A dark, atmospheric landscape with gnarled trees and hanging lanterns. The scene is dimly lit, with a few glowing lanterns providing the primary light source. The trees are large and twisted, with bare branches reaching across the sky. The ground is covered in grass and small, glowing mushrooms. The overall mood is mysterious and slightly ominous.

WHAT IS  
THIS NOW?

THESE ARE THE SILENT  
FIELDS. MAGIC IS  
STRONG AROUND HERE.  
YOU EVER BEEN HERE?

NOT THAT  
I RECALL.



WHO'S THAT  
IN THE RAGS?

THAT BORBORIGA.  
SHE'S THE OLDEST  
WITCH AROUND.  
SHE MADE A LOT  
OF RULES AND  
GUIDELINES OF  
HOW MAGIC GETS  
USED TODAY.

WHAT DO  
YOU WANT,  
MORTAL?





THAT PERSON  
WITH HER I  
DON'T KNOW.

I DO.

I CAME HERE TO  
BESEECH YOU, MIGHTY  
BORBORIGA.





THAT IS MY DAD.  
WHAT'S HE  
DOING HERE?

MY WIFE HAS  
VANISHED, AND I'M  
LEFT WITH HER  
GIFTED CHILD.

I'VE GOT  
NO IDEA HOW TO  
RAISE HER, AND I  
WANT NO CONTACT  
WITH THE WORLD OF  
MAGIC.

I ASK YOU  
REMOVE HER  
APTITUDE, AND MAKE  
HER A NORMAL  
CHILD.





SHE WOULDN'T.  
SHE OUT RULED  
CURSING AND  
MESSING WITH  
FOLKS DESTINY.


WHAT YOU  
ASK CAN BE DONE.  
THERE'S A PRIZE,  
THOUGH. YOU HAVE TO  
RAISE THE CHILD NEVER  
TO DO MAGIC, LEST THE  
CURSE BE LUNDONE.

FURTHERMORE,  
YOU SHALL COME HERE  
AND FORNICATE WITH ME  
EVERY WEEK FROM NOW  
ON TO REPLENISH MY  
MAGIC.

YOUR  
DEMANDS ARE  
ACCEPTABLE.

HANG ON, SAY  
WHAT NOW?





SHE MADE A SHADY DEAL  
SO SHE CAN GET PASSION  
SEX FOR MAGIC POWER?  
AND SHE BROKE HER OWN  
RULES REGARDING CURSES?

FORGET  
YOUR PAST NOW,  
CHILD. UNTIL SUCH A  
TIME YOU USE MAGIC  
YOURSELF, FOREVER  
SHALL YOUR DESTINY  
BE CHANGED.





SHE CURSED ME.





KELLY.  
PLEASE STAY  
CALM.

MY DAD  
SOLD ME OUT,  
SANYA.





SOLD  
ME OUT FOR  
SOME CLINT  
FLUCKING.

KELLY.  
WAIT. WE DON'T  
KNOW THE WHOLE  
STORY.





OH, I  
KNOW SOMEONE  
I CAN GET THAT  
FROM.

**FWOOOOOMMMMM**

KELLY!





WAKE UP,  
YOU RAT  
BASTARD!







HUH?  
WHA? MISS? I'M  
SORRY, WHO'RE  
YOU?



KELLY.  
DON'T DO  
ANYTHING  
HARSH.

YOU KNOW DAMN  
WELL WHO I AM,  
YOU CHEAPASS.







KELLY?  
SON? IS THAT  
YOU?





NO!  
NOT SON!  
NEVER HAVE BEEN.  
AND YOU KNOW  
THAT.

TELL ME, WAS  
FLUCKING THE  
WITCH EVERY WEEK  
WORTH IT?

KELLY,  
CALM DOWN.






EXPLAIN  
YOURSELF, YOU  
ASSHOLE.

I WILL,  
OKAY.





YOU SEE, AFTER  
YOUR BIRTH, YOUR  
MOTHER DISAPPEARED.  
SOMETIMES, WITH HER MAGIC,  
THERE WERE TIMES WHEN SHE  
WENT OUT, DOING THINGS,  
TELLING ME NEVER TO  
ASK HER WHAT.

ONE DAY, SHE DIDN'T  
RETURN. I HAD NO IDEA WHY,  
BUT I WAS SCARED. I WANTED  
NOTHING TO DO WITH THE  
WORLD OF MAGIC  
ANYMORE.






SO YOU RAN.  
YOU RAN AWAY FROM  
IT ALL, AND I WAS JUST  
ANOTHER BRIDGE TO  
BURN.

I DID YOU A  
FAVOR, ALSO. MEN ARE  
THE BETTER GENDER  
ANYWAYS, SO YOU'RE  
WELCOME.

SAY WHAT  
NOW?





NOT ONLY A  
COWARD, BUT  
MISOGYNIST AS WELL.  
YOU'RE DISGUSTING,  
DAD.

HAVE  
A TASTE OF  
YOUR OWN  
MEDICINE.





NO, SON...,  
SORRY, KELLY.  
PLEASE CHANCE ME  
BACK. I'M SORRY.

NO, DAD, YOU'RE  
NOT. THE MAGIC WILL  
KNOW WHEN YOU  
ACTUALLY ARE. THEN IT'LL  
CHANGE YOU BACK.  
LET'S GO, SANYA.

**TO BE CONTINUED**