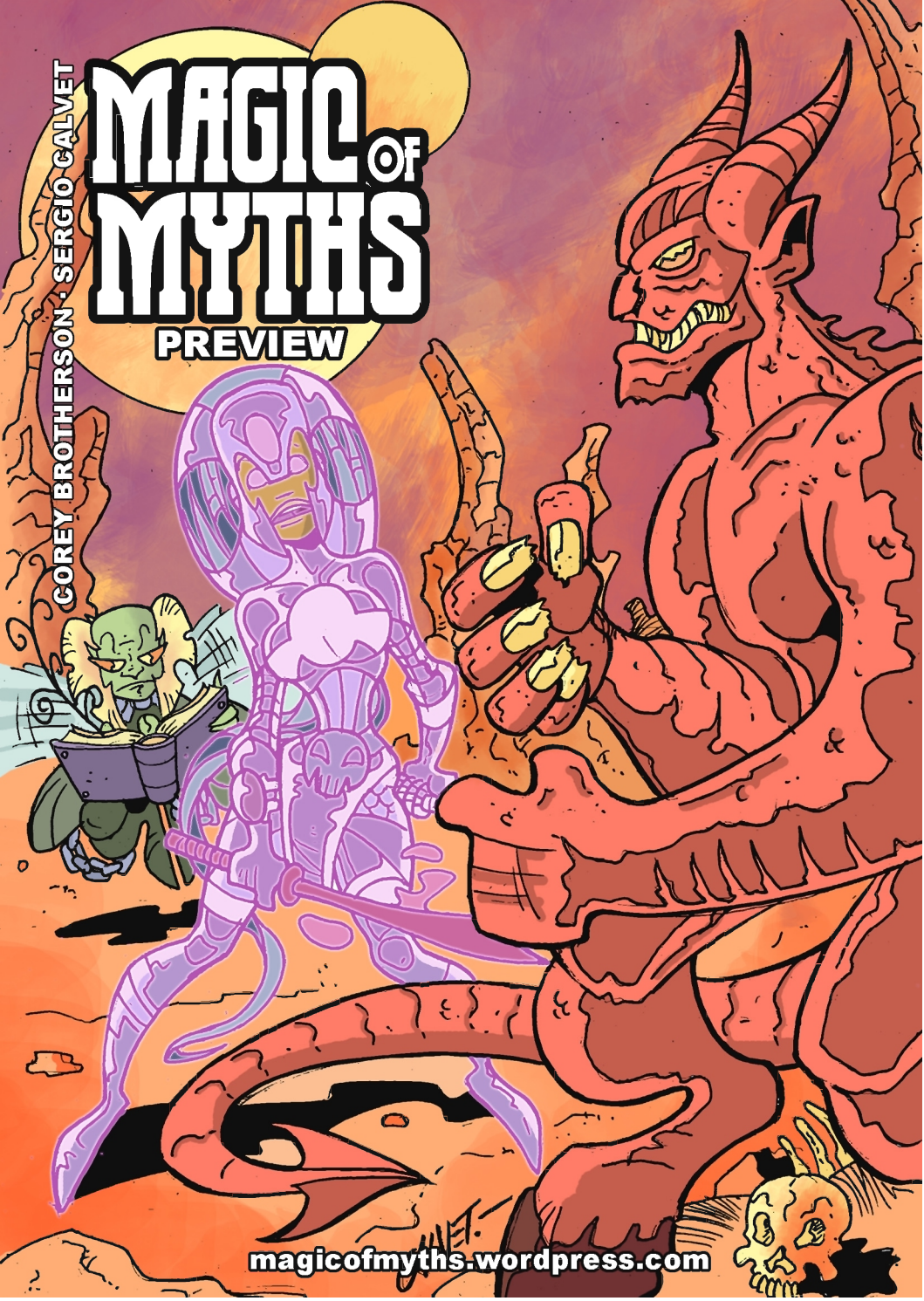


COREY BROTHERSON • SERGIO CALVET

MAGIC OF MYTHS

PREVIEW



1.



בוקר בבית הספר



"MORNING CLASS"

WELL.

NOW IF YOU'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK YOU'LL HAVE SOME EXAMPLES OF WHERE PERCEPTION AND REALITY WILDLY DIFFER --

"-- WITHIN SHAKESPEARE'S A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

STILL NO WORDS?

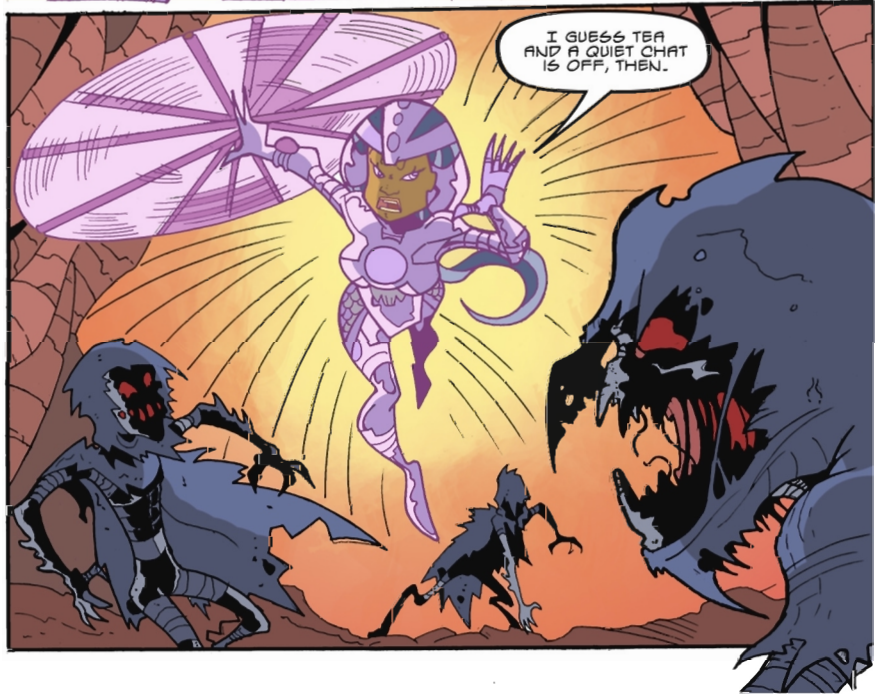
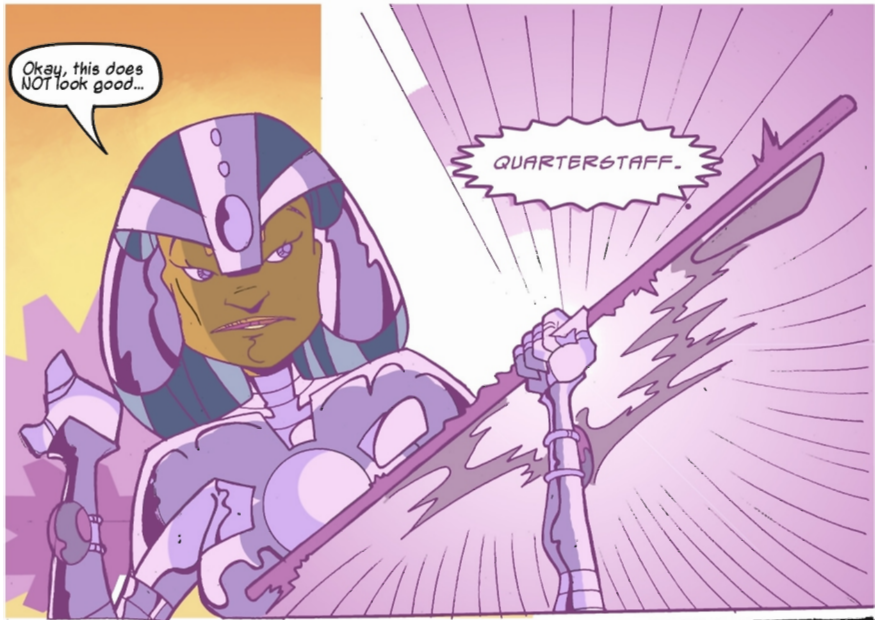
OF COURSE, MANY OF YOU HAVEN'T.

AGAIN.

NOT THE FIRST TIME I'VE FELT LIKE AN ASS.



בית הספר 'העל' של מר פופ



WHAT WORDS OF WISDOM DID MY AIKIDO SENSEI USED TO SAY ABOUT JOKING DURING A FIGHT?

AH. YES.

"SHUT THE F*CK UP, EVE."

CAN'T HELP IT. THIS IS WHAT'S THE FIFTH TIME I'VE BEEN CALLED HERE?

(Wherever the hell 'here' is. Generic-Fantasy-bollock-world.)

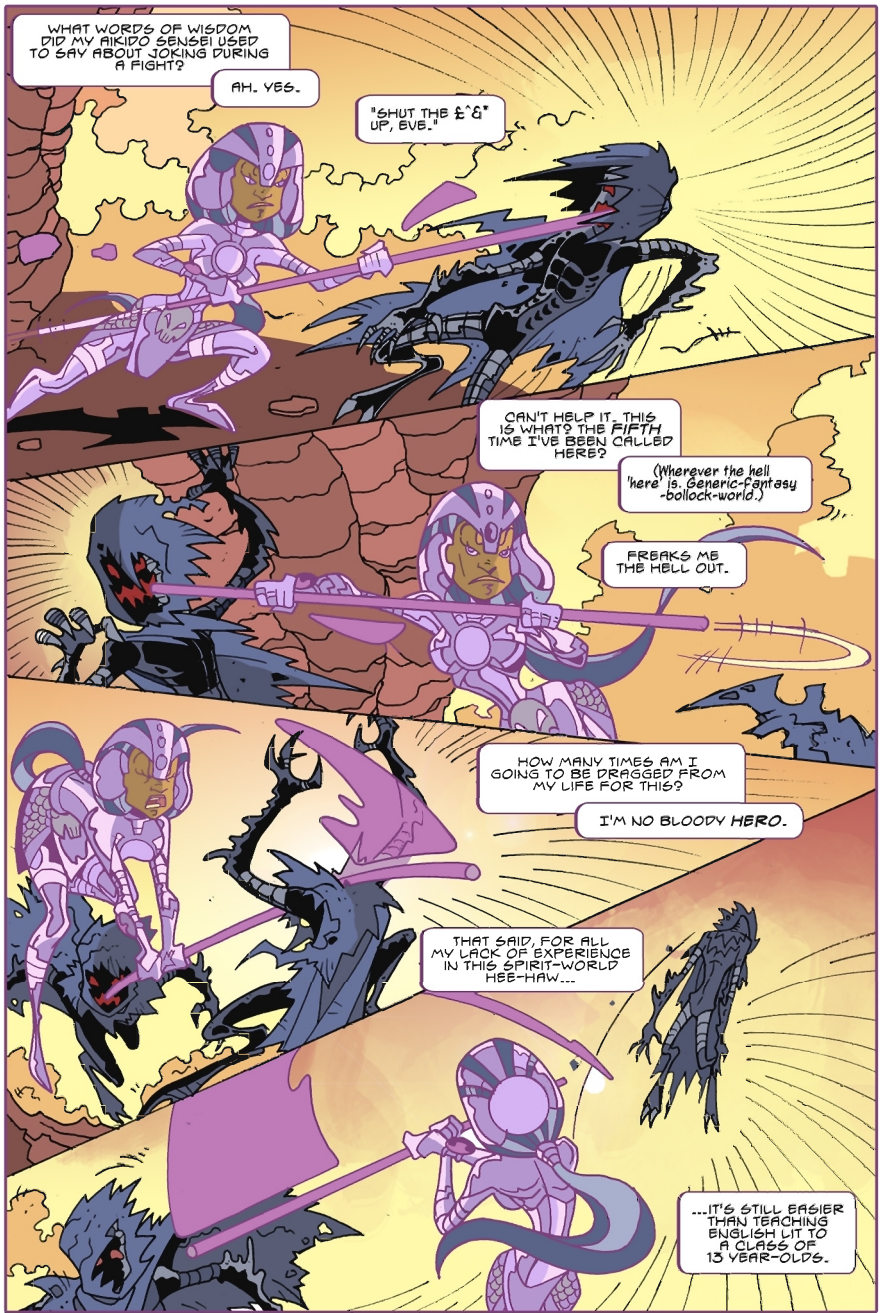
FREAKS ME THE HELL OUT.

HOW MANY TIMES AM I GOING TO BE DRAGGED FROM MY LIFE FOR THIS?

I'M NO BLOODY HERO.

THAT SAID, FOR ALL MY LACK OF EXPERIENCE IN THIS SPIRIT-WORLD HEE-HAW...

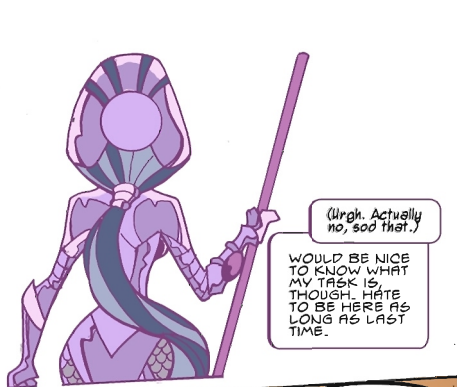
...IT'S STILL EASIER THAN TEACHING ENGLISH LIT TO A CLASS OF 13 YEAR-OLDS.





THAT IT? THANK GOD.

NOW MAYBE "THE POWERS THAT BE"^(TM) WILL SEND ME BACK HOME. I'VE GOT COURSEWORK TO MARK.



(Urgh. Actually no, sod that.)

WOULD BE NICE TO KNOW WHAT MY TASK IS, THOUGH. HATE TO BE HERE AS LONG AS LAST TIME.



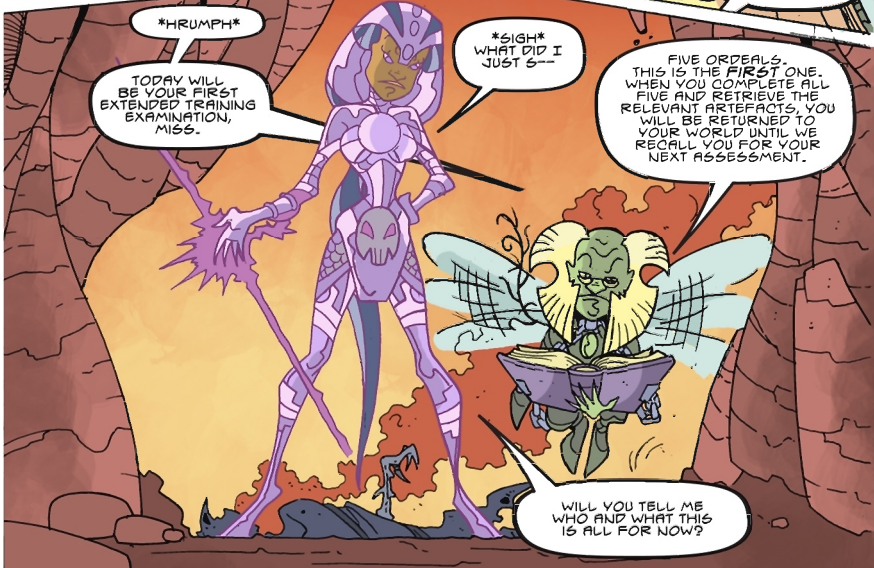
AND WHERE THE HELL IS--



--TINK.

I WISH YOU WOULDN'T CALL ME THAT, MISS EVELYN.

IT'S 'EVE'. AND YOU STOP CALLING ME 'MISS'. THEN WE HAVE A DEAL.



HRUMPH

TODAY WILL BE YOUR FIRST EXTENDED TRAINING EXAMINATION, MISS.

SIGH WHAT DID I JUST S--

FIVE ORDEALS. THIS IS THE **FIRST** ONE. WHEN YOU COMPLETE ALL FIVE AND RETRIEVE THE RELEVANT ARTEFACTS, YOU WILL BE RETURNED TO YOUR WORLD UNTIL WE RECALL YOU FOR YOUR NEXT ASSESSMENT.

WILL YOU TELL ME WHO AND WHAT THIS IS ALL FOR NOW?



A MYTHOLOGICAL HERO NEEDS NOT KNOW WHO SHE WORKS FOR, JUST THAT SHE HAS A GREATER--

--YOU SAY THE 'BEST' WORD AND I'LL CREATE A LIGHT WEAPON THAT WILL FIT PRECISELY, YET SOMEWHAT UNCOMFORTABLY BETWEEN YOUR LITTLE GREEN BUTTOCKS.

(OH-HH YOU'RE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR JOSS WHEPON.)

STILL HAVING PROBLEMS BELIEVING ALL THIS. BUT I EITHER ACCEPT THE RULES OR I'M TRAPPED.

GUESS THAT'S NO DIFFERENT TO LIFE IN GENERAL.

LEAST I ACED THIS PART OF THE 'TEST'.

COOL.

ABOUT TIME. BEEN TEACHING FOR SEVERAL YEARS...

MAYBE I'M NOT SUCH AN...

-- ARSE.

THE SHROUDS ARE DEAF AND MUTE -- DO NOT ATTACK THEM

...AND IT TURNS OUT I'M STILL LEARNING.

THE SHROUDS WOULD HAVE BEEN OF VALUABLE USE FOR THE REMAINING ORDEALS. PITY.

PROCEED.

WHOEVER MY BOSS IS, THREE GUESSES TO WHAT THEY'RE THINKING RIGHT NOW...

"LORD, WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE"



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Vertical text on the right side of the page.

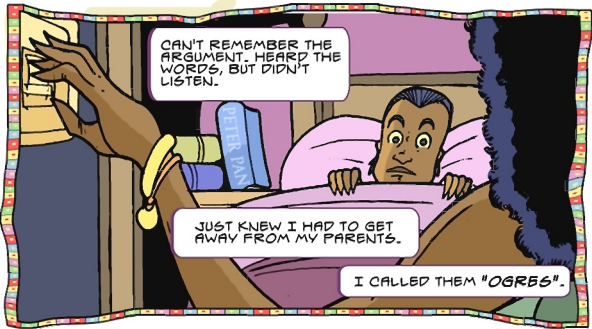
11.





HUSH
LITTLE BABY,
DON'T SAY A
WORD,

I WAS BARELY
THIRTEEN WHEN
I RAN AWAY
FROM HOME.



CAN'T REMEMBER THE
ARGUMENT. HEARD THE
WORDS, BUT DIDN'T
LISTEN.

JUST KNEW I HAD TO GET
AWAY FROM MY PARENTS.

I CALLED THEM "OGRES".

"Mum's gonna buy you a mocking bird"

OF COURSE THERE WERE TEARS AND SHOUTING AND MORE
TEARS WHEN THEY FOUND ME MERE HOURS LATER.



GOODNIGHT,
EVE.

THEN THEY PUT
ME TO BED, SAFE
AND SOUND.

"And a little mocking bird won't sing"

BUT THE ARGUMENTS
NEVER STOPPED.
NOT BETWEEN MUM
AND DAD.

SO I TRIED
AGAIN.



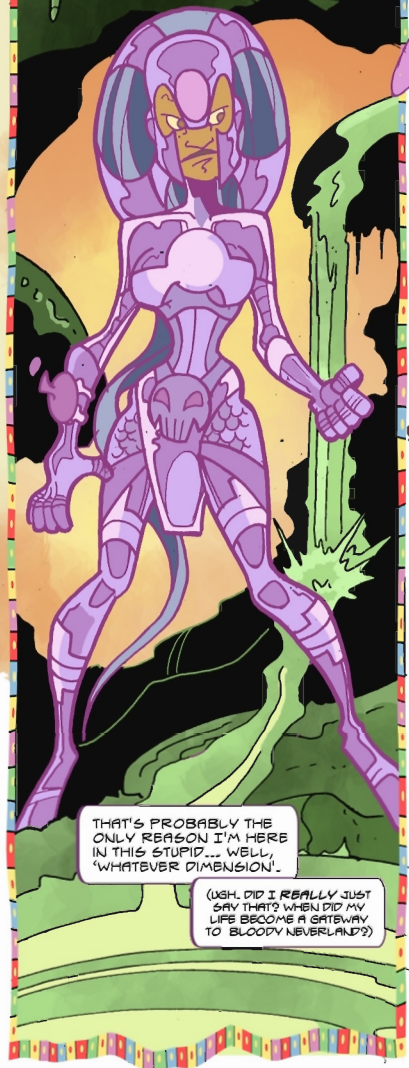
AND AGAIN.

AND AGAIN.



♪ "Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring,"

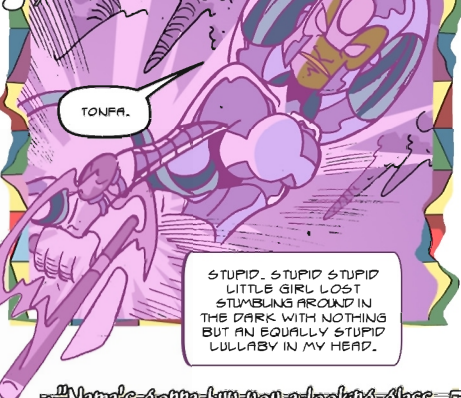
AND HERE I AM, OVER TWELVE YEARS LATER. STILL RUNNING AWAY. HANDS OVER EARS.



THAT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY REASON I'M HERE IN THIS STUPID... WELL, 'WHATEVER DIMENSION'.

(UGH. DID I REALLY JUST SAY THAT? WHEN DID MY LIFE BECOME A GATEWAY TO BLOODY NEVERLAND?)

♪ "And if that diamond ring is brass,"



TONFA.

STUPID. STUPID STUPID LITTLE GIRL LOST STUMBLING AROUND IN THE DARK WITH NOTHING BUT AN EQUALLY STUPID LULLABY IN MY HEAD.

♪ "Mama's gonna buy you a looking glass,"



THIS IS MY SECOND TRIAL? NAVIGATING A DIM CREEP? PRETTY EARS PERSEUS DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS IN CLASH OF THE TITANS.

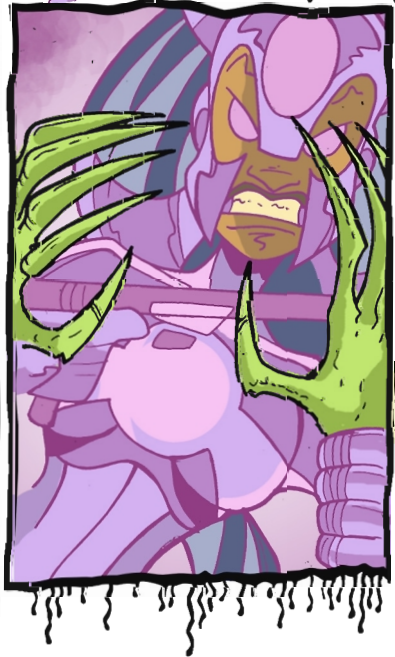
MAYBE I'M BEING TESTED ON MY SANITY. THIS SONG IS DRIVING ME BLOODY CRAZ--



WAIT.

IT'S NOT A SONG.

♪ "If that looking glass gets broke..."





TIME TO WAKE UP, EVE.

STOP LETTING HISTORY DEFINE ME.

GROW.



HM.

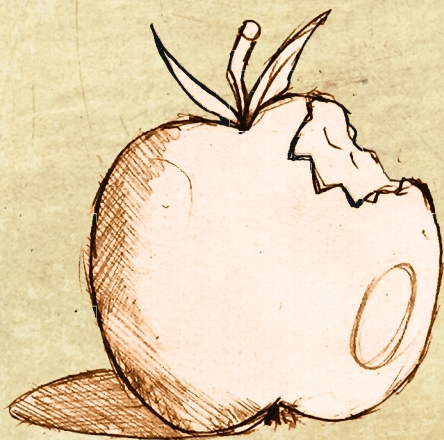
THAT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE A GLIMMER OF SELF-REALISATION FIGHTING ITS WAY THROUGH UNWANTED ADULTHOOD.



GUESS THERE'S HOPE FOR ME YET.

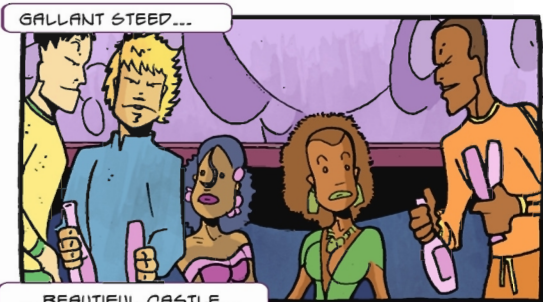


111.





HOW DOES IT GO AGAIN?



GALLANT STEED...



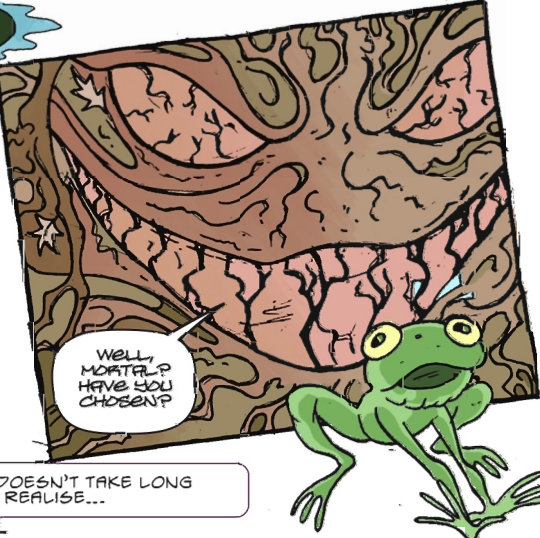
...BEAUTIFUL CASTLE...



LOTS OF GIRLS GROW UP BELIEVING THAT.



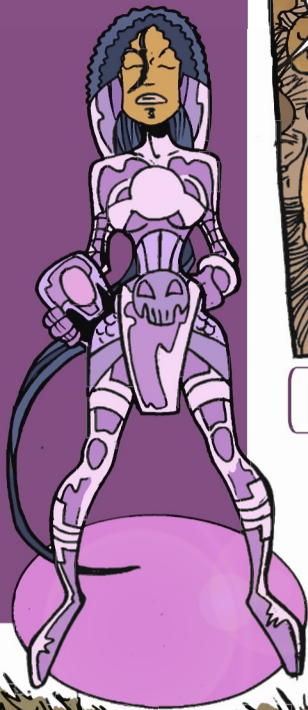
KINDA FUNNY WHEN YOU CONSIDER WHERE I AM RIGHT NOW.



WELL, MORTAL? HAVE YOU CHOSEN?

BECAUSE IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG FOR YOU TO REALISE...

...WE'RE ALL JUST LIVING IN A FANTASY WORLD.



THIS WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER IF YOU JUST TOLD ME WHICH WAS THE RIGHT APPLE.

NEVER WAS ANY GOOD AT...



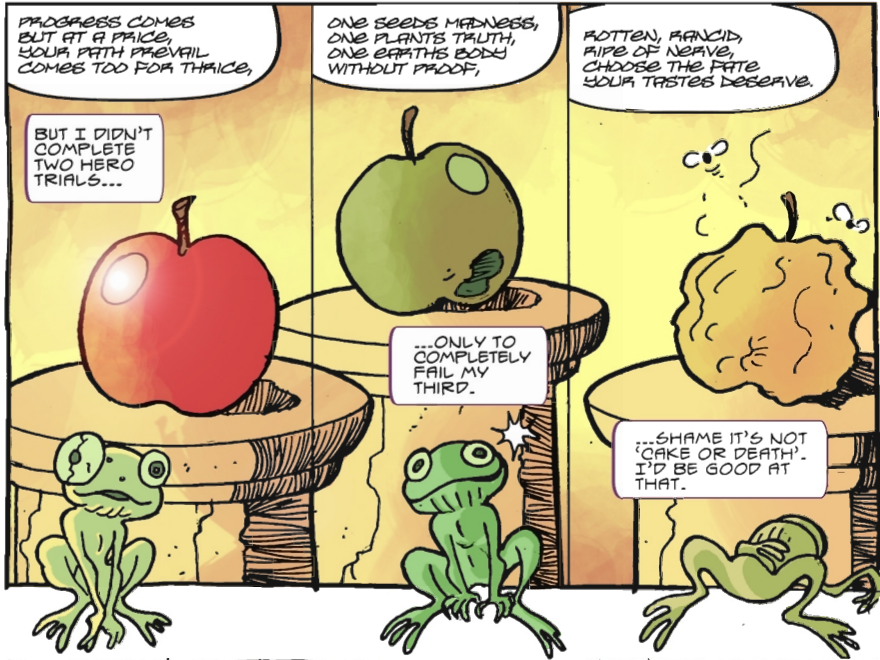
...WELL, WAS GOING TO SAY "REAL LIFE STUFF".



WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO REPEAT YOUR CLUE?

FOR THE THIRD TIME?

LIKE I HAVE A CHOICE.



PROGRESS COMES
BUT AT A PRICE,
YOUR PATH PREVAIL
COMES TOO FOR THAICE,

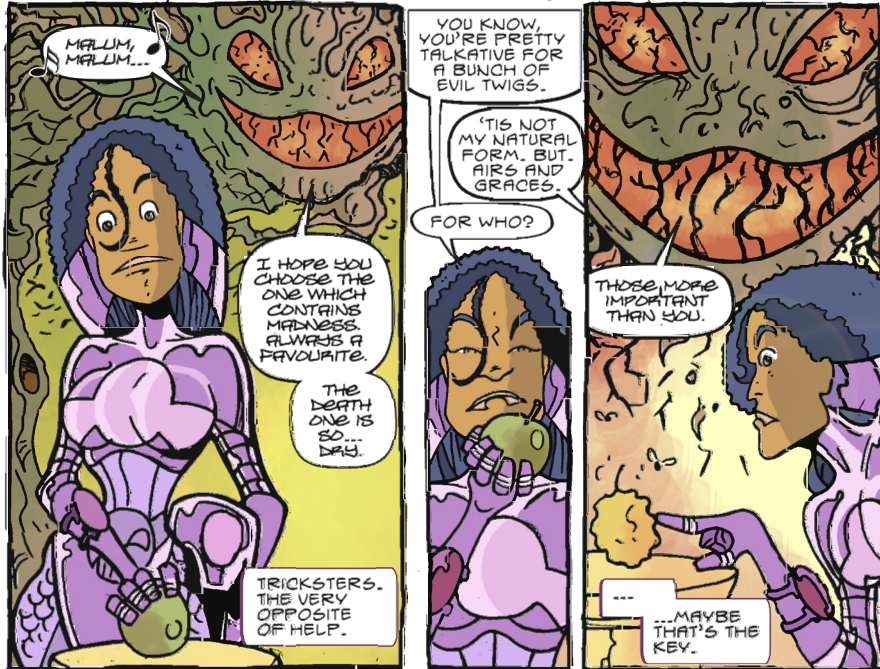
ONE SEEDS MADNESS,
ONE PLANTS TALTH,
ONE BRATHS BODS
WITHOUT PROOF,

ROTTEN, RANCD,
PIPE OF NERVE,
CHOOSE THE FATE
YOUR TASTES DEBEAVE.

BUT I DIDN'T
COMPLETE
TWO HERO
TRIALS...

...ONLY TO
COMPLETELY
FAIL MY
THIRD.

...SHAME IT'S NOT
'CAKE OR DEATH'.
I'D BE GOOD AT
THAT.



MALLIM,
MALLIM...

YOU KNOW,
YOU'RE PRETTY
TALKATIVE FOR
A BUNCH OF
EVIL TWIGS.

'TIS NOT
MY NATURAL
FORM, BUT,
AIRS AND
GRACES.

FOR WHO?

I HOPE YOU
CHOOSE THE
ONE WHICH
CONTAINS
MADNESS.
ALWAYS A
FAVOURITE.

THE
DEATH
ONE IS
SO...
DAM.

TRICKSTERS.
THE VERY
OPPOSITE
OF HELP.

THOSE MORE
IMPORTANT
THAN YOU.

...MAYBE
THAT'S THE
KEY.

