

FRIDAY FITZHUGH HAD ONLY BEEN BACK IN KINGS HILL FOR HALF AN HOUR...



AND ALREADY IT WAS LIKE SHE NEVER LEFT.



SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN EXPECTING THIS, OF COURSE...



BUT SHE WAS PLANNING A QUIET NIGHT AT HOME WITH MOM AND AUNT JODY...



TO THINK ABOUT THINGS.

BUT INSTEAD, JUST LIKE
A THOUSAND NIGHTS BEFORE,
SHE WAS TRUDGING THROUGH
THE KINGSWOOD FOREST
TRYING TO KEEP UP WITH
LANCELOT JONES.



LIKE HER LIFE WAS
A RECORD NEEDLE
STUCK IN AN ENDLESS
GROOVE.



SHE KNEW LANCE WOULD NEVER MAKE UP A MYSTERY TO AVOID TALKING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT, BEFORE SHE LEFT FOR COLLEGE...



BUT STILL, THERE THEY WERE, ON AN ADVENTURE...



NOT TALKING ABOUT IT.



FRIDAY...



...WHAT IS IT?

I THOUGHT I SAW SOMEONE IN THE TREES...

WATCHING US.



