

THE MUSHROOM NIGHT

OLIVER BLY

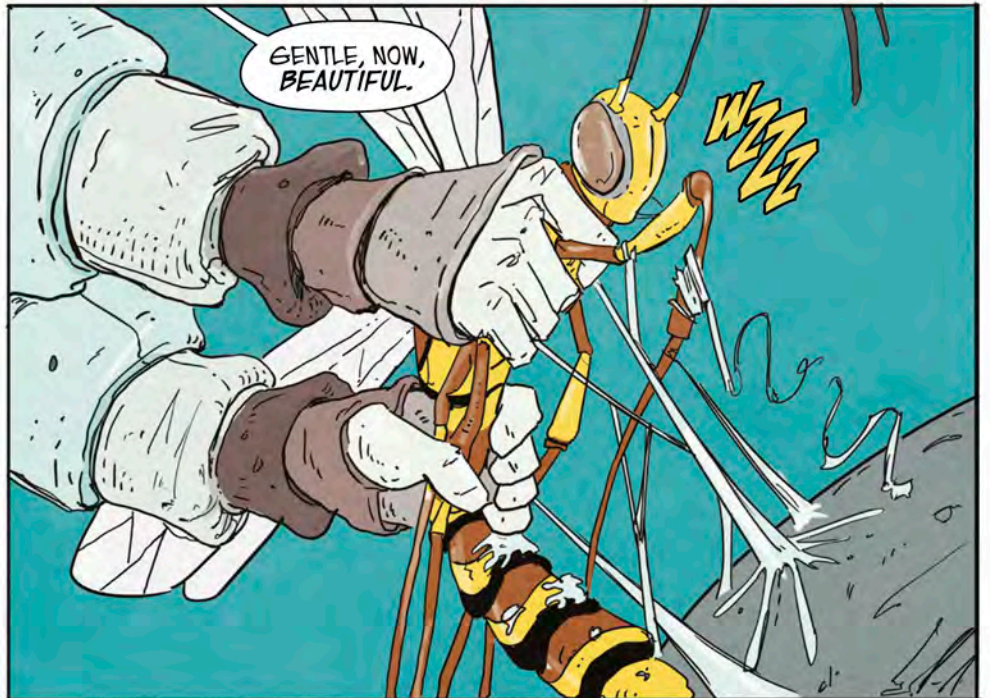
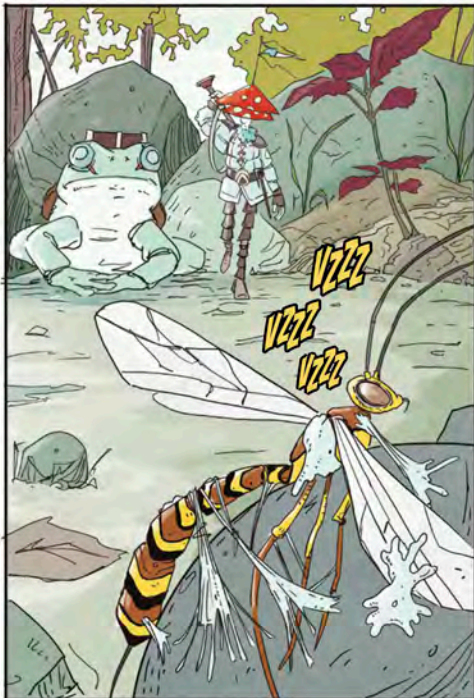
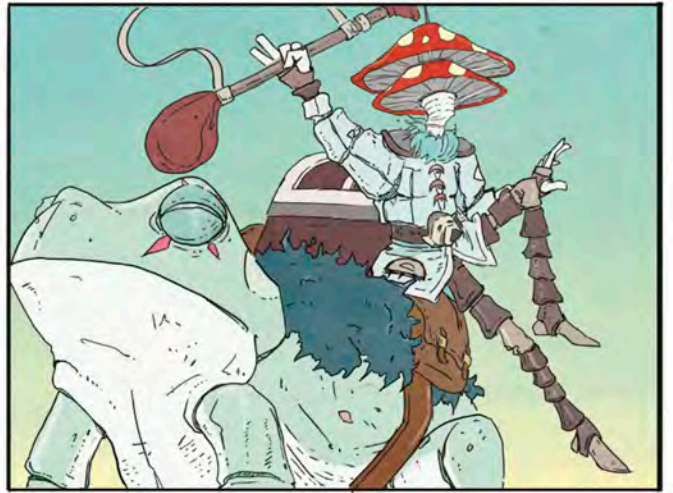


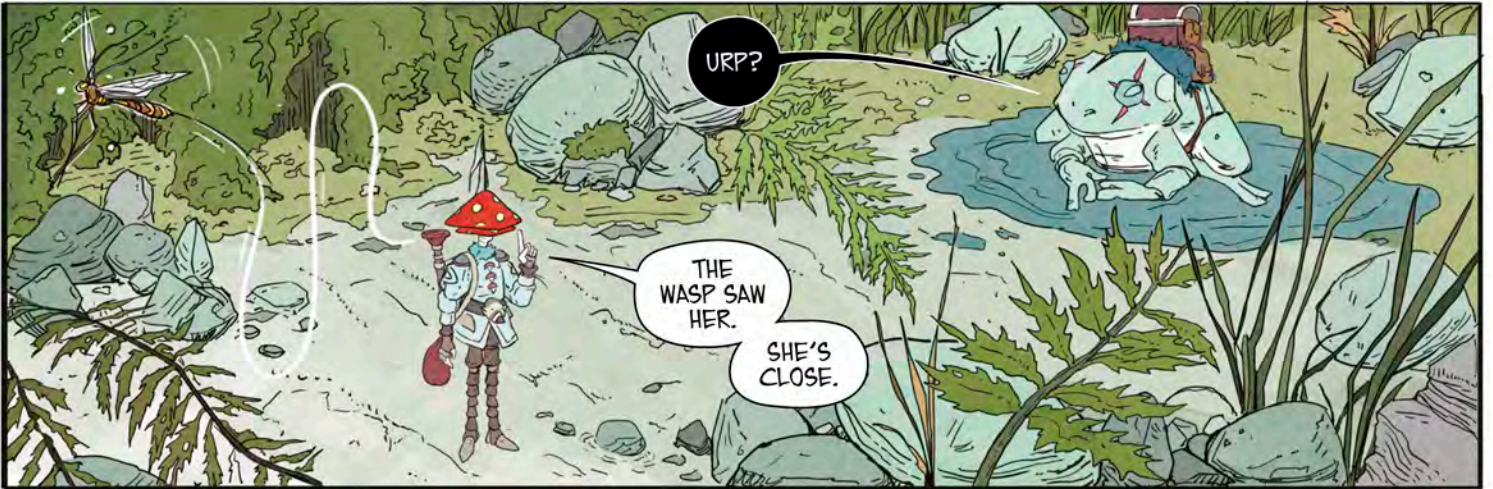
MADCAVE
10
YEAR
ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION

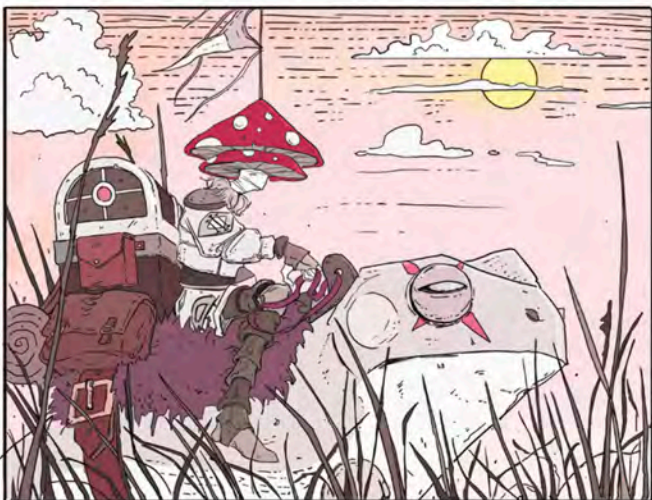
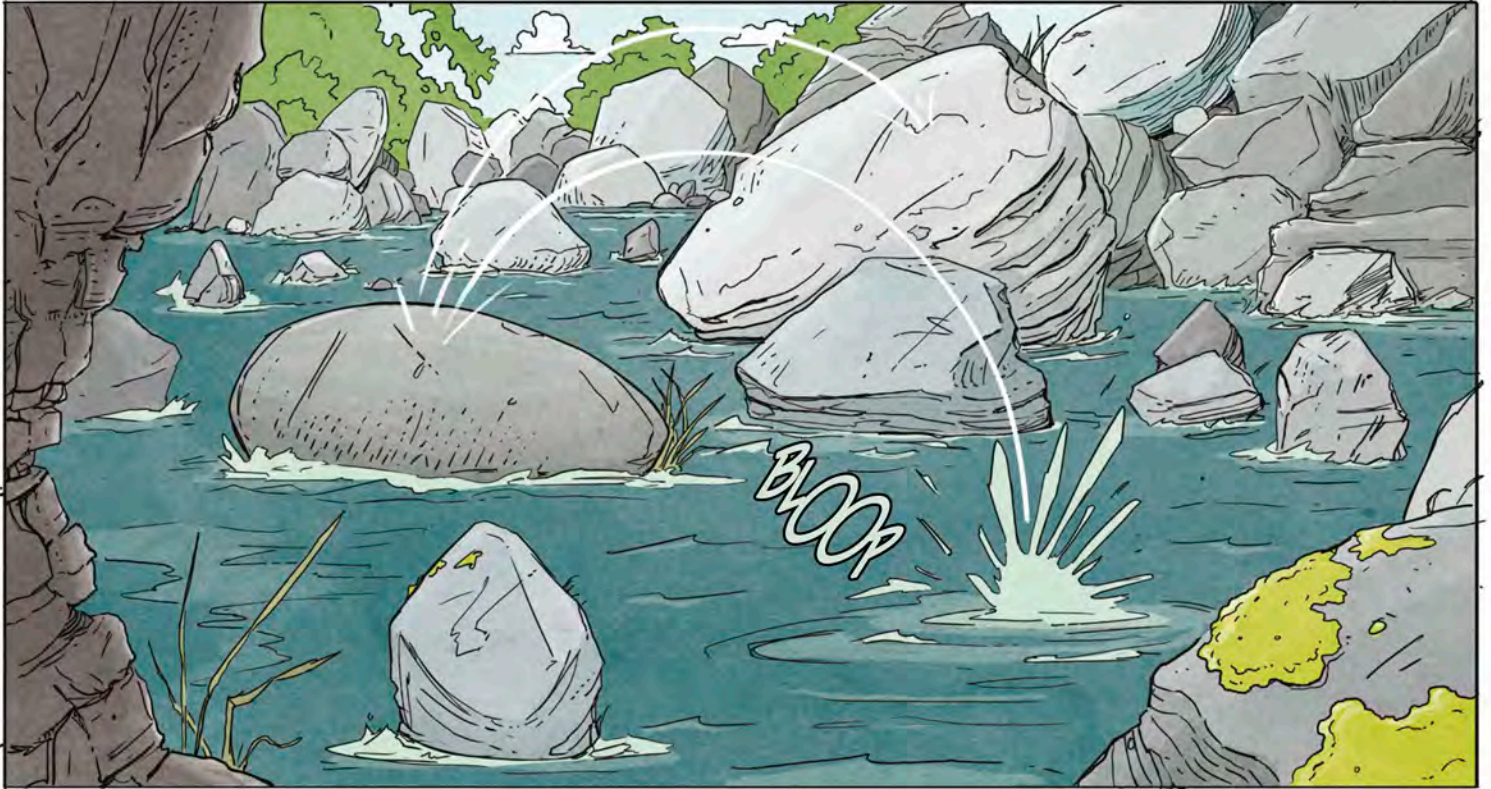
THE WISSAHICKON, PHILADELPHIA.

JUNE 8TH, 1996.

THWAP









CRUMBS!

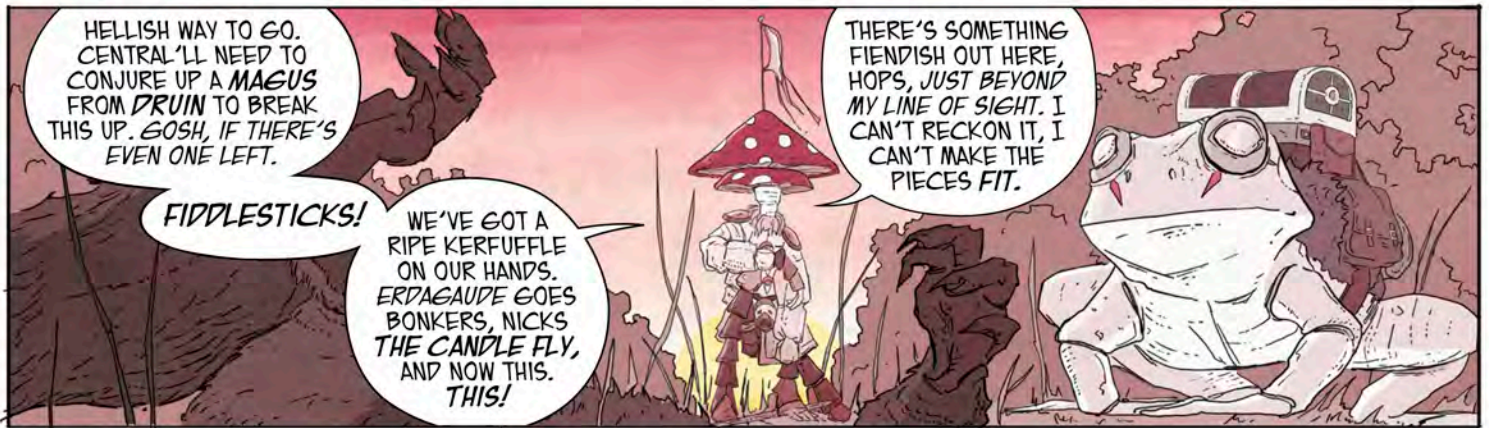


DIED... SEVEN? ...NO, SIX DAYS AGO...

I THINK.

ABSOLUTELY UNMOLESTED. BACTERIA WON'T EVEN GO NEAR.

SHE WAS SPELL SLAIN. WIZARD'S WORK.

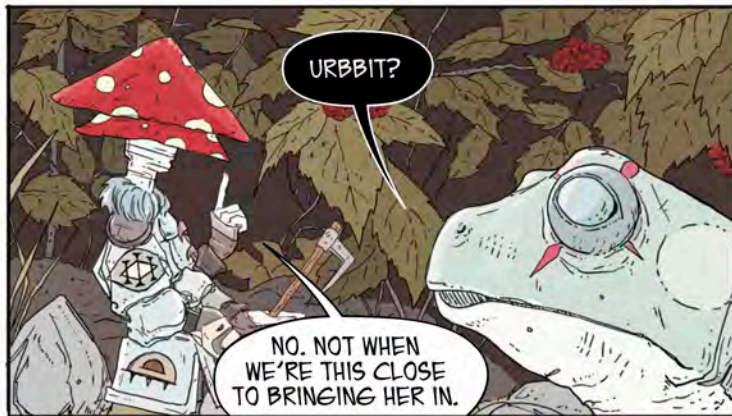


HELLISH WAY TO GO. CENTRAL'LL NEED TO CONJURE UP A **MAGUS** FROM **DRUIN** TO BREAK THIS UP. **GOSH**, IF THERE'S EVEN ONE LEFT.

FIDDLESTICKS!

WE'VE GOT A RIPE KERFUFFLE ON OUR HANDS. **ERDAGAUDE** GOES BONKERS, NICKS **THE CANDLE FLY**, AND NOW THIS. **THIS!**

THERE'S SOMETHING FIENDISH OUT HERE, HOPS, JUST BEYOND MY LINE OF SIGHT. I CAN'T RECKON IT, I CAN'T MAKE THE PIECES FIT.



URBBIT?

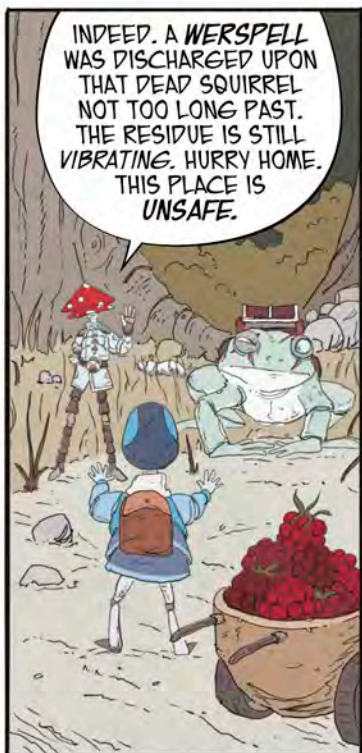
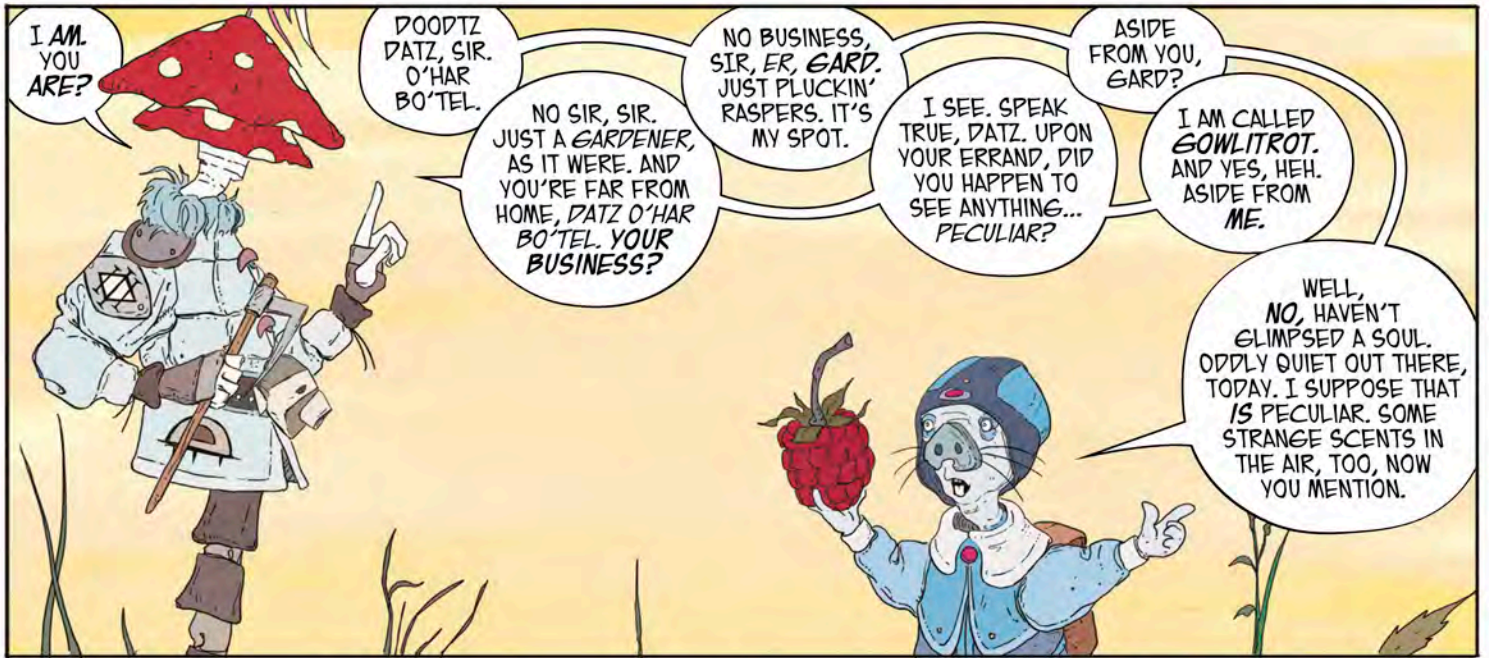
NO. NOT WHEN WE'RE THIS CLOSE TO BRINGING HER IN.

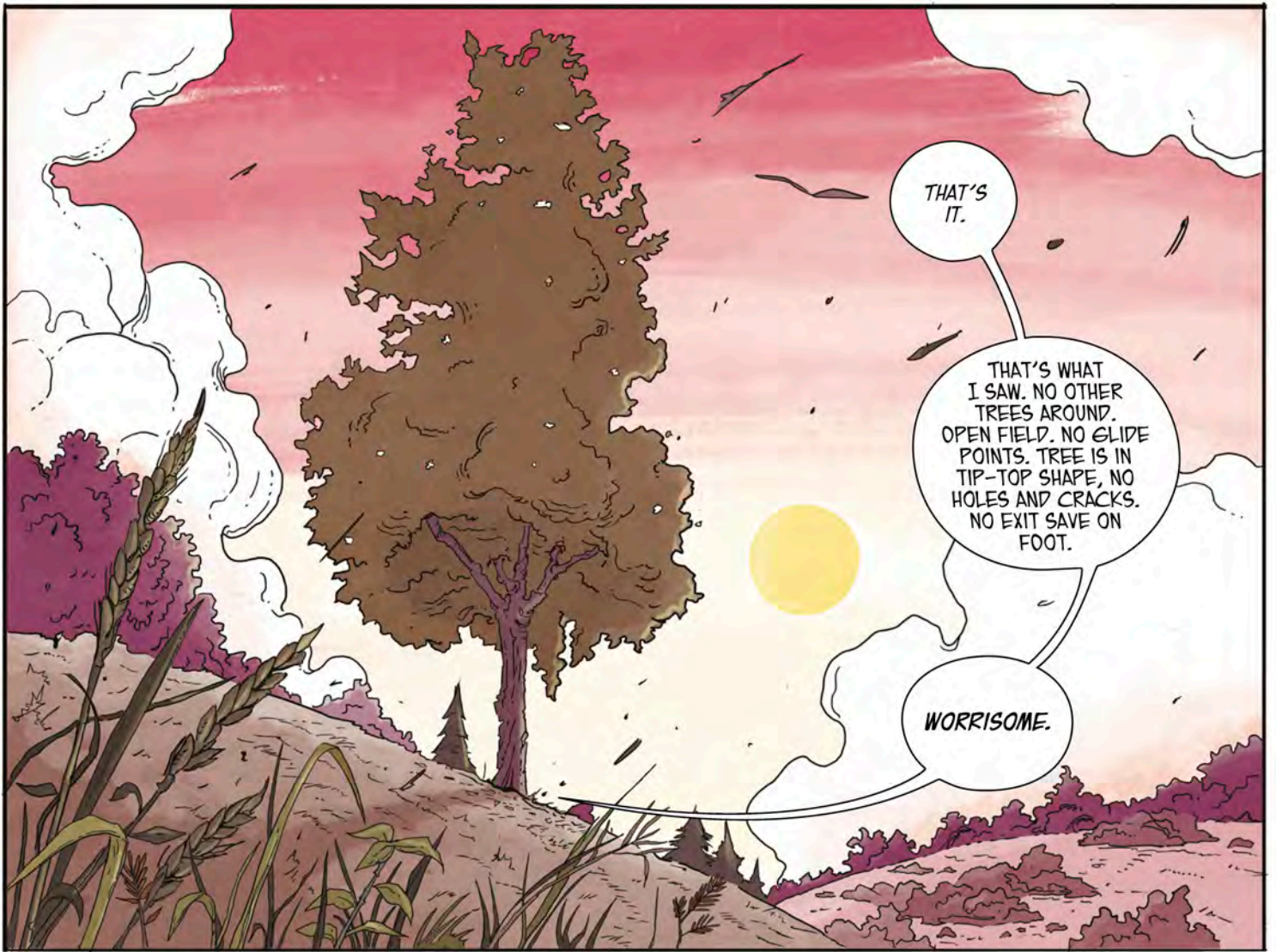


THE CHIEF WOULD HAVE US...

RUSTLE
RUSTLE
RUSTLE



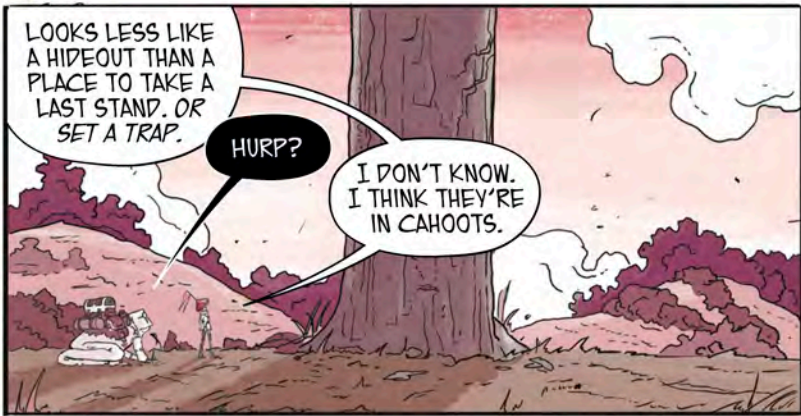




THAT'S IT.

THAT'S WHAT I SAW. NO OTHER TREES AROUND. OPEN FIELD. NO GLIDE POINTS. TREE IS IN TIP-TOP SHAPE, NO HOLES AND CRACKS. NO EXIT SAVE ON FOOT.

WORRISOME.



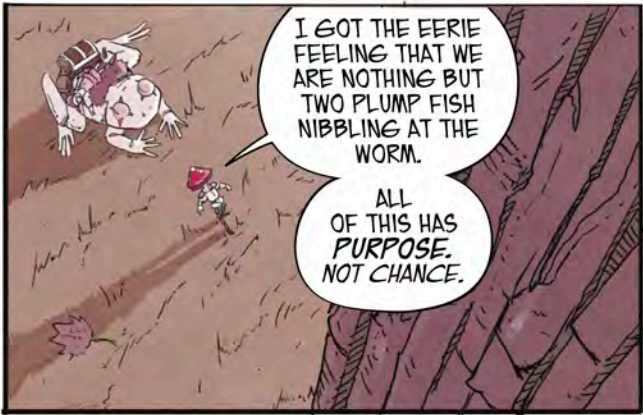
LOOKS LESS LIKE A HIDEOUT THAN A PLACE TO TAKE A LAST STAND. OR SET A TRAP.

HURP?

I DON'T KNOW. I THINK THEY'RE IN CAHOOTS.

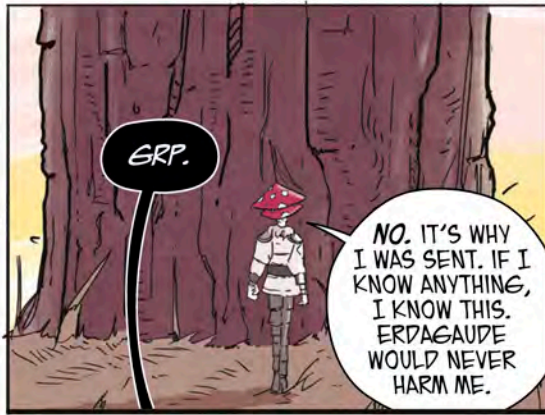


BUT HIS MIND WAS A SWAMP. ALL I COULD SUSS OUT WAS THIS TREE. AND... HER. GLOWING LIKE BEACONS IN THE MIST. LIKE SHE WANTED TO BE FOUND...



I GOT THE EERIE FEELING THAT WE ARE NOTHING BUT TWO PLUMP FISH NIBBLING AT THE WORM.

ALL OF THIS HAS PURPOSE. NOT CHANCE.



GRP.

NO. IT'S WHY I WAS SENT. IF I KNOW ANYTHING, I KNOW THIS. ERDAGAUDE WOULD NEVER HARM ME.



NOT IF HER LIFE DEPENDED ON IT.