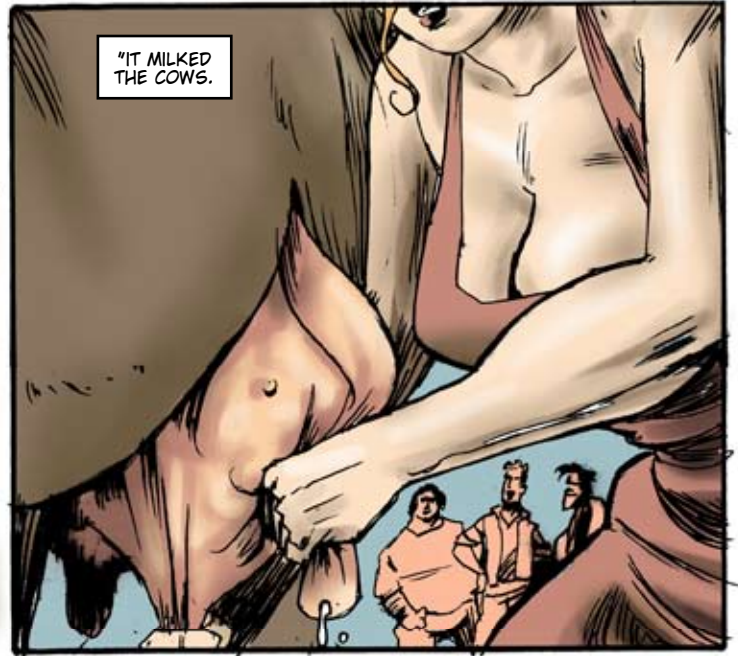


"THE TOLG TOOK ALL OUR DAILY TOIL IN HER HANDS."

"IT COOKED FOR US."



"IT CHURNED THE BUTTER."



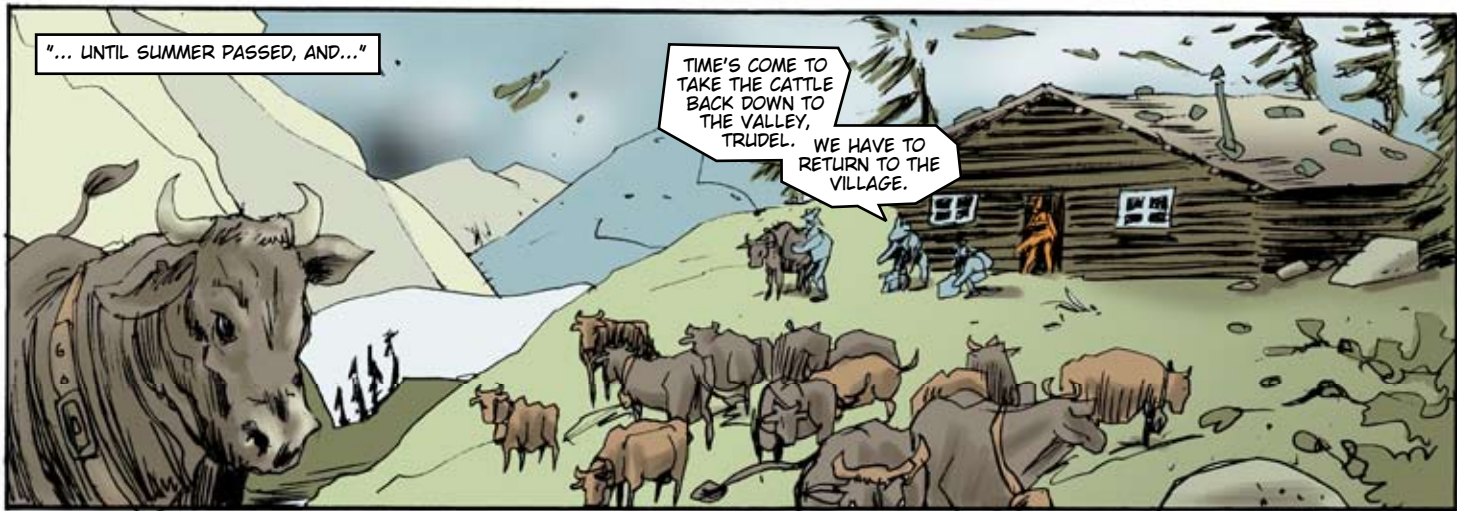
"IT MILKED THE COWS."



"IT TOOK CARE OF ALL OUR NEEDS."



"AND SO THE DAYS AND NIGHTS FLEW BY..."



"... UNTIL SUMMER PASSED, AND..."

TIME'S COME TO TAKE THE CATTLE BACK DOWN TO THE VALLEY, TRUDEL. WE HAVE TO RETURN TO THE VILLAGE.



AND TO YOUR VILLAGE HARLOTS!

WE'LL BE BACK NEXT SUMMER.

YOU JUST KEEP THE HUT AND EVERYTHING ELSE IN SHAPE FOR US.

IT WON'T BE HARD WORK WITH SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.



YOU STAY WITH ME!

NOW, NOW, TRUDEL. WE REALLY GOT TO GO, AND YOU KNOW IT.

YOU WILL FORGET ME ONCE YOUR STUPID, FAT VALLEY STRUMPET'S GOT YOU BACK.



STOP IT, WENCH!



I AM SORRY.

I AM SORRY.



JUST ONE LAST THING BEFORE YOU LEAVE.

ONE LAST KISS FROM EACH OF YOU.











TO MAKE THIS THING GO AWAY, I THINK I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT WHAT IT WANTS.

YOU...

YOU WANT TO...?



NOOOO!

RRRRRR



RRRRRR

WHAP

YOU STAY HERE, WENZEL!



"AFTER ALL, IT IS YOUR FAULT THE TOLG IS ROAMING THE VILLAGE STREETS NOW..."

WITH A BOTTLE OF WI-HINE
UUUURRRRP
AND A LADY RIGHT FI-HINE

THE SUN SHINES ALL THROUGH THE NIII-HIGHT!



FILLS
MY
BLEAK
HEART



WITH BLI-HISS
WHEN SHE GIVES ME A KI-HISS

HE'S NOT THE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, TOLG.

HLIHP?



I GOT WENZEL.

RRRRR



T-TRUDEL! WHOAR YOU DOON' HERE?

DON'EY SHTILL NEED YOU ATTA BAR'NHÄUTA?

HOW ABOUT A LIL' KISH FORRA LONY, OLE MAN?

I CAN TAKE YOU TO HIM.

RRRRRR



DON' BE SHO COY'MMFFFF

YOU'RE COMING?

BRING ME TO WENZEL.



BLOODY RODDEN FÖRSHTA!

SHE HASH WOMAN'N'NOUGH FOR TWO GUYSH! WE COU'VE SHARED!

WHERE IS MY SWEETHEART, FÖRSTER?

NO NEED TO GET IMPATIENT...



"... WENZEL'S WAITING AT MY PLACE."

DON'T YOU WANT A LITTLE KISS FOR YOUR TROUBLES? MY TONGUE ALL THE WAY DOWN YOUR THROAT?

IT REALLY IS THAT LONG, YOU KNOW.

RRRRRR



THANKS, BUT I DON'T EAT THIS LATE IN THE NIGHT.

SAVE YOURSELF FOR YOUR LOVER.



HE'S ALREADY TREMBLING WITH DESIRE.

PLEASE, FÖRSTER! DON'T LET IT TOUCH ME!



MY DEAR WENZEL. WHY HAVE YOU BEEN RUNNING FROM YOUR LADYLOVE?

IT'S GOING TO KILL ME!

THAT'S THE IDEA.



JUST A LITTLE KISS, WENZEL.

NO!



NOOOOOOO



MMZZLLL



THANK YOU, FÖRSTER.

YOU'RE WELCOME.

