



Hang on. I  
can fix this. Turn  
you back.



You don't like me?

Waaaaahh.  
Master hates me.  
Master thinks I'm  
hideous.

What? No. I  
didn't say that.



What are you doing?

Must make myself more beautiful. Master must love me.





Stop.



Don't  
chuck that.

TEXTBOOK  
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PHARMACOLOGY



EEEEEEK

It's concentrated Dragon's blood.

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**FWOOOOOHHH**





Oh no. Master.  
Are you okay?

Yeah. We  
alchemists wear  
flame negating  
garments.

And the  
hair will grow back,  
no worries.

You did spill something on me, though.

You remember what it was?

Uhhh...



To be continued