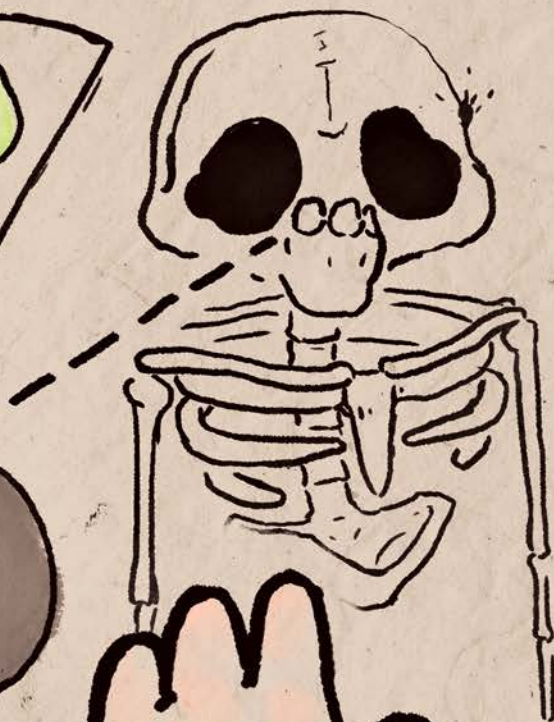
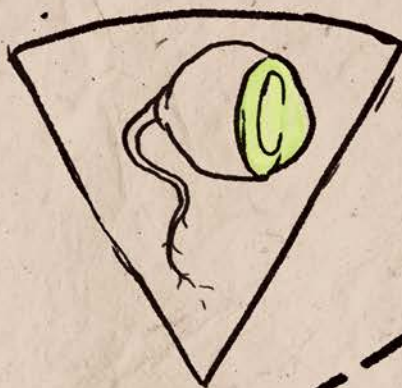


The Nixie soaks at the bottom
of the stream, beneath ancient
slime and pitch-black mud. Her
skin is as cold as the water that
flows over her, and her icy
tendrils of hair are the growth of
one hundred years.







“Whoa . . .”



“Alfred, quit reading that dreadful book! It is tea time!”

Alfred hated tea time.



“It’s perfectly delightful,” he said.
Alfred didn't enjoy delightful things.