





BEFORE SHE MET MY DAD, MOM WAS A REPORTER FOR THE FIGNATION TIMES.



NEVER HEARD OF FIGNATION?

DON'T LOOK FOR IT ON THE MAP.



TECHNICALLY, IT DOESN'T EXIST.





TO MOM,
DAD WAS
EVERYTHING
THAT
FIGNATION
WASN'T-

COMPLETELY
NORMAL.

SHE TOOK
EVERYONE
UPSTAIRS.

UPSTAIRS?
WHY?



MOM WAS
THE ODDEST
WOMAN DAD HAD
EVER MET.

THEY FELL FOR
EACH OTHER
IMMEDIATELY,
OF COURSE.

I
WAS WAITING
FOR YOU TO
COME HOME.

WELL, I'M
HOME NOW,
DEAREST-



MOM NEVER
WENT BACK TO
FIGNATION.

YOUR BASIC FAIRY
TALE LOVE STORY.

-LET THE
FESTIVITIES
BEGIN!

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
MY LOVE.



ELEVEN YEARS
LATER, AND THEY
STILL ONLY HAVE
EYES FOR EACH
OTHER.

THEY STILL LIVE IN
THEIR OWN LITTLE
FANTASY WORLD.

THAT'S ALL
THEY SEE.

ODDLY!
YOU CAN
BRING EVERYONE
DOWNSTAIRS,
NOW!

IT'S TIME!



I'VE NEVER BEEN TO FIGNATION.

AGAIN, THE CURSE OF BEING A HALF-WITCH.



APPARENTLY, IT'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR ME TO GO THERE.



IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE WORSE THAN THIS.



THE MOMENT OF TRUTH.



HERE WE GO-





FIGURES.



WHERE IS EVERYONE?

WHERE ARE YOUR FRIENDS?



ARE THEY UPSTAIRS?

ARE THEY OUTSIDE?



ARE THEY HIDING?

ARE THEY LATE?

