EVERY DAY IT'S THE SAME THING...

I WAKE UP AND I AM CONVINCED...

...THAT I'VE WAKEN INTO THE WRONG VERSION OF MY WORLD
BECAUSE THIS WORLD ISN'T RIGHT. IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE LIKE THIS.

Light above me.

Light below me.

Light to my left.

Light to my right.

NO, RAIN.

IT'S 4:30 IN THE MORNING. GO CAST YOUR SPELLS SOMEWHERE ELSE.

SORRY, RIP.

DON'T BE SORRY. JUST GET OUT OR GO BACK TO SLEEP.
Jerk.
...Light to my right.

Light to the planet.

Light to the universe.

Ah, yes.
I thought I caught the scent of a witch in here.
THAT CIRCLE GOT ROOM FOR TWO?

SNOw, YOU ARE WELCOME WHEREVER I AM.

WHEREVER THAT MAY BE.

I KNOW, RAN. I WAS JUST BEING POLITE.

YEAH, WELL...

STOP DOING THAT.
A FEW HOURS LATER...

MORNIN', ZERO.

ARE YOU KIDDING ME, INSPECTOR?

SHIT OR GET OFF THE POT!

I'VE GOT TO PUMP!

OH, AND WE'RE OUT OF HOT WATER.

OH HUH...

AND TOILET PAPER!

AND SPOON!
HOW DO I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS EARLY CLASH?
I'M A WITCH, REMEMBER?
I'M FLUENT.
PLUS, YOU LOVE ME.

LESS AND LESS.
OH COME ON, YOU'RE HELPING ME WORK THROUGH MY GUILT.
WHAT GUILT?
I'M HALF JAPANESE BUT CAN'T EVEN SAY "HELLO!"

VROOM!
CHAYO? SOZAIMASHU.
KONNICCHAN, KONNICCHAN.

I KNOW IT'S A PAIN.
BUT I AM REALLY GLAD YOU'RE DOING THIS WITH ME.
AND I SWEAR NO MAGIC WAS USED TO LURE YOU HERE.

DING!
I KNOW.
NCM, ONLY
TEN MINUTES
LATE THIS--

WAIT!

MISTER
ROBBINS!

IT'S
RAIN.

I SAW THIS
FALL OUT OF
YOUR BAG.

OH, THIS WASH
NEVER IN MY
BAG...

WAIT!
IF THIS A
PRANK I DID MY
BROTHER--

JUST
OPEN IT.

THE PLOT
THICKENS!

OH, MY
GODS.
"What do you want to do today, Rip?"

"The same thing we do every day, Jasper..."
TRY... TO TAKE OVER...

TH--

NO, NO...

JUST...

STOP RIGHT THERE.

MOODY. THAT TIME OF THE MONTH ALREADY?

FUCK OFF.

WHAT THE?

AL. YES.

YOU ALWAYS GET CRANKY WHEN IT'S TIME TO PAY BILLS.

SO I WAS HOPING WE'D GO OVER THE BUDGET...

AND TALK ABOUT HOW MUCH OF A BUMPER IT IS TO BE BROKE?

OR WE COULD IGNORE IT AND GET EVICTED?

UP TO YOU, MAH.

K-CLICK!

ALRIGHT.

KILLJOY! LET'S TALK ABOUT THE EVILS OF MONEY.

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE NOT TOO ATTACHED TO THE CAT.

'CAUSE WE'RE DEFINITELY GOING TO HAVE TO EAT HER.

ROOOF!
I BORE A KNOW ONE TOLD ME THAT MADAM EY MIGHT BE SELLING WELL ENOUGH FOR YOU TO BELIEVE IT'S REAL.

BUT NEVER WELL ENOUGH FOR YOU TO KNOW IT'S REAL.

I'M STARTING TO THINK THAT MAYBE SOME MYTHS ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THAT RULE.

BECAUSE, RAN, THIS IS BANANAS.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT WAS ME?

WELL...

WEIRD SHIT HAPPENS WHEN I'M WITH YOU.

WEIRD SHIT HAPPENS WHEN I'M WITH YOU, TOO.

ALSO, IT'S SORT OF ADDRESSED TO YOU!

BUT NOT AS WEIRD AS SOMEONE WANTING TO GIVE US 800,000 TO RECORD A SONG.

SOMETIMES CREEPY ISN'T YOUR BAND, IT'S YOUR BROTHER'S.

THIS IS THE MOMENT THAT TAKES US FROM NOTHING TO SOMETHING.

SOMETHING CREEPY?
I think it's okay to wear slacks for tha!

I don't need convincing!
LETTER SAID I HAVE TO GO ON ALONE.

DONT FUCK THIS UP.

HE BETTER NOT FUCK THIS UP.

...THANKS.

AT THIS EXACT TIME!
Ran Robbins led the guitar part, saying something creepy.

Yeah, that's me.

What's happening here?

I was hoping it would be you.

There are two envelopes on the altar.

One has your name on it.

The other has mine.

Alec Summers, leader of Summerland.

I know your name well.

Rain Robbins and Alec Summers, welcome home my dear newcomers.

And I know yours.
Meanwhile...

AND HOW MANY SHOWS DO WE HAVE LEFT THIS MONTH?

FOUR, BUT WE STILL HAVE CHECKS COMING FROM OUR LAST THREE SHOWS.

AND ANOTHER CHECK FROM SNOW'S FAMILY THAT WE HAVEN'T CASHED YET.

WHICH PUTS UP WHERE?

STARVING, BUT NOT EVICTED.

YOU PUT A CUSHION IN THERE FOR RAIN AND SNOW'S SCHOOL BOOKS?

IT'S ALREADY THREE WEEKS INTO THE SEMESTER.

OKAY, SO STARVING AND EVICTED.

WE COULD CUT BACK ON OUR BOOZE BUDGET.

NAH.

WE COULD GET... REAL JOBS?

WELL.

WE COULD STOP EATING ORGANIC FOODS?

NAH.
DID YOU HEAR WHERE THAT VOICE CAME FROM?

WELL, EVERYWHERE IS AN ANXYLYING ANSWER!

HOPE, CAUSE IT WOULDN'T BE MY歐ISH, TOO.

STEP FORWARD AND OPEN THE ENVELOPE, WHICH BEARS THE GIFT OF FAITHFUL HOPE.

YOU ARE CHOSEN AMBASSADORS FOR YOUR BANDS, SOMETHING CREEPY, AND SUMMERLAND. BY ACCEPTING OUR SECRET INVITATION, YOU ARE BOUND BY OBLIGATION.

TO SANG OUR LYRICS, THROUGH RIGHT OR WRONG, AND CREATE YOUR OWN TRIBUTE OF OUR SONG.

THE CONTRACT IN HAND IS LIVING NOT DEAD, AND IT CANNOT BE SIGNED UNTIL YOU HAVE BLEED. PUSH THE PIN ON BEHALF OF YOUR BANDS, UNTIL YOU HAVE BLEED BY THE LEFT OF YOUR HANDS.

FRATE: IT'S THE GOAL, STUFF, TOO.

I HOPE IT'S AS INNOCENT AS THAT.

IT'S JUST OLD TRADITION.

Yeah, maybe so, CREEPY, though.

HOW MUCH IS YOUR BLOOD WORTH TO YOU?

PROBABLY BLOCK.

GREAT, WE'RE BEING INITIATED INTO THE ILLUMINATI, RIGHT?

MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY.
There is no return from what you have done, you are now kind of the one whom you let the power of. Will be it your choice to use it for good or for ill.

But who... what are your intentions? I am chronic, your spirit guide, and I am friend to the human side. Call on me from time to time, but I'll only listen when you rhyme. If you do that, I will defend.

The intention to offer me your respect.

But for now, brothers, I am done. Do what you explore and have your fun and pain. Remember to tell the others; they too, are now my sisters and brothers.

I think we just screwed up.

I mean really really screwed up.

I don't think we ran. We just got shook each.

And a blessing to do whatever the hell we want to do.

I'd say things are looking up.

Unless... you actually believe in magic or something.

Because then, well, yeah, maybe we screwed up.

I couldn't even hear what he was saying.

I was just lost in that perfect smile, somewhere beyond time.
AND SUDDENLY
IT FEELS LIKE
I'M FLOATING,
OR FALLING.

I CANT
TELL.

LOVES!
IS THAT
WHAT THIS
IS?

I DON'T
CARE.

I'M IN
CLOUD
NINE.

DO YOU
FEEL THIS
too?

UH-OH...

THIS ISN'T
IN MY HEAD.
THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING.

YEAH, SO WHAT'S HAPPENING?

HE'S PERFECT.

STILL SMILING, EVEN AS WE FLUKE TO TOWARDS WHAT IS OBVIOUSLY...

...EXACTLY?

HELL.

I THREW WE'RE FALLING TOWARDS HELL.

I GOTA TELL YOU, RUN.

IF THIS IS HELL.
...The Devil's got it good.
RAIN! ARE YOU--

**GASP**

RAIN!

WHAT THE FUCK!
CAN YOU HEAR ME?

WHAT IS THIS?

WAS IT ALL A TRICK?

THIS IS ALEC...

THAT GUY FROM SUMMERLAND?

RAIN, SNAP OUT OF IT...

OMG... WAKE UP!
HELLO!

HEAVY TO UH...

RIP!

HEY MAN, YOU FEELING CRAZY?

KINDA LOST YOU AT THE END OF THAT LAST SONG.

JASPER... SOMETHING CREEPY THIS WAY COMES...

ANYWAY... GO...

TAKE IT FROM THE TOP, THEN!

TO BE CONTINUED!
I hope you enjoyed the first issue of #SOMETHINGCREEPY. If you did, then you are really going to want to stick around for the rest of this series. And I hope you do.

Not only because I wrote it and have fallen in love with the story and the characters, nor because the fantastic Michael McMenemy did a kick-ass job on all the art. But because this story represents much more than just “witches”.

(Though I love me some witches!)

You see...witches, to me, represent free will, creativity and empowerment. Witches don’t like systems or boxes, because they simply can’t fit in them. And wary be the person who tries to put a witch in a box!

Magick starts with intention. And intention is something all of us can foster, whether we choose to use it for good or for ill.

I grow increasingly more afraid that our communities are being broken down by society’s vampiric need for order, and that we are all falling prey to the invasive, restrictive systems and constructs that are imposed upon us from the moment our heart first beats.

Witches represent a resistance to
this trend toward order, in the name of free will.

An it harm none, do as ye will.

Basically, that means go do whatever the fuck you want, with unabashed disregard for what anyone else thinks...so long as your desire doesn't inflict harm upon others.

Hmm...Sounds like a good deal to me.

So in this comic, we'll explore those themes through witchcraft, and we'll attempt to answer this question...

“What if the playing field were evened, and all humans could achieve the ultimate dream...to be both free and powerful?”

It’s going to be a wild ride, but it’ll be worth your hard-earned time. Why? Because with this comic, I’m trying something different.

In my previous attempts, I felt a bit pressured to assimilate with the mainstream. Don’t get me wrong, I love Good Grip, but I was afraid to truly unleash the weird for fear of alienating the audience. I’m not holding back this time. And I’m not apologizing for writing women with purpose, giving the LGBTQ community a voice or having a racially diverse cast. These things will be celebrated. And the right audience will come and join our little community.

So if you are digging this and want to stay on board, the biggest way you can help make this venture successful is simply by sharing #SOMETHINGCREEPY with any friends or family that you know love comics or resonate with the general message.

We are starting from the very bottom here. Chances are you are one of the first people to ever lay eyes on this story. I really do hope you stick with us and help us spread our intention of freeing humanity from the society she has trapped herself in.

And of course, some really cool comic action along the way.

Shit’s gonna get weird.

Stick around. (Please!)

LEX WHITE:
Los Feliz, CA

Questions/Feedback?
somecreepycomic@gmail.com