

The Tea Dragon Society

Author of the
award-winning
Princess Princess
Ever After!



Katie O'Neill

The
Tea Dragon
Society







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AN ONI PRESS PUBLICATION

PUBLISHED BY ONI PRESS, INC.

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First Edition: October 2017

ISBN 978-1-62010-441-5
eISBN 978-1-62010-445-3

Library of Congress Control Number: 2017936880

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Chapter One



Spring

Once upon a time, blacksmiths were as important as magicians.

They made tools for healers to cure the sick.



Swords for adventurers to protect from monsters.



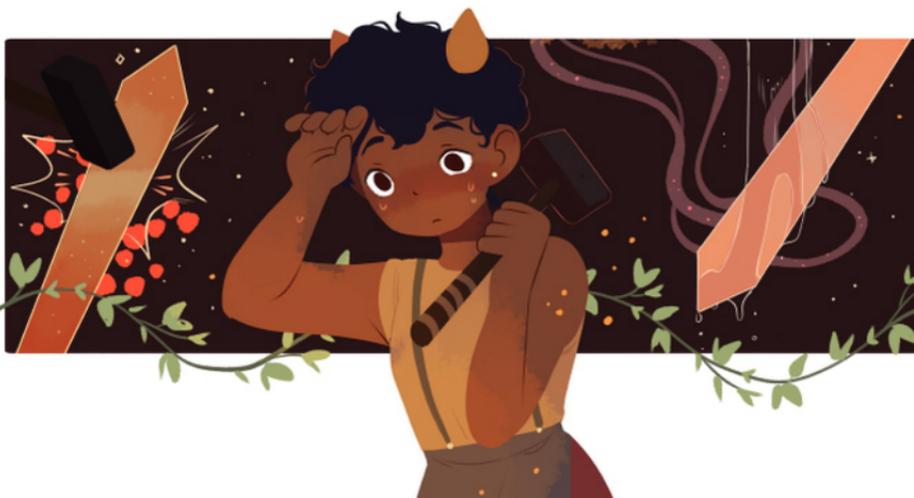
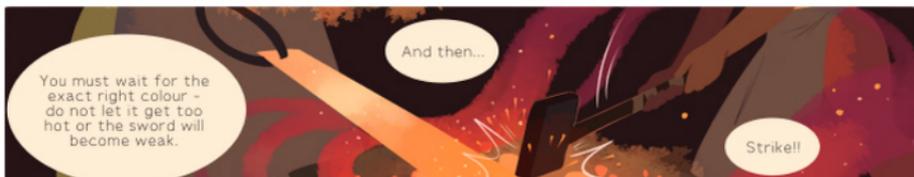
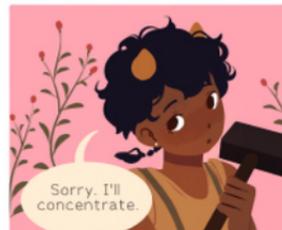
Shoes to shod the hooves of working animals.



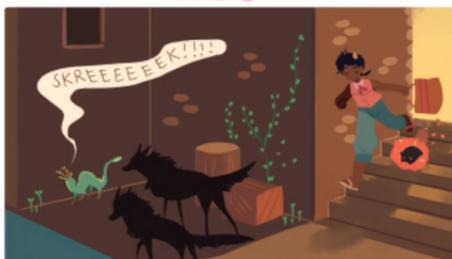
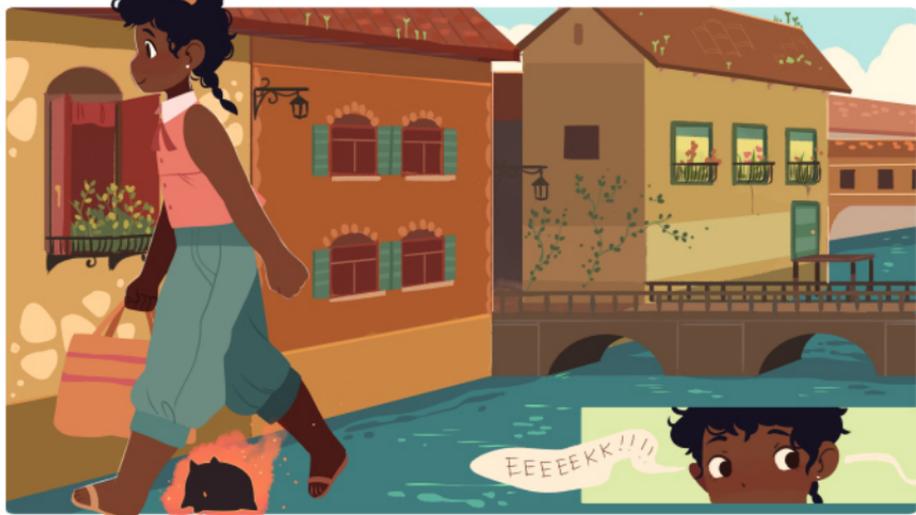
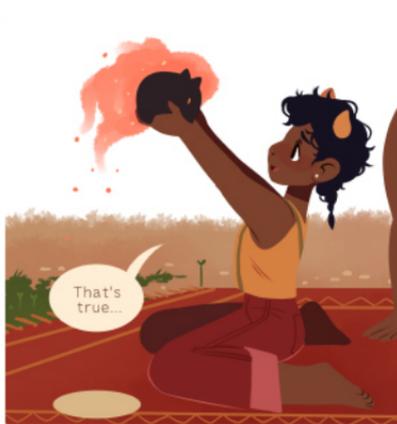
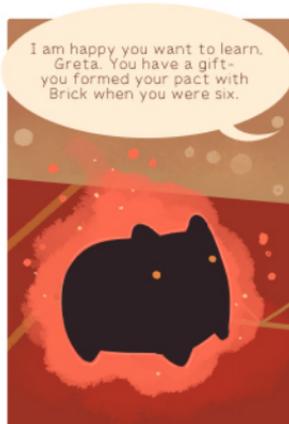
The world was forged in iron, once upon a time.

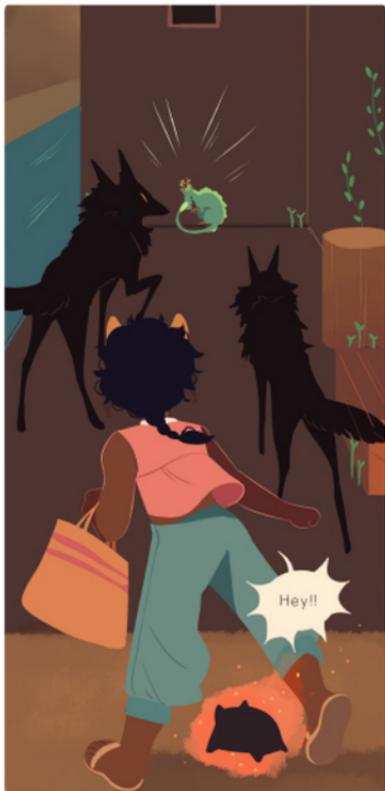
Greta! Are you listening?

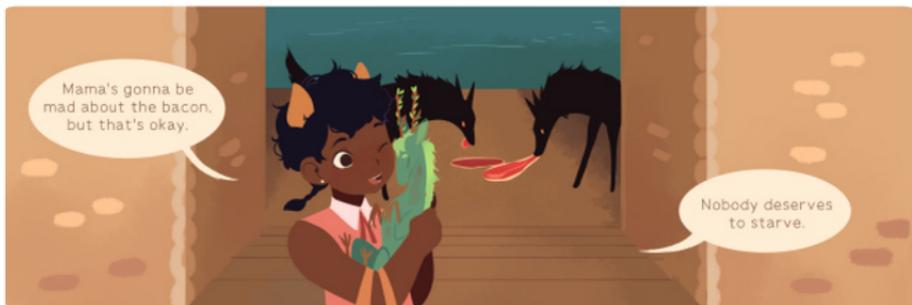














His tea shop is a little way out of town...

His name is Hesekiel.



Hello?



I think I have your-

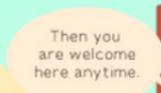


Jasmine!



I thought - you were gone. I hope you've learned never to run off in the marketplace.





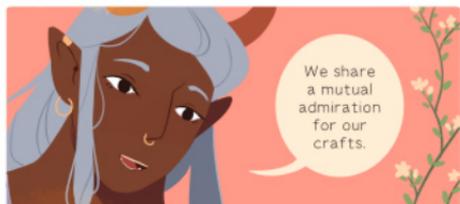




Chapter Two



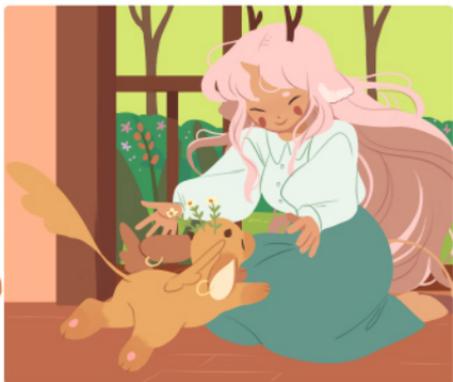
Summer

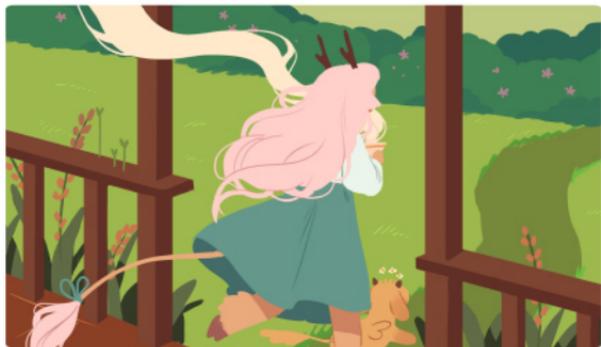






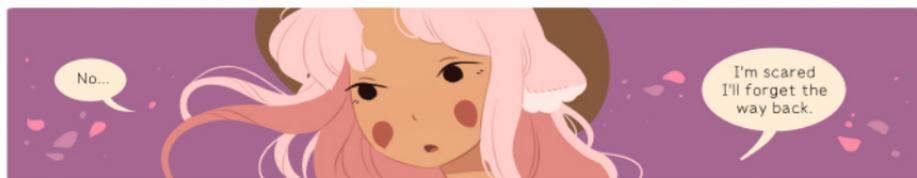














The Priestesses told me
I had great power.
It was my duty to use it.



Every day I tried to see
more and more. I tried to
know every future that
could possibly exist.





My mind was full to bursting.
I burned out. To protect itself, my
mind erased every memory I had.

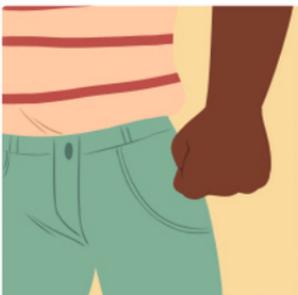
...including
my past.



Even now,
I still forget
stuff easily.

When you said
"hello again," yesterday,
I had already
forgotten that we
had met before.

It's embarrassing.
And scary.



Minette, if you
ever get lost,
I'll come and
find you!

I promise!



Thank you,
Greta!

Chapter Three



Autumn





We all found each other through our tea dragons.



Everyone else in this photograph is either too old to care for them now, or passed away.







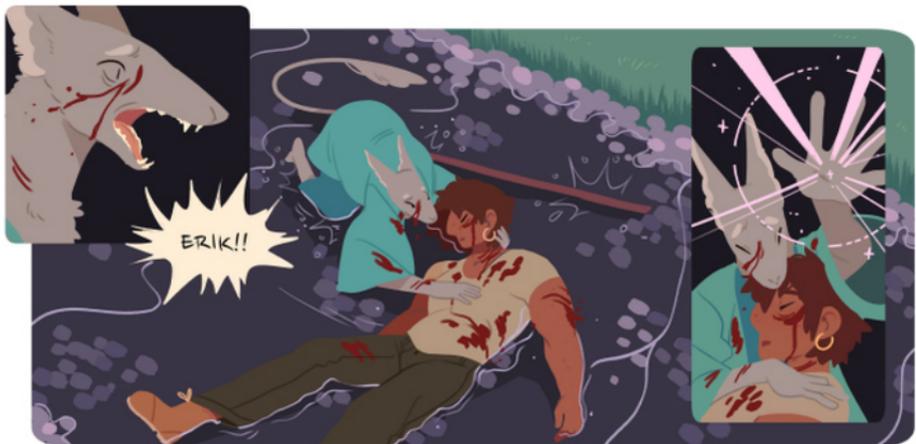




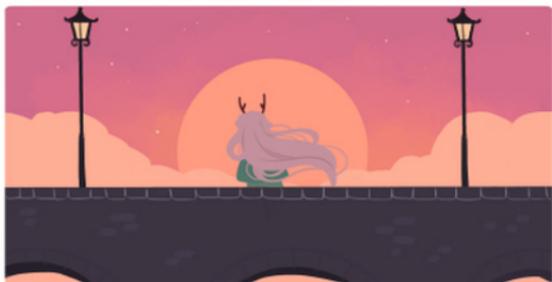














Chapter Four



Winter



Dear Mama and Papa,
I'm sorry for taking so long to
write to you after I ran away from
the monastery.
I remembered our old address suddenly,
while I was standing on a bridge.
I hope this reaches you. I just want to
tell you that I am safe and happy.
I miss you and love you.
I'll be home someday,
when I can remember more.
Love, your Minette

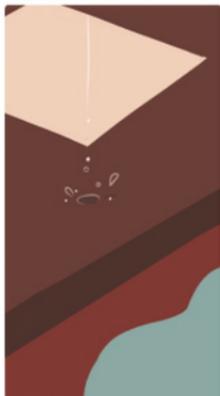
It feels weird to
write a letter to
people I barely
remember...

I know that
they love me,
though.













Beautifully done, my love

I am happy you seem to be excited to be in the forge again.



I don't want blacksmithing to be forgotten.

Maybe one day, someone'll look at a piece I made, and think about who gave it to them...

Or where they bought it.

Or who owned it before.

Isn't that a kind of magic?

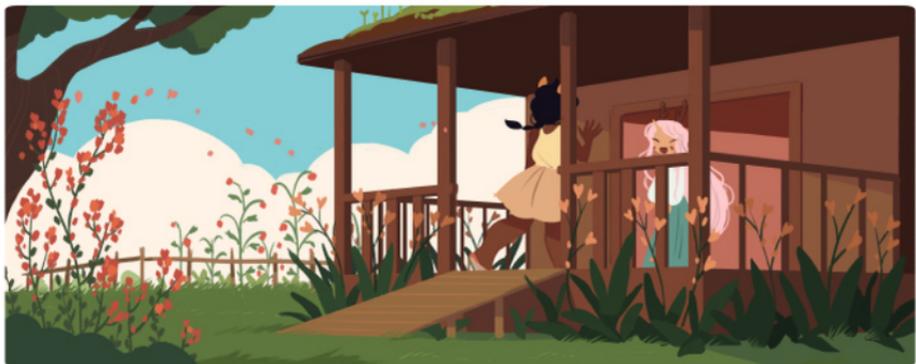
I want to keep making things for people to love and give them a story.



I believe it is.

Epilogue







This is Ginseng. Her owner sadly passed away, and there was no one left to care for her.

She needs a caretaker... Would you like to be one, Greta?



She's so sad..



Tea dragons get very attached to their companions.

It may take her a while to bond with you, and even then she will still require diligent care and attention.

You don't have to take on the responsibility, Greta.



I want to make good memories with all of you. And with Ginseng, too.

I want to.

