





Stammering is very much so unbecoming of a lady as I've been told. Oh! You're hurt! Did those soldiers do that?

Mouse. All I can smell and hear is mouse. Bite size plump meat.



Eee-!

I'm so sorry, but I'm so hungry.



Please! Don't eat me! PLEASE!

... I...



I can't do it. It's just not right. I'm so sorry, ma'am.

I can't run or even walk any longer until I get healed and I haven't ate in so long anything.



Well, as flattering as it is to look tasty enough to be eaten by a rogue like you, I can be of some better assistance. I can give you sunflower seeds in that bag there and get some bandages and healing ointments from home. It's only five minutes away.



So please don't lose heart, Robin.

Alright. Thank you, um...

Jess. It's Jess.







-DROP-

EEE!
ROBIN
HOOD!



Next time we
gotta run, let's not split
up. You know they're mainly
after you.

URP!
Yeah, not
making that
mistake ever
again.



HEY!
LEMME
OUT OF
HERE!

squish

Can he
even hear
me?

SQUISH



Oh, she's
moving around
so much in there.
I don't want Little
John knowing about
me actually eating
a mouse.



Even though,
she was the
tastiest thing I've
had in years
it seems.

shove



MUCH LATER

Rrr-
sorry about
that, but
does it help to
know you tasted
wonderful and
were so
filling?

says dryly,
Ooh-de-la-lay.

That all
happened more
romantically in
my head.