



WHAT'S
GOING ON WITH
MY EYES?

QUICK.
CLOTHES. SANYA.
GOTTA GO FOR
HELP.





KELLY?

HUH, WHAT?

DID YOU JUST
CASUALLY RIP
APART
SPACE-TIME?

MUST'VE
BEEN SOME
PASSIONATE SEX
YOU HAD.

HUH... I...
HOW DID I...
YEAH, IT WAS,
BUT...



SANYA.
YOU GOTTA HELP
ME. MY EYES ARE
GLOWING. I DON'T
KNOW WHY.

GASP.



OH, KELLY,
THIS IS AMAZING.
I'M SO HAPPY
FOR YOU.

HUH?
WHAT?
WHY?



YOU'VE SHARED A LOVE ACT WITH A SOULMATE, KELLY. THE PASSION BOTH OF YOU FELT FOR EACH OTHER HAS TORN DOWN THE BARRIER FOR YOU THAT WE MAGIC USERS NORMALLY FACE.

REMEMBER WHEN I SAID WE'RE GENERALLY LIKE BATTERIES THAT WAY? WELL, YOU JUST BECAME THE EQUIVALENT OF A NUCLEAR POWER PLANT.

NEAR INFINITE MAGIC ENERGY, AND POTENTIAL TO CHANNEL WAY MORE THAN MOST. THIS IS A RARE GIFT THESE DAYS.



WOW. I...
HUH. THIS IS...
WELL, STILL WEIRD
TO ME.

CAN WE STILL
DO THAT
INVESTIGATION TO
FIND OUT HOW I
GOT HERE?



ABSOLUTELY,
WE CAN. GRAB A
SEAT. I'LL SLIP INTO
SOMETHING ELSE
REAL QUICK, AND
FETCH A TOOL.

A BRIEF MOMENT LATER.

THIS IS
OUR TOOL? A
CRYSTAL BALL?
REALLY?


THE
CLICHE WILL
ACTUALLY MAKE THIS
A LOT EASIER TO
PERFORM. YOU'LL
SEE.





NOW, AS YOU LEARNED, REACH FOR YOUR MAGIC.

FEEL THE FLOW, AND DIRECT IT AT THE BALL.



I FEEL IT.
IT'S THAT PLACE I
FELT WHEN YOU
LOOKED AT MY AURA.

EXCELLENT, KELLY.
THIS IS THE HEART
OF YOUR SOUL.

A woman with vibrant red hair and glowing red eyes is shown from the chest up, looking intently at a bright purple energy burst emanating from her hand. The background is a dark space filled with white stars. The energy burst is a starburst of purple light with many thin rays extending outwards.

THERE SHOULD BE A
SPECK OF MAGIC THERE
FROM THE CRYSTAL BALL.
GRAB IT.

I SEE IT.

NOW, FOCUS ON
THAT, AND ASK IT
YOUR QUESTION.

I WOULD
LIKE TO KNOW
HOW IT IS I'M
A GIRL.



THE MAGIC SHOULD
REVEAL THE
ANSWER, IF YOUR
SOUL KNOWS IT.

I SEE A
PREGNANT
WOMAN.

WHY IS IT
SHOWING ME
THIS?

RELAX, KELLY.
LET IT PLAY OUT.
YOU'LL SEE.

PRESS AND
BREATH, MISSES.
LIKE YOU
PRACTICED.

I THINK SHE'S
IN LABOR?

ALMOST
THERE. ONE
LAST PUSH.

HAAAAAAHH!!!

I DON'T
GET IT.

WE GOT HER.
CONGRATULATIONS,
MISSES. IT'S A GIRL.





HEY THERE,
MY BABY. LOVE
YOU, KELLY.

WHAT? HOW? IS
THIS MY MOM?



THIS CAN'T
BE RIGHT.
I WASN'T BORN
A GIRL.

I COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN.
COULD I?

IT CAN'T LIE TO YOU, KELLY.
IT SHOWS YOU EVERYTHING AS
YOUR SOUL EXPERIENCED IT.

TO BE CONTINUED