

Where Did Wendig Go?

[Issue 1]

“Hunger for a Brother”

Prepared for

[Insert Artist Here]

By

Patrick Gardner

Dear [Artist or Reader],

Excitement! The draft is finally here, I know! But, there's a couple of things (literally just a couple) that I wanted to mention before we really get into the meat of it (and there be plenty of that!).

First, and most important, this is a draft. It's like fluid that you can still write on, but can change with either of our inputs. The main goal for me was clarity, and so details might have suffered as a result. We're also different people with different ideas. So, if when reading you get an idea of how to do something different, run it by me and we can discuss it.

Second, one minor formatting note: Line breaks are meant to separate speech balloons that belong to one character. You can keep the connecting trails for any of these or not, it's up to you.

Thank you for everything, and I look forward to hearing your thoughts!

Patrick

PAGE ONE

General Panel Layout: A full page splash with three inset panels.

Panel 1: A high angle shot as if were on top of one of the many gnarled swamp trees that are in this quagmire. It's midafternoon in this swamp; a light mist hugs some of the roots of the trees, but the mud in between the trees is in clear view. Here we see a pair of frog eyes resembling twin periscopes above the mud. This is our main character Wendig. The brighter orange of Wendig's head stands out from the dark brown mud. All is silent, still, even the smaller dragonflies sit still on top of the mud or gnarled roots of trees.

NARRATION (Wendig): I'm so damn hungry...

Panel 2: We're now at the muds level, looking at Wendig's eyes directly. These eyes are frog's eyes, horizontal pupils, no sclera like what would be in a Disney movie, instead there's a bit more muscle covering the upper eye so the frogs can arch their eyebrows if needed. A dragonfly comes in, seeking to land on the eye of the frog.

NARRATION (Wendig): Failing again...

Panel 3: The dragonfly lands in the space between the eyes. Wendig does not react.

Panel 4: Close up of the dragonfly rubbing its forelegs together.

NARRATION (Wendig): Isn't an option...

PAGE TWO

General Panel Layout: 4 square panels and one on the bottom taking up the space of two panels.

Panel 1: Close up of the mud a few feet behind Wendig. We see bubbles rising and popping.

SFX: POP

Panel 2: The surface of the mud pushes up, revealing the top of a black viper's head. The head is at least twice the size of Wendig's.

Panel 3: The snake rises silently above, towering over the unnoticed frog eyes.

Panel 4: Same panel, but Wendig's eyes look towards the dragonfly as it flies away.

Panel 5: The viper strikes, head diving down towards Wendig's! Its jaw is unhinged and its fangs are exposed. We see Wendig's head disappear beneath the surface to avoid the strike. Simulate this disappearing effect with motion lines. If this needs to be broken up for two panels feel free to do so.

SFX: SCCHLOOP

PAGE THREE

General Panel Layout: Five panels. Panel 1 is a large square panel while 2 is a thinner one that's next to panel 1. Panels 3-5 cover the lower half of the page.

Panel 1: High angle shot. We see Wendig scramble to get up on a gnarled root while the snake slithers towards him on the surface of the mud, leaving an engraved trail behind it. This is our first relatively good look at Wendig. He's based on the copper variant of an [Ornate Chorus Frog](#). The body of the frog is human-like, with longer legs and shorter arms and no distinct neck. He holds a spear fashioned from the same wood he's standing on, a fang like the snake he's running from as its head. His clothing is minimal, a crusted-up loincloth due to the mud, some chitin armbands and anklets, and a necklace with a wooden medallion. This will get its own close-up later, but for now draw it like a disc cut from a branch, and in the center where the tree rings are there's a runic like pattern burned into it. These patterns resemble the patterns that lightning has when bolts spread and split across the sky.

Panel 2: Shot above the snake's head as it towers over Wendig once again, whose back is against the tree. Wendig is gripping his medallion tightly, which is starting to glow a soft blue. Make the color subtle.

Panel 3: The snake lunges for Wendig. We don't exactly have to see Wendig here if you feel giving the snake its own panel. Give its head motion lines to really emphasize its striking speed.

Panel 4: A close-up of Wendig clutching his medallion. I'd suggest putting a vignette around this panel, darkening the edges as the medallion itself glows. The part that's glowing a cool blue is the pattern itself, not the whole medallion.

Panel 5: We see the snake slam into the gnarled roots Wendig was just at.

PAGE FOUR

Panel 1: Wendig is on top of that very same tree, looking down at the stunned snake.

Panel 2: A close up shot of Wendig's lower half, blood leaks through and down his leg.

Panel 3: A medium shot of Wendig with his eyes shut in pain (note that frogs push their eyes into their mouths to swallow, so while not doing so to the extreme, Wendig's eyes should be a bit squished. This also helps better illustrate his pain to the reader).

Panel 4: High angle shot of Wendig looking below towards the snake. Its tongue is flicking out as it looks up.

Panel 5-7: A triplet of vertical panels lining the bottom of the page. Each show Wendig leaping through the tops of the gnarled swamp trees, but time of day shifts from afternoon to twilight.

NARRATION (Wendig): But failure's better than death

PAGE FIVE

[General Panel Layout](#): I thought it might be easier to show rather than describe the layout for this page.

Panel 1: Still twilight. The center of the wide panel shows a large dead tree that's split nearly in two, its branches are wide, extending nearly to the edges of the panel. The split was done via a lightning strike, so make the split also burned. Parts of the tree have been cut via saw like blades. This is the village's center and should be included in most if not all shots outside because of how big the tree is. Also feel free to put some fireflies in any exterior shot for accented lighting.

Panel 2: This left square panel shows some cattle sized silkworms grazing under a [Mulberry Tree](#). I know that tree will look out of place in a swamp setting, but I think it gives it a sort've inherent magical nature.

Panel 3: A medium shot of a silk house. The houses themselves are styled like ancient adobe houses, but pure white [like this](#). Draw one or two frogs walking by. You can fashion some silk robes for the citizenry, but hunters like Wendig where chitin and loin cloths. I have only one specific criteria for the frogs: I want them to only look like species that can be found in the South Eastern United States. This for setting purposes mostly, but will become more pertinent in later issues. I'd be happy to lend you my copy of Frogs & Toads of the Southeast, or you could buy it [here](#). Otherwise lists of species can be found relatively easily online.

Healer (Inside the House): Wendig...

Panel 4: Now inside the silk home, on the left side of the panel we see the back of the healer standing over Wendig's. Wendig is lying down on a cot on his back, his bulging eyes on the healer. The cot is made from large bug hind legs, tied together with silk. The healer is an example of a true frog, you can design them however you wish other than that. If it's a female, give them smaller [tympanums](#) than Wendig. She is placing a wooden medallion on Wendig's wound, and it's subtly glowing under her placed hand. The rune for this one has a similar pattern to Wendig's, but the patterns spread ends in a perfect, burned in circle.

We see various wooden discs like the one Wendig was holding on the wall that Wendig's cot is placed against. If you don't have the room for this, don't worry, they'll feature on later panels/pages anyway. Lighting for the homes is provided by growing dense cyan colored mushroom on the ceilings, so make note of that when coloring.

Healer: Korlah will be here soon.

Wendig: What? How could she find the time tonight, and why?

Healer: She must speak with you before the hunt's spoils are prepared. She's wanting to discuss... other opportunities for you.

Panel 5: We are now looking out from the wall the cot leans against from. The wooden medallion glows a bit brighter and we see Wendig wincing as he speaks. The healer is walking away from the camera and towards the entrance door. She does not face Wendig when he speaks as she's more focused on welcoming Korlah in.

Wendig: I'm getting better, you should've *seen* the size of the snake I nearly—

Healer: She's approaching. Don't touch the rune until tomorrow, then you may leave.

Panel 1: Medium shot, wider panel that includes Wendig of the cot on the left, the healer leaving, and the Matriarch Korlah entering from the right. The two pass each other wordlessly. Korlah is a taller than normal leopard frog (think 6.5 ft.). The ceilings of the healing house are tall enough for her to stand in, but not much more. Her head is adorned with the carcass of a large [Regal Jumping Spider](#), with the legs clutching all around her head. This can be taken off though so probably not totally flush with her head. Wooden medallions of all patterns (only rule is that the lines radiating from the runic shape need to look like lightning bolts radiating out) adorn her arms, legs, and chest. Do not give her breasts. Male/female differentiation comes down to tympanum size.

Wendig: Matriarch.

Panel 2: Medium shot of Korlah standing over the cot. She has a disappointed look on her face.

Korlah: You and Ceznich really did work better as a team.

Panel 3: OTS of Korlah. Wendig has his eyebrows arched in frustration.

Wendig: And I'll make up for his skill very soon. Does anything else require discussion?

Panel 4: Same panel but Wendig is reaching an arm out to Korlah. His lips are curled into a confident snicker.

Wendig: Look, I don't need a council, Matriarch, just let me go without food again. After all, I'll be having a feast tomorrow once I get that viper.

Panel 5: OTS of Wendig. Korlah has [this look](#), but not as dramatic.

Korlah: If you bring no hunter's spoils tomorrow, then we will have a council. You could make for a better storyteller like Bufo, and there's no shame in that. Your brother would not want to see you struggle like this, Wendig.

Panel 6: Bust shot of Wendig's head, now looking up at the ceiling (towards the camera).

Wendig: I deserve to struggle for my mistakes.

PAGE SEVEN

Panel 1: Full page splash of Wendig now dreaming. The ceilings have a silk sheet over them, but you don't have to show it. Above his head we see the beginnings of his dream. Wendig is perched on a gnarled swamp tree. In his hands are a few medallions of differing patterns, one is the same he has around his neck in the present day. His brother, Ceznich is below. Ceznich is a silver variant of the Ornate Chorus Frogs, similar in proportions to Wendig. He is above the mud scouting, holding a spear that's the same spear Wendig has now in the present day.

PAGE EIGHT

General Panel Layout. You could play with the panel borders here or make things fuzzy or blurry to sell that dreamlike state of mind. I would recommend panels 1-3 being in a row, panels 4-5 in the next, 6 getting its own row, and 7-8 on the bottom. That may stretch things a bit, but the most important panel is definitely 6.

Panel 1: Close up on bubbles rising up out of the mud near Ceznich.

NARRATION (Wendig): I should've noticed those air pockets.

Panel 2: Alligator eyes appear around the bubbles.

Panel 3: A prehistoric sized alligator leaps from the mud towards Ceznich.

NARRATION (Wendig): I should've reacted sooner.

Panel 4: Wendig slides the burned pattern of the same medallion that he wears around his neck down the spear in one swift motion. Both glow with the same hue that all medallions do.

NARRATION (Wendig): Why wasn't the spear already imbued?

Panel 5: Wendig throws the spear towards the alligator. It's hurtling towards them both as the alligator closes in on Ceznich, jaws open and ready to chomp around the frog's waist.

Panel 6: The spear goes through Ceznich. You could make this more dramatic by making the background all red, the spear going through Ceznich that distinct cyan, and only showing Ceznich as a black silhouette. But, I would only do so if you feel confident that the action would remain as clear as possible to the reader. There should be no doubt in their mind that Wendig killed Ceznich.

NARRATION (Wendig): I shouldn't have been there at all.

Panel 7: A close up of showing Ceznich's shocked face.

Panel 8: A close up of showing Wendig's face, same expression, now at night.

PAGE NINE

General panel layout: Three panels. Panel three should take up most of the space.

Panel 1: We're out of the dream now. Close up on Wendig's wound, partially covered up by the wooden rune. It's now a pink scar.

NARRATION (Wendig): I'm so damn hungry...

Panel 2: Close up on the various runes on the wall.

NARRATION (Wendig): I might as well never come home if I don't kill something tomorrow.

Panel 3: Outside of the healer's home we see a ceremony going on around the lightning struck tree. It glows with the same light as the runes, but much more intense. Frogs of all sizes are around the tree, some with pieces/limbs of bugs ready to eat.

Panel 1: It's now the next morning, thick overcast. Mid shot of the healer's home exterior looking into its entrance. Other frogs are going about their day. Wendig is leaning against the wall of the entrance, his scar now an off white to separate itself from his white underbelly. He's tired from last night, and somewhat delirious from lack of food. You could just make his eyes half lidded while his weight is leaning heavily on the entryway. Dark circles could work as well for a more subtle approach.

Panel 2 (inset on panel 1): Close up of Wendig's tired face.

Bufo (offscreen): Wendig!

Panel 3: Side view of Wendig leaning on the wall of the silk house, his eyes still staring at the ground, tired expression. Bufo front is in full view as he's coming closer to Wendig. Bufo, a bullfrog, is built like most other bullfrogs. That is to say, towering, lumbering, you know what himbo material means? It's that in an anthropomorphic frog form. He carries a sort of messenger bag with him, looks like a pill bug's shell you can reach into. He doesn't notice Wendig's delirium, just talks as if everyone is just as high in energy as him.

Bufo: Korlah couldn't help but spill on your condition last night, how're you holding up?

Wendig: Fine.

Panel 4: Same shot, but now Bufo is reaching into the pill bug bag.

Bufo: Well, it isn't exactly legal to do this without consensus from all of us but—

Panel 5: Close up of the head of an oversized grub in Bufo's hands. The grub looks a little small in comparison.

Bufo (offscreen): I snuck something, anyway, go ahead and take it quick before anyone notices.

Panel 6: Medium side shot of the two. Bufo is extending his arms in offering to Wendig. Wendig has a brow cocked in confusion. You could split this panels into two if need be.

Wendig: I couldn't possibly. No, Bufo. I *need* to prove myself.

Bufo: Wendig... c'mon! You look a day's away from death!

Panel 7: Close up of the grub writhing in Wendig's clutched hands.

Wendig (offscreen): Fine... it'll make for good bait.

Bufo (offscreen): That's the spirit!

PAGE ELEVEN

General Panel Layout: Panels 1 and 2 are mostly square while panel 3 is vertical. Panels 4 and 5 divide the lower half of the page equally.

Panel 1: Medium shot of Wendig trudging through the mud in the swamps outside the village. His hands are clutching his spear and the grub head from before. The scenery is similar to page one but now it's raining, the clouds have darkened. A storm is clearly just minutes away.

Panel 2: We see Wendig's hand placing the grub head on top of a walkable layer of mud.

Wendig: That should do it.

Panel 3: A mostly vertical panel, low angle, showing multiple leaps that Wendig makes to get up a tall tree. Could be done using repeated figures, or motion lines.

Panel 4: Wendig is now perched on top of the tree. His eyelids squinting at something off camera. (Just like before, adding eyelids is fine, but since squinting involves closing the eye, they might want to be sunken just a bit into the head).

Panel 5: OTS of Wendig, we're seeing what he's squinting at. In the distance, a large grub (like minivan sized) is trapped underneath some gnarled roots. The rain is starting to fall.

Wendig: Must've crawled out while the mud was still wet... Spotted you just in time, didn't I?

PAGE TWELVE

Panel 1: Wide panel showing Wendig closing the distance on the grub. Parts of the sky are flashing with lightning. The rain is getting heavy quickly.

SFX: ruumble

Panel 2: OTS of Wending raising his spear into the air, ready to stab at the grub's head. The grub is on his back as the gnarled roots grip around its body. It's squirming, trying to desperately get free.

Wendig: May you be luckier in the next—

Panel 3: (Taking up most of the page) A lightning bolt strikes the tree gripping the grub. In a stunning display of light, the tree splits down the middle, shoving Wendig backwards, a pained expression on his face as he's blown back. The grub writhes all the same as its electrocuted.

SFX: CRACK

PAGE THIRTEEN

General panel layout: Panels 1-3 are small squares, 4 and 5 are wide panels.

Panel 1: Complete darkness.

NARRATION (Wendig): No way...

Panel 2: A gradient of black (top) to a dark/faded pink (bottom).

NARRATION (Wending): ...A dream?

Panel 3: A gradient of grey (top) to a neon pink (bottom). The clouds and something glowing from within the split trunk are coming into focus.

NARRATION (Wending): No... Rain's still here.

Panel 4: OTS of the split trunk, glowing that same pink. Wending is crumpled up against some roots. His spear lies to his side, his hand is placed on his aching head.

Wendig: Ancestors...

Panel 5: OTS of Wendig, with the split trunk taking up most of the shot. It's still smoking a bit from the strike, bark burnt straight down the middle, but the wood has opened like a geode, with clusters of small pink mushrooms growing all over its insides. These mushrooms show no signs of damage from the strike.

Wendig: Now what do we have here?

Panel 1: We see Wendig's damaged visage peaking over the trunk, peering into it, jaw agape, sparkles in his eyes almost. A cloud of pink spores hangs just under his mouth.

Wendig: A split trunk with glowing mushrooms. You've blessed us with a new village center!

Panel 2: Wendig takes a deep breath.

Panel 3: And chokes on the spores he just breathed in, an expression of shock on his face. You could draw inspiration from [this](#) pose. Less confusion, more shock, however.

Panel 4: A spirit has formed above the cluster of mushrooms, and this spirit is known as Kisch. Surrounded by the same pink spore cloud, this deity is an amalgamation of frog bones and mycelium. Two bright pink dots in a frog skull make up their "eyes" but these are just mushroom caps. Some of the threadlike hyphae float as if not affected by gravity, other strands are hooked around the jaw of the frog skull this thing speaks from. The background should appear off at this point, no more rain, most of the visible background is a pink, lingering fog. This shot is facing Kisch head on with the their jaw bone hanging down low, their pink dots for eyes glowing sharply.

Kisch: Wendig, our savior!

Panel 5: Facing behind Kisch now as Wendig leans against a twisted tree trunk, his eyes bugged out as he coughs.

Kisch: Do not attempt to cast us out! You'll end up hacking a lung till the next morning!

Wendig: *HACK!* *ACK!*

Panel 6: A small panel with a pink blurred background showing Wendig turning around. Remember frogs lack necks, so motion lines showing the turnaround (a half circle line around one side of his head/upper body) should do the trick here. Dilate his pupils, brighten the contrast on his thin irises.

Wendig: Who... *What* are you?

Panel 7: Side shot showing Wendig, his hands gripping the split trunk, looking up at Kisch. Kisch is looming over him, some of their thin strands of hyphae moving to touch Wendig's tympanums.

Kisch: We are Kisch, and

(scream bubble) We're! So! Alive! Such energy! Please, please, stay still, we connect! So deep, so locked away, but don't worry—

Panel 1: A full page splash of Kisch connecting with Wendig's head.

The bottom portion shows the physical act. This shows Wendig directly facing up at Kisch as they bore down on him. A mix of shock and violation on his face. Kisch can't show much expression seeing as they're mostly mushroom fibers and bones, but you could unhinge the frog jaw as a form of wicked excitement. Brighten up their "eyes" so they pierce into Wendig.

The top portion has radiating panels showing different points of Wendig's life from his point of view. If you think it works better, you can be rid of the panel borders entirely, as memories tend to blur and meld together in our own minds and showing that on the page could represent it better. The middle one (Ceznich's death) should be the most prominent.

These panels should be in sequential order from left to right:

1. Low angle shot of the Matriarch Korlah handing Wendig the medallion he still wears today. The low angle can be made a little more dramatic, showing that Wendig is a young, juvenile frog.
2. Ceznich's death. Focus on Ceznich's agonizing expression here, stretch it out to a grotesque surrealism to show how the memory is replayed inside Wendig's head. You could make this look like a similar shot that's in page 8 panel 7, but have Ceznich's head be melting.
3. A night scene showing Bufo surrounded by young frogs (young because they still have a bit of tail left as well as being short). He has his arms outstretched dramatically, reciting some poem. Inflate his throat pouch a bit since he's singing. The frogs surrounding Wendig are all listening intently, a young Ceznich can be seen here listening intently as well.

Kisch: We'll know all! Of each other! Savior~

PAGE SIXTEEN

Panel 1: High angle shot showing Wendig knocked down as Kisch detaches their hyphae off him. Wendig is disgusted at the violation of his private mind.

Wendig: By the Ancestors, what have you done to me!?

Panel 2: Full shot of Kisch, his hyphae strands defying gravity as they wave about.

Kisch: Our savior's past! How tragic, the accident! A mistake, to be reversed!

Panel 3: Wide panel. OTS of Wendig facing Kisch as he's getting back up. I'm thinking the two sentences of dialogue should be split into two speech balloons. One on the left and one on the right of the panel.

Kisch: Resurrection?

For Kisch's freedom?

Panel 4: Close up of Wendig's medallion. It's glowing slightly.

Kisch (offscreen): Little energy, small and miniscule. A taste, all we need! Ceznich rises, alive!

Panel 5: Bust shot of Wendig averting Kisch's gaze.

Wendig: You could do that? Bring my brother back? Where, in *your* body?

Panel 6: Just the frog skull, jaw agape, pink dots of Kisch glowing brightly once again.

Kisch: Yes! Ceznich! Kisch! One body! Sharing! Memories, skills, more!

Ceznich keeps Kisch alive! Kisch keeps Ceznich alive!

Panel 7: Wendig looking with a downturned expression.

Wendig: I'd finally be a decent hunter again...

Alright...

PAGE SEVENTEEN

Panel 1: The medallion is ripped off of Wendig's neck. Quickly getting dragged into Kisch's pink cloud of hyphae.

Kisch: Haha! Yes! We *starve* no more! Wendig, our savior, second to none!

Panel 2-5: Inset panels are put on each corner to represent the distance. These show branches detaching from nearby trees.

SFX: CRACK! SNAP! (or similar onomatopoeia)

Panel 6: The center of panels 2-5. The split trunk has detached to become a sort of makeshift torso while the other branches move to become limbs akin to Wendig's in structure only. A glowing cyan energy moves the branches as the medallion burns to ashes. The torso radiates a bright pink. Wendig is shown with an arm across his eyes, blocking the light.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

Panel 1: Kisch doing a superhero power up pose ([DBZ](#), less angry, more excited). Their hyphae now cocoon most of the torso, and act as ligaments connecting the branches of the limbs.

Kisch: We have motion! Freedom! Let's jump in the trees like Wendig!

Panel 2: OTS Wendig watching Kisch's new bipedal form getting ready to jump. Wendig is motioning them to stop.

Wendig: Wait! Don't run off! Let me hear Ceznich first!

Panel 3: Kisch is extending a hand toward Wendig.

Kisch: Oh yes! Very simple, here, take our hand... now that we have one!

Panel 4: OTS of Wendig as he clasps the wooden branch. The glowing torso as well as Kisch's eyes turn a familiar cyan blue.

Panel 5: Close up of Wendig's eyes. A grey silhouette in their reflection.

Ceznich (offscreen): It hurts! By the ancestors it hurts!

Panel 1: Back at the village at night. The storm has passed, but its clouds still blanket the sky, making it extra dark. We're looking at the in-between space of two frog silk houses. In this space are some prehistoric ferns.

Panel 2: Same shot, with Wendig popping out of those ferns, terrified and racing towards off screen. He's left his spear behind. A faint pink glow can be seen where he popped out from.

Panel 3: Bufo is reciting an oral poem to some child frogs, his pose is akin to the one in Wendig's memories. Again, inflate his throat pouch a bit since he's singing. He's sitting in a shallow lake while the juvenile frogs surround him. Some juvenile frogs are captivated, while others are asleep.

Bufo: 🎵 A brother in tails is a brother in arms

We peep and we trill till the twilight's fade 🎵

Panel 4: OTS of Bufo showing Wendig coming into Bufo's view.

Bufo: Uh, oh... Wendig's come empty handed again.

Panel 5: Bufo with an arm around Wendig. Wendig is a bit hunched over, hands near his head, his expression panicked.

Bufo: Returned late, no spoils, and your rune is missing, Wendig. What happened out there?

Wendig: Ceznich is... Ceznich is...

Panel 6: Small panel showing Bufo's face as he looks away from Wendig. A bit of pink light leaks into the corner of the frame.

Bufo: Hm?

PAGE TWENTY

Panel 1: Full shot of Kisch hobbling in view of the village, still getting used to their new body. Other villagers are hearing the commotion and are peaking their head out of their homes, all with shocked expressions.

Villager one: What in the Matriarch is that!?

Villager two: Gather the hunters!

Villager three: By the ancestors!

Panel 2: Kisch is leaning a branched shoulder against a silk house, their eyes glowing with the same passionate brightness that was seen when probing Wendig's mind.

Kisch: Such... energy... gonna... burst!

Panel 3: Kisch's torso cracks open, a plume of violent pink energy (magical flames basically) jets out of their torso and onto the silk house that they were leaning against. The flames don't affect Kisch, but do engulf the house immediately.

Panel 4: Full shot of Kisch moving away from the engulfed house, the hole in their chest still jetting out flames. Behind them we can see that the house next to the one they set fire to has now caught fire as well.

Kisch: Ahhhhh~ Sweet release!

Energy! Delicious! Just another taste.

SFX: AAAHHH (coming from inside the engulfed house)

Panel 5: Side view of a couple of hunter frogs (dressed like Wendig, species doesn't matter, just make Kisch a bit taller than Hunter frog 1) both in front of and behind Kisch. The two are pointing their spears out towards Kisch.

Hunter frog 1: H-he's made of trees?

Hunter frog 2: Use the rune to root him!

Panel 6: OTS of Kisch tightly gripping the medallion of Hunter frog 1 as it glows cyan. Their eyes are piercing into the other frog's horrified gaze.

Kisch: Ohh, growth, you say? We certainly could use some of that!

Panel 7: Kisch crushes the medallion, absorbing its power. The force of this turns the medallion into shrapnel, putting gaping holes into the frog. You could have one of these pieces bore below the eye, detaching it. Don't be afraid of the violence, we've seen how violent nature itself can be in this world already, so the supernatural just dials that even further.

PAGE TWENTY-ONE

Panel 1: A close up of Bufo's whole face, jaw agape. Could have pink in the reflection of his eyes.

Bufo: ...The children!

Panel 2: A wider panel showing Bufo picking up a juvenile frog with one already on his back, still sleeping. Wendig is facing away from him, still in awe of the carnage that Kisch is causing.

Bufo: Wendig, there are lives on the line! If that *thing* is Ceznich in any way, then you need to go tell him to stop turning everything we've built to ash!

Wendig: Ceznich...

Panel 3: Bufo is now turned around, a collection of juvenile frogs clinging to all parts of his body. He's frustrated and yelling towards Wendig whose expression hasn't changed.

Bufo: Wendig, are you even listening to me!?

Panel 4: Side view of both characters where Bufo is now in front of Wendig, his bullfrog hands are placed upon Wendig's shoulders, eyes staring into his.

Bufo: *You* can calm him down, think of something to say, and *go!* *Now*, Wendig!

Panel 5: Bufo turns Wendig around, Bufo's hands are on Wendig's back shoulders now.

Panel 6: Bufo pushes Wendig away.

Panel 7: Side view of the two running in opposite directions. Wendig's face is glowing pink as he runs towards the carnage.

PAGE TWENTY-TWO

Panel 1: Kisch is a bit bloodied up from other hunters trying to attack him. The silk houses are in cinders due to their flammability, but the ones in the background are glowing with fresh, pink flames. You can draw one or two corpses nearby, in similar fashion to the one killed from before. We can see Wending running towards the area not that far away. Both are facing towards the camera.

Kisch: Savior Wendig! Happy sight!

Panel 2: OTS of a shocked Wendig as Kisch turns around. They've noticeably gotten taller, and their branches have become thicker. From this and the panel before it, it's obvious that most if not all villagers have fled the area.

Kisch: We've found more energy! Ceznich, Kisch, stronger hunter!

Wendig: I was never promised this violence! I could have given medallions to you willingly!

Panel 3: full shot of Kisch doing A4 from [this chart](#), their other shoulder hanging limp. The blush there doesn't need to be added, but if you can make it make sense with them being a mycelium tree frog skeleton spirit, then hey why not?

Kisch: Medallions. Frogs. Still energy, no?

Panel 4: Close up of Kisch's frog skull, jaw agape akin to a wicked grin, pink pupils glowing bright.

Kisch: Either makes better...

Ceznich quiet... perhaps more energy?

Panel 5: Behind Kisch now, still showing his full body. Wending is stepping back with his hands beckoning towards Kisch for him to follow (if you can pull off this pose without turning Wendig's nonexistent neck, let me know!)

Wendig: Energy! Yes, Kisch, I know a *huge* cache of energy, just follow me!

Panel 6: Same shot as panel 4, can be a much smaller panel though since it is a repeat. You could draw the skull with motion lines kind of like [this](#) to emphasize Kisch nodding.

Kisch: Yes, Savior Wendig! Lead on!

PAGE TWENTY-THREE

Panel 1: Outside of the village now, but we see some distant glow of the fire. The environment here is on the outskirts of a bog. Kisch and Wendig are ankle deep in the water and facing each other with Kisch on the left and Wendig on the right.

Kisch: Quiet again. Energy hidden?

Wendig: Soon Kisch, I'm just curious of something.

Panel 2: Close up of Wendig's head, his eyes sunken down as they're closed while he sighs, collecting his thoughts.

Panel 3: Full shot of Wendig as he begins to recite a poem. His throat pouch should be a little inflated like Bufo's from before. Have him try and imitate Bufo, but have it look a bit inexperienced since he hasn't really done this before. If his eyes are open, then they're downturned.

Wendig: ♪ A brother in tails is a brother in arms ♪

Panel 4: Close up of Kisch's eyes pointing in different directions, signaling confusion, their jaw slacked.

Kisch: Ceznich? Wanting to sing?

Panel 5: Back to a full shot of Wendig continuing his recitation. A bit more confident in his words.

Wendig: ♪ We peep and we trill till the twilight's fade ♪

Panel 6: Medium shot of Wendig's eyes fully open and looking toward the sky. A glint in his eyes revealing a deeper emotion. One of his arms reaches for the sky, the other hand is placed on his heart.

Wendig: ♪ It's not the hunger that keeps us alive ♪

Panel 7: Wendig pulls both arms against his chest, fists clenched. His eyes are downturned as he recites the last line.

Wendig: ♪ But the cling of another in the early morn's tide ♪

Panel 8: OTS of Wendig still with his eyes closed. All of Kisch's pink light, including the "eyes" has turned a distinct cyan blue. The hyphae are affected by gravity now. Ceznich is back, and his eyes are on Wendig.

Ceznich: The song... My eyes don't deceive me now... Wendig is finally here in the afterlife!

PAGE TWENTYFOUR

Panel 1: Full shot of Wendig sighing in relief

Wendig: That's... really you, isn't it?

Panel 2: Wendig grabs Ceznich's arm. The two are looking directly at each other.

Ceznich: My insides are no longer actively conflagrating, which is downright lovely.

I must ask, however, how did you pass on? I hope it was less painful than my own fall from grace.

Panel 4: OTS of Ceznich, Wendig grimaces while avoiding his gaze.

Wendig: We're both alive, Ceznich. I've brought you back.

Panel 5: A bug's eye view shot (though a bit closer to see Ceznich's expression). His tree limbs now sit in front of his eyes. Those eyes flare brightly just as they did when Kisch thought of energy, though now it's of horror rather than hunger.

Ceznich: Wendig... what exactly have you resurrected me as!?