





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 braids. He has a full beard and mustache and is looking directly at the camera with a wide-eyed, shocked expression. His right hand is pressed against his mouth, covering his lips and teeth. He is shirtless, and a white, curved object, possibly a bathtub or a ledge, is visible at the bottom of the frame. The background is dark and out of focus.

**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 features various symbols, including a cross and a crescent moon, and is surrounded by a field of small, star-like lights. The scene is set against a dark background, with the map and the woman's body paint illuminated by a soft, ethereal light.

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.





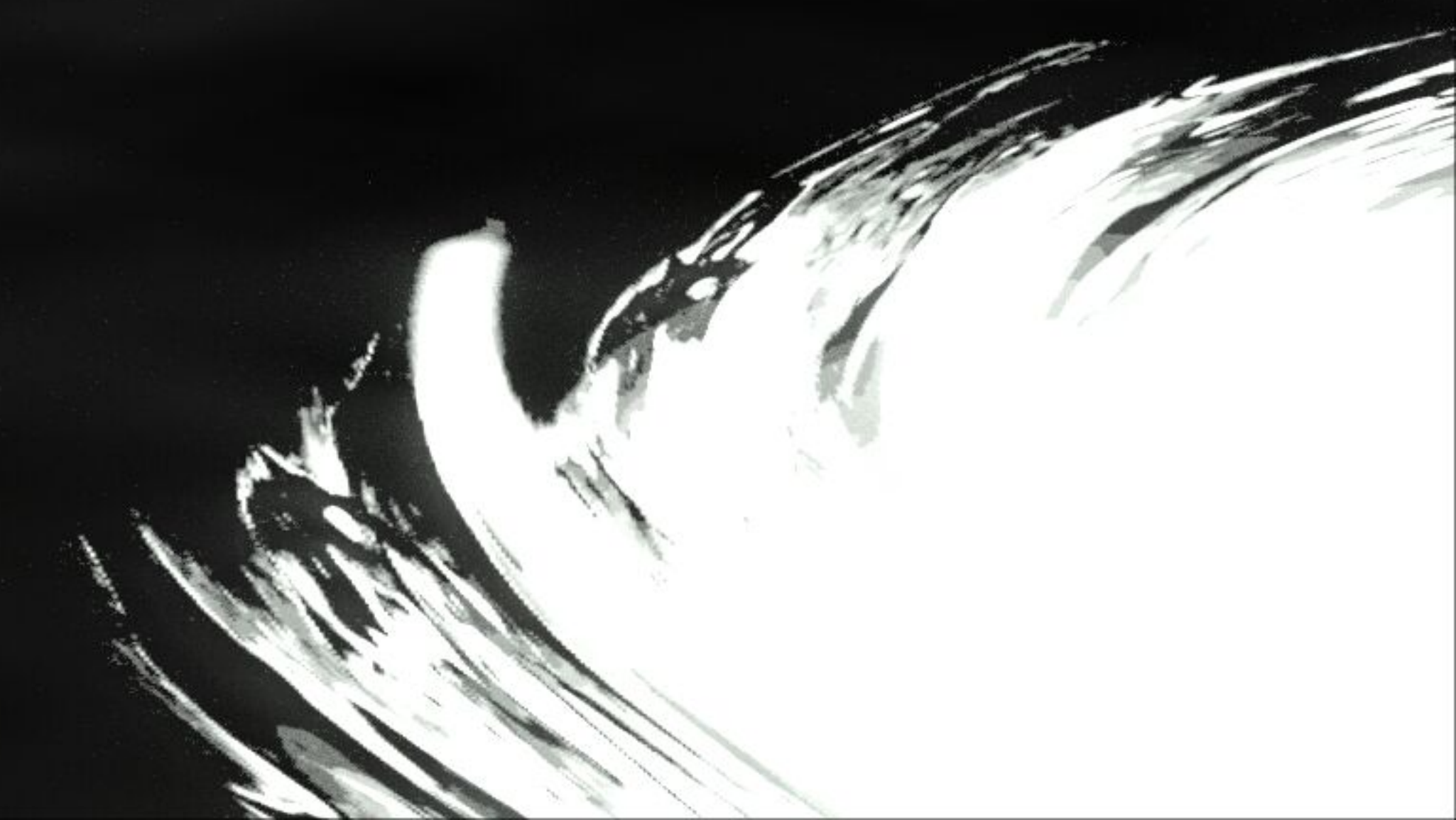
THE RULES ARE  
SET, TRAVELER.  
YOUR FEMALE BODY  
IS IN THE PAST.






**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 surrounded by a field of small, sparkling lights. A bright, vertical beam of light shines down from the center of the circle. The background is dark, suggesting a night sky or a dark environment.


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, containing the text: "I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE WORDS WITH YOU."

I WOULD  
LIKE TO HAVE WORDS  
WITH YOU.

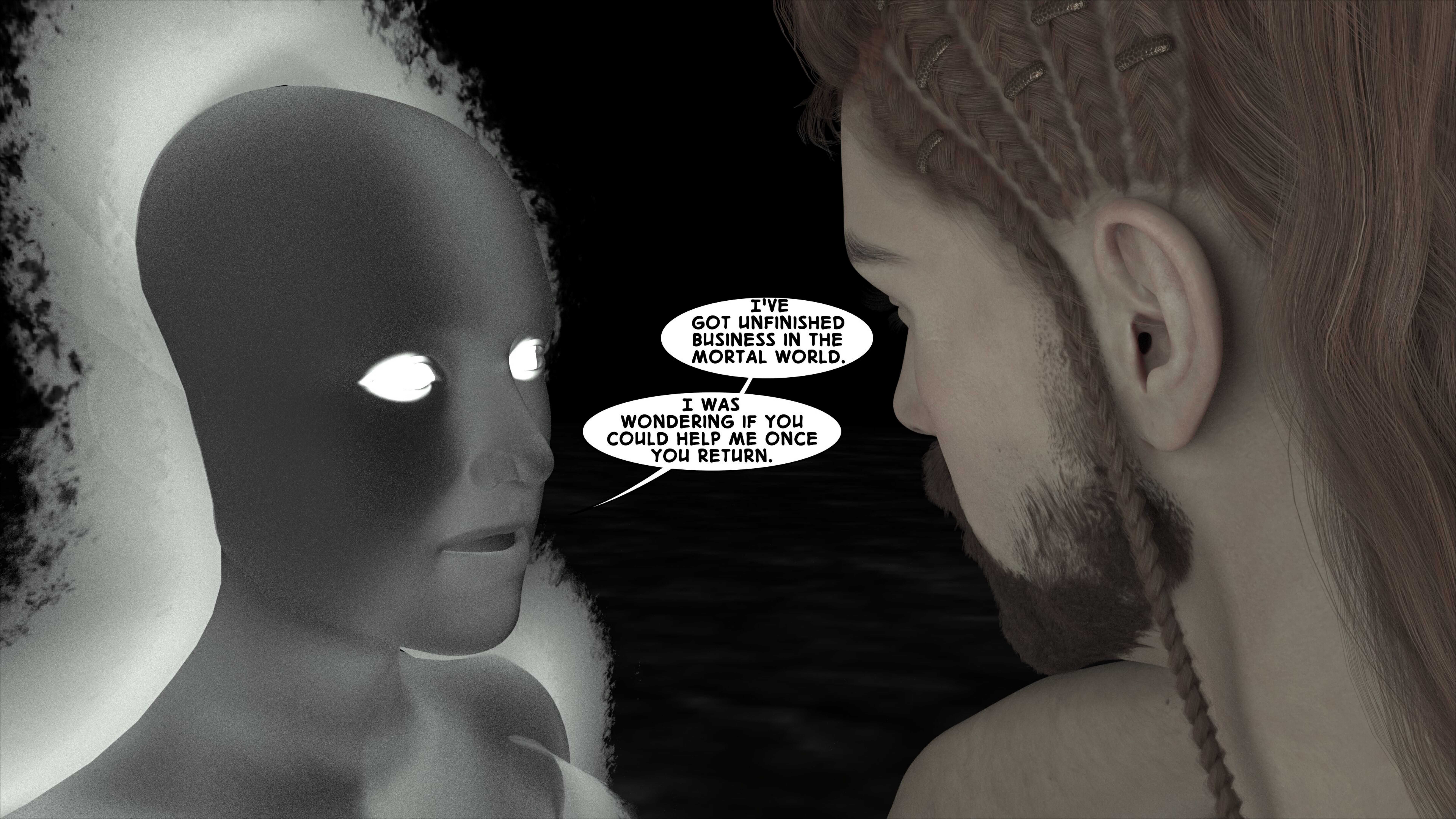




I SUPPOSE  
TALKING TO AN ACTUAL  
GHOST ISN'T SOMETHING I  
CAN REALLY CALLED  
BIZARRE ANYMORE.

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.





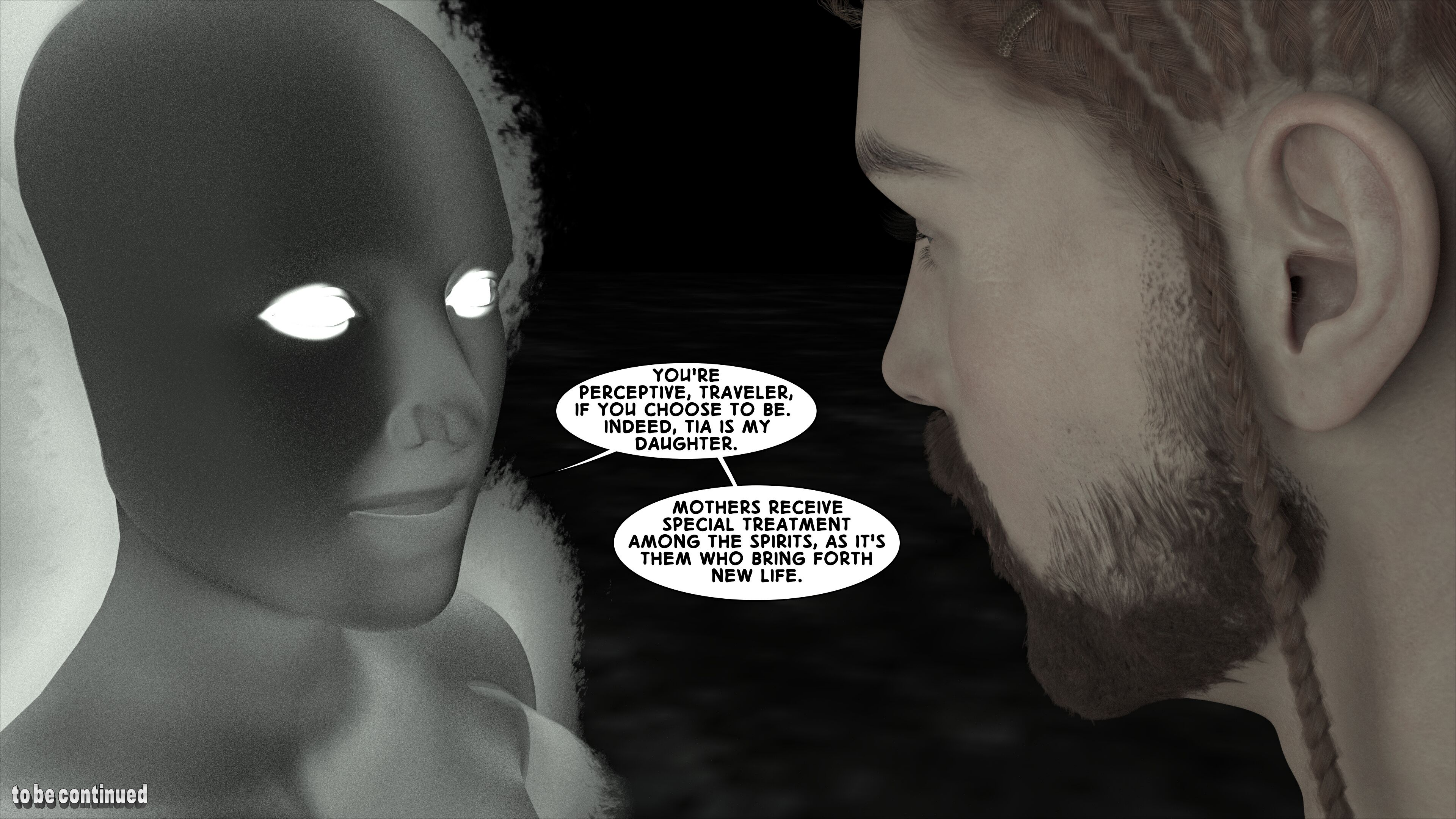
SO,  
I'M SUPPOSED  
TO TELL SOMEBODY  
SOME MESSAGE,  
OR THE LIKES?



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 mask's glow providing the primary light source. 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.**