

# Mage, Inc.

## VOL. 1 | THE INTERN



BURY • WARYANTO  
AGUIAR • CORRIEA

I've had some really weird first days on the job.

There was the Pegasus Espresso when the manager left me alone on my first day to try to comprehend "double tall split shot soy with extra foam" and "grande skinny hazelnut cap."

I'M NOT  
TAKING *THAT*  
GIRL WITH  
ME!

I snuck out  
the back door  
in the middle of  
steaming milk.

BE  
**REASONABLE,**  
ALBERT.

REASONABLE  
ISN'T SOMETHING I  
DO, BEATRICE.



Then there was my first week at the Northwest Native Art Gallery when they sent me out to pick up lunch, and I spilled the owner's miso soup all over a Shoshone totem pole. I thought for sure I was cursed for over a week, only to discover that I'm allergic to miso. Also, clumsy.

My first day as an unpaid intern at Mage, Inc. was so very much weirder...

WELL, IT'S  
HIGH TIME YOU  
GOT SOME PRACTICE.  
AND IT'S HIGH TIME  
YOU **LEARNED** TO  
TAKE **INSTRUCTIONS**  
WITHOUT MAKING ME  
PULL TEETH.

TESSERACT.

**Tesseract**—(1) A room that is larger on the inside than the structure it's suppose to fit inside. This is handy when physical space is a limitation. The Mage, Inc. library is obviously a tesseract. I wish it wasn't because I hate dusting. (2) A noun that existed only in my favorite sci-fi and fantasy novels until I showed up for work this morning.



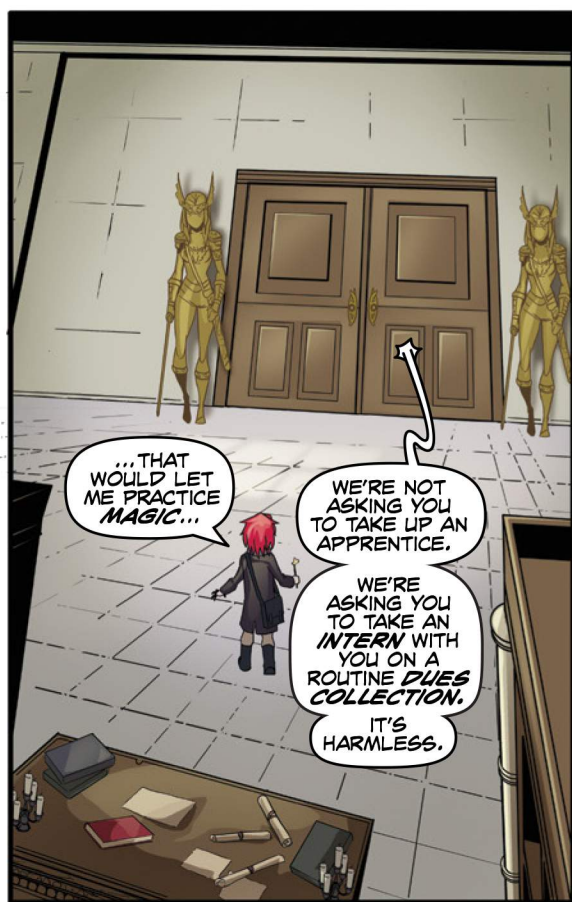


INSTRUCTIONS?  
SOUNDS MORE LIKE  
*ORDERS* TO ME.

AS YOU  
LIKE.

SOMEONE  
PLEASE REMIND  
ME WHY I TOOK  
AN INTERNSHIP AT  
HOGWARTS, INC?

OH, RIGHT.  
BECAUSE I  
*FLUNKED* OUT  
OF STATE AND  
THIS IS THE ONLY  
GIG I COULD  
GET...



...THAT  
WOULD LET  
ME PRACTICE  
*MAGIC*...

WE'RE NOT  
ASKING YOU  
TO TAKE UP AN  
APPRENTICE.

WE'RE  
ASKING YOU  
TO TAKE AN  
*INTERV* WITH  
YOU ON A  
*ROUTINE DUES*  
*COLLECTION*.

IT'S  
HARMLESS.



SHE NEEDS THE  
*EXPERIENCE*.

ROUTINE?  
HARMLESS?





Excuse me.

I REALIZE YOU LIVE TO MAKE MY LIFE MISERABLE—BUT *HECATE'S WOMB*—WOULD YOU PLEASE TAKE YOUR *ASSIGNMENT* AND GET OUT OF MY SIGHT FOR THE DAY!

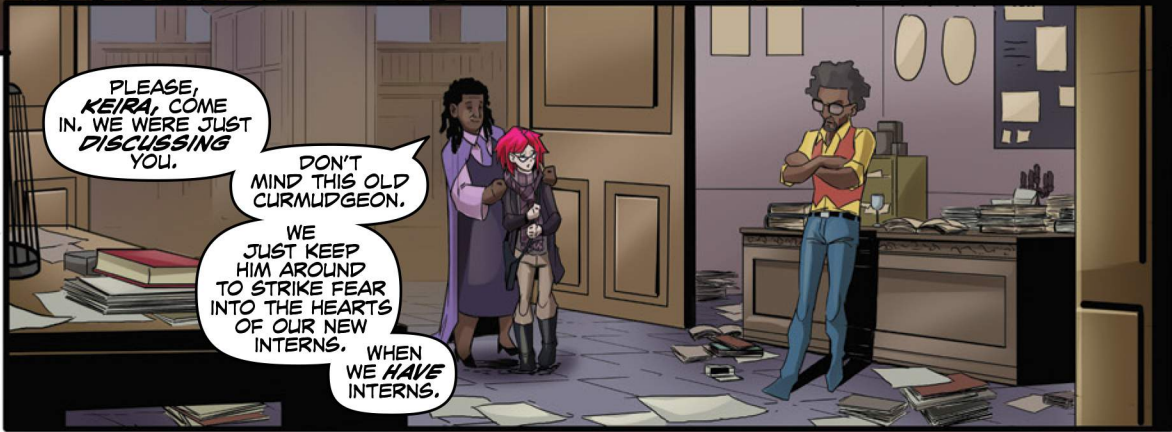
I DON'T KNOW IF I'M PREPARED TO DO THAT.

PARDON ME, BUT I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE CALL MY NAME.

WHO ARE YOU?

I BELIEVE YOU REFER TO HER AS "THAT GIRL."

YOOOOO.



PLEASE, *KEIRA*, COME IN. WE WERE JUST *DISCUSSING* YOU.

DON'T MIND THIS OLD CURMUDGEON.

WE JUST KEEP HIM AROUND TO STRIKE FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF OUR NEW INTERNS.

WHEN WE *HAVE* INTERNS.



WORKS DOES IT?

A BIT.

OH, GOOOOOD.

Yeah...just for the record... this was my first encounter with Albert Lamus. The most bitter, hostile, over-the-top mage I had ever met in all my few hours as an unpaid intern that day. And I was about to spend the rest of my day with him. Yay? No, not yay.







**Membership Dues**—The lubrication of Mage, Inc. All mages who unionized during incorporation have to pay monthly dues. This money goes into pensions, pays salaries, and does what Albert likes to call “greasing the wheels of bureaucracy.”

Apparently, a lot of mages don't pay their dues. That's where Albert comes in...

I COULD KILL THAT OLD BULLDOG OF A WOMAN.

SEND ME OUT IN THIS WEATHER WITH *THAT* GIRL. WHATSHERNAME!

UHM. I'M RIGHT HERE!

TELL ME MAGES DON'T DIE ON THESE "ROUTINE" COLLECTIONS.

I *KNOW* THEY DIE. DIE ALL THE DAMNED TIME.

UHM, ALBERT... DON'T YOU THINK WHOEVER'S *INSIDE* CAN PROBABLY *HEAR* YOU TALKING TO YOURSELF?

CRAP.

YEP.