



Babushka lived a happy life at the forest's edge.

She spent her springs chopping wood amongst the fresh smelling pines.



Every fall she knit beautiful blankets and shawls to keep herself warm.



Summers were spent in the kitchen and garden canning food she had grown herself.





She went home to think



And as she went to bed that night



about what she could do



The Cold found her home



AND FOUND
ITS WAY
IN.



It said:

YOUR HOME
YOUR CLOTHES
FIGHTING ME

IS OLD AND
S ARE
INTERFERED.
COULD TAKE

WEE
LETTING ME
TAKES
SEC

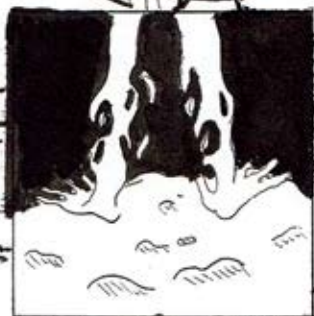
K.S.
IN ONLY
A
BND



By the tenth day
She had run out of food

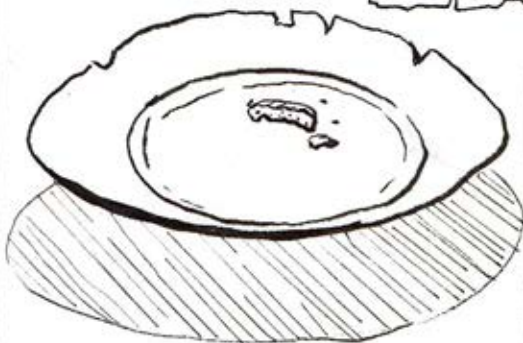


Shivering, tired and hungry



All the cold had to do

was open the door,





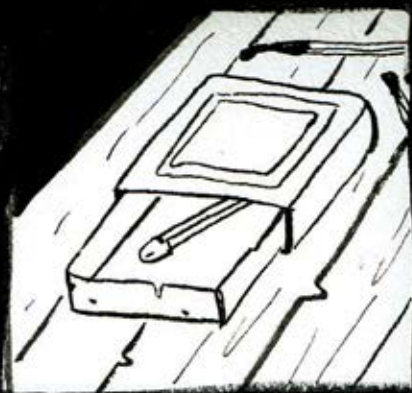
...AND LET
HIMSELF
IN

Babushka knew
how his curse
worked its way from
the outside in.

Painful and slowly,
like poison through
your veins.

IT TOOK YOUR
HEART
LAST

She Only Wished not to Die in Darkness



So she found her last match,



an old candle stump,



and awaited its curse...



BUT IT NEVER CAME ...







the days passed in
much the same way.





From then on,
Babushka received a knock
On her door every winter.

BANG
BANG



And She would let the cold in.



If her fire had run out,

She lit candles instead.



She made a corn bread and pine needle tea.



Eventually, Babushka even began to enjoy the company.

The cold never stopped waiting
for a chance to strike.

BUT
SHE NEVER STOPPED
TRYING TO KEEP
HERSELF WARM.

