

THE LEPRECHAUN'S DRUNK. AT EIGHT A.M. HE'S ANNOYED THE *LUCKY CAT* INTO A MURDEROUS RAGE. DAWN'S RUNNING OUT OF POTS AND PANS TO PUT UNDER CEDRIC THE SLIME MAN.

WE SHOULD REALLY GO OUT THERE. UGH, MONSTERS, OKAY, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO DEAL WITH *LOBBYISTS*. DOES THIS ANNOY YOU AS MUCH AS IT DOES ME?



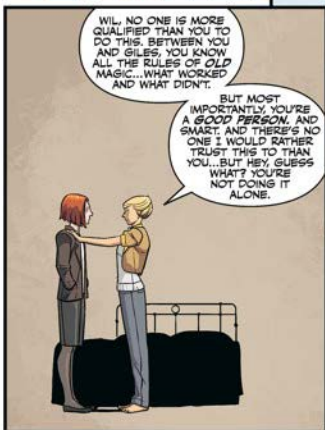
CAN I BE HONEST? IT *TERRIFIES* ME. WE'RE OVERSEEING THE WRITING OF THE NEW RULES OF MAGIC. ARBITRATING CONFLICTING AGENDAS. MAKING DECISIONS THAT COULD STAND FOR EONS.

IF I MESS THIS UP, I *RUINED* MAGIC.



WHICH YOU SPENT THE PAST YEAR GIVING *ME* CRAP FOR DOING. THANKS, THAT DELICIOUS MORSEL OF IRONY MAKES ME FEEL BETTER.

GLAD TO HELP. ALSO, I HATE YOU.



WIL, NO ONE IS MORE QUALIFIED THAN YOU TO DO THIS. BETWEEN YOU AND GILES, YOU KNOW ALL THE RULES OF *OLD* MAGIC...WHAT WORKED AND WHAT DIDN'T.

BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY, YOU'RE A *GOOD PERSON*. AND SMART. AND THERE'S NO ONE I WOULD RATHER TRUST THIS TO THAN YOU... BUT HEY, GUESS WHAT? YOU'RE NOT DOING IT ALONE.



INDEED YOU ARE NOT. YOU HAVE MY ADVICE, AND THAT OF THE ENTIRE MYSTIC COUNCIL.

HOWEVER, IF YOU DO NOT SEE YOUR SUPPLICANT'S SOON, I SHALL BE FORCED TO RESORT TO ARBITRATION BY MEANS OF YOUR "MAGIC EIGHT BALL," WHICH, ODDLY, SEEMS TO HAVE NO MAGIC IN IT WHATSOEVER.

