



Well, my mama made deals with the
Odd Folk she kept catchin' on her property.

*"You can keep lurkin' about
and get nothin', or you can
come out and talk with me." She said.*



Most chose not to talk.



So,
some fled.

Some scowled
and flashed
their ugly
teeth.

'Specially the
ones that didn't
like her stickin'
her nose in their
business one bit.

Like the Paddock Man, before he came around to it.

And the Tall Mister.



Oh how he wanted her dead.



But the ones
that gave it
a chance...

She gave them
things in exchange
for favors.

*"Pick my berry bushes now an' then,
and I'll let you keep a bucketful."*





*"Protect my cows, and you can
lap up all the extra milk I set out."*

It bit back sometimes. She didn't always get what she expected.

Turns out "weeds" are subjective.

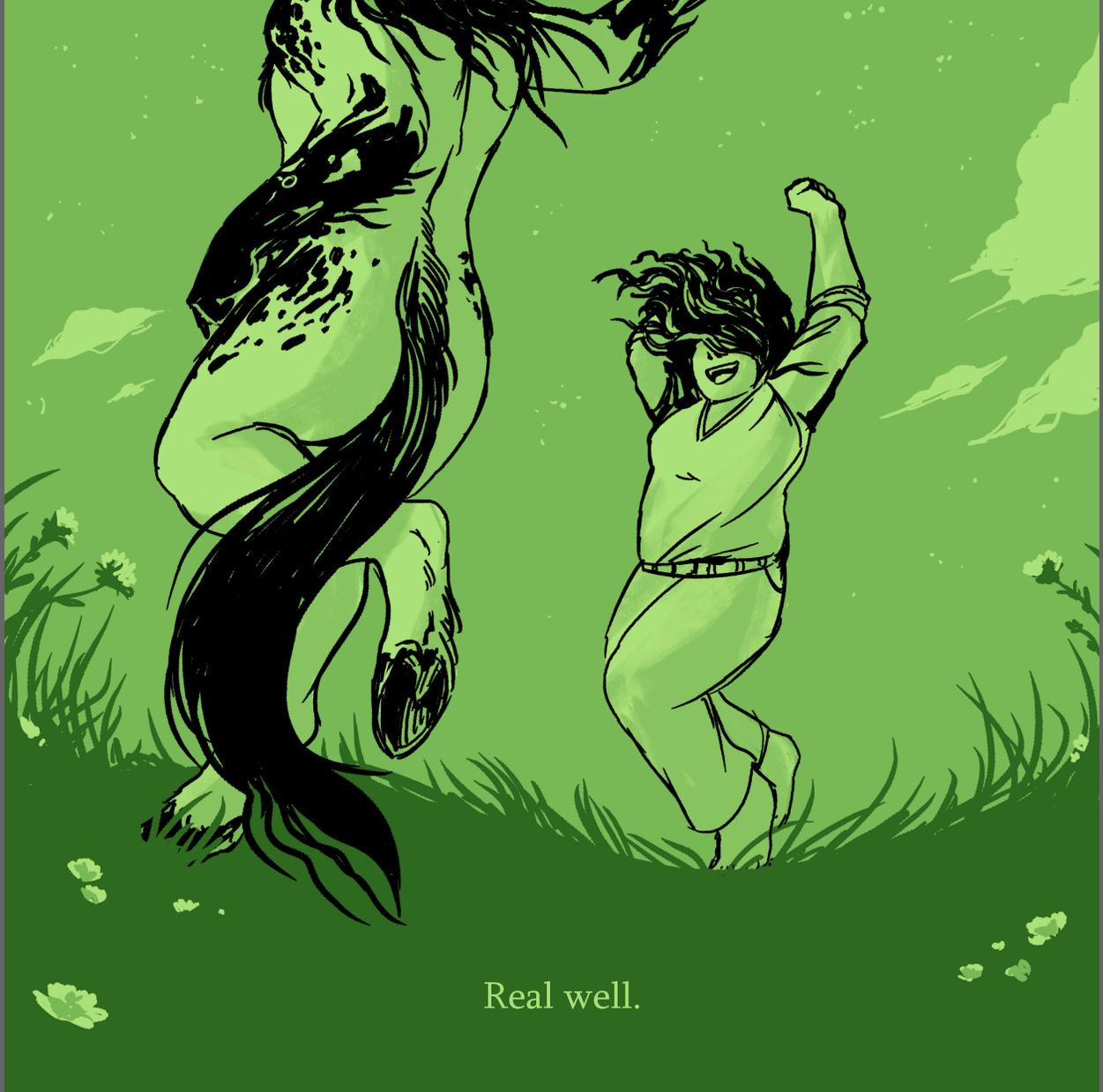


But it went well most of the time.

*"Work's done
for the day."*

"Let's dance!"





Real well.

It's no wonder how I happened.





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