

AS AN EMPATH,  
YOU'RE HIGHLY  
SENSITIVE TO THE  
EMOTIONS OF OTHERS.  
YOU FEEL EVERYTHING  
WE'RE FEELING.

ME? SENSITIVE?

YOU'RE  
RIGHT, THOUGH.  
EVERYTHING YOU FELT,  
I FELT, AND I FELT IT  
HARD. AND NOT JUST  
YOU. THAT DOG, THAT  
FLYING THING. IT  
WAS-- INTENSE.



WE'VE ALL  
BECOME  
CHARACTERS IN  
ALLMYTH, WITH THE  
POWERS OF THE  
CLASSES ASSIGNED  
TO US BY  
MORPHESTRA.

I'M A  
GUNSLINGER,  
WHICH EXPLAINS  
WHY I COULD HIT  
THE DOG EVEN  
WITH MY EYES  
CLOSED.


YOU'RE AN  
EMPATH, AND  
DAISY BECAME A  
WARRIOR. SHE HAS  
TREMENDOUS  
STRENGTH AND CAN  
TAKE AND DEAL A  
LOT OF  
DAMAGE.



SO YOU GET  
TO SHOOT  
GUNS, DAISY  
GETS TO BE BIG  
AND STRONG, AND I  
GET TO BE A GIRL  
IN A DRESS WHO  
FEELS  
FEELINGS?

WHAT  
BULLSHIT. HOW  
COME I GET  
STUCK WITH--  
THIS?

FUCK. I  
SOUND LIKE A  
LITTLE GIRL.  
IT'S-- BULLSHIT.  
IT'S BULLSHIT.



IT'S NOT ALL  
ABOUT YOU,  
MARCEL. THIS  
ISN'T EASY FOR ANY  
OF US. DO YOU  
THINK I WANT TO  
BE A GUY?

LISTEN  
TO ME. I  
SOUND LIKE  
DARTH  
VADER...



... I HAVE  
GIANT MICKEY  
MOUSE GLOVES  
FOR HANDS. MY, UM  
YUCK, THING, IS  
SO-- BIG-- IT  
KEEPS RUBBING  
AGAINST MY  
LEG.

I DON'T  
WANT TO HIT  
THINGS WITH  
AN AX...

...AND I'M TOO  
BIG! I FEEL LIKE  
I'M WEARING AN  
INFLATABLE  
SUMO SUIT.



WOULD YOU RATHER BE WEARING THIS DRESS?

YES, FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I WOULD.

THAT DRESS IS ADORABLE.

AND YOUR CORSET? UNH! I WOULD ROCK THAT IN A HEARTBEAT.


I'M WEARING A CORSET?

A man with dark hair and blue eyes is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a dark, laced-up corset under a dark jacket. He is holding a lit candle in front of him, which provides the primary light source. The background is dark and appears to be a wooden interior. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, one on each side of the man's head.

YES,  
YOU'RE  
WEARING A  
CORSET, MR.  
MAN. IT'S WHY  
YOU CAN'T  
BREATH.

SO,  
OLLIE,  
YOUR TURN.  
WHAT DO YOU  
HATE ABOUT  
BEING A  
LITTLE ELF  
GIRL?





GOSH, I DON'T  
KNOW. I FEEL IT  
WOULD BE SEXIST FOR  
ME TO VIEW THIS AS A  
NEGATIVE  
EXPERIENCE.

OLLIE!  
I SWEAR  
TO GOD. YOU  
AND THAT FAKE  
MALE  
FEMINIST  
BULLSHIT.

YOU HAVE  
BIGGER TITS  
THAN KATE  
UPTON. YOU  
TELLING ME THAT  
DOESN'T BOTHER  
YOU AT ALL?  
COME ON.



OKAY! I'M  
FREAKING OUT  
ABOUT HAVING  
BOOBS, A GIRL'S  
BODY. REALLY,  
ABOUT ALL OF THIS!  
THE PORTAL,  
MORPHESTRA. DO YOU  
KNOW HOW MANY  
HOURS I'VE SPENT  
PLAYING  
ALLMYTH?

AND  
NOW, I'M  
HERE, AND ITS  
REAL AND  
I'M...

...DID YOU  
SAY BIGGER  
THAN KATE  
UPTON?

I WAS  
EXAGERRATING. A  
LITTLE.


A woman with long dark hair, wearing a dark, ornate outfit with a feathered hat, sits at a table. She is looking towards the camera with a serious expression. The room is dimly lit, with a fireplace in the background and a candle on the table to her right.

YOU  
KNOW THIS  
GAME OR  
UNIVERSE,  
WHATEVER,  
RIGHT?

THERE MUST  
BE SOME WAY  
OUT, SOME WAY  
TO GET BACK TO  
OUR OWN WORLD,  
OUR OWN  
BODIES.



I CAN'T BE  
STUCK LIKE  
THIS.



THERE ARE ALWAYS PORTALS, JUST LIKE THE ONE WE CAME THROUGH. USUALLY, THERE IS A QUEST OF SOME SORT THAT'S NEEDED TO OPEN THE PORTAL.

YOU HAVE TO FIND CLUES AND FIGHT MONSTERS. IT'S REALLY FUN. GUYS, THIS COULD BE A BLAST! OH! I'M GONNA BLOG ABOUT THIS WHEN IT'S OVER!

**SCRATCH...**

**MOAN...**

OLLIE,  
THE THING  
IS, IN HERE  
THE  
MONSTERS  
ARE REAL.

PLUS, I  
HAVE A DATE  
TOMORROW.  
**WHERE DO  
WE FIND THE  
CLUES?**

THEY COULD BE  
ANYWHERE. THEY  
COULD BE ON THAT  
PIECE OF PAPER  
RIGHT IN FRONT  
OF YOU.

**SCRATCH...**

**SCRATCH...**



WHAT'S IT SAY?

IT'S IN SOME STUPID LETTERS THAT MAKE NO SENSE.

IT LOOKS LIKE IT WAS WRITTEN BY AN ALIEN PIGLET.



LET ME SEE.

I TOLD YOU IT MAKES NO SENSE, BUT WHATEVER!







OKAY. WAIT.  
I CAN READ  
THIS! THREE  
LOCKS. IT  
MENTIONS THE  
PORTALS!

IT SAYS  
THERE'S A  
MAP...

HOW CAN  
YOU READ  
THAT?

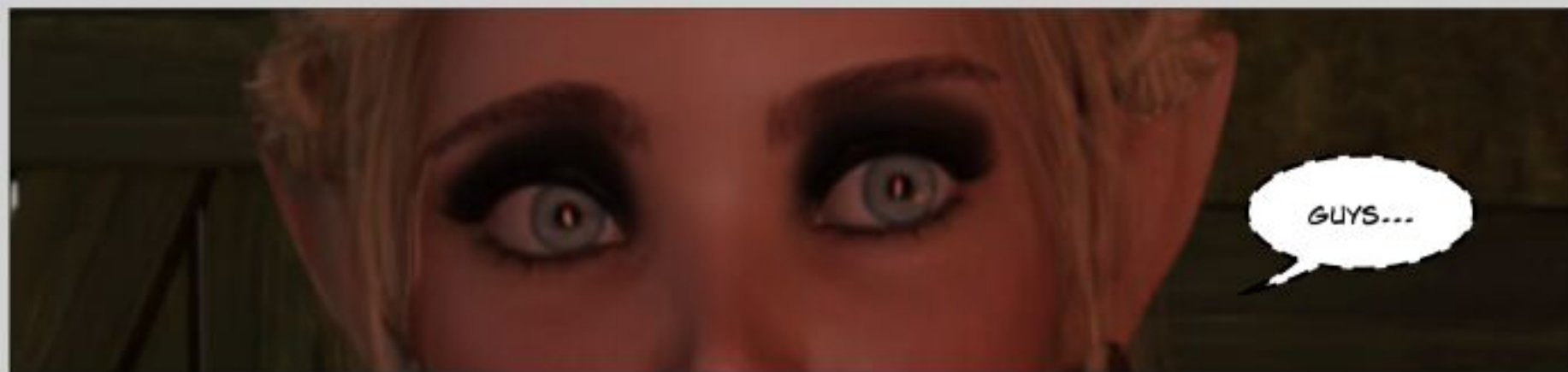
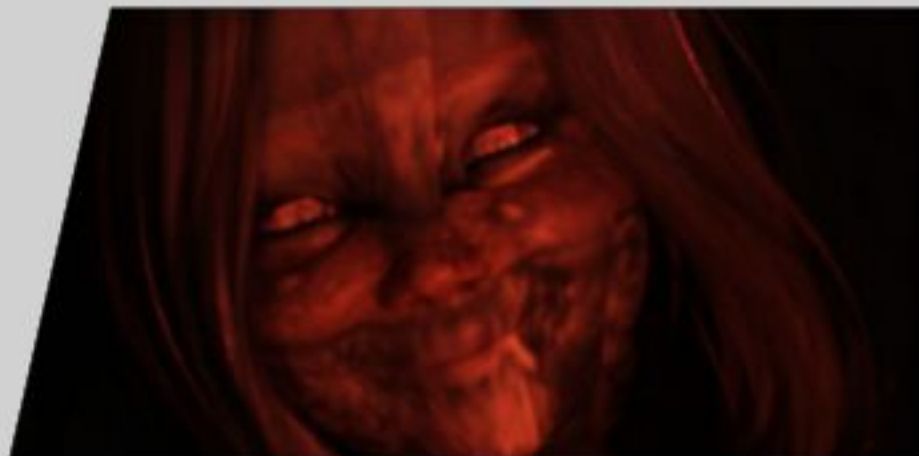
SCRATCH...



WAIT. DID YOU HEAR THAT?

THERE'S SOMETHING IN HERE...

MOAN...





I'M SURE I HEARD--



--IT'S THE WIND. I TOLD YOU.

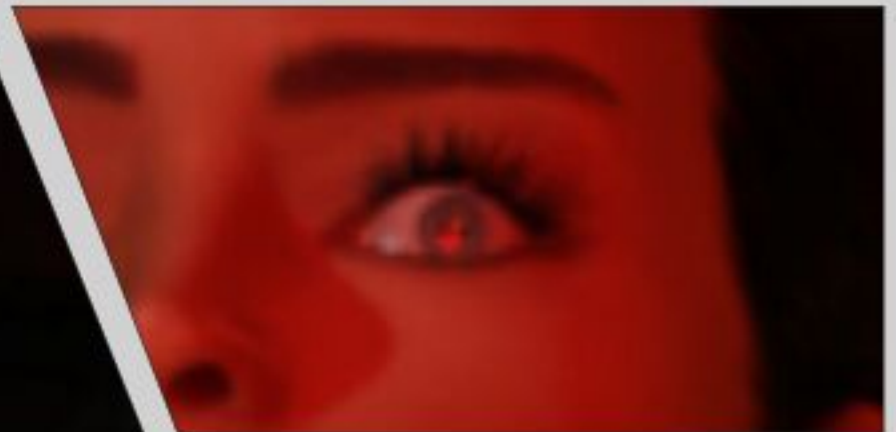
I LOVE IT. TYPICAL NERVOUS LITTLE FEMALE.



....GUYS....

OLLIE,  
YOU'RE  
SCARED, AND  
YOU'RE MAKING  
ME--

-- AH!



**SCREEE!!!**





To be continued...