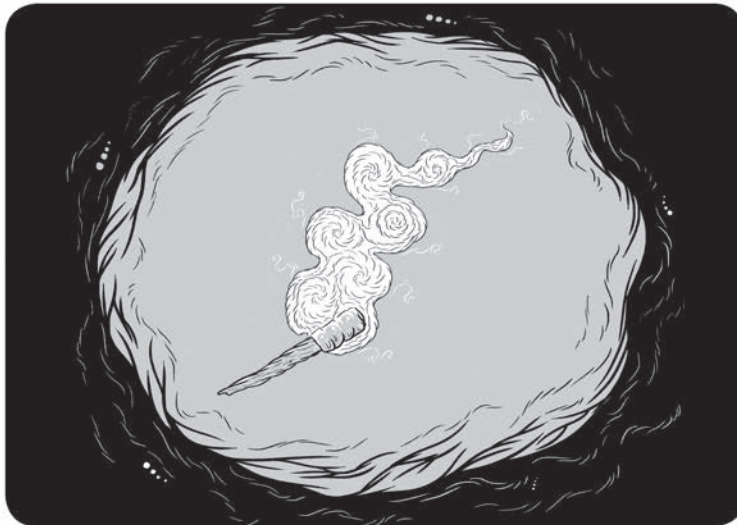


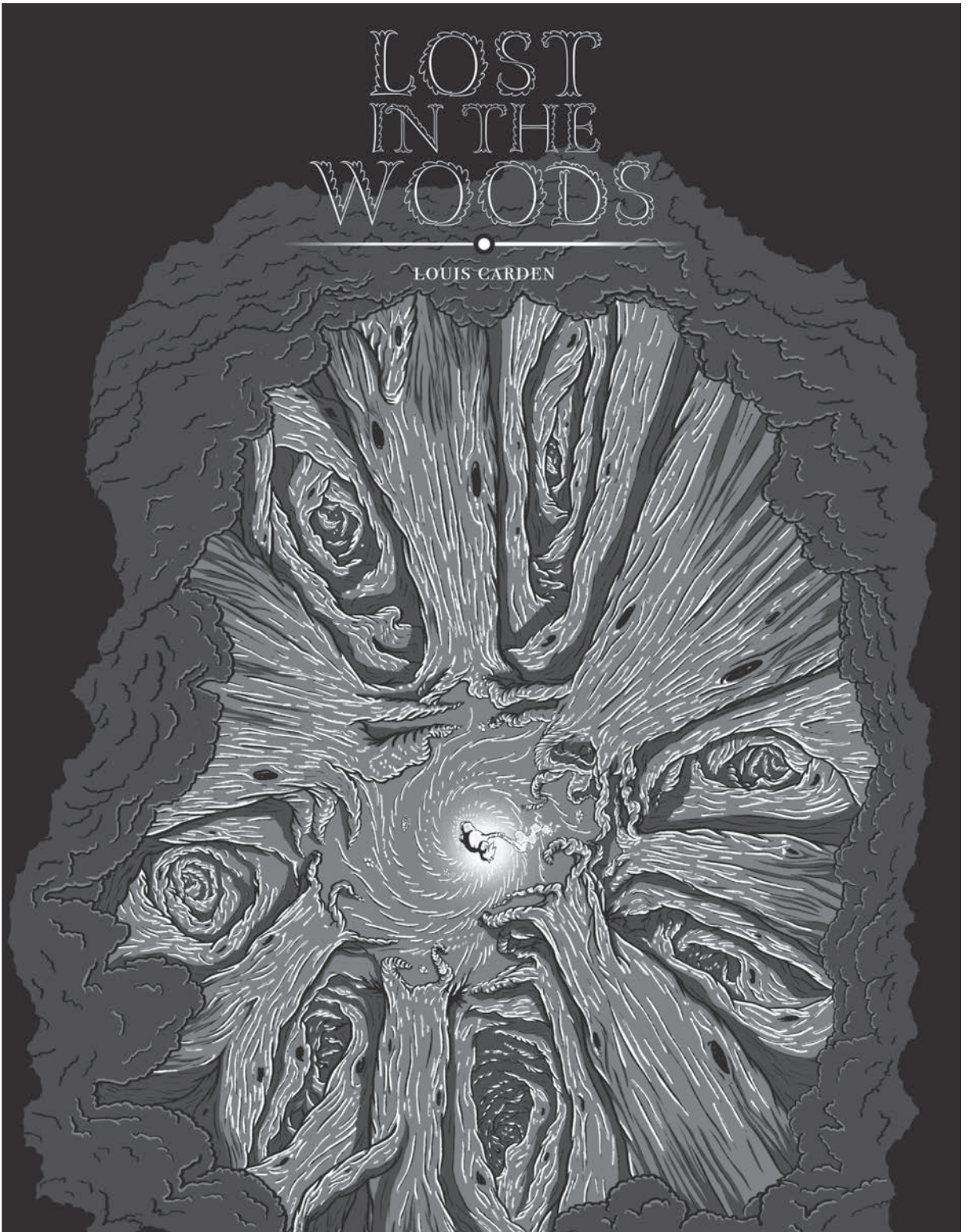
“I have absolutely no pleasure in the stimulants in which I sometimes so madly indulge. It has not been in the pursuit of pleasure that I have periled life and reputation and reason. It has been the desperate attempt to escape from torturing memories, from a sense of insupportable loneliness and a dread of some strange impending doom.”

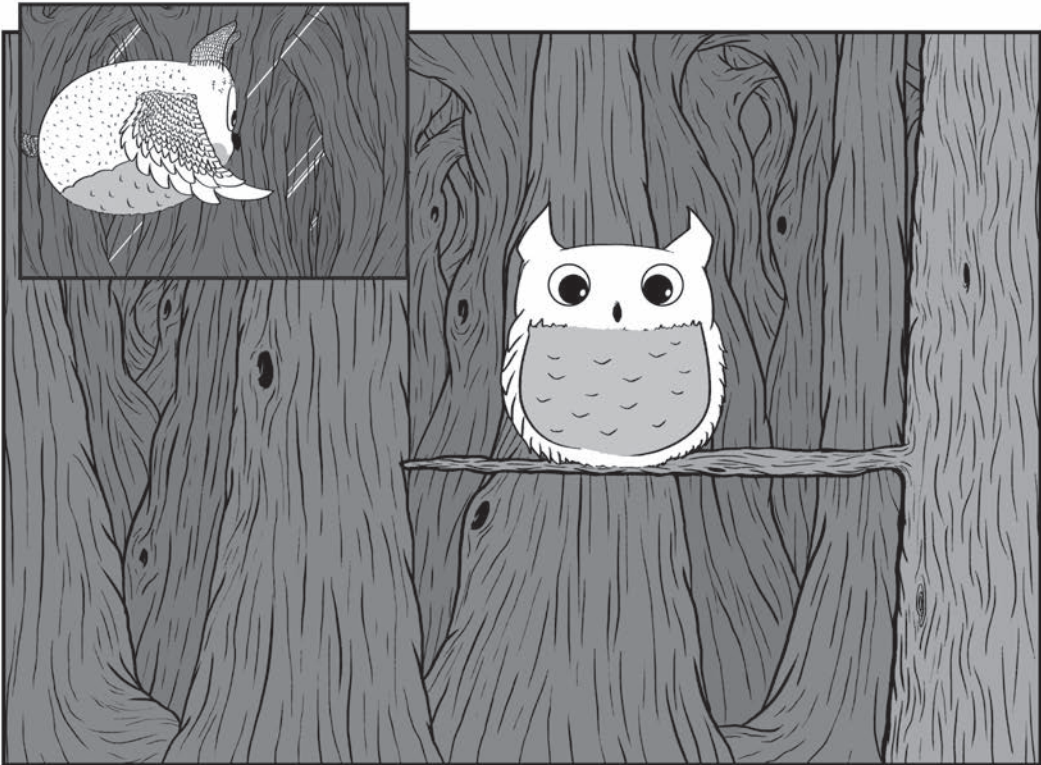
– Edgar Allan Poe



LOST IN THE WOODS

LOUIS CARDEN

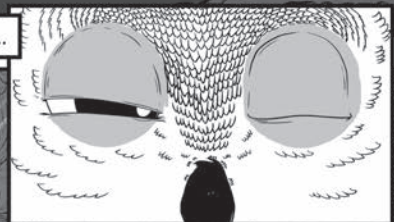




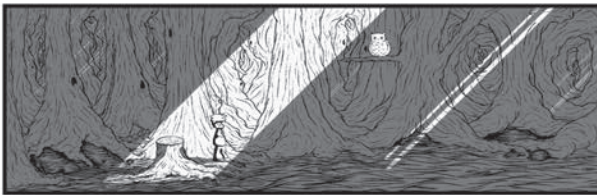
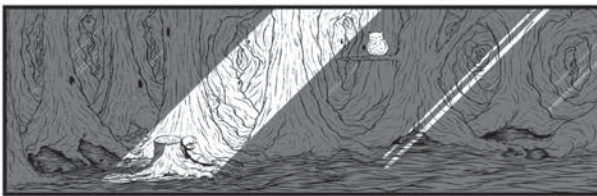


*Hmm.
Another day, another lost soul.
Nothing to do now but wait...*

Sometime later...

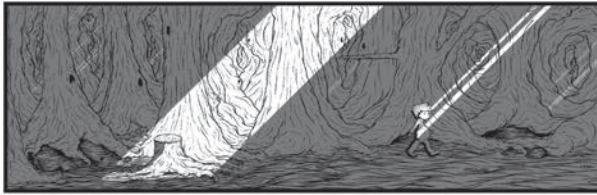


*Oh good, he's awake.
Best make a loud hoot of
reassurance, that always helps.*



'...hoot, hoot...'

*Yes, that did the trick.
Now, will he follow me?*







*This one's determined.
I hope he makes it.*

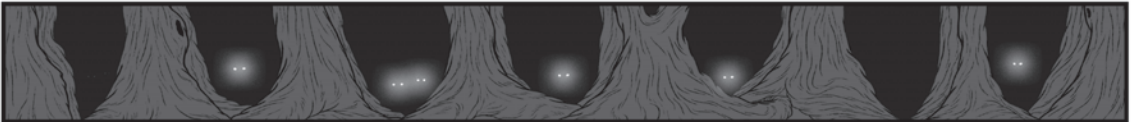
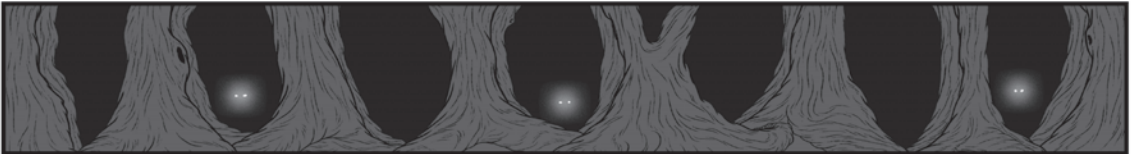
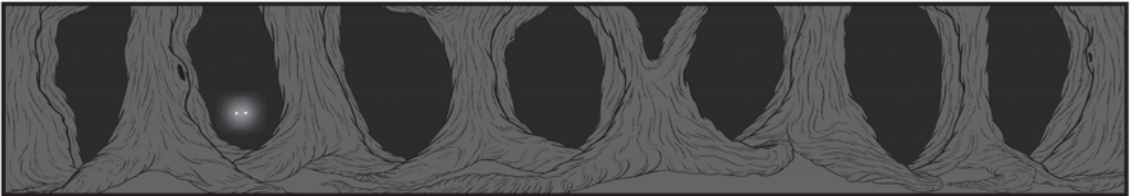


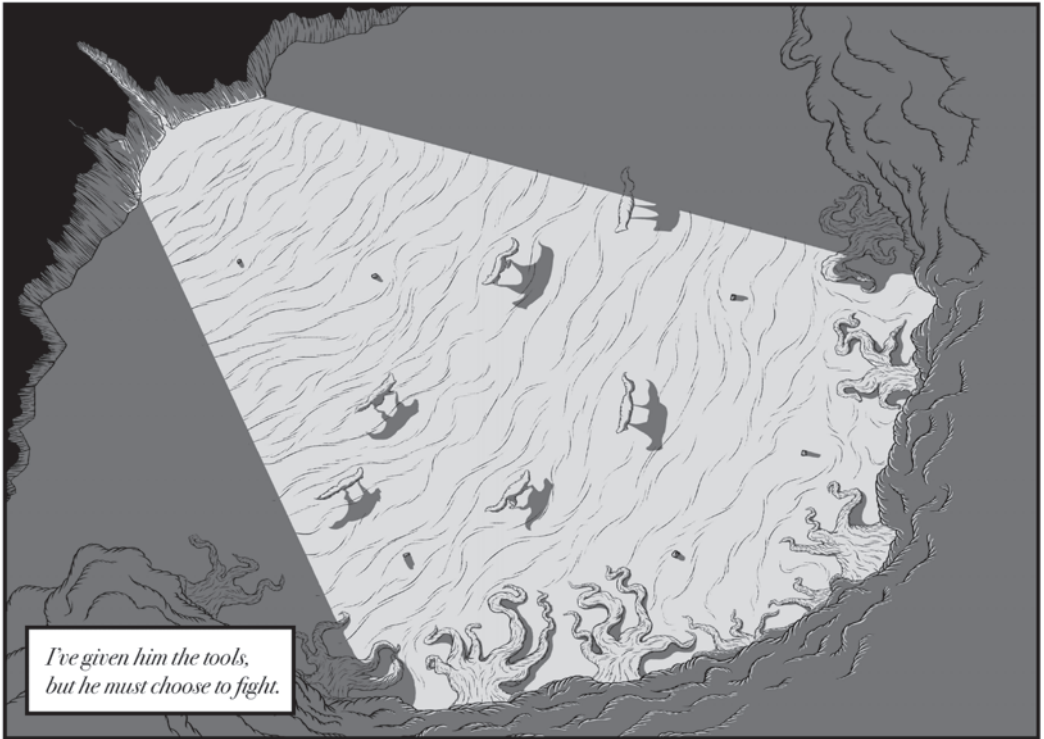
Not long now, we've almost reached the cave.

I think he'll be pleased with the fire, I do what I can.

Best to hurry, it's not safe out in the dark.

Hmm, something's coming...



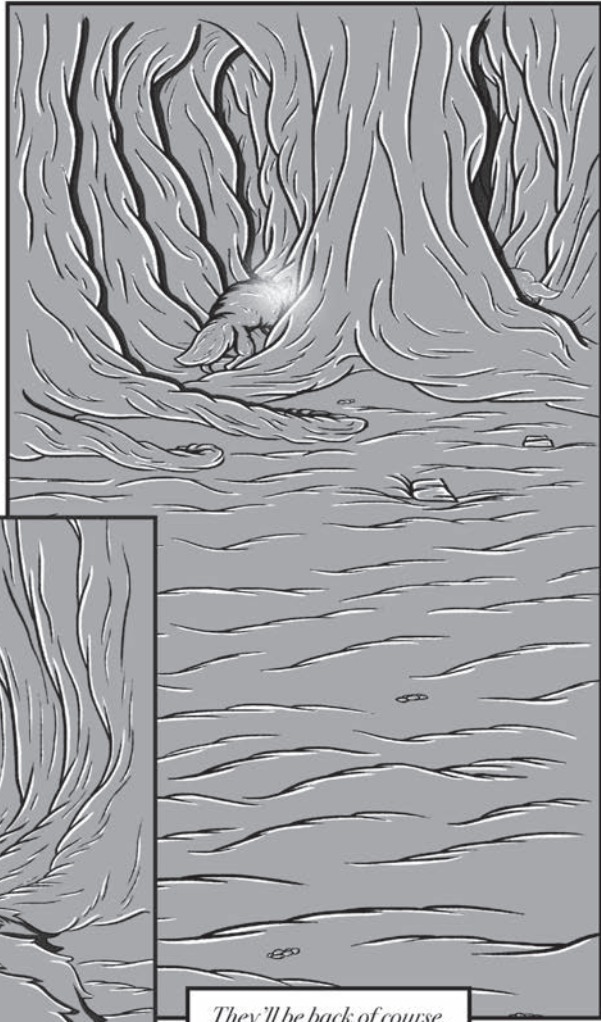


*I've given him the tools,
but he must choose to fight.*



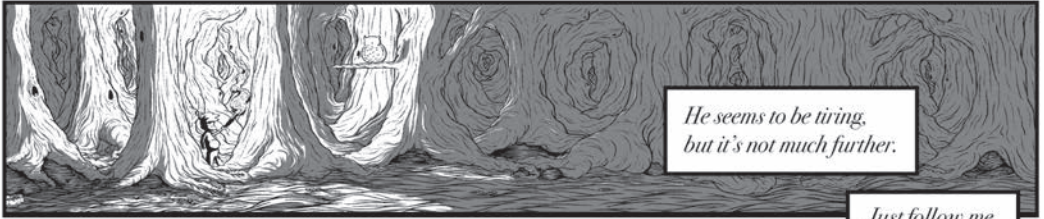
Just as I suspected.

*I'm impressed, they don't
usually scare that easily.*

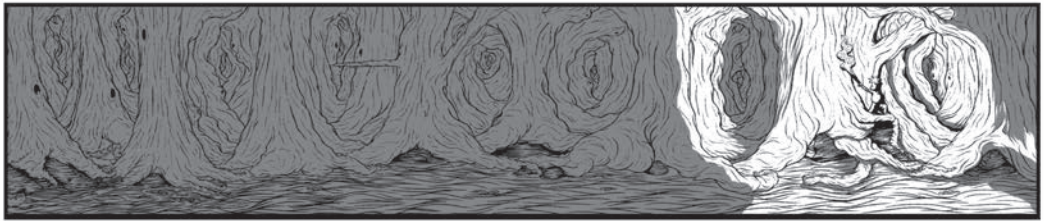
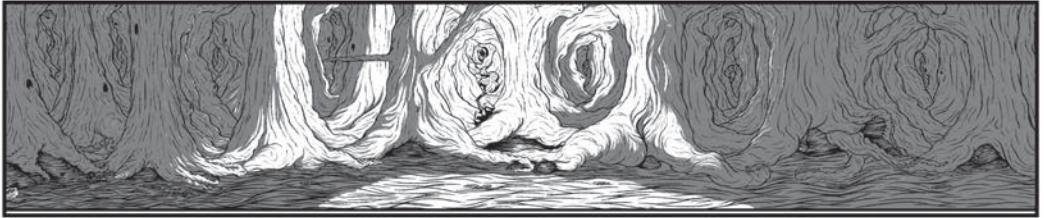


*They'll be back of course,
they always come back.*

*We must move,
it's not far now.*



Just follow me.



*He made it,
but he's not out of the woods yet.*

As one story ends...

