

3 Witches



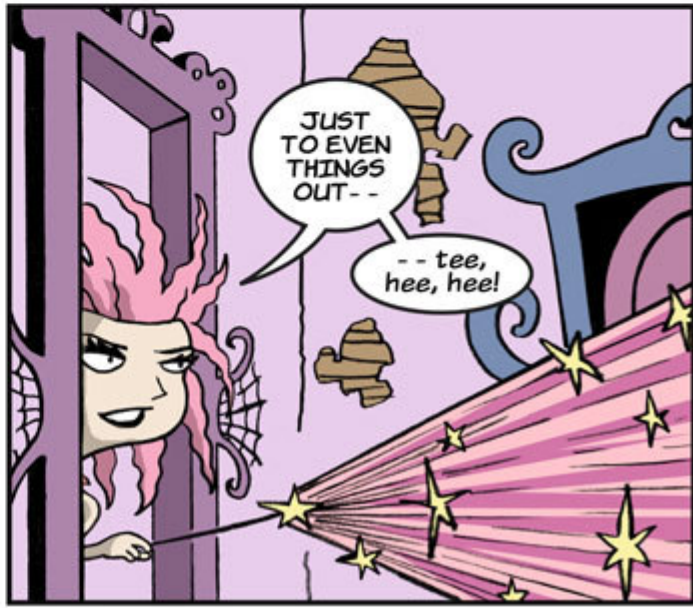
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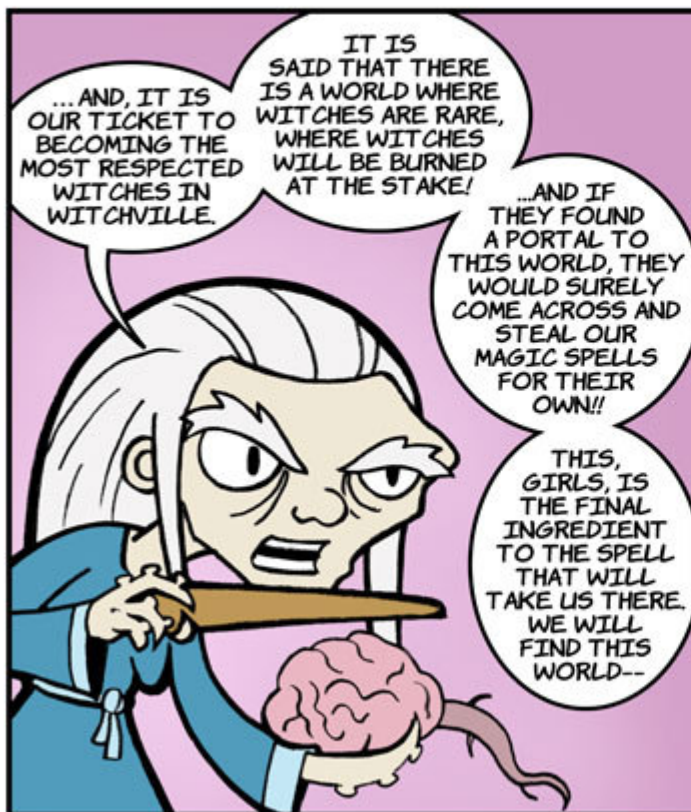
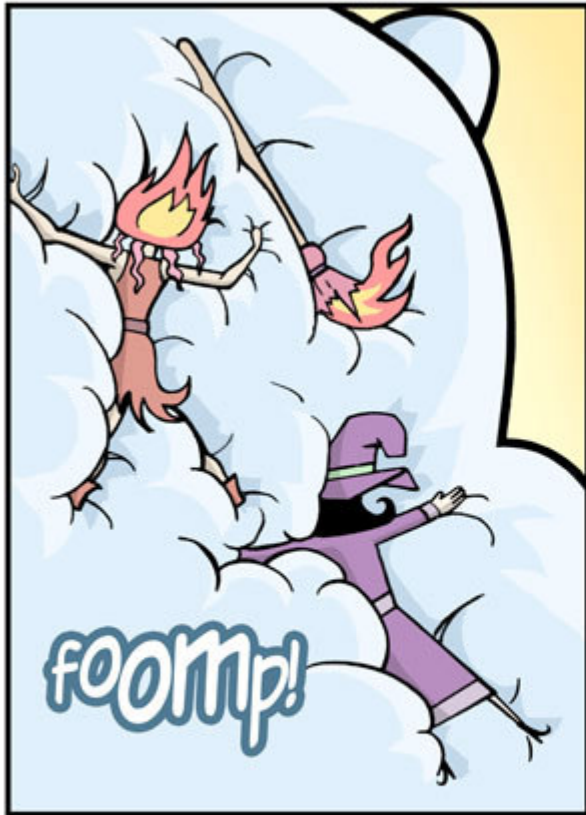
3 Witches

Centuries ago, there was a place called Witchville, where everyone used magic. The people who lived there used magic to clean their clothes, and to mow the lawn, and perhaps even to fall in love. Just beyond Medieval Meadows, and between Graveyard Gully and the Desert Downs, sat a big, rickety old house. And, within its walls lived three witches, who were about to prepare for this year's annual witchcraft and wizardry contest.











WHO IS I--

OH, IT'S YOU. SABEL SCREECHLEY.

DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED OF THIS SILLY LITTLE COMPETITION?



WELL, HELLO, GRUEL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

THAT DRESS LOOKS HIDEOUS ON YOU, BY THE WAY.



I JUST WANTED TO COME OVER TO REMIND YOU OF THE 7,981ST ANNUAL WITCHERY AND SPELLCASTING COMPETITION THREE FRIDAYS FROM NOW.



BY THE WAY, I ALSO WANTED YOU TO MEET MY NEW APPRENTICE, LARRY.

HI... I'M LARRY.



HEE, HEE, HEE!

THAT THING IS ALMOST AS HORRIFYING AS SHE IS!

SNICKER
SNICKER



OH, SO YOU'RE GOING TO MOCK YOUR OWN GUESTS, ARE YOU?

WELL, THIS YEAR, OUR DISPLAY OF MAGIC IS GOING TO SHOW YOU GIRLS UP ONCE AND FOR ALL!

THEN, WE'LL SEE WHO'S LAUGHING BEHIND WHOSE BACK!



RIGHT, LARRY?

WELL, UM... I SUPPOSE ... UH, YOU KNOW. IT'S KIND OF NEAT, I GUESS.



DERN TOOTIN'!

WE'RE GONNA KNOCK YOUR WART-FILLED SOCKS RIGHT OFF' YA!

