

I REMEMBER  
SARA SAYING WE GOTTA  
SOAK WHATEVER'S BEHIND THIS  
DOOR IN WATER ASAP!

WHEN DID  
SARA TELL  
HER THAT?

QUIET, MARK.  
IT LOOKS LIKE A  
RIBBON OR BOW OR --  
HEY! IT'S STARTING  
TO GLOW!

WHOA! IT'S OVERLOADING!!

CAREFUL,  
DAVE -- DON'T DO  
SOMETHING ...

SURE YA ARE,  
KID. HOW 'BOUT  
A LITTLE HELP,  
THOUGH, HUH?

IT'S  
STOPPING NOW.  
HOLD IT, MARK.

I CAN OPEN  
IT, MOM. I'M STRONG  
-- WATCH!

**CRASH!**

... STUPID ...

IT'S A ...

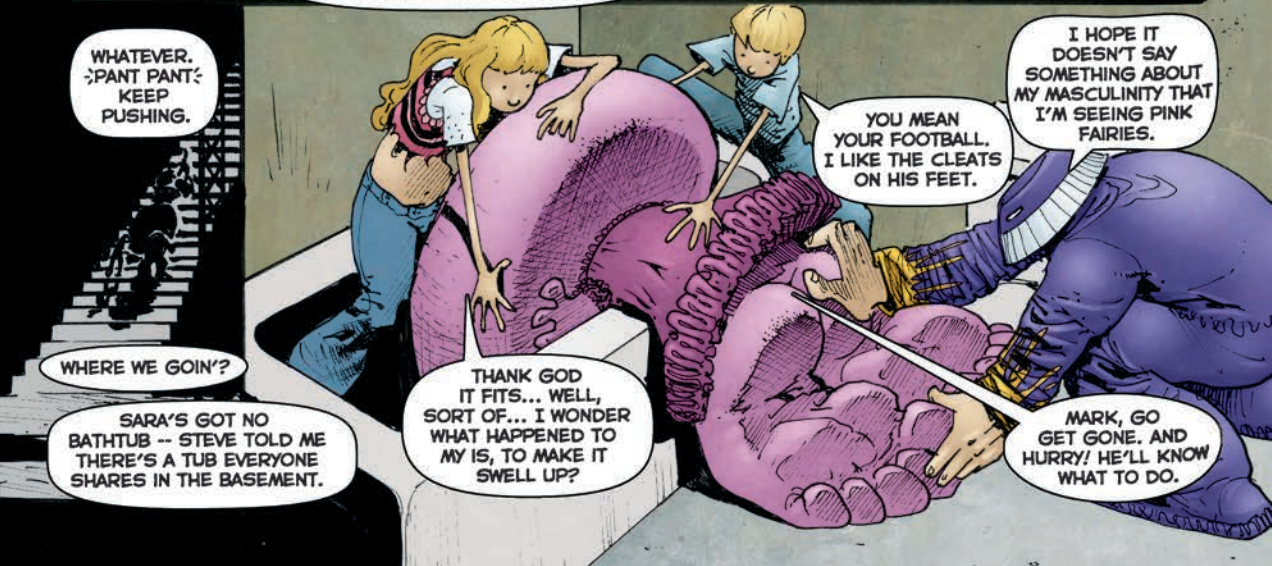
... A ...

FAIRY ...

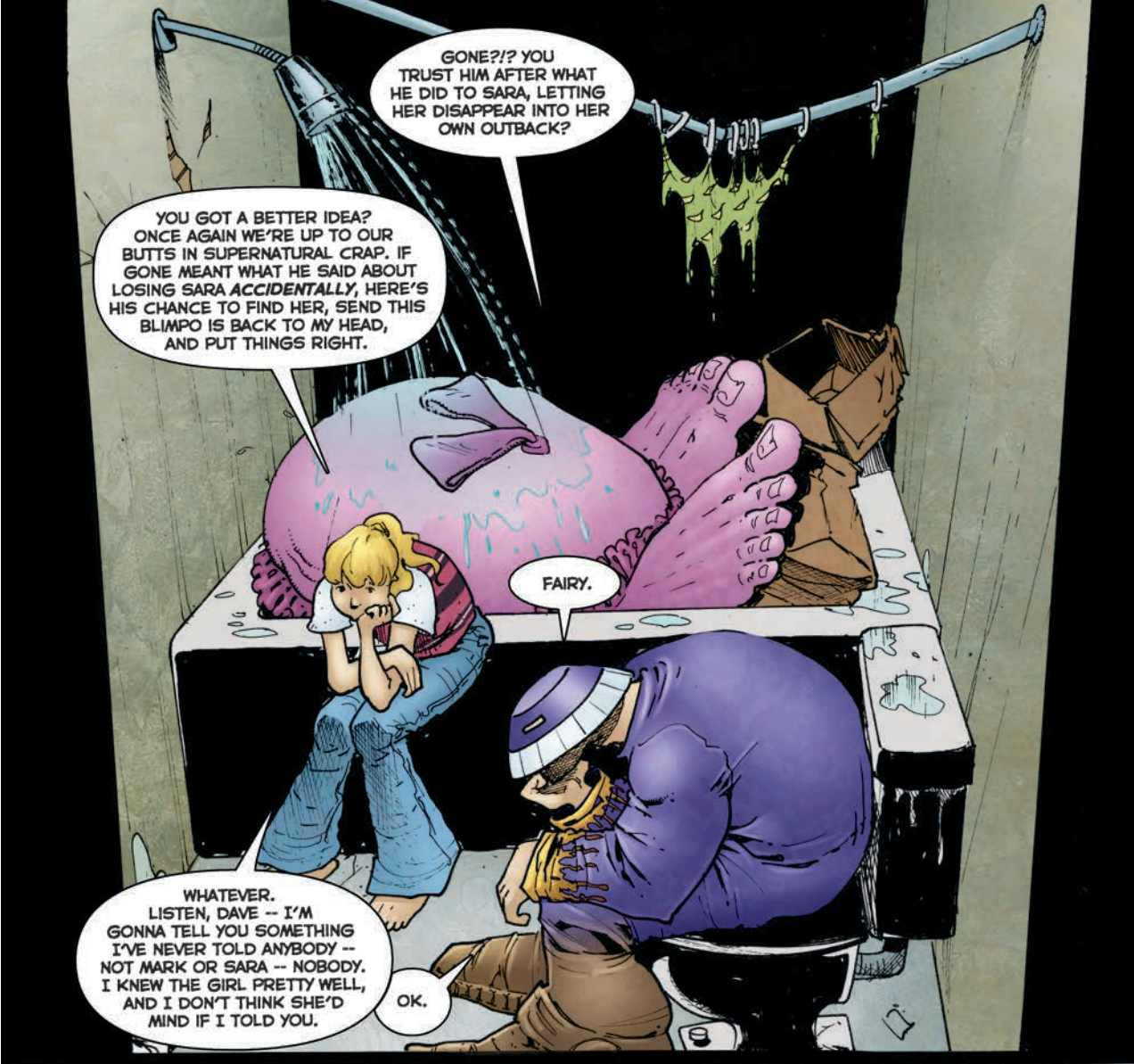
... AN INCREDIBLY  
HUGE FAIRY ...











GONE?? YOU TRUST HIM AFTER WHAT HE DID TO SARA, LETTING HER DISAPPEAR INTO HER OWN OUTBACK?

YOU GOT A BETTER IDEA? ONCE AGAIN WE'RE UP TO OUR BUTTS IN SUPERNATURAL CRAP. IF GONE MEANT WHAT HE SAID ABOUT LOSING SARA ACCIDENTALLY, HERE'S HIS CHANCE TO FIND HER, SEND THIS BLIMPO IS BACK TO MY HEAD, AND PUT THINGS RIGHT.

FAIRY.

WHATEVER. LISTEN, DAVE -- I'M GONNA TELL YOU SOMETHING I'VE NEVER TOLD ANYBODY -- NOT MARK OR SARA -- NOBODY. I KNEW THE GIRL PRETTY WELL, AND I DON'T THINK SHE'D MIND IF I TOLD YOU.

OK.

HER NAME WAS MEGAN. SHE WAS A SKINNY GIRL, AROUND 14 OR SO, LIVING WITH HER GRANDPARENTS.

JULIE, WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO WITH A GIANT FAIR-- UH, IS?





# KALAMAZOO

YOU GOT SOMETHING BETTER TO DO WHILE WE WAIT FOR GONE?

THIS STORY IS ABOUT SOMETHING, BUT I'M NOT SURE WHAT. YET.

I THINK IT'S ABOUT FITTING IN. I'M NOT EXACTLY YOUR TYPICAL TEENAGE GIRL. I'M A SKINNY TOMBOY, LOVE OLD FASHIONED MUSIC, AND HAVE WEIRD THOUGHTS.

I'M NOT SURE I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO ALL THIS GROWING UP CRAP.

PUBERTY IS BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE SOME SORT OF DISEASE.



I'M NOT GOING TO KEEP GIVING YOU A LIFT TO THE LIBRARY IF YOU DON'T STOP UPSETTING YOUR GRANNY! IGNORING HER PHONE CALLS IS GONNA KILL HER ONE DAY! IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?!

WELL, IS IT?!

UH HUH.

THAT'S MY GIRL.

I CAN'T HEAR GRAMPS...

THUMP  
THUMP  
THUMP

... BUT WHEN HE'S PUNCHING HIS HAND, "UH HUH" USUALLY COVERS IT.

HEH. YOU KIDS AND YOUR MUSIC TODAY.

DOES HE KNOW I'M LISTENING TO MUSIC FROM THE 1940'S?

DOES HE EVEN ASK?

NOW REMEMBER, MEGAN --

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW. "STAY DOWNSTAIRS SO I CAN SEE IF GRANNY'S CALLING ON THE PAY PHONE OUTSIDE." DO YOU HAVE TO TELL ME EVERY TIME?



GRANNY CALLS AT LEAST 12 TIMES A DAY AND OVERWHELMS ME WITH POINTLESS QUESTIONS THAT ANYONE COULD ANSWER. TO HER AND GRAMPS, THIS SEEMS NORMAL. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO JUMP WHEN SHE CALLS, AND WE ALL TAKE CARE OF HER, BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER.

IF ANYTHING.

I KNOW YOU THINK I'M AN OLD FOGEY, BUT I LOVE YOU, MEGAN.

OK, OK GEEZ. TELL THE WORLD.

OH GOD!

GO ON -- ANSWER IT.

I WILL, I PROMISE. JUST GO ON TO WORK.

SHE'S WAITING.

WELL -- THAT'S PROBABLY HER NOW!

ALRIGHT, ALREADY!

HULLO. YEAH, HI GRANNY. YEAH YEAH, I KNOW IT KEPT RINGING, BUT WE JUST GOT HERE -- NO, HE'S LEFT...

YAK YAK YAK NAG NAG NAG YAK NAG BLAH BLAH BLAH YADDA YADDA YADDA GUILT GUILT GUILT

YES, GRANNY. GOODBYE.

THERE'S THE EVIL DOOR. I VOWED NEVER TO PASS THROUGH IT SINCE "THE EVENT" OF 1973. I WAS 11.

I MUST USE THE UPSTAIRS ENTRANCE TO GO INSIDE.

RETREAT, EVIL DOOR! BACK!!

ONCE INSIDE, I GO DOWNSTAIRS WHERE IT'S SAFE AND COOL.

I WON'T EVEN GO INTO IT. TRUST ME -- I HAVE MY REASONS.

OH CRAP! LATE FOR CLASS!

AND SINCE THE EVIL DOOR BLOCKS MY WAY, I HAVE TO REVERSE IT ALL TO GET TO GRANNY'S PHONE!