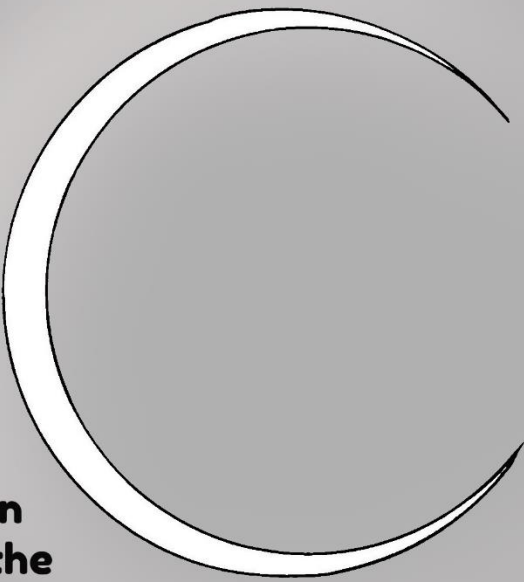





THUG

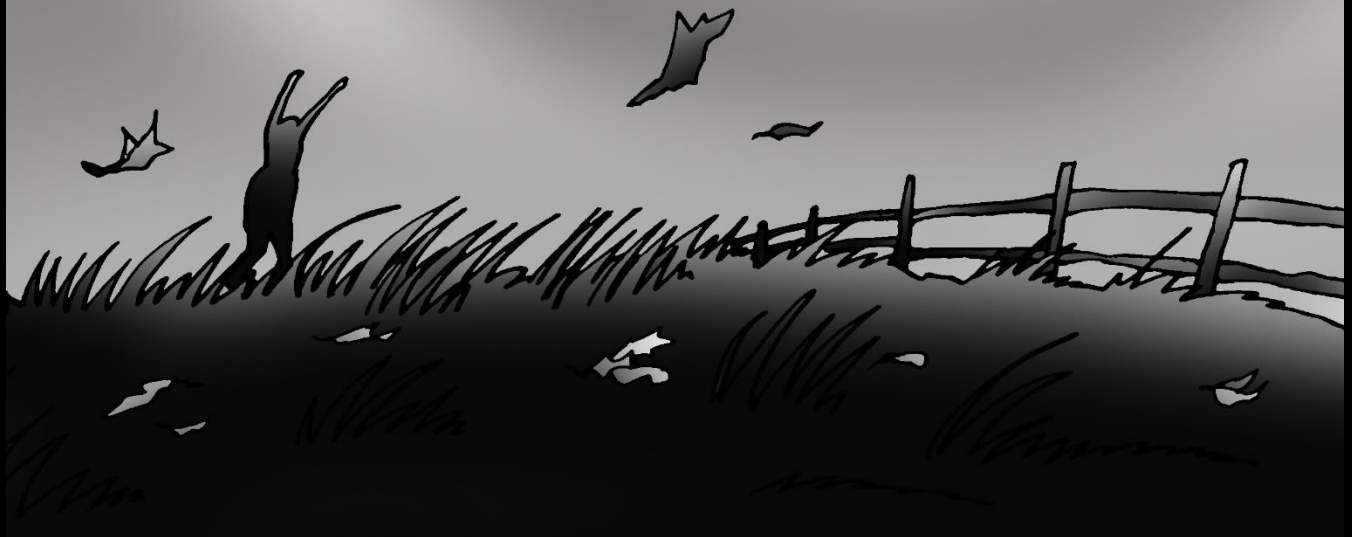


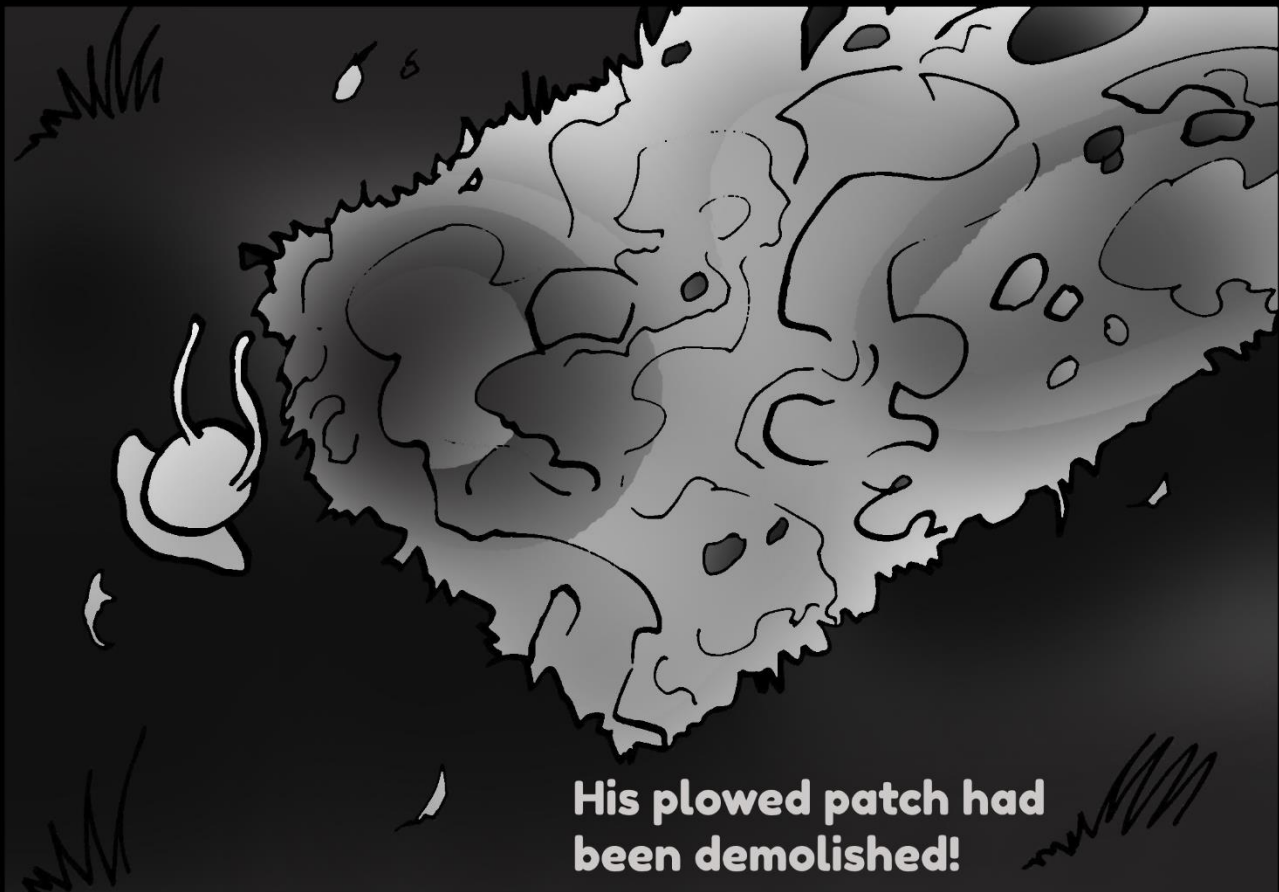


The crescent moon
rested nestled in the
early autumn sky as
a cool wind blew
through the thick
grass in the fallow.



Fim walked carefully
toward the small area
he plowed for a garden
earlier that afternoon...



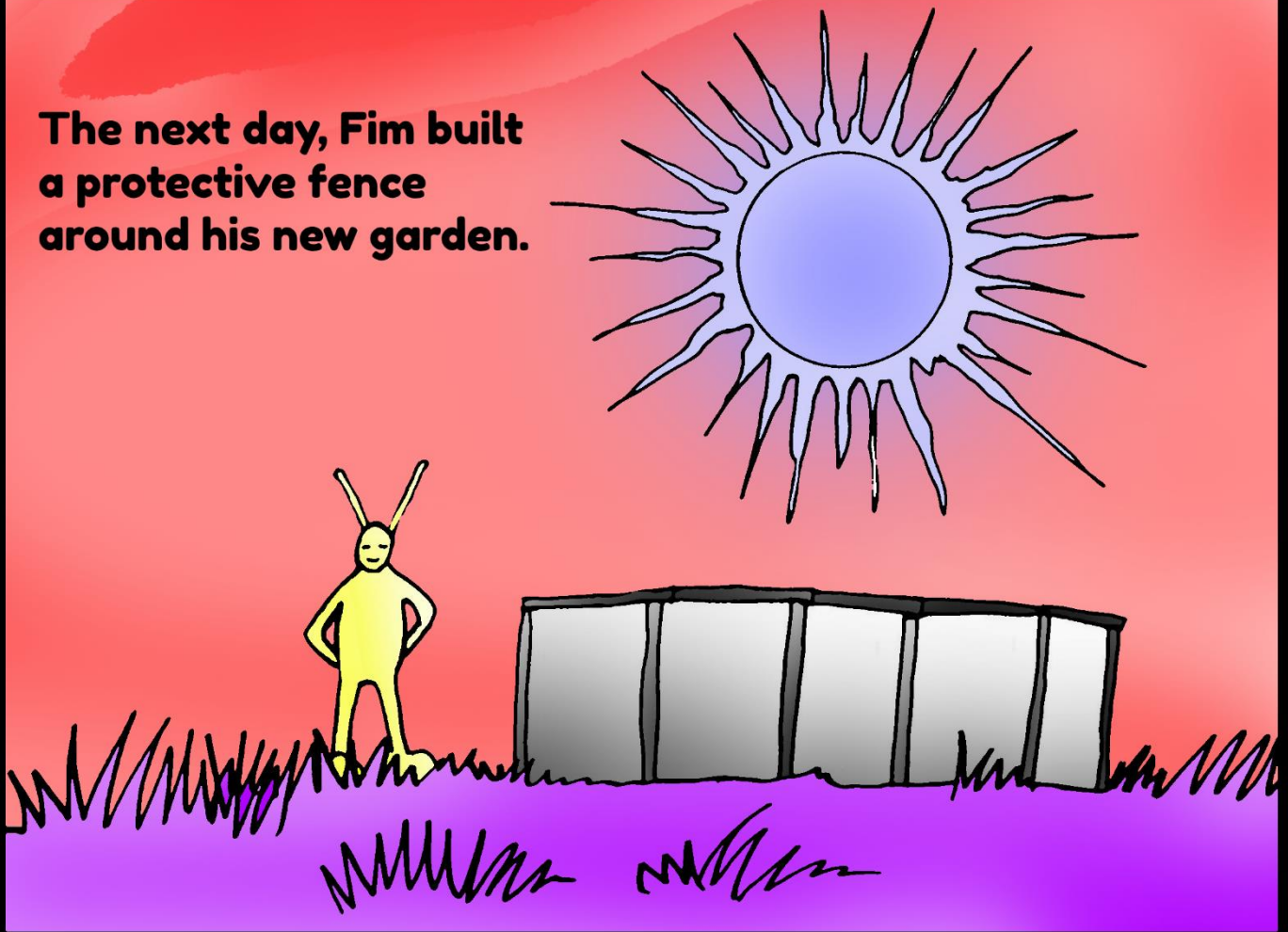


**His plowed patch had
been demolished!**

**He would have to
try again tomorrow...**



The next day, Fim built a protective fence around his new garden.



He then waited as night fell to watch over it.

Despite the fence, the garden was destroyed again.



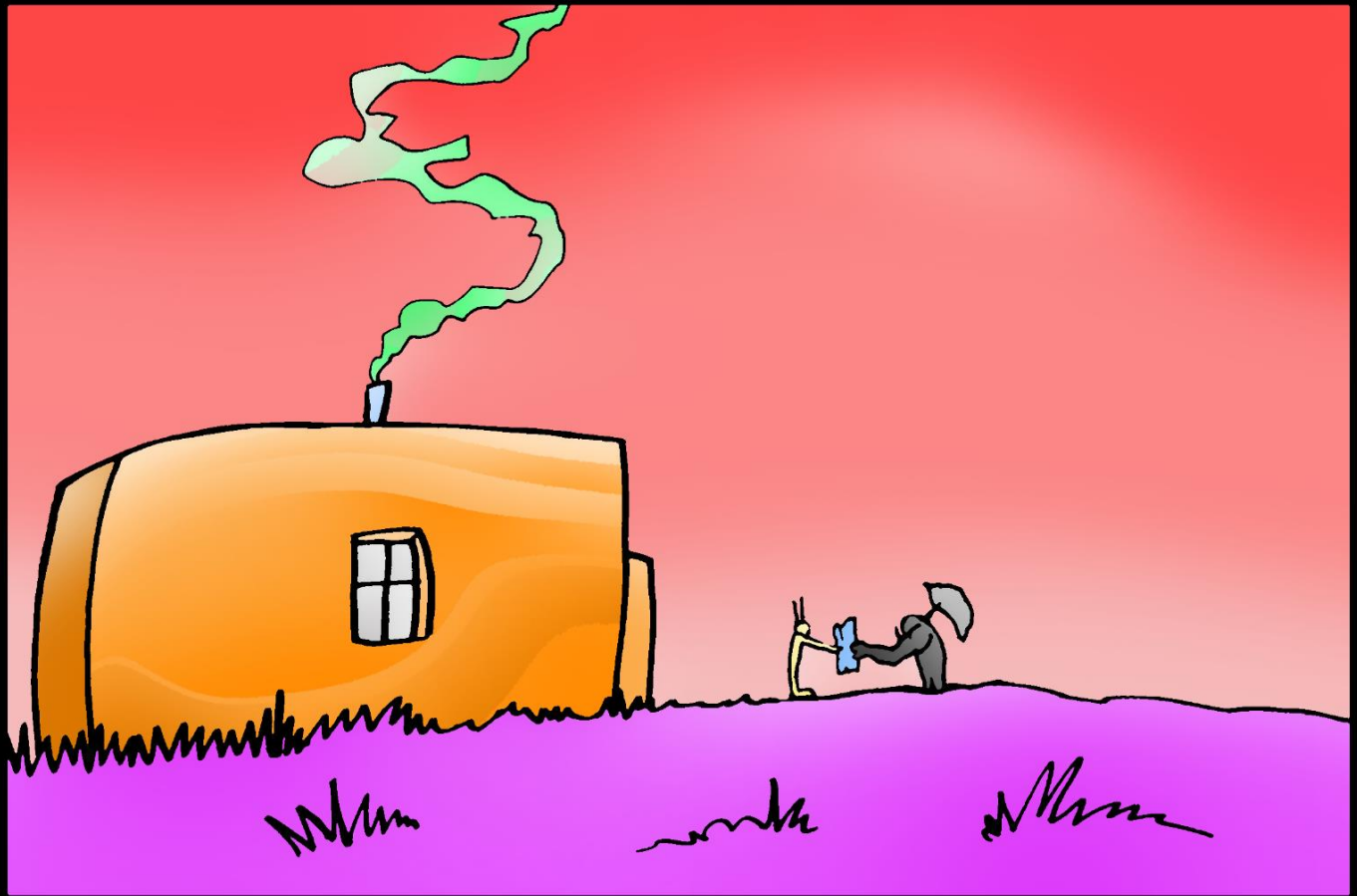
THIS

IS MY

LAND!







I have heard of your soldier race. Since you have agreed to take the job of guarding my garden, I'll tell you the details ... and what you are protecting it from...





I was lonely.

So, I created an imaginary friend, what some call a tulpa.



We were happy.

I started to find dead creatures around my house.



T
H
E
N



My suspicions grew. And then one evening...



It was HORRIBLE!

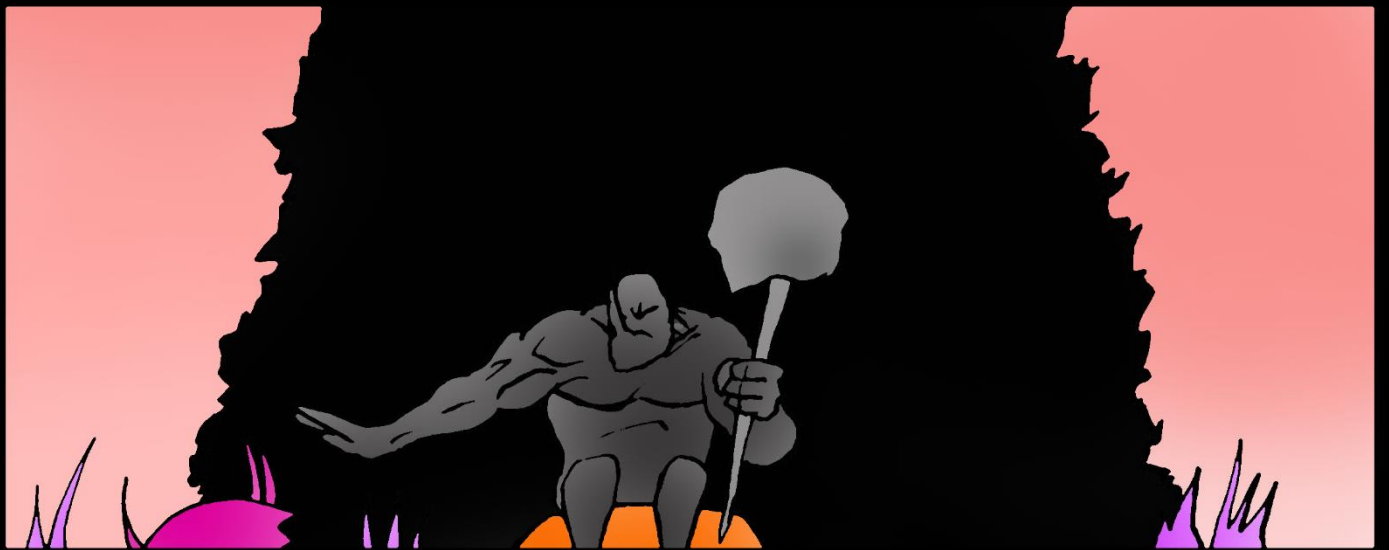
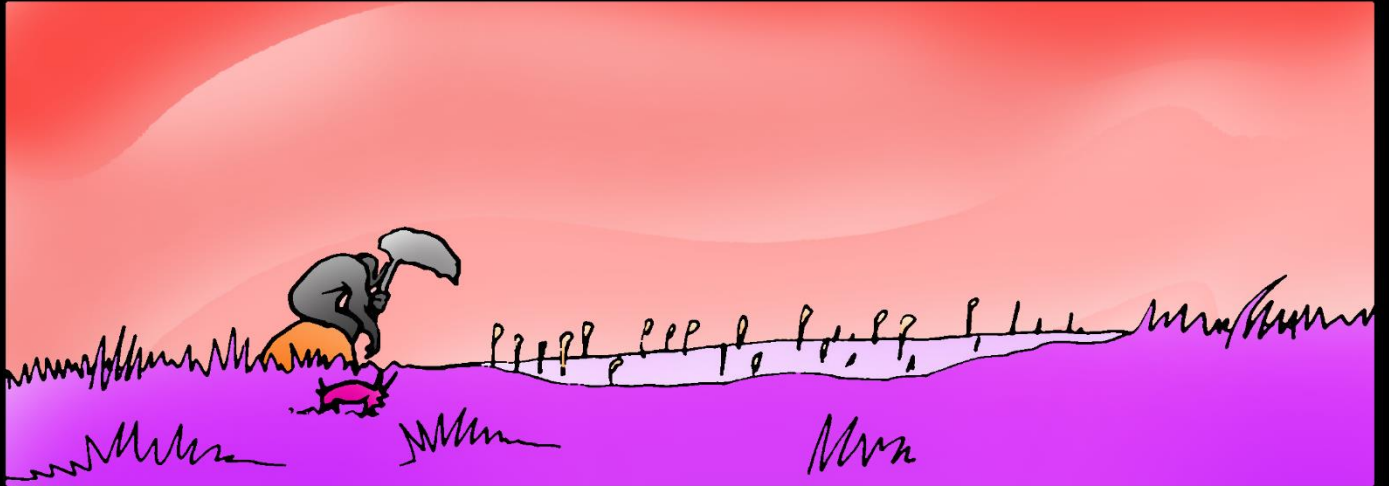
When I confronted Furrn about it, he claimed he was protecting us from all of the dangerous native creatures.



I didn't believe it and decided to cut ties with him...



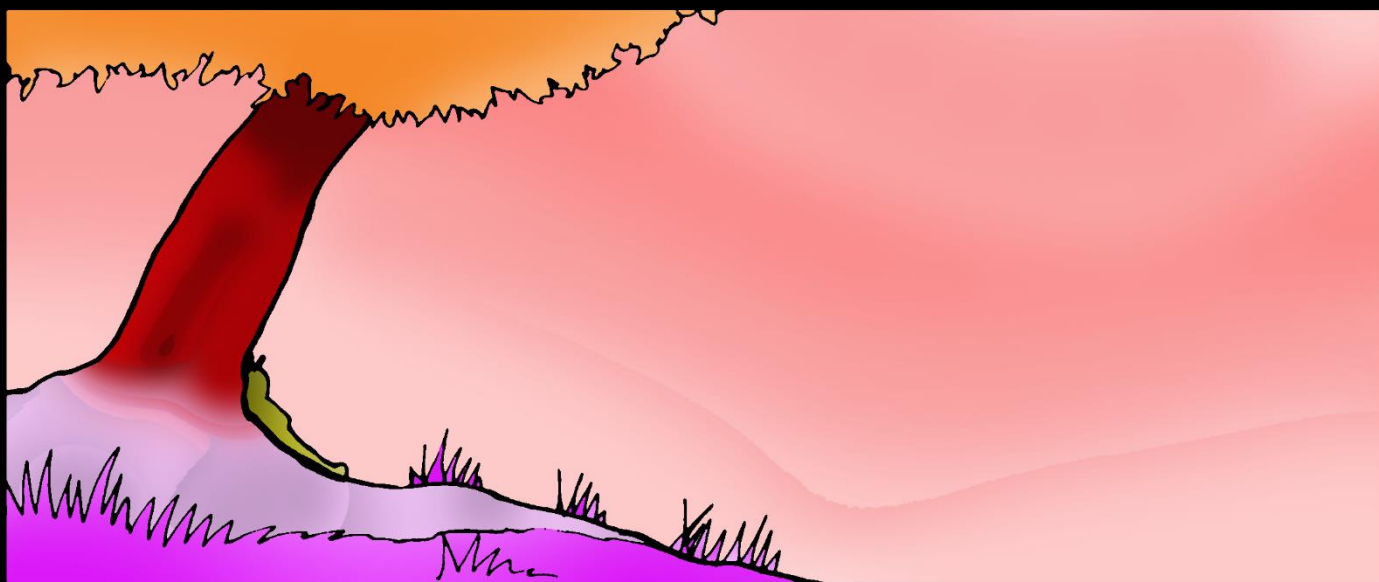




YOU'VE ONLY BEEN
GIVEN A PORTION OF
THE STORY, SOLDIER...



FOLLOW ME.
I'LL TELL YOU
THE REST...





FIM AND I SPENT OUR
TIME TENDING TO THE
GARDEN.



ONE DAY, I DISCOVERED
THE PIGGLIES RAIDING
OUR GARDEN.



FIM DID NOT SEE
IT THAT WAY.

SO, I FOLLOWED
THEM ONE SUNSET.



I TRIED TO
STOP THEM.



THEY LED ME
TO PHERM.



AND THE
PIGGLIES'S
LEADER...





THEY LURED HIM HERE
TO THIS FALLOW AND
THEN RELEASED THEIR
BODILY GASSES PLACING
HIM INTO AN ENDLESS
SLUMBER.

THEY NEED TO FEED OFF
OTHER CREATURES' LABORS,
IMAGINATIONS, AND DREAMS.

And he has served us well.

**Especially his imagination
in creating you and Fim!**

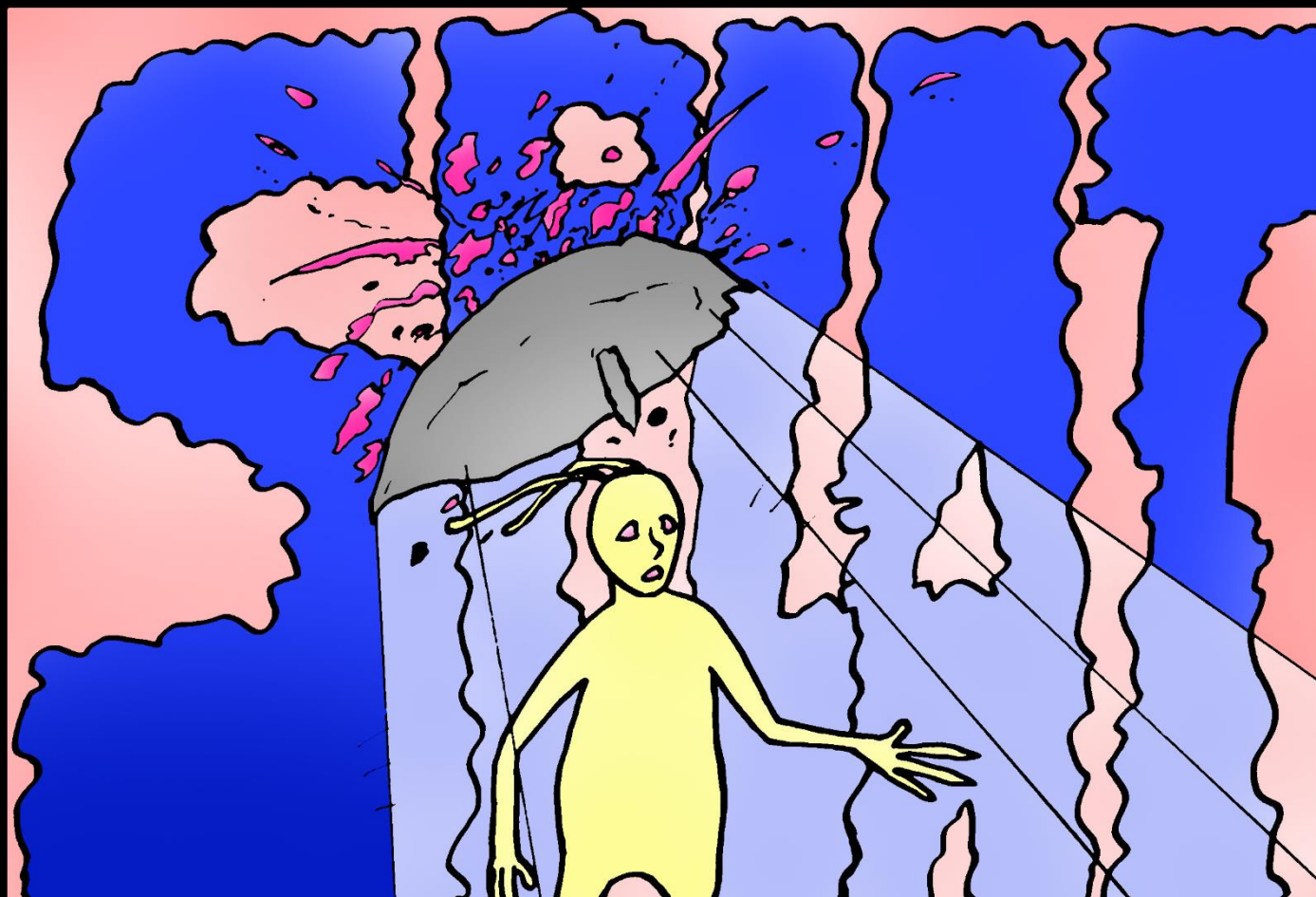
**While you two are merely
figments of Pherm's
imagination... you ALL
have benefited...**

the MERNAINI!

**Now, we look forward
to adding this stout,
THUGGISH creature to
our collective essence!**



THEY ARE COMMANDING THE
GRASS TO BIND US, AND...



THE MERNAINI ARE FLEEING AT
THEIR DEATH OF THEIR LEADER!

Pherm awakens!
Setting us free...





T HUG



MIGN '23

