

dhscomix

volume 2:

# Loose Change Prank





HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE TO GET THERE?

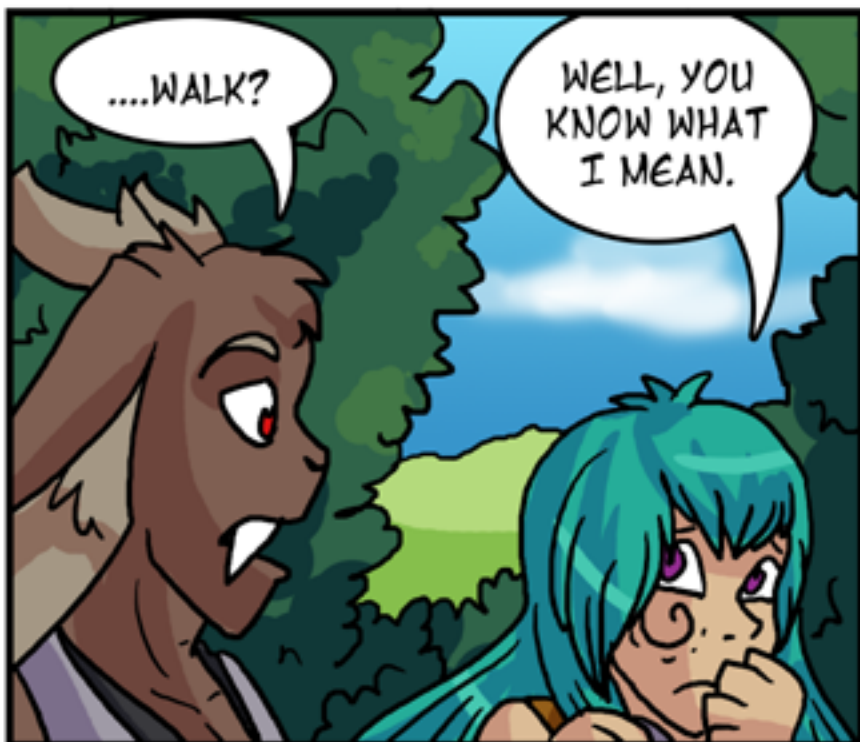


OH, UM, NOT TOO LONG. IT DIDN'T TAKE ME SUPER LONG TO WALK OVER IN THE FIRST PLACE, ANYWAY.



....WALK?

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



INCIDENTALLY, WALKING WITH MASSIVE FLIPPERS? MASSIVELY SUCKS.

SORRY.



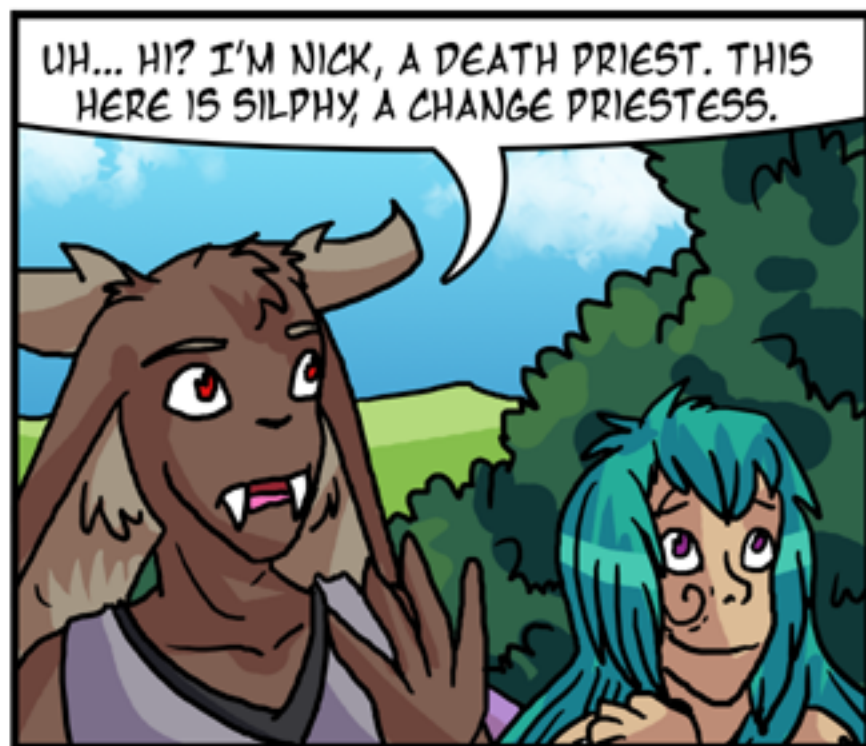
IF IT'S NOT FAR, THEN I GUESS IT'S OKAY.



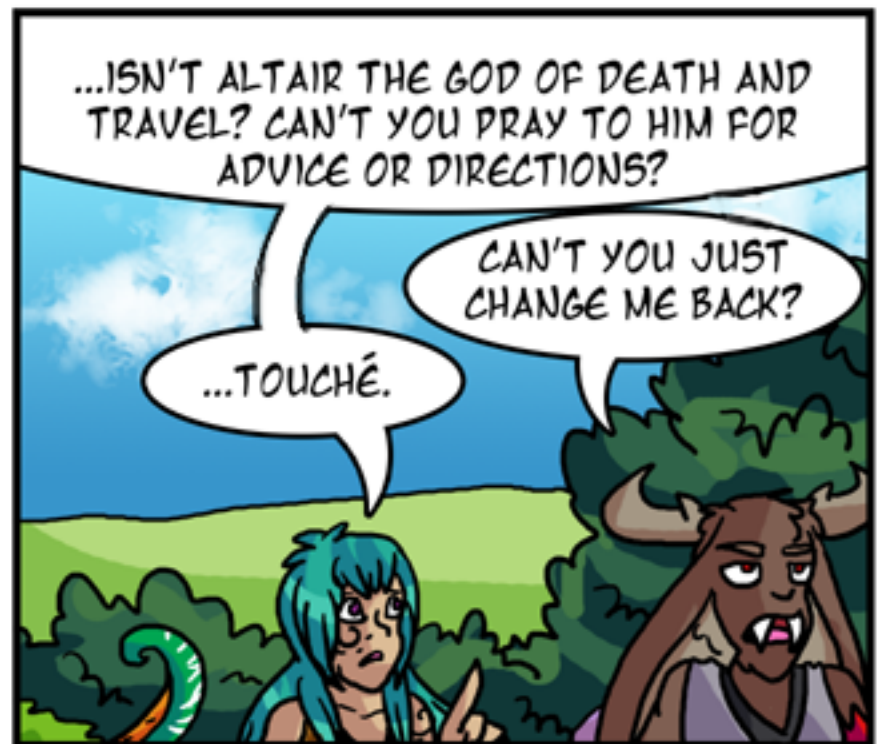
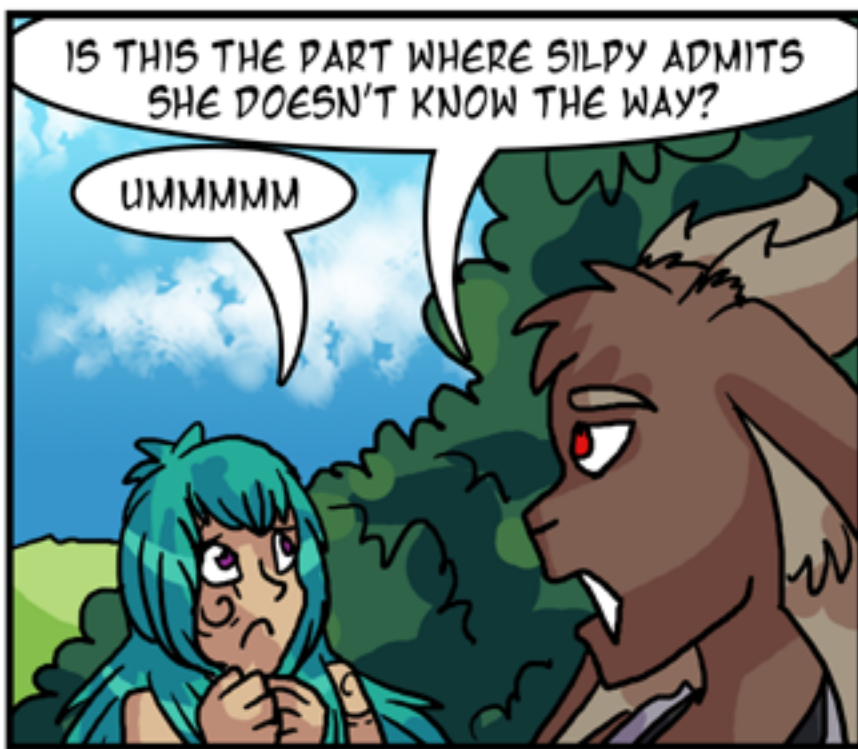
IF YA HAD BIGGER WINGS YA COULD JUS' FLY THERE, EH?



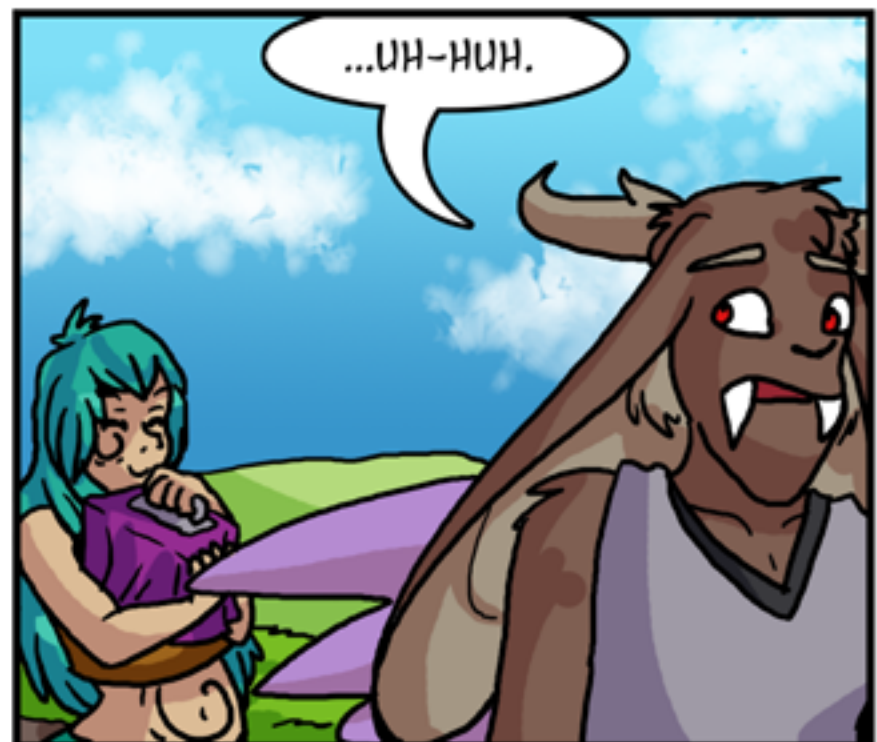
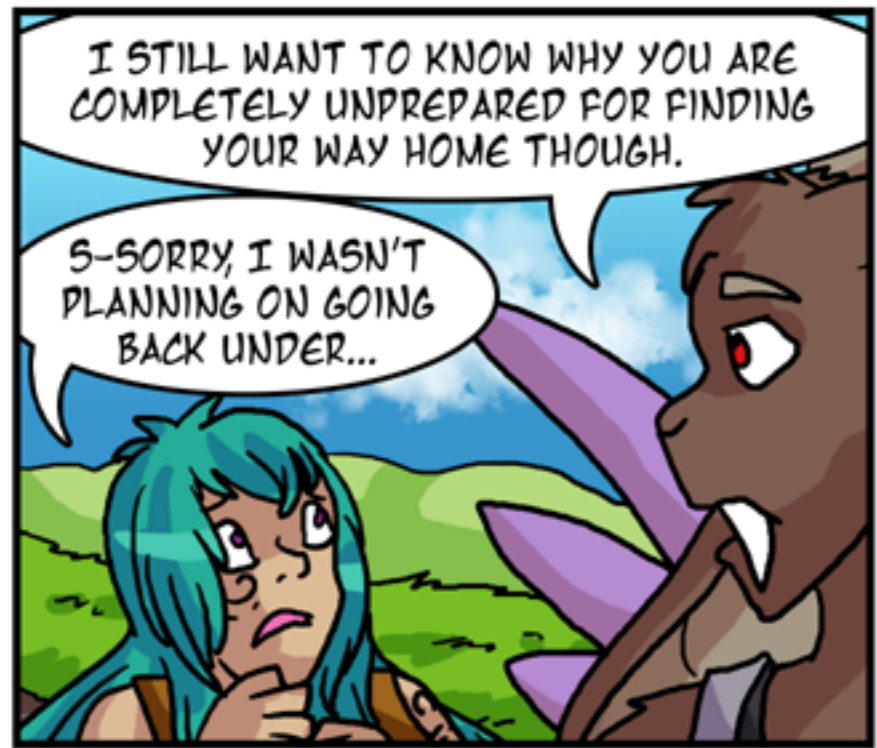




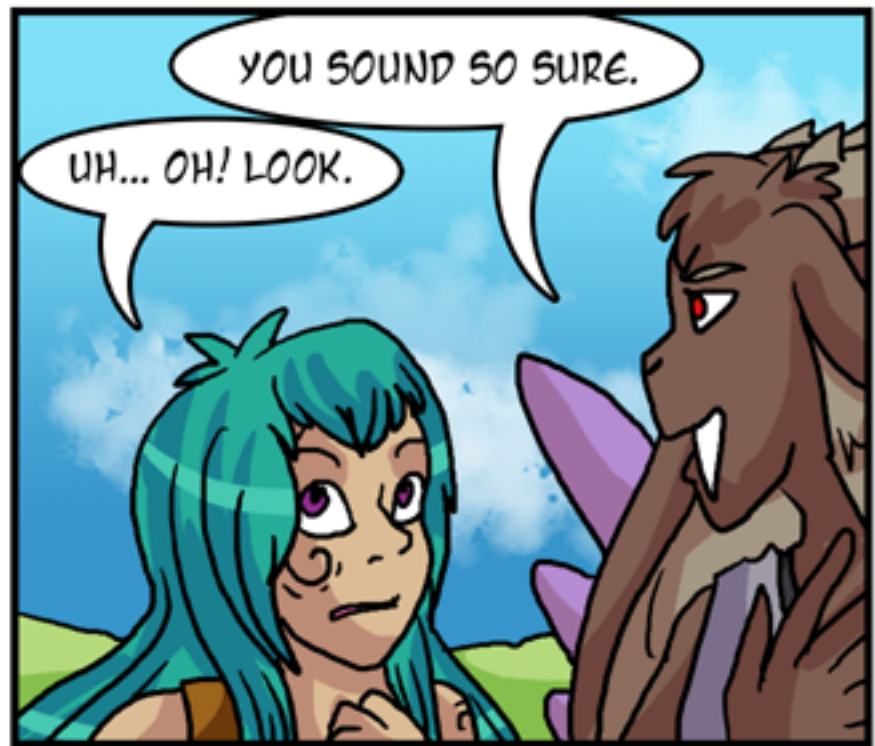
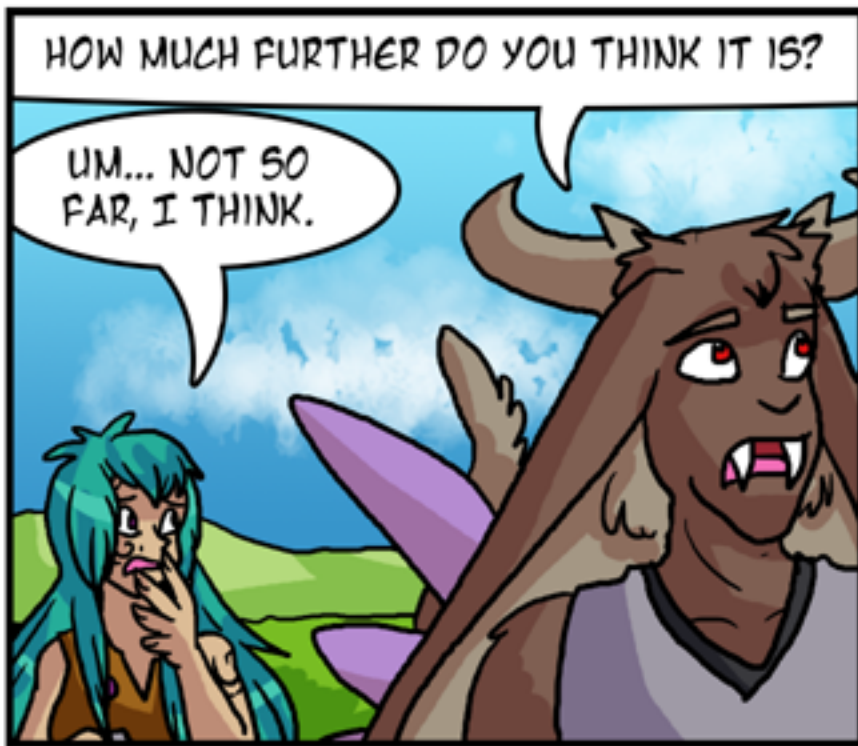














...SEEMS LIKE THERE'S A FEW FEATHRIES ON THIS ROAD.

YOU GET THAT.



MY NAME'S FLINDERS. YOU FOLKS LOST?



UH, A LITTLE. WHY ARE SO MANY SIGN-POSTS AROUND HERE MESSED UP?



OH. I DUNNO. JUST ARE, I GUESS.



IF YOU FOLKS ARE HEADED UNDERGROUND, JUST KEEP GOING DOWN THAT WAY.



THANK Y-... HOW DID YOU KNOW WE'RE HEADED THAT WAY?





NICK! DON'T UPSET THE POOR MAN. IT'S OBVIOUS BECAUSE OF MY TATTOOS.



Y-YEAH! OF COURSE! SO RIGHT.



...YOU ARE HEADED THERE, YEAH?

YES...  
THANKS?



SAFE TRAVELS!



WELL! THAT'S OUR SECOND BIT OF LUCK, RUNNING INTO THAT FELLOW.

YEAH, I GUESS...



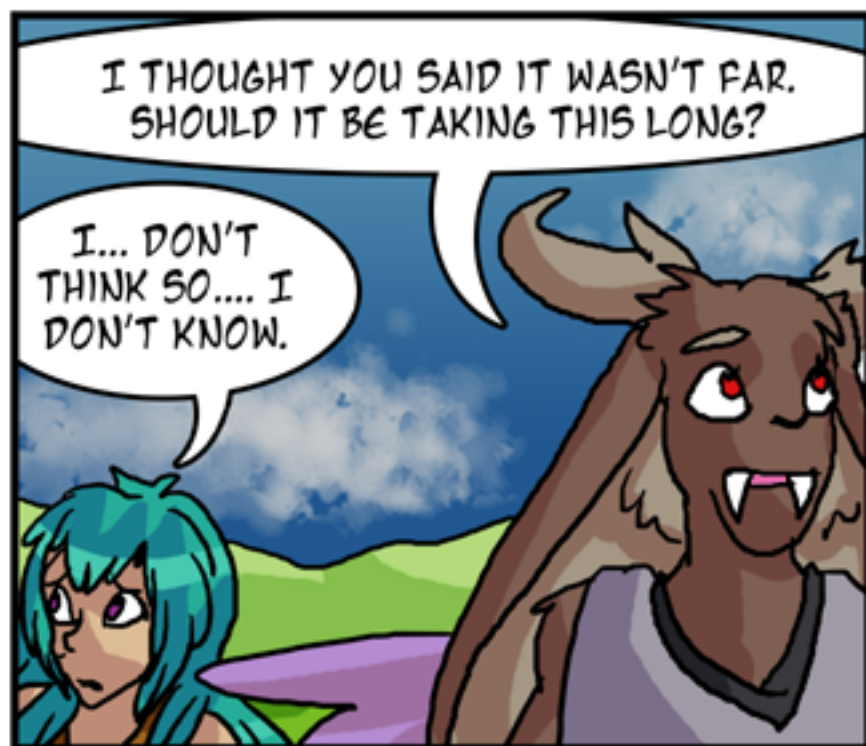
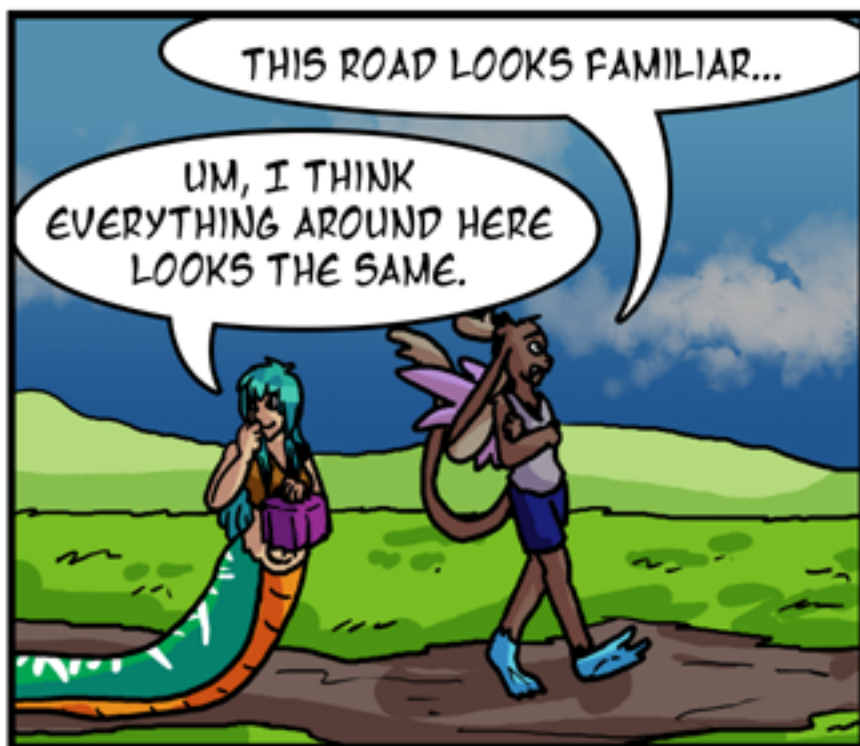
HEY, HE WAS WEARING THE SAME CLOTHES AS THE FIRST GUY, RIGHT?

OH. I THINK SO.

THAT'S A LITTLE WEIRD, RIGHT?









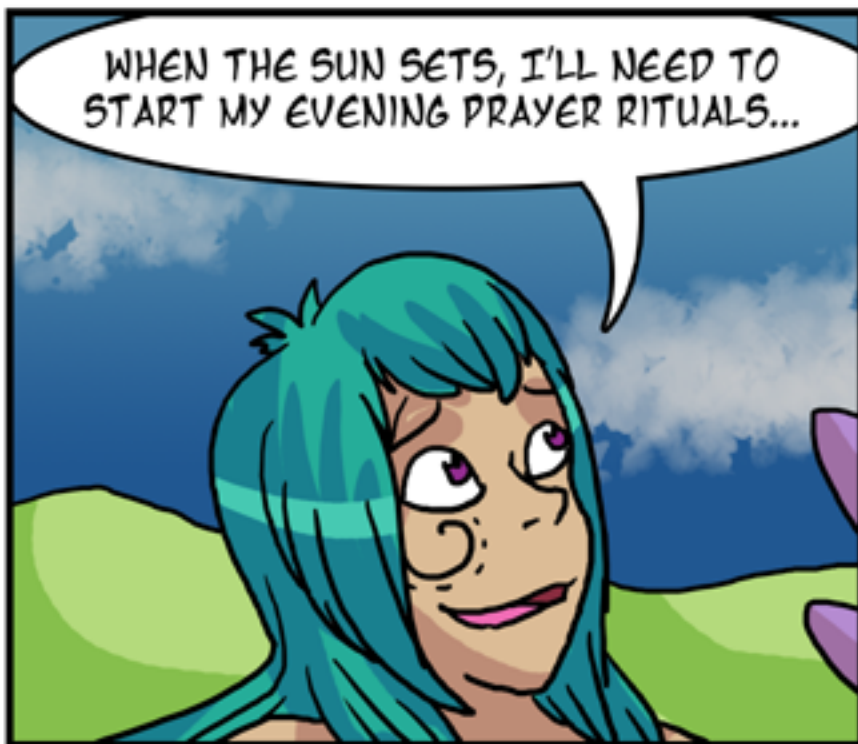
LET'S GO A LITTLE FURTHER AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND A GOOD PLACE TO SET UP FOR THE NIGHT.



GOOD IDEA. AS LONG AS IT'S NOT TOO FAR. WE SHOULD STOP SOON.



WHEN THE SUN SETS, I'LL NEED TO START MY EVENING PRAYER RITUALS...



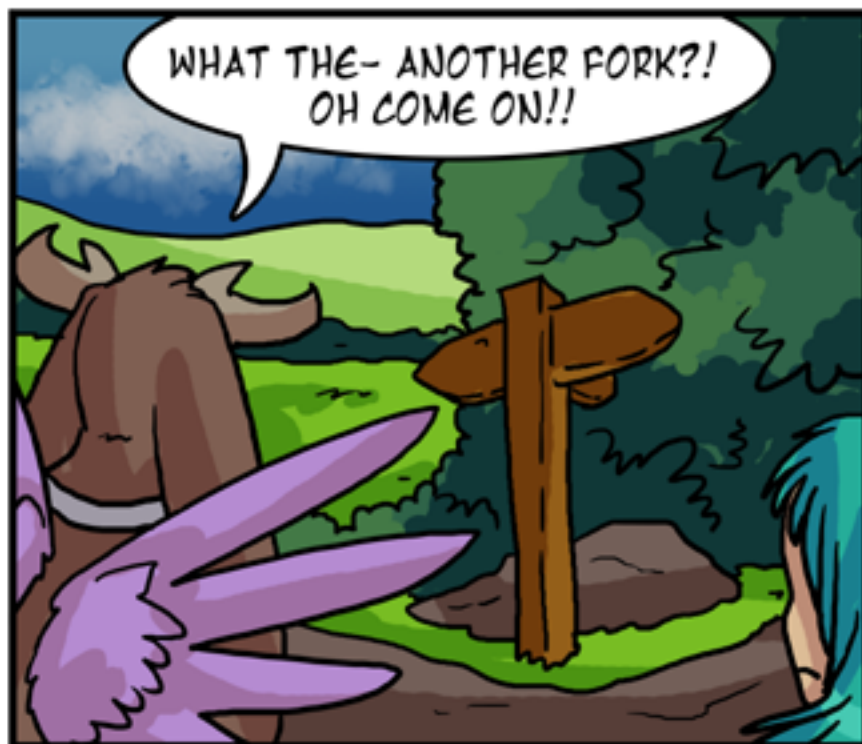
HEH, OF COURSE. I'LL NEED TO AS WELL.



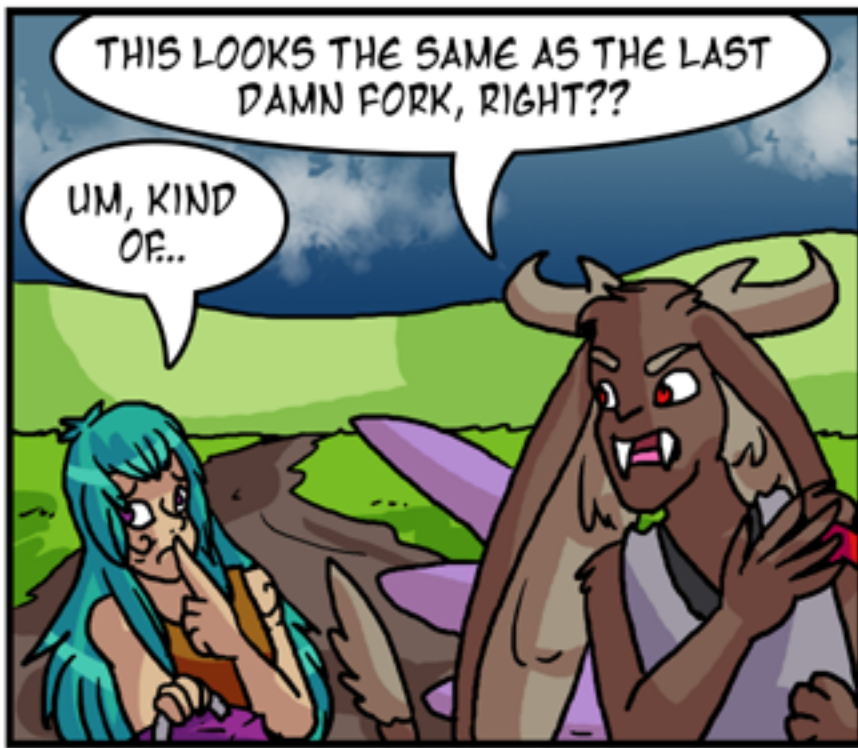
WE WON'T GO MUCH FARTHER, JUST UNTIL-



WHAT THE- ANOTHER FORK?! OH COME ON!!









S-SILPHY!! H-H-HELP!! HE'S GONE NUTS!  
GET HIM OFF ME, PLEASE!



NICK! LEAVE HIM ALONE!



YOU'RE JUST TIRED AND CRANKY FROM  
WALKING ALL DAY! DON'T TAKE IT OUT  
ON THE POOR MAN!



SORRY MISTER COTTER.

THANK YOU,  
DEAR.



SILPHY....



HOW COME HE KNOWS YOUR NAME?








ERR... EHEHEHEH....




WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE, HUH?!

EURK!≡



D-DON'T HURT ME! I'LL TELL YOU THE REAL WAY TO THE UNDERGROUND!




WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

AND HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADED?!



I- ER- CAN TOTALLY EXPLAIN....



...OH HH I THINK I GET IT. YOU UTTER MORON. DON'T EVEN BOTHER EXPLAINING YOURSELF

HUH?



HE'S THE ONE WHO RUINED THE SIGN-POSTS, I'D WAGER. HE'D ALSO BE THE ONE WHOP'S BEEN SENDING US IN CIRCLES.



WHAT? IS THAT TRUE?!

WHAT ABOUT THOSE OTHER FEATHRIES?

ER-



THERE ARE NO OTHER FEATHRIES, IT WAS JUST THIS JERK PULLING ILLUSIONS.



YOU- YOU'RE A TRICKSTER?

I.... SEE NO NEED TO INCRIMINATE MYSELF BY ANSWERING THAT.



OKAY. FINE. I'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE. PACK UP YOUR ILLUSIONS AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.



HMPH.





WHAT A JERK! WE WASTED A WHOLE DAY!

EHH...

I CAN'T REALLY GET MAD AT TRICKSTERS. THEY'RE A BUNCH OF WEIRDOS. THEY PULL PRANKS LIKE THAT AS WORSHIP TO THEIR GOD, Y'KNOW. BIZARRE.

WE'D BETTER JUST CAMP AT THIS FORK, GET OUR PRAYERS IN, EAT AND REST UP FOR TOMORROW.

WE'LL MAKE IT UNDER TOMORROW, YEAH?

KIRTES WILL HELP!

...UH-HUH.