

...THEY AREN'T SUPPOSED
TO WORK HERE ANYMORE.





OKAY, THAT'S DISGUSTING. I COULDN'T EVEN SEND MOST OF HIM HOME.

THESE SPELLS (THAT AREN'T SUPPOSED TO WORK) (AND REALLY, DO THEY?) ARE EXHAUSTING...

TASTY MEAN, BAD TASTY.

I CAN'T DO THAT TRICK TWICE.



GOING THROUGH THE WATER NEARLY RIPPED ME IN HALF LAST TIME. THIS NOW...IT'S LIKE DEATH BY A THOUSAND TRANS-REALITY PAPER CUTS.

BAD FRIENDS-KILLER.



FRIENDS KILL BACK.

SHHH. BE GRACEFUL.



WITHOUT
GRACE THERE
IS NO TRUE
VICTORY.

WHERE I'M FROM, OUR
"MAGIC" RUNS ON PRETTY
SIMPLE RULES. THE BEST
STORY WINS. **BASICALLY.**

BUT AS TO HOW
THOSE NOTIONS
CONJURE INTO
BEING?

