



FREE COMIC BOOK DAY



# Rise of the MAGI





There is a power that exists everywhere. There are a few that know what this power is, but most do not.

Since the dawn of thought, this power has been labeled many things. Some refer to it as God. Some see it more as a stark force of nature, while others, in galaxies far, far away, refer to it simply as "The Force."

The most straightforward and scientifically accurate term, though, is MAGIC.

This black orb is not very large-- only about the size of a basketball --but it is made up of all the magic that exists, past, present, and future. This is it...there is no more. This is important because magic makes everything possible. Without it, there is nothing.

The orb has been protected from any harm or misuse by the most powerful spell ever cast, a spell thousands of years old and believed unbreakable.

A small chip mars the orb's smooth surface. That chip, no bigger than a grain of sand could, with but a few gestures and words, destroy a world.

Moments ago, the unbreakable spell was broken, and that piece of pure, undiluted magic was stolen by persons unknown and for reasons unknown. However, what can be assumed, with great confidence, is that the thieves intend to do us harm...



OH, FOR THE LOVE OF... AGA, HOW MANY TIMES ARE WE GOING TO HAVE THIS CONVERSATION BEFORE YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS GARBAGE WIG DO TO YOUR BRAIN?



AGA, IF YOUR MOTHER WERE HERE -- BLESS HER SOUL -- IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART TO SEE YOU READING THIS... THIS STUFF!



IT'S JUST A COMIC BOOK, POP.

IT'S JUST A WASTE OF TIME IS WHAT IT IS!

BUT I LIKE COMIC BOOKS--



NO, YOU LIKE FIXING CARPETS, THAT'S WHY YOU WORK IN A CARPET REPAIR SHOP!

I WORK HERE BECAUSE IT'S YOUR SHOP AND YOU MAKE ME...



I WANT TO DO MORE WITH MY LIFE THAN FIXING RUGS, POP. I WANT TO DO SOMETHING EXCITING, SOMETHING THAT MATTERS.

I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER IN THE SPALL GUARD, LIKE DAVE!



"RIGHT  
MIA, YOUR  
MOTHER --  
BLESS HER SOUL -- AND  
I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED  
THE BEST FOR YOU. BUT  
YOU'RE A MAN NOW, AND  
YOU NEED TO GUT ALL  
THIS DREAMING AND  
FACE THE FACT THAT  
YOU'LL NEVER BE  
LIKE YOUR  
BROTHER.

RAY'S BIG  
AND STRONG AND A GREAT  
FIGHTER, AND YOU SON...  
WELL, YOU'RE REALLY  
GREAT AT FIXING THINGS,  
AND YOU SHOULD BE  
PROUD OF THAT!



YOU WERE BORN  
TO FIX CREPETS AND EGG  
MIA, JUST LIKE ME, AND MY  
FATHER, AND HIS FATHER  
BEFORE HIM. IT'S IN YOUR  
BLOOD. YOU KNOW IT. I  
KNOW IT. SOCIETY  
KNOWS IT.

I HAD DREAMS TOO,  
ONCE. BUT THEN I  
GREW UP. THOSE ARE  
THE EGGES.

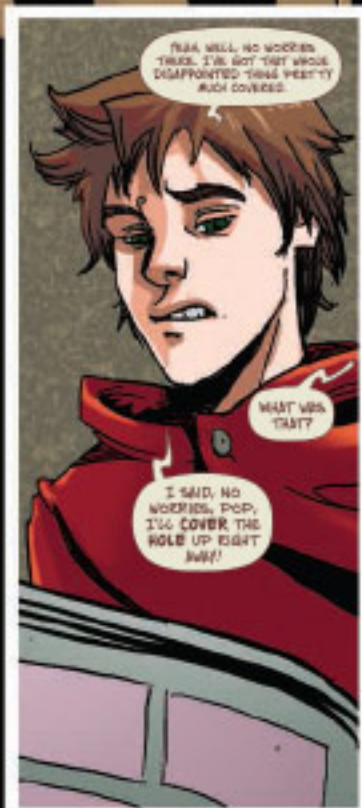
NOW STOP  
READING THIS  
NONSENSE AND  
FINISH PATCHING  
THAT HOLE IN  
MRS. COOMPLY'S  
EGG...



SHE'S COMING BY  
THIS AFTERNOON AND  
I DON'T WANT TO  
DROPPOINT A GOOD  
CUSTOMER!



ASTONISHING  
TALES OF  
SPELL GUARD



WELL, NO WORRIES  
THAT. I'VE GOT THEM WHOLE  
DISAPPOINTED THEM PESTTY  
MUCH COVERED.

WHAT WAS  
THAT?

I SAID, NO WORRIES, POP,  
I'VE COVER THE HOLE UP RIGHT  
WELL!





