

COLLOZENGES



She was cursed so her voice sounded garbled through phones. No solution could be found so they tried a mix of three.

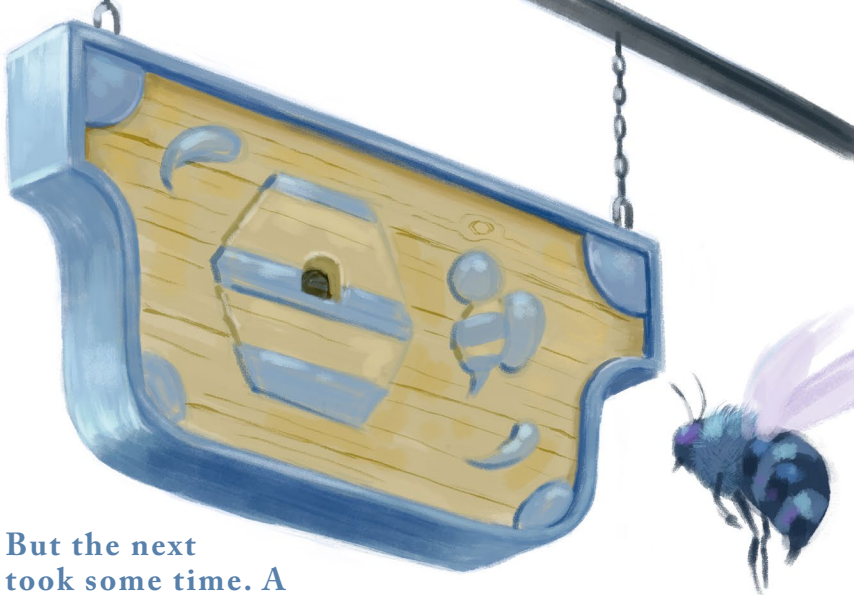
Travis Hisstoe, the Sharlatine, and his flying platypus, Rhynch-dink were called for. They would discover if the needed ingredients could be found, or if they were only legend.



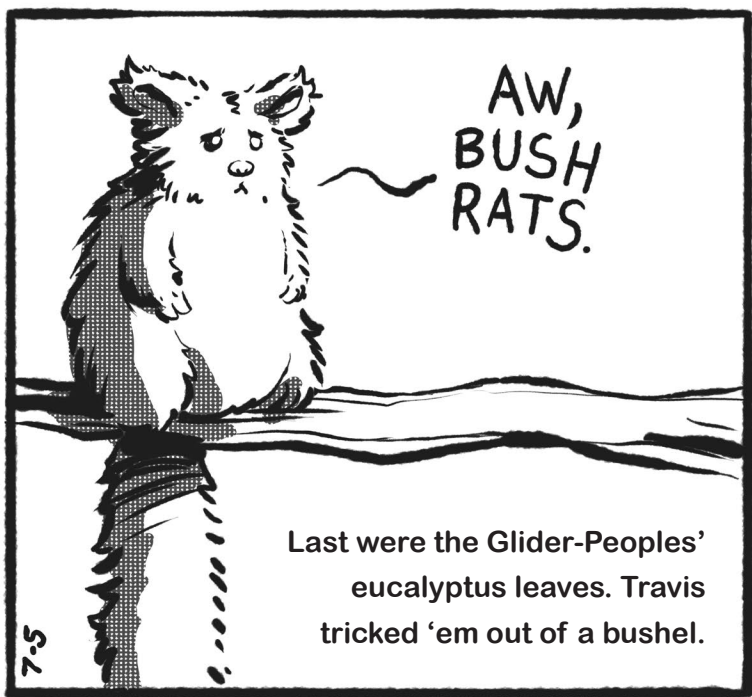
Actually, the first was easy to find.

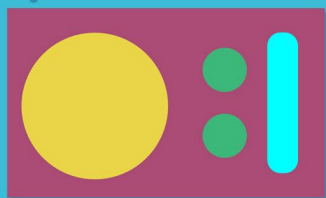
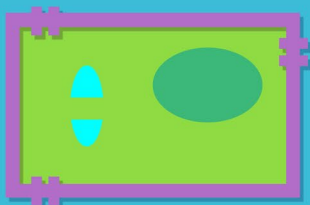
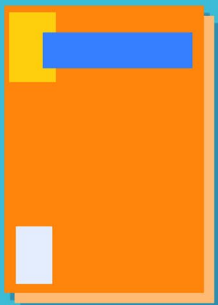
More of a rumor than a fairy tale.

Free lozenges on leaflets from an exceptional, but remote drug store.



But the next took some time. A magic store with azure honey whose bees were discerning of clientele. Through puzzles and riddles, Travis and Rhynch-dink found the entrance to the REAL store--within the sign itself.





The colozenge cured the storyteller and she promised Travis and Rhynchy that all her worlds would hear, see, and read of them, and that they could rely on them for help.

They left to find the witch who'd started this mess.

