

PAGE C19-P01

PANEL 1

Sitting in an imposing command chair inside a tent, NADIA (from pre-reboot, with hair the exact same color as Aidan) dangles an open locket in front of her own eyes, looking at an unseen picture with sadness. From the right enters RAGNA, a female soldier who's readjusting her messy uniform. Her appearance is disheveled and she looks a bit flushed. Between them, a female soldier stands at attention, announcing the newcomer.

CAPTION

Elsewhere in the HINTERLANDS, far from
The Fester.

NADIA

(replace > < by cat's whiskers)
> SIGH <

NADIA

(thinking)
Daisy, this might be the end. I hope
not, but it's not looking good.

SOLDIER

Commander Nadia? Corporal Ragna,
reporting as ordered.

PANEL 2

Zoom in on Nadia, still sitting in her chair, Ragna standing right in front of her. Nadia looks up at her, her bearing proud and confident despite her inner doubt. Ragna finishes adjusting her clothes while reporting. (The female soldier who announced her is out of panel.)

NADIA

Report, then. How bad is it?

RAGNA

Very bad. All the men are gone,
swallowed by the mist. I scouted down
there as long as I could, but I had to
come back for air.

RAGNA

Almost didn't make it.

PANEL 3

TALL PANEL. Atop a high hill, a small group of female soldiers and small tents surround a larger tent. From the number and size of tents, there are perhaps two dozen soldiers left in the whole camp (not all of them visible at the moment). From the larger tent come the voices of Nadia and Ragna. Pink swirly mist swallows the lower half of the panel, with floating balloons hinting at what is going on at the bottom (fonts of various sizes).

NADIA

And the mist? Is it getting higher?

RAGNA

Yes, Commander.

(cont'd)

At this rate, we have a week, maybe two before it swallows us.

(cont'd)

Then, we'll be LITERALLY screwed.

VOICES

Oh yeah, baby!

Deeper! Deeper!

Give it to me HARD, you PRICK!

That's what I'm TALKING about!

Oh, baby, so tight!

MFFmmFmFFmffMMM!!!

PANEL 4

From left to right: Griz holding a knife to Autumn's throat; Heather looking at them with gritted teeth; Little Attitude (in the background), small, hovering discreetly past the queen; and the Faerie Queen, same pose as #637 panel 5.

CAPTION

(top left)

Back in The Fester.

GRIZ

So what's the word, boss? Off with her head?

FAERIE QUEEN

Sure, let's start with her. Then we'll take care of the princess.

VOICE #1

(from off-panel)

STOP!

PANEL 5

The Faerie Queen looks over her shoulder. Behind her, a hand crossbow is pointed an inch away from her head. It's held by Daisy, who's grinning victoriously. Little Attitude hovers over her shoulder, biting her nails (both hands), more terrified than ever.

FAERIE QUEEN

What's this? Who DARES interrupt my triumph?

DAISY

That'd be me.

DAISY

(near Little Attitude)

You're up, kiddo.