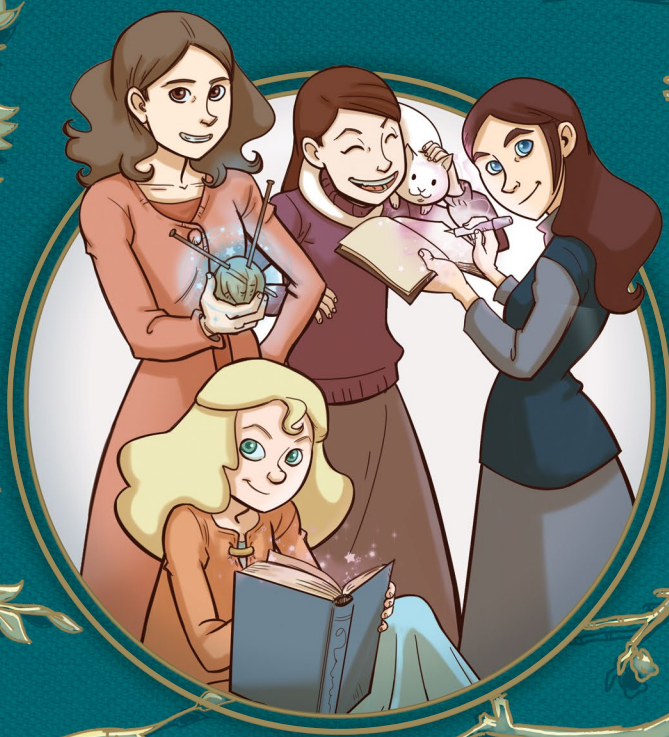


LEIGH DRAGON

Little Witches



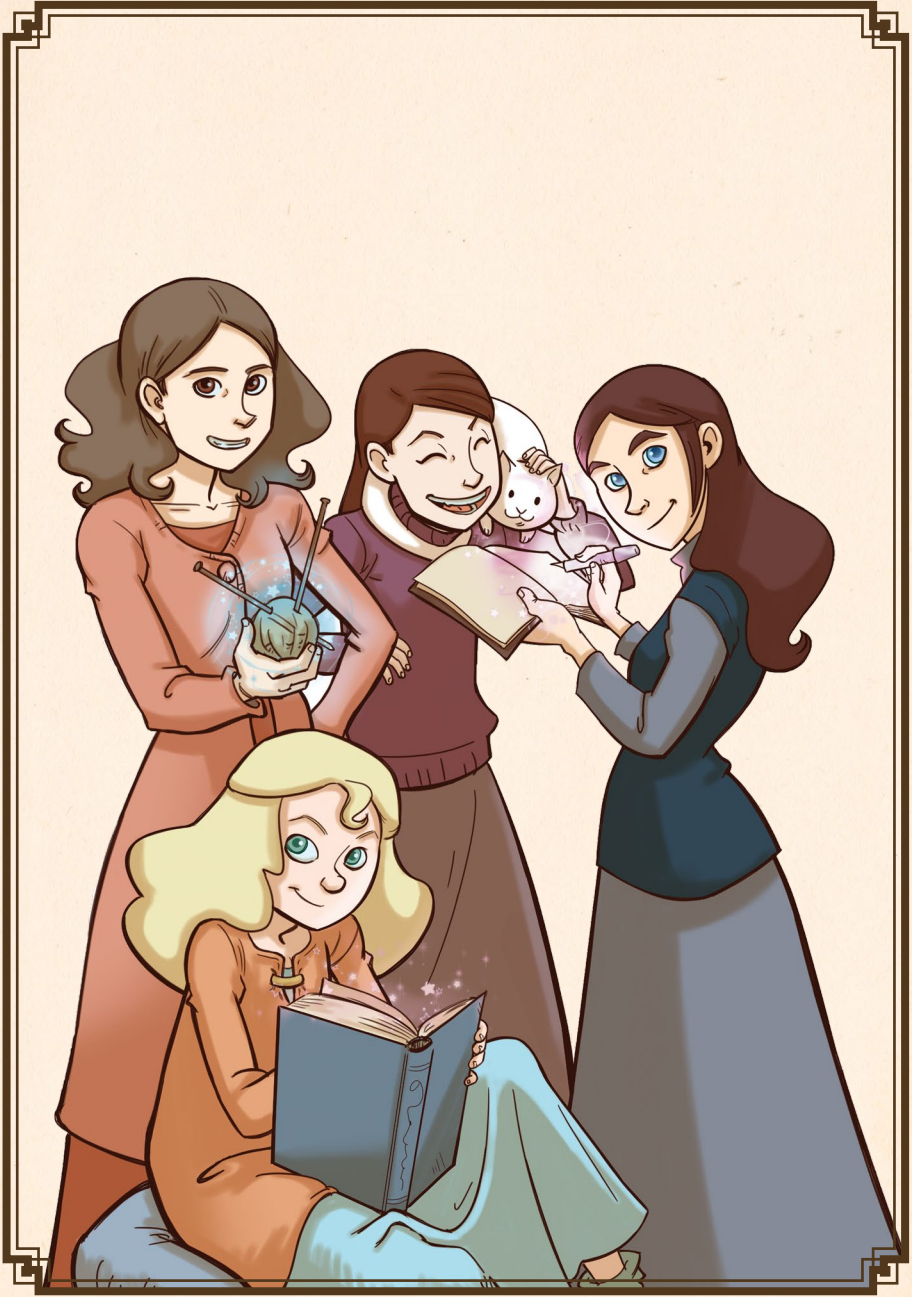
MAGIC IN CONCORD

Little Witches

MAGIC IN CONCORD



AN ONI PRESS PUBLICATION



JO, BETH, AMY, AND MEG MARCH

Little Witches

MAGIC IN CONCORD

BY
LEIGH DRAGOON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
LEIGH DRAGOON

&

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PORTLAND
ONI PRESS
2020

PUBLISHED BY ONI-LION FORGE
PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC



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First Edition: August 2020

ISBN 978-1-62010-721-8
eISBN 978-1-62010-649-5

LITTLE WITCHES: MAGIC IN CONCORD,
August 2020. Published by Oni-Lion Forge Publishing
Group, LLC. 1319 SE Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd.,
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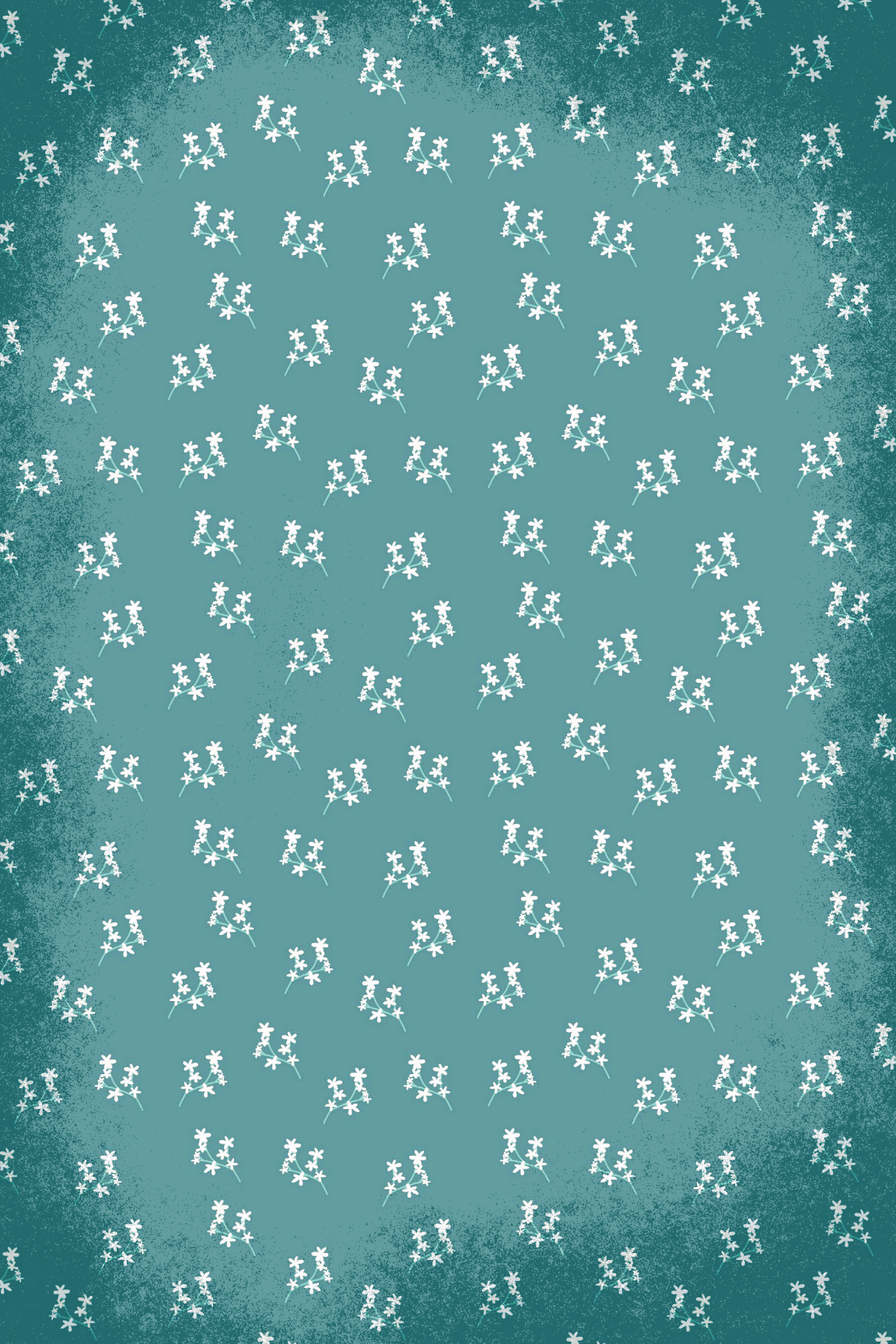
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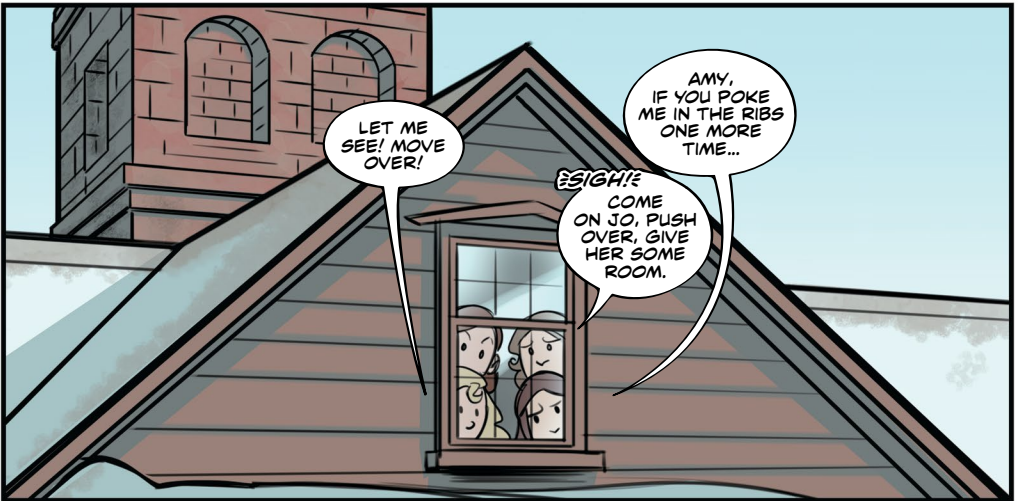
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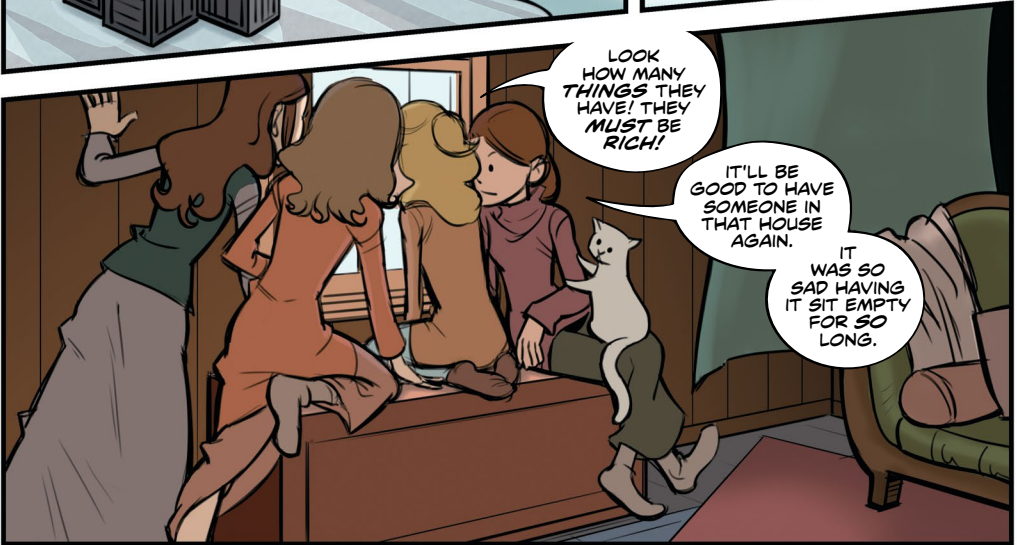
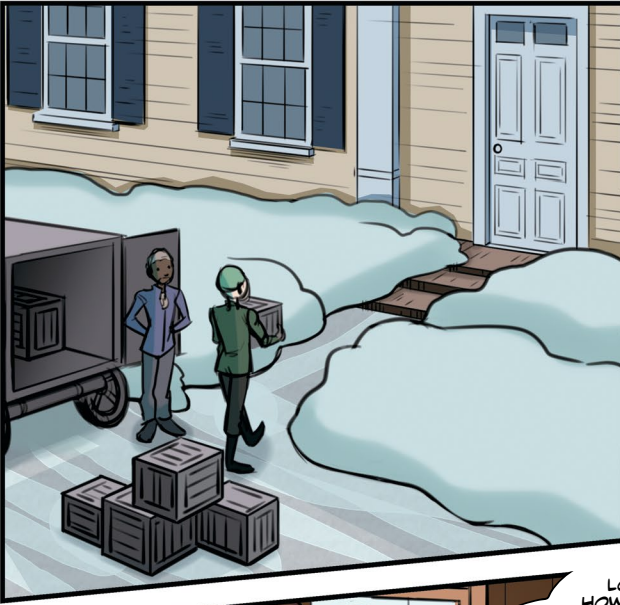
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To everyone who helped.
And to my own favorite Amy, Alice.









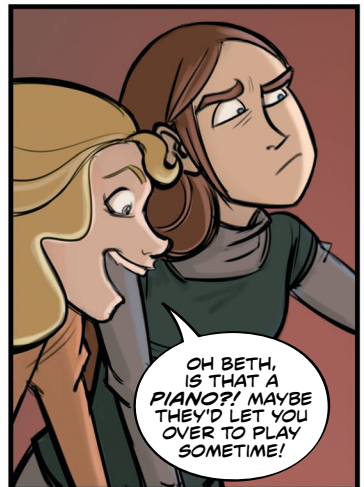
LOOK
HOW MANY
THINGS THEY
HAVE! THEY
MUST BE
RICH!

IT'LL BE
GOOD TO HAVE
SOMEONE IN
THAT HOUSE
AGAIN.

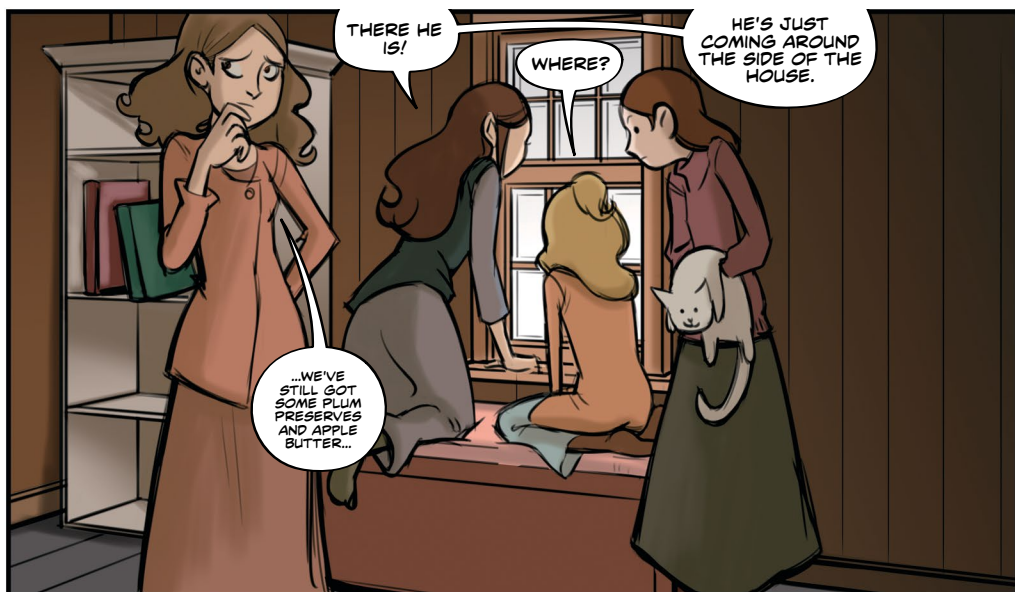
IT
WAS SO
SAD HAVING
IT SIT EMPTY
FOR SO
LONG.

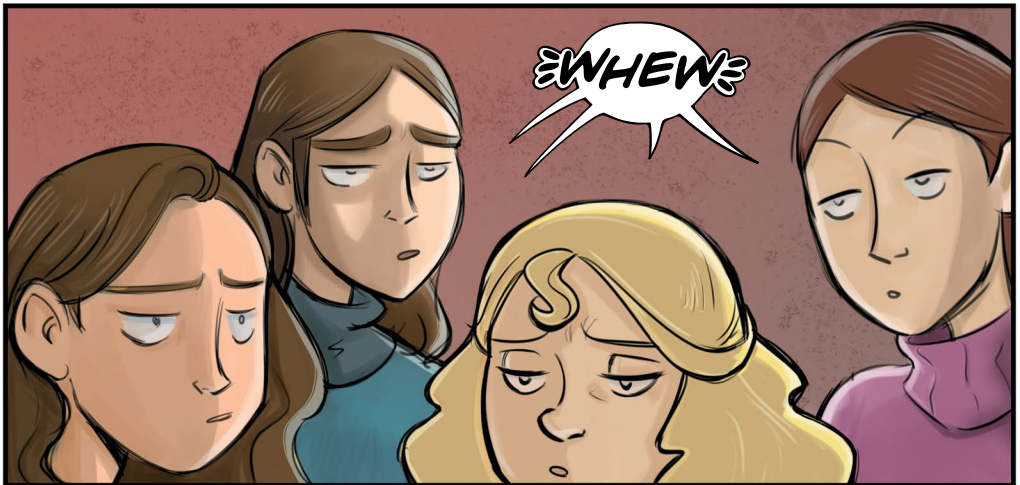
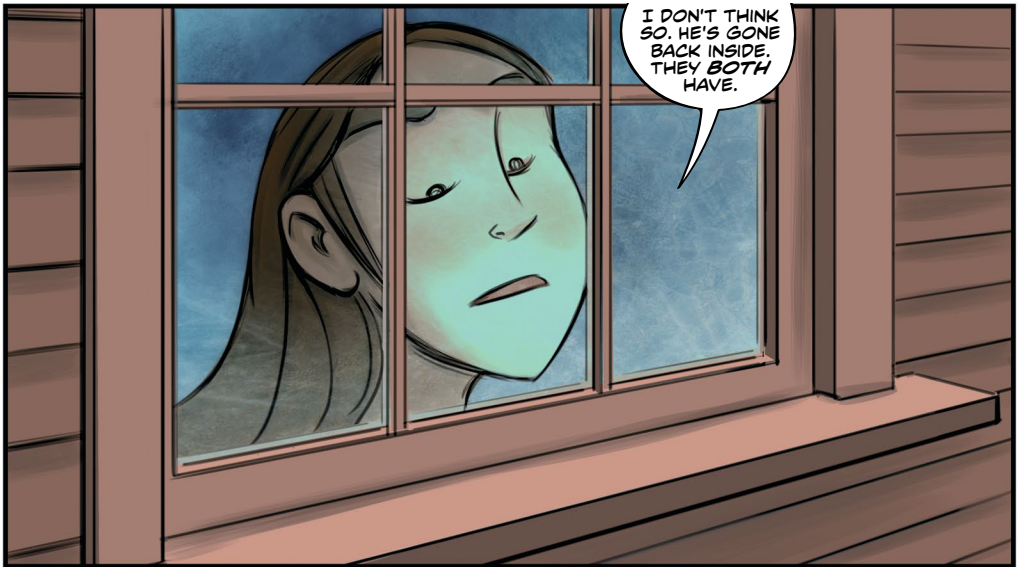
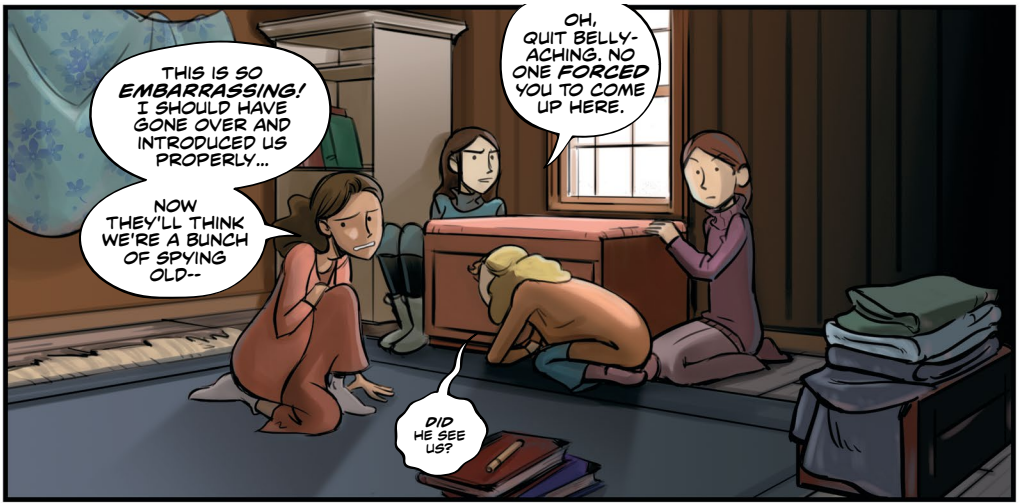


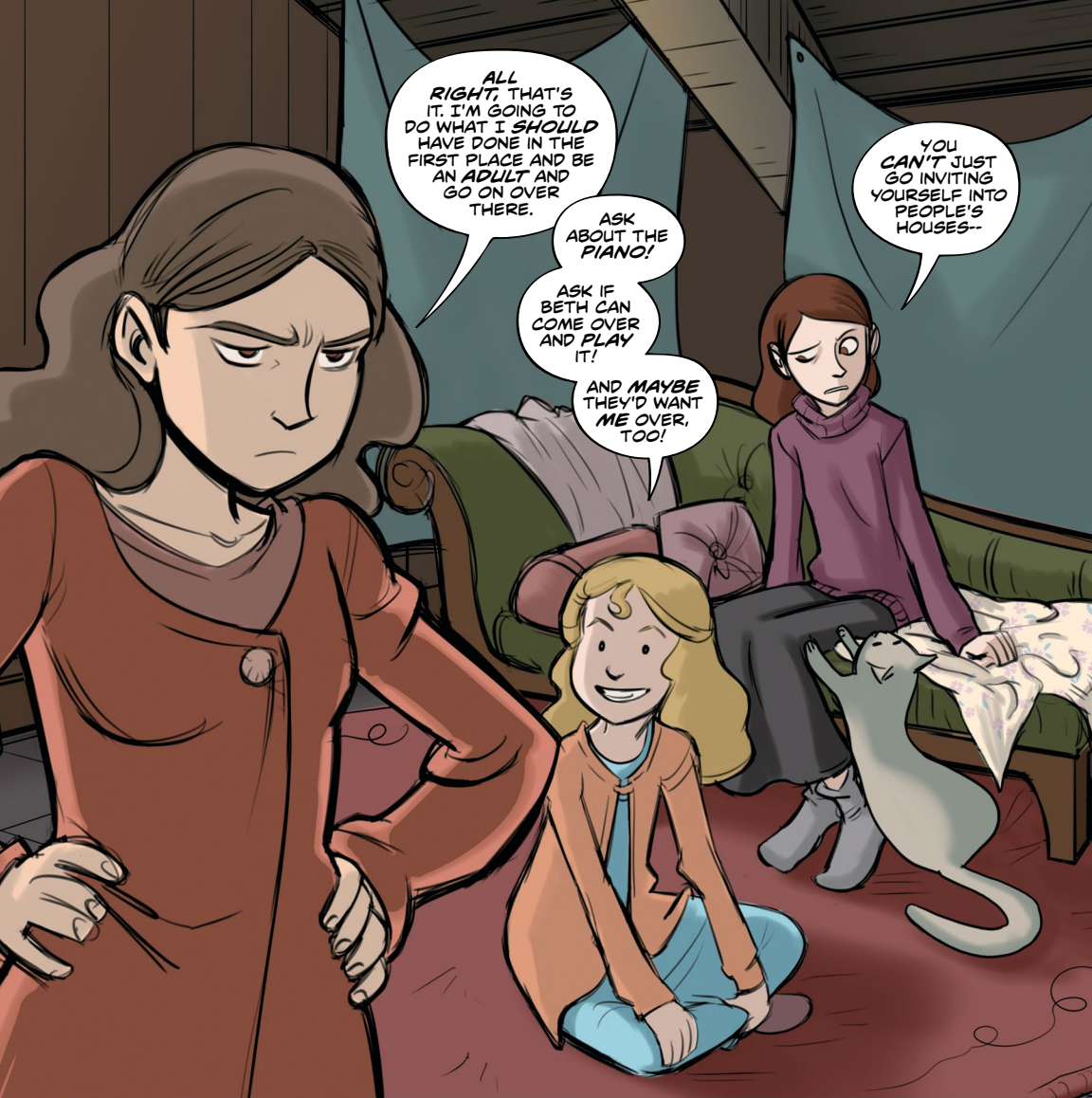
I
SUPPOSE
MARMEE WOULD
WANT US TO
BRING THEM OVER
SOMETHING TO
EAT...

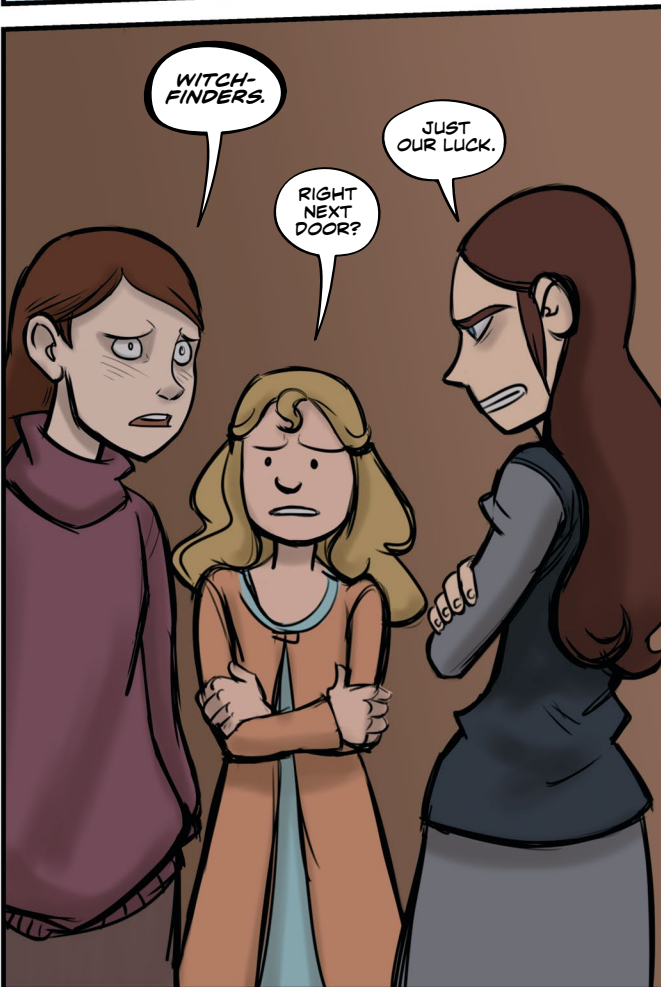


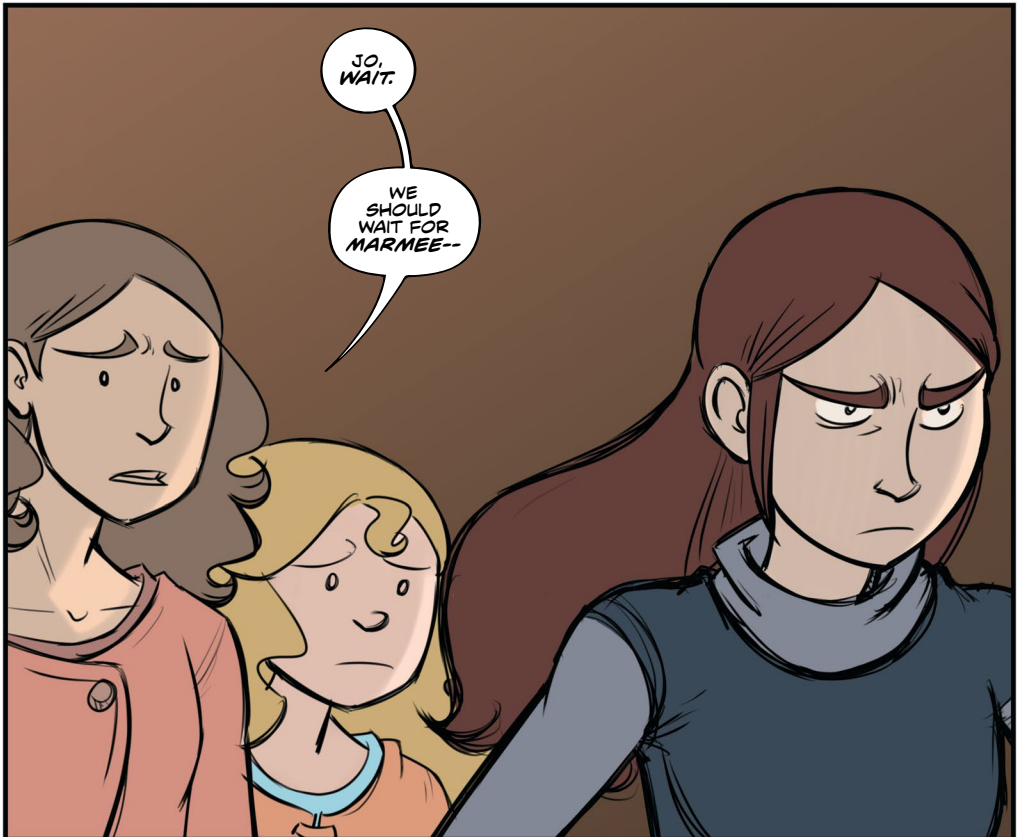
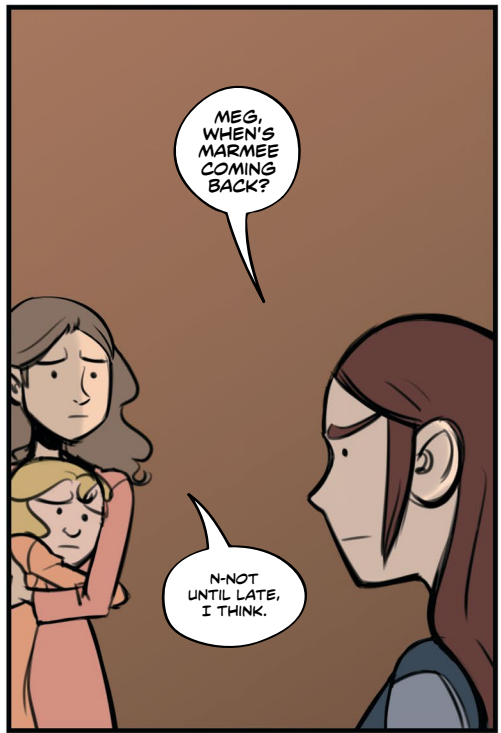
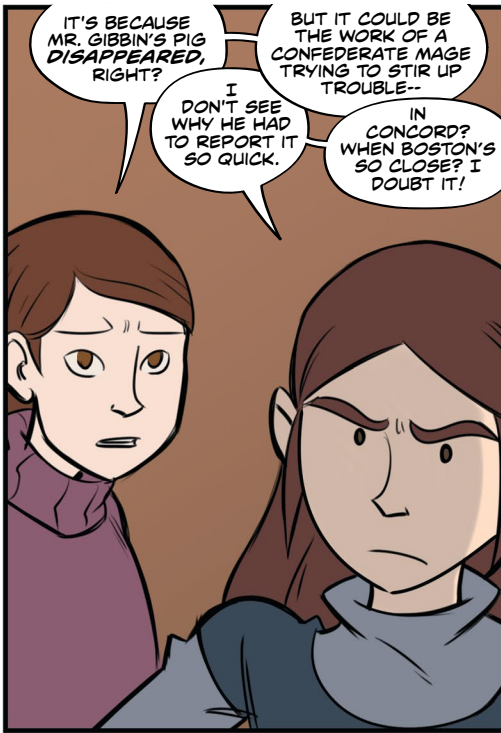
OH BETH,
IS THAT A
PIANO?! MAYBE
THEY'D LET YOU
OVER TO PLAY
SOMETIME!

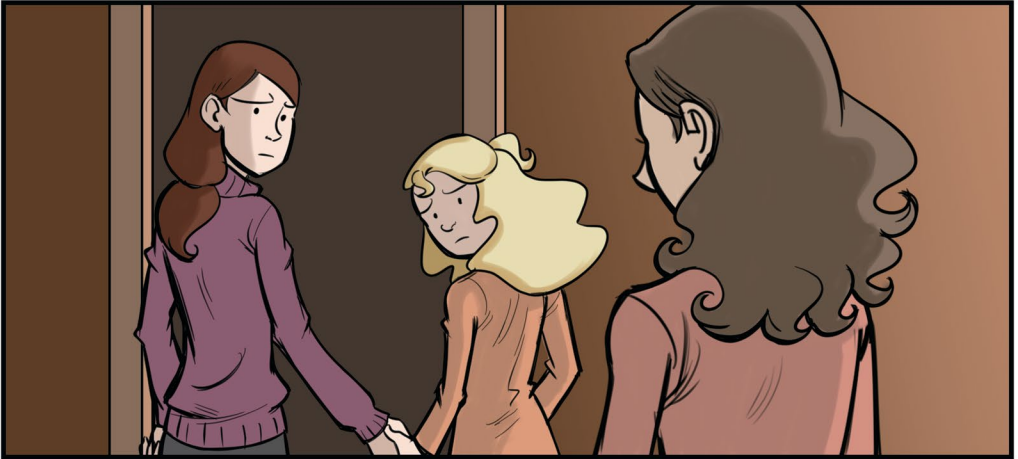
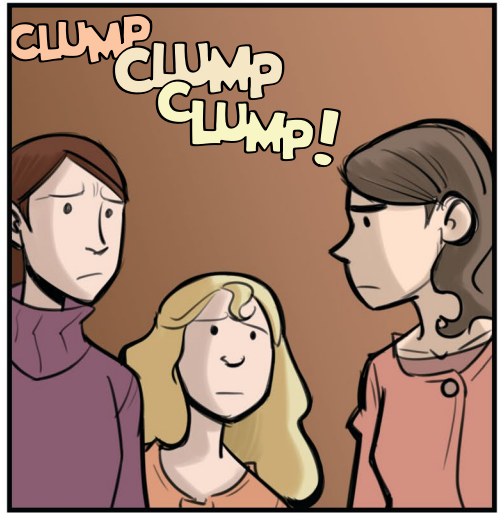


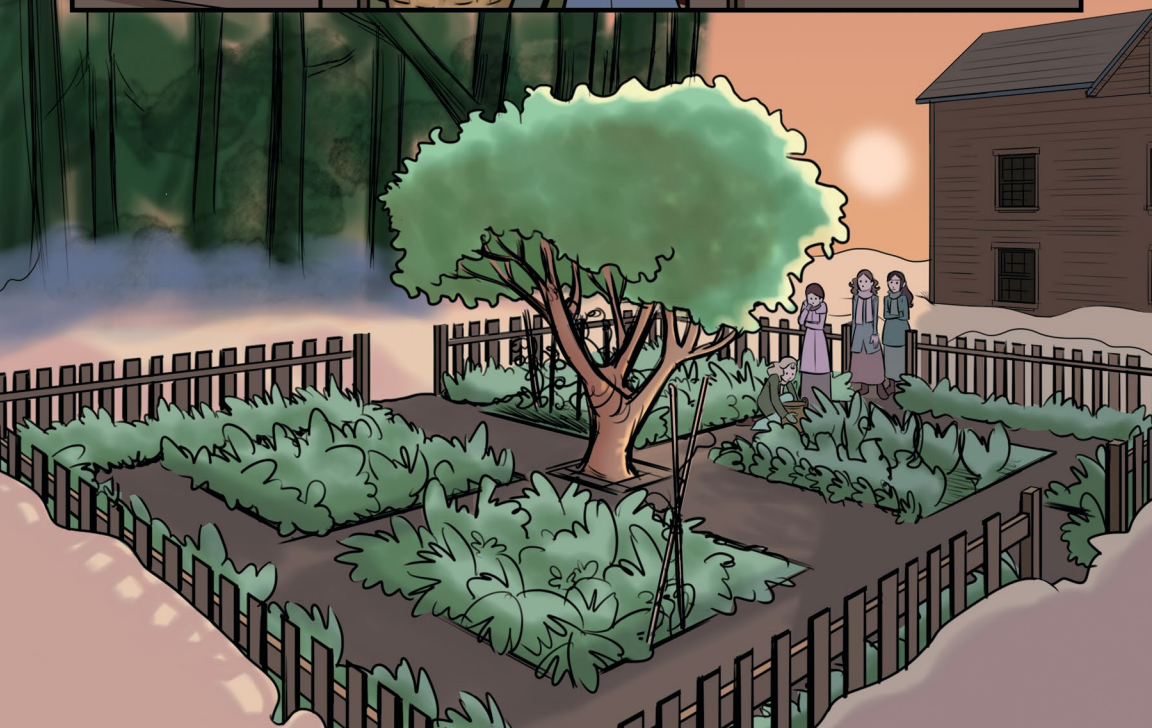
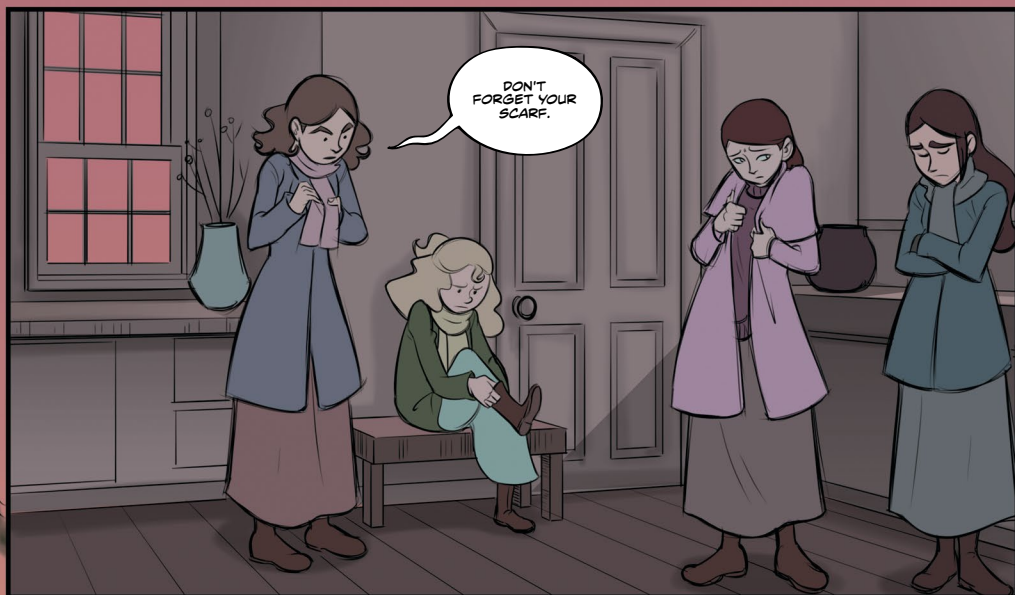


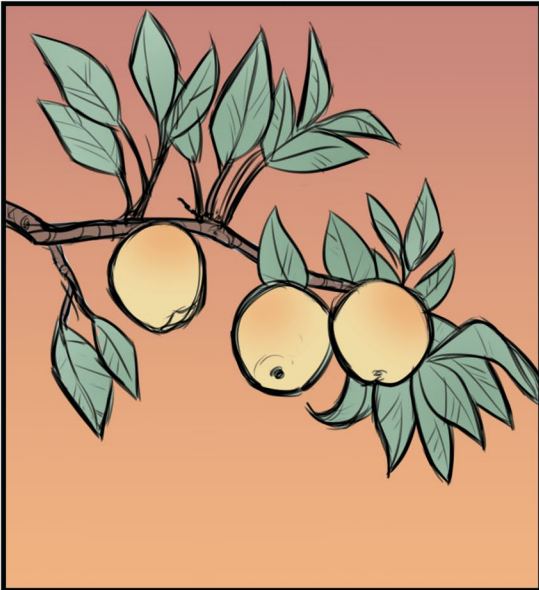
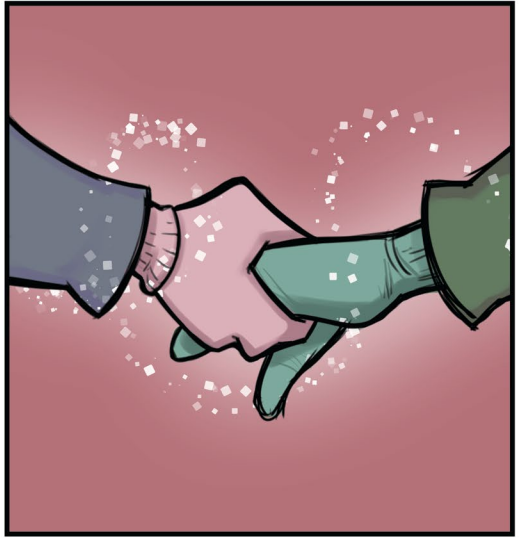


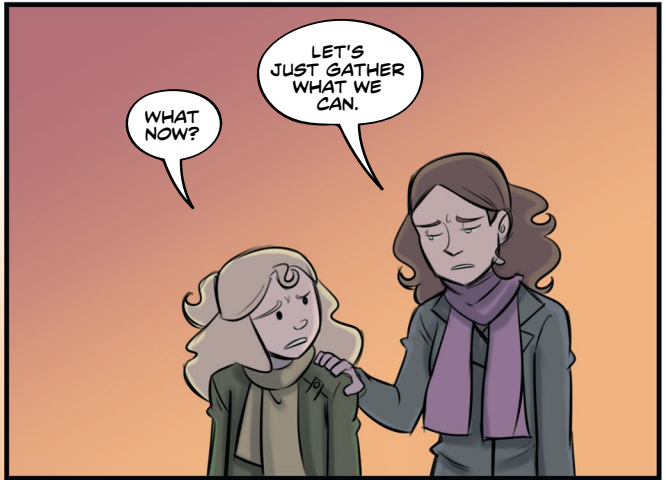
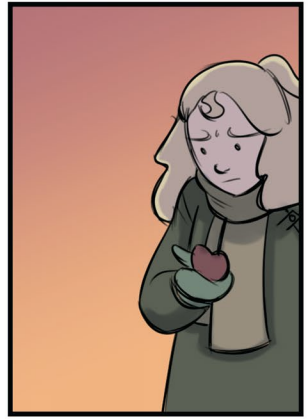
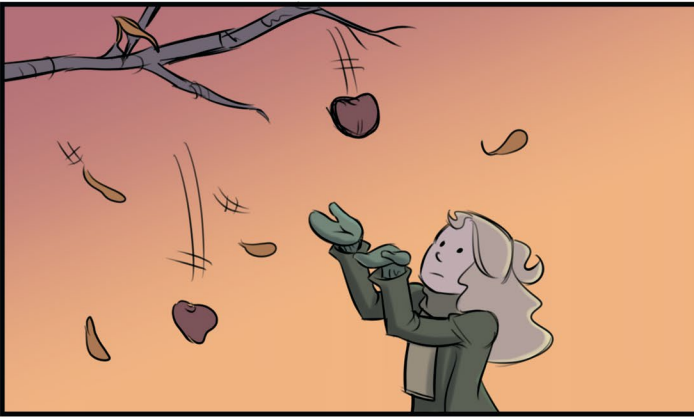


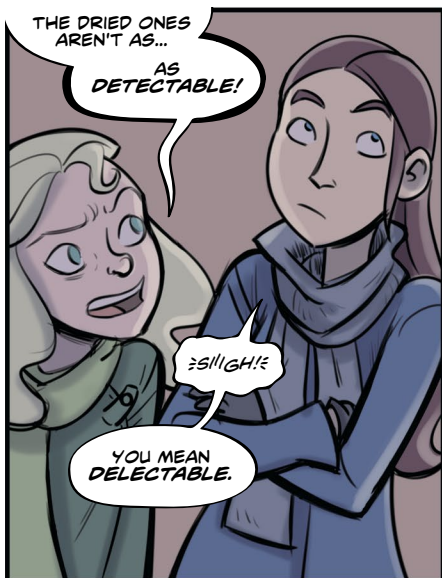
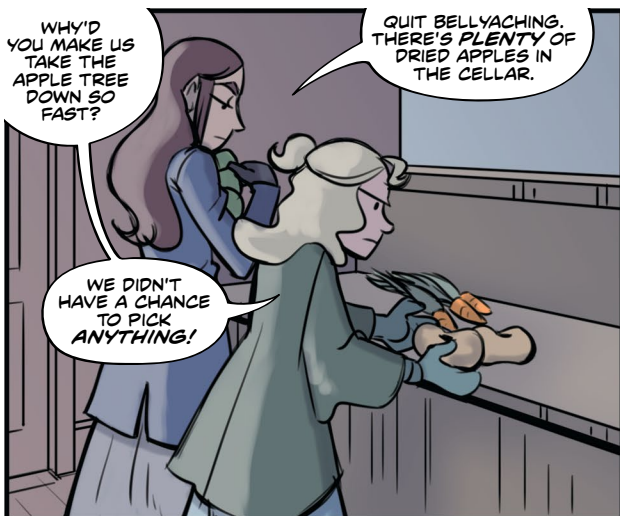
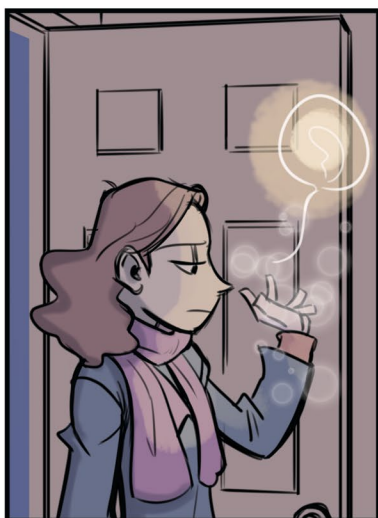


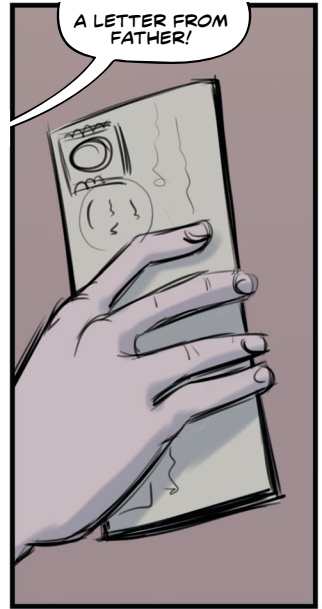
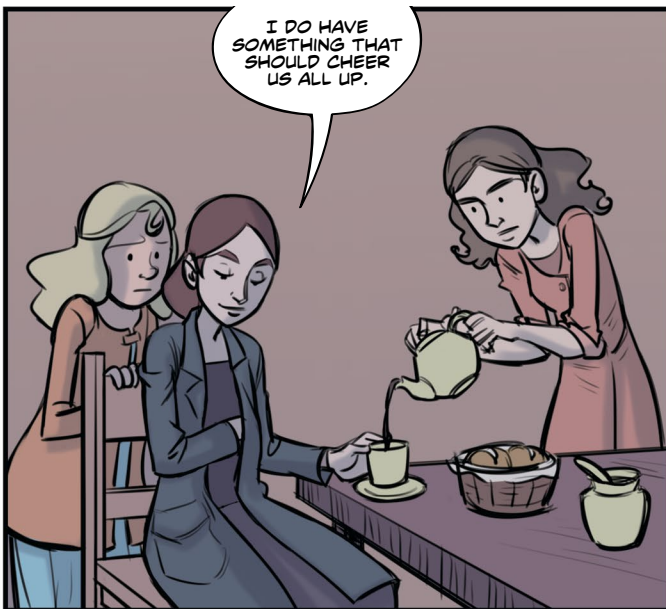
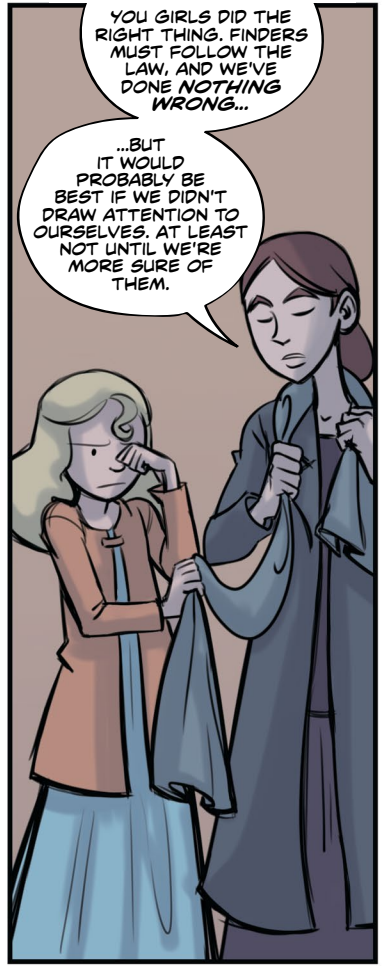


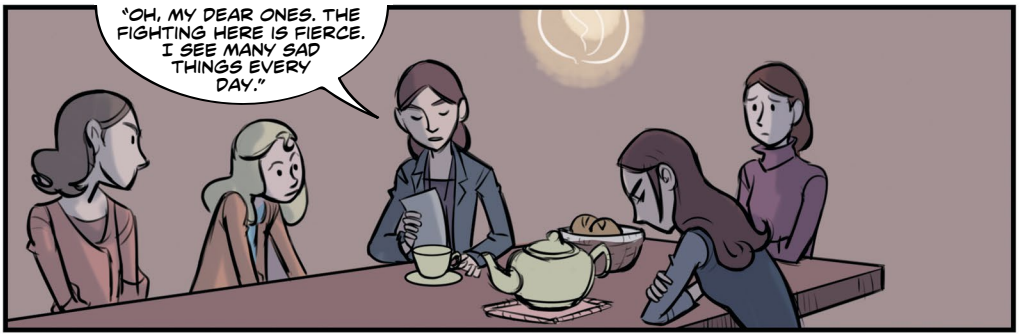












WE'RE GOING TO CHECK ON
THE HUMMELS' NEW BABY. WE
SHOULD BE BACK BY
TWO O'CLOCK.

DO YOU STILL WANT
US TO GIVE THAT TO
MRS. HUMMEL,
MEG?

NO NEED
T'WORRY
ABOUT US.

I-I
GUESS...

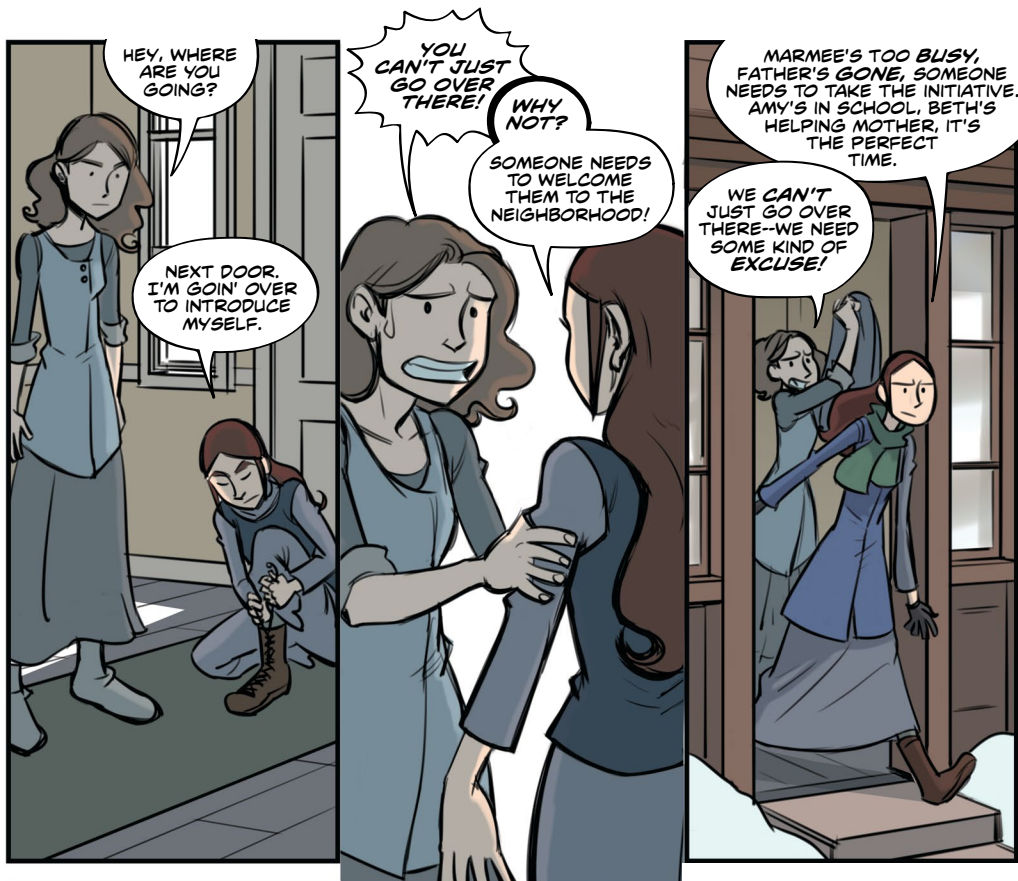
ESIGH!

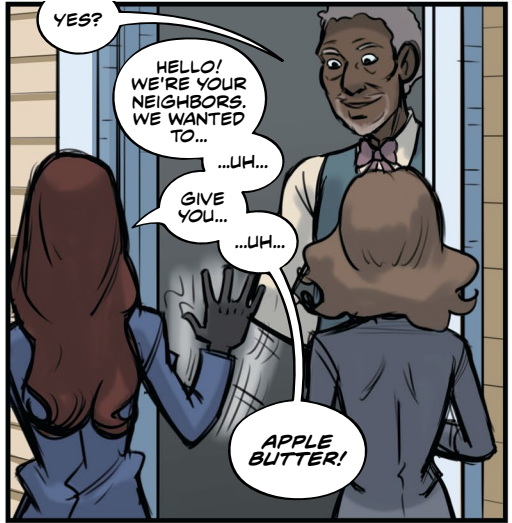
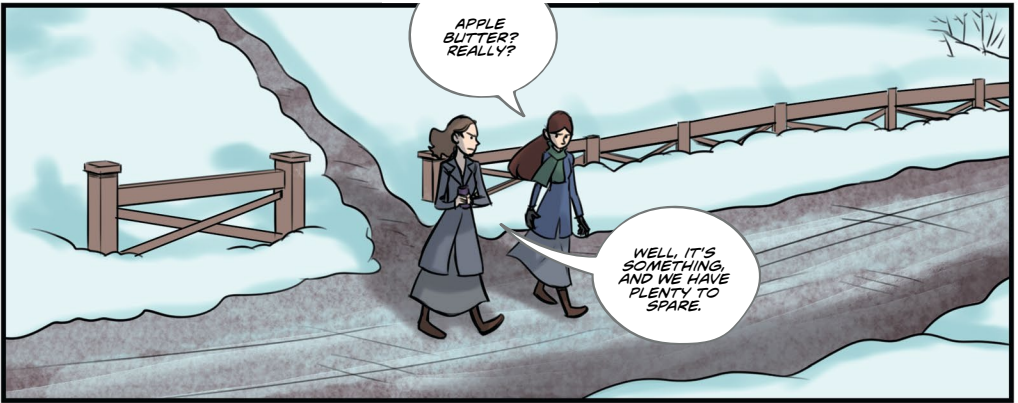
OH,
WHAT DOES
IT MATTER. I'M
NOT GOING TO
BE ABLE TO
MAKE IT ANY
BETTER.

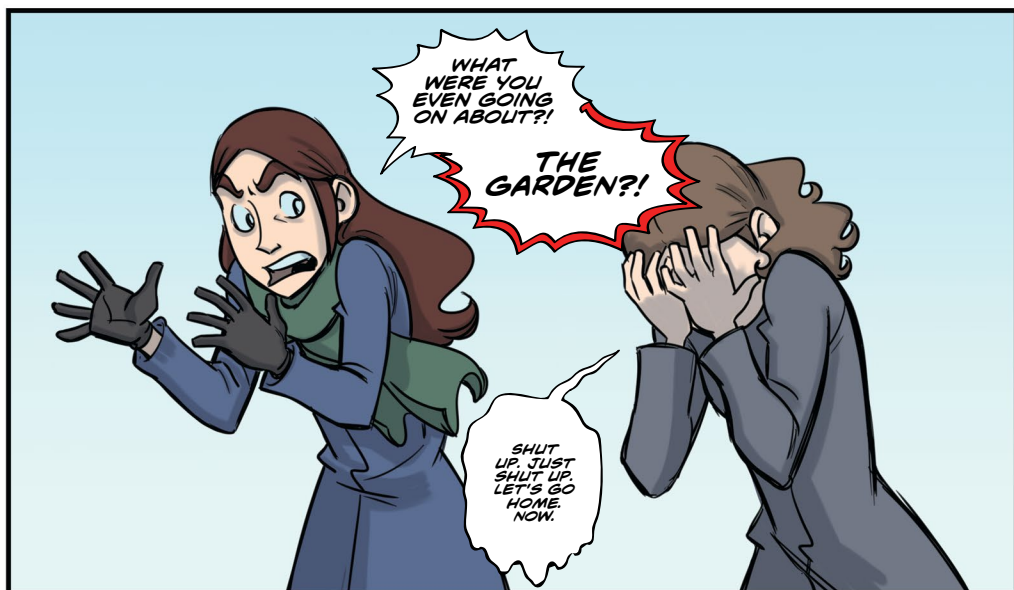
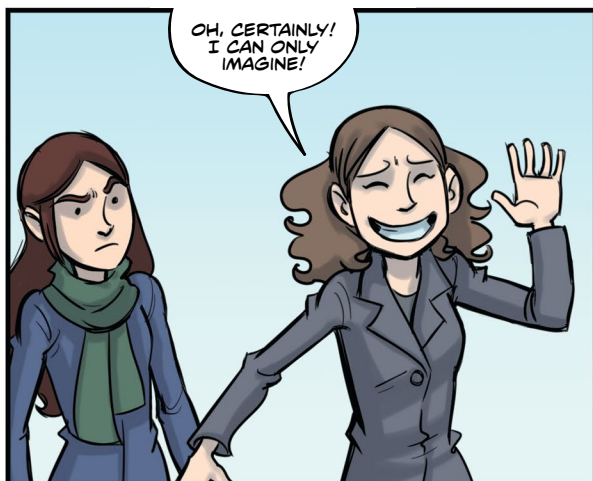
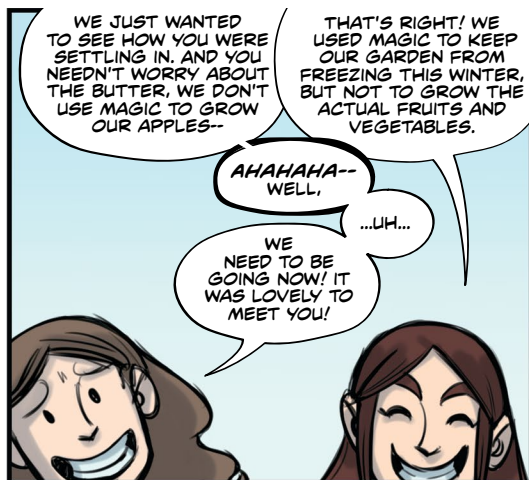
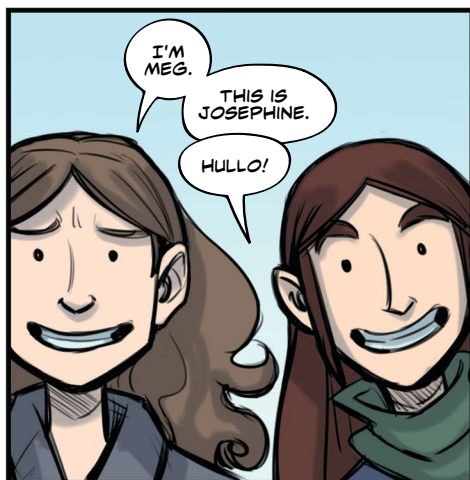
YOU SHOULDN'T BE
SO HARD ON
YOURSELF.

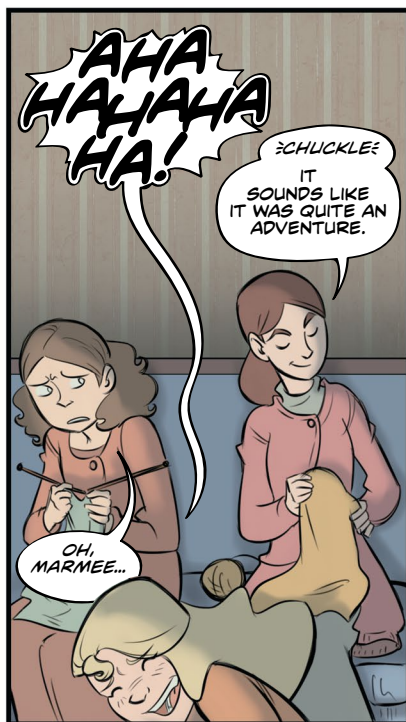
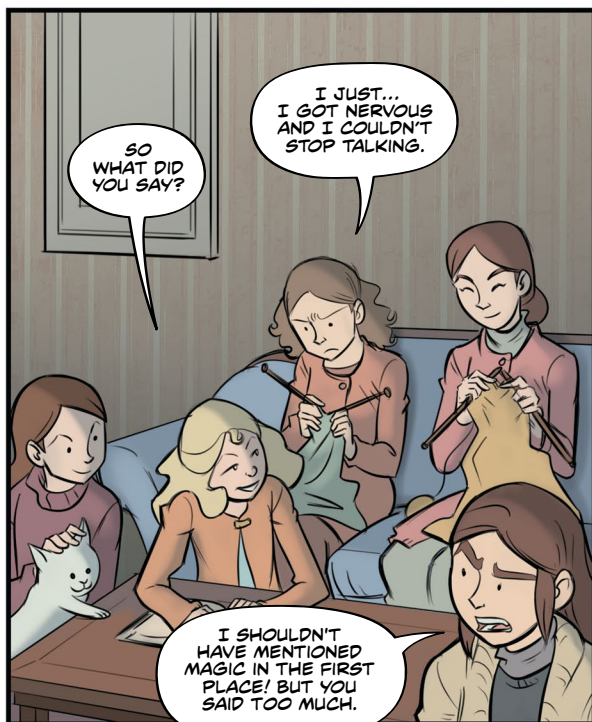
PRACTICE
THE DETANGLING
SPELL I SHOWED YOU,
THAT SHOULD
HELP.

IT'S NEVER
AS EASY AS
YOU MAKE
IT LOOK.

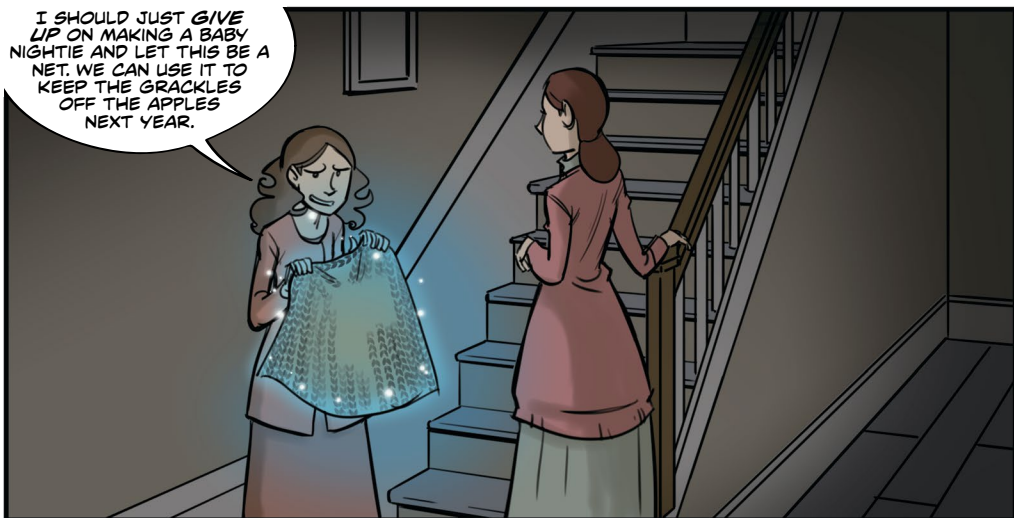








I SHOULD JUST GIVE UP ON MAKING A BABY NIGHTIE AND LET THIS BE A NET. WE CAN USE IT TO KEEP THE GRACKLES OFF THE APPLES NEXT YEAR.



YOU NEED TO HAVE A LITTLE MORE FAITH IN YOURSELF.

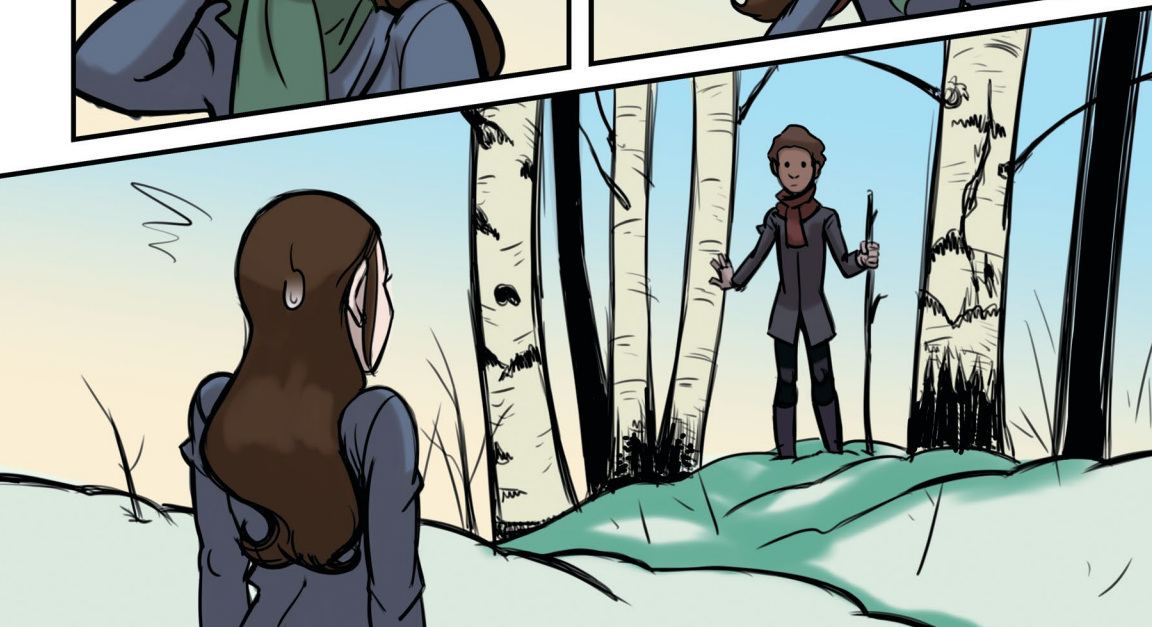
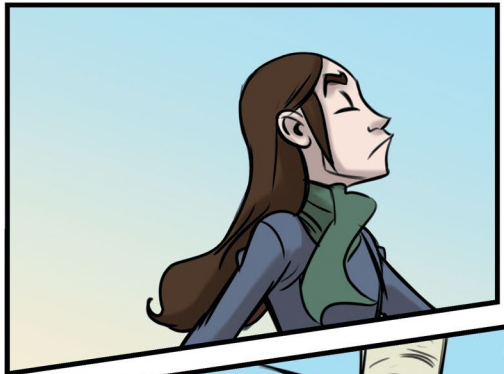
WHY DON'T YOU WAIT UNTIL MORNING, AND SEE HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT IT THEN?

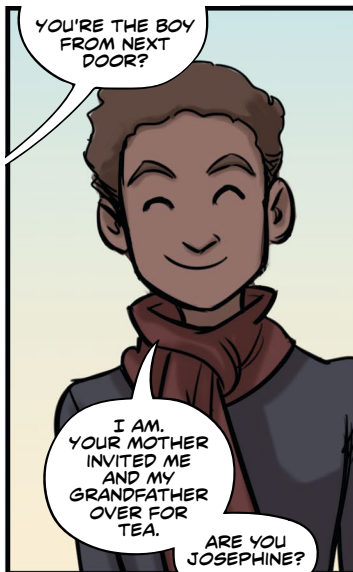
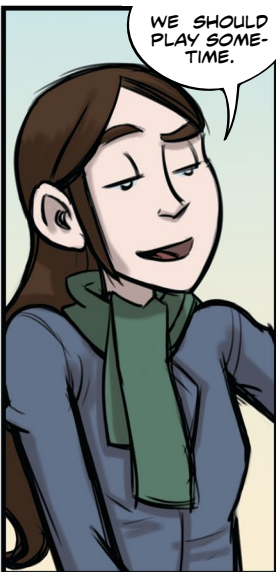
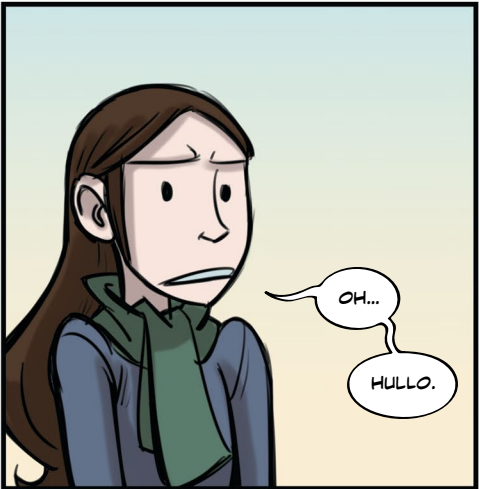


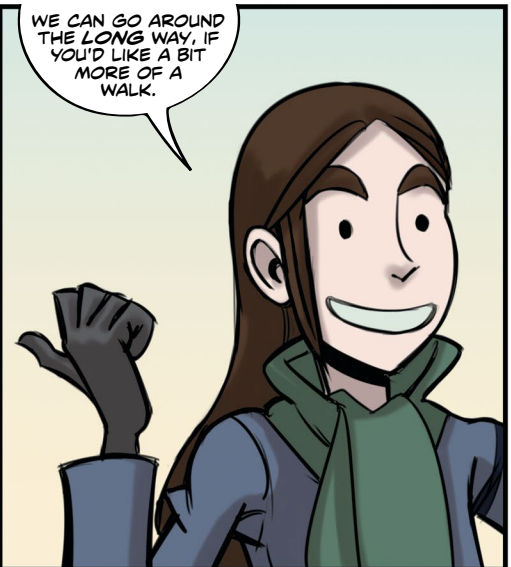
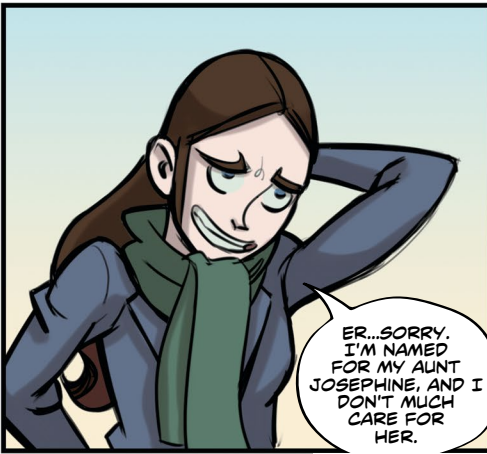
COME ON, JO.

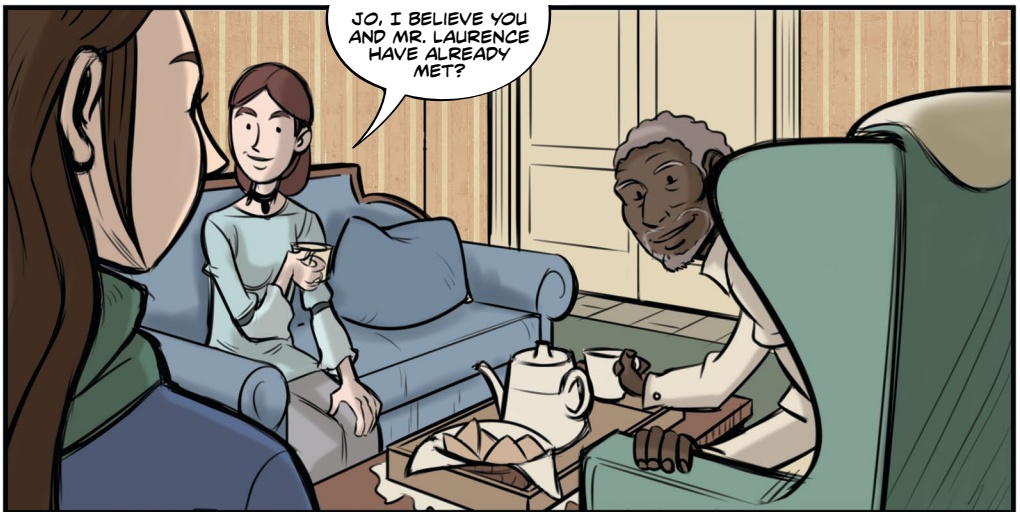
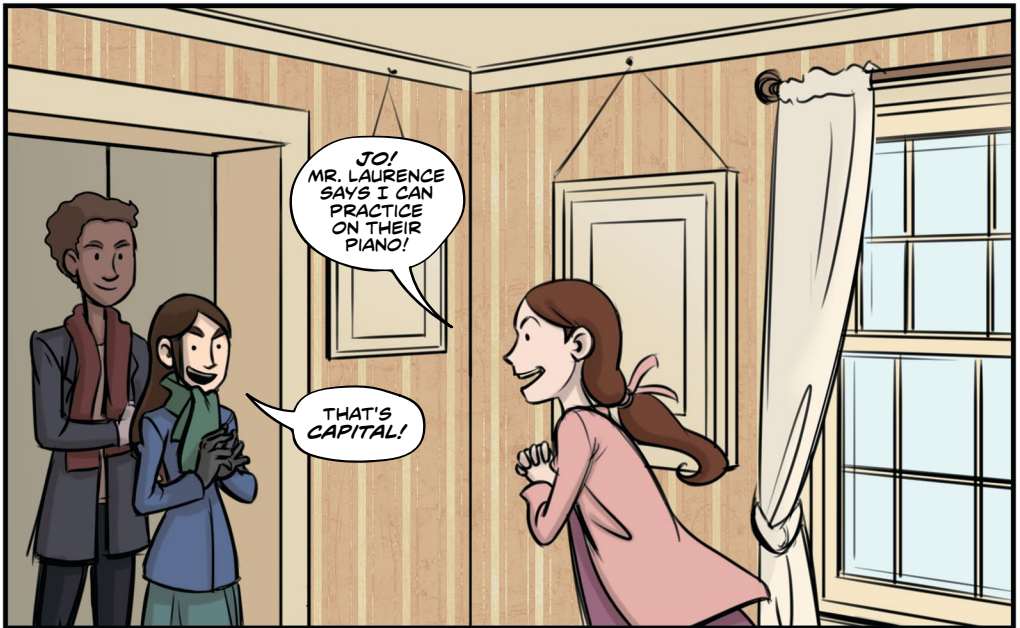
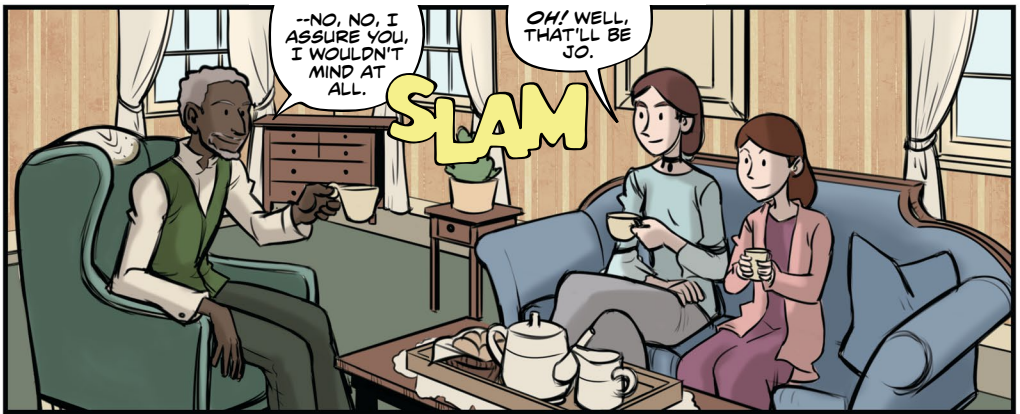








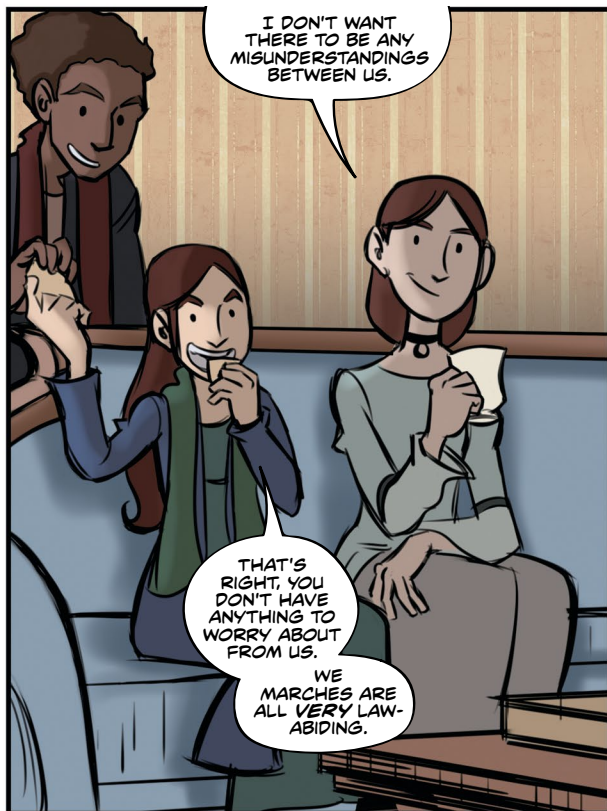


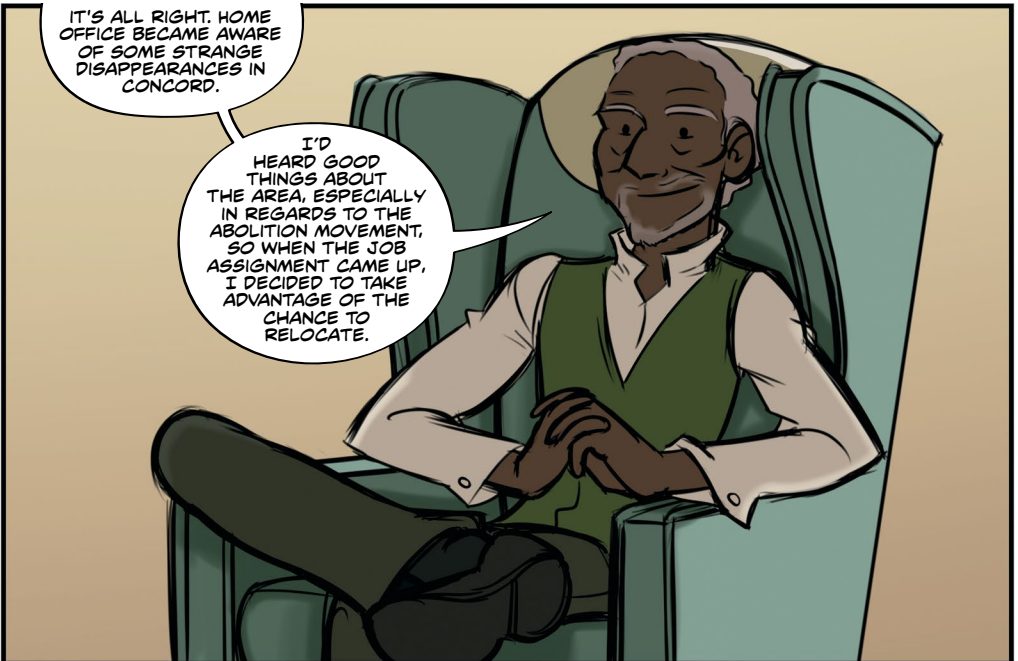


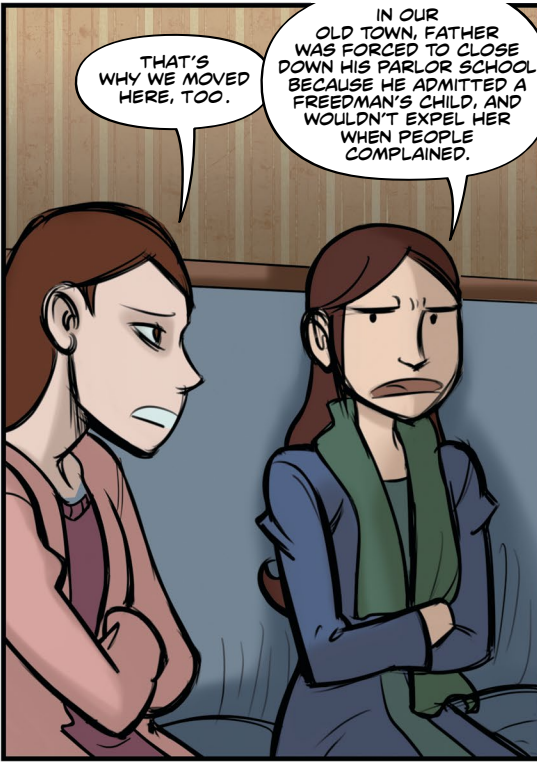
INDEED WE HAVE. I WAS TELLING YOUR MOTHER ABOUT THE DELICIOUS APPLE BUTTER YOU AND YOUR SISTER BROUGHT OVER FOR US YESTERDAY.

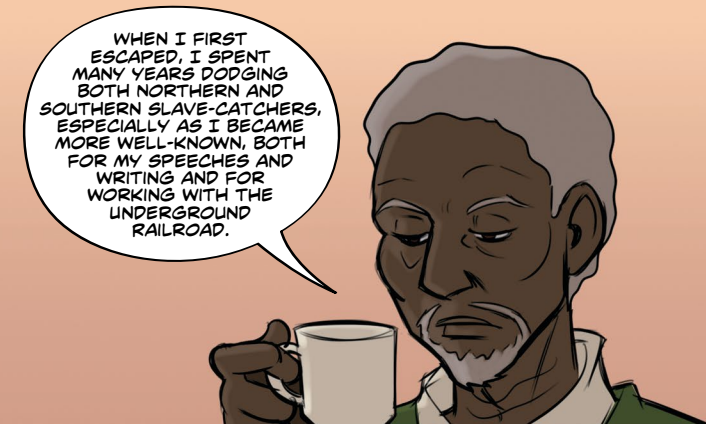
A DELIGHTFUL WELCOME TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD, ESPECIALLY SINCE WE HAVEN'T QUITE SORTED OUT THE HOUSE YET.

I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FOR THE BEST IF WE GOT TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER.









BUT WE REALLY SHOULD
BE GOING. I'VE TAKEN UP
ENOUGH OF YOUR TIME,
AND TEDDY AND I HAVE
A LOT OF TIDYING TO
DO AND BOXES TO
UNPACK.



I'LL BE A TRUE FRIEND
FOREVER IF YOU JUST
STICK WITH LAURIE, NO
MATTER HOW OFTEN
MY GRANDFATHER
CALLS ME
TEDDY.





MOTHER
SAID A
WITCH-FINDER
MOVED IN RIGHT
NEXT DOOR TO
YOU.

WELL,
TECH-NICKLEY,
HE MOVED IN
ACROSS THE
STREET.

ARE
YOU SCARED?
I WOULD
BE.



OH, NOT A
BIT.

MY
SISTER JO WAS
PARRYLIZED
WITH FRIGHT

BECAUSE
MARMEE
WASN'T AT
HOME

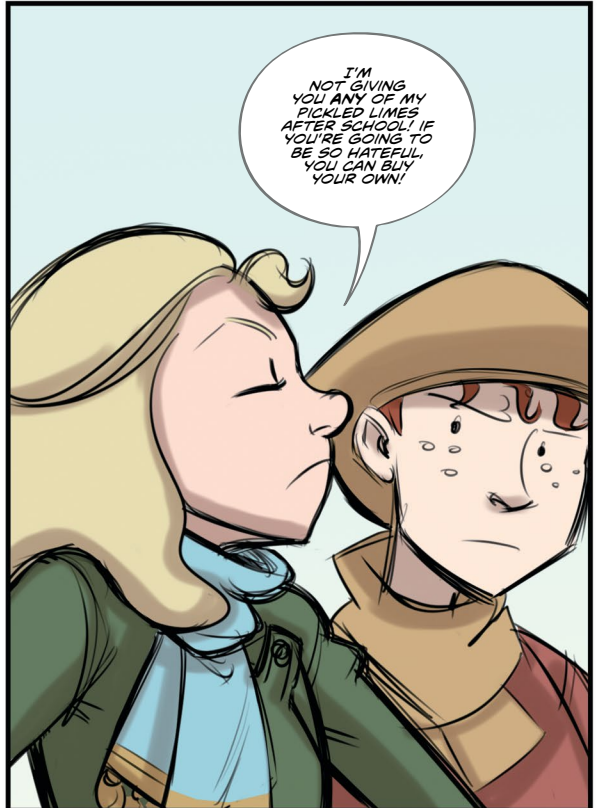
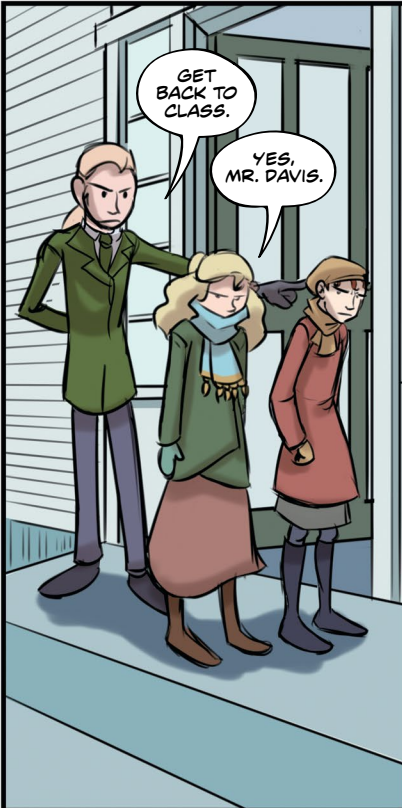
BUT
THEN MEG
WENT OVER
THERE THE
NEXT DAY

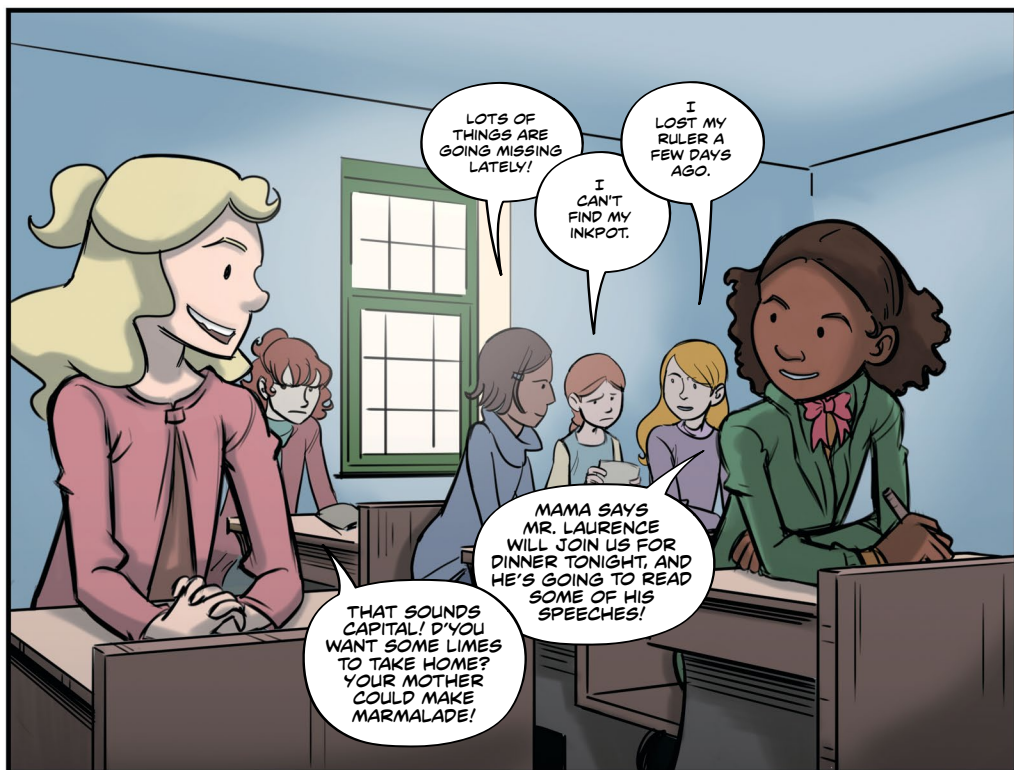
PRETTY AS YOU
PLEASE

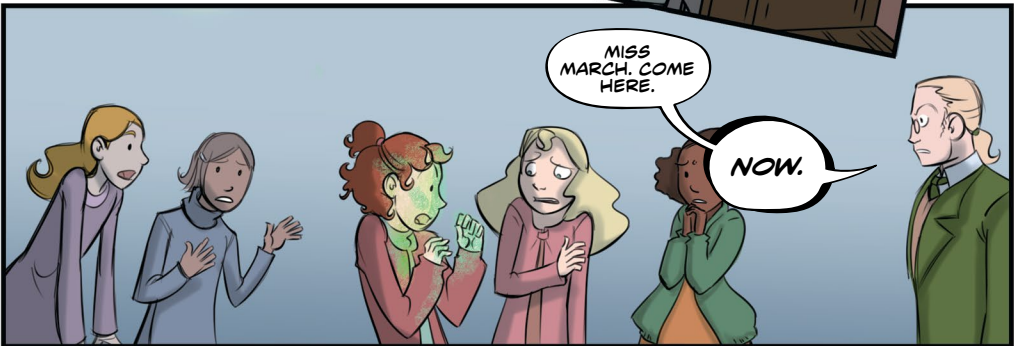
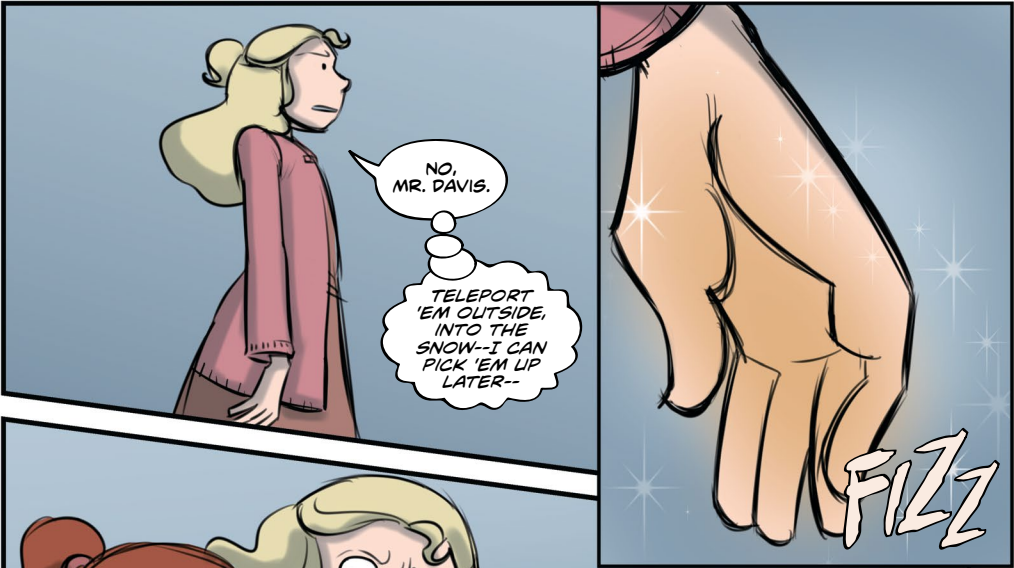
AND
INTRODUCED
HERSELF TO
MR. LAURENCE
AN' GAVE HIM A
JAR OF APPLE
PERSERVES.

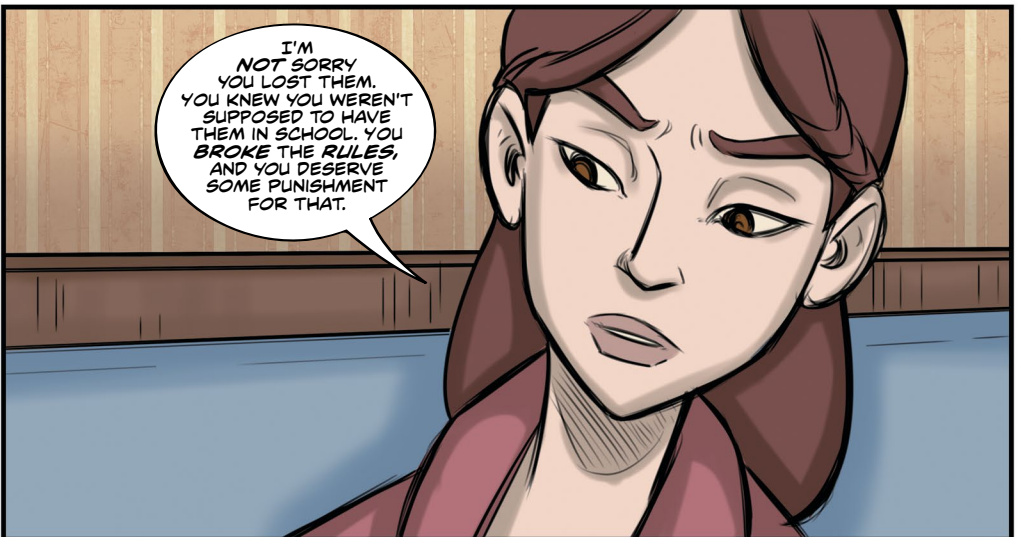
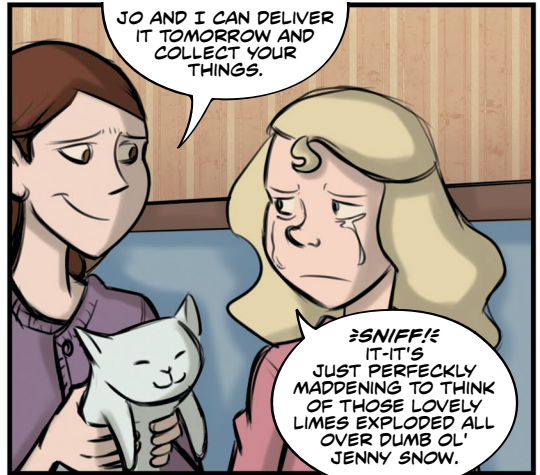
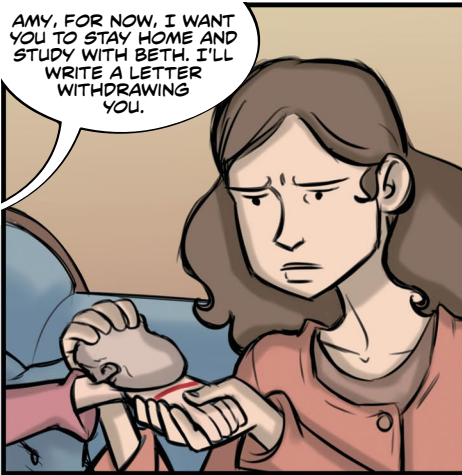
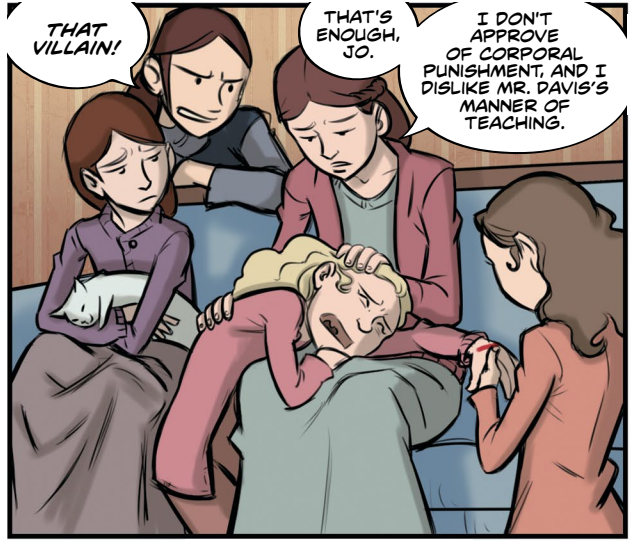


I
HEARD
MY DAD SAY
THEY'RE KEEPING
AN EYE ON YOUR
FAMILY, TO MAKE
SURE YOU DON'T
STEP OUTTA
LINE.

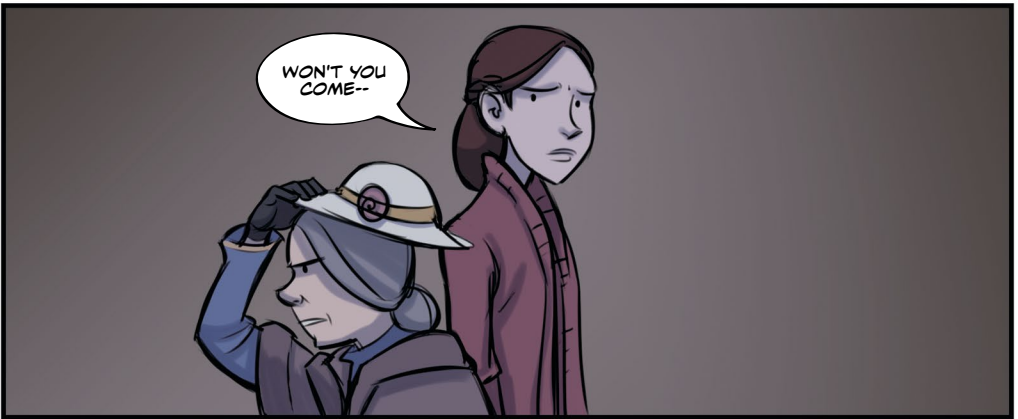


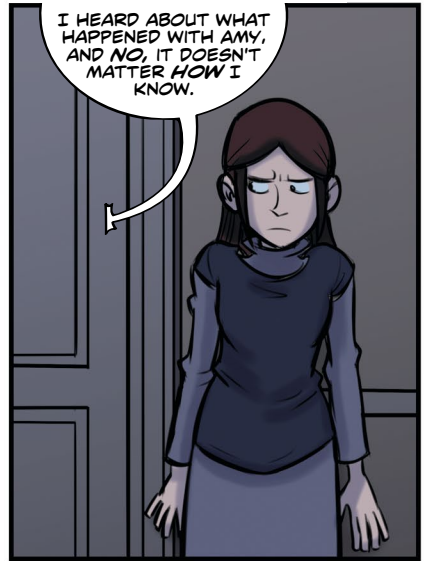


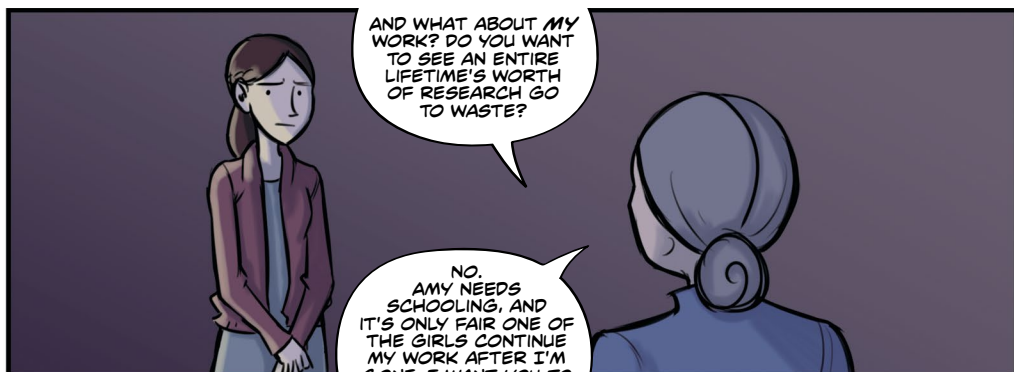
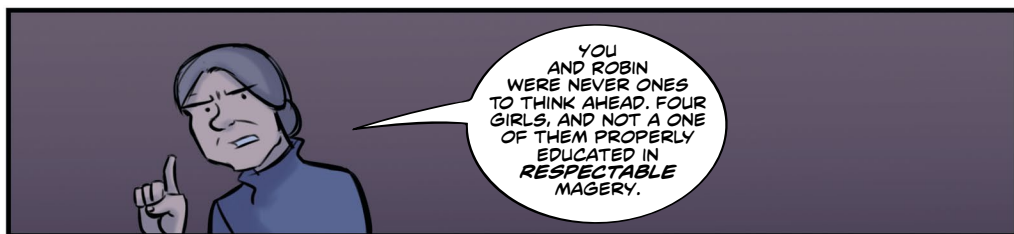


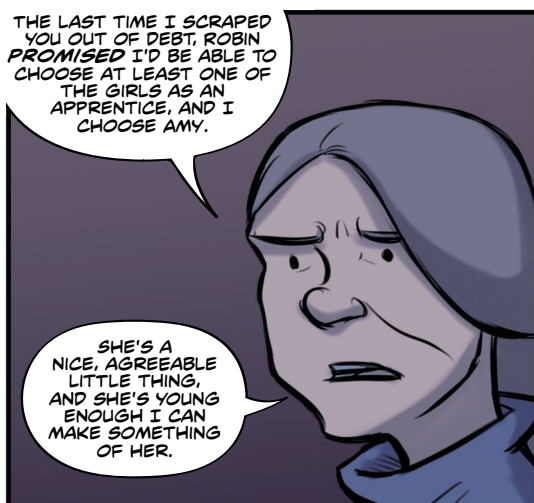
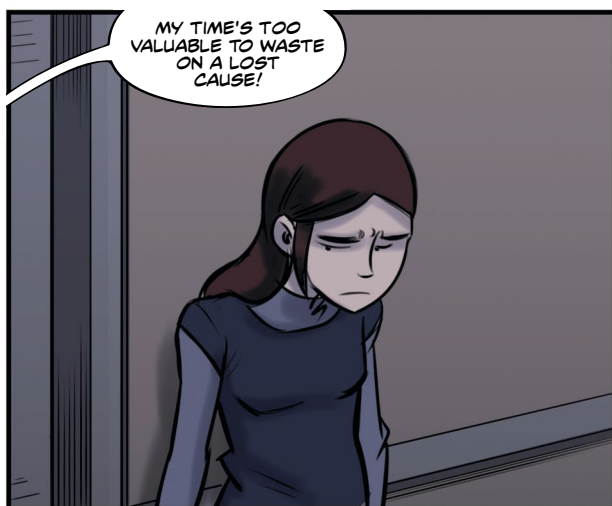


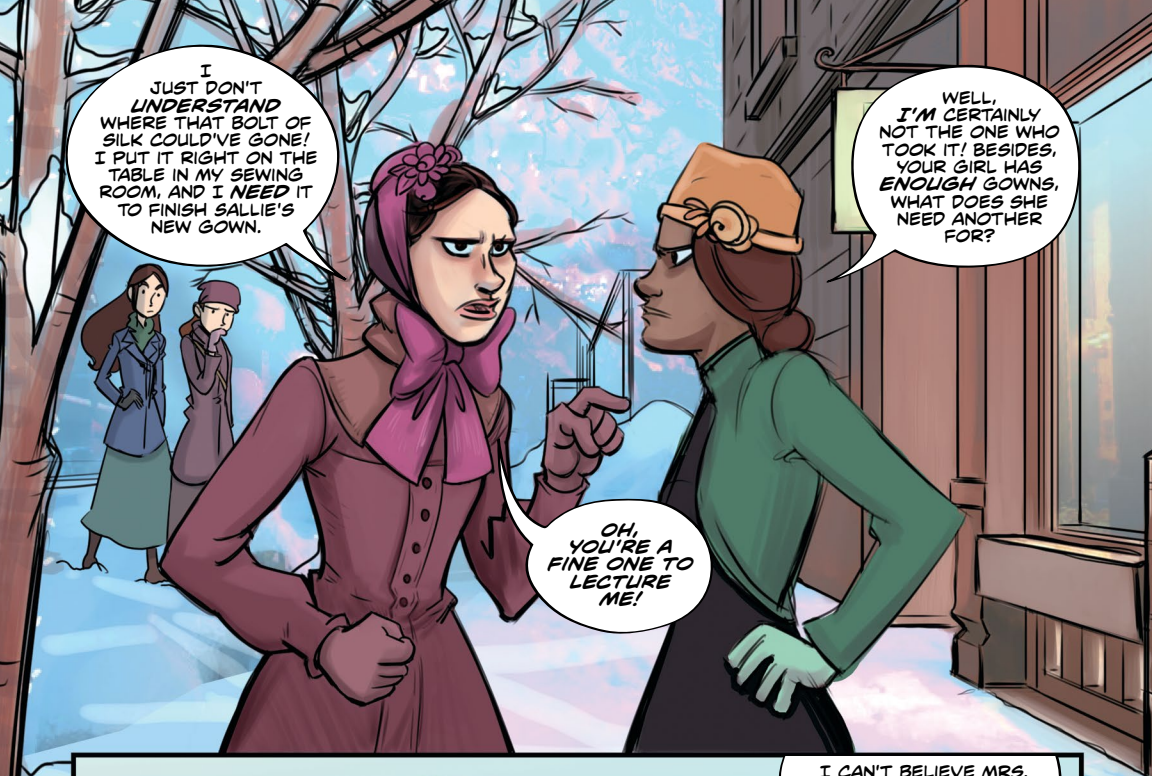








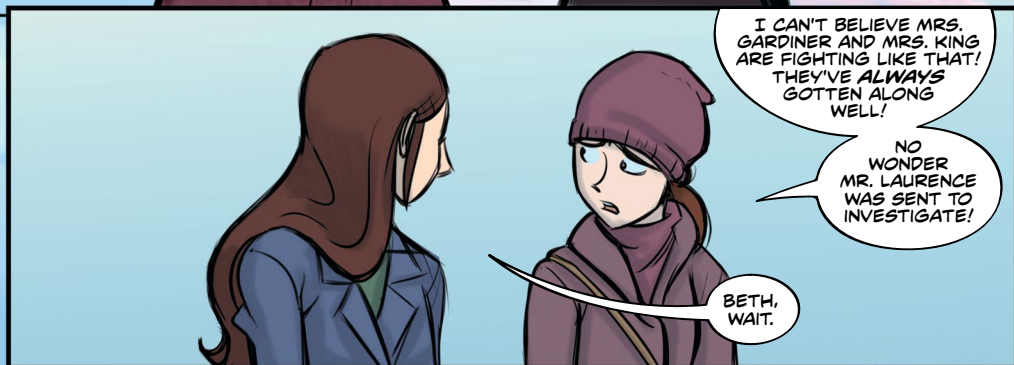




I JUST DON'T **UNDERSTAND** WHERE THAT BOLT OF SILK COULD'VE GONE! I PUT IT RIGHT ON THE TABLE IN MY SEWING ROOM, AND I **NEED** IT TO FINISH SALLIE'S NEW GOWN.

WELL, I'M CERTAINLY NOT THE ONE WHO TOOK IT! BESIDES, YOUR GIRL HAS **ENOUGH** GOWNS, WHAT DOES SHE NEED ANOTHER FOR?

OH, YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO LECTURE ME!



I CAN'T BELIEVE MRS. GARDINER AND MRS. KING ARE FIGHTING LIKE THAT! THEY'VE **ALWAYS** GOTTEN ALONG WELL!

NO WONDER MR. LAURENCE WAS SENT TO INVESTIGATE!

BETH, WAIT.



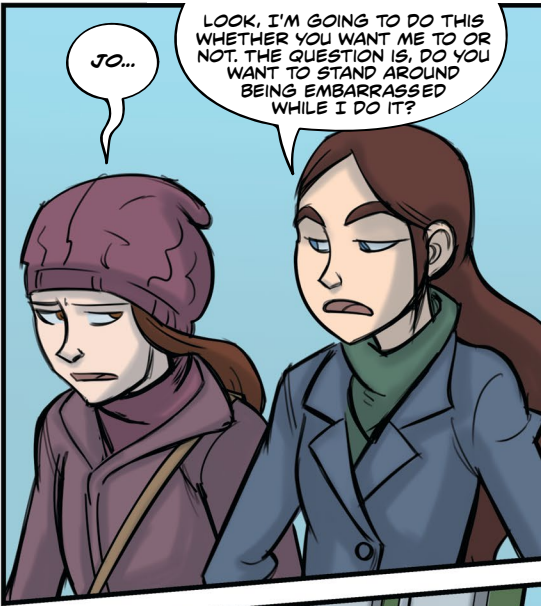
WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE STORE AND GET THAT STUFF MARMEE WANTED FOR DINNER TONIGHT?

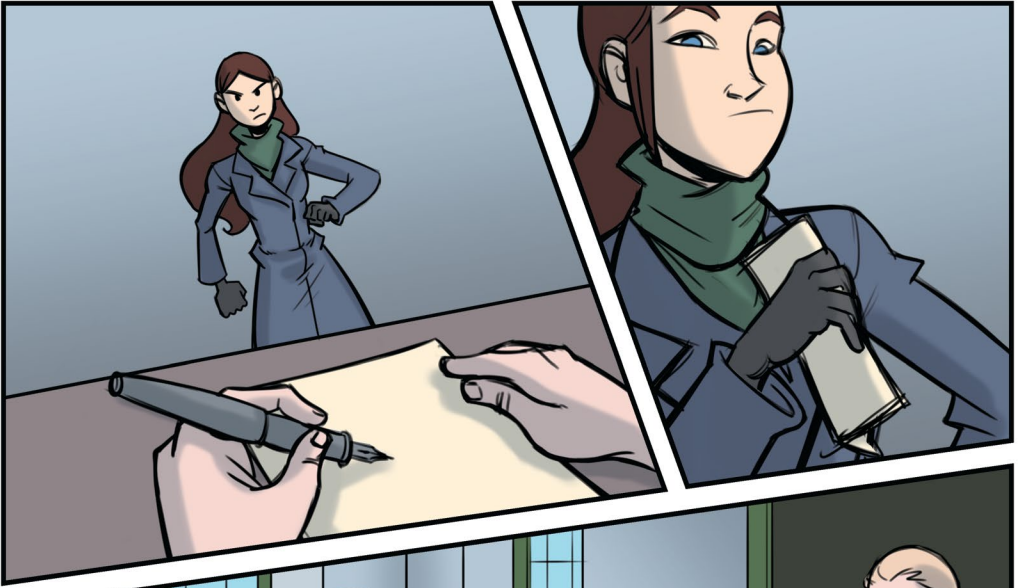
WHAT?

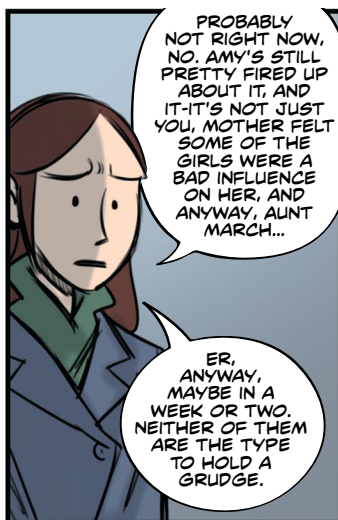
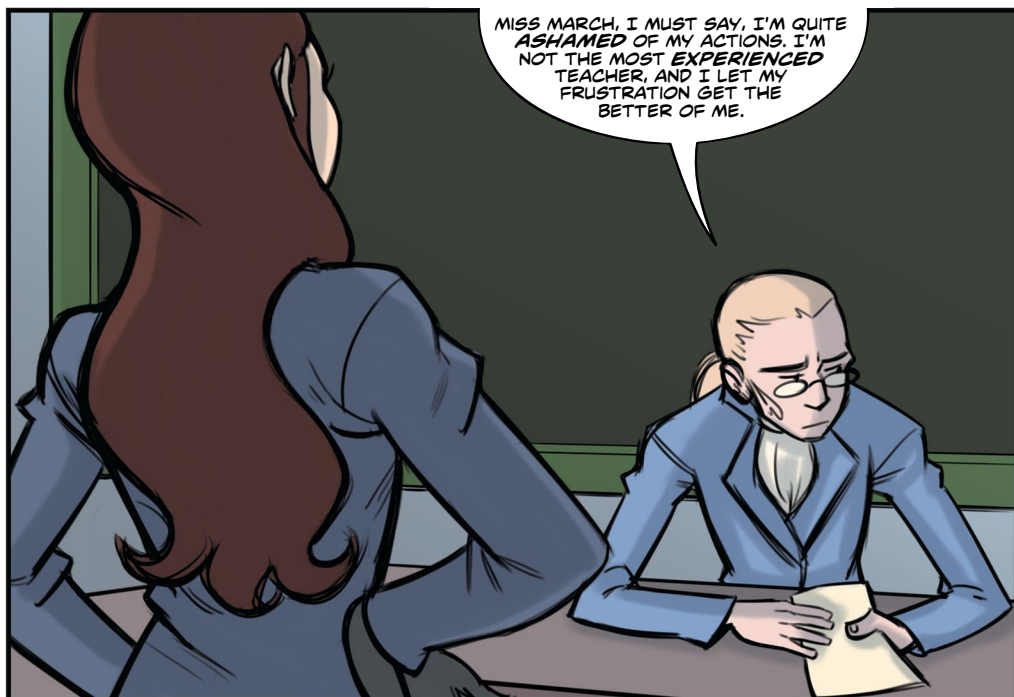
BUT YOU WANTED TO GO, TOO. DON'T YOU NEED A NEW PEN?



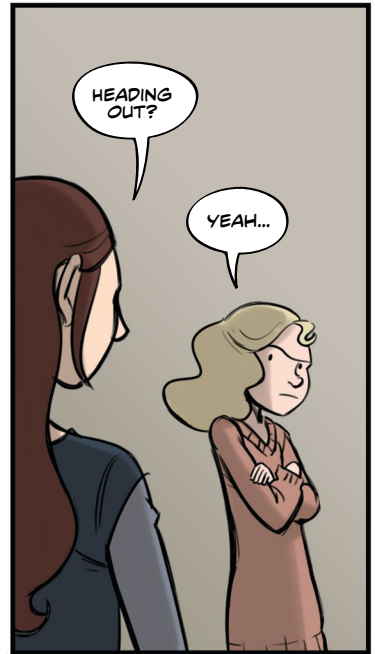
I'D RATHER GIVE DAVIS A PIECE OF MY MIND.

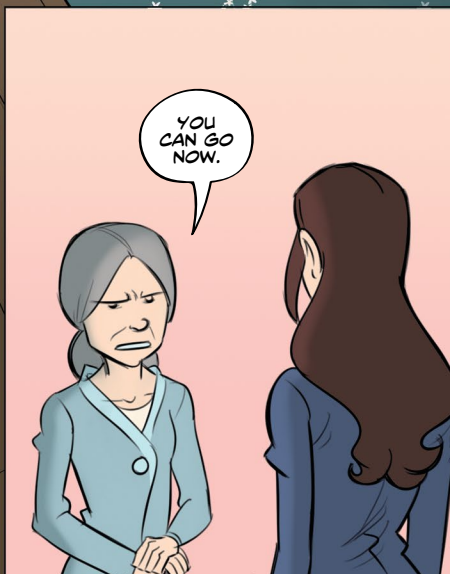
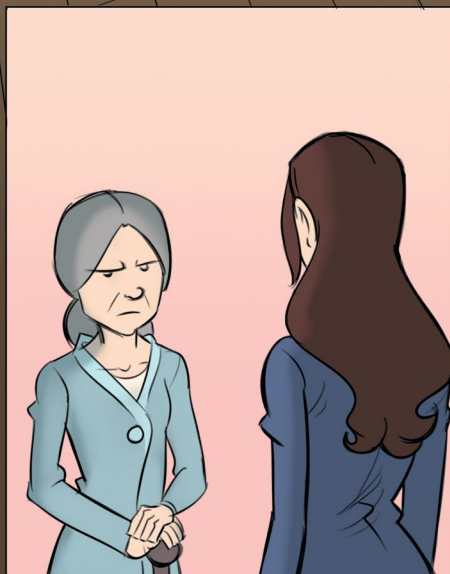
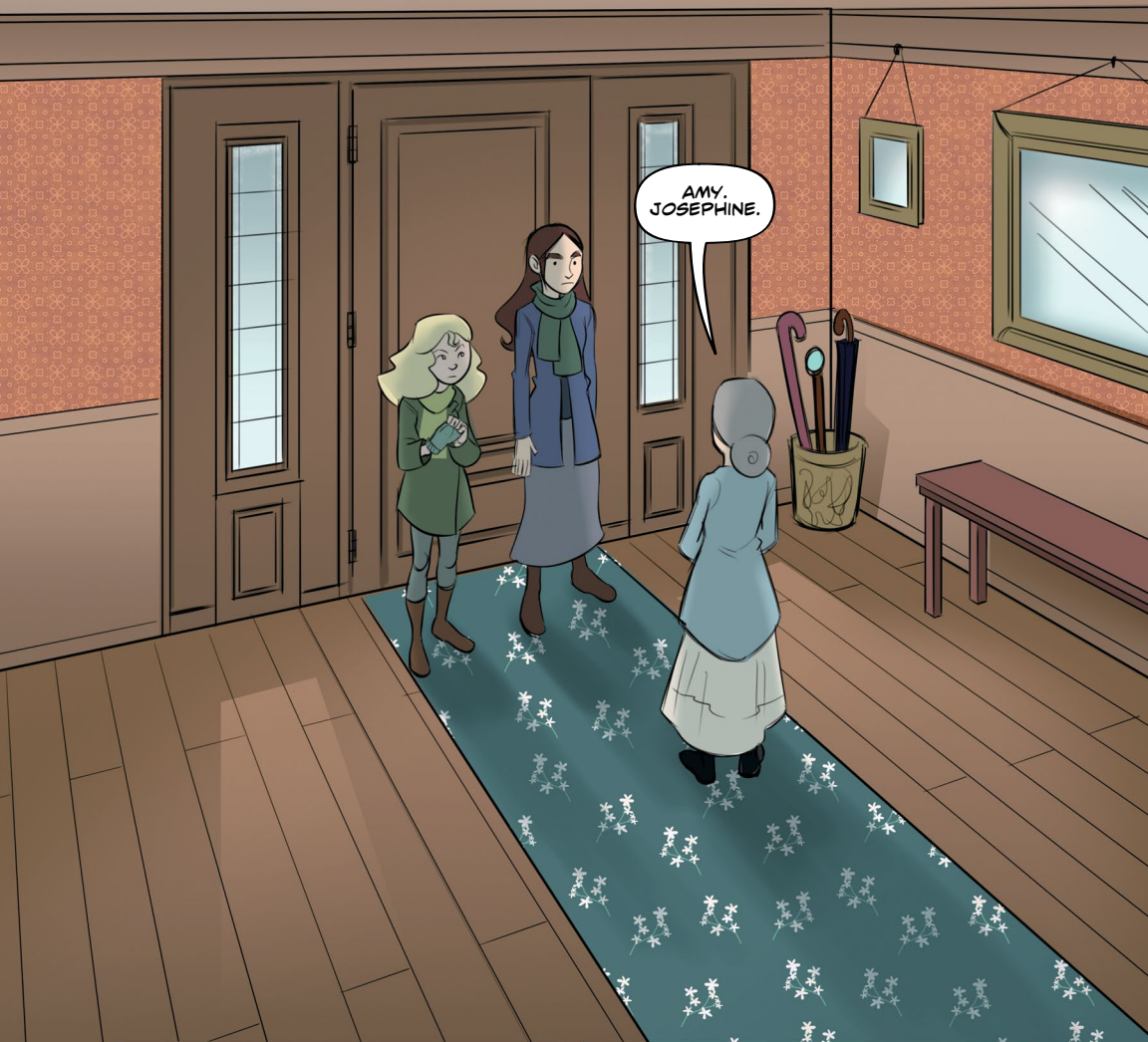


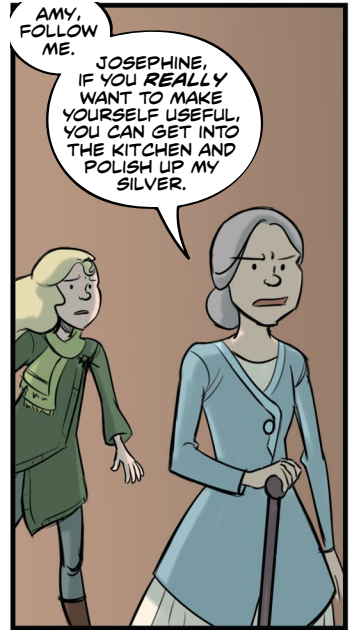
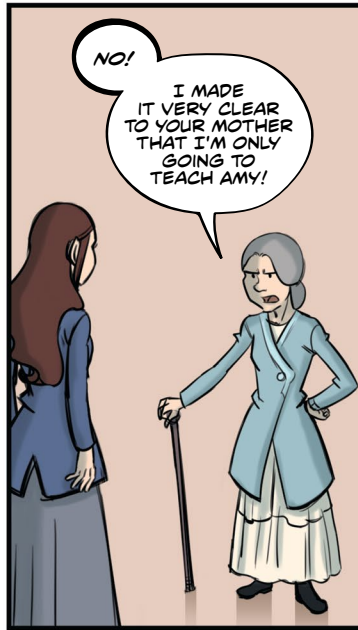


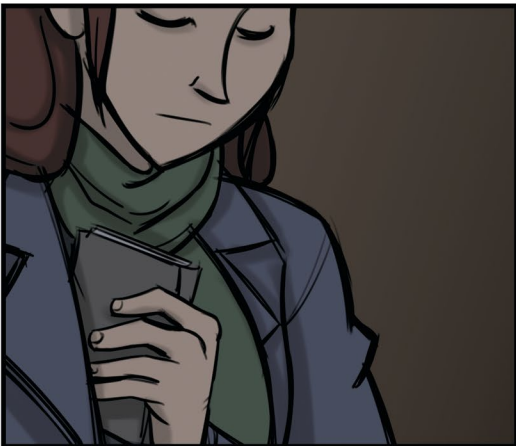


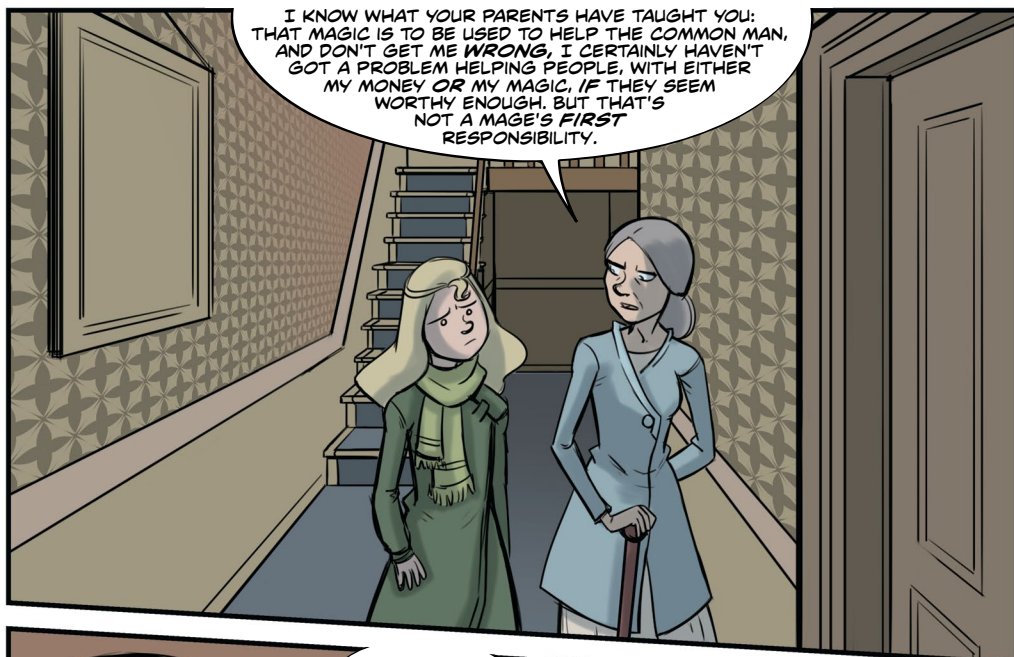




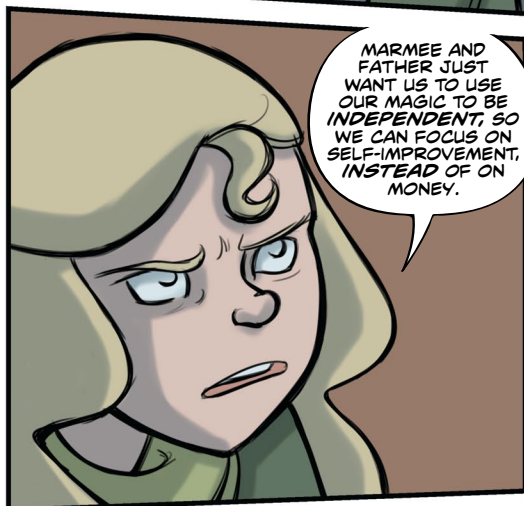




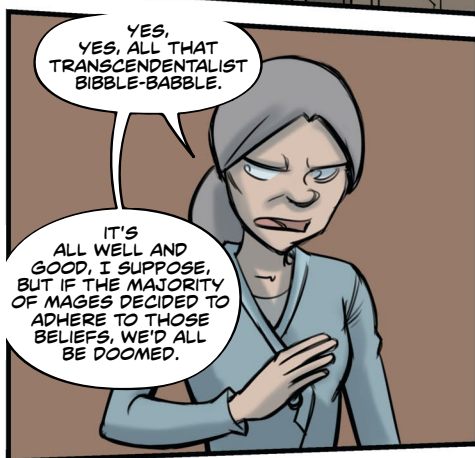




I KNOW WHAT YOUR PARENTS HAVE TAUGHT YOU: THAT MAGIC IS TO BE USED TO HELP THE COMMON MAN, AND DON'T GET ME *WRONG*, I CERTAINLY HAVEN'T GOT A PROBLEM HELPING PEOPLE, WITH EITHER MY MONEY OR MY MAGIC, IF THEY SEEM WORTHY ENOUGH. BUT THAT'S NOT A MAGE'S *FIRST* RESPONSIBILITY.



MARMEE AND FATHER JUST WANT US TO USE OUR MAGIC TO BE *INDEPENDENT*; SO WE CAN FOCUS ON SELF-IMPROVEMENT, *INSTEAD OF ON MONEY*.



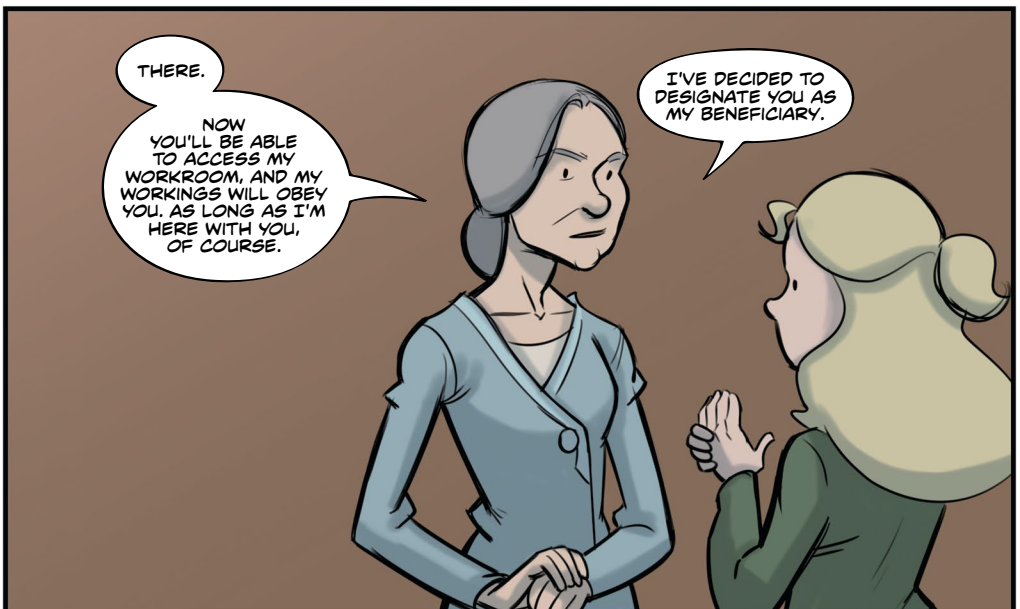
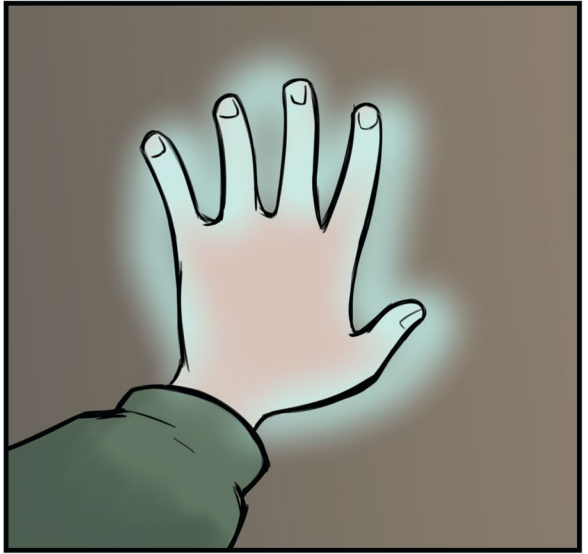
YES, YES, ALL THAT TRANSCENDENTALIST BIBBLE-BABBLE.

IT'S ALL WELL AND GOOD, I SUPPOSE, BUT IF THE MAJORITY OF MAGES DECIDED TO ADHERE TO THOSE BELIEFS, WE'D ALL BE DOOMED.



WHY?

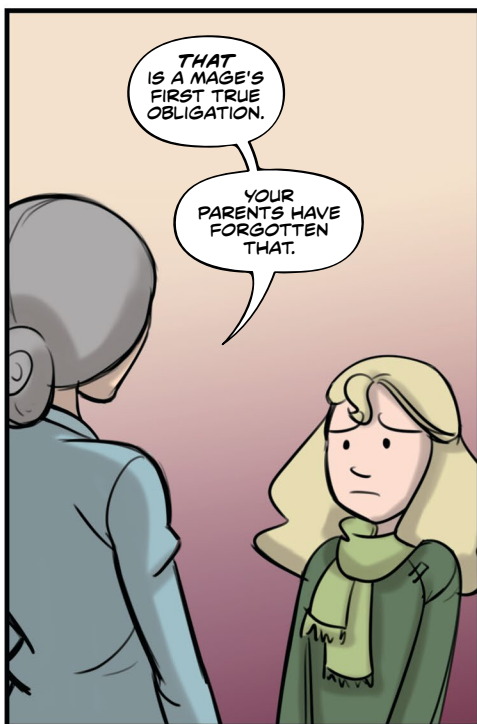
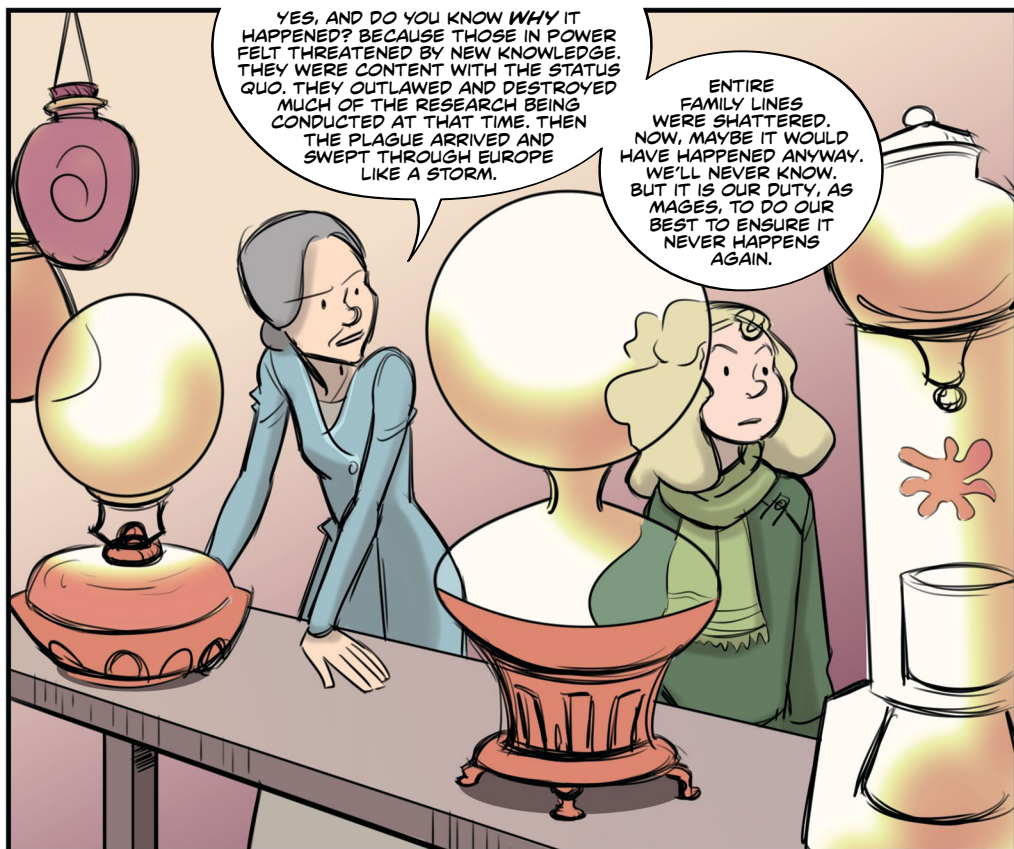
GO AHEAD AND TOUCH THE DOOR.

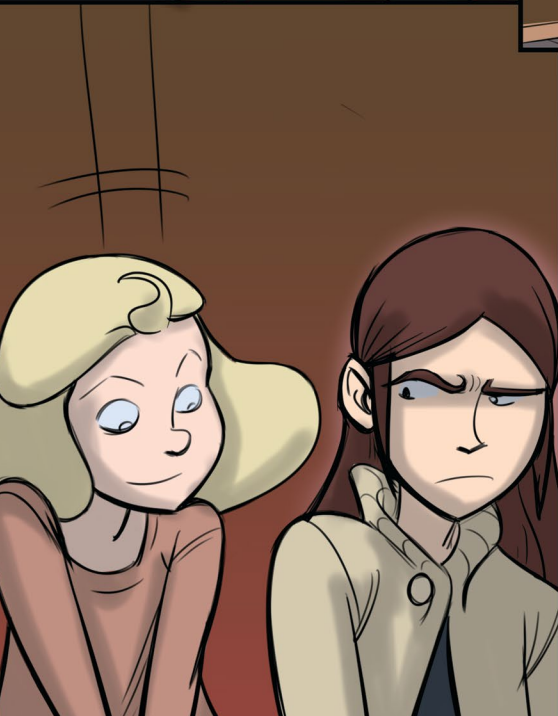


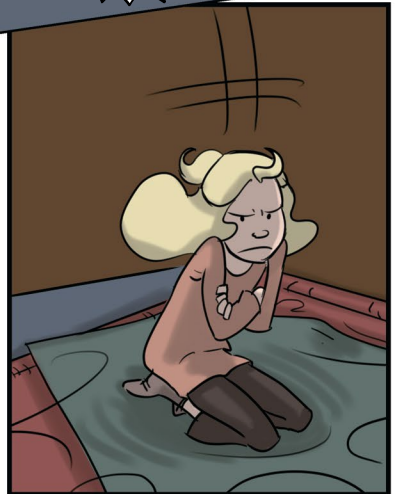
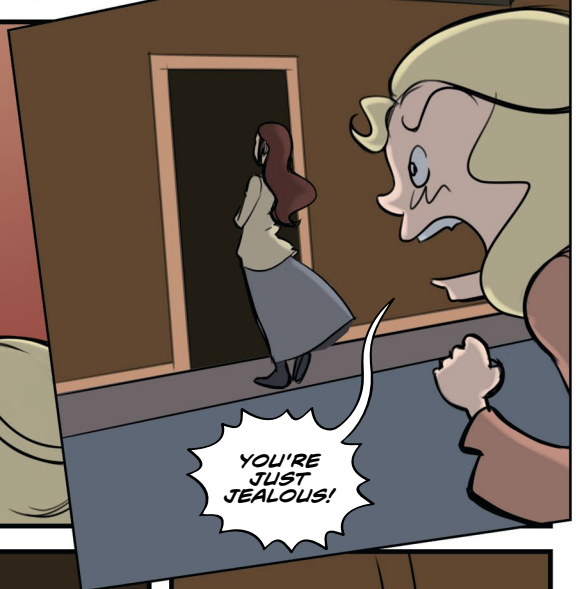
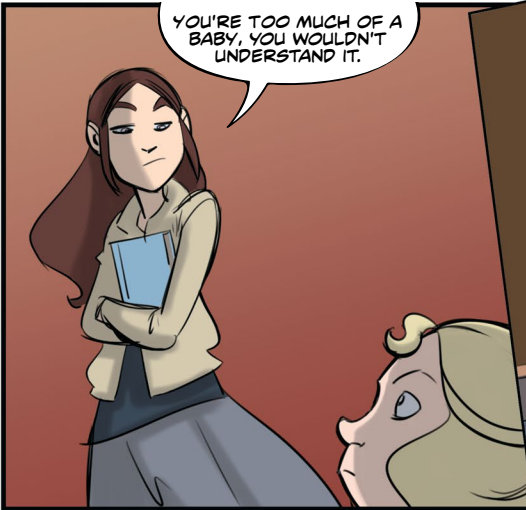
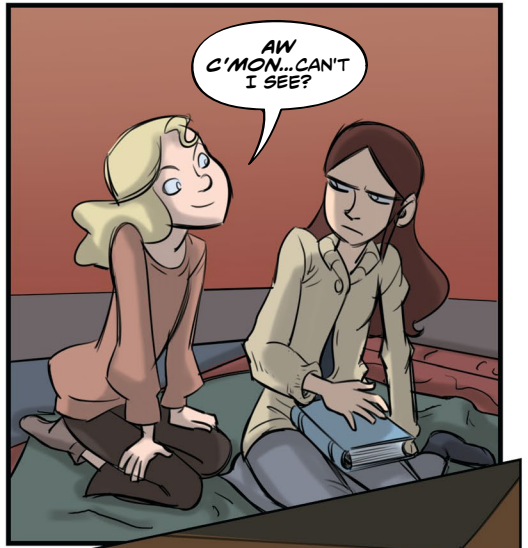


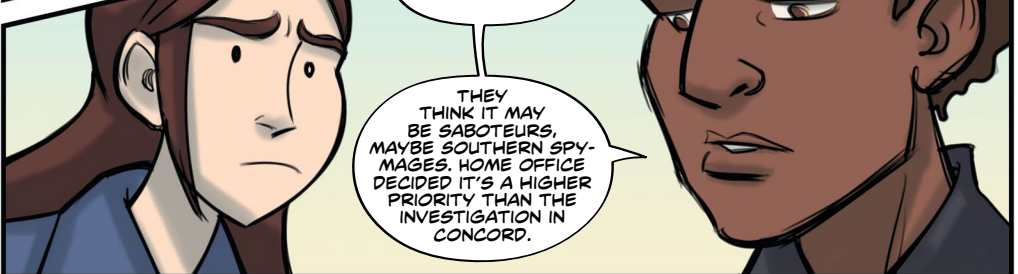
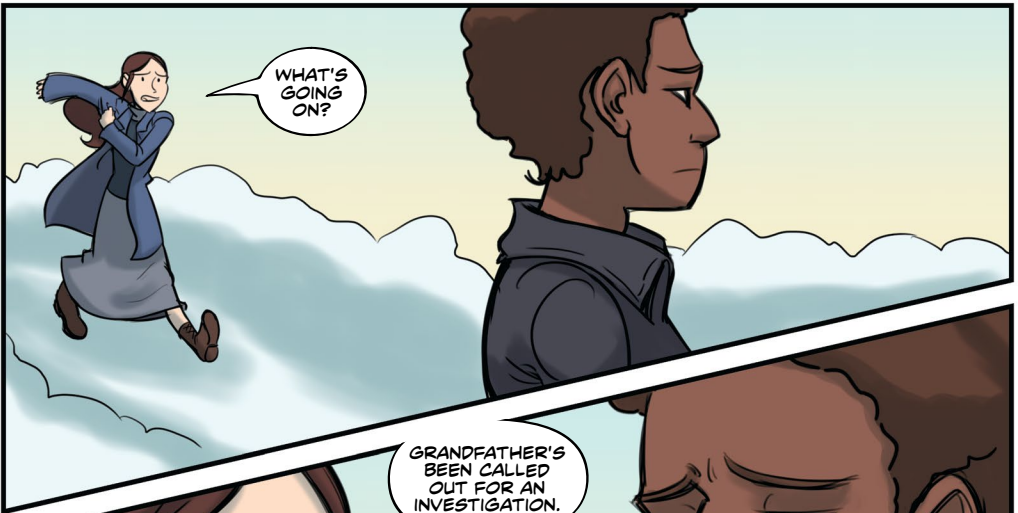
DID YOUR PARENTS TEACH YOU GIRLS ABOUT THE BLACK DEATH?

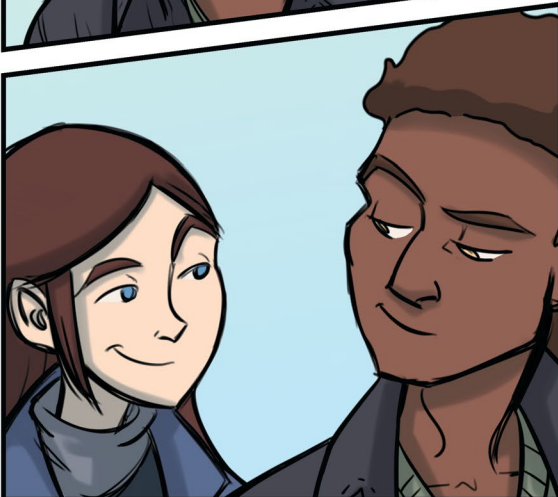
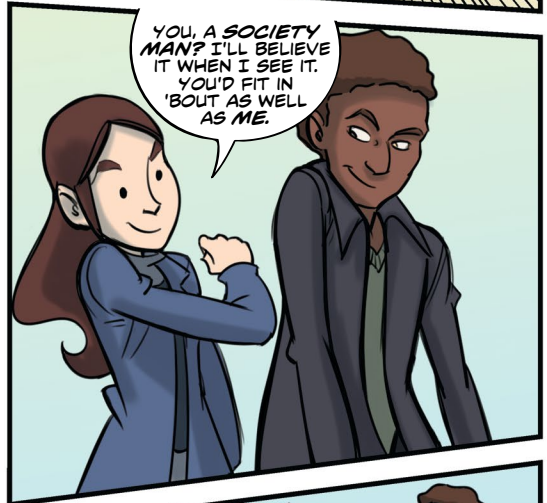
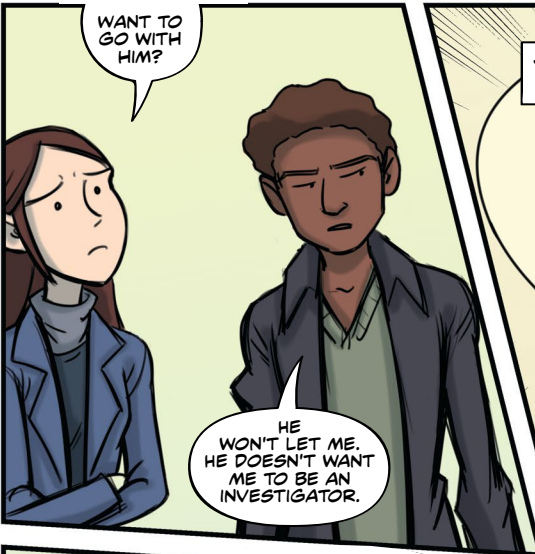
SOME. IT WAS A GREAT EDI-EPIDEMIC THAT KILLED A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

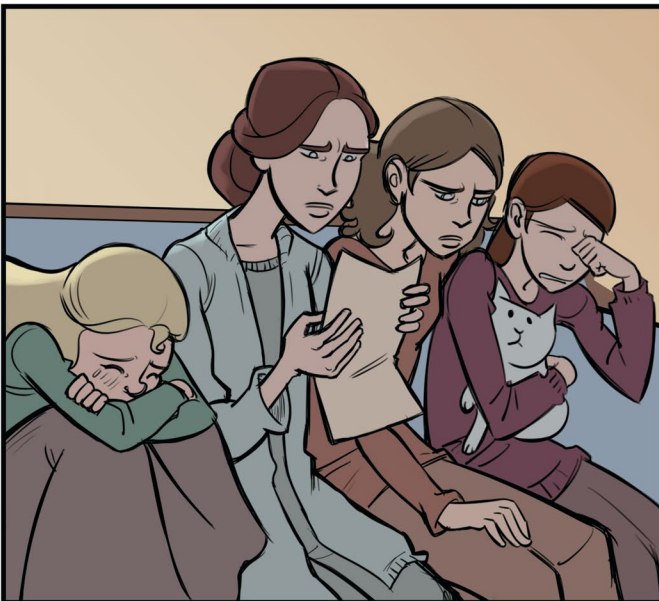
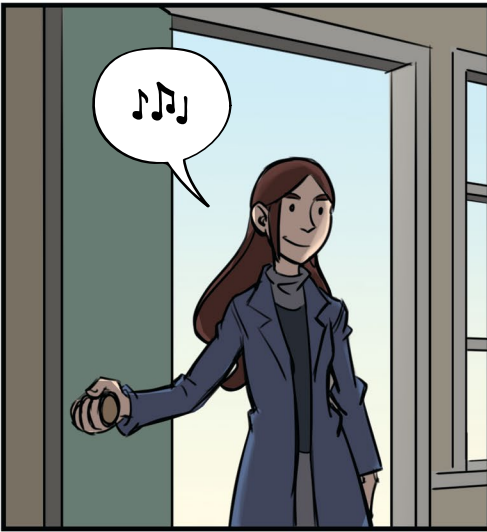


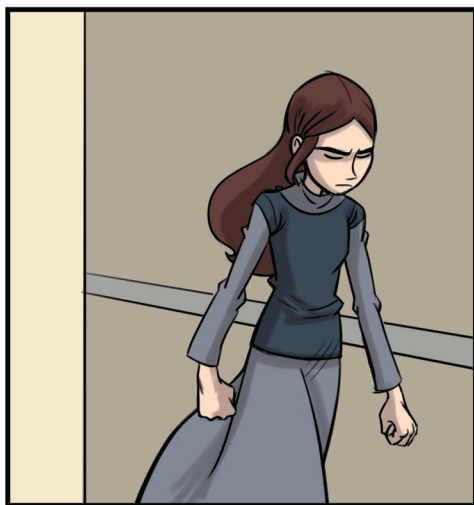
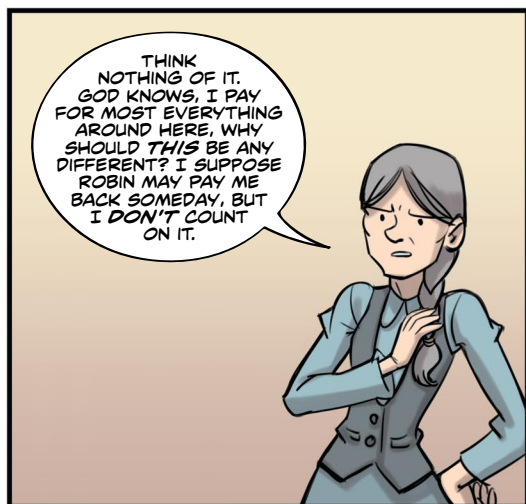
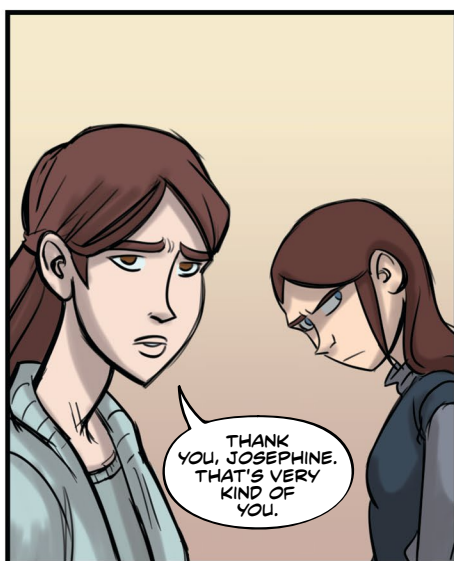
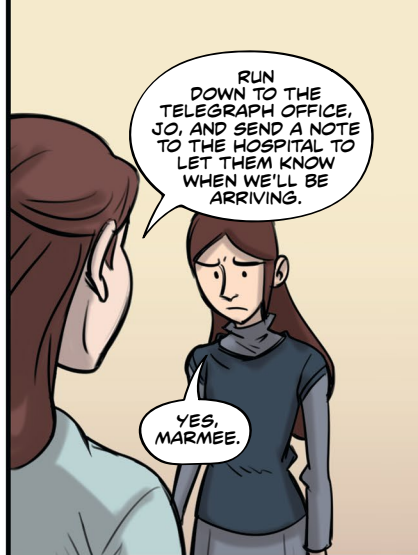
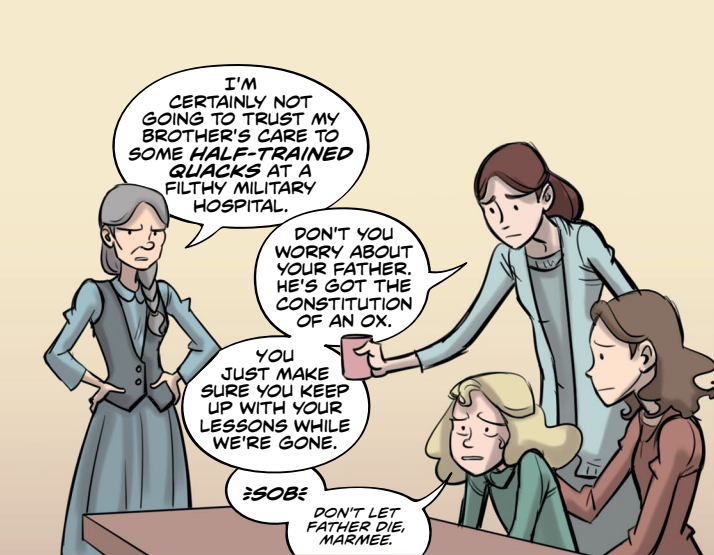


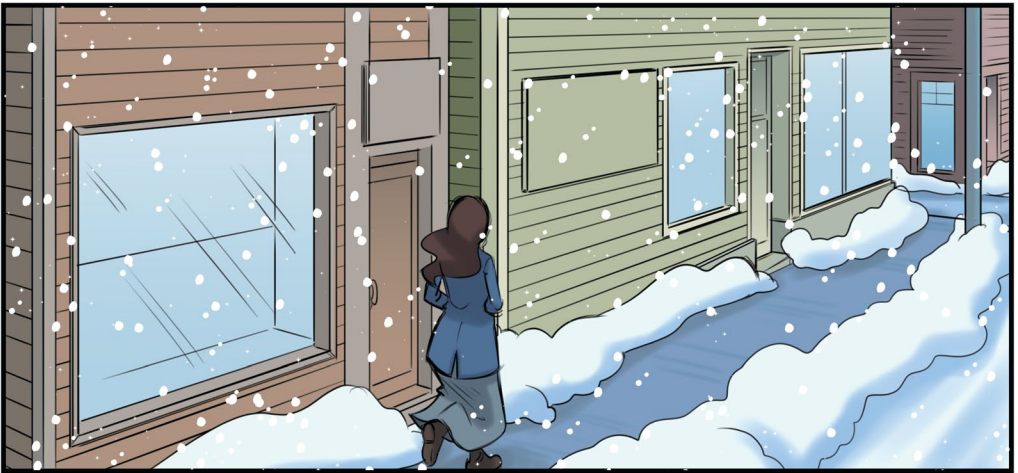




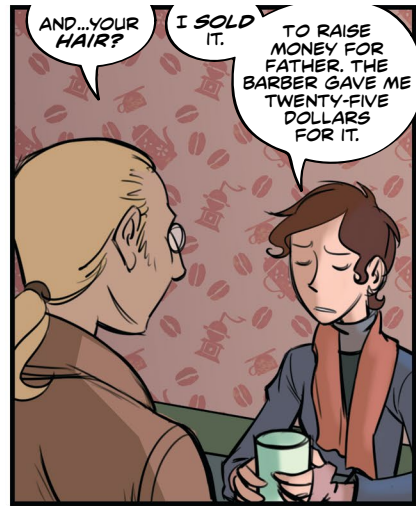
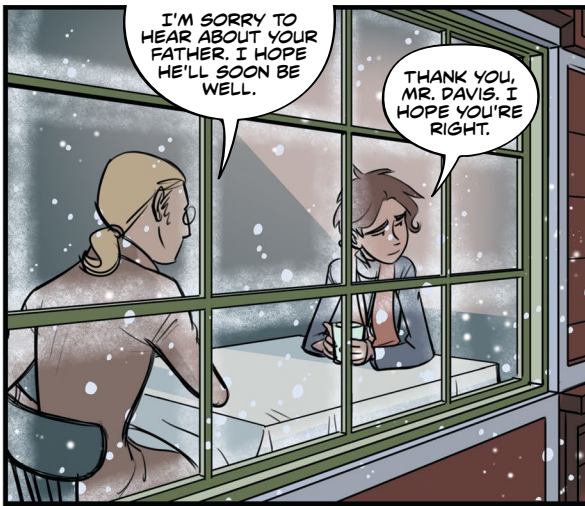














YOU'D
MAKE AN
INTERESTING
OPHELIA.



SIGH! I JUST WISH THERE WAS
SOMETHING ELSE I
COULD DO. SOMETHING
A LITTLE MORE EPIC
THAN GETTING A
HAIRCUT.

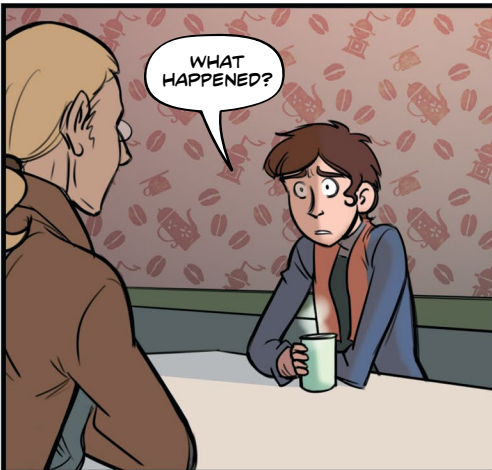


SOMETIMES ALL YOU
CAN DO IS WHAT YOU
HAVE DONE, AND
THAT HAS TO BE
ENOUGH.



MY PARENTS ARE
MAGE-LORDS. THEY OWN
A PLANTATION IN SOUTH
CAROLINA, AND THEY TAUGHT
ME SLAVERY WAS NORMAL,
THAT OWNING OTHER
HUMAN BEINGS WAS
OUR GOD-GIVEN
RIGHT.

I SAW
TERRIBLE
THINGS GROWING
UP. HORRIBLE ABUSES
METED OUT BY MY
FAMILY. NONE OF IT FELT
RIGHT, BUT I COULDN'T
BELIEVE MY PARENTS
WOULD LIE TO
ME.

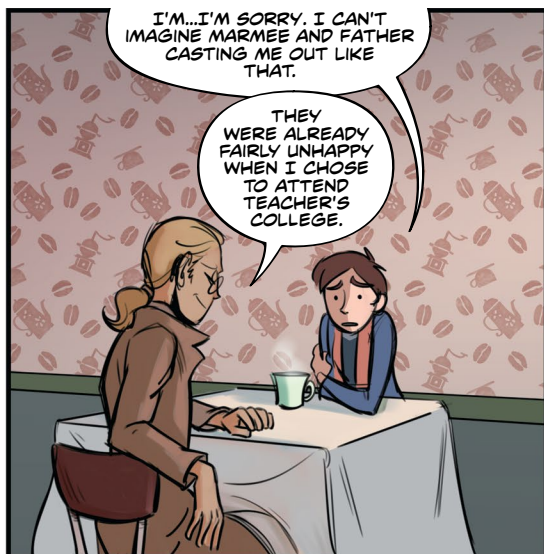


WHAT
HAPPENED?



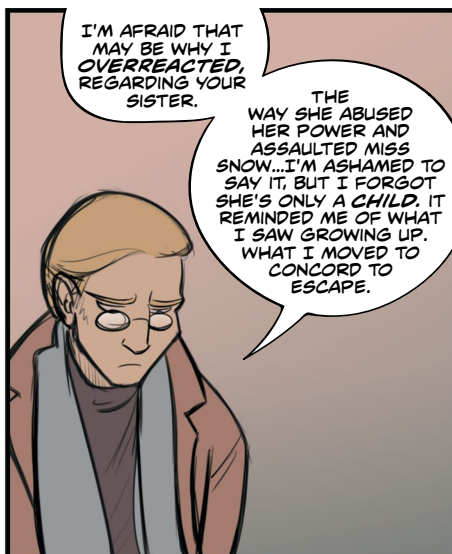
YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR?
I READ HIS BIOGRAPHY.
IT CHANGED MY
WHOLE WAY OF
THINKING.

I
CONFRONTED
MY MOTHER
AND FATHER AND...IT
WENT ABOUT AS WELL
AS YOU'D **EXPECT.** TO
MAKE A LONG STORY
SHORT, I WAS FORCED
TO LEAVE HOME. I
CAN'T EVER GO
BACK.



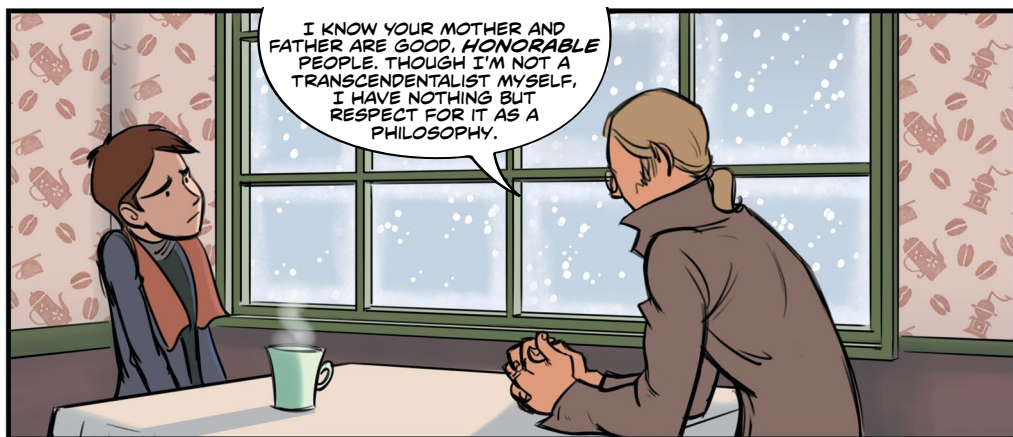
I'M...I'M SORRY. I CAN'T IMAGINE MARMEE AND FATHER CASTING ME OUT LIKE THAT.

THEY WERE ALREADY FAIRLY UNHAPPY WHEN I CHOSE TO ATTEND TEACHER'S COLLEGE.



I'M AFRAID THAT MAY BE WHY I OVERREACTED, REGARDING YOUR SISTER.

THE WAY SHE ABUSED HER POWER AND ASSAULTED MISS SNOW...I'M ASHAMED TO SAY IT, BUT I FORGOT SHE'S ONLY A CHILD. IT REMINDED ME OF WHAT I SAW GROWING UP. WHAT I MOVED TO CONCORD TO ESCAPE.



I KNOW YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER ARE GOOD, HONORABLE PEOPLE. THOUGH I'M NOT A TRANSCENDENTALIST MYSELF, I HAVE NOTHING BUT RESPECT FOR IT AS A PHILOSOPHY.

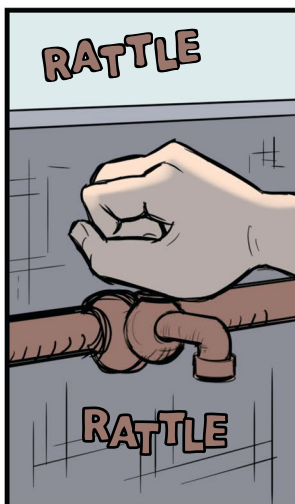


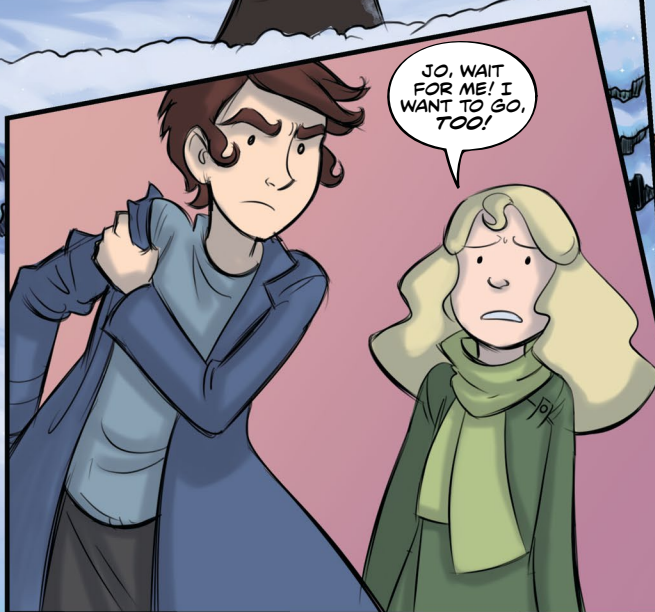
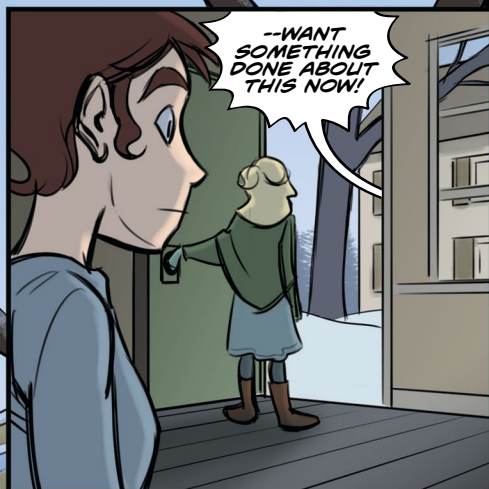
BELIEVE ME, I'VE SEEN FIRSTHAND HOW EASY IT IS FOR A MAGE TO CONVINCE THEMSELVES THEY'RE MORE WORTHY, MORE IMPORTANT, THAN NON-MAGIC USERS. IT'S EASY TO CONVINCE OURSELVES THAT IT'S OUR RIGHT TO USE OUR POWERS IN ANY WAY WE'D LIKE.



I'D HATE TO SEE SOMEONE WITH SUCH BRIGHT POTENTIAL AS AMY HEAD DOWN THAT PATH.









ONE OF MR. LOWELL'S COWS WENT MISSING. HE'S PRETTY UPSET ABOUT IT. HE SAYS SHE WOULDN'T GO WANDERING OFF.

HE'S BEING RIDICULOUS! COWS WANDER OFF ALL THE TIME! WHAT, DID HE READ THAT ARTICLE IN LAST WEEK'S PAPER ABOUT THAT CONFEDERATE SPY SOMEONE IN BOSTON FOUND HIDING BEHIND THEIR BARN, AND NOW HE THINKS THERE MIGHT BE ONE HERE IN CONCORD STEALING HIS LIVESTOCK?

ACTUALLY...
FOR THE MOST
PART, YES.

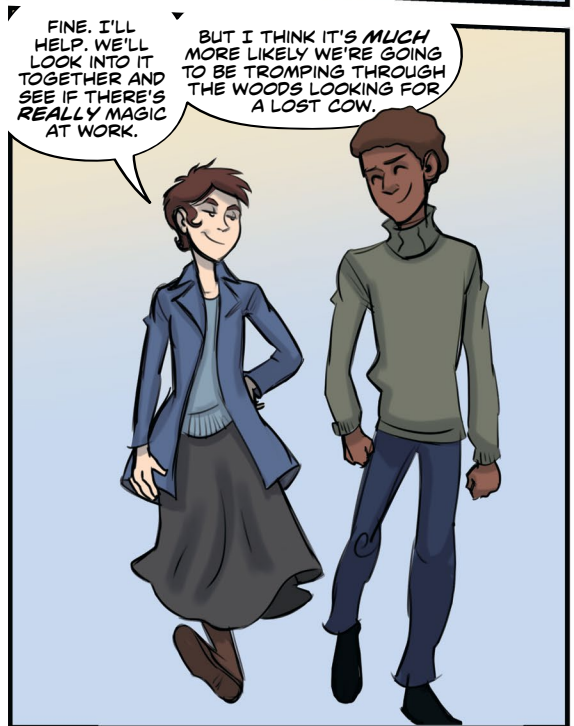
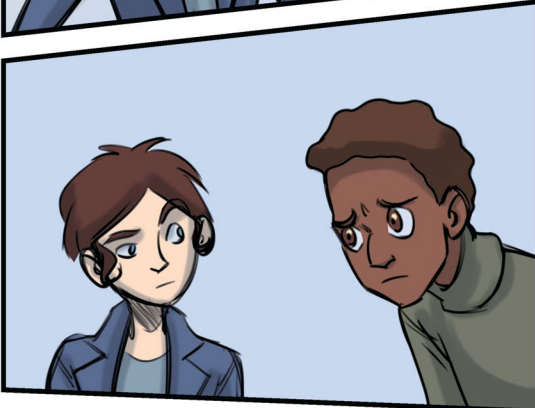
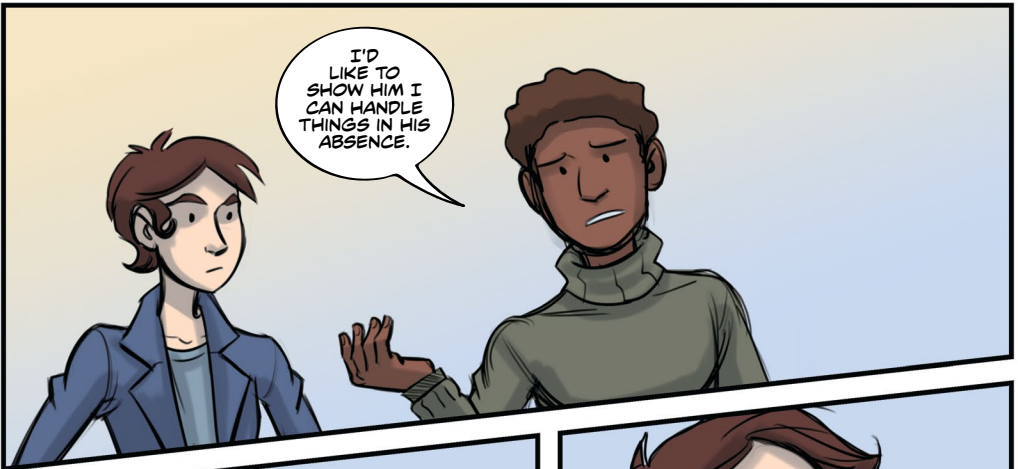


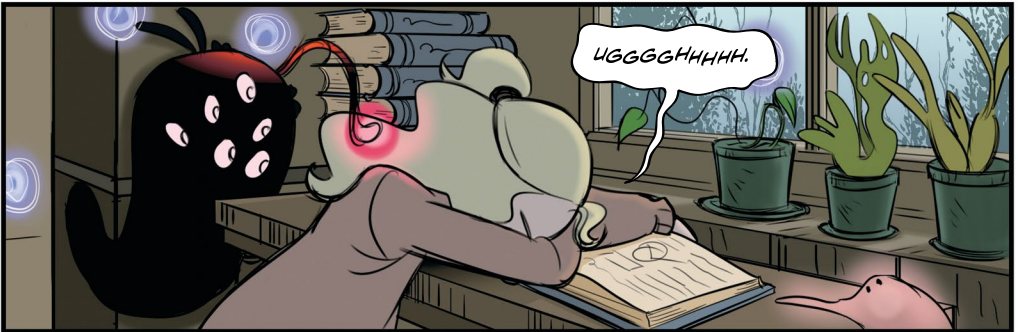
I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO DO.

GRAND-
FATHER WOULD
NEVER WANT ME
TO INVESTIGATE
ALONE...

HE'D SAY
IT WAS TOO
DANGEROUS.

BUT,
HONESTLY...I'M
WILLING TO BET THE
COW JUST WANDERED
OFF, WHATEVER
MR. LOWELL
THINKS.





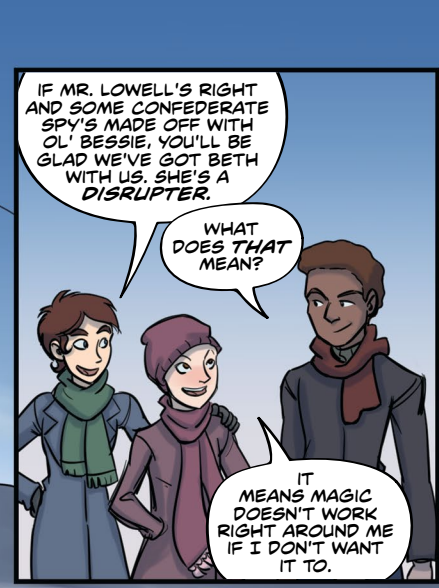




YOUR MOTHER IS GOING TO BE REALLY ANGRY WHEN SHE FINDS OUT WE TOOK BETH OUT OF THE HOUSE.

IT'S JUST A COLD, LAURIE, AND I'M DYING FROM BOREDOM. MEG'S AFTER ME ALL DAY LONG!

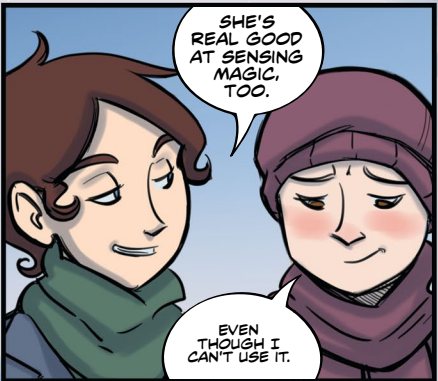
"DRINK SOME MORE TEA, BETH, JUST ONE MORE CUP!"



IF MR. LOWELL'S RIGHT AND SOME CONFEDERATE SPY'S MADE OFF WITH OL' BESSIE, YOU'LL BE GLAD WE'VE GOT BETH WITH US. SHE'S A **DISRUPTER**.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT MEANS MAGIC DOESN'T WORK RIGHT AROUND ME IF I DON'T WANT IT TO.



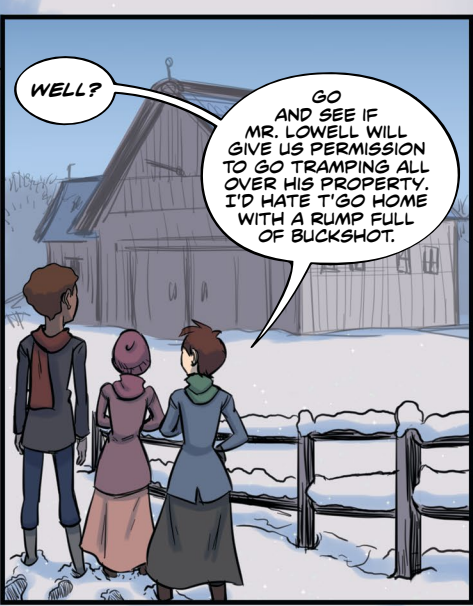
SHE'S REAL GOOD AT SENSING MAGIC, TOO.

EVEN THOUGH I CAN'T USE IT.



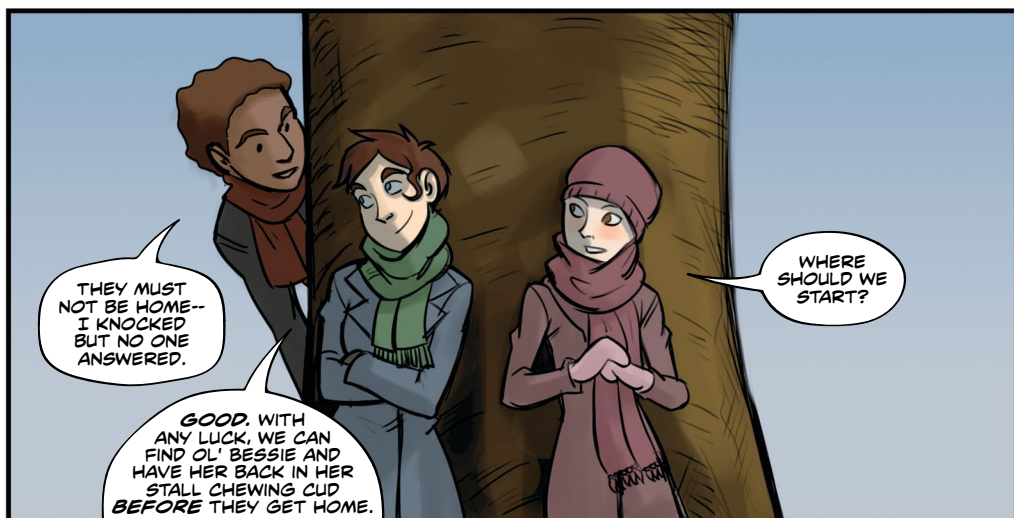
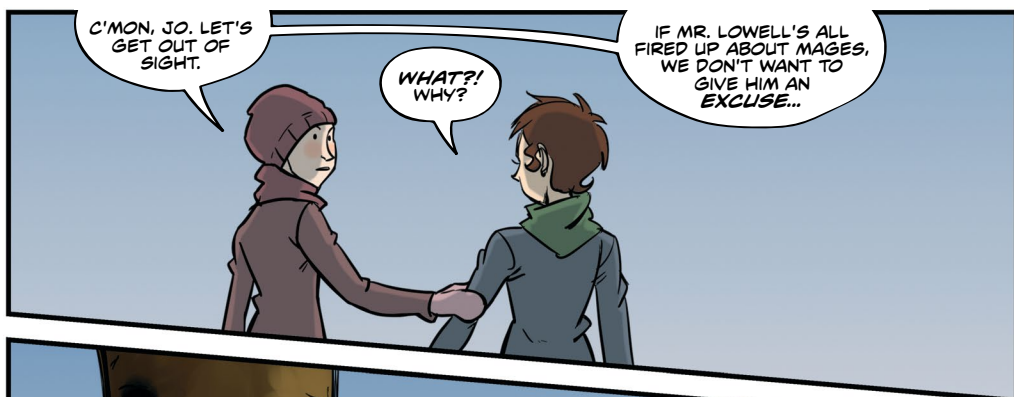
WE'VE ALL GOT OUR GIFTS.

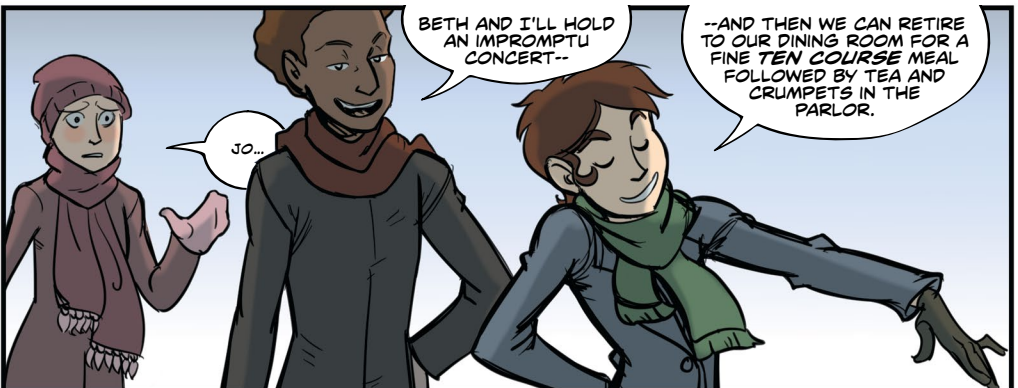
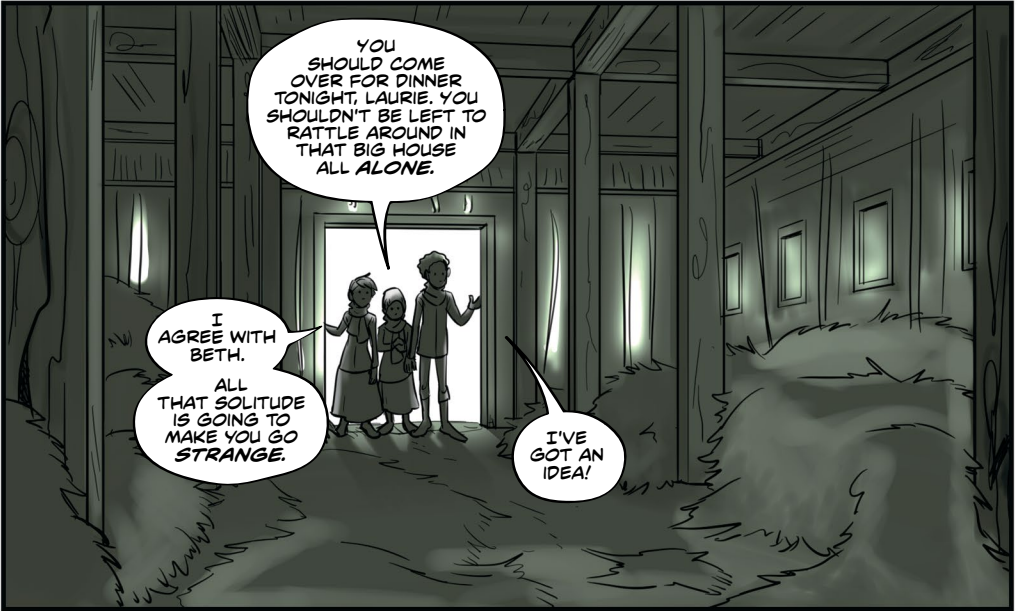
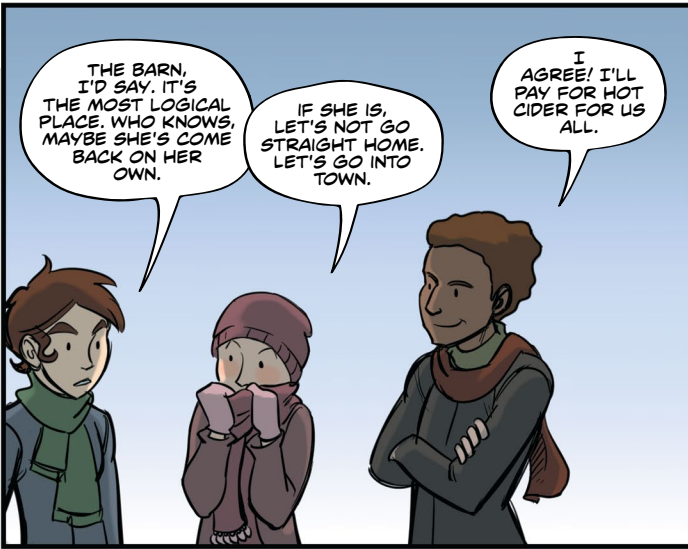
YES, AND IF ANYONE WANTS A **SCARF KNITTED** OR A **SOCK MENDED** OR A NICELY-TAMED KITTEN, I'M THE ONE THEY SHOULD COME SEE.

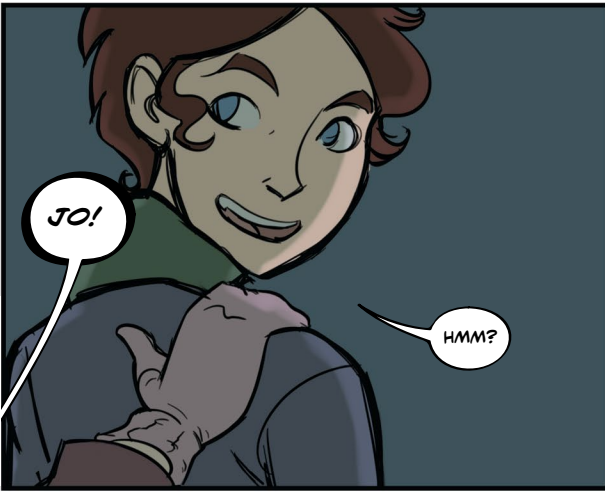


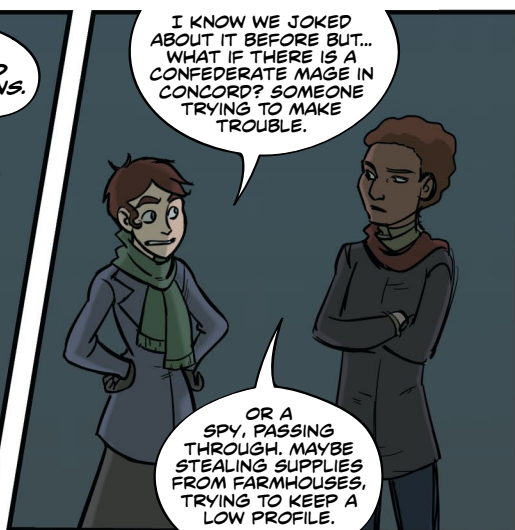
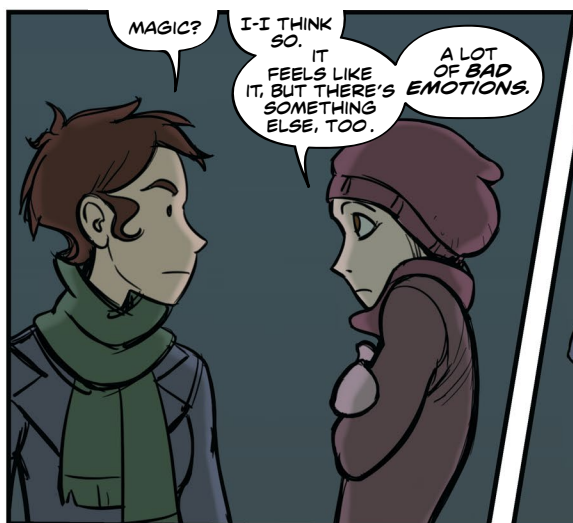
WELL?

GO AND SEE IF MR. LOWELL WILL GIVE US PERMISSION TO GO TRAMPING ALL OVER HIS PROPERTY. I'D HATE T'GO HOME WITH A RUMP FULL OF BUCKSHOT.



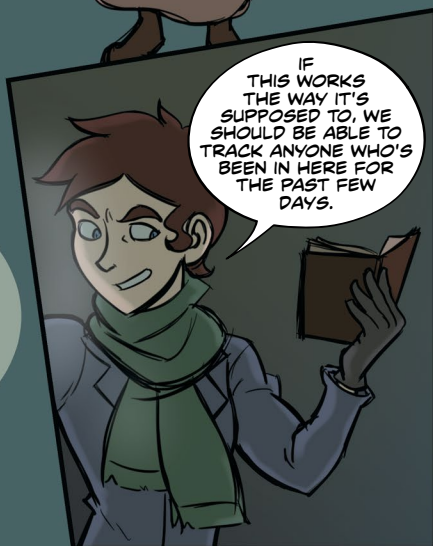








WHERE'D YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THAT?





THEN WE'LL SEE
IF BESSIE JUST
WANDERED OFF
OR--

Whoomph!!



UHHHHNNNN...



I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D DO SOMETHING SO STUPID AND DANGEROUS! AND OVER A MISSING COW?

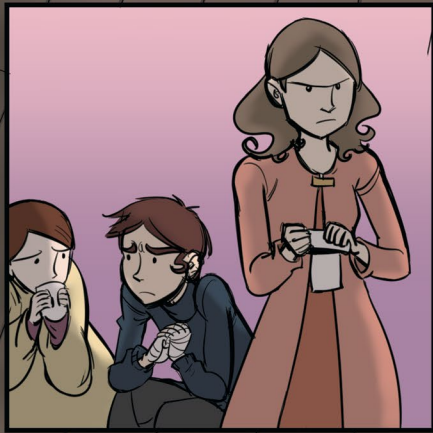
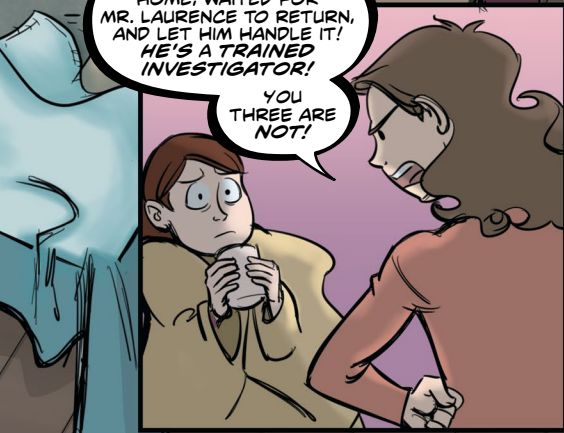
THE COW IS GONE, MEG.

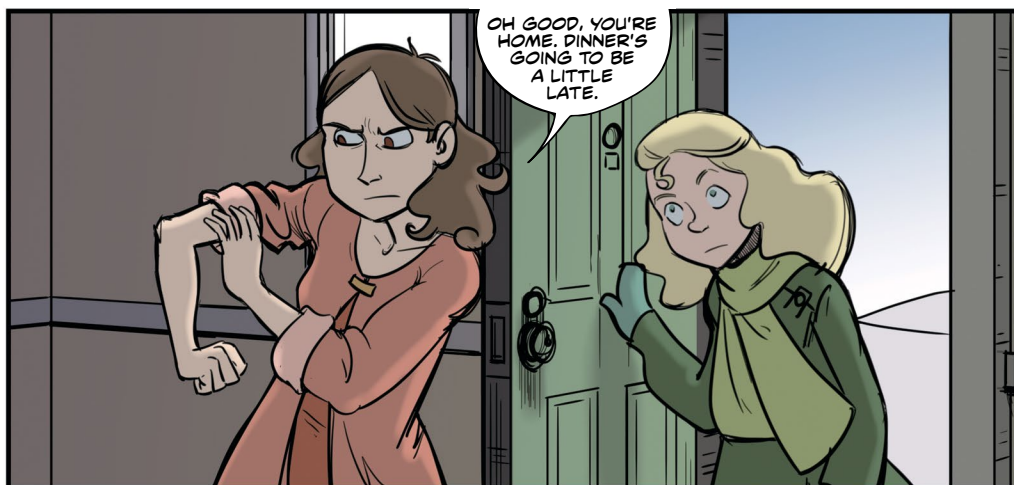
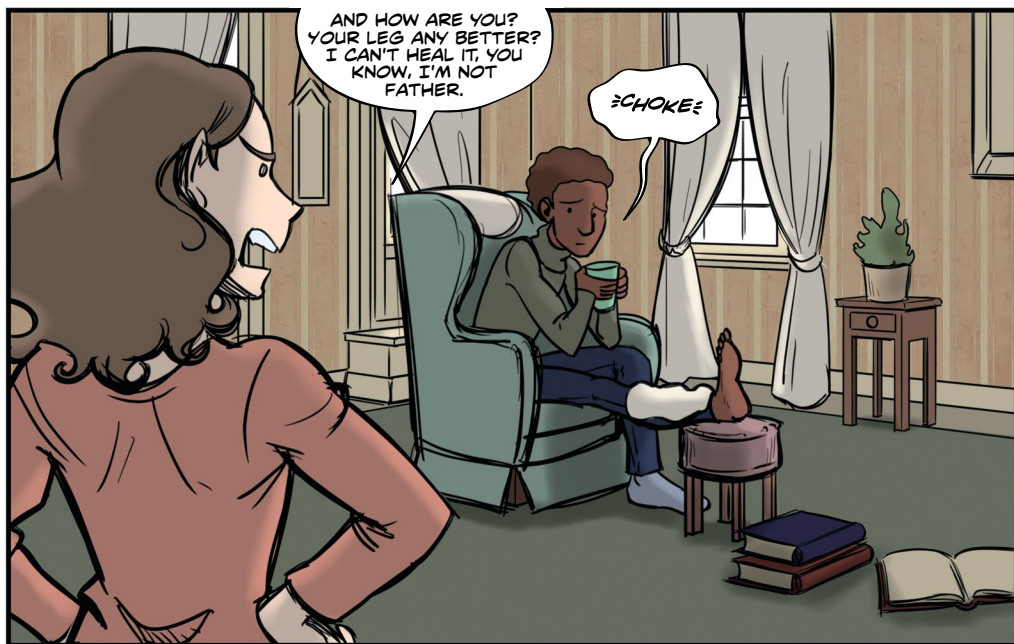
AND THERE WAS SOME SORT OF MAGIC INVOLVED.

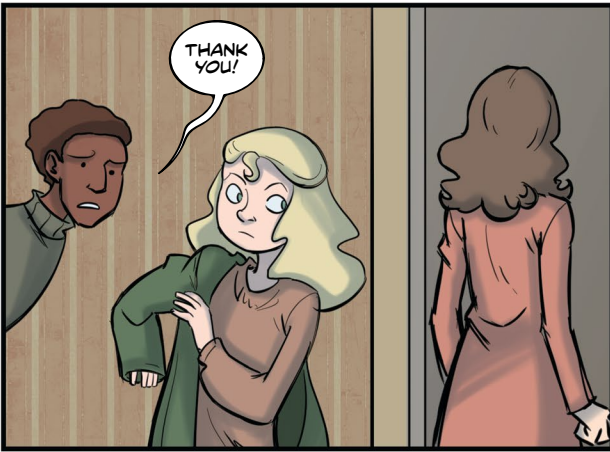


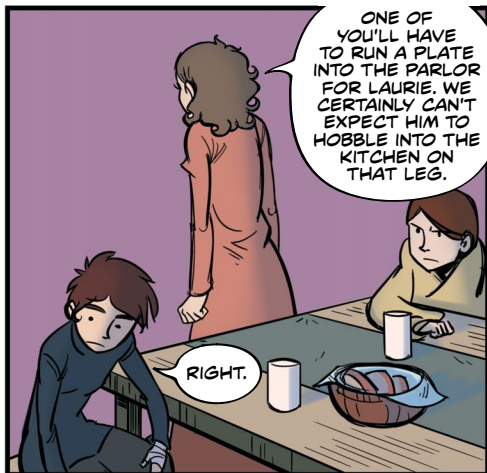
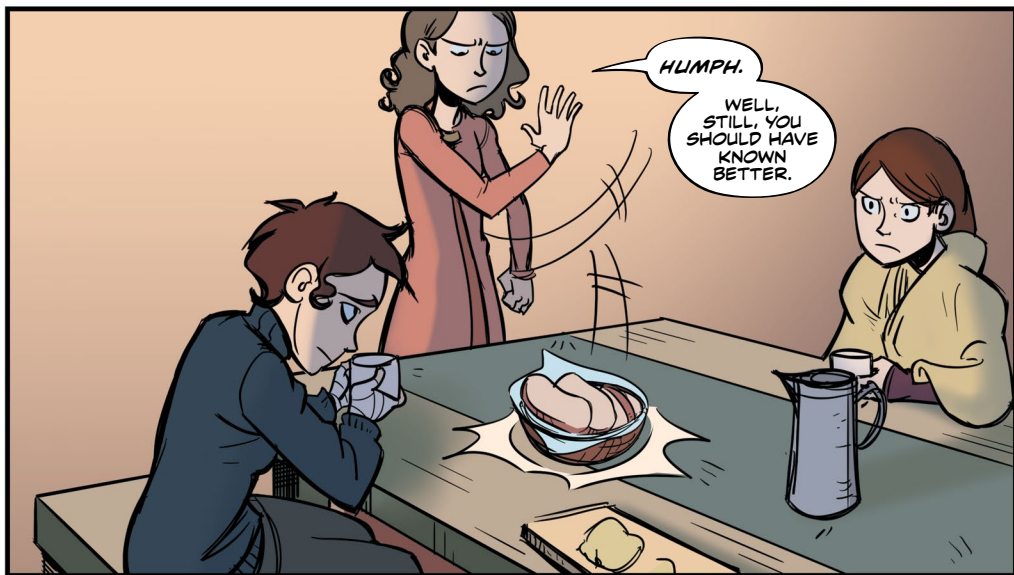
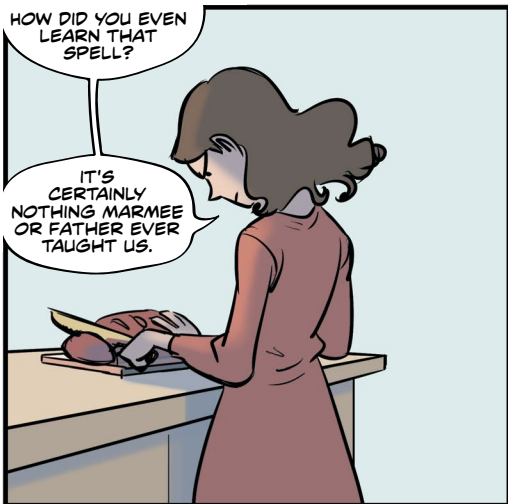
THEN YOU SHOULD HAVE COME HOME, WAITED FOR MR. LAURENCE TO RETURN, AND LET HIM HANDLE IT! HE'S A TRAINED INVESTIGATOR!

YOU THREE ARE NOT!



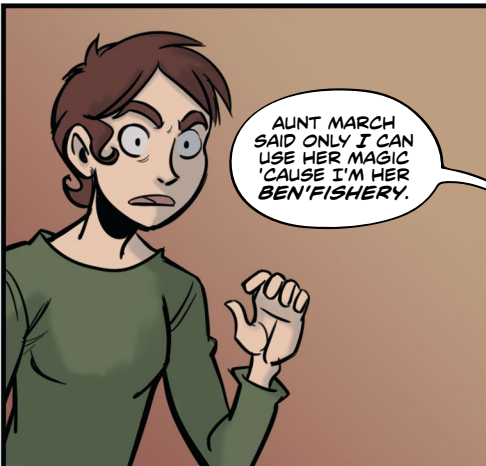
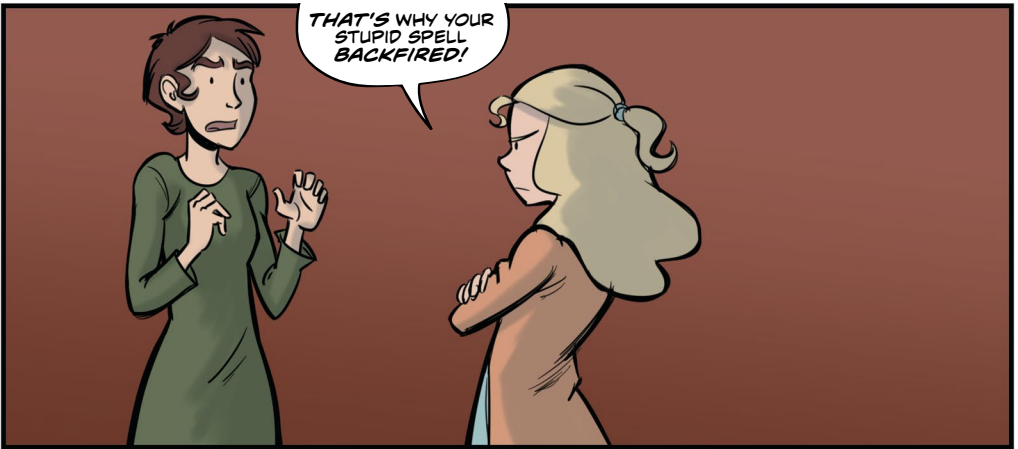
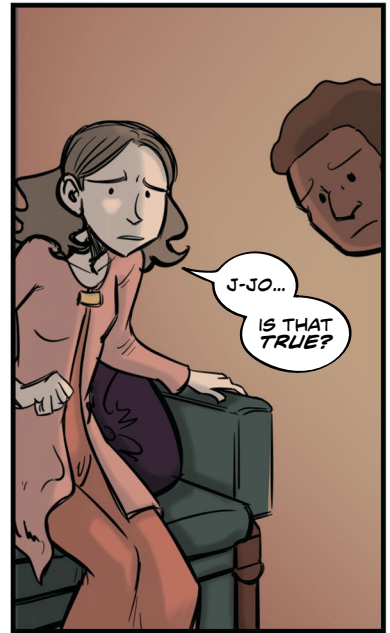


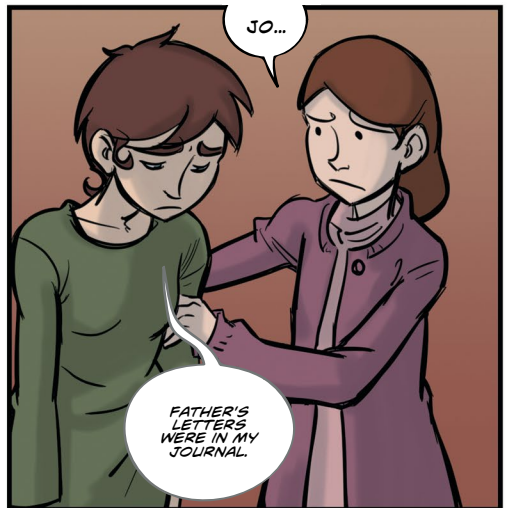
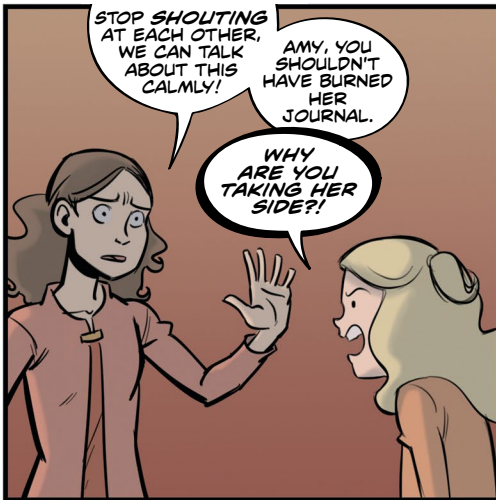
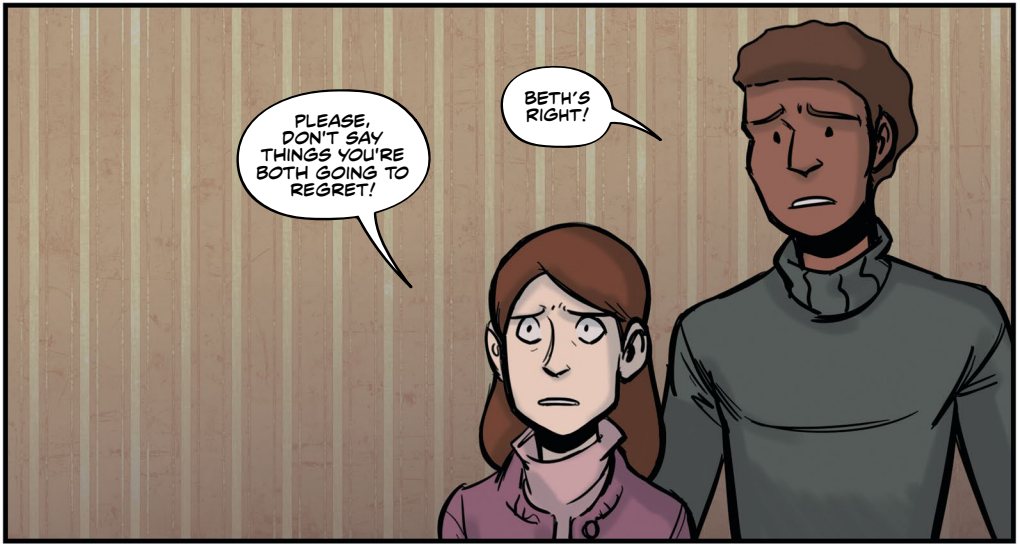








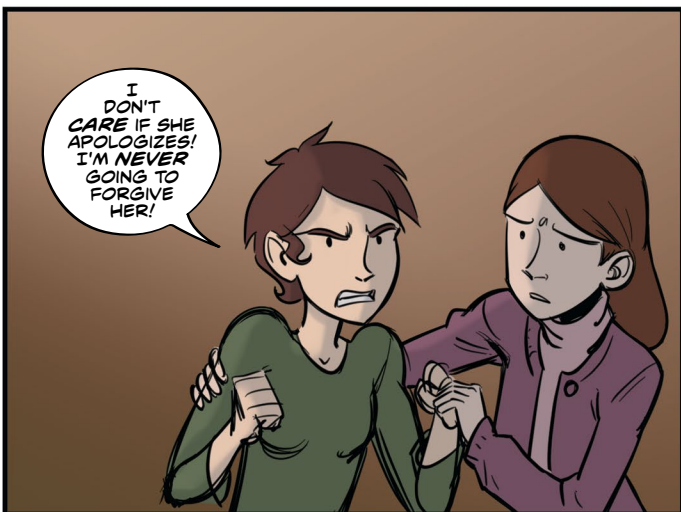




EVERYONE, JUST CALM DOWN. I'LL GO UP AND TALK TO AMY. I'LL GET HER TO APOLOGIZE.



I DON'T CARE IF SHE APOLOGIZES! I'M NEVER GOING TO FORGIVE HER!



WHAT AMY DID WAS WRONG, BUT YOU'RE NO BETTER! WHATEVER POSSESSED YOU TO STEAL FROM AUNT MARCH?



~~SHUT UP!~~

DON'T PRETEND YOU'RE MARMEE! YOU'RE NOT MARMEE, SO DON'T TRY TO SOUND LIKE HER!

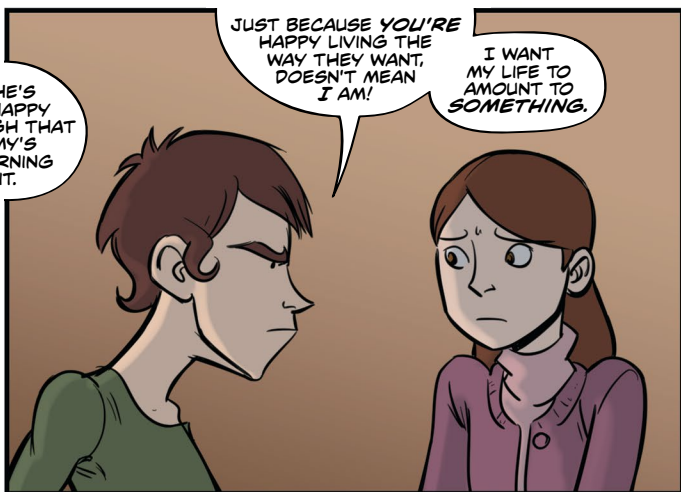


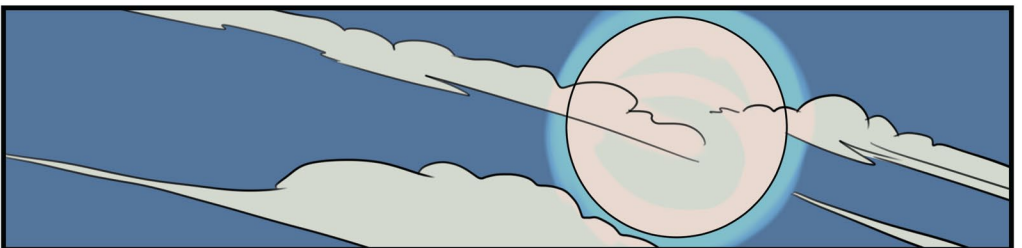
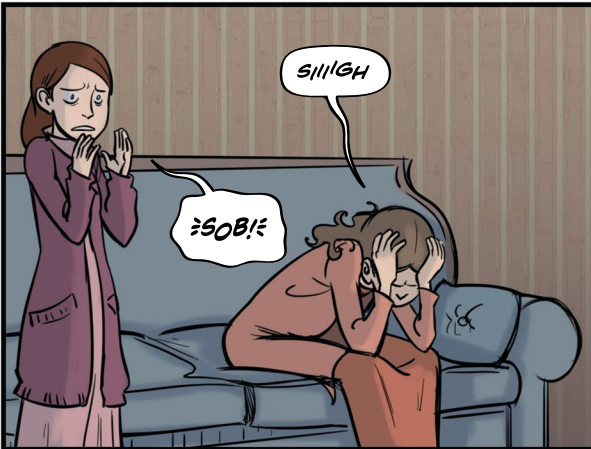
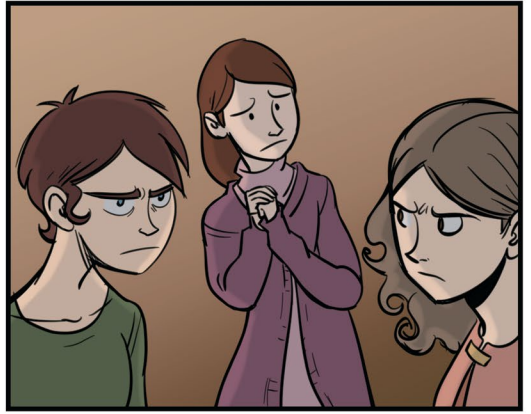
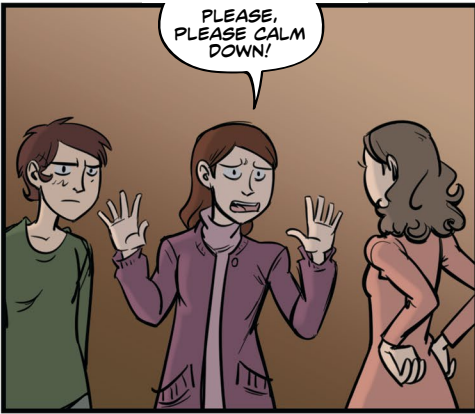
I'M NOT! BUT YOU'RE CERTAINLY ACTING LIKE A CHILD! YOU KNOW MARMEE DOESN'T WANT US LEARNING THAT SORT OF MAGIC!

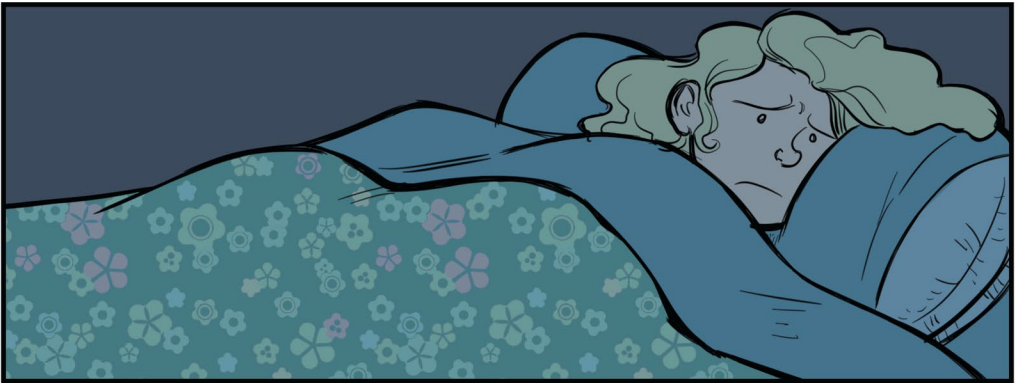
SHE'S UNHAPPY ENOUGH THAT AMY'S LEARNING IT.

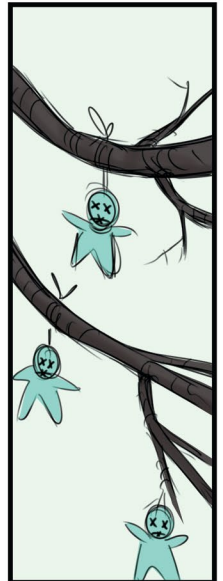
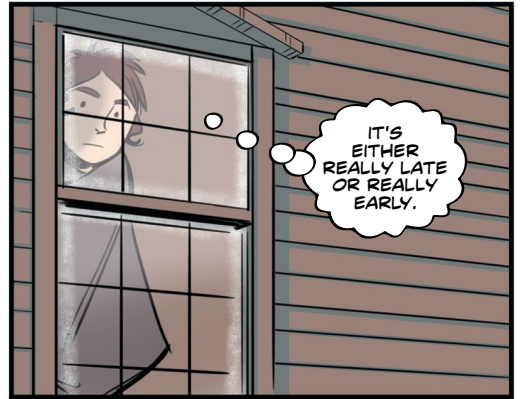
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE HAPPY LIVING THE WAY THEY WANT, DOESN'T MEAN I AM!

I WANT MY LIFE TO AMOUNT TO SOMETHING.



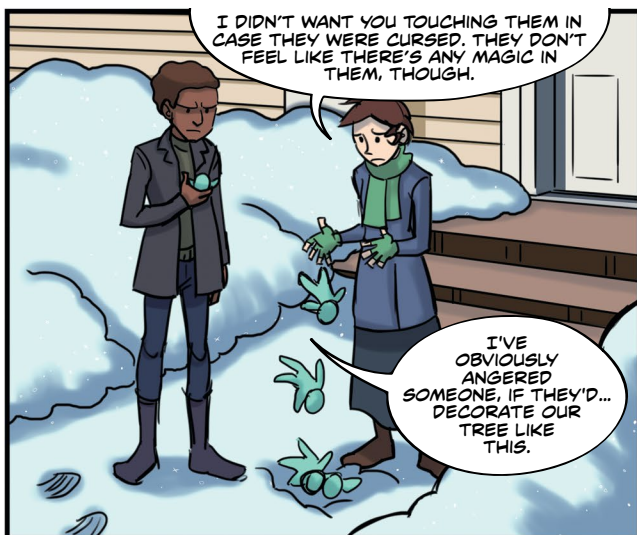












I DIDN'T WANT YOU TOUCHING THEM IN CASE THEY WERE CURSED. THEY DON'T FEEL LIKE THERE'S ANY MAGIC IN THEM, THOUGH.

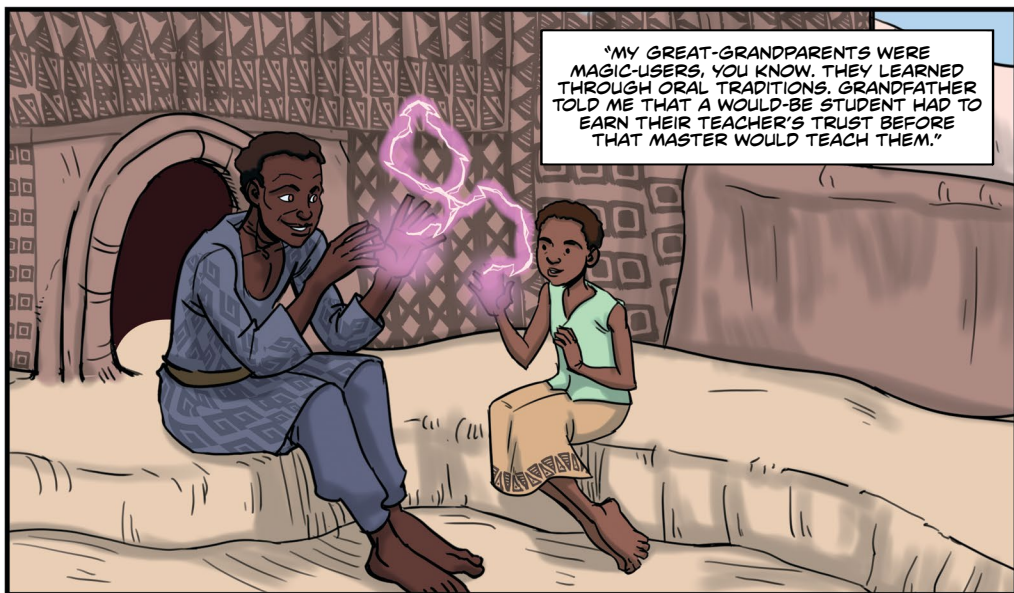
I'VE OBVIOUSLY ANGERED SOMEONE, IF THEY'D... DECORATE OUR TREE LIKE THIS.



==SNORT!==

WHAT ARE THEY?

ONE OF THE REASONS. ANYONE WITH AN AFFINITY WHO CAN READ CAN LEARN FROM BOOKS.

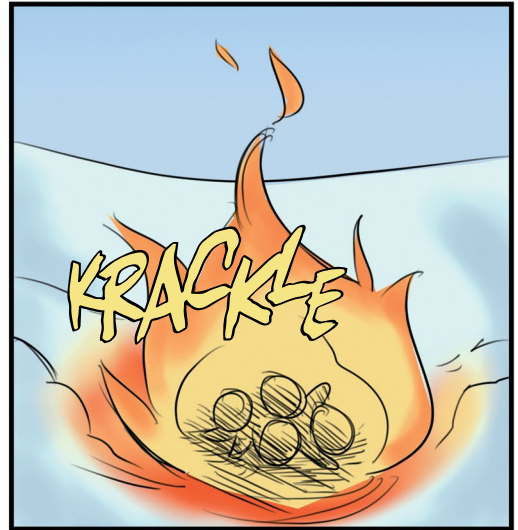
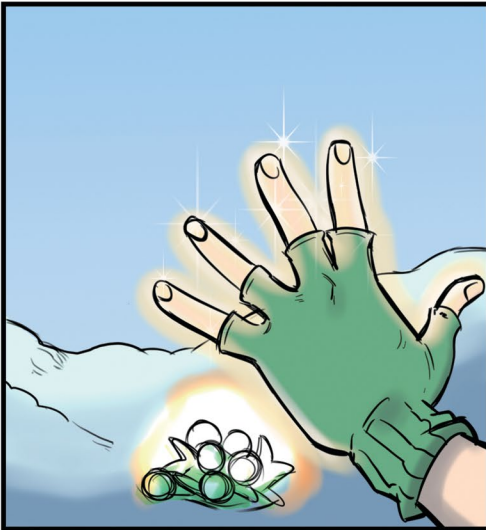


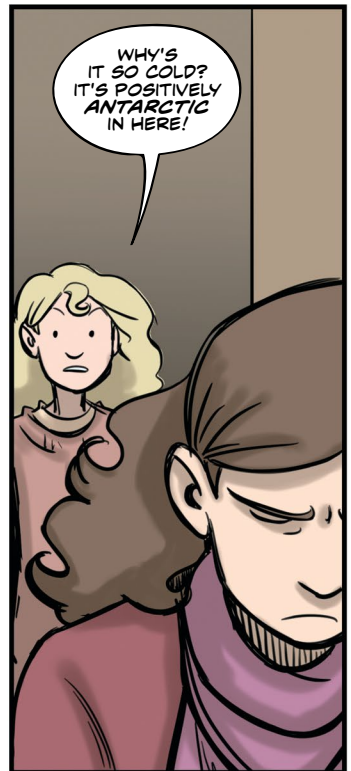
"MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS WERE MAGIC-USERS, YOU KNOW. THEY LEARNED THROUGH ORAL TRADITIONS. GRANDFATHER TOLD ME THAT A WOULD-BE STUDENT HAD TO EARN THEIR TEACHER'S TRUST BEFORE THAT MASTER WOULD TEACH THEM."

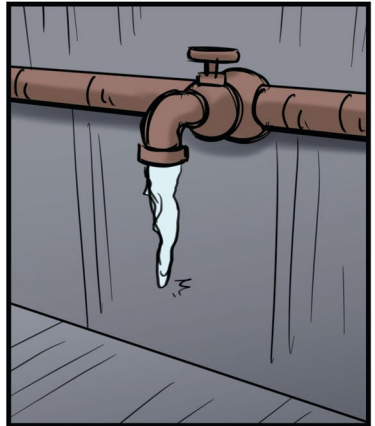
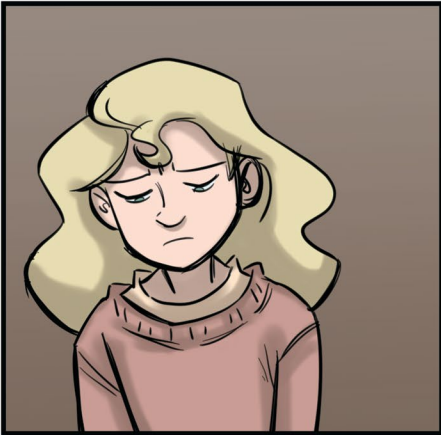
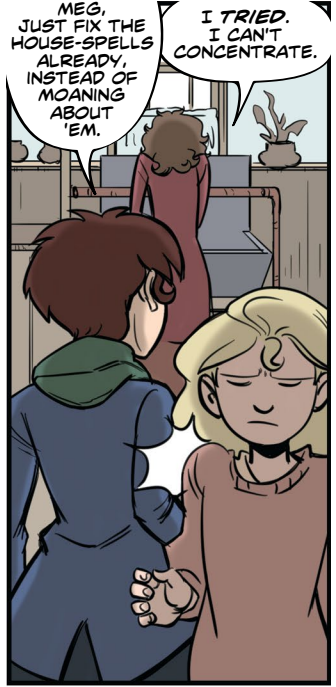


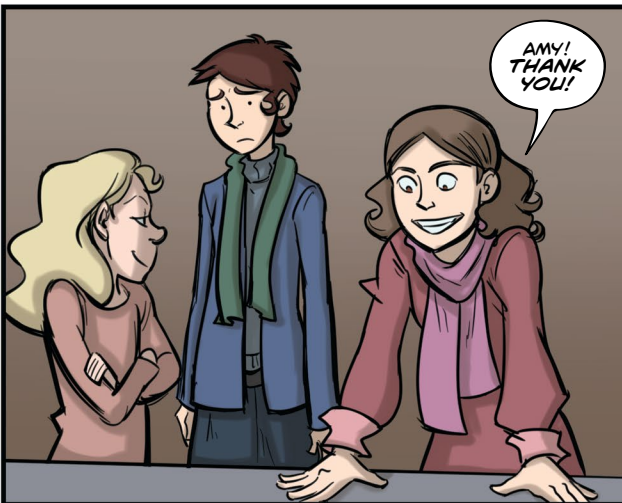
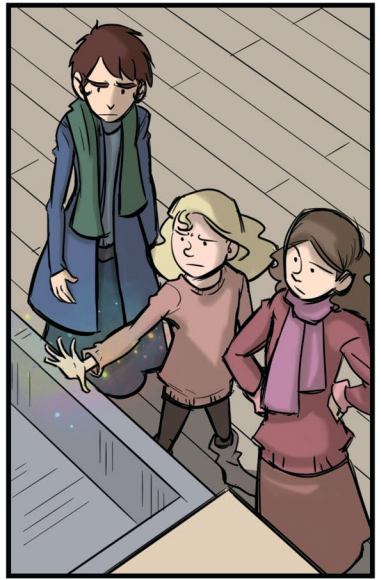
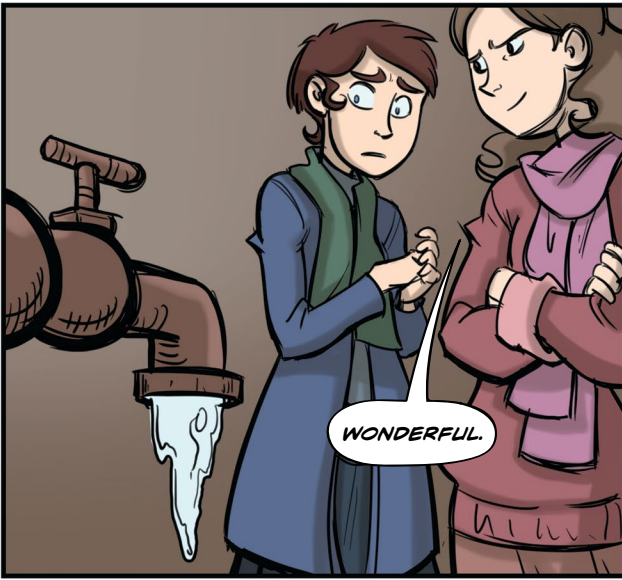
THESE ARE A WARNING.

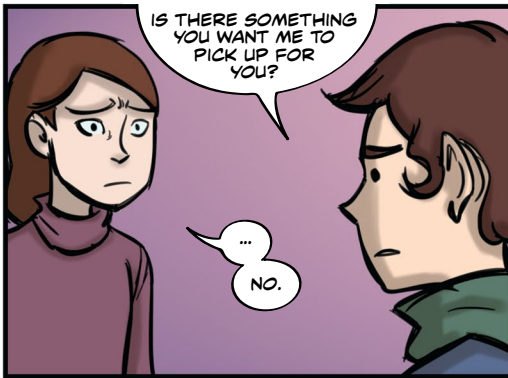
SLAVES WHO ARE CAUGHT USING MAGIC, SLAVES LIKE MY GREAT-GRANDPARENTS, ARE EITHER LYNCHED, OR BLINDED AND MUTED.

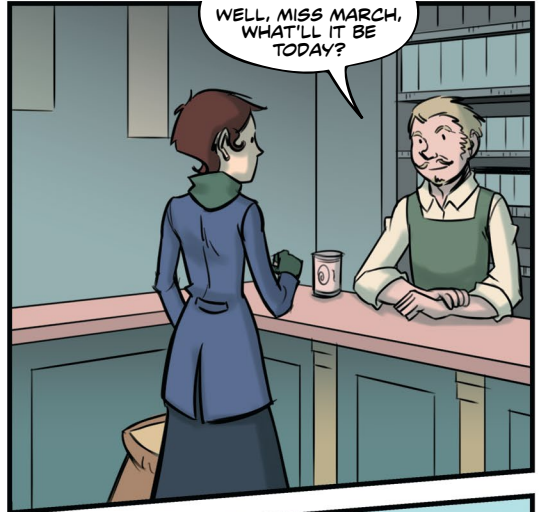






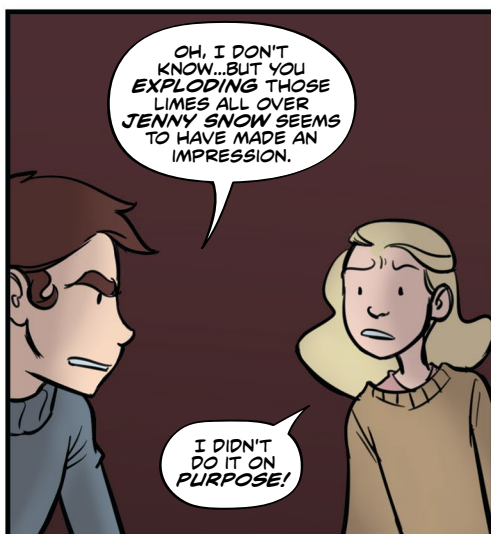
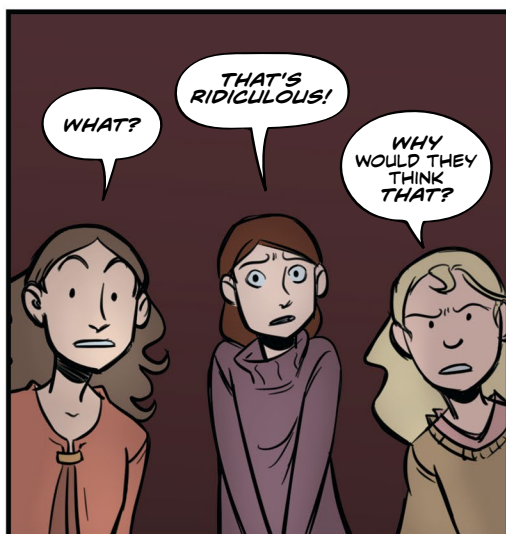
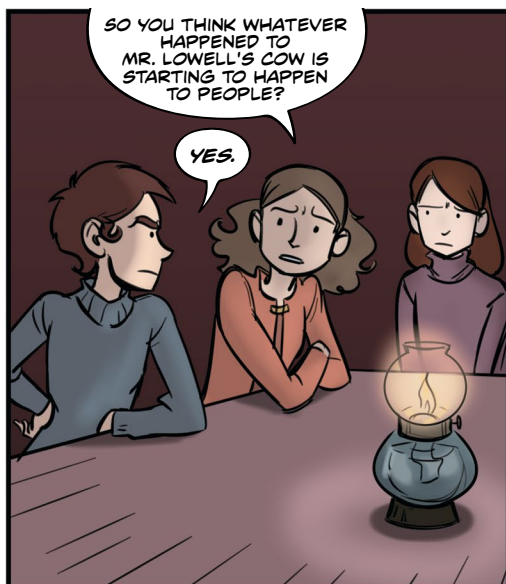
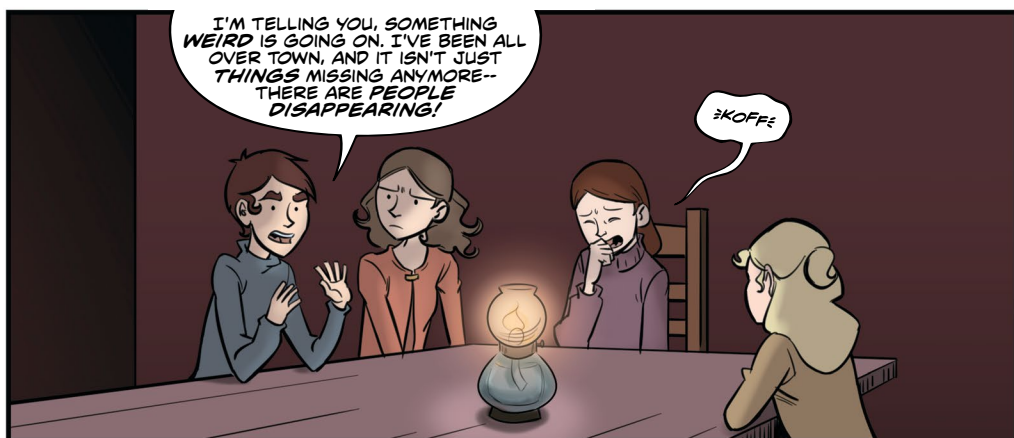


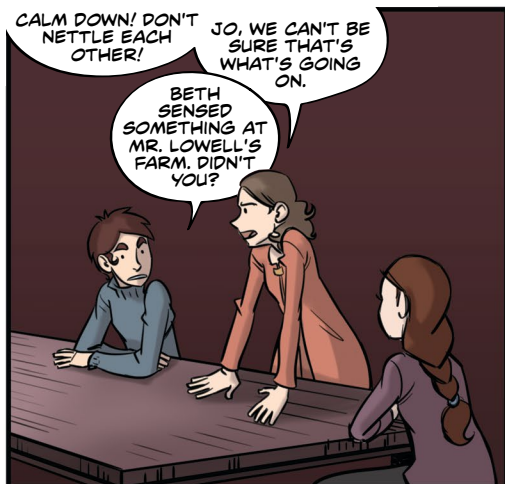












CALM DOWN! DON'T
NETTLE EACH
OTHER!

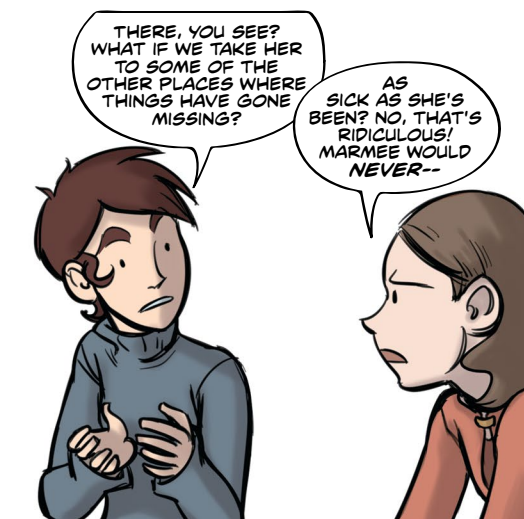
JO, WE CAN'T BE
SURE THAT'S
WHAT'S GOING
ON.

BETH
SENSED
SOMETHING AT
MR. LOWELL'S
FARM. DIDN'T
YOU?



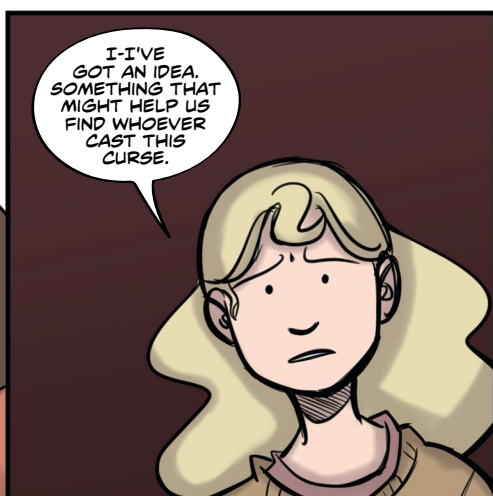
YES...

THERE WAS
SOME *MAGIC*
IN THAT BARN.
SOMETHING TWISTED.
I-I THINK MAYBE
IT TRACES BACK
TO A SINGLE
PERSON.

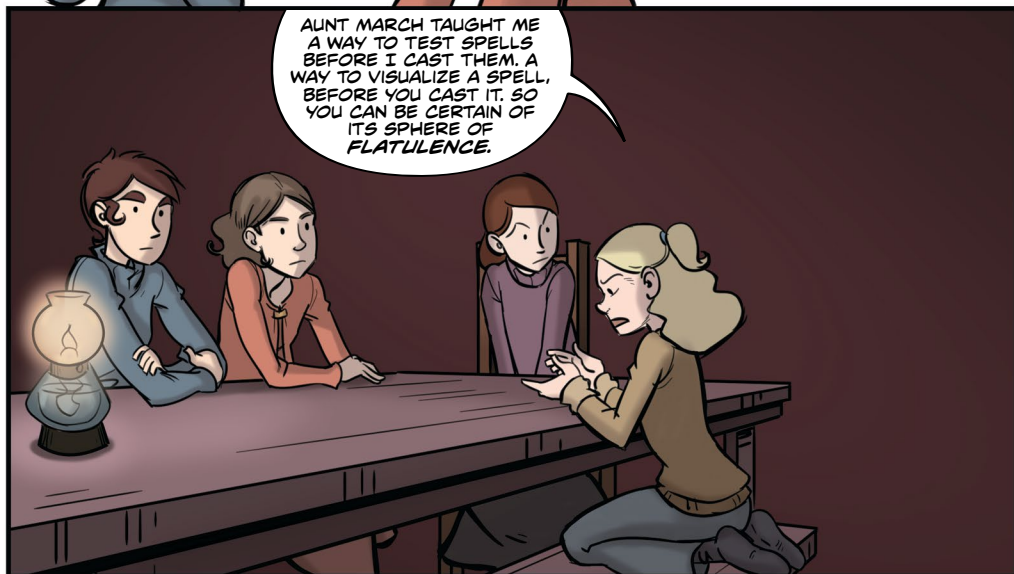


THERE, YOU SEE?
WHAT IF WE TAKE HER
TO SOME OF THE
OTHER PLACES WHERE
THINGS HAVE GONE
MISSING?

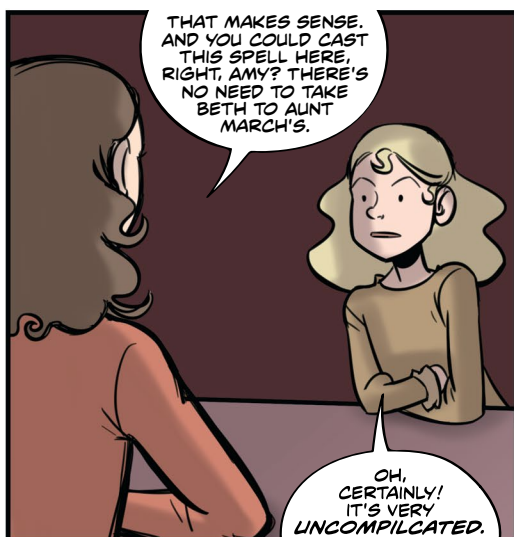
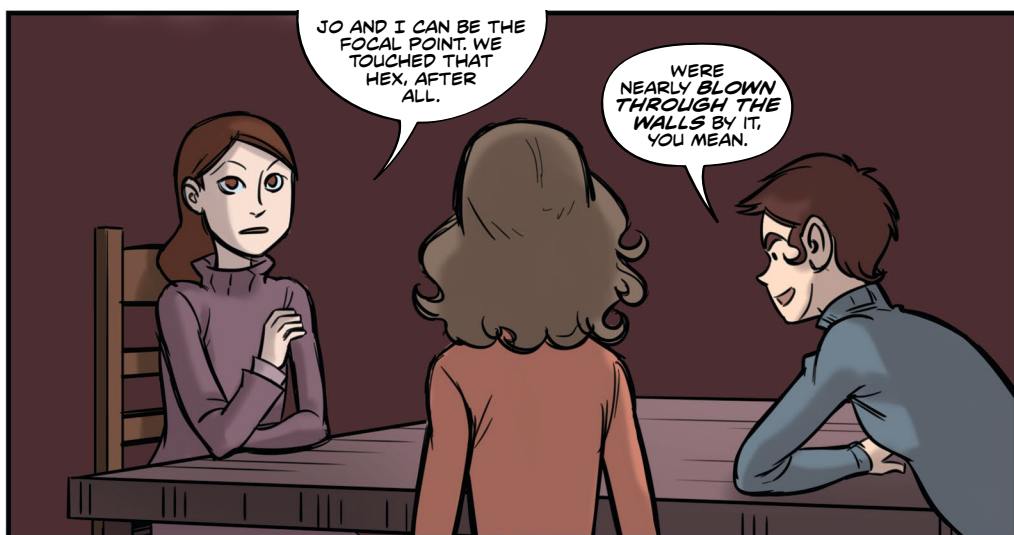
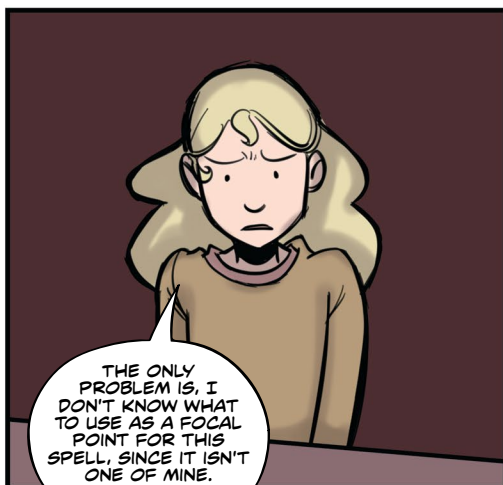
AS
SICK AS SHE'S
BEEN? NO, THAT'S
RIDICULOUS!
MARMEE WOULD
NEVER--

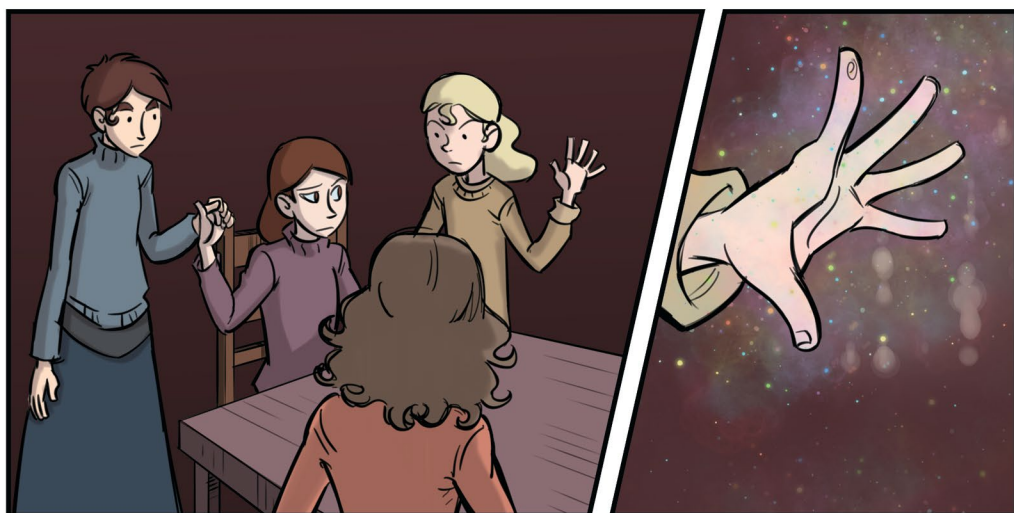
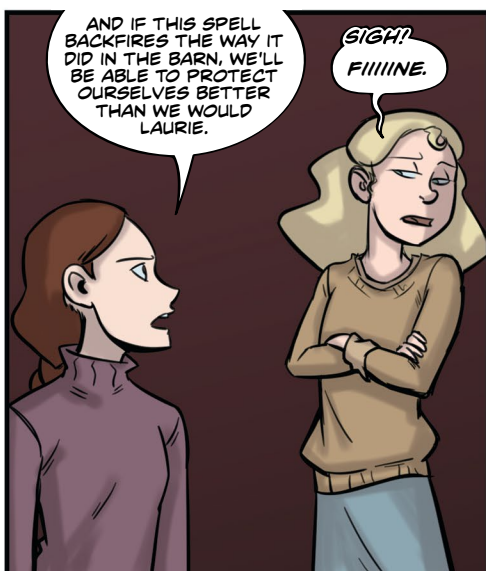
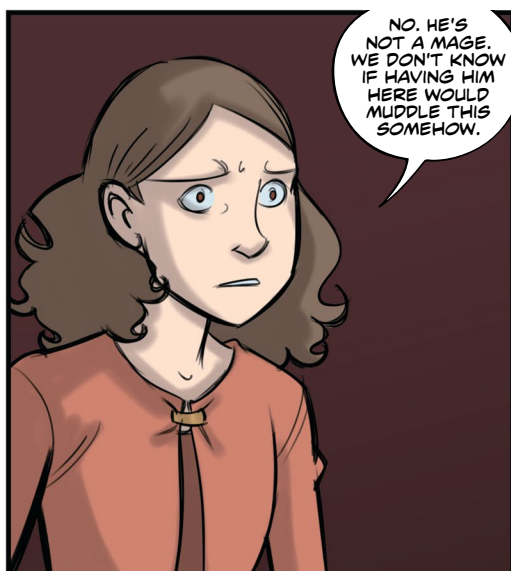


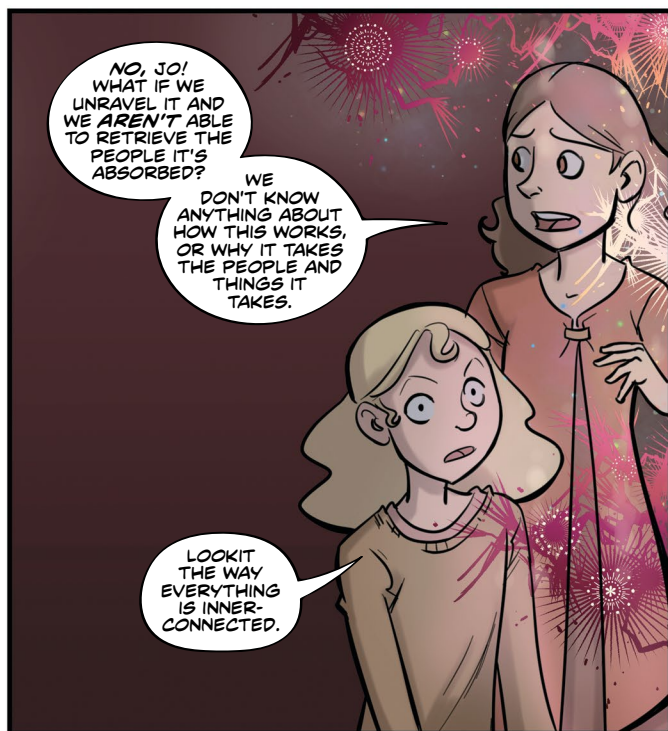
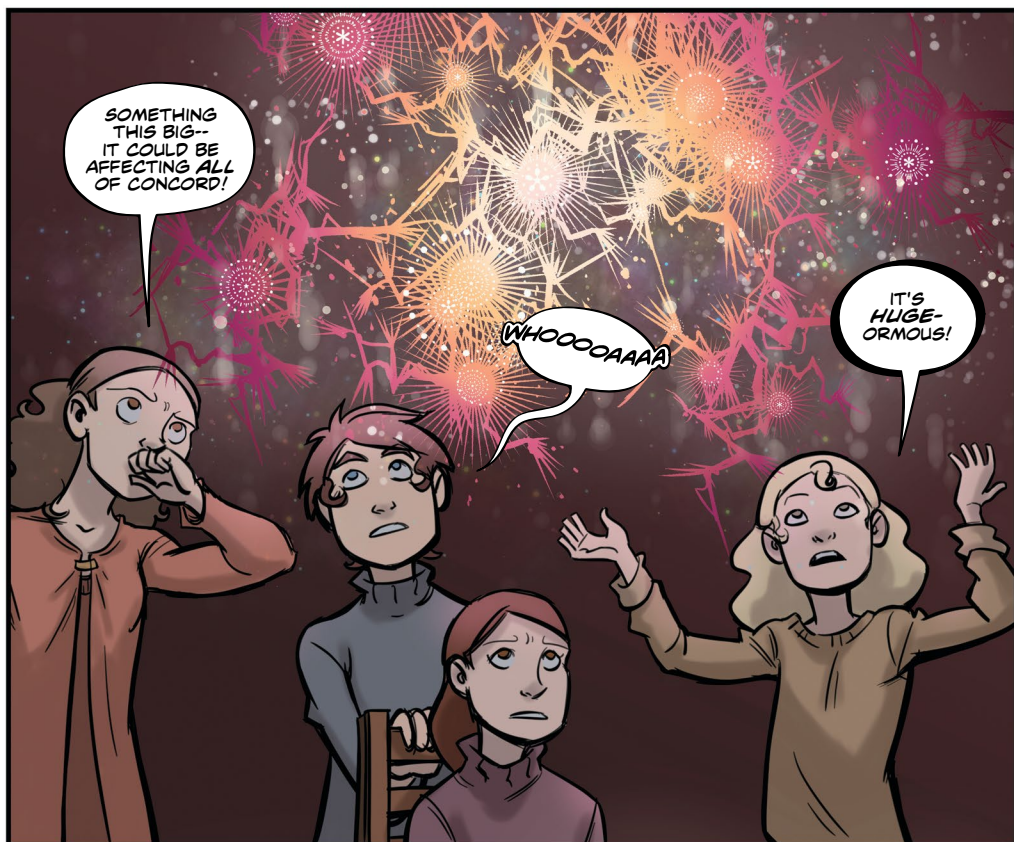
I-I'VE
GOT AN IDEA.
SOMETHING THAT
MIGHT HELP US
FIND WHOEVER
CAST THIS
CURSE.

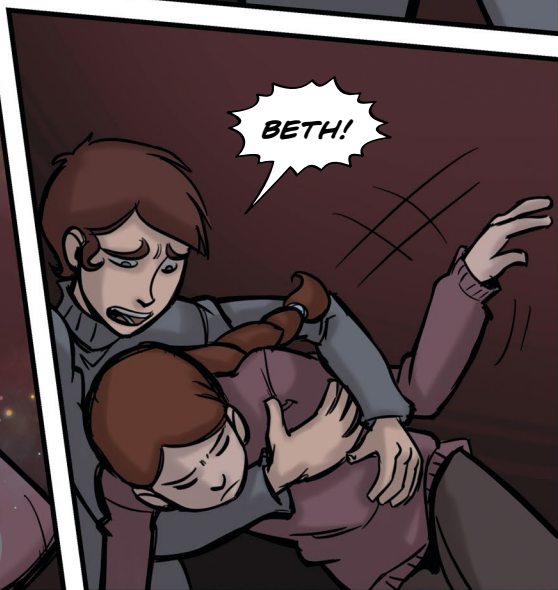
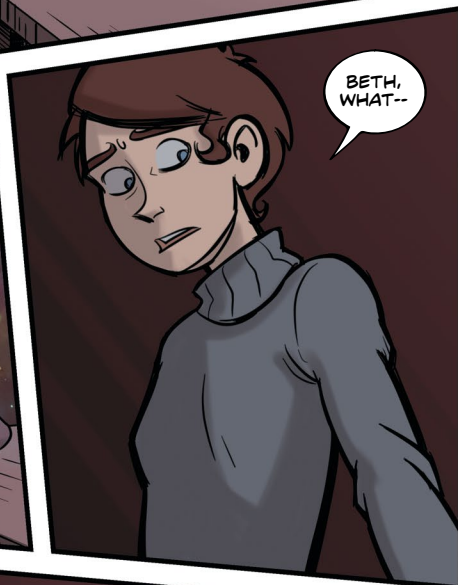


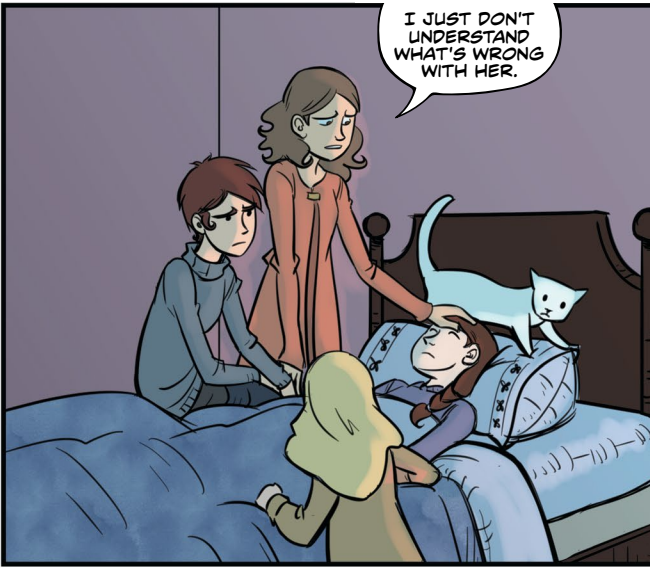
AUNT MARCH TAUGHT ME
A WAY TO TEST SPELLS
BEFORE I CAST THEM. A
WAY TO VISUALIZE A SPELL,
BEFORE YOU CAST IT. SO
YOU CAN BE CERTAIN OF
ITS SPHERE OF
FLATULENCE.











I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER.



SHE'S AN UNRAVELER...

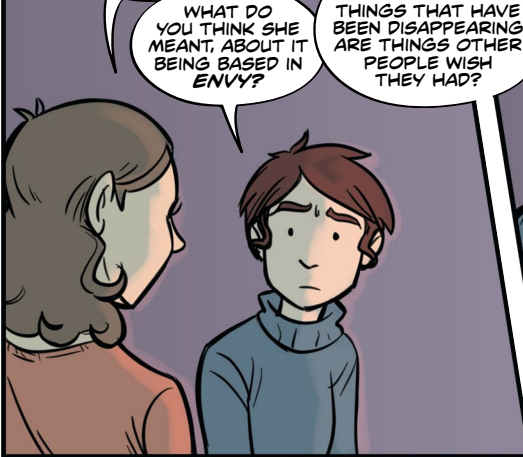
WHAT IF-- WHAT IF SHE'S BEEN PROTECTING US FROM THE CURSE?

THE ENERGY EXPENDITURE... IF IT'S SOMETHING SHE'S DOING UNCONSCIOUSLY, SOMETHING SHE CAN'T CONTROL, THAT COULD BE WHAT'S SICKENING HER.

WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE MEANT, ABOUT IT BEING BASED IN ENVY?

MAYBE... MAYBE THE THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING ARE THINGS OTHER PEOPLE WISH THEY HAD?

IF THAT'S THE CASE, WE SHOULD GET LAURIE AND BRING HIM OVER HERE. BETH WOULD WANT HIM PROTECTED, TOO.

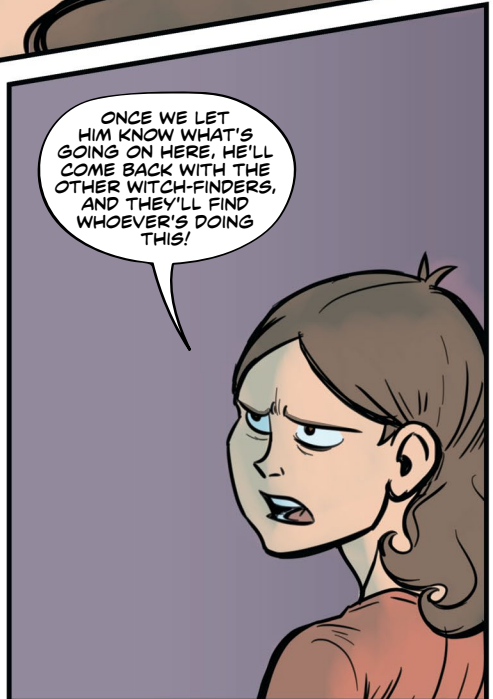
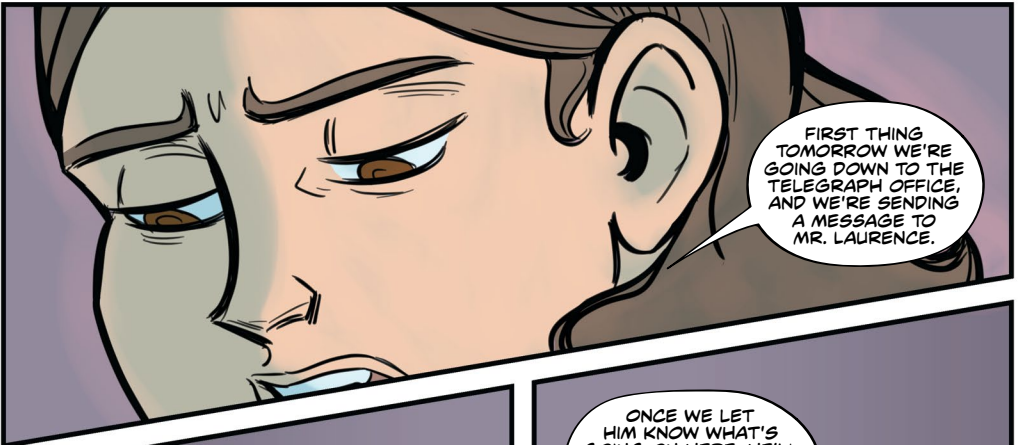
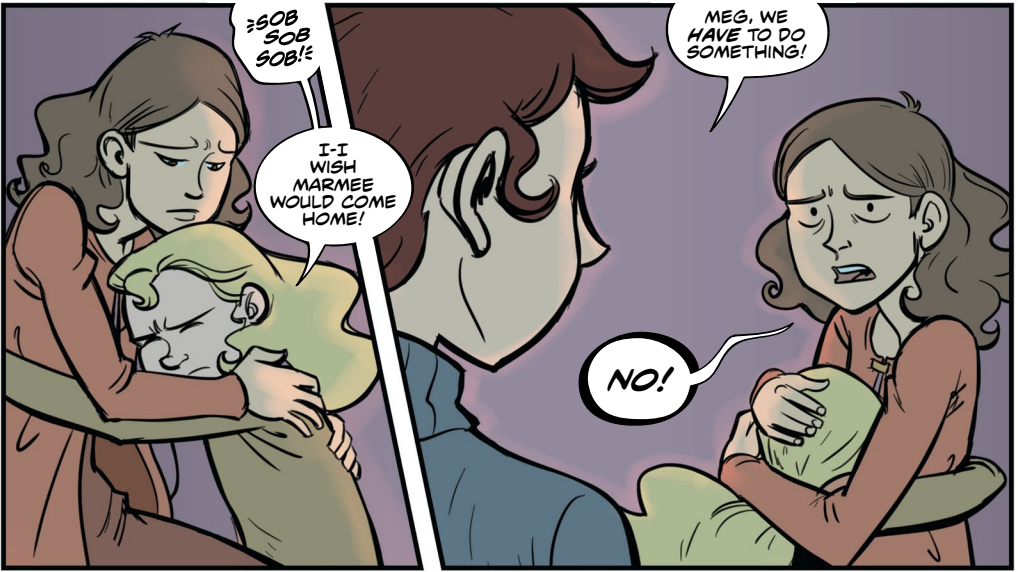


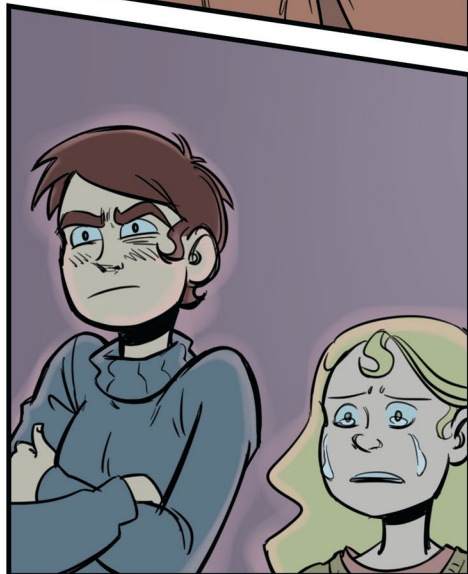
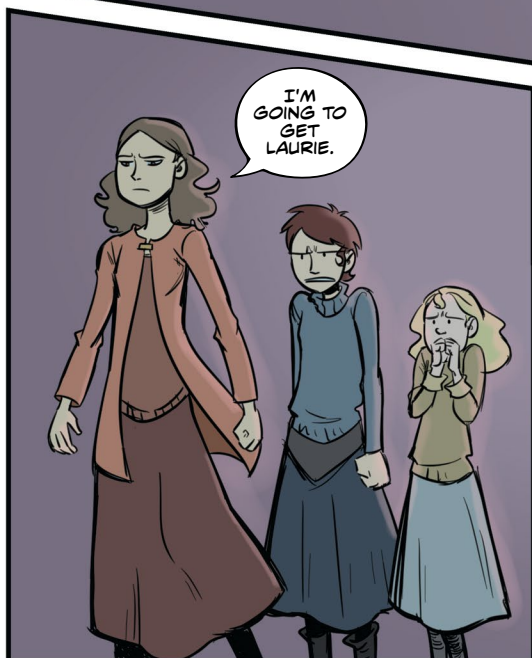
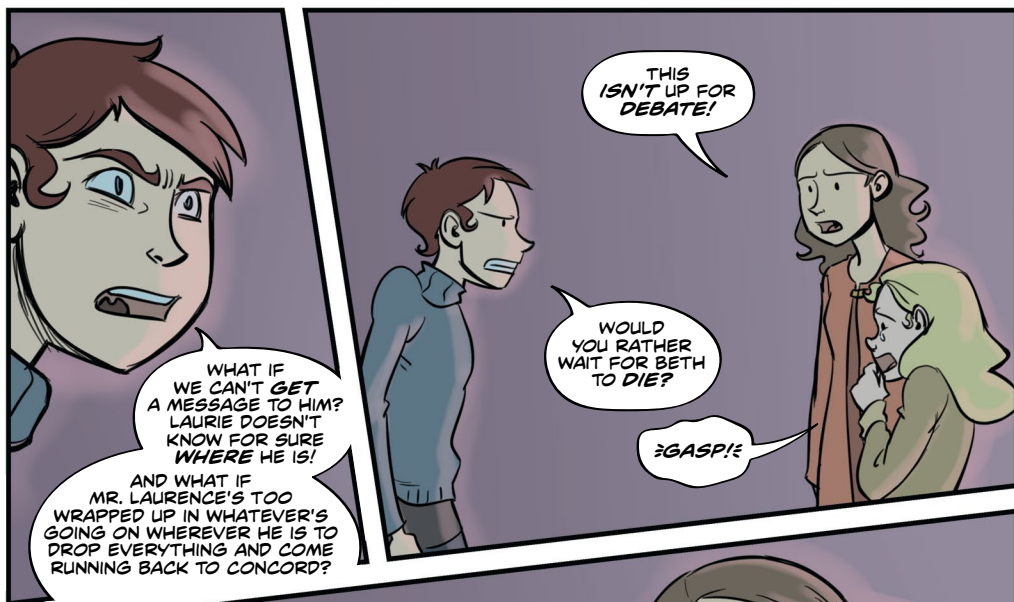
I BET THERE'S LOTS OF PEOPLE JEALOUS OF THE LAURENCES.



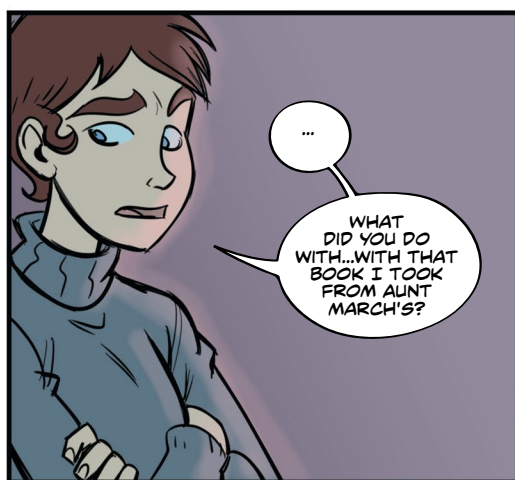
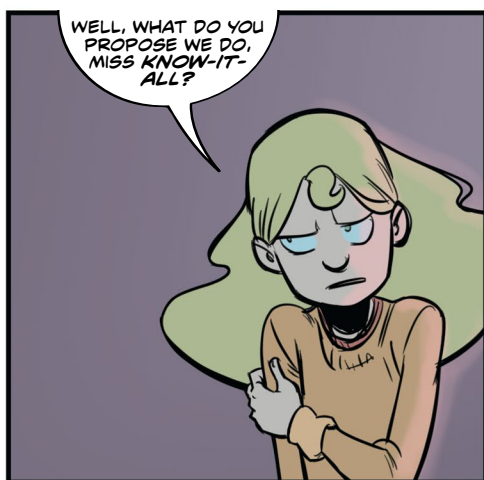
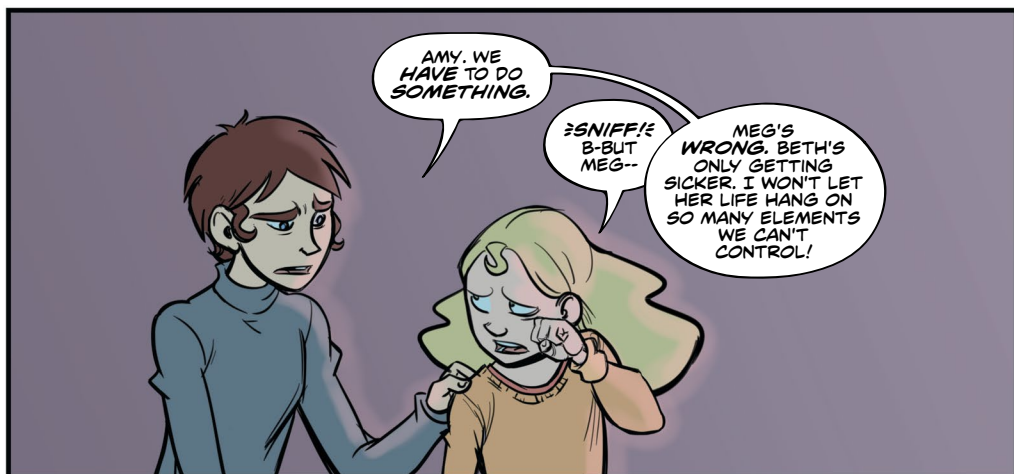
AMY...

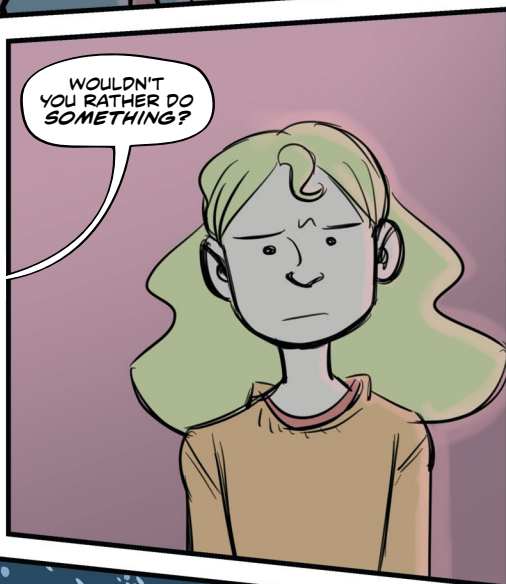
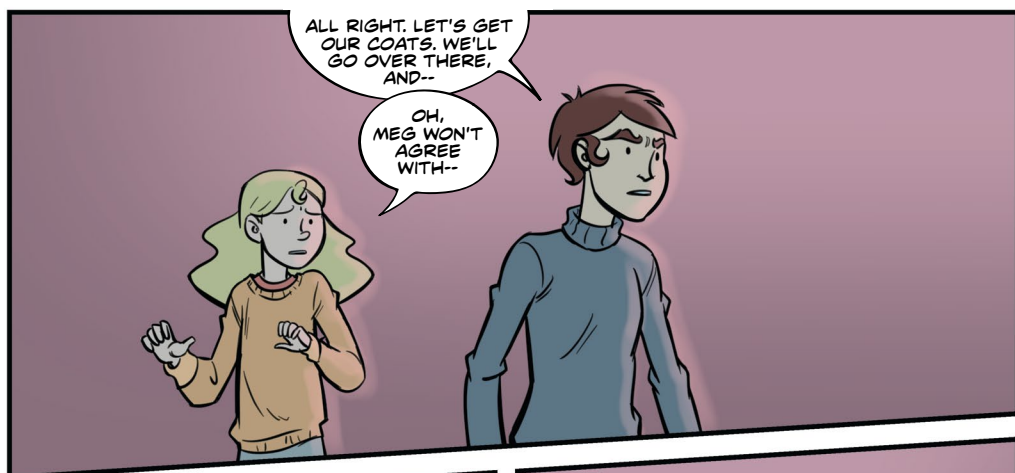
CHOKE



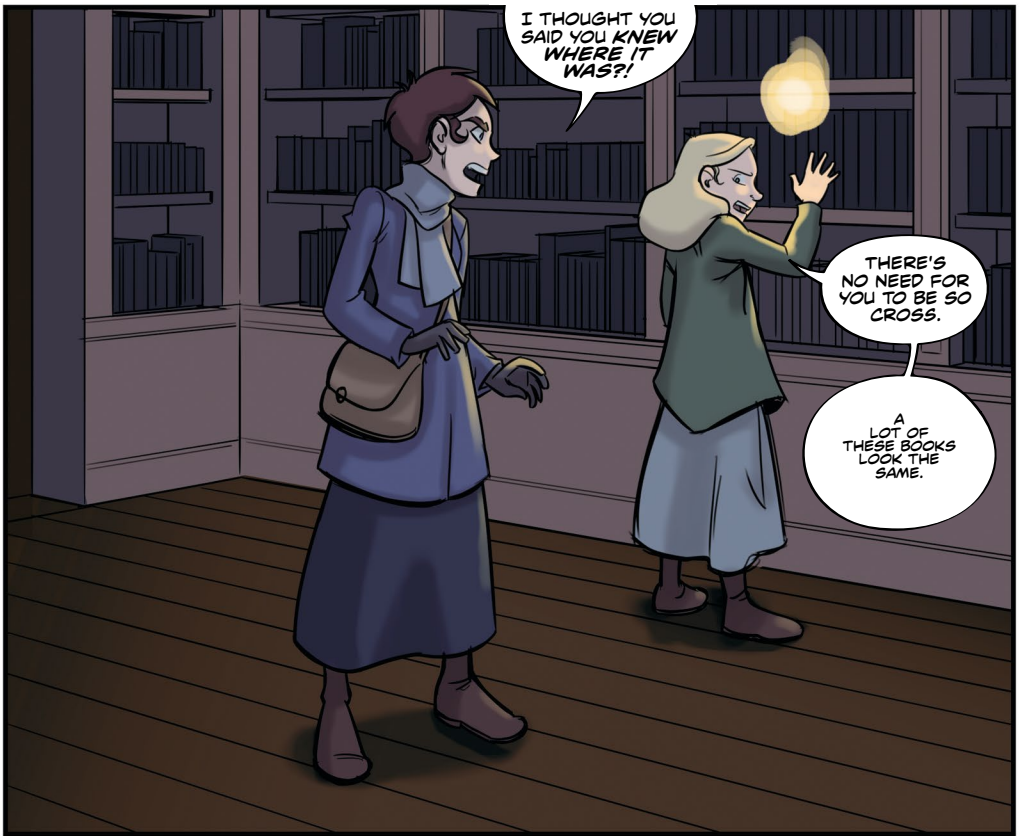






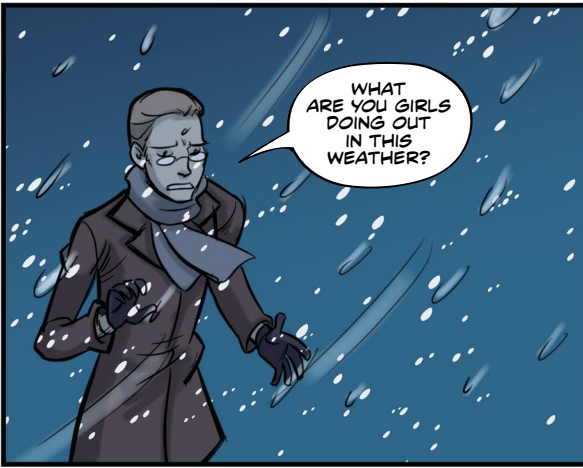




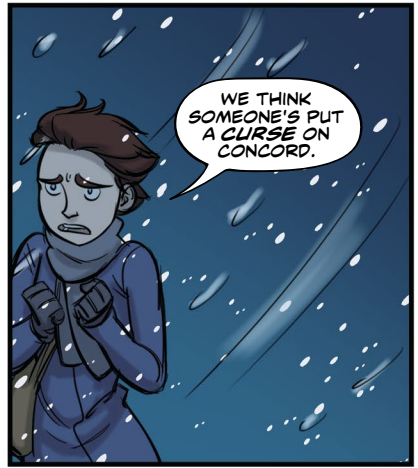




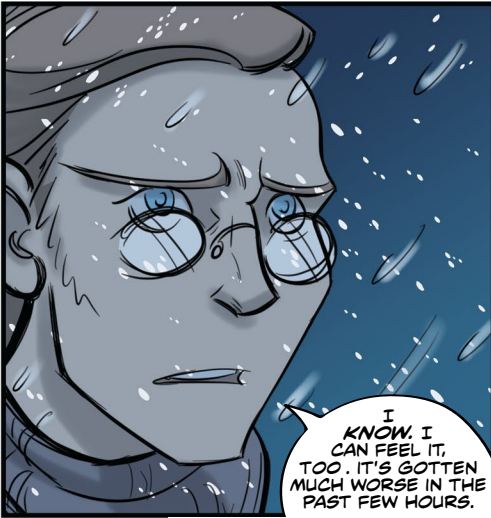




WHAT
ARE YOU GIRLS
DOING OUT
IN THIS
WEATHER?



WE THINK
SOMEONE'S PUT
A CURSE ON
CONCORD.



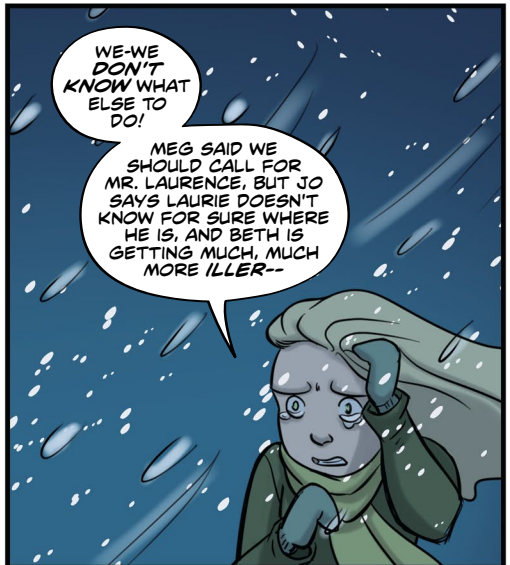
I
KNOW. I
CAN FEEL IT.
TOO. IT'S GOTTEN
MUCH WORSE IN THE
PAST FEW HOURS.



WE'RE
TRYING TO
UNRAVEL
IT.

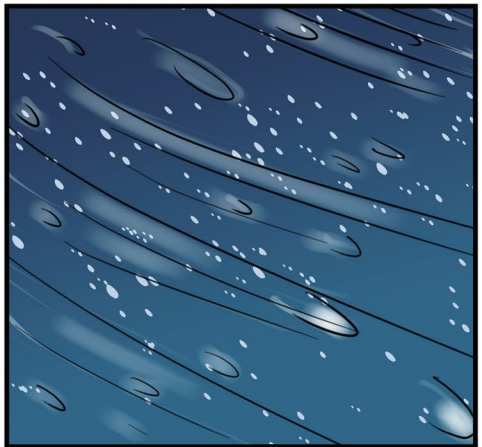
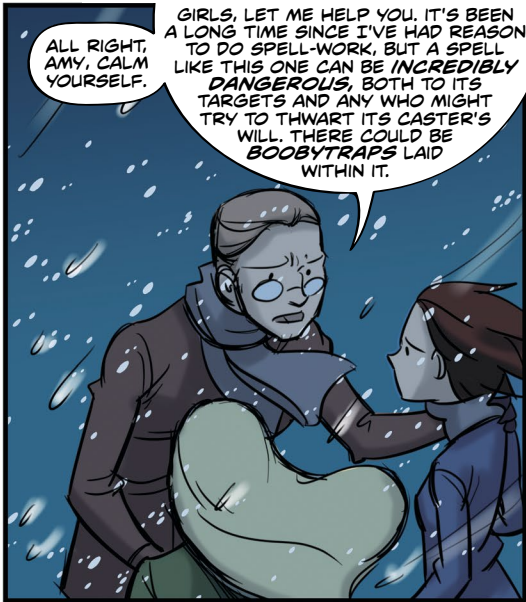


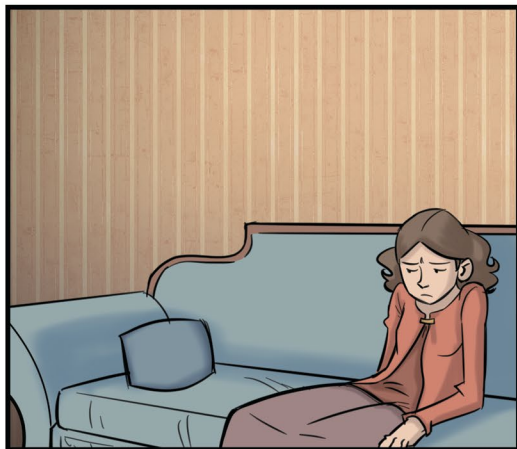
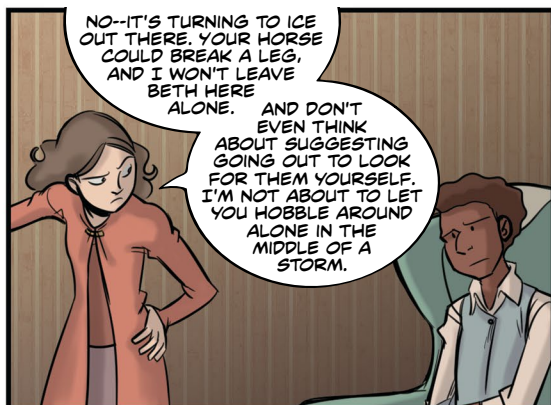
A SPELL OF THIS
MAGNITUDE?
BY
YOURSELVES?

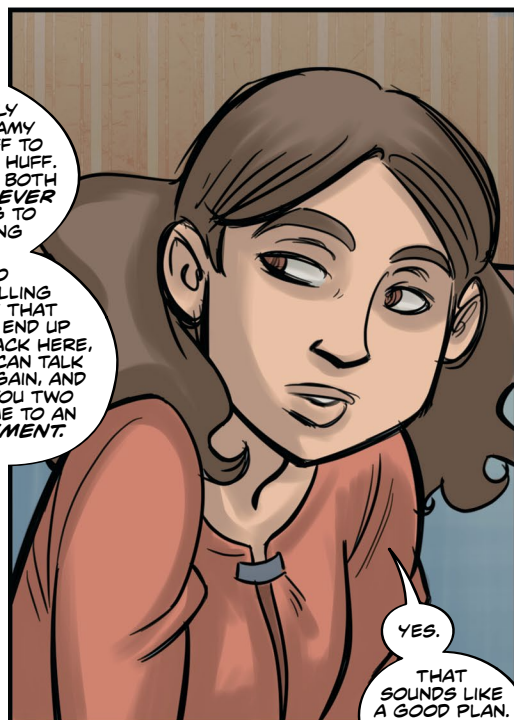
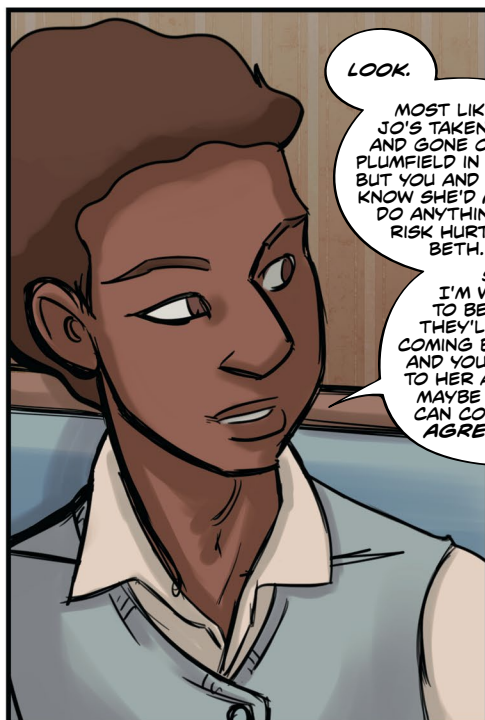
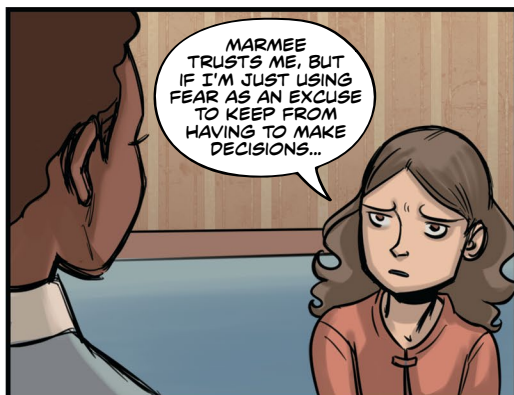
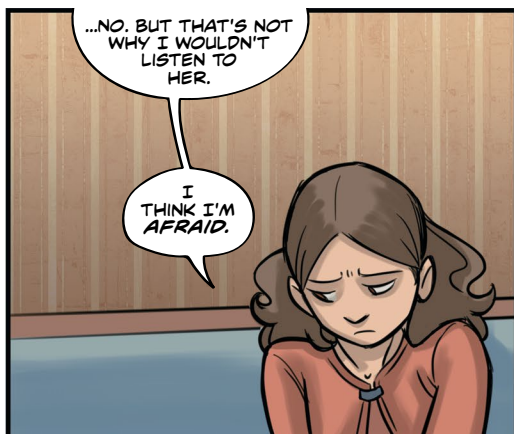


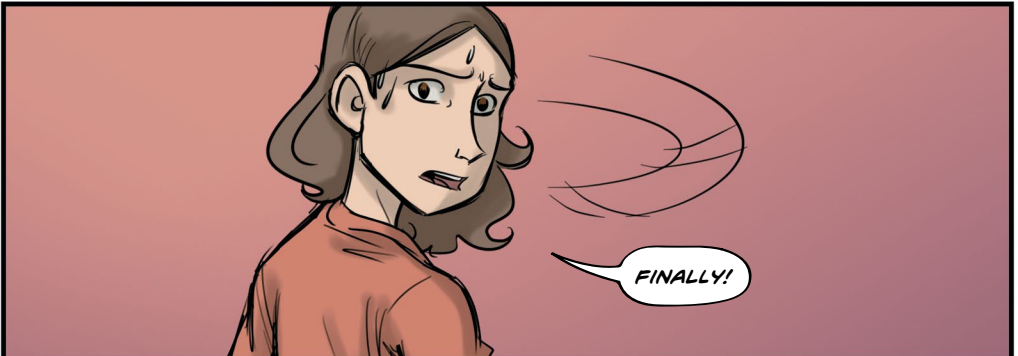
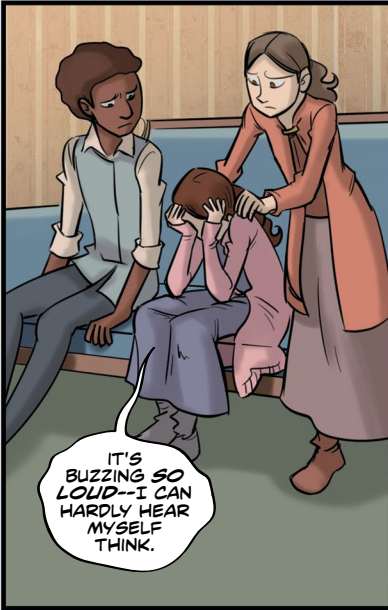
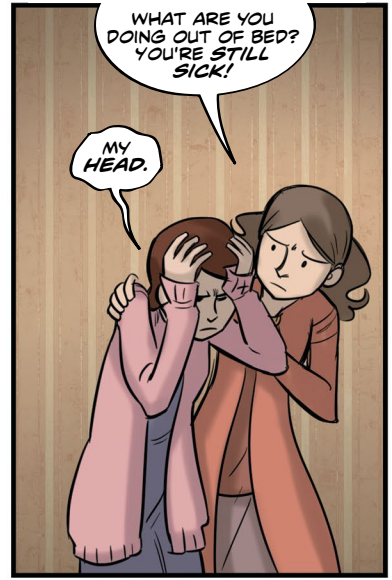
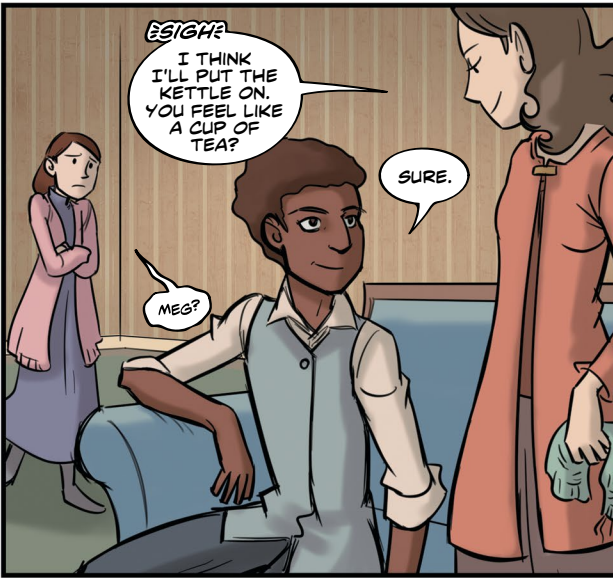
WE-WE
DON'T
KNOW WHAT
ELSE TO
DO!

MEG SAID WE
SHOULD CALL FOR
MR. LAURENCE, BUT JO
SAYS LAURIE DOESN'T
KNOW FOR SURE WHERE
HE IS, AND BETH IS
GETTING MUCH, MUCH
MORE ILLER--

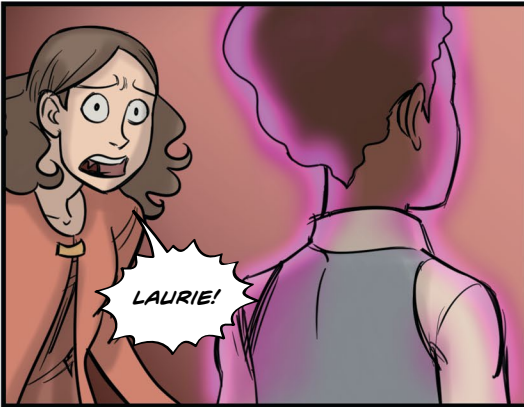


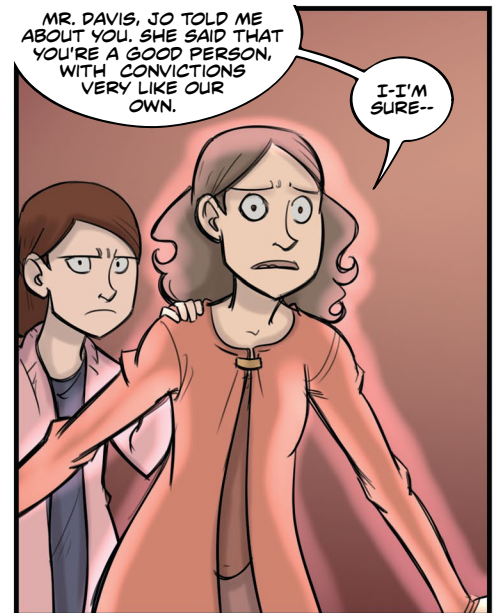
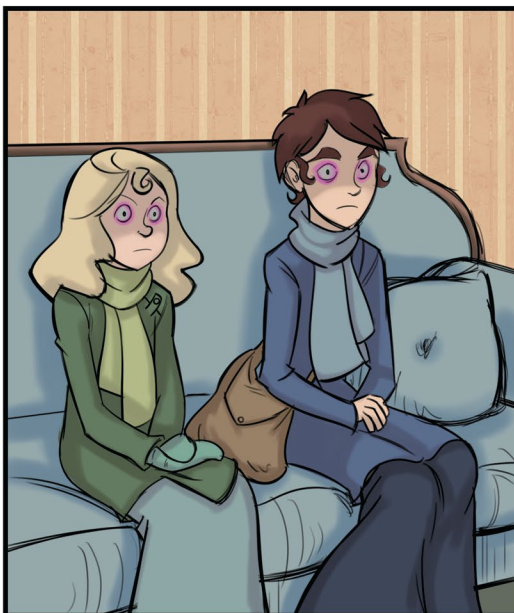
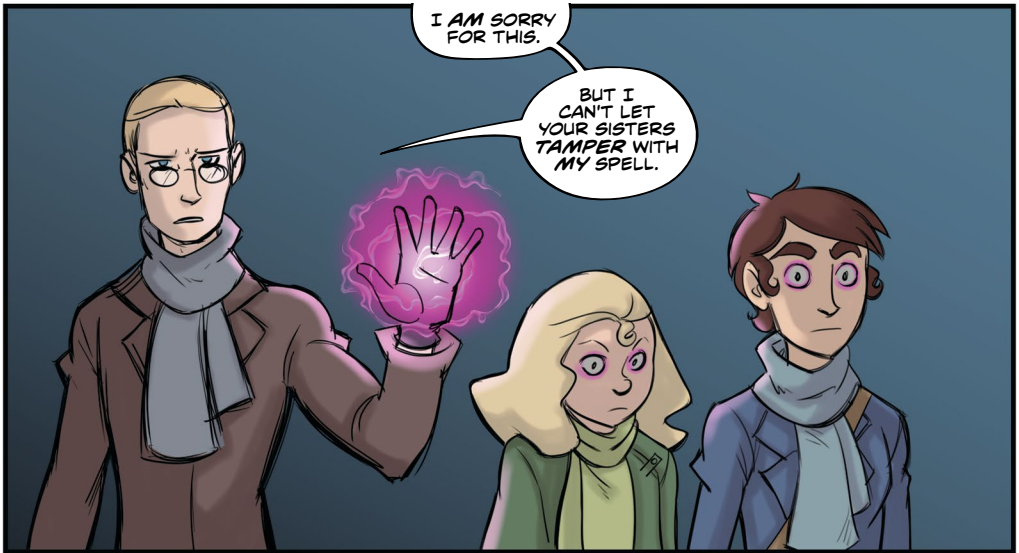
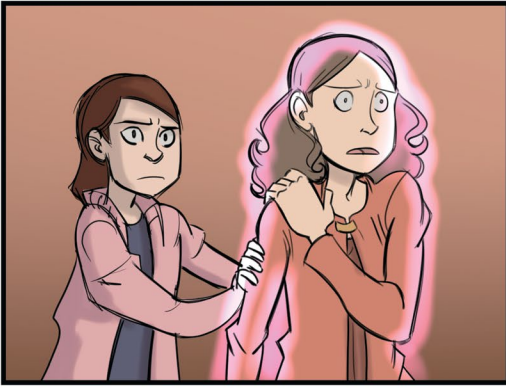


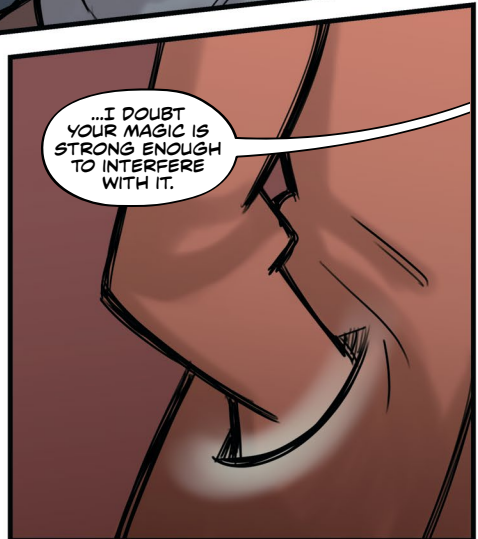
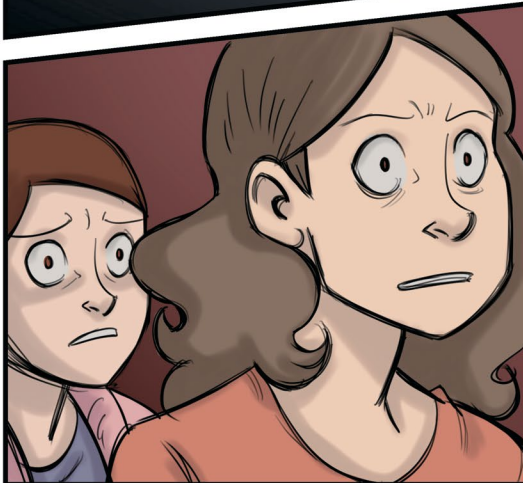
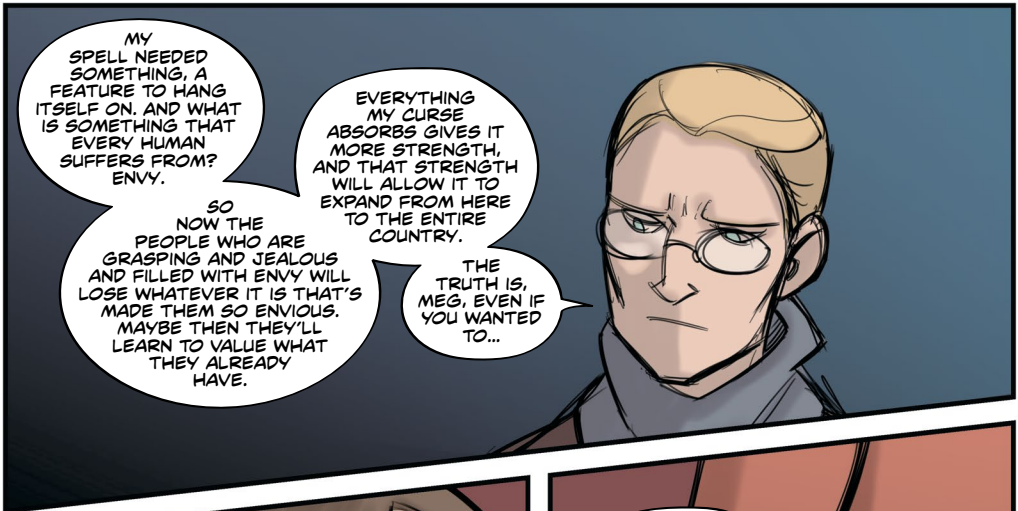
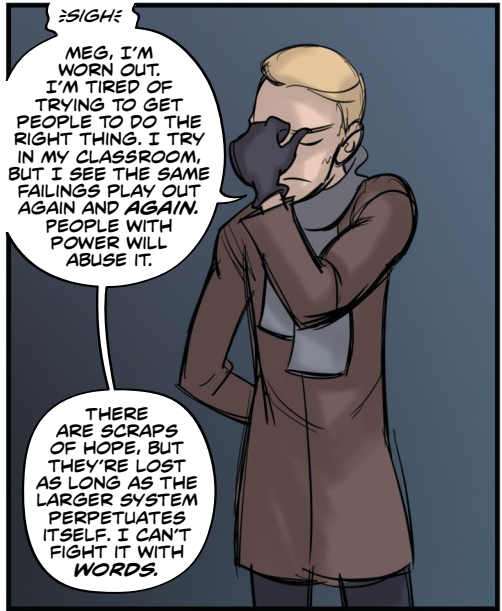


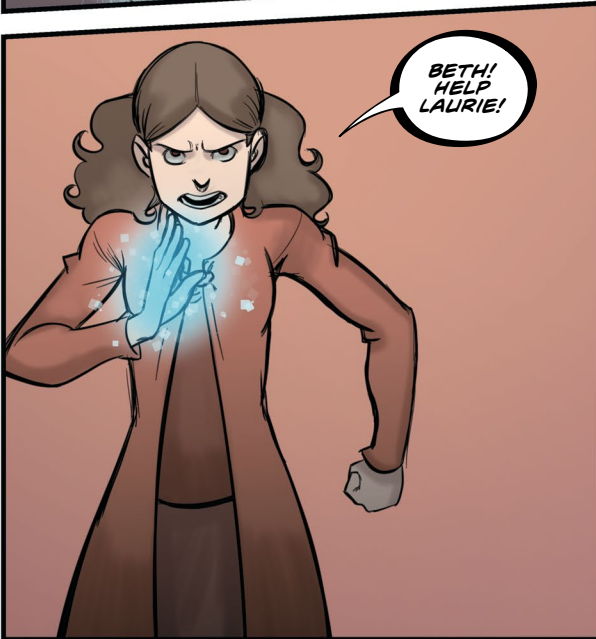
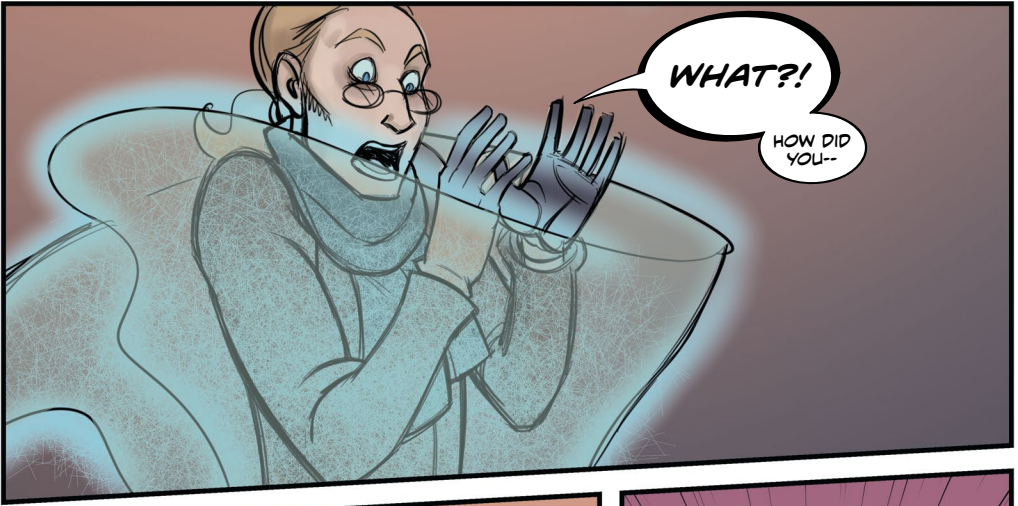


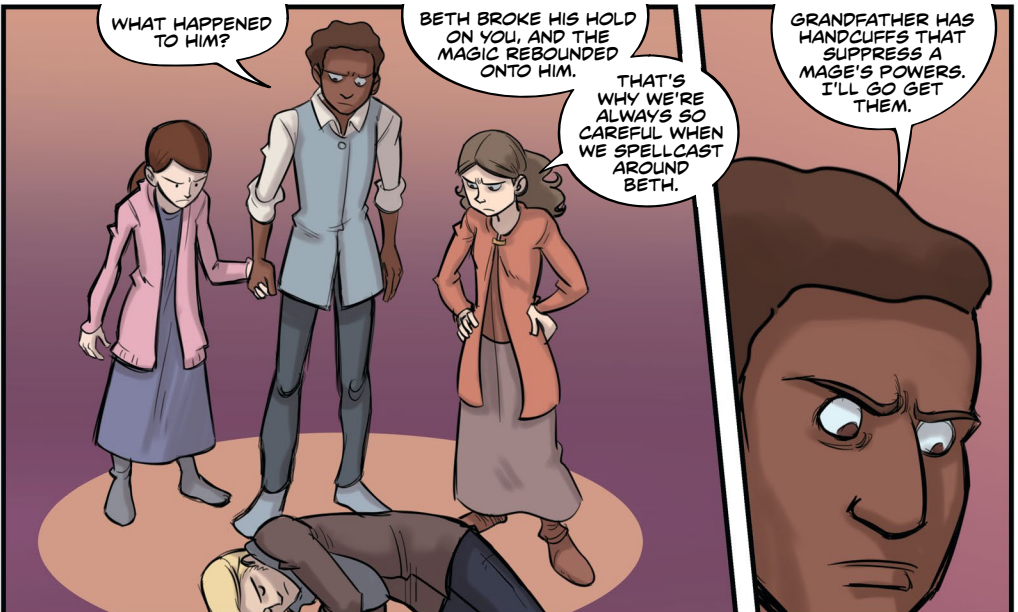
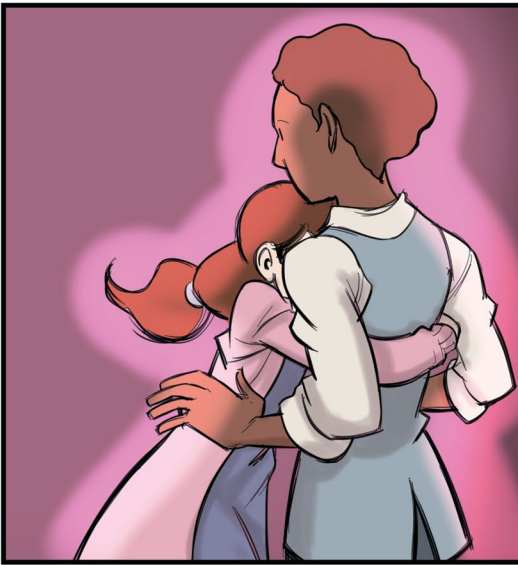




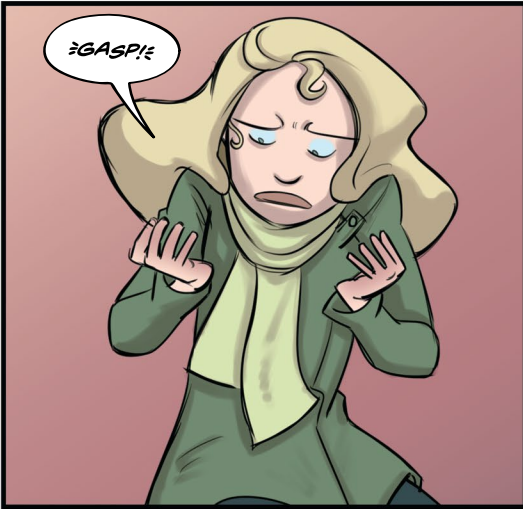
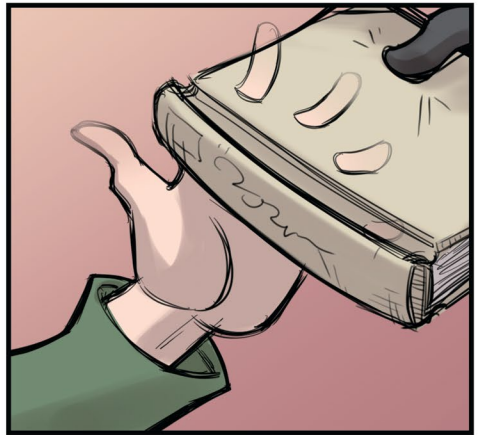


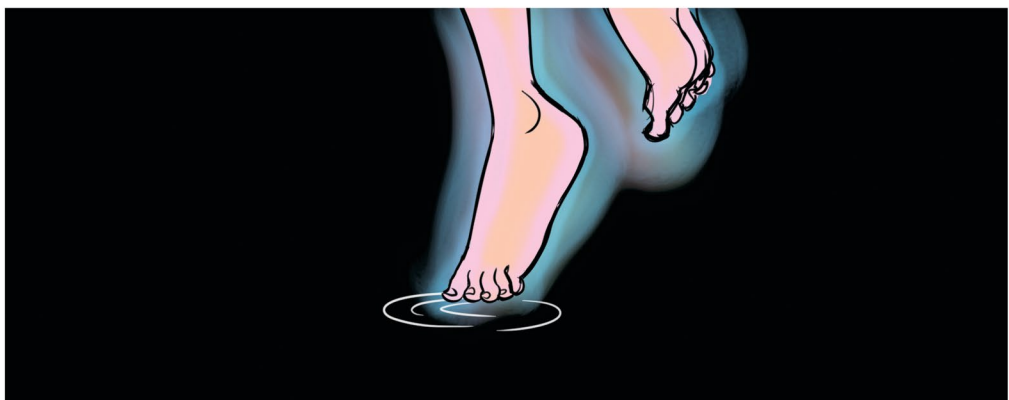


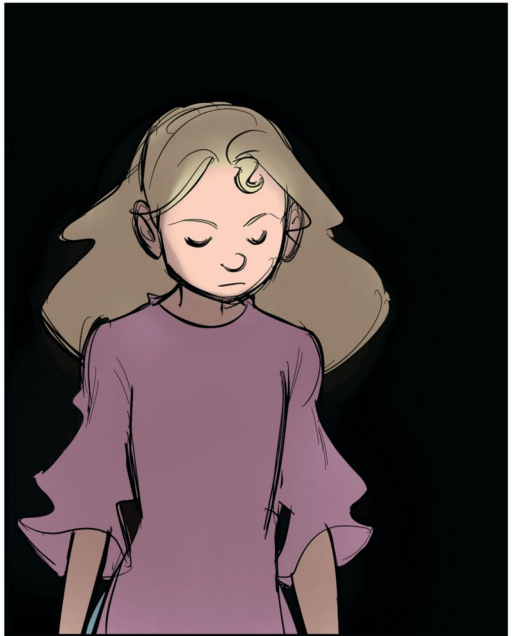


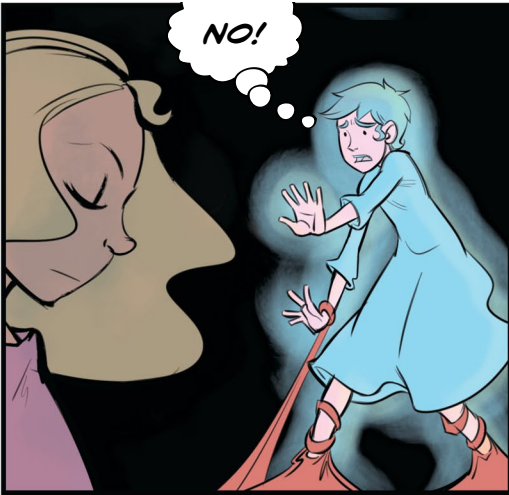
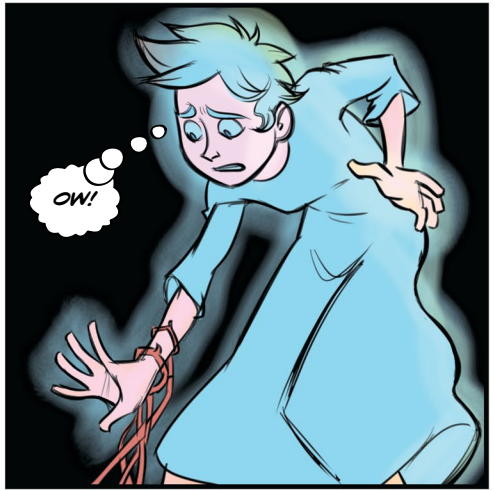


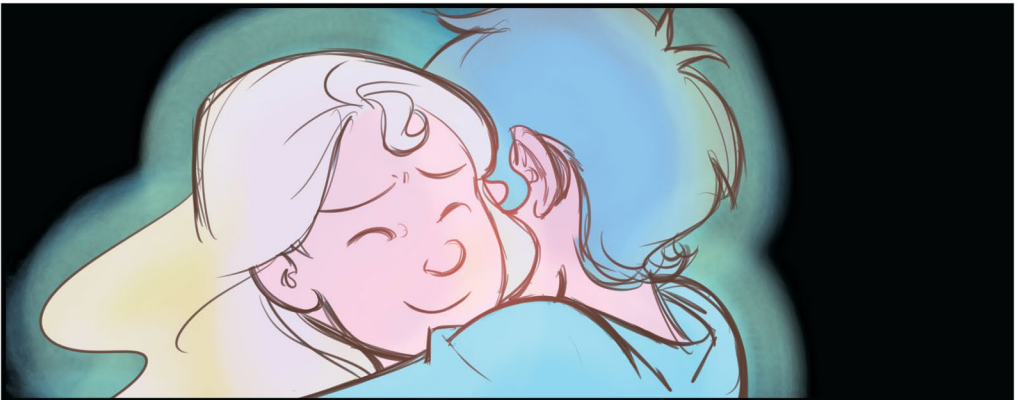
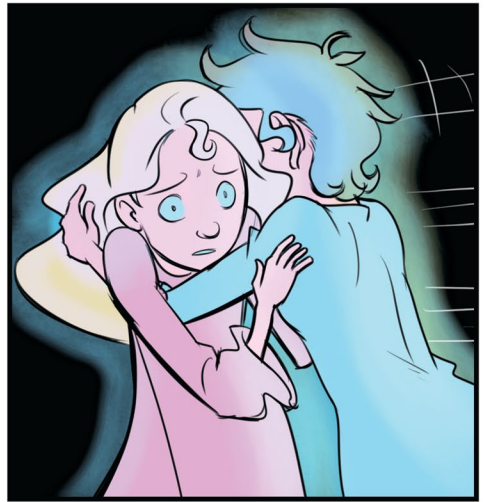
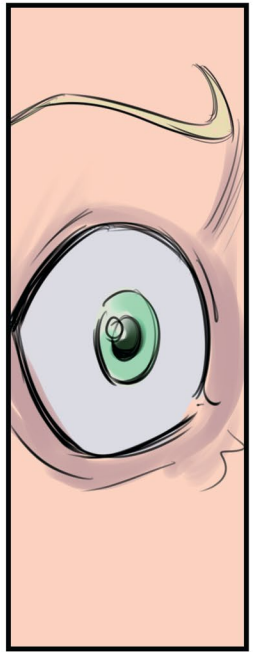
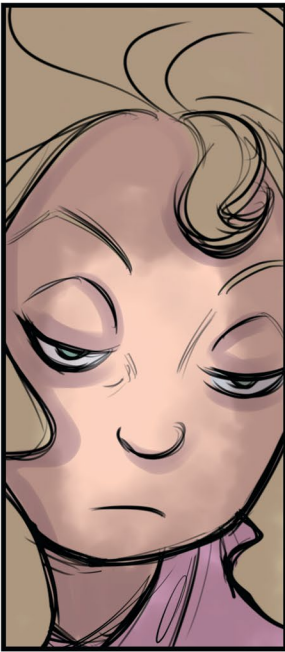


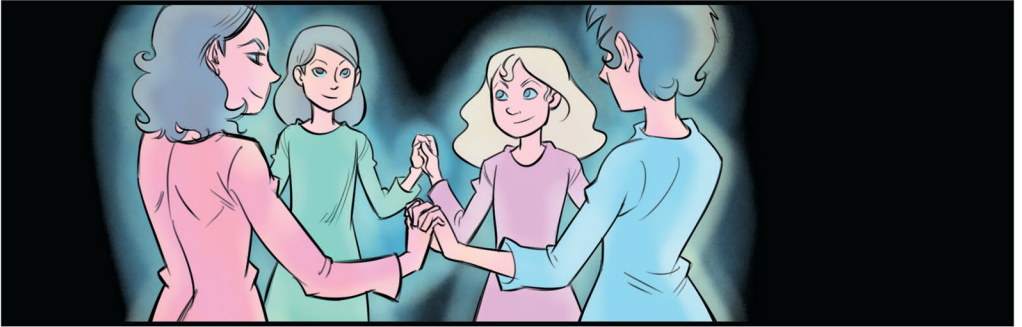


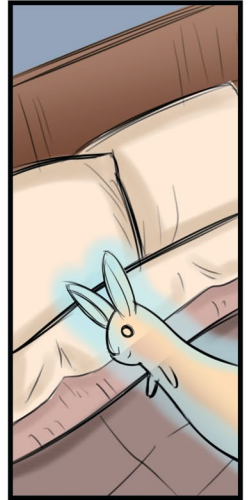
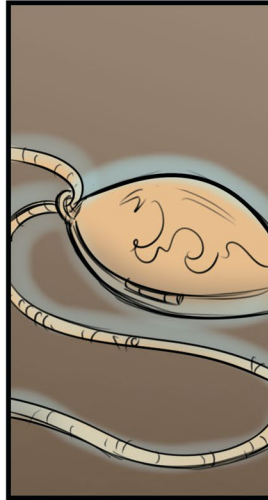
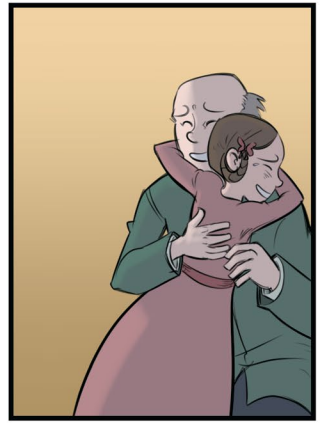


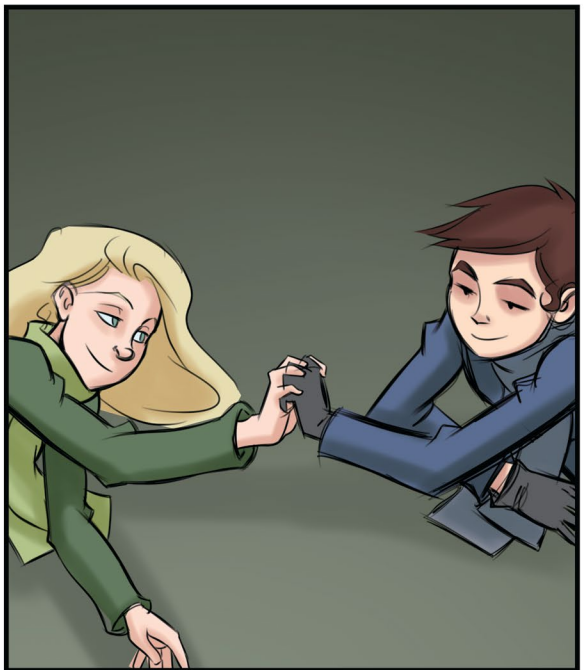


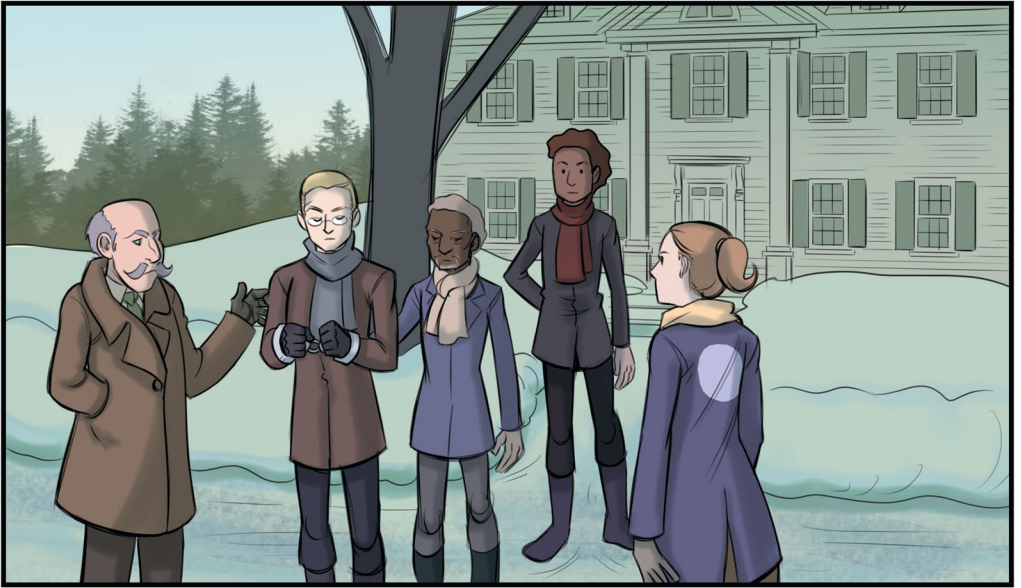


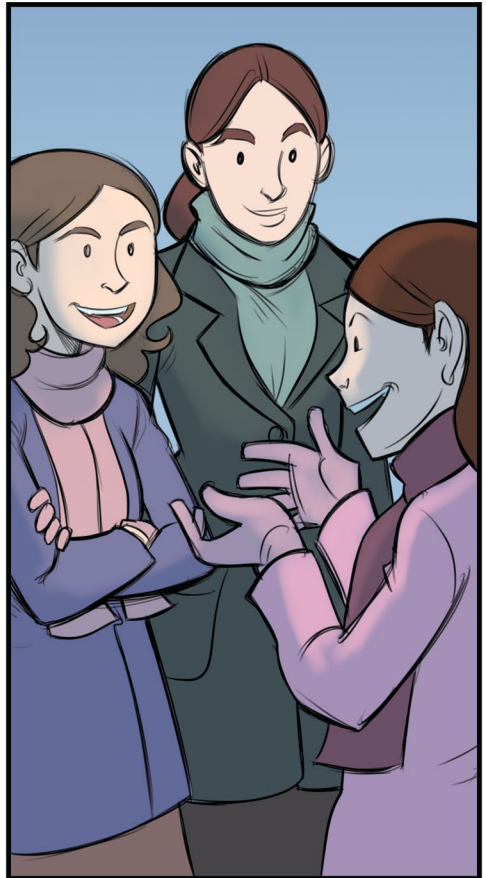
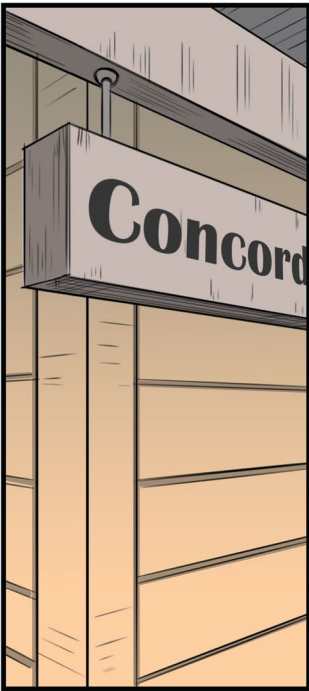


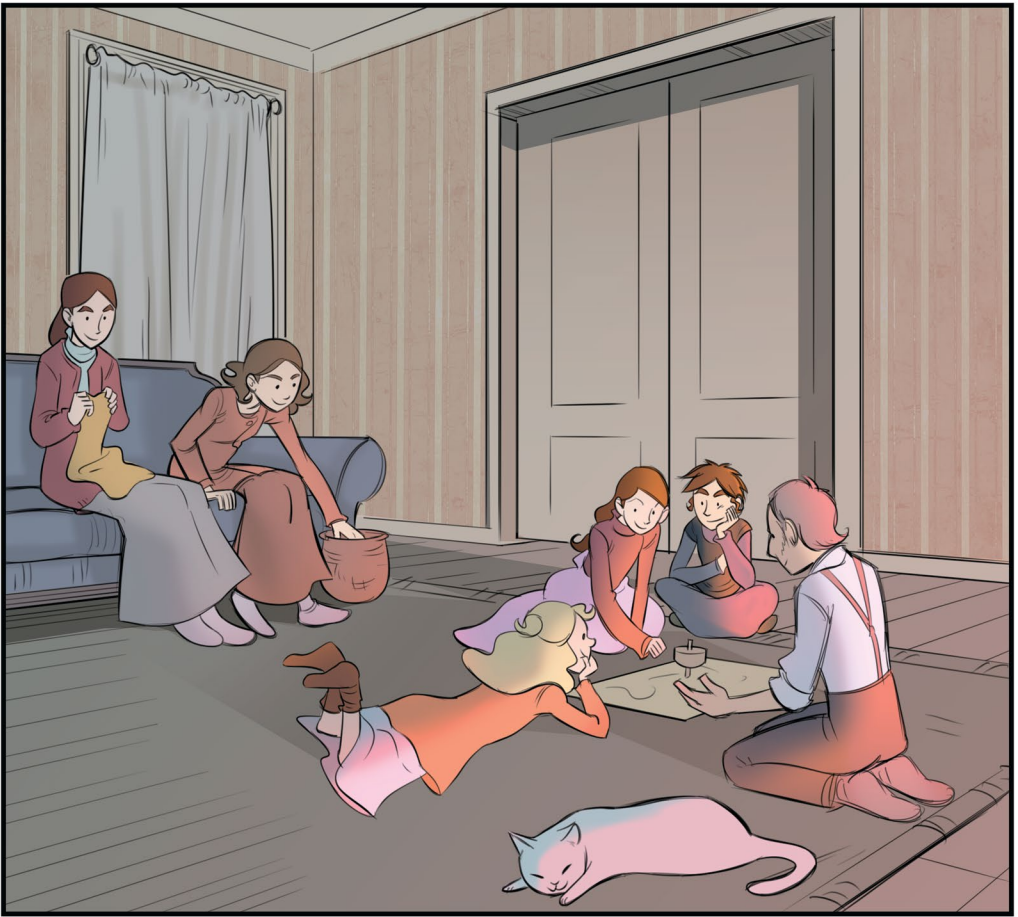






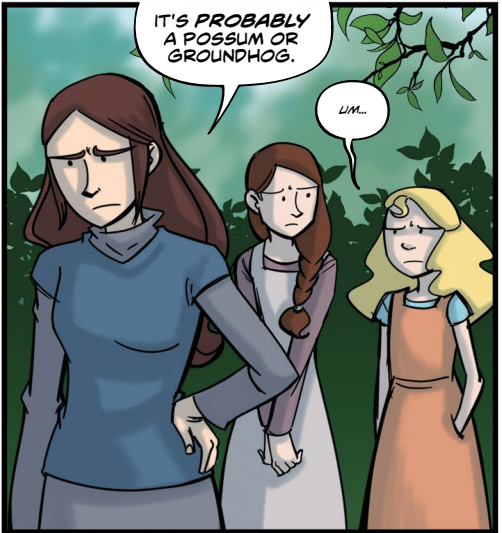


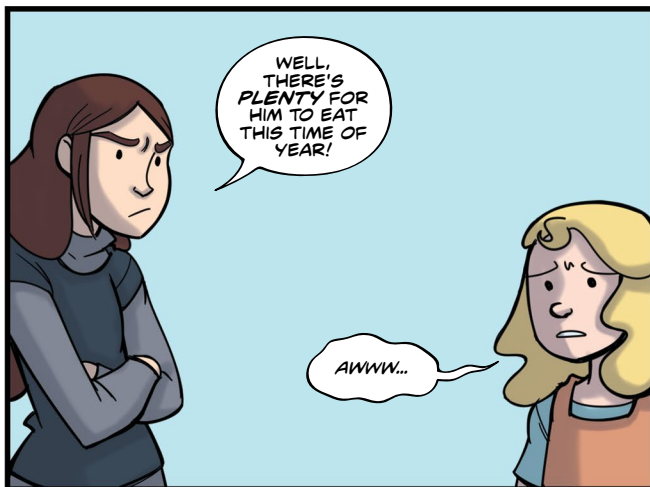
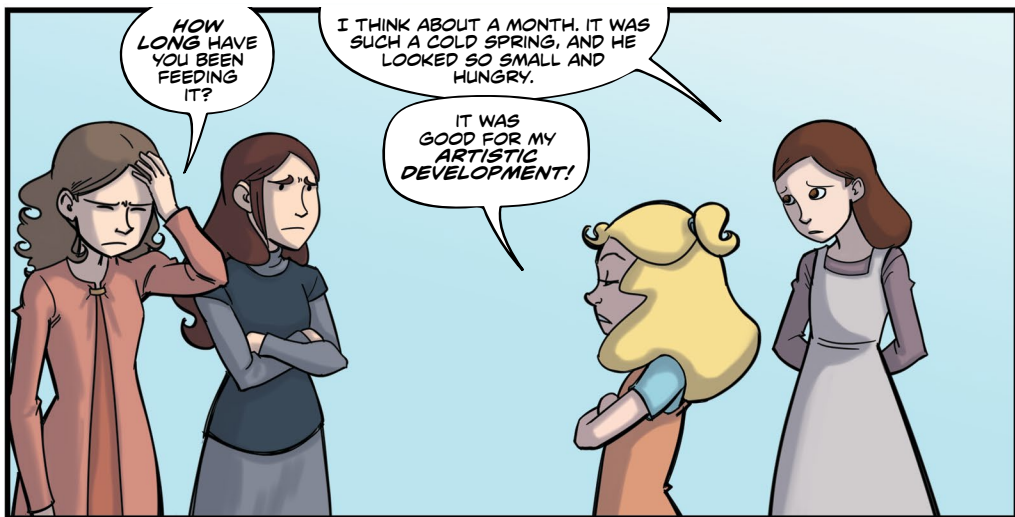
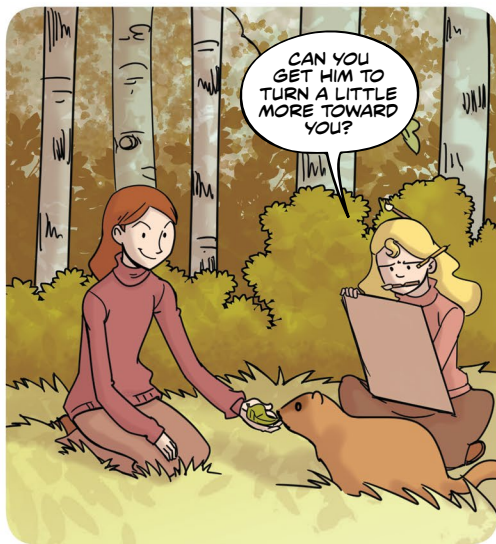


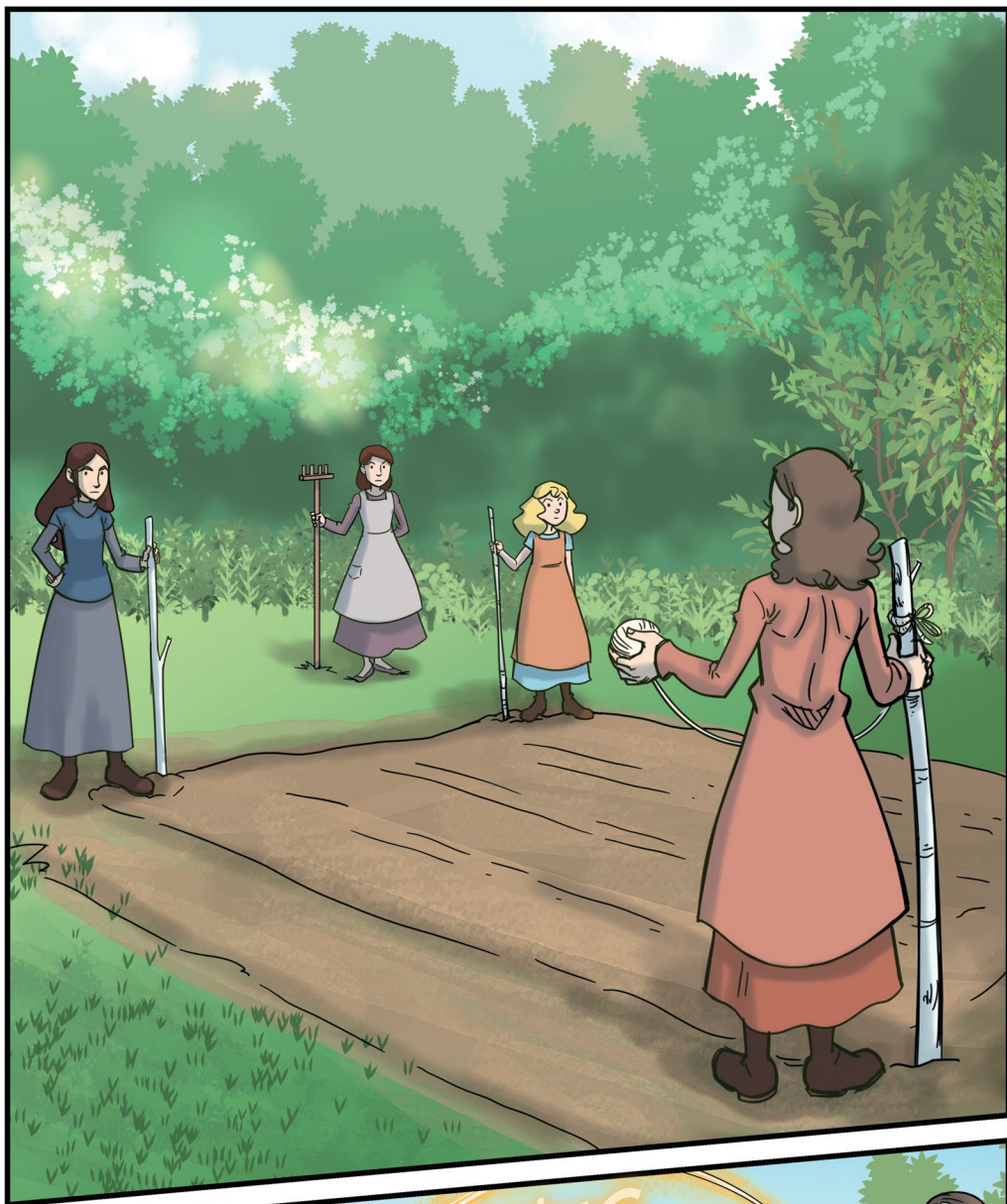


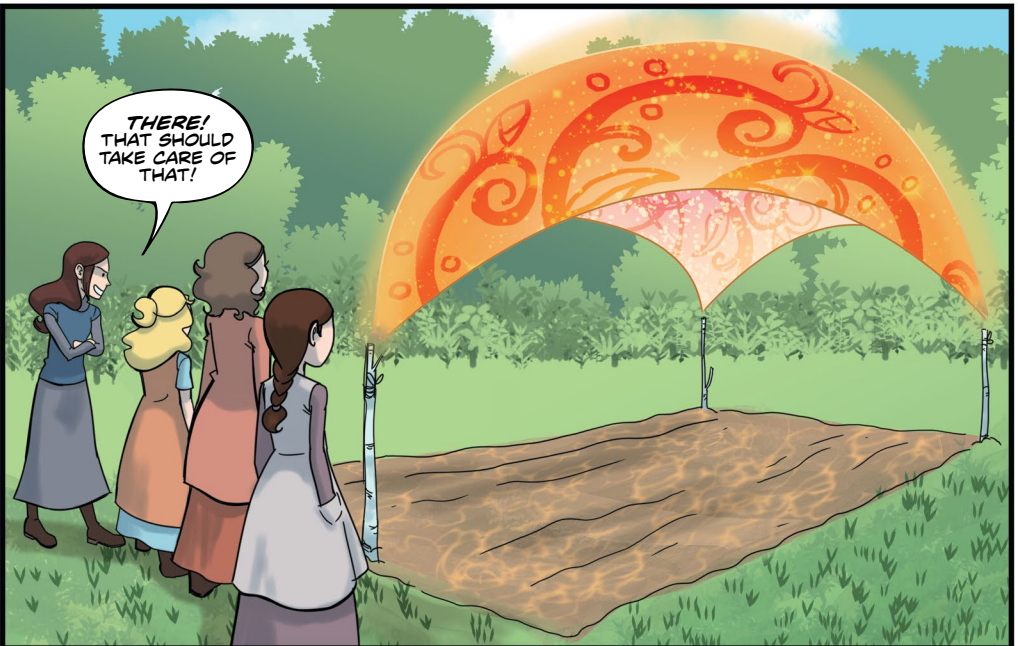
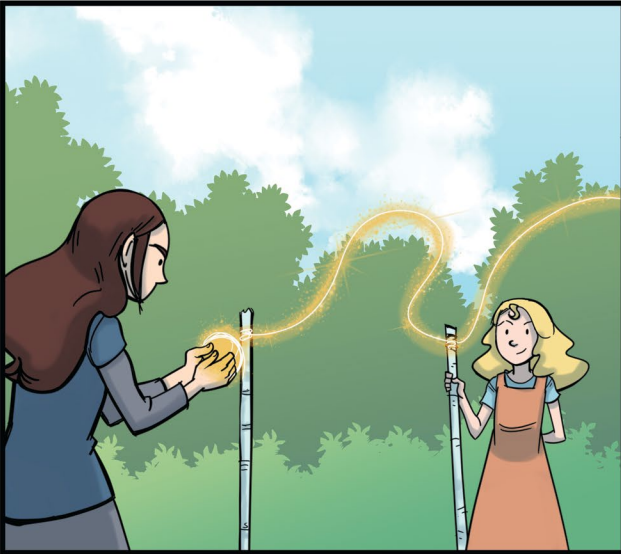
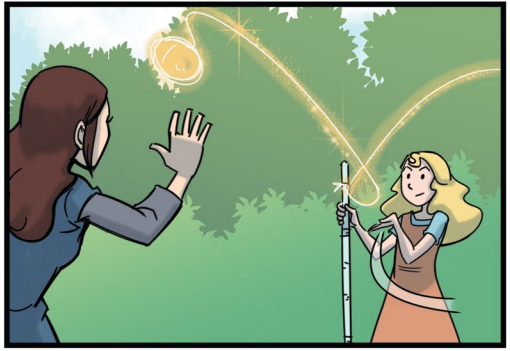
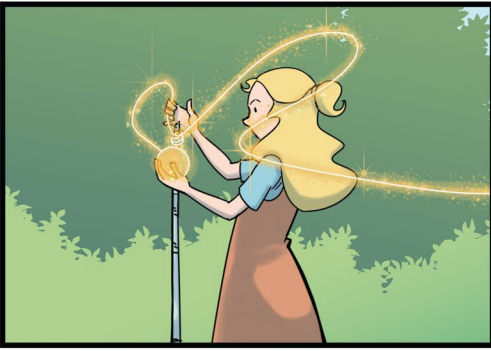
Little Witches

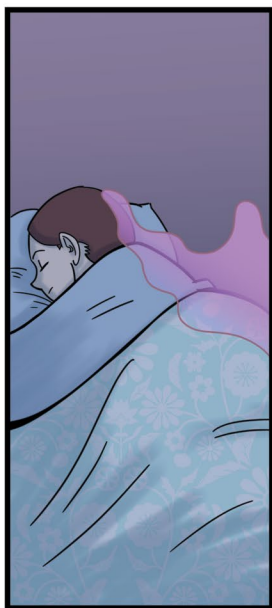
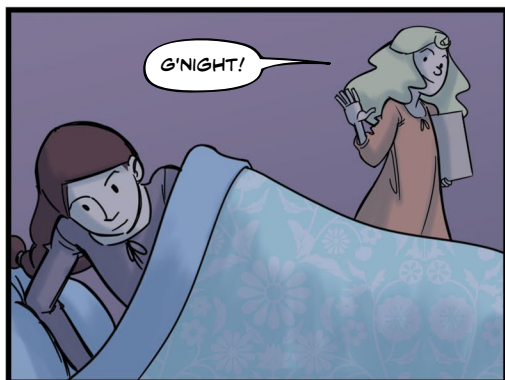
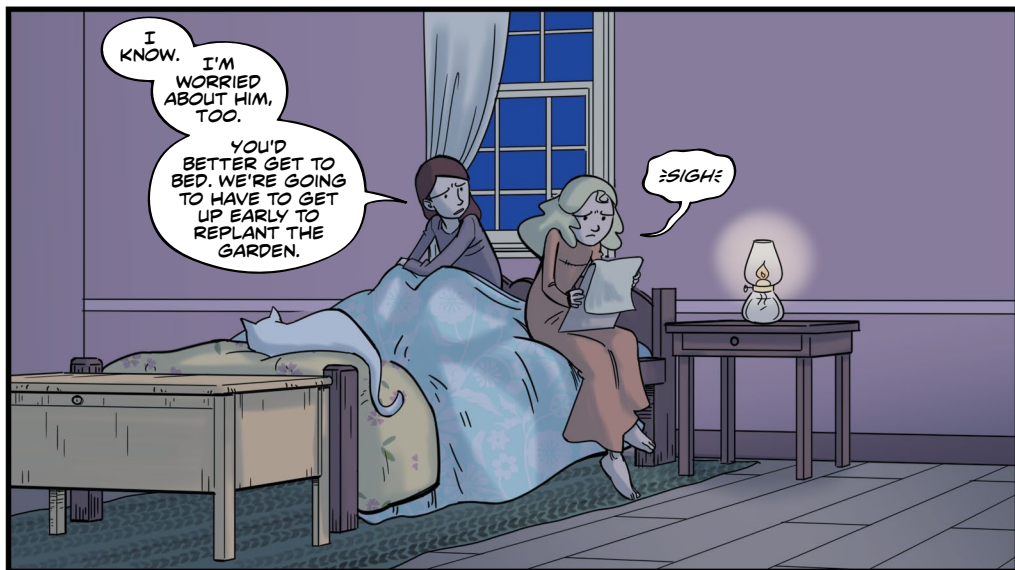
THE PROBLEM OF TOO MANY PESTS

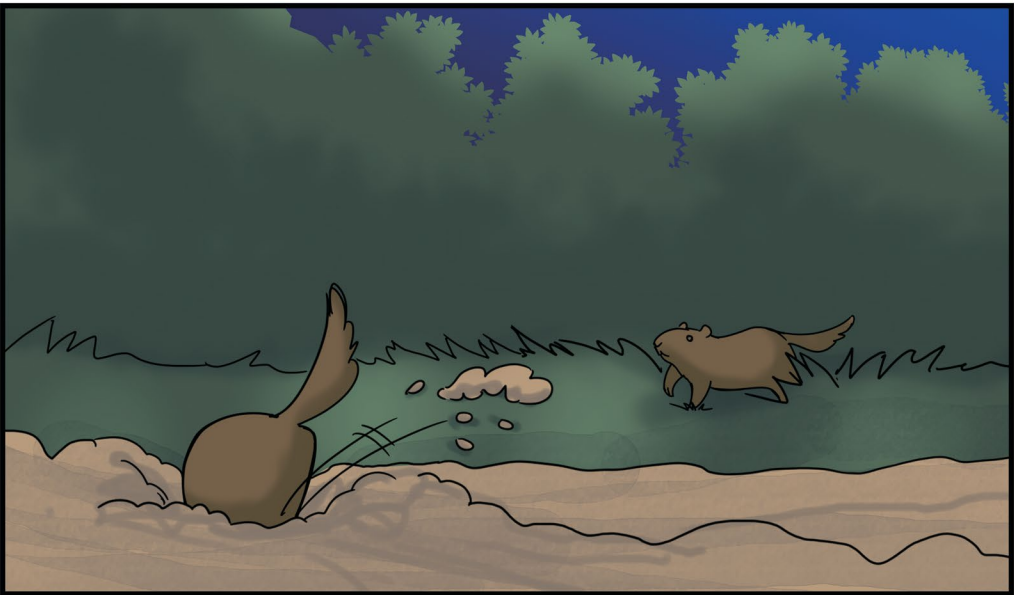
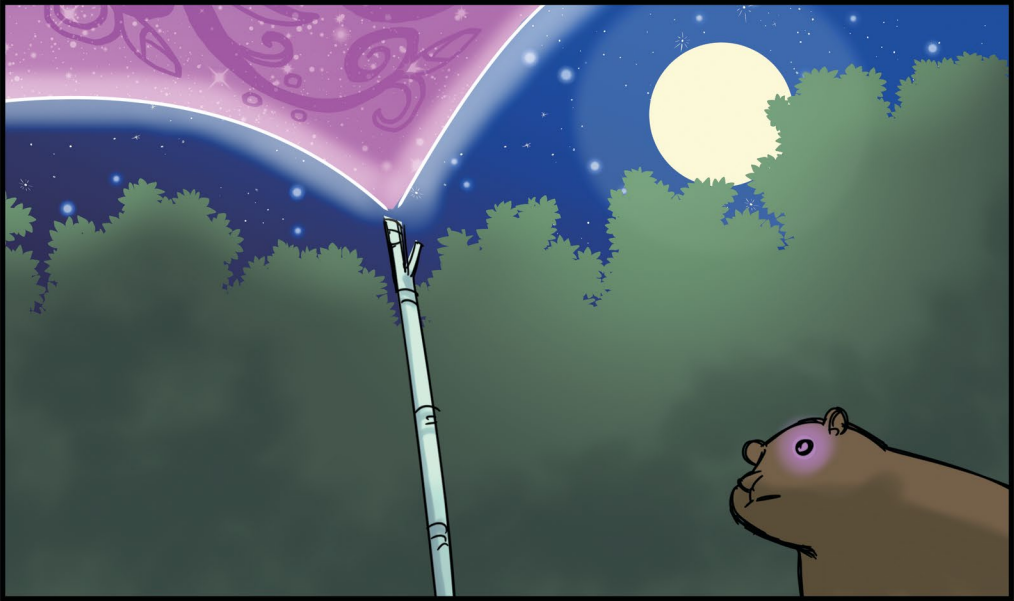


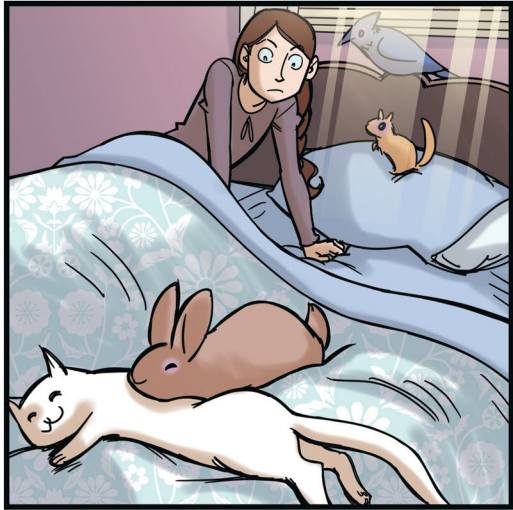


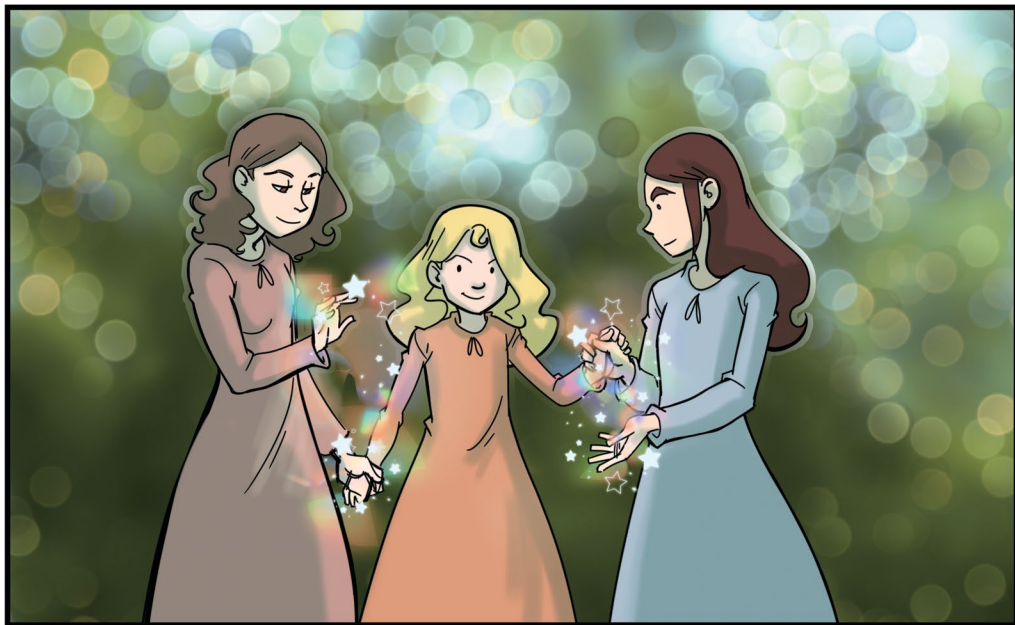
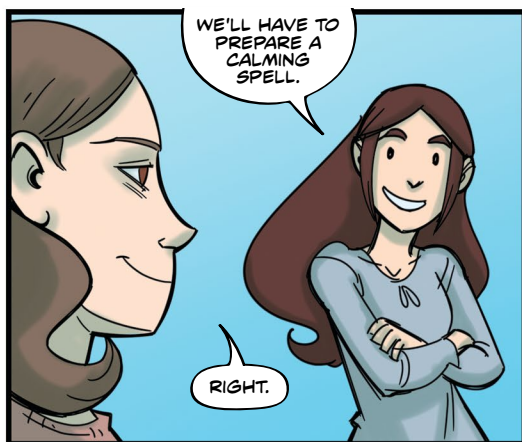
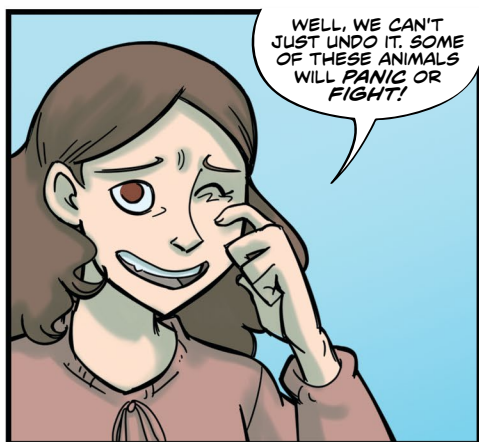
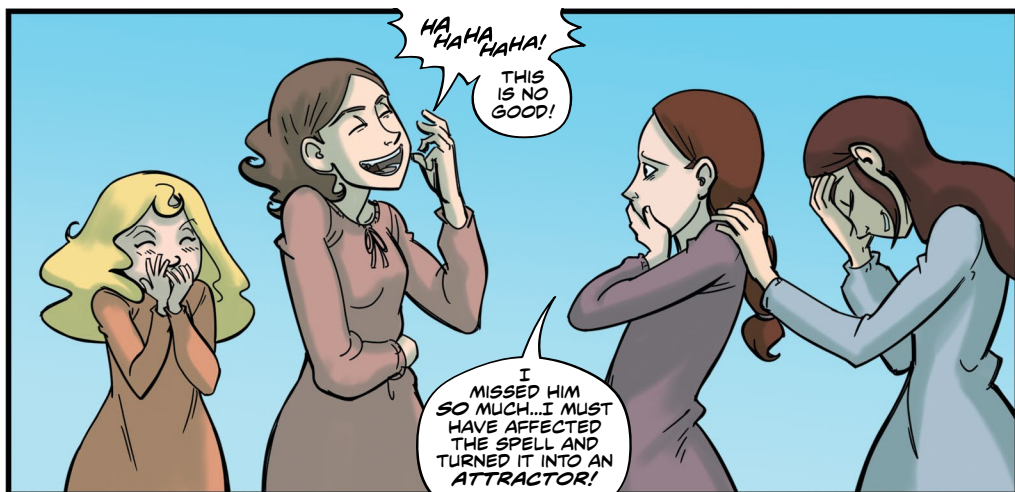


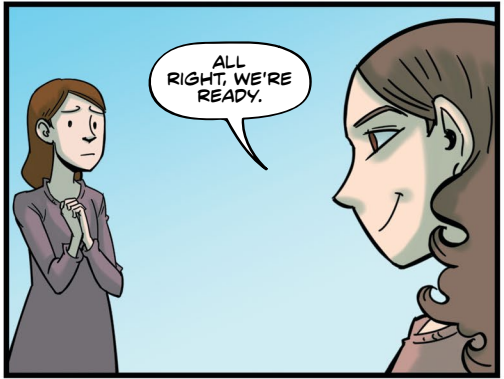




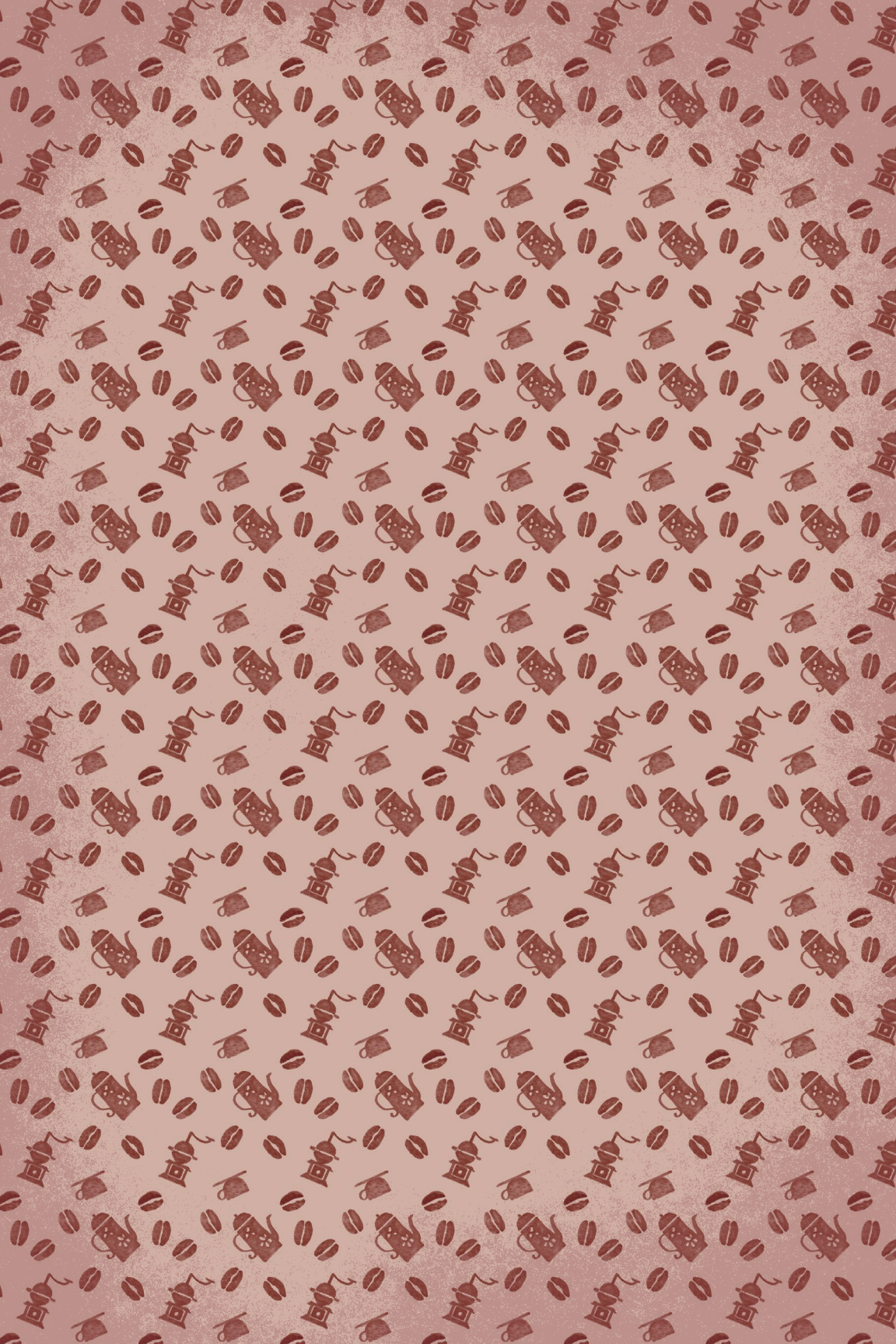












LEIGH DRAGOON was raised in a log cabin in the Adirondacks, where she developed an early love of reading and writing. She became a fan of *Little Women* at age nine, after Beth's demise made her bawl herself to sleep. This led to a life-long appreciation of the book. After years of annual re-reads, she also became fascinated with learning about Louisa May Alcott and her family.

Leigh has several print publications of her own, both graphic novels and prose, through HarperCollins and Penguin. She adapted both Richelle Mead's *Vampire Academy* and Marie Lu's *Legend* series into graphic novel scripts. She also wrote two prose *Adventure Time* novels: *Queen of Rogues* and *The Lonesome Outlaw*, as well as creating original comics stories and scripts for Mattel's *Ever After High* and Disney's *Tangled*.



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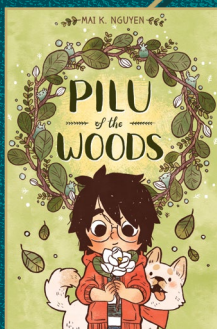
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JO, BETH, AMY, AND MEG MARCH ARE FOUR SISTERS living in Concord with their parents—Father, who's tending to soldiers fighting in the Civil War, and Marmee, who teaches the girls simple but effective witchcraft. The Marches have to keep their craft quiet, as there are many in Concord who see magic in a bad light—especially after things have begun disappearing.

When Mr. Laurence, a witch-finder, moves in next door to investigate the missing objects, the girls fear for their livelihood. But he turns out to be a kind old man, and his grandson, Laurie, quickly befriends the Marches. As the cold winter blusters on, the girls continue their education, even as missing objects soon turn into missing people.

Things take a turn for the worse when Jo and Laurie try investigating on their own, and a dangerous storm takes hold of Concord. There's powerful magic at play here—stronger than anything the Marches, or even Laurie, has ever seen before. Can they hope to defeat it? Or has the magic already become too strong for them to fight against?



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