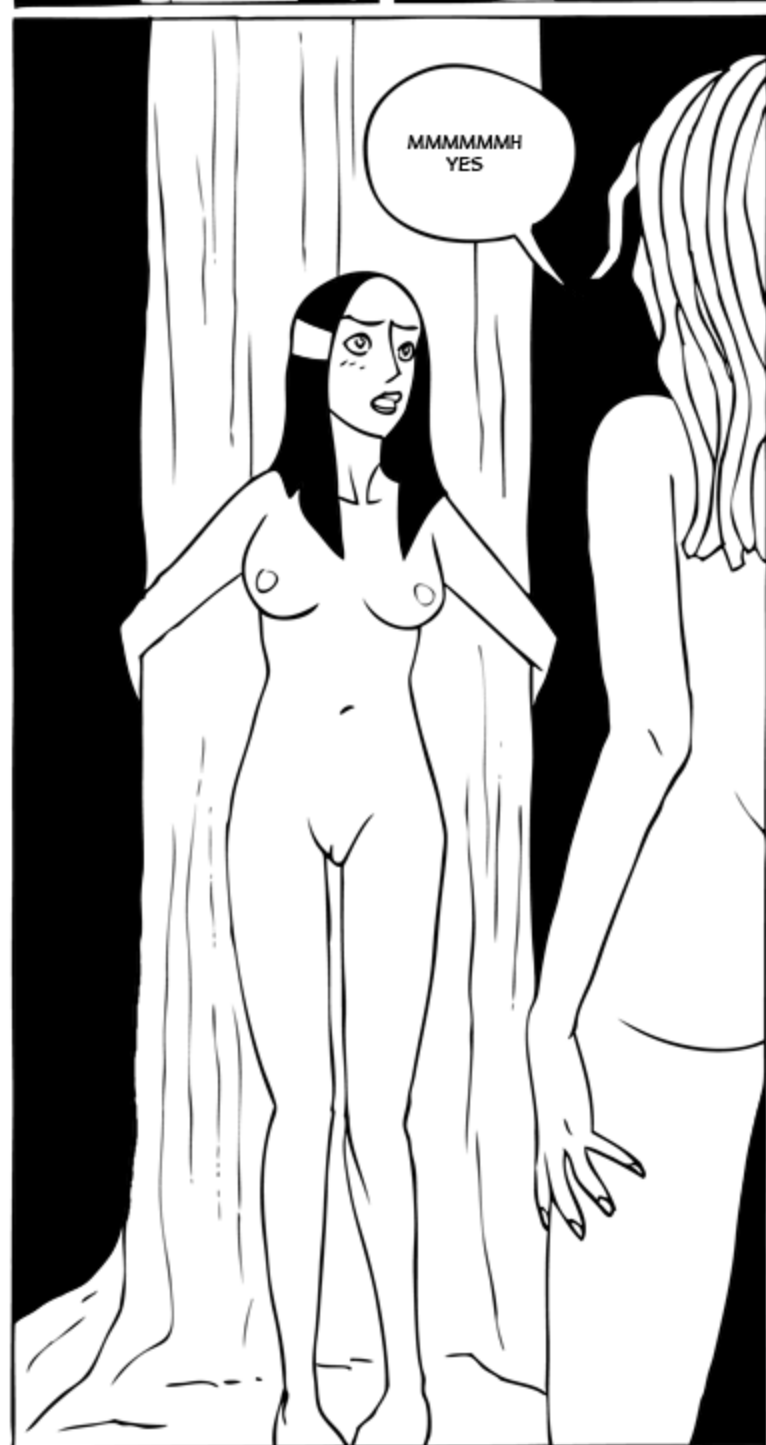
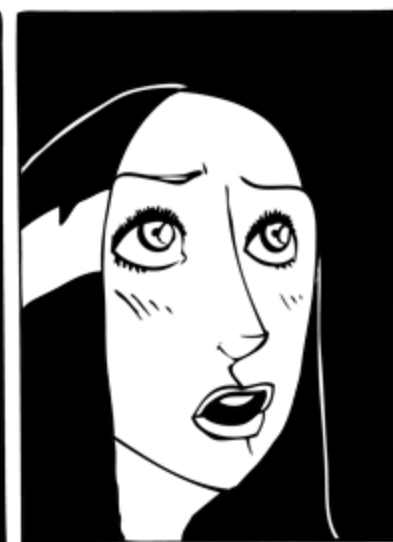
BREEDERS?


PACK HORSES, PERHAPS?

OF COURSE WE COULD ALWAYS USE MORE SLAVES TO SELL AT DARKHALL..










LET'S JUST MAKE YOU LOOK
A BIT MORE RESPECTABLE



PERFECT.
MEN WILL PAY THEIR
WEIGHT IN GOLD FOR
YOU, MY LOVELIES

SER THOMMEN...

OH JUST
SHUT UP



END