

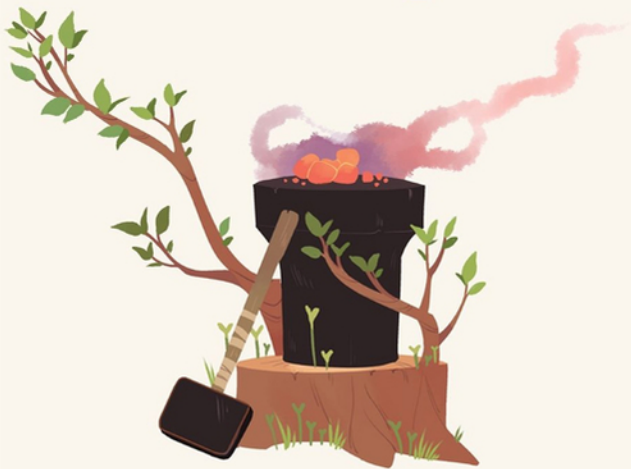
The Tea Dragon Society

Author of the
award-winning
Princess Princess
Ever After!



Katie O'Neill

The
Tea Dragon
Society







WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY

Katie O'Neill

LETTERED BY

Saida Temofonte

DESIGNED BY

Hilary Thompson

EDITED BY

Ari Yarwood



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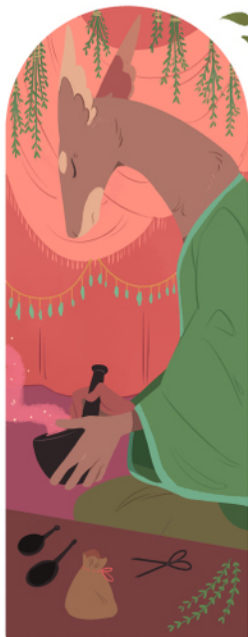
Chapter One



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.



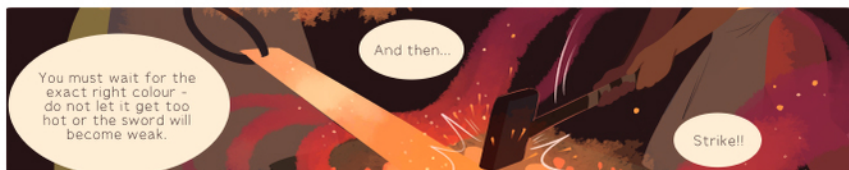
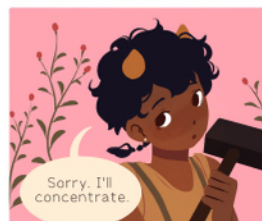
Shoes to shod the hooves
of working animals.



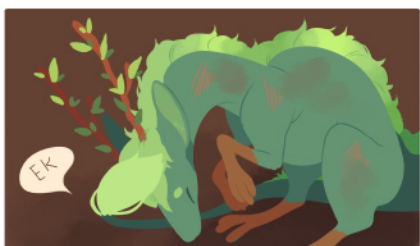
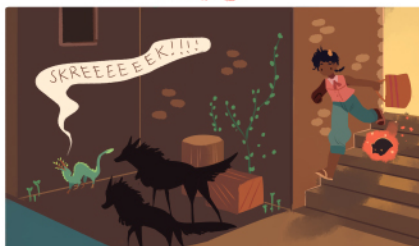
The world was forged in iron, once upon a time.

Greta! Are you
listening?

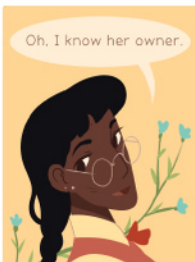
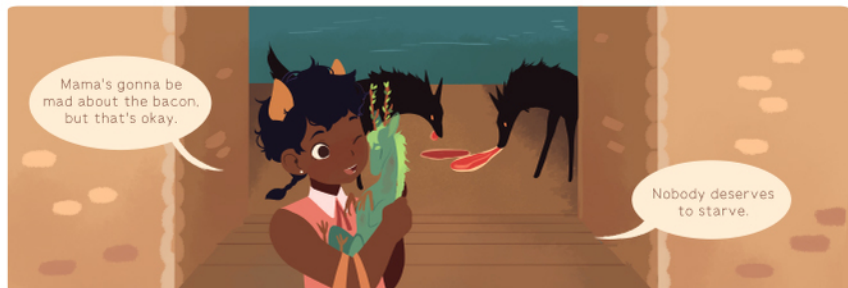


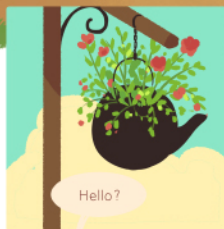










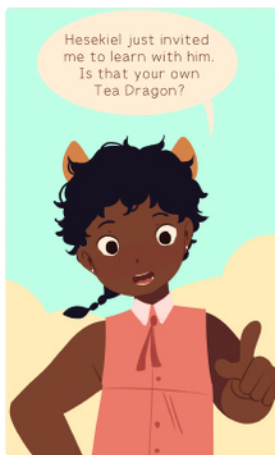


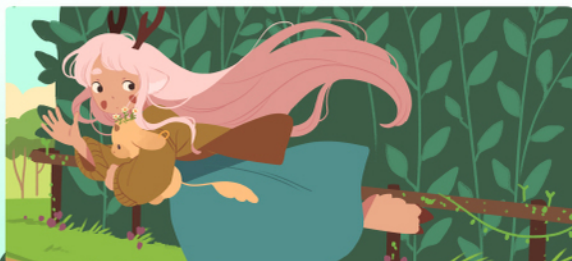




Then you are welcome here anytime.



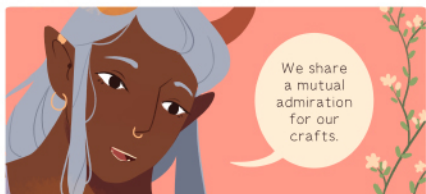
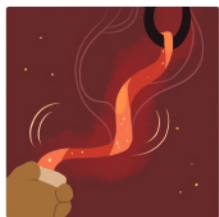
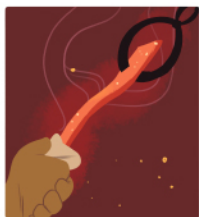




Chapter Two



Summer

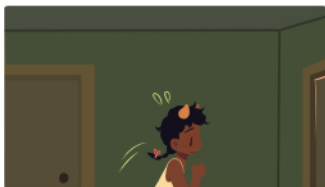




Hesekiel is not like humans and goblins, his kind lives more than twice our lifespan...

And Hesekiel himself is one who values patience in all things. I think he would barely notice your hesitation.



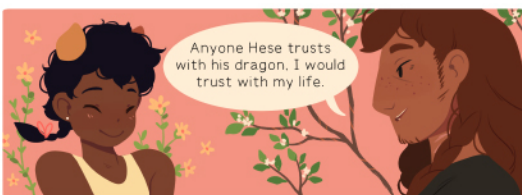




I'm Erik,
by the way.



I'm Greta!



Anyone Hese trusts
with his dragon, I would
trust with my life.



Let me show you how
to get these rascals
preening and purring.



You'll want a pair
of these - if you rub
them the wrong way,
they're liable to take
a snap at you.



... I can see why people don't really do this.

WAAH
HAH



Aye, it's a bit of a chore.
At first I thought it was
far too much fuss for a
bit of leafy water...

- Don't tell
Hese I said
that.

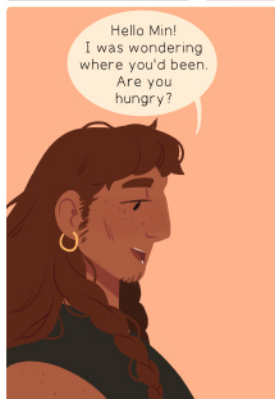


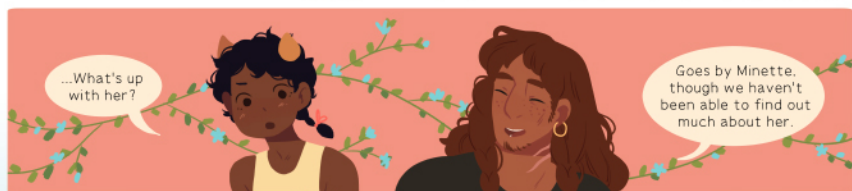
But I'll admit,
the tea is worth
making.

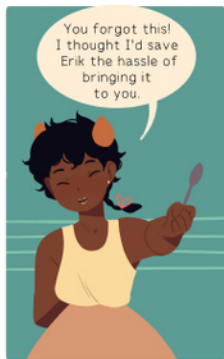
Not many people
seem to think so,
though. Harder and
harder to find people
interested in learning.



Hese has been
so happy to
find you're keen.
He doesn't want
the knowledge to
be lost.











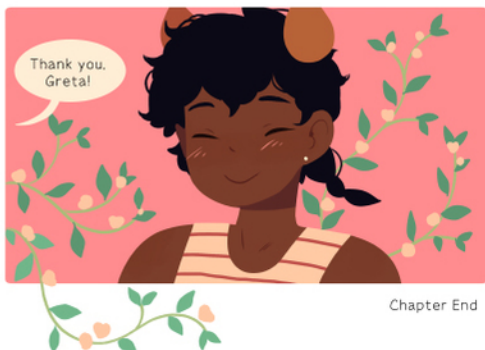


The Priestesses told me
I had great power.
It was my duty to use it.



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





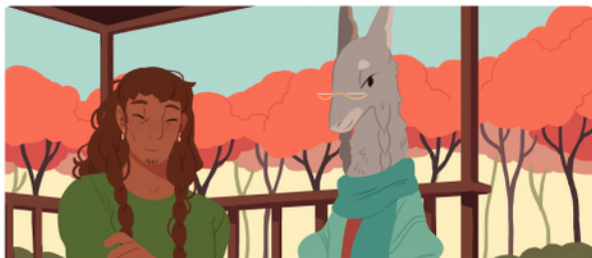
Chapter Three



Autumn

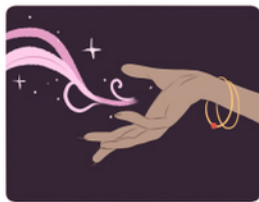
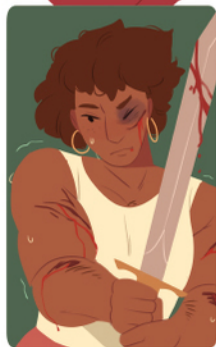






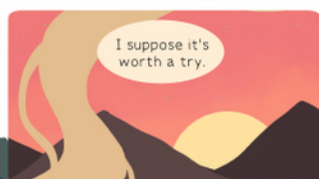


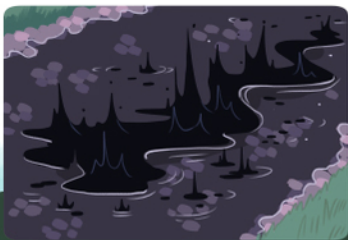
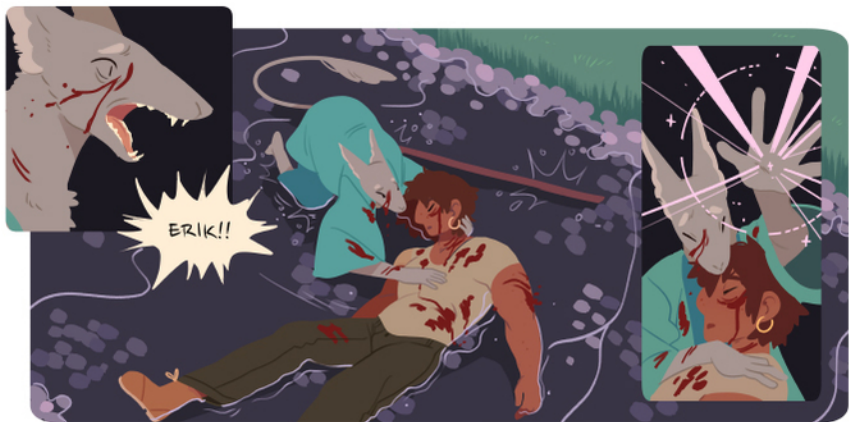




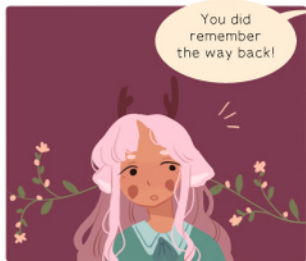
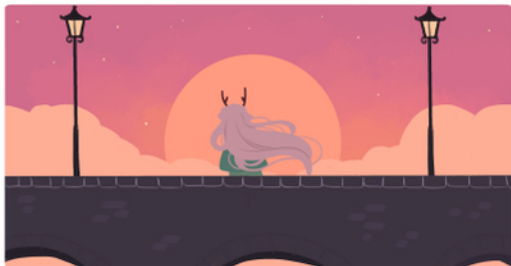










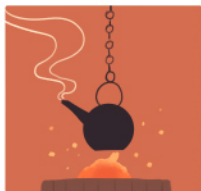




Chapter Four



Winter



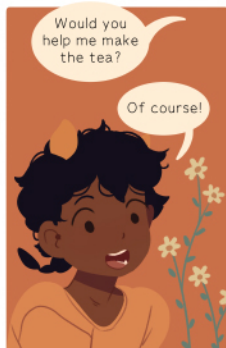
Dear Mama and Papa,
I'm sorry for taking so long to
write to you after I ran away from
the monastery.
I remembered our old address suddenly,
while I was standing on a bridge.
I hope this reaches you. I just want to
tell you that I am safe and happy.
I miss you and love you.
I'll be home someday,
when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

Love, your Minette
♥

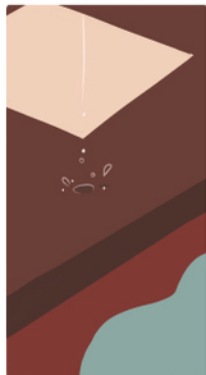
It feels weird to
write a letter to
people I barely
remember...

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.

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

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 believe
it is.

Epilogue



