



EWW, YOU'RE A
FILTHY CARPET
MUNCHER?

A man with short dark hair, wearing a blue ribbed tank top and dark pants, stands in a park with his back to the camera. He is pointing his right index finger upwards. The park features a paved path, green benches, manicured bushes, and a large arched window in the background. A speech bubble is positioned above him, containing a homophobic insult.

**FUCK YOU TWO.
PISS OFF MY PARK AND
DO YOUR LESBO SHIT
AT HOME.**



GOOD RIDDANCE TO YOU AS WELL, ASSHOLE.



**SORRY FOR THE
SMOOCHING OUT OF THE BLUE.
WAS A QUICK WAY TO GET RID
OF THAT CREEP WITHOUT ANY
RISK OF ESCALATION.**

**YEAH, NO TROUBLE.
WAS JUST A LITTLE
UNEXPECTED, IS ALL.**

NAME'S TIA.
AND MAY I POINT
OUT, AS MUCH AS THAT
WAS A SAD SACK, HE
SORTA DID HAVE ONE
POINT HE GOT
RIGHT.

HI. I'M CHRIS.
WHAT ARE YOU
GETTING AT?





FAIR POINT, I SUPPOSE.
DIDN'T THINK ABOUT THAT
WHEN I WENT SHOPPING
EARLIER.

THE WAY YOU
CHOSE TO DRESS
MAKES IT MORE LIKELY
YOU'LL ATTRACT
CREEPS LIKE HIM.

WANNA COME
OVER TO MY PLACE,
SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING
YOU BOUGHT THAT'LL BE
LESS OF A CREEP
MAGNET?

SURE,
OKAY.

AFTER A FEW
MINUTE HIKE.



WELCOME TO
MI CASA.



WELL, YOU GOT A, SHALL WE SAY, CREATIVE WAY OF ORGANIZING YOUR STUFF.

LOL, I'M A MESSY SLOB.

IT'S FINE, YOU CAN CALL IT AS IS. NO REASON TO SUGAR COAT IT.



"SPIRIT BOARD"?
WHAT'S THAT?






IT'S A WAY TO CONTACT OTHER WORLDS. LEAST THAT'S WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO DO. I GOT IT WHEN MY MOM PASSED AWAY LAST MONTH, TRYING TO REACH OUT TO HER.

NEVER WORKED. I EVEN ASKED IF THERE WAS ANYONE TO BE MY FRIEND, TO HELP ME MOVE ON. I EVEN OFFERED TO HELP HER OUT WITH WHATEVER SHE NEEDS.

BUT NO ANSWER FROM ANY SPIRITS CAME THROUGH.



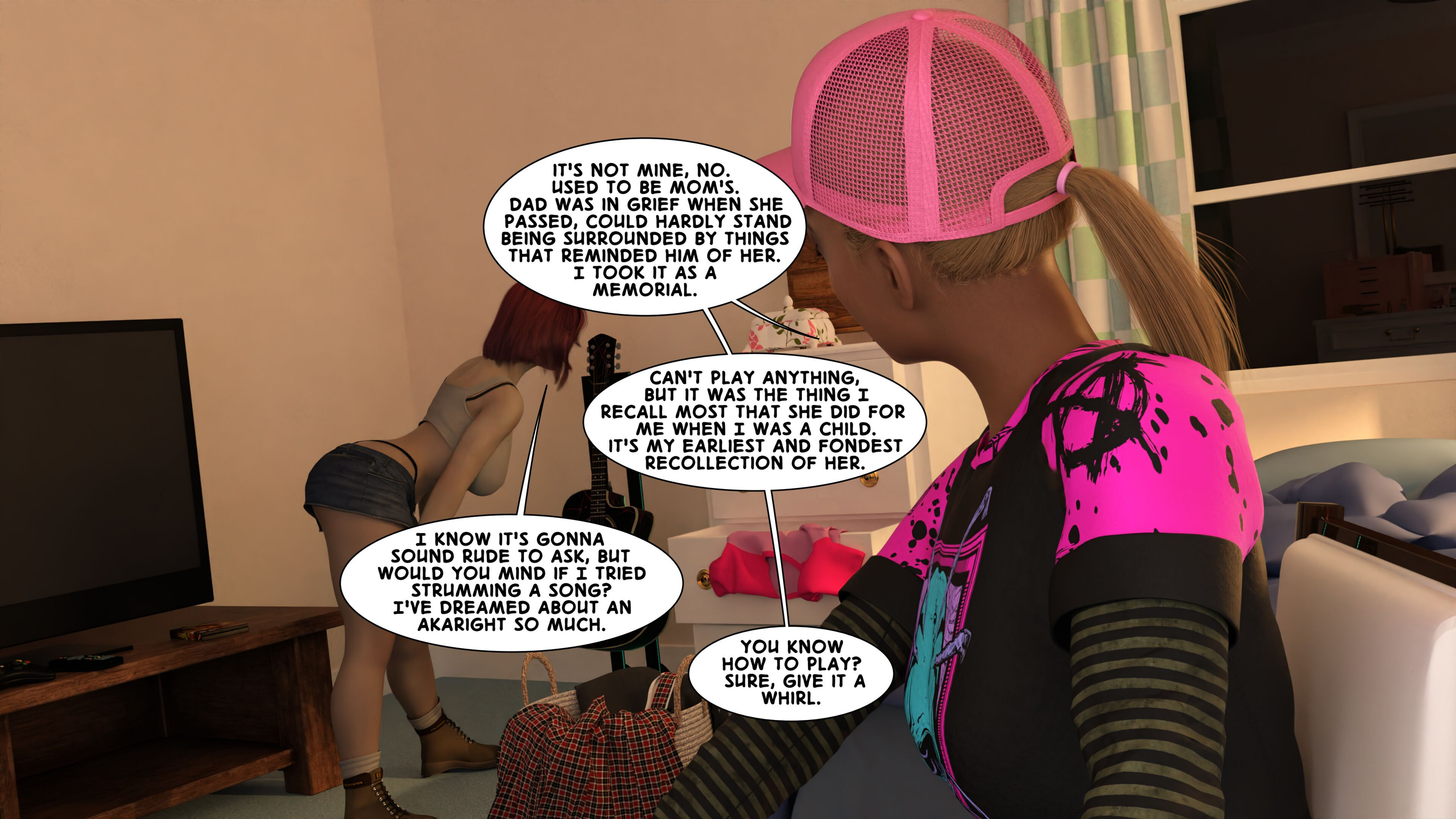
DAMN. SORRY
FOR YOUR LOSS.
THAT BITES.



IT REALLY DOES.
I'M TRYING TO MOVE
ON, TAKING EVERY DAY ON
ITS OWN. BUT IT'S NOT
EASY SOMETIMES.



IS THIS YOUR
AKARIGHT GUITAR?
DO YOU PLAY
MUSIC?

A woman with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a pink mesh cap and a pink and black patterned shirt, is talking to another woman. The second woman has short red hair and is wearing a grey top and denim shorts, leaning over a guitar. The room contains a guitar on a stand, a bed with blue pillows, and a wooden table with a TV. A plaid bag sits on the floor.

IT'S NOT MINE, NO.
USED TO BE MOM'S.
DAD WAS IN GRIEF WHEN SHE
PASSED, COULD HARDLY STAND
BEING SURROUNDED BY THINGS
THAT REMINDED HIM OF HER.
I TOOK IT AS A
MEMORIAL.

CAN'T PLAY ANYTHING,
BUT IT WAS THE THING I
RECALL MOST THAT SHE DID FOR
ME WHEN I WAS A CHILD.
IT'S MY EARLIEST AND FONDEST
RECOLLECTION OF HER.

I KNOW IT'S GONNA
SOUND RUDE TO ASK, BUT
WOULD YOU MIND IF I TRIED
STRUMMING A SONG?
I'VE DREAMED ABOUT AN
AKARIGHT SO MUCH.

YOU KNOW
HOW TO PLAY?
SURE, GIVE IT A
WHIRL.

A woman with short red hair, wearing a light-colored tank top and blue jeans, is sitting on a bed and playing a black electric guitar with red splatters. She is looking down at the guitar. The room is dimly lit with a lamp in the background. The text is overlaid on the image in a stylized, bold font.

REJOICE, MY FRIENDS, FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

TIMES ARE ROUGH, BUT HOPE REMAINS.

WE MUST UNITE, TOGETHER STAND, KEEP MOVING FORTH, TO SHADOWS END.

THROUGH STRANGE AND MOST ACCURSED LAND,

WE WALK TOGETHER, HAND IN HAND.

STAND TALL, AGAINST THE MIGHTY STORM. OUR COURAGE BOLD, OUR HEARTS ALL WARM.



UNITED WE STAND, ONE BY ONE. OUR SOULS BE BRAVE, OUR SPIRITS STRONG.

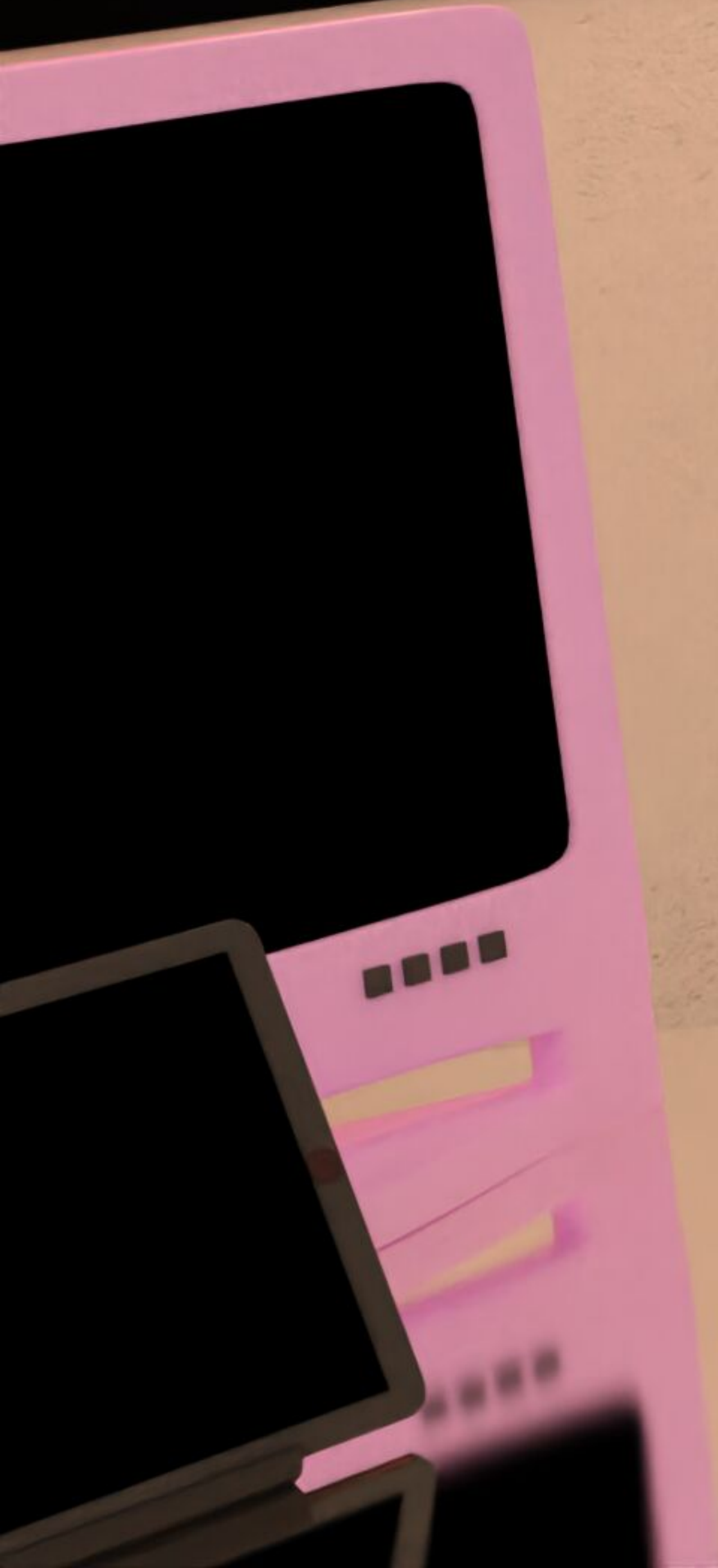
THE TIDES OF STORMS WE SHALL BREAK, AND FALTER NOT TO EARTHEN SHAKES.

FEEL MY LIGHT SHINE HIGH AND BRIGHT. REST IN THE GLOW I DO PROVIDE.

TIA?
FUCK, THIS WAS AN
INAPPROPRIATE SONG, WASN'T IT?
I ONCE TEXTED THIS, NOT EVEN
THINKING ABOUT IT MUCH.

SORRY,
I SHOULD'VE KNOWN
HOW BAD THIS WOULD
BE, GIVEN YOUR
GRIEF.





NO, IT'S FINE, CHRIS.
I'VE JUST NOT BEEN MOVED
THIS MUCH BY MUSIC SINCE
MY CHILDHOOD.

I KNOW IT'S KINDA
STUPID TO ASSUME,
BUT COULD YOU BE THE
FRIEND I ASKED THE SPIRITS
ABOUT?

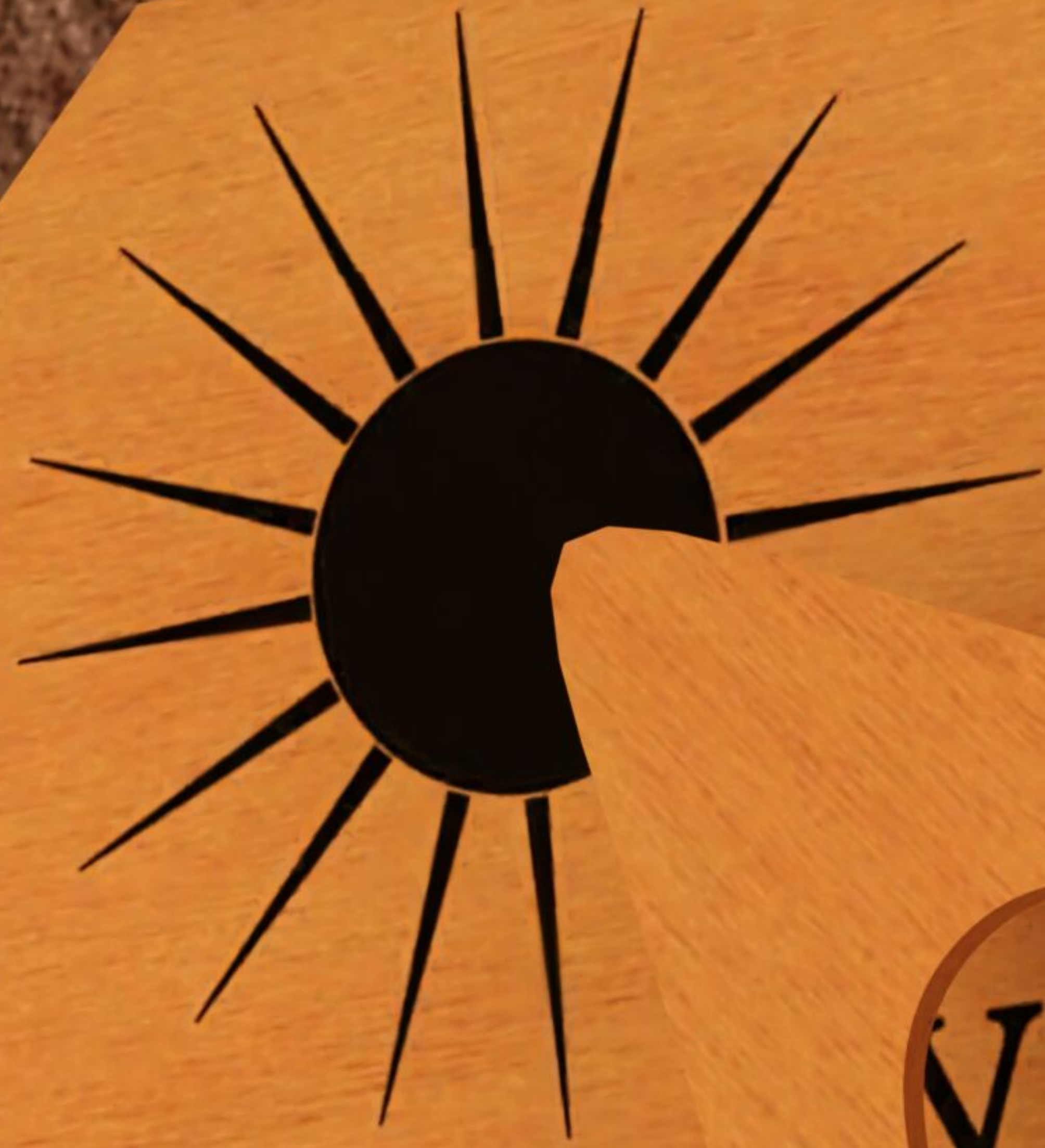




CREAK
SHIFT
SLIDE

SHIFT BOARD
Mystic Oracle
NO
A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
★ GOOD BYE
SYNC SISTERS INC. SALEM, UTAH USA

YOU SAW THAT
TOO, RIGHT?



SPIRIT BOARD
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
1915
MYSTIC ORACLE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

YES

MYSTIC ORACLE
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF
1915

SPIRIT BOARD

A B C D E F G H I J
K L M N O P Q R S T U V
W X Y Z

I DID SEE THAT, YEAH.
THIS IS ON PAR WITH SOME
WEIRD STUFF THAT
HAPPENED TO ME.

SERIOUSLY,
WHAT WAS THAT?
SOME KIND OF
MICRO QUAKE?





SURE. YOU SAVED ME IN THE PARK, AND ALLOWED ME TO PLAY THE GUITAR OF MY DREAMS. HOW COULD I SAY NO?

WELL, WHATEVER THE REASON, I GUESS WE CAN TAKE IT AS A SIGN? WANNA BE MY FRIEND?

A woman with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a bright pink visor and a black top with a large leopard print patch, is leaning in and talking to a man. The man is wearing a white tank top. They are in a bedroom with a bed, a desk with a laptop, and checkered curtains. Two speech bubbles are present.

WELCOME TO
MY LIFE, CHRIS.

I GOTTA SAY,
THAT IS A STRANGE
WAY TO MEET
SOMEBODY.

YEAH,
TELL ME
ABOUT IT.





ESPECIALLY
A SEXY GIRL
WHO'S NOW
HUGGING ME.

MY CROTCH IS
TINGLING. AT LEAST I
CAN'T GET A BONER
SHE'D NOTICE.



YEAH, LET'S.
I'LL PUT THE
GUITAR BACK REAL
QUICK.

ALRIGHT, SHALL WE
DO THE THING YOU
CAME HERE FOR?
CHECK OUT YOUR
SHOPPING?



EH, TOO LACY.

DRAMA GOTH.



LEATHER BODY.

THAT ONE'S
ASKING FOR
TROUBLE.

WELL, THIS ONE
ISN'T FOR OUTSIDE,
BUT I DID BUY IT...





**HAHAHA!
YOU'D HAVE TO
BEAT OF GUYS
WITH A STICK.**

**AND JEALOUS
GIRLFRIENDS WOULD
SIDE-EYE YOU ALL
OVER.**

OH? SO YOU'D BE ONE TO BE JEALOUS OF ME, YOU GOOFBALL?

SHOVE





SNATCH



PHIL!

WHOA!



GRAB

ROLL



AND THAT'S
HOW MY NEW FRIEND
LEARNED I KNOW
JUDO.

NOW
WHAT'S YOUR
MOVE, CHRIS?



**I GUESS I
YIELD TO MY SUPERIOR,
AND ASK HER WHAT IT
WOULD TAKE TO
RELEASE ME?**



HAVE YOU EVER
BEEN WITH A WOMAN,
CHRIS?



WHAT?

WHEN I KISSED YOU IN THE PARK, YOU DIDN'T RECOIL.

I DIDN'T THINK I COULD BE CURIOUS TO EXPERIMENT, BUT HERE I AM, WONDERING.

SO, HAVE YOU? WOULD YOU WANT TO?



I'VE...
I'VE BEEN
WITH A GIRL
BEFORE.

BUT REALLY,
IT'S COMPLICATED,
AND FEEL LIKE IT WAS
IN A DIFFERENT
LIFE.



SORRY, CHRIS,
I REALLY
SHOULDN'T
HAVE...



IT WAS WRONG TO
DROP THIS ON YOU.

WE'VE JUST MET.
WHAT WAS I
THINKING?

TIA.
STOP BEATING
YOURSELF UP.





COME HERE.





FLOP











CHRIS, I...
YES!





ME TOO,
TIA!

KEEP RUBBING
OUR PUSSIES.





OOOOHHHH!!!!



WOW, CHRIS,
WHAT A RIDE.



I'll say.
I guess I should
go home now.



I HOPE MY LEGS ALLOW ME TO WALK.

WILL I SEE YOU TOMORROW? I GOT SOME PRACTICE RUNS TO DO AT THE SKATE PARK.

I'LL BE THERE. I MAY BRING A SURPRISE.

THE NEXT DAY.

HI, TIA.

HELLO, CHRIS.
HOW YOU DOI...





WHOA?
WHAT?

BUT...
REVEALING...
BOYS...
LEERING?

TOLD YOU I'D
SURPRISE YOU.
GOTTA BRING SOME
CHEER FOR MY
FRIEND.

COME ON, I GOT
A FRIEND WHO'S A
JUDO MASTER.
I'LL BE FINE.

YOU
KNOW WHAT?
I'M NOT GONNA
QUESTION ANYTHING
YOU DO ANY
MORE.





**DON'T WORRY.
I'M QUESTIONING
MYSELF MORE THAN
ENOUGH, SO THAT
WORKS OUT.**



ANYWAYS,
READY TO SEE
SOME MOVES?

YEAH,
SHOW ME.

A FEW INTENSE TRICKS LATER.



HOLY FUCK.





GO TIA.
AMAZING.

PIRANHA
FOOTBALL

L



TIA REALLY GOT HER MOVES DOWN, DOESN'T SHE?

MAKES ME FEEL SO INADEQUATE WITH MY OWN BOARDING.

BLARGFLL...



HI THERE.
I'M CHRIS.
YOU A FRIEND
OF TIA?



BRAIN!
DO SOMETHING.
TALK.

WE NEED... TALK...
BUT... WHOA...

SORRY IF
I SCARED YOU.
WASN'T MY INTENTION.
SEE YOU ROUND,
MAYBE?





SO, WHAT
DO YOU THINK
ABOUT MY
ROUTINE?

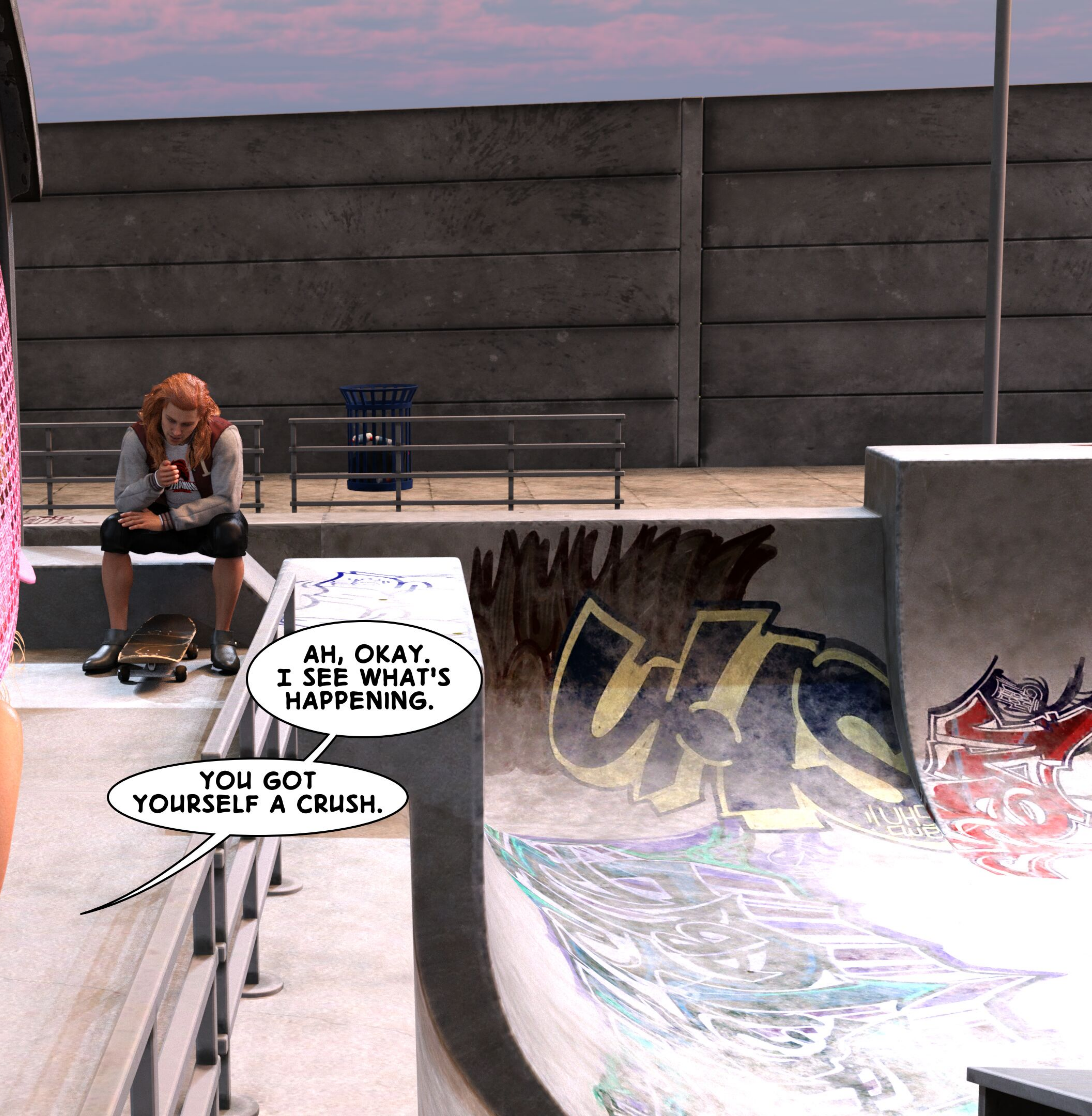


HELLO?
EARTH TO CHRIS?
ARE YOU STILL IN
THERE?



HI I'M CHRIS AS WELL NICE TO MEET YOU.

YES TIA IS MY FRIEND WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE AS WELL?



YOU GOT YOURSELF A CRUSH.

AH, OKAY. I SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.






NO! IT'S NOT THAT...
IT CAN'T... I WOULD
NEVER...



GIRL, STOP DENYING IT.



**YOU'RE
HOPELESSLY SMITTEN,
AND THE ONLY WAY OUT IS
A RIDE ON HIS DICK TO SEE
IF HE CAN MAKE YOU
HAPPY.**



THERE'S A
PRIVATE CORNER
OVER THERE THAT
FOLKS TEND TO
MAKE OUT IN.



GO THERE,
I'LL SEND HIM
OVER TO YOU.

HEY, CHRIS.



FUCKING A DUDE...
I CAN'T REALLY...
A COCK... LONG, HARD,
THICK... IN MY...

YOU
FUCKED UP MY
FRIEND OVER
THERE.



GWAHHHH...

**NOW GO AND
FUCK HER BACK TO
HER SENSES.**

**SHALL DO, TIA.
SORRY, DIDN'T
NOTICE THAT
HAPPENED.**

MOMENTS LATER.



YES!!!

A close-up shot of a woman with vibrant red hair and striking purple eyes. She is looking directly at the camera with a subtle, enigmatic expression. Her right hand is raised to her mouth, with her fingers partially covering it. She is wearing bright purple lipstick. In the background, another woman with reddish-brown hair is partially visible, looking towards the left. The background is a dark, textured wall with horizontal lines. A white speech bubble with a black border is positioned to the right of the woman's head, containing the text "MY BODY NEEDS YOU." in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

**MY BODY
NEEDS YOU.**



SHOW ME THE
GOOD STUFF!









TAKE ME!
HARD!



MY PUSSY IS
LONGING FOR THIS.



HERE WE GO.

OOHHH!
I FEEL YOU.

YOU'LL FEEL
MUCH MORE,
DON'T YOU
WORRY.

OOHHHHH!!!




FUCK!!!
THIS IS SO
GOOD!



**SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING...**

ARE YOU
CUMMING ALREADY?



A close-up, high-angle shot of a woman's face. She has vibrant blue eyes, pink eyeshadow, and bright pink lipstick. Her mouth is slightly open, showing her teeth. Her hair is a deep red color. A white speech bubble with a black border is positioned near her mouth, containing the text "YES? NO? I DON'T THINK...".

YES? NO?
I DON'T THINK...



GETTING WEAK.
I...



SHIT.
ARE YOU
OKAY?
SHOULD WE
STOP?



MAYBE.
BUT... GOOD...
I CAN'T...

OH, MY GOD.

FLOP



TIA!
CALL A
MEDIC!
QUICK!







WHAT IS THIS PLACE NOW?



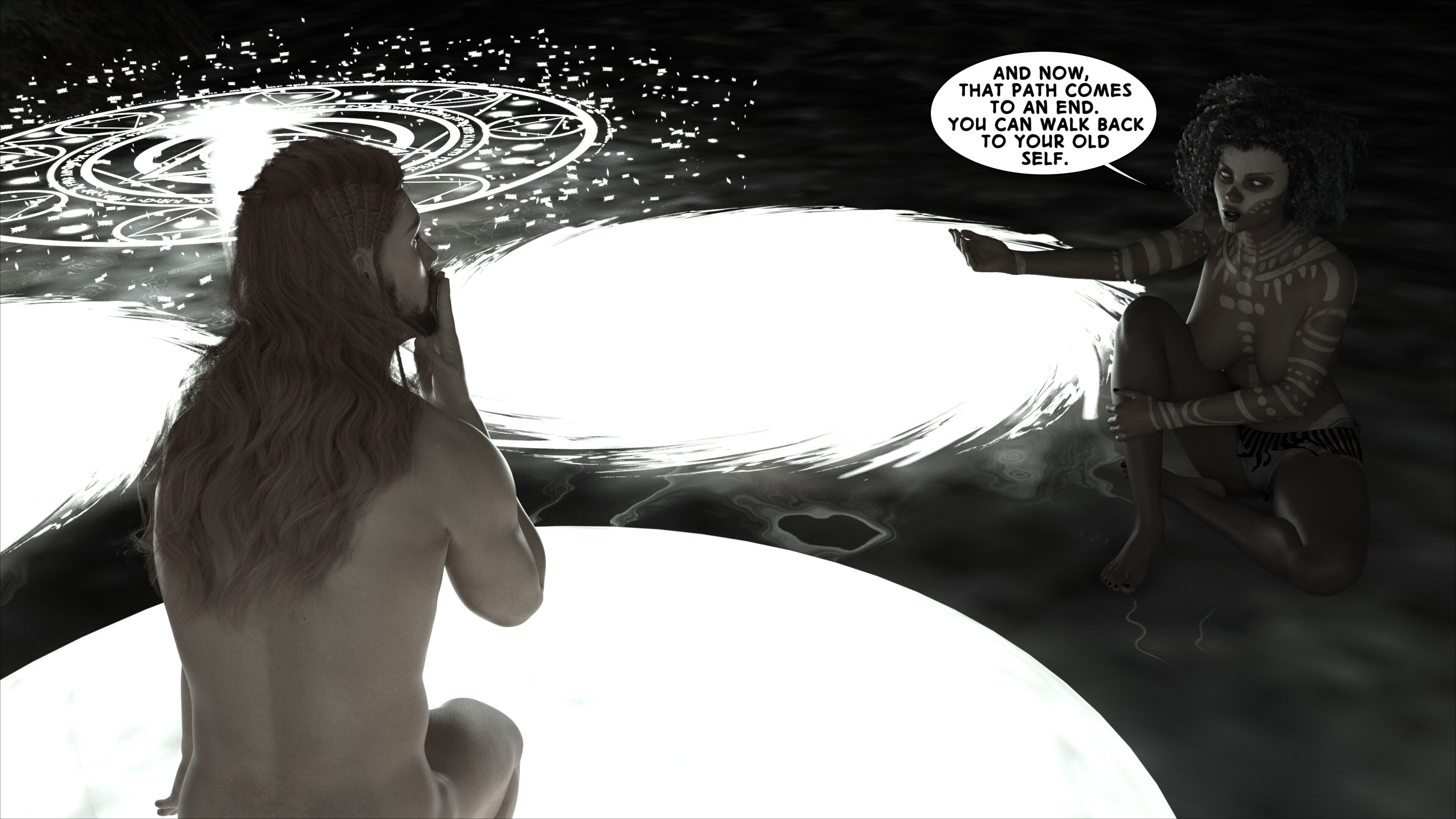
WELCOME TO
THE WORLD OF
SPIRITS, TRAVELER.



YOU? HOW
DID I GET HERE?
DO YOU HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO
WITH THIS?



FAR FROM IT,
TRAVELER.
IT WAS WHAT YOU
SAID THAT GAVE YOU
THE LIFE OF A
WOMAN.



AND NOW,
THAT PATH COMES
TO AN END.
YOU CAN WALK BACK
TO YOUR OLD
SELF.

A close-up shot of a man with long, reddish-brown hair styled in two braids. He has a full beard and mustache. He is shirtless and has his right hand pressed against his mouth, with his fingers partially covering it. His eyes are wide open and staring, conveying a sense of shock or realization. The background is dark, and the lighting is dramatic, highlighting his facial features and the texture of his hair and beard. A speech bubble is positioned to the right of his head.

**FUCK, I
REMEMBER.
THAT OFF-HAND PHRASE
I SAID WHEN PUTTING
THAT HAND THING
BACK.**



WAIT A SEC.
I CAN'T GO BACK.

WEIRD
AS IT MAY SOUND,
I'VE NEVER FELT MORE
HAPPINESS THAN DURING MY
SHORT TIME AS A WOMAN.
I MADE AN AWESOME FRIEND
WHO CAN'T LOSE ANOTHER
PERSON CLOSE TO
THEM.

YOU'VE GOT TO
ALLOW ME TO GO
BACK TO BEING
HER.

A woman with curly hair and intricate body paint is shown in profile, pointing her right index finger towards a glowing, circular magical map on the ground. The map is illuminated with various symbols and lines, set against a dark background with scattered light points. Two speech bubbles are positioned above the map, containing text.

I DON'T
MAKE THE RULES,
TRAVELER.

THE SPIRITS HAVE
CHOSEN TO ENLIGHTEN
YOUR WAY, NOW YOU RETURN
TO THE WORLD IN YOUR
ORIGINAL FORM.



PLEASE. I'M
BEGGING YOU.
DON'T LET ME GO
BACK TO BEING A
MISERABLE, STUCK
UP LONER.

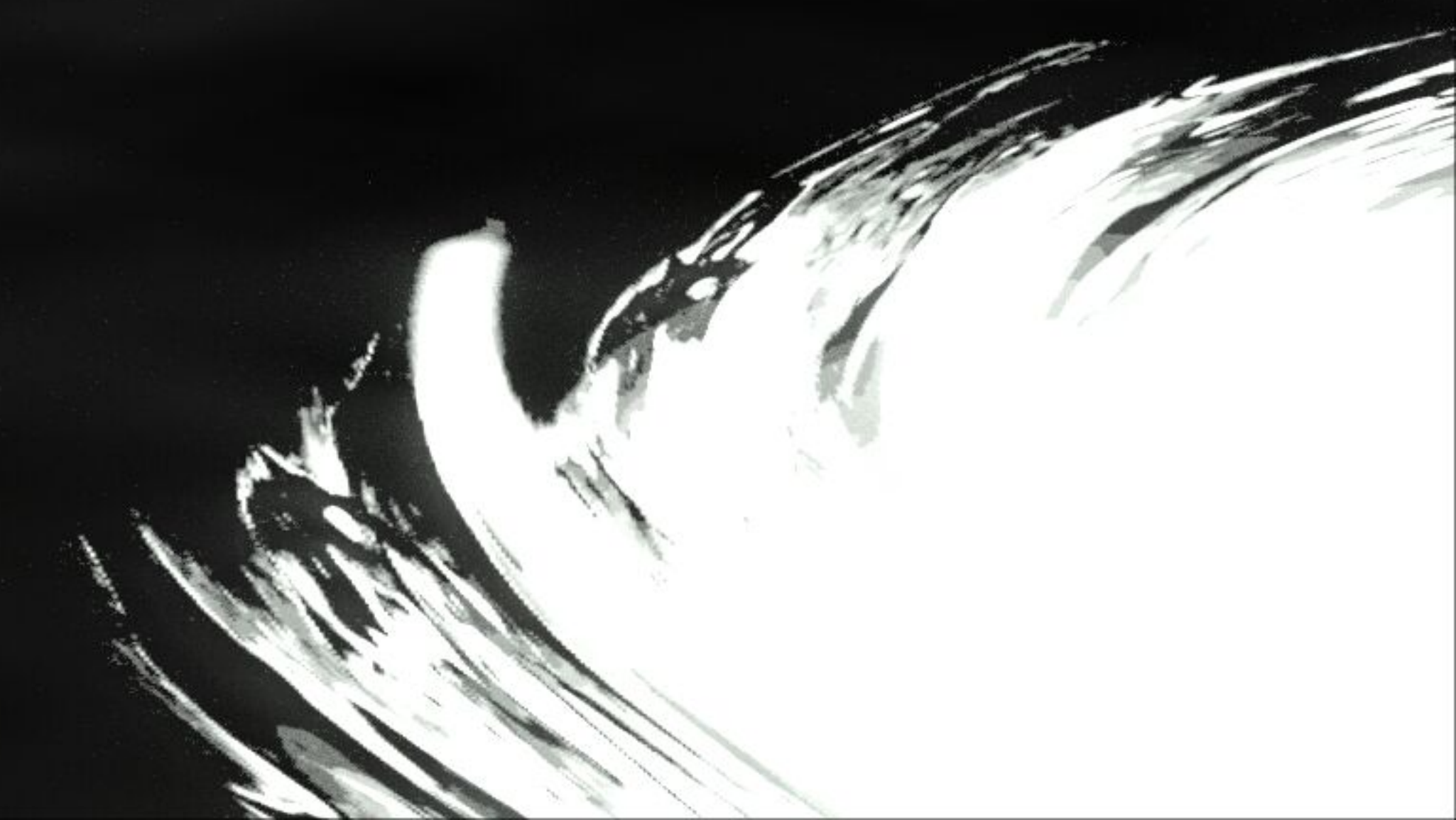


THE RULES ARE
SET, TRAVELER.
YOUR FEMALE BODY
IS IN THE PAST.



**WHATEVER
YOU SHALL DO ONCE YOU
RETURN TO THE MORTAL WORLD
IS YOUR CHOICE.
BUT FOR NOW, YOU GOT TO
MOVE ON, LEAVE THAT OTHER
EXISTENCE BEHIND.**

**I'LL LEAVE YOU
HERE, TRAVELER.
FEEL FREE TO PONDER YOUR
FUTURE, BUT RETURNING IS
INEVITABLE.**





**FUCK!
WHAT DO I DO?
I CAN'T JUST GIVE UP
ON WHAT I FOUND,
CAN I?**


**PLUS,
HOW WOULD I EVER
EXPLAIN THIS TO TIA?
SHE'S NOT READY TO LOSE
ANOTHER PERSON CLOSE TO
HER, BUT I CAN'T REALLY
EXPLAIN HOW IT'S ME,
RIGHT?**

A woman with long, wavy, light-colored hair is shown from the back, looking towards a glowing magical circle on the ground. The circle is composed of intricate geometric patterns and lines, with a bright, vertical beam of light shining through its center. The scene is set in a dark, starry environment, possibly a night sky or a magical realm. The woman's expression is one of contemplation or concern.

HOW DO
I SOLVE THIS
MESS?

TRAVELER!
PLEASE WAIT FOR A
MOMENT.



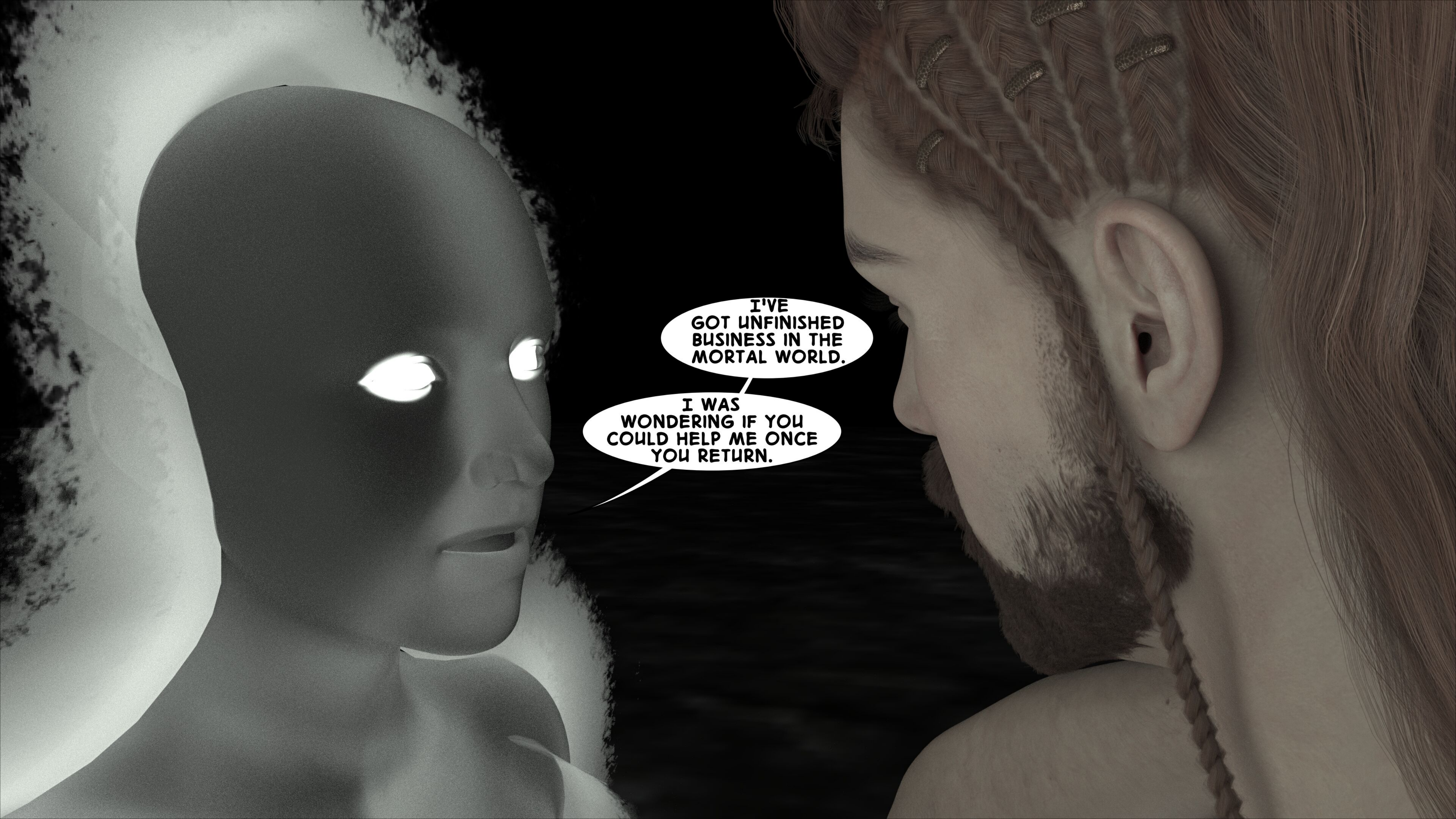
A black and white illustration of a woman from the chest up. She has dark skin and her eyes are glowing with a bright white light. Her mouth is slightly open, showing her teeth. She is wearing a dark, strapless top. The background is dark with a bright, circular glow around her head and shoulders. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of her chest.

I WOULD
LIKE TO HAVE WORDS
WITH YOU.



I SUPPOSE
TALKING TO AN ACTUAL
GHOST ISN'T SOMETHING I
CAN REALLY CALLED
BIZARRE ANYMORE.

WHAT IS IT
YOU WANT?



I'VE
GOT UNFINISHED
BUSINESS IN THE
MORTAL WORLD.

I WAS
WONDERING IF YOU
COULD HELP ME ONCE
YOU RETURN.



MY SPIRIT IS GETTING WEAK, I CAN'T LINGER MUCH LONGER WITHOUT MOVING ON.

BUT I'M STILL CLINGING TO THE MORTAL WORLD CAUSE I LEFT SOME POOR SPIRIT BEHIND.



SO,
I'M SUPPOSED
TO TELL SOMEBODY
SOME MESSAGE,
OR THE LIKES?

A close-up, cinematic shot of a man with a beard and braided hair, looking down at a glowing metallic mask he is holding. The scene is dimly lit, with the primary light source being the mask's glow. A speech bubble is positioned between the man and the mask.

ALSO, AM I
CORRECT TO
ASSUME YOU'RE
TIA'S MOTHER?



**YOU'RE
PERCEPTIVE, TRAVELER,
IF YOU CHOOSE TO BE.
INDEED, TIA IS MY
DAUGHTER.**

**MOTHERS RECEIVE
SPECIAL TREATMENT
AMONG THE SPIRITS, AS IT'S
THEM WHO BRING FORTH
NEW LIFE.**

to be continued