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Conjurak



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Conjurak

created by
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Writer, Letterer

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Art, Cover

Conjurak is a romantic fantasy that follows failed writer, Trenton, as he makes friends when he is selected by a friendship bracelet called the "Conjurak." Together with an orc, elf, and nature fairy as his new friends, they avoid Magnus, the previous Conjurak, from his devious plans.

Issue 2

"Promises"



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TRENTON'S BEDROOM.

LONG AGO,
WHEN TRENTON
WAS A YOUNG
BOY, HIS MOTHER
WOULD READ
TO HIM
EVERY NIGHT.

AND AFTER LOVING
THE WAY HE FELT
EXPLORING THESE
AMAZING WORLDS,
SUCH AS *LORD OF
THE RINGS* AND
HARRY POTTER, HE
MADE A PROMISE
TO HER.

AND AFTER HIS MOTHER PASSED AWAY DUE TO
A UNIQUE ILLNESS, HIS RESOLVE FOR THE PROMISE MADE
TO HIS MOTHER WOULD BE EVEN STRONGER.


I **WILL**
BE A STORY WRITER
FOR YOU, MOM.

I **PROMISE.**




TRENTON.

IT'S
TIME FOR
BED.



DAD,
I WANT TO BE A
WRITER TO MAKE
PEOPLE FEEL HOW
I FEEL WHEN I
READ THESE
WONDERFUL
WORDS.

JUST
LIKE MOM DID
FOR ME.



TRENTON,
STOP GETTING
THESE STUPID IDEAS
AND THINK ABOUT
GETTING A REAL
JOB.

DAD.
I PROMISED
MOM.

TRENTON.
SHE'S DEAD. DON'T
BE STUPID.



SLAM



NOW.

SO...

WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

TRENTON.

NOTHING
MUCH.

OH NO.
THIS ISN'T *THAT*
KIND OF SMALL
TALK. I MEANT WHY-
ARE-FOUR-DUDES-HERE-
TRYING-TO-KILL-US
KIND OF TALK.

OH! TWO
YEARS AGO,
MAGNUS
HAD THE
CONJURAK.

AMARYLLIS.

HE GOT
ROYALTY
FROM EACH
REALM.
AMAZING,
REALLY.

MYRIN.

WHY IS THAT AMAZING?

JUON.

ROYALTY
HAVE KINGDOMS
TO RUN, YOU
KNOW.

USUALLY, EACH REALM
PICKS THE STRONGEST
THAT ISN'T ROYALTY.

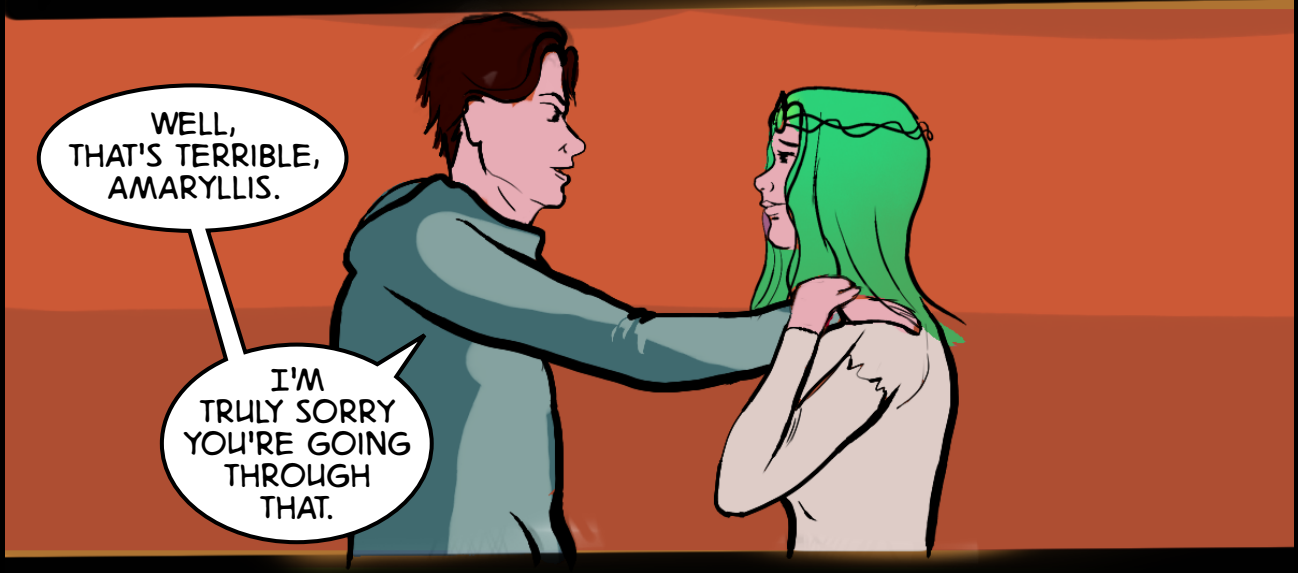


SO WHY DID MAGNUS KILL YOUR HUSBAND IF HE SUMMONED "FAIRY KING" ON PURPOSE?

NO ONE REALLY KNOWS.



WE NATURE SPIRITS DOUBLE AS MUSES OF SORTS. MAGNUS USED MY DEARLY DEPARTED, VENRIE, TO CREATE A WEAPON. WITH VENRIE GONE, I'M THE NEXT NATURAL MUSE MAGNUS WANTS.



WELL, THAT'S TERRIBLE, AMARYLLIS.

I'M TRULY SORRY YOU'RE GOING THROUGH THAT.



YEAH.

WELL, I HAVE TO GO TO A
WRITING CONVENTION.

THESE
PLANTS ARE
SICK.

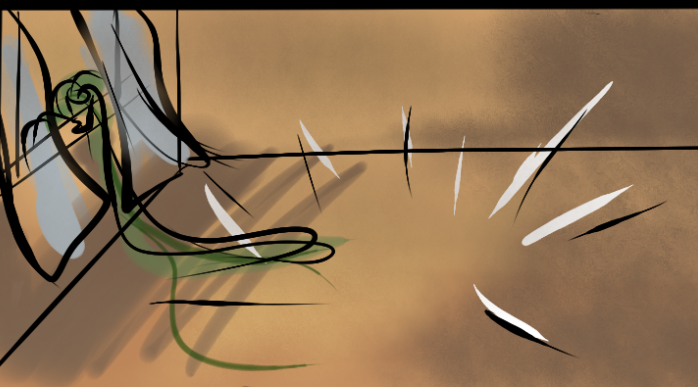
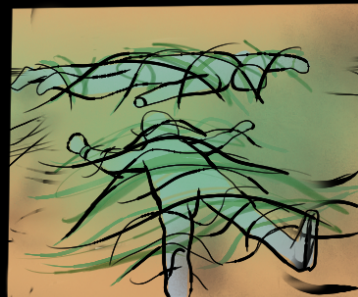
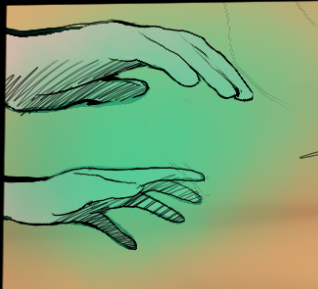
MYRIN?

MY MAGIC
IS DREADFUL. YOU
KNOW THAT.

CAN ANYONE DO ANYTHING
ABOUT THESE DEAD BODIES?

≥SIGH≤

ALRIGHT.
THESE POOR
PLANTS.



YOU SHOULD
REALLY WATER
YOUR PLANTS.

MAYBE THE
CONJURAK SHOULD
HAVE GOTTEN A
GARDENER RATHER
THAN A COOK, DRINK
MIXER, AND...

...A TRAGICALLY
DEPRESSED NATURE
FAIRY FOR ME.

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?

LEAVING.

WHAT
DO WE
DO?

I
DON'T
CARE?



LET HIM GO.

WE'LL MANAGE.



I REFUSE TO BE A PET THAT SITS AND WAITS FOR MY MASTER TO COME BACK.

IT'D BE BORING.

AND DEMEANING! WE'RE GOING ALONG.



WHAT? NO. THIS IS A HUMAN CONVENTION. PEOPLE WILL FREAK IF THEY SEE YOU GUYS.

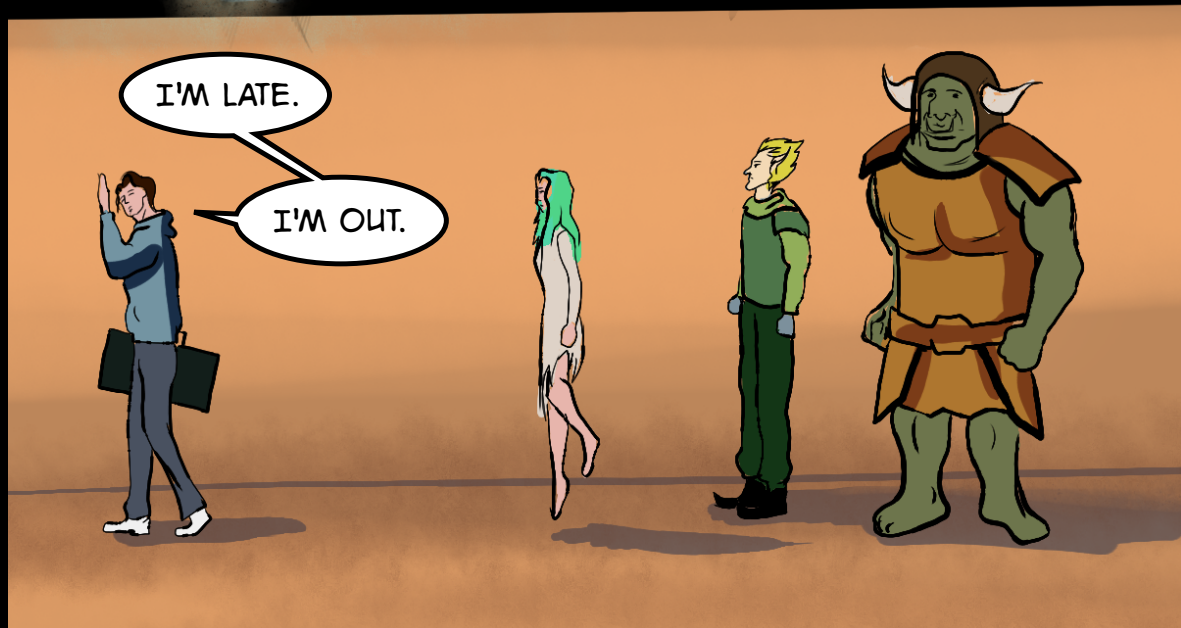


HERE, I'LL FIX THAT.



THAT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING.

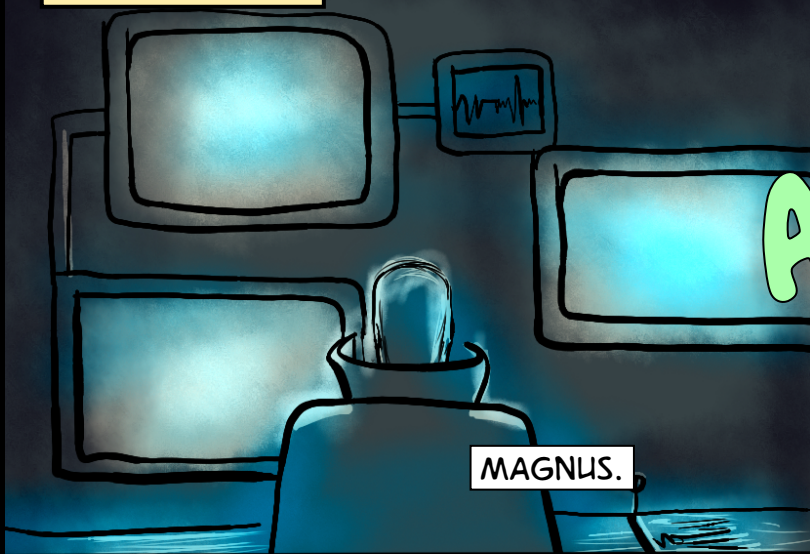
TO YOU. BUT TO OTHERS, WE'LL LOOK HUMAN.



I'M LATE.

I'M OUT.

MAGNUS'S BASE.



MAGNUS.

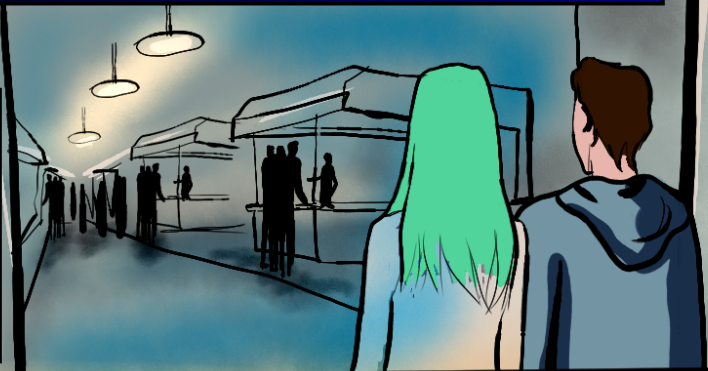


VENRIE.

WRITING CONVENTION CENTER.

THE ANNUAL WRITER'S CONVENTION. HERE, ASPIRING WRITERS SHARE THEIR STORIES WITH LARGE AND SMALL PUBLISHERS **HOPING** THEIR BOOK WILL GET PICKED UP FOR PUBLICATION.

AS A TESTAMENT TO HOW "ASPIRING" TRENTON IS, HE COMES TO THIS CONVENTION **EVERY** YEAR.

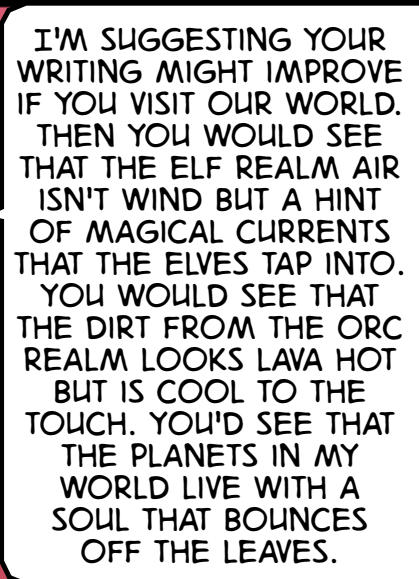
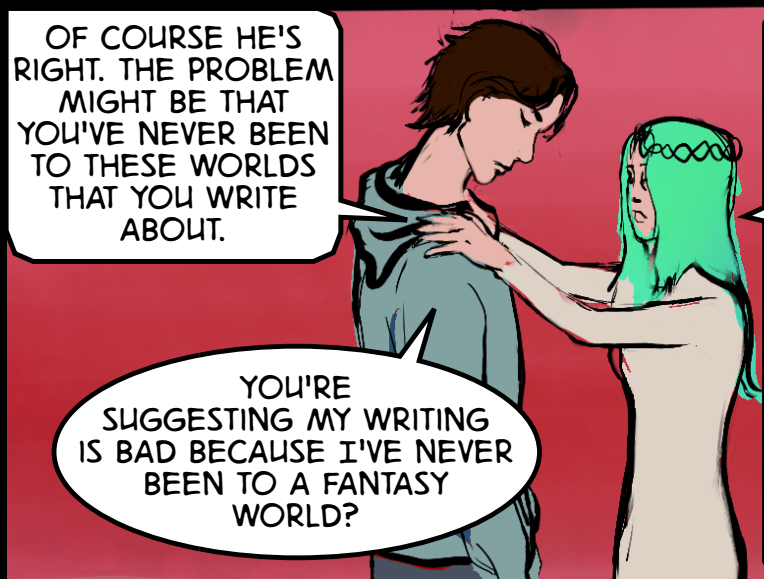


**Harmless Puppy
Printing**

I LOVE THE IDEAS BEHIND THE STORIES... TRENTON, IS IT?

YES!

BUT THE EXECUTION IS LACKING, IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING. THERE AREN'T ENOUGH DETAILS IN THE WORLD TO MAKE THE WORLD SEEM IMMERSIVE OR REAL TO THE READER. YOU HAVE POTENTIAL, BUT YOU'LL NEED TO WORK ON YOUR WORLD-BUILDING DETAILS FOR US TO SERIOUSLY CONSIDER PUBLISHING YOU.



TRAIN TOOT PUBLISHING

HI!
I'M TRENTON.
WOULD YOU
MIND READING
A LITTLE OF MY
DRAFT?

SURE!



TRENTON, THE IDEAS
ARE CREATIVE AND FUN.
IT'S THE DETAILS
THAT ARE LACKING.

IF I ADD DETAILS
THAT THE ELF REALM
AIR ISN'T WIND...BUT
MAGICAL CURRENTS...



...OR SOMETHING...
WOULD IT MAKE THE
STORY BETTER?



YES!

THAT
SOUNDS
AMAZING. WHY
ISN'T THAT IN
THERE?

GUESS
I JUST NEEDED
A MUSE WITH
ME.

WELL,
WHEN YOU REWRITE
THIS WITH YOUR MUSE,
PLEASE CALL US
BACK!

RIGHT.

OK.

THANKS.



ELSEWHERE AT THE CONVENTION.

YOU'RE RIGHT, JUAN. THE LOOK ON HIS FACE. WHEN A PERSON IS TAKING **FOREVER** TO ORDER WITH A LINE OF IMPATIENT PEOPLE BEHIND HIM.

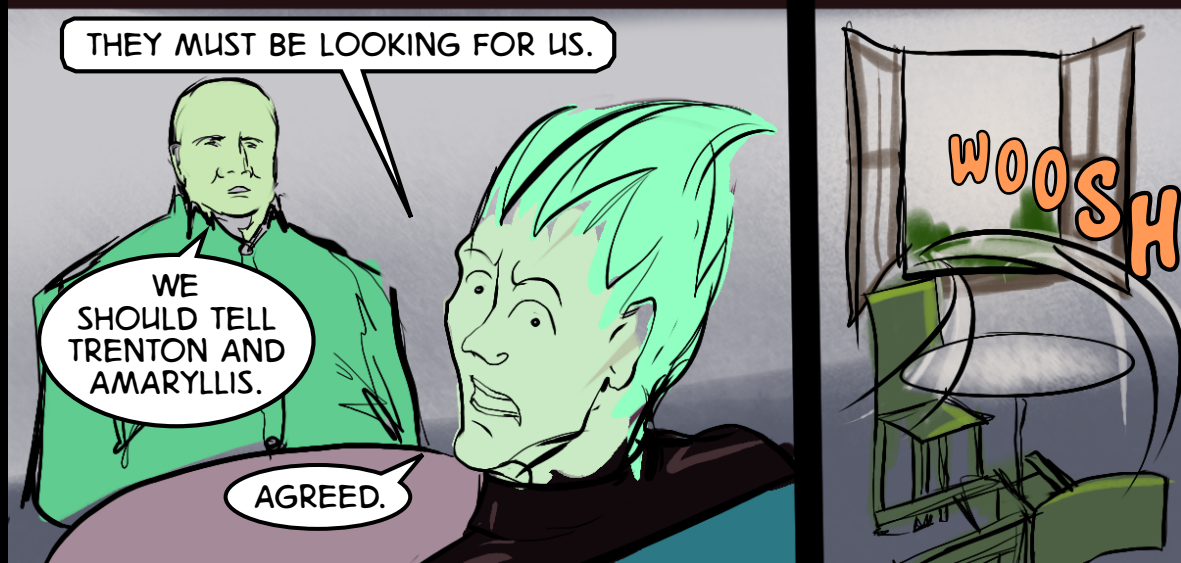
THE FACE THE OFFENDER GIVES.

YOU WERE IN THE SAME LINE. YOU DIDN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND WHILE WAITING IN LINE?

YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE SAME MENU!

THE SAME MENU!

HA HA HA HA HA



ELSEWHERE AT
THE CONVENTION.

IT'S
JUST, WHEN I WAS LITTLE,
MY MOM READ TO ME THESE
FANTASTIC STORIES OF
FANTASTIC WORLDS.

WHEN
SHE WAS
ON HER DEATH
BED, I PROMISED
HER I WOULD
NEVER GIVE UP
THE DREAM OF
BEING A
WRITER.

BUT
I'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO EVER
KEEP THAT
PROMISE...

...BECAUSE OF HOW TRASH
OF A WRITER I AM.

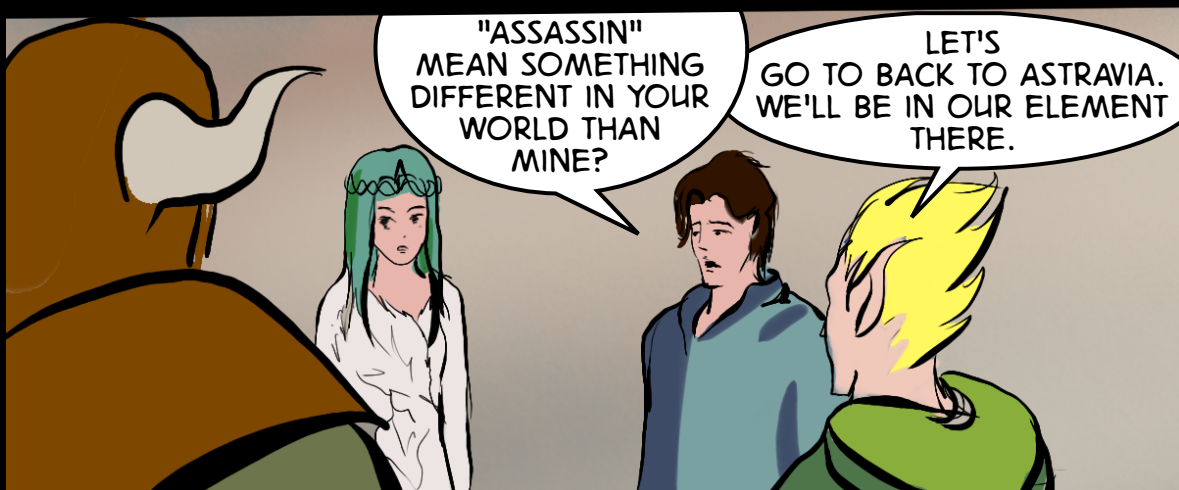
I FEEL YA,
TRENTON.

I PROMISED TO TAKE
CARE OF THE REALM.

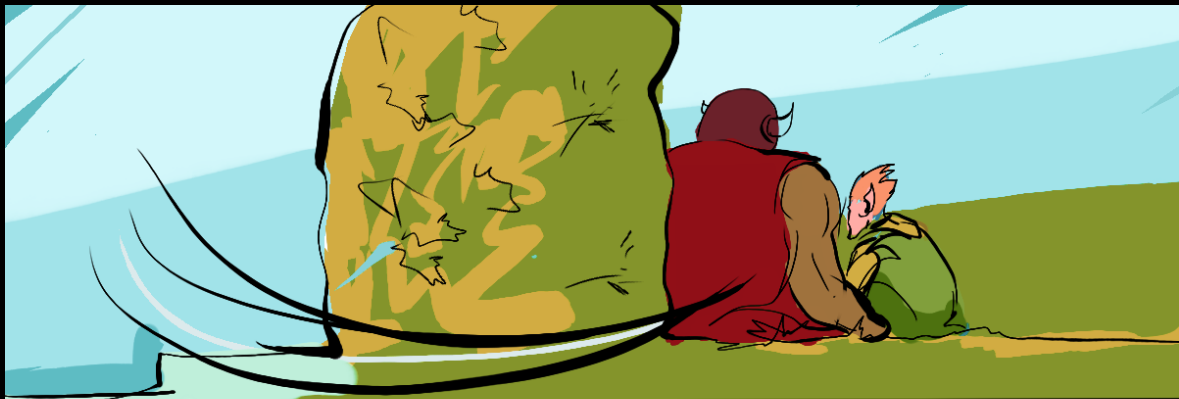
YEAH?
WHAT PROMISES
HAVE YOU MADE
THAT YOU CAN'T
KEEP?

BUT I **CAN'T**
BECAUSE OF
MY HATE FOR
MAGNUS.

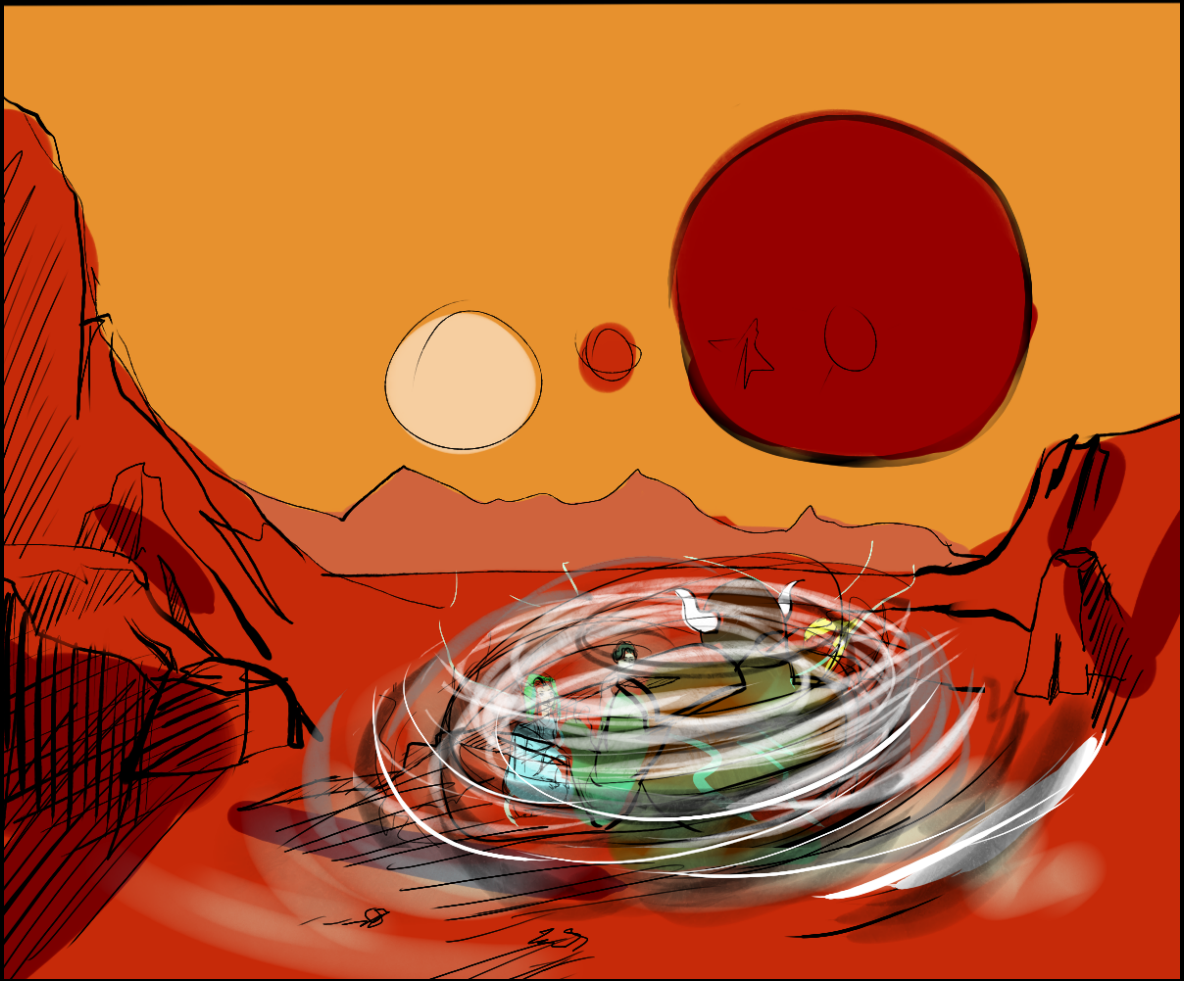
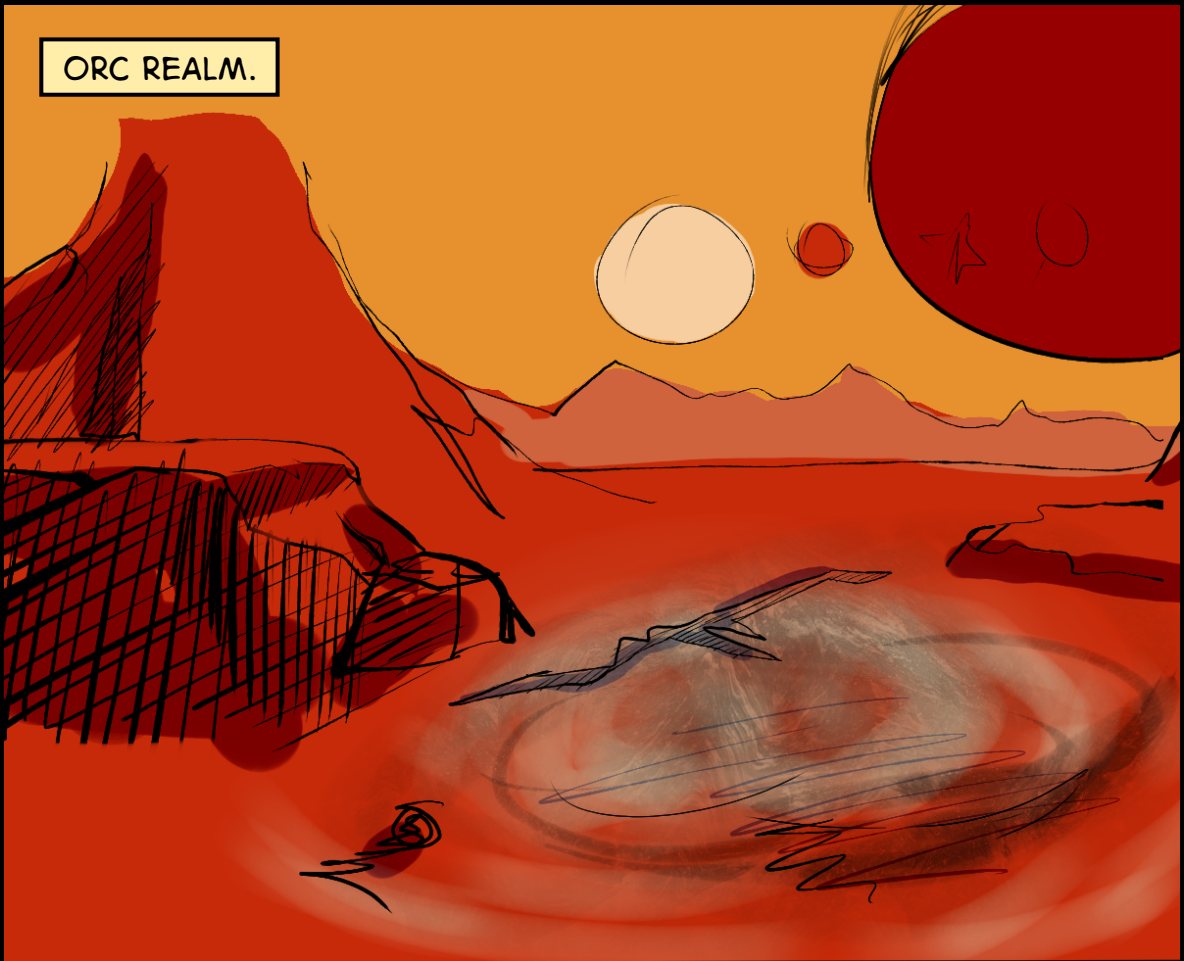
AHH.
HATE IS AN
UNFORTUNATE
DISCHARGE OF
DISCOMFORT.

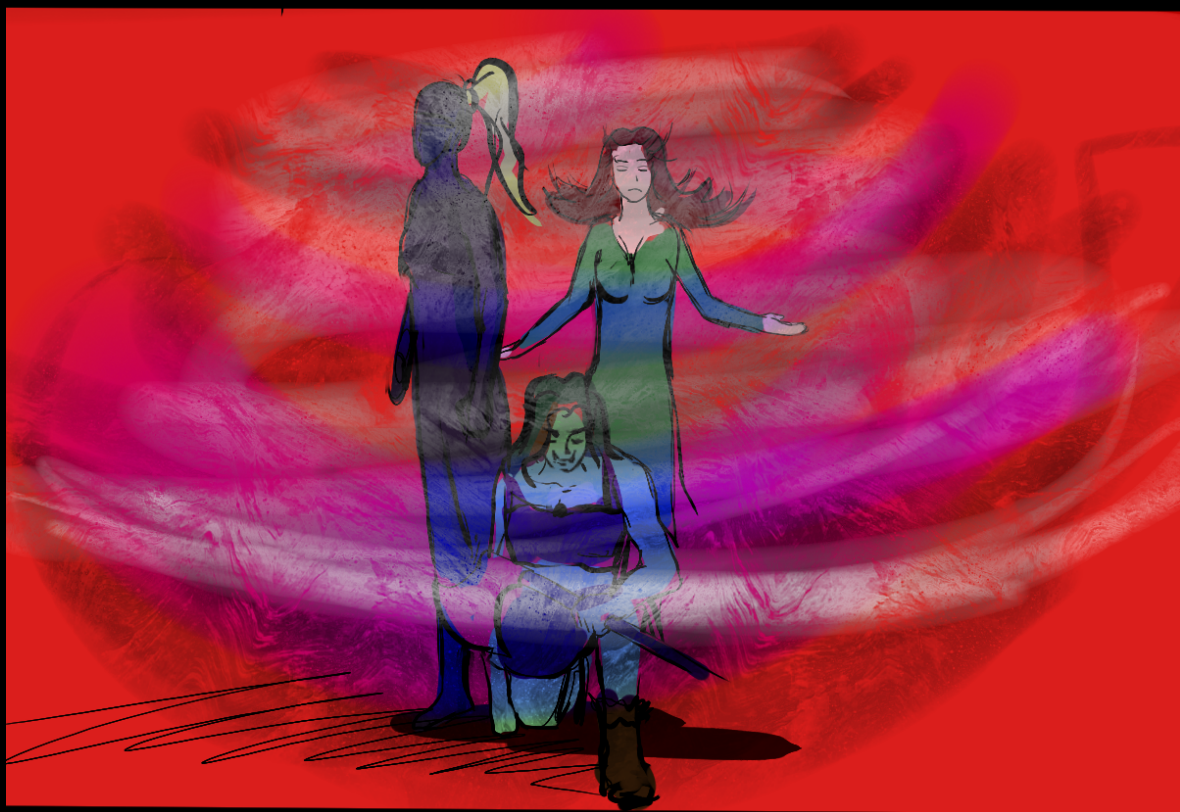


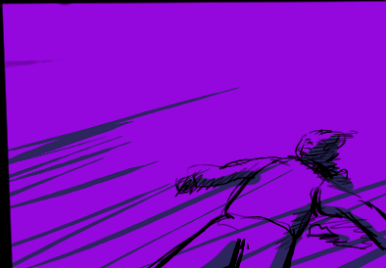
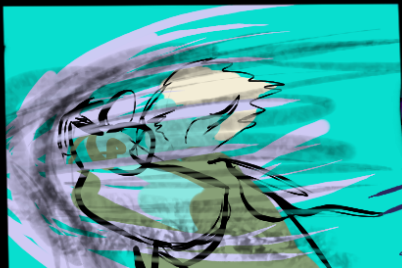
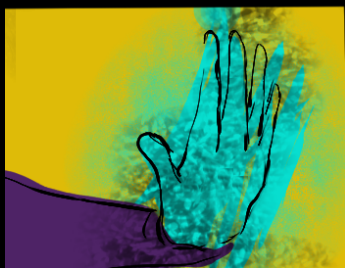
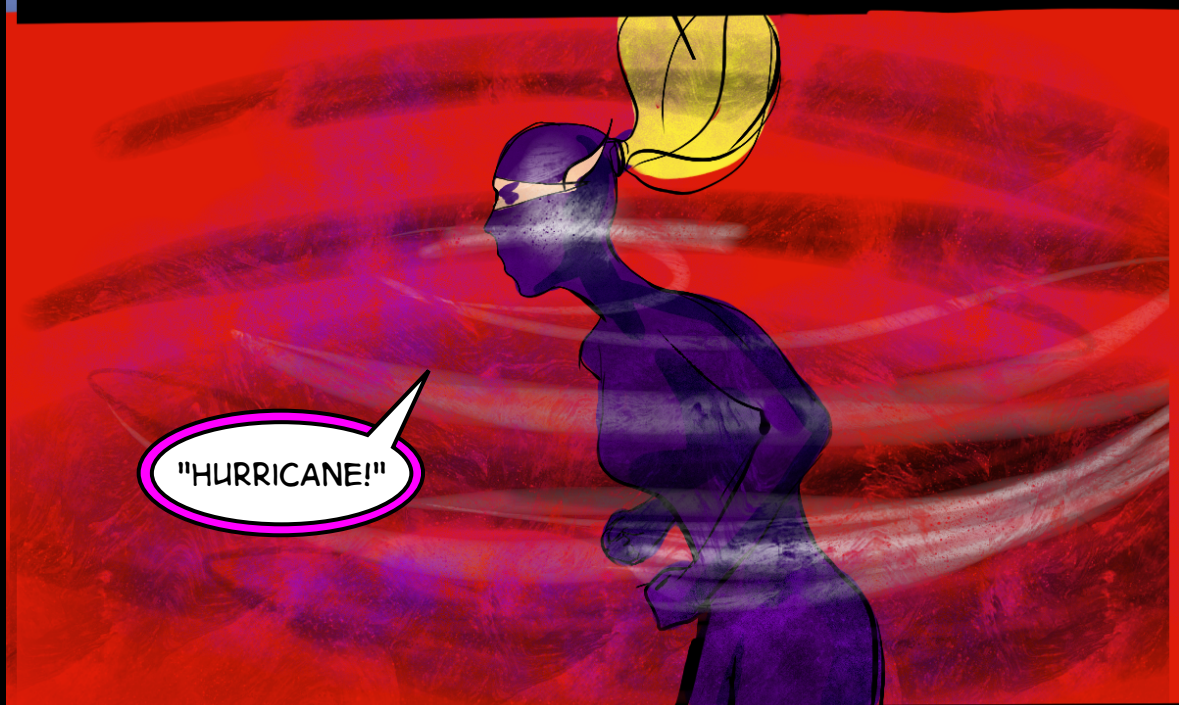
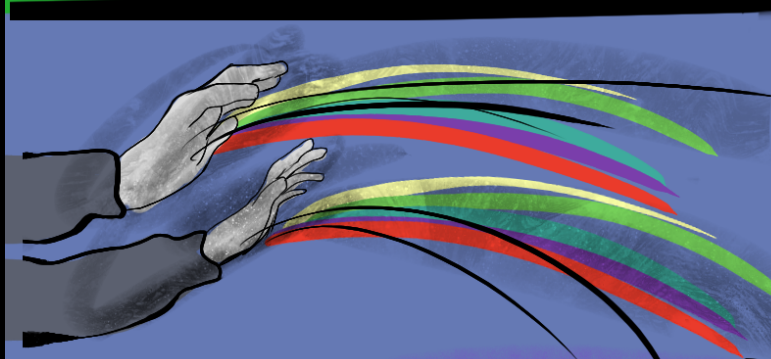


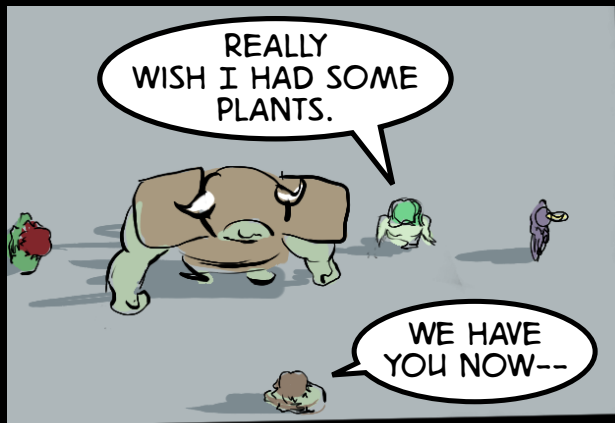


ORC REALM.









MAGNUS'S BASE.

