Rain again...
Living on-campus is weird. I dunno how all of you put up with it.
It’s good.

Definitely less chores than living on a farm.
So long as you ain’t sent on a quest...

You could always go back home.
Ha, ha, sure.

If I really wanted to walk in the rain.
Oh, hey! Rainy weather means scary stories, right?
Oh yeah, definitely! Been a while...

Scary stories? Awww yeah!

What are you two doing here? This isn’t your dorm building.

I heard you all tell scary stories when it rains. Me and Colfer want to join in!

Us too, us too!
...you could do your own story thing, back over there.

Aw c’mon, more stories is always better!

...though I’d rather there were no tricksters here...
Um, b-be nice...

Nice? To a trickster?
Sure... it’s harder to convince them to stop being heretics unless you’re nice to them first.

Haha, what?
Well, good luck with that.

Tricksters aside, what intelligence is there in a dark power willingly going to the lair of a light power? It may not be bright outside, but it is still daytime.

U-Uhmmm hi Nova.

I figured if you were going to get yourself kicked out by murdering a dark power, you'd rather kill Mort than me.

That is probably correct. But it is still not smart to push your luck.

S-sorry.

Forget about it! Let's get on with the scary stories already!

I second that! Who wants to tell it?

Ooh, ooh, me!

Waaait a second, we're telling more than one, right?

Where I come from, there's a legend that says if a circle of people tell 100 scary stories in one night, then something extremely spooky happens after the 100th one.

We should definitely tell more'n one, but I reck'n 100 is a bit much...

Let's start and see where we end up!

Me first!

It was a dark and stormy night—

Booooooo booo oh come on!

Stories that start like that are banned.

What?! Don't ban my story! Let me try again!
HERE I AM!
C'MON, CUT IT OUT. HOW OLD DO YOU THINK I AM?
HERE I AM!
WHY'D YOU DO THAT?
WHY'D YOU DO THAT?!
WHY'D YOU DO THAT?!

CUT IT OUT!

GAAAH! DON'T DO THAT!

THAT WAS GOOD. DID YOU HEAR THAT FROM SOMEONE ELSE?

STORIES ARE BEST SHARED WITH EVERYONE, LOUDLY AND ALWAYS.

HEH, MAYYYYBE.

HEY.

NIGHT ALREADY? TCH. INTERESTING. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD USE DARK MAGIC FOR NON-COMBAT USES.

SHADOW MANIPULATION. IT'S COMPLETELY USELESS, BUT PRETTY FUN.
SO WHAT? YOU CAN MOVE SHADOWS AROUND BY CHANGING THE DIRECTION OF LIGHT.

AS I'M SURE NOVA CAN ATTEST, LIGHT MAGIC CAN DO THAT EASILY.

MOST TYPES OF MAGIC HAVE SOME WAY OF CASTING LIGHT. I USE PHOENIX MAGIC FOR IT. IT'S VERY SIMPLE MAGIC, REALLY.

BUT YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY AROUND WITH IT...

WOULD YOU STOP FLICKERING THAT LIGHT?!

NO.

IT'S TOO FUN.

UGH.

I CAN'T BLOODY SEE! YOU'RE NOT EVEN GIVING MY EYES A CHANCE TO ADJUST...

SO WHAT?

NOTHING TO SEE, ANYWAY.
Ooh, do you know about wishing wells?

Usually when you drop a coin in, nothing at all happens.

...but sometimes, very rarely, the goddess of wishes appears to grant you a wish.

I'm familiar with the concept.

Some people try to force the odds by constantly dropping single coins, thinking the goddess will eventually appear...

But you shouldn't do that.

It isn't just the goddess of wishes that can appear from a well...
So, the quickest and best way to get anywhere is to fly, right?

I'd disagree.

For any sort of distance, walking is much better.

Anyway. Flying.

Flying is awesome, and flying at night is even more awesome.

But sometimes when it's really dark, when it's cloudy and you can't see the stars or the moon...

You can't see what else is up there with you.

I can see why you came over, you're full of stories, huh?

Oops, sorry if I sort of took over—can't complain about havin' more stories, but now it's my turn!

Of course, walkin' is better 'n flyin'.

But sometimes when yer walkin' alone, ye hear footsteps-tha ain't yer own.

But if you look, you can't see anyone followin' you...

Every time you move, you hear them footsteps. Ye think whatever's makin' 'em has to be right behind you.

When that happens, whatever you do...

...don't run.
HOW ABOUT THIS? A FRIEND OF MINE MET A STRANGER ON THE ROAD WHILE SHE WAS WALKING HOME ONE DAY.

THOUGH THE HOUR WAS LATE, THE STRANGER WAS FRIENDLY AND TALKATIVE.

SO MY FRIEND ENDED UP WALKING HER HOME.

SHE STARTED SEEING HER OFTEN, THOUGH ONLY AT NIGHT.

SHE WOULD ALWAYS WALK HER HOME.

SEE YOU AGAIN TOMORROW.

SHE TOLD A FRIEND HOW SHE WALKED THIS PERSON HOME DAILY, DESCRIBED THE ROUTE THEY TOOK AND THE HOUSE THEY WENT TO. HER FRIEND LOOKED AT HER STRANGELY.

THERE'S NO HOUSE DOWN THAT ROAD.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE DAY SHE WENT TO LOOK-

AND FOUND THEY WERE RIGHT.

∩Yawn∩ WAS THAT 100 STORIES?

HEH, NOT EVEN CLOSE.

AW.